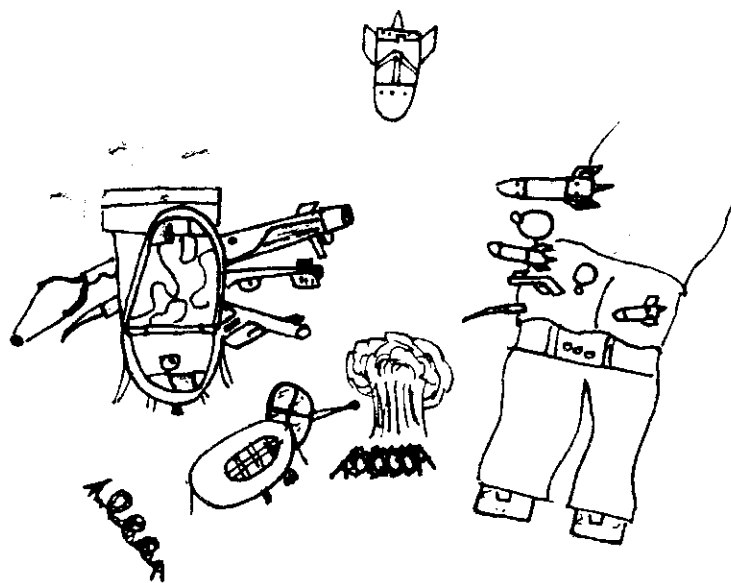


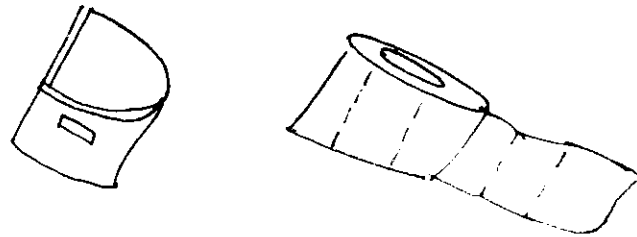
TOILET WARFARE



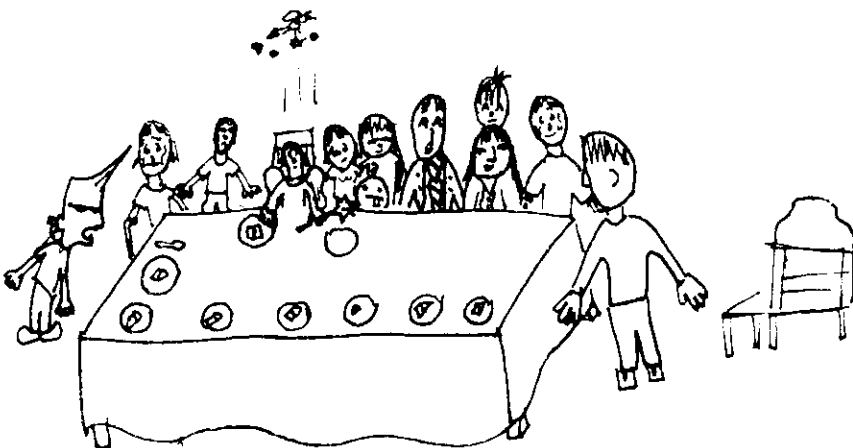
BY: JAMES BURFORD

What if you woke up one morning as a toilet?

It happened to me. I guess it was to be expected with a name like Johnson Kleen. One night I went to bed as a normal boy and the next morning I was china white and feeling the pressure of a slithery white bottom on my face.

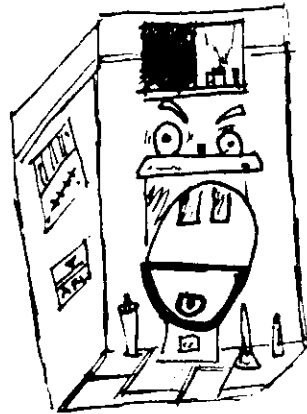


Last night my family went for dinner at "Jaipur Palace." It was our favorite Indian restaurant and served a lot of spicy hot curries. It was my birthday and my 4 brothers, 3 sisters and grandparents were celebrating with us. When it was time to cut the cake the owner told me that his chef had put a little something magical into the cake to make all my birthday wishes come true. But when I was blowing out the candles my annoying little sister yelled 'I WISH JOHNSON WAS A TOILET!' The birthday fairies must have liked my sister's fairy dress and decided she was one of them and should have her wish granted.



After my first unpleasant wake up call by my three-year old brother I knew things were only going to get darker and

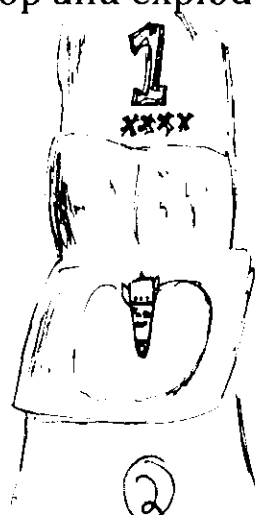
more dangerous in a house with 11 people, one toilet and a whole lot of curry beans ready to explode into my open white mouth.



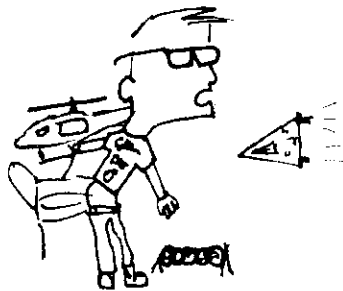
I could hear a tap of a walking stick and the shuffle of two feet. I knew Grandpa was bringing out the atom bomb. I needed to stand my ground. The only thing protecting my pipes was a bit of water. Then he hit me with the best of India.



With white wrinkly cheeks exposed he sent poisonous gases my way. I was already suffocating. But next was the worst. A big brown atom bomb coming straight at my line of defense. This thing went plop and exploded the place up. I was a war zone.



Next was my sixteen-year-old brother. He used machine guns in a deadly way. I had seen the way he did battle on "Call of Duty." This was going to be an epic shoot-out. A sixteen year old with a deadly butt vs. a boy who had been turned into a toilet and had no line of defense. He was starting to bring out his big and deadly waste pipe. I was getting hit all over the place. Grandpa and a three-year-old had half wounded me already but this was going to be a new level of warfare.



I was just recovering from the assault when a deadly assassin came in, code name DAD. He had all the knives in two white bombs. This was going to be my last stand. First one missile gets dropped then a torpedo. I knew I had to use the method of block and back up. I was fighting back. I was building all the missiles up. Then with one tremendous gurgle ...

