

# Because

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I'm old and this is the Way I Do Things now, the contents of my purse spills out at the cash register at the coop when I hunt for my checkbook in my purse.

I used to think the dirty Kleenex were the worst. One winter when I had a bad cold, at the kitchen shop in town, the largess of used tissue on the counter was, well, large, and I was suddenly aware of the hygiene problem it presented.

I'm not sure the cashier even noticed. It's a small town with lots of little shops and storekeepers truly appreciate business. I promised myself not to do that the next time I had a bad cold but I haven't had one since.

During the pandemic when we were all masked up, it was anti-fog lens wipes, a few used, a dozen or so still in little foil packets, that fell on the counter and to the floor (along with my wallet and way too many pens) and a nice woman stooped down with some difficulty to help me pick things up but she stopped short when she came to the little foil packets.

"I don't know what these are," she said and made a full stop gesture with her hand.

I told her they were anti-fog lens wipes and she seemed relieved but later I wish I'd winked.

