

Saturday, April 23, 2005

CONGRATULATIONS SHANNON!

Congratulations Shannon! For those unaware, one of my best friends, Shannon, just got engaged today! Found out via text message, which made me curse technology, but I called right away and got to talk to her. She sounds so happy! I couldn't have picked someone better for her than Ted.

I'm so happy for you sweetie! You deserve all the happiness in the world, and I know you have that with him by your side.

Much love to you both!

Heather

Posted by Heather Duffin in Announcements! at 17:37

Tuesday, April 19, 2005

RULES OF THE STALL

Okay, so I know that I bombarded y'all with a boring self-deprecating Chronicles last night, but I witnessed...well, not quite witnessed, but HEARD...something this afternoon that completely freaked me out. This led to a plethora of countless memories and conversations, to come flooding back to me, which leads to this...another Chronicles. However, this time there will be one subject, and one subject only. And with that, I introduce you to....

HEATHER'S RULES TO PUBLIC TOILET SAFETY & ETIQUETTE

1. DO NOT BRING YOUR CELL PHONE INTO THE TOILET!

I was in a stall when apparently someone's phone rang on vibrate. I did not hear it vibrate however, and just heard "Hello?" I was quiet, as I wasn't sure if they were talking to me. I thought if so, I was going to be asked for some toilet paper.

"How's it going?" I'm freaked out. "What?" I ask. The girl then starts into a conversation that becomes obvious that she is on the phone. I'm disgusted and irritated. I mean, in the personal privacy of your own home, whatever, but in a public bathroom? That's just wrong.

So today I'm in the stall and I have to poop. I hear rustling in another stall and then silence. A fellow pooper hoping I just have to pee and waiting for some bodily noise to announce that I'm on her team and that she can go ahead and proceed. So I fart to make my intentions known and I assume she will proceed her business and exit before me since she was there first.

What happened next surprised me. I start hearing beeping. I look around confused. The beeping keeps going and it hits me...my God, this woman is text messaging someone in the toilet! I am floored and I start giggling with my sleeve over my mouth to muffle it. She keeps beeping her conversation in the toilet and I am cracking up and trying to finish up before I completely lose it.

She was still texting away when I was done and I washed my hands and exited as fast as I could. How can someone do this? Okay, so I think that my friend, who knows who he is, has done this once when...okay, that story will come next, but let's say it was an S.O.S. In life-saving cases, I can accept this, but I think this chick was just bored while she shat! So with that, keep the cell phones outside the stall, please!

2. DO NOT MASTURBATE IN PUBLIC RESTROOMS!

Typically I would assume that people just don't do this in public bathrooms. This is once again something to do in the privacy of your own home or wherever you choose to do it...WITHOUT STRANGERS PRESENT! However, my friend encountered a terrifying situation once that made me realize that this can happen to any of us.

He was at work, and had to take a dump. He goes into the bathroom and is mid-pooing when someone walks into the stall next to him. The rest is what I can recall to the best of my memory. I believe he said it was real quiet, and then he noticed the reflection in the tiles on the back wall. Through the crack of the back of the stalls, he can see someone facing the wall and watching him, and is masturbating while watching him poop! He is freaked out and horrified, and I believe tries to text his boyfriend who worked there, for help.

He finished up, but took note of the polluter's shoes and ran like hell. He later found the beholder of the shoes and was freaked out. Yes, we all need to relax to crap sometimes, but please do not get that relaxed!

3. DO NOT LEAVE LOGS!

I will once again, not mention names, but my friend, and she knows who she is, did this recently. While at work, she took a dump. All was well until she stood to find that it was soooo long, she didn't know if the turd was going to make it through the plumbing without plugging. She was so worried about the toilet overflowing that she just left it!

I lectured her on the absolute wrongness of this and shared my trick when faced with this fear. I will have my right hand on the flusher and one hand on the water shut-off valve. I then flush and if the water starts to rise I can quickly shut off the water and either plunge or run. Should there be no plunger, and I must run, at least the next visitor will see that the toilet was about to overflow and I abandoned shit...I mean ship, and I gate it my best shot. This will prevent the impression of a flat out lazy shitter who is too cool to flush.

When I was 18, I was engaged for some time to a man who apparently had too-long-shit syndrome. His sister told me of this, and also presented an amazing, yet revolting solution to this problem. Sean's turds were so long that when flushed, they would just swirl around, do it's little dance and stay behind Round 1 of water. They had to figure a way to get this turd down, and found a simple solution. Upon his relief, he was required to take the unwrapped coat hanger next to the toilet and break up the turd into bite-sized, flushable pieces. It always worked!

