Sorry, my kitchen is on fire



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Raymond Chen

The other night my phone rang just as I discovered that I overheated my pan and the oil was starting to burn. I rushed to the phone, thinking it's the people I had invited to dinner, but no, it was some telemarketer. "Hello, is this Mr. Chen?" "Sorry, can't talk now, my kitchen is on fire." "Oh my God, sorry!" <click> I'll have to remember to use that again in the future.

(P.S., there were no actual flames and I managed to open enough windows so my smoke detector didn't go off.)

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