

# Mr. Bell's Fixit Shop



a Little Golden Book®

# Mr. Bell's Fixit Shop



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MR. BELL could fix almost anything. Broken locks, broken clocks, broken pans, broken fans, broken plates, broken skates—he could fix them all.



People smiled when they walked past his little shop and saw the sign in the window. It said:

**MR. BELL'S FIXIT SHOP  
I FIX EVERYTHING BUT BROKEN HEARTS**

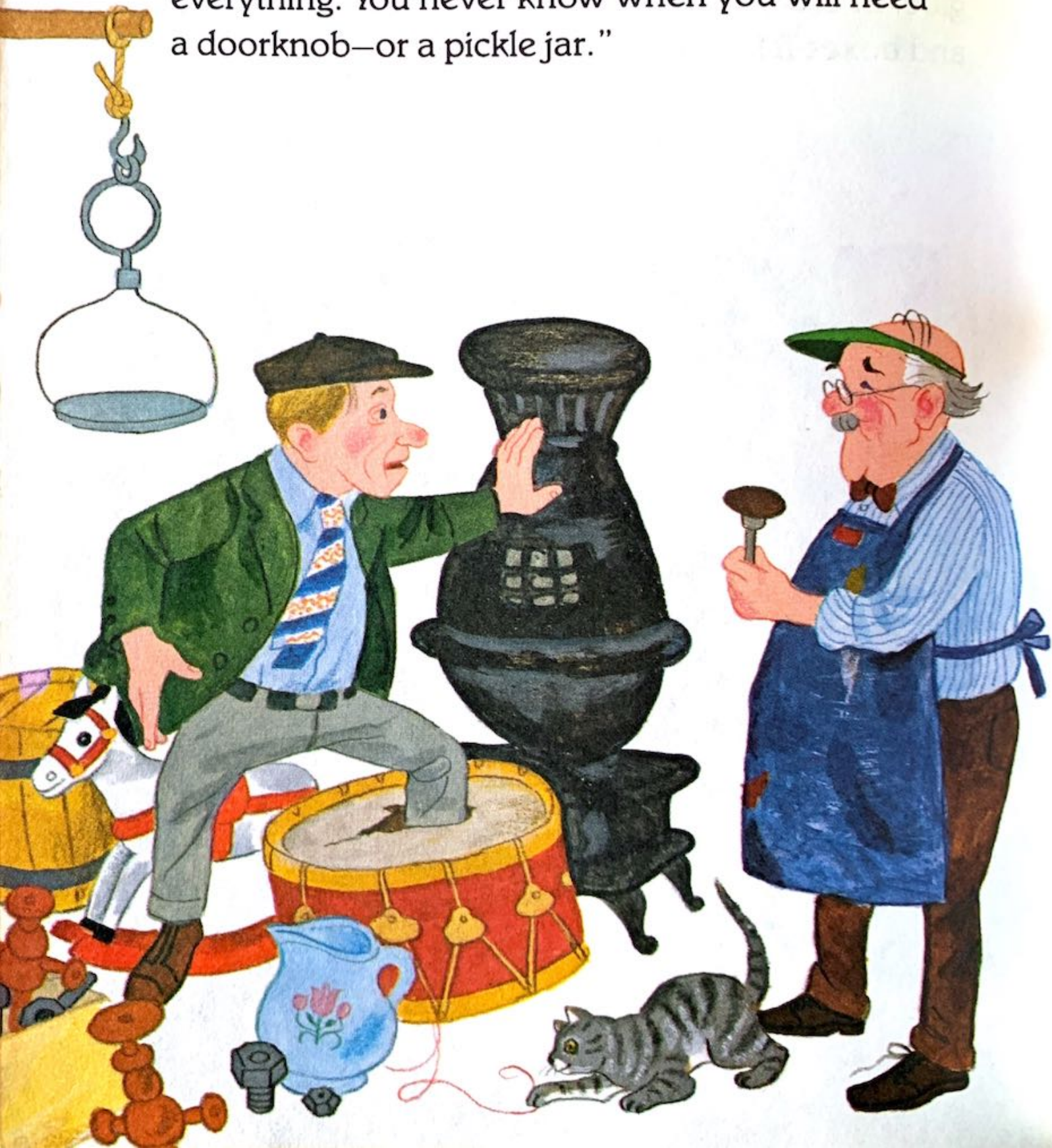


Mr. Bell did all his fixing in the back of his shop. At his workbench he kept tools and screws and nails and nuts and bolts. He had pots of paint and jars of glue. In every musty, dusty corner there were bins and boxes filled with odds and ends.



