

A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

**We apologize for what
you are about to read!**

You may find the scenes of a **holiday
going grossly wrong** upsetting...

We suggest that you do not read this
book if you are at an airport or on
a ferry and especially not if you are
actually on holiday.

Because this story contains holiday
scenes of an **extremely smelly nature**
that you will not see in any brochure.

So don't tell us we didn't warn you!

But before we get to the horrible smelly stuff, let's meet our heroes, **Gerald**, **Gene** and **Fleabag Monkeyface**. Here's a few things you need to know about them:

WANTED



Gerald

Likes: The sound of a toilet flushing

Dislikes: Clean towels

Favourite word: "Cool"

You should know:

Gerald has the stupid habit of liking Gene's ideas

WANTED



Gene

Likes: Making lists, especially of gross things

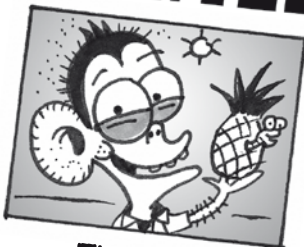
Dislikes: Bunny rabbits

Favourite word: "Unreal"

You should know:

Gene has the ideas

WANTED



Fleabag Monkeyface

Likes: Eating nits

Dislikes: Baths, showers and soap

Favourite word: "Ug-brilliant"

You should know:

He's got Gross-Out Power

Without Gerald, Gene and Fleabag, the world would be a much cleaner, shinier place. But let's start at the beginning...



“Welcome to the five-star Hotel Dorado,” said the hotel manager as he escorted Gerald, Gene and Fleabag Monkeyface to their luxurious room.

(Gerald's mum had won a beach holiday in the exotic South American country of Bolividor.)

“Unreal!” said Gene, bouncing on the huge bed.

“Cool!” said Gerald, admiring the sea view.



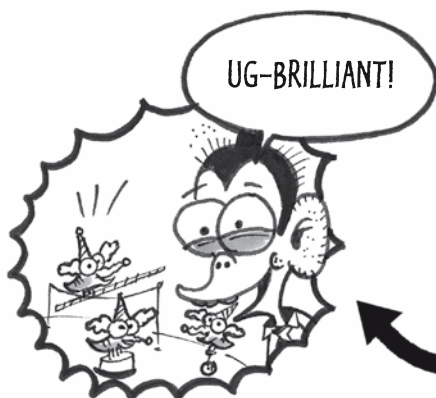
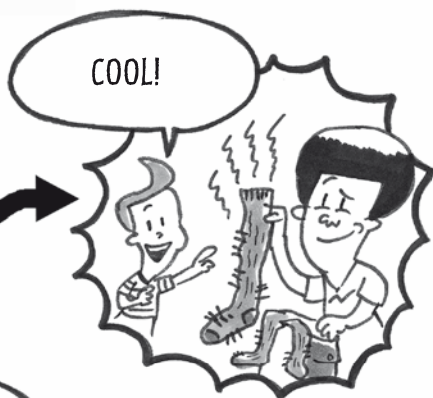
“Ug-clean, ug-air-conditioned, ug-luxurious... I ug-hate it!” said Fleabag, opening his suitcase. “Thank ug-goodness I packed my **pet worm, Iggy** – he’ll remind me of home!”

Gerald, Gene and Fleabag's love of gross out was always getting them into trouble, and this wasn't the first time they'd taken something gross on holiday with them...



Gerald had once packed a set of his granny's false teeth for a ski trip...

Gene had once filled a rucksack with smelly socks for a city break...



And **Fleabag Monkeyface** had once taken an entire nit circus on a hill-walking holiday.



"Did you know that explorers discovered a **lost kingdom** here a couple of hundred years ago?" said Gerald, reading a local guidebook by the pool a couple of days later. "'This mythical land is said to be home to tribes of wild monkeys, giant squid and the legendary Temple of Baboon.'"

"Wow! We should go," said Gene.

"We can't," said Gerald. "All maps were lost centuries ago. One explorer – **Montana Smith** – set off to rediscover the kingdom recently, but he hasn't been seen since. The place does sound amazing, though. Listen to this..."



