

## Of Sayings

“Hey Marilyn!” the Sandman cried from far away.

“Hey Sandman!” Marilyn replied happily. “How are you today?”

“I’m good,” the Sandman said and sat down. “I was looking into different sayings today, by the way.”

“Sayings?” Marilyn asked.

“Yes, sayings,” You know, there are so many wonderful sayings! For instance, the brave wolf’s chest is full of bullets.”

“What was that again?” Marilyn laughed. “I don’t think this is how it goes. I thought that the brave wolf’s chest was supposed to be fat.”

“Well, I couldn’t remember all of them, could I?” the Sandman apologized. “I remembered the important seed of wisdom of each one. Listen to that: he who laughs last doesn’t get the joke.”

“Oh, Sandman,” Marilyn shook her head. “You have invented at least half of it yourself. This way they aren’t good sayings anymore.”

“How come?” the Sandman argued. “It’s the point that matters, isn’t it?”

“Yes, but you are also twisting the point. Alright, let it

be. Is there anything else you can remember?”

“Sure,” the Sandman said and lifted his finger, looking all important. “The giver is left with the middle finger.”

“Where did this come from?” Marilyn asked.

“Once when a strange man took away my sand sack in the park, I asked him what he was going to give me in return. Then he showed me the middle finger.”

“Alright then,” Marilyn agreed. “Tell me another one!”

“He who is patient will be patient for a long time,” the Sandman said.

“Oh no, Sandman,” Marilyn shook her head. “He who is patient will live a long life. That’s how it goes.”

“Well,” the Sandman argued. “If you keep on being patient and keep living at the same time, then you will also be patient for a long time. Right? And anyway, what kind of a



life would that be?”

“You know, you just might be right,” Marilyn said, after having given it some thought. “Once at the cinema I was patient for almost two episodes and in the end I peed my pants anyway. If I’d been patient and held on for even longer, I might have exploded and not lived long at all.”

“Why didn’t you go to the toilet then?” the Sandman asked.

“How can you go to the toilet if you are sitting between two ladies who are as big as balloons and looking at you fidgeting in such a way that it gives you the creeps? Should I have said “Excuse me Mrs. Balloon, could you roll in the aisle for a minute as I need to go and pee?” If she had managed to get into the aisle, she would have dragged half of the row full of people with her, like a snow plough.”

“Oh yes,” the Sandman could imagine it all very clearly. “The saying should go “he who is patient will wet his pants.”

“That sounds better,” Marilyn figured. “Maybe they didn’t have cinemas back then when they came up with this saying...”

“Hey, Marilyn, but what about this one: morning is more stupid than evening.”

“No, Sandman, it’s the other way around – morning is wiser than evening.”

“How come?” the Sandman wondered. “You have to be really dumb if you don’t learn anything during the day and



feel more stupid in the evening than in the morning!”

“That’s true,” Marilyn thought. “If I’m more stupid in the evening than I was in the morning, then I will be completely stupid in no time. There is something not quite right here.”

“Oh yes, there is,” the Sandman assured. “In a couple of years you would be so stupid one evening that you couldn’t even remember your own name.” They both gave it some thought and soon enough they couldn’t keep their eyes open any more. So they fell asleep together and the Sandman couldn’t go to work this night at all. But work is not a rabbit that runs away.

**THE END**