

In a cold and dark alley,
before the winter sun rises,
Mr. Peels rubs his hands
as he looks at the houses.

He looks at a second-floor window,
home of one of his clients,
those he has to wake up,
with the help of no science.

He takes this role very seriously,
even when he is sick,
and he counts with the help of his partner:
a long, bamboo stick.

He found it in the garbage
when he was only a kid,
and take it as his companion
was the first thing he did.

Mr. Peels taps at this window,
with his old wooden stick.
"It's time to wake, Mr. Edwards,"
he gently calls from the street.

From the inner side of the window,
pennies are thrown where he stands.
It's the payment for his job,
without even a "thanks."

The sun starts to rise and
the night turns to day.
Mr. Peels taps at clients' windows,
each in a different way.

He stops at a house
and stares at the window,
where he sees a sleeping boy, Terry,
and his mother, a widow.

After a couple of knocks,
with his long, bamboo tool,
he whispers, "Wake up, Ms. Kristen.
Terry has to go to the school."

Suddenly he notices

that someone has taken his tool.

"It was there!" says the old man,
who starts to feel like a fool.

In the distance he sees
that it's in the mouth of a dog:

"Hey, leave it there!
I have to keep with my job."

He chases the dog
till something catches his attention,
a crowd stands around a shop
that sells a new invention.

He cannot see well,
so closer he walks
to a sign that reads:
"D'Notoff's Alarm Clocks."

D'Notoff,
the skinny and tall owner,
shows his new gadget
(and this isn't over.)

"Ladies and gentlemen,
the future has come to your door.
Get one of my alarms,
and you'll be late no more."

"Claptraps," says Mr. Peels,
who goes on with his duties.
He still has to wake up Mr. Stambooties.

When he reaches his window,
he hears a strange sound:
a ring, that makes him fall to the ground.

Mr. Stambooties opens his window, excited,
like a kid who's been to Santa's shop invited.

"Sorry, Mr. Peels.
It's my new alarm's roar.
So, hello and goodbye.
I'll need you no more."

Mr. Stambooties closes the window
apace and a pile of snow
falls on Mr. Peels' face.

The waker-upper,
understanding the twist,
crosses out Stambooties
from his old client list.

As he goes his way,
he sees, surprised,
flyers of "D'Notoff's Alarm Clocks,"
on the walls advertised.

When Mr. Peels stops,
to watch them closely,
he hears a gravelly voice,
speaking to him grossly.

"I don't care if this lets you down,
but there's no need
for a waker-upper in this town."

Mr. D'Notoff appears from nowhere,
speaking to Peels with an arrogant air.

**"It's time, for your generation
to adapt to a changing world.
It's just a suggestion."**

Having said this,
with his insolent gaze,
D'Notoff vanishes
in the thick and deep haze.

On the way to his house,
with the sun in the sky,
Mr. Peels hears alarm clocks ringing,
everywhere he passes by.

A cobblestone house,
even small for a gnome,
awakes in Peels a grin,
"Finally, I'm home."

He takes the coins,
he's earned so far,
saving each one
in a dusty, glass jar.

Back, on the table,
Mr. Coal, Mr. Phillis, Ms. Ross:
on the list of his clients,
all of them have a cross.

Mr. Peels sees what's coming
and after a personal reflection,
opens the newspaper in the
"Job Opportunities" section.