

The

FUNNY
SHIT

Almanac

What am I ?

I came out of a butt

I am brown. I am Not alive

I start with P I live
in a toilet. my ending is
down the drain my ending
letters is oo. I can hurt you
Sometimes!



I am a poo

Editorial

So I know I said in the last issue that that was it , no more funny shit and went on with a whole bunch of garbled shit about going into the dec-rative turd business (for those who dont know what I am talking about I was in negotiations with some plastic manufacturers to start up production of anal nozzles that you can use to make decorative shits like on top a cake ie: roses , stars etc inpress your friends!) . Well that all fell through unfortunately and so I decided to cut my losses and call the negotiations off.

So all thats left now is this , a compendium of all the funny shit issues that have been published so far (which are probably slowly falling apart in the magazine rack next to toilets all over australia , I really wanted to make this one water proof but couldn't justify the cost) with a couple of new stories thrown in for good measure. I also cleaned up some of the punctuation and corrected some grammer.

You may also notice the layout has a much more magazine feel now , I can only blame my former employers at new idea and tv week for that.

Anyway I am no longer am gainfully employed in the meida world and feel much better about myself and the world around me. But on the flipside I no longer feel the need to talk about crap and so the stories are getting thinner and thinner. Also my bowels are much more healthier these days with a balanced involving a lot less red meat.

BUT seriously the real reason this is one issue is because it shits me to tears trying to put together 3 individual issues , so we all win really you dont have to try and complete the set and I dont have to swear at the photocopiers and cry when I get home with upside down pages. So I hope you enjoy the stories within , feel free to tell them at when the conversation comes to halt at any social situation, its can be a great way of getting people talking I have found because everyone shits but no one really wants to talk about it.

Thanks again to all the contributors, please feel free to harrass me if I haven't given you copies. And thank you for supporting underground publishing no matter how shitty the product.

swerve

editor in chief /publisher/and all the rest that goes into making this funny shit
B.S.A , R.D.C , F.O.S



AFTERMATH

- By Brendan Walls

I used to work at a car park complex in Newcastle. Long hours but easy money. Punch the ticket and take cash from each car that left the place. 6am to 11pm. Easy.

There was a down side...

I used to have to 'lock down' the public toilets each night at 11pm before shutting the place up. It was usually pretty dirty but I'd mop it, replace the paper and soap and be out of there in a couple of minutes. I worked from Wednesday to Friday. A young guy, Tom, worked Saturday to Tuesday.

One Friday night I went up to the toilets on level one to lock them down before I shut the cash box and closed the roller doors.

I smelt it at about 50 paces out...When I got there it was like someone had thrown a shit bomb in there ... every surface below eye level was covered in liquid shit...I'm no forensic expert but my first instinct was that whoever was responsible for this had simply opened the door, stuck his arse in, and exploded...It was a seriously sick and sorry affair.

I recalled the details of my job description, desperately looking for some loophole to get me out of this...

I recalled the details of my job description, desperately looking for some loophole to get me out of this... I knew I was fucked ... I took my keys out and opened the cleaning cupboard on the other side of the room, careful not to slip in the shit .. I noticed lentils and thanked my lucky stars that at least the guy was a vegetarian ...a meat shit of this magnitude would have been just too much.

There were four mops in there. I knew I would need all of them.

I caught a sideways glance of myself in the mirrors. I looked at myself and thought, "What the fuck are you doing? Has it really come to this?"

I left the toilet with the door wide open, went down stairs and shut the car park down. Then I went around to the laneway on the southern side of the car park complex, broke two windows with a lead pipe that was lying nearby, and tore the security grill off.

I went home traumatised by the shit and by what I'd just done...but mostly by the shit.

I still have nightmares. I've never been able to eat lentils since that night

The next morning I got a call from Tom. He was distressed and shaken.

"Hey someone broke in here over night"

"Really!? Fuck, did they take anything? Did they get into the booth?"

"No, that's the thing... they didn't try to take anything,"

"Well, that's good"

"Yeah...but they fucking left something..."

I tried hard not to laugh as he described the scene. The only thing that stopped me cracking was the internal mantra running through my head of what a slack cunt I was leaving Tom with that anal holocaust.

"Did you call the cops?" I managed

"Yeah, they've never seen anything like it..."

"Unbelievable ...what are you going to do?"

"I've got to clean it up"

"Jesus... I'm glad I'm not working today" me cracking was the internal mantra running through my head of what a slack cunt I was leaving Tom with that anal holocaust.

"Did you call the cops?" I managed

"Yeah, they've never seen anything like it..."

"Unbelievable ...what are you going to do?"

"I've got to clean it up"

"Jesus... I'm glad I'm not working today"



Stools of Gold

It was a stinking hot day in the year of our bicentenary, 1988 when my Dad lost his dignity down the back of his trousers. I was ten and on holidays to see the ships in Sydney.

My Dads first fatal mistake was his choice of light tan strides for the days outing. Cool in summer and in keeping with the decades preference for pastel shades, yes, but totally impractical for what would soon occur.

His second mistake was his choice of lunch. An iffy Mongolian lamb was surely the fuel that powered the misshapen stool.

It hit as we wondered up George Street from the rocks. My Father stopped with a pained grimace. He then shuffled about panic stricken in

“I’ve bloody shat myself,” he whispered hoarsely, backing up against a wall.

search of a nearby receptacle for the hot lava sludge erupting down the mountain. With buttocks clenched to no avail, he finally buckled and the dam gave way. Doubled over he turned to inspect the damage.

“I’ve bloody shat myself,” he whispered hoarsely, backing up against a wall. He grabbed my arm like a drowning man “Is it obvious?” he pushed my

head between him and the wall.

The whole back of his pants and down his leg was soaked through with bright, gastric shit. It was the lurid food poisoning variety that has a strong, sinister, sweet smell about it. All I could do was gag a little and then laugh, along with my brother who had caught a peek too.

“Hail a bloody cab” He said, tightening his grip on my arm.

The cabbie that I finally hailed must have been suspicious of the sheepish shuffling my dad made across the road or maybe he caught a whiff because he sped off. My dad raced back to the wall as a group of passers by pointed and laughed.

The next plan was to try and get back to the hotel by creeping along with his arse facing the wall. He barked orders at us to stand in front of him as human shields of shame and to check and see if the coast was

clear before he made quick dashes across roads and doorways. I remember the acid stench of the crap and the sound of it, having reached his shoes, squelching as he ran.

This was very slow and nerve racking. After a while our tired winging began to force the pace forward. My Dad started to be a bit more reckless. Perhaps it was our whinging that distracted him but after about a half hour since his initial accident he made his third mistake.

Arse skidding along a buildings wall he failed to recognise a mirrored floor to ceiling window of what was an upmarket restaurant. He had made his way about half way along it when laughter broke out from the other side. It must have been from a table of diners directly on the other side of the glass because it was pretty loud. I could just see them pointing and laughing through the glass. My Dad instinctively pushed himself closer to the window to hide his shame from site. This of course pushed his poo'y trousers closer to the diners and even left a smear of shit across the window.

The shit streak produce an even louder response from within and someone started banging on the window to shoe him away. My dad spun round and stared inside , like a rabbit in headlights , his own reflection staring back at him. Abandoning all dignity he sprinted off down the street leaving my brother and me trailing behind.



