

Inanimate Objects

By Hap Hansen

I have known for years that inanimate objects have a conspiracy against me. This is more than just a theory, because I have examples with which to prove my case.

Just this morning, I again dropped the lid to the grape jam. What do you think the odds are that the lid would drop jelly side down? Of course, the odds are 50-50. But I have dropped the lid on many occasions. Not once has the outside of the lid landed on the carpet. Not once! With my expertise at fumbling jelly-laden lids, the odds continue to be 100 percent that I will be cleaning grape stains off of the carpeting.

I have an ice maker in my refrigerator. When I hold a glass under where the ice comes out and push it in, one of two things are bound to happen. Either no ice appears, or a rush of ice comes out and overfills my glass. Now I have ice all over the kitchen floor! Why does this happen? It is another conspiracy against me by inanimate objects.

Another example. Some time ago, I got out of the shower and needed to use the hair dryer. The cord on my hair dryer is fairly long. Every time I tried to plug it in, the cord would loop over the knob on the lower bathroom cabinet, which jerks the cord out of my hand. This happened almost every time, without fail. Once, I decided to fool this inanimate cord by intentionally looping the cord over the knob. Could not be done. No way could I cast a loop and deliberately catch the knob. Frustrated, I ignored the looped cord and reached over to plug in the hair dryer. Guess what? The cord loop caught the knob and jerked the cord out of my hand. The inanimate object now must be taught a lesson. It must be shown who is boss. It has to be punished. Grabbing the looped cord, I jerked it. Hard! The knob flew out of the cabinet, taking a huge splinter of finished wood with it. Not enough punishment had yet been meted out! I grabbed the hair dryer and flung across the room. The dryer hit the light switch, breaking the plastic covering on the light switch and the plastic casing on the dryer. I need to mention that the cord's plug-in, following a few feet behind the dryer and cord, took a neat chunk out of my right ear. At that point, hearing all the noise, my wife rushed in to see what the commotion was all about. Holding a wet towel to my ear, I explained that I was merely teaching a lesson to a cantankerous dryer cord. She just didn't understand the conspiracies against me which are conjured up by inanimate objects. But I knew then that the broken hair dryer, the dryer cord and the knob would trouble me no further. Was that the end of another conspiracy example? Not quite. The plug was rusty, so I had to go get a tetanus shot. But that's a story for another day.