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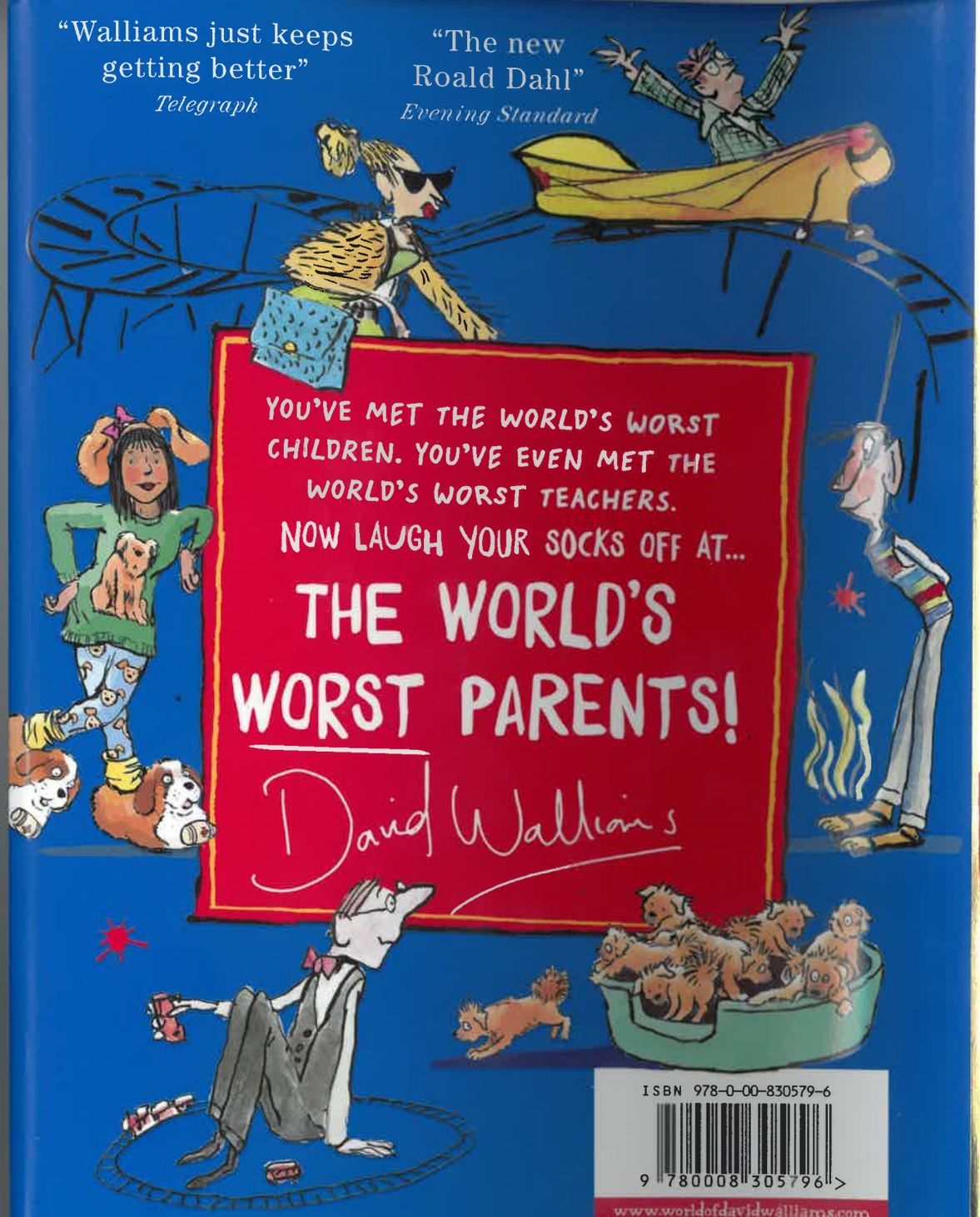

YOU'VE MET THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN. YOU'VE EVEN MET THE WORLD'S WORST TEACHERS.
NOW LAUGH YOUR SOCKS OFF AT...

THE WORLD'S WORST PARENTS!

