Did the writer repair his lawn mower in the end?

Why not?

So great is our passion for doing things for ourselves that we are becoming increasingly less dependent on specialized labour.

No one can plead ignorance of a subject any longer, for there are countless do-it-yourself publications.

Armed with the right tools and materials, newlyweds gaily embark on the task of decorating their own homes.

Men, particularly, spend hours of their leisure time installing their own fireplaces, laying out their own gardens, building garages, and making furniture.

Some really keen enthusiasts go so far as to build their own computers.

Shops cater for the do-it-yourself craze not only by running special advisory services for novices, but by offering consumers bits and pieces which they can assemble at home.

Such things provide an excellent outlet for pent-up creative energy, but unfortunately, not all of us are born handymen.

Some wives tend to believe that their husbands are infinitely resourceful and can fix anything.

Even men who can hardly drive a nail in straight are supposed to be born electricians, carpenters, plumbers, and mechanics.

When lights fuse, furniture gets rickety, pipes get clogged, or vacuum cleaners fail to operate, some women assume that their husbands will somehow put things right.

The worst thing about the do-it-yourself game is that sometimes even men live under the delusion that they can do anything, even when they have repeatedly been proved wrong.

Jt is a question of pride as much as anything else.

Last spring, my wife suggested that I call in a man to look at our lawn mower.

It had broken down the previous summer, and though I promised to repair it, I had never gotten round to it.

I would not hear of the suggestion and said that I would fix it myself.

One Saturday afternoon, I hauled the machine into the garden and had a close look at it.

As far as ] could see, it needed only a minor adjustment: a turn of a screw here, a little tightening up there, a drop of oil and it would be as good as new.

Inevitably, the repair job was not quite so simple.

The mower firmly refused to mow, so I decided to dismantle it.

The garden was soon littered with chunks of metal which had once made up a lawn mower.

But I was extremely pleased with myself.

I had traced the cause of the trouble.

One of the links in the chain that drives the wheels had snapped.

After buying a new chain, I was faced with the insurmountable task of putting the confusing jigsaw puzzle together again.

I was not surprised to find that the machine still refused to work after I had reassembled it, for the simple reason that I was left with several curiously shaped bits of metal which did not seem to fit anywhere.

I gave up in despair.

The weeks passed and the grass grew.

When my wife nagged me to do something about it, I told her that either I would have to buy a new mower or let the grass grow.

Needless to say, our house is now surrounded by a jungle.

Buried somewhere in deep grass there is a rusting lawn mower which I have promised to repair one day.

The author looked at his machine and reckoned that only a minor adjustment was needed.

After adjusting a few things, the mower still refused to work, SO he dismantled it and traced the cause of the trouble: there was a broken link in the drive chain.

After buying a new chain and reassembling the mower, it still did not work.

However, he was not really surprised because there were bits left that did not fit anywhere--so he gave up.

Friends have often told me that one of the simplest plumbing jobs in a house is changing the washer on a dripping tap.

We had a dripping tap in the kitchen.

It had been dripping for weeks.

I didn't want to call in a plumber because they charge a lot of money, SO I decided to do it myself.

Surely it's a fairly easy job, I thought.

What can go wrong?

I really did not think that it would be difficult.

I knew that the first thing I had to do was to turn off the water at the mains.

Unfortunately, I couldn't find where to turn off the water.

Was it under the sink in our kitchen?

Or was it outside somewhere?

Eventually, I found it under the kitchen sink on a pipe coming up from the ground that I had never noticed before.

When I had turned off the mains tap, I turned on the kitchen tap until it stopped running.

So far, so good!

Then I gaily embarked on the task of unscrewing the tap and taking off the old washer.

When I tried to put the new washer on, however, I realized that I had a problem.

Whatever I did, it just wouldn't go on.

So I cut it a little and it went on with no problem.

Then I put everything back together and turned on the mains.

I was so pleased with myself-until, five minutes later, the tap started dripping worse than ever.

As a result of the experience, I have made a decision.

I will never attempt to change a washer again, and I will call in a professional for any plumbing, building or electrical job that ever needs doing in the house.

Why did the writer's wife suggest calling in a man to look at the mower? She had forgotten that her husband had promised to mend it.

The writer decided to dismantle the mower because what repairs he had already carried out had not proved adequate.

The writer's house is now surrounded by a jungle because his wife was not prepared to let him buy a new lawn mower.

~~— that we are becoming not so dependent on specialized labour as we used to be becoming not so.~~

~~Whatever it is, a fused light, shaked furniture, a clogged pipe, a broken-down vacuum cleaner, wives automatically assume ...~~

~~— my wife said to me: 'Darling, why don't you call someone in to look at the lawn mower?'~~

~~— which I have promised to get round to repairing one day.~~

~~To plead ignorance of a subject is no longer a wise precaution, for there are ...~~

Men, specially spend hours of their leisure time on do-it-yourself.

Some women assume that their husbands will somehow put things in straight.

I was left with bits of metal which did not seem to go anywhere.

As a matter of fact, our house is now surrounded by a jungle.