The Legend of the Golden

Centuries ago, terrifying Zombie Monkeys terrorized the Lost Kingdom of Smell Dorado and the monkeys who lived there. They planned to conquer the whole world...



The zombies were finally defeated when one brave and defiant monkey took the Elixir of Yuck – a potion said to give huge strength and power to the drinker. This monkey became the great primate warrior Chimpzilla!

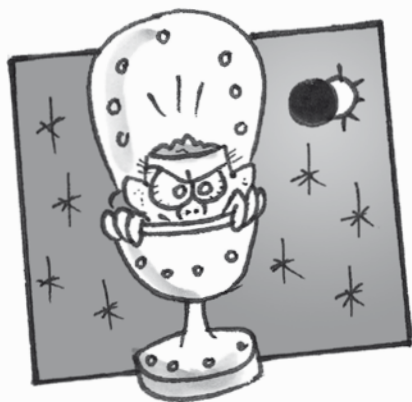


Chimpzilla flushed the Zombie Monkeys down the Temple's sacred Golden Toilet and then cast a spell that banished them to live for ever beneath the earth's surface.



Toilet of Smell Dorado

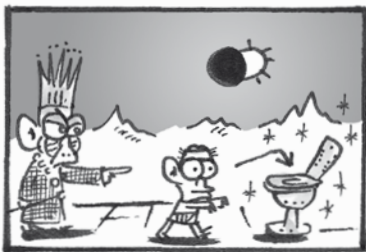
But Chimpzilla's spell had a fatal flaw...



And every 100 years, on the day of the full solar eclipse, the spell is broken!

Then the indestructible Golden Toilet becomes a gateway into the world above, and no matter where it is, the Zombie Monkeys emerge ... ready to cause mayhem once again!

Fortunately, Chimpzilla's spell has been passed down from tribe leader to tribe leader. At each eclipse, this leader, known as the Baboon King, recasts the spell...

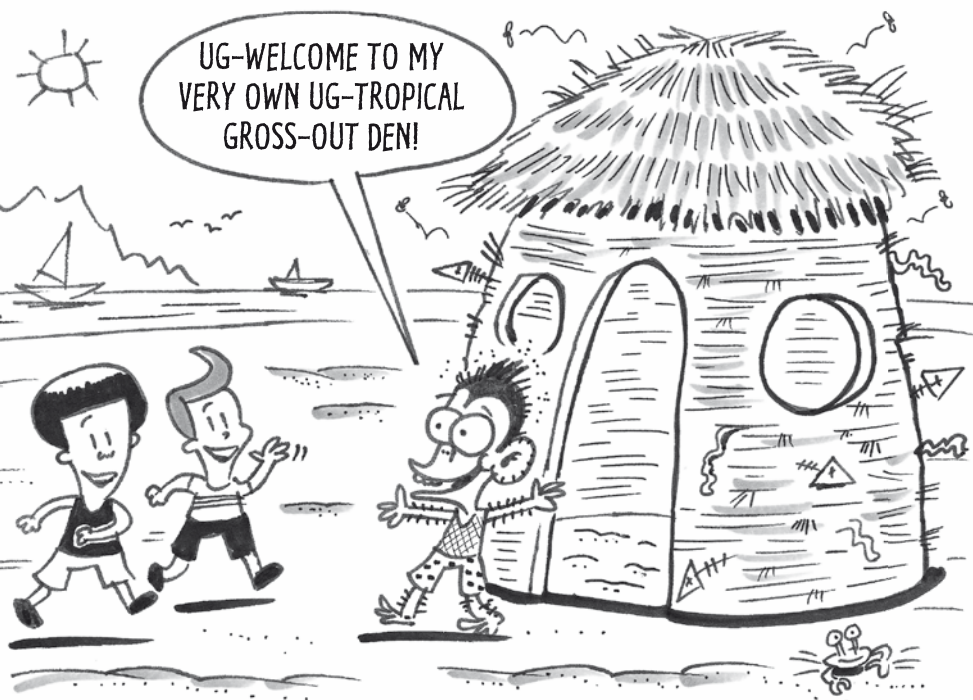


This spell gives the Baboon King – or whoever speaks it – power over the Zombie Monkeys. And for centuries, at the king's command, the Zombie Monkeys have gone back into the Toilet and been flushed away once more ... until the next eclipse!

