

How the Lawyer lost his shoes

One day an extremely well-dressed and successful lawyer was driving to a meeting when he found that the front left tire on his Porsche was flat.

“What am I going to do?” he thought.

But then he saw a gas station up ahead. It was a rundown shack with a grizzled man in overalls sitting on a porch with pools of oil, but at least it was a gas station; in the window was a large sign saying ‘help wanted’.

The lawyer drove up and got out of the car and explained the situation.

“Why sure!” said the mechanic “I’m lookin’ for a boy to work for me and help me out, so we’re kinda short-handed”.

He looked over the dapper, dignified and impeccably dressed lawyer’s very expensive navy blue pinstriped business suit, his imported silk tie and gleaming cuff links and white shirt, his polished black shoes, his hundred dollar haircut and his \$1500 briefcase.

‘My name is Bud! You must be one of them lawyer!’ said the mechanic. “I can tell by your classy kicks!”

“My WHAT?” snapped the exec.

“Your KICKS! Your SHOES! Mighty classy, sir! But they look like they’re a little too tight! That’s what’s makin’ you so bad tempered!” grinned the mechanic.

“Yes. Well, the FIRST thing people notice are your shoes!” said the lawyer in a condescending tone, as he straightened his tie and checked the shine on his shoes. “And they are NOT too tight! I’m NOT bad-tempered! I am just in a hurry – something you wouldn’t understand. My name is Mr. James Porter. I am making an important court appearance today! My whole career depends on it. Now please get to work! What are you doing?!”

Bud was pulling out a huge pail of water. “You get a free car wash today, Jimmy! I sure wish I had a boy to work for me - I gotta do this all myself! Do YOU know somebody to work her for me? I’ve been lookin’ fer a long time! Whoever gets the job lives right here in his own shack!”

“Of course not. Do I LOOK like someone who would know a GREASE MONKEY? And my name is MISTER PORTER. Not Jimmy! And I don’t have time for a car wash!” cried Mr. Porter.

“Of course, Mister Porter. I should have KNOWN! A big hotshot lawyer like you wouldn’t know any grease monkeys! Now, don’t worry! You upper class folks are always

worryin'!" And at that moment, Bud's foot hit the pail of water, and it toppled over, completely soaking Mr. Porter's expensively shod feet.

"NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!!" yelled Mr. Porter. "My feet are DRENCHED through! SOAKED! Do you know how much these shoes cost! Someone like YOU doesn't have to worry about this!"

"Oh, sir! Please accept my apology, SIR! All over your fancy high class kicks! Well, it's a fine day, just take off yer shoes and socks and let 'em dry! They look they're too tight, anyway! That's why you're so bad tempered. Tight shoes will do it every time. Nobody is gonna see ya, sir!"

"Take off my shoes and socks! They're NOT too tight! They were handmade for me. I suppose I have no choice! I'm just glad that my colleagues can't see this!" said Mr. Porter, as he sat on the porch and slowly, grudgingly slid his feet out of his highly polished black Ferragamo shoes and then peeled off his silk business socks. Bud picked up the shoes and whistled with admiration.

"Mighty fancy!" he said, with a grin. "EYETALIAN! FERRY-GAMO! Too bad they're so tight! And them socks sure are fancy, too! Real classy! No harm done! I bet you cheer up now that those too-tight shoes ain't squeezin' yer heels and pinchin' yer soles! Ya know, you look like you belong here now that yer barefoot!"

"Put my shoes down immediately! How dare you put your filthy hands on them! I will NEVER look like I BELONG here! I feel ridiculous..." said Mr. Porter coldly.

"Still cranky! Shoes that are too tight will make ya angry at other people all day!" said Bud, grinning, swinging the gleaming shoes back and forth.

"MY SHOES ARE NOT TOO TIGHT!" yelled the lawyer in frustration.

Mr. Porter carefully arranged his suit and tie as if to make up for the indignity of going barefoot.

"Lemme show ya somethin', Mister Porter" said Bud, who got into the car and drove it forward and ran over Mr. Porter's briefcase, ruining it.

"MY BRIEFCASE!" yelled the lawyer.

"Sorry, sir! But I have to tell ya something!" said Bud, who was bending over the engine.

"I didn't ask you to look at the engine" shouted Mr. Porter. "You destroyed my briefcase!! All my papers..."

"But you got a problem!" said Bud. "Look! Get closer!"

Mr. Porter leaned over the engine. "I don't see anything?"

"Closer!" said Bud.

"I still don't?" and Mr. Porter began to lift his head, and felt himself stuck.

"My tie!" he yelled. "My necktie and my suspenders! They're caught in the engine!"
"Look what ya done, sir! I'll get ya free!"

"I DIDN'T DO THIS!" yelled Mr. Porter, but he couldn't move at all. His tie and his suspenders had gotten tied up in the engine. Somehow.

"Now just hold still!?" said Bud, and in a moment, Mr. Porter was free, and his tie and suspenders were in Bud's hands.

"ARE YOU INSANE?!" yelled Mr. Porter. "You took those off me. Why?! Give me those."

"Mr. Porter" said Bud, ignoring the comment. "I'm gonna need yer help in getting that tire out of the back, and then you gotta help me get the new one - it's underneath an old engine. I can't lift 'em, ya see. I got lumbago. It's too bad I ain't got a boy to work for me!"

"What?!" said Mr. Porter. "You expect ME to do it? Look at this suit! This is a two thousand dollar suit! It was tailored for me. I can't get it dirty, and this is a silk tie! And a hundred dollar shirt! I'm a LAWYER! An attorney! I don't do menial work."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Bud. "There's no other way! I know! Why don't ya take off yer nice suit and that shirt and the cufflinks? Ya better take off yer fancy wristwatch too! Ya don't want to get 'em dirty, do you? I got a fine pair of OVERALLS for ya!"

