

Dishwasher

by Matt Potter

Last night aliens invaded our dishwasher. They activated the heating element. Everything inside that's plastic melted into the base of the dishwasher and we woke up coughing smoke.

"Fuck!" I said.

Brent rushed about, throwing all the windows open.

"Those aliens are fucking with our lives," I said later, filling the coffee machine.

Brent clasped his hands around the dishwasher. "I've found a website with many stories of the same thing happening with this model," he said. He pulled the dishwasher from under the benchtop and dragged it across the kitchen floor.

"Yeah," I said, stirring my coffee. "Those aliens are really fucked."

Brent pulled the dishwasher through the back door. "They're being recalled," he said. "They have a faulty timer switch." He pushed the dishwasher across the back porch.

"Exactly," I said, buttering an English muffin. "Aliens are getting inside and fucking with the timer switch."

Groaning, Brent lifted the dishwasher, hauling it to the bottom of the steps. Easing it down, he yelled, "Would you stop this alien bullshit, Tony! And stop saying *fuck* all the time!"

Munching on my English muffin, I watched Brent pull the dishwasher towards the driveway.

I went inside and turned on my computer.

DRAG THAT SHIT ONTO THE FUCKING STREET!!! I wrote on my blog. *ALIENS ARE BURNING DOWN OUR HOMES!*

Sitting at the computer, I could hear Brent's grunts as he pulled the dishwasher down the driveway.

And I wondered when to tell him about the alien in the hard drive.