David Walliams

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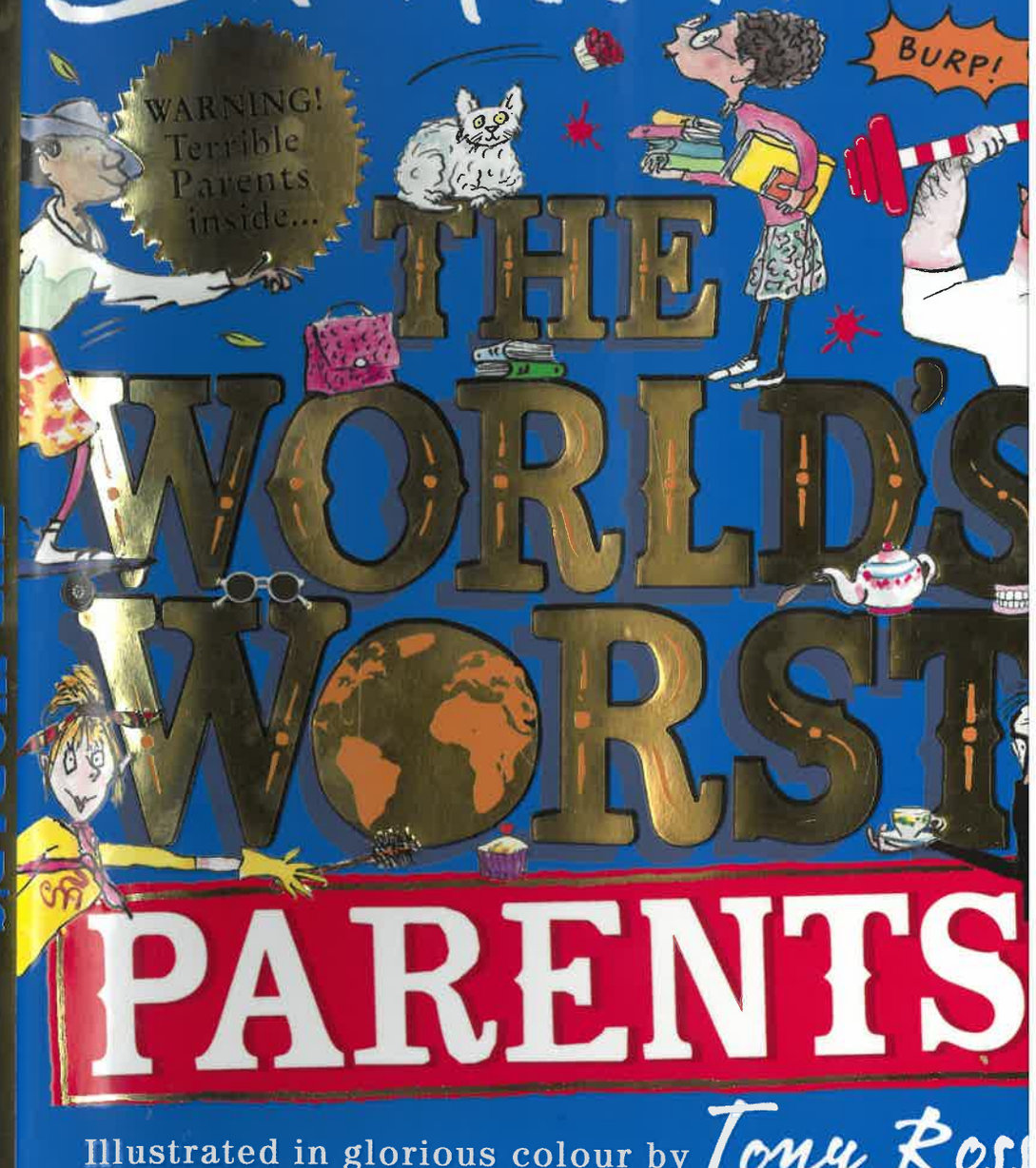
THE WORLD'S WORST PARENTS

from the NUMBER ONE bestselling autho

David Walliams



THE WORLD'S WORST PARENTS

Illustrated in glorious colour by Tony Ross

PETER PONG

The dad with the
stinkiest feet in the world

PETER PONG

THERE ARE **HUNDREDS** of ways in which parents can embarrass their children:

Spitting on a handkerchief and wiping your chin with it.

"SPUT! HOLD STILL!"

"YUCK! GET OFF ME!"

Wheeling you around in a pram even though you grew out of it years ago.

"OOH! MY *beautiful* IKKLE BABY!"

"I'M NOT A BABY! I AM THIRTEEN YEARS OLD!"

Making you put on a song-and-dance show every time your grandmother comes to visit.

"DANCE! DANCE! DANCE FOR US!"

"I AM NOT A PERFORMING MONKEY!"

"DANCE, MONKEY, DANCE!"

Giving you a big slobbery kiss at the school gates.

"MWAH!"

"GET OFF ME! I AM COVERED IN SLOBBER!"

Dressing you up like a Victorian sailor boy for a family wedding.

"YOU LOOK delightful!"

"I LOOK LIKE I SHOULD HAVE GONE DOWN WITH THE SHIP!"

Telling you over and over again that it was so much harder in their day.

"We didn't have any sweets in my day, my lad. If we were hungry, we would have to suck on a pebble."

