

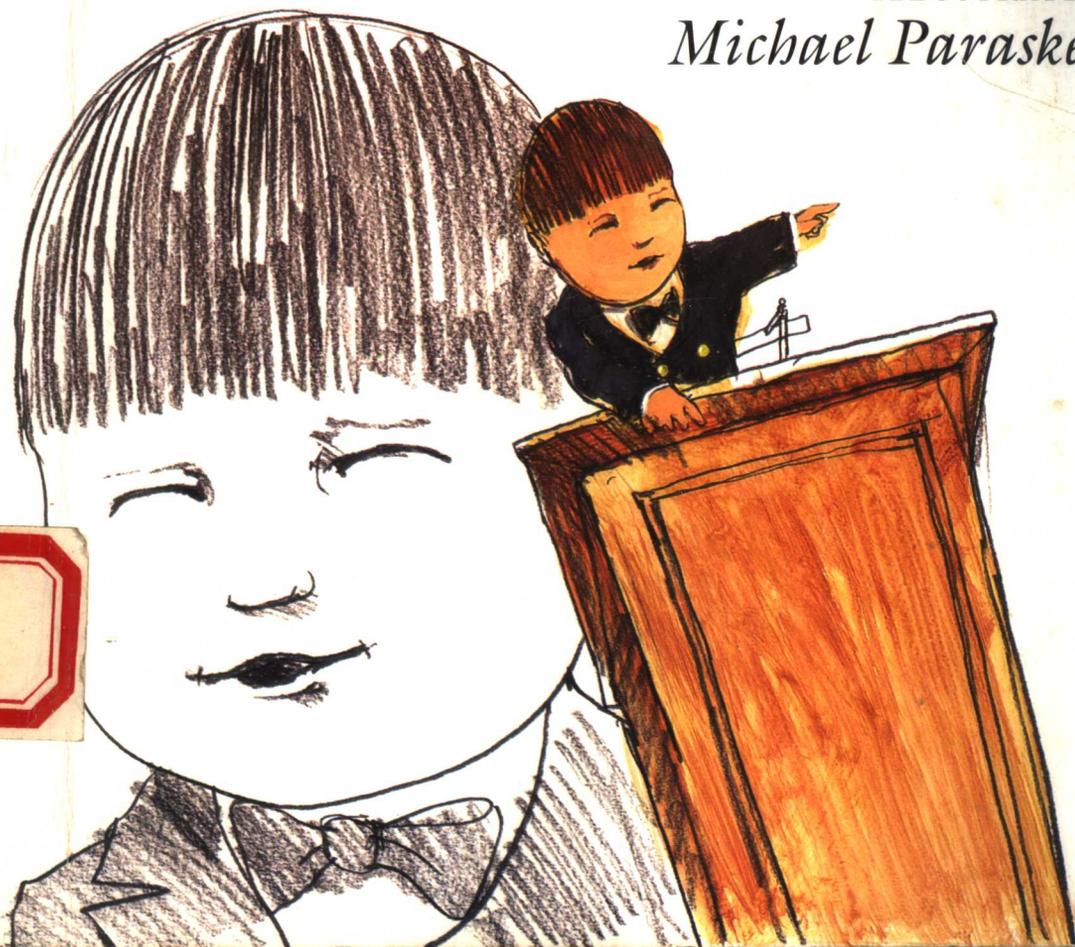
A HARVEST ORIGINAL

# JUNIOR KROLL, ESQUIRE

*Betty Paraskevas*

ILLUSTRATED BY

*Michael Paraskevas*



88  
23

JUNIOR KROLL,  
*Esquire*



*Betty Paraskevas*

ILLUSTRATED BY

*Michael Paraskevas*

*A Harvest Original*

*Harcourt Brace & Company*

SAN DIEGO NEW YORK LONDON

Copyright © 1993 by Rita E. Paraskevas  
and Michael P. Paraskevas

All rights reserved. No part of this  
publication may be reproduced or  
transmitted in any form or by any means,  
electronic or mechanical, including  
photocopy, recording, or any information  
storage and retrieval system, without  
permission in writing from the publisher.

Requests for permission to make copies of  
any part of the work should be mailed to:  
Permissions Department,  
Harcourt Brace & Company,  
8th Floor, Orlando, Florida 32887.

