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**A  
Screw  
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by Liz Holzemer

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**Big D Does It For Me**

I'll do anything to avoid it. I feign ignorance as I tiptoe by it—back and forth, back and forth—throughout my days, but I know it's there. Lurking behind the hall closet, tucked under winter coats and random stuff I have nowhere else to store.

It's the dreaded V—the vacuum. Give me dog slobbered and kids' fingerprinted sliding glass doors to clean or heaps of laundry to do any day. Heck, I'd rather scrape soap scummed showers or load the dishwasher than unleash the electrically powered beast.

Truth be told, I'll avoid most chores at any cost. Unlike many writers who rely on them to divert them from their

\*catered ponderings

\*LynetteIsFunny

\*Time Out  
by Faith Foyll

\*Diary Of A Mom

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craft, domestic drudgeries are actually quite conducive to my trade and have served me well.

Dishes. Dog shit. Dirty windows. So sorry they can wait, I have a brilliantly comedic column to compose. Deadlines are fast approaching!

My name is Liz. I'm a suburban housewife/mother/writer and I confess, I am domestically disabled and—dare I say it?—I am damn proud of it.

How did I get this way? Simple—15 hours of brain surgery, rearranging your upstairs furniture and screwing your skull back together, has a dramatic life altering impact on someone. You wake up one day with enough titanium in your head to sink a battleship and proclaim "*Chores, smores,*"—the latter also being fun, albeit a bit messy, to eat. Life suddenly has more meaning. (Forgive my brain tumor survivor drum I have to beat every so often to keep the masses aware.)

But that all changed one day, when an equally domestically disabled girlfriend showed up at my door. She popped open her car trunk to unveil the Holy Grail of all vacuums—the Dyson. I'd heard about this elite V class in the past, but thought nothing more of it.

At first, I thought it was a practical joke. But she wasn't kidding as she easily lifted the vacuum and brought the box into my house.

"I promise you'll love it!" she shouted as she bolted out the front door.

It was just me and the beckoning box. But I already owned a V. Where would I stash this one?

Well at least I could take a look, I reasoned. No harm in that, right?

I'd tried Oreck's, Hoover's, Dirt Devil's, Bissell's, Kirby's, even my husband's Shop Vac. They had no staying power—they were all just flings.

But I immediately sensed the Dyson was different. I guess I could take it for a test drive. After all, I could always chuck it in the recycling bin or pass it on to one of my domestically unchallenged girlfriends.

I plugged Big D in and we had lift off.

\*Bad Hair Day

\*Mommy  
Hullabaloo

\*dirty laundry

\*The Morrison Boys

\*side dish

\*Comments From  
The Carpool

\*The Foggiest Idea

\*Home Away  
From Home

\*Small Town Soup

\*Mommy - Daddy  
Dance

\*From The Frontline

\*Life At 40

\*livin' in my head

\*Stgh, Moan &  
Garbinkle

\*Don't Get Me Started

\*dad libs

\*Blissfully Numb

\*Mommy Chronicles

\*Domestic Engineering



Big D gently caressed corners and easily glided back and forth. Its hose extended beyond reach to places I'd never explored before. Under tables. The stairs. Even the hardwood floors. It was quiet and not overbearing like the others. And when it was done with the job, I easily popped Big D's top and disposed the contents into the trash. No leaking, messy bags to contend with. It was mess and muss free.

**EUREKA !** Yes, Big D does it for me!

Liz Holzemer is a freelance writer, [www.LizHolzemer.com](http://www.LizHolzemer.com), and is excited to announce that her first book, *Curveball: When Life Throws You A Brain Tumor*, is set for release in Spring, 2007. She is also the founder of [MeningiomaMommas.org](http://MeningiomaMommas.org), a non-profit support group she founded after surviving a baseball-sized meningioma brain tumor. Liz is a 2004 *Woman's Day* "Women Who Inspire Us" recipient. She lives in Colorado with her husband and their two miracle children. Liz also maintains her sense of humor on a daily basis and can be reached at [lizholzemer@comcast.net](mailto:lizholzemer@comcast.net) if you have a plum writing assignment to offer her.



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\*College Daze

\*midlife cometh

\*The Imperfect Man

\*bereft on the left

\*Mommymorphosis

\*MomsAlwaysWrite

\*HorseSense&Savvy

\*Scrambled Brains

\*Desperate Working Mothers

\*urban momfare

\*Family Business

\*My Brain On PB&J

\*You Can't Be Serious

\*Hoochy Mama

\*I Screw Loose

\*Snakes, Snails & Puppydog Tales

\*sammo says

\*father goof

\*on the wagon trail



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