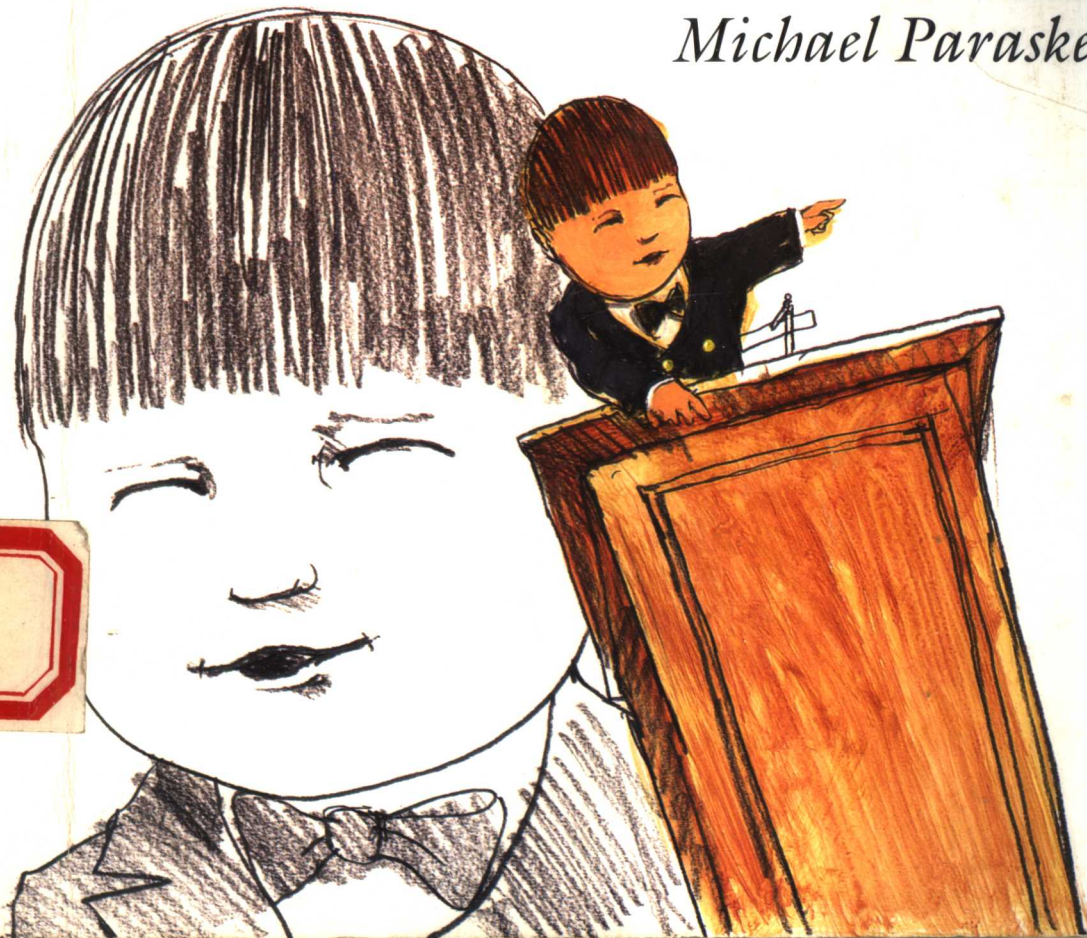


JUNIOR KROLL, ESQUIRE

Betty Paraskevas

ILLUSTRATED BY

Michael Paraskevas



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Esquire



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A Harvest Original

Harcourt Brace & Company

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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.

