

All I Need to Know, I learned from Kindergarten

Any teenager who has been forced into washing dishes knows that the stuff in the bottom of the strainer in the sink is toxic waste. Deadly poison. A danger to health. In other words, it's about enough to make you hurl. One of the very few reasons I have respect for my mother at all is because she reaches into the sink with her bare hands - BARE HANDS - and picks up that entire lethal gunk and drops it into the garbage. To top that, I saw her reach into the wet garbage bag and fish around in there looking for a lost teaspoon BAREHANDED - a kind of unbelievable courage. She found the teaspoon in a clump of coffee grounds mixed with chicken fat and scrambled eggs. I almost passed out. If you should ever accidentally touch it, you must never touch any other part of your body with your fingers until you have scalded and soaped and rinsed your hands. Come to think of it, my father never came closer than three feet to a sink in his life. My mother said he was lazy. But I knew that he knew what I knew about the gunk.