

Acorns I

A boy came up to my room with a bag full of acorns. He said Coach K sent him up with them.

I looked in the bag and said these acorns are dirty - I don't collect dirty acorns. Take them and clean them up.

Next day he brought them back - he had washed them. I told him they were too dull - I like shiny acorns. Take them back.

When he came the next day, he had varnished them. I said I hated painted ~~them~~ acorns - I've a good mind to have you scrape them - But I'm not, I'll take them.

When I saw Coach K, I asked him why he had sent that boy to me? He said he caught him throwing them.