



A Short Story

Halloween can be scarring. From haunted houses to the horror of discovering you've accidentally agreed to a completely unfair candy trade, no matter how wholesome your plan...peril awaits.

The year was 2014, and I decided to embrace my doppelganger and skip off to the bars in my Keds as Taylor Swift. I have to say, my execution was pretty spot on. I had bangs cut and wore the exact same outfit as Ms. Swift in "22" complete with heart shaped sunglasses and high-waisted shorts and from the moment I stepped in the bar I was Taylor.

I chugged Arizona Iced Tea in the car that must've been 100 ounces. The instant I stepped into the bar I had to pee. As I flew into the bathroom and swung into a stall I reached behind me to unzip the tiny zipper on my high-waisted shorts. But it wouldn't unzip.

Now, I should pause to tell you a little bit about these shorts. I got them in France ****tear**** and they were n-i-c-e. They fit me like a glove and were structured. There was no casual slipping the crotch to side to allow for bladder relief. I prayed that maybe it was my angle, after all, unzipping something behind your back is a tricky angle. Just reaching your lower back is almost geometrically impossible, let alone unzipping something! So I was only slightly panicked when I stepped outside the stall and shamelessly asked my friend Christine to unzip them.

But she couldn't. Christine saw the look of sheer panic in my eyes and we hurriedly walked outside and to ask her friends in the bar (whom I didn't know) to give it a try. No one could get them. As the night progressed and the strain on my bladder got more and more pronounced, I entered a new-found stage of desperation. Searching for the largest biceps to release me from the clenches of this devil zipper. But no one could tear this quality French clothing. So, in a place where drinks were flowing freely I dared not put another drop of liquid in my body in fear that I might explode.

Christine and I were working it that night. It might have been because people actually thought I was T. Swift, or that they simply felt bad for the lone minion I was with (they travel in groups right?) but we got offered more free drinks that night than the whole summer combined. Thanks, to the straitjacket surrounding my hips, I was forced to decline every one.

After a few hours, Christine had become more intoxicated and reluctant to make the 40-minute drive home. But with the potential shame of wetting my pants in the middle of a bar I dragged her out and ignored several requests to stop for drunk food on the way home. Finally I pulled Christine's car into her driveway and armed my intoxicated friend with a pair of razor sharp scissors and desperately cried for her to cut the shorts free. Christine, did her drunk-careful best and skillfully released me from my brocade bonds. I waddled to her bathroom, praying that I could hold it for a few more feet. And I peed. I peed so long Christine was able to craft herself a quesadilla, take a shower, and tuck herself in before I pulled myself away from the bathroom. I sprinted home, pants-less but finally free.