

Dragon Breath

We were in trouble so often that year that it is hard to remember which imbecilic prank got us suspended from school for 2 days, leaving us to roam around downtown Utica trying to avoid our parents. But I think it was the flash in the urinal trick that George and I immediately conjured up in our General Science class when we witnessed Sister Mary Anthony throw a pinch of pure magnesium ... a small pinch ... into a beaker of water. The most brilliant, beautiful flash of purple lit up the lab and George and I were immediately electrified with the promise of mayhem. I remember looking over to him. His eyes shone a bright and manic comprehension of the possibilities. All we needed to do was get some pure magnesium powder ... just a pinch.

A fellow student named Burton was Sister Mary Anthony's pet and the keeper of all the locked-up chemicals in the lab. I can't really tell you how we bribed him into giving us a pinch of the powder because, even years later he would be so embarrassed by the subject of the blackmail that he would probably sue me for writing about his crime of nature.

Suffice it to say that we obtained a rather large pinch and were able to keep it in a stolen test tube overnight. The next day, just before lunch, by which time the boys' bathroom urinals were always dry, we carefully poured the magnesium powder toward the rear inside one of these ancient porcelain monuments that looked like upended bath tubs, built wide for boys with impaired aiming ability.

Hiding ourselves in one of the nearby pooper stalls, George and I waited and soon the

random victim walked in to use the very urinal we had salted. We couldn't have prayed for a better dupe.

Eddie was a year ahead of us in school and was an excitable kid, being Italian, and rather effeminate to boot. He was what today one might call a drama queen and his reaction to any happening was always sure to be over the top.

Eddie unzipped, whipped it out and a split second later the boys' bathroom erupted with a clap of thunder, accompanied by a blinding purple flash. Eddie staggered backward, peeing up the wall and across the floor, he even managed to piss up his shirt and tie. He ran from the scene as if he had just been licked up the front by a fire-breathing dragon. Not pausing to put himself back in nor to zipper up, Eddie ran out of the bathroom and down the hall about 30 feet before colliding with Sister Mary Anthony, who was approaching the area at high speed for obvious reasons.

"Put that *thing* back in your pants, Mister," shouted the nun. I don't think I have ever heard the word "thing" pronounced with such malevolence.

George and I were laughing uproariously and practically dancing in the pooper stall as the nun came crashing through the bathroom door. Our stall door opened only inward and the two of us were having a problem getting out. As her feet pounded toward us, George pulled down his pants and sat down on the toilet. The stall door crashed open knocking me backward onto a sitting George who said simply, "He did it, Sister."

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