

Pooped My Pants Survey

Result Details

Question 02	Go ahead and share your story about your experience of pooping your pants. (Mandatory)	Answers 141 100%	Skips 0 0%
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88,621,215	with severe u c and no help from meds.. pooped many times .there is an only 20 second window from cramps to reality ..my selection now after 19 months is surgery ,,no to biologics ... any one else feel that way ? time is short and prednisone effects are devastating	Yesterday, 10:02PM
88,609,055	Unfortunately its not a rare event. I have pooped my pants while out shopping, on my way to work in the morning, while at work in meetings, on the way home in the car. I even pooped my pants recently in a taxi and made the driver stop and leave me on the side of the road in the middle of nowhere!! Its a delightful experience and only fellow UC sufferers can truly appreciate it (and laugh about it).	Yesterday, 7:49PM
88,602,475	So this happened this past weekend. I decided on a spontaneous beach trip with my sister & my nieces for the day. So we left early & decided to stop for lunch at Cracker Barrel first. Now I'm showing no UC symptoms & I ordered something very mild. Right as we were finishing up our meal I felt the urge. You know what I mean. So I got up to rush to the bathroom & the waitress came to the table. My sister tried to call me back so I could take my 3 year old niece with me, which resulted in the waitress & my sister calling out to me from across the restaurant. I darted & didn't make it.it ended up on the floor & my underwear. Soooooo embarrassing! Especially since it was a full bathroom at the time. We ended up with an emergency trip to Wal-Mart to follow.	Yesterday, 6:36PM
88,586,761	Yep. It allowed me to develop a healthy case of agoraphobia! Actually it really sucks.	Yesterday, 4:09PM
88,585,856	I was chaperoning our 6th grade on a field trip in DC not too long ago and I was checking out the fine art in the Smithsonian. Everything was going fine until I made it to the Van Gogh display. I started feeling a rumbling and then had a case of the walking "wookies". I calmly made my way to the front desk to ask where the restroom was, thanked the man, and then made a b-line for the restroom. Always, I repeat Always, locate the restroom once you walk into a new building. The "wookies" started getting worse as I walked/sprinted and then the explosion happened about 50 feet from my destination. That's when the creativity began, along with the sweats. Normally I would carry an extra set of clothes, but of course left them on the bus. At this point I finished the job and then threw my underwear away. I then had to wet some paper towels and get back into the stall and start scrubbing my pants. I stayed in the stall for several minutes trying to let things dry some also. I crept my way to a bench near the entrance and sat there for another 30 minutes giving my pants more time to dry. Once I felt confident that things were drying out I made my way to the front steps of the Art Museum overlooking the Mall and sat on the warm front steps and let my pants finish drying. I still had 5 hours of touring to go, but I was able to make it through without anyone knowing what happened. Since then I have switched my diet to completely gluten-free and have been seeing positive results from that. My GI thinks that I may have celiac's disease to add to my fun. Things have been better for the past two weeks so hopefully I can continue on this path of being "wookie free" and free from pooping in my pants.	Yesterday, 3:35PM
	<p>The first time I experienced this will live with me forever. It happened in 2010 and at the time I was on a project assignment with company working at a DOE facility. I am a coffee drinker and I have used coffee to help keep me "regular" and basically empty my bowels every morning so I can have a normal day.</p> <p>I am usually very strategic when it comes to planning out my day now, but back then, not so much. Of course I knew that when it was time, it was time, but I was also pretty confident that I would be able to avoid any embarrassing moments.</p> <p>At the time this incident took place, I happened to be stationed in a portable office. There were 3 portables in my area and 1 in the middle that was the bathroom. Now, one of the biggest annoyances about this assignment was the cleaning was never consistent when they came and when they did, they would block off the entrance, no one was allowed in, and they would take their sweet time. On this particular morning, I had incorrectly assumed that they had already come so I eagerly tipped back my large coffee. After I do this I almost immediately head to the bathroom because I know it won't be long until the engines get started and the shit machine begins.</p> <p>As I walking outside I notice that the cleaning had literally just gotten there.</p>	

I froze.

I tried not to panic and had to think quick. The training building was about 2 miles down the street... It would be cutting it close, but I was confident I could make it.

I ran into my office and grabbed my keys and hopped into car. As I was driving I began to feel the rumblings and started praying immediately. When things like this happen, we inadvertently get stuck at every red light or get behind a slow driver. My luck? A train.

Luckily it was a short one as I made my way to the training building parking lot.

The thing with this disease is you become Batman was all restrooms and locations whether it's your route to work, the building you work in, a place you are visiting, etc. You make sure you know everything about everything so you can be prepared.

88,584,378

Yesterday, 3:17PM

Well, in my rush, I didn't pay attention which parking lot I was going into. Had I gone in the correct parking lot, the bathroom would have been directly across from the front door. Sadly I had parked in the rear by the cafeteria and would have to run through the cafeteria, down the hall and around front to the bathroom. No worries though, I can make it.

No sooner had I stepped out of my car started running when I froze in the middle of the parking lot. No warning, nothing. I remember thinking to myself, "this is really happening... You are a grown man shitting yourself." There were two other people in the parking lot, but luckily they were far enough away that they wouldn't have realized what was actually going on.

I ponder my options before coming to my senses and getting back into my car. It's a very weird feeling to be a grown up, sitting in a parking lot at work and going doodie in your pants. And it was a lot!

The thing about working at a DOE facility was you had to go through an armed gate to enter and exit the facility and you could be stopped at any time for a random search.

I prayed to God and everything holy that I would not get stopped. I also thanked him for having the foresight and having me wear boxer briefs that particular day. I can't tell you how much that saved me from a very messy incident.

Luckily I made it through the gate and drove the 45 minutes back to my house propped up and holding myself up by my legs the entire drive home. I called my wife and told her I had an accident and was headed home. Didn't even bother telling anyone at work... They could all just assume I was in meeting somewhere else onsite.

That was quite the experience and there have been many more since some funny and some not so funny.

There have been some trying times since I was diagnosed and I personally believe I battled with depression for the first couple of years, but I made a decision that I was going to let this disease define me as I can look back on it now and laugh.

After all everyone poops, some just way more than others!

I was on my way back from Walgreens when the pain started to hit me, but I had to stop at the gas station. Things felt ok when I got to the gas station, so I got my gas and left. As soon as I started down the road again the cramps hit me, I thought do I turn around or do you keep going. It was just four more miles until I was home. I called the wife and told her to have the door unlocked because I was having a hard time holding back my, well you know. So the last mile was really bad the pain was getting worse. There was my house and as I turned into my drive way it all let loose, I pooped just as the car came to a stop. I got into the house and went to the bathroom shower, and striped off my pants. And that's where my wife left me standing as she laughed because it was funny watching me move in a manner she had never seen before. Which I, am sure it was quite a sight, because after I cleaned up it was funny to me also.

88,578,883

Yesterday, 2:50PM

Was grocery shopping at my local Walmart and the urge hit me like a freight train. I hurried as quickly as I could toward the nearest rest room, but it was too late. I'd had an "unfortunate incident" (that's what we call them) and it was a mess! Got hold of my husband who promptly called the store and had a sales woman come back to help me. I sent her away as family was coming with a change of clothing and wipes to help clean up. All my groceries (an entire cart full) had to be put into cold storage until I could go home, shower, change and come back to finish my shopping.

88,577,754

Yesterday, 2:49PM

I've also had unfortunate incidents in my car (several times) and since then have never traveled anywhere without my "emergencies" (a bag containing clean undies, jeans, 2 containers of personal wipes and spare large ziplock bags for soiled clothing).

Went for walk from home. Had urgent need to go. I have been known to stop car, get out, pull my pants down and go in street next to car. Not too worried if seen as I assume I will never see those people again in my life so continue as if this the acceptable way to behave. This time I was too close to home and really did not wish to be seen, no choice but to poop in my pants. Brown dribble etc. Painter at home in house, so ring hubby to take change of clothes, bowl, washcloth, towel out into garden to behind the bush. I then arrive in garden & sort myself out leaving soiled clothes outside, before breezing in as if nothing had happened. I assume he didn't notice that I was wearing totally different clothes to the ones he'd seen me leave the house in, nor did he see my husband taking aforementioned things outside. Incidentally the garden has been a real "carpet saver", as I never enter the house, without semi sorting myself out, so avoiding dribbling on the carpets.

88,558,703

Yesterday,
12:08PM

88,542,644 I am a mom of three children and the youngest at this time is a five year old boy, who thinks that the "passing gas app" on his cousin's phone is the funniest thing he has ever heard. So, the story begins as I pick up this young man from school after waiting in a long car line I quickly belt him in and drive off for home. I feel the awful storm raging in my tummy as he chats cheerfully about his day. Finally I realize I am not going to make it and pull off the road into the emergency lane. Not wanting to ruin the seat of my car I grab the floor mat and put it under me just in time as my tummy explodes. The back seat gets very quiet and all of a sudden my child says, "Mom, that was the best poot I ever heard....he waits a moment thinking a bit more and says it sounded really juicy!" I am so embarrassed, but decide to own up and just tell him mom has pooped her pants. Dear me, I should have went with the juicy poot except the smell in the car was beyond comprehension. This little boy laughed so hard I had to finally start laughing too. As we flew down the road in mommy's stink van with the windows wide open I am in the biggest mess ever. This child is consumed with and doubled over with giggles as I rush from the car to my bathroom. He is standing outside my bathroom saying, "I never knew big people did this." Then, our phone rings and he runs to answer it, I am in that bathroom praying with all my heart for that call to be my husband, but alas, it is the very jovial pastor of our church who my son dearly loves. According to pastor, my son launched into the whole embarrassing story, and ended it all with an important question. He asks conspiratorially, do you think I should tell dad on her or keep it secret?"

Yesterday,
10:24AM

88,516,670 One of my many experience's with filling my underwear happened quite recently i was staying at my dads house and usually i live alone and have full access to the toilet , so i headed to the toilet needing to go full on, now usually im not in such a rush at three o'clock in the morning but who decided they needed a pee at the same time none other than my dad so i stood there holding it..... still holding..... he pee'd for what seemed like an eternity. anyway couldn't hold it any longer..... squirt! I just stood there and at this stage in my illness im a bit more care-free so i let it be! it's a strange feeling just letting it happen when you spend so long training yourself not to poop yourself!

Yesterday, 6:39AM

88,508,613 At home (thank god) getting ready to go to bed, put the dog out, gave my daughter a hug and warned 'I'm going to fart!!! (its a regular occurrence in our house - for everyone)' let rip with what I thought was a fart - nut was not, thankfully for me I was facing my daughter so she did not see what I soon felt - yes I had pooped my pants!! I was horrified, straight in to the bathroom, showered, rinsed out my undies and track pants and went to bed. Still trying to come to grips with it.

Yesterday, 5:35AM

Now the big thing for me is that this was just in the last week and I was thinking Is this normal? do other UCers have the same problem?? And then wwhat appears in my inbox but this survey, at least I am not alone. Now I am paranoid about farting and run to the bathroom as quick as I can.

Thats my story.
E

I think this is a great theme btw, as at the time I was mortified and it really upset me which is weird because if I was watching Seth Rogen, Jonah Hill or Harrold and Kumar act this out I would have thought it was hilarious.

I had been diagnosed for about six months and at this time I'd lost about 15kg which pushed me down to about 40kg. The dietician I was seeing at the time had me on a high carb, high sugar and all white diet to try and bulk me up. At that point I was doing what I was told and as my social life was in the toilet - quite literally - my husband would take me to the platinum suite at the cinema, just for a weekend outing. I could lie down and watch a movie which was nice as it felt like we were doing something.

This day I felt quite faint so I thought a coke might pep me up a bit. I had about half of a small cup - which according to cinema sizes could still feed a small village - and about halfway through the movie I could feel the beast inside me wake up and knew it was very bloody angry. I'm not sure if anyone else understands this but in my tiny little brain I thought that if I lay flat and didn't move, perhaps it would calm down and my insides might not fly out of me the moment I stood up. I had horrible pains, tremendous gut groans and as lay there planning my escape I knew I'd be caught short trying to get to the loo.

88,472,464 I prepped my husband like I was going into battle and as the final word was spoken I moved like a stealth and glided down the stairs to the exit. Being a regular, I knew exactly where I was going and as I pushed the exit I felt the pressure was too much and there was a tiny explosion which continued like a party balloon releasing with every step I took. Thankfully as I entered the bathroom I was the first in.

Sunday, May 4th
11:23PM

I was accustomed to kind of losing it just as I arrived home. It was that thing of almost making it home and to the loo, yet somehow my body would relax as soon as I put my key in the door. So my complete and utter focus and strength of mind and body control whilst I Lamaze breathed my way through what I likened to childbirth contractions whilst driving a car home, were completely wasted as I exploded just outside the bathroom.

Being in a public place, i had my supplies. Always wet wipes and a spare pair of knickers. I had subtly undone my jeans in preparation and as I entered the cubicle and just closed the door and started to pull down my pants I actually exploded onto the floor. As I stood on tip toes balancing in two clear patches assessing the damage I then had to coordinate how the hell I could clean this and myself up to get home. With the skill of someone from Cirque Du Soleil I cleaned the floor, changed myself, sprayed perfume and got the hell out of there and home before it could happen again.

It's a horrible, horrible disease and there's nothing worse than being caught short when there's a telegram from poo-poo land but stay strong, be prepared, clean up and move on as quickly as you can. It will get better and one day you will see the funny side of it.

I was diagnosed with UC in 2003 and like most that are represented with Adam's brilliant website it was an insane ride. To put it in short I thought pooping our pants happened in the early stages of life and as we neared the end, not as a 26 year old; boy was I not only wrong but I've been deeply humbled by the many times I have pooped my pants because of this condition.

