

THE POO [Bi] MONTHLY

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You know, I've been thinking. In the past few issues I've discussed many issues that have negative connotations (i.e. the morning poop, hitting the inside of the bowl with your huntin' stick, etc.), and I think we forget how wonderful the whole pooping experience can be. Although the good that does come out of it may not be producing the cathartic results we so justifiably deserve at every sitting, we should not exempt said possibilities from our expectations. Don't believe me? Listen to this testimonial!

Mark McGuire, who broke the world record for most home runs, was known to say,
"There's nothing in the world I enjoy more than hitting a winning homerun for my team.
Except maybe a good dump."

I've had times where I've come back from the bathroom and was able to literally see a significant decrease in pants size. For those of you who know me, you know I'm one of the more chizzled people you're ever likely to meet. And I always feel better about myself if I take a nice, big, healthy poop before any major bodybuilding competition. Well, maybe I'm embellishing a little, but you get the idea.

However, despite there being really good parts to pooping, there are times when we have to look at a situation and realize compromises are going to be made, and our pride is going to be challenged. These times will happen and will put our belief in the good of pooping into question, and our faith will be tested. I'd like to talk about a situation where this applies. Before this issue of the PBM was released, I had previously written a complete issue, which, after being proofread by a few confidantes, was determined to be too negative and shocking for the wholesome subjects I have so tactfully discussed in the past. The subject in question was none other than the infamously dreaded and seemingly unpreventable back splash. The helpless feeling caused by the back splash is far worse when you are unprepared for it- which is what I'd like to discuss now. In issue 4, I explained the rationale behind the courtesy flush. I think we all are aware of the saying, "too good to be true." Now, in no way am I saying that the courtesy flush has turned out to be not such a great concept, please don't get the wrong idea. But I am saying that in order to do the greater good, you've got to sacrifice a little. And the courtesy flush does come with its share of fine print. Depending on the toilet you're using, the courtesy flush can be the cause of a very unexpected and dirty bath, commonly referred to as the back splash. The back splash has other causes (such as a forceful release of poop), but we'll focus on the courtesy flush as the cause for this particular form of back splash. Many toilets will have jets of water come out with such force that it causes a geyser-like phenomenon to occur. Not only does this catch you off guard, but it also does a great job of mixing up the contents of the bowl, making sure it all gets you. Personally, I like to play it safe and lean off the bowl (usually to my non-dominant side) for each courtesy flush. Although, some toilets have been known to force me off the bowl completely. I remember one time while I was upstairs Cro (this was right after chicken parm night, to paint a proper picture of what was going on); the courtesy flush-induced back splash was so incredible I actually gasped. It was sort of breath taking in a way, almost beautiful. Helplessness is caused afterwards by convincing you that you are now the most horribly dirty person on the planet. This thought won't leave your mind until you've taken a shower and thoroughly washed the infected area(s). But you've got to understand that it happens to the best of us, and that it will be alright. It's tough to accept, but it's just one of those times where you've got to roll with the punches. When life gives you a lemon, make lemonade. But in this case, for God's sake, don't drink it.

Constipation is bad too. I haven't had too much personal experience with it -once when I was ten, but all I remember is the restaurant where it finally came out, and that it was hard like pebbles- but I've heard friends complain about it enough to know it's not something to joke about (you know, I take that back, because, well, it's really funny to make fun of constipated friends). Alright, so we can joke about constipation, but I think we ought to understand what it is. According to Webster's New Dictionary (1996), constipation is the "difficult or infrequent evacuation of the bowels." So it means we can't poop when we want to. Folks, if you ever find yourself in a situation where you have difficult or infrequent evacuation of your bowels, I have two words for you: Mexican Food. Although I haven't had to resort to using Margaritas as a form of laxative, I'm fairly certain -looking at our history together- it won't fail. So please, when the going gets tough, just push harder. It's bound to come out sooner or later. And when it does, that'll be a good day.

I've poked it with a stick at least once in my life, and I know you have too,

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