"This is an outrage!" cried Mr. Porter. "I will NOT take off my business suit! I have my dignity and my pride!"

"Then you'll have your dignity and your pride but you won't get a new tire" said Bud.

Mr. Porter stomped and fumed but finally gave in and angrily stripped off his crisp pinstriped business suit, his sparkling gold cufflinks and his dapper starched white shirt and placed them on a wooden table. He even took off his Rolex watch. Then he put on the greasy overalls, shook his head with disgust, and pulled the tire out of the trunk.

But just then his bare feet hit a patch of oil, and he staggered backwards and fell; the filthy tire fell on top of him. He felt his head hit something soft. Bud ran over and said: "Mr. Porter, it's a good thing your head hit the tar! It broke your fall!"

The lawyer pushed the tire off, and felt the grease, gravel and tar all over his t-shirt and his face. He lifted what had been a manicured hand to his head and felt a mass of something gooey.

“My hair!” Mr. Porter yelled, as he stood.

“I gotta cut that tar out, sir! It ain’t gonna come out any other way!” and he pulled out some scissors and with a few quick snips, the attorney’s thick head of neatly parted hair was replaced by a patchy crewcut.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?” yelled Mr. Porter. “MY HAIR!”

“Here, this will calm ya down, Jimmy boy! You ain’t lookin’ too good with your new haircut!”

Bud laughed and shoved a bottle of whiskey into Mr. Porter’s hand and then poured some of it on his shirt.

“NO! I don’t DRINK!” yelled the lawyer. “LOOK AT ME, YOU MORON! AND CALL ME MISTER PORTER!!”

“Leave me alone! Help, police!” screamed Bud suddenly. He grabbed Mr. Porter’s cell phone and called the police and then called the newspaper.

“What are you DOING?” shouted the lawyer, who was now completely stunned.

In a moment the police were there.

Bud whimpered: “This man is drunk! Just smell him, officer! And tried to beat me up! and rob the till! He even tried to KILL me!”

“I DID NOT!” shouted Mr. Porter.

“Assault, robbery, disorderly conduct, resisting arrest, drunkenness, attempted murder...you’re coming with me!”

And the policeman dragged the struggling Mr. Porter, barefoot in overalls off to jail.

The next day the judge prepared to sentence Mr. Porter to twenty years behind bars while they all looked at the newspaper with the headline: Drunk Lawyer Holds Up Garage! Thief Jailed for Assault, Attempted Murder and Robbery.

Then they saw the same story on the internet. It was everywhere! James had been fired from his job and his own law firm refused to see him. His former friends were shocked at his behavior. His family was furious.

But Bud said; “Your honor, don’t put this man behind bars! He ATTACKED me, but, I’ll allow him to make it up to me - I got an idea!”

“What do you mean?” yelled Mr. Porter. “I...I am a LAWYER! I am INNOCENT!

What do you mean an idea?!”

A month later, a customer drove up to Bud’s and Bud called his new assistant to wait on him. A man in overalls and work boots and a crew cut came out, covered with grime, and started to work on the car.

“JIMMY BOY! Don’t forget the oil! You ex-cons are always slow!” yelled Bud.

“YES, SIR!” said Jimmy-boy Porter.

A “help wanted” sign lay in the garbage.

In the window was a very fancy silk necktie, a starched white shirt, a pair of braces and a pair of sparkling gold cuff links with the initials JP with a “for sale” sign.

“Don’t forget what I told ya!” snapped Bud. “Did you polish ‘em up?”

“Yes, but, please...” said Jimmy-boy.

“You don’t need ‘em anymore! I’m your boss...NOW MOVE IT! Remember how much I got when I sold your wristwatch?” yelled Bud.

“You sold it for only \$50!” cried Jimmy-boy. “And you kept the money! It was MY watch!”

“Of course I did! And I got a good deal when I made you sell your fancy sports car!” snapped Bud.

“My Porsche! My sports car! You made me sell it for only a thousand dollars for scrap! And you took that money too!” yelled Jimmy-boy.

“And I got forty bucks for that city-boy hotshot pinstripe suit you had on when you came!” smirked Bud.

“My Armani pinstriped suit!” said Jimmy boy. “That suit cost me two thousand dollars! You forced me to sell it to the judge!”

“Well, he liked it, didn’t he? You don’t need no big-shot business suit for THIS job! He had his eye on your suit when you were in the jail cell. He’d have bought your fancy shoes but they were too small. And it wasn’t YOUR car or YOUR suit anymore, huh? I

got you a job and a shack to live in! You'd be coolin' your heels in jail if it wasn't for me!" said Bud.

"But I'm innocent! You KNOW that!" yelled Jimmy boy.

"Now don't go on like that! And you speak to me with RESPECT! Or you'll be back behind bars! And it's only right for me to keep that car and that wristwatch and to sell all those fine city boy clothes you were wearin' when you came in here! And remember – you ain't some high and mighty lawyer anymore! You gotta talk like ME! Learn to say "AIN'T"! And call me SIR!" shouted Bud.

"Yes, sir..." Jimmy-boy sighed and went up to the customer.

"Sir, my name is Mister James Por...I mean Jimmy boy. We got a special today - with an oil change, you can buy these real cheap."

He held up a pair of very expensive polished gentleman's business shoes.

"These are for sale. One pair of Ferragamo shoes – size 9 and a half - once worn by a former lawyer who - who doesn't - DON'T - need 'em anymore – he used to be a lawyer...now he's a ...grease monkey...best offer, silk socks included."

Bud said: "Go on!"

Jimmy boy sighed and said: "After all, the first thing people notice are your shoes. Real classy kicks..."