

my son's after-school job

/2/ foot put down

Eugene's **next** idea was to make money **by selling** home-baked bread **door-to-door**. Although **it hurts me to say it**, he is more **enthusiastic** than **skillful** in the kitchen. He had a school friend **over** when he baked his first loaf of bread, which **was going to be** the first of thousands that would **make his fortune** on the doorsteps of south London.

It **was** not a success - **actually**, it was an amazing **failure**. The bread came out of the oven, very flat, black and heavy, **stuck** to the bottom of the baking **tray**. I tried **not to** laugh, but then I **looked at his friend** and he **collapsed** on the floor and rolled around, unable to **stop laughing**.

I **would never have believed** that a loaf of bread could **make someone laugh so hard**. But **even** the cook **himself** had to agree that this **was** the **funniest** loaf ever baked in the history of the world.

Even though his first attempt failed, Eugene **kept looking for a job**. **Next**, he went on a tour of all the local shops, **offering** his services. I am not sure where he **gets it** from, this **anxiety to be employed**.