CRICKET

By Ben Michelle

When i was about 12 years old i lived in a small rural town in the mid west of new south wales. I had this friend named luke who was tough, really fucking tough. He was real good at footy and super bloody good at cricket. I'm pretty sure he was the captain of both teams too.

Well anyway, this one day happened to be the day of the cricket grand final and luke was sick with gastro. He'd been the king of arse piss for days. He hadn't even been at school which was unlike him because he had this on gong war with this other kid called jake. They used to punch on every lunch time down the back oval. So luke must've been crook as.

He was walking
back to his mark
when something
unthinkably
embarrassing
happened

Luke's dad was a cattle drover so he was away all the time, the morning of the cricket grand final being no different he called him up and was all blokey and stuff telling luke to go out there and slay 'em. Luke was all "oh dad, i'm sick as, i don't think i can play!" luke's old man wasn't too impressed with this display of weakness so he got up him good, telling him stuff like "real men don't let their mates down" and other such manly aphorisms that this fine country was apparently built upon until luke relented and said he'd play. Hell knew we fucking needed him to play. He was a class all-rounder, probably still is, opening the batting and doing a good job in attack with some fine pace bowling.

Anyway to cut this fine and get down to the nitty gritty (literally) of this situation i'll tell you he played real well that day. He scored a fair amount of runs, most likely he retired with 30 runs as is the law in under 12's. I can't really remember, but, what i do rememer is this, the last over of the day, the other cunts were about 7 or 8 runs behind and luke was bowling. He bowled two brilliant dot balls. For those of you un-educated in cricket vernacular that means no runs were scored off those two deliveries. He was walking back to his mark when something unthinkably embarrassing happened, his dormant volcanic guts started to rumble and spat out with fury some of the most acrid and orange liquid you would ever be unlucky enough to smell or see.

Unswayed, he sat his wet and stinky arse down in the red dirt to cover up the disgusting sight on display in his whites and rumbled in for the third ball of his over. Crack went bat on ball, straight to the square leg boundary for four runs. The next delivery was kinda similar only i think it was smashed for 6. We lost.

Two balls to spare and my best mate had shit his fucking cricket whites all in the name of being a man. Poor kid, he was 12 years old. I don't think i've ever been able to forget this. I know i'll never forget the smell as we got a lift home that arvo by his mum or the wretched sobbing as luke blamed himself for our loss.

Have any of you ever been beaten in a grand final for any sport? i can tell you it hurts. But imagine that, shitting your pants and then getting beat. How fucking humiliating. Anyway that wraps up today's proceedings. Hope you enjoyed the cricket, goodbye from everyone here in the commentary team.



SOME OTHER NAMES FOR FAECES

Admiral Browning
Admiral Browning
anal butter
Anal leakage
anal snakes
arse monkeys
arse gnome
Arse piss
baby boy or girl
Barbarians at the
gate
bean
Big brown man
knocking on the back
door
bondi cigar
Bowel Movement
Brown art
brown birds
brown bomb
brown dildo
brown dragons
brown trout
bum fudge

Bum Gravy
bum nut
Bum rock
Business
Cannon ball
Captain's log
Carpet bombing
Cast your pellet
caca
carbuncles
chocolate banana
chocolate exports
Chocolate gone bad
chocolate soldier
cigar fish (refers to a
turd in the surf or
bath)
colon cobras
Colon cowboy
crap
Admiral Browning
anal butter
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Business
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Carpet bombing
Cast your pellet
caca
carbuncles
chocolate banana
chocolate exports
Chocolate gone bad
chocolate soldier
cigar fish (refers to a
turd in the surf or
bath)
colon cobras
Colon cowboy
crap
crapola
creamy butt nuggets
Crowning
crut (French)
Defecate
Dense fart
dejecta demo
(Russian)
dirt diver down
Dirty Hail
do-do doobby dong
(Korean)
dreck (Yiddish)
Drill for mud bunnies
Drop a bomb
drol (Dutch)
dump, dumpette
dung
Easter Bunny's present
egesta
ejecta
ejectamenta
excrement
excreta
exuvia
fecal
browns
fecal matter

fecal pellet
floater (one that won't
flush)
foeces the fourth
teletubby
follow through
Free the Americans
frightened turtle
fudge
golden brownies
grandpas
grogan
grunties
growler
himno (Ukrainian)
Hoffenmist (German)
Incoming
kakashka (Russian)
"piece of poop")
keech (Glasgow)
Knit a Brown Sweater
kuso (Japanese)
Lay a cable
Lay a log
lay a turd
Lay an egg
lay bricks
Lay Cable
lay cable
Lay logs
Lay some cable
Letting the kids out to
swim
Liquid Fart
Log out
log
lose a farting contes
little army men (
load
loaf
log
lump

lumpy fart
Make a delivery
Make a deposit
Make a deposit at the
porcelain bank
Make waste
Making gravy
man the deck
majon (Spanish - a big
turd)
merda (Italian and
Spanish)
merde (French)
misfart
mold an action figure
monkey tail
moomoos
Mr. Hanky
muck
mud
mud bunny
number two
pile
plop
poo
poop
poop deck (
poopie
poopie pie
pooplets
poopness
poopoo
Pocaino
Poop
Poop Diddy
Poop goes the weasel
poot
poo-poo platter
poopsie lala
product of Uranus
Punch a grumpy
Punish the porcelain

Put fruit in the bowl
Putting an end to farts
Recycle fiber
Release a hostage
Relieve yourself
Return of the shit
demon
rectum warriors
Ride the porcelian
pony
red anal rovers
Rectal hot chocolate
Rectal soup
runs
rusty water
scat
Scheisse (German)
schijt (Dutch)
scuba divers
sea pickle
send a fax
Sewer assalts
sewer serpents
shat
Shart (when you think
you're going to fart
and you shit yourself)
shit
shite
shit
shit on a stick
shitsicles
shitsters
shiza (German)
Sit on the can
Sit on the throne
Sjvsdtta en barkbet (in
Sweden)
skata (Greek)
Skeet (Danish)
Skipping brown rocks
smoked ham

Snap one off
slug
splasher
sprout a tail
squitters
Staining the pond
steamer
stool
Test the plumbing
thirty second buzz
toileteers
Torpedoes
trots
turd
turtle head poking out
turtle tail
tutti (Hindi)
uchra (Arabic)
Ugly Baby
unko (Japanese)
Unleash the brown
demons
Unload Cargo
water log



YOUNG MAN, TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR LIFE

Dear Ed,

Unlike some of your learned colleagues, I've never been much into my poos. I eat, I feel a certain way – and they come out. My arse and I are happy about the way

I thought private schools were supposed to turn out young men who are happy to shower together nude...

things are when everything's good, and I don't give much thought to their colour, texture, personality, et cetera.

But I guess I must have had a brief anal phase when I was about 13 or I wouldn't have done a shit in the shower of a Sport and Recreation Family Camp facility near Lithgow.

My younger brother and I were in adjacent showers, with no screen between them. That would never happen today. A few years later he grew pubes and went funny about all that stuff. I thought private schools were supposed to turn out young men who are happy to shower

together nude, whipping each other with towels as the merry gay taunts echo off the tiles.

