

Fart of Destiny, a True Story

THE FART THAT (ALMOST) ALTERED MY DESTINY
BLAME OR THANK THAD BOWLING... YOUR CHOICE.

Like everything in life, farts have a time and place. However, I never realized that in the wrong time and place, flatulence had enough power to alter my course in history. Well, it can if it's the third date with the man of your dreams. And, if it makes his eyes burn. If God destined us to be together, I was one SBV away from foiling His plans (that's "Silent But Violent" for you prudes).

It was about five years ago. I was trying to lose a few pounds so I was staying away from carbs. That's when I met my husband, Rob. On our first date, he booked the next two. He liked me. I liked him. Things were looking real good. He picked me up in a Cobra, Mustang and his pathetic attempt to win me over with a car totally worked. I'm not shallow, but since I spent most of my twenties picking men up because I didn't want my hair to frizz in their non-air conditioned jalopies on 3 wheels and a 15-year-old spare, I welcomed his fancy sports car with open arms.

We arrived at the restaurant and Rob was ordering food I hadn't allowed myself to eat in years. I didn't want to be "that girl," so I ate, drank, and oh, was I merry. Later we shopped a bit. Rob surprised me by buying an expensive pair of shoes that he caught me eyeing. Was this love?

That's when it happened. Gas strikes in two different ways - uncontrollable toots or sharp, shooting pains that feel a lot like dying. I thought I was dying. Not to

make a scene, I told Rob I suddenly wasn't feeling well and probably needed to head home.

On the way home in his Cobra, he tried to hold my hand and ask me lots of questions, but I wasn't having any of it. The pain was so bad it felt like I was being stabbed with a bunch of tiny forks. Then I realized... my God, help me. I have a horrendous fart on deck. I'm in trouble. Big trouble.

The more I held it in, the more pain would shoot through my stomach and down my legs. I was even having to raise myself off the seat, gripping on to my door and the dashboard. "Seriously, you need to hurry - I'm in a lot of pain." I managed to say through gritted teeth.

"Wow, it's that bad? What's wrong? Do I need to take you to a hospital?" How do you tell a man you just started dating that the reason you're writhing in pain is because you have to fart? Well, you can either tell him, or like me, let the fart speak for itself. People, hear me. There was nothing I could do. As impressive as I am with sphincter control, this was out of my hands. Slowly, it eeked out. The more I tried to stop it, the more it forced its way through the door.

However, to my pleasant surprise, there was no sound. I sat silently, sweat accumulating above my upper lip. Ok, maybe I got away with it. Maybe I'm home free. Then it hit me. Not an idea, a cloud. A horrific, fart cloud. Not in a "Am I smelling something?" sort of way.

More like a "Is someone dead and rotting in your trunk and am I in hell?" sort of way.

Suddenly, I panicked. "Roll down the windows!" I screamed (yes, I literally screamed it like in a horror movie). "What? Why?" Rob asked, starting to freak out because I was freaking out. "I can't roll down the windows, unlock it! UNLOCK IT!" "What's going on?" Rob yells back to me, "Why are you...." then it hit him. I could see it in his eyes. Was it surprise? Horror?

Water started to accumulate at the base of his eyelids, "Oh my God. I CAN TASTE IT!" he screamed. "Roll down the windows!" As I screamed, the toots started to flood out uncontrollably. I scratched and clawed at the window like I was being kidnapped. Rob, unable to see either by fart cloud or panic, kept turning on the windshield wipers instead of unlocking the window.

It was chaos. We were acting like we were under siege by gun fire. We were under siege alright, just not by gun fire. Finally he was able to hit the right control and he rolled down our windows. We both gulped in fresh air. I was horrified, yet happy to be alive, then remembered I just farted on the man of dreams, then sorta wished I was dead.

We sat silently for the rest of the way home. Although the shooting pains had subsided, I now desperately needed to use the bathroom, in an urgent, explosive kind of way. He pulled up to my apartment and before he could come to a stop I had already jumped

out, "Ok, thanks for dinner, sorry about the fart, love the shoes!" and ran in to my apartment like I was running from the cops. I burst through my door and ran straight for the bathroom, where I was finally able to unleash and make noises that no one should ever, EVER, hear coming from another person.

Then I heard it. Rob's voice. Right. Outside. My. Bathroom. Door. "Anna? You left your shoes in my car and your front door was open. Where do you want me to put them?" "Get away from the door!" I scream like Reagan from The Exorcist. "OK, I'm sorry. Are you okay?"

toot *toot* *splatter* *ungodly noise* "I'm fine, Rob - just leave the shoes there. I'll call you later okay?"

"Okay, are you sure you're alright?"

"I'm fine! Get away from the door!" This man! I mean, I love him, but take a freakin' hint!

Finally, I heard the front door shut, and the Cobra engine zoom away. I thought that was the last I'd hear from him. I didn't think it was possible to ever see a man again after he screams he can taste your fart after only knowing you for 48 hours. But, to my surprise, I did. A couple days later, actually. Now we're married and he's laying on the couch while I type this.

"It was your rack that saved you," he just lovingly reminded me.

Well, thank you boobs. You saved us. You saved our destiny.

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