

Airing Dirty Laundry...

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There are few things in this world that I love more than doing laundry. It ranks up there with flaying my skin off with a potato peeler. As much as I loathe spending my days off separating colors, presoaking grass stained jeans and trying to find matches to socks that clearly do not want to be found, it is a necessary evil that I must tackle.



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At the close of an endless day of sorting, washing, drying and folding I'm so giddy I almost float. Then I step into the bath to put away neatly folded towels and I stop in my tracks at the site of something so hideous, so vulgar I immediately turn away and call for my husband and children.

When all three come in they look confused and completely innocent. When I point to the bathroom with one hand and use the other to cover my eyes they cautiously creep in not sure what I'm leading them into. Then my husband says the one word that maddens me in a situation like this...

"What?"

I storm in, walk over to the laundry hamper and point to the floor. Then begins this exchange:

"Becky, it's a towel and shirt. What?"

"What! It took me two days to finish the laundry and I walk in here and there are clothes on the floor!"

"We can't not use towels or wear clothes just because they're clean."

Now don't get me wrong. I know the use of towels and clothes is unavoidable but it eludes me as to why it's so hard for anyone in my household to place their dirty clothes in the hamper rather than on the floor-RIGHT NEXT TO IT!

I don't just get upset about the clothes being on the floor next to the hamper. It's just that after finishing 20 loads of laundry I want- no, I DEMAND- a reprieve!

When he recognizes the frustration in my tone, my husband puts a supportive arm around my shoulder and says, "You know if you did just one load a day you probably wouldn't have to spend the entire weekend doing laundry."

The very idea that he has the bravery to utter such filth at me - no matter how true it is - makes

me want to take our basket of mismatched socks and shove them down his throat. Instead of telling him where I think he should stick his suggestion, I bite my tongue and tell him together we can test out his little theory.

A week, 10 pairs of jeans, 24 T-shirts, two dress shirts, 10 towels, three sets of sheets, 33 socks (one mate apparently escaped somewhere between a stinky foot and the hamper) and a teddy bear with lipstick on it (don't ask) later, it's time to start sorting. When I call for my husband to help he is no where to be found. Instead of wasting valuable time looking for him I let the dirty domestic dance of washing clothes commence.

Upon completion of this mountain of laundry I feel the same amount of exhilaration I usually reserve for when I lose 5 pounds the day after a calorie feast. Just after putting the last folded T-shirt away, I spot a familiar person on the sofa, trying to prevent it from floating to the ceiling I suppose. It's my husband. When he sees me looking at him he says, "Hey! Do you still want me to help with the laundry?" I walk away and face the fact that my reprieve from laundry duties won't come until I die and instead of a headstone my outdated Maytag will rest in its place and next to it all the socks that have been missing all these years.

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