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Assault of Laughter

Short Story: Plumber's Code

My hand got a few drops on it. My pants not completely drenched but still wet enough to want to change them. Unluckily the valve did not shut off when it was supposed to. I dry my hand off on the bush and hurry back inside. I find Tony inside and try to convince him that we need to leave. Now.

“What’s the big rush Jasper?” he says “Getting a little worried?” I try to explain the predicament. Sid from across the kitchen hears me. “You pissed your pants? How drunk are you?”

Not at all. “I don’t know probably the same amount your mother was when I took her home!” I slur off at him.

“Fine I’ll take you back” Tony says. “I’m going to take Dionysus back so he can change his pants.” He says as we navigate through the house. Before closing the front door he tells the house that like summer we will come back.

When we get five houses down we burst into laughter. It was our idea to do this; it was working pretty well too. After five months of watching my friends get drunk I was finally drunk as well. Or at least that is what they thought. The person who watches learns best. It’s funny how we learn through observation and mockery. Learning to catch a baseball, learning how to greet an employer. Learning how to tie your shoes, learning how to act a fool.

Tony tells me that I am doing great. He was actually concerned that I might be drunk when I edged Dan on, almost to the point of a fight. I did this by insisting that Dan did not know what he was talking about on a vast variety of topics. Including the color of his grandma’s house that he spent his summers at.

“But why an angry drunk?” he asks.

“Because that way they won’t ever want me to get drunk again” I explain.

While no one has yet to shove a bottle down my throat I have felt pressured to drink. Sometimes late into the night my mountain of fortitude seems to blow away like dust in the wind. I was respected back home for my durability, admired for my perseverance, and praised for my grit. In fact I even got an award from Mr. Brown called the Iron-Man Award. While I know that these standards that made me and earned me respect in high school, this is not high school. College has a whole other set of rules. Rules that make me look like a wet blanket. Yet however it is the pride I gained. No earned. The pride that I earned that I am afraid to lose by drinking.

“Did you really piss you pants?” as we approach our dorm.

“Yeah”

He stops dead in his tracks. Like a deer in headlights. He asks me if I really am drunk. No I tell him. And then I explain.

I did have the urgency to pee from the three bottles of water Kim forced me to drink after I entered the house slung around Tony’s shoulder. The socially responsible thing to do in this situation would of course have been to go upstairs to the bathroom. But since I am not supposed to be a socially responsible I went outside and let loose. And wouldn’t you guess it three houses up the sidewalk comes Sleeveless Kelly. Yes even in January Sleeveless Kelly still is sleeveless. Realizing that I really shouldn’t have been peeing in front of anyone including Sleeveless Kelly I

remove my member from view by hiding it in no other place but my pants. Mid-stream. I gave a soft hello to her and scurried back into the house.

Returning to the party with fresh pants I find Sid. I apologize to him. He accepts, no harm no foul. I then tell him, under the false pretense of liquid courage, that his mother is a decent gal with just a really nice pair. To this he gets angry telling me that I am on strike two and that I won't be getting off easy, regardless of my incongruous state, if I say anything else.

I make my way into the living room, if you could call it that. I see Jerry who is of course being Weekend Jerry. At first sight of me he congratulates me on my accomplishment. I bow to an audience of my friends and fellow drunks and pretend to hold a trophy. At second sight of me he insists that I see his new tattoo. The room bellows in complaints as this ass-viewing had gone on for the whole twenty minutes it took me to walk across campus and put on fresh pants and walk back. He tells me this tattoo he got into honor the 2015 cricket championships. He goes into the stats of all the players, while he undoing his pants, which no else cares about because we all wear blue jeans and eat apple pie. He shows me the freshly inked moose head which is the mascot for his favorite South African cricket team but not to be confused with his overall favorite cricket team that is from Ireland. Now I am not the smartest man in the world but I do not know why a South African cricket team would have a purple moose for their mascot. And neither does Jerry. But all I say instead is sweet.

Later on in the evening we end up moving location to find out where the beer and whiskey flow. We end up in this house who I don't know the owner of and neither does Tony. Nor Kim or Sid or Dan. No one among us, not even Weekend Jerry, knows who lives here. But yet we enter in, drawn like flies to strobe lights and loud music. I pass by the kitchen table or as others would say the beer bong table. I watch as the players seem to make up the rules as they go. A familiar face approaches me and tells me an unfamiliar name.

"Hi, I'm Rodger Clemons. I think we were in the same psych class last semester. Jasper isn't it?"

"Yeah, yeah. And you're dating Sophia right."

We strike up conversation that lasts a good while. He tells me about his new sports car his parents bought him and how he switched hair products. Unfortunately for me my only small talk includes the weather and according to Rodger, that isn't very important. He then tells me about his favorite rapper and how he feels that the music just speaks to him. After nodding to how frustrating it is when your tailor messes up your custom made pants for twenty minutes I find myself an opening and leave Rodger Clemons.

My friends discover that the all the liquor has dried up and decide to move onto the next watering hole. I instead walk Tony home. This time he is the one slung around my shoulder. He tells me that I have 'done good' and that he loves me. I pick up a red Gatorade for him from the vending machine and I drop him off at his room and I retire for the night as well.

At breakfast my friends try recall events from last night to relive the glorious night, which has a double showing each week. When asked for my shared input of the events I say that I don't remember. I am assured by Jerry that I had a good time and asked if I plan to drink next weekend. I promise them I will drink as much as I did this time. Tony lets out a snicker, to which I raise my brow. He tells of my plan with all the details including the incident with Sleeveless Kelly.

“Wow you pissed your pants while sober.” Jerry exclaims. “That is the dumbest thing I’ve ever heard!”