

# my son's after-school job /1/ foot put down

When we returned from Spain and opened our mailbox, a mountain of **bills** and **junk mail spilled** out of **it**. **A** letter for our 13-year-old was among those things, **offering** him **a job delivering** the local **weekly** newspaper. Eugene **is going to** get L7 for one evening a week with the possibility **of earning** more if **there** are advertising leaflets **to deliver**. He is **thrilled**. He starts today.

The boy **has been trying** to find a job **ever since** his older brother, George, began writing for the Daily Telegraph more than a year ago. He **has been** quietly **envious of** the **money** that George **has made** in his writing career (it really looks a lot of money to a teenager who **has nothing to spend it on but** CDs, clothes and pizzas).

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**At first**, Eugene **suggested that he could** write a column for The Telegraph, too. I refused to **pass his suggestion on, feeling** that two columns coming from this family were already **one too many** to **bother** the readers with.

He then suggested that he **might try asking** the neighbours if they would **like him to wash** their cars. But my wife **pointed out** that he is not very **good at washing** cars. We have **let him wash ours a couple of times**, and each time he **was going to be paid** L1. **Every time** we **made** this mistake, the car **ended up looking dirtier** than when he'd started.