So when faced with this situation, either give it your best shot, or break out the hanger!

4. DO NOT LEAVE BLOODY TOILET PAPER IN THE TOILET

This kind of falls into the previous category about leaving remnants. We all know leaving your mark is just wrong, but blood? It's almost worse than a turd. This typically just requires a simple bowl check to ensure that everything made it's way down. However, sometimes we are faced with hardships that require us to think outside of the box.

There was a situation once, where another unnamed friend and I were in a wedding together. I did my business in my own unisex bathroom and she did hers in the other. Now, we both only peed, but there were some problems with the plumbing, and it boycotted my friend's toilet paper. I'm waiting outside her bathroom and then it all starts.

"Heather?"

"Yes?"

"Can you come in here?"

I walk in and the water level in the toilet has risen high, but stopped. Not a big deal, it's plugged. However, in it is bloody toilet paper. I try to plunge the toilet, but no water is going down. Now, this is before the wedding has even started and we have to walk down that aisle soon, and get this taken care of before others enter this bathroom.

We're freaking out and laughing our asses off, and then it hits me. We're going to have to do whatever is needed to get this out. No, we would never just grab it out. That is too disgusting. What ended up happening is that I instruct my friend to grab the garbage can and bring it near the toilet. I flip the plunger over so that my hand is still on the handle. With the very end of the handle, I wrestle the bloody TP around it and flick it into the garbage. We're both about to pee our pants at this point.

The TP is pretty water logged and starting to break up when the handle touches it, so this process goes on a lot longer than you think it should, but we got every last bit of the evidence, and the wedding went on. So, my friends, when faced with danger, remember that there are no rules to what it takes to prevent a heart attack for the next visitor.

5. DO NOT GO IN THE STALL NEXT TO ANOTHER IF AT ALL AVAILABLE.

My coworker came to me a few months ago and announced that she is very irritated with someone in the building. On numerous occasions, she has encountered the stall stalker, and it's always the same shoes. What is a stall stalker you ask? It is one who despite four empty stalls, goes into the stall right next to you.

I know you're not looking at the person in the face, but somehow the sight of shoes just inches away from yours is disturbing when you know the availability of so many other stalls. This somehow is just such an invasion of privacy. It's disturbing and irritating. My coworker keeps dibs on the stall stalker and has finally pinned it down to one of two people. We decided that an etiquette sheet should be posted in the bathroom to notify these poor souls who have lost in their path in the bathroom.

6. HANG ONTO THE WALL WHEN FLUSHING

Now this may seem quite disgusting, but I know of two cases where this could have helped out a scary situation. Hopefully you all flush the public toilet handles with your foot, should they have that kind of flusher. This is much more sanitary than sticking your hand on that nasty lever. However, something no one ever discusses is that there is only so much one is capable of when one foot is off the ground.

Many moons ago, when my mother and I worked together, she came back from the bathroom all freaked out and if I recall correctly, her foot was wet. She had gone to flush the toilet with her foot and lost her balance. If I recall correctly, when she lifted her foot to flush, her body shifted as she slammed her foot onto the lever and I'm almost positive that her foot went into the toilet. If it didn't I remember she smacked it on something or something like that. I just remember filling out a work-incident form for L&I as a joke about it.

A few weeks ago I went to flush the toilet with my foot and got a little too aggressive in the process. I slammed my foot down towards it and somehow it veered on it's way down and I kicked the metal tampon box with all my might. It luckily stayed on the stall wall, but it was LOUD! In fact I asked my friend who's office is on the other side of the wall if she heard it, and she thought that something had crashed in the kitchen.

All of this could have been prevented if we'd balanced ourselves out by holding onto the walls. So the next time you go to flush, instill this mantra in your head, "Hold the wall of the stall to prevent a fall."

So this has as usual, become way too long and I'm sure by now, my brother is completely irritated with me for discussing bowel movements and bloody toilet paper. Sorry Ry! It's just me, you know.

I hope you all will do your best to instill these rules into your next trip to the toilet! And with that, I leave you all a little song for the girls that I heard in Phoenix from a toilet training video. We could all learn a thing or two...

(To Row, Row, Row Your Boat)
Wipe, wipe, wipe yourself
Always front to back
There you go, there you go
Now you've got the knack!

Love to all!

