

world_of_shit

The plumber loved his job, because he loved shit.

Not all plumbing problems are shit-related, but it was the prospect of a backed-up-shit-filled toilet that brought him into work everyday whistling.

The plumber's love for shit was a secret he never shared with anyone, and he had loved shit his entire life. His first memory is sitting in the warm mush of his shit-filled diaper before his mother changed it.

Sometimes the plumber would purposefully step in dog-shit left on the street, but he loved human-shit the most.

The plumber wasn't interested in why he loved shit so much; he just knew that he did. And when he got to a house with a backed-up-shit-filled toilet, it was religious and intimate. The owner of toilet, usually embarrassed by their shit on display, would leave the plumber alone in the bathroom with the shit.

The plumber always carried a small, empty jar with him, and would secretly remove a portion of the shit and put it in the jar.

The plumber's house was filled with thousands of tiny jars of shit, each dated with the location in which it was found.

The plumber had no friends or family.

The plumber lived in a small town and was the only plumber in the town, so he plumbed for the richest of the rich and the poorest of the poor.

One day he was called to fix a toilet in the biggest mansion in town, inhabited by a lawyer, his young attractive wife and their three sons.

He arrived at the mansion and the young attractive wife greeted at the door. She informed him of the situation. Earlier that morning she had taken a shit in the bathroom, and the toilet wouldn't flush. She told her children not to use it, but one of her sons also took a shit in the toilet. After scolding her son, another one of her sons thought it would be funny to also take a shit in the toilet.

As the young attractive wife and the plumber got to the bathroom door, they noticed it was shut and locked.

The young attractive wife knocked, and the door opened. The third son, following suit, had just taken a shit in the toilet. The third son, knowing he had committed a no-no, quickly ran off. The young attractive wife went following.

To the plumber, this was gold.

When he entered the bathroom he almost fainted. Looking upon the coils of shit and wads of toilet paper in the toilet, the plumber realized he was in a bit of a situation; he couldn't tell whose shit was whose. It would be a waste to not collect four shits for his collection. So he knew he had to separate and identify each individual shit.

All the shits were similar in consistency, shape, and color. They were from the same family after all—same dietary habits, similar immune systems. He needed to find another way.

The plumber pulled out a thermometer, figuring the coldest shit would be the oldest the warmest the newest. This worked, and the plumber began to collect his samples. He was so into the process that he did not hear the young attractive wife come up behind him just as he was sniffing the fourth sample before he closed the jar.

Although there were no charges pressed, the press had a field day. Afterward no one in town would hire the plumber.

Kids would pass his apartment building yelling shit-smeller, and things like that.

His landlord asked him to leave the building; this was before she saw the thousands of jars of shit that lined the walls of his apartment.

The press had another field day.

The health commissioner came in and seized the shit because it was a biohazard.

The harassing got worse.

In the middle of the night, the plumber took his tools and went out into the street. He lifted the nearest manhole cover, lit a lantern, and began the descent into the sewer.

When he got the bottom, he saw the river of shit that ran below the town. He followed the river, not sure of where he was going and when he would stop. He walked for hours. He never imagined the sewers to be so massive.

He stopped when he saw a sight like he had never seen. The river opened into what appeared to be a lake of shit. He turned on his flashlight and saw a horizon line far off in the distance. It wasn't a lake of shit, it was an ocean of shit.

The plumber undressed. He placed his hands in the ocean of shit then smacked his shit-soaked hands on his chest, leaving two handprints. He watched the shit trickle down his body. The plumber put one foot in the ocean of shit, and then the other. He kept moving further and further into the ocean of shit until he was completely submerged.

The plumber decided he would swim in the ocean of shit until he got to the other side.