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*Saint Peter and Saint Paul*

**THOSE WERE THE DAYS!!!**

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Ever since they were children Peter and Paul had sworn a pact of everlasting friendship.

When they retired they went out every morning to sit in the sun, nicely covered with their blankets so as not to catch cold.

They were a little sad because no one went to see them and only the pleasure of their friendship and telling each other stories consoled them. One of them always began with the same words:

### **THOSE WERE THE DAYS!!!**

Peter, who had been a fisherman, always told the same story.

“Paul, have I told you what happened last summer? I hadn’t caught so much as a shrimp for three days when that wise man, who knew everything, appeared. He came on board my boat and told me to cast the nets again and I said no.”

Paul interrupted him. “You always say no to everything.”

"No, I never do."

"Well, you've just done it," Paul said.

"Nooo, ah, well all right, but I correct myself afterwards." - Peter made this excuse and went on with his story.

"So, as I was saying, that day I cast the nets one last time and they were full of fish, as if by magic! I made so much money that afterwards I started working in the building trade. And look, in the end I was awarded the key to the city!"

"Those were the days!" - said Paul and he began telling his story.

"I don't know if I've ever told you what happened that day. I was on my horse riding through the woods, when suddenly I saw a blinding light coming from the sky. I thought that it might be a UFO and I fell off my horse; ooh, it hurt! My face was totally scratched, and in those days I didn't have a beard to protect me, but the worst thing is that I was blinded by the light."

"Well, well," answered Peter, "all the things you would have missed. Jesus, Jesus, the things we've seen!"

"Yes, you're right, but let me tell you how it ended," Paul continued.

"I thought that I would be blind forever when that wise man appeared and he said to me, 'Put camomile on your eyes and after three days you will have regained your sight.' And, indeed, that's what happened. As you know, after I was in charge of advertising for that man's company. Look, I've still got the golden sword of Cannes that I won with my phrase 'The new man is born'."

The two men looked towards the horizon and a