

Oh the domestic life!

Thursday, 03 August 2006

So a week ago my kitchen blew up.

Spontaneous Combustion?

I'm exaggerating slightly. I'd noticed a few months ago that there seemed to be a hot spot on one of the rings on my cooker. It got red hot long before the rest of the ring. But I thought nothing of it.

More fool me! As I placed a frying pan on the ring and sausages in oil inside and turned the ring onto full... I turned away (fortunately) and BOOM! A hole the size of a fifty pence piece in the pan; a hole in the ring; flames three feet high licking my ceiling...

The fuse blew and it tripped the switch so no further problems. Indeed, the rest of the cooker worked fine when switched back on. But I realised it was 25 years old, a good life, so I bought a new one (faster and more efficient on the Internet... Harrods said they would ring me right back but never did... learn a lesson Mr Fayed) and it was delivered Monday.

Then I discovered they could not disconnect the old one nor install the new one so I booked my electrician who came and did it all this morning. Everything now works very efficiently.

Smart black Zanussi (