

# Wheelbarrels

*by* Matt Rowan

What a great feeling it was, the day I first thought about and discovered how toilets work. Nearly as exciting as the day I learned wheelbarrel is actually spelled *wheelbarrow*.

I was given to a whole new outlook on life once it was clear what I'd been wheeling around all those years. True, the same is true of figuring out how a toilet works, why it has that tank, how water flows into the bowel and propels waste (or what have you) down the pipeline. Next for my curiosity will be the sewer and further expulsion into larger bodies of water, but I'll save attention to that for another day.

As happened I stood there, just flushing and admiring the process for a great long while, as if I were rehearsing for something. I did this until there came a most unwelcome knock at my door.

I answered thusly, "What can it be? Let's have it?"

And in the doorway was before me the small, mousy bachelor from one apartment over, who would probably have worn a pince-nez had we lived in earlier times. He said this for rejoinder, "It is about your flushing, Madam. There can be no more of it." I imagined him seated alone in his kitchen, doing literally nothing for anyone.

"Who has said anything about flushing? I am not flushing. Flushing what?" I was in every word I spoke indifference to its utmost, scathingly apathetic.

"Pardon my crassness but your crapper, Madam. Is everything quite all right in there? Perhaps this is the consequence of an unsettled stomach? If it is, I must say I find that terribly repellent. I'd like to imagine you are free of such problems, for the sake of my imaginings of you."

"Let me tell you it was masturbation you heard. I, a vibrant woman, was vigorously masturbating, and I don't care who knows it."

“This is what I want to believe, but somehow I cannot quite. Might I watch you continue to your orgasm? Again, pardon my crassness.”

“Actually I am baking bread. Go away and I will let you have some when it's finished.” The bachelor nodded and I closed the door in his face. Once again shut off and completely alone, instead of making bread, I masturbated vigorously to orgasm while I flushed my toilet.

Then I made the bread and ate it all by my lonesome, in peace and silence.

Later, I slept.

