

Hot Pink is the New Black... Toolbox, That Is

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I just wanted to hang a picture. I'd been asking my husband to do it for weeks, and if I continued to ask, my request would soon be considered nagging. So I decided to do it myself. All I needed was a hammer and a nail. With a deep breath, I found the padlock key and boldly entered his storage shed.

Once my vision cleared after whacking my forehead on the low entry overhang, I stood upright and took inventory. Or rather, standing in place, I tap-tapped a 360-degree circle, kind of like a ballerina in blue jeans and flip flops. There was so much stuff piled everywhere that I couldn't do much else. With a deep breath, I searched, stretching and reaching like I used to do as a kid when playing a game of Twister. I found golf clubs, muddy work boots, truck parts, abandoned plumbing fixtures, a hammock still in the packaging, a variety of lawn equipment, and boxes. Lots of cardboard boxes. I just wanted a hammer and a nail. The most primal and basic of tools. I searched drawers and cabinets shelves and finally found a box of bolts. But not a single hammer or nail.

Frustrated, I thought back to the first townhouse I ever owned, shortly after graduating college. My dad helped me buy it and as a housewarming gift, he gave me a toolbox. We went through its contents, piece by piece, and I got the rundown how to use each. I was the proud owner of a new hammer, complete set of screwdrivers, self-adjusting wrench and the all-important needle-nose pliers. He'd included an 8-piece socket set and a pair of wire cutters. There were a variety of nails and picture hanging equipment and a magnetic stud finder. Dad had carefully selected each tool—all top quality stuff with padded grips and lifetime warranties—and packaged the lot in a bright red toolbox with a long folding handle and wheels on one end.

But I soon discovered that men didn't want me to have tools. A chemical in testosterone must convince their brains that a woman can't possibly know what a wrench is, much less how to install a new showerhead. It seems that every male in my life—even neighbors and boyfriends—left my house with one of my tools. They'd craftily offer their help to install a dimmer switch or hook up stereo speakers and then make off with my wire strippers. Many years and several moves later, I still had the bright red toolbox. But sadly, its contents were a mere shell of what they used to be. And when I married, my husband appropriated my barren toolbox and stashed it away with all his manly stuff.

Standing in the shed and filled with nostalgia, I thought back to all the little projects I'd successfully completed during my single days. Between all the moves, I'd hung plenty of pictures, sure. But I'd also put in new light fixtures, fixed a broken hinge on an oven door, installed a cable splitter, and put in deadbolt locks, to name just a few. Even as my tools kept disappearing, I managed to be my own handyman, or rather, handywoman.

Jumping off memory lane with a sigh, I was ready to give up my search for hammer and nail when miraculously, a beam of light caressed something red. My toolbox, perched

high on a shelf! I carefully maneuvered it down. With anticipation, I opened the latch and lifted the lid...only to find a stack of spotted, folded rags.

In a slightly stunned, bewildered mental state, I experienced an epiphany, right there in the middle of my husband's turf: PINK TOOLBOXES. I decided that it's every woman's inherent right to have her own toolbox, fully stocked with things like a cushy-grip hammer and shiny nails. Blessed little picture-hanging nails. Why, you ask? Because a man won't go near a pink box—something they'd imagine to contain pretty-smelling bath products or frilly, spiky shoes. I could have my very own supply of tools, untouched by male hands, waiting and ready at a moment's notice for those times when the belt rack falls off my closet wall or the icemaker gizmo gets jammed just before a dinner party. The best ideas are often the most obvious, and I figured that mine ranked right up there with two-position memory seat controls in passenger vehicles.

If a higher-up from Craftsman, Stanley, or Kobalt is reading this...think about it. A fully-stocked hot pink toolbox just might be your next best seller. I won't even hold you to a marketing consultant fee. Just remember to include an optional faux fur trim and a bright gold buckle. No man would ever venture to open that when he decides to fix the steps on the back deck.

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