

## Making Curry with Dad

By Lucy Facenkova  
Age 11

The last time I ate curry  
I made it with my dad.  
We didn't burn anything and I was glad.  
My dad's curry is the best.  
It's not too spicy and not too plain.  
The rice is soft and fluffy.  
The sauce is flavourful and yummy.  
He likes to dance and sing.  
I find it entertaining.  
The kitchen is filled with laughter and joy.  
Then my dad brings out the garlic bread  
And puts it in the oven.  
We continue to joke and sing  
Until you hear a tummy rumbling.  
We sit as a family waiting for a curry  
But my dad is plating it up fancy  
No worries  
No hurry  
I finally get my curry and take a big bite  
Then this big blast of flavour is melting on my tongue.  
The whole thing was perfect  
And I can't wait to make it again  
Because it's so fun.  
Now I believe this poem is done.