"OH, GIVE IT A REST, DAD! YOUR MUM IS THE QUEEN!"

Cutting your fringe with a pair of nail scissors.

"HOLD STILL!"

"MUM! IT'S ALL WONKY!"

"WONKY IS COOL! ALL THE KIDS ARE DOING IT!"

"NO, IT ISN'T COOL AND IT NEVER WILL BE!"

Telling all your friends at your twelfth birthday party stories about exactly what you used to deposit in your nappy when you were a baby.

"When I picked her up out of her cot, I thought it was only a number one, but by the smug look on her face I knew it had to be a number two..."

"MUM!"

However, very few parents can embarrass their child as much as this man.

Peter and his wife, Penny, had a daughter, and they named her Ping. Ping Pong.

That wasn't the embarrassing thing. The thing that was embarrassing was Peter Pong's feet. The man had the **cheesiest** feet in the world.*

* **WALLYFACT:** For many years, the world-record holder for stinkiest feet was a little girl – Rita Reek. Rita could empty her school in seconds when she waltzed in wearing her flip-flops. The teachers and pupils who couldn't scramble out of the doors in time were knocked out cold by the stink. That meant no schoolwork for Rita! Hurrah!

Peter may have been a short man, but he was a giant in the world of **whiffs.**

If you had incredibly **cheesy** feet, it's most likely you would hide them away – put on some thick socks, and contain them in some sturdy shoes or, better still, boots.

Not Peter Pong, oh no. Peter was proud of his pong. He knew he had **stinktastic*** feet and wanted to share them with the world.

So, whatever the weather, Peter Pong would be sporting sandals. Even in deep snow! They were open-toed leather sandals so that everybody could see his corns, blisters and grotty toenails – and, of course, enjoy the **stink,** especially little people who were closest to the ground.

Short people.

What was this smell, exactly?

Cheese.

Not a nice mild Cheddar or a Wensleydale.

Oh no.

A really **stinkerocious**** runny cheese... that had been left out in the sun to curdle – for a decade.

* ***Walliamsictionary:*** gives the definition of **"stinktastic"** as "very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, smelly".

** ***Walliamsictionary:*** gives the definition of **"stinkerocious"** as "very, very smelly".

The stink from Peter Pong was so strong it was actually visible. A yellowy greeny browny **gas** hummed from his feet.

HUMMM!

To cover up the smell, Peter's daughter, Ping, took up cooking. The aromas of yummy ingredients floated across the kitchen and danced around their little flat. They almost... ALMOST... cancelled out the smell of her father's feet.

Over the weeks, months and years Ping became a master chef. Every night she made something delicious for the family: pies, stews, curries, trifles, crumbles. Ping dreamed that one day she could escape the stinky family flat and become a world-famous chef with bestselling cookery books and restaurants all over the world.

So great a chef did Ping become that her mother, Penny, suggested she enter a TV cooking competition named

Cook Off. It was a very popular series where amateur chefs competed to be crowned *Cook of Cooks*. Instant fame and riches beckoned for the winner of the show as it was watched by millions of people.

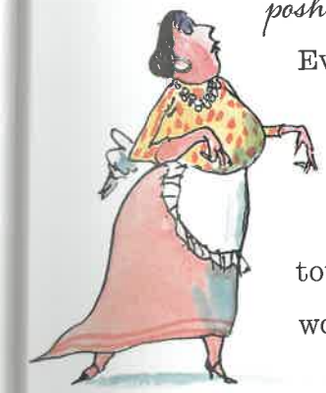
Cook Off was filmed in a giant pink marquee. The competition was for grown-ups, but Ping was so gifted that she was allowed to take part even though she was only twelve.

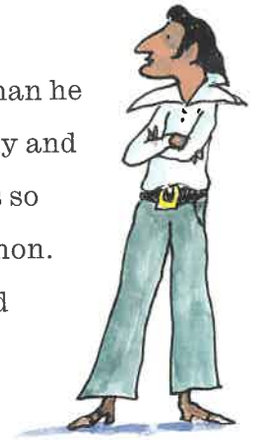
The little girl forbade her father to come to the show. She knew those stinky feet of his could ruin it for her, **BIG TIME.** So, **stinky-feet** free, Ping made it all the way to the final, and being so talented and so young she became the hot favourite with the public to win.

The host of **Cook Off** was Tony Truffle, a big, jolly man who looked like he enjoyed his food. Truffle was famous for his outrageously obvious brown wig, brightly coloured glasses and flowery shirts. They served as a substitute for a personality, something that he lacked.

Cook Off had two judges. The first was Boby Bollywood, the owner of a famous Indian restaurant called the Taj

Mahal 2. Boby thought he was way cooler than he actually was. The second was an elderly lady and expert cook, Dame Penelope Plum. She was so *posh* she made *the Queen* look common.





