



AIM TO Please

Mr. Krankowitz was doing a big cleanup of his garden shed. He found an old set of bow and arrows. Having no use for it, he gave it to Fishel and Faivish. He also gave them strict instructions not to shoot arrows anywhere near his precious rosebushes. Fishel and Faivish weren't fussy; they didn't care what they shot at. The stray cat who lived around the corner moved from Sunny Lane to a quieter street. Pigeons for miles around found safer perches. The last straw came when a stray arrow cracked a window of the Friedman house. Mr. Friedman immediately locked the bow and arrows in a closet.

Fishel and Faivish were plunged into gloom. Life suddenly seemed flat and stale. They simply had to find a way to get the bow and arrows back! Perhaps if they behaved like perfect angels for a few days....

For the next two days, Fishel and Faivish were on their very best behavior. They came downstairs washed and brushed. They were so polite — throwing around “please” and “thank you.” They were so polite that Mrs. Friedman took their temperature.

“I think Fishel and Faivish have turned over a new leaf,” Mrs. Friedman said to her husband. “This deserves a treat.”

She decided to make a special dessert for supper that night: a huge banana split.

Fishel and Faivish's eyes lit up when she brought it to the table.

“Yippee! I mean, I wish to express my most sincere thanks,” said Fishel politely.

“Hooray! I mean, I wish to express my most heartfelt



appreciation,” said Faivish.

Mrs. Friedman was so proud of her sons. “Well, since you’ve both been behaving so nicely lately, I decided to treat you,” she said.

Fishel looked at Faivish. Faivish looked at Fishel. Here was a golden opportunity.

“Um... since we’ve been behaving so nicely... do you think we could possibly have our bow and arrows back? If it’s not too much trouble?” said Fishel.

“We’ll be really, really careful. And, of course, most eternally grateful. Thank you, please,” added Faivish.

Looking at their pleading expressions, Mrs. Friedman melted.

She got the key, unlocked the cupboard, and handed the bow and arrows over.

“Thank you most kindly,” said Fishel.

“We are most utterly appreciative,” said Faivish.

Once they were outside, the brothers forgot all about being polite or careful. Whooping, they raced up the road, away from parental eyes.

Once they were around the corner, the brothers quickly arranged to take turns. They used eeny-meeny-miney-mo to see who would go first. *Whoosh!* The first arrow shot forward. *Swish!* The next arrow followed.

Suddenly, there was an angry yell.

“Hey! Who shot that arrow? It made me drop my slush!”

“Ouch! You backed right into me, and that’s the end of *my* slush!”

Then a firm adult voice spoke.

“What’s all this mess outside my store? What do you mean someone shot at you? I’d better call the police.”

Uh-oh. Fishel and Faivish stared at each other, horrified. They had to take action, and fast!

“Let’s get Jolly Solly!”

“Yeah, he’s the only person who can save us!”


To their relief, the clown was home, and swung straight into action. He made several quick calls, including to his contacts in the police. Then he grabbed his dream-clean machine, and wheeled it around the corner.

“What’s all this mess outside my store? What do you mean someone shot at you? I’d better call the police”

Fishel and Faivish hid in the shadows to watch. The clown used his hoses and spritzers to clear up the mess. Then he handed some money to the shopkeeper. He asked him to give new slushes to the two customers, who watched the clown in fascination.

“We’ll have to pay him back,” whispered Fishel.

“Yeah, there goes our pocket money for the next year,” sighed Faivish. “I think we should give the bow and arrows away. They’re more trouble than they’re worth.”

And Fishel agreed with his brother for a change. 

R. Atkins’s book, Around the Year with Jolly Solly, featuring 50 fabulous stories, is in bookstores now. For information about a personalized version, contact the Mishpacha office.