The whole family

The King of the Grill and the Great Sixtieth Scramble

Robert's sixtieth birthday promises brisket, pie, and sixty groan-worthy puns—until a tyrannical HOA president impounds his smoker and strands his arriving guests across the golf course. Armed with a 7-iron and his wife's quick wits, can this barbecue king rescue his family feast before twilight fades?

Robert's sixtieth birthday promises brisket, pie, and sixty groan-worthy puns—until a tyrannical HOA president impounds his smoker and strands his arriving guests across the golf course. Armed with a 7-iron and his wife's quick wits, can this barbecue king rescue his family feast before twilight fades?

✦ ✦ ✦

The whole family · The King of the Grill and the Great Sixtieth Scramble

The whole family

The King of the Grill and the Great Sixtieth Scramble

To Dad on your sixtieth birthday:
You are the undisputed king of our family,
and the reigning master of terrible jokes.

— The whole family

Robert greets his jubilee,
Proud as any king could be.
Ties his apron, firm and wide,
Puffing out his chest with pride.
Sixty puns are stored away,
Ripe for family groans today.
Near the Iron Hog he stands,
Stacking logs with eager hands.

Susan brings her cedar tray,
Crowning glory of the day:
Peach and berry baked inside,
Under lattice shaped with pride.
"That's a tee-riffic design!
Will your slice match up with mine?"
Susan taps her glasses slow:
"Save that swing, dear, for the show!"

Suddenly the hedges shake!
Gordon Vance is wide awake!
Beige windbreaker, grip of stone,
Prowling in his royal zone.
Clicking pen three times in spite,
Yellow notice, neon bright:
"Smell violation!" Gordon cries,
Hauling off the smoking prize!

Leo rushes to the lawn,
All his breath and patience gone:
"Grandpa, hazard! Down the street,
Lost our driver, Uncle Pete!
Thirty cousins in his van
Vanished from the birthday plan!
Gordon turned the course signs back,
Trapping them off every track!"

Susan locks the pie with care,
Safe from shocks and morning air.
Robert draws his Lucky Seven,
Shining like a gift from heaven.
Leo hops aboard the rear,
Watching paths both far and near.
Robert stomps the pedal down,
Speeds away to save the crown!

At the Fourth, the nozzles hiss,
Aiming jets they cannot miss!
Water blasts across the green,
Fiercest sprinklers ever seen!
"Battery hazard!" Leo shouts,
Pointing at the danger spouts!
Susan bends above the treat,
Spreading linen round the seat!

Susan times each spin and turn:
"Nine full minutes, watch and learn!"
Robert knows the blueprints true,
Weaving dry fringe through the dew:
"Water hazards build your spine!"
Zooms beyond the wet design!
Nozzles sink, the turf is clear,
Leo roars a victory cheer!

Deep in Hole Nine's giant trap,
Buried to the hub and cap,
Rests the minibus of woe,
With no room for wheels to go!
Uncle Pete in floral flair
Flings his map in wild despair:
"GPS has wrecked our day!"
Toddlers cry in disarray!

Robert strides into the sand,
Lucky Seven in his hand.
Chisels trenches deep and wide,
Digging out the driving side.
"Never fear a sandy lie!
Swing on through and reach the sky!"
Pete roars out in helpless glee;
All hands heave to set them free!

Past the Eighteenth hole they ride,
To the storage barn outside.
Plastic pink flamingos stand
Jailed by Gordon's heavy hand.
Vance clicks pen three times in state,
Padlocks fastened to the gate:
"Touch this lock and pay the fines,
Barred forever from the Pines!"

Robert reads his pocket page,
Solemn as an ancient sage:
"Why wear double pants to play?
Holes in one might save the day!"
Gordon stops his clicking pen,
Dazed and silent there and then.
Susan slips the ring of keys,
Unlocks padlocks with a breeze!

Out the Iron Hog is rolled,
Tied to Pete's bus, stout and bold!
Twilight gathers in the sky,
Stormy rain-clouds hurry by.
Fat drops threaten fire and coal,
Risking every hungry soul.
Robert shields a striking flame:
"Cold food brings a host to shame!"

Fragrant smoke-plumes climb the air,
Beacon glowing bright and fair!
Sweet perfume of bark and spice
Promises a paradise!
Robert chips a flare on high,
Arcing bright across the sky:
Gleaming over water cold,
Guiding cousins to the fold!

Under lights the sixty meet,
Stomping rain from off their feet!
Cedar rafters ring with sound,
Joy and laughter all around.
In the center rests the Hog,
Roasting through the clearing fog.
Sniffing at the entrance door,
Gordon Vance seeks something more!

Robert slices off the bark,
Crispy burnt end in the dark:
Tender meat with smoky glaze
Worthy of a king's own praise!
Susan adds a wedge of pie,
Peach and berry towering high.
Gordon tastes the savory crumb,
Drops his pen in wonder dumb!

Sixty glasses rise above,
Filled with laughter, wine, and love!
Pete and Leo lead the song,
Sixty voices loud and strong.
Though the fog be thick and wide,
Dad's bad jokes remain our guide.
From the sand-trap to the roast,
Hail the king! Now raise the toast!

The heroes of this book

Robert

Susan

Gordon Vance

Leo

The heroes of this book

Uncle Pete

The Iron Hog

The Lucky 7-Iron

The Pie Caddy

Acknowledgments

Putting this wild adventure together took almost as much maneuvering as escaping a fairway sand trap, but we couldn't have written a single page without our two real-life inspirations. Thank you, Robert, for generously lending us your steadfast courage, your wizardry with the smoker, and that inexhaustible catalog of groan-worthy puns that keeps our family laughing through every twist and turn. And to Susan, thank you for letting us borrow your unstoppable grace, quiet tactical genius, and the kind of warmth that can rescue any celebration from the brink. You two make every ordinary day feel like an epic triumph, and we love you more than words can say.

The whole family ☆

The King of the Grill and the Great Sixtieth Scramble

Author: **The whole family**

Written especially for Dad on his 60th birthday

October 2026