



Picture AI Generated

Brother Gas Books

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Brother Gas/Eber/

“Eber”

Eber descended from a proud family of servants in the house of King David. It was Eber’s turn to take his place to serve King Solomon as the head engineer of trash, garbage, and waste sanitation. But today things would change.

Young, ambitious, and trained, Eber and two chambermaids entered the bedchamber of one of King Solomon’s wives—Princess Zarephath. The maids immediately began to change bed linens, replace old flowers with new ones, and scrub the floor, all in anticipation of the princess’s return from breakfast.

Unexpectedly, she returned early. “Don’t mind me. Keep working. I must get ready to receive a royal guest.” She sat in front of the polished metal mirror beside her bed, combing her long auburn hair.

Eber approached her. “May I replace the chamber pot under your bed with a fresh one, Princess?”

“Yes, and hurry! I must change clothes.”

He stooped behind the princess’s chair and reached under the bed for the chamber pot. The old baked clay pot was big and heavy. He pulled it gently by one of the handles when the lid slipped off and clanged under the bed. The pot was packed, and the contents could easily slosh out.

After the pot was clear of the bed, Eber picked it up off the floor by its handles. But one of the handles snapped.

The pot dipped.

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He tried to grab it with the broken piece still in his hand.

But urine and feces splashed out.

All over Princess Zarephath's long hair and neck it gushed. Her blouse was soaked in the stinking, gross filth of pee and poo.

Everything went into hysteria.

The princess screamed for the guards. She cried and cursed at Eber in a frenzied rage.

"Put him in the dungeon! Chop off his head!"

Eber, standing five feet four inches tall, chubby around the waist, with long hair spread over his ears, rosy cheeks, and a red nose, said nothing. The guards led him away to the dungeon with the chamber pot still in his hand.

Tamar watched from her window for her husband's return. He was late for dinner, and the food was getting cold. The shadows of trees were almost gone, conceding to the darkness. Eber was rarely this late coming home.

Questions began to mount in her mind. *Where is he? What has happened? Should I go and seek him?*

Someone knocked on her door.

She peeped through a hole in the white cloth hanging over the little window in the door. It was a soldier in King Solomon's army. She expected the worst had happened to her husband.

"Yes?" She spoke through the door. "May I help you?"