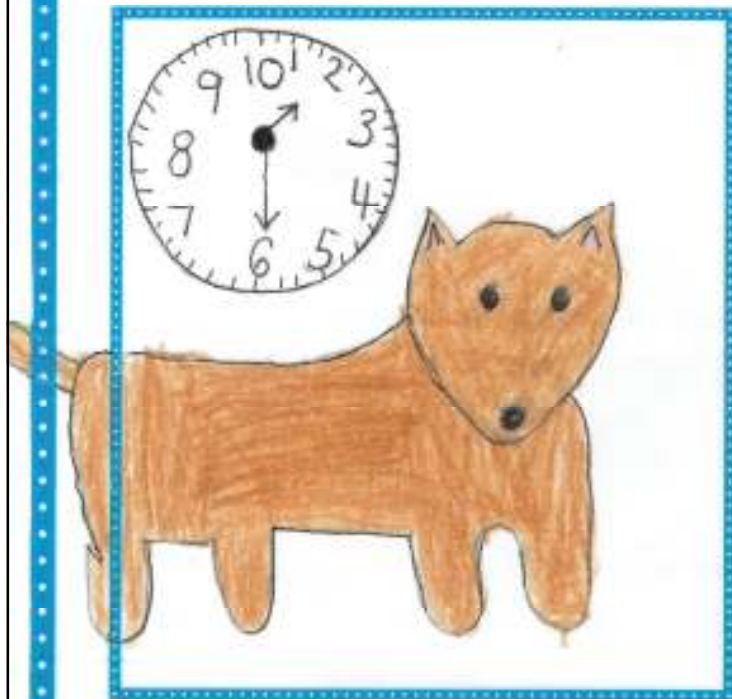


George and the Clock



by Jenna Moore

Sunlight shone... threw the
curtains. Bluebirds chirped
on a oak tree. Butterflies
fluttered in the garden.
inside a green house there
was a clock hanging on a
wall. One day he heard
exsitement in the house.
Arf! Arf! All of a sudden
a furry creecher leaped at
him. him said the clock.
what on earth are you?

I am a dog barked George.
What are you?
I am a clock he answered.
What good are you?
I can scare burglars away
said George in a sassy voice.
What can you do? Just hang
on the wall? said George
certainly.
I tell everybody what time it
is so no one will be late
bragged the clock.

My job is the most important
job in the world. Without me
everything would get stolen.
EVEN YOU! crowed George.
If you switch jobs with me
I'll prove it!
Let's do it agreed the
clock starting tomorrow!
The next morning George
stept in. When he woke
up George bounced on his
new owners bed and licked

his face from top to
bottom. Stunned the owner
gasped get off me George!
Mocking him off the bed
the owner grabbed his
watch why didn't my alarm
clock ring? the nifty little
clock just smiled. The owner
jumped out of bed and
drove straight to work.
Late that night the
clock heard shoes

squeaking and saw light
flashing through the
key hole. Suddenly the
burglars barged in! Bring!
Bring! rang the clock
as his hands spun circles.
The burglars snatched George's
leash. Then they said
we stole a dog bed, dog
food, a dog and now
we've stole a leash. At
that moment they

scared away. One of
the burglars slammed
the door. Be quiet you
meatball or you'll wake
them up! said the other.
Sorry! snapped the
first burglar. George
whimpered my preshes
teash. The clock glared.
The next morning George
bounded over to the
clock and shouted

wake up you sleepy
head! You can't do my
job and I couldn't
do yours. It's time
to trade. I agree ticked
the clock no matter
what I did those
robbers wouldn't go
away.
you should of chased
them parked George
I don't have legs.

said the clock. Oh I
forgot, said George.
You can't do my job and
I can't do yours. so they
switched jobs and became
good friends after all.

Dear Mommy,

I would be delighted for you to use my
stories to help other children.

Love,

Jenna