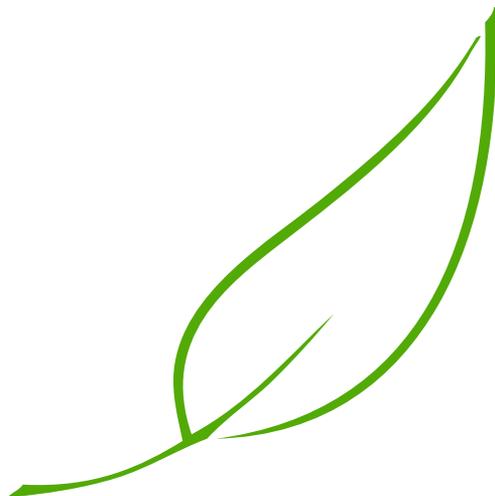


SUPER POP

by Ken Bradbury



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(running in, breathless) Have you seen him? *(listens)* Shhh. I think I hear him coming! *(runs to one side and listens)* No ... it was just a truck going by. I mean, it's not like I'm trying to hide from him ... I just need a rest. Oh ... I forgot to tell you. I'm talking about my Dad. The Super Pop.

Don't get me wrong. He's not crazy or anything. I mean, not real crazy. Just a little ... well ... hyper.

Other Dads wake up in the morning. The Super Pop explodes.

"Hey! What a great day! Come on, team! Let's run fifty laps around the house then climb the TV antenna with the dog on our back ... you know ... just get the old heart pumping in the morning! Then we'll run out to the mailbox with the refrigerator tied around our legs! Gotta get those calf muscles built up, you know! Then we'll come in and eat breakfast ... and say ... wait to you hear my new breakfast idea! We're gonna see how many times we can run around the kitchen table while we eat our Frosted Flakes! Then we'll be ready to start the full day of great stuff I've got planned out for my wonderful family!"

Dad was born in high gear and he just keeps speeding up. Sometimes Mom puts her foot down and tries to save us ... "Uh dear. Your daughter just collapsed in the 110 degree heat clipping the yard with scissors because you thought it'd strengthen her back muscles, and your son may have broken both his legs when you had him race the UPS man down the driveway this morning. You think maybe we could take today off?"

He'll smile at her and say, "Aw come on, sweetheart! What's a little sweat and a few broken legs? What a great day! What a great day!"

Dad means well. He really does. *(hears something)* Shhhh. That's him! I can hear him! Listen! He's washing the dog again ... his name's Blackie ... and that's the third time



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