

**Tardy**

*November 7*

Dear Vice Principal Henderson:

Dan the plumber finally showed up at 7 am this morning and promptly shut off the water. On top of that dilemma, we were already at the mercy of the electrician, who clipped the power at 6:37 according to the blinking coffee pot which had barely finished dripping.

We are in the middle of major construction. We are down to one bathroom. And the new, yet-to-be-installed toilet is giggling the front porch. The neighbors were not enthusiastic with this temporary installation, so I disguised it with a drop cloth. Sort of a Christo treatment. Honestly, it isn't all that bad looking and makes great extra seating around the little cafe table that we've been using since my kitchen is stripped to the studs awaiting wall board and appliances. We would have an oven but the crack delivery crew dropped it in the driveway and now it doesn't fit into the custom-cut granite countertop.

Our waterless state this morning forced Cooper to nip over to my neighbor, Nancy's house for his shower where, alas, during shaving, he made a vast miscalculation of the angle on his jaw since he was unfamiliar with the light and fog level in the alien bathroom. Also, Nancy's mirrors are positioned comfortably for her 4 foot 11 height not Coop's 5 foot 10 frame. This resulted in awkward shaving angles. Coop was gushing blood by the time he reached home. My front staircase looked like a crime scene straight out of Law & Order. The boy wouldn't stop bleeding. His dad said that we needed a styptic pencil to stop the deluge. So, I jumped in the car and headed over to the Super Drugs & Beyond to procure said styptic pencil. After scanning the shaving stuff I finally gave up and had to actually ask the bored-looking, pierced-chin register clerk (wonder how he shaves?). He gave me a look like I was asking for male enhancement drugs or lice combs or something equally cringe inducing. I decided to more thoroughly excavate the shaving section and lo and behold -- among the cobwebs, with the mustache wax and nose tweezers, sat the elusive styptic pencil.

I ran home applied it to Coop still-erupting geyser of blood. The ensuing shattering screams brought all the electricians and plumbers running. After assuring them that no one was electrocuted, I stuffed Coop's lunch money in his shirt pocket and shoved him out the door.

That is why he is a little late for school this morning.

Mrs. J. F. D. Hemsworth

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*Dear Mrs. Hemsworth:*

*Cooper will be marked for an unexcused absence and will have to make up the time. Please review the relevant paragraphs from the Parents' Handbook. I would suggest that you follow these guidelines in the future.*

*Have a nice day,*

*Dr. Paul J. Henderson  
Vice Principal*

*November 10*

Dear Vice Principal Henderson:

Cooper was tardy this morning because he had a tummy ache.

Mrs. J. F. D. Hemsworth