

# Bursting for a Pee: Short Story

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**Abstract**— *This story aims to shed light on the life of the refugees around the world. Its setting is applied whenever and wherever. A 7- year child narrates his story in a refuge camp on his first day at school. The story lasts for few days while new scholastic year commenced. He narrates the story from an innocent point of view. He had many flashbacks the over-shadow his whole life. He tells the complications of refugees in every detail: how he queued to have his food portion, how he listened to his mum and teacher, how he burst for a pee and how his class-mate forgot his card ration asleep!*

**Keywords**— *burst, card-ration, pee, refugees.*

## I. THE STORY: BURSTING FOR A PEE

Starving, I have waited for a long time that day. It was one of the hottest days of September, 1975. The place was the first grade on my first day at school. The first lesson started at 7:30 pm, and Mr. Hung repeatedly waved his stick from time to time. I looked at him in amazement. I murmured and remembered my mum's words, "You will enjoy your time, my son, with the children of your classmates. I? To have fun? With this beast in human shape?"

His mouth began dripping with droplets, and I was positioned in the first desk beside his open volcano, throwing his mouth lava towards my face, and my eyes were barely leaving the stick. I retained my mother words again, 'You will find the first grade teacher as pleasant as your mum and dad.' What? Mom! Pleasant? Yes, drunk with happiness! Was it nauseous? I did not know whether it was due to the teacher's dripping spray on my face or from the overwhelming hunger. I have not had a single morsel since yesterday. My mother told me this morning, "Listen, after the end of the third lesson, the teacher will accompany you with all first graders to UNRWA restaurant- It was called UNRWA Food Distribution Center, where you will eat, drink and flourish? Yes, Mom? I waited for the third period and waited for the fourth until finally ordered to lineup to go to the United Nations restaurant. The teacher distributed a green card with thirty squares: one meal per day. The teacher said to us, "This is UNRWA Ration Food Card. Keep it as your souls!"

We lined up, and the teacher hurled us with an angry look, and again silence overwhelmed on the herd, only

you can hear whispers. Yes, Mom, we will flourish and thrive? We walked as soldiers to the fronts of Hell. The sun was burning and we were skinheads at that time. Speaklessly of course, Mom! The stick and the burning sun were above our heads! We walked for ten minutes until we reached the UNRWA Food Center. And was waiting for us, the card registrar, Mr. Hill. I heard my teacher mentioning his name. My turn was the first since I was named Abex. Therefore, I presided over the list of names in the row. I did not know what to do! This is my first day at school and my first day at the UNRWA Food Distribution Center.

The teacher joyfully entered the restaurant and said to the restaurant registrar: "A new batch of animals is coming to you. Take care of them and their orders. You will find out that they have not tasted any food in their lives!" Yes, my mum our professor meant us! I did not know why my feeling of nausea increases, till I heard the roar of a sound coming from the restaurant registrar saying to me: You? Go a bit forward, hand in your food card, and then pierced a hole; I stood there like an idiot! I did not know what will be the next step. I, hungrily, recklessly and astonishingly, lined up for the next order. Then he said to me, "Go on, you little beast, go on. What are you waiting for? Here is your pierced card. Do you think you should as well be seated in the restaurant?! Take your food portion from Mr. Flute and pointed to him.

I understood that I had to move immediately towards Mr. Flute who instantly said to me: How many portions? I did not comprehend what he meant? He kept silent and then asked the question again: How many portions, my son? I was shocked! What? He said, 'My son'?! Since early morning on my first day at school, I have not heard the word, 'my son'. I smiled and he responded back to my smile. And he said again, Let me see you card. Ahh, one portion. Your name is Abex? I said, 'yes'. Nice name. He poured a scoop of green beans on little rice and a quarter of a loaf of bread and (a very tiny small meat called 'Mahaha'). This was its local name as it looked like a small round ball made from mixture of minced meat and dried bread. Then he said, 'there on the seat, sit down, Abex! Eat your food and do not forget to drink the withdrawn fat-free milk cup.' It was called withdrawn fat-free milk because its color was white, and the healthy nutrients were extracted from it. I later knew that this type

of milk was sent to us as food aids from Uncle Sam's countries.