His friends told him that his shop was too messy. "Throw some things away!" they said.

But Mr. Bell said no. "There's a use for everything. You never know when you will need a doorknob—or a pickle jar."





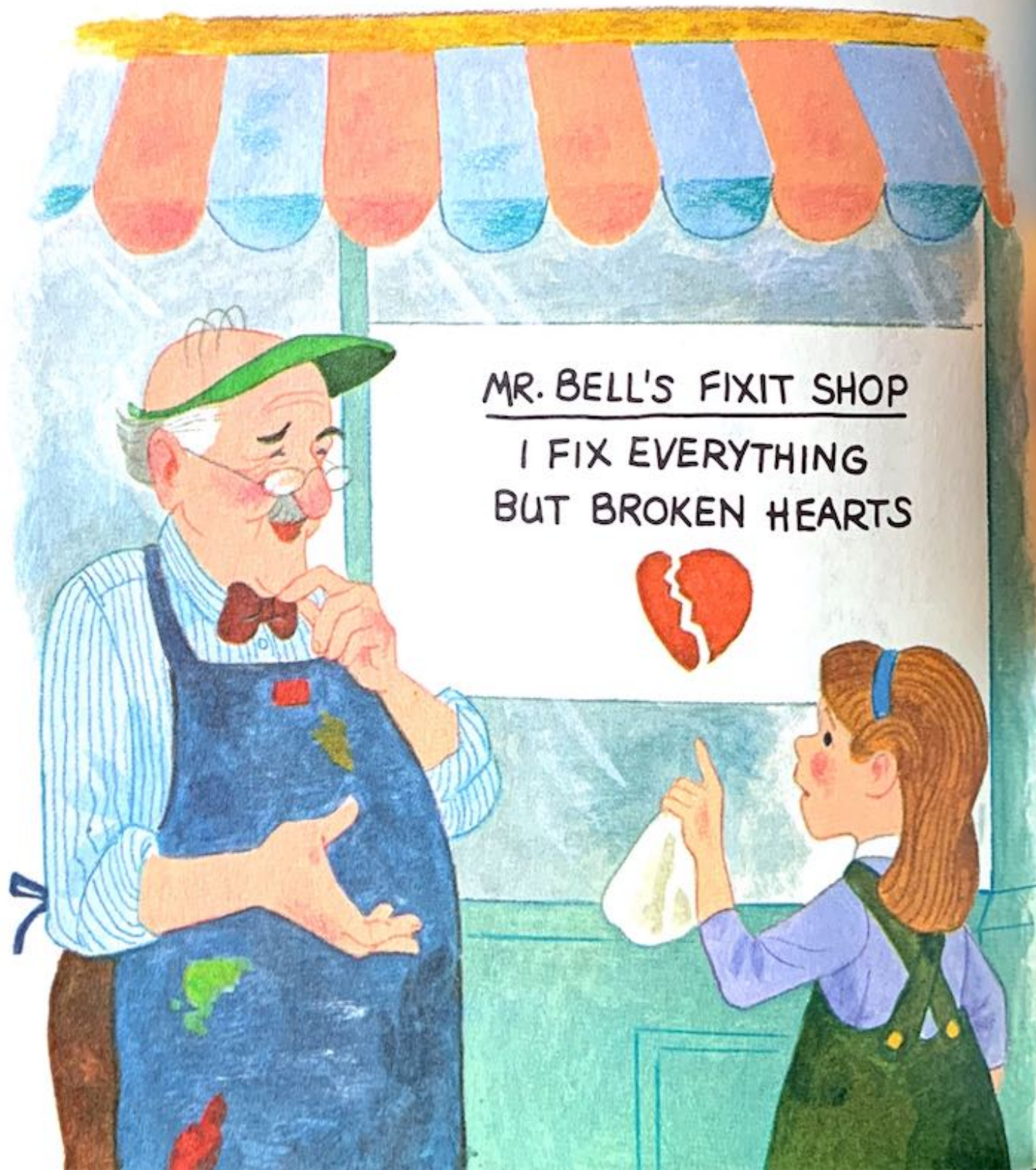
Jill, who lived nearby, loved to look around in Mr. Bell's shop. She came nearly every day after school.

