

Troglodyte

© 2008 Copyright Brett Paufler (8-7-08)

This is part of my
Broken Stories Unfinished Dreams
Series

I never did finish it.
And I'm never going to.

Feel free to enjoy it for what it is or turn the page at your own discretion.

Like what you see?
Want to finish it?
Or transform it into something else?
Let's work out a deal.
Continuation Rights are available.

www.Paufler.net

Brett@Paufler.net

© 2014 Copyright Brett Paufler

Troglodyte (trog'low'dite, noun):

- 1) a cave dweller
- 2) a recluse
- 3) a creature of the night

Example Sentence: When I grow up, I'm going to be a T-Trogger-low-writer.

2

8-8-08

Once I had decided to become a Troglodyte, I figured it was only fair to inform my family, so I told my mom first.

"Mom," I said, "I'm going to be a Troll-glow-ga-diet, when I grow up."

My mom smiled and told me I still had to eat my peas.

She said. "That's nice dear. Now eat your peas,"

3

8-12-08

When I told my dad I was going to be a Troglodyte, he didn't seem to understand what I was talking about.

I said, "Dad. When I grow up, I'm going to be a Trogger-doller-right."

And my dad said, "Son, what's a Trogger-do-logger-light?"

4

8-13-08

But then my dad figured it out.

"A Troglodyte?" my dad asked again, as he slowly figured it out.

"Yeah. A Trog-la-diet," I agreed, helping him along.

"A Troglodyte," my dad said to himself, as he mulled my future over.

5

8-15-08

After my dad had thought things through, he decided it would be best to start with first things first.

"Son," he said, "if you're going to be a Troglodyte, then you'll be needing a cave."

"I suppose," I agreed, not sure where he was headed.

6

My dad led me back to my room.

When he opened the door, he seemed disappointed. I hadn't cleaned my room like I supposed to.

“This will never do,” my dad said. “This will never do at all.”

I’d been down this road before...

7

When I had told my dad I was going to be a pirate, all I had ended up doing was swabbing the deck.

“Argh! Mates! Makes sure you swabs the deck good!” my dad had said, and then he watched, as I swabbed, and I swabbed, and I swabbed.

8

When I had told my dad I was going to be a knight, all I had ending up doing was polishing silver.

“Knights need to keep their armor clean,” my dad had said, and then he watched as I polished all the silver in the house.

9

“I never knew we had so much silverware,” I told my dad. He smiled as he agreed, “Some of it is the neighbor’s, but knight’s are on a quest to do good.”

He probably said more, but I had stopped listening, and I had also stopped wanting to be a knight.

10

Next time I thought I had my bases covered.

“Dad,” I said, “When I grow up, I want to play baseball.”

I ended up washing every dish in the house.

My dad said it was a pun, “Get it? Home... Plate,” but I just thought it was stupid.

11

So I had thought it through... the one career choice that required no cooking, cleaning, sweeping, mending, sewing, washing, polishing, or swabbing.

“Troggerloldites don’t clean their rooms,” I warned my dad.

“It’s almost like you don’t trust me,” my dad replied. “Like you thought I was out to get you.”

I could see that my dad understood. He knew me well.

{And there it ends.}

See, I wasn’t lying.}

It really is an unfinished story.}