

Pliers

by: Elizabeth Wadsworth Ellis

My hard-shell black plastic toolbox sleeps in the cupboard below the kitchen sink. It has a handle and a lid that snaps shut, a hammer, a pliers and a screwdriver (*no, not the beverage kind*) inside.

My soft-shell tool box has a cover and rests on the surface of my desk. It doesn't have a handle and the cover doesn't snap shut, its spine broken from constant and continual use.

It opens with a flutter and the pages fall out, but the pages spell things right; hold a thought tight.

That toolbox explains *screw ball, turn of the screw, screw up* and the helical motion of screw.

It says that the pliers in the other toolbox are a pair of blunt pivoted jaws that can bend, hold, crimp, or cut.

A young man asked me, "Do you have a pair of pliers I can borrow?"

I do and I did and he broke them.

This screwed over my good neighbor favor.

Pliers can't define and spell a word, but they can pinch the knob that turns my clothes dryer on. That knob is broken, too.

I read, "When you marry to *screw* and you haven't married a friend you're in big trouble." When I told the store clerk I had a screw loose on my eyeglasses she said, "Do you wear them on your head?"

Is there some place else I'm supposed to wear them? Does she think I'm screwy?

Tightening the screws has a whole different meaning.

A Phillips screw is snooty and will not suffer proxy.

A flat head screw is cool-headed -- any ordinary kitchen knife will do.



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