



My Dream to His Dream

As Tom stepped into the street, the muddy water squelched through the worn soles of his only pair of shoes and the misery spread up his legs to meet the unhappiness in his heart. The street was a pall of coal smoke, a ~~wind~~ wind reeking of raw meat, a miasma of the floating river garbage made all the worse by the stench of animal waste.

The street resounded with the chant of old clothes man who wore six coats and a teetering stack of ten hats, the squeal and shriek of the scissor grinder's wheel splitting sparks like a firework, the bellow of the newsboy hawking something called an extra; the clank of the cart of the rag and bottle man.

Tom felt his knee weak as he walked to the fabric shop that was his destination. He did not understand how he felt at ~~his~~ all. He was young and strong, and had gone without food before. His hands were trembling too.

The shop was quiet when he entered, with only one customer, an old lady browsing through the remnants of folded satin and lawns.



stacked on the table a short distance from the counter, where the proprietor was doing the bookwork in preparation for the day. He was a slight man in his thirties, with a dark neatly waxed moustache and the dark eyes behind his spectacle was as courteous as he was - until Tom asked him, almost in a whisper, so the patron would not hear, if he would consider employing him and then enumerated the reasons for doing so.

"I don't employ clerks. The customers need my personal attention," the man said.

"But, I know how to sew." Tom assured him, not quite truthfully, his note of pleading creeping into his voice in spite of his effort to control it.

"I am sorry. You are not appointed."

"Please sir, it is my dream..... my dream to get a job. I....."

Instantly a bearded man sprang from the crowd outside and brutally shoved the old lady to the ground. The lady cried out as the man snatched her valuable gucci bag. He turned to flee through the door in Tom's direction. Tom didn't hesitate. He threw himself in front of the door. The thief couldn't stop in time and tripped over.



the boy. Tom sat on him as the groggy thief tried to rise. He had cracked his head badly. The police arrived to collar the man. The proprietor was jussing and clucking over the old lady while helping her to her feet. Tom stood up and brushed himself off. The police insisted Tom to accompany them to the station.

"But I want to go to meet my friend." The friend was Tony Henkel. He had met Tony in a camp for indigent children. Tony was different from others. He was affected with dysgraphia. His passion to study made him realise that it was his dream.

"No argument, you're coming along." One of the policeman siezed Tom's ~~to~~ arm to settle the matter. They took him to a room with dingy yellow walls and an inevitable large historic lithograph of Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Two stern detectives shot off questions like bullets.

"Your name?"

"Tom. Clarrie."

"Age?"

"Fourteen, last month, June 15."

"Address"



"Workers Street, Two square park". The policemen exchanged quick looks, It was a poor neighbourhood.
Tom spend an anxious half hour repeating the story. All at once, a distant bell rang. One of the detectives was called out. When he returned back, his whole demeanour had changed.
"I was speaking on the telephone", the detective said "You helped a very important lady, ~~she~~ the wife of the fabric shops director. She wants to see you tomorrow, at her flat, at nine in the morning. I think she wants to reward you. I'll write down the address."
The detective wrote the address while the other patted Tom's head.
"A quick-witted youngster"
Dazed with delight, Tom ran out of the building and dashed towards his friend.
"The police called you, a quick-witted youngster?" Tony said, his ~~big~~ head was too big for his frail body.
"Oh, yes. he did." Tom said with a shrug of false modesty.
"What do you think the lady would give you? Anything you ask for?"
"Oh, I doubt that."
"Maybe she ~~will~~ would fulfill your dream. You may get a job."



"Oh Yes, I wish she did." Tom said in a craving way, "Any way, how's your school?"

"School, ... I have bad news." Lirrie bees along the curb swayed in the wind. Smart carriages rattled by. Tom saw an uncharacteristic fear in his friends eyes.

"You know how the doctor inspects us in our school weekly for the signs of infirmity and slowness. Today I was inspected and he told... he told that I should go to special school. But I don't have money. My dream, its gone... forever." Tears flow down through his cheeks like rivulets.

"Oh sorry for that." Tom squeezed his friends arm and left. With the appointment looming tomorrow, the night was full of magic and anticipation.

The old lady lived in a one-family brick villa in a quiet street. ~~Tom~~ Extremely nervous, Tom presented himself at the front door at three minutes before nine. He had put on his best jacket and knee breeches. A butler with severe face answered his ring. He ~~led~~^{led} him through a succession of rooms with dark furnitures. The old lady awaited him in a wicker chair in a sunny room.



"The young gentleman" said the butler and retired.

"Oh Tom, Charlie, please take this seat next to me."

A maid appeared bearing a silver tray.

"You acted wisely and quickly when the thief tried to snatch my bag," the lady said after she had sipped the tea. "I think you should be rewarded." "I heard your dream is to get a job. Maybe you can ask for that or anything else."

"Well, thank you," Tom said clearing his throat in the middle. He was watching a brewer pot in the left hand and zucchini fries in the other and felt ^{of} danger ~~to~~ dropping one or both. He thought deeply. Tony's face pictured in front of him. Tony, his bestie always had the dream to study.

"Can you give my friend an opportunity to study in a good school?"

"Well, that's an unusual request. You are sacrificing your dream for your friend!" She said ~~to~~ enlarging her eyes. She had lively brown eyes amid the deep wrinkles.

"My friend Tony is the only person who loves me in this hectic life. He is the one who taught me what love is, what kindness is.



My dream was to get a job. Now ~~my~~^{his} dream is ~~his~~^{my} dream. . . .
Kindness softened the ^{deep} wrinkles on the old lady's face. . . .
"Oh my dear child, this is what a dream is. 'My dream' should not
be selfish, Consider others. That's what you exactly did. May God . . .
bless ~~both~~^{both} you youngsters." Tom kissed the lady's arm. . . .
"Oh, child, let your friends' . . . so say your dream be . . .
fulfilled." . . .
The future held nothing but dreams for Tom and Tony. . . .

(Note: Graded articles may be published in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).