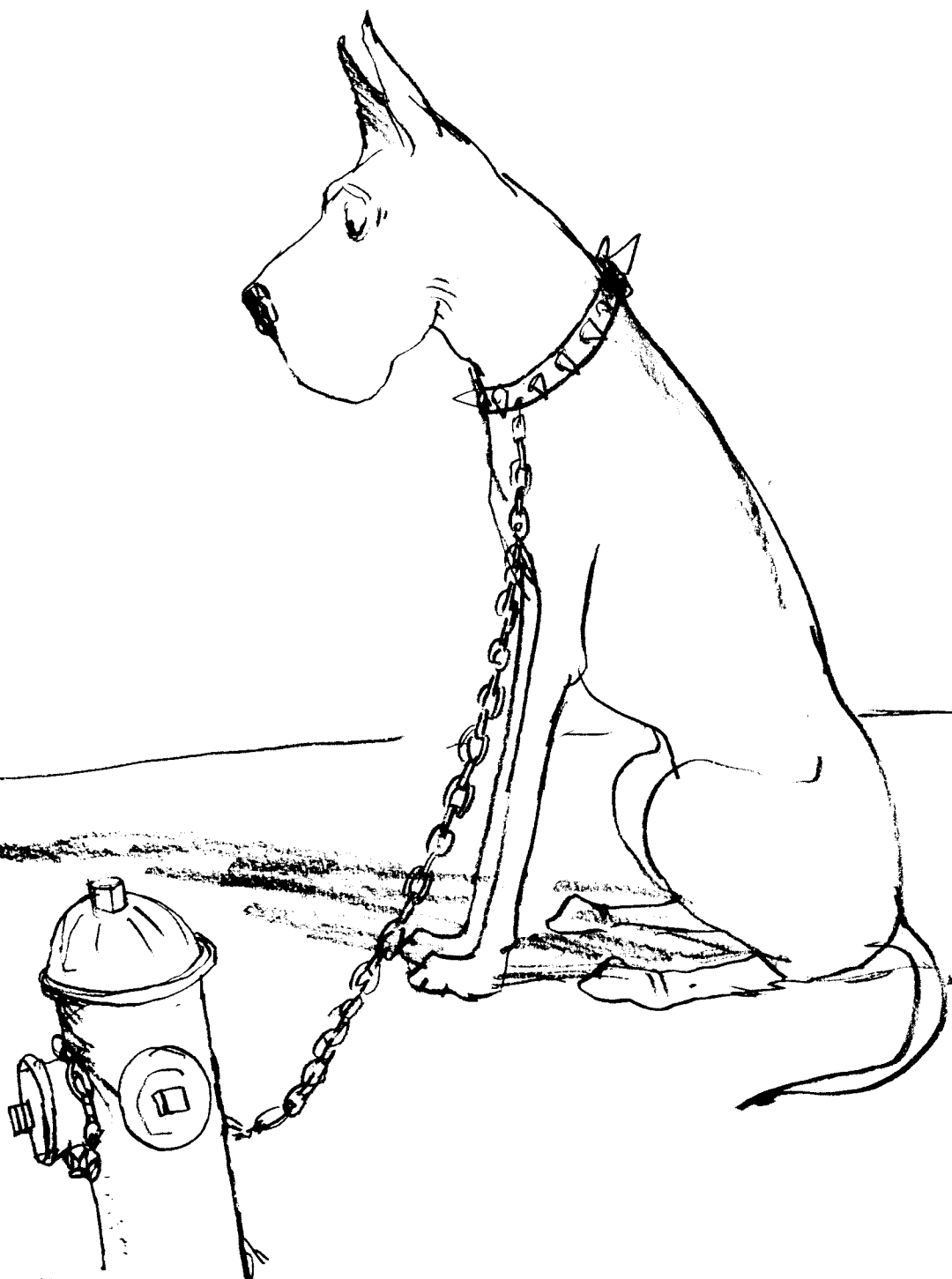




Crazy Max

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.

