

Pickpocket Paul and Bag Thief Brad



„Where were you so long?“ Marilyn asked from the Sandman.

„I was working, you know, what else,“ answered the Sandman, slightly tired.

„I have to be asleep by nine, don't you know?“ Marilyn scalded the Sandman.

„Are you saying that now I will always have to make up betimes stories for you for free?“ the Sandman was grumpy.

„No, dear Sandman,“ Marilyn gave the little man a hug. „I can stroke your head for that.“

„Alright, but stroke it a few times then,“ the Sandman demanded.

„Okay,“ Marilyn agreed and stroked the Sandman's hair. She stroked and stroked until she started to hear quiet snoring. She poked the Sandman in the ribs with her finger:

„Hey, this doesn't work! You were supposed to help me fall asleep, not the other way around!“

„Oh yes,“ the Sandman mumbled sleepily, supported his head with his arm, looked into the distance for a while and then started his second made up story:

„Once upon a time, there lived a pickpocket Paul. Külli plagued constantly fearful urge to steal from the pockets. At night, he would sneak into

other people's homes and used his scissors to cut the pockets off trousers and jackets, coats and shirts. All the things that were inside the pockets, Paul put nicely on the table. Next to the things he placed some thread and a needle, so that people would be able to sew new pockets to their clothes. He put the pockets into his black leather sack and ran home in the protection of the night darkness.



At home, Paul attached the pockets to the wall using pins and looked at them imploringly for long. All the walls in Paul's home were full of pockets. He was one of the most capable pick-pockets in the town, or so they said.

„Why do you need so many pockets?“ the

Bag Thief Brad once asked him.

„And why do you need so many bags?“ Paul replied with a question.

As it was, Brad collected bags. He was also only interested in the bags, not what was in the bags.

„I collect bags so that I can look at them,“ replied Brad. „People collect stamps and coins, and the matchbox labels and... All sorts of things.“

„Yes, Yes, Yes,“ Paul agreed. „It's a great hobby! Isn't it?“

„Yes, it is!“ Brad enthusiastically agreed. To him, it was not enough to hang the bags on the wall of his room, his bags already hung in the attic and even cellar.

So Paul and Brad collected pockets and bags until one fine day, a policeman, Priit, knocked on their door.

„Now get your things together and we're going to go to jail!“ said the policeman, Priit.

„Why to jail?“ asked Paul and Brad. „We are honest pocket and bag collectors!“

„Because,“ answered the policeman Priit, „a lot of people are no longer able to put their hands in their pockets nor things in the bag! That's why you need punishment.“



Paul and Brad thought about it a little and found that the policeman Priit's explanation made sense and went to jail.

In jail, they showed very good morals themselves as human beings, and, finally, they were allowed to work.

Paul and Brad both agreed to work in a sewing workshop. There, they began to sew pockets and bags with unprecedented eagerness.

They had sewn so many pockets and bags that there was nowhere to put them. Paul and Brad were pretty happy about it.

„Now it's time to go home!“ said the prison warden one morning to Paul and Brad. „You have served your punishment.“

The men did not believe their ears.