Anyway, you want to know about the Whys and Wherefores of the nutty brown Anzac that I dropped out my arse onto the wet turquoise floor that day.

Truthfully, I dunno what it was about that time that made it so special. I remember feeling a restless urge that was new and powerful. These days I'd recognise it immediately as a moment of growth, a time when you're ready to test boundaries. It was the kind of semi-sexual exploration that happens for kids before sex takes any definite shape. The fact that it involved my anus has not been lost on me, although things have moved pretty straight ahead in a hetro direction since then.

So in the guise of a dare, I told my brother I'd do a shit on the shower floor, but only if he did too.

“Why?”

“We’ll both do one. But you have to as well.”

“But why?”

“Alright it’s a deal – here I go.”

It’s fair to say that most people have never been explicitly told NOT to shit in the shower. Still, in the 13 years of my life up to then, I’d picked that it wasn’t what you do, and perhaps that’s partly why it was suddenly so hard to perform. As I squatted on the tiles and strained to no avail, with my brother not really watching, I began to wonder if it was worth going through with.

Then all of a sudden it crowned, and in a steamy trice it was sitting there like Ayres Rock. (That’s what everyone called it back then. Not Uluru. I don’t think I could call my shit “Uluru”, cos it would be disrespectful.) It was simply there. I’d like to say it had an accusing look on its chocolate features, as if it were saying “You Made Me”, and there was an aura of responsibility wafting up off it. But I suppose I was just projecting. After a moment of surprise, I felt numb. I don’t know what I’d expected to feel. People tell you it’s incredible, wonderful, beautiful, but suddenly I just wanted it to go away. I had no clear picture of what I was trying to achieve, but I felt like a total failure. Now I know that this was post-natal depression, but I was only 13 – what did I know about this stuff? People didn’t acknowledge all that back then.

Under the fall of hot water, it seemed to sizzle like a meat pattie. Up close you could see the hot drops punching little dents into its oily surface, as the floor around ran with its juices. Every trace of turd-love deserted me right at that moment. This brief, out-of-character flirtation with a brown paramour had left me frightened and confused. I was confronted with a reality that made me appreciate so much more my old, “arm’s-length” relationship with shit.

I noticed my brother was looking down at me. I thought about “our” deal. One steaming pile of excrement on the floor of a public facility owned by the people of New South Wales was enough. We both knew there was now no way he was going to make it two. And there never had been.

But I was the elder brother, and it was important to maintain discipline. I stood up and told him I’d decided it would be best if he didn’t go ahead with his end of the bargain.

“So I’m letting you off. You’re lucky. This has been fun, hasn’t it?” My nard was still there. The falling water from the shower nozzle hadn’t moved any of it – the warm spray just made the chunky bits stand out little starker on the poo-rizon. I thought

about just leaving it where it lay, but that would've meant discovery by another camper, and people sitting outside had certainly recognised us – had even said “hi” as we'd walked into the shower block. On those camps everyone unconsciously picks one family to despise, and I knew that for the rest of the camp we'd be the Filthy Poopers.

I tried wrapping bog roll around it so I could pick it up and carry it over to a toilet. But it was loose like a casserole now from being under the shower – the paper in my hand went sodden immediately, cling-wrapping itself onto the poo so fast I jumped back in fright.

My brother finished his shower and got out.

“Hey,” I hissed, not wanting to be overheard, “we gotta get rid of this!”

“You did it. It's your poo.”

And he left me completely alone.

In the end I snapped a clothes-peg apart and ferried tiny spade-fulls of the bolognaise over to the drain grille set into the floor of the cubicle, so I could poke them down through it. I did about 30 trips. It was a painstaking process, and I touched some of the matter, which horrified me.

I washed again, got dry and went back to our cabin.

The rest of that camp was pretty standard, and we've never spoken of it since.

He called today to give me a lecture on taking care of myself. I thought about mentioning it jokingly, but I didn't want to give him any more ammunition.

I know I will have to raise it eventually. I don't want to go to the grave with this unresolved between us.

As Mike and the Mechanics more or less sang:

It's too late...

When we die...

To admit we don't know why we took a shit in the shower that time, and we're sorry that we got you involved in what was really quite a confusing and filthy wittle episode.



FUN EXPERIMENTS TO DO AT HOME

With Doctor Matthew j landers .

Hello my curious friends. My name is Doctor Matthew and I would like to share my years of Scatological inquests with your good selves and perhaps prick the interests of some of our younger readers to some of the gentle pleasures afforded when one explores the mysteries of ones digestive treasures.

I have compiled here a short list of experiments that are easy to do at home with things around the house but will stir the imagination of any would be faecal alchemist.

Let me begin with a lovely colourful experiment that I came upon quite by accident just the other day.

Things you'll need.

- 1.5kg liquorice
2. 1kg prunes

Method.

Eat above mentioned over the course of no longer then one day.

Results.

Participants in this experiment can expected to be rewarded with a lovely rich and vibrant green colouring to their stools for a number of days. Depending of type of liquorish ingested, colour can vary from a stately British racing car green to a spritely Kermit the frog shading.

The prunes will add to the explosive projection of you work being a strong diahretic. Possible practical applications may include painting walls or frightening friends.

Corn kernals

The next experiment will introduce the law of the corn kernal. That they are in fact the only commonly eaten food that does not succumb to the bodys powerful digestive sorcery. For centuries men and women , have been enthralled and perplexed upon finding these hardy yellow niblets peeking stubbornly out from their stools. Intact and defiant these seemingly ordinary foods seemed to poke fun at humans attempts to break them down. It has become a constant sore point for modern man that we are able to break the atom and release power untold yet our digestion has not made any headway when it comes to the common corn kernal. Some scientists working in the field theorise that if we were able to break the kernal the energy released would be too powerful to control. Possibly creating a wormhole thus ripping the Earth from its current orbit. It is perhaps better that our digestive system leave the corn kernal to its mysteries.

You will need

100 Corn cobs

Method

Eat nothing but corn on the cob for five days

Results

Once your other food has passed through you sytem the true magic and mystery of the corn cornel are able to reveal itself in amazing clarity. Without other solid waste to mask its true magesty the kernals will pour forth like golden bullions intact and spotless. Practical applications - mind expanding eternal wonderment and corn storage.

I hope you have success in these two experiments and they open the door for other more complex digestive inquests.

good luck.

NEIGHBOURS POOL

When I was younger , around 7 or 8 my neighbour (geoff walker) used to have a pool. Many hot summers days were spent in that pool , making whirlpools , doing bombs , you know the stuff kids do in pools.

Anyway one day it all came to an abrupt and shocking end.

I went over to geoffs house with my brother after pre arranging a time , I think he had to help him mum with the shopping or something. I distinctly remember my maroon dick stickers which at that point in time I considered the height of bathing fashion .

“aww come on
just do it in the
pool , I always do
no one knows!”
he said
unknowingly.

So me and my brother went over with our towels and knocked on the door. Geoffs mum answered and called out to geoff who came out of his room in his swimmers said hello and headed towards the back door motioning us to follow. We went out the back and climbed the ladder and jumped into the pool. It was a really hot day and felt good to get into the water. I remember starting a whirlpool and feeling like a I had a big un on board , so I started getting out of the pool. “what are you doing?” asked geoff. “I gotta go to the toilet” I replied.

