Like most little kids, I wasn't allowed to shower completely by myself until I was older. I also liked playing with toys in the shower; they were usually just little cups or other things I could fill with water and pour out. My parents had gotten used to me wanting to hand them random toys while I was in the shower, so they would just reach down and take what I was giving them without thinking and then pretend to be impressed. So, one day my mom told me I needed to shower. She brings me to her bathroom, turns the shower on, and throws a few random toys in there. I get in the shower, and like usual, I just hang out and play with the cups for a while. Eventually, I realize I need to use the bathroom, and not number one, so because I'm just a stupid little five-year-old, I go right in the shower. Then, my stupid little five-year-old brain makes a grand realization, my own poop would make a great toy and an impressive one at that. My next thought is, I bet my mom would find this really cool. So, tiny Max is sitting in the shower with not a massive, but significant shit in his hand. Then suddenly, my mom heard me call from the shower, "Mom come look at this," so she got up and walked over to the shower like she had done a hundred times before. She bends down, sticks her hand out, and lets me give her whatever "toy" I thought she needed to see. It isn't until she fully grabs the poop from my hand that she realizes what she is holding. She suddenly recoils, drops the shit, and runs to the sink in her bathroom. Meanwhile, I had no idea what was happening; in my mind, I had just shown my mom a really cool toy, and for some reason, she didn't like it as much as me.