**The Day I Met a Bum**

 I remember when I was fourteen. One morning when I got up, I brushed my teeth and went downstairs for breakfast. My dad started in on me right away. He was really mad at me because I was failing math, so he wouldn’t let me play baseball. He kept telling me how important my education was.

 I was pretty mad at him too, so instead of heading inside when it started to rain, I decided to take a walk. To stay dry, I walked into an old tenement down the street.

 Inside, I sat down and heard a man. He said he had a razor blade. At first, I was scared, but then I realized that it was just a bum dressed in rags. He told me his name was Sweet Lemon Brown and that he had a treasure.

 We started talking and then heard some thugs coming into the house. We hid upstairs. They had come to steal the old man’s treasure. They looked like they might attack Lemon Brown, so I let out a howl that scared them away.

 After they disappeared, Lemon showed me his treasure. It was just a bunch of newspaper clippings and a harmonica. He explained that he had given these things to his son, Jesse, when he’d gone off to war. Jesse had been killed in the war, and when the government sent back his belongings, these were the things he’d kept with him – his treasure.

 After that I went home and went to bed. It was an interesting day.