Flare-ups for me have always been a challenge because I love to be active and the chronic pain and hanging near the toilet and sooner than later my spirits love for life often pulls me away from a toilet and yep...I have pooped my pants!

At the time in question, I was living in Wisconsin and it was the dead of winter. I was living with a family of four and we had one bathroom. When you have a flare up and are limited to one bathroom you find creative ways to take care of your needs. My border collie at the time didn't really understand that my flare ups could mean short walks. She and I were getting ready for our walk that involved many layers and braving the cold. I had on long johns, a pair of heavy duty overalls, boots, layers on the core, a jacket, hat, gloves, scarf.... you get it. I guess you can say that considering the events unbeknownst to me that were going to unfold, that I had enough clothes on to keep it contained. Believe me I have gotten used to looking on the upside of the strange occurrences of UC!

We were out the door and I keep telling myself I can do it. I can be separated from the toilet for a quick 30 minute walk. The snow was amazing and the temperatures were low enough that you would grow icicles from your eyelashes and my dog and I walked on top of the snow sinking down with every step. Having lived in New Mexico for many years prior to this northern bliss, I was enthralled by the intensity of the winter there however it was very challenging for my system. As we were halfway into our walk that sense of urgency started building and the plea in my mind started rapid firing... please not now.... oh come on not now....turn around you can make it back if you are quick...

I turned around walking slower and slower. Nothing quick was happening other than the sense of urgency to go. I could feel all my sweat glands opening up and there was every sign it was unavoidable I was going to lose it all. I sat down for a minute and all the while I watched this playful border collie wonder why I was not walking. As the mind, the body and my free will are in the middle of some internal war I inch back to the house. That one toilet is so far away and I begin to accept that I am never going to make it in time. The pressure builds and builds until there is the release and the surrender: I am an adult with UC and I simply have days when I shit my pants... Now it's time to inch back and clean it up. There are some days when it is quite literally the shits and I have found that surrender moment to moment is much easier than the war. I guess the blessing of this experience was that it was well contained and all I had to do was get to the bathroom and shower in my clothes.

My adventures with UC have involved going to the bathroom in places I never would have imagined. I didn't let it get me I just got smart. I worked on my diet, carried extra clothes, toilet paper and most importantly with each flare-up have come to know... This too shall pass.

Thanks Adam for your awesome site and to all the UCers out there... Listen to your body, find your way and don't leave home without your sense of humor. There is light at the end of the tunnel and a funny story or two to share along the way. Blessed we be!

88,437,629

Saturday, May 3rd
4:21PM

OMG! I was out shopping with friends at Jersey Gardens Mall and then drove back to Brooklyn...lo and behold my bowels felt like it was going to BURST...being a great "actress" no one can tell what's going on inside me , I told my girl friends that I must get something at my sister's house which was nearby. My undergarments were already wet at this point , thank G-d not leaking...which is always a fear. I walked out of the car, and as soon as I was outta sight, I made the mad dash to my sister's bathroom , thankfully she gave me all new change of stuff . Family ...what would we do without them!

This happend two times when I stayed in my sisters basement in Brooklyn for the weekend . There is only one bathroom in that place , which is shared between three basement renters...and in the morning I have a lot of urgency ...I get up and dash for the bathroom almost every morning. Well that particular morning - I dash for the B- room only to find it locked...one of the other renters were in the shower. AHHHH! I was gonna burst. I grabbed a shopping bag and ran into the heater room, where I tried to take care of my business without making a mess or a ruckus!...I was as inconspicuous as I could be about it. I shut that door closed and I tried to get dress, so that I could bring that bag to the garbage bin outside, but the odor could not be hidden : (I tried spraying my perfume opening the tiny basement window ! Ahhh! The other renter walks out of the shower , and made a comment wondering why it smelled so bad. I played along saying "I know , this place stinks!", and as soon as she was outta site, and I was dressed , I grabbed that bag , ran it out so fast to the dumpster!!!
...she must think I'm a really smelly person :)

88,434,737

Sunday, May 4th
4:06PM

Well we were on our honeymoon so I had the stress with the build up of our wedding. I had the beginning of a flare up but just dealt with it as we have to. As with all matters concerning my UC I try not to let it stop me from doing anything.

I had been using my steroid enemas and found they were helping me get through the day without much bowel activity, until the fateful day we visited Universal Studios Florida.

I felt the urge and ran as quickly as I possibly could but didn't quite make it to the loo in time and unfortunately had a little accident moments from the loos.

That day I had worn pale grey shorts!! Not pleasant!

Fortunately I did have spare underwear (something I never leave the house without)

I don't think anyone realized what had happened, except my husband who obviously knew what was going on.

Needless to say our day at the theme park was cut short so I could go back to our room to sort myself out.

The joys of having UC!

88,381,278

Sunday, May 4th
9:10AM

Several times!! First one was before I was diagnosed. Doctors all thought I had a tropical disease as I had been in South America the summer before and I was still having appointments but no tests. I was heading for an appointment with a doctor in a hospital which is an hours drive away from home. I stopped at every public toilet available to me - 8 stops in total!! Final stop was only five minutes from the hospital but I couldn't make it and pooped my pants!! Felt awful in front of my sister - a 31 year old having a toilet accident!! Embarrassing and extremely upsetting! Luckily I had a brother live in the town and was able to go to his house, get washed, rest and send my sister to the shops for clean clothes. I was so upset that I wrote a letter to the doctor in which I got extremely angry with him and the way I was being treated. Got admitted the next day and diagnosed 2 days later. It still angers me that it took an episode like this for me to get my diagnosis. Anyway if I am going through a flare and need to travel I'll wear disposable underwear and there are always baby wipes in the car. I know every toilet on every route I travel regularly and if need be I've no bother climbing a gate and hiding in the hedge!!!!

88,380,114

Sunday, May 4th
8:46AM

88,350,533 Not yet

Sunday, May 4th
4:39AM

I was 21 years old and currently taking time off of school and living at home with my parents for this particular incident. I had been diagnosed with UC for almost a year and at this point I was also living with not only UC, but also C-diff and a blood infection. I was roughly 100 pounds, anemic, and not only was I freezing all the time- I was also using the restroom 15+ times a day.

My parents and doctors were really stressing the importance of Vitamin D and how I really needed to get outside and soak up some rays. Sounds nice, right? Well, when you're roughly 100 lbs, anemic, and you just want to lie in bed all day and sleep....it didn't sound so appealing.

Bless my wonderful parents. They came up with the great idea to set up our hammock out in our backyard and in the sunshine, so while they were at work I could "sleep" outside and soak up some rays. I laid in a mummy-styled sleeping bag and the only part of my body that saw the sun was my face.

This was a wonderful idea, and I would take naps outside and stay warm! The kicker here? I was the only one home, and I didn't carry my cell phone with me at the time because I was so ill, I didn't want to talk to anyone and if I forgot to unlock the door from the inside, I had no way of getting back into the house. One particular day, I was soaking up my rays, and I remember it was between 3 and 3:30 in the afternoon (around the time our local school district let out)....mom came home from work about 4. I woke up from my nap because I had to poop, I ran to the door..... and it was locked!!! I first thought, "I could run to the neighbors to get our spare key, but they weren't home and what if I don't make it in time?"....second thought, "I could maybe hold it until mom got home...HA! Holding in poop? Who can do that anymore?"....and then it hit me....it was coming and there was no stopping it. I ran to the bushes in my yard, but I was too late. I had already had an explosion in my pants, and I just decided to squat in the bushes and let the rest come out. Well, while I am squatting there, crying because I was so frustrated, my neighbors come home, the family that lives behind me and could see straight into my yard....right at the bushes came home...and I am just squatting there, praying they can't see me. And then I here my mother's car...and she is walking to the door to go in I catch her attention, and all I can say is, "Mom, I know this looks hilarious, but please don't laugh, I just need some toilet paper." She shortly returns with not only toilet paper, but also Clorox wipes, a plastic bag, and a towel to cover myself as I walk in the house.

88,319,454

Friday, May 2nd
4:58PM

My mother and I still remember that day like it was yesterday. And I can still feel myself squatting there praying my neighbors didn't see me. My mother told me that as soon as she went inside she started cracking up and had to control herself before she came back outside. I promise you, you will be able to laugh about your "poop my pants" stories one day. And the sooner you can, the easier it gets! Keep your head up, you aren't alone, it happens to the best of us! As my dad says, also a fellow UCer, "always keeps a spare change of clothes with you, you never know what's going to happen! You'll be thankful you have them one day!"

It was early on when I was first diagnosed with UC. I was extremely anemic and taking OTC iron supplements. The first three hours of the morning weren't easy back then and I couldn't be more than a room away from the bathroom. On this particular morning I had an appointment with my GI doctor so I was forced to leave home earlier than I wanted. I live ten miles from town and about seven miles out it was apparent that I was about to poop my pants. I did my business and drove to my parents' house in town to clean myself up. I even made it to the doctor on time. That's when I learned to carry a change of clothes with me until I got to a better place with controlling my UC symptoms. It does get better and I do not intend to ever let myself get that sick again.

88,309,992

Saturday, May 3rd
8:51PM

88,307,227

Walking on a pier with my husband after having a colonoscopy and it just happened. I was horrified. My husband took my hand, walked me into the water and cleaned me up. It's been our little secret until now.

Saturday, May 3rd
8:43PM

88,304,791

I think all of us have pooped our pants in one flare or another or all of them, at least at home, which is manageable. Just 2 weeks ago, I was shopping at Freddie's in the back of the store, 100 miles from the bathroom when I felt the urge to go. I wasn't in too big of a hurry because I thought the bathroom was at the back, I forgot it was in the front and when I realized my mistake, I made a beeline for the bathroom. Fortunately this was early in the morning with not too many shoppers around, however, the last stretch was a mile long hallway (you know the feeling) and it started to come out! I made it to a stall but upon pulling my pants down to sit, the load in my pants spilled out! What a horror! Someone else came in but I had no choice but to clean up the mess with wads and wads of tp so I had to keep pulling more and more out, making noise, there was no getting around it. I had to clean the floor and the mess off the toilet seat and the toilet and my bottom, then take my underwear off to dispose of them while the other patron was still in there. I managed to get out before she emerged!

Saturday, May 3rd
8:11PM

88,303,949

Oh good grief I've done this SOOOO many times I hide panties all over!! One tip I'd like to share is keeping plastic food storage containers in the car for emergencies!! This has really helped me. I drive a van so that I can pull over, open up a container, poop in it, seal it up, then get to wherever I need to get. Just knowing I can do this sometimes helps the cramping that comes from stressing over the 'Where can I poop?'

Saturday, May 3rd
8:04PM

88,297,760

My wife and I had just left the UC surgeon's office in San Francisco and were driving over the Bay Bridge to meet with family to have dinner and discuss our decision to have surgery to remove my colon. I had nowhere to stop on the bridge and pooped my pants and it was so bad, even with pads I had been wearing, we had to stop @ a clothing store to buy extra underwear and pants. That pretty much made the decision to have a ileostomy very easy. I am 69 years old and had UC for only 3 years and after trying all meds, I didn't want to wait til I was too sick or much older. I am now 6 months post-op and have NEVER felt better. This was the BEST decision for me.
Richard Ward

Saturday, May 3rd
6:41PM

Hmmm, so many stories to choose from, it's really hard to pick just one.

Probably the most epic story was from a trip I took to Boston with my boyfriend of only a couple months at the time. We had just gone out to dinner with a group of friends, and I had "that feeling" that I should go, but since we were in the big city, and walking with a large group of friends, I just told myself I could hold it.

I started to get a little more concerned as we approached the subway and realized there weren't any bathrooms around. I kept feeling the feeling... it's coming... it's coming... and while everyone was standing around waiting for the train and laughing and chatting, I started looking for a bathroom, a corner, a secluded doorway... nothing.

Then the train arrived, packed with tourists, commuters and my large group of friends. My boyfriend wondered why I was looking rather grim and distracted. I couldn't say anything. Our group of friends got off the train, and we continued on, and as we only had one stop left, I thought, "Well, I can just hold it and make a run for it at the next stop."

88,295,622

Turns out we were on the wrong train, and missed our stop; the train continued on for quite some time in the wrong direction. At this point, with my nerves and total worry that I was going to crap myself, I became totally crazed. As soon as we got to the next stop, I shouted at my boyfriend, "Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!" The station was fairly empty and I screamed at him to run ahead of me and not look back. He had no idea what was going on but quickly guessed.

Saturday, May 3rd
6:23PM

As I could feel the poop just starting to come out, I saw a metal open-lid garbage can right in front of me at the subway station. And I just made a run for it. Of course, my boyfriend had to turn around and look. Utter, and total embarrassment, and nowhere to hide.

Then I had to pull up my pants, get in a taxi with my feces-soaked jeans, drive around Boston (we had the only taxi driver in the city of Boston EVER who didn't know where Fenway Park was) and then actually get out and walk to our car since he couldn't find Fenway. My boyfriend was totally sweet & understanding, but it was a mortifying experience at the time. Lesson learned: listen to that voice. And always go even if you're not sure you have to.

