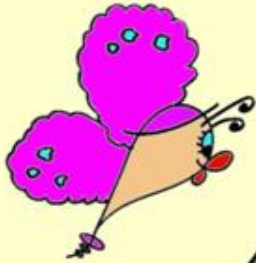


# ROCKY'S DAYOFF

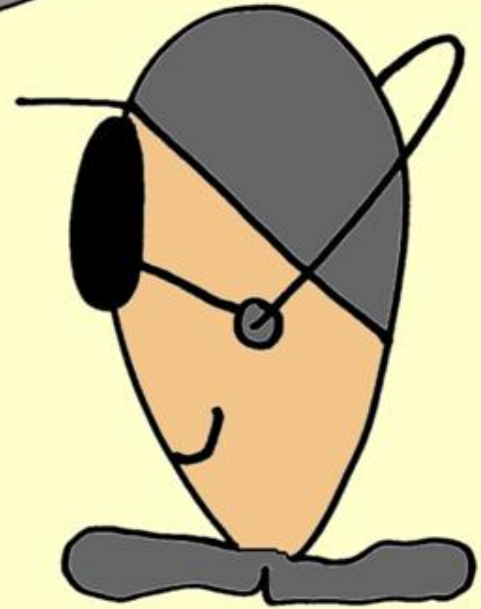
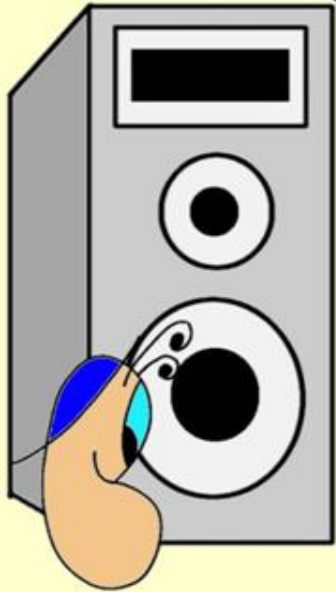


A Little Squirts  
Storybook

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY MARK GRIFFIN



Hi! MY NAME  
IS ROCKY.  
I LOVE MUSIC!



"I don't want to go to school any more!" declared Rocky.

"Why not?" asked Rosy with concern.

"Don't you feel well?"

"What good is it anyway? I'd rather be out in the world," said Rocky as he walked away.

"We'll miss you," said Mitzy sadly.

"You're the best player on our team."