"That place sounds amazing," said Gene. "Fleabag would love it. **A warrior monkey!**"

"Talking of Fleabag, what *is* he doing?" asked Gerald.

Fleabag was hard at work at the far end of the beach, and Gerald and Gene went to investigate what he was up to.



(Now if you have read a Fleabag Monkeyface book before, you will know that Fleabag lives in the **Gross-Out Den**, which is really an old disused toilet at the end of Gerald's garden.)

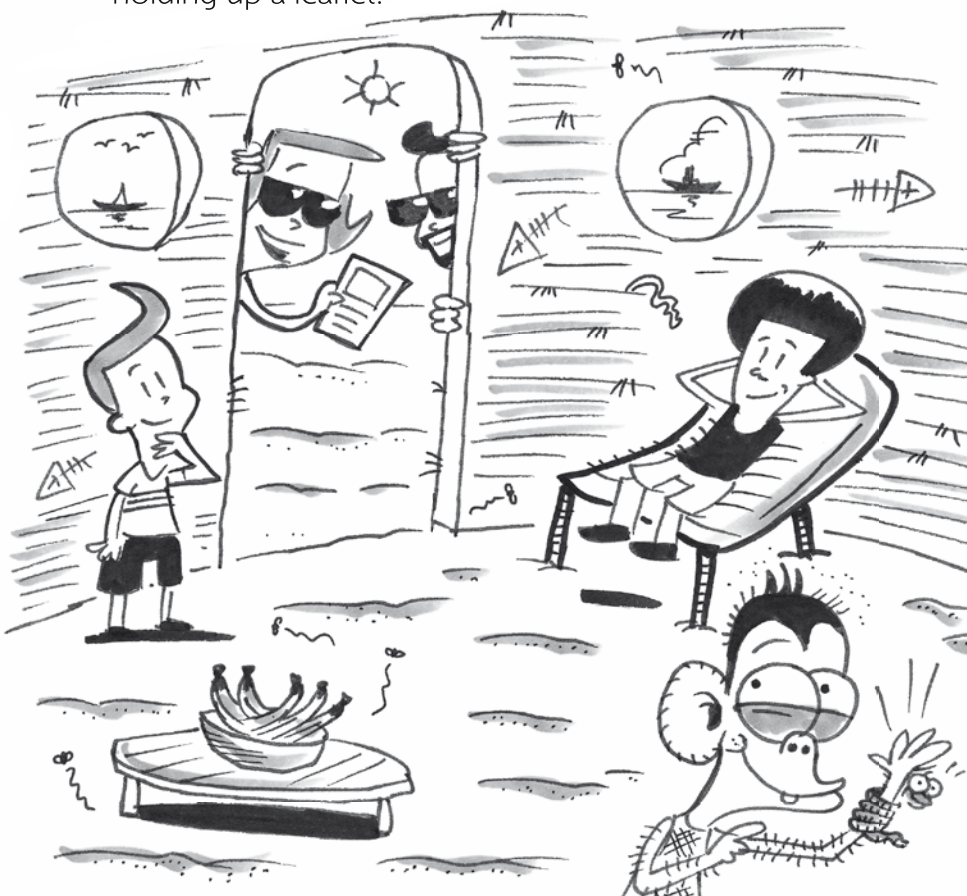
Gerald and Gene, who were a bit bored of all the luxury and cleanliness, were glad to be back in *their* kind of surroundings.

Fleabag, meanwhile, had turned his attention to his pet worm, Iggy. "I'm ug-training him to ug-grab things from high shelves!" he said, holding up his arm – Iggy was wrapped affectionately around his hairy wrist.

Just then, there was a knock on the wall of the Den.

