

This is a Sample of Papa Sleever's
Sometimes When I'm Dumping
The full book is 87 pages long and is available at
www.FrostedMiniBooks.com

and
St. Marks Bookshop
(212) 260-7853
31 3rd Ave., New York, NY 10003

This book makes a great stocking stuffer.



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Frosted Mini-Books
PO Box 180277, Dallas, TX 75218-0277
www.FrostedMiniBooks.com

Foreword

There comes a time in every person's life when that person has to ask, "How can the time I spend pinching loaves be made to be more constructive?" The following book is my answer to that question.

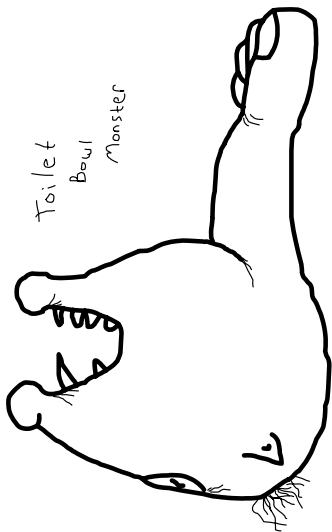
Though it is comical in its presentation, this collection of reflections on America's favorite pastime has a serious side to it. Through the eyes of the psychotic, making caca is a very fecal matter. I will bring you into a world where fantasy and reality collide and leave nothing but a big brown stain.

I hope that you will enjoy reading this book as much as I've enjoyed writing it. If you don't, you can wipe your ass with it.

Sleever McDowell

... I imagine the bowl is the lips of a huge monster ready to eat me. As I feel the evil creature's cold mouth surrounding my hindquarters, I push hard and blow out a big slop of digested spinach into its gut. This sends it reeling to the ground begging for mercy. The sound of flushing is its screams of horror.

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Toilet
Bowl
Monster

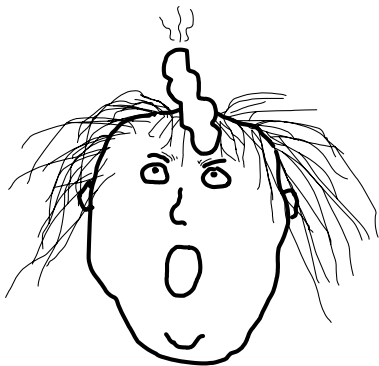
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... all these little balls fall out. There must be hundreds of them! When I was a kid my friend, Dave, called those little balls the Thousand Islands.

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... I like to imagine that I am Poseidon aiming at the Titanic. I hit Leonardo DiCaprio right on the head with a big doodle.

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Leonardo DiCaprio
with a doodle
on his head

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... I let out a loud fart.
Often the fart sounds like a
duck. When I dump, I
imagine that my loaf is a
log and the duck I let out
before is sitting on the log.
When I flush, they both go
down the hole together.
The duck is smiling and
quacking.

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... I wipe and there is
nothing there. How does it
do that?

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... it comes out in different colors. Like this one time, I was on a hiking trip and I was eating a lot of freeze-dried stuff. It came out light green. No joke! Totally green! I couldn't believe it!

I wonder if I could make a blue doody. That would be cool. I would call it Bloo-dy.

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... I get up and put my pants back on. I'm all ready to leave and then I feel like I have to go again. "Where were you when I was already down there?" I ask. "Now I'm going to have to wipe all over again."

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Sometimes when I'm
wiping, my finger pushes
through the toilet paper.
Uuugh. I have to be so
careful not to touch
anything with that finger
until I can get to the sink
to wash it. I have to zip up
my fly with my thumb and
my pinky.

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... the dump is just too big for my hole. I have to squish and contort my anus to make it thinner so that it will fit through. That's when I imagine that I'm a pregnant woman giving birth. When it pops out, I coo to my log and tell it that it has my ex-girlfriends eyes.

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One time when I was dumping, I farted and this old guy in the other stall said, "What was that! Did you just step on a duck?" Then he farted and goes, "That damn duck's over here now!" I was laughing so hard and these little farts were coming out every time I laughed. Then he was laughing and farting too.

Some guy I never met before was laughing and farting with me in a public bathroom. I tell you, I was in tears I was laughing so hard! I'll never forget that man! Thank you,
Man!

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One time my brother and I saw a guy dumping in New York City.

He was in the middle of the sidewalk! He had pulled his pants down but he was dumping right back into them. He was growling like a pirate. He was kind of shuffling along while he was doing all of this. It looked really gloppy - like mashed potatoes or something. Then he pulled his pants back up. We laughed so hard!

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A Very Dumpy Christmas

A Christmas story in poem form

'Twas one night I was dumping
And all through the house
Not a creature was farting
Not even a mouse

The bowl rim was dotted
With pee here and there
I saw on the floor
Someone's pubic hair

The children were sleeping
Queer stuff in their head
The gas that they had
Left brown stains in their bed ...

For the rest of the poem and the full
book please see
www.FrostedMiniBooks.com