"I want to have a fixit shop of my own when I grow up," she said. So Mr. Bell made her his special helper.

One afternoon, as Jill was helping Mr. Bell polish the front window, she asked, "What's a broken heart?"

"Well," said Mr. Bell, "when you feel so sad that you think you'll never be happy again, that's when you know your heart is broken."

"Gee," said Jill, "I hope I never have a broken heart."







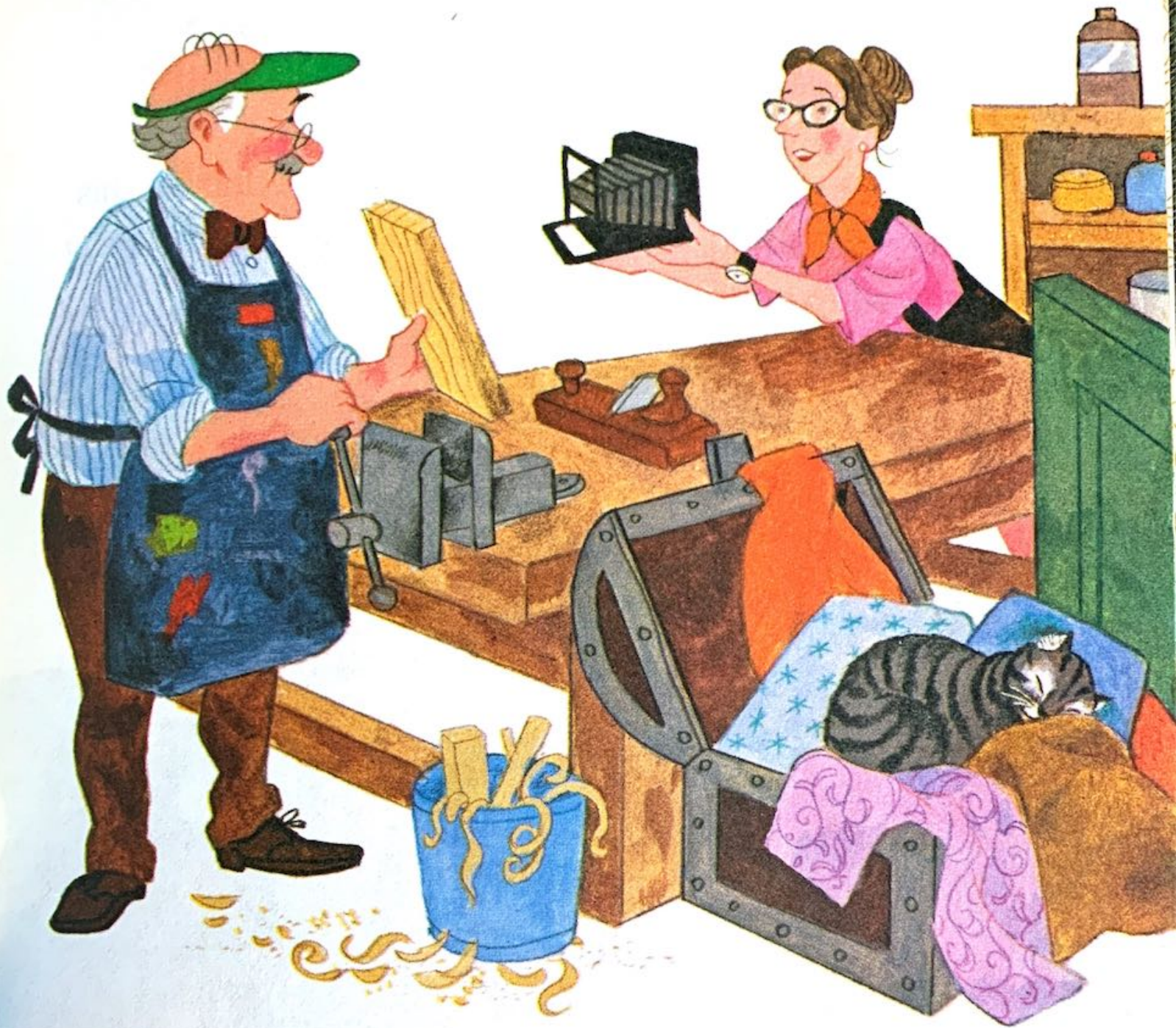
One day Mr. Bell was extra busy. Ben the barber had a radio that wouldn't play. "My customers miss the music," he said.

