Silly Dreamers



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Contents

The Perfect Job1	_
A Scribbled Note	7
A Pledge to Help11	-
Right on Schedule16)
Shamed20)
Almost Famous25	Ś

The Perfect Job

"I'm really happy your dad could get us these jobs," Leroy stated. He leaned over to empty a waste basket under a metal desk.

"Me, too," Jason agreed. "It's a snap cleaning these rooms. Besides, we can play music all we want. Jason heaved a sweeper across the thick carpet.

The boys had been cleaning the downtown workplace for seven weeks. It closed at four each day, so they could begin their work just after school. Their earnings furnished extra cash for clothes and pastimes.

To amuse themselves, the boys thought about the people who worked in the rooms.

"This lady has so many pictures of pets on her desk," Leroy noted, "I bet she lives alone." Jason stopped to

survey someone's walls.



"This lady has so many pictures of pets on her desk," Leroy noted, "I bet she lives alone."

"This man seems like a real dreamer," he claimed. "His walls are filled with travel posters. He must hate working at a desk all day."

"Here is the strange one," Leroy pointed out. He stopped to comment on a desktop that was always tidy. "No pictures, no poems, no signs of life at all. You wouldn't even know a person worked at this desk."

"Very odd," Jason had to admit.