

And on these cold mornings the paperboy's bed is still warm and it is always hard to get out – even for his dog.



And down to the kitchen where they eat from their bowls.

And out to the garage where they quickly fold their papers, snapping on green rubber bands and placing them in a large red bag.



It's hard to ride a bike when you are loaded down with newspapers. But the paperboy has learned how to do this, and he is good at it.

The world is asleep except for the paperboy and his dog. And this is the time when they are the happiest.



And when the paperboy has delivered his last newspaper, he and his dog race home. And his bag flaps behind him in the cold morning air.

## The Paperboy

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