

Raising a Generation of Terrible Scientists

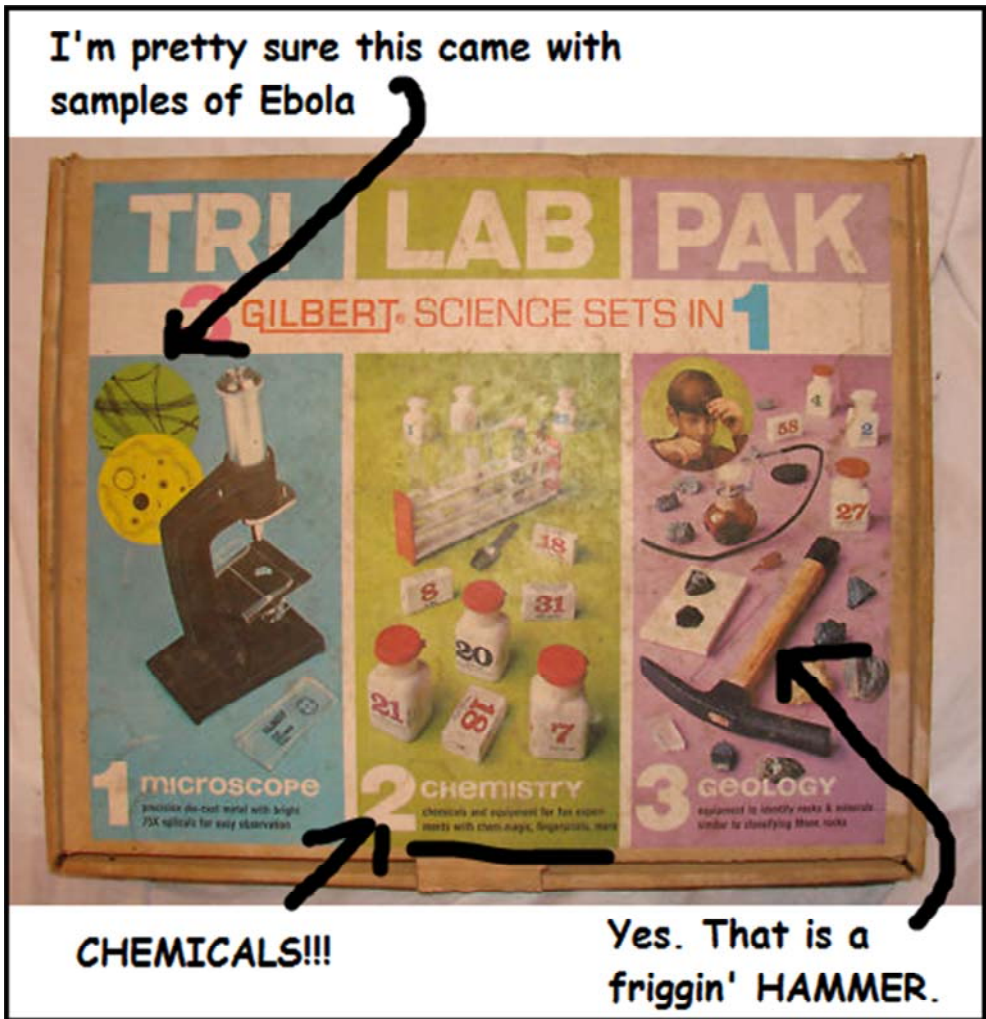
My kids got a "SCIENCE KIT" for Christmas, and when I say "Science Kit," I mean "not remotely a science kit AT ALL," because – I'm sorry – if our country's best and brightest minds are trying to figure out how to make sugar candy out of sugar, and, you know, **FOOD COLORING**, and unless that asteroid hurtling towards us can be stopped with rainbow-colored sweeteners or – even better – super absorbent crystals, then we are already dead, people.

Already dead.



