

“The plumbings out again!” Is a phrase a group of three college students living in an old rental home was used to hearing on a near-daily basis.

The plumbing was terrible, and the pipes that ran through the house were ancient. When the group of boys called a plumber to the house for an inspection, he urged them to repipe the entire home. That was an issue their landlord decided not to fix due to the high expense and left the trio to fend for themselves.

“Alright, I got it!” Mark called back, getting off their couch to find one of their many handy plungers. The plumber told the group the plunger would only temporarily solve their clogged pipes. To stop the constant blockage, the entire system needed to be replaced.

“Ew, man, this smells disgusting!” Mark said, plugging his shirt over his nose to avoid the rotten scent wafting from the toilet.

“I’m sorry, dude, I really tried not to use too much toilet paper, but I couldn’t help it,” Mark’s roommate Kevin said sheepishly from the doorway, observing John plunge the accidentally clogged toilet. Zach, the third roommate, stood behind Kevin, secretly hoping this would not cause them to have to repipe the whole house.

The roommates knew a plunger was a band-aid to their piping dilemma. It would only get worse over time and eventually would have to be repaired. They had tested every possible solution they could think of, from plunging to pouring chemical solutions into the drains and even trying to force long wires into the pipes to try and fish out large pieces of blockage to clear up the lines. None of it worked, and the boys only grew more and more frustrated.

“Well, that worked for now. We really need to get that plumber back here and see if he can drain some of these pipes,” Mark sighed, placing the plunger in its rightful place next to the toilet.

The plumbing had become so bad their friends were nervous about coming to the house. They claimed if they needed to use their restrooms, they did not want to be the ones who finally set the plumbing over the edge and caused it to be beyond repair. The roommates feared that for themselves as well. At any moment, whoever used the restroom next would be the one to cause irreparable damage to the home. The never-ending game of Russian Roulette with their toilet was a game none of the roommates enjoyed playing.

Until one day, Mark researched methods of using less toilet paper and how biodegradable toilet paper impacted plumbing. On a list of alternatives, he found an affordable solution: a bidet.

The roommates spent an entire afternoon trying to set up their new toilet accessory. Each of them had high expectations; this would not cause any further damage to their already run-down home. They wanted to gladly have friends over without fear their home would try to internally destroy itself.

Just as they hoped, the house had not experienced any further complications. The roommates were so excited they celebrated having their friends over for the first time without any worry. The days of embarrassingly asking guests to use sparing amounts of toilet paper were gone. Their once beloved plungers had not been touched, and the plumber, once on speed dial, had not been called.