Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by artisticrainey on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:15:03 GMT

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Tracy Island, Cliff House; 5 PM Sunday, November 11

"Damn!"

Will was in his bedroom. He'd just come in from a swim and was going to take a shower, get into some pajamas and settle back with a movie. He went to his dresser to get some clean ones. . .

. . . and found none. He checked his other drawers, and saw he was out of underwear, socks, and other essentials. Even his work clothes were soiled.

"I hate doing laundry!" He sighed. "Well, there's nothing to do but take my clothes downstairs and get them washed. Man, I don't even have something to wear while I'm doing that. I guess I'll have to keep my swim shorts on. At least I have a terrycloth top."

Gathering all the dirty clothes he could find into a basket -- and there was a large pile of them when he'd finished -- he headed to the elevator and to the common room. Once there, he went into the laundry area and began putting his clothes in.

"Good thing there's more than one washing machine." He looked around. "And dryer. Maybe this won't take too long."

He finished and added the detergent and softener, then started the machines. Sighing again, he went over to a chair, sprawling into it. He leaned back and watched the clothes going round and round in the front loader washers. Not the greatest show, but at least there aren't any commercials. He grinned to himself.

The next thing he knew, someone was shaking him awake. "Hey, Will," he heard Nikki's voice say. "Your laundry's done. Mind transferring it to the dryer? I need to do some of my own."

"Sorry. I'll take care of it right away." He stood up and went over to the machines. Pulling his things out, he transferred them quickly to two dryers and got them started. Nikki looked curiously at the amount of laundry he had, then questioningly at him as she began loading one of the machines with her own.

He grinned sheepishly at her.

"I hate doing laundry."