

The Pringler Chimneysweeper



Neil was a door-to-door vacuum cleaner salesman, and a good one. He represented the Pringler Carpet Sweeper Company of Omaha, which manufactured a machine that he really believed in. And it was his confidence in the product that helped him win over so many customers – one day, he made a mind-boggling twenty-two sales! Today, however, things weren't going so well. All morning he'd had a creepy feeling that something unexpected was about to happen, and Neil didn't like surprises. That feeling of trepidation had crept into his sales pitch, nullifying his typical self-confidence. After ten straight houses without a sale, he forced himself to project a sense of bonhomie. Wearing a smile the size of a fer-de-lance, he stepped onto the porch of 808 Maple Street and rang the bell. Immediately, an earsplitting barking erupted from inside as two colossal English Mastiffs charged the door. The door looked solid to Neil, but he backed away from it anyway. Good thing, because the next thing he knew, it was in splinters on the porch, and he was shinnying up the trellis to escape a pair of slavering jaws. He pulled himself over the eave, but even there he wasn't safe. One of the dreadful dogs was actually trying to climb up the latticework after him! Still lugging his precious Pringler vacuum, Neil clambered all the way to the peak of the roof, where at last he felt safe. In fact, he felt ebullient. He *liked* being way up high where the air was clean and he had a nice view of the surrounding countryside. Holding onto the chimney, Neil's anxiety utterly vanished as he experienced one of those life-changing moments. Why, by employing the Pringler's special crevice tool, he could start a whole new business. So he did. And he was good at it! That is, until ... oh, but that's *another* story.