

On top of my refrigerator you will find pans and a rice cooker. Oh, and a big ass box of Misused Toys. The refrigerator is where light sabers go when they've Jedi-mastered everything on the mantel. It's where baseballs land when a fastball gets perfected in the family room. It's where the Life! Like! Sounds! firetruck goes when it heads out for a rescue 40 minutes after bedtime. Because I don't purchase many of the Misused Toys I don't feel any particular loyalty or attachment, and I'll admit that some toys come into the house with refrigerator written all over them.

Repeat offender toys get escorted to Goodwill under cover of night, and because I am aware that my children aren't unique in their ability to break shit I hand them over with the implicit understanding that they will likely be purchased and end up on top of someone else's refrigerator. It is with this understanding that I'd like to take a moment to offer my sincere apologies to the families who have inherited my pain.

To the home that acquired the alphabet bus with no volume control, I am deeply sorry. I'm sure you were just as surprised as I was to learn that it tells shitty knock knock jokes with the simple, incessantly repeated push of a button. My thoughts and prayers for permanent battery failure are with you in this very difficult time.

Unknowning innocents who now own the remote control jet inhabited by Satan, please accept my condolences. To assuage my guilt, I picture you living on hundreds of acres of untouched countryside, perfect for running many safe flights with Air Lucifer. Surely you understand why we could not keep the toy, given that on its maiden voyage it buzzed two power lines and the neighbors' beagle before making a gentle descent into the windshield of my car.

Home that probably isn't a bakery but is now in possession of that 150 piece set of cookie cutters, there are no words. I know. I thought it was a really good idea too. It seemed like a fun way to shape up a good peanut butter and jelly sandwich or do up the playdough. You've no doubt learned as I did that when you're that far

outnumbered even the best things have the potential to go bad, and objects that seem innocuously plastic still have the ability to make stunning lacerations on the foot. I suppose that's why they call them "cutters".

Finally, I'd like to offer an apology to the family that took in a certain plush talking Big Bird, designed to say "Peek A Boo" when a child covers its eyes.

By now you know that it's extremely sensitive to all light and motion, and you probably soiled yourself the first time you turned on a light and heard that pervy sex offender voice say, "Peek A Boo!" from a darkened corner. We need never speak of these things again. Should you mention that Big Bird may have accidentally fallen into a landfill, I think we can quietly agree that this is the one time where it's okay to cut your losses and fuck being green.

As long as my children are children and there are birthdays and holidays and a company called Nerf, this cycle of toy acquisition and expulsion will continue. If it weren't for misused toys and gravity, how would my refrigerator even stay on the ground?