

My Life is a Pee Marathon

I have never been more confident about something in my life as I am about this.

When people have to pee they run like the wind. I swear to god, no one runs faster than a person about to wet their pants. The pee-pee dance is a myth. Holding that shit in is like running a marathon, and you can't change my mind about it. I would bet anyone a million dollars that if you put the same person in the scenario of being chased by wolves, running after being held at gunpoint, or running from a hurricane, they would still run slower than if they had to pee. You must think I'm crazy, but I would bet my life on it.

See the thing is, you probably don't believe me because you've probably never noticed the sheer velocity people have when they get the urge to tinkle. It's a normal occurrence and not many ever get to the point where they have to pee like there's no tomorrow. Usually, it's wake up and pee, eat some breakfast, get dressed, brush your teeth, and be off for the day. However, let's say you had like 2 gallons of water before going to bed and when you wake up in the morning and you are with a guy you really, really like, you don't want to have to wake him up so that you can leave, even though you have to pee really badly. So, you cuddle and try to make the feeling go away. When he slowly starts to wake up and he holds and kisses you and you just don't want the fairy tale to end, so you go along with it. He reaches inside of you and does all the things you like and it feels amazing. But goddammit, you need to pee so fucking bad and that's all you can think about. Let's be real, you don't want to pee on this man or his bed, so you get up and sprint as fast as you fucking can, because if you don't you will pee and he will see. You run. You run like the motherfucking wind, bro. You got this. The finish line is near. I'm cheering for you. The wolves are cheering for you. The man with the gun drops it, just to clap for you. The waves stop to watch you run as fast as the speed of sound. You make it. You successfully reach the toilet and pee and you have never felt a bigger relief in your life. Better than an orgasm. The crowd goes wild. You did it. You fucking did it. Let's go!

Anyways back to my point. It doesn't matter if your life is at stake. When you have to pee it is more pressing than if your life depended on it. That's because mortifying embarrassment is the worst possible feeling in the world and honestly, the fact that it is, is stupid. Everyone embarrasses themselves hundreds of times in their life. I know I have.

SO that was a lot to take in. I realize. That was a lot of information for one person to have to hear all at once. But what do you think? Did I change your mind? Do you think someone would run faster to avoid an embarrassing experience over a life-threatening one?

You see this is a debate that I used to struggle with as a kid without even realizing. I have my own experiences with the pee marathon, but I want to tell you about a couple in particular. I have learned so much from the need to pee, which sounds weird, but it taught me a really important life lesson.

I know that it is unreasonable for someone to just happen to drink 2 gallons of water at night and be in a scenario like this, but i wanted to raise the stakes so that you can understand what i have been like my entire life. My life is a constant battle of always having to pee and I'll tell you why.

So just like every little kid I had to be potty trained, I would sleep in diapers and wet the bed when I was a baby. Then my parents started to teach me about the toilet when I was a toddler, and I was fairly good at using it. I would go to the bathroom various times throughout the day, but I also would go to the bathroom all over the house. They didn't really understand what was going on, since I was good at using the potty. I just couldn't make it in time. From ages three to eight, I struggled with this. I didn't have a lot of friends because I was so scared of them seeing me wet my pants. I wet the bed every night and would have accidents throughout the day.

My parents even sought medical help for me.

That's when I found out I had what's called "urinary incontinence." It's something that happens to a lot of older people when they start to weaken and slow down. I'm sure you know that most elderly people tend to start wearing diapers when they are older. Just in case. I was different though. I was 8 years old and fully potty trained. I was a smart kid too. I tried so hard to make it to the bathroom. I even went multiple times a day when I didn't even have to. The doctors hadn't seen someone like me before, and they couldn't really figure out what to do. Like, I couldn't hold my pee at all. The older I got the worse it got too. It was almost like I was an 80-year-old trapped in an 8-year-old's body.

I had to start wearing diapers all the time. The minute I thought about the bathroom or having to pee, I just would. I was worse than an 80-year-old. I couldn't hold it in at all,

whatsoever. No matter how hard I tried.

Do you know how frustrating that is?

At age 10, my mom started homeschooling me. There was no way I could go to school anymore when I was wetting myself all of the time. She would rarely take me out on trips to the grocery store, or the park, or anywhere else. One time, however, when she did risk a trip out of the house with me, we went for a walk in the park in the spring. It was a beautiful day and the sun on my face felt good after being in the house for so long. I was skipping along the lake when suddenly I could feel it coming. The pee marathon was about to start.

“OH MY GOD”

“NO, NO, NO!”

My mom knew what was about to happen.

“Damit Sophie!” “God fucking dammit!”

