

BASKET, TV CONTROL PULL DIRTY DEED

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I seem to be spending more time looking for things.

For example, I was sitting at my desk considering an invoice and wondering how I was going to pay it when the telephone rang. After concluding the conversation, I turned back to the puzzle of paying the bill and found that it had disappeared. Completely.

I looked about the top of the desk, then started to look under the litter that clutters it, thinking, I suppose, that the invoice had somehow crawled under the telephone directory or the stack of old newspapers, I meant to trash last week.

It wasn't there. In fact, it wasn't anywhere. It had vanished in thin air or thick air depending on the atmospheric conditions that day.

For several minutes I searched the top of the desk. Then I started looking in drawers and folders, at this point totally without logic. I gave up in disgust and started to leave the office.

"Wonder what that piece of paper on the floor is," I wondered. There was the invoice in the only logical place it could have been other than on the desk top.

I spend more time looking for the remote control of the television than I do looking at television. Our channel changer has the unique property of moving on its own volition.

One Sunday afternoon as the rain fell keeping me caged inside, I reached for the remote control which I had placed on a footstool beside my recliner.

I didn't look because I knew exactly where I had placed it. I just groped among all of the other remote controls that control our lives in the high tech age. The TV control had taken flight.

I began a search, trying to be inconspicuous so she wouldn't notice and say, "Now, what are you looking for?"

"Now what are you looking for?" she asked but answered her own question with another question. "The channel changer?"

Before I could answer, she asked: "Why do you have on that old dirty shirt?"

"Because it's comfortable. I like this shirt," I said.

“You must like it. You wore it all last week. Where did you find it? I thought it was in the dirty clothes basket.”

“It was in the dirty clothes basket,” I said. “So what’s wrong with that?”

She didn’t answer. She got up and left the room, returning almost immediately with the remote control.

“Where did you find that?”

“In the dirty clothes basket, of course.”

“How did it get in the dirty clothes basket?”

“I haven’t the remotest notion,” she said. “I guess that’s where you left it.”

“In the dirty clothes basket? Why would I leave the remote control in the dirty clothes basket, for heaven’s sake?”

“I haven’t the remotest notion,” she said in mock sincerity.

I am willing to swear I didn’t leave the channel changer in the dirty clothes basket. The gadget has a mind of its own and can move about as it pleases. I think it hid just to annoy me.

Just like my finger nail clippers, my seed catalog, the letter from our daughter, the truck keys, my watch which I left in the bathroom but wasn’t there when I went to get it, the rain gauge, and my No. 2 wood.

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