

Kim the bathroom attendant

"How ya doin big guy, what's up, ya good . . . alright now."

Even though he's probably over 400 pounds, and his yellow Harley shirt could tent Hoss Cartwright, and he's got back boobs, and even though I weigh what he eats for meat in a week . . . even though all that, he calls me "Big Guy."

He's the bathroom — scratch that — he's *my* bathroom attendant at the big end-of-summer fair that draws 300,000 folks, 150,000 of whom he'll see pee — twice.

His name is Kim. "Ma momma always wanted a girl n she haid eight boys bafoe me, and when I come along, I was a boy too, but she'd a named me a girl's name anawuh."

The tone of Kim's voice seems to have been altered low by his weight and, though I would dread ever being near his size, I'd give a pretty penny to have a voice like Kim's, all low and sexy and polite and women friendly.

One woman at least became friendly enough to have "bown" six kids for Kim, and I'm thinking I better tip green cause if they eat anything like their daddy . . .

"Kim, where's your home?" I asked. "Middle Flahda, real in the middle." He told me that his town is so in the middle of Florida that this year's bad storms didn't even come close. He's very worried right now though for the folks in New Orleans: "Causeah Katrina gonna wipe them folks out, I feels sorry for them folks, real bad I feels, they start below sea level. Tttssssh, they's all betta jus leave. I feels bad for them folks."

I feel bad for them too, but I really don't actually care to the point that I'll think twice about them. If I catch a newscast showing big huge waves crashing across the shore, I'll do nothing more than file it into the watching-big-huge-waves-crashing-across-the-shore-on-TV-again part of my brain. Then I'll go eat.

But when Kim says he feels awful, you get the feeling that he actually does feel awful, if only because Kim's nicer than the rest of us. How do I know he's nicer than the rest of us? Because he scrubs toilets 12 hours a day, for whatever a wage and, literally, filthy tips, and he does it well.

He sweeps, scrubs, and tidies and, after a really big clinker, he sprays Glade. The dude can spray some Glade. Did you ever see that guy on TV, the curly haired guy who smokes a pipe while he teaches you to paint trees? I forget his name, he's dead I think, but anyway he paints trees and he looks good doing it. Same with Kim, he looks good as he sprays, leaving a wall of Glade that you have to shift down to walk through.

I'm dying to find out what Kim gets paid. I won't ask, cause I was taught by my folks that it's impolite to ask. Also, if I found out he doesn't get paid much, I'd feel anger towards his employer and I don't want to do that, because bottom line is, Kim most likely chooses to do what he's doing. But if he's not getting a \$1,000 a day, he's being underpaid, because pay should be determined by how desirable a job is. The less desirable — mining, ditch digging, bathroom attending — the higher the pay, and us folks who are doing what we love should be paid less, or nothing at all. Or we should pay to do it.

I'll get up tomorrow and my first thought might be about sending out sponsor letters to raise money so I can produce something that will earn me even more money. What do you think Kim's first thought will be tomorrow morning — the storm or the toilets?

If it's the storm, Kim will feel bad. If it's the toilets, I'll feel bad for Kim cause man, cleaning toilets all day must suck ass.

So if you go to the Fair this summer, say hey to Kim, tip green, and try to be clean, cause Kim's one of the nicest guys I ever seen.