

Preface:

Hahaha poop. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha poop. Poip. Pee and poop. Ha ha poop. Poop and pee. Ha ha poop. Penis poop pee penis poop pee penis poop. Ha ha poop. Pooping pooping la la la. He he he poop and pee. Yummy yummy yummy pee and poop is in my mouth.

“The origins of poop day.”

By: Thomas Koppchi

A prince one time, of like a castle and shit, he was really sad because his wife. She got shot arrow style in the face from mad distance. This prince, he got so sad because of that. She was the toilet to his ass. He felt as if he were going to be a person who wasn't with anyone else and was alone, like become one of those guys. Oh the loneliness, he thought, alas, there be no lass for me ass.

The prince never stood up eight weeks in a row after her death, sitting, shitting, and crying in the same place with no breaks. He was so sad that he did that, wow. He finally stood up really quickly and slipped in the piss and shit puddle so hard that his top left corner of his head hit the ground first followed by his entire body weight. When he aroused he saw a nurse in a nurse uniform looking down at him. She looked like someone who had gone to medical school and become a nurse.

“Are you okay?” She said.

“Who are you?” The prince asked.

“My name is Barthla, I'm a nurse.” That was it. In that moment the prince slipped again, but this time he dented his fat head on the cold hard love. As she was scooping poop out of bottom of the prince's wound with her fingernails, he offered her his royal sleeve so she could wipe.

“I feel like a jackolantern.” Said the prince.

“What?” Said the nurse.

“Like how you get seeds out of a jackolantern.” He said.

“Could really use a scoop.” She laughed.

“Hahahaha.” He said.

“Hahaha poop. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha poop. Poip. Pee and poop. Ha ha poop. Poop and pee. Ha ha poop. Penis poop pee penis poop pee penis poop. Ha ha poop. Pooping pooping la la la. He he he poop and pee. Yummy yummy yummy pee and poop is in my mouth.” The nurse said. “oh just adore this opening hole.” She yanked her finger out and popped it in her mouth, removing a clean finger. “Oh the poop is delicious, today is what I like to call a good poop taste day. A happy good poop taste to all.” The Prince was still sad about his stupid dead wife, so he thought a holiday would cheer him up and he said that was a good one.

“That's a good one.” He said pointing to one of the slaves that had all crowded around the brown puddle's beachfront. “You there, today is your lucky day my friend. I am granting you freedom in exchange for your full time employment to me, as my new

manager of a holiday.” The surprise made the slave lose focus, allowing the poop stench to creep and affect his mind, lungs, and stomach completely. He began to vomit uncontrollably, he felt the complete stink wringing him like a rag, till completely dry. He fell like a sheet, splashed into the puddle like a brick.