

The Bandera PROPHE'T

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Gone Country
Crimes Against Cotton

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The Bandera Prophet

My parents both worked, which was unusual back in the day, okay, last century. Because Dearly Demented Mom was working so very hard at selling real estate, she hired a maid who would clean the house and do the laundry. I'm fairly certain DDM worked so she could get out of cleaning anything ever.

Life was good. The house was clean and so were all my many clothes. But then I went to college.

After I'd worn every outfit in my closet, I looked at my roommate and asked, "What do I do now?" She laughed and said, "Well, wash your clothes, silly!" I sat down and cried. Once she figured out what the problem was, she dragged my clothes and me down to the laundry room, showed me a washing machine and how to throw in some soap, the clothes, a few quarters, and I was home free. So much for my cleaning lesson.

I didn't really worry about it much. Soap, clothes, water, go. Simple. But then, as I aged, I ran into a half-crazed Super Mom whose biggest bragging rights were how she could remove any kind of stain when she washed. "Grease? It's a goner. Wine? Ha! I laugh at you, Wine! Blood? Here. Hold my beer!"

I thought she was nuts. And I was lucky to be working.

Because my life's work didn't involve the lofty goal of Queen of the Stain, I went about my business and washed everything on Cold.

Nothing ever shrunk, but nothing ever got really clean, either. Luckily, none of my friends nicknamed me Spot.

For many years, I owned a hodgepodge of washers. The simpler, the better. And if I had a real bad stain, I'd just head to the dry cleaners. But then you move to the country where people laugh and scoff, "Dry cleaner? It takes an hour to drive to one and you have to wait a week to get your laundry back. Wouldn't it be more fun just to head to the mall and buy something clean to wear?"

Can't fight logic like that.

Then I moved in with My Future Husband and his fancy MATCHING washer and dryer which was almost brand new. The first time I went to do laundry, I glanced at all the options given to me by this fancy cleaning machine: Normal, Rapid Wash, Cold, Wrinkle Control, Delicates, Bedding, Allergen, Sanitize, Drain & Spin and the amazing Power Wash. Whew! Finally, I'd found a friend that could teach me how to get rid of spots without shrinking. Life was rich indeed.

But wait! I don't like doing laundry because if I did like it, that means I'd be doing laundry all the time – a fate worse than death or writing a humorous column.

You'll be happy to know that my love affair with Cold has ended. Now I'm much more a Delicates girl. Sure, during the first few months of the pandemic I was a total Sanitize girl, but those days are over. I do use Bedding when I wash the Bedding because, I don't know, I think the washer's trying to teach me something. But never, ever, I swear, have I used Power Wash because it takes 3 hours and 5 minutes and I think by then, my Delicates would come out looking like a Power Rangers outfit. What about the dryer, you ask? Well, that's another story. Here's hoping you, too, can conquer your stains because, at our age, none of us will ever be squeaky clean again.