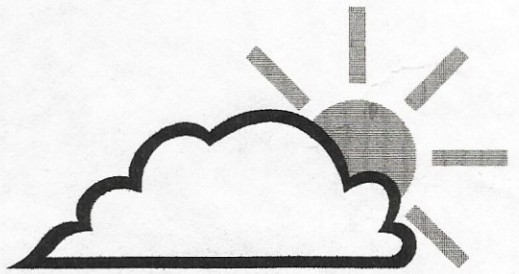


The Greatest Story Ever Told...

...at the Villa!



Once there was a good maintenance man named Chuck. His birth was foretold and it was prophesised that he would be the next Maintenance Director. It was said that he could fix a leaky faucet by merely laying his hands near it and he could find a leak behind a wall when everyone else had failed. Once, when on one of his journeys he came upon a housekeeper named Maria Magdeline. Maria was about to be put to death - buried alive under heaps of garbage - by a mob of angry residents chanting "NOT CLEAN ENOUGH, NOT CLEAN ENOUGH..." over and over. Chuck stepped to the middle of the crowd and raised his arms to quiet the crowd. "Let he who has never left garbage in the halls, cast the first bag." Slowly, bags were dropped and the crowd disbanded. Word of Chuck's many maintenance powers soon reached the ears of Pontius Pat, ruler of the surrounding region. Pat became enraged by these stories of a supposed super maintenance man and commanded that Chuck be brought before her to face charges of heresy. After many days Chuck was captured and brought before Pat. "You say you are the King of the Screws?...Prove it!!" screamed Pat, and sentenced Chuck to death by the STAR Project. Never one to miscry his misfortune, Chuck picked up the heap of work orders and proceeded to undertake his punishment. But the way was hard

and the heat was intense. It wasn't long until Chuck fell the first time. "On your feet!! You're not done yet! And I don't want to hear anything about comp-time!" screamed Pat. With the weight of the work orders and his toolbox weighing him down, Chuck nonetheless managed to get up and continue.

Less than an hour later Chuck fell the second time. "What is the meaning of this?!" Pat shouted, "You aren't finished! There are still many unhappy residents". Sensing that Chuck may not be able to complete his task, Pat pulled one of Chuck's disciples, Willie, out of the watching crowd. "Get your tools and get out there and help him!" she commanded. Willie was a good man and he took many work orders, significantly lightening Chuck's load. But the strain of the punishment thus far was too much and help was given too late...Chuck fell the fatal third time...

Lying in the parking lot, Chuck raised his head and let out an agonized scream, "Payroll!! Payroll, why, oh why, have you forsaken me?", then in a low voice uttered his final words "I still had vacation time..."

His body was left in the lot until nightfall. Chuck's WestSide apostles, John, Tom, Joe, Ken, Dale and Willie went to see Pontius Pat and ask for his body, to give it a decent burial. Pat surveyed the scene, looked at a copy of the quarterly punchlist and noticed that

all projects had been completed, "Yes...he truly was King of the Screws".

The WestSide Apostles were poor maintenance men and could not afford a proper funeral for their fallen comrade. After much arguing they agreed to bury Chuck in the shop at Mt. Villa, where he served and died. Saying a few last words (and arguing over Chuck's remaining tools) they departed.

Three days had passed since Chuck's death. It was a bright sunny Sunday morning when two local resident were taking out their garbage. Suddenly they were aware of a low scraping sound. Turning toward the shop they froze in horror when they saw the shop door open and the shop empty!! Quietly, from over near the dumpster, Chuck stood, smiling at them. In his hand he held a golden wrench, and he wore a freshly pressed, clean workshirt (tucked in!). It was then they realized the prophesy had come true. Chuck had risen to regain his crown! Slowly, as if a fog had descended, Chuck seemed to be lifting off the ground! The last they saw of Chuck he was smiling down at them...and headed toward the EastSide...

