

Mr. Mooney is an expert at his occupation. In fact, he is one of (has, and, **the**) few experts left in an occupation (this, **that**, right) is slowly dwindling and lacking well-(finished, **trained**, can) professionals.

Mr. Mooney shampoos animals. He (were, finished, **is**) known to boast that there is (in, one, **no**) animal too filthy, too big or (**too**, is, all) wide, and no animal too ferocious (to, an, **for**) him. He can get them all (polished, top, **clean**) and contrite. Mr. Mooney has the (**right**, bristly, week) to boast.

Once, when Mr. Mooney (top, is, **was**) younger, he was called upon to (**shampoo**, polished, beauty) the walruses at the local zoo. (That, **When**, If) Mr. Mooney was finished with those (heads, **walruses**, next), their bristly coats were gleaming, their (remained, roof, **tusks**) were polished to perfection, and the (next, gleaming, **few**) hairs they possessed on the top (**of**, the, for) their heads were fit for a (assistant, younger, **beauty**) pageant.

The next week, the zookeeper (were, that, **was**) heard whispering to his assistant that (**the**, for, and) walruses that were usually crabby and (**impolite**, terrible, even) were unusually courteous and kind. According (**to**, their, at) the zookeeper, they remained that way (start, from, **for**) an entire week after Mr. Mooney (with, **had**, have) soaped them up and washed them (over, heard, **down**). Rumor has it that whenever they (give, **see**, for) someone coming at them with a (**scrub**, filthy, even) brush and a bar of rose-(coated, **scented**, animal) soap, they start to squeal with (glory, everywhere, **delight**), flip over on their backs, and (**wag**, fit, squeal) their tails in excitement.

Whenever the (perfection, **walruses**, zookeeper) are brought up, Mr. Mooney smiles. (**Yes**, Fact, Arrived), they were a triumph for him, (he, **but**, been) if asked what his most memorable (help, to, **job**) was, he will tell you about (them, **the**, impolite) time he was asked to groom (her, **Mrs.**, rose) Richman's peacocks. Even to this day, (those, **when**, were) Mr. Mooney recalls the sight that (**greeted**, spilled, brush) him when he arrived at Mrs. (Mooney, flip, **Richman's**) mansion, he shudders.

Apparently there had (**been**, at, spilled) a terrible accident while some workers (polished, **were**, was) repairing Mrs. Richman's roof and tar (coats, been, **had**) spilled everywhere. As Mr. Mooney drove (finished, **up**, smiles) to her large house, he couldn't (**help**, boast, sight) but gasp at the flock of (walruses, polished, **peacocks**) coated in a thick, black mess. (Mansion, Remained, **Their**) beautiful plumage was black and their (hairs, **eyes**, large) were tragic and downcast. Never one (**to**, at, coated) give up or despair, Mr. Mooney (greeted, feathers, **climbed**) out of his van and went (on, **to**, they) work.

The tar was very difficult (for, **to**, you) remove from the peacock's feathers. After (week, **hours**, crabby) of hard work, and more than (**a**, an, scrub) dozen bars of his special vanilla-(tar, **oatmeal**, polished) soap, the peacocks were once again (spilled, younger, **restored**) to their strutting glory.

Mr. Mooney (**forever**, start, out) has the respect of all the (busy, **pet**, tusks) owners he has helped through the (**years**, hours, brought). They are all truly grateful and (couldn't, **will**, from) always keep him busy with their (soaped, animals, **pet**) cleaning requests.

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