“aww come on just do it in the pool , I always do no one knows!”
he said unknowingly.

“OK” I replied then slipped back into the pool and started something that would scar me for life. I let go and there was a slight brownish tinge to the water surrounding me. No one noticed for a while until we started making a whirlpool.

Geoff started screaming for his mum.

I didn't think anything was up because geoff was a bit of a sook and so continued playing around in the pool .

Geoffs mum came outside and asked “whats wrong”
“arrrggh look look”

His mum peered over the side of the pool and her face went dark ,
"GET OUT OF THE POOL" she demanded.
"ah Ok" I said

I got out and she clipped me over the ear (I think she thought about wacking me on the arse but realised what the result would be)
And told me " go out to the front of the garage NOW"

I started crying because I knew something bad had gone down
I tried to tell her that it was geoff's idea but she was having none of that.
I had to stand facing the street where the hose was, while she turned the hose onto my bottom. After I stopped crying and she stopped hosing she told me in no uncertain terms to go home and never return. I was banned for life from the pool. I think on that day I lost my innocence and never ever to this day have been allowed to swim in that pool.



THE CHANGE

One night in Melbourne there were a bunch of us at this kind of ritzy party in Fitzroy East, I think. We had been kicked out of a gig early and were kind of drunk and ready for anything - someone suggested going to this party - THEY knew someone there but being from Sydney none of us knew anyone, we were rowdy and had bought like three casks of red wine, so we were ready to party! When we arrived the person opening the door was kind of a random and so let us through without really considering if we were the right kind of people to be letting in. (If this isn't a kind of great, but misleading opening to a poo-themed story, I don't know what is!)

So we quickly found ourselves at odds with the hosts and retired to the back of the party atop this crumbling old concrete garage garden which had a ladder, table and chairs, where we proceeded to hoe into the casks and consequently we upped the raucous factor considerably.

“You don't know where that's been!” they cried,
“But I know where it's going,”
I replied.

I remember going in and adjusting the stereo, and then being ushered outside by the increasingly hostile hosts. At some point a really drunk girl approached us, as we were about the only people left in the party with alcohol to spare, we were rich in cheap wine, and she says tous,

“Hey, 'scuse mey, but'v you's got 'ny woinel cou'd chip in for? I godda few doll'rs heer...”

I replied in a gruff yet generous fashion, “We don't

want your fucking money,”
grabbing the coins, “Have a fucking glass on us!”

I dropped the handful of gold and silver coins into my mouth, the dull rasp of them on my teeth, swallowed, and washed them down with a generous glass of red as they scraped down the slot of my esophagus.

People were aghast!

“You don't know where that's been!” they cried,
“But I know where it's going,” I replied.

“Money's filthier with every hand it passes through! You're insane! And coins!” etc. The bemused sheila thanked us and climbed back into the party.

Or maybe she stayed and talked, I don't really remember. At any rate, we got louder and drunker and were shortly kicked out of the party with loud protest at this inhospitable action and into the street. We still had too much wine and we started off in the direction of Fitzroy pool, I believe. Once there we jumped the fence, took all our clothes off, I shat in the pool to everyone's horror, and me and X were making ramps out of pool furniture to launch off of - while keeping an eye on my turd. X broke his toe falling off a chair - I think we were lucky that was all that happened - the whole incident was a severed spinal cord waiting to happen. Also I think I may have been throwing my aqua-turd at people, or chasing them with it, or was it just my poo-contact hand...?

Anyway, it was hilarious...

Back in Sydney, probably the Sunday night, in Newtown, I met up with a few people for drinks at the (used to be Macca's) shitty Irish pub between Jester's Pies and Zanzibar (Bradbury pegged a longneck bottle through their window after being refused entry, the legend). It was a beer night this night and having just got back from Melbourne town, I was broke and hung-over (surprise surprise). The other parties had bought a couple of rounds, and as I finished up my beer, I was kind of thinking, "Shit. My round, eh? I'm fucked.

I know, I'll just skive off to the toilet and hopefully no one will notice and there'll be another beer for me when I get back."

Well, as fortune would have it, I detected the beginnings of a bowel movement on my way upstairs.

With this, an idea formed.

I picked up a free newspaper and a glass ashtray and entered the Men's. I then dropped the newspaper on the floor, pissed out my beer into the toilet, then squatted down over the newspaper to deliver my stool in a place which would allow examination.

A swift evacuation revealed a long multi-brown chap. It's amazing how a naked turd (one out of it's flesh or watery robes) throws it's stink about. I drew the newspaper onto the seat of the dunny and using the ashtray as a rough tool, I carved through the specimen to hear again the dull rasp of metal! The coins had passed through me safely!

Once the coins had been roughly located, I collected them on one side of the paper, scooped them into one hand, wrapped the dismembered shit in the rest of the paper and dropped it into the bin.

In the sink, I washed the coins clean, but their journey had forever marred them with a blue copper, even brown, discolouration, as if they had been subjected to a powerful chemical process.

But they were STILL Commonwealth Currency!

I sauntered back downstairs and to the bar, bought a round, generous and sensible, a middy for me and schooners for the others, with the coins I had accrued.

The bar girl looked at me, slightly incredulous, when I handed over these oddly coloured coins. "What's happened to these?" she asked.

I hope she reads this one day.





NO SHIRT, NO SHOES, NO SHIT.

Back in the days when I was a preteen my friend Craig and I were in the habit of going to the national park near our house and hanging out.

Which is exactly what we were doing on this particular day. Anyway there was this place where you could jump into the water from a cliff that formed a natural diving board, so we were happily doing just that. It was a lovely day and the water was crystal clear.

When nature comes calling what else can you do?

After a few hours we grew weary of our aqua stunts and decided to head further down the river to another place we knew where you could swim. But first we had to climb down from the rocks carrying our clothes in our hands, because that was the only way down other than jumping. After this you waded into the water with the clothes on your head and headed across to the shallow area. We made it to the river without incident. Not many people knew about it, or at least we rarely saw anyone

else there. On this occasion it was deserted. One side of the river was rocky while the other was sandy with overhanging gum trees dappling the water with shade.

Quite a beautiful place actually.

There were a lot of pig tracks running along the sandy area so I chucked my Catchit t shirt and Okanuis at the nearest one, basically so I wouldn't get scratched up by the bushes later when I got changed. I knew I had to get home by 4 o'clock for The Curiosity Show- it is from this time that my lifelong interest in all things scientific spawned. Had it not been for Dr Julius and the crew who knows, I may never have become the keen watcher of scientific documentaries I am today.

As I mentioned me and Craig had already been jumping off the rocks for hours and so naturally the talk turned to people shitting in the bushes.

When nature comes calling what else can you do?

I mentioned to Craig that I had spotted one on a previous expedition, a fly infested surprise cake nestled at the foot of a wattle tree, complete with a torn piece of newspaper waving balefully in the thin breeze.

I could just make out part of a headline: "Rates Rise."

It made no sense. What is it about being in the great outdoors that makes people want to shit anyway? But I digress. After a quick dip I checked my 50metre water-proof Casio wristwatch (with sports band): 3:37. Not much time.

