

# Saturday Morning Visitors

The screenshot shows the EssayPro website homepage. At the top left is the EssayPro logo and navigation links: "How To Order", "Reviews", "About Us", and "Write My Essay". At the top right are links for "DBA: EPRO", "Log In", and "Sign Up". The main banner features a student sleeping at a desk with the text "WRITING SERVICE AT YOUR CONVENIENCE", "You - Send us your homework", "We - Do it all for you", and "Grab your original paper for just \$10 per page with a free plagiarism report included". A "Write My Essay!" button is present. A "Calculate the price" calculator is overlaid on the right, showing options for "Writing", "Rewriting", and "Editing", with "Writing" selected. The calculator also shows "Essay (any type)", "College", "2 weeks", "1 page / 275 words", "Double spaces" selected, and a price of "\$11.4" with a "Write My Paper" button. At the bottom of the banner, it says "NO MORE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS... 100% PLAGIARISM-FREE ESSAYS. ANY TOPIC OR DIFFICULTY CAN BE HANDLED!". Below the banner are three review sections: "EssayPro Reviews" with a 4.9 rating, "ResellerRatings" with a 4.9 rating, and "Sitejabber" with a 4.8 rating.

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## Saturday Morning Visitors

As far as I am concerned, the unpardonable sin is someone dropping by our house before noon on Saturdays.

Since I go to school and work too, Saturday is the only day of the week on which I can be lazy and sleep late. Therefore, I am late getting my housework done. By Saturday, my house is completely in ruins; anyone who is blessed with a six-year-old boy can understand what I am talking about. As an example, it is not uncommon to walk into the living room and find an old ragged sheet or quilt stretched across a couple of chairs-this serves as his tent. This is the exact time some people decide to come by to see us. As the visitors come in, I hurriedly snatch the tent down, but immediately wish that I hadn't for under it are Chewbacca, Hans Solo, Luke Skywalker, C3PO. And R2D2. Trying nonchalantly to push these Star Wars creatures aside with my bare foot, I suddenly stop. My foot has come in contact with some unknown substance-it is oozing up between my toes. I look down and silently blaspheme the [makers](#) of Green Slime. As I gently remove my foot from this green wad, some of it continues to cling between my toes. Pretending that it doesn't bother me, I lead our guests into the [dining](#) room, hoping it will be more

presentable. Much to my dismay, it does not look any better, for there, on the table, are the [remains](#) of my daughter's midnight snack. The remains include a black banana peeling that looks like a relic from The Dark Ages; an empty glass with a dried milk ring; two stale blueberry pop-ups; and a pile of orange-red carrot peelings. My daughter is a border-line vegetarian, so the latter does not surprise me.

Having removed the residue from the table and seated our early birds, I am brought to the second reasons why I dislike having company on Saturday mornings. Remembering my in-bred Southern manners, I ask if I can get our guests something to eat or drink-when it hits me like a two-by-four-I have nothing to offer. This is grocery shopping day.

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