

I was so nervous! My heart was pounding. My date would arrive any second. I nervously adjusted my hair in the mirror, glancing frequently out of the window. I smoothed out the front of my long navy dress, "This should be fun. " I fruitlessly reassured myself.

Before long, I saw a dark blue Yukon pull up in my driveway. Out of the SUV strolled my handsome date. He walked charmingly up our sidewalk, his long limbs striding at his side. He lifted his arm and rang the doorbell. The butterflies in my stomach were going mad! Finally, my first formal as a high-school student!

On the schedule for the evening was dinner at a nice restaurant and then an exciting trip to the Flynn Theatre in Down Town Albany for a little after dinner culture. As we sat down at the restaurant, I noticed that the butterflies in my stomach, had not yet taken a break. I was too nervous to eat. Frantically to calm my nerves, I drank glass after glass of water.

Eventually, I began to relax. About this time, we all loaded up in our cars and headed over to the Flynn Theatre. I was starting to feel comfortable and actually beginning to enjoy myself, but I really needed to use the rest room. All of that water I drank was really starting to take affect.

My date led us in, and we found ourselves a table near the back. Everyone gathered around, and we settled in to watch the play.

My bladder was becoming unbearably full, and I needed desperately to find a restroom. I nudged the girl sitting next to me, and asked her if she need to use the restroom too (of course, girls always go to the restroom in pairs). She did, so we headed off to use the facilities.

When we opened the door of the restroom, I noticed that all the stalls were full. I thought I would go crazy! I danced around for a while, and in mid-dance, I noticed out of the corner of my eye, an open stall.

I looked a little closer at this "vacant" stall, and out of politeness, stooped down to check for feet. There were no visible feet in the stall.

I reached out and curled my fingers around the stall handle. I pulled. Nothing happened. I figured it must be stuck. I pulled again, harder harder, harder, and finally, SNAP, the door came flying off its hinges, into my astonished hands.

I looked in to see an older, pleasantly plump lady in her chocolate colored dress, resting on the toilet looking at me with aghast in her eyes and a huge wad of toilet paper in her hand. She sat frozen. For a few seconds, we just stared at each other, neither knowing quite how to handle this uncomfortable situation.

When the shock finally wore off, the humiliated woman reached desperately and grabbed the useless blue stall door from my hands and propped it in front of her futilely to insure herself some privacy.

To make matters worse, this woman played the piano the whole evening, I couldn't look at her without seeing her sitting there on the toilet with a deer in the headlights kind of look on her face.

Never, have I been so embarrassed in my life.

The moral of this story is: If the door does not budge, check again for feet.