

## Wood by Xanthe



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“Tony – my place, 10 pm. Woodworking lesson.”

Tony glanced around the squad room in panic. Much as he loved Gibbs, the idea of spending the evening sanding down that old boat of his didn’t sound very appealing.

“Uh...um...10 pm? Isn’t that kinda late for a lesson on building boats, Boss?”

Gibbs glared at him.

“Just...I’m tired, and...”

Gibbs slapped him on the back of the head.

“Woodworking lesson, my place, 10 pm,” he repeated irascibly.

Tony rubbed his head, and then he gave a wide grin. “Oh!!! Right! WOODworking lesson. Your place. 10 pm. I am SO on that, Boss!”

Gibbs was in the basement when Tony arrived with the beer and his best smile.

"You're late. Get down here, and start working on this wood, DiNozzo," Gibbs ordered, pointing.

"Sorry, stopped off for beer along the way. See you've started without me." Tony leered at Gibbs appreciatively.

Gibbs grinned at him wolfishly and took the offered beer as Tony stripped off his jacket and turned back to start work. He eagerly grabbed hold of the wood Gibbs had got ready for him.

"Gently!" Gibbs ordered. "You've gotta go with the plane of the wood. Like this...see..."

"Oh yeah! I see!" Tony grinned.

"That's it! Nice, even strokes...keep your hand steady."

"Oh man...I never knew woodworking could be so much fun." Tony kept up a steady, even rhythm.

Gibbs winked. "Trick is only to work with the best kind of wood, Tony."

Tony leaned in close and examined the wood with something approaching reverence. "Oh, I'd only ever want to work on your wood, Boss."

"Glad to hear it, boy, because I don't give these lessons to anyone but you."

"Appreciate that, Boss."

Gibbs's forehead was a tad sweaty and his eyes were gleaming. "Think you're gonna need a few more lessons though...just to be sure you've got it right."

Tony laughed. "Oh, I'm fairly sure this is going to be a lifelong study, Boss."

"Glad to hear it. Woodwork is a serious craft...and I hate shoddy workmanship."

"Oh me too! And I hope you know I would never give less than my best to your wood, Boss."

Gibbs grinned. "Hope you brought me some wood of your own to work on later?"

"Oh yeah. I always come prepared, Boss."

The lesson ended, abruptly, as Gibbs's woodworking lessons tended to do.

Tony raised an eyebrow. "That was quicker than usual, Boss."

“Well, you’re getting better at it. Getting the job done faster.”

Tony laughed out loud and leaned in close. “I’ve got some lessons of my own I’d like to give, Boss, if you’re up for that.”

“Always happy to learn new things, Tony.”

“Well, as you know, I like to do impressions of famous movie stars – Sean Connery, Jack Nicholson...and it’s not as easy as it looks. It takes a certain trick of relaxing the throat muscles...a certain way of moving the tongue... Thought I could teach you how to do that, Boss.”

Gibbs gave an appreciative chuckle. “Sounds like fun, Tony. Let’s get started!”

**The End**

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