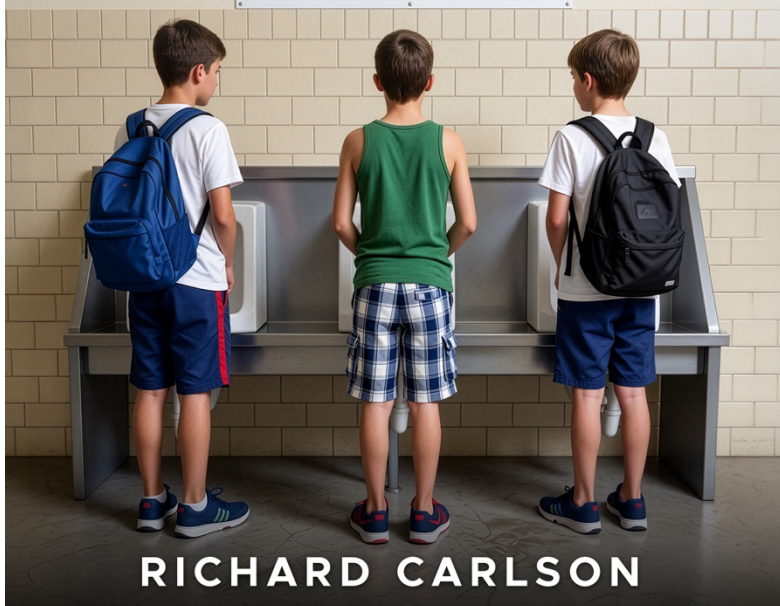


MY FIRST TIME USING A URINAL

A JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL STORY

BOYS RESTROOM - KEEP CLEAN



RICHARD CARLSON

My First Time Using a Urinal: A Junior High School Story

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About the story: Eddie, a twelve-year-old, pubescent and shy seventh-grader, attempted to use a trough urinal for the first time in junior high school. What happened? A fictitious story taking place in the southwestern desert of Tucson, Arizona, USA, in September of 1983.

About the author: Richard Carlson is an author of children's and coming-of-age books. He is a highly sensitive person, or HSP. You can learn more about him at

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Eddie had to urinate after eating lunch. He was a shy twelve-year-old in seventh grade in September of 1983.

All through kindergarten and up to the seventh grade, Eddie had never once used the boys' restroom at school because he was shy. But today his bladder was about to burst like a firehose shooting out one million gallons of water a second.

Leaving his friends, Matty and Liam, he walked to the boys' restroom near the cafeteria. Eddie had never

even been in a restroom at school. He walked in and saw the trough urinal, which was one long urinal along a wall for several boys to use at once, with no privacy. The stalls were occupied.

Eddie was aghast. There were no dividers like he had seen at the mall when he went to the restroom to wash his hands.

Eddie had to pee badly. Standing in between two boys who were using the urinal, he carefully unzipped his

new shorts and pulled out his penis, exposing it to the others.

Eddie was about to relieve himself, when he got a full erection, making his penis very hard.

He glanced at the other boys' penises; neither were erect. The other boys were peeing.

Eddie stood there, holding his erect penis, trying to pee, but he couldn't.

Embarrassed, he tucked his penis back into his shorts and closed

the zipper. His erection was causing his shorts to tent outward, revealing to others that he had an erection.

Embarrassed, he washed his hands and walked out, hoping for his erection to go away.

Glancing down at his groin, he realized that it would be obvious to people around him that he had an erection. Eddie sat on a bench and inconspicuously adjusted his shorts to hide it.

Finally, his erection went away, just as the bell rang. He went to his

locker to get his Beginning Art class book and binder.

In art class, he couldn't figure out what to draw, so he drew the other boys and him at the urinal, with their backs facing the viewer. The teacher, Mrs. Rodriguez, walked by and praised Eddie.

“You draw exceptionally well,” she said. “What made you want to draw boys using a urinal?” she asked. “It’s done exceptionally well.”

“That’s me in the middle. It’s something—well, something that I’d

like to keep to myself,” he said, being truthful.

As soon as Eddie got home, he launched his backpack like an anti-tank TOW missile launch on the kitchen counter. Then he raced to the bathroom like he was a racecar.

Closing and locking the door behind him, he unzipped his shorts and pulled out his penis—and had another erection.

He tried to relieve himself, but couldn’t, so he just tried to calm

down. Eventually, his penis became flaccid.

Eddie was finally able to urinate. He took a big sigh, finally relieved of his urine.

That night, Eddie told his mom about the shorts he had been wearing.

“Mom, these shorts don’t fit me right,” he said. “I’d like to donate them.”

“All right. Please put them in the grey bag near the washing machine

with the rest of our donations,” she said, making him feel better about people not seeing him walking around with a full erection.

Eddie was careful of the shorts and pants his parents bought for him, only getting those that wouldn't easily reveal his erections.

He carefully finished his urinal drawing. It was remarkable. Eddie was proud of his drawing.

Later that year, Eddie's drawing won first place in an art contest at school. Eddie won a twenty-five-

dollar gift certificate to a restaurant that his family and he liked to eat at.

Eddie then entered his drawing in a national art contest and won first place in his category; he won a one-hundred-dollar U.S. savings bond and got to visit the White House and meet the president.

Eddie didn't use the boys' restroom for the rest of junior high and all through high school. In college, he decided to try again. He knew that, if he had to use a

restroom, he should, instead of being uncomfortable all day.

Eddie was happy to use the urinal and toilet in college. He got over most of his shyness. Once, Eddie had an erection while using the urinal. He stood at the urinal holding his penis until his erection went away, and then he was able to urinate. Sometimes, that just happened. Now he was comfortable about it when he was at college or some other place.