There once was a clever inventor, who lived on a rather desolate island called the Isle of Mull. Unbeknown to many, this man was a genius and very highly thought of by his inquisitive niece. She loved to hear tales of his projects, her favourite one being the 'shirt machine'. One day, she had the chance to sit with her adoring Uncle and ask him all about it...

"Uncle, when did you first have the idea for the shirt machine?" she asked, her curiosity burning inside her.
The wise man looked at his niece, with a twinkle in his eye, and replied, in a thick Scottish accent, "The day I realised I missed having to wear a shirt to work."
Furrowing her brow, the girl looked confused. She continued, "But you don't work in an office. Well, not a normal one. You work in your shed with your machines, so why would you want to wear a shirt?"
"Oh my dear, wearing a shirt can make all the difference to one's day! You can stand a little taller, walk a little prouder and feel a little smarter. However, it is true, one should not be judged upon appearance." Her Uncle gestured towards his shabby old overalls and tool belt, implying that his clothing did not match what was inside of him. The girl knew this all too well, as first impressions would suggest her Uncle was a poor, dishevelled man. In actual fact, he had made enough money from his shirt machine to buy a thousand new suits and expensive leather shoes to match.