

# THE POO [Bi] MONTHLY

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The final issue of the semester! I know you guys must be stressed out and whatnot with finals humping you from every possible direction, so hopefully I'll be able to loosen you up (umm, gross), if only for a few minutes. I've got a lot to talk about, and I know you're all busy people, so I think I ought to just plop right into it. First off, I've decided to keep the name Poo [Bi] Monthly, because it's familiar and comforting. I'm still up for any suggestions though. I've put the "Bi" in brackets as to prevent any confusion. BTW (I'm such a loser for abbreviating that), did anyone know that Bi-Monthly means once every other month, and not twice a month? Then why didn't anyone tell me?! Golly, I feel like such a douche. After announcing last issue that I'd be reducing my quota of PBM issues per month to one instead of two, my mom so casually pointed out that I had never actually been bound to write two in the first place. It took a whole lot of convincing and trips to the dictionary to believe it, but it turns out that "semi-monthly" means twice a month. Doesn't really flow as well.

What I'd like to discuss now is one of the most feared and hated uncontrollable natural occurrences a person will ever have to face: The Morning Poop. Let me paint the picture. You wake up at 5:30 in the morning, too confused to tell the difference between your lamp and your alarm clock, you're probably more comfortable under the covers than you've ever been in your entire life, except for a tiny, nagging feeling you just can't seem to identify. "Why am I awake?" you ask yourself. Of course after a minute or two you realize your stomach wants to have a baby and suddenly your utopia begins to crumble. "Well, maybe if I just lie on my back and think of how comfortable I am, the feeling will go away." This train of thought can last for up to and including three hours, and friends let me tell you, not one person has ever fallen back to sleep. I urge you to give up hope as soon as you identify the problem. So you admit defeat; slowly creep out of bed, nipples harder than a diamond, eyes still shut because the sun at 5:30 is one of the most unnecessarily bright things you've ever seen in your entire life, and look for some form of clothing to put on- God forbid someone (someone ELSE who's probably going to drop a major dookie) sees you. And before you readers start to wonder, being poo-shy does not go away when no one is awake. The trek for me to Cro is one of the most horrifying excursions of my entire life, spent woddling as fast as I can in between periods of complete paralysis, or what I'd like to call being "dookilized" (you know that feeling: when the pressure gets so bad you can't even move because you need absolutely every muscle in your body to concentrate on NOT pooping yourself, and even then you're convinced that if it gets even one notch stronger, you're going to be doing an extra load of laundry this morning). And the trauma doesn't stop once you reach the toilet, oh no. My time at the toilet is spent listening to all the freaky ass noises that these buildings make when no one is there. Every ten seconds I'm convinced some beast-troll-monster-thingy is going to come in the room, rip the door off the stall, and eat me. And the weirdest part about that is that I'm not so much worried about the whole getting killed thing than I am worried about getting killed with an un-wiped ass. Even though the troll-monster-beast-thingy has got about twelve hundred pounds of combat strength on me, I think I'd really be able to put up an OK fight if my butt wasn't all gross. And although the poop itself is probably the most relieving feeling in the world, and getting back into bed feels soooo so nice, morning poops still bite.

I apologize for the next topic, for it only relates to the male gender. At first, I wasn't sure if I should write about this because of it's gender oriented nature, but I thought that girls might get a kick out of it, not to mention that I really wanted to talk about it. It doesn't happen all the time, but when it does it's pretty darn scary. I'm sitting down minding my own business, of course not reading the PBM because people always take it down, when I notice an odd feeling coming from my down there region (the front, not the back, folks). I look down to see what's the matter, and what do I notice, but the tip of my flip flop touching the inside of the toilet bowl. AUGH!!!! I try and pull away, but of course the bowl I'm using was built for a four year old, and if I move any farther back I'm going to be pooping on the seat. So now I'm convinced I've got the clap, and there's nothing I can do about it but to again admit defeat and just hold my manhood away from the bowl. If I had been reading a magazine, I would have lost my page-turning hand, resulting in a very upset me.

Well shitheads, that's the whole kit and kaboodle for this issue. I hope I've enlightened some of you, and received the "I hear that" head nod from others. Good luck with all your projects and exams. I know we've all experienced times where there's too much work to even take a break and go to the bathroom, but we've got to live through that- together. Poop breaks are good and healthy. They're a natural right. So plop down on that nice, warm toilet (you can even take a blanket if you want!), and enjoy what you were built to do. I'll miss you all over break, and will be thinking about you EVERY time I hear that loving and familiar plop.

I won't touch it, but I sure do like to talk about it,

**SHORTY 2 INCH**