

This article was previously published under the title: The great Australian Toilet War. Since then much has changed and it was important to keep abreast of all new developments. On a visit to my 90 year old Mums home I took her shopping. We decided to enter 'Woolies' supermarket.

Abalinx 12 March 2020 Peter Adamis

We went to Woolworths to purchase groceries amongst other items. I had heard and read about the toilet paper battles and the races regarding the toilet paper chase, but had to see it for ourselves. I enjoy writing about day to day issues that affect us Aussies and this was one of them. I must admit, we Aussies are a strange mob; tough, resilient, courageous and we know what to do in a crisis. Today I was lucky enough to witness one of those strange Aussie past times, a race down the aisles for toilet paper.

As we entered Woolworths people were heading in one direction. Others were coming out with a big pack of toilet paper. The bells had rung, customers lining up and the starter's pistol went off with a bang, the race for the toilet paper was on. Up on the rails was the woman in black, closely followed by a an old age pensioner struggling to keep up, behind the front runners was a man in blue, obviously not a policeman because he was arrogant and pushy, not far behind him was a lady whose facial features were from Asia, trailing in the back was an old veteran just keeping up with the herd, last but not least were the late comers who heard of the race.

Woolworth officials not taking any crap from anyone had stood by the tracks to enforce zero tolerance of any misbehaviour amongst the runners. As they lined up for the straight, customers who had been running patiently behind the front runners became agitated and annoyed at others who barged or infiltrated the middle group. Of all a sudden a streaker appeared to run onto the aisle track and made a grab for the toilet paper, however he was caught by the scruff of the neck by a security guard and hauled off to the toilet when another pallet arrived just in time to save the race from becoming a total farce.

In the end everyone involved was able to walk away with a toilet paper trophy and all the aggression, bitterness and grief had disappeared from people's faces. I chuckled at how we humans react to crisis and issues that affect our person. However, I was not at all surprised by how quickly normal people over reacted.

In any case I waited patiently until all the runners had managed t pass the post and the Woolworths employee handed one pack to each member and as such I took one trophy for my aged mother. To capture the moment, I asked my young sister to take picture of me coming out of Woolworths. I could not resist the temptation. Well that's my chuckle for the day. Stay tuned for more of mankind's hilarious adventures. Stay strong always and remember that when it is time to go, head for the little house in the back and do what you must do. Cheerio for now.



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THE TOILET PAPER TRACK





