To say Jeff was down on his luck would have been a misstatement.
He would have had to have *some* luck to start with.
Let's start again…
Jeff was in a bad way.
Better…
He was down to his last penny. His rent was due on his ramshackle little cottage…
And his goose, Jenny—who laid him one large egg every morning and was the only reason he had anything to eat at all—needed feeding.
But there wasn't a scrap of food fit for man or goose in the house.
And you have to know that geese are not at all particular. In fact, they have been known to eat many things that a more discerning animal (ie. a pig) would turn their nose up at.
One day, poor Jeff was sitting on his front stoop, feeling more than a tad dejected at his circumstances. (see above)
Who's with me in thinking Jeff needs to do a little less sitting and *lamenting* and a little more *la*gettingupandfindingsomethingconstructivetodo?
Anyways…
He heard Jenny give her usual morning 'squawk', and he got up and went to Jenny's nesting box to get his once-a-day egg.
But the egg sitting there, though it was the correct size and shape, proved to be…inedible.
No amount of whacking would open it. Boiling did even less to help.
In consternation, Jeff turned and threw what should have been his breakfast at the wall.
Just as his landlord—let's call him Sam—walked in.
Okay, this is highly improbable.
I mean, the guy didn't even knock.
But I digress…
The wretched egg rolled to Sam's feet and stopped.
Sam blinked a couple of times, then slowly stooped and picked it up. "Um…Jeff?"
Jeff just glared at him.
"Where did you get a lump of gold?"
It was Jeff's turn to blink. Gold? The egg was gold? Fortunately, he wasn't quite as mentally slow as the beginning of the story would suggest. "Oh, I've been saving it," he said, casually, reaching for the egg.
"For today!" Sam said, holding the egg just out of Jeff's reach.
Jeff looked at his landlord, his mind working busily. "Well…I couldn't just hand you a lump of gold," he said slowly. "I was about to…go into town and sell it to the…erm…man that buys gold."
"I'll take you!" Sam said.
Fortunately, Sam was an honest man and, after the local banker happily changed Jeff's gold into filthy lucre, Sam took only what he was owed.
And that left Jeff with…extra.
Which he immediately spent on such luxuries as: food.
With a heaping helping of corn for she-who-had-gotten-him-out-of-this-mess.
Later, Jeff again was sitting out on his stoop.
But what a difference from only yesterday!
With a full belly and a month's lease paid on his lodgings, Jeff was experiencing a new and strange sensation.

Happiness.
A feeling that increased exponentially over the next weeks as Jenny daily continued to turn corn into gold.
So to speak.
As his wealth increased, so did Jeff's holdings.
Soon his little shack was replaced by a large and fairly grand house.
His larder was full.
He was able to hire a housekeeper who cooked and cleaned.
A boy to do chores.
And a gardener to, you know, garden.
And, instead of Shank's Pony, he had a real horse to ride.
Imagine.
And all of it due to Jenny.
And her oh-so-special eggs.
This went on for some time.
After a year or so, Jeff started to slide into familiar territory.
Dissatisfaction.
As Jeff's wealth grew, so did Jeff's desires.
No longer was he satisfied with his three servants and a horse to ride. He wanted a houseful of servants—he would have to get a bigger house—and more gardens. A coach. And a bigger closet so he could buy more clothes. And…
I know what you're thinking.
'Jeff, you dumb-dumb! Why are you such an…erm…dumb-dumb?!'
Okay, you're probably thinking better and more descriptive terms.
But I wander…
At first, he just started to, you know, *suggest* things to Jenny. Like, "Jen, my girl. Why don't you lay more than one egg a day?" – or – "Jen, you have to up your game."
This moved on to, "Jen, you silly goose! Lay more eggs, for Pete's sake!!"
And finally, "JENNY! DO BETTER!!"
Or something similar…
But Jenny, she of the steady work ethic, continued producing one-golden-egg-a-day.
And as Jeff's worth continued to rise, so did his dissatisfaction.
One day, fed up at last with Jenny's disregard of Jeff's greed, and thinking he could just get all the eggs if he overtook fabrication, Jeff went to her and said, "Jenny, you are failing to grow the production end of our business. And everyone knows that when production doesn't keep up with demand, heads roll!"
And that's exactly what happened.
Moments later, Jeff was eagerly cutting open his goose.
I'm sure you know what he found there. Nothing.
Not one single golden egg.
Just regular goose innards.
Jenny had given him one last gift.
A goose dinner.
What do we learn from this?
Greed gets goose guts?
Ewww…

Impatience is imprudent?...impractical?...injudicious?...irresponsible?...ill-advised?
Better…
And a little gratitude goes a looong way.