"Don't worry," said Mr. Bell. "I'll fix your radio as good as new!"

Otto the laundry man had an iron that wouldn't get hot. "What good are clean clothes if I can't iron them?" he asked.

"Don't worry," said Mr. Bell. "I'll fix that iron as good as new!"





Sarah Stevens had a camera that wouldn't click. "I'm going to Australia," she said. "It won't be any fun if I can't take pictures of the kangaroos."

"Don't worry," said Mr. Bell. "Your camera will be good as new in no time."

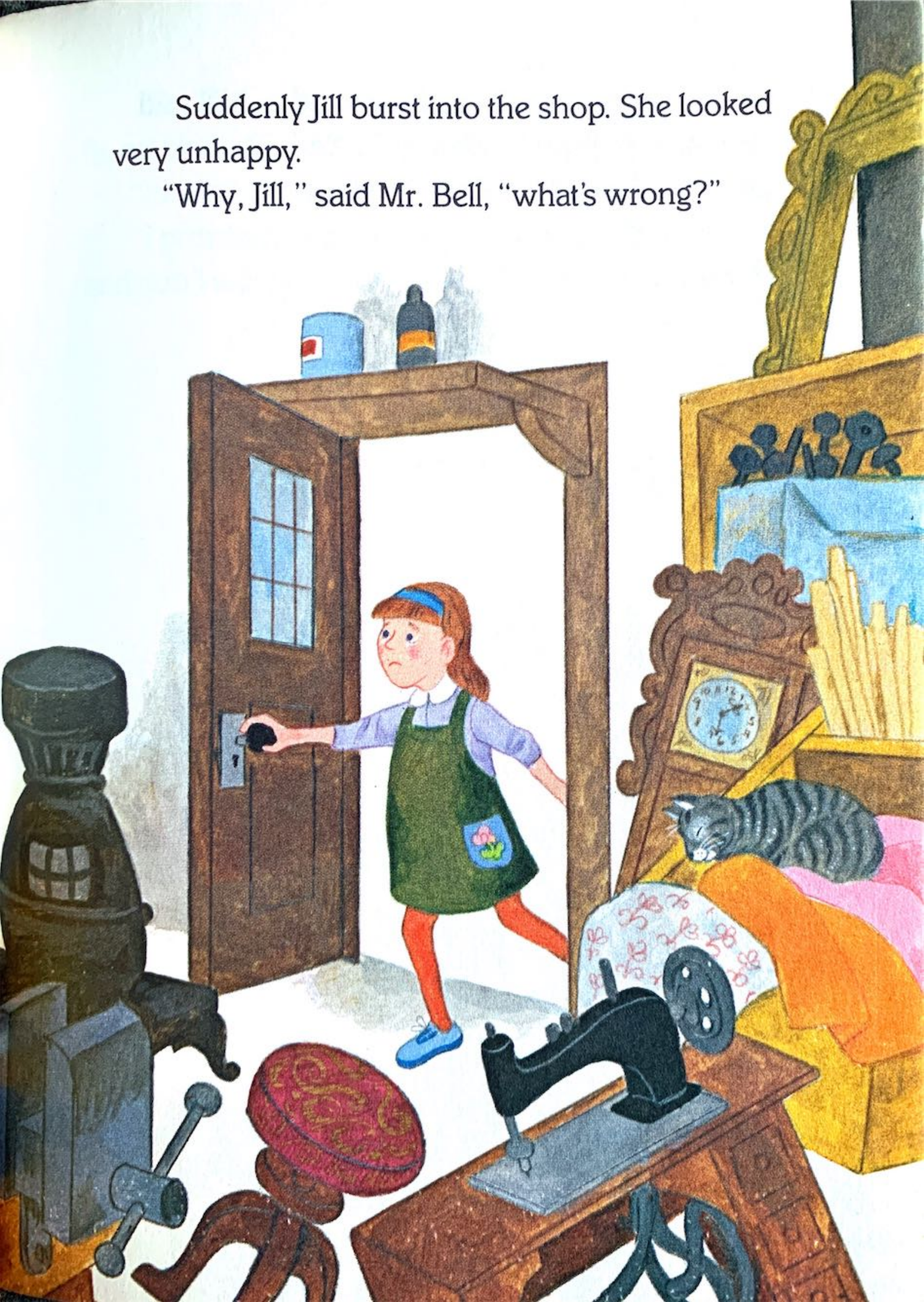
Mr. Bell spent all afternoon at his workbench. "I could certainly use Jill's help today," he thought. "I wonder where she is."

