

Poop Face!

By David

It was my turn to change the diaper and God was smiling down upon me. It was just a wet one. It is the simple things that make life great. We would later be heading to Kinko's to get his passport picture, so my orders were clear: change his diaper and put on a passport appropriate one-sy.

Putting the lad on the changing table, whistling a jaunty tune, I set about my work. First the three little snaps of one-sy had to be dealt with. Of course my stubby fingers and those snaps (which are the size of an ant's hat) are incompatible, but practice makes perfect and man did I have practice. Then pulling off the one-sy off over his head when the diaper is only wet is no problem.

Naturally when the diaper is filled with a mustard special, which leaked, and the little tyke is squirming and doing the antler dance, well that is the gift that keeps on giving. Not today though Bucko, because this was just a wet one.

I tossed the one-sy into the hamper, removed the diaper, and folded it in on itself. Smooth as silk I was. I thought I should probably record this and make a training film for those less skilled. All that was left was to toss the diaper into the bucket of hell which had a Tupperware like lid. I tried to open it with my foot but it was sealed shut. So one hand on Owen's stomach I bent down to pry the lid off with my other hand.

And here is where I will give a short lesson in physics, especially with regard to Newtonian fluids and non-Newtonian fluids, and more specifically: gases. The behavior of gases is certainly non-Newtonian, meaning that under various pressures the gas expands to different volumes. Confined in a vessel of fixed volume, as you add more gas the pressure increases. Pretty simple concept.

Well at the exact moment I had bent down to pry the lid off of the bucket from hell, the gas pressure within the fixed vessel of Owen's rear end, overcame the ability of that same rear end to contain it. The propulsion of the non-Newtonian gases carried with it, particles of a Newtonian fluid which we often call poop. In this case it was presented as sort of a fine mist moving away from Owen and towards me at a very high velocity.

The duration of this event was very short, however the volume was remarkable. The half of my body facing Owen, was coated with a thin brown layer of poop. The wall was coated with a thin brown layer of poop. That is except for a perfect silhouette of me on the wall which artistically void of that thin layer.

Being the calm person that I am, I immediately began screaming like a girl. And girls...I don't mean this comment to be disparaging in the least. It is merely descriptive. It was a scream similar to a hurricane warning siren, however much louder.

Yvonne dashed in about three days later. I had now discovered that when you are covered with poop time moves very slowly. Einstein probably was covered in poop at some point in his life which allowed him to make his discovery concerning relativity.

Being the concerned and caring person that she is, once she stopped laughing she took over. I moved towards the shower in the way someone covered in poop might move to the shower, but at the same time without wanting any poop to drip off onto the carpet. Fast but very smoothly.

Removing your own clothing, when that clothing is covered in baby poop is an experience everyone should try. In fact I recommend it highly. Where do you put this clothing once you peeled it off, for example? Do you just throw it out the window or into the fireplace? These are questions we don't face on a daily basis. I decided I would wash them in the sink as a temporary solution. For now I had a much more important priority. Take a shower. A long shower. A three day long shower.

After my shower I was relieved to find Owen happily snoozing, and all remnants of the poop gone, thanks to Yvonne. By now my heart had stopped racing as well, but we still had the passport picture task ahead.

Off to Kinko's we went and there we presented some challenges to the passport picture taking person. The camera, which took four pictures at once, could not be adjusted to face downwards. It was designed to take pictures of someone sitting in a chair. Owen couldn't sit in a chair. He was 2 or 3 months old. We tried to hold him up but he couldn't hold his head up yet and apparently it was unacceptable to have an arm holding his head up in a passport picture. We got a box lid and put him in it, and held it at about a 45 degree angle, but he slid to the bottom in about a third of a second. He looked like a bean bag chair resting at the bottom of the lid.

We knew the timing of this picture would be very important. I would hold him up in the box lid, let go of him and the picture would be snapped basically as he was sliding back into his bean bag like posture. It worked, but I was afraid we would have to take a box lid with us and let him slide down it every time we used his passport in order to prove it was him.

While we were waiting for the picture to be developed (this was 1984 people) Yvonne started laughing. This was not a laughing WITH me sort of laugh. It was a laughing AT me sort of laugh. "What?"

"Babe, you have poop behind your ear."