

# greek tragedy /3/ **fatty** farm

**Jerry** sings into my stomach \_\_ night. \_\_\_\_, it's the alphabet song. He does it \_\_ a **deep voice**, \_\_\_\_ sounds \_\_\_\_ like him. \_\_\_\_, I think it's \_\_\_\_ that he sings to them. I just \_\_\_\_ he'd \_\_\_\_ some **changes** sometimes. It \_\_\_\_ a little **boring**.

My grandfather is \_\_\_\_, too. He has lost his **vision** \_\_\_\_, so he cannot read the paper. He cannot watch a **ballgame**, \_\_\_\_\_. And now, he can't \_\_\_\_ **walk** around \_\_\_\_\_. He's in a \_\_\_\_\_. He phoned me \_\_ other \_\_ to tell me he was **bored**, but he didn't say it. He just said, "There's **nothing** to do. And \_\_\_\_ if there were, there's no one to do it with.

But," he added, sounding **hopeful**, "I'm \_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_ a nurse \_\_\_\_ your **book** \_\_\_\_ to me." OH DEAR GOD, NO. Reading aloud is not always a good thing. I cannot imagine the look on the **nurse's** face when she's \_\_\_\_ to read about \_\_\_\_ **Jerry** and I like to do in the \_\_\_\_ of our apartment to an old blind man in a **wheelchair**. I'd \_\_\_\_ call my **father** and make \_\_\_\_ he doesn't \_\_\_\_ this happen.

"How's the other **book** coming \_\_\_\_?" he asked. "Good. Thanks for \_\_\_\_ all those **letters** I'd sent to you at camp." -- "Yeah, that book's going to be about the **fatty farm**, huh?" -- "Yes, Grandpa." -- "And are you happy?" he asked. "I am," I said and it \_\_\_\_ me think of a **teacher** I had in \_\_\_\_ school.