

Dinosaurs Behind the Stove

By Dana Ailer

Today our landlord, Mr. Oben, came over to try and figure out what's wrong with our temperamental stove. When all else failed, he went looking for the model number so he could pass it along to the repairman who will have to be called.

I left him alone in the kitchen with his head in the oven, then the pot drawer, trying to find the number. I returned to the kitchen to find the stove pulled out from the wall and Fin giving Mr. Oben instruction, "No, over there. Yes- you got it- good job! Now, can you reach the blue dinosaur?..." When he pulled the stove out to see if the model number was maybe on the back of the unit, Fin spotted about 400 tiny little plastic toys the cats have chased back there over the years. She didn't hesitate to employ poor Mr. Oben to retrieve all of them.

I wonder if she could get the repairman to clean the oven...