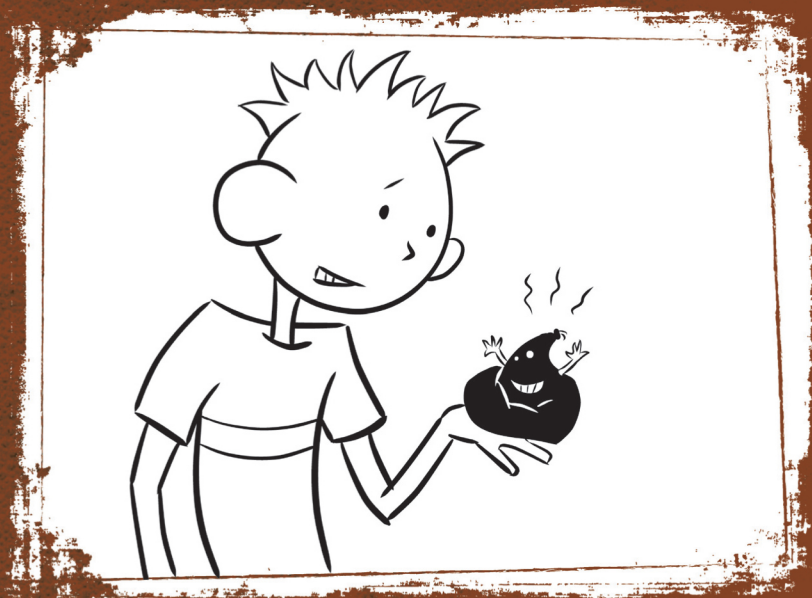


# PIG



and the  
**Talking** Poo

Barbara Catchpole



Say 'Hello'  
to Peter Ian Green  
- 'PIG' for short.

There are six PIG books so far. It's best to read them in this order:

- 1 **Pig** and the Talking Poo
- 2 **Pig** and the Fancy Pants
- 3 **Pig** and the Long Fart
- 4 **Pig** plays Cupid
- 5 **Pig** gets the Black Death (nearly)
- 6 **Pig** Saves the Day

PIG and the Talking Poo  
by Barbara Catchpole  
Illustrated by metaphrog

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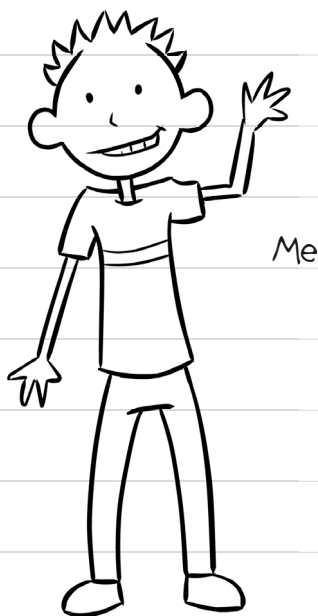


## Me

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Hi! As this story about the Poo is the first story I have to tell you, I am going to tell you about my family. Then you can tell me about your family and we can be mates.

My name is Pig.

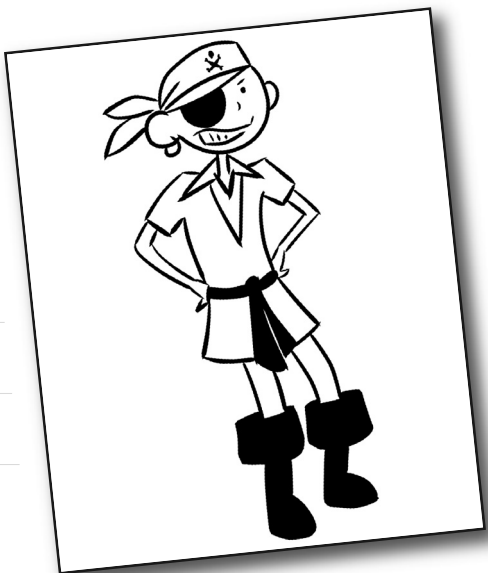


Really it's Peter Ian Green, but all my friends and family call me Pig. Even the teachers call

me Pig. A bit rude, I think, but you can't tell them, can you?

I am 12 and I am small for my age. I have sticky-out ears and bright red hair, which is also sticky-up.

Here is a photo of me on holiday dressed as a pirate. It was one of those competitions - you know the kind. I didn't win anything and I kept bumping into things because of the patch. It was a swizz.



## Us

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I live with my mum. I am small for my age but my mum is huge for hers. Here is a picture of my mum's head.

We couldn't get the rest of her in the space.



She is a single mum but she looks more like a double mum or even a treble mum. Mum has the loudest laugh in the world - it comes right from deep down in her belly. When she is angry, though - watch out! Run away!

When I was nine I put a piece of toast down the toilet because I didn't want it. She told me

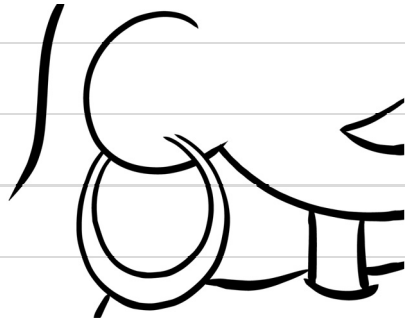


she had fished it out and she made me eat it!  
Toilet toast. I can't remember what it tasted  
like, but I bet it was yuk.

