

Shirin

Gets down to
Business!



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My Dad Works Too Hard

Hurray! We're going on vacation! Fifteen days without homework, having to wake up early or having to go to bed early! I love vacations and I am sure it will be even better than I can imagine.



My mom works, so she is worried about me staying home for two weeks and a day. Someone has to take care of me. I'm not a baby, but I don't like being home alone. My grandparents are going to come and take care of me, but they won't come for the first two days of the week because they have some things to do. On Monday and Tuesday I have to go somewhere else.





So I'm planning to go to work with my mom or dad. I wonder what their offices are like. I don't think it would be a big deal for me to go to work with them, but I don't want to ask them straight out, without any warning.

If I ask too abruptly and directly, it throws them off. They get confused and just say, "No!"

I have to let them get used to the idea, or even make them feel like it's their idea, before I bring it up. A clever girl does things this way.



First I analyzed the situation. I tried to decide if it would be easier to go to my mom's or my dad's office. When I thought about it I realized my dad's work would be too hard. It didn't take long for me to figure this out. My dad is an engineer. He works in the planning department of a company. I searched, "what do planners do?" on the internet and learned that all they do is make plans. Imagine that: your job is to make plans, but other people do the things that you have planned.

What a great job that would be!

Apparently all my dad does is sit at his desk and think and sometimes write down what he is thinking about. But then why does he come home so tired at night? He must be doing other things too, but they are dangerous, and so he doesn't tell us about them so that we don't worry about him.



After putting all of this together, it became perfectly clear. My dad must be a stone crusher in a stone mine. He couldn't possibly be a planner in an office. He must spend his whole day carrying rocks around and smashing them with a big hammer! Otherwise he could never be so tired. I have it all figured out.



*Unlike my dad's job,
my mom's job is very easy.*

My mom works in a tax office. She tells people how much money they need to give, and gives them their money back if they gave too much. So she spends all day swimming in money. When she comes home, she says that she is tired too, but she can still do all sorts of work by herself. She cooks meals, sets the table, cleans the kitchen and the rest of the house, too. If she was so tired, how could she do all of this work when she got home? She must not be very tired after all.



On the other hand my father's work is so hard that when he comes home he can't do anything except lie on the couch, press the buttons on the remote control, open his mouth to eat and fall asleep watching the news.

My poor dad!
He works so hard!

