

Bob's World

"Bobby," yelled his mother in a shrill voice. "Bobby, you have to get up and go to school today!"

"But mom, I have to work at school and I can't watch TV there," Bob pleaded. "Besides I get the lowest marks in my class because the work is so easy that I get bored."

"Just come and have your breakfast and go to school," she ordered him.

As Bob headed towards school, he saw one of his friends skateboarding down the street.

"Yo Bob, you wanna try my board, man?" the youth asked.

"No thanks, my knee is acting up again," Bob replied.

"Sure man, whatever you say dude," was the reply he got as the youth skated away at top speed.

"Hi Bob," came the voice of Lucille as she came up to walk to school with him.

"Hi Lucille," Bob replied shyly.

Bob and Lucille were good friends. Bob wished that they could go out on a date but, he knew there was several reasons why they would not make a good couple. First Lucille had told him that she did not like it if her boyfriend was a lot smarter and better at sports than her. After-all they were so different. She worked so hard to get stuff done while he needed very little time if any at all. She was the captain of the soccer and basketball teams while, if his knee was better, he could beat her at any sport. He knew they were just so different they were fated not to be together.

The two friends chatted their way to school. She talked about her sports games and practices and how much homework she had while he talked about the TV shows he had watched.

When they got to school they said their good-bye's -- she had trigonometry and he had basic computers.

As the teacher started her usual rant about this and that, Bob turned to his brilliant (like him) friend John when he said.

"Hey man didn't I see you walking with that Lucille chick?" John asked him.

"Ya I mean she isn't smart or as good at sports like you and me but I like her anyway," Bob replied.

"But Bob man, she just smacks of effort, how does one person do so much work?" John asked Bob.

"I know that is a serious letdown, doing stuff sucks, I don't know why she does it," Bob used his usual drowsy voice.

"She should just hang out like us and stop doing so much and trying so hard,"

John while leaning back on his chair so that it was up on two legs. You could tell that he was trying his hardest to look cool.

"Mister Smith, could you please keep all four legs of your chair on the floor and stop talking with your friend Mr. Simpson!" the teacher ordered.

"But Miss we weren't doing anything ... honestly," John said in his whiny little voice.

"It is no use John, I can always tell when you talk because only you are that incoherent."

THE END