

# *THE SAILOR* (by John Feloni)

It's autumn, son, may we speak?

Certainly, father.

Your brother, you know, made much money this summer  
while you did nothing.

Nothing! What do you mean nothing?

Why this summer I sailed!

I sailed, father!

And my brother, you say,  
made much money this summer...

Talk to him, my dear father, and he'll tell you,  
with that money he made, he only wishes  
he could sail.

But he can't, father, you know.

The season's past.

Winter is nearly upon us.

The summer is gone.

But I sailed, father!

I sailed!

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