

FLAMING BAG OF POOP

By Liane Fazio

Martie came back with another round of drinks and set them down on the table. Without a break in their conversation, the other four ladies grabbed their drinks off the serving tray.

“What did I miss?” she asked.

“Janey was just complaining about Tom, aka, our idiot boss, who keeps getting compliments for jobs well done when it’s really *us* who slaves away under his smelly thumb,” replied Pam.

“Ugh, I’ll drink to that,” Martie said, raised her glass, and took a sip. The other ladies did the same. “Today, fifteen minutes before I was going to clock out for the day, ‘Major Tom’ shoots me an email and wants me to look over the billing discrepancies for their customers by the end of the day.”

“What did you tell him?” asked Janey.

“I replied to his email saying something like it would take several hours to go over multiple customer accounts and, blah blah blah, and I couldn’t possibly have it by the end of my day.”

The ladies looked shocked. “What was his reply?” Pam asked.

“No idea. It took me ten minutes to write the email, then I went to the washroom for four minutes, and after I hit send, I ran and clocked out!” Martie said, laughing. The ladies cackled with laughter and clinked glasses in agreement.

As their laughter died down, another woman who was quiet at the table said, “We should make him pay.” The ladies immediately stopped and looked at the one who spoke.

“What, Nina?” Pam asked.

Nina stared at her drink. “He should pay for how he treats us. It isn’t fair.”

The other four ladies nervously looked at each other. "And how should he pay for it?"

Martie asked.

"We should do something to him," Nina said quietly into her drink.

Martie swallowed. "What should we do?"

Nina looked up and, one by one, met her friends' eyes. With seriousness, she said, "We should put a bag of flaming dog poop on his porch, ring the bell, run like hell, and watch him stomp it out." The four ladies stared at Nina wide-eyed with their drinks frozen halfway to their lips. Nina saw their expressions and shrugged. "What?"

At once, the four ladies burst out laughing with tears streaming down their faces. Nina began to laugh too and managed to say, "Tell me, honestly, none of you has ever thought of doing it?"

Pam raised her hand. "I've imagined worse, but this idea is awesome!" This brought on another round of giggles.

Beth tapped the bowl of tortilla chips against the table to get their attention. "Speaking as your designated driver, I vote we do it! All in favor?" All the ladies raised their right hands and shouted, "Aye!"

"All those opposed?" Beth asked. Someone made a raspberry sound with their mouth. Fresh giggles erupted. "The ayes have it! Check please!" called Beth. The ladies cheered.

Janey jumped into Beth's Grand Cherokee with a large paper grocery bag. She was sweating. "Let's ride," she said, smiling.

"Phew! Roll down the windows!" Martie shouted, holding her nose.

"My god! How much dog crap do you have in there?" Beth asked.

“We have three huskies,” Janey replied. The ladies looked at her wide-eyed. “What? Garbage day is on Monday,” she shrugged.

Beth parked across the street from their boss’s house. The five ladies turned and looked at the house. “Aren’t we supposed to park down the street?” asked Nina.

“I’ve never done this before,” replied Beth. “He doesn’t know my Jeep anyway.”

“What if he’s got security cameras or that doorbell camera?” asked Martie. The women nervously looked at each other and then back at the house. Beth started her car and pulled up two houses, and parked. Looking back, they still had a good view of the front porch.

“OK,” Beth said. “Whose gonna do it?”

“Not me,” Janey quickly said.

“How come?” asked Beth.

“I supplied the dog crap.”

“And I’m the getaway driver,” said Beth.

“It was my idea,” Nina chimed in.

Martie and Pam looked at each other. “I can’t,” said Martie, shaking her head. “I sent that email. I can’t have him think this was me.”

Pam sighed. “But I can’t run away! I pee when I run!” she whined. The ladies giggled.

“I have shopping bags you can sit on,” Beth told her.

“I hate you guys,” Pam said, and opened the door to more giggles.

“Wait!” called Janey. She slid out and went to Pam. “Pull up your hood and cinch the ties real tight. That’s it. Now only your eyes show.” She handed Pam the bag of dog poop. “Anyone got a lighter?” Beth held one out of her open window. Pam took it and started across the street.

“We love you, Pam!” Martie whispered, and the ladies giggled again. Pam held up a one-fingered salute in response.

At the front porch, Pam gently placed the bag on the welcome mat. She looked at the doorbell and saw that it was indeed a security camera. With her head down, she lit the bag afire and rang the doorbell twice. She ran across the yard and the neighbor’s yard, across the street, and into the safety of Beth’s Jeep. Beth handed her a plastic shopping bag. “Shut up,” Pam said breathlessly. The ladies watched the house. The bag of poop was really on fire now, but no one answered the door.

Finally, the door opened. “There he is!” whispered Martie. Dressed in pajamas with a glass in his hand, their boss stepped onto the porch. When he saw the fire, he instinctively threw the contents of the glass onto the flames. But it only ignited the flames more. The alcohol vapors from the glass came back into it, and he dropped it onto his foot in surprise. His slipper caught fire. As he stomped to put it out, the flames climbed up to his pajama bottom, and his pant legs went up in flames. Screaming, he began to beat his legs. His pajama sleeves ignited, and he backed into the porch railing. The fire quickly spread from the wooden railing to the entire porch.

A high-piercing beeping drowned out his screams. The sound of his fire alarm brought neighbors outside. One neighbor turned his hose on their boss and doused the flames. Others were shouting to call 911. The ladies silently watched in horror. When the first emergency lights bounced off the houses, Beth started her Jeep and slowly drove away.