



Jock & Spock

BY DAVID MICHAEL SLATER

ILLUSTRATED BY DEBBIE TILLEY

For Zach, Molly, Naava, Julia, Audrey,
Ryan, Ross, Emma, and especially MAX--D.M.S.

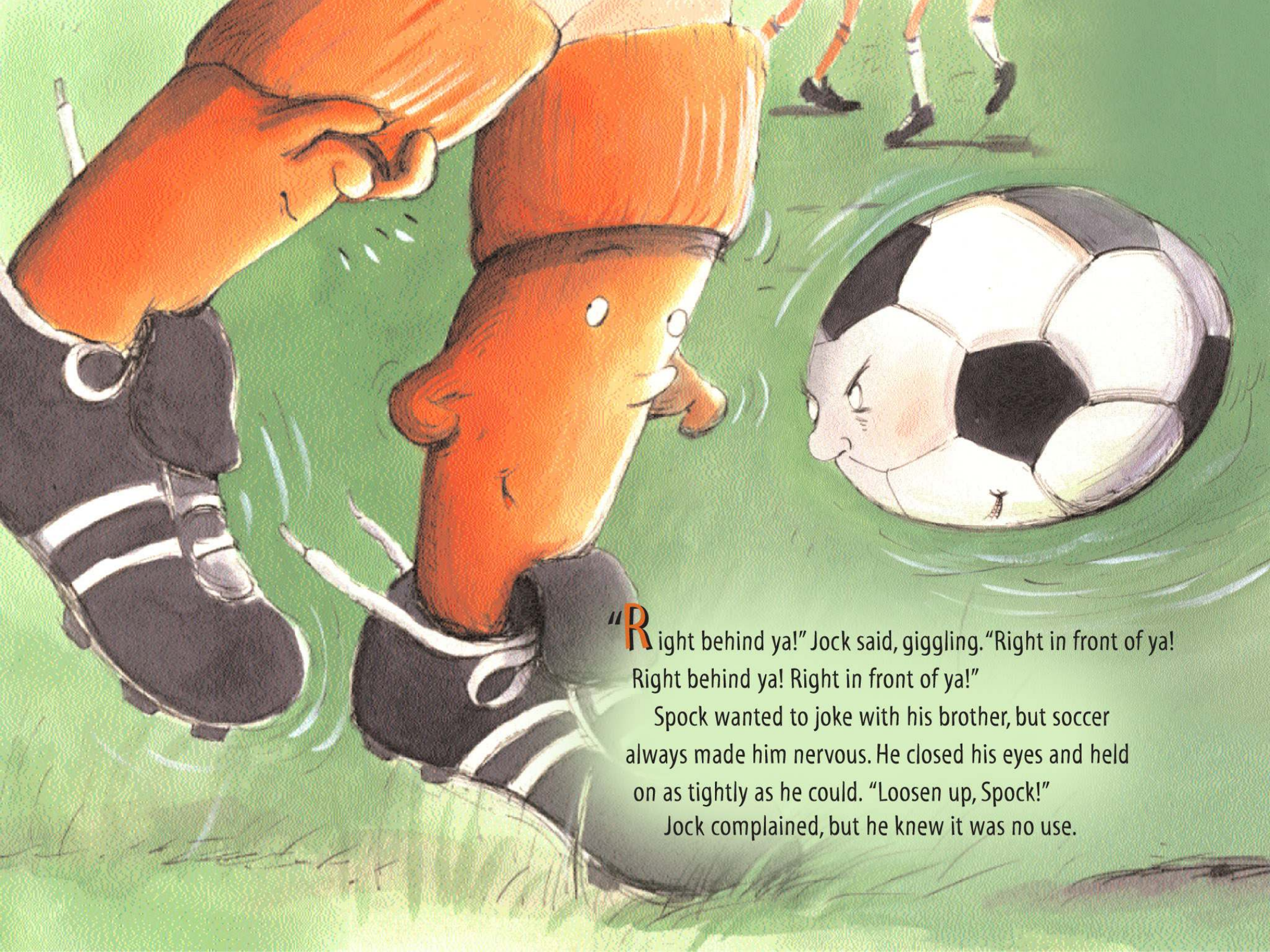
For Dennis
--D.T.

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"Right behind ya!" Jock said, giggling. "Right in front of ya! Right behind ya! Right in front of ya!"

Spock wanted to joke with his brother, but soccer always made him nervous. He closed his eyes and held on as tightly as he could. "Loosen up, Spock!"

Jock complained, but he knew it was no use.



The boy who wore Jock and Spock was very unusual. All his possessions had to be orange, though he didn't take care of any of them. His clothes were always flung on the floor, and his toys were often broken or lost. His mini-basketball had been missing for months!



After soccer, the boy used Jock and Spock for hoops practice. Spock held his breath in terror as he shot across the room. THUNK! He landed in the hamper.

Jock came flying right behind. "Above ya! Above ya! Look out below!" THUNK! He landed next to Spock, who was trembling. Jock sighed. Spock was scared of the dark. Comforting him in front of all the other laundry was embarrassing. "Humdey humdey hum hum," Jock hummed as quietly as he could. Slowly, Spock began to settle down.



That afternoon, the brothers were taken to the laundry room. Only something went wrong. Spock went into the washer with the brights, as usual, but Jock got mixed in with the whites!

Jock wasn't worried. "Wheeeee!" he whooped, sloshing around in the soapy suds. For once he didn't have to worry about Spock getting sick during the spin cycle.

After he was dried, Jock waited patiently on the counter.





Getting laundered without his brother was an awful experience for Spock. The washer made him dizzy, and the dryer was so hot he nearly fainted.