My big sister, Suki, lives with us but Mum says  
she should

'Go and get her own flat and eat her own  
food. The cheek she's got at her age! Hope  
she's going to look after me when I'm old!  
Not holding my breath ...'

Suki wears huge hoop earrings and huge high  
heels. She jangles  
and clicks when  
she walks. She has  
a loud laugh, too.



My Gran says she has a laugh

'like a plane going through the sound barrier,'

and

'she can get Radio One on them earrings'.

I also have a baby brother who is pink, loud,  
wet and smelly - and doesn't know that you  
sleep when it's dark.



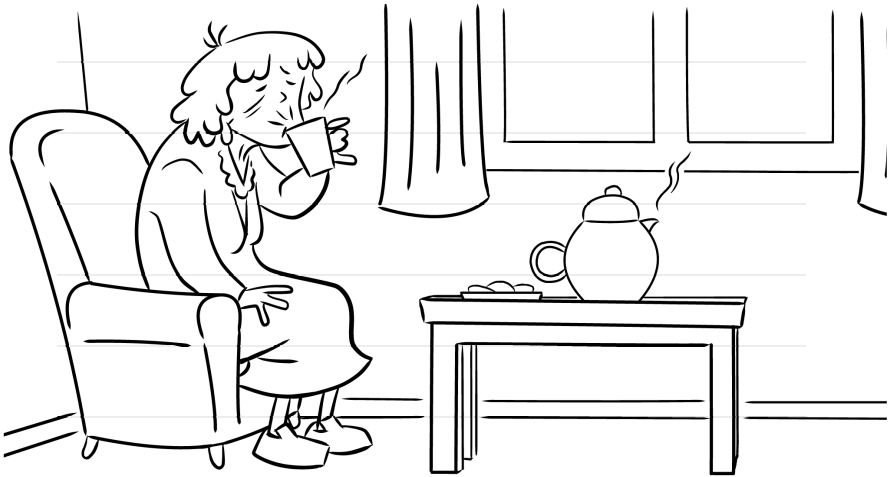
There's not a lot to say about him except it was

quieter before we had him. And less smelly.

Oh. And he has a special name. One day I'll tell you what it is. (I think that's called suspense.)

Then there's Gran, who is  
'always round our house drinking our tea.'

(Mum said that.)



She's Dad's mum, not Mum's mum. Her teeth

have fallen out and she smells a bit funny - like floor polish. She smells like the hall floor when you come back after a holiday. But she's not as shiny.

## Dad

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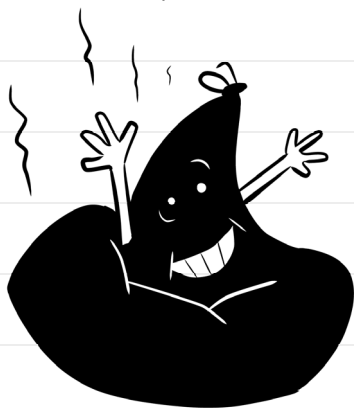
Where is Dad? At the moment nobody knows, but my mum says

'He'd better not show his face round here in a hurry.'

I was a bit upset when he stopped seeing me at weekends, but I'm OK now. I don't think about him at all.

He was the one who bought the Poo. It's really

great. It's a huge brown plastic dog poo. Not one of those long ones like a cigar that's gone dry. No, it's a curly brown wet-looking poo, with a little black plastic fly on it.



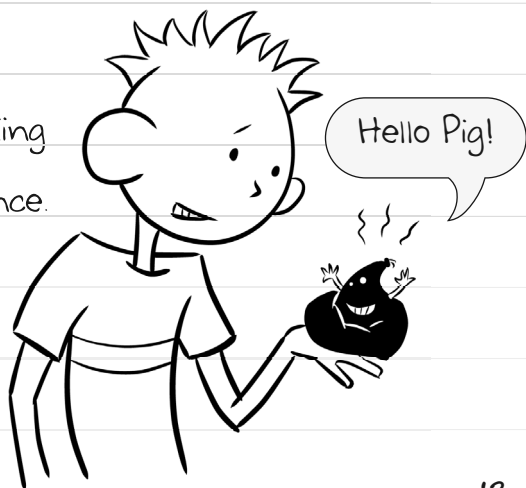
My talking poo.

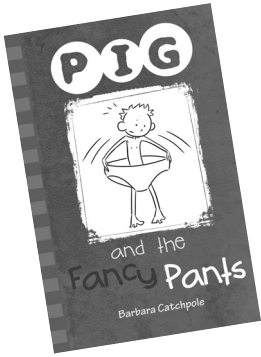
It looks like one of those, when you tread on it, it gets in the grooves of your trainers and you have to wash them if you don't want it to come off on the carpet and get your mum mad.

That kind of poo really smells, doesn't it? You know the sort of poo - you have to get it out of all the grooves with a safety pin, if you can find one. Last time I saw Dad, I was eleven then, he took me to McDonalds and he bought me the Poo. In a joke shop, not in McDonalds.

I lost the Poo for a long time, but last week I found it in Mum's dressing table (I wonder how it got there?).

It's been talking to me ever since.





The next **PIG** book is

**PIG**  
and the  
Fancy Pants

### About the author

Barbara Catchpole was a teacher for thirty years and enjoyed every minute. She has three sons of her own who were always perfectly behaved and never gave her a second of worry.

Barbara also tells lies.