Overall, quite the experience, and one we laugh about to this day. Even though I'm still pooping my pants about once a week. :)

I am currently in a flare and have had a fair few accidents this week but the funniest one that springs to mind has to be this one:

I had just finished work and was contemplating stopping off at the local shop on the way home to pick up a few items. I was having a conversation in my head saying 'I'll be fine because I'll be quick, literally in and out the shop. Anyway.....I have now arrived at the shop (parked in the carpark), as I turned the ignition off my stomach felt unpredictable. So I stayed seated in the car thinking should I risk going inside or just go home. I decided to risk it, so I got out of the car, locked the door and started to approach the shop, only for that urgency to kick in....my immediate thought? SHIT! Excuse the pun. I had to do a funny dance back to the car so that I didn't crap myself. I have now got into the car, turned the engine on and drove out of that carpark like I was taking part in the Grand Prix. Whilst I was driving I was panting, shouting, trying to clench my butt cheeks as tight as I could. I didn't have time to give way to any other drivers on the road as my main focus was to get home and I was 5 minutes away from home. As I sped past a driver I put my hand up to say thanks for giving way to me (not that he had much choice). Then I was approaching a mini roundabout and there was no traffic approaching so I drove straight over it, only for an arsehole of a driver to bib his horn at me.....talk about bringing attention to me....GRRR! I have now pulled up outside my house but as I go to lift my bottom off of the seat I can feel the poo trying to force its way out of my bum. At this point I'm thinking, I'm just going to have to run inside, but I had visions of my nosey neighbours stepping out their front doors at the same time I'm trying to run my marathan so I'm in a complete panic. I got out of the car, still clenching my butt cheeks together as hard as I could, so hard infact, I'd started doing that dance again. I'm now scrambling to get my key into the front door.....why does something simple seem so hard at a time like this? I managed to shut the front door run into the bathromm, as I approached the toilet I have pulled my jeans down and my underwear and crapped straight in them, I felt so frustrated, as I had just put these jeans in the wash the night before and had no other jeans that were dry. After I had completely emptied my bowels, my underwear had to go straight into the bin and my jeans into the washing machine. This is a regular thing for me when I am in a flare. The amount of underwear that has had to be binned is crazy. On the positive side, I have learnt a new dance and got to experiment with speed in my car so it's not all bad :)

88,294,311

Saturday, May 3rd
5:50PM

88,294,138

It was a bad day

Saturday, May 3rd
6:16PM

88,280,205

How about I done it when I left the gi dr and was about 30 min from home talking about a ride home lol

Saturday, May 3rd
3:53PM

88,267,528

Playing third base. No bathroom in sight. POOPED MY PANTS!!!

Saturday, May 3rd
1:57PM

88,264,221

I am a nurse tech at a hospital, there was no warning. I made it to the bathroom; however, my pants did not. We wear phones so I call a very nice NT and she brought new hospital panties and scrub pants. I cleaned mt shoes and threw away my socks.

Then I went home. That was my flare in 5 years. Now my flare ups are on going. Not a good thing when I was in a car accident. I have a bad whiplash (2004 I had a neck fusion)...it will get better, right?

Saturday, May 3rd
1:09PM

88,246,204

Anyways, couldn't get more text in the box so here is part 2. Now I'm down to floor 7 and on the walkway to Marks and Spencer when splat.....oh shit! Yep you guessed, did a rather slow, legs together type of walk, thank god they had a disabled loo with washbasin in that was available. Took half an hour to clean up, felt utterly devastate, 30 miles from home and sharing a car with other driving instructors whilst trying to hide the fact I'd pooped my pants.
I have UC

Saturday, May 3rd
10:42AM

88,243,440

I don't really consider my story very funny. I cried and cried when it happened.I was at school doing my post grad. I just didn't make it to the washroom on time (on top of not knowing where it was). I had to message a classmate who lived on campus to borrow a pair of jeans. Needless to say I went home after that.

Saturday, May 3rd
10:23AM

88,240,080

For a few weeks I was pushing myself to go into work during a flare up. I work outside, with no access to restrooms. So I planned my day out, before I leave the yard I went, during my lunch break I found bathrooms, and when I get back to the yard at the end of the day. If an emergency BM came on I could drive to find a bathroom. This worked for awhile, until one day I had an emergency bm come on, when it did the pain and urgency was so intense I couldn't keep it in. That's when I pooped myself in the middle of the street...I snuck into the an area where I could do some clean up, and luckily in my line of work I always keep a full change of clothes. I threw away the evidence and told my co-workers I had thrown up in the trash bag. That day made me realize that I shouldn't try to push through it, if you're in a flare up take the day off, take a few days off. Its not worth pooping yourself in the middle of the street. No longer am I going to try to be a hero or a tough guy.

Saturday, May 3rd
9:49AM

88,231,598

Have many times wear pads helps some everyday is an adventure

Saturday, May 3rd
8:47AM

88,231,034	<p>I had gone grocery shopping one morning. The kids were in school, and I normally had the most bathroom activity earlier in the morning, so I thought it was safe to venture out. After a pleasant walk through the store, I began my drive home. I live only 10 minutes away from the store by car, so I thought it was no problem. I was only 6 blocks from home when it hit me. I practically burned rubber in my feisty minivan when I gunned the accelerator. By 4 blocks I had only 2 stop signs to go, but by the 2nd stop sign it was too late. All I could think was "thank God I have leather seats". It was at that point that I saw the policeman in my rear view mirror. I thought, "pull me over, I dare you!" I could imagine the look on his face when I lowered my window and the aroma spilled out. I was actually looking forward to his reaction when I told him why I was putting the pedal to the metal. Alas, he did not pull me over, but my sister and friend got a good laugh when I told them that my bowel had a mind of its own, and when I saw the sign with the name of the street I lived on, that message was transferred down below and misinterpreted as "all systems go!" 3 blocks away - really? Oh well...shit happens.</p>	<p>Saturday, May 3rd 8:32AM</p>
88,230,564	<p>Nothing great or funny, I just couldn't run up the stairs fast enough and well ya know.... :)</p>	<p>Saturday, May 3rd 8:34AM</p>
88,230,030	<p>I was at work and after having the urge to go about 6 times but not actually passing anything I decided this 7th time must be gas. So I walked to an unused part of the office to politely 'let one rip'...it was not a fart.</p> <p>I stopped as soon as I realised and ran to the bathroom. I had to throw out my underpants but thankfully the dress had been spared.</p> <p>Unfortunately I had no chance to go to the shops for a new pair and spent the rest of the day in meetings, wearing a short dress and no undies!</p>	<p>Saturday, May 3rd 8:26AM</p>
88,225,629	<p>When I was first diagnosed during a long hospital day I went outside for a smoke and boy, do I know better than to smoke now! My boyfriend at the time and my brother pushed me out in a wheel chair and about half way through the cigarette it happened with about 2 seconds of warning. Oh yes, in front of the two of them. I was mortified. They didn't react other than to show support however.</p> <p>It also happened to me at my local video store just five minutes from my house.</p>	<p>Saturday, May 3rd 7:43AM</p>
88,221,444	<p>Memorial Day Parade. "Mainstreet USA" Such an exciting, patriotic day! My girls, then 4 and 7 years old, and I are in the parade, walking along, holding a banner for my daughter's preschool. We feel like celebrities, crowds of familiar faces are waving at us and calling out our names. We wave back enthusiastically, so proud. As we are walking along, I am experiencing the waves of heat and cramping in my gut. The black cloud is looming over my head. What if I have to scream off to the loo and drop a bomb?! We make it down main street and passed the turn where the parade ends. I spot a porta-john! Yay!!! Unfortunately the hundreds of other people spotted it too. There is a line a mile long. I can make it home. Right? Yes! I can make it home, it's only a few blocks. Halfway down the street, BAM!! Explosion in my pants. I can't control it and as I'm walking, my underwear and leggings are filling with hot diarrhea. My girls are offering words of encouragement, "It's ok mommy," "Poor Mommy" etc. I continue the brisk, waddling walk of shame, defeated. My ex-husband's house it only a few paces away...his neighbor comes outside to say "Hello! Did you guys enjoy the parade?" I keep walking, head down, praying I don't leave a trail of stench behind me. I book it into my ex-hubby's house, up the stairs, to the shower and immediately strip of my soiled clothes and wash off. CRAP! Now I don't have underwear or pants to wear. Luckily my dress is long enough and clean enough to wear home. I leave his house, commando style and drive home. My soiled clothes in a bag to be washed, or burned. Happy Memorial Day!! It sure was a day I'll never forget. The moral of the story is, never pass a bathroom without trying to use it. And avoid parades.</p>	<p>Saturday, May 3rd 6:53AM</p>
88,204,545	<p>I'm a musician playing bass guitar in a popular covers band. Last Sunday night, I drove into work and found a park in the city. Before I jumped out of the car, I thought I might squeeze out a fart before walking over to the hotel where I would be playing. Unfortunately the fart turned out to be a wet poop. Noooooo!!!!</p> <p>Thankfully, I had a spare pair on undies in my bag, packed just for this kind of situation. I then undertook the tricky task of removing my shoes and jeans in the drivers seat of the car, hoping nobody would walk past and see me undressing. After much swearing and squirming in the seat I finally cleaned myself up and redressed.</p> <p>Only a slight stain on my jeans and the show went on. Very Rock n Roll!</p>	<p>Saturday, May 3rd 4:08AM</p>
88,182,301	<p>I poop my pants 3 times a week with all the traveling jobs I do. I wear pads now.</p>	<p>Saturday, May 3rd 12:22AM</p>
88,179,184	<p>I can't believe I am going to share this on the internet, but ok...</p> <p>The setting was a nice, upscale Italian restaurant (which I only get to visit once every two years). I was seated smack in the middle of the very full dining room with friends. Our main course just arrived. Then it happened, without warning -- full load accident right there! I immediately threw my credit card to my daughter and bolted from the table and ran outside across the street and into my hotel, praying no one would be in the lobby or, worse, the elevator. Someone was looking over me, because I didn't see a sole and made it up to my 11th-floor room. I was a disgusting mess.</p> <p>That was just one of many accidents. My colitis is so active now, I can't even make it from my bedroom to the bathroom sometimes and have issues in my own house. I am afraid to fall asleep. Started Simponi three months ago -- very little difference so far. Kinda disappointing. But that may be another survey...</p>	<p>Friday, May 2nd 11:29PM</p>

88,172,717	Sorry, I don't have anything funny to share. Just haved pooped my pants every day (sometimes several times a day) for many months. My UC is not under control	Friday, May 2nd 10:44PM
88,168,339	Well it happened to me when I was with my gf..we went into a bike shop and with me sudden temperature changes affected me during a flare up..so going from a hot car into store that had the ac on HIGH well it got it going..I remember standing there and I could not hold it in and I panicked but it was to late...Was not a nice drive back home..I was more angry than embarrassed.	Friday, May 2nd 9:57PM
88,166,267	Happens periodically,	Friday, May 2nd 9:39PM
88,156,660	I was sitting at home one day thinking about having lunch. I looked around and did not find anything I wanted to eat. I had just recently taken a poop and though, gee I think I could make it to the grocery store without a problem. Got in my car feeling good about the trip. Got to the store and went up and down the aisles and putting stuff in my cart. Just as I got to the end of the aisle to go to the cashier, my tummy started making a noise and soon after the volcano erupted into my pants. I left the cart there and shuffled out of the store. I made it home and cleaned up. I was determined to go back and I did. My cart was still there with my food in it. I payed the cashier and left the store smiling. I got home and had a wonderful lunch. Dianne Johnson	Friday, May 2nd 7:49PM
88,153,273	Not really a "pants pooping story," but... When we lived in a one bathroom apartment, the hubs beat me to the bathroom one morning. He was in there, doing the #2 and sure enough, my #2 decided to make a surprise entrance. I knocked on the door: "Are you almost done?" I asked, panicking. "Um, not really!" He said. So I paced around the apartment, knowing I was doomed. I grabbed a grocery bag from the kitchen drawer, pulled down my p.j. pants, cupped the bag over my behind and let 'er loose! The blinds were open, but thank goodness nobody walked by and saw me squatting camper style in the kitchen with a bag over my butt!! When my husband came out, he said "It's all yours!" And I was like, "It's all good, I took care of it." Then I proceeded to tell him what happened and we laughed our asses off! He told me I'm a savage. Yeah. I take care of business.	Friday, May 2nd 6:58PM
88,151,943	Well I drive for a living yeah colitis and being in a truck all day not the best. I got to where I needed to drop my load no pun intended! I was unloading and it was like my stomach dropped in to my anus. I did that clench your butt cheeks walk fast sort of run for the bathroom, yeah not so much I'm steps from the bathroom and wham it let loose. Lucky I had on tight underwear and it was contained. Needless to say I left a surprise in the trash can. Not fun but pretty funny.	Friday, May 2nd 7:02PM
88,148,991	I am a Chrons disease patient so I had Poop my pants so Many times that I already lost the Count.	Friday, May 2nd 6:24PM
88,148,285	August of last year I was in my worst flare ever. I had a bad reaction to Imuran. I was at work an started feeling strange then spit up some bile and decided I needed to go home. It was a painful journey as the urgency kicked in. I got all the way home but as soon as I was out of the car the diarrhea started. Ended up calling the ambulance because I was so weak and started blacking out. Doing much better this year which proves the old saying "this too shall pass. " don't lose hope:)	Friday, May 2nd 6:22PM
88,147,457	My family and I were on vacation and stopped overnight in Santa Fe, NM. We had already checked out of our hotel and my daughter & I were watching a Native American dance demonstration when I had to GO! I had already scoped out the bathrooms so I headed straight for them. Unfortunately, the ladies room had about 15 people waiting in line. I decided to head to the men's room but didn't make it. We called my husband to go get the car and pick us up. I didn't have a jacket to tie around my waist so my daughter just walked real close behind me. My husband came. He even already had a plastic bag on the car seat ready for me to sit on. Needless to say, I was miserable. We couldn't go back to the hotel and our next stop was Albuquerque - an hour away. My husband search our GPS and found a YMCA a few blocks away. He went in and asked if I could use the showers. They were wonderful; we aren't even members. They let me in through a side door near the showers and let me take as long as I needed. I don't know what I would do without my awesome husband, understanding kids and the kindness of strangers.	Friday, May 2nd 6:10PM
	We'll this has happened twice too me since being diagnosed in February 2013. The first time was around 5:45 a.m. I was driving to work and not feeling well as was the norm during this time. I was visiting the toilet on a regular 30 minute to an hour. The pain hit me! I was 2 blocks from a gas station. I puckered tight. Gripped the steering wheel with all my might! Thought God just let me get there. As soon as I had to accelerate from a stop sign sign I crapped all over myself. Thankfully I ran into work. I work at a fire station. Jumped in the shower and I have change of clothing there. Cleaned up. And yes I cleaned the shower well. No one was the wiser.	

