

# Nutri-Clyster



When Margo jumped on her Segway and zoomed off to visit her Aunt Fennel in Kankakee for a week, Brad was left to fend for himself. But he was looking forward to it, really. Now he could spy on whomever he wanted via the neighborhood watch security cam, play his entire record collection of Inuit seal music at full volume, sleep as late as he liked (though Mr. Pokner, his boss at the processing plant, might have something to say about that), and eat when and what he felt like eating – that awful Nutri-Clyster that Margo insisted he needed to “stay regular” would stay in the pantry! Abruptly, Brad was ravenous. So he donned his cooking robe and carefully made his way through the piles of ordnance to the kitchen. He fried some water, poured it into a cup of savory Koffee Krystals (*mmm-mmm!*), and thought about supper. Hey, now he could make one of those football soufflés! He’d only had one once at a tailgate party back in college, so his memory of its preparation was pretty rusty. Brad selected a ripe ball from the pantry, taking care not to brush against the bag of grenades, and took it back to the kitchen. He peered at the label, but didn’t see any cooking instructions – only that its use-by date was still weeks away. He seemed to recall that you had to cook the dickens out of it. But was it 24 hours at 350 degrees or 350 hours at 24 degrees? He just didn’t know ... but Margo would! Fortunately, she had her phone with her and she picked up on the second ring. As Brad listened to her explain the soufflé preparation, his mood deteriorated. Looks like he’d have to get out the Nutri-Clyster after all.