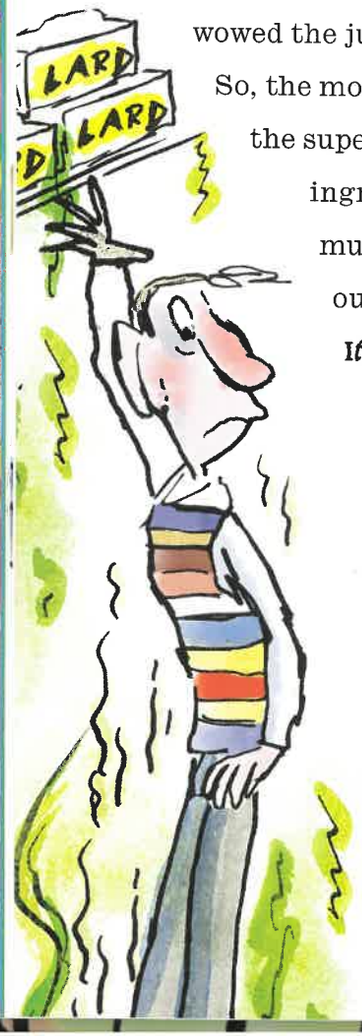
Every week, the two judges would taste the dishes and give their verdict on them. After some deliberation towards the end of the show, the *Cook of Cooks* would finally be crowned.

For the final, it was decided that the remaining competitors should prepare an ***Italian*** dish. Aside from Ping, there were two other amateur cooks who'd made it to the last show.

Henry Heft had made a huge impression on the viewers. He was a tattooed giant of a man who wore a beaten-up black leather biker jacket with a skull and crossbones painted on the back. Heft had impressed the judges with his *cream puffs.*

The other finalist was a **sour-faced** woman who never cracked a smile, or even uttered a word, named Vivienne Vinegar. She wore grey roll-neck jumpers and long skirts, and seemingly cut her own hair with a pair of scissors and a pudding bowl. Vivienne had wowed the judges with her **boiled eggs.**

So, the morning of the final came. Ping dashed around the supermarket with her parents to buy all the ingredients she needed to make her creamy mushroom pasta. However, when she called out for her father to reach for a block of *Italian Parmesan cheese* from the top shelf, the man was momentarily distracted by his own stinky feet. When he leaped up to reach the shelf, he released some **"under stink". "Under stink"** is the worst of all the stinks as it comes from the bottom of the foot. The stench snaked all the way up from his toes to his nose, and even he was taken by surprise by the PONGTASMAGORIA.*



* Another word you will find in your *Walliamsictionary,* which includes well over a trillion made-up words.

As his wife and child gagged, the stink actually blinded Peter for a moment. Tears welled in his eyes at the smell and he picked up a pat of cooking fat by mistake. This was **not** noticed until much, much later.

Once they had bought all the ingredients, the Pong family raced to the marquee, which was set up in a beautiful part of the English countryside.

The final of **Cook Off** was live, and beamed all over the world.

"IT'S TIME TO COOK!"

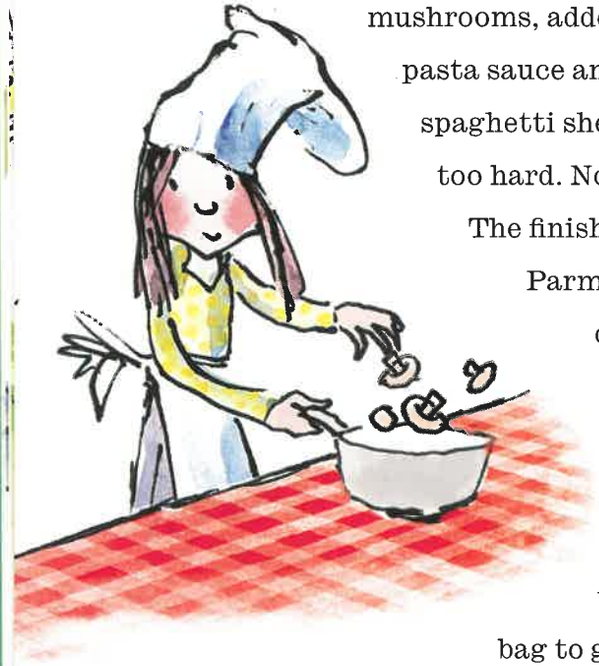
announced Tony Truffle,
and the three finalists got to work.

Henry Heft was making a panettone, while Vivienne Vinegar was going to boil yet another egg.

"How is that an **Italian** dish, Miss Vinegar?" asked Tony.

