

I walked out of my mom and grandma's room to the conjoined room us kids had for the hotel. Me and my cousin Ashlyn we're shaking a bed, and my brother Judah and cousin Brecken were sharing the other. We had just come back from a day at Universal and had eaten dinner at the Chocolate Emporium. We had gotten milkshakes bigger than our heads. I personally couldn't finish mine as I stuck it in the tiny fridge in the hotel room.

My cousin Ashlyn was already trying to get her beauty rest and I laid back on the bed we were sharing. Brecken and I decided to watch some TV and watched 'Young Sheldon' then 'Big Bang Theory', while Judah watched (most likely) Fortnite videos on YouTube or his own YouTube videos.

My mother had come in and told us it was time to go to bed so we turned the TV off, and all devices. We laid back and talked as Ashlyn started to doze off more.

Then it happened.

A loud *bang* mixed with a *whoosh* sounded.

I looked up and sat up as a smell entered my nose. I grabbed the pillow and flung it over my nose as Brecken yelled, "JUDAH NO!"

My brother burst out laughing as Ashlyn sat up grabbing her nose.

"JUDAH ____!" She yelled.

She stuck her middle finger up at my brother— lie always as we laughed.

Another *bang* and *whoosh* sounded as more stench entered the air.

I felt tears run down my face from the gas leaving my brother's body and entering my sinus caverns as I coughed and started to pray.

Wishing two seconds after a duet of farts left my brother as the room became a war zone from WW2 of pure sank.

Brecken jumped up and made a run to the bathroom but his older sister Ashlyn beat him.

"ASHLYN OPEN THE DOOR!" He sobbed/

Within two seconds Ashlyn ran out clutching her nose.

"WHO. POOED AND DIDN'T FLUSH?!?!"

"ME!" My brother yelled joyfully.

I jumped up and ran to my mother and grandmother's room and slammed the door.

"What this time?" My grandmother asked looking up from her phone.

"Judah!" I said breathlessly sucking in the fresh air from the room. "He's killing us with more gas than in WW2."

My mother and grandmother burst out laughing and my mom looked up.

"He did have Ceaser Salad for dinner." She said with a laugh. "And a milkshake."

"What does that have to do with it?" My grandma asked.

"Mom." My mother said, looking at my grandmother. "He ate cheese, garlic, anchovies, and milk in one sitting."

My grandmother burst out laughing as I shook my head.

"Not funny! He's going to be a nuke of farts all night!" I said with a plead.

"You can always sleep with me if you want." My grandma offered.

"No thanks." I said quickly.

I ran. Back into the room where my cousins and brother were laughing historically. We tried to calm down, but failed when every two minutes— or ten seconds— my brother let it rip like a Beyblade.

One AM came around and we were still dying. I was hiding under my covers as my brother let it rip more. Eventually, we all fell asleep, only to find out my mom checked on us and my brother was still farting in his sleep.

He was farting onto a poor soul.

The President of the '*Idiococrac*'.

My poor cousin Brecken who dubbed my little brother Judah (eleven ears old) the 'Nuke Maker for Times of War'.

How do I know of this story. Because the main character is Me

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