

CLEAN

by Harry Zirkelbach 05-17-2010

It was said of an artist, "She likes white, no matter what color it is"
. Yes, there seems to be a non-ending series of shades of bright white.

So it is with many ordinary moments.

Clean comes to mind.

Two young men released from the military, not wanting to go to school again, pondered the possible businesses they might begin, as full partners. It had to be one that fit their skills, both thought they could do anything, and, it had to involve a very small initial budget.

Following many lunches and beers together
they chose to open **Home Cleaning**.

Flyers were printed announcing the advent of "**Spotless Cleaning**"
with their first names, and a parent phone number.

In a surprising short time they had a busy schedule, customers all in a
small radius of their homes.

Glitches took a few months to overwhelm them.

The most annoying, those homes quoted before seen. These were often unbearably dirty places where a shovel was more practical than cleaning materials. And the difficult question, what should be cleaned vs discarded. The "one mans trash is another's treasure" dilemma. Turned out to be very complicated, a dirty surface of dispute when payment was sought at conclusion of the task. On most such days they had worked for nothing.

Both saw they had improved their work habits, became more effective in
both the cleanliness, and the speed of completion.

They also saw there were few repeat requests.

And that was to be the life blood of "**Spotless**".

No open complaints, just this nagging indicator that they were in trouble.

Their final cleaning job was for a large home. When the owner invited them to quote, both knew they should back off, didn't. The customer hid nothing in the house, but in the walk through, pointed out areas that needed cleaning, badly. The problem, this house, every room of it, was cleaner than, than any place they had cleaned. She could see dirt, filth, the unacceptable, that evaded those four eyes.

They worked the two days the customer was vacationing in Vail. She arrived home just as they were finishing.

Her outrage was deafening. Her mansion was in disarray she claimed, every room unacceptable. They felt lucky that she did not threaten to sue them, left, dejected, no money again.

No coffee this day, just a few bottles of beer as another Private Enterprise effort was cashiered. Even after the third beer each, there was to be no joy.

It would more than a year before they could have another beer together, laugh at their misunderstanding of **Spotless**.

ideas ... insurance ... determination ... police death ... raised voices.

He had made a clean get-away, he thought.

But it was not to be.

He left behind dozens of clues. Even children thought him incompetent when the extent of the shadow he had left for the pros began to unravel. And sometimes they were not much more professional than the culprit. But the world knows that.

Here are the specifics.

The first notification followed a report of a candy bar missing.