

Helping feet

Stinky hands were Mr Spiller's pet peeve. He at present was scrubbing his hands with all the Dettol liquid he could find.

It looked as though hurricane had struck by. The kitchen was a total mess which was creatively upturned by Mr Spiller. There were 15 pickle orders to complete that week. Indeed he didn't have time to spare. He scampered on his hands around the kitchen to reach the cabinet of jars with his feet. With his body upside-down he could read all the labelled items in the kitchen correctly as he stuck them inverted for legibility. The master of the little cottage he was cooking in came dashing with *new orders*. This time the orders were to make ice-cream cakes for their neighbouring school children. The master was in-fact his talking pet monkey.

The pet monkey was Mr Spiller's spokesperson. He entertained their guests and would handle all the monetary transactions and folly exchanges. He would conduct the promotions of monkey tricks to attract more customers just like how he enticed the school kids to order a bucket full of *water-melon* ice-cream cakes. Monkey asked to shave off half of their heads in exchange for the delicious ice-cream cakes for no apparent reason. To make Mr Spiller's life even more tediously drastic, it wasn't the season of watermelons.

Mr Spiller loved his monkey and what he marvelled even more was the orders his monkey brought for their business. Their business wasn't for any specific job but jobs that could ease peoples' lives with Mr Spiller's *helping feet*. Nobody in Mr Spiller's tiny town knew of his helping feet except for one. The one was Ms Landlady who was also Mr Spiller's younger sister and the owner of the cottage he lived in. As her name suggests she had a series of cottages that she would keep for rents and paying guests.

Ms Landlady had a condition of barging into her owned properties. To add onto Mr Spiller's quests she would intrude frequently into his little cottage with new orders against Monkey's pleas. Sometimes when Monkey became bothersome to her, she would pull him by his hair to station him onto the teapoy. There she would pluck out all the lice from his body with utmost excruciating pain. From then on Monkey kept his literal distance from her, as he continued loyally to prevent her imposing presence from her brother as he worked.

Fortunately, that day she had no new orders. She simply was just *visiting*. She entered the kitchen to see all the kitchen appliances on the floor as it always was. The gas stove burning in the corner by the window, the fridge in the opposite corner by the plug-points in their 10 sq. feet kitchen. The cutting board, knives and other cutlery were all placed beside the sink that was constructed onto the floor like a semi-circular big dent; and with the food-stock dumped in another corner of the room. The turmoil in the kitchen was even more active that day.

She saw her brother lunging from the high cabinets to the mixer to the stove to the cutting board while he was on his hands all the time. In the past 10 minutes that she stood there, she knew he was stressed because he hadn't used his hands while cooking. She took pride in Mr Spiller because he was a multi-tasking individual. He would walk on his hands because that let him be faster at his tasks. He used his feet for all the purposes that human hands would do, but that talent wasn't much appreciated by the town folks. Alas, he had to conceal himself behind his animal spokesperson. Occasionally, he would interchange the functions of his limbs. He would

use his heavy feet to stomp on the flour bed to make tons of loaves of bread that was as huge as a queen size bed. And sometimes he would use his hands to wipe the cutlery he used. All the while he was being agile to his chore.

Mr Spiller was sprinkling the spices needed in the pot of pickle. With his toes wriggling adequate amount onto the pot, his hands were exercising the cloth to wipe clean the jars in which he would pack the pickle. As Ms Landlady watched, she recalled how it all began.

From childhood Mr Spiller would have unfortunate events happening to his leg. He would spill tea, coffee and all sorts of beverages. His *spilling* syndrome wasn't restricted to just liquids but also tangible solid objects which sometimes happened to be dangerous in nature. He dropped hammers, knives, plates, bowls and even tasty items like tandoori chicken, paneer tikka on skewers and custard bowls all because his hands didn't have a firm grip. All that the food he dropped would go to waste and he grew thinner gradually.

Mr Spiller worked with his grandfather in their workshop. His grandfather as doting as he was wanted to rectify the mayhem caused by his grandson and to also improve his health. He knew that his grandson's agile legs were masked by the blunders caused by his slippery flingers. Thus, he could only think of one solution. He made Mr Spiller walk on his hands and use his legs for all sorts of purposes that only human hands were equipped to do. Yes, even scratching his irritated buttocks were part of the deed.

After lot of training done to Mr Spiller's limbs, this tactic of using his feet worked beautifully. Mr Spiller didn't spill anymore of the things. He then only dealt with stinky hands rather than stinky feet.

MR SPILLER'S CHARACTERISTICS:

- Often considered peculiar and weird due to his habit of using his feet instead of his hands
- People often mistrust/doubt him for this behaviour (because they don't know whether he used his hands or feet to do a job) and thus he shuns away from the society
- He hides behind his talking pet Monkey. His monkey being the spokesperson
- He still has tolerant behaviour towards people and all troubles even when he lives in an society where people doubt him
- He is a sibling to an annoying sister who barges into his privacy as and when she likes.
- He doesn't particularly reprimand her nor does dote her. He just lets her be how she is.
- The sister sometimes is considerate to him but he doesn't receive any help from her other than him living on her property.
- He has a strong sense of helping others secretly.
- Stinky hands are his pet peeve. He is a bit of a clean freak in matters of personal hygiene
- He is skilled with using all sorts of tools in different scenarios (kitchen, workshop, plumbing, etc.)
- His feet are his strongest asset. His hands don't have a firm grip. He keeps dropping things from his hand.
- His sister and pet monkey create a satirical homely atmosphere where he feels loved. But he doesn't show it.
- His pet monkey conducts ridiculous folly transactions in exchange for orders to get done.