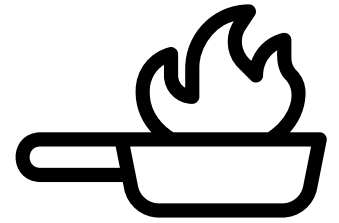


COOKING CLASS WORD SEARCH



Find and circle the underlined words from this poem in the Word Search puzzle.

I signed up for a cooking class.
I thought it would be fun.
But everything I made came out
completely overdone.

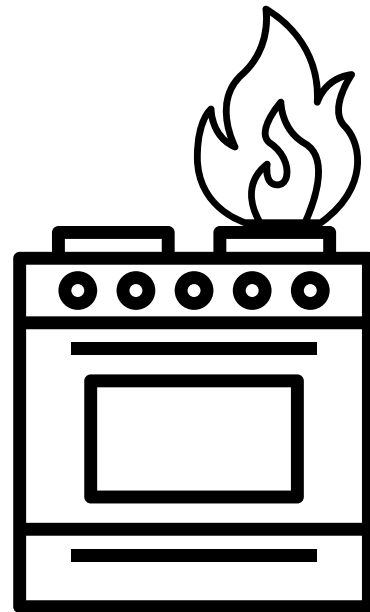
I burned a bowl of noodles.
I set fire to a steak.
I blackened twenty tacos,
seven pizzas, and a cake.

I turned some eggs to ashes and
I torched a piece of toast.
And you don't even want to know
what happened to the roast.

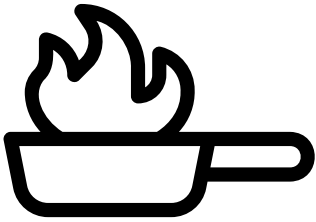
I don't know why but everything
I made went up in smoke.
I even scorched some sushi,
several salads, and a Coke.

My lessons didn't teach me much.
There's just one thing I'm learning:
I'm terrible at cooking,
but I'm excellent at burning.

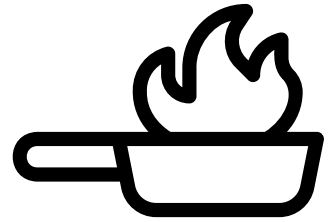
— Kenn Nesbitt



D	P	S	A	N	B	D	F	Y	W	L	S
C	E	I	T	S	Z	E	I	L	G	E	E
T	L	N	E	E	H	N	R	E	N	S	L
B	S	A	E	C	A	E	E	T	I	S	D
B	U	A	S	P	E	K	S	E	K	O	O
P	U	R	O	S	P	C	M	L	O	N	O
I	A	R	N	R	V	A	S	P	O	S	N
Z	H	A	N	I	D	L	H	M	C	C	H
Z	L	G	S	E	N	B	G	O	O	A	C
A	N	G	A	U	D	G	L	C	Q	K	A
S	G	N	I	H	T	Y	R	E	V	E	E
E	X	C	E	L	L	E	N	T	K	U	T



COOKING CLASS



WORD SEARCH KEY

D	P	S	A	N	B	D	F	Y	W	L	S
C	E	I	T	S	Z	E	I	L	G	E	E
T	L	N	E	E	H	N	R	E	N	S	L
B	S	A	E	C	A	E	E	T	I	S	D
B	U	A	S	P	E	K	S	E	K	O	O
P	U	R	O	S	P	C	M	L	O	N	O
I	A	R	N	R	V	A	S	P	O	S	N
Z	H	A	N	I	D	L	H	M	C	C	H
Z	L	G	S	E	N	B	G	O	O	A	C
A	N	G	A	U	D	G	L	C	Q	K	A
S	G	N	I	H	T	Y	R	E	V	E	E
E	X	C	E	L	L	E	N	T	K	U	T