Junior Kroll has been a weekly feature in  
*Dan's Papers*, Bridgehampton, New York,  
since June 8, 1990.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data  
Paraskevas, Betty.

Junior Kroll, Esquire/by Betty Paraskevas;  
illustrated by Michael Paraskevas.—1st ed.  
p. cm.

ISBN 0-15-646572-8

I. Paraskevas, Michael, 1961— . II. Title.  
PS3566.A627J885 1993  
811'.54—dc20 93-8040

Designed by Michael Farmer  
Printed in the United States of America  
First edition  
A B C D E

*To Rubin Pfeffer*





JUNIOR KROLL,  
*Esquire*



## *Bang That Drum*

Junior Kroll beat his little drum  
Up and down the driveway  
With a *rum-tum-tum!*  
Till a neighbor next door  
Couldn't take it anymore.  
"Fe, fi, fo, fum!  
Cut that out or I'll break your drum!"  
Junior Kroll with a pail on his head,  
Stuck out his tongue, turned around and fled.  
Five minutes later with a *rat-ta-tat-tat,*  
He was on the march again with his pail for a hat.  
Marching at his side, minus his chain,  
Was Crazy Max, the Krolls' Great Dane.

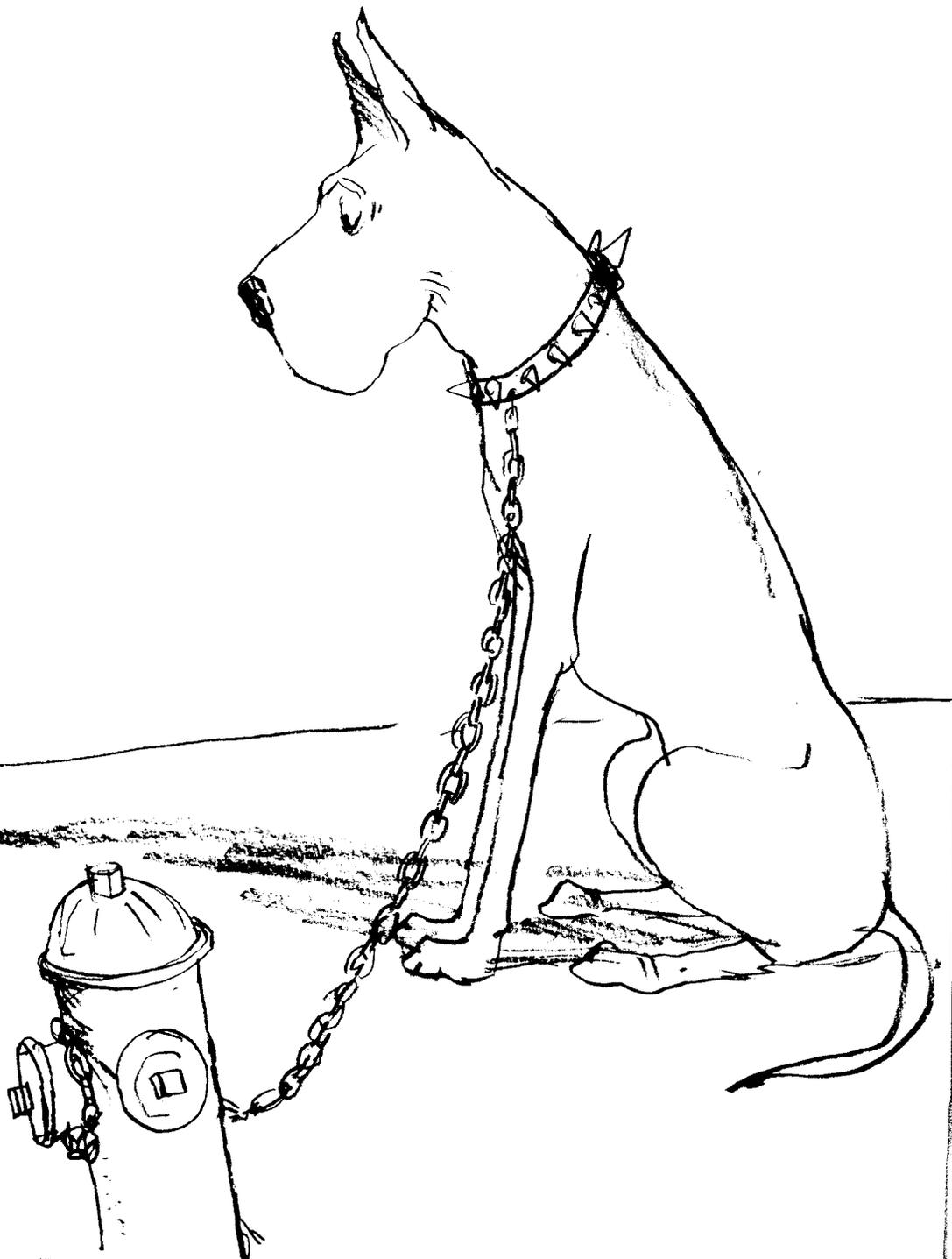




## *Crazy Max*

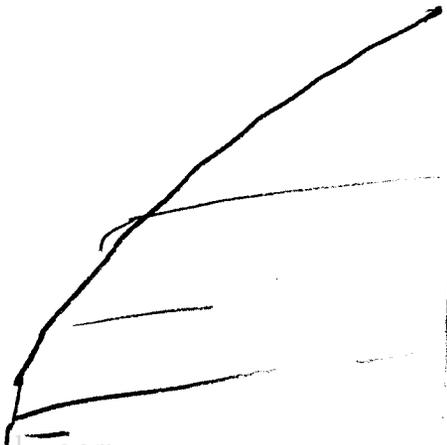
Crazy Max, the Krolls' Great Dane,  
Was a time bomb ticking on the end of a chain.  
He chewed the drapes, he ate the flowers,  
He dug up the lawn, he barked for hours.  
They packed his shoe and sent him away  
To Fido U. He was back the next day  
With a note that read, "Beyond Control."  
He'd only answer to Junior Kroll.  
Every day Junior walked Max to town.  
When they got to the bakery Max sat down;  
He wouldn't budge, he'd sit and wait  
For his jelly donut on a paper plate.  
Yet, as bad as he was, the Krolls' Great Dane  
Loved the little boy on the end of his chain.

