

## Answering to the TVPC by Tiffany Kate

It's one of those days. Near the end of the semester and one exam down and another in a few minutes. I'm dying for a smoke. I've got time, I head to the rear of the building and head downstairs to the basement. This girls room has lousy ventilation and hardly gets used due to the odor. I pop into the farthest stall and pull a cigarette and a lighter from my purse. I've only got a few minutes to get a few drags and then off to class before the bell, but God, I need this.

Suddenly, I hear someone coming down the row pushing open the stall doors. I quick drop the cigarette into the john and flush it as the door flies open.

"Aha!" says Mrs. White, the assistant principal. "Trying to dispose of the evidence!" My goose is cooked, I know. She's writing something out. "Well child, you'll pay for this infraction. We'll see you after school." She hands me the form she's been filling out and shouts "Now get on to class."

As I hurry to class, I glance at what she's given me. "An Order to Report to the Toilet Violations Punishment Committee," it says, with today's date and 3:05 PM. That's five minutes after school lets out. I stuff it in my pocket and rush into chemistry as the bell rings. I hurry to my desk and face the immediate problem of the exam.

Usually, my last class drags waiting for the bell, but today I dread it, and it hurries right along. I head to the lecture hall listed as the TVPC meeting place. I had my summons to the person at the door who directs me to a row of chairs on one side of the room. I sit down and am soon joined by other girls. We are all quiet.

The Vice Principal, Mr. Brown walks in with the other members of the committee. The rest of the seats are taken up with various faculty members and a handful of students (witnesses? gawkers?). Mr. Brown bangs a gavel and says, "This afternoon's session of the TVPC will come to order, the first case..."

A girl is called up from our group. Her crime is not flushing after using the toilet. A stern message from Mr. Brown and this is not her first offense. She gets to write "I will flush the toilet after I use it" along with detention. I guess that's not too bad. I hope I do as well, but I have no clue.

"Ms. Tiffany Green," Mr. Brown calls and waits as I move to stand to face him. "You are charged with smoking in the girl's room today and flushing the cigarette down the toilet to cover your crime. How do you plead?"

I figure this is time to be on my best behavior, I don't know what kind of punishments are possible, but I don't want to make things worse. "Guilty, Sir. I'm sorry for what I did, and I will make sure it never happens again."

"That's a good attitude. I see this is your first offense as well, but smoking is a very serious one. I'm fairly sure this isn't the first time you committed it, just the first time you were caught, no? Also, it is an offense to flush anything other than your body waste and toilet paper, so you're flushing the cigarette is also punishable." He pauses, to think. "OK...I'm not going to issue a separate punishment for the second one. You will spend two weeks on Toilet Suspension for the first."

I stood there shocked. I wasn't sure what "Toilet Suspension" was, but it didn't sound like something I was going to like. "Hold out your right arm," Ms. White, now standing beside me says. I do, and she snaps an orange plastic band around my wrist. It's like a hospital ID bracelet, not designed to come off without being cut. "This is, so people will know that you are on suspension, your name will also be published in the daily bulletin. In case you don't know, toilet suspension means that you are banned from going into the bathrooms for any reason. If you have to go, you'll have to go in your pants and stay that way the rest of the day."

I didn't know what to expect, but this was worse than I had imagined. No use of the bathroom for two weeks? Going in my pants? I got weak in the knees. "You're dismissed," Mr. Brown announced, and I made my way to the door.

Well, it was a fitful night's sleep. But I got ready for school this morning. No breakfast for me, not even a glass of juice, if I'm going to try to make it all day. I force myself to use the toilet right before I go. The school day is relatively uneventful until third period. I have become slowly aware that I need to pee. I fidget to try to hold it off. The bell rings, and I'm off to Chemistry. We're doing a lab, so we are standing up. I dance from leg to leg trying to hold it.

Suddenly, I can't anymore. It just starts coming, and I'm not able to stop it. I just stand there dumbfounded as the wetness spreads all over my crotch and then down my legs. Some of it starts to flow through the fabric of my pants, and I put my hand over my crotch in a vain attempt to stop it. My lab partner notices what's happening and stares at me, "What the fuck" he says and then notices the wristband, and says "Oh, you're on suspension."

Others are looking at me now, too. Mr. Black, the Chemistry teacher, comes over and looks at me and says, "Ms. Green, are you making a puddle on my floor?"

I nod, and say "I'm on toilet suspension." He tells me to get some paper towels and a sponge and clean it up. He says that in the future I should make puddles somewhere else. I'm red with humiliation and do my best not to cry as I clean up the mess. I finish as the bell rings and make my way to my next class.

I sit down and try to look inconspicuous (as best I can with obviously soaked pants). The warmth of the pee is gone, and my pants cling to my legs in clammy coldness. They have also begun to itch uncomfortably. I've got two more classes like this to muddle through.

Day two of the suspension rolls around. The pee urge comes later in the day, and I let loose during class change, moving quickly to avoid making too big of a mess in one place and to avoid people noticing. Still, by the final bell, I'm cold, wet, and itchy. I also feel like I'll have to go BM soon. But I think I'm successful

in holding it off. In the short walk from the bus, I'm not sure I'll make it. I feel it start to push out and I stop and squeeze my cheeks and feel it go back. I repeat this several times on the way home, but the last time it comes out, and I rush to the toilet to dump it before it gets too bad.

Day three. Things are going well until third period. I have a growing fullness in my bowels; I'm not going to make it I know. I do my best to concentrate and hold it back. Cramps come in waves, each one I think I'm not going to be able to endure but then it passes, and I get a minute of rest. The bell rings in the middle of one, and I stay seated until it passes. I move briskly to my next class hoping to make it to my chair before the next wave, but it is not to be.

A big one hits, and I try to hold on with all my might, but it's no use. It pushes out with force, first just pushing out against my panties until it can no further and then spreads out both up and down. I start to cry, I can't believe it, for the first time since I can remember I'm pooping in my panties. Another wave hits and more pushes out into my already loaded pants.

I make it to my class and sit down. At least, I think, it's not visible, so my shame is private. I gingerly place my rear in the chair and feel the poop spread around further. A minute later I become aware of the smell. So have others who are sniffing and making faces around me. Soon they realize the source and I start to cry a bit. I need to pee too, forgotten with the larger issue at hand, and now that's running out as well.

Class drags on, and here I am in wet, icky, pants, sitting in a pile of my own excrement. I can't believe it. I pull some tissue from my purse and wipe my eyes. As the bell rings I stand up and notice a faint brown stain where I was sitting. I give it a quick wipe with the tissue, but it dawns on me, and I look back at my rear, and sure enough, a brown stain has appeared on the outside of my khaki pants, and the wet spot on the front of the khakis is clearly visible as well. It's more than I can stand, but I've got four more classes to go in this shape before I go home.

Well, it's been a traumatic two weeks. I didn't go many days without having to wet my pants and ended up pooping three more times. I did learn to wear darker pants to hide what was going on, but still the idea of doing it in your pants and having others know what you did is something I'll never get over. It's my last day, and I show up in the office with wet jeans on and carrying a load in my panties. Ms. White takes a pair of scissors and cuts off the band. She gives a pronounced whiff and pinches her nose and tells me she hopes I've learned my lesson.