It was nearly suppertime when Mr. Bell finished his work. He was hungry. "It will be good to get home to my cabbage soup and roast beef," he said to himself.



Suddenly Jill burst into the shop. She looked very unhappy.

"Why, Jill," said Mr. Bell, "what's wrong?"



"I went to Grandma's house today," Jill said. "Her new puppy chewed up Rosie." She held up her doll. "Just look at her!" Jill started to cry.



Mr. Bell forgot about his supper. "Don't cry, Jill," he said. "I'll fix Rosie as good as new."

"Really?" asked Jill. She was still crying.

"I promise," said Mr. Bell. "You run along now, and don't worry about a thing. I'll see you tomorrow."





Mr. Bell took Rosie to his workbench. He found an old baseball bat. "It's a good thing I didn't throw this away," he said. He carved a new arm and a new leg for Rosie. He smoothed away all the splinters and painted and polished the wood.





“It’s a good thing I didn’t throw this away!” he said as he picked up an old lampshade. With scissors and glue, he turned fringes and tassels into beautiful new hair for Rosie. A blue ribbon that matched Rosie’s eyes became a big, bright bow for her new hair.

Mr. Bell even made Rosie a brand-new dress and shiny new shoes from scraps of gingham and satin.

Finally, he looked through his pots of paint until he found the color that was just right for a smile. With a little brush, he painted a cheery new smile on Rosie's face.



It was past his bedtime when Mr. Bell left the shop. As he rode home, he remembered his cabbage soup and roast beef.

"My supper will be very late tonight," he thought, "but it will taste extra good."



Next morning Jill was waiting for Mr. Bell when he came to open his shop.  
“Did you fix Rosie?” she asked.  
“See for yourself,” said Mr. Bell, smiling.  
“Come inside.”

