Bon Appetit

"Beep, Beep, Beep…" The blaring sound of the smoke detectors drilled into my ears. You see, earlier that day I bought a filet mignon. It was now about 7:00 and I was ready for dinner. I didn't have a skillet so I used a frying pan. I put oil and cranked the heat to max. I seasoned my steak with a spice rub and was ready to put it on. I put it on and instantly there was an explosion of oil that got into every part of the kitchen. I put a small mesh over it to stop the splatter. The splatter stopped but there was a lot of smoke so I put the extractor fan on full blast and it kind of stopped. Then after a couple of minutes, I took the mesh off to flip it and a massive cloud of smoke came out and shot up past the extractor fan.

Then, "Beep, Beep, Beep!" The smoke detectors went off and I turned off the stove immediately. Red flashing lights beamed throughout the house and a robotic voice loudly saying, "Emergency evacuation, please leave the building immediately."

There were too many thoughts rushing through my head.

"Am I in trouble?"

"Am I making the neighbors mad?"

"Is my stake burnt?"

Too many thoughts kept rushing through my head and I couldn't turn anything off because the system was glitching and unable to power off. My mother who was with me but on the other side of the house, where it was less loud got a call from the fire department and told them it was not an emergency. The operator said the only thing we could do was wait. My mom went outside and apologized and explained to our neighbors. Meanwhile, I was waving a towel around the detectors to try and have them turn off. After 20 long minutes, the detectors went off and I got a burnt steak.

Beau Sanchez