Ol' Messy Fred Ecome

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Ol' Messy Fred Ecome

Fred Ecome got ready for work. He ironed his shirt and collected his black leather briefcase. He arrived at the building which had Department of Education in big grey letters. He entered the huge rotating door, caught the lift, and took his place in his tiny cubical.

Fred Ecomes desk was scattered with paper, chocolate wrappers, and even a bannana peel. He typed away in the mess all day long, with a tappy clatter of keys on the keyboard.

Milly Black, a girl Fred quite fancied walked to his desk, and said,

"Why are you so messy, Fred. You could get plenty more done if you cleared the junk off your desk".

"I know", said Fred, "but I really couldn't be bothered cleaning it up".

Every night Fred would go to the bar at the Wales Hotel and sit on one schooner hoping a girl would come in. But she never did. After leveling most of his beer; he would swirl the rest around in the bottom of the glass; and then raise the glass to his mouth; and throw down the last of the beer; thinking, "well, she hasn't come tonight".

He got home to his appartment. There were clothes all over the floor, smelly socks, bowls with half eaten mouldy pasta, cups, ciggarette ash through the carpet, and candy wrappers everywhere; take out containers.

He arrived at the big sign, Department of Education, on the clear morning afterwards; on a flourishing spring morning. In the elevator there was a slight jerking but he made it to his cubical in one peice.

Fred had his head rested on his fist. "I can't wait till I get home. I can start my vintage model car". He loved to make models.

After a lunch of chinese take out - eaten outdoors on this clear afternoon on a park bench, sitting, feeling so comfortable, watching the cool giant tree leaves let off there radiant colour; reveling in the warmness and happyness of the passers by - the afternoon went very quickely.

The tappy clatter of keys on the keyboard continued until abruptly at 5.00pm they stopped. Then a great banging was heared behind Fred Ecome's cubical partition. He was in a rush to get home to his model vintage car he was making.

He climbed the steps of his appartment complex feeling the exersise in his old knees. When he got into his flat he felt a gush of air hit his face that smelt of chicken soup cooking. He walked to his model table with overwhelming excitement. He sat down at his chair. The table was emaculately neat. The parts were evenly placed over the tables surface. There were no chocolate wrappers or bannana peels. Fred Ecome was proud of his models.

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