

The Toilet Seat

By A. R. Alan

It's been three days since I've puffed on a cigarette, and I'm definitely going ballistic from nicotine withdrawal. My daughter and grandkids are visiting, and they don't know I still smoke. I've given them my bedroom and bathroom, and I'm using the guestroom and bath by the front door. Around midnight last night, I snuck into the bathroom-lit up -sucked the white poison into my lungs, and fanned the expelled smoke toward the open window. Unfortunately, during my fanning exercise I accidentally knocked the tip of the cigarette off the end and onto the toilet seat. Before I managed to brush it off, the tip burned a big black spot right in the middle of the seat where no one could miss it.

To hide the evidence from my daughter, I chose my lightest nail polish— an iridescent pink, and dabbed it on the burn. Awful. Sticks out like a sore thumb. I dabbed some here, dabbed some there, and before long I had designed a modernistic, futuristic toilet seat that I thought looked pretty darn good. My daughter thought I was nuts; my granddaughters loved it.

Three months later the pink blobs turned brown, so I decided to replace my original creation and shopped for a new one. The selection consisted of boring white or beige, or the plastic ones with seashells or butterflies imbedded inside that I refused to sit on.

I'm a writer of novels and screenplays. Certainly I can create my own fabulous toilet seat. I thought. I ran to the store and bought a cheap white-wood toilet seat. Next I purchased a remnant half-roll of wallpaper depicting a French country scene, and decoupage materials from a craft store.

The following morning I spent three hours removing the old seat and screwing on the new one. Next I cut out the French men and women in their beautiful old costumes, and pasted them on the new seat. Half an hour later, I slapped a coat of lacquer on top.

I showered and dressed, then put a second coat of lacquer on the seat to give it a greater sheen.

Writing Raw

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The front doorbell rang two minutes before six. Merv was on time; his car was running on my driveway.

“You look wonderful,” I said, pecking his cheek. “I’m all ready.”

“I just have to use your bathroom,” he said, rushing past me and closing the bathroom door.

When he came out, I realized he had forgotten to shut the light. I walked into the bathroom to do so, and to my horror realized some of the French men and women were missing from the toilet seat. I looked in the waste basket. Only a paper towel.

Oh, my God! Merv has the Frenchmen stuck to his ass. Should I tell him? Heck no. I want to get to that fancy restaurant and then see Hamlet at the opera house.

Merv helped me into the car, then walked around to the driver’s side. When he climbed onto the seat there was a loud crunch. When he sat down at the restaurant - crunch. And when he sat down in the opera house - crunch. Each time my date moved, his backside crunched.

Did I forget to tell you that Merv was partially deaf and refused to wear hearing aides? Not only didn’t he hear his backside crunching and crinkling, but he didn’t hear me laughing hysterically during the last act, nor did he hear the people screaming at me to shut up.

I kept Merv because he’s a really sweet guy, but I got rid of my self-decorated toilet seat. Now my guest bath sports a plastic seat with pretty little pastel fishes floating around, and I’ve given up the idea of reupholstering my living room sofa.

The End

A. R. Alan bio: Barbara Bixon writing under the name A.R. Alan has had many short stories, poems, and 14 Comedy, Mystery, Romance, Thrillers, and sexy books published. She’s also sold comedic material to Joan Rivers and has been published in Playgirl Magazine. Her humorous book talks about sex, romance, and mystery will definitely entertain you. Worldwide travel and a career that brought her into contact with a never-ending stream of interesting personalities and celebrities fanned her already fertile imagination over the years and validate the vivid, often zany characters that people her novels. Barbara

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is also an avid environmentalist and played a major role in saving a New Jersey/New York mountain range from developers. It will remain open space forever. Screenplays available for: "The House Of Cupcakes, The CB (Chocolate Brown) Social Club, and Do I Flaunt My Fat, Or Jump Off A Bridge? Please check out her website: www.aralanbooks.com