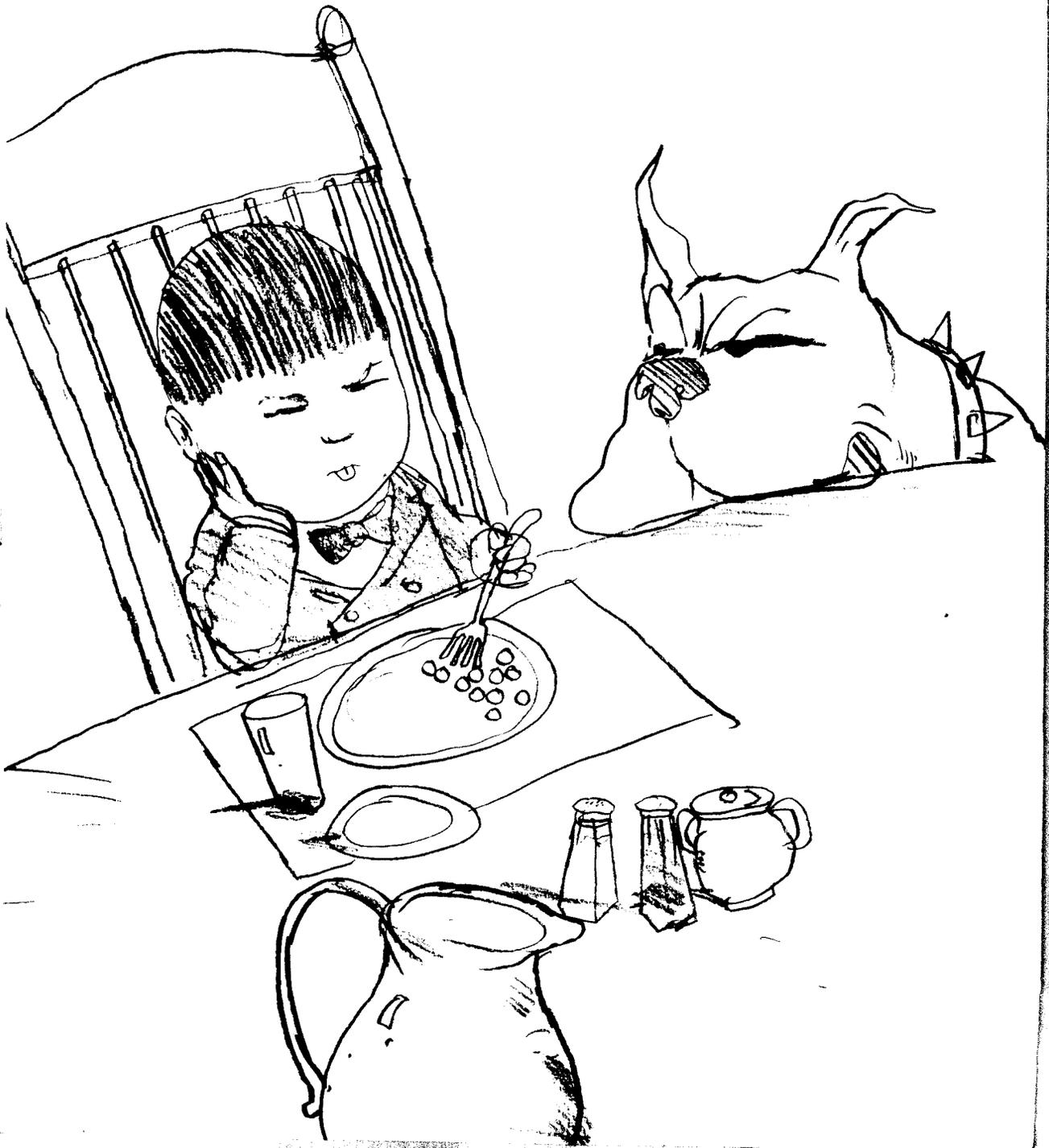




## *Junior Kroll and Peas*

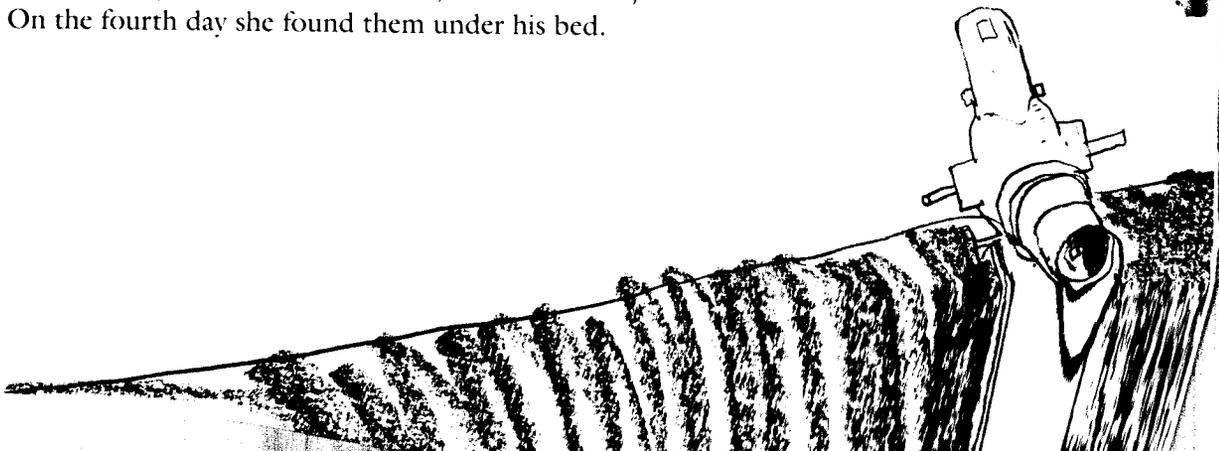
Junior Kroll said, "Excuse me, please."  
Mrs. Kroll said, "Sit down and eat those peas."  
He held his nose and slipped back into his chair.  
Peas smelled. Peas were dumb. Peas oughta be square.  
He thought of rolling the peas that fall  
Off everyone's fork into one big ball.  
He'd push that ball and he'd never stop  
Till he pushed it over a mountaintop.  
Whoa! Look at it go!  
Heading straight for the road below.  
He conjured up a gruesome scene.  
A truck skids on that gooky green.  
It flips on its side dumping a load  
Of nice fresh peas all over the road.  
Junior's fantasy was interrupted  
And his integrity sadly corrupted  
When Mom brought in the Key Lime Pie.  
Junior heaved a sorrowful sigh  
And slipped the peas to Crazy Max  
Under the table, begging for snacks.  
Later Mrs. Kroll found the peas.  
Tapping her foot she asked, "What are these?"  
"They must have rolled off my fork," Junior said.  
Crazy Max sniffed and turned his head,  
As if to say with his nose in the air,  
"Peas smell. Peas are dumb. Peas oughta be square!"





