

# 2p or Not 2p ... That is the Question!

What is it about men? I mean I know all about pheromones and hormones and all that (not to mention the southerly location of some of their 'brains') but why is it that every time you see a clump of acacias in the distance and you decide you'll wander over there to 'investigate' they suddenly come over all gallant and offer to accompany you?

I mean it left me wondering about how easy it is for them. All they need to do is aim and shoot - though seeing the results of their efforts sometimes in the bathroom back home you'd think that some of them at least should be sent on a Pee-h-D course.

But we girls, on the other hand, have to endure all manner of inconveniences at our convenience. Admittedly I've never yet come cheek to cheek with a desert scorpion at the critical time - and I hope I never do - but how many of us haven't suffered thorns in our sit-upons at some time or another? Either that, or discovered burrs and sand in our knickers some time after the event.

And doesn't that wind always suddenly pick up just as you're about to settle down for a good pee. Yet how many of us

actually have the foresight to check on the wind direction before squatting down?

You know, if ever you guys wanted to do something really useful, you'd design a foldaway commode that could pack flat and fit into a handbag. Surely there's a fortune waiting to be made out there.

I suppose there are parallels with the hospital environment. I well remember my nursing days when for all its simplicity, could you ever get a male patient to pee into a bottle without a major drama? Yet get a woman to position herself over a bed pan and - yes, we did get the not-so-occasional accident - but it wasn't making a crisis out of a drama every time.

Perhaps it all goes to illustrate yet another of the Almighty's universal signs to men that we girls are a force to be reckoned with. We can cope, so why can't you?

But please, next time your feelings of chivalry or gallantry (or whatever it is that comes over you) rise to the surface, just ask yourselves whether you'd like us to reciprocate and accompany you every time you decide to disappear behind a bush.

Mind you, knowing some of my male friends, that's probably a stupid question. Forget it guys. The offer's off!

contributed by  
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