88,147,081 Second time I was mowing a yard about a month later as this is my second job. I felt the pain! I drove to my truck as fast as I could to load my mower. Got off and right then and there it happened again. I left my mower sitting where it was and headed home to clean up. Then went back and finished the job. Mowing 20 yards in the summer of 2013 was at the least a living hell. Tip to new UCers would be to carry a backpack with a full change of clothing and lots of baby wipes. It may come in handy when this awful disease puts your back against a wall.

God Bless and hope your days get better.

Chris R
Arkansas

Friday, May 2nd
5:58PM

88,142,620 Ugh, this has got to be one of the worst parts of this stupid disorder. In the beginning it was just a wet fart accompanied by the usual urgency. Then it became "sharting". It doesn't happen all the time, but often enough that I wear panty liners just in case. The first time it happened for real was at the store. Of course I was wearing shorts. The urgency came on fast. I simply could not get to restroom in time, try as I might. It ran all down my leg. I was so close to my destination that I nearly cried. But I held it together, cleaned myself up as best I could, and left. I had to rinse my panties in the toilet, wrap them in paper towels, and put them in my purse. I would have thrown them out if they weren't a super cute pair. Sigh, they are still slightly stained to this day. I try not to get down about it. I suppose there are worse things in life. But I do treat it like a dirty secret. Only my husband knows, and I am grateful that he is supportive.

Friday, May 2nd
5:25PM

88,139,465 I messed my pants several times when I was at my worse. Had to actually clean and scrub the home bathroom floor a few times not making it to the toilet in time. I did the cleaning even while anemic and weak. I am well past those days and I'm just about in remission after 11 months of taking Lialda and a probiotic. At my worse I was doing over 10 BM's a day but I'm down to on average 2 a day now. I would possibly be at 1 a day but as my doctor told me, mesalamine does heal the colon but does cause loose and softer bowels. The healing from inflammation is more vital to the colon and the extra movement can be tolerated. I hope to be off Lialda, or at least a reduced dosage, after my next appointment. Oh, I am also eating a normal diet these days after I was limited to a low fiber diet. Hang in there, doctor says there are new medications on the horizon also!

Friday, May 2nd
4:58PM

88,139,267 I've been diagnosed with colitis for a couple of years now and have had a couple of incidents. The one that sticks out in my mind is the "k-Mart" incident. My husband and I went shopping on a busy Saturday afternoon. I was happily choosing myself some new make up when I had 'that feeling'... the feeling I am referring to is the one you get deep in your bowl that tells you that you probably have around 3 seconds to get to the toilet. That distinctive cramp means trouble! Uh oh! time to panic... Thoughts running through my mind consist of... really? here? and excuse the pun but "oh crap" I couldn't put down my make up and leave the packed store quick enough. Great im thinking I don't have time to find my husband and tell him what has happened so I scuttle out of the shop and head to the nearest toilet to clean up. As a colitis sufferer you'd think id have learnt to carry spare underwear with me, nope!.. Well after that I now do. After I cleaned up in a cubicle I returned to the shop to find my worried husband searching for me. He's great and we have a laugh together I don't like to take it all too seriously so humours great for me especially after I've just pooped myself in public aged 29 years old!. He took one look at me and could tell from my face what had happened. I didn't speak he just smiled and said "come on poopy pants lets get you home" and put his arm around me and we walked out. We both looked at each other and started laughing... I asked him how he knew and he said he reckoned it'd have to be something pretty big too interrupt my shopping lol

Friday, May 2nd
4:37PM

88,137,797 thought it was gas suprise it was poop

Friday, May 2nd
4:55PM

88,134,745 I had just gone to work one morning and was feeling a little woozy. We only had one bathroom in the place and just when I was ready to burst I headed to the bathroom, but then all of a sudden someone else zoomed passed me and got there first. I was in full panic mode. I could feel it yo-yoing, it was coming out whether I liked it or not. So I went outside by my car thinking I could just crap by my car. But there were people around the parking lot. So I just stood there and out it came. BAM! Lets just say it was a bad day. And it was kinda funny. Gross. But funny.

Friday, May 2nd
4:22PM

88,133,177 We were on a trip to Washington, DC and had just arrived for our first morning adventure: Museum of Natural History. As we looked for parking, I realized I had to go...right then! My husband was driving and is by now used to my panicky reaction when this happens. He started reassuring me, "You're going to be okay. Just breathe. I'll drop you at the door, and we will park." So he circles around to the door, and I jump out and run in to hopefully find a restroom close to the door. The thing is, you have to go through a security line to get in! I'm sure I looked pretty suspicious as I fidgeted, waiting my turn in line. It slowed me down, and yeah, I didn't make it in time. I did find the bathroom (which had LOTS of stalls!), and thankfully I had on disposable underpants (since I was feeling "iffy" that morning) and had wipes, a plastic bag, and fresh underpants in my bag. Pretty embarrassing, but that's just life with UC sometimes. Glad my husband and kids are used to it! :)

Friday, May 2nd
3:59PM

88,132,988 I had come home from being with my husband in the hospital at Cleveland...and came home in time for sleep. I was up 24/7 just trying to get him some help. He had leukemia and a horrible prognosis. He was gone 10 months later and he was the healthy one. I have had rheum arth for 30 yrs by then and IBD, Sjogrens, Raynauds, Hems, etc. I laid down finally to get a good nights sleep....and woke up to a "mess" in my underwear. That never happened to me before. It was a shock. I cried because it was too much on top of all we'd been dealing with. I am 65 now and this happened when I was 60. I still worry about messing myself because sometimes I find I can never get clean and also have rectal prolapse which I just found out about. Its stifling to me. I don't date or want to meet anyone. Going somewhere, I need to take 3 Imodiums just to have some security. Its horrible to live this way. I don't even go to any functions. My life has changed so much and can't enjoy it at all.

Friday, May 2nd
4:12PM

88,132,848 I was driving home and hit every freaking red light. I had bad cramps and someone (ahem) was knocking on the backdoor begging to be let out. Tried the cheek squeeze and deep breaths. Nope! So right there in the car, only about 2 blocks from home...squirt!
When I got home, I wrapped a sweatshirt around my waist (to catch the overflow and prevent neighbor views) and ran right for the shower, where I washed then wept "Crying Game style."
My poor magenta velour pants, how I miss thee.

Friday, May 2nd
4:16PM

88,130,778 I had not yet been diagnosed with colitis but was experiencing an active flare with bloody diarrhea. Fortunately it was "only colitis." One evening while walking down the hallway at home I sneezed and pooped my pants. My daughters were three and four at the time and they thought it was hilarious that Mommy pooped her pants. We had a talk with them explaining that is a story only for the family and it must stay at home. A few years later they still laugh when they remember Mommy pooped her pants.

Friday, May 2nd
3:58PM

88,129,840 Moved to a new office which is rather old and have to travel down a flight of stairs, type a pin code and through another set of door to get to the disabled toilet. End of the day and I felt my stomach bubbling and making that familiar noise so grabbed the key and head for the door. It's quite difficult to walk down a flight of stairs clenching your bum cheeks! Slowly the accident was occurring..I then got to the coded door and couldn't remember to code then made it to the toilet and the light would not work so had to navigate in the DARK!
Once all was released proudly quite successfully in the toilet the mess in my trousers was not so good and despite getting rid of the underwear and wiping the trousers down - damp trousers walking back to the office out a weird look on my face! Lesson learnt though - spare trousers and underwear in my bottom drawer at work!

Friday, May 2nd
3:45PM

88,129,592 No funny stories here but I have pooped myself to varying degrees more in the past two years than I have my entire life since I was potty trained. I have an active colitis flare and the urgency to get to the bathroom cannot be ignored. I have gone so far as keeping extra underwear in the bathroom so I do not have to disturb my wife when it happens at night.
Last summer I was walking down a beach on Lake Michigan with my wife and I had a sudden cramp. There was no toilet anywhere close so I had to find the nearest tree that was not within eye view of the other people on the beach. Thankfully I always carry a baggie with baby wipes on me at all times. They have saved me on multiple occasions.
I have had UC for 24 years now and it has been harder and harder to control. I recently completed 4 months of Prednisone which helped with the UC but gave me Type II diabetes and high blood pressure. I have been off of Pred for three months now and am noticing my BM count is increasing again. The good thing is my blood sugar is back under control. I had an A1C of 11.9 in February.
I am 56 years old now and have accepted the idea that my UC will only be cured by removing my colon. I am trying to delay this as long as possible.
Take care everyone, Rich F.

Friday, May 2nd
3:31PM

88,128,720 thought it was gas ...

Friday, May 2nd
3:44PM

88,128,164 For sure I pooped in my favorite jeans in a shopping mall just a few minutes after drinking a coffee. I could not make it on time to the toilet and had to buy another pair of pants to make it home...but now I'm feeling much better since being on Humera.

Friday, May 2nd
3:35PM

88,126,348 I had a bad cold and was coughing and, all of a sudden, I pooped my pants! Just a few days ago, my stomach was rumbling and I thought I had a bad case of GAS. When I went to release it, I pooped my pants. Thank God I was home both times! How embarrassing that would have been if I were out in public.....OMG!!!

Friday, May 2nd
3:23PM

Oh, the stories I could tell. I once pulled over on a country road and squatted over an old coffee can. I still hope no one ever had to pick up that can. I went to get my car fixed and got there before the place opened, I had to sneak around and poop next to the dumpster in back of the store. I went to work one morning and was unable to get in because I could not enter alone (company rule) and squatted next to the curb, in the mulch, within 100 yards of a busy highway. Thank heavens this was before everyone carried a phone that takes pictures.

88,124,640

I used to keep extra panties and slacks in my locker, car and tote bag. I can't even count how many soiled panties I dropped into trash cans in public bathrooms. Sorry to whoever had to empty the trash. Or how many slacks or jeans I have thrown away because I just couldn't face the clean-up. Now, if I have cramps, I wear an adult diaper. It sometimes gives me an extra few seconds to run to the bathroom. Oh, and my most embarrassing moment...I was in a busy public restroom having a stinky explosion and some young person said (loudly) "OMG who stinks so bad? that is gross" I sat in that stall for 30 minutes until I was sure all those people were gone. I wanted to die. I still have days when I don't leave the house. I am on a different med and am about to start the SCD diet. I feel like a big part of my life has been spent in public restrooms....but I am going to take control of my diet and start feeling better. Wish I had known about diet years ago.

Friday, May 2nd
2:45PM

I have pooped my pants mostly in my car on the drive from work or the store. generally I feel it coming and in seconds all is emptied into my undies and whatever I am wearing. Prefer if it has to happen to have pants on so it's somewhat contained. Especially bad with a skirt.

88,123,967

Worst experience ever was the one time I did it in public wearing WHITE JEANS!!!! Mind you I was having very slight symptoms so I felt safe in the white jeans. I went to Panera to wait for my husband to meet me for lunch. I was completely fine, drinking water and suddenly I had the dreaded stomach crapping. I was at the very front of the place and the bathroom was at the back which seemed to be miles. I began pooping right before hitting the door and the stall was occupied so I stood with my back against the wall and waited. Luckily it was not noticeable at that point. I got in the stall and had to dispose of my underwear and try to get as cleaned up as possible. I had a sweater I wrapped around my waist to get out and some Febreze I sprayed myself with. I managed to get out and to the car at which point I sobbed until my husband got there.

Friday, May 2nd
2:59PM

I now carry an extra set of underwear and pants as well as baby wipes with me at all times. With this illness you never know when poop will happen!

I was in an active flare, but decided to brave it and leave the house. The kids and I packed up in the car and headed down to my favorite department store. When we got there, the kids made a bee line for the toy section and I was just tootin' around looking at clothes and what not. I remember thinking, "Wow, maybe my flare is on it's way out". No sooner had that thought crossed my mind, when I suddenly started getting "that feeling". Luckily, I wasn't too far from the bathroom, so I started walking quickly towards it...trying to not look like I was in too much of a panic. About three feet from the door, I realized I wasn't going to make it. I tore open the door, ripped my pants down (before the door had a chance to shut), and yelled to my kids to come in the bathroom. Of course they didn't want to leave their sacred toy section, so I had to yell to them to come in with me...from the toilet... as the bathroom door was shutting. I'm sure the people in line got quite the view of the crazy pooping lady yelling to her kids from the bathroom. Lovely. So, I finish my business in the bathroom, wrap a sweatshirt around my waist, and leave as quickly and as dignified as possible, desperately trying to avoid the looks of shock and confusion from the people around me. Needless to say, I don't think I've "braved it" during a flare since then. Since being diagnosed, I have always thought that only someone with IBD knows the true joy of farting, and having it just be a fart. I know I'm not alone with that thought.

88,122,508

Friday, May 2nd
2:41PM

This happens to me about once every 2 weeks normally in work and usually because I am on the phone and someone just won't say bye! I am very open about having UC and all my colleagues know that if I say excuse me they get out of my way. I try and make people laugh about my situation but my greatest fear is walking down the street pooping.

88,122,247

Friday, May 2nd
2:52PM

Before I got surgery I've pooped myself absolutely everywhere. In the car, school, running half marathons, u name it I did it.

