

Use the Wing!

By David

The pile of junk in the garage had reached such proportions that even I felt something had to be done about it. Eventually.

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Now before proceeding with my tale, this next bit of information is for you wife units out there. We husband units don't think you understand what I am about to describe and I have been duly elected (by secret ballot held without my knowledge I might add) to disseminate this important information. The rest of the husband units are bravely hiding at the Sports Bar until the storm I am about to create has subsided. Bastards.

*Here it is: you only need to remind us ONE time of each chore you would like us to tackle. You can be assured that within 8 to 10 months we will certainly take care of it. Maybe. If however, the chore remains uncompleted after this, you have the right (in fact the **duty**) to remind us of said lingering chore. This is because we are incredibly busy memorizing important sports statistics in order to "one up" each other while engaged in our golfing activities. This leaves us precious little memory capacity for your to-do lists, or remembering to brush our teeth, or checking to see if our shoes match when we leave the house in the morning.*

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In any case, Yvonne was not yet aware of the above fact, and after reminding me 37 times that the junk pile had grown so large that it might tip over and trap one of the children, I decided to spring into action. Besides, the family of raccoons now living in the pile had begun to threaten me each time I took trash outside.

I decided that this task would be best accomplished as a father-son activity. Also, though Owen was only 8 or 9 years old, he could certainly lend some lifting power. Besides, every son needs to make a trip to the dump once a year. The smell of a dump, while certainly manly in nature, is also a good reminder that getting a good education may lead to a future which does NOT include going to the dump at all.

As we carefully loaded the good ol' Izuzu Trooper with the junk pile, I noted the numerous mouse droppings, raccoon fir and surprisingly one alligator within the pile. Soon it was clear that the rear door would have to be bungeed as the pile now extended a good four feet out the back of the vehicle. I used my best bungee techniques and felt we had a better than average chance of making it to the dump without losing the load on the highway, or tipping over.

Off we went. A true father-son moment. Backing out slowly soon we were underway, the B-52's cranked loudly since our great protector of ear drums and all things healthy (Yvonne) remained at the house. We drove slowly through the neighborhood singing "Rock Lobster" and pulled up to the Mount Rose highway.

Noting zero on-coming traffic, I pulled out slowly at first trying not to dump the junk pile load onto the highway. No prob. I accelerated slowly and about the time we reached highway speed, dust, mouse droppings, raccoon hair and everything else began swirling throughout the car, thanks to the open rear door (professionally bungeed to the junk I might remind you).

I immediately knew we were going to get hantavirus and die. I quickly called upon my encyclopedia like mind to remember the difference between deer mouse poop and regular old mouse poop and then to compare that with the mouse droppings that we saw on the garage floor, and just as quickly realized I know nothing about any of that stuff.

I yelled to Owen, "Roll down the window!" This I did without opening my mouth in order to reduce my hantavirus exposure. Of course yelling with one's mouth shut results in the listener wondering if you are having some kind of fit or preparing to vomit, so Owen just sat there looking at me. I rolled down my window quickly with one hand, the other covering my mouth and nose, while steering with my left knee. I don't recall what my right knee was doing. He rolled his window down at that point, wondering all the while if I had gone insane (to be clear, with me this is a relative term).

The open windows served only to increase the turbulent swirling of dust and poisonous particles that I knew were entering my lungs. I then opened my wing window and I could detect that this seemed to force the invading death particles to the rear of the vehicle. "Owen! Use the wing. Use the WING!" I screamed.

I then thought I had better see if we were still on the highway or careening down some embankment. We were indeed not crashing and a quick look verified our junk load was still with us. That was a close call.

I looked over at Owen and he had his right arm out the window, his hand tucked under his armpit. He was flapping furiously. "How is this, Dad?"

"What ARE you doing, O?"

"Using the wing, Dad. Using the wing."