

BLT

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It was a typical Saturday morning. The three of us, Dave, Tom, and myself were inseparable. We sat around listening to folk music. We all loved to sing and play guitar and as usual we were listening to the sounds of the Kingston Trio, Peter Paul and Mary, and others. Dave had just picked up an album by a new folksinger named Bob Dylan which we immediately loved and tried to copy. He had a way of saying things so differently and poetically, we were hooked. Our parents hated him which only enhanced the attraction.

After about an hour, we went into Dave's den to watch some TV. A western was on and that held our attention for about 5 minutes. We were bored and so we decided to tie Tom in his chair. Dave got some rope and we began to wrap it round and round the chair with Tom seated in it. For some reason, Tom had decided to go along with our stupid prank and made no effort to get loose. He would soon regret his decision. Dave left to get more rope and soon returned. We secured Tom even more securely now in the rather large padded chair that Dave's father usually fell asleep in.

Dave asked us if we were hungry and we both said yes. We asked him what he had to eat and he said "bacon." He said he would make BLT's for everyone. Little did we know that the next few minutes would live in our memories forever? A constant reminder of how funny life can be. It became a hallmark day in our friendship and over countless telling and re-tellings; it still brings a smile if not outright hysteria at the thought of what happened next.

To get back to the story, Dave went into the kitchen and turned on the burner and put the frying pan over it and added a whole pound of bacon. He turned the flame all the way up and

told us it would be a few minutes. You must remember this was before the advent of ADD or ADHD and so Dave in his usual manner left the bacon to cook by itself and returned to the den to hang out with us.

It wasn't long before we heard a strange sound coming from the kitchen and the scent of bacon smoke filling the air. "Holy crap!" Dave said as he rushed into the kitchen. The bacon grease had caught on fire and now the whole top of the stove was in flames. The kitchen curtains were next and we knew that the walls were next. Dave was screaming for us to get out of the house while he fought the fire by throwing water on top of the grease. The result was instantaneous, the fire grew exponentially.

We had another problem, though. Tom was screaming for us to get him out of the chair. He couldn't undo himself and he was frantic. He was in abject fear and screaming for us to cut him loose while trying to force the rather large chair through the doorway. Well, the sight of Tom with this large chair in essence strapped to his back was just too funny. In fact, it was so funny that Dave and I almost forgot about fighting the fire and rolled hysterically on the floor at the sight of Tom trying to break through the doorway with his chair. To this day, 45 years later, I still smile when I think of Tom and that chair.

Dave was able to find some baking soda and some large towels and we put the fire out. Tom wasn't able to get loose until after the fire was out and wasn't in a very good mood. After cleaning up the mess in the kitchen, we left a note for Mrs. Sliwkowski and walked to town. We ended up eating our BLT's at Krisch's.