

Toilet Humor
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I'd have it made if inspiration struck in a bar or tavern. Those guys have all the luck. You go out for a drink, see a group of dwarves or a wizard alone in the corner, and Poof! a story just pops into your mind. When the ogre barkeep tells you to buy a drink or move on, you merely toss him a copper and then you get to write the whole thing into your tale of epic heroism as a bit of color.

How I envy those guys. Bars aren't the only places, though. Some guys can do it at the dock or in the harbor. Just go for a morning stroll, look at a ship, and make up a story about where it's been or where it's going. I could go down the list: city parks, bus stops, cross road diners... I even knew a guy, once, who wrote while riding around on the subway. He'd just ride the train from one end of the line to the other; and when he got there, he'd simply turn around and go back home. He covered the whole city that way and saw lots of interesting folks to boot.

I know I'm sounding negative. Believe me, I try not to get down. At least the muses strike; and when they're with me, the stories are out of this world... but by the time I find paper and pencil the inspiration is gone. See, I've tried everywhere I can think of, but the only place where my imagination really comes to life, where I can really visualize a story is in the restroom at the local MagicCo store. The things I could tell you about troll's feet... and the places those feet go. Or I suppose to be more accurate, the things I couldn't tell you, because the moment I leave the restroom the story fades from my mind, and who wants to read about a story centered around a pair of troll's feet, anyhow?

I've tried bringing in notebooks. I stayed in a stall for two hours once and attempted to complete an entire short story; but in the end, management ended up calling security on me. They thought I was some kind of pervert... or a shoplifter. So I have to be more careful now. I pretend I'm shopping, and Oh! all of a sudden I have to go to the bathroom, so I rush to the restroom, lock myself in a stall, and go to work. I pull out a piece of scrap paper and make all sorts of notes, but it never seems to work. When I'm no longer sitting on my throne (that magical place), I can't seem to make heads or tails of the notes. They don't make any sense, and in my rush to get the story written, I find that I've often left out key details... like that all important twist ending.

I'd like to say that I'm starting to wonder if I'm not taking the wrong scraps of paper home, but I'm no longer sitting on my porcelain throne, making farting sounds with my hands, and pretending to have a nasty case of diarrhea as I stall for my time, so the muses have left. They want no part of this little micro-short doomed to the reject pile before it is even written; and so, I will have to figure out how to end this story on my own without that spark of inspiration that comes from using a restroom stall after a bog goblin has left his mark on it or from listening to the sweet grunts and lilting sighs of relief from a wood elf with constipation.