

pee

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“i’m sorry, sir, but you may not do that here,” the ride attendant told frederick as he loosend his belt in preparation to urinate into one of the potted plants decorating the queue. “if you need to use the restroom, there are facilities near the entrance to the park.”

frederick looked at the ride attendant. she was a short and dumpy woman who was probably more robot than human, shaped like a cardboard box, expressive like a bucket of mop water. “but won’t i lose my place in line?” he asked her desperately, looking around at all of the zero people in line for the superdrop ultimate cottonmouth coaster ride. “i’ve been waiting here all day. i really need to pee.”

“i’m sorry, sir, but park policy forbids patrons from urinating while on line. please step out of the line and use an appropriate facility.”

“can you at least hold my place for me?”

“i’m sorry, sir, but park policy forbids place-holding in the queue. we encourage patrons to use the appropriate facilities before getting on line, as waits during peak hours can be quite long.”

grudgingly, frederick left the queue in search of the park entrance. it was further away than he remembered it being; the park paths seemed to go around in circles. when an hour had passed and his bladder was squeaking from the effort of holding its urine, he still had not located the bathrooms. however, there were no ride attendants standing guard over the potted plants along the path, and out of sheer frustation and spite, he unclipped his pants and let loose a hot and vigorous stream of urine splashing over the leaves.

when he sat up in bet, his sheets were soaked.