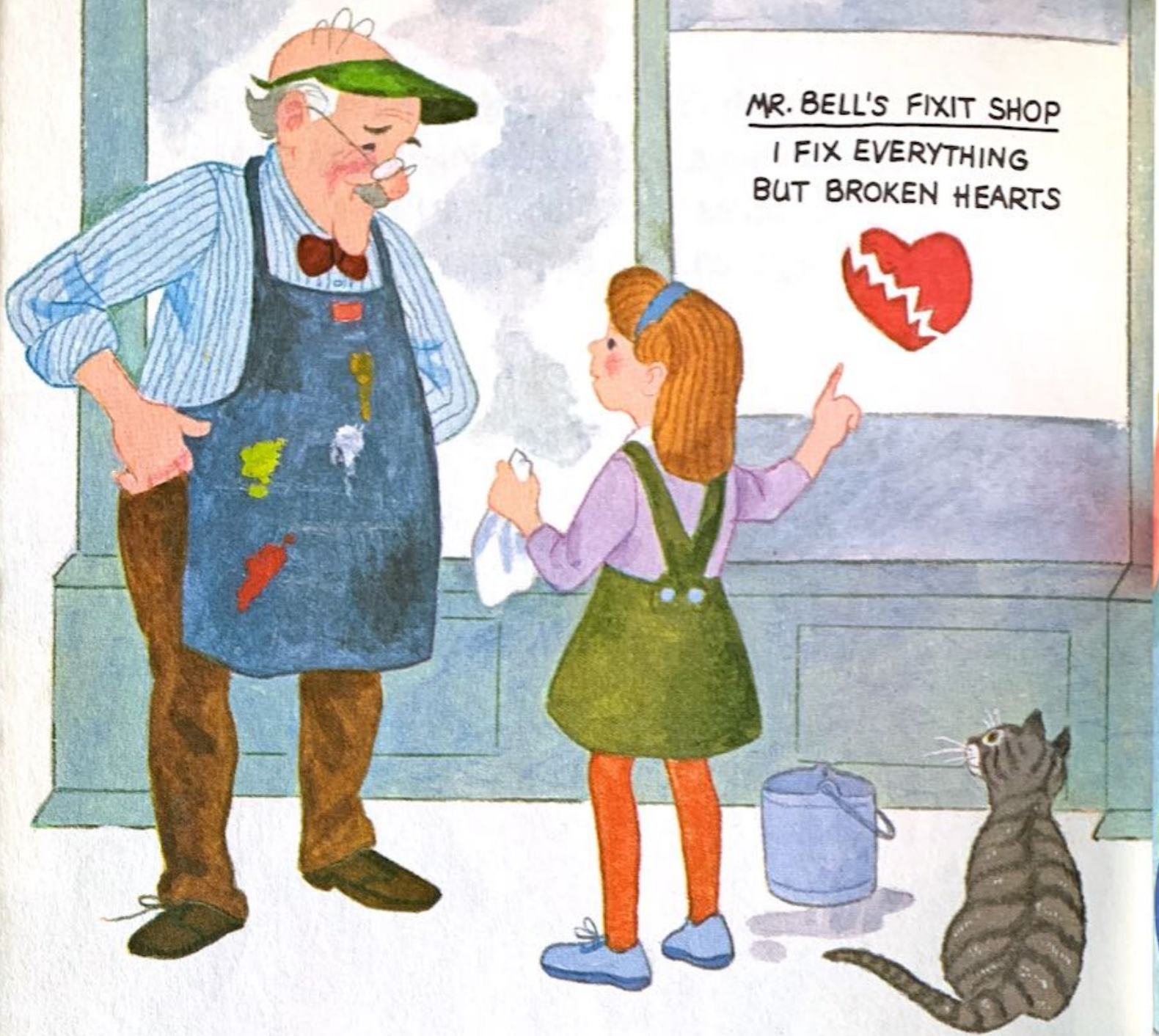


“Oh, Mr. Bell!” Jill exclaimed when she saw her doll. “She looks beautiful!”

“Good as new,” said Mr. Bell.

Jill gave him a big hug.





That afternoon, as Jill was helping polish the window, she said, "You know, Mr. Bell, there's something else I think you should fix."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Bell.

"This sign," Jill replied. "It says you can't fix broken hearts. But when you fixed Rosie, you fixed my broken heart, too."

People still smile when they walk past Mr. Bell's Fixit Shop and see the sign in front. But the sign is just a little different now. The crack in the heart has a bandage painted over it, and the words above it say:



MR. BELL'S FIXIT SHOP

I FIX EVERYTHING  
~~BUT~~ BROKEN HEARTS  
EVEN

