

Sea Legs on the Head

March 31, 2007

So, today I was supposed to be camping in Joshua Tree, eatin' s'mores, roasting hot dogs, drinking whiskey, running around like a headless chicken in the desert...you know. However, I did not confirm early enough and wasn't no room for me to cop a ride, so I accepted a ride on a yacht instead.

Yeah, baby. A fuckin' *yacht!*

There were only a few rules on this yacht:

- 1) Flush the toilet with the foot pedal
- 2) NO PAPER IN THE TOILET
- 3) No falling overboard

Easy as pie. Right?

About five minutes after this speech, I visited the loo to prepare myself for an afternoon of alcohol and sun (superb combo, if I might add). I did a quick tinkle, wiiiiped, and...threw the paper into the toilet...

NO! Nooooooooo! RULE #2!!! SHIT! (Not literally...at least at this point.)

I made a power dive and caught the last dry corner of the TP and just held it there, over the bowl, thinking, considering my options...

If we aren't supposed to put the toilet paper in the toilet...where are we supposed to put it...?

I looked around, still gingerly holding the dripping tissue above the bowl. I pulled open a cupboard. No. I slid open a door. NO. I looked to the side and saw...

A garbage can. The toilet paper needed to go in the garbage can.

Well, fuck. It is sopping wet.

I flung the TP into the can and stared at it.

I need to cover that with something. Anything. Tissues! Yes! I will just ball up tissues and throw them on top of that sopping wet, used TP and it will be fine!

Wad, wad, wad...throw...

...right into the fucking toilet.

How is this possible???? I haven't even started drinking yet!! SHIT!!!

I made the second rescue attempt of the afternoon, but I wasn't so lucky with this one...it started to go under, slowly, slowly....so I grabbed even more tissue and started wadding

it up to try to fish this tissue out of the toilet. Pieces started splintering off, floating around in the bowl.

Then, as if things couldn't get worse, there was a knock at the door. I banged my elbow on the wall. Yacht bathrooms are *tiny*. A line was forming outside. Now they were going to think that I was taking so long because I was taking a shit in there. GREAT. 5 minutes into my virgin yachting experience and I was ruining not only the septic system, but also my reputation.

Fish, fish, fish....finally I had a large enough wad of dry tissue that I was able to sort of dredge up the wad of tissue I inadvertently dropped in the tank. God, wet tissue is heavy. I whipped the whole mess into the garbage can, flushed the toilet, threw down the lid, and stuffed several more wads of dry tissue in the can to cover up my mess.

Then I went and drank 4 bellinis in a row. Because that's what you do when you're on a yacht and you just spent 10 minutes fishing used toilet paper out of a toilet bowl and everyone thinks you have irregular bowel movements.

And now I think I have the flu.