

Full of it

by Peter Abbey

My life isn't exactly what you'd call glamorous. Hell it's not even good. Not like that bathroom cabinet, getting cleaned every other day and handled like it's made of glass.

No, my life is literally full of shit. They come, they sit, they shit. On the good days, I'm lucky enough to get a bit of a scrub, on the really good days the fresh fragrant smell of pine. The bad days are something else altogether.

They don't even flush. Dirty assholes.

