

**THE DAY MY  
BUTT  
WENT  
PSYCHO!**

**ANDY GRIFFITHS**

**Scholastic Inc.**

***This book is not dedicated to my parents,  
by request – A.G.***

***This book is dedicated to my butt – Z.F.***

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ISBN 978-1-338-54674-3

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1      19 20 21 22 23

Printed in the U.S.A. 40  
This edition first printing 2019



## CHAPTER ONE

# Midnight Butt Rally

**Z**ack Freeman woke out of a deep sleep to see his butt perched on the ledge of his bedroom window. It was standing on two pudgy little legs, silhouetted against the moon, its little sticklike arms outstretched in front of it, as if it was about to dive.

Zack sat up in bed.

“No!” he yelled. “Come back!”

But it was too late. His butt jumped out of the window and landed with a soft thud in the garden bed below.

Zack stared at the window and sighed.

“Oh no,” he said. “Not again.”

This was not the first time Zack’s butt had run away.

Since his twelfth birthday, two months ago, Zack’s butt had made a habit of jumping off his body and running around the streets making a nuisance of itself. Zack

was sick of it. So was the local buttcatcher, who had already caught and impounded it three times.

Until recently, Zack's butt had confined itself to a variety of harmless pranks, such as attaching itself to the faces of statues and passersby. But on its last outing it had joined a pack of five hundred feral butts who had lined the emergency stopping lane of the South Eastern Freeway and mooned all the people driving to work. This stunt had caused many accidents, which the butts had thought was pretty funny. The sentencing judge, however, was not amused and placed them all on twelve months' probation.

Zack knew he had to catch his butt himself this time. If the buttcatcher got involved, he would have to report it and Zack's butt would end up in jail for sure. And there was no way Zack wanted to spend every second weekend visiting his butt in jail.

Zack threw back the blankets and was about to get out of bed when he heard his grandmother call out from the next room.

"Zack?" she said. "Is that you?"

"Yes, Gran," said Zack. "It's all right, go back to sleep."

"What was that noise?" said his gran. "Have they resumed firing?"

Zack rolled his eyes.

"There's no war, Gran," he said. "Go back to sleep."

Zack was living with his grandmother while his parents were away. They both played in the wind section of the National Symphony Orchestra and went on tour three or four times a year, during which Zack would

have to stay with his grandmother — sometimes for up to a month at a time. He loved his grandmother, but sometimes he wondered who was looking after who.

“No war?” said his grandmother. “You mean the war’s over?”

“Yes,” said Zack.

He was used to this conversation. She was always talking about the war. Zack wasn’t sure which war she was talking about, or how long ago it had happened, or whether it had even happened at all — all he knew was that it seemed real to her.

“Did we win?”

“Yes, Gran,” said Zack. He figured that she would go back to sleep quicker if he just agreed with everything she said. “We creamed them.”

“That’s good,” said his grandmother. “I’ll take over the watch. You get some rest. You’ve earned it, soldier.”

“Yes, Gran,” said Zack.

He couldn’t tell her the truth. It would be bad enough talking to his parents about his butt, let alone his grandmother.

He waited a minute until he could hear her snoring and then he got out of bed. With difficulty. It wasn’t that easy moving without a butt. Zack walked across the room to the window, leaned out, and peered into the night.

He saw his butt standing on the tips of its toes at the end of the driveway, as if sniffing the air. It was looking up and down the street.

There was still time to catch it. But he’d have to be quick.

Zack climbed out of the window and tiptoed down the driveway.

As he got closer, Zack realized that he wasn't the only one trying to catch his butt.

Mittens, his grandmother's cat, was crouched on top of the front fence, ready to pounce.

"Uh-oh," said Zack. He wasn't sure who was in more danger — Mittens or his butt. Mittens was always catching birds and mice and leaving them half chewed on the front doorstep. But she had never caught a butt before. Well, not as far as Zack knew, anyway. And a half-chewed butt on the doorstep wouldn't be something you'd be likely not to notice. Still, he didn't want to take any chances.

