

Me Watch TV by Michael Hickman

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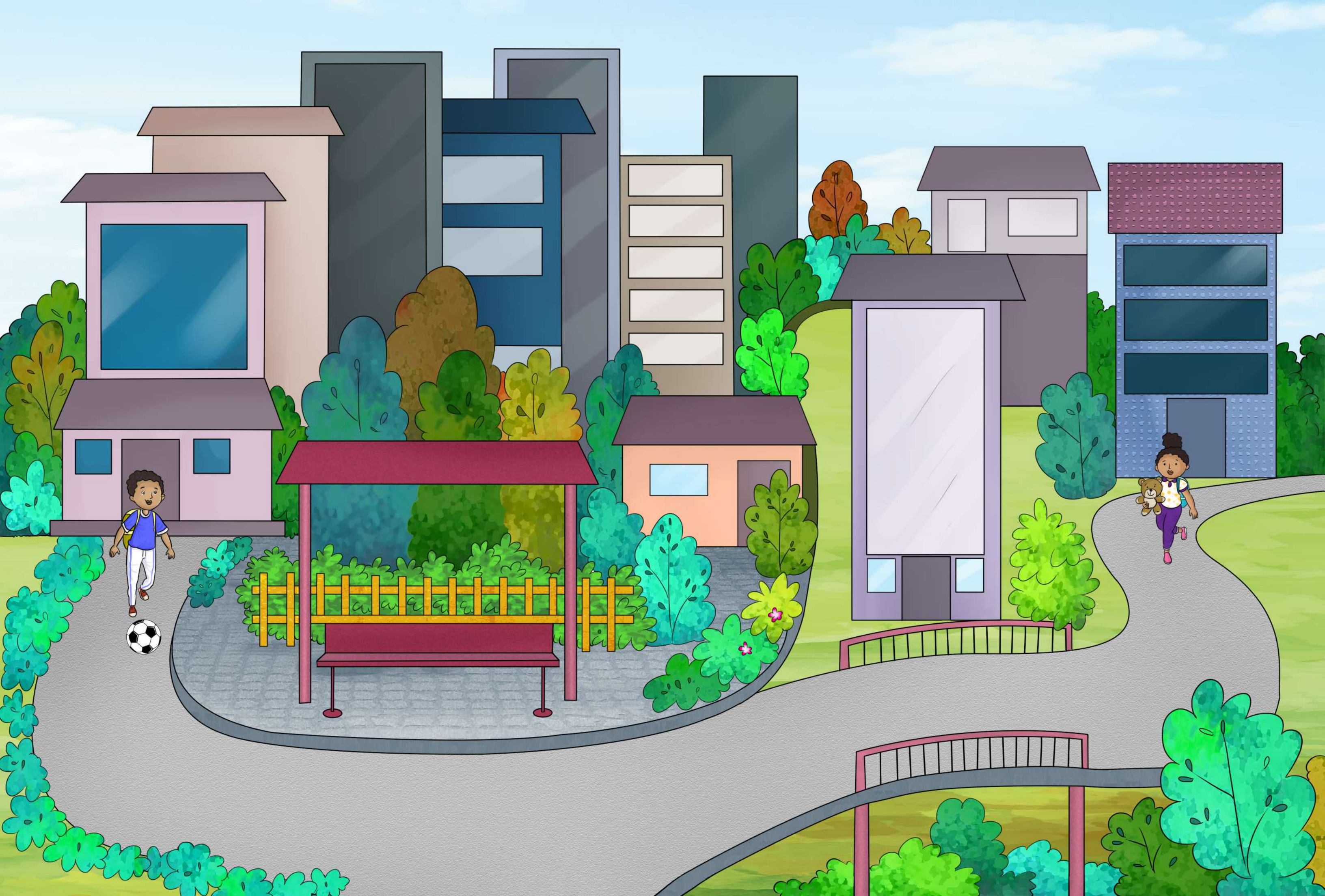
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One school day, I walked up to the bus stop and sat on the bench. There was a girl sitting at the far end of the bench next to a stuffed teddy bear and wearing pink-colored shoes. The last time I saw a girl wearing pink-colored shoes was at the ballet presentation. She was bold, unafraid to show strangers and the teacher ballet movements.



“Sara.”

