My fourth-grade son built an end table for me last week. He suprised me with it. I

think it was very sweet of him to buld it for me. It is the most elegant little table I had

ever own. I moved one of my other table out of the living room and repleced it with

new one. My daughtar commented that it didn’t match the furnicure in the living

room, but it looked fine for me. My neighbor mantioned that one of the legs of the

table was a little bit shorter than the other legs, but it looked great to me. My sister

remorked that there was a nail sticking out of the side of the table because it looked

okay to me I know the table has some imperfections, but my fourth-grade son built it,

and it looks perfect to me.