Heather McDuffin
The Egg McMuffin

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 21:02

Monday, April 18, 2005

BORING, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH

Hello all! I know it's been ages since my last blast visit to you, but I'm back! I could say I've been super busy, which at times I have been, or I could say that I'm lazy, which at times I have been. However I think I'm just trying to gather my thoughts lately, and just have been trying to avoid fessing up to my stupidity and mistakes. Yet, here I am again, and I obviously have slammed my head into the brick wall another time, yet there is redemption ahead, yes, redemption...please redemption.

And with that, let us begin....PATHS FROM THE PATCH I am smoking still, though I had quit for two weeks. Went on the patch and quit for two weeks. During that time I gained 15 pounds from constant cravings of Tostino Pizza Rolls, which I so obviously indulged in, and also started to go nuts from the dreams I was having. Since smoking again, the weight is coming off. Now, five pounds of that gain I attribute to muscle since I have been working out three to four times a week for quite some time, which is scary that I still gained 15 pounds in such a short time with working out. The other 10 pounds were pizza rolls. It's quite a confusing feeling. I keep telling people that my thighs have gotten so strong I could snap a man's neck with them, and then I could smother him with my poochy belly. It's coming off though, so hopefully I will soon say that I could snap a man's neck with my strong thighs, and then teach a lesson on my chalkboard of a stomach. Now, the other dilemma were the dreams from the patch. This always happens, and actually being on the patch means a nightly adventure. This time though, the dreams go so weird yet entertaining, that I was wondering if one night I was going to subconsciously decide not to wake up because the dreams were more entertaining than my life. And with that, here's a brief review... Night 1: Danced in Home Depot to some AC/DC song from Back in Black while my friend looked for a painting of a clock because real clocks were too loud. Night 2: Dreamt it was some big holiday and was at a party at April's and her deck faced Tony's deck. Was explaining BooBahs to Terri's neighbor and was sitting next to Dave, and he whipped out his dick and I grabbed it, scrunched it up and said to Derek, "They look like this". Gunshots ring out, and I see an undercover cop wrestling a gun away from a man on Tony's deck, which is across from April's deck in my dream. There are screaming people everywhere and everyone in the apartment and on the street all hit the ground. All of a sudden the news reports that some stalker tried to shoot Sandra Bullock at a party, but shot someone else. I put two and two together and realize that Sandra Bullock was at Tony's party. I'm going off to everyone that I had no idea Tony knew Sandra Bullock, and why didn't he invite me to his party if celebrities were going to be there, and everyone was like, but Heather someone got shot over there, and I was like I know! They tried to shoot Sandra Bullock who was at TONY'S party! How does he know Sandra Bullock? Night 3: Had to go back to High School to take a math class with my brother. The skies grow dark and brown blobs are in the sky and shoot to Earth and encompass people like a tornado and makes everyone dowdy and Harry Potter story-like. Magic and chaos ensue, and Peter Pan is mad at Tinkerbell and chases her through outer space and throws her into the sun to burn her. I then go to a party at my coworker's boyfriend's house and feel dirty because the world is now black and dowdy. I sneak into the upstairs bathroom and take a shower and my coworker finds out and chews me out. Later on I feel dirty again and sneak into the upstairs bathroom and start to draw me a bath. I come back later to a big, full tub, and two guys sitting there talking. Ask them if they can leave, they say no. I say I'm taking a bath. They say that's fine, but I don't want to take off my clothes, so I am all of a sudden in yoga pants and a t-shirt, and I get in the tub like that and we all talk while I try to shave my legs and have to keep rolling up my pants. New dream same night: Keep getting text messages that Dave's mom is dead. Am totally upset, but don't know if it's a joke. Ask all around, but no one knows. I go with April to find him, but he is with Effie and other people who hate me. I'm hiding behind a pillar trying to convince April to go ask him if his mom is dead, and if so, to tell him I'm sorry. She won't do it. Effie (who doesn't look at all how I always picture her in my head) walks up to me and glares at me and asks what I want, and I tell her I want to know if Dave's mom is dead, and she says yes and I cry. Night 4: Have been told I have to live on a submarine for a year, but it's really like the Millennium Falcon underwater. Have lots of undersea adventures, but am convinced there is a sea monster on board because while watching a surveillance camera saw the chamber entrance and caught a glimpse of a tentacle and an eye. No one believes me. We go to different locations and come out of the water and go to a dude ranch and play baseball on horses and hang with cowboys by the fire. It is glorious. Meet lots new people. Then go to the desert for live video game races i.e. races taken from video games, but are real. Lots of motorcross stuff and Tron looking bikes. Lots of fun and new people. Can you see why I started smoking again? I DON'T WANT TO BE GOOD! OH, THAT'S WHY. I think as we all grow older we go through our own little or big crisis. No one is ever truly content with their lives until they learn to let go and accept it and love it. I see my friends in relationships/marriages and they question their lives and some miss the drama that can come with being single. Then there are people like me...okay, I guess there's just me, as I am the only person I know up here who is completely single...that crave that stability and simplicity of a what may seem like a boring relationship. We are never happy with what we have. Ever since Geno broke up with me after the new year, I was on this abstinence kick. I was like, no nothing at all! Well, I made it like a month if that, and made out with my friend's friend twice. It was totally innocent though. In saying that I mean that no body parts came