Just enough to make it if I hurry. "I'm legging it," I called out, making my way out of the water and heading for the pig track. The sand was soft and squelchy and my feet sank in, creating Ryvita worms between my toes. I walked up the bank and started putting my clothes on. 'Mum better have some snacks ready for Curiosity Show,' I remember thinking.

After I changed Craig called out "Hey Dennis*" so I turned around and took a few steps towards him. What happened next seemed to go in slow motion, the light playing through the trees, the glint on the waters edge, the sound of frolicking galahs drifting down across the valley. Time stopped. It was the look on Craigs face that started it again. I didn't want to look down, but all of a sudden the soft and delicate sand between my toes had taken on a far more sinister warm and sticky feeling.

Looking back over things, at that moment I think I knew. I hoped to hell it was animal, pig, anything. I mean at least dog shit isn't as bad as human shit- that's why we have toilets, rather than leaving them around on the street for kids to play 'shit- on- the- stick.' (A popular pastime in the burbs where I grew up involving dog shit and sticks.) So I looked down finally. And there it was squishing up between my toes.

A slyly submerged semi solid human turd.

I started screaming and flicked my foot from side to side hoping the sand would take care of everything but to no avail. Craig came running up out of the water trying not to get hit by any collateral damage. I screamed and then fell over laughing. Horrified, I had little choice but to hop to the water to wash the shit off. Most of it came off but fortunately I found a piece of discarded newspaper to finalise the deal.

It was the Sports Page. Bulldogs 22, Eels 13.

What sort of human filth, what sort of misery would inspire this?

I wondered morosely. Crestfallen, dejected and disconsolate,

I trudged home, the taunts of Craig ringing in my ears.

I still think about this episode every time I walk barefoot on the beach of any sandy areas. Or try and fit an egg in a milk bottle..

CRICKET BAT HANDLE

A few years ago I was having some serious wisdom tooth pain and needed most of them removed, trouble was, the tooth doing the most playing up was infected so before a could have it pulled I needed to clear up the infection by way of anti-biotics. The dentist warned me I'd probably

experience some constipation, it was just a side-effect of those tablets but it was the quickest way to clear the infection. I really thought nothing of it but made sure I finished the course, I didn't want to experience that kind of pain again...

About a week later at my girlfriend's house I finally needed to go to the toilet. I sat down and waited for some action only to realise I was in trouble and there was no turning back.

My girlfriend was by this stage pretty worried and had taken up position outside the door...

After about half an hour of sitting my legs were cramping, I was sweating all over, the odd tear was running down my cheek and I was no where near the end, beneath me was the head of a monster.

I was facing the worst and for a while there I was in a state of panic. My girlfriend was by this stage pretty worried and had taken up position outside the door, occasionally asking me if I was ok.

I wasn't.

I reckon I had this thing about a quarter way out and it seemed to only move on it's own terms, pushing only resulted in severe pain and it was too early to snap by wagging. I could feel the beast was thick and solid because I could feel it between my cheeks when I stood up - I needed to rest my legs. I was stuck in a very awkward situation.

At one stage I remember calling out for my mum, I couldn't take it anymore, the frustration had taken hold and I all I wanted was this thing out of me. My girlfriend was still pacing and I think she may have even phoned my parents - (idiot) and thought's of grabbing it and pulling it out had crossed my mind but I couldn't bring myself to do it. At this point I was at the sink, looking at myself in the mirror - talking myself through it, washing sweat off my face, when I thought to take a look.

I turned to see something resembling a tail around the same size and shape of a cricket bat handle.

The thing was massive and it didn't even flex from it's own weight - it stuck out at 45 degrees.

I almost laughed but realised this was happening to me. I went back to the toilet to give it one last try, I looked between my legs and the bastard was already in the water. I looked away steely eyed and resolved ... this was it.

The end came quickly. It was as though it had had it's fun. I seemed to leave me without even touching the sides (it probably did), the relief was almost orgasmic, I felt euphoria, like I'd completed a marathon but I was still running on adrenalin. There may have been laughter, there may have been blood - I was delirious. I look down to gaze upon the monster, it was huge; half way up the bowl, disappearing down the S bend, and was frighteningly thick - truly an amazing feat.

The wipe turned up nothing - I guess it had a conscience.



CYCLE POO

When I was working for the daily telegraph in surry hills I used to ride my bike home from work to waterloo where I lived.

Also in at stage of my life I was taking a fair bit of amphetamines and my gut flora was was not all that healthy. So anyway I finished my shift and felt a twinge in my stomach "I'll take care of that when I get home" I thought. So I wheeled my bike out into the hot summers afternoon and started riding down the backstreets on my way home . About half way there the twinge in my stomach had started becoming a dull ache.

I made it out onto the main road and I was starting to sweat , It was all starting to go wrong at that stage but still I held out for a miracle and pressed on regardless.

The traffic was extremely congested and I had to do some serious manuevers to keep moving , buses were pouring exhaust into my face and cars were honking at me

but I had no choice, I had to make it there was no chance of failure. Stopping and shitting on the street crossed my mind on several occassions but I really didnt fancy squatting in front a bunch of gridlocked cars.

I turned into my street sweating and in pain , I got off my bike and crabbed my way to the door squeezing my arse cheeks together as hard as I could while praying to all the gods I knew the name of that I wouldn't shit my pants.

...while praying to
all the gods I knew
the name of that I
wouldn't shit
my pants.

I ripped the keys out of my pocket fumbling for the right one and on the second go got it and immediately threw my bike into the lounge room and started frantically bum-cheeksqueezingly stumbling for the back door that led to the toilet. I managed the key first time and relief was in sight, I jumped off the landing and as soon as my feet left the ground I knew it was all over .

Jumping and squeezing your arse cheeks together is not possible.

It all seemed to happen in slow motion from there , I remember jumping and thinking "nooooooo I was so close" and this warm stink exploded in my pants as I hit the ground, then I stumbled and fell on my face onto the cold tiles. I lay there for a few minutes sobbing and laughing at what had happened (mainly sobbing) and eventually managed to pull myself up off the tiles and headed in the direction of the toilet. I got there and realized it was way worse than first impression.

I peeled my shitty jeans and undies off and nearly spewed at the sight and smell .
It was like baby vomit crossed with some alien nut spread that had somehow came to earth. 'why' was all I could think.

I took off my undies and didn't even thing about salvage so I opened the door to the yard and threw them over the back fence , there was a brick wall and they stuck there for a week or 2 I cant (or don't want to) remember.

As I stood in the shower reflecting on the horrible event that just took place I resolved to start eating healthier food.



THERES NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT SHIT

by boyd burger

There's nothing funny about shit. Shitting if not exactly a solemn task is a serious business; I don't recall the last time I found myself quietly chuckling or unconsciously thigh slapping while in the process of excreting last night's lentil pie. If an unexpected guffaw has on occasion escaped then it

Shitting is more
memory game
than a comic
opportunity.

had nothing to do with the process itself but was the result of some droll addition to the burgeoning zine scene, or a tattered copy of Colors magazine, still good, providing a timely reminder that bullshit does indeed come in different colours.

