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A WEBSITE SERVING AS AN ARCHIVE OF MY  
DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



BY RAY MANGINA

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## Tubguy (Part II)

(CONTINUED FROM PART I)

My tired mind didn't even think about picking up the lost turd and dropping it in the toilet, no, I was going to have to force this brick down the drain manually....

I was surprised by how different it felt from what I imagined. It broke apart and mushed together into a shit pancake and water started filling the tub. I dropped to my knees and without thinking (as to not psych myself out) I started forcing it little by little down the drain with my fingers. This was gross, one of the grosser things I've done in my life, but I had a mission to complete, no backing out now. I soldiered forth and after 3 or 4 excruciating minutes it was done and time to clean my hands. I soaped the shit out of them, scratching the bar of soap to get it under my finger nails, rinsing and repeating but the stench wasn't going away. It was at that point I realized I was standing in a bathroom full of mist, shit mist. Everything was going to smell like shit; me, the bathroom, my clothes, and there was no waiting this one out. I turned the faucet off, jumped out of the tub, dried off, and threw clothes on as quickly as I could. I walked out of that bathroom embarrassed for myself. I would never be the same.

Oh, P.S. My fingers smelt like shit for like 2 days.

## Tubguy (Part I)

After seeing Megadeth and Slayer two nights in a row in two cities, my best friend and I decided against the 3 hour drive home and opted to drive around for a bit until we found a cheap place to stay for the night.

After 15 mins of driving down random streets, we found a dilapidated motel that looked like the kind of place you'd expect at least one door to be covered in fresh police tape. We each paid \$44 and made our way to the room. It had everything you could ever want in a cheap motel: two beds that I assume were more semen than actual bed, a TV that was at least twice as old as me, and a small dirty bathroom.

After my friend got out of the shower he informed me the toilet wasn't flushing. This was problematic because I needed to take a dump, but was too tired to bother asking for a new room. No worries, I had a plan.

I hopped in the tub, cleaned myself off, squatted, and prepared myself for an exciting new experience. I pushed and pushed until after about 5 minutes a chunk of what was comparable to carbonite slammed down into the tub. It looked so out of place, kind of like a lost child wandering around Wal-Mart. I then came to the horrifying realization that the drain was one of those old tiny ones with the three little grate things to keep stuff from falling down it...

[CLICK HERE FOR PART II.](#)

## About Author

### Ray Mangina

Just awful.

#### Why is the website called [bytestories.com](https://bytestories.com)?

This is a place for "byte-sized" stories and there is a 1500 character (about 250 words) limit for two main reasons. Firstly, we want you to know that "War and Peace" isn't required to leave your mark. Secondly, it takes about 2 minutes to read each story meaning you can head here whenever you want a quick (and entertaining) read.

If you would like to share a story or create your own eBook, simply head to [bytestories.com](https://bytestories.com), Register an account and click on the "Share a Story" button.