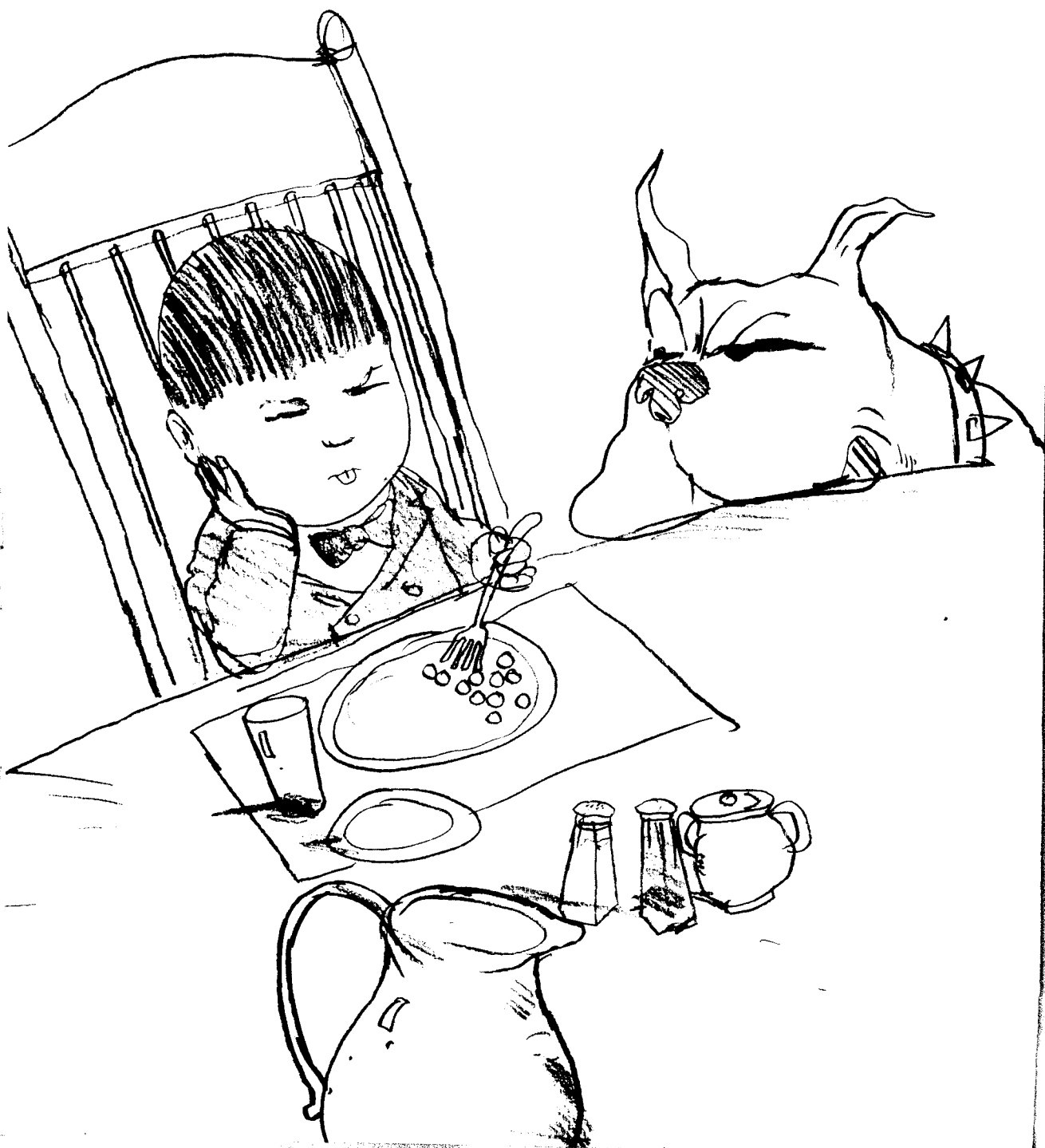




Junior Kroll and Peas

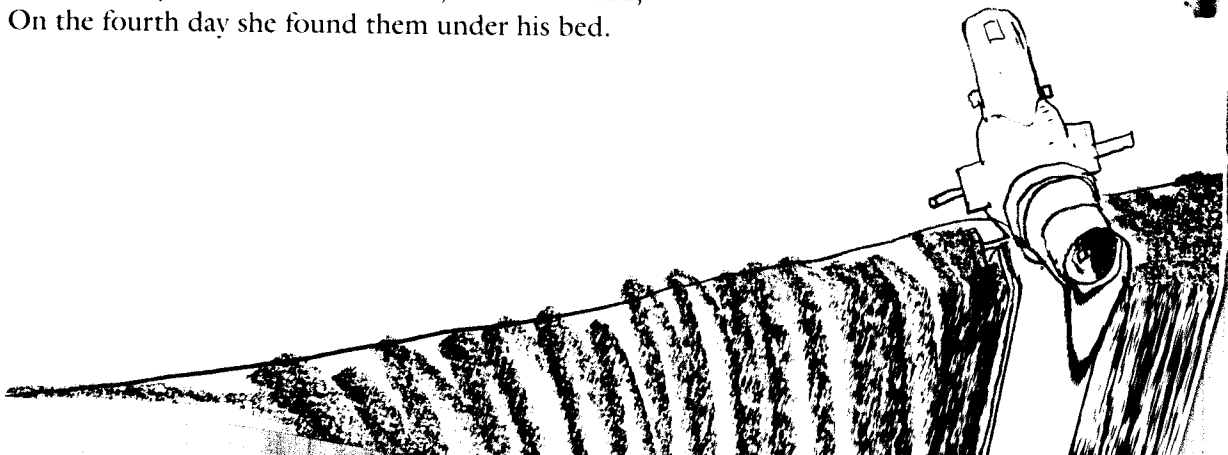
Junior Kroll said, "Excuse me, please."
Mrs. Kroll said, "Sit down and eat those peas."
He held his nose and slipped back into his chair.
Peas smelled. Peas were dumb. Peas oughta be square.
He thought of rolling the peas that fall
Off everyone's fork into one big ball.
He'd push that ball and he'd never 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!"

