

## **My Laundry List**

You thought I'd be listing something, huh? Well, not quite. I want to talk about men and LAUNDRY!

Last night at about 9pm, my husband and I decide we are going to turn off the computers and go spend some time lying in bed together watching TV and relaxing. We make our way into the bedroom, and on our bed (because I put them there), are about eight loads of clean laundry. I told him if we took 15 minutes to fold this, my world would be so much simpler.

I'm about to reveal some secrets here (tell me you feel me). Men think you can live out of a basket. They see no point in folding something when you are going to wear it again anyway. I disagree.

So, there we were, folding and piling things into their respective piles: underwear, towels, Wren's clothes, hang up clothes, t-shirts, pants; you know the deal. Eventually, what do I discover? He's selectively folding. You know what I mean by "selectively," picking only his own clothes and towels out. I laugh and say "Oh, I don't think so; no selective folding here." He laughs back with a grin; he knows he's been caught. We continue. He comments, "I can't believe I did this much laundry."

"WHAT?!"

We banter back and forth about how many loads each of us have completed and when we did them. Doesn't really matter - we're still at the same point - we continue folding. Now, we go on to putting them away. He knows this is a bone of contention with me; I HATE WIRE HANGERS. I go through my closet finding all the plastic hangers I can. I start hanging my pile of hang-up clothes. He comes up behind, being sneaky (so he thinks), and tries to steal my hangers. I laugh, turn, and say "NO WIRE HANGERS! These are MY hangers, you get your own."

He quickly reminds me that he ALWAYS does the laundry, and I laugh, and we continue bantering. He states: he can promise that on the 21 days of leave he has had at home, he thinks he has done 80% of the laundry. Well, this is a hilarious crack-up to me, because (I quickly remark through my laughter) for the nine years we've been married; I guarantee I've done 90% of it!

Ok, so here's the kicker...we're all done...I rest with my dog on the bed watching TV. He's still meandering around. He comes back in struggling to be as straight faced as he can be and says "Now look, I'm missing the bottoms to my BDUs." I said, "No, you're not, I gave you a top and a bottom." He says, "Oh I don't think so. Look here, one top and one bottom ready to go to the cleaners. Look here, one top; no bottoms."

Are you ready for this? I calmly look at him without trying to pee my pants and I say, "What the heck are you asking me for, you do all the laundry."

I almost died laughing. HIS FACE WAS PRICELESS! He either had to admit he was the one that misplaced the pants, or he had to admit that I did the laundry. Either way, I win! Did you learn anything about us yet? We both went to bed totally cracking up.

Now, who has THAT much fun folding laundry?

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