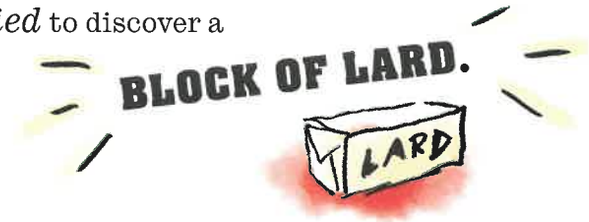
"The hen who laid it was **Italian,**" claimed Vivienne.

And they were **off!** They had just half an hour to cook something delicious and ***WOW*** the judges.



All was going well for Ping Pong. She fried the mushrooms, added them to the creamy pasta sauce and added that to the spaghetti she had boiled perfectly. Not too hard. Not too soft. Just right.

The finishing touch was to be the Parmesan cheese she would grate on top, just to add that ***WOW*** factor. She took out the cheese grater and smiled to herself. She had very nearly done it. However, when Ping reached into her bag to grab the Parmesan cheese, she was *horrified* to discover a



"DAD!" she shouted across the marquee. Her proud parents had been peeping through a gap in the tent, and now dashed over to her.

"What's the matter, my love?" asked her mum.

"LOOK!" exclaimed the girl, showing them the lard.

"You picked up the **wrong one,** Peter!" chided Mum.

"It wasn't my fault! I had something in my eye," he protested.

"You had your own **stink** in your eye, Dad!"

"ONE MINUTE TO GO, COOKS!" announced Tony Truffle.

"NO!" cried Ping. "My dish is ruined. I'll never win now!"

Peter Pong **pinged!**

PING!

"I have an idea!" he said brightly. "I know where we can get some **MAGNIFICENT** cheese!"

"There isn't time!" hissed Ping.

"THIRTY SECONDS TO GO!" called out Truffle.

"SEE!" said the girl.

"Don't worry! Dad will save the day!" said Peter, and he grabbed a bowl and the cheese grater and dashed out of the marquee.

What he did next will give you NIGHTMARES. Not just NIGHTMARES, but CHEESY NIGHTMARES. And CHEESY NIGHTMARES are the worst.

Peter Pong kicked off his sandals and began grating the hard skin on the bottom of his feet into the bowl.

SCRAPE! SCRAPE! SCRAPE!

The pong was **phantasmapongagorical.***

* ***The Walliamsictionary*** has this too, so please buy one today. It is so much better than a real dictionary, which doesn't have any made-up words.

"TEN SECONDS TO GO!" Peter heard Tony Truffle announce from inside the tent.

As the final countdown began, he dashed back over to his daughter.

"TEN, NINE, EIGHT, SEVEN, SIX, FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO..."

Peter was in such a hurry that he tripped over a cooking pot and went flying. The **foot cheese** flew through the air, and before Ping could give it a sniff it sprinkled itself all over her pasta dish.

"ONE!" said Tony Truffle. "THAT IS IT, COOKS! Now is the moment of truth. Judges, it's TIME TO TASTE!"

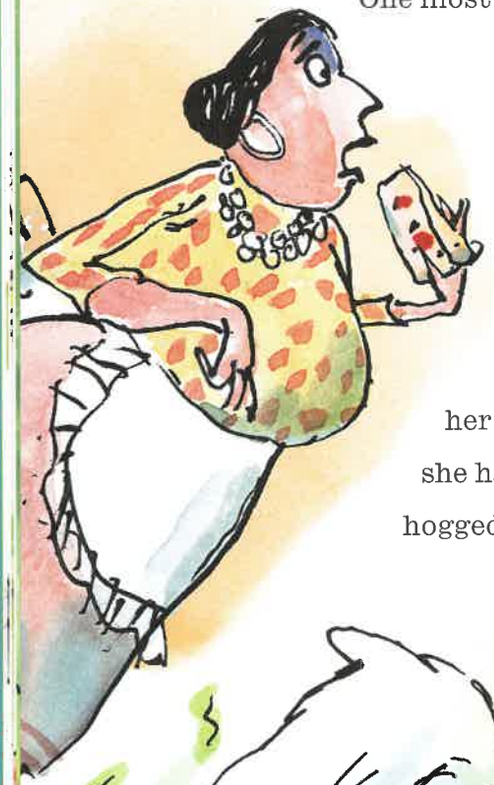
The two judges, Boby Bollywood and Dame Penelope Plum, sprang into action. First, they tasted Heft's panettone cake.

"One most definitely approves!" announced the dame, taking a slice.

"Beautiful!" said Boby, stuffing his face with all that was left.

"Like me!"

The dame rolled her eyes. It was clear she hated how this hog hogged the camera.



Ping sniffed the **cheese** on her dish. It smelled

BAD.