Shitting is more memory game than a comic opportunity. While reaching an unsteady hand across the bowl to flush we ask ourselves: "What on Earth did I consume last night? What have I been doing?" Like a bank statement revealing successive early morning atm visits, it all comes flooding back. Yes, memory- and who can ever forget, even if they wanted to, the words to that famous song? "Memories- scattered pictures..." And so on. And this from a woman, an entertainer renowned for her well- formed if less than regular output, with her 19 LPs released in the 1960's dwindling to a close- fist'd 6 in the 1990's. It has been ten years since her last release.

Shit isn't funny- people are funny. By itself a turd isn't funny, not even a turd placed on the dining room table with a bow wrapped around it. What renders it amusing is the thought: how did it get there? Who put it there? Why?

Comedy may be defined as the absence of reason, not the presence of ordure. It is a jangling, a dissonance, a voiced disparity between what is known, and what is

inferred. Comedy is a cacophony of memory and aspiration jostling for attention. Question: is dogshit funny? Do dogs laugh? No- but as we all know, a plastic dogshit is great japes.

One can't write about funny shit without mentioning King George III, who famously had his stools monitored, picked and prodded over and extensively tested in the belief that they held some clue as to the cause of his insanity. Impressed by this level of attention to forensic detail the Prime Minister of the day, William Pitt the Younger, had faith that George would effect a full recovery. This led in 1788 to the Regency Crisis in which Pitt refused to declare Regency (under which royal power would be handed to the Prince of Wales) who in turn favoured a political opponent of Pitt's, Charles Fox, leader of the Foxites. Modern medicine has of course revealed the cause of George's fragile mental state as Porphyria, an enzyme-related genetic disease which most likely also afflicted his son. Who the fuck had heard about that back then? Joke's on you George. On both of the dozy cunts.

Places to have a laugh: At the pub
At a friend's house Watch a funny movie Get stoned
Stay home alone, and talk to yourself Central Station
The Solarium

In conclusion, my contention is not that it is impossible to 'have a laugh' while one's trousers are around one's ankles. Indeed one could get stoned, watch a funny movie at a friend's house with one's trousers around one's ankles, displaying the iridescent results of last Tuesday's session and certainly be laughing. Nor is the presence of toilet paper a deterrent to comedy. But it is not these facts alone that lead to 'funny shit.' Funny shit requires a human conduit, and that's my point, George's point: our shit is a reflection of ourselves.

FRUIT BAT MAN

So there had been in the weeks leading up to this, quite a deal of poo hi-jinx and japes at the warehouse we lived at, which involved me and my friend.

Also, around this time, we had been having a fart war of sorts and also tapping one another on the foreheads with ourcocks, usually when the other was passed out or hung over, as a kind of bonus cruelty.

The incident occurred as follows.

I think I was hung over and, as one does, I made my way up to the shower to wash away those grey strings from my body and mind. I was extremely lazy and had probably also forgotten to bring a towel up, so as a result of my movement down my ladder, along the corridor, and up the stairs to the shower, there was a stool well prepared to materialise. I was from time to time used to crapping in the shower and then flinging the little fellows through the warehouse shower/toilet glory-hole and into the toilet. However, this time was different. I had laid a turd which, starting at my fingertips, ran part-way down my wrist. What I was about to do was unwise, but would, in my mind at the time, require less potential

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damage-control than a false fling into the toilet.

So, the shower in the warehouse had a semi-glassed window at about shoulder height. To clarify, there is a hole which is about 40 cm. of which the bottom half is glassed - there remains a 20 cm. window of turd-tossing opportunity. The roof across the way is about 6 meters away, and about 1 meter lower down than the window I was sizing up. I had tossed another turd out there in weeks previous, successfully, which was about the size of a largish cat shit.

I swung my right hand out, testing the speed and arc of my throw with a few dry runs (pardon the pun) but I was afraid. Afraid that the mass of this turd was such that it would require no mean amount of force to propel it through the gap and onto the roof, and I was unsure that I had sufficient control in my slightly weakened state to not smash into the pane of glass, thereby cutting open my wrist and driving shit into the wound.

So when I did let fly, it was with some trepidation - and the hesitancy produced a missile with less momentum than was needed to sail freely onto the neighboring roof. Thus it was that the projectile did not fly far enough, but it's flight was also not short enough to fall harmlessly to the street below; it landed, most disastrously, in the middle. The turd spun in slow motion through the gap, spiraling down, down, until with a WHOOMP! it struck solidly against our neighbour's window pane.

My friend was roused by the sound, and my accompanying "NOOOOOOOO!" and looked out the back to see that the log had made a rather elegant representation of the south island of New Zealand.

I was mortified, but thankfully the blinds were pulled on the window, and no reaction had come.

Yet.

I enlisted my friend as my comrade in arms to get rid of this 1.2 kg. horror. We tried flinging plastic bags full of water, we tried tying a high pressure water hose to a 4 m. length of timber, all to no success!

The following day we received an eviction notice for an entirely unrelated matter. I was panicked, as I thought that The Turd would be the well-defined end to our tenure there, but it was still up, proud, and the blinds still drawn.

On the third day, I came home to find that the blinds were open and the turd was GONE.

Without a trace.

The most horrible part of the idea of cleaning it off was that it was a window with two panes - one slides behind the other in order to open the window, and the turd lay on the inner pane, which would have to drag The Turd into the other pane of glass, smearing it between them and all over the mechanisms.

There was no end to this story. No come-uppance have I experienced.

I hope there never is.



ONE SHIT IN BEIJING

Li Tian Jao better known as Vivi was simply put the most beautiful thing I had even seen. I first saw her coming down the Broadway Shopping Centres escalators and had thought just that, commiserating myself at the same time that never in my wildest dreams would I ever meet anyone like this.

Luck befell me days later when she innocently took a seat besides me in an Internet café. My heart raced as silently side by side we checked our e-mails. After the incident at the escalator I had cursed myself about my inability to introduce myself so I decided to do something I never had the gumption to do before. Still too shy to simply

say hello, I took this rare opportunity to introduce myself anomalously. After spying her e-mail address over her shoulder I quickly proposed a date, then left fearing the worst.

Jianbing - rolled up pancake style street food filled with egg

The next day to my surprise she had remembered me and was willing to meet. We went out, enjoyed each others company etc and I was on top of the world. Unfortunately I found out our days together would be short; she had to return to Beijing, China in a matter of days. By the time

she left we were truly in love, at the airport I made a declaration I would follow her to china as soon as I could muster the fare and two months later I took flight to the middle kingdom to secure her heart.

I spent my first evening in china resting at a hotel, Vivi met me at the airport and took me there to rest, I was to meet the family in the morning. Excited I was up early the next morning and headed out to meet the potential in-laws. Just outside the hotel a toothless couple were serving what I was later to learn was Jianbing a rolled up pancake style street food filled with egg, some shallots, crisskett bread and some multi coloured spreads that I'm yet to identify. Anyway it looked tasty and cost barely 10c so I got myself one and continued onward to Vivi's place.

The effects of the Jianbing were almost instantaneous, you could probably still see the vendors cart behind me when the unmistakable feeling of sudden toilet need came on. I started to peel my eyes for a public restroom unacquainted I was then with

the local's habits of befouling between parked cars. This was a nation where the local outfit for toddlers had no arse even in winter, so they could take a dump whenever and wherever they liked! Once I was especially alarmed when a 3 or so year old took a dump in the middle of the markets while still holding her mothers hand firmly. But presently I didn't realise I could ease my suffering so casually and wanted to do the right thing. In the distance I finally spotted the international symbol for shithouse - the standing man and marched quickly for the door.