Before Zack had time to do anything, however, Mittens leaped.

But Zack's butt was faster.

It bent over, aimed itself directly at Mittens, and fired a loud, deadly stream of gas. Mittens fell to the ground. Zack's butt took off up the street, its little arms and legs pumping away like pistons.

Zack was shocked. He knew that his butt had gone feral, but he'd never seen it kill anything before. He had to get it back. He knew that once a butt gets a taste for killing, it is very difficult for it to stop.

But first he had to try to help Mittens.

Zack hobbled over to her body and knelt down. Poor Mittens wasn't doing too well. Zack pulled her head back, pinched her nostrils, and was preparing to give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation when Mittens coughed.

She wasn't dead after all. She had just been stunned.

Zack breathed a sigh of relief.

So my butt isn't a killer, he thought. Not yet, anyway.

In the distance he could see the dark shape of his butt disappearing over the top of the hill.

He got up, pulled the cord of his pajama pants as tight as possible, and ran after it.



As he ran, Zack cursed his luck. All he wanted was a butt that would settle down and just be a butt. A butt that wouldn't embarrass him in public at every possible opportunity. A butt that wouldn't make rude comments whenever he tried to talk to girls. At the very least, he'd settle for a butt that didn't jump off his body and gas cats in the middle of the night.

By the time Zack got to the top of the hill, his butt was already halfway down the other side, heading toward the local football stadium.

And it wasn't the only one either.

Zack couldn't believe what he was seeing.

There were butts everywhere. Pouring into the stadium from all directions.

It was an amazing sight.

Butts.

Hundreds of them.

Thousands.

Big butts.

Small butts.

Fat butts.



Scrawny butts.

Pimplly butts.

Hairy butts.

Big wobbly butts tottering along on tiny white legs.

Tiny babies' butts crawling across the ground.

Every sort of butt you could imagine was heading toward the stadium.

Zack was amazed. He'd never seen so many butts without their owners attached. But why? he wondered. What was going on?

Zack crept quietly down the hill in the darkness and crossed the road to the wooden fence surrounding the stadium. A large group of butts was approaching him from the left. Big butts. And they looked mean. Zack looked around for somewhere to hide. On the other side of the stadium was a large grandstand, but it was too far away. To his right, however, there was a small wooden hot-dog stand. Zack hesitated. The butts were getting close. He dived over the counter.

The group of butts passed by him, muttering excitedly. Zack couldn't understand what they were saying, but he could smell it, all right.

He didn't dare to poke his head up for at least five minutes after they had passed. When he finally did look out he was shocked.

In front of him was a sea of butts. Butts filled every available bit of space on the field, as well as the grandstand on the far side.

Zack looked for his butt but couldn't pick it out from the crowd.

It didn't really have any distinguishing features apart from the fact that it was small and pink.

But as he looked, the crowd began to part. And gasp.

"Look! There he is!" said one butt.

"It's him!" said another.

"Our leader," said a third.

For a moment, Zack thought they were talking about him, but then he realized they were looking past the hot-dog stand. He turned around and strained to catch a glimpse of whoever or whatever it was they were looking at, but there were too many butts in the way.

And then he saw it.

It was a butt.

But not just any butt.

It was small and pink and strangely familiar.

It was *his* butt.

Zack couldn't believe it.

He watched as his butt made its way through the crowd. It passed directly in front of the hot-dog stand. As it passed, the other butts would reach out and try to touch it like it was some kind of celebrity. Occasionally Zack's butt would touch one of the hands extended toward it, but mostly it was protected by a group of four buttguards. Two walked in front of it, pushing aside any butt that tried to get too close. The other two followed a few paces behind, protecting it from the rear.

Zack's butt reached the scoreboard, climbed up a small ladder, and then walked across a narrow platform that ran along the bottom.

