



"Aunt Marion's toilet paper, its different."

A shrug.

"Like, it doesn't hurt."

It was like wiping your ass with sandpaper, paper-thin sandpaper that scratches your ass on the first half of the wipe, then shreds into sticky shit-confetti as you slide your way through. Its only occlusion is the wad: to roll the single-plied paper into a roll as thick and tight as a gangster's bankroll and risk flooding the toilet, making a shit-water mess, a mess brimming to the top, pleading with you to try and flush it once more, which, as a prepubescent, half-retarded, fat, lonely, ignored kid you consider doing, but after considering the severity with which your mom/grandma/aunt/father/uncle/grandpa/older sister might beat you, you decide to go the with the plunger instead, and despite your diligence, your caution, your careful, precise towel and single-ply toilet paper placement, despite your prayers, you splatter shit-water all over the place: the bowl, the floor, the bathtub, the medicine cabinet, yourself, even manage to get some on the mirror above the medicine cabinet, splatter shit-water all over each of the bathroom's walls - spaced only six feet apart, trapping you in a feces-shrouded cell - splatter shit-water over the towels reserved for guests, and you know, despite the intense scrubbing you do with your Pine-Sol/Ajax/Bleach/bar-soap/shampoo solution, you can neither fully remove the stench nor all of the stains, and your mom/grandma/aunt/father/uncle/grandpa/older sister is sure to beat the hell out of you, squeezing your arm like they're giving Indian Burns, dragging you nearer as you squirm the other way, yelling instructions at you that seem counterintuitive to anyone receiving them, instructions like, "stay still!" or "move your hands!", to which you reply, in your mind, "yeah, right, you stupid bitch/dumb-ass nigga," and you sense that they sense your unannounced response, that they consider it because they have, in their youth, already considered it, they have already directed those unuttered replies to the moms/grandmas/aunts/fathers/uncles/grandpas/older sisters that came before and beat them, and so they beat you with an even greater enthusiasm.

If only you had the two-ply! Had Charmin instead of the shit that isn't even individually wrapped! But you don't; you never have, probably you never will. You can only glimpse into that decadent life, free of ass-whippings and shitty bathrooms, and minutes, which feel like hours of awaiting someone to discover what you've done. In this great life, the life of comfort, of reassurance, of plentitude, the life of a two-plier, you live in a neighborhood free of litter, next door to white people, in a body thin and athletic, as a young boy who doesn't read as much or cry after losing to the Asian karate master on the DOS version of Street Fighter. In this life you never have to worry about mopping up shit-water with towels and rags and undershirts, never have to worry about hiding articles soaked through with excrement in the backyard trash cans. In this life there's two-ply, 2ply, Two-Ply! and it serves to cushion more than just your scratchy, irritated, shit-speckled ass.