88,121,156

Now that I got my surgery, thought it would be over. Nope! They botched my reversal, got septic, was in a coma, almost died, and had to put the bag back on.

Friday, May 2nd
2:36PM

So now I wait until July, the day after my wedding to hae the reversal a second time.

There is a particular store in my area and every time I go there I end up having to poop and use one their bathrooms, they have 2, one at either end of the store. I have always told my family and friends if I am every constipated, take me to this store and I know I will be able to poop. Anyway, I am shopping and all of a sudden the pressure hits and I have got to go now. Leaving the cart, I take off for the closest bathroom at a brisk clip, I make it, grab the door handle and it comes off in my hand. I just drop the handle to the floor and look at the door dumbfounded. I cannot open the door so I take off for the other bathroom which is the other end of store, about a half a city block away. I am almost running by now but of course I did not make it time. If that door handle could have managed just one more opening before deciding to break off, I would have not pooped my pants. It didn't and I did.

88,118,371

Friday, May 2nd
2:17PM

88,114,170 Happens alot... generally afternoon. I need surgery and will have it in 2 weeks.

Friday, May 2nd
1:57PM

88,113,328 Before the pooping accidents I would get the signal that I MUST go to the WC without delay, usually about two minutes or less. If there is no time and I can't reach the WC in time then I would have to squeeze my buttocks as tight as possible and tell myself that I will not poop. This technique calms things down a bit and would give me another two minutes or so. During this time I can walk calmly but hurriedly to the WC without accidents. At other times, I would poop my pants when I am returning home from work, like when I am just coming through the door. So I would simply head straight to the bathroom and clean myself up at the same time. I try not to go outdoors unless I know where to locate a washroom.

Friday, May 2nd
1:42PM

88,111,453 So, I've lost track how many times I've pooped my pants over the past two years! But it generally goes the same way every time. I get the urge but just like a kid, I'm busy doing something and don't want to stop to go potty! When I finally have no choice and I'm out of my "grace period" and can't get my pants down in time then shit hits the pants and the floor! One mystery is how I actually spattered on the wall in front of me!!! Magic poop!

Friday, May 2nd
1:32PM

88,110,741 Survey?! This is a confession! I've pooped myself on three occasions. First, dropped a little blend of poop, mucas and blood while just simply walking on campus. Luckily my classes for the day were done. I delt with it, went into a public washroom, placed my soiled undies in the garbage and made for home as fast as my legs could carry me - praying desperately it wouldnt happen again until I got home.

Second, after a night of drinking. My partner and I had gone out and hooked up. Woke the next morning feeling all the signs of a hangover. Really wanted the dude out of my bed and gone so I could suffer alone with tea, baths and comfy clothes. So I offered to drive him home. I knew something was about to happen. I've never dropped someone off faster. I think the car was rolling away before he was completely out of the car. "Bye thanks" Hit the gas. Praying and pleading my bowels will not move... they gurgle, I clench, a cramp strikes, it passes. I'm hitting every red light. Pray! Pray! Pray! Get to my parking lot, at this point I'm using my voice and saying outloud keep it in, keep it in, keep it in. Get the car in park, consider leaving the keys, door open, etc. I don't grab keys, close car, enter my apartment building, run for the stairs, my apartment is just two doors to the right, one more flight.... crap. shit. Damn. SO CLOSE! I tear, open my door, go into my bathroom to deal with the situation, nothing can stop the onslaught of crap, its already reached my knees before I begin to peel the jeans off. Throw the pants and bottoms into the tub, I'll figure out what to do later. I'm the throne by now, and its still coming, but the crap that was clinging to the back of my legs is falling onto the floor, sliding down the outside of the bowl... I'm in a state of shock, relief, sadness, agony. I lock eyes with my cat, he's cautiously sniffing the air and stepping into the bathroom. That feline has been with me through so many flare-ups, though all the frequent potty visits during diagnosis. And all I can think is I'm so glad I live alone!!! Moral of the story: no matter how bad it is, yes - I was graphic, everything can always be cleaned, the situation can be dealt with. Even had I shit in the car, I could have dealt with that as well!!

Friday, May 2nd
1:18PM

Third! :D Still reading or grossed out?? This is not near as exciting as the second story. It was Easter weekend, I was sleeping in my parents guest room. I woke up... I was pooping the bed! Seriously! Quickly clench and jump up, small patch on the sheets, damn - it went through to the mattress. Take care of business in bathroom, put the soiled linens and pajamas in the laundry room. Use stain remover on the mattress. Wrap a towel around myself, walk into my little sisters bedroom, "Moni, I pooped the bed and I need jammies."

88,109,403 As I open my eyes from the anesthesia after a sigmoidoscopy I felt the sudden urge I had to go. Still drowsy I try to sit up ad the nurse tells me to lay back down. My GI comes in with an awkward looking intern I told her I had to go and she told me I didn't that I should just pass gas it was ok. You don't tell someone with UC when they don't have to go because I knew I had to go. She left to get my results and I took it upon myself to find the bathroom. The nurses in recovery stopped me so I stood there and apologized as I pooped my pants, except the only thing I was wearing was a hospital robe...no pants. The nurses just stood there as did I, they just pointed to the bathroom and I shuffled to the bathroom. Embarrassing at first but now I think about it and laugh- never tell someone with UC they don't have to go because we know when we gotta go!

Friday, May 2nd
1:12PM

88,109,044 Just going about my normal daily work, I'm on the 15th floor of a multi storey car park (loos on floor 7 but inside marks and spencer.....sorry M&S in advance) I'm teaching 11- 16 years to drive (yep on the 15th floor, suicidal I know, but it's gotta be done) when yes you've got it, that bloody awfull feeling which means you have 20 seconds to get to the loo. But hang on, floor 15 to floor 7 and short walk to M & S. Every second counts as you all know.

Will I do it, will I do it, will I do it.....cumon lift hurry up.....do an odd jumpy jiggle at this stage with people looking oddly at me whilst waiting and whilst in the lift. THANK GOD the doors open and I'm still intact, but urge getting impossible to ignore

Friday, May 2nd
1:08PM

88,106,468 My first & forever-going flare; I thought I was finally good to make it the literally 3-minute drive to work. Got in the car and had not made it a mile down the road and my UC possessed my entire being. Pooped pants right then and there, sitting in the car, nothing to do but turn around and go home. At least I was close by. I also had quite a few very close calls at work and other places. When that's happening it feels like it will never end. But things get better! I'm coming up on a year of being flare-free (knock on wood) and am healthy & happy. I feel very blessed every single day to not have to worry about pooping my pants all the time now. :)

Friday, May 2nd
12:59PM

88,105,975 Pooped my pants in a GNC. In the words of forest gump, it happens.

Friday, May 2nd
12:59PM

88,105,728 I pooped my pants in my kitchen while making dinner once..my son was about 7 at the time and was dumb founded by what he witnessed. I think I was coming down with the flue on top of my colitis and if I remember correctly it was one of those cough and poop simultaneously events..so glad I was at home!!!

Friday, May 2nd
12:45PM

88,105,339 I just started a new job and was at the orientation. Some guy was up in the front doing a slide show on some emergency procedures. I was sitting up front and far away from the door. My stomach started to do flips, but I'm used to this and it usually passes. A lot of times I will get an urge to go, but I just squeeze and squeeze until the feeling goes away. So, the urge came, I started to squeeze, but then was thinking, this is a bit strong, I better go to the bathroom. I slowly stood up and as soon as I did, I had an incredibly vulnerable feeling, there was just such a heavy and uneasy feeling in my stomach that I knew I didn't have much time. I had already scoped out the bathroom, which was just feet outside the orientation room. I knew I was close. But, as I was halfway across the room, right in front of the presenter and in front of the room, it started to come out! As I shuffled out of the room and turned the corner for the bathroom, there was another girl reaching for the handle of the bathroom door, but I shoved her out of the way and barged in. As soon as I got in there, I didn't even need to sit on the toilet anymore. Everything was already out in my pants, and I was wearing a thong, so my underwear didn't even stand the chance to catch it! My heart was pounding and my hands were shaking like crazy. I had no idea how I was going to get myself out of this situation, it was everywhere! It was one of those times that I was in the moment of trauma and didn't have time to get upset or anything so I was ultra focused on my task. I dumped what I could in the toilet and tried my best to clean up the rest. I rinsed out my pants in the sink and was soooooo lucky they were dark pants that when you looked at them, you couldn't even tell they were wet! Some girl knocked on the door to ask if I was ok- and I told her I was just having stomach problems. I was so fortunate that they had private bathrooms and that they had a paper towel roll. I was even more lucky that I wore the absolute best pants to poop in! Even though they were soaking wet, I don't think anyone could tell. I was even able to go back in the room and sit down like nothing happened. (Though I couldn't concentrate on anything, I was just thinking to myself I pooped in my pants-over and over I again). It happened at the end of the day and I just had to last about 45 more minutes in wet pants, then cried all the way on the drive home. It could have been wayyyyyyy worse!

Friday, May 2nd
12:29PM

88,095,781 I went out to shop for cloths and thought I could let lose a little gas...WRONG. I immediately went home and threw away my underpants.

Friday, May 2nd
11:55AM

I was diagnosed with UC a year ago. It was horrible. I thought I had the stomach flu at first and then with all of the blood - well needless to say test after test and colonoscopy and tests - the meds started with the steroid and that helped substantially - for a while. I can't say that there was ever a funny pooped in my pants story. It happened so much that I pretty much threw away every pair of underwear I wore during that time of my life. I did learn some things that helped though for those of you who are going through the bad flare of your life right now.

88,092,168 I learned that I should have a "waterproof" pad on my mattress. This helped with clean-up A LOT! I also put down "puppy pads" from the side of my bed all the way to the bathroom. I learned that once it starts to just stand there and let it run - if you try to get to the bathroom - it will get everywhere else and places you don't want it to be that will be a nightmare to clean up. I kept towels and wet towelettes and a trash bag near my bed within reach of the space where I would stand until the immediate runs stopped. This let me clean up my legs enough to get to the bathroom to finish what I needed to on the toilet and finish any cleaning up I needed to do before cleaning up the stuff in the bedroom. Sleep on the side of the bed closest to the bathroom - this was not easy for me as I sleep on the other side usually (from years of being married - now not) but it does help on how many pads you have to put down.

Friday, May 2nd
11:21AM

Always carry spare underwear in a trash bag. Always wear a pad in your underwear. It helps to catch the immediate drips if you are rushing to the toilet and throw the underwear away if you have to. Easier than cleaning it most times. I am a teacher and thankfully most of the bad times were during the summer while we were out of school but it started while we were still in session - I had a great supportive team thankfully but it was bad.

Thankfully I am better today and taking only one medication. I did have to give up my Aleve for my hips but it was worth it. Keep only those around you who support you - and share your story with those you need to. I had to learn to let others help me - and it was such a blessing for me and them.

Feel better - keep your chin up.

88,089,007 Adam I'm sorry to say my most memorable experiences of pooping my pants still haunt me. I was a senior in high school sitting in calculus and pooped my pants. Two of my close friends told the teacher, dismissed the class, the principal came in and brought me a change of clothes and my sister picked me up secretly out a back door of the school. I came home and cried! So embarrassed as I attended a small high school and everyone knew what happened. Another time I pooped my pants was on the lifeguard stand at a local pool I worked for one summer. It was one of the worst days of my life. I stress about having an accident 24 hours a day. I attend college and know where every bathroom is on my way to class. I look forward to hearing others humor for now not humorous to me. **Friday, May 2nd 11:13AM**

88,086,054 It was summer time and I was on vacation in Vancouver, Canada, where a large number of family members live. My symptoms were really bad but I was doing my best to ignore them and get on with have a 'normal' vacation. My husband had bought me this pretty sage green linen dress that was very short. I was feeling pretty good about how I looked in in, strutting around with my gladiator style sandals and sun hat. But of course, I was suffering and running to the bathroom all the time.

Well as you can guess, I just didn't make it one time. I had told everyone that I had to run back to the house to get something a.k.a I have to f***ing go to the bathroom right now! I lost it about 2 steps past the front door. Not so funny for me at the time. I was so upset. I had to pull myself together, clean myself up and rinse out my undies. The worst part was that I had no access to spare underwear and had to go meet up with the group in this short dress with no underwear. You can imagine I completely avoided sitting down, bending over or any other sudden movements. I was finally able to come up with an excuse to get back to where my bag was and get a fresh set of undies but I'll never look at that dress the same way again.

Even though it was upsetting to me at the time, I am thankful that I was on my own when it happened and now when my symptoms are acting up, I always make sure to keep a spare pair of underwear, a ziplock bag (large!), maybe even a spare pair of pants, some wipes etc. It's never happened again but it gives me great piece of mind. This disease is all about management and that safety pack is one of my tools for both practical and mental security reasons. I highly recommend any colitis sufferer to prepare one for their self.