When it reached the middle of the platform it stopped.

The buttguards remained on the ground and formed a line to keep the crowd from surging forward.

One of the guards was shining a flashlight on Zack's butt. The light shining on it from below made it look quite sinister.

Zack wiped his brow.

"This can't be happening," he said to himself. "It can't be happening. It can't be happening."

But it *was* happening.

Zack's butt raised a butt-trumpet to its mouth and blew a long, loud note.

The whole crowd became silent.

Then Zack's butt began to speak.

"Brothers and sisters," it said quietly. "You know why I have called you here, so let me get straight to the point. For too long we have been forced to do the dirty work for the human race. For too long we have been laughed at, smacked, pinched, kicked, sat on, and generally regarded as figures of fun! For too long we have been denied our rightful place on top of the neck, where we belong!"

There was an enormous cheer from the crowd.

Zack blocked his nose and wiped his eyes. When one butt talks it's bad enough, but when thousands talk at the same time, well, it's not pleasant, to say the least.

After a few minutes the cheering died down.

"But what can we do?" said a bony butt in the front row. "We're just butts."

Zack's butt stepped to the edge of the platform, the flashlight making it look more sinister than ever.

“No, my friend,” it said. “Divided we are just butts, but united, we have the potential to be the most powerful force on the planet. Right now, on an island in the Sea of Butts, butts from all over the world are working around the clock to fill an extinct volcano. When it is full, it will become the greatest buttcano in the history of the world. And when it erupts it will be devastating enough to knock out every human being on Earth.”

Zack’s butt paused, enjoying the dramatic effect its words had on the assembled butts.

“That, my brothers and sisters,” it said, “will be when we strike. We will swap places with the heads and assume our rightful position on top of the neck. By the time the humans come to, the Age of Butts will have begun and there will be nothing anybody can do to stop us!”

The butts began cheering again.

Zack lowered himself behind the counter and grimaced, trying to make sense of his butt’s crazy plan. Butts taking the place of heads? Heads taking the place of butts?

The idea made Zack’s stomach turn.

His butt had to be stopped. He had to tell the local buttcatcher what was going on. Even if it meant that his butt would end up in jail.

But how could he get to the buttcatcher? wondered Zack. He was stuck in a hot-dog stand surrounded by thousands of deranged butts. He wasn’t going anywhere.

He peeked over the top of the counter.

Just then a butt ran screaming through the gates.

Followed by the buttcatcher.

“Help!” called the butt. “He’s got a butt-magnet!”

The buttcatcher was holding what looked like a mini-

satellite dish in his outstretched hand. But as he entered the stadium he stopped dead in his tracks, obviously stunned by the huge number of butts in front of him. He dropped the butt-magnet and started to back away. But it was too late. The butts closed in all around him.

“Please, no!” he begged. “Let me go!”

“Bring him to me,” commanded Zack’s butt.

Two of the buttguards shoved their way through the crowd, and Zack watched in horror as the buttguards grabbed the buttcatcher and dragged him, kicking and struggling, back toward the scoreboard.

“Help!” yelled the buttcatcher as the buttguards dragged him up the ladder and onto the platform, where Zack’s butt was standing.

The sight of the buttcatcher seemed to enrage the butts. They were booing and hissing. The air stank with their poisonous fumes. Brown blobs were flying through the air and splattering onto the back of the scoreboard.

The buttguards dropped the buttcatcher on the platform in front of Zack’s butt and moved away.

Zack wondered whether he should try to help him, but he was too scared. There must have been more than ten thousand butts out there. Even supposing that he could convince his own butt to give up its plans for world domination — and that was a big “if” — he didn’t like his chances of trying to convince the other butts. They were in an ugly mood. And judging by the smell in the air, getting uglier by the minute.

“Stand up, buttcatcher,” said Zack’s butt.

The buttcatcher slowly stood up. His legs were trembling.