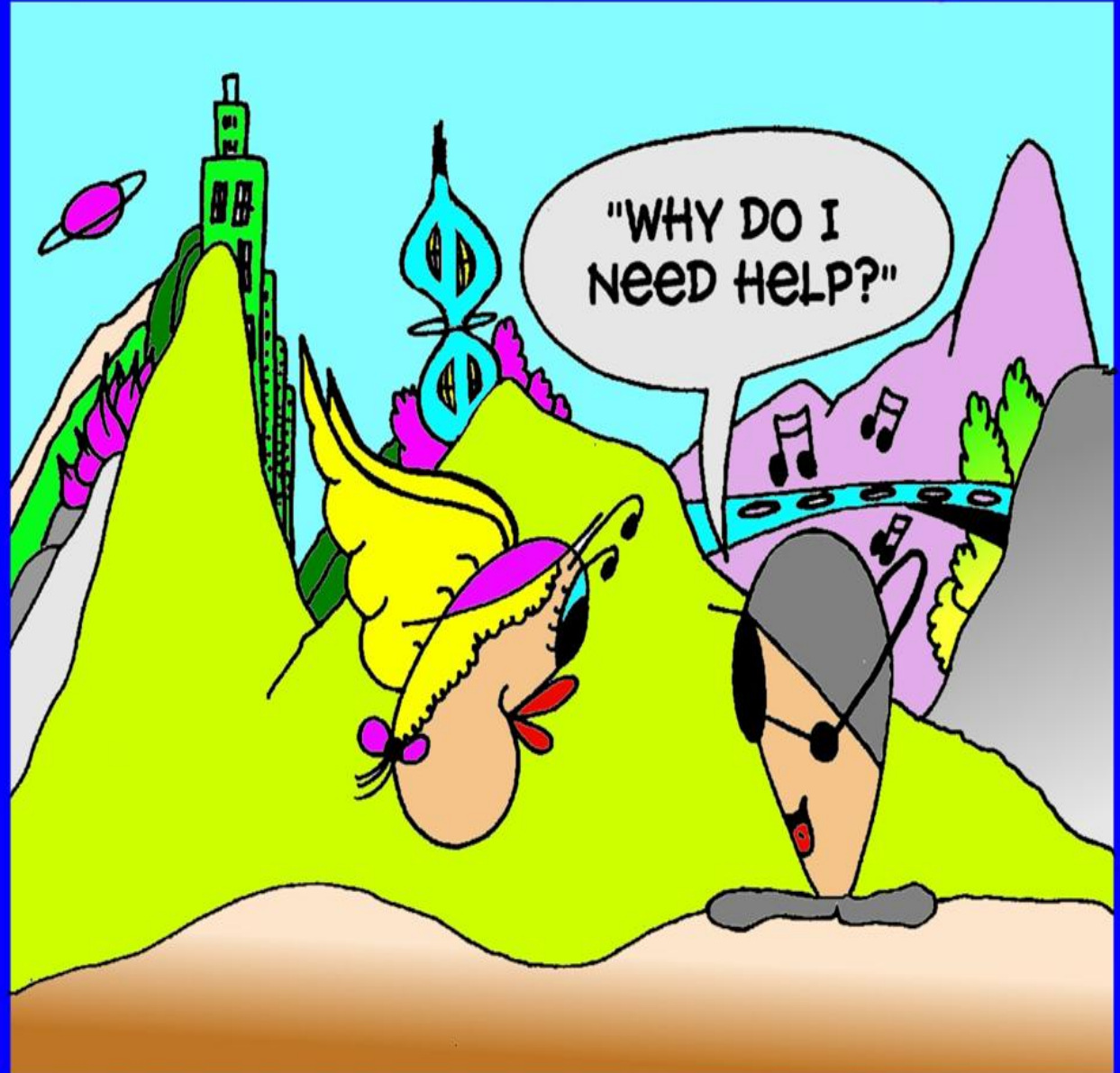


"This is great! I can listen to music all day," thought Rocky as he headed for a big tree in the park. "Who are you?" he laughed as a little squirt with wings came zipping out of the clouds.

"I'm your guardian squirt," she said as she landed on a branch above Rocky's head. "My name is Angelina and I'm here to help you."



"Why do I need help?" asked Rocky.  
"You are about to make the biggest mistake of your life," said Angelina.  
"How do you know?" asked Rocky.  
"Let's just say.....you have some very good friends who care," smiled Angelina.



"Rocky, I am going to grant your wish. You may go ahead and leave school. You will be free to do anything you want, but you will have to leave everything you learned in school behind. Does this sound good to you?" asked Angelina. "YES!" cheered Rocky with a big smile. "YAHOO! No more school!"

"What are you going to do first?" smiled Angelina. "I heard there was a job open at the music store," said Rocky. "I love music."



"Hello young man. My name is Mr. Bassoon. How can I help you?" said the man in the music store with a smile.

"It's nice to meet you. I heard there was a job opening," said Rocky.