"Where did you get that cheese, Dad?" she hissed.

"Don't worry. It

was completely fresh!" he replied.

Meanwhile, the presenter and judges moved on to Vivienne Vinegar, who, as usual, did not crack a smile.

The dame was first to take a spoonful. "Mmm. One must congratulate you. A textbook egg-flavoured and egg-shaped egg. In a word, **eggy!**"

"It is definitely an **egg!**" muttered Tony.

"Perfect!" added Boby. "Just like me!" He popped the rest of the egg in his mouth all at once, shell and all.

The dame muttered "ridiculous little man" under her breath.

"DAD!" hissed Ping. "Is this cheese what I think it is?"

"Peter! No!" added Mum.

"Shush!" shushed Dad. "They won't notice a thing!"

The three arrived at Ping Pong's station.

"Wow!" remarked Tony. "The aroma of that cheese is... overpowering!"

"It is Parmesan!" lied Peter. "It is a special type of ***Italian cheese.***"

The presenter was most put out. "I think I know my cheese!" he snapped, patting his round tummy.

Tony, Boby Bollywood and the dame all eagerly helped themselves to the spaghetti.

"I'm starving!" announced Tony.

"Ravenous!" added the dame.

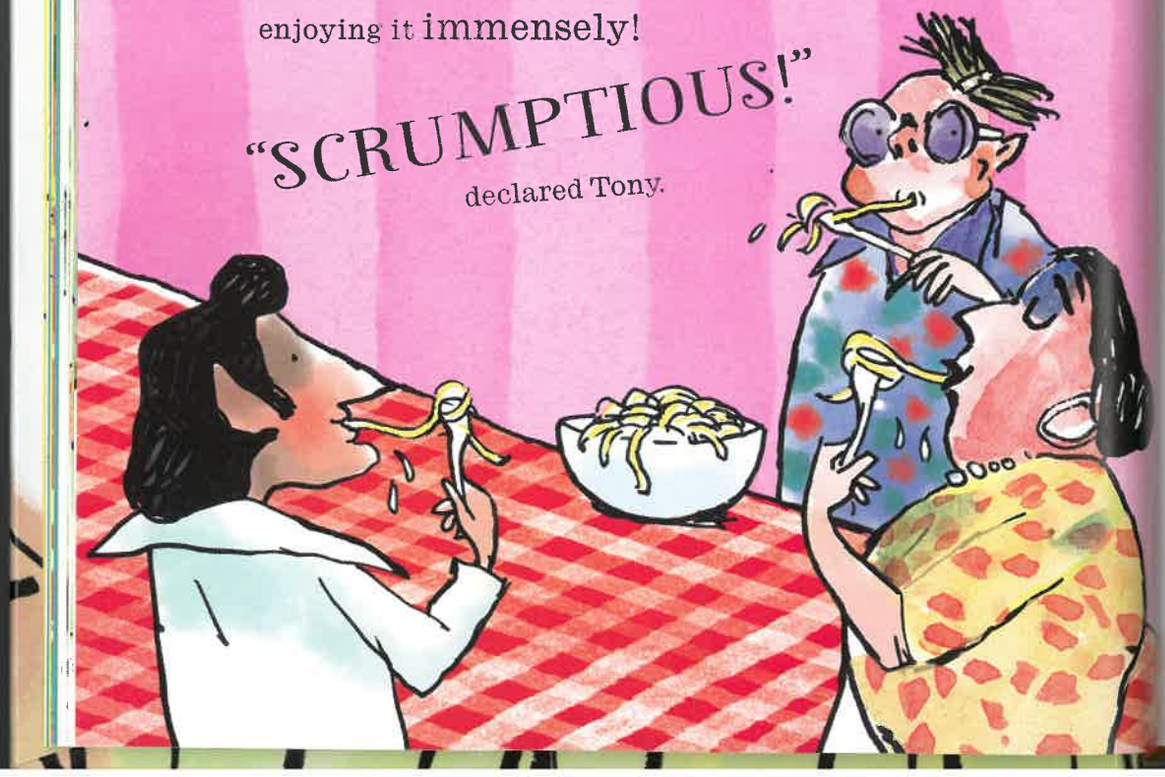
"So hungry I am angry," exclaimed Boby, who still had bits of the cake and egg on his face.

"HANGRY!"

At once, they all tucked into Ping Pong's pasta. The poor girl looked on in **HORROR**, sure she was about to see her dreams dashed. But, as soon as Tony, Boby and the dame began scoffing, it was clear they were enjoying it immensely!

"SCRUMPTIOUS!"

declared Tony.



"The three Ds," began the dame. "Delightful, delectable and **delicious!**"

"**YUMMY!**" was Boby's verdict. There wasn't much left, so he picked up the bowl, and poured the remainder down his throat.

