

2 Yellow Socks

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Received the typical motivation to do laundry this morning - that undeniable feeling of guilt (for not having done laundry yet) combined with the obvious need for clean underwear (and by need, I am referring to the point of either doing laundry or leaving home to buy new ones).

So, I had the kids ransack their rooms and create the monster smelly clothes pile in the living room (great for jumping off the couch onto - WHEEEEE!!!!) and sorted the various denominations of human apparel into the multiple clothes baskets we've accumulated over 9 years of marriage and 5 children (this kids' late, I'm counting it in the quota to induce guilt, if not labor).

Now, all of you parents know that children either vaporize socks or have been secretly giving them to space aliens for years. It's been the trend since the invention of the sock and it's probably the greatest reason for sock sales next college dorm rooms (vile pits that eat anything biodegradable). Now, I am the sock guy in our house - I have accepted this as God's primary method of teaching me patience (the Illinois tollway on I-90 comes a close second). So, for endless hours, I unfold and sort and wash and dry and rematch and fold and make baskets of mismatches and pull out the baskets of mismatches when I'm broke from buying new socks to try and to bring long lost little socks back together - which is usually a hopeless task with a success ratio somewhere in the ballpark of 100:1 (100 mismatches to 1 pair of long lost reunited foot-lovers).

Enter the yellow pair. These two friends have been parted a few times since we met a few years back. In fact, I just recently sacrificed 3 valuable hours of my life at my mother's (of all places) bringing the little toe-snuggers back into a meaningful, foot-warming relationship with my daughter, Adoniah. Of course, that lasted until the next time they met her feet and for all we know, they could have been parted again forever - two star-crossed foot-lovers lost in the cold and cruel world of basement-stored mismatched sock containers. But then, something miraculous happened...

I personally unfolded every sock in the pile (except for my wife's - I feel compelled to publicly advertise that she is a quality sock steward). Now, children only remove socks in one fashion, by folding them completely inside out, thereby trapping roughly a handful of mud on the **inside** of the sock! Anywho, I met the yellow socks again (separately) and it brought a smile to my face as I relocated them each (separately) into the Volkswagon sized basket of pastels. Pastels are primarily a young, feminine load (I did not marry a pink/pastel woman, we can wash our clothes together). This load typically grows to

obscene portions because I have one daughter in particular who likes to change her clothes every time I look away from her ("oh, when did you put that on? - Just now - isn't it cute? Where are your other clothes? Oh, in the wash...). If you are wondering which of my two adorable daughters I am referring to, I'll just give you a hint so as to protect her true identity. Her name rhymes with "Caught on tape, prances".

Anyway, back to the socks in the Volkswagon-basket. In the modern world, we have advanced our mismatched home technology to the point where clothes baskets can carry more clothes in them than anything short of an industrial-sized washer can handle. So, multiple baskets of clothes turned into a larger multiple round of washes. And the pastel load turned into two large-sized washes. At the end of the washing and inevitable drying runs of multiple pinkish clothes, I emptied out the last pastel load to find the miracle. Lying calmly at the bottom of the dryer were the two (exactly matching "one-of-a-kind" pair) yellow children's socks looking back at me innocently, as if they had stayed together the whole time - although that had to be impossible because I know they didn't even enter the wash together. So, what are the chances that they would even have found each other?

Now, the geek inside me could not let this go. Here are two socks that did not enter the process together at all. I also separated the pastel collection into two separate loads. But **still** they managed to find each other and hang on through the tumultuous heated disorientation of an electric dryer.

Amazing. So, naturally I want to run the mathematical probability of a separated "one of a kind" sock pair managing to breach the barriers of sorting, load separation, washing, and drying and **still** manage to find each other at the bottom of an electric dryer. And don't forget that it was amazing that they even both ended up in the laundry at all.

I just hope the little toe-snuggers decide to make this a long term relationship this time.

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