get about one hundred or two hundred words and then my mind would go blank. Then I started thinking that I could use a story from a magazine as a model. I mean, I could use the plot for an idea and maybe even use some of the phrases and incidents. For three hours I browsed through my old magazines and read all the short stories in them, along with jokes, cartoons, and the eye-catching articles. From the beginning I could tell that it was going to be more or less a waste of time because the only magazines I had were *Time* and *Sports Illustrated*, which aren’t exactly literary magazines. But I just kept reading and losing time. Finally it dawned on me that my mother’s *Good Housekeeping* magazines are rather well-known for their interesting short stories, at least around my house. Maybe I could find one making use of symbolism.

The twelfth *Good Housekeeping* that I picked up had the perfect story in it, and it was even written by a man. By this time I had read eleven magazines, and it was 11:30. I sat for an hour or so trying to figure out how I could change it, but still maintain the plot and the use of symbolism. When it got to be one o’clock my leaden eyelids were becoming too heavy for the weary muscles that hold eyelids up. Of course I had stayed up rather, well, very late the previous night because of a history report I handed in yesterday, a day late.