

The Powder Room

He sat cheeks planted firmly on the seat. His underwear and pants pulled down to his knees. The anticipation grew. Friday night kicked things off. The all you can eat grilled cheese feast at the local bar. Saturday night, they ordered the deep dish cheese pizza with extra cheese. Sunday morning, he ate cold pizza for breakfast. Sunday night, the deep fried mozzarella sticks special at the same bar while they watched the game.

Wednesday afternoon the gas pains started, now coming every ten seconds. It hopefully will happen soon. Four days since the last time, but he felt ready or so his body tried to tell him. However, two previous attempts were no more than political speeches, a lot of hot air with no substance, but now he could feel the pressure build, something was coming for sure and something big.

Maybe a little push, to help it along. Nothing. This would be slow going. Finally the movement started, opened the passage slightly. Each subsequent movement opened wider, stretched until it became painful. Sweat beaded on his forehead. The pain in his gut increased. The mass still moved slowly. Pressure built. The movement continued. The stretching became unbearable. A pain only someone who had been in prison would understand. Finally, when he thought he couldn't stretch any further, the movement picked up speed as the bulk passed the half way point and now moved toward the end. Dropped faster now. Left with a swish.

After several deep breaths he knew. He knew he had to look. He contorted his body to lift off the seat, turned his head best he could and looked down. Nothing. Nothing was there, gone. A bubble in the water all he saw. The product of his pain and suffering slipped through the trap and completely disappeared before he had a chance to admire his work. Admire what he had just given birth too. Somewhat rejected now, he let his body relax. His pants and underwear slipped down to his ankles.

But, this wasn't over, all the stuff built up waiting for the blockage to clear out had the chance to escape, and escape it did. It exploded like a volcano hitting the water with a splash and the sides and back of the bowl with a force that unnerved him. A great swoosh of gas followed, but because the lips were stretched so far apart there was no fluttering simply a gasp of noiseless air.

Only a moment later the odor engulfed the air surrounding him in what could only be described as something so foul his nose actually twitched and left him gasping for a breath of fresh air.

As he began to reconcile what he did and where he was at, the horror set in. Because he painfully realized he just desecrated the newly refurbished powder room at his mom's house. The little room contained a toilet and vanity. No window and no fan only a quaint little dish of potpourri to keep the room fresh, which obviously did not work against this assault.

In his mind, he saw the wall paper peeled from the walls, the hand towel shriveled up and floor buckled as it tried to get out of the room. He frantically reached behind and flushed and when the tank reset flushed again. The odor remained strong and would not go away any time soon.

He suffered through an extraordinary wipe, lips still stretched and still caked with the last explosion. He flushed once more and struggled to stand.

As he looked down, his pants and underwear still gathered around his ankles he saw the inside of the bowl, which caused him to gasp and step back a bit to take it all in. Out houses looked better than what was before him. Of course no brush. What the hell did his mother think, redo this room without any?

With no other option, he dropped to his knees, used handfuls of toilet paper and began the arduous task of cleaning the bowl. The sides, back and under the seat had all been sprayed by the violent explosion he thrust upon it.

Finally, when he thought he did the best he could he flushed again sucked in a breath in the cool air of the swirling water before he reached down to pull his underwear and pants up. Once the toilet reset, he flushed again.

The soap in the flowery bottle on the vanity offered some relief with the citrus smell of the fragrance. He waved his wet hands around, hoped it would help clean the air. Not even close. He flushed once more and waited. The room felt violated, defeated. He took a deep breath, but wished he hadn't.

He slowly opened the door and peered out. No one seemed to be particularly interested, so he slipped out closed the door and quickly walked into the living room. He did not see his aunt approach the powder room.

"OH DEAR LORD!"

He quickly looked over and saw his aunt with her back against the closed door gasping for a breath. Finally, she stepped away walked briskly past his mom. Said loud enough for every one to hear. "Good God Woman, something died in you new little powder room. I'm using the one in your bedroom."

His mom looked straight his way. Her eyes burned through him. Had to be him, who else would do something disgusting to her new powder room. After a moment, his mom started for the new powder room. The betrayal too great. He snuck out the back door, but still heard the scream ...