



# POTTY HUMOR

When you have to visit a public bathroom, you usually find a line of women, so you smile politely and take your place.

Once it's your turn, you check for feet under the stall doors. Every stall is occupied

Finally, a door opens and you dash in, nearly knocking down the woman leaving the stall.

You get in to find the door won't latch. It doesn't matter, the wait has been so long you are about to wet your pants!

The dispenser for the modern "seat covers" (invented by someone's Mom, no doubt) is handy, but empty.

You would hang your purse on the door hook, if there was one, but there isn't - so you carefully, but quickly drape it around your neck, (Mom would turn over in her grave if you put it on the FLOOR!), yank down your pants, and assume "The Stance."

In this position your aging, toneless (God I should have gone to the gym!!!) thigh muscles begin to shake.

You'd love to sit down, but you certainly hadn't taken time to wipe the seat or lay toilet paper on it, so you hold "The Stance".

To take your mind off your trembling thighs, you reach for what you discover

to be the empty toilet paper dispenser. In your mind, you can hear your mother's voice saying, "Honey, if you had tried to clean the seat, you would have KNOWN there was no toilet paper!" Your thighs shake more.

You remember the tiny tissue that you blew your nose on yesterday - the one that's still in your purse. (Oh yeah, the purse around your neck, that now, you have to hold up trying not to strangle yourself at the same time.) That will have to do. You crumple it in the puffiest way possible. It's still smaller than your thumbnail.

Someone pushes your door open because the latch doesn't work.

The door hits your purse, which is hanging around your neck in front of your chest, and you and your purse topple backward against the tank of the toilet.

"Occupied!" you scream, as you reach for the door, dropping your precious, tiny, crumpled tissue in a puddle on the floor, lose your footing altogether, and slide down directly onto the TOILET SEAT.

It is wet of course.

You bolt up, knowing all too well that it's too late. Your bare bottom has made contact with every imaginable germ and life form on

the uncovered seat because YOU never laid down toilet paper - not that there was any, even if you had taken time to try.

You know that your mother would be utterly appalled if she knew, because, you're certain her bare bottom never touched a public toilet seat because, frankly, dear, "You just don't KNOW what kind of diseases you could get".

By this time, the automatic sensor on the back of the toilet is so confused that it flushes, propelling a stream of water like a fire hose against the inside of the bowl that sprays a fine mist of water that covers your butt and runs down your legs and into your shoes.

The flush somehow sucks everything down with such force that you grab onto the empty toilet paper dispenser for fear of being dragged in too

At this point, you give up. You're soaked by the spewing water and the wet toilet seat.

You're e-x-h-a-u-s-t-e-d.

You try to wipe with a gum wrapper you found in your pocket and then slink out inconspicuously to the sinks.

You can't figure out how to operate the faucets with the automatic sensors, .....so you wipe your hands with spit and a dry paper towel and walk past the line of women still waiting.

You are no longer able to smile politely to them.

A kind soul at the very end of the line points out a piece of toilet paper trailing from your shoe. (Where was that when you NEEDED it???) You yank the paper from your shoe, plunk it in the woman's hand and tell her warmly, "Here, you just might need this".

As you exit, you spot your hubby, who has long since entered, used, and left the men's restroom.

Annoyed, he asks, "What took you so long, and why is your purse hanging around your neck?"

This is dedicated to women everywhere who deal with a public restrooms (rest??? you've GOT to be kidding!!). It finally explains to the men what really does take us so long. It also answers their other commonly asked questions about why women go to the restroom in pairs. It's so the other gal can hold the door, hang onto your purse, and hand you Kleenex under the door!

## THE REAL REASON WHY GIRLS GO TO THE RESTROOM TOGETHER



*Thanks to all those who donated, bid, played music, volunteered, and attended the benefit at the K2 Moose on April 27th!*