"Do we have a winner?" pressed the presenter.

A **hush** descended upon the marquee. A **hush** that could be heard all around the world.

The two judges whispered to each other.

"Yes! We do!" announced the dame.

All three contestants – Henry Heft, Vivienne Vinegar and, of course, Ping Pong – looked on nervously. Who would be crowned *Cook of Cooks?* Ping's parents put their hands together in prayer. Might Peter's **foot cheese** have turned his daughter's pasta dish into a *TASTE SENSATION?*

Who... who... WHO would be the winner?

The world was watching.

And waiting.

This was the most *thrilling* piece of television since man first set foot on the moon. And just as important.

If not more so.

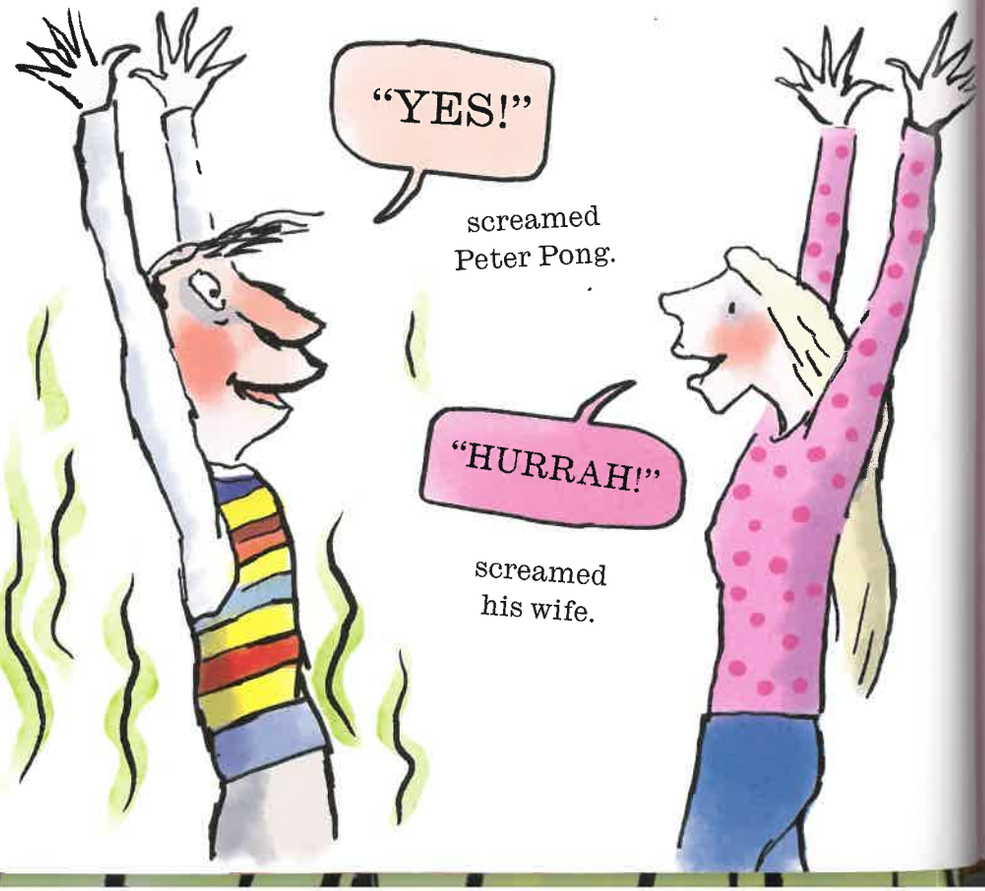
In fact, definitely more so.

The two judges whispered into Tony Truffle's ear, before the presenter cleared his throat.

"The winner of Cook Off this year," he began, "and *Cook of Cooks*, is..."

Then he left a pause so long you could read the whole of *The Lord of the Rings* while waiting for it to finish.

"PING PONG!"



"I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!" exclaimed Ping.

"Well, do believe it," continued Tony Truffle, "because you, young lady, have beaten the grown-ups!"

Henry Heft growled, "GRRR!"

Vivienne Vinegar gave the girl a stare so powerful it could fry an egg.

The two judges brought out the trophy, a gold frying pan, and handed it to Ping.

"Congratulations!"

"Well done!" they cooed.