Unfortunately for me this public restroom was in actuality a squat, not of your anarchist variety, the inhabitants of this fully furnished bathroom facility was what seemed to be a large extended family group, men woman and children sitting around waiting while breakfast was prepared in the corner. Feeling uneasy about crapping in what was probably a closet I decided to try my luck and hold off until I reached Vivi's grandpa rents place that under normal circumstances wasn't too far off.

The steps that ensued told me this wasn't to be no ordinary passing, my sphincter was acting like a pressure cooker, mysterious gasses leaked to relieve the force of the upcoming onslaught of poo. I made the final distance with my butt checks clenched so tightly I walked like a penguin all the way to the communist block tower Vivi called home.

When I finally made it to the door my knocking was so panicked that when she and her grandparents opened the door I spared them the pleasantries of meeting and greeting and made my way instinctively and unannounced to the bathroom where I came across a traditional Chinese squat toilet. In a single motion, pants came down, knees bent and diareha shot out from my anus at a tremendous speed hitting the back wall, floor and everything but the hole in the ground specifically built to house it. For what was conceivably my quickest bowel movement ever I was in that bathroom a long time before I reappeared to finally meet the family. My best estimate would have me in there for at least half a hour soaking up the gooey remnants of my Jianbing with scrunched up balls of toilet paper. How many times did they hear the toilet flush thinking I would be out to meet them soon only to hear it flush again? What passed through their minds as this stranger from across the seas used up a years supply of dunny roll on a single movement.

God only knows what they where thinking or saying to each other in mandarin but the sweat beads on my forehead in the dead of winter must have alluded something to them, but they where kind enough to never mention it and began serving the most chicken like tofu I've even tasted.

Years later I couraged up enough to ask Vivi whether or not her grandparents knew what had happened in their bathroom that day 'off course you idiot you think my family is stupid' was her firm reply.

DRUGS AND FARTS DON'T MIX

I was staying at this girls house since I had gotten back from over- seas and we had been dabbling more and more with a nasty addictive drug that we probably shouldn't have been (in hindsight I say defi- nitely). What started as a weekend thing started becoming a Thursday thing and eventually became an everyday situation due to the particu- lar nature of this drug. Anyway the side effect of this abuse was constipation that would only be relived after 3 days when the drug had left your system.

On day 3 of the detox I woke up feeling pretty good, I had a good night sleep and my appetite had started coming back, the normally hideous diahorrea had gone so I felt as if the storm had passed. The girl was up already and had opened the doors to her balcony letting in the beautiful sunny day and was pottering around the room. She saw I was awake and said "comeon sleepyhead, up you get its 10 oclock". I sorted of grunted and rolled over and tried to go back to sleep.

But I couldn't sleep, my stomach felt pressurised and kinda bloated, I thought "hmmm everything else has returned to normal maybe I can fart without consequence". So I rolled onto my back and tried to sneak a fart out, I realised as soon as I had released my sphincter what a major error I had made in my calculations.

The fart came out alright, fuck me it came out, but it brought a passenger .

A sticky mucous like passenger that had no place in a bed especially when you are not wearing pants.

I explored a little with my hand the spot under my arse and when it came back sticky I realised that I was in some serious trouble.

The girl hadn't left the room and was now getting more and more insistent that I get up. I kept feigning sleep hoping that somehow I could get out of this scot free. Eventually she gave up and went downstairs to have breakfast.

I got up and ripped the sheet back to see what damage had been done, a greeny brown slug on the otherwise pristine white sheet stared blankly back at me. I knew what I had to do.

I quickly grabbed a towel and my clothes and ran downstairs to the shower.

While I was washing myself and getting dressed , I thought there was still time to get back upstairs and grab the sheets.

But when I got out of the bathroom I heard a scream from upstairs, so I had to go to plan B.

Plan B was somewhat unimaginative and basically involved running out of the house and not coming back for a few days. Which I did . Eventually I figured the coast was clear and went back expecting some serious abuse or at least my flatmates pissing themselves with laughter. All I got was a “you’re fucked “ with a filthy look, and until now it has never been spoken of.



THE KINKOS EPISODE

So I've got a problem with my kidney, at first they thought was stones, anyway my brother in law gave me some Chinese medicine (which he is qualified to do) shi lin tong or something...same guy who had me lay on a table with needles hanging out of me for 30 minutes, he has a great sense of humor...and he is family.

So I try these pills out over the course of a couple weeks...he recommends 12 at a gulp, with meals.

The first night at work I start taking the dose not really expecting it to have any effect on breaking down the stones for at least a few days.

I have them with my meal at about 4 am (bearing in mind I work night shift)

After about an hour my stomach starts to rumble... But my next lot of work is

Not a big deal or
a catastrophe
as yet

coming in soon so I hold out and get around and get ready for

the next job to arrive...when I get to moving the boxes of paper out to the machines I reach up and grab a box and know I've gotta go. Not a big deal or a catastrophe as yet, the toilet is just around the corner....I put the box down slowly and make a break for it squeezing my cheeks

together like it was my first night in prison.

I've done some embarrassing shit at work before (I'm the guy who had to be cut out of the lamination machine) but crapping my self in the paper cupboard in those baggy pants with no underwear on I could not live down.

I made it into the ladies (the men's always seems to have piss all over the floor) wrenched my pants off allah akbaring my lack of underwear and started spraying before I hit the seat.

Maybe it was thedesmodium?

Maybe it was thestyracifolium?

Whatever it was, it wanted out of me in a hurry.

The initial burst pretty well cleared me out ...but as soon as I had cleaned myself (and the surrounds) my stomach started and I knew it was coming around again... like dry reaching after too much booze,

my arse just kept convulsing, refusing the believe that it was all out of my system... this went on for at least 45 minutes.

The stench of it rising from the bowl and the chilling on my cheeks where it had splashed up made me think it was all over.

By this time other day shift people are starting to arrive, couriers are waiting for me to start printing.

After the next bout I have to make a move....wadding toilet paper up in my pants I get out amongst it, warning a female co worker not to go into the ladies for a bit...the drained look on my face must have said it all.

I soldiered through the last hour of my shift with my dignity intact through I did get a strange look form one of the guys when a wad of toilet paper fell out of my pants leg running between machines.

Try a smaller dose my brother in law laughed at me...I gave vomiting out of my arsehole another week before I packed it in.

Turned out I didn't even have stones.

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DESIGNER TURD

I was in my sixth week of a 16 week unpaid internship at a design studio. I was working unpaid five days a week and living off the measly wage I was earning working in a retail fashion store on weekends. The internship was a compulsory part of my Uni course and as it was the last thing I had left to do I was no longer full time so didn't even qualify for Austudy. Because I was employed full time I couldn't get the dole needless to say I was poor as a church mouse.

So poor in fact that on this particular day I had only a dollar twenty to my name. I managed to make it through to about 2pm on about 5 cups of international roast and the free minties they had for visitors to the studio but eventually I had to eat so wandered downstairs to the convenience store to see what I could get.