88,085,627 With a diagnosis of Severe Ulcerative Colitis and having bowel movements two or three times every hour it makes life difficult. When the "urge" occurs and only 20 -- 30 seconds before the event, it makes it quite difficult. This is one of many events. Driving home from visiting grandchildren the urge hits. Get to a large box retail/wholesale store manage to get into a handicapped parking spot immediately. Get into the store, walk toward the "facility" -- too late. The event occurs. Get into the restroom and use many paper towels to clean self. Throw underwear away. Head home, arrive home getting out of the car, the "event" occurs again. There is a "baby shower" happening at home. Quickly enter home, go into master bedroom, lock the door, to clean self, take shower. This day was one of many with similar events. Two bowel movement events in less than 30 minutes. I had no control. Due to severe ulcerative colitis with having between 18 and 40 bowel movements each day from the time I awake and go to bed again that night. A person's life is changed so drastically. Unable to remain employed, mostly stay home for years. I'm certain that my story here is repeated daily by 100's even 1000's of people diagnosed with ulcerative colitis. **Friday, May 2nd 10:48AM**

88,081,679 My story is that had just met my fiancé and was staying at his house a woke up one morning and just thought a had bad wind he was still sleeping but it wasn't just wind a pooped his bed I was embarressed **Friday, May 2nd 10:34AM**

88,080,487 All I remember is that it happened at home...thankfully! And I blocked the rest out of my mind...Lol. Life goes on!! :) **Friday, May 2nd 10:30AM**

88,079,894 I have not had a complete poop in my pants it's always a problem with gas and leakage of mucus and blood. **Friday, May 2nd 10:23AM**

88,079,063 Well, it was the week of my fiftieth birthday and I was at work early on a Monday morning. We were having a short Monday morning meeting and to say that things had been stressful at work would be a major understatement. (The office manager was a close relative to the wicked witch of the West) I had had some issues with urgency but never before had experienced a total blowout that was about to happen. About five minutes into the meeting I heard my stomach rumble and felt the need to flee now! I ran to the bathroom which was only about 20 feet away only to feel that the diarrhea had won the race! It was all the way down to my shoes and I could not believe that this had happened. My only choice was to strip down and wash everything in the tiny bathroom sink. The art of cleaning up after such a mess was not a talent I wanted to have but I did my best to wash out my black jeans and shoes and squeeze them out and put them back on cold and wet. Did I mention that there was only cold water in the bathroom? I must have been in there for over half an hour before I came out and announced that I had to go home. Deviously I wished the wicked witch had to go in there next :) I drove home after putting newspaper on my seat to absorb anything, it was the longest 45 minute commute home ever! Anyone like the feeling of cold wet jeans? There at home at last, I broke down and called my husband, I cried and told him "I am 50 years old and pooped my pants!" It was very devastating at the time but I can sort of laugh about it now. I just have a fear of it ever happening again in a public place. Can you relate? **Friday, May 2nd 10:09AM**

88,077,993 I have pooped my pants on several occasions. Many times at work this has happened and I have had to go out to my car in the daytime and change my pants and underwear. Hoping that no one would come walking by in the parking lot and see me changing in my car. I kept a change of underwear and pants in the car just for this purpose. It wasn't funny at the time but I guess when you look back at it that it could be funny. There has been several other occasions I pooped my pants elsewhere but none as embarrassing or as scary as getting caught in he parking lot with no pants or underwear on. I would go to bathroom in the building at work first to clean myself up as much as possible in the stall in the bathroom before going to my car to change. I also kept wet wipes to clean off better in my car before changing. So this is just one of my pooping my pants stories. I now wear depends 24 hours a day to save from having to throw good underwear away. Before I started wearing depends I threw away 3 pairs of pants and underwear. Hope someone gets a laugh or an idea they can use from my story.

Friday, May 2nd
10:02AM

88,073,842 HI there my name is Christine and I live in England I have had UC since 2002 and when in a Flare I can POO my pants about 3 time a day or more like now been in a Flare for last 7/8 weeks .. I try to run to the Toilet but sometimes never make it no matter how much I clench my Buttocks.. I think its fair to say MY POO is faster than me? I know its part of me having UC but still it bothers me Greatly especially the cleaning part .. When its at its worst and I have go out I wear a Sanitary Towel Not at all flattering since I though I had done with Sanitary towels At my age 63 But needs must.. And I am so glad I joined you for your news letters it makes the experience a whole lot better knowing your not ON YOUR OWN.. Well that's me Adam looking forward to your next one.. SORRY GOT TO RUN !!

Friday, May 2nd
9:32AM

88,073,184 ". She thought (and I agreed with her) that it was time we did a survey that was not so "serious" and could hopefully be funny and actually enjoyable for others to read."

I am sorry, but there really is nothing funny about feeling the kind of urgency that you cannot "be a man" and keep from pooping your pants." It is painful trying to hold it, and then finally succumbing to the fact that you just can't. On one had there is a relief that the pain and pressure have subsided, but then there is the aftermath.

Having to drive to clients for a living, I have to know where any possible bathroom is along the way. Even though I keep extra close with me in the event of an accident, you have to clean yourself up and then change...and then what to do with the poopy pants, etc?

It often soils the seat in my car, and I am late for appointments. It is upsetting on many levels.

So, I suppose if I saw this happen to someone else, I might laugh at their misfortune, the way we cruelly laugh when someone slips and falls down.

However, this is not an episode of "Jackass" this is a reality that causes great stress for fear of not being able to get to the bathroom on time.

Sorry to be a downer, but I can't recall an episode when pooping my pants was funny.

Adult diapers don't help, because who want to walk around with a big dump in their pants?

Then going home to shower, and having to clean up is not funny nor fun.

Friday, May 2nd
9:48AM

88,072,413 I had diarrhea and was having trouble making it to the toilet in time. I had a particular incident while flying where I didn't quite make it but thought I recovered OK. As I was leaving the plane, a helpful woman standing behind me tapped me on the shoulder and said she wanted to let me know that I must have sat in some chocolate. Oh my goodness I said, that must be it. Thanks for letting me know (as I tried to figure out how to cover the stain until I could get to the rest room).

Friday, May 2nd
9:36AM

88,071,959 I was actually in my car and thought I had to fart. Keep in mind that I was having a minor flare at the time and had been passing plenty of gas. Sooooo, I figured that I had to pass a lil gas, but that lil poot turned into a liquid poop! Ahhhhhh, SH!\$, I was livid.....so livid that I couldn't do anything but laugh at myself!

Friday, May 2nd
9:43AM

88,069,233 even in my home, i can be in the basement and not make it to the uper level bathroom a 30 sec trip...

Friday, May 2nd
9:32AM

88,069,095 I've not quite done it in my pants, but the garage garbage can has seen more than a garbage can should have to.

Friday, May 2nd
9:30AM

88,068,239 during Christmas season I was working a retail job that included long hours of standing behind a register. with Christmas being so soon, we would have lines like crazy and we weren't allowed to just walk away from our customer until we had a replacement. i felt a UC attack coming on and suddenly felt like I really had to use the restroom. I called for backup replacement but there was no one available and we were too busy. I shut my light off of my register lane but people kept coming. I was pacing behind my register and had chills and sweats all at the same time and thought i could just hold it. no such luck. as I was talking to a customer, I just felt it all come out. pooped right there as I was talking to a customer. 2 seconds after that my replacement came up, then I had the pleasure of walking halfway back to the store with my pants full of an accident. talk about humiliating!

Friday, May 2nd
9:18AM

88,067,849

I don't know that my "pooped my pants" stories are all that funny, but after 7 years of living with UC, I have learned to NEVER EVER, EVER TRUST A TOOT! If you need to pass gas, go ahead and go to the toilet - you might get more than you bargained for! UC is like a box of chocolates, you never know what you're gonna get! :) I have a bulldog who has silent but deadly gas; whenever my husband tries to blame me for the stink, my answer is always the same, "You know it wasn't me - I CAN'T toot, I might poop my pants!" It's easy to laugh it off now, this condition can be so humiliating that pooping my pants once in a while is the least of my worries!

Friday, May 2nd
9:17AM

88,065,951

The before....ate food. Went to the local grocery store to buy a few things. They had a bathroom there but because I hate public bathrooms, I thought I could make it home. As I started to drive, I felt that horrible urge coming on. Just kinda kept squeezing my cheeks, harder and harder. Ran to the front door, put the key in and when I turned it I shit my pants!!! My son was in the house and I flew in screaming, "I shit my pants." What a mother! I didn't laugh at it at the time, but sometimes he'll remind me, "remember the day you shit your pants?"
LOL...
God bless us everyone!!!
Joanie

Friday, May 2nd
9:11AM

i have 'shit-load' of stories - here's 2 of my finest:

1. On holiday in Canada, my girlfriend and i stayed a night with an old friend of my mum's on Vancouver Island whom we had never met before. That evening, her son invited me on an early morning 40min run along the spit that goes out to the sea and back around the little bay they live on. As school cross-country champion, it sounded like a good way to start the morning and roll back the years. i didn't have any appropriate shorts so he offered me his but unfortunately they were too short. had to go with my own baggy pair. In the morning, I managed to go to the loo first thing before we left so i thought all was good.

About 3 mins into the warm up lap, i knew it wasn't. from running side by side, i dropped back behind and tactically just let a small amount go and out the side of the shorts, as i thought this would placate matters. actually, that did work ok and i managed to jog on for a while. we got down to the bottom of the road and then headed back towards the house. on the way back, a massive urge kicks in and I have no chance of holding it especially as i'm running. didnt know if i should run into the bushes or what my options were to save any dignity (i had only met this guy the night before). so basically i did nothing other than try and put some distance between us (not too much, not too little).

Then, I emitted a sudden squelch sound, which startled him and he turned round and asked if "i was alright." "yeh, fine mate" i lied.... and then it all came out, luckily just as he turned his back. i was still running and it flung out of my baggy shorts, all down my leg and onto the road. leg smothered in poo. i grabbed some gravel and dirt and started scraping my leg with it when i could but it was not very effective. also now my hands were covered in poo too. eventually we got back to the house "for a stretch" before the proper run began... i sort of blocked his view of me, standing by a little tree in the front lawn. I pretended that the 15 minute warm up jog had knocked me out and that i needed a rest. he smiled like he knew how much fitter he was than me. i wanted him to head off first so awkwardly waited around a little then we said our goodbyes and yup.... you guessed it.... he offered his friendly hand for a good old manly handshake. i had no choice, how could i refuse? and before i knew it, i was giving him a vigorous shake to say thank you with scrapings of my own human faeces for good measure.

88,065,369

Friday, May 2nd
8:21AM

i never saw him again as he went straight to work and we moved on that evening. at least he didn't lend me his shorts. Since i had no spares with me, I spent the rest of the day on a tour of the island with his family wearing my girlfriend's trousers - which i tried to pull off as some sort of trendy, retro English skinny 3/4 shorts look... "it's all the rage in London!".

2. i cycled to the local library to take back a book. Managed to return it ok and was just getting back on to the bike when i can feel the rumbles - had to make quick assessment: could i hold out til i got home or make a dash back to library... by the time i worked it out i already know its gonna be a close one either way. I managed to waddle into the reception area of the library and then realised i had no idea where the loo was in the building. can barely speak at this stage as literally clenching my whole body to keep it in. I squeek out the question to the old lady behind the desk and whilst she rambles on about which doors to open and stairs to climb, it all just goes and its all very audible. i'm just standing there nodding and half smiling in relief whilst she's giving me directions - punctuated by the obvious sounds of it being too late. actually pooping whilst having a conversation with a stranger - even after 3 years of this that was definitely a new experience!

88,065,105

The sudden urge hit me like a derailed train. I knew i either had to fart or poop. I was really positive it was a fart! After all im the only one who knows my body so well! I said whatever and farted. It was the wettest fart ive eve heard or felt. Both my butt cheeks were drenched in what looked like hersheys syrup. It was so disgusting but hey its what happend and remember next time its better to fart in the toilet just in case!!
Have a good day :)

Friday, May 2nd
9:10AM

88,064,548 For me it happened when I was in the stage where I was having a flare but still working. I would typically have to use the restroom several times(at least 4-5) per day. Usually I would always make sure to make a stop by the restroom right before I left because I had a 25-30 minute commute home. Well this time I felt like I didn't have to go and I hit the road. Well, just as I was getting on the freeway it hit me like a ton of bricks. That feeling of utter panic began to flow over me. The nearest exit was a good 2 miles down the road so I was on the gas hard! Unfortunately I was not quite fast enough. I made it to the exit ramp, about 2 blocks from a gas station and it happened. Worst part was when I got into the gas station to clean up there was someone in the restroom and I had to stand there and wait what felt like a half hour! But I finally got in there, cleaned up as best I could. Tossed my drawers in the garbage and drove the rest of the way home.

Friday, May 2nd
8:56AM

This happened within the first year of finding out I had UC and I still was not close to having it under control. I'm happy to say this was my one incident and after fighting UC flares on and off with prednisone for 2 years I gave Humira a chance and it has made all the difference. It's been several months and this is the first time I've felt normal(bathroom once per day most days) since I've been diagnosed and not been on predinose. So all I can say it even when things seem horrible keep trying new things to help. You never know what may work for you. For me it's azathiaprine, lialda, and humira. Remicade actually didn't work the best for me but Humira seems to be the game changer so far.

