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Breakfast

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Ward: Breakfast

BREAKFAST

Thom Ward

Harold, yes, let's call him Harold, as H is for hardwood and D is for devoted, was not a particularly smart man. Yet, like many others, he found it asinine to pay thousands of dollars for a piece of granite to be quarried, carved and engraved, then stood upright at the head of a dead body in a large flat area, full of thousands of already dead bodies.

Matilda, would you mind if I bury you in our yard? he asks one morning over breakfast. And could I make a wooden tombstone from one of our trees and place it by your grave?

Why, that's a lovely idea, says his wife, who was sick with disease. I've always thought of myself as a Dutch Elm.

I'm glad you like the idea, says Harold. Things made to be upright should stay upright. He was thinking of the maples outside their house as opposed to the granite beneath it.

And darling, you should make little wooden tombstones from our maples and put them in a plastic bowl.

What should I do then? he asks, his mouth full of Wheaties.

Why, pour some milk over the little fellows and eat them for breakfast, she replies. Bark is loaded with vitamins and minerals.

What a splendid idea! says Harold. A bowl full of little wooden tombstones—now there's a breakfast of champions.

Don't forget the additional benefits. You'll never have to pay the tree man to prune.

Yes, let's call her Matilda, as M is for mortuary and A is for ashes.

That's wonderful, no more tree man, says Harold. *And* I'll save money on cereal. My gosh, that stuff is expensive.