

## Watch out for that Twinkie... It could kill ya!

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I'm sick of it! Every time I turn on the TV, radio, computer or Dr. Oz, there's something else I use every day that might cause cancer, crow's feet or cardiac arrest! If I start to feel dizzy from the only perfume I wear, I can't even dial 911 because my cell phone "might" cause a brain tumor... It makes me want to scream... Literally and out loud and in front of TV news people, NPR, bloggers and that little twit, Oz. Don't they know they are making an already slightly neurotic mother who suffers from a mild form of hypochondria even more unbearable to be around?

For the sake of my children and husband, I should at least go outside to scream. But I'm fresh out of sunscreen. Even though it's January and overcast, experts recommend wearing sunscreen because of cancer risks. Or am I supposed to avoid it now because it's causing Vitamin D deficiencies? And that's causing all kinds of problems. Even prostate cancer! So apparently I can't go outside because I don't have sunscreen, and even if I did, I can't use it because it will make me grow a prostate. I should probably wait until summer to go out but what about mosquitos? They carry all kinds of diseases like malaria, and I can't use repellent because it contains DEET. "Experts" say DEET can cause memory loss, headaches and fatigue. But what if you've been using it for years anyway? Wait! What was I just talking about?

Maybe I should use all that pent-up rage to clean instead. A little elbow grease will make everything better. Only the warning signs on my bathroom cleaner reminded me of that special on 20/20 that discussed the dangers of household cleaners. So just to be sure, I Googled "dangerous household cleaners" and found that we are housing a closet full of chemical warfare -- all of these products are deadly! I guess I'll chance it though. The alternative of cleaning with vinegar and water would only make sense if we were a family of pickles. My house just doesn't feel clean unless the smell of bleach burns when you inhale.

Let's talk about the news. You can't turn on the television these days without hearing, "The CDC issues a new warning on something so deadly; it might KILL your entire family. And you're probably serving it for dinner tonight. That story and highlights from the playoffs tonight at 10." So I do the only thing that makes sense... we wait to eat until after the 10 o'clock news.

Lately I feel like I can't take my kids anywhere unless they are in one of those big, round exercise gerbil balls, all because they might come in contact with a flesh eating bacteria at the grocery or swine flu at ball practice. But that's impractical and stupid. We can't keep ourselves or our children from ever getting sick. We need a certain amount of germs and bacteria and yes, even preservatives to survive. Look at what happened to the aliens in H.G. Wells' novel, *War of the Worlds*!

For now, I've banned all shows pertaining to household dangers and decided to sit in my comfy chair and read something that doesn't showcase an agenda on politics, religion, global warming or breast feeding -- that's right, I'm reading Betty White's autobiography. I love her!

by Becky Andrews

Email Becky at [This e-mail address is being protected from spambots. You need JavaScript enabled to view it](#)

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