

MASTER OF DISASTER

BY BROD BAGERT

It's too risky to go to the grocery
which produces a lot of frustration,
because lately all the meals we eat
are a feast of bizarre combination.

Peanut-butter spaghetti?
Cornflakes over peas?
Dad just looks in the pantry
and pulls out whatever he sees.

"It's a sign of creative genius," he says.
"The hallmark of the master."
That's when we started calling him—
The Master of Disaster.

What will dad come up with next?
Sometimes I just can't wait.
Everybody thinks it's weird,
but me? I THINK IT'S GREAT!

