

# capslock /1/ a **hubby** chore

by Jean Teasdale

Well, I finally finished the **spring housecleaning**. Now I understand why people **give** their houses a good cleaning only **once a year. What a chore**. We didn't have dust bunnies, we had dust bears. And my vacuum cleaner was working so much **overtime** it almost **went on strike**.

But the worst chore of all **must have been** cleaning out the closets. The **clutter had to be seen to be believed. Call me** a sentimental **sap**, but I just can't **bring myself to toss out** my old pillows. And I found out I still have some of the **stuff** the school nurse gave us **in seventh grade gym class**.

But hubby Rick is **even** worse. This **became clear** when I **yanked** out one of the drawers from our bed and pulled out a **stack** of the grimeiest-looking baseball caps you've ever seen. And they're not just dirty **literally**, the caps **have dirty sayings on them** too. Now, I don't usually have a problem with sayings on caps, some of them are really clever. **Just the other day I couldn't resist buying one that said**, "Physically Fit... To Eat Chocolate."

But Rick's are the most **offensive** and **tasteless** things I have ever seen. One had a picture of a **drunk at** a bar saying, "If You Saw My Wife, You'd Drink Too." And I nearly **flipped out** when I saw, "No Fat Chicks." I never felt so **humiliated** in all my life. This was worse than **the time** Rick read my diary. It was like Rick was **making fun of** me in the **crudest** way **possible in front of** his friends and **co-workers** at the tire center, and I **had no way to fight back**.