The Labors of Heracles

My little sister was running around the house like a Nemean lion. She was kicking a soccer ball, jumping over the furniture, and throwing cushions everywhere. Bam! She kicked the soccer ball again. Smash! It hit mom's favorite vase. Much to my delight, she was in trouble! She looked at me with watery eyes, "Please! Don't tell mom!"

"I won't," I said, "If you do three things for me."

"Ok," she said, "I'll do anything."