**MY STORY**

Once upon a time, I was 23-years old and still a lad. I had just finished university **[CLICK]** and had moved to a small town as a beginning teacher. The students liked me; but, we would always joke with each other. Our conversations would go something like this...

S: “Sir, what’s up?”

T: “Nothing!”

S: “Sir, last night we saw you in the town”

T: “Really?”

**[CLICK]**

S: “Yes, you were in a pub and you were very drunk.”

T: “You must be joking, it wasn’t me. Are we clear?”

S: “Of course, sir. It’s clear!“

T: “Class, you know what, even I was young and stupid once. Just remember that!”

One time the students asked “Sir, can you be a slave for a day? **[CLICK]** We’re fundraising for the school.” I didn’t think there would be any harm in this, so I replied “Yes, I will.” The next week, one colleague **[CLICK]** was made to dance at a school assembly dressed in a ballerina’s tutu with carefully-applied makeup. So, I became a little worried about my task. A month later I was informed that it was my turn so I went to the school farm. It seemed like the whole school was awaiting my arrival. **[CLICK]** When I arrived, I saw a cow, a bucket filled with water and soap and a long glove. I asked myself: “My God, what now?” My colleague said “OK, we want to know whether our cow is pregnant or otherwise. So, please tell us!” Well, I didn’t know what to think, but I remembered what I’d learnt from watching veterinary TV shows. **[CLICK]** Therefore, I put-on the glove whilst my colleague held the cow’s tail. The next thing I remember was that my hand was warm and the cow appeared to be quite happy. **[CLICK]** And to this day I’m still not sure whether the cow was pregnant or not. And the moral of the story is “If you’re hands are cold, make sure a friendly cow is close to hand.”

**MOJA PRIČA**

Jednom davno, imao sam 23 godine i bio pravi momak. Upravo sam završio fakultet **[CLICK]**

i preselio se u mali grad kao učitelj početnik. Đaci su me voleli, ali uvek smo se i šalili. Naš razgovori su izgledali ovako...

Đ: „Profesore, šta ima? đe si?“

P: „Nema ništa.“

Đ: „Profesore, sinoć smo vas videli u gradu.“

P: „Zaista?“

**[CLICK]**

Đ: „Pa da, bili ste u kafani i bili ste mnogo pijani!"

P: „Mora da se šalite, to nisam bio ja. Jasno?"

Đ: „Naravno, profesor, da je jasno!“

P: „Đaci, znate šta, čak sam i ja jednom bio mlad i lud.“

Jednog dana su me đaci pitali „Profesore, možete li nam pomoći i biti rob za jedan dan?

**[CLICK]** Prikupljamo priloge za školu.“ Nisam mislio da može biti nešto loše u tome, pa sam rekao „Može“. Sledeće nedelje je jedan od kolega **[CLICK]** morao nositi haljinu balerine i šminku. Počeo sam malo da brinem o mom zadatku. Mesec kasnije sam saznao da je red na mene i otišao sam na školsku farmu. Izgledalo je da je cela škola čekala moj dolazak. **[CLICK]** Tamo sam video jednu kravu, kantu sa sapunjavom vodom i veliku rukavicu. Pitao sam se „Bože moj, šta sad?“ Moj kolega je rekao „U redu, želimo da znamo da li je naša krava trudna. Recite nam!“ Nisam znao šta da mislim, ali setio sam se šta sam gledao na TV u emisijama o veterinarstvu. **[CLICK]** Znači, stavio sam rukavicu dok je moj kolega držao kravin rep. Sledeća stvar koje se sećam je da je moja ruka bila topla, a krava je izgledala srećna. **[CLICK]** Do današnjeg dana, još uvek nisam siguran da li je krava bila trudna ili ne. Poenta ove priče je da „ako su vam ruke hladne, uverite se da li je prijateljska krava pri ruci.“