

Charlie Clark had been a mailman for thirty years. He was used to delivering mail in all types of weather. He'd delivered letters on delightful days, and he'd delivered letters on dreadful days.	13 24 33
Charlie was proud of his work and happy with his job. Never, in all his years as a mailman, had Charlie ever had a problem with a mailbox. Other mailmen complained about mailboxes on their routes, but not Charlie.	47 61 71 72
He didn't have any worries until one day when he noticed there was a new box on his route. The mailbox was nailed to a branch of a dead tree. It was battered, dented, and badly rusted. The flag at its side was crooked and bent.	85 101 115 118
Charlie felt bad about it. "People should treat their mailboxes with more respect," he muttered as he dug through his bag.	129 139
He had letters addressed to the box, so he pulled it open and set them inside. He was about to pull his hand out when the box bit him. It had a grip on his hand and wouldn't let go.	153 169 179
Charlie looked up and down the street for someone to help him, but there was no one in sight. He wrestled with the box for an hour, until the box spit out his hand.	192 208 213
The next day he had more letters addressed to that box. With the letters in his hand, he stopped in front of it. He waited for something to happen, but the box was quiet today.	226 241 248
Charlie quickly slipped the letters inside and almost got his hand out before the box latched onto him again.	260 267
This time Charlie and the mailbox had a fierce battle. Charlie hit and kicked the box, but still the box wouldn't let go. Finally, Charlie was out of breath, and he had to stop. He rested his head on the mailbox.	279 293 308
Suddenly, he had an idea. "There, there," he told the mailbox, patting it gently. "Why don't you let me go so I can deliver the rest of my mail?"	319 336 337
The mailbox began to purr and let him go nicely.	347

Charlie Clark had been a mailman for thirty years. He was used to delivering mail in all types of weather. He'd delivered letters on delightful days, and he'd delivered letters on dreadful days.

Charlie was proud of his work and happy with his job. Never, in all his years as a mailman, had Charlie ever had a problem with a mailbox. Other mailmen complained about mailboxes on their routes, but not Charlie.

He didn't have any worries until one day when he noticed there was a new box on his route. The mailbox was nailed to a branch of a dead tree. It was battered, dented, and badly rusted. The flag at its side was crooked and bent.

Charlie felt bad about it. "People should treat their mailboxes with more respect," he muttered as he dug through his bag.

He had letters addressed to the box, so he pulled it open and set them inside. He was about to pull his hand out when the box bit him. It had a grip on his hand and wouldn't let go.

Charlie looked up and down the street for someone to help him, but there was no one in sight. He wrestled with the box for an hour, until the box spit out his hand.

The next day he had more letters addressed to that box. With the letters in his hand, he stopped in front of it. He waited for something to happen, but the box was quiet today.

Charlie quickly slipped the letters inside and almost got his hand out before the box latched onto him again.

This time Charlie and the mailbox had a fierce battle. Charlie hit and kicked the box, but still the box wouldn't let go. Finally, Charlie was out of breath, and he had to stop. He rested his head on the mailbox.

Suddenly, he had an idea. "There, there," he told the mailbox, patting it gently. "Why don't you let me go so I can deliver the rest of my mail?"

The mailbox began to purr and let him go nicely.