



The paperboy

The mornings of the paperboy are still dark, and they are always cold even in the summer.

And on these cold mornings the paperboy's bed is still warm, and it is always hard to get out, even for his dog. But they do.

And softly they step down the quiet hall past the door where the paperboy's father and mother are sleeping. Past the door where his sister is asleep. And down to the kitchen where they eat from their bowls. And out to the garage where they quickly fold their papers, snapping on green rubber bands and placing them in a large red bag. It's hard to ride a bike when you are loaded down with newspapers.

But the paperboy has learned how to do this, and he is good at it. The paperboy knows his route by heart, so he doesn't ever think about which house to pedal to. Instead, he is thinking about other things. Big things. And small things. And sometimes he is thinking about nothing at all.

His dog, too, knows this route by heart. It knows which trees are for sniffing. It knows which birdbaths are for drinking, which squirrels are for chasing, and which cats are for growling at. All the world is asleep except for the paperboy and his dog. And this is the time when they are the happiest

But little by little the world around them wakes up. The stars and the moon fade away and the skies become orange and pink. And when the paperboy has delivered his last newspaper, he and his dog race home. And his empty red bag flaps behind him in the cold morning air.

Soon they are back home. It is still dark inside, but the sounds of the morning are all around.

His father and mother are awake and talking softly in their bed, and his sister is downstairs watching Saturday morning cartoons. And back inside his own room the paperboy pulls down his shade and crawls back into his bed, which is still warm. And while all of the world is waking up, the paperboy is going back to sleep and his dog is sleeping, too.

Their work is done, and now is the time for dreaming.