

Of Laughter and Money

“Hi Marilyn!” the Sandman called from far away. “How is it going?”

“Daddy says that it’s going well but coming badly. I think he means money.”

“I know, I know,” the Sandman replied and sat cross-legged next to Marilyn. “They say that money itself doesn’t matter; what matters is how much you have it. I know a man who has so much money that he can jump in it, like in the snow.”

“Now you’re talking gibberish again,” Marilyn laughed.

“No, I mean it,” the Sandman said, looking serious. “He really does jump inside money. He has a separate room for it, full of bank notes up to his chest. That’s where he goes jumping. He himself says that it helps him release tensions. And his wife jumps and his chil-

dren jump and even their cat jumps. They are a kind of jumping family, you know.”



“Oh, I would love to jump like this as well,” Marilyn sighed.

“Recently I went to a country where they had so much money that they used to burn it in the furnace,” the Sandman continued. “All central heating furnaces worked with money and there were rolls of paper notes in toilets.”

“But what did people use to pay in shops then if they used money for heating?” Marilyn asked.

“Smiles,” the Sandman replied. “You could get quite a lot for a smile. If you wanted something bigger, like a TV or a car, then you had to laugh.



After having watched all those laughing people in front of a counter in a shop, I was laughing myself silly on the floor. Then they gave me so much stuff that I can become a Santa Claus now.” The Sandman lifted his sand sack and walked to and fro on the bed. “So what do you think? Do I look like a Santa Claus?”

“You are too small,” Marilyn figured. “But tell me more about his money land!”

“Well, they also held laugh festivals – like our song festivals. When all the hundred thousand people burst into laughter all together, money started coming down from the sky. There was so much money that people were stumbling in money. The children threw money balls at each other and tucked money inside each other’s’ collars. There were always a lot of money cleaning vehicles and ambulance cars in laugh festivals.”

“Why ambulance cars?” Marilyn wondered.

“Well, this was because many people laughed so hard that they got a stomach ache or a headache. Some even got laughter cramps and some couldn’t stop at all. The edges of laugh festival grounds were full of toilets because people laughed so hard they peed their pants. They held cackling competitions behind the song arch and the person who could cackle the longest received a fart bag as a prize.”

“Listen, Sandman, this is the worst rubbish I’ve heard you speak.”

“What do you mean!” the Sandman rolled his eyes. “I’m

telling the truth here! I saw it with my own eyes!”

Marilyn twisted and twirled from one side to the other but couldn't get comfortable for some reason. “Now, I can't fall asleep because of you!”

“But try smiling, then you'll get beautiful dreams!” the Sandman suggested.

Marilyn smiled and indeed – she fell asleep. And dreamed beautiful dreams.