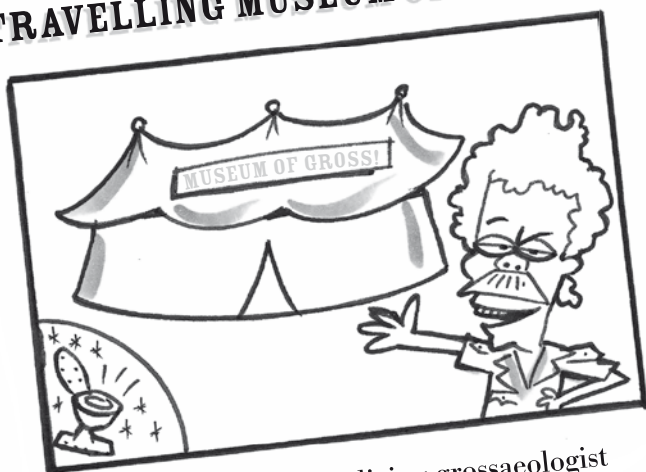
"Buffet o'clock, guys!" called Gerald's dad.

"And look what I found," added Gerald's mum, holding up a leaflet.



Gerald's parents were always trying to get the boys to go on "exciting" excursions. These usually involved something boring like a sunset cruise or a visit to a local craft fair. But when the friends saw this leaflet they were very excited!

BARON VON DIRTHOFFEN'S TRAVELLING MUSEUM OF GROSS!



The world's greatest living grossaeologist
will be displaying artefacts from his
TRAVELLING MUSEUM OF GROSS.

And don't miss the world premier!

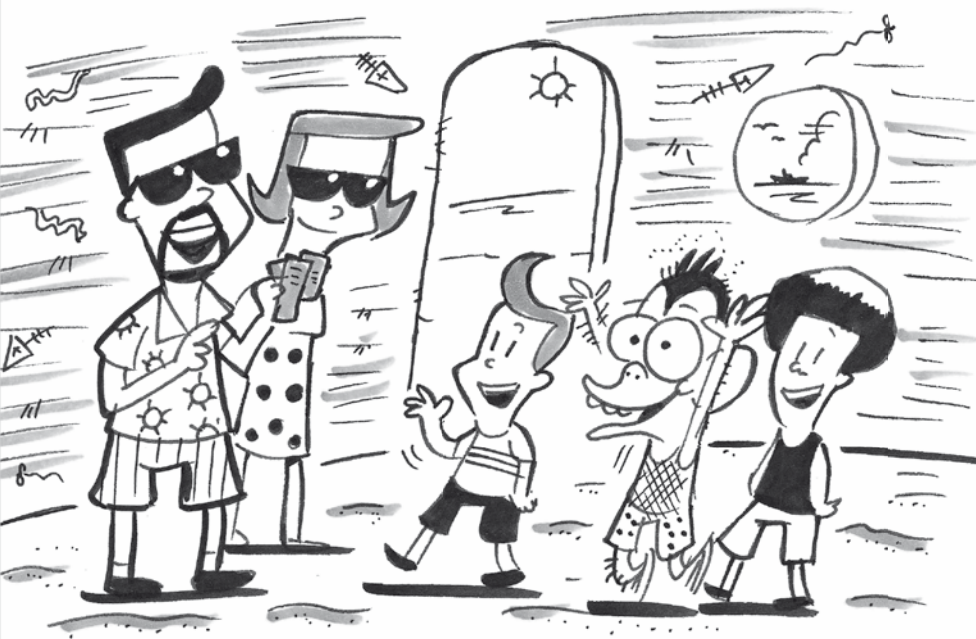
BE THE FIRST TO SEE
the museum's newest and most prized artefact:
The recently (and locally) discovered ...
GOLDEN TOILET OF SMELL DORADO!

"The Golden Toilet of Smell Dorado!"

gasped Gene. "So it *does* exist!"

"I've got you tickets for tomorrow," said Gerald's mum.

"Cool!" said Gerald. "This is so much better than that Rainforest Fauna and Flora Rafting Trip you had wanted us to go on!"



"But I thought Smell Dorado didn't exist and the **Golden Toilet** was just a legend," mused Gene.

"How did the baron get there – and how did he escape alive...?"