## *A Visit to the Eye Doctor*

Junior Kroll announced that he wanted to wear  
Glasses for a touch of savoir faire.  
Mom and Dad did not agree,  
So Junior plotted to make them see.  
He'd put down his book, and his eyes would close.  
Then he'd sigh and pinch the bridge of his nose.  
When Mom and Dad didn't take the hint,  
Junior Kroll began to squint.  
He never gave up. And one night as they ate,  
Junior stuck his nose one inch from his plate.  
"Eureka," he said, "what are these?  
I've never seen such tiny peas."  
Mom and Dad were enjoying the show  
And wondering just how far he'd go.  
When Junior played the *Dark Victory* scene  
Better than Davis on the silver screen,  
Mrs. Kroll decided it was time to reach  
Dr. Lamonsoff in Westhampton Beach.  
The doctor said to send Junior on down.  
So Junior and Max walked to town.  
When Dr. Lamonsoff examined Junior's eyes,  
He said they were fine but he did sympathize  
With anyone desiring a little savoir faire.  
Then he reached into a drawer and brought out a pair  
Of specs with lenses of window glass.  
He agreed they added a touch of class.  
Junior gazed in the mirror and immediately  
Blossomed into maturity.  
For three days he wore them. Then, Mrs. Kroll said,  
On the fourth day she found them under his bed.





## *The Burglary*

Junior Kroll was caught off guard  
When he rounded the house and saw a man in the yard.  
Mom was putting the car away.  
Jenny the maid was off for the day.  
Crazy Max was having his nails done  
At the Poochie Palace. Junior broke into a run.  
That burglar took off with a sack of loot,  
Pursued by the kid in the double-breasted suit.  
Junior shouted, "Excuse me, please,"  
As he made a lunge for the burglar's knees.  
Mrs. Kroll was horrified.  
"Junior, let him go!" she cried.  
The burglar struggled. Breaking free,  
He disappeared beyond the willow tree.  
Mrs. Kroll rushed over and brushed off Junior's clothes.  
She kissed the tiny beads of sweat on his nose.  
But Junior sounded the battle cry,  
"Call the cops! I saw that guy."



## *The Burglary, Part Two*

Junior Kroll studied the face  
Of Squints McGinty, who began to erase  
With the end of a two-inch pencil, then blew  
On the paper, dispersing the residue.  
It was obvious the sergeant's eyes were bad.  
His nose was two inches away from his pad.  
He slipped his pencil tip between his lips  
And said, "Item two: diamond clips."  
"Oops," he said, erasing once more.  
Another cop stuck his head through the door,  
"Excuse me for interrupting, Squints,  
But the guy is here to take fingerprints."  
Junior decided that it was time  
To assert himself and solve the crime.  
"Excuse me, please. I saw his face."  
Squints McGinty continued to erase.  
"By the time I got there, he was ready to run,"  
Said Mrs. Kroll. "I wish I'd had a gun."  
Now she had McGinty's attention.  
"Mrs. Kroll, I think I should mention,  
If you shot him in the back as he left your residence,  
You'd be breaking the law because it wasn't self-defense."  
Mrs. Kroll dropped her jaw.  
"Heaven forbid, I should break the *law*.  
He took every piece of my jewelry. I'm so *glad* I let him go.  
I might be sitting in a cell right now because I didn't know."  
"No need to be sarcastic, Ma'am. I have a job to do.  
Okay, diamond clips was item number two."  
Junior shot a blast of air  
Through his lips and raised his hair.  
"I'm telling you, I can pick out that guy.  
Show me some mug shots. At least let me try!"