out...Oh! I just realized I last wrote about this kind of. So after the second time I realized this was bad, and though I was interested in him, I learned some stuff that I saw what an absolute frickin' mess this guy was, and I wasn't putting myself in anything like that. It was simple and I was good until a few weeks ago. So here's the deal. I've been so bent on being good and responsible, and one night my volcano blew. I was tired of being good and responsible, and decided I was going to smoke (this was the night I started smoking again), and get drunk, and make out with a boy. So I drag my friend out with me, we got to the George and Dragon, I smoke a lot of cigarettes, drink a lot of drinks...then shots, and then next thing I know I wake up in the morning all smiley and stretch and see a map on this wall. Where the fuck am I? Oh no. Where the fuck am I? In a period of three seconds I know I'm in a house on 50th & Stone, I know I'm most likely going to walk back to my friend's from this area to Queen Anne, which will take a long time, and that I am naked and want to die. I roll over and there he is... "Hello" says the mystery boy. "Uh, hi." says I. He starts talking to me and somehow he knows a lot about me, and starts saying that maybe he'll take my cats since I was looking for a home for them, and I'm trying to remember who this boy is and what his name is. I'm pretty sure it's one syllable, but that's about it. I want to die. Oh my God I haven't woken up and not known where I was since...okay well that's how Geno and I started dating, but I knew who he was and how I got there...just don't remember how we hooked up. But besides that time it's been like 10 years since I blacked out and woke up with a boy. Now, I've blacked out, and I've woken up next to a strange man before, but not coinciding since I was about 21. I hate myself, I'm thinking. He's still talking and I learn he's from Chicago and just put in a staircase at Oprah Winfrey's house in Maui, and he's 26 and sometimes gets lonely out here. Lonely, out here? Is he a girl? I want to leave. I want to crawl in a hole, but I need to leave first to find that hole. "Boy am I hungry!" says one-syllable boy. "Want to go out for breakfast?" "No I need to get back to my friends." "Please take me home. Please take me home one-syllable boy! I don't know who you are, and I hate myself and need to go jump off a bridge. I get dressed and he seems surprised that I don't know where the bathroom is, where my coat is, and what the cat's name is. Can he not tell I was loaded the night before? Hello? I'm almost dressed and my sock is missing. I look everywhere, find a used condom (thank God), paper, clothes, sheets, but no sock. I do not care at this point, I just want to leave. I put my boot on my bare foot and rush outside. Young, one-syllable boy listens as I direct him back to my friend's house. He asks for my phone number, which I give him out of...I don't know why, but I pray he does not call me, which he luckily never does. And he knows my name! He types it in and I feel disgusting. So with that, I lost my mind, broke down a week later, and am now getting my shit together. It's amazing to me that the wretched things we do can wake us up to why we make the choices we make. Yes, I'm single at 32, and my life isn't necessarily in the best shape materialistically, but I was doing pretty well with my life internally. This brief...and it was really brief considering I don't remember half of it...night of hell brought me back to a place of knowing where my heart and mind need to be, and it's my focus right now. I know I fuck up a lot when it comes to certain things...well mainly one thing, but I also think that the fuck ups have accumulated so much that I have this mountain in this one category...men...and the mountain kicked my ass, and now as Jane's Addiction sings....I'm "coming down the mountain...." Insert Beavis and Butthead heh-heh laughs here. Okay, you know what? This is boring, I'm bored, and I'm done now. I've confessed my sins and surely made you shake your head at me, but trust me, I know. I so know with this one. I want Mormon Julius, so I am going to leave you now. No wittiness. No jokes. Just done. Will write again when I can be charming again. :0) Good-night all. Heather McDuffin The Egg McMuffin

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 23:03