88,064,438 Well I have pooped myself multiple times but the worst time happened my freshman year of college (spring of 2010). I woke up at 7:00 a.m. and really needed to use the can, so I head to the girls bathroom. The dorm I was living in had 2 guys floors and then the 3rd floor was for girls, and the entire floor shared a common bathroom. As I make my way to the bathroom, a MALE janitor is in the bathroom and telling me I have to wait. As we all know, holding back an urge to go #2 is not a strong suit for most UCers. So I squeeze my cheeks together in hopes that I can spare 5 minutes before destruction occurs in my panties. So after about 5 minutes, the urge is just forcing its way and I walk in again hoping the janitor would let me go- but he was still there and refused to let me go. At this point I can feel my stool just trying to poke its way out and I have an idea: The basement has a bathroom! (keep in mind I am on the 4th floor of the building). So I sprint from the top floor and race down the stairwell to get to the basement. As I hit the basement I can start to feel the poo hitting my panties and I am like shitttttttttt- so I race so fast to the bathroom, but it was too late. As I am entering the bathroom and trying to pull my pants down, poop is just going all over the ground and on the toilet seat but I reluctantly sit down so that the rest of my stool will at least go into the toilet. I am sitting there (relieved I finally made it) but pissed off at the damn janitor. Like HELLO, people with UC gotta go when they have to go- come on dude! So I am staring at the mess I made and praying no one will walk in (with my rush, I forgot to lock the door). Obviously my underwear and shorts are ruined so I take those off. I decide to wash off my underwear in the sink, since I can't walk back upstairs without anything covering my downstairs. So set my panties in the sink, and run the water, in order to get the poo off my panties. As that is happening, I decide to clean up the floor around the toilet and the toilet seat. You know, always have to multitask. So after cleaning up by the toilet for a bit, I realize there is water starting to form on the ground by the sink...I think "hmm that's odd." So I walk out of the bathroom stall and to my horror, the sink started to overflow with water AND my poo droppings and were scattering all over the floor (my underwear had covered the drain in the sink...causing it to overflow...woops). As soon as I see this, I sprint over to the sink in a panic and completely slip on the water! Fell straight on my back into the water and my own poo.....yeah, definitely the worst morning of my life hahahaha. Looking back now I laugh because it is a hilarious story (and I am thankful I didn't hit my head and pass out), but at the time I was one angry UCer. But yeah that's my favorite pooping of the pants story, hope you enjoyed as well!

Friday, May 2nd
8:50AM

88,064,040 Well...it didn't ever really come to that...I was awfully afraid to pass gas lest it become the dreaded 'shart'...that happened a time or two.

I deeply sympathize with those that haven't actually made it to the loo in time. Nothing is worse...

Friday, May 2nd
9:04AM

88,063,667 Out shopping couldn't get to the toilet quick enough and pooped myself , luckily I had just brought myself some new trousers!! I had to clean up and get changed in a disabled toilet only to come out and get told off by a lady in a wheelchair, you can imagine her face when I explained to her and then made a sharp exit back to my car!!!

Friday, May 2nd
9:00AM

88,062,824 Well, here goes one story for ya, Imagine being in a conference room business meeting and UC takes over your body and you are along for the ride to a bathroom with about, mmmmmmm, 35 secs to get there! That was me before I knew what the heck was going on with my body(UC). Well, I jumped up, bolted to the bathroom only to find a full house, no room in the inn, nada, zip. So, I run out and look for another bathroom, and unfortunately this ancient office building only has open bathroom on the floor and I am on the 3rd floor. So after finding this out I hit the stairs, no time waiting for elevators as I am sure some of you know, a combination of elevator music and the ticking time bomb in my A\$\$ would not go together. So I make it to the second floor, and what do I find...another full house, you got it, damn the luck! So I break for the stairs again and as I get to the first floor bathroom, while seeing another FREAKING full bathroom the ticking time bomb goes off. So I am need to go back to the meeting right, grrrrreat. After a parking lot change and clean up and back to the first floor bathroom, which is completely empty now, for further cleaning detail, I am commando under my slacks and back to the meeting like nothing ever happened.)

Well that is just one of many, before my UC diagnosis.

Friday, May 2nd
8:17AM

A side note, after trying Lialda, Prednisone, and Apriso,(all with not much help). I have found a Supplement combination that works for me, and finally I am in remission(5 months now)!!!!!!

Supplement combination;
Probiotics, Chlorella, Spriulina, Flaxseed, Astaxanthin and Fish oil.
And occasionally Zyflamend - I Know it's a mouth full, so to speak:)

but for me, IT WORKS , and hopefully the info can help someone else.

PEASNLUV,

Kevin from Houston

88,062,175 I've had many accidents, at work, at home & in the car. I carry extra clothes with me but I don't find anything funny about it. Just embarrassing. **Friday, May 2nd 8:55AM**

88,061,918 it's actually not really pooping, but bleeding my pants which was the most shaming experience i ever had. It was last christmas i was invited at a friends party. I had drunk some glasses of champagne and danced. Around 1 or 2 am, i sat upon a table in the living room to talk to a friend, i got up and walked, i returned and realized there was quite a big blood stain on the table just where i was. i was taken with a very big anxiety, i went to the toilet and realized i was in a pool of blood: my panties, my tight were soaked with blood, fortunately i wore a long black dress, which camouflaged the blood. I started thinking that i might have put blood anywhere because i didn't know how long it had been bleeding so much, it was a real nightmare. I had to stuff my panties with toilet paper and i preferred to stay some minutes more so that people don't think i get away too suddenly, which would have looked strange, but i felt so ill-at-ease. I think it is the worst memory of my illness ever. Of my LIFE. It was really traumatic and feel like crying when i think of it...

It was the 2nd time this was happening in my life. The second time i drank champagne (after being diagnosed). I am now sure this was the cause and i never want to drink champagne anymore!!!

Friday, May 2nd 8:40AM

88,061,565 First of all, this survey is hilarious. My story isn't TOO bad, I tend to get the urge to go while I'm out shopping or something but I have always been able to hold it in (looking like a clenched butt, red faced weirdo). So I leave the store immediately and head home as the urge subsides but it always comes back 10 times stronger as I head down my street towards my house. I open the garage and run/waddle in(clenched! no time to kick off my shoes or take my coat off) heading for the downstairs (nearest) bathroom. If I'm lucky, nothing has squeezed out by now but one particular time, I wasn't so lucky. Every step I took, some came out so by the time I actually got to the toilet, I was pretty much finished. Good thing we didn't have company over!

Friday, May 2nd 8:41AM

88,060,579 Hello, my name is Christina Monterde and I was diagnosed in sept 08. I was a senior in HS and had no idea what was going on before I got diagnosed. It's crazy because for about three years prior to being diagnosed I was having bad stomach cramps and diarrhea. I didn't think of it as being a big issue, just something bad I had eaten. But in July 08 it had started getting really bad. Everything I ate was going straight threw me. Id literally say 3 mins after I had eaten something I had to run to the toilet. It was horrible and the pain was horrible as well. There was blood also in my stool so I was freaked out. So I went to the ER numerous times and they just said it was something bad that I had eaten. But the symptoms never left so I had started to not really eat because I hated going to the bathrooms everytime I put something in my mouth. So in sept 08 my mom said I had lost too much weight so she took me down to children's hospital Los Angeles. As soon as I got there they ran test and automatically assumed I had UC. So I was hospitalized for 2 weeks and they did a colonoscopy and told me I had UC on the left side of my colon. I was so scared and thankful because I finally knew it was really something. So then I was put on diff meds and now I've been holding up pretty well. I've had about 3 relapses but usually go right back within a week or so.

Friday, May 2nd 8:36AM

88,060,148 Both my brother and I were diagnosed with UC and as luck would have it, we both had a habit of getting up at around 2am for the toilet. It got to the point where I would set an alarm for a little earlier so I could beat him to the toilet. Waiting was the worst thing imaginable. One horrible night when he beat me I couldn't hold it, it was awful. The cramps, the heat flushes...sitting on the corridor floor it started happening. My first thought was the kitchen bin (you don't think clearly when it's that urgent). I did a mad dash but when I got there it was clear it wouldn't work, so for some reason I decided in my panicked state that the front yard was the best option. Conjure up this image. 16 year old girl squatting in the front garden in her pyjamas in the middle of winter, half hidden in front of a car... doing her thing. Mortifying when I think back on it, but at the time it seemed like my best option. To this day I still have no idea if anyone noticed one patch of mud looked a little different that morning...

Friday, May 2nd 8:39AM

I thought I just had to pee one day when I got to my parttime job where I am a fitness instructor and I parked in the lower lot and as I changed clothes in my truck I felt this really bad urge to pee.

So I just kept getting dressed and all of a sudden I jumped out of the truck and ripped my shorts down but it was too late. I had pooped myself, but the adventure didn't end there. Oh no it did not...

As I leaned beck trying not to get any on my shoes I kept pooping in the parking lot unable to stop it. This went on for 10 minutes. Just pouring out like a soft serve ice cream machine until finally it was over.

88,058,914 Luckily, I carry baby wipes and extra clothes with me most of the time. So I cleaned up and put my clothes in a shopping bag and ran up into the Gym where I work and jumped into the shower before my class.

Friday, May 2nd 8:30AM

My one saving grace from God was as I was praying to God not to let anyone come down there and see me doing this, it was actually pouring down rain and no one wanted to get wet running to the car.

Keep on trying everyone. It's a fight everyday but do your best to keep your day as normal as you can.

Rusty B. Spaugh
Winston Salem, NC

88,058,475

Hi my name is Steve, filling up my car with fuel I got the old warning signs down below! Usually the car is my safe place and I can drive all day without needing to go, must be cause my colon is immobilized or something. I racked the pump and jumped in quick but it was too late, this volcano was going Vesuvius style! As I drove out I fought the urge but the cork was popped and the gravy train was inbound! I grabbed a windshield cover from the back seat to sit on and protect the seat from staining and it was a warm pant filling showcase! I must of rose an inch off the seat there was that much! Then it was a long drive home in my poop mobile sitting in the mess, mmm tasty! Home , underwear in the trash and jeans in the wash and a lonnggg shower to make myself feel less like a dirty animal!

Friday, May 2nd
8:28AM

88,058,393

I was at the supermarket about 2 1/2 blocks from my job.my stomach started hurting and i had that urgent sudden need to go to the bathroom.I was standing in line and it was crowded.I tried to ignore it,hold it in and I tried praying that it would just wait til I got back to my job.Well I got out of line since nothing I was trying was working and quickley started walking back to my office while still praying for God to please let me get there.Lol .I got on the elevator and had to get to the 16th floor.Well I almost made it before it came out right on the elevator.Luckily I was the only one on it.It was loose but not runny.I got to the handicap bathroom in the hallway of my office,took off my jeans and sneakers,then carefully pulled down my underwear enough to get them off without getting it all over my legs,wrapped the underwear in paper towels,threw them away,washed up with paper towels and hand soap,stuck a sanitary napkin in my jeans to have something to protect my bottom and went home.I laughed at myself and told my son who laughed even harder when I got home.

Friday, May 2nd
8:16AM

88,057,798

When I was first diagnosed, I had an 11 month old, 3 year old and 4 year old. We were driving home from some place and all of a sudden a cold sweat came over me and "Oh mercy I am going to poop my pants was going through my head." Do I grab a diaper from my 11 month old, "No I am almost home I can make it." "Oh no I am not going to make it" Turn on the air conditioner to help me cool down and have the cool air blow on my face "maybe that will help the sensation." "Maybe there is a bathroom close by, no I don't want to try to get all 3 kids out." "I can make it, No I am not going to make it" Start singing loudly with cold air on my face and start beating on the steering wheel. From the back, sweet little voices, "Mommy whats wrong?" "Are you OK?" "No mommy needs to go potty, really quickly." "Mommy use Andrew's diapers." "No mommy wants to try to go home." (I kept contemplating whether or not to get a diaper really I was.) Singing, beating on steering wheel gets more intense. Now butt is rising up from seat squeezing but cheeks together. Call out to my mom. "Mom please, please, help me, let me get home so I don't poop my pants." (My mom is no where around and no I wasn't on the cell phone. They were't around that I knew of in 1994) "Mommy you're gunna be OK," says a little sweet voice from the back. "Nope mommy is 29 years old and she is gunna poop her pants." "Please, Please,God don't let me poop my pants." I only have a mile to get home butt cheeks getting tighter (because you can't trust that it is only gas). "Oh, no don't sneeze, don't sneeze." SNEEZE, too late. Sweet voice from the back, "Mommy, Andrew pooped." "Open the window more." "Sorry honey it wasn't Andrew, it was mommy." Get home walk as if I have something in my pants. Take the kids out of the car and then immediately throw clothes in the garbage. "I am not washing them." I have found that having cold air blow on my face, singing and beating on the dashboard of a car distracts me long enough that I usually can make it to a bathroom. Thanks goodness I think I have only had an accident in my pants maybe 3 times.

Friday, May 2nd
8:11AM

88,057,271

Ah yes, this has happened on several occasions. Most notably was in a Walmart while on vacation. I was wearing shorts and was in the area of the store that was furthest from the restrooms. I thought about that fact then naturally your mind triggers your body resulting in the horrific urge to drop a deuce immediately. So I began me journey to the restroom clenching my cheeks shut. I know UC'ers can relate to that method of walking. Almost resembles a penguin. As I got near the restroom I just couldn't hold it any longer and slowly started crapping my pants. Luckily I contained it in my boxer shorts so once I arrived in the restroom I simply went into the stall, removed my boxers and tossed them in the garbage. Cleaned myself up then returned to shopping. Once this happens you feel like you've reached an all time low, like, how can it get any worse. I just try to pick myself up and realize I'm not the only one who this has happened too. Whichever vehicle I'm traveling in I always make sure to carry and extra pear of boxers. One rule for people with UC. Never go commando!

Friday, May 2nd
8:26AM

WHICH TIME!!POOPED MY PANTS.SAM"S CLUB,KMART,CAR.HONESTLY I DO NOT KNOW WHERE TO START. WELL WE WENT TO LUNCH AND I WAS FINE AND WE EVEN WENT SHOPPING AND FINE AND THEN NEAR HOME I FELT LIKE I MAY NEED A RESTROOM SO WE PULLED IN THE DRIVE AND I JUMPED OUT OF THE CAR AND JUST WALKED INTO OUR CARPETED KITCHEN AND HERE IT COMES NOT WITH MY DOING POOP POOP POOP EVERYWHERE.I SWEAR THE DIAPERS DO NOT WORK FOR ME WHEN IT IS LIKE WATER.SO THERE I STOOD TRYING TO THINK HOW WILL I GET FROM HERE TO THERE.I COVERED THE MESS WITH PAPER TOWEL AND IT STUNK TO HIGH HEAVEN BUT I NEEDED THE BATHROOM SO I THOUGHT THAT WOULD MAKE IT BETTER FOR MY HUSBAND AND HE WALKED IN BEHIND ME AS I STOOD THERE AND SAID WHAT THE H.....!!!!!!THEN HE LOOKED AT ME FROM BEHIND AND SAID DO U KNOW THAT U HAVE POOP ON YOUR PANTS AND IN YOUR SHOE.IF I WAS A VIOLENT PERSON I GUESS U KNOW WHAT I WOULD HAVE DONE.I SAID GOSH NO HONEY!!!!HA HA HA HA HA.WHILE I TELL MY FAMILY WHAT HE SAYS THEY CRACK UP.THANK GOD I LAUGH ALOT.TODAY I MAY CALL A NEW DOCTOR AS I READ THEY INSERT SOME SORT OF GEL IN YOUR RECTUM OR WHATEVER AND IT IS SUPPOSED TO HELP!!! NEED AS MUCH AS I CAN GET.

