

Bol raz jeden človek. Bol celkom nahý,
chodil za svojím nosom a pískal si
stále tú istú pieseň. Ale keď ho voľakto stretol,
hneď sa ho opýtal:

„A prečo sa neoblečieš?“

„Nikdy mi to nenapadlo,“ odvetil človek.

„A kam ideš?“ pýtali sa ho.

„Neviem,“ povedal človek.

„A prečo si píškaš stále tú istú pieseň?“

vypytovali sa znova a znova.

„Nikdy som o tom nepremýšľal,“

hovoril človek.

A pískal si ďalej.



ONCE THERE WAS A MAN. HE WAS COMPLETELY NAKED
AND WALKED ANYWHERE HIS NOSE LED HIM. HE ALWAYS PLAYED
THE SAME TUNE ON HIS PIPE. / WHEN ANYBODY MET HIM, THEY
IMMEDIATELY ASKED: / "WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME CLOTHES?"
/ "NEVER THOUGHT OF IT," HE WOULD REPLY. / "AND WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?" THEY ASKED HIM. / "I HAVE NO IDEA," SAID THE
MAN. / "AND WHY HAVE YOU BEEN PIPING THE SAME TUNE ALL
THE TIME?" THEY ASKED HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN. / "I DO NOT
KNOW," THE MAN TOLD THEM. / AND HE KEPT ON PIPING.

