

# Bathroom Wars: Operation Cloaca Storm Battle of the Bowl

By Christopher Nagle

It's toilet time and the bathroom's in his sights. His gunship unzips the air down to the seat of power, where tense expectant staff await his sign, as he alights.

On landing, he can sense the feverish crowd of crews, cramming, ramming; the slide and click of magazines and missiles, deadly armed and ready for the task, of making news.

Behind him, tanks fire up in throaty roars, belching smoke and raising dust, as they begin to make their move, muster, close their heavy doors.

Soldiers stir in trenches, taut with tension, standing by their firing benches

Fearful anticipation balloons into the early morning silence, hovers, frets, counting down, til punctured by the sudden spike and rush of low flying jets.

The flash of guns, missile tracks, streaks of tracer and sprinkled shock wave flowers of flame and debris lit the sky, announcing many men would surely die.

Tiny figures swarm into the half-light in one convulsive wave, crackling small arms, shouting, crying out crescendos of explosive sound, dying down into the clank and grind of armored trucks, moving through the captured ground that shudders underneath their weight, crushing corpses in their wake and telling all who come behind just what's at stake.

Fighting flairs as mop up squads clear stickier pockets, with added help from bombs and rockets.

It is such relief to see the sun, come up though still in part obscured, by mists of battle fought and won, to warm the cold night air and silhouette the blackened hulks of burnt out tanks.

As he lifts off with full on power, a final burst will flush them down. This is, no doubt, his finest hour.

The commander surveys all within the mirrored glass, sees his handsome face and a real chance, at next year's presidential race, then adjusts his hair to return as favorite son, to a nation sure, that all that he could do, was done.

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