I sat down devouring my meal. I have been starving since yesterday night and I was waiting for this moment. I ate my meal in a minute or even less than a minute. I also ate quarter an apple and drank the extracted milk. My little saucer is now empty. I went back to Mr. Flute. He said, 'Finished your food? Place the saucer over there and pointed out to me where to go. But I was still starving! Never mind, I said to myself. Anyway, at least I learned what to do after I had finished my meal. It took only ten minutes to see us lined up again leaving the Food Center back to our school in order to finish our first day. I stood beside my teacher and looked at him. Whenever we walked a few steps, I heard him burrowing many times, and I even noticed his full stomach bulging significantly. We got back to the classroom. Our first grade teacher yawned and said to us with an indication of his stick, 'What is this? We all innocently said, 'It's a stick, teacher'. He said to us: "I will have a small nap on the table and whoever is heard just whispering will be penalized.'

We quietly and motionlessly sat down in our seats looking only at him and the stick. His snooze took a longer time. He then awakened after an hour and said, 'Today is your first day at school. You are idiots, hungry beasts. Today and all next week long, I will not start teaching and you must sit until the end of the sixth period motionlessly and politely.' My mother had told me in the morning: Pay attention to the teacher and abide by what he says and learn from him! We sat down and the time passed over so slowly and felt my need to visit the bathroom. And it got worse; therefore, I raised my hand and asked permission from my teacher. He gave me a closer look and said to me: 'Yes, what do you want?' I said standing up: I wanna go to the bathroom, teacher. He said to me, 'What? In your first day? I forgot to tell you all: it is forbidden to go to the bathroom less you lineup to go out to the UNRWA restaurant for once per day.'

Sit down! I gasped my breath and almost bursting with urine in my bowels. I felt I had to hold on if possible my pee. However, all attempts had failed. Yes, I peed in my little trousers! I could not hold my pee and I soaked my clothes. I felt something warm inside my little pants. I looked at the child next to me for fear that he had seen me. That was the first time I noticed that child, who has already peed and soaked his clothes. I smiled at him and he smiled back, and we were both smiling at either pant!

We lined up after the end of the sixth period; the teacher took us to the school exit, waving his staff to adhere to complete calm. At last, we were out of school. We began to run and play under the blinding sun. I said to myself, 'Perhaps my pants will dry up and I will go home later'.

Yes, my pants have dried up and I entered my tent- house in the camp. My mother swiftly came to investigate my first day at school. As soon as she approached me, she shouted: 'What is this smell? Did you do it?' How did my mother learn about it?! Before my return, my pants dried up. Years later, I learned that the smell was the one that exposed me to my mother. She said to me, 'Why did not you take permission to go to the bathroom? I cried heartily.

I did not say a word, and I was told that my father, three brothers and six sisters knew about it. They started to chat and whisper secretly and publicly. I could not endure, so I went to sleep early. I sat in my hey-bed closing my eyes unleashing my dreams in the sky: How will it be my tomorrow? How if I did it again? Would my teacher allow me to go to the bathroom? What if he did not agree? I will re-ask him again and again and again until I got it. If he did not accept, I will soak my clothes again! Well, I am still too young. My worries kept me up until early morning. My mother woke me and did not tell me her commandments but she said to me: This is the second day at school. Need not to pee, again.

We started our protocol for the second day. At home, I had already gone to the (Outside-House) minutes before going to school. The 'Outside-House' was named so, because the bathroom of the tent-house in the camp was outside. The neighbors also shared it. I hurried to school. I sat quietly on my desk and the teacher's staff loomed over our heads. We waited until the fourth lesson and the teacher pointed to us to queue to go to the restaurant carrying our green food ration cards. One student said that he had forgotten his card at home. The teacher pointed out to him that he would remain locked up without food until we return. The student heartily cried, 'I am hungry!' He nervously ordered him to sit down, and said he would 'sort it out' upon return. I queued and looked at that little child in my class. We set off. But this time, I acted quickly, until I finally reached Mr. Flute. He smiled at me and said, 'Hello, Abex! Your name is similar to my son's. Here is your dish, and poured me little lentil and rice and then added an extra spoon this time, saying to me: this is an increase for you because of your name.' I also drank the extracted cup of milk, but this time I kept half the banana – which was all my fruit that day- in my little sweating hand going back to my classroom.

As I was leading the procession of the entrants to the classroom, the teacher was waiting for everyone to enter. I was the first to enter. I rushed to the punished child and gave him the fruit. The child devoured it, with his eyes smiling to and thanking me. I returned to my seat, and the students seated waiting for the teacher to do the punishment. We kept silent, waiting for what he was going to say. The teacher called the boy and said: "Did

not I tell you yesterday that you should keep the card as your soul?" The student said, "Yes, teacher. I kept Him as my soul. Even, I let him sleep under my pillow, but I forgot to wake him up in the morning. I went to school and my card was still sleeping!"

## **II. ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

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## **REFERENCES**

No References-Original Short Story