**A Teacher’s Screed on Flatulence**

*Michelle Russo*

Word of the day: Nasty

Journal Freewrite 1st Hour

Oh my god. I cannot believe that just happened in my classroom. Someone just passed gas, and it smells so nasty I saw stars just before I didn’t pass out. The rank odor makes me ponder what foul food of obviously very little nutritional value a person would eat and process that would be expelled in such a disgusting manner. The student has infected my classroom, and I feel the sudden urge to go take a shower in order to cleanse myself of the malodorously-spurred discontent I feel. I can only hope that the guilty party recognizes what he or she has done to all of us. This person had made me and the other class members very uncomfortable, for I had not planned to start the day wanting to run screaming from the room. We have been imposed upon and disrespected. I can only hope that the person will remember that we are no longer in primary school and should be able to control our bodily functions.

Journal Freewrite 3rd Hour

And, if for some reason you do not know when or where it is appropriate to release said bodily expulsion, please see me for a brief introduction into controlling bodily processes and being considerate of other’s olfactory senses. If you cannot control yourself and such foul, distasteful behavior or if you do not feel comfortable speaking to me about your inability to control your own digestive output (although I can hardly understand how that could be; you certainly had no problem imposing it on all of us this morning), you should see the school nurse or your own primary care physician for tips and tricks on how to successfully control bodily functions and not act like a four year old who doesn’t know any better.

Journal Freewrite 5th hour

If the message has not been made clear enough yet, hear me out now. When you walk into my classroom, I fully expect you to respect the sensory abilities of everyone in the room. I expect you to understand that expelling gas which smells like a dead animal rolled over by a truck laying in the hot Louisiana sun for days is, in fact, a distraction—a distraction so disruptive to my class that I have spent all day writing about it and sharing my displeasure with each of my classes in a manner that will, in all likelihood, prevent anyone from expelling gas in my class ever again. I will not tolerate such behavior and as a result of my intolerance, I fully expect you to discreetly let me know that you have colonic issues and need to be excused so that the situation can be handled in a manner befitting a responsible young adult with tact and consideration of others, and most importantly, not that of on incapable, silly child.