

I tried to cooperate - really I did. But, his system - actually, the lack thereof - was just wrong. So, I ^{had to take} took over.

We had just moved were moving into our new home: unloading furniture and boxes from the truck, unpacking boxes, putting dishes in cupboards and clothes in closets. Of course, the boxes were all ^{precisely and} labelled consistently in their content. I had made sure of that when ^{before we left} we left packed up our apartment.

As ~~we~~ we opened the box labeled CDs. My husband began simply placing them ^{on principle} on the shelves: Theonius Monk next to the Dixie Chicks, ~~Nancy~~ Lucinda Williams sharing space with Yo Yo Ma and Hank Williams. A complete and ^{utter} disaster - something I simply couldn't tolerate. There was ~~no~~ no logic, no system - just chaos.

And, that's when ^{the} fight ^{began} started. The discussion didn't last long before I told him his way was ~~just~~ ^{just} insane and he informed me that mine was rigid. He stormed ~~to~~ away to unpack a different box ^{while} I took all the CDs off the shelf ~~and~~ began sorting by musical genre. After hours of sorting and alphabetizing, I carefully

when the U-Haul was finally empty and the boxes containing essentials were unloaded,

next rows in

placed the CDs in their proper place.

Only her, ~~could~~ ^{did} I take the Proclamations off the shelf and out of their case and ask my husband to deal with me.