

Oh, The Laundry Gods Must Be Mad At Me...

I think I may have irrevocably angered the Laundry Gods throughout my childhood and single life, to the point now, they are really seeking their revenge.

I thought if I confess my former laundry sins, maybe they can be forgiven and I can FINALLY get caught up:

-As a young girl I would throw perfectly clean, folded clothes back into the laundry hamper to avoid having to hang them up.

-I would toss my dirty Kentucky Fried Chicken polyester uniform into the family's communal hamper, even though this was forbidden because the stale grease smell would get forever embedded in my brother's "Angel Flights" (a brand of pants from the late 70's)

-As a teenager I would obsessively wash my new 501s over and over again until they were just the right shade of blue, blatantly abusing the washing machine as my own personal fashion tool.

-1985, self-made Acid Wash Jeans, deeply sorry.

-As a college student I did a lot of "selfish loads," consisting of just my jeans and towels, even though my roommates' stuff was "right there." (Sorry Randall and Devon.)

-As a young mother I NEVER got to the dryer before the cycle stopped, setting the clothes with deep, unironable wrinkles. So I would repeatedly re-run the dryer cycle in the hopes that the clothes would tumble-out all of their wrinkles (and also giving me time to take a nap instead of folding onesies.)

-Once, about a year ago, I braggadociously said, "I am totally caught up with the laundry." (The Laundry Gods HATE pride in

any form, especially from a housewife. It is the worst form of blasphemy.)

I am truly sorry for my past infractions and some day, I hope to at least see the bottom of my family's hamper (I know it is down there somewhere). I realize it would be a fleeting victory, but for a brief moment, I would feel triumphant.