If I could change the world, I’d get rid of peanut butter, Band-Aids, and five-dollar bills. I know this sounds like a weird list, but I got my reasons.

First, I’d get rid of peanut butter. When I was little, peanut butter and jelly was my favorite kind of sandwich. Mama would fix it as a special treat and it always made my lunchbox smell so good. But Mama left and the peanut butter stayed. We get it free, so there’s jars of it sitting around. Sometimes that’s all there is. It sticks to my teeth, and sometimes it sticks my bones together—it always makes me feel clogged up.

I’d also get rid of Band-Aids—for two reasons. One, they’re beige. They say on the box, “skin tone” is the color of the bandages inside. Whose skin? Not mine! So I HATE wearing Band-Aids because they’re so noticeable and people always say, “How’d you get that cut or that bruise or those stitches?” And I always have to make up about how I hurt myself. When Andy came back to school after the accident, he was wearing a bunch of Band-Aids. At least it took the attention away from me for a while. But I’d still eliminate Band-Aids—at least the beige ones.

Finally, I’d get rid of five-dollar bills. With a five-dollar bill, somebody’s stepfather can buy a bottle of whiskey, a nickel bag of pot, or a rock of crack. He smokes it, or drinks it, and goes home and knocks his kids around, or his wife (before she got sick of it and left). He makes his kids wish they could leave. The next morning he doesn’t even remember what he did. With a five-dollar bill, Andy and the guys bought a six-pack of beer. They ended up buying five dollars worth of death. It seems like all a five spot can do is buy trouble, so I’d get rid of five-dollar bills.

So to make my world better, I’d get rid of peanut butter, Band-Aids, and five-dollar bills.