

Literally Choose Your Own Adventure

by Bill Cobb

You enter the lobby of the office building tentatively at first - you're a little nervous about this interview, after all - but you recall how spectacular and professional you dressed that morning. Plus you read through the company's LinkedIn profile at least five times last night and once again this morning before leaving. With a bit more swagger in your step you cross the room and find an open seat among the other potential candidates for the job.

In your mind you start running through your interview when the guy sitting next to you starts up small talk, asking where you're from, where you work, you know, the basics. Your chat gets a little more familiar and soon you start swapping college stories. He tells this one that's so funny you literally pee your pants.

To literally mean literally, turn to page 64. To not really mean literally at all, turn to page 72.

Pg. 64

Your laughter abruptly shifts to abject horror. Frantically you double over in an attempt to stop urinating all over your best business attire, but it's no use - you've literally peed all over yourself mere minutes before the most important job interview of your life. The joke-telling buffoon to your right offers no condolences, he himself now on the verge of pants-wetting laughter at your plight. Pointing and shouting a variety of "OMIGOD"s, he only draws attention to your

situation as you try to cover the sopping wet puddle forming in your dress trousers. One thought comes to mind: why oh why did I eat asparagus last night?

But it's no time to dwell - you're here for business. Seeing the HR Assistant walking back toward the glass door of the waiting lobby, you jump up and grab the latest issue of Businessweek from the coffee table and tentatively hold it covering your pee-soaked privates. You meet her at the door and plead with her to reschedule, explaining that you suffer from hypercalcaemia and thus are prone to frequent urination. The HR Assistant, well trained to offer sympathy for all medical conditions, asks no further questions and agrees to reschedule the interview. Your story works.

Still slightly miserable but joyed that you were able to pass off such a fib, and thankful for Aunt Margaret's continuous incontinence to provide you with the knowledge of such a condition, you drive home. You're brought back to interview later that week and, both impressed with your professionalism and possibly sympathetic to your bogus bladder bug, you're offered the job.

Pg. 72

Oh - sorry. You meant you figuratively pee your pants. You enter the conference room to begin the interview without further incident and think it all goes rather well, but you literally said "literally" at least, like, a dozen times in that interview. You won't be called back.

