

Once upon a time there was a man who was a handyman. Now this man's first job was to paint his neighbor's woodshed, and he did it so well that his neighbor gave him another job right away.

His new job was to build a new roof for his neighbor's house. It was a good job well done, but his neighbor didn't have another job for him.

So the man (his name was Jake) went home to await his next job, but he did not have to wait long, for a woman from around the corner called him up and said, "I need you to fix my kitchen table."

"Okay," said he, "when should I come?" And she said, "Tomorrow morning at 10:00."

And so it was that the next morning at 10:00 Jake stood on his neighbor's front porch waiting for the door to open. He waited in exasperation and finally he sadly turned to go... but at that exact moment the door opened and a woman with snapping green eyes and red hair looked out the door and said, "Come. In. And. Tell. Me. Your. Name!"

"Of course, of course, my name is Jake, and yours?" asked poor Jake. "My name is Emily Jackson, and seeing as you are late, I think I'll take away your job," said the angry woman, her green eyes glistening.

Jake trembled but stood firm. "No," he said, "you gave me the job so now I am going to do it. Where is the table? And if you don't tell me where

it is then you will have to pay me and I won't even be able to fix it! And by the way, I wasn't here late, you were the one who was late. I waited a full 15 minutes for you to answer the door.”

“What do you mean,” snapped Emily. “I never heard you knock, I just looked out the window and saw you on the walkway.” Jake was really upset by now but all he said was, “Perhaps you need a doorbell put in, I can do it for you for only 15 dollars.”

“Oh no you don't!” shrieked Emily. “I don't need a doorbell, and I can get someone else to fix my table!” “Sorry, but it's my job and if you won't tell me where your kitchen is, then I am just going to look for it,” and Jake pushed past Emily into the house. Emily whirled around and started to follow him, but she tripped over the rug and fell.

Jake took no notice and continued walking. He found the kitchen almost immediately. A young lady was standing at the sink but she turned around quickly and smiled at him.

“Oh, are you the person who is going to fix the table for me?” she asked. “Why yes I am, my name is Jake and I am the handy man. What's wrong with the table?” said Jake. “Well,” began the young lady, “oh, by the way my name is Lily. It's a very old table and it seems that it's always breaking one way or another, but the problem this time is the leg.”

And she got down on her knees to show him what the problem was, but just then Emily stormed into the room. “Out!” she yelled! “Out of my house or I’ll call the police!”

Lily scrambled to her feet. “Why?” she demanded, “why must he go? The table needs to be fixed and you did give him the job, besides, I’m sure there is a law that if you were hired to do something then you have a right to do it, and if you send Jake away then I’ll be the one to call the police, so there”.

Jake stared at Lily “*Wow,*” he thought, “I *never* would have argued like that with my mother, but then again I probably would have if my mother had been like that.”

Lily smiled at him. “Well,” she said, “why don’t you get to work on that table leg, and then I will be able to serve the lunch on it.”

Jake nodded and got down on to the floor to look at the leg. “Well well!” exclaimed Jake, “this leg is splitting down the middle,” and he immediately began rummaging in his bag for a bottle of super glue. Emily yelled, “No!” and rushed to the telephone. She dialed the police station and then yelled into the phone. “Listen, there is a guy who burst into my house and he is trying to do something to my kitchen table. Get over here fast and do something about it!” and she hung up.

Jake had just finished spreading the glue when there was a knock on the door. Emily ran to the door and came back with a police officer. “Officer!” she said. “I demand you arrest that man!”

The officer shook his head. “I am Officer Jones,” he said, “and I would like to know what this young man has to say about himself.”

“Well,” began Jake, “yesterday I got a call from this woman (gesturing at Emily) asking me to come at 10:00 to fix her table, so today at 10:00 I came to this house and waited 15 minutes till she answered the door. And then she told me that since it was 10:15 and not 10:00 I was fired! Officer, if anyone should be arrested it’s her.”

Lily shook her head, “No,” she said, “she should just let him fix the table and pay him his money.”

“The young lady is right, however you (pointing at Emily) must pay him extra because of all the bother,” said Officer Jones. He waited till the leg was fixed and Emily paid Jake. And then he left, and Jake went home with his money and lived HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

THE END.