Even two minute noodfls were a dollar friggin fifty so the only thing I could afford that was substantial enough to see me through to the end of the day was a bag of mexican nut mix complete with soy crisps and dried peas and a strange tangy spice seasoning. I devoured the whole bag over the course of the afternoon and then left at home time feeling fine and looking forward to some free wine and munchies at an exhibition opening later on that night.

...a bag of mexican
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I made it to centennial park and then had to get off my bike and rest near the kiddies fountain cause I was feeling strangely light headed. I sat down on a bench and had a rest and then decided I was cool so stood up to leave again when I felt a sudden urge to fart - but instead of hot air it was hot liquid that filled my undies like water goes into a water bomb.... I remember gasping and looking around to see if anyone noticed - fortunately there was no-one nearby so I made a slow and squelchy bee line for the park toilets - in my haste I went into the mens instead of the womens - and locked myself in a cubicle where I stripped off everything and then realised that I couldn't walk out of the cubicle with a pair of shitty

undies in my hand so tried to flush them down the toilet. The fuckers wouldn't flush so I got what seemed like a whole packet of toilet paper and dumped it on top and then put my jeans back on and make a stealthy exit outta the toilets to retrieve my bike.

That night I ended up still attending the exhibition opening sans shitty undies and ended up with a morbid fear of farting in public for weeks after that. I quit my unpaid internship the next week and never ate mexican nut mix again.



THE TURTLES TALE

Back in the late 80's everything was lurid and tacky, even ice cream.

Everything was new, improved, must see; bigger and better than ever. Miranda Fair Shopping Centre was the 3rd largest shopping centre in the Southern Hemisphere, and the word was a new bubblegum flavour had just hit the ice creamery in the food court. I was aching to try it out.

My next door neighbours had a bit more cash to throw around than my parents, and their son, Steve was only a year or so older than I was. We used to hang out quite a bit, playing with Star Wars figures, lighting fires, throwing stuff at cars, the odd game of shit on the stick; basically the stuff all young boys get up to. So when Steve asked if I wanted to go to the local mall I jumped at the chance, knowing full well the bubblegum ice cream was on the cards.

“The bubblegum ice cream is finally mine” I thought

Trying to maintain some decorum in the face of the impending bubblegum bonanza we jumped into Marcia's Volvo and headed off, Johnny Farnham's Whispering Jack leaking sedately from the speakers, urging us to 'Keep the pressure down.' Yep, it looked like a good day for yours truly. After arriving and finding a park we fart-arsed around in Grace Brothers while Marcia shopped

for clothes and stuff. After an eternity trailing around up and down escalators I nudged Steve.

“Hey Steve, maybe it's time for some refreshment, if you know what I mean.” Steve didn't need much encouragement and started wearing his mother down, alternately threatening and pleading with her in a particularly grating, high-pitched voice. When Steve started slapping and punching the floor she was forced to give in; this was not the done thing in Ladies Apparel back in those days- no-one had even heard of ADD. People were staring and pointing and shepherding their own children away from the bad mother with the poor neglected child, as if they could be infected with 78789789. The poor woman didn't stand a chance!

As Marcia strode on ahead Steve and I exchanged looks of triumph.

“The bubblegum ice cream is finally mine” I thought,

rubbing my hands in glee. "Ha ha haha ha ha ha ha ha."

Excitement mounting we made our way down to the bowels of the mall into the Food Court. And finally, yes, in my hand was a double scoop of beautiful fluoro blue bubblegum ice cream, twin peaks of sugary magic. Steve got the same.

And fuck me if it wasn't every thing I had dreamt of; the flavour was alien, and yet still so familiar. The colour was so unnatural it just felt right. I took my time and finished it off, even licking the melted part off my fingers. After that the rest of the afternoon was a bit of a let down.

We played computer games on Steve's Commodore 64 for a while and sat around watching TV but there was nothing much on- The Goodies had been cut to make way for the cricket. We just sat there listlessly, too bored to even change channels, as the West indies made short work of a sub- standard Aussie pace lineup.

Until Steve got up and left the room.

A while later a god- awful cackling started coming from the toilet, going on and on for what seemed like minutes. Just as quickly, it then stopped.

"Hey Jeremy come here- you gotta see this!"

Steve opened the toilet door with his pants around his ankles and started laughing again and pointing at the toilet. Stepping round him I peered into the bowl.

Yep it was the same colour as the ice cream, only chunkier. It also smelt way worse. I started laughing too for a while until Steve put his arms out and blocked the door. He had a horrible grin on his face, a soulless rictus. Slowly, he turned around. His pants still around his ankles he proceeded to try and rub this blue shit tail hanging out of his arse on me. I freaked out, punching him a few times trying to escape the awful blue turtles tail he'd decided to share.

I made a lunge for it and I thought I was free but he came down the hall- way doing a backwards shuffle you can only get from, well having a lump of shit in your arse and your pants around your ankles.

I made it to the lounge room and slammed the door. Thankfully Marcia had been alerted to the horrors within by the noise. "You'd better go home, Jeremy," she said, taking one look at what was going on. As I walked next door her screaming cut through the sound of magpies hassling in the gum trees.

I still see my former neighbour occasionally when I go back to my parents house, and I have a quiet chuckle thinking about this, particularly as he is now a well- paid property developer. On consideration, not a surprise!

COW SHIT

Fifth grade camp was the first time I, or most of my classmates had spent any length of time away from our families. It was 5 days on a nondescript property somewhere unmemorable in rural Victoria.

Everyone was consumed by pressing questions such as : can I spend five nights without my teddy bear and will I look like a big loser if I cant or if I just hide him in my sleeping bag will anyone notice?

I think everybody ended up bringing them and no one cared.

I called the camp unmemorable but there was one part I will never forget. One day they took us out in small groups to a local farmer's milk shed with maybe a dozen cows penned into a shed. On arrival we started jerking on the poor cows udders, and lapping up the milk (mmmm deli- cious!) and started squirting it at each other in a giggly squealy fight milk fight

I was already wearing a thick viscous cloak of shit which was slowly dripping and pooling at my feet

The teachers encoura ged this and I am no vego , but by god those poor cows.

One of them though would get her revenge When the milk fight was done we were herded into the shed to stand in

the mud and light drizzle to listen to the farmers monologue about dairy farming.

Suddenly I felt a heavy rain falling on my jacket and looked up. Strangely it was still barely drizzling and I could still feel a downpour drenching me. Have you ever seen a cow shit?

Sure you've seen the dry grassy pats they leave behind but have you ever seen one in the act of shitting?

Those pats don't just drop quietly to the ground its more like there's a hose blasting thick black-green

sludge out of their bovine buttholes like a geyser of cow crap.

Which was what was happening all over the back of my jacket and pants. It can't have taken more than a couple of seconds for me to jump out of the way but I was already wearing a thick viscous cloak of shit which was slowly dripping and pooling at my feet.

Luckily the angle had kept it below shoulder level but droplets of spray had left dark highlights in my snowy blond hair.

I threw my jacket into a garbage bag to get back to camp and had to sit with a second garbage bag around my waist in the boot of a station wagon.

I want to say I could see the funny side even then , but I was a socially anxious 10 year old sitting in a garbage bag covered in cow shit. It probably didn't seem that funny.





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