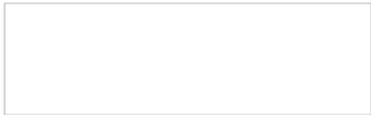




The Busy Day



When Edwin got home from work, he dropped his bag on the floor and plopped on the couch. "What a busy day I had," he sighed. "I am exhausted." Edwin's roommate walked in. "What made your day so busy?" he asked. Edwin explained.

"It started this morning when I dropped off some letters at the post office. The line was so long that I ended up running late for work. Then, at work, I had so many meetings. It felt like they were never going to end. I planned to come home for lunch, but I was so busy I skipped that trip. I grabbed a sandwich and a drink from the diner on the corner. As I was jogging back to the office, I tripped and dropped my drink. But I was too busy to go back and get a new one. When my day was finally over, I hopped in my car and drove home."

"What are you planning to do this evening?" Edwin's roommate asked. "Nothing!" Edwin responded, "I will be sitting right here on this couch, resting."