

It was a total failure. I couldn't see a thing, couldn't find a fucking door, and I started to freak out. In my drunken desperation, I hit upon what seemed to me a rather genius idea.

I picked up my used sock from the floor, held it open and shat into it. I then flung the very offensive item out of the window.

When I woke up the next morning, drunk and confused, I could immediately smell that something had gone horribly wrong. Imagine my complete and utter horror as I gradually became aware that the walls and ceiling were spattered in shit. I then saw a brown smear down the window - and the soiled sock in a heap on the carpet below.

Not only had I failed to open the window before trying to throw the sock away, but I had evidently also held the wrong end of it as I flung it across the room.

Do not come in for a coffee

Sarah

A couple of years ago, I went on a first date with a guy I met online. We went out to dinner and were having a really lovely time together.

Halfway through the meal, just as I was beginning to think this could really go somewhere, I started to feel a bit unwell.

I stilled it out for a while, and was able to carry on with the dinner for as long as I could. But before the desserts arrived, my stomach was already making weird noises and I couldn't hide it anymore.

I didn't want him to think I was doing a runner, but I absolutely had to get out of there at once. He could see that I was genuinely feeling under the weather, and like a