



THE FUNNY ONES

Morgan Darian

My sister farted right after everyone was loaded onto the airplane.

The cream and blue striped hatch door had already been closed, duffel bags and roller bags and backpack bags and other baggage had been stored above humans, our seat belts had been tugged at, and our tray tables were definitely up. And then she farted. And I squealed in offense. And mom smacked me across the head. And dad looked up from his newspaper. And then my sister had the audacity to ponder where the fart would go. And I said it would just circle and circle until everyone had a little bit of it in their noses. And she said, good. And I said why the hell would that be good? And mom smacked me on the head again and pointed her finger saying watch your mouth Sherri. To which I shrugged and said, watch my mouth? Tell Tams to watch her ass. And mom smacked me a third time, and that's when I decided to take my act on the road.