

PET PEAU'S SECRETS*

An original text by David Gutnick

*(*to be read in a whispery voice)*

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Shuuuuusssh.

Shuuuuusssh.

I am whispering, trying to talk as quietly as possible.

Hello.

Nice to meet you.

My name is Pet Peau, and I am seven years old.

I live in an apartment in Montreal with my mom and my dad
and my sister Kamila, who is ten.

My favourite food is canned beans. I like to skateboard, I like to watch Tik Tok videos, and I like
to -- well, let me get to that.

I am so happy you are here to listen to my story.

It will take a few minutes for me to tell it, so make sure you are nice and comfortable.

OK?

You're all ready?

Here we go.

I am going to tell you two secrets about myself.

That way you will know what makes me tick.

That means what makes me special.

I don't want adults to find out what my two secrets are. That's why I am whispering.

When I whisper I put one hand close to my mouth, and when I say my own name I can feel my breath touch my fingers.

Go ahead, try it.

Put one of your hands close to your mouth.

Now say my name: Pet Peau.

Pet Peau.

Pet Peau.

You can feel it, right?

So here is my first secret.

When I am feeling a little bit scared I hold a hand up to my mouth and I whisper my name again and again.

Pet Peau.

Pet Peau.

Pet Peau.

Do you hear how I am making a song?

Sometimes I say it really slowly, so it sounds like "Peheeeet Peauuuuuuuu." *

*(*Reader says it very slowly, drawing out the breath)*

Sometimes I say it really fast, so it sounds like running:

« Pet Peau, Pet Peau, Pet Peau. »*

*(*Reader says it very fast so it sounds staccato)*

Only I am not running. I am just sitting still.

You know how good it feels when your mom or dad or your grandma or grandpa give you big hugs?

When I whisper my own name, it makes me feel just like that.
It feels like I am giving myself a big hug.

I know that I am OK because I can hear and feel me.

So that's my first secret.

I am really glad I told you.

Are you still comfortable?
That's good.

Now I am going to tell you my second secret.

I am going to keep whispering because I really don't want adults to hear.

What I am going to tell you is, like, super-embarrassing.

But because you are my new friend I am going to tell you.

Ready.

One, two, three.

Here I go!

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPHHHHH*

** (reader makes a giant, loud, juicy, farting noise)*

Yup. That is my secret number two.

As you heard, it is a really noisy one.

I love to fart.

F. A. R. T.*

(*reader says letters slowly)

I love to fart when I am brushing my teeth.

I love to fart when I am taking a bath and my farts make bubbles in the water.

I love to fart when I am tucked under my covers in bed.

I love to fart anytime, anywhere.

When I am eating supper.

When I am watching TV.

When I am with my friends.

Are you ready?

One, two, three here I go again!

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPHHHHH*

* (reader makes a giant, loud, farting noise)

Wow. That felt so good.

Can I tell you something else?

I have no idea why I am so good at farting.

My mom says that it's because when I eat too quickly air goes from my mouth down into my stomach.

And all that air has to find a way back out.

Here's how I say it:

“Farts are made of air that comes out *you know where*. *

(*Reader says this in a sing-song way)

“Pet Peau,” my mom says. “No one is going to steal your beans from your bowl. A spoon is not a shovel.”

“Chew your beans slowly.”

But chewing beans slowly is boring.

What if chewing slowly means I won’t be able to fart anymore?

That would be terrible because then I wouldn’t be able to annoy my sister.

Every time I fart, Kamila yells, “Pet Peau, that’s so gross.”

And so you know what? It makes me want to fart even louder.

My dad says, “Pet Peau, you were born to fart. You are a perfect fart machine. If there was a farting competition, you would win.”

When my dad says that, my mom scrunches up her nose and shakes her head.

“Don’t expect me to give you a prize,” she says.

“That’s so gross,” says Kamila. “What would a fart trophy even look like? It would be really stinky.”

That makes us all laugh.

And it makes me want to fart even louder.

One, two, three. Here I go again!

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPHHHHH*

** (reader makes a giant, loud, juicy, farting noise)*

So now you know my two secrets.

You remember what they are now, right?

Number one is that when I whisper my name - Pet Peau - over and over, I know I am ok.

Number two is that I love to

PPPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHH*

** (reader makes a giant, loud, juicy, farting noise)*

My dad says if I keep practising, one day I could become the farting champion of the whole world.

One night I dreamed that it happened. I won.

I got to show my stinky fart trophy to my whole family.

My mom scrunched up her nose and shook her head.

My dad yelled "Bravo Pet Peau, you are a perfect fart machine."

And my sister Kamila said, "Pet Peau, that is so gross."

Then we all laughed. And had supper together.

And I chewed my beans faster than ever because, well, that's what I like to do.

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