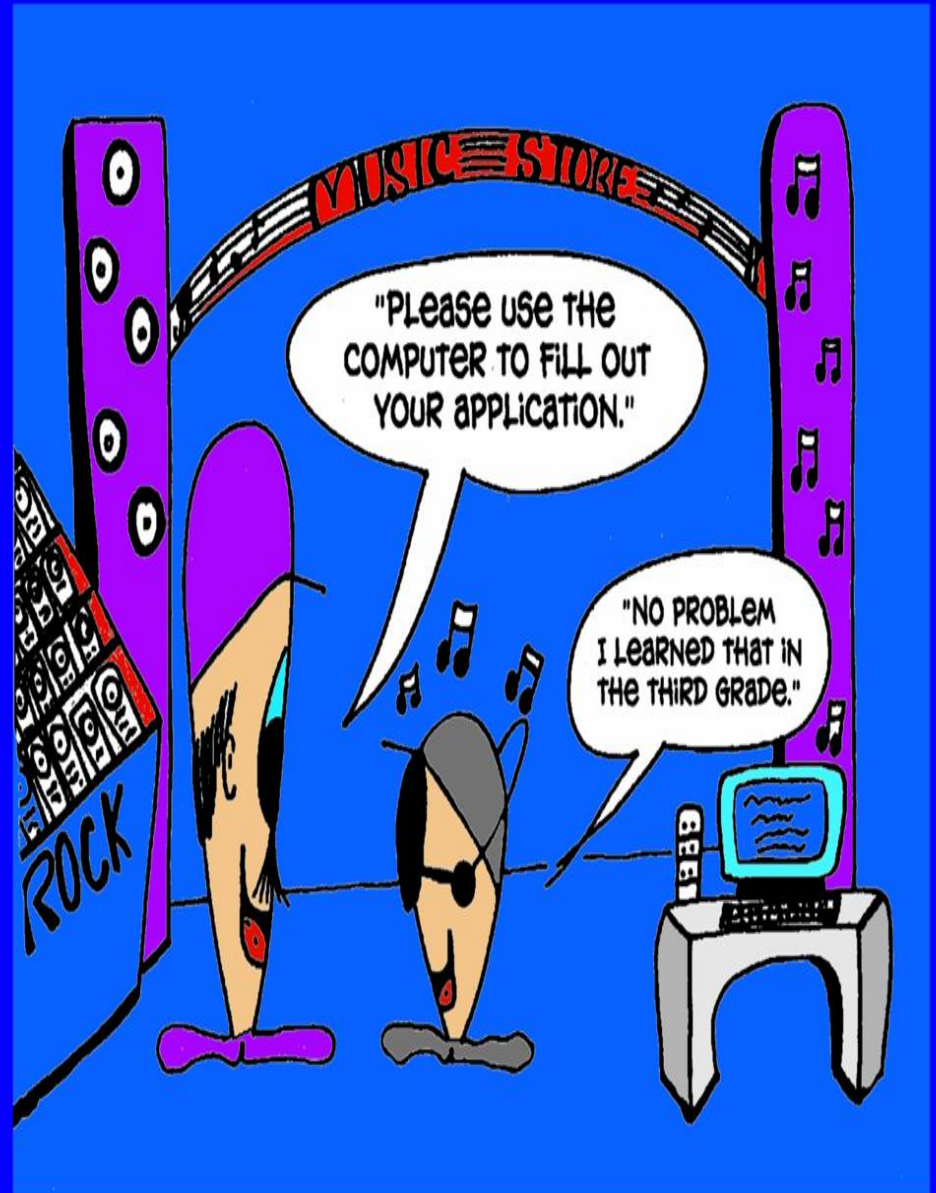
"Yes, there is. Would you like to fill out an application?" asked Mr. Bassoon.

"May I have a pencil?" asked Rocky.

Mr. Bassoon laughed, "We don't use pencils or paper. You will have to use the computer."

