

A Handy Dandy Series of Tips on  
How to Boogie Through These .... Ah, um... *“Interesting”* Weeks:

Chapter 1  
The Gentle Art of Cleaning the Larder  
or  
Suck it Up Cupcake – We’re in for a Bumpy Ride

Step 1 - (For those of you under age 60 – go look up the word “larder”)

Step 2 - Outfit yourself in old jeans, a tattered AC/DC sweatshirt and shoes (yes! this means changing out of your jammies). Furthermore, shoes are required so you won’t injure the soles of your feet when you step on the ladder. Hospitals will turn away snowflakes who have ouchies on their feet. They have bigger fish to fry than your soles.

Step 3- Blackmail a spouse, POSSLQ, or your kids into helping catch stuff so you’re not running up and down the damn ladder each time you retrieve a dead mouse or large insect from the back of the shelf.

[NB – If you’re like me - a forward thinking kinda gal – you liberally sprinkled tansy leaves and buds throughout the cupboard last August in order to deter invaders that would not only chew through every Jiffy Corn Muffin box, but produce offspring in your nascent muffin. While this is an extremely helpful tactic, the residue of said strewing tactic can be a bit unnerving when you venture into the recesses of the shelf lo these many months later. There you’ll find a disquieting pile of crispy leaves, and the occasional crispy bug. Don’t bother to sort them out. They’re all candidates for the compost bin.]

Step 4 - Remove all boxes, jars and bags, examining each for boreholes, an “off” smell, furry or pretty rainbow colored mould. There will probably be some that you can’t identify at all, and it’s these that should hit the can right off. Show no mercy! You know you’re never going to eat those little morsels anyway.

[NB – This situation will crop up again in Chapter 2: “The Gentle Art of Chiseling out the Freezer”]

Step 5 – Arrange the good stuff that you’re still able to eat, bake or cook or pawn off at Halloween. Then line up the family for the Family Pantry photo which will be a really swell addition to the archival records and a stark reminder of these days to share with friends in a couple of months. (Ensure no one in the photo is wearing jammies.) Notice that when the last group photo is taken, you are left all alone on the ladder.

Step 6 – Eschew the lye or Clorox unless the shelves resemble the Great Boston Molasses Spill of 1919. Slip on rubber gloves and, using your favorite cleaner and a sturdy sponge, roll up your sleeves and “*Work it! Work it! Yeah baby, work it!*” till the shelf is free from hardened detritus.

Step 7 – Let that shelf dry while you move down to the next lower shelf or adjacent cabinet. Wash. Rinse. Repeat..

Step 8 – It is now about 5 pm. Skip dinner. You’re too tired. Anyway, your kids are out on the front lawn trying to sing “Louie Louie” with the neighborhood kids across the street (which at any other time might be hysterically funny). Your husband is back on the couch heaving tremulous sighs watching re-runs of the Pats Glory Days before Brady went to Tampa.

Step 9 - Pour yourself a stiff one – a *really* stiff one and do your best to toddle off to bed.

[NB – You can change back into jammies when you sober up at 3 am, but for now, grab some sleep.]

Step 10 – Awaken bright-eyed and bushy-tailed (?) ready to start another exciting day of therapeutic domesticity.

[NB \* you may substitute your own descriptor here]

*Stay tuned for*

Chapter II  
Chiseling Your Way To Glory  
Or  
Cleaning the Freezer

