

## **An average day**

It was an average Sunday in an average town in 1957. It was an average child at an average pool who heard an average jingle of an ice cream truck.

Like a ballerina twirling around in a box she did not question, she did not stop. The song twisted it's fingers and pulled all close, but no one else could hear.

So like an average day the child approached holding an average penny.  
"Excuse me sir," the child inquired, "Can I have any?"

The ice cream was average, but it didn't change the fact that the driver had no face.