



pet peeve #4,385

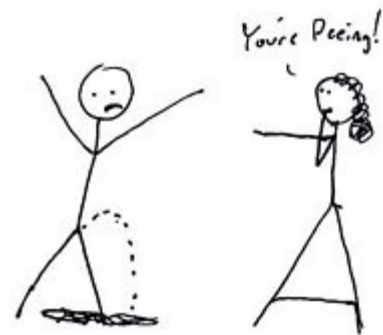
Written by bubba



I've got an overactive bladder – no doubt about. It's no surprise to the people who know me to hear that and it certainly isn't any surprise to me when I'm the guy that makes five trips to the bathroom during dinner. An important distinction to make here is that I'm not saying that I have a *small* bladder – that's something different. No, my bladder can expand like a circus balloon, and it does, because I am constantly drinking. Coffee, water, beer, tea, Gatorade...whatever. I drink a bunch. And so I pee a bunch too.

The challenge for me is that when I have to go, I have to go. I hate waiting. Sometimes I feel like I *can't* wait. As a result, when there is even the slightest indication that I'll eventually need to go to the bathroom – I get there. Often times I'm there and I'm standing in a line, sometimes a long line, because there are never enough toilets. But this isn't a commentary on the limited facilities for men. This is a commentary on me being tired of standing in line for the men's bathroom, shifting my weight and crossing my legs as a means to not piss myself while the person or people in front of me take their own sweet time doing whatever it is they do.

Men: When you are done, step away from the urinal...then **GET OUT OF THE WAY**. There are other things that need to be tended to when you're actually 'done' – things like zipping your pants up, re-hitching your belt and tucking your shirt in – I get that. But you don't need to do that while you're still in front of the urinal and, more importantly, in front of me. Men's bathrooms are functional – we're supposed to pee there. That's it. They aren't for catching up on cosmetics, chit chatting or anything else. There are guys waiting in line behind you and I am behind them, encouraging everyone to piss on your back if you don't move. That's the way they did it in the old country...or so I heard.



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