She cussed a lot especially when I was having a situation. I knew she was mad. I should have gone to the bathroom when we got there and not just at home before we left. It was so hard to remember to pee so many times throughout the day. Anyway, I couldn’t take her looking at me like that and I thought I could make it to the start of the lake trail next to the playground, so I ran. I was determined to win the race this time. I had already failed so many times in my life at this stupid marathon, and I was only 10. I ran as fast as my little legs could carry me, like the world depended on it or something. I don’t know. All I do know is that I could see the bathroom in the distance, and I was going for the gold medal at the god-damn fucking Olympics. Long strides ahead. I could do it because I believed in myself. I wanted to best this thing because even though I was only ten at that time, this issue had consumed my entire life. It wasn’t really a disability compared to other things like tourettes or down syndrome, but it still caused me a lot of trouble.

SO, I RAN. Then everything went black.

COLD!

I jumped up and to my surprise I was in the stupid, disgusting and muddy lake. My mom was running over. She saw what had happened and I could see how worried her face looked. I lost. Again. I climbed up out of the lake and laid on the concrete path out of pure exhaustion. At least I didn’t have to pee anymore. I remember starting to laugh uncontrollably.

My mother must have thought I was crazy. I mean what do you do with a kid who has the vagina of an 80-year-old who is going to ride the struggle bus for the rest of her life. The thing is she really couldn't help. No one could. The doctors had never seen a kid as young as me have incontinence. I was still laughing. I couldn't remember what had happened. All I know is, I would have wet myself either way, but this way I ended up in a lake; and lakes are already wet. The laughter turned into sobbing and my mother decided to call 911 since I had passed out. She later told me that I was running and running and then I started to zig-zag and wobble until I just fell over and hit the ground. I rolled off the hill and splashed into the lake. She was so worried. I had some bruises on my legs and one on my head, but luckily nothing was broken. I was just extremely dehydrated, since I didn't want to pee as much. At the hospital, the doctor pumped me full of liquid and I went to the bathroom every five seconds. It was a rough day. A story for the books though.

At age 14, I convinced my mom that I could go to high school. I was so bored of homeschooling and only ever being around my mom. I wanted to make friends, I wanted to play sports, and I wanted a high school experience. After all the movies I had watched at home in the previous few years of my life, I thought I knew what to expect. I definitely knew I was going to be an outsider, since everyone else probably knew one another, so I was determined to fit in. I watched YouTube and TikTok learn how to do my hair and makeup and I went shopping with my mom for new clothing. She wanted me to succeed as well, so she was all for it.

On the very first day, I woke up 3 hours early to curl my hair, do my makeup and pick out the perfect outfit. I was extremely nervous to meet people and navigate my way through a huge public school of two thousand students. I was excited too though. After I finished getting ready that morning and ate my breakfast, my mom drove me to school. I had three extra pairs of underwear because I could never be too careful.

I was ready.

I was determined.

I was fucking confident.

I walked across the parking lot thinking about the beginning of my new chapter. I was ready to embrace all of it. I had big plans to join a sports team, get a boyfriend, and participate in

any and all the extracurriculars that I possibly could.

I opened the door with the biggest smile on my face. Then I wet my pants out of excitement.

“FUCK!!!”

“Are you ok”

SHIT, he saw me.

I turned around, praying that my mom was still in the parking lot. I spotted her and I ran.

Shit, shit, shit. I can't be late on my first day. Goddammit.

HONK, HONK, HONK

The car slammed on its brakes, but still knocked me to the ground.

“OUCH”

My mom saw it and came running to me once again. I sat up and I could hear the bell ring. God fucking dammit why does bad shit always happen to me. I stood up and told the driver I was fine. He had luckily stopped enough not to hurt me too badly. My mom was worried, but I ended up just going to the nurse's office to find out everything was fine. My heart hadn't stopped beating a mile a minute, though. I could have died, and it scared me shitless. That was the second time pee had put my life at stake.

I walked into honors English a good half an hour late.

There he was sitting towards the back, surrounded by a bunch of kids who I guessed were probably considered cool. Everyone stared at me. Apparently, freshmen aren't late to class on the first day of honors English.

I slowly walked in. God, why was everyone fucking staring at me? Was there something on my face? Did everyone know what happened? Was it just because I was late? Attention. I realized I hated it. I sat down in the back left corner trying not to draw any more attention to myself. I could tell my teacher already hated me.

I glanced to my right, and he was looking back at me. We locked eyes and I didn't look away. I wonder if he knew what had happened to me. I wonder if he saw anything. He didn't look away either. Don't people usually try to avoid being caught looking at each other? I wasn't losing this staring contest. I don't like losing.