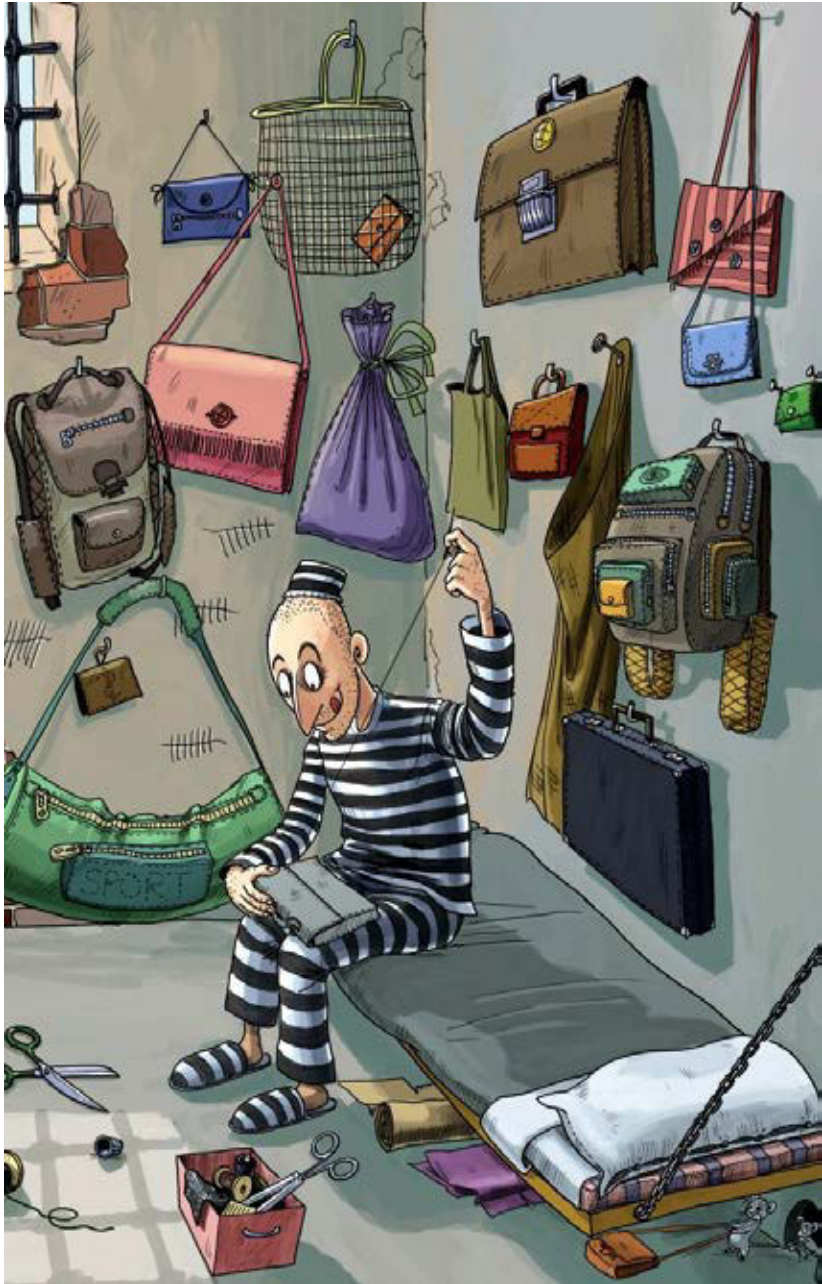
„How home?“ they asked the prison warden.

„Just like that,“ replied the warden, „home and that's it. „

So Paul and Brad went home, sat down and started to think what to do next. If you steal pockets and bags then you go to prison. However, if you sew pockets and bags then you get thrown out of the prison.

They needed a new hobby.

„Let's leave the pockets and the bags?“ Paul



had an idea. „And let's collect what's in the pockets and the bags?“

„Indeed,“ Brad agreed. „See, even prison teaches something.“

So Paul and Brad started to empty the pockets and bags. People lost a lot of things but at least they could enjoy putting their hands into their pockets and things into their bags.

The Sandman looked up to the ceiling smugly and thought he can finish with that. But Marilyn asked:

„But what happened to the policeman Priit?“

The Sandman scratched the back of his head and then continued:

„The policeman Priit eventually married Rita, a member of the parliament, who collected members to the parliament.

The policeman Priit didn't think that was a very moral activity, but he did not want to put Rita into prison. Also, imagine what would happen if Rita had started to make members of the parliament in prison?

Anyway, Rita was now Priit's wife and how do you imprison your own wife?“

The Sandman felt that his thought is not working very well and looked towards little Mari-

lyn with hope – Luckily Marilyn had fallen asleep.

„So good that she doesn't hear all my crazy fabrications,“ the Sandman was content. He sprinkled another handful of unused sleep sand back in the bag and thought about bag thief Brad for a moment:

„Good that Brad doesn't collect bags any more.“

Then he had a scary thought and put his hands in his pockets. The pockets were gone! Someone had cut off his pockets! He sat sadly back on the bed and realised: Paul had returned to his old habit!