



Dookie

Memory is a funny thing. Out of no where these old thoughts come to me and all I can do is smile about it. If you don't want to think about gross things, you should probably stop reading now.

When I was around twelve or thirteen I ran around with this kid from the 'end of the road,' that is, he live on the Dead End of the same street I lived on. There on the end of the road was access to acreage of woods. With in those woods was a Large Swampy pond and a creek and in general the perfect playground for a couple of growing boys. We spent days in these woods and unfortunately that occasionally puts you in a situation as the one I am about to tell you about.

We had a usual day of catching crawdads, throwing rock and just being a couple of kids in nature when nature made the call on him. He decided "Man! I gotta take a shit" (Kids definitely talk this way). Not wanting to end this day of ell raising, he decided he'd just squat in the woods. This is where things went to shit!

I am waiting on the trail as he made his way into a thicket to do his business when a few minutes later I here: "Aw Man! I got dookie on me!"

As he got closer to me I realized he wasn't joking. He had apparently lost his balance and fallen back in it (like the old saying "You'll shit and fall back in it)! He didn't have a shirt on with it being summer time so he had it up his back, in his hair and on his face. All effort to clean him self up made matters worse. Because we had made our way towards home, the creek was the other way so back tracking was pointless. Besides that we were trying to make it home 'on time' as set by our parents.

Having my bike with me, he thought he as that I double him home to which I responded, "Your out of your damn mind! You ain't gettin' that shit on me!" Of course I was having a hard time getting this out because of the laughter.

We made our way home and as we got to the point where the road split between houses, we made our separate ways. I had to go share the hilarity with my brother and he had to go bath.

The next day I called him so that we could go running around and his mother answered. She told me, "He won't be able to play outside for a while!"

Wanting more explanation than that I asked what he had done to be in trouble and she told me, "Nothing. He has a back case of poison ivy!"

He had apparently not only fallen in his own poop but also an Ivy patch. The ivy patch was also apparently where he had decided to pull fresh leaves to wipe with. He ended up having poison ivy up his back, down his legs, on his face and in the crack of his butt. He spent three days laying face down cover in poison Ivy cream.

Poor Kid!