

CHAPTER 1

Norm knew it was going to be one of those days when he went to the toilet, just for something to do. It wasn't as if he **needed** to go to the toilet. It wasn't all that long since he'd actually **been**. And as far as Norm was aware he didn't have an abnormally small bladder. Not that Norm had ever spent much time thinking about the capacity of his bladder. Or **any** time thinking about the capacity of his bladder, for that matter. And it wasn't as if he particularly **liked** going to the toilet, either. It was all right. Nothing special. It was just another one of those things you had to do, along with breathing,



sleeping and, in Norm's case, stuffing his face with as much margherita pizza as he could get his hands on.

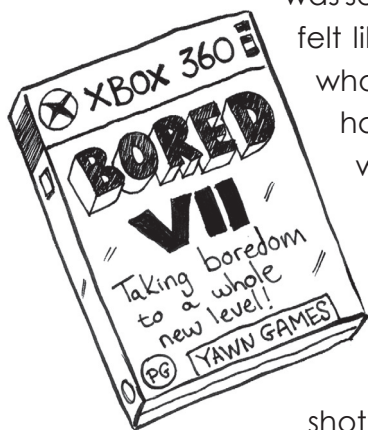
The problem was, Norm was bored. Not just the **usual** kind of bored. Bored like he'd never been bored before. And when it came to being bored, Norm was something of an expert. But this boredom

was somehow different. This boredom felt like it was taking boredom to a whole new level. If being bored had been an Xbox game, Norm would have already won. Now he was so bored he thought relieving **himself** might actually **relieve** his boredom.

Even then, he wasn't **entirely** convinced. But it was worth a shot. He had to do **something** to

pass the time before he went biking with his best friend Mikey. What else was he supposed to do? Tidy his flipping **room**? Right, thought Norm. Like **that** was ever going to happen!

"Is that you in there, Norman?" said a muffled voice from the other side of the bathroom door – though



not quite so muffled that Norm didn't immediately know who it was.

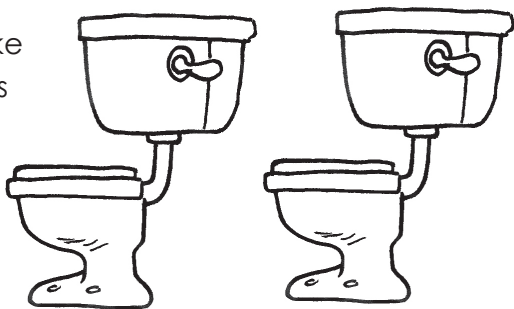
"Go away, Dave!"

"I'll take that as a yes, then."

"Take it however you flipping want, you little freak!" spat Norm.

"Language," said Dave.

Norm sighed. This kind of situation would never happen if they had two flipping toilets like they used to. Or if his mum and dad had stopped after just one child. Either way it was **so** flipping annoying.



"What are you **doing** in there?"

"What do you **think** I'm doing, Dave, you doughnut?"

"One of two things," said Dave.

"So have a wild guess, then," said Norm. "You've got a fifty-fifty chance of getting it right."

"Having a pee?"

"Wrong," said Norm.

"Aw, yuk!" said Dave.

"What do you mean, yuk?" said Norm. "It's perfectly **natural!**"

"**Yours** aren't natural!"



Norm couldn't help smiling. Dave frequently drove him up the flipping wall, just like his other brother did. But unlike Brian, Dave could occasionally be quite funny, too.

"Have you finished yet?" said Dave.

"No I **haven't** flipping finished yet!" said Norm. "Clear off!"

"No," said Dave.

"What do you mean, no?"
said Norm.

"I need a pee!"

"Well, tough," said Norm.
"You'll just have to flipping wait,
won't you?"

"I can't," said Dave. "I'm going to
wet myself."

"Good."

"**That's** not very nice."

"So?" said Norm.

"So how long are you going to be?"

"Gordon flipping Bennet!" said Norm beginning
to get more and more frustrated. "I don't flipping
know how long I'm going to be! A flipping long time
if you don't flipping shut up and leave me to it!"



"Right, I'm telling," said Dave.

"Telling **what?**" said Norm.

But there was no reply. Dave was already halfway down the stairs.

Norm thought for a moment. He'd only gone to the toilet for something to do. But now he was there, he might as well do it.

