

Honey Nim and Paper Towels

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True life adventure. Honey Nim sent me to the store for some sliced turkey breast. Or kale. (I get the two mixed up). Anyway, I get a pouch of mac and cheese, which I know she'll like much better. Just add a little water and nuke it in the pouch. I'm searching for the shortest checkout line when the cell rings. It's her.

"Hi Honey."

"Did you get what I asked?"

"Even better..."

"Okay, I need you to get some paper towels too."

"I'm on it."

She says, "Get the good kind." And then hangs up.

What?? There's a GOOD kind? This is paper towels we're talking about. I'm thinking those are as generic

as butter. Or tampons. You would think so, right?

Au contraire mon frère.

One entire side of an aisle in a 60,000 square foot Super Giant store is devoted only to paper towels. The aisle recedes into the distant horizon. It has its own Zip Code. I'm about a third of the way in, looking a little bewildered. One-ply, two-ply, 48 two-ply sheets per roll (or 29.9 meters squared)... Maybe there's a brand labeled "Good Kind." Nope, none of them are. Or maybe all of them are.

A store lady about my age appeared behind me to ask if I needed assistance. Apparently I had been standing there quite a while, frozen in time.

"Yes, thank you. I need paper towels. The good kind."

"The good kind," she repeated.

"That's right, the good kind."

"Such as...?"

I thought for a second, then said, "Well... paper towels that don't have original sin."

Almost without skipping a beat, she gestured to the dividing point between two brands and said, "From here, down to the end, they've all been forgiven."

And then she walked away. True story.

"From Searching for SanViejo: Notes to My Younger Self," [available on Amazon.](#)