

My fate is sealed

- 1 Why are things so hard to open? Having just spent an entire Melbourne/Sydney flight wrestling with a packet of cheese and crackers, I am considering driving next time instead.
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- 5 I have mastered the uncorking of a bottle of champagne (needs must) and uncovered the secret to opening a jar of caviar: a 20-cent coin, twisted under the lid. You'll find one down the back of the couch. Other things escape me. Anchovy cans are problematic. And the Canadian maple syrup I love has such a rusted-on screw cap that I have to wait for an electrician or plumber to come to the house with a proper set of pliers.
- 6 For jars at least, there's a handy little gadget that lifts the edge of the lid just enough to break the vacuum seal. If you don't have one, use a teaspoon for leverage. You will end up with a drawer of bent spoons, but you will have open jars.
- 7 Why is there not a subject on the school syllabus on how to open things, or a supermarket with a jar-opening service? How is there not an app on which the elderly or arthritic can book someone to come and help them with their jar of peanut butter? There has got to be an opening for something like that.

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