

The Kitchen Magician



Myrna was quite the cook. She earned the nickname “Kitchen Magician” because she created culinary masterpieces seemingly like magic. Give her a cup of arrowroot and a bucket of week-old bottom feeders and she’d whip up the best bouillabaisse you ever spilt on your bib. Still, she hardly fit the stereotypical image of a woman slaving over a hot stove. No matter how potentially messy were the ingredients she planned to employ, Myrna always made it a point to dress stylishly. From lacy bustiers to silk camisoles to fishnet scrunch butt bikini sets, her cooking apparel always turned the head of even the most jaded food critic. And yet it was mere frosting on the cake compared to her scrumptiousness du jour. That all changed one day when she inadvertently substituted lamp oil for olive oil in a stir fry for the Hearty Trencherman Society’s annual meeting. Hey, it could happen to anyone! Unfortunately, due to Myrna’s high profile, the resultant forty cadavers caused her approval rating to plunge even lower than her peek-a-boo satin ruffle trim bra’s neckline. Worse, people began to call her the “Kitchen Mortician.” The ignominy caused Myrna’s self-confidence to crumble faster than a snickerdoodle in a garlic press. Pride in her appearance deteriorated commensurately, as sadly confirmed by the accompanying recent unauthorized photograph.