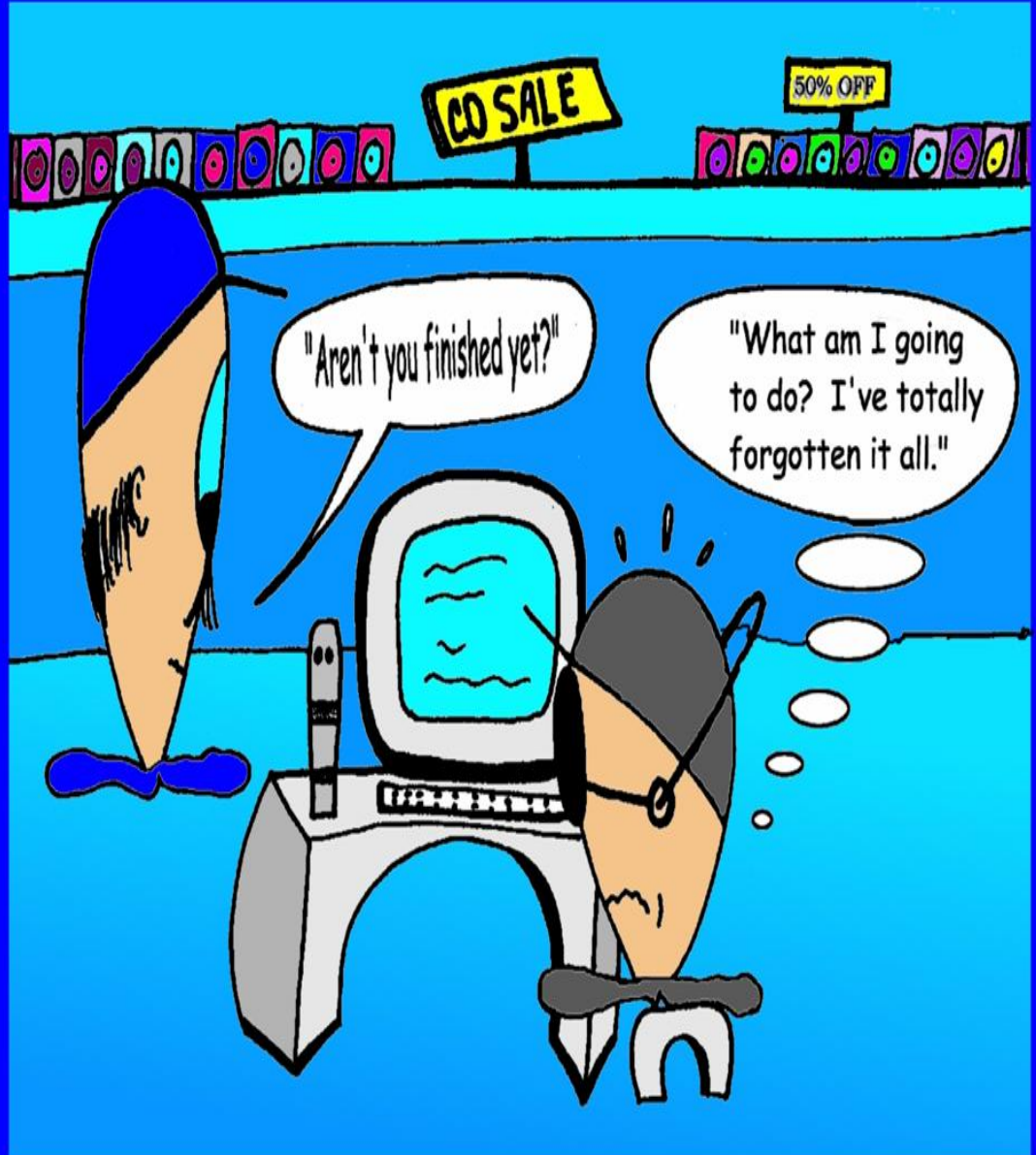
"Piece of cake!" laughed Rocky.

"I learned that in the 3rd grade."



Rocky had a sinking feeling as he tried to put his application into the computer.

"I can't seem to remember how this works," he thought to himself as panic was starting to set in. "I can't read the questions. What am I going to do?" "Aren't you finished yet?" asked Mr. Bassoon. "If you can't work any faster than that, then I probably can't use you."



Rocky felt awful. He really had his heart set on working in the music store. He walked all over town trying to get a job. No one would hire a person who couldn't read or write. Everywhere he went they knew right away that he wasn't qualified. He had no skills or experience. The only job he could find was cleaning toilets on the night shift; midnight until 7 in the morning, for minimum wage.



"Hi Rocky! So how is life without school?" asked Angelina.

"I really didn't realize how many things I had learned in school," said Rocky, "and how much I am going to need to get a good job. I can't even remember how to play sports or write my name. Angelina, I'm sorry. Can I go back to school? Life was a lot better when I was smart."

"I think you have made the right decision. Besides your friends miss their star player," laughed Angelina.





"Welcome  
back Rocky!"