“Roscoe, is that you?”

“Yes, it’s me.”



“Sara! I remember you. I remember you from the ballet show at the library.”

“Roscoe! I remember. I remember you, too. I learned a lot about ballet that day from you, Roscoe.”

“From me?”

“Yes!”



That day we sat next to each other watching the ballet show and here we are again sitting together, again. This time we are waiting for the school bus. “Are you dancing ballet, Sara?”

“Yes, and I’m pretty good at it. What about you, Roscoe, are you taking ballet lessons?”

“Yes, and I’m pretty good at it, too.”

She asked, “Do you watch the ballet show that comes on TV after school?”



“Me? No. I have not watched it, Sara.”

“Have you heard of the Bold and Bright Ballet Dancer? I watch it during my free time, Roscoe.”

In a whisper, I said, “No, I don’t watch TV.”



Sara looked at me as if she dropped her ice cream cone on the ground. “You don’t watch TV, Roscoe?” What do you do with your free time?”

“I do so many things, Sara.”

“Like what?” she asked.

“I like reading.”





“Reading? What do you read?”

“I read about people, things I have questions about, and butterflies. I read a lot. But watch TV, no not me.”

Sara, what do you like to do?”

“Roscoe, I do a lot of things, too. I like to pretend I’m a President.”



“President?”

“Yes. I’m a president and my stuffed animals are superheroes. I give them jobs to do. Since you don’t watch TV, what else do you do, Roscoe?”

“Sara, I like working in my garden.”



“Garden? You have a garden?”

“Yes, I grow food I eat. I grow arugula, cucumbers, lettuce, onions, tomatoes, and an apple tree. But watch TV, no not me.”



Scratching her head she asked, “What else do you do Roscoe in your free time?”

“I fish.”

“Fish?”

“What kinds of fish do you catch?”

“The kinds of fish you eat. But watching TV, no that’s not for me.”



“Roscoe, I fish, too.

“You do?”

“Yes. I do. I have a picture of myself standing in a river holding a buffalo fish.”

“A buffalo fish?”

“Yes. What else do you do, Roscoe?”



"I play basketball."

"Basketball?"

"I shoot one hundred shots a day. But watch TV, no not me. Do you play basketball, Sara?"



“No. I roller skate, Roscoe, in the park.”

“Roller skating?”

“Yes, I once skated so fast that my hair ribbons slipped out of my hair and floated like feathers into the air.”

“Since you don’t watch TV Roscoe, you must be really, really smart.”



Sitting closer to Sara's bear, I said, "My classmates think I'm smart because I do my homework."

"Homework?"

"For me, homework is fun. On days I don't have homework, I help my sister with her homework. But watch TV, no not me."





“Look Roscoe,” shouted Sara pointing up to the pale blue sky. “The sky makes me want to go splash around in the pool.”

“Splash?” Can’t you swim, Sara?”

“No. I swim like a rock. But I’m taking swimming lessons soon. Do you swim, Roscoe?”



“No. But on rainy days I like to write books.”

“Write books?”

“I have a parade of characters trying to get in my books. But watch TV, no not me. Sara, it sounds like you don’t watch a lot of TV.”



“Roscoe, I do a lot of things, too.” “On cold, snowy, winter days, I bake cookies with my mom,” said Sara.

“Bake cookies?”

“Yes, I once made a cookie that looked like a snow angel. Do you bake cookies in your free time, Roscoe?”



“No, I don’t bake cookies. But in the springtime, Sara, I run a lot.”

“Run?”

“Yes. When I practice running on the track people say I’m fast as a flash of lightning. But watch TV, no not me.”



The bus arrived and we climbed onboard. Sara had a curious-cat-like look on her face. She asked, “Well Roscoe, do you watch TV at the end of the day?”

“I do like everyone else, Sara, I take a bath, brush my teeth, hop in bed, and...”

“And you watch TV? Am I right?”



Like rocks falling from a bucket, the words tumbled out of my mouth. “Sara, at-at-at-bedtime I talk myself to sleep.”

“Oh, Roscoe. Ha-ha-haaaaa,” Sara giggled.

“Yes, yes, ah-ah-ah-hahaha,” I chuckled. When the laughter faded and the silence returned, I added, “There are so many things I do. But watch TV, no not me.”







**The End**