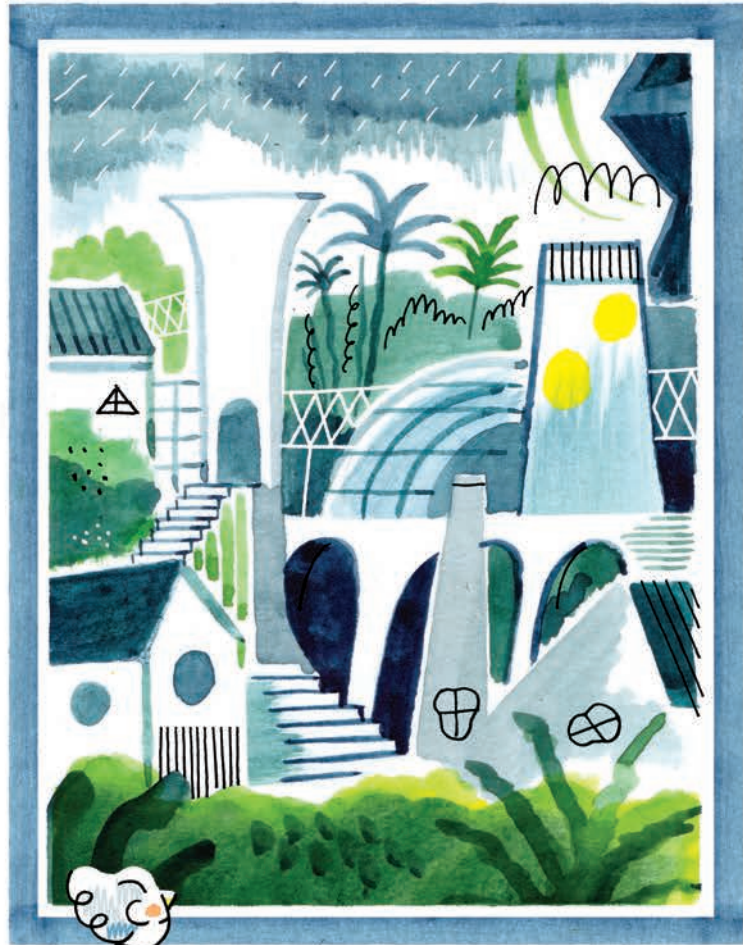




Because he was an architect, Eugene designed buildings. He was particularly proud of his latest creation. It was a very tall building that was perfectly designed. Everything was absolutely straight, and all the windows were absolutely square.







"I would feel a lot better if all the buildings in the city were built like this," he said to himself.

One morning, the workers noticed that a strong gust of wind had blown over the beautiful old tree that stood in the garden.

The tree had been knocked down, but it wasn't uprooted. It was lying right in the middle of the future living room, on the third floor.

"Well, it wasn't any of us who did it this time!" said one of the workers.







"Now we'll have to stop working. That must really bother you!" quipped another one.

"I'll get a saw and CUT IT DOWN right away," said yet another worker as he ran to get his toolbox.