88,057,088

Friday, May 2nd
8:11AM

In our last house, we had one bathroom, which is a nightmare for someone with UC. My husband "takes his time" on the toilet; apparently it is a more positive experience for him than I usually go through. I warned him after I developed UC that when I had to go, it was NOW and I had very little time to negotiate. One bad morning, I didn't have time to run to the basement and use an emergency bucket (a humiliating alternative....). I ran into the bathroom, which he occupied at the time and told him I needed to go NOW. He didn't quite get it, took his time, which was probably 30 seconds, getting off the toilet. In that length of time, I could no longer hold it, lost control and that was all she wrote. I calmly stepped out of my poop-filled pajamas, left them on the floor in front of him and got into the shower to clean up.

The house we moved into has 3 bathrooms.

88,056,873

Friday, May 2nd
8:22AM

I was standing at a urinal at my job and felt an urge to fart. I was already "pushing" to pee and when I pushed to fart BLAM instant milkshake in my pants! Luckily, I was wearing boxer briefs that day so it not only contained the brown blast, but it also stopped it from soaking into my jeans. I quickly stepped into the toilet stall, tore off my undies and decided that I couldn't flush them, so I buried them at the bottom of the paper towel garbage that was built into the wall. I didn't bury them at the very bottom though, because I wanted them to blend into the middle of the garbage so even the janitor wouldn't find my soiled shorts. I had to go "commando" style the rest of the day but I learned an important lesso...don't push while you pee!!

88,056,623

Friday, May 2nd
8:11AM

So the question is "have I pooped my pants" I have to say yes...trying to lead a normal life, a couple stories come to mind. I love in Wisconsin, love hunting and this past fall I was having a bit of a flair...mostly cause we eat so good at deer camp. So after sitting in my stand for a couple hours and I was feeling good, I decided to take walk, we'll as you know a person wear many layers of clothing for hunting. So here I walking slowly looking for signs when IT hit me, that urge...that sinking feeling that you know what happens if you don't hurry. So here I am in the middle of the woods tearing off cloths as fast as I could, but it was too late...we'll if you can imagine after the deed was done now I'm in recovery mood, stand bare ass in the woods,it was about 15 degrees that morning and I'm cutting my underwear off of me. It's amazing what I'll use to clean up and yes snow is very very cold to help clean up.

88,056,574

Friday, May 2nd
8:18AM

FIRST time, I was at WORK! I was in the middle of a terrible flare up, and I was losing a lot of weight. So I thought it would be a good idea to buy some weight gain shakes.....yeah. I drank a big one and about 15 minutes later I was sitting at my desk and boom, I had to go. At the time we only had one bathroom in the office and there was already someone in the stall - so I had to wait. I went back to my desk and the urge to go kept getting worse and worse until - BOOM - there it went, I pooped all over myself right at my desk!!

For some quick action, I grabbed my jacket and tied it around my waist 80's style so no one could see the huge stain and rushed out the front door to my truck - called in to let my boss know that I had an extreme emergency at home that I had to tend to and I would be right back. (Told him my elderly grandmother had fallen down the steps and I was the only one that she could get ahold of).

Now for the SECOND TIME I POOPED MY PANTS - I was at Home Depot (my favorite store!) It was actually the day before Thanksgiving and my wife wanted me to fix something. I was coming out of a bad flare up, was on lots of Prednisone so I felt a little invincible. Ate a huge breakfast and headed to the store - while I was there I felt like I had to go but didn't really bother with it. I made my way towards the exit and still kinda felt like I needed to go. Didn't think much more about it because I was only 5 minutes from home. Two minutes down the road and boom here it came again, wasted another great pair of pants!! Gotta love Colitis.

88,056,269

Friday, May 2nd
8:18AM

So the only time this happened was when I was at work. And so very quickly I realized that I HAD to go, and that the toilet at work was under maintenance for at least a half hour. So I made a dash for my car to go to my grandmothers place which was not that far away. I made it to the car alright, but by then I knew this POOP wasn't kidding. I had to make it quickly.

I waded through the traffic, and got the door of her house and rang the bell. And the minute she opens it - BOOM. After all the anticipation of getting there, the minute I did - I got so relieved, that well, I relieved myself. HAHA

It wasnt very funny then, but its nice to reflect upon it lightly now. This is a great initiative Adam - thank you.

88,054,751

Friday, May 2nd
8:17AM

88,054,555	Well its happened on numerous occasions, and we all know where the bathrooms are on our route to and from work but this time I was stuck in traffic during a snow storm, in my car headed home (thankfully) when...oops....out it came. I remember trying so hard to hang on but in the end....well...nothing could hold it back. As horrible as it sounds, it was quite a relief...I just knew it couldn't get worse.	Friday, May 2nd 8:11AM
88,054,112	I am suffering from ulcerative colitis and have been under medication and hospitalization for a couple of months now. Please help.	Friday, May 2nd 8:16AM
88,052,027	To my horror, my kids just love telling everyone this story: I had been in the middle of a horrible flare for almost a year. I thought that things were starting to settle down a bit and that letting a fart go while not sitting on the toilet would be safe....no such luck. I happened to be sitting on our (white) sofa with my boys and I let the fart rip, but I immediately had that sinking feeling and thought "OMG, did I just shart?" Well I stood up, looked at the sofa where I had been sitting and there is a huge blood stain, so I grabbed my behind and ran to the bathroom. Every time I have family over now, they just love sharing that story and reenacting my run of shame to the bathroom! Of course my guests are completely grossed out since they are sitting on the same sofa (which has been thoroughly cleaned, but it's still mortifying to see the horrified looks on their faces! Erica	Friday, May 2nd 7:55AM
88,051,879	My story is not so funny at all. I have uc for the past 5 years and at the moment things are not too good for me. WEnt for a walk the other night with the dogs and yes felt the urgent need to go. Jumped over a fence thinking i could disappear behind a tree only to discover an electric fence so I could not go any further. It was too open and near the road for me to perform there and then so I got back out on the foot path and yes you guessed, by this time it was too late. Poo Poo +++++. I had to ring my mother who is 80 years of age to come collect me as I was in no condition to walk home. She came prepared with black sacks covering her car seat as she has had to do this before for me. Imagine 47 years of age and still need my mam to sort out my toilet mishaps. Today is a good day for me so thats all forgotten about now.	Friday, May 2nd 7:58AM
88,051,711	I was walking from my apartments' parking lot to my apartment (about 20 feet) and I felt my stomach gurgle... I got scared and knew what was coming next... I scrambled for my keys and had my arms full of groceries... I prayed that I could make it to the door. Thankfully I did but as soon as I entered my apartment and closed the door... I pooped and shook violently in my clothes with the groceries still in my hands. I screamed and cried but was thankful at the same time that no one saw and because I was in my home where I could throw the clothes away and hop in the shower. Since that incident, I now make sure that the places I go have a restroom or one nearby. And I also now keep a change of clothes (and underwear) in my car along with babywipes.	Friday, May 2nd 7:55AM
88,051,645	For whatever reason, and I'm not sure if anyone else has this "symptom", when I am having bathroom issues my body seems to KNOW when I turn onto my street. I kid you not, the closer I get to my house the more urgent my need to get home becomes!On this particular day I had gone out to lunch with friends from work, and as necessary, went straight home afterwards. Well the closer I got to my house the worse it became. I didn't think I was going to make it! When I pulled into the driveway I had to just sit there in my car for a minute to try and get things under control. I had to get my keys ready, because there definitely wasn't going to be time to fumble with them at the door, and forget about carrying anything in! There would have to be another trip for that. This was going to be a mad dash to the bathroom in a race against gravity(?)! Well gravity won! I did not make it! Luckily I was at home and so it wasn't too terribly traumatic. After cleaning myself up, I just balled up the whole lower half of my outfit, put it in a plastic bag and deposited it in the garbage can outside. That was the worse of my incidents. There have definitely been other minor mishaps. I of course know where the bathroom is in every store I shop in. My kids know that when I say "I have to go to the bathroom!" I mean NOW, stop what you're doing and let's go! Do not pass go. Do not collect \$200. Go directly to the bathroom~ as fast as you can! I hope you can laugh at my story, because you know as they say "Shit Happens!" It just happens to some of us "lucky" ones more often than others!	Friday, May 2nd 7:40AM
88,051,459	I was in the middle of a flare up and had spent most of the morning on the toilet. I was going to get in the shower and had already taken off my underwear. I had to go to the laundry room for a wash cloth and was wearing just a nightgown. I got to that end of the house and got struck. My living room was carpeted at the time so I grabbed my gown and pulled it around my butt and started running to the bathroom. I pooped my gown and my husband witnessed it. To make things worse it wasn't even a cute gown. It was from his grandma and looked like a granny gown. So I pooped my granny gown in front of my husband.	Friday, May 2nd 7:53AM
88,051,415	I was at work one day I work with cars and I was too far from a bathroom. I couldn't make it I tried to run inside but had to stop and sit down. I was so scared and embarrassed. I finally made it inside to the bathroom I had to take my underwear off and throw them away. I left work and went home I couldn't bare staying at work anymore.	Friday, May 2nd 8:00AM

88,050,547	So i went to see my boyfriend at his student halls, and i thought i would be brave for once and try and hold my poop in. However, as soon as i reached just outside his halls i couldn't wait the 2 mins it would take me to park my car and climb the stairs to his room. So instead i found an outside storage space which looked untouched and dusty so i pulled my pants down and felt the stress drain out of me, i was so relieved and happy that noone had saw!	Friday, May 2nd 7:56AM
88,049,770	We were going to a trip to Florida , we are from Long Island so in the morning my wife says your going to ware those jeans she dose not like them but they are confiterbel so I ware the . I feel good the whole flight my cousin picks us up at airport and were driving to his house and all of a sudden ban I got to go we pull into a reastrant but to late luckily I always carry my back with me with extra stuff . I through the jeans out and the trip still turned out great when we got back to New York I bought 2 pair of Levi's just as nice as the ones I through out. Uc is a tough illness so you always half to be ready for the worst but still have fun with what you are doing one day at a time.	Friday, May 2nd 7:42AM
88,049,462	Male 66 UC diagnosed in 2011 currently on Apriso canasa and Remicade. Mornings are somewhat difficult the second or third BM can come with little warning, but normally the rest of the day is normally ok.	Friday, May 2nd 7:47AM
88,049,191	If I have to pick only one (because there's so many I lost count!), I guess the best one would be when my husband and I were coming back from a trip and we were on the PA turnpike and it hit me, I had to go immediatley. Well, there of course were no restroom stops and nowhere to pull over. So I pulled down my drawers, grabbed the blanket I was using, hovered myself over it and went on the blanket. I thought this was genius cuz I could just fold up the blanket and toss it. My husband asked how I was going to hold myself up over it until he found somewhere to stop. Not sure about that or how to wipe or how many truck drivers were going by seeing this. So I sat in it and waited until he found an exit with a Sheetz. Then I had to clean myself up in the car good enough so I could go inside to the bathroom. What a mess and stink, wow!	Friday, May 2nd 7:40AM
88,048,612	About 20 mins from my house and started to feel i had to go.. I got all the way home and pooped in my pants at the front door!!! So close yet so far	Friday, May 2nd 7:48AM
88,048,554	K 2 decades ago. Dating this red headed scottish woman. Formerly my work colleague. Then my steady date. & currently (post poop story) my wife.	Friday, May 2nd 7:46AM
88,048,402	Before I was fully diagnosed, medicated and somewhat controlled, I was unable to control what was going on with releasing gas shall we say. Every few days, I'd toot and a wad of mucussy, blood mess would mess my pants! Carried extra underwear those days! Doesn't happen anymore, thanks to enemas 2x a day!	Friday, May 2nd 7:43AM
88,048,214	This has happened many times, and always when I am walking my dog. We poop together!	Friday, May 2nd 7:46AM
88,047,350	I have had a number of these incidents but I want to live and sometimes it's worth taking that risk. I have a daughter and have been camping with her every year since she was a toddler. One year we couldn't get a pitch near the (pretty awful) toilet block so we went near the woods instead at least i would have somewhere to go in an emergency. My colitis was very active at this point and I jumped out of bed in the middle of the night but by the time i pulled my trousers on and started opening the tent zip it had happened. It went all down my legs through my trousers etc - I had to have a clean up on a cold UK night in the dark and try not to wake my fellow tent dwellers - this was just one of many incidents that spring to mind. I have had it happen at work, at gigs and parties and when trying to run for a bus. I know it's awful but I still wouldn't allow it to stop me living, going anywhere - i have one life and however embarrassing i'd rather live my life than stay huddled in bed because of other people's shock/disgust or whatever, I have never left anything 'soiled' for anyone else to deal with - it's my poop - i'll deal with it.	Friday, May 2nd 7:39AM