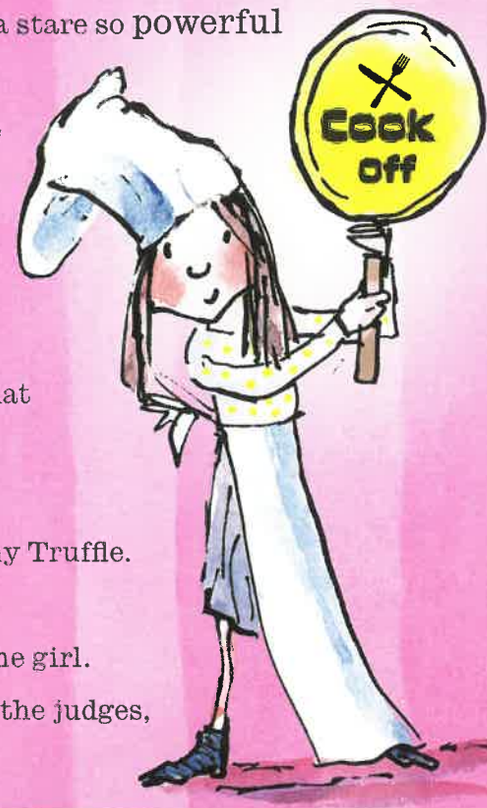
"It was my secret ingredient that swung it!" piped up Peter.

"SHUSH!" shushed Ping.

"Secret ingredient?" asked Tony Truffle. "Do tell!"

"No, don't tell, Dad!" pleaded the girl.

Now everyone wanted to know, the judges, the other finalists...



"WHAT SECRET INGREDIENT?"

"TELL US WHAT IT IS, MAN!"

"WE NEED TO KNOW!"

"WAS IT A BOILED EGG?"

"Well," began Peter, "if you must know, that wasn't Parmesan cheese, it was—"

"DAD, NO!" screamed Ping.

"FOOT CHEESE!" he announced proudly. "LOOK!" And with that he showed off his rancid smelly feet.

Suddenly Tony Truffle, Boby Bollywood and Dame Penelope Plum all turned a violent shade of green.

Tony Truffle was first. He hurled his spaghetti over Boby Bollywood.

"BLEURGH!"

Boby was not far behind. He hurled his spaghetti all over the dame.

"BLLEEUURRGGHH!"

It may surprise you to know that of the three the dame

"BLLLLLLLLLEEEEEEEEEEUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!"

could hurl the furthest.

The elderly lady hurled her spaghetti all over the Pong family.

"YUCK!"

Then she hurled spaghetti over Henry Heft, who burst into tears.

"BOO! HOO!"

Then she hurled spaghetti over Vivienne Vinegar, whose eyes bulged out of her head like two poached eggs.

Then the dame hurled spaghetti over Tony Truffle, blowing his wig clean off.

WHOOSH!

"I never knew I was bald!" he lied. Spaghetti sat on his bald head where his wig had been.

And, finally, she turned to Boby Bollywood.

"OH NO!" he screamed. "THINK OF MY FANS!"

"Oh yes," the dame replied, before hurling spaghetti all over her fellow judge.

"BLLLLLLLLLEEEEEEEEEEUUUUUUU

BOSH!

Boby jolted back to try to dodge the spray. He **whacked** into one of the posts holding up the marquee.

UUURRRRRRRRRR68GG68GG68HHHHHHHHHH!

At once the whole thing wobbled.

WOBBLE! WUBBLE!
WIBBLE!

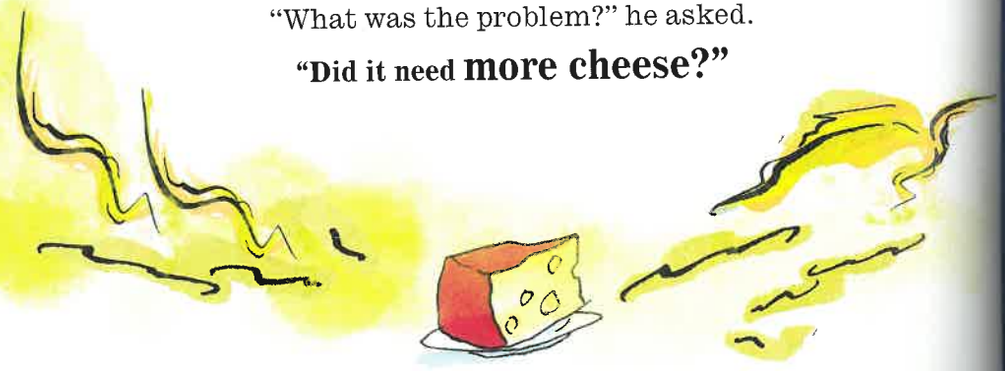
And crashed to the ground.

THUD!

The cameras kept rolling as millions of viewers around the world witnessed the **carnage** from the comfort of their living rooms.

"D-A-D!" screamed Ping.
"YOU **RUINED** IT FOR ME!"

"What was the problem?" he asked.
"Did it need more cheese?"



BELINDA BRAG

The mother who couldn't stop bragging