

## Putting the Labor in Labor Day

Clink was the sound of Lego pieces being thrown into piles and boxes around the room. All laid out on the floor was about eight small shallow plastic boxes divided into compartments, some filled with specific types of Lego bricks, surrounding a larger clear thin plastic drawer. It was probably large enough for my seven year old sister to lie in, and from which we picked out Lego to be sorted into groups. Right at this moment though, as I grabbed more bricks to aggressively fling into compartments, I really wished I could push her into said box.

See, the whole reason I was spending an egregious amount of time organizing Lego on a lovely Saturday morning instead of relaxing on a nice chair diving head first into a book was because of her, my sister. She had been insisting for a while now that she needed a system to keep her legos neat and organized because, in her words, “It is really hard to search for the Legos I need from the box, and every time I go to look for a specific pieces, I can’t find it and give up,” said with pity tears welling up in her large glassy eyes, widened in the way children do when pleading for something they know will be rejected. Personally, I believed the action of having to sift through Legos was a patience learning experience every child had to go through, and that to sort the bricks into an eye watering number of tiny categories was an inane task only done by those with too much time on their hands to waste. And yet, I fell for those tears, and here I was.

The rough chevron rug in our room dug its scratchy textured pattern into my palm, my body leaned to the left, as I used my other hand to reach the other side of the large drawer to throw pieces angrily into their respective groups. My sister had long since abandoned our cause, leaving the hard labor to our mom and I, off to eat with our dad without a care in the world in the kitchen. I would have left the sorting just to my sister herself had she not teared up in frustration as soon as we handed her the boxes my mother had specifically bought for this insane idea, completely overwhelmed at the size of her task. I’m starting to sense a pattern here.

Flat studded plates are piled into a compartment, vaguely separated by size, an ugly mix of green, beige and white, with the occasionally hot pink thrown into the stacks. 1x1 bricks take up two whole compartments, with more yet to be sorted sitting in the plastic drawer in the middle. An unusual number of sky blue ones noticeably make up the majority of the 1x1 bricks, courtesy of my parents’ abandoned architectural model idea made of Lego pieces. 1x3 bricks are also mostly one slate gray color, bought with the same intention as the blue bricks. Why did my

parents decide to buy the two most inconvenient types of bricks to use for a model? I'll never know.

Significant progress had been made, the large bin mostly empty, but the relentless repetition was starting to get to me. Pick out as many bricks as possible, find their categories, throw them, hope my aim was accurate, and repeat. Both my hands were covered in small indents from the Lego, and an irritated red color from the rug. Pins and needles stabbed whichever unfortunate leg I chose to sit on to reach the certain boxes I needed. I really hope I can join the rest of my family to eat soon.

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