I accidentally peed on my own grave

Hi. My name is John...John Spenser. One day I was driving along in rural Vermont, and I had to pee really badly. I drove a while further, but there was no sign of a gas station or a restaurant. I had to pee so badly by now that I was desperate.

I pulled over, and it happened to be right by an old New England cemetery. I walked a short way into the cemetery, and began to relieve myself. I tried to be really careful not to pee directly on top of any of the graves, but then I realized that I was peeing right on top of a corpse. When I read the headstone, it was my own name: John Spenser.

Instantly my sphincter closed up like a steel trap, and I ran back to the car without even zipping up, and drove away as fast as I could. When my sphincter finally relaxed I just peed in my pants while driving, and boy was I relieved!

When I got back to the motel I cleaned myself up, but suddenly I realized that I had peed on myself twice that day. The first time I peed on my own corpse, then I peed on myself again in the car. I started laughing, and then fell down, I was laughing so hard. That might have made me pee on myself again, but I decided to pee on myself anyway, just for fun. You know–third one's a charm.