THINGS GO WRONG FOR ME

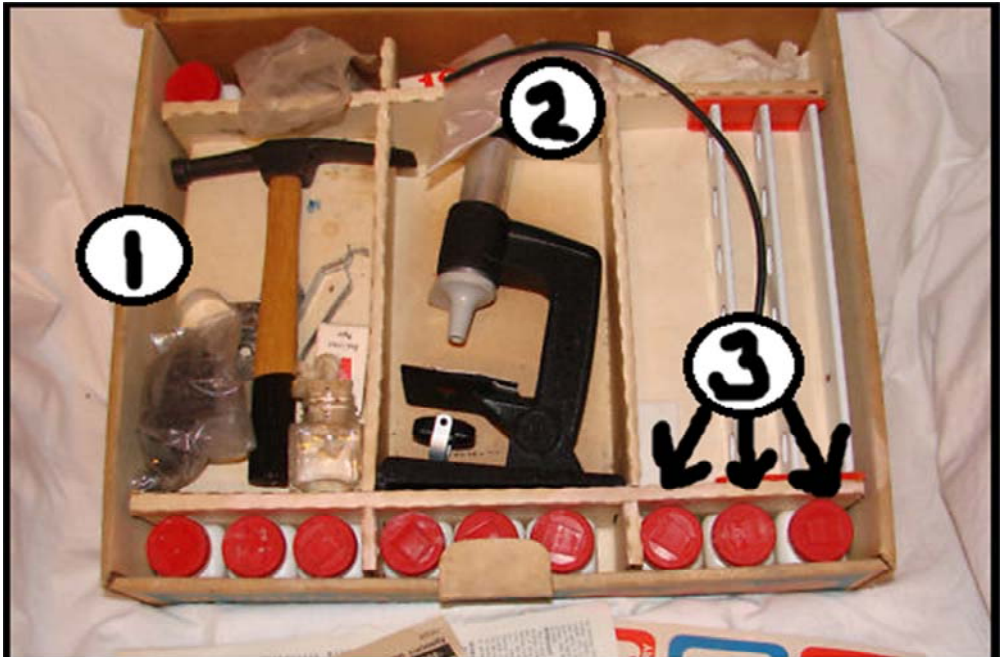
When I was a giant fat shit of a kid, I would have **RELISHED** a "science kit" that allowed me to make junk food, but instead, what I got before there were apparently "laws" and "child safety concerns" and "concerned parents" was something like this:



Hell yes. The "Tri Lab Pak" science kit.

Got a small, inquisitive child?

Then this kit with tiny containers of random caustic chemicals **AND** a sharp metal hammer is just the thing they need!

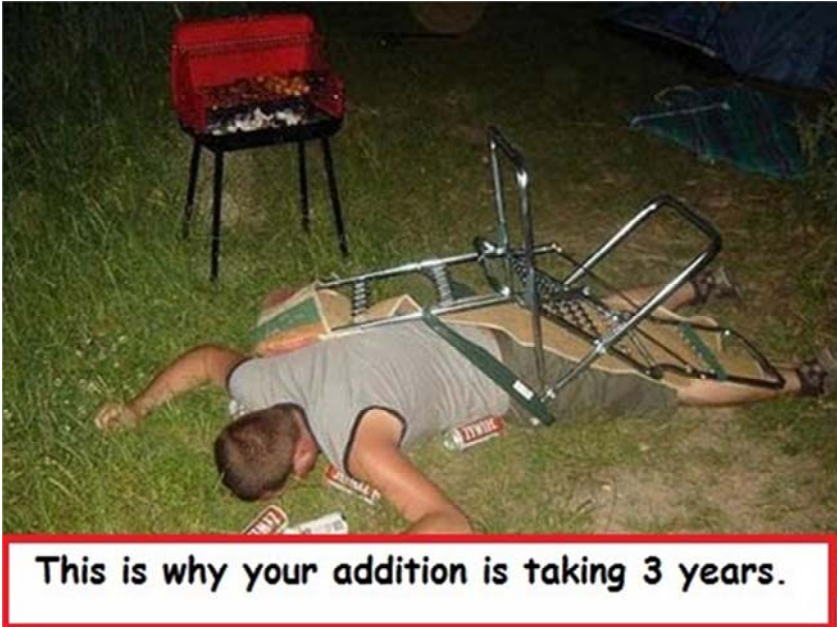


From what I can tell, this is what you're supposed to do with the Tri Lab Pak:

- 1) Kill parents with hammer in fit of rage!**
- 2) Examine their blood and bits of hair through the included microscope!**
- 3) Dissolve them in the backyard using the included containers of lime!**

My dad built a "*barrel shed*" next to our house for our trash, because he used to be a construction worker and building stuff is what construction workers do when they're not passed out from drinking twelve packs of Schlitz (read: **ALWAYS**).

THINGS GO WRONG FOR ME



So my buddy Ed and I (who were apparently gluttons for punishment) decided it would be a great idea to scoop up all those containers of chemicals from my **Tri Lab Pak** and go out to the barrel shed, and then, you know, do what little kids do:

Make a bomb.

This seemed like an amazingly good idea at the time, and since we were eight years old, that made us experts at mixing random chemicals like 'sulfur' and 'lithium' and 'mercury' (ah, the 70s!) together. It was a no-brainer.

Key words there: **NO. BRAINER.**

The kit had a bunch of glass test tubes, and for some reason, another glass container with a **wick sticking out of it.**

We figured that bottle was a pretty good place to dump all the chemicals into, and then light it using a book of matches that was lying around my house next to a pack of cigarettes above the liquor cabinet and *holy shit way to be great parents, mom and dad. WTF?*