"What's your name?' The teacher called.

"Sophia Wilks, but please call me Sophie."

He was still staring. I wanted to know his name. I wanted to know if he saw. I wanted to know if he was going to tell everyone.

I remember anxiety consuming my soul.

"Hey!" I heard him calling after class.

"hi." I could barely make out the two letter word.

"I'm Greg."

Greg. I liked that name. It was so kind.

"I'm sorry about earlier."

"I just wanted to make sure you're ok."

I wasn't ok. I had wet my pants on the very first day of school and then gotten flattened by a Toyota. In no world was I ok. What was worse though was that Greg was probably the most attractive man I had ever seen in my sheltered life. I just wish someone else would have seen me because there's no way this popular kid was bound to keep my secret.

I remember manifesting that Greg hadn't seen what had happened earlier. Not the part where I got bulldozed, but the part before that ya know.

The thing is though, Greg did see everything that had happened to me. He saw the piss accident and he thought it was extremely funny but didn't dislike me. He didn't care about my little problem and he wasn't going to tell anyone about it.

"Friends keep other friend's secrets as long as they ask them too. That's what builds trust."

I'll never forget when he said that to me. I think that's when I fell in love with him. This beautiful boy made my heart pound because of the kindness he oozed.

He and I became friends, and he was the first person I ever confided in besides my mom. It was different though because he never acted like I was a burden. He was always so patient.

When we started dating I was always so nervous about my condition. What if it happened in front of his parents or friends. What if it happened on a date or in his bed. I was so anxious all the time and at first he didn't realize. Slowly though when he started to get to know me more and

more I started to calm more and more. I think the moment I finally let go of the fear of embarrassment was about two months in of dating him.

We were in english class ready to start an in class essay. There was only an hour of time to write so I knew I needed all the time I could get. Writing fast was always a struggle for me. It was hard to stay focused on something so intense. At this point Greg and I sat together in the back corner and laughed our way through the class. Our teacher hated how distracting we could be to each other and the rest of the class. I peed a couple times before class time and was ready to write. I sat down and read the prompt and it was go time.

Line after line after line. I was racing, but this time it wasn't a pee marathon. It was a normal one in high school. I was doing something normal. I was going to finish on time. Until disaster struck.

About 20 minutes in the kid who sat on the other side of me took a sip of water and then accidentally dropped his water bottle. It spilled on the floor next to me.

FUCKING HELL. Seeing the water was a fucking trigger like cocaine is for a drug addict.

I knew I wouldn't be able to hold it in so I didn't even try. I just let go. Finally. I mean what was I going to do get up and run straight out of class just to cause another scene. My teacher would think I was running away from the essay and all eyes would be on me either way.

I was finished with the marathon of my life. I gave up. I quit. I was over this fucking sport. Burnt the hell out.

Greg looked over and saw what happened. He handed me his jacket calmly. I pushed it away. Instead I stood up and slowly walked out the door. I could hear kids laughing, it was funny. I went to my locker and got a new pair of pants, changed, and walked back in the room. Only half done with my essay and five minutes left to write.

"Sir. I was wondering if I could have an extra fifteen minutes after everyone else." I spoke in from of everyone.

"Why should you. You chose to leave in the middle."

"I have a condition called incontinence. I try not to let it affect my school, but it's where I can't control my bladder ever."

Everyone stared. I let them.

What I realized after that was that was that no one really cared about my problem. I made friends and told them about it and it made my life so much easier. They were always down to help, and they never judged me. Don't get me wrong, I have an endless number of funny stories starting with the lake story, but as long as you can laugh at yourself, it's okay. No one really focuses on other people that much. I see so many people do weird shit and regret it and regret it for so long. Embarrassment is one of the worst feelings someone ever feels, but it is also so important to do stupid shit and make mistakes. I have been running a pee marathon my whole fucking life and I will continue to do so for the rest of it, and that's ok. As long as I don't choose to avoid embarrassment anymore, my life isn't in danger, and I will be happier. Now that I have accepted this "gift" I've been alright. It's a part of who I am and that's what I was trying to avoid before. Without life being a constant pee marathon I have no idea what would keep me on my toes and keep my life interesting. Because with it, I have tons of great stories, great life experiences, and honestly a much more entertaining and interesting life than most people. I'm "special" and "different" I've finally decided that's a good thing rather than something that makes me a loser. I will make friends and succeed. I can't let this one little disadvantage consume my life. I won't let it. I will continue to run my pee marathon, but I know it's okay to fail sometimes because it's not the end of the world. I'll just take life one pee break at a time. So should you.