



The Cocaine Stone

Trying to convince your Administrative Board members that you popped positive for drugs because you suffer from a newly discovered and very painful medical condition when you passed a "cocaine stone" in the specimen cup. Anyone who believed the "cocaine stone" defense.



Nearly Naked In The Weight Room

Overheard—Nearly Naked in the Gym: There I was, sitting down to do the incline bench at the gym in Macdonough Hall at USNA. I didn't have a spotter because I had lifted the same weight before and knew I could just rest the bar behind my

head on the incline bench in case I wasn't able to finish the last rep. So of course, this time I couldn't finish that last rep. No worry—I set the bar behind my head like I'd planned, then allowed it to roll down the incline bench in a slow, controlled manner towards the seat, where it would come to a rest. Unfortunately, as the bar rolled down past my neck, it rolled onto the collar of my blue-rim t-shirt. My arms were pretty tired at this point, so I struggled to hold the 135 pounds from rolling further and tightening the t-shirt collar around my neck. My face started to throb with blood, and I started choking. Fortunately, my shirt tore at the shoulders.



I let the bar roll down the seat behind my back. Like a sardine can opening, the bar tore off the back of my shirt as it rolled towards the seat. A small group of concerned Midshipmen gathered around, which normally would have been embarrassing for me since by now I was wearing the equivalent of a short-sleeved bib, but I was just happy to breathe at this point. To my horror, I then realized that the t-shirt was tucked into the waistband of my mesh shorts, so now the shorts rolled around the bar before it came to rest at the bottom of the seat. I realized my shirt was tucked into my mesh shorts when the waistband of the shorts rolled around the bar, which then came to rest at the bottom of the seat. By now, more Midshipmen had noticed the spectacle. Help was probably out of the question since I was no longer in risk of physical injury. I stood up, but my shorts were still pinned under the bar. So there I was, wearing half a t-shirt, tennis shoes, shorts at my knees, tighty-whities fully exposed, trying to untangle what was left of my clothes from under the bar. Once clear of the bench, I pulled up my shorts, took the weight off the bar, and quickly exited the gym to preserve whatever shred of dignity I had left.

How Not to Test for Sewer Gas Leaks

Citations from the Latrine. While walking past a pump truck emptying a sewer—our special term for these is not suitable for a family-oriented letter—I watched

the truck's driver testing for sewer gas by waving a burning stick over the manhole. As I hurried past this demonstration of Third-World daredevilry, I wondered if the phrase "fecal explosion" had ever graced a posthumous (or even a pre- or midhumous) citation. Guessing that barrier had yet to be broken, I made it my goal not to be the first example. (Let me know if you find "midhumous" in the dictionary.) [Ed. note: Sorry. No such luck. Closest thing is 'hummus.']



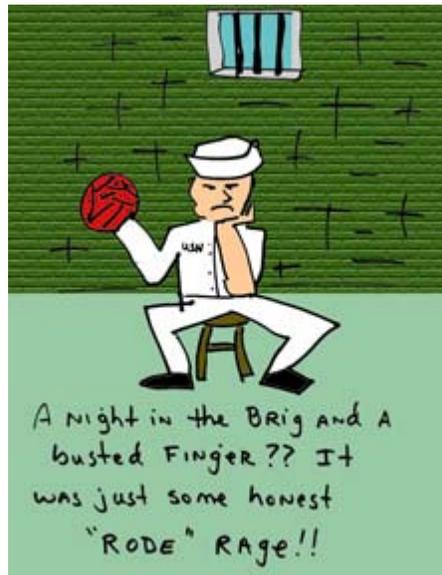
Armed and Dangerous at Checkpoint Charlie – Leave Your Logic at the Gate

Tight Security...? At the air terminal in FT Bliss we were screened for dangerous weapons. Not unusual, you say. But first I had to place my M9 pistol, ammo clip and knife in my hat so the screener could wand me for dangerous contraband. I then re-holstered my pistol, put the knife back on my belt and boarded the plane.



Giving The Bird To Your Boss

A young Sailor sitting in traffic trying to get into the main gate at North Island Naval Air Station in Coronado, rolling down his window and giving the finger to an SUV that was trying to merge into his lane and learning that he just flicked off the Secretary of the Navy and the Base Commander.



The "I'm a Cheat and a Liar – Not a Drug User" Defense

Substituting someone else's urine for your own during random drug tests because you "don't trust the system," and testing positive on all three occasions.



The Stupid Shouldn't Have Matches

While on watch setting the couch located in the magazine on fire in the midst of a severe drought because you were "bored."



The Infamous 5/5 Pizza Special (\$500 and 5 months in the brig)

Stealing your roommate's checkbook and then having \$500 worth of pizza delivered to your shared apartment paid for with the stolen check.



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