

## **Waffles In The Dryer**

By Eric Butterman

My uncle lives far away

I know him by phone

He tells me wild stories

All about his home

He makes waffles in the dryer

Since it's faster than the toaster

He gets flung to work by ceiling fan

When he doesn't go by rollercoaster

I'd really like to believe him

But my mom says I can't

But then she tells me lies

That his kids think she's an ant

Then my uncle tells me I'm a monkey

For how else could he be a monkey's uncle?

Some day both their lies will get them in trouble!

My uncle invited me to fly to him

Now I'll learn the truth

He says his town's best pizza place

Is in a green phone booth!

I arrived at his house

Nothing was what he said

There were no dolphins playing harpsichords

Or Cheetos for a bed.

We still had a bunch of fun

He gave me a candy bar

But when it was time to go to work

He hopped in a shiny car

I asked, "What about the ceiling fan?"

"The coaster on the roof?"

He said both were getting repaired

I wanted to see the proof

He just laughed and drove off

Yelling, "Have fun with every cousin."

But, the thing is, there are only three

He told me three dozen!

Another night we went for pizza

It was at a normal place

When I called my uncle out on it

He said I had sausage on my face

First truthful thing he told me

But I still had a great time

I had to get to bed to catch my flight at nine

As I came down for breakfast, everyone had started eating

I sat down at the table

A cousin said my food was heating

He finally took a plate and went over to the dryer

He pulled some waffles out

My uncle crowed, "Now who's the liar?"

I started laughing with delight, my cousins all joined in

I realized my uncle lived to entertain me, that I should let him win

"Okay," he began, "about that rollercoaster, I want to tell you the facts."

"I know," I said, as I hugged him, "it will be fixed by the time I'm back."

And until that time comes, I speak to my uncle by phone

He tells me wild stories

All about his home

