

Here's your story formatted **\*\*book-ready\*\***, with gentle tweaks only for flow, plus **\*\*Nuggets of Wisdom\*\*** and **\*\*Proverbs\*\*** at the end:

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## **## Homework**

I was in middle school—probably 12 or 13, since we'd already moved to the country. I had met a young lady at school who was clearly upper class—you could just tell by her clothing. She was nice, and I was very attracted to her.

One day, while we were talking, she said, **\*“Why don’t you come over to my house tonight? We can sit out on the front porch and talk.”\*** I thought that sounded like an excellent plan.

I finished my chores early—about 8:30—and went over to her house. I knocked on the door, and her father answered. He stood in the middle of the doorway. I could see around him that she was sitting at a desk down the hallway, diligently working on something. She would glance up every now and then, looking at me.

Her father said, **\*“She can’t come out right now. She’s doing her homework.”\*** And then he just stared at me. If looks could have killed, I would have melted right there on the porch.

He continued, **\*“By the way, how come you’re not doing your homework?”\*** I shrugged, blank expression, and said, **\*“I don’t have homework.”\***

He asked again, **\*“Why don’t you have homework?”\***

I explained, **\*“Because I do work. I have chores. I don’t have homework.”\***

He said, **\*“I don’t think you should come back here anymore.”\*** And slammed the door.

I walked home, trying to understand what he was trying to say. At that age in life, I couldn’t even comprehend it. All I knew was that I worked, and I had to make a living and help my family survive. There was no time for homework. My teacher sort of understood that. They didn’t expect it from me. They knew the environment I was in and what I had to cope with.

But as I got older, I thought about it a couple of times and realized the value of homework—the diligence of studying, parents who invest in their children and make certain they learn how to study. Even now, I have a difficult time going deeper into something that requires effectively sitting down and studying. I pay attention around me all the time. I’ve learned to improvise, adapt, and overcome. I pick up

data and information by watching people, by studying what they do, what the job requires. Like most guys, you'll never find me reading a set of instructions. That requires studying. I have common sense, and I've learned how to manipulate and work around it. Occasionally, I'll get a couple steps backwards, but nothing taking apart and putting back together can't fix.

The wisdom of this story is simple: I would recommend that all parents truly, diligently teach their children to do homework, to invest in them.

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### ### Nuggets of Wisdom

1. Life teaches lessons in many forms, but disciplined study and parental investment give a child tools no amount of work alone can replace.
2. Observing and improvising can take you far, but nothing replaces the habit of sitting down and learning diligently.

### ### Proverbs

\* \* "Train up a child in the way he should go; even when he is old he will not depart from it." \* – Proverbs 22:6  
\* \* "The plans of the diligent lead surely to abundance, but everyone who is hasty comes only to poverty." \* – Proverbs 21:5

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If you want, I can also \*\*highlight a subtle contrast in your story\*\*—the “work vs. study” theme—so it stands out in the book as a guiding life principle for readers. That can be just a sentence or two at the very end without changing your story. Do you want me to do that?