

# I Dreamed of Chad

By Curtis Jerry Smothers



Last night I dreamed I was standing in the men's room queue at Coors Field during a Colorado Rockies baseball game. The line spilled out the door and onto the third level food concession area. I really had to go after quaffing down that eight-dollar plastic cup of Coors Light, but the line was moving briskly enough to where I actually didn't wet myself. (Bladder control, even in dreams, is a good thing.)

I remember thinking, *This ain't right! It's usually the women who have to wait forever to get into their limited lady stalls. The world has turned upside-down here!* I must have said that out loud, because this little guy, who was about the height and thickness of a fireplug smiled and said, "I agree! But I'm still not going to the ladies' room, even if they pass a law against me."

"Who are you?" I asked.

“My name is Chad Bono. You might remember me on Dancing With the Stars. I was pretty good.”

“Wait,” I said, “I think I remember you as that little blond toddler, Chastity Bono, on the Sonny and Cher Show way back in the 70s.”

Chad blushed. “Well, yes. But I was a little boy trapped in a girl’s body. All that has changed. I’m a complete, happy person now.”

“Great to hear. How’s your mom?” I inquired politely.

“Oh, she has issues with aging. Last I heard was that she intended to get face lifts until her ears touch.”

I let that subject drop. We edged through the door. The line seemed to slow down a bit. There was a group of older guys standing at the urinal. Having the old benign hypertrophic prostate gland myself, I know how hard it is to pee, especially when the force of beer in the bladder is pinched off at the ureter by the aforementioned gland. The former stream is more of a dribble now. Gone are the days when I could drill a hole in the porcelain.

Anyway, Chad seemed to be a friendly guy. So I took a chance with some prying questions:

“So, Chad. You know I don’t mind sharing the men’s room with you, but I’m guessing you still have your, uh, original plumbing.”

“Yeah,” Chad replied, “I still have to sit. Urinals don’t do it for me.”

“Well,” I observed, “this men’s room seems to be more oriented towards the three-legged approach to peeing. There’s only three stalls for sitting down, and one of them is for handicapped.”

Chad’s lips pressed together and both eyes squinted in what I took to be a flash of anger. “Yeah, we need to fix that.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“There needs to be more stalls in men’s rooms for transgenders. It’s discrimination.”

“Oh,” Then it occurred to me, “What about urinals in the ladies’ rooms for transgenders who still have male genitalia?”

“I’m also working on that.”

“Working on that? How?” I asked.

“I’m spearheading a class action suit on behalf of transgenders everywhere. With the help of the ACLU, I’m suing Major League Baseball to provide better accommodations for transgendered people.”

So I took that to mean more stalls in the men’s rooms and urinals in the ladies’ room.

To which she responded, “Yes. And don’t forget feminine hygiene necessities in men’s rooms for...”

“I get it, I get it!” I stopped her. “Well, nice talking to you. You’re a good dancer, and I hope to see more of you on television. Best of luck with your, uh, crusade.”

“Thanks!” Chad smiled. “I’m waiting for the next stall.”

A guy in a wheel chair departed the handicapped stall at the end. Chad made a move for it, but was cut off by another older guy being pushed in a wheel chair by a rough looking woman, who glared at Chad and pushed the old gentlemen to the front of Chad into the newly vacated handicapped stall.

“Damn it!” growled Chad, “I hate those pushy handicapped people.”