

Long Vowel A

"Ray's Waistline"

My neighbor, Ray, has been a boxer since his eighteenth birthday. He overate on the last holiday. Everyone ate one entree, a fillet. Not Ray, he ate more than one steak. He devoured everything like it was a buffet. The waiter stood in the doorway and heard him say, "Okay, maybe I should bring another tray of food?" Ray remained at the dinner table. Ray's waist kept getting larger and larger. He ate grains, snails, a bouquet, even gold chains, paint and crayons. A playwright could not think of such a thing.

The next day Ray was to box. However, he was no longer a lightweight. Not even a middleweight. He was a heavyweight! The overweight Ray waited for his opponent. Strutting down the walkway was the waiter! Ray was eighty pounds overweight. He walked down the stairway with reggae music playing. The waiter entertained the crowd; he prevailed in only one round. Ray realized he would never be great without discipline.