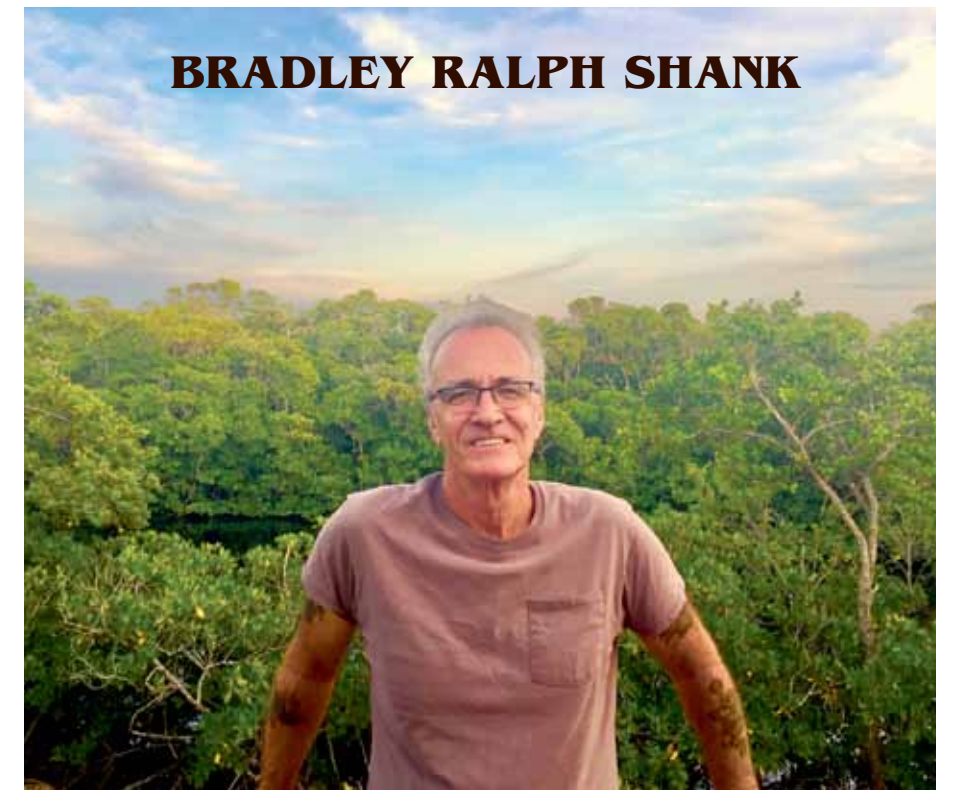
*Support LOCAL MUSIC*

**Thanks for Coming Out for Some Fun and Supporting the Musicians Relief Fund!**

The MRF was started in April 2016 through the Elks Lodge to assist local entertainers in need.

*Still want to donate?*

Donation checks must be made out to Elks Lodge for Musician's Relief Fund.  
Mail to: Musicians Relief Fund, B.P.O.E. Elks Lodge, PO Box 255, Tavernier, FL 33070



**BRADLEY RALPH SHANK**

Bradley Ralph Shank, 69, of Key Largo now rests in peace as of Saturday, March 23, 2024. A drummer with the Keys Community Band for 30+ years, beloved husband, talented actor/director/musician and known for his helpful expertise in diverse areas of knowledge.

Born in Massapequa, Long Island New York, Brad moved to Key Largo decades ago and was soon established as a jack-of-all-trades. He enjoyed creating things and figuring out how to make something not just work, but work better. Employed by various hotels, K.L.I. and the Wastewater District, he is best known for appearing on-stage in numerous Key Player productions.

Brad loved the theater and appeared half-naked, in a dress, a prison outfit and sang his heart out... often making us laugh or cry. Brad was an integral part of our community and will be sadly missed.

He is survived by his wife, Susan Bazin, and by his two loving brothers, Ed Shank and Donald Shank. If so inclined, please choose a charitable organization to carry on his memory, including but not limited to: Keys Community Concert Band, Key Largo School Band, Key Players, Animal Rescue or any organization that you and he shared interest in.

*"Death is not extinguishing the light, but blowing out the candle because the dawn has come"* –Rabindranath Tagore.

**It's Kitten Season! Fix Those Felines!**

*Please help "fix" pet overpopulation by spaying and neutering your pets.*

Free spay and neuter clinics at Key Largo Animal Shelter, normally every 2 weeks.

This program is privately funded by Humane Animal Care Coalition for Upper Keys residents.

Please call the shelter for details and appointments.

Open Monday to Friday 9am to 6pm and Saturday 9am to 5pm

Mile marker 106 Oceanside • phone 305-451-0088

**MONROE ASSOCIATION FOR REMARKABLE CITIZENS, INC.**

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*The MARC Thrift Shop in Tavernier is now open Wednesday thru Saturday from 9am to 3pm.*