

**A lazy hand causes poverty,
but the hand of the diligent makes rich.**

Proverbs 10:4 – A Proverbial Story

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The Tale of Timmy and the Talking Tools

Once upon a time in a cheerful little village called Willowbrook, there lived a boy named Timmy. Timmy was clever and kind, but there was just one small problem—he was *incredibly* lazy.

Every morning, when his mom asked him to help gather firewood or feed the chickens, Timmy would yawn and say, “I’ll do it later.” But later never came. Instead, he spent most of his days lying in the grass, watching clouds float by or tossing pebbles into the pond.

One day, Timmy’s grandfather, a wise old carpenter, invited him to spend the summer at his workshop. “You’ll learn something useful,” Grandpa said, “and maybe even earn a few coins.”

Timmy shrugged. “Sure, Grandpa. As long as I don’t have to work *too* hard.”

Grandpa smiled but said nothing.

The next morning, Timmy arrived at the workshop and was surprised to find a dusty old toolbox sitting in the middle of the room. When he opened it, something magical happened. The tools began to talk!

The hammer introduced himself in a loud voice, “Name’s Hank. Ready to build something amazing?”

“Uh,” Timmy muttered, “maybe after a nap.”

The saw, Sally, groaned. “Not again. Another lazy one.”

But the tiny tape measure, Max, bounced up and down. “Wait! Let’s give him a chance. Timmy, we can teach you how to build a birdhouse. It’ll be fun!”

Timmy sighed, but he agreed to try—just a little. At first, he barely lifted a finger. When the tools asked him to measure wood or hold nails, he pretended to be too tired or confused. The tools did what they could, but without Timmy’s help, everything turned out crooked and useless.

By the end of the first week, there were piles of scrap wood and broken nails—and no birdhouse.

“Timmy,” Grandpa said gently one evening, “have you ever heard the proverb: *‘A lazy hand causes poverty, but the hand of the diligent makes rich’*? It means those who don’t try, don’t get far. But those who work hard? They build, grow, and succeed.”

Timmy frowned and thought about it all night. The next morning, he surprised the talking tools by waking up *early*.

“Let’s try again,” he said, rolling up his sleeves.

He measured carefully, listened to advice, and practiced hammering with Hank. With Sally’s guidance, he sawed straight lines, and Max cheered him on with every correct measurement.

It wasn’t easy, and Timmy made lots of mistakes, but he kept trying. After a week of real effort, he finally built a beautiful little birdhouse. He painted it bright blue and even added a tiny swing on the porch.

Grandpa beamed with pride. “Well done, Timmy! You’ve proven that a diligent hand really *does* make rich. Not just in coins, but in skills, pride, and joy.”

Timmy smiled. That summer, he built six more birdhouses—and sold them at the village market. People loved them, and soon he had enough money to buy his very own toolbelt.

From that day on, Timmy was known as the boy who turned hard work into something magical.

And he never took a nap on the job again.