

All in a Day's Work

Back when we were supposed to be locked down for some unknown period of weeks or months, Wifey and I stocked up on some barterable and essential slop that we both could tolerate in an emergency.

Booze, beans and bullets.

Yesterday I came in for lunch from my yardwork tasks in the swampy bitch that is our backyard; muddy, but wet enough that the soles of my boots were pretty clean. Wifey was rotating out some of the A-Bomb supplies and a large can (12oz) of tuna + greenery was my awaiting meal. The can said that it had expired over a year ago – like I give a shit what those lying planned-obsolescence assholes say. I pound down that mound of an enhanced salad in about fifteen minutes. I suited back up and headed to the quagmire to distribute Wifey's latest "all natural" cure upon our weed farm that the neighbors love so. About fifteen minutes into the task, I felt something gurgling down deep in my processing plant.

Fuck!

I want to get this bullshit task done and go sit on my ass for a while. I didn't want to leave the concoction live in the spreader; I wanted to put the bitch away, get my boots off and mentally prepare to kick Eric's ass at Yahtzee.

Khahdamnit – significant rumbling down low.

After having been severely admonished by Gerald a while back for not being able to simply hold a shit while running five miles after a six-pack and four heaping BBQ pulled-porque sammiches, I endeavored to more diligently train my sphincters et al.

Loud rumbling now dammit, *but I can make it.*

The Khadamned spreader is finally reaching the bottom of the hopper. I head to the front yard using up the last of the gypsy mix.

No rumbling now...boiling like that cauldron Wendy uses. FUCK!

I tip the bitch over and smack it upside down on the driveway near the overhead door to knock out the residual particles and head in with my legs mentally crossed.

I am NOT gonna make it.

I pitch the gloves and strip off the chore coat – hurling it wherever. I head towards the crapper and leakage begins.

FUCKING KHADAMNIT!

As I duck-walk hurriedly in, Wifey gets startled. I tear off my sweatshirt and try to unclasp my belt in a complete panic. *Shit* has now made its way into my underwear then immediately thereafter – my pants. I finally get the fucking belt undone and start to pull down the heavy work pants assembly.

MUTHERRFUKKING BULLSHIT!!

They get snagged on the multitude of eyelets and hooks of my tall boots. I try not to bend as I reverse to position and open the hatch. I don't make it... shit just fucking blasts out of my ass and presumably everywhere behind me. Purged in about ten seconds; then I assess the damage.

Wholly FUCK!

Wifey is now barking at me in the background. However, I'm a bit preoccupied to entertain a level-headed dialogue. I grab a large wad of the \$10 bio-harmless micro transparency crepe and attempt an initial swipe.

FUCK!

Somehow the stinking black liqui-shit has made its way well above my beltline and I end up wiping a generous amount on my elbow, forearm and hand from the overwhelmed *tissue*. The muck is so liquous that it is now under my nails as well – lovely.

Flush.

Another wad to clear off my fucking hand and arm. Underwear held up, but are well coated; leakage into my pants that are still snagged on my boots.

COCKSUCKER!

I carefully, very carefully raise my pant leg above my boot to unlace the fucker, then the other. [These pants are tough, and bunched up big time.] I have to perform more mop-up before trying to arise, or somehow remove them. As the anger recedes a bit, I now see shit on the wall in FRONT of me.

WHAT THE FUCK??

I do a quick mop of that so I don't schmeer it on or brush into it during my delicate ballet.

Flush.

I pivot around for a look and am amazed to see shit on the side wall – at my sitting SHOULDER HEIGHT.

Jesus H. Christ!

I leave that alone and now try to mop my ass again. An incalculable amount of simmering goo and three more wads of the designer vellum.

Flush.

I finally get my boots off and somewhat stand to remove my lower assembly. Tar on my socks too - sweet! I get that crap off in an inward roll maneuver and put the HoHo in the sink. I finally stand and turn around to check out the devastation.

Stupéfiant!

The *La Brea* elixir had expelled at such high velocity that it had ricocheted off the upright cover and the seat all over the wall, the floor, the hinge assembly and my fucking back.

FLUSH WIPE FLUSH WIPE.

OK, I can venture out and get some professional cleaning gear. THIRTY minutes to clean that sewer up. I threw my soiled trousers and other putrescent garments into the washer and scrubbed my hands to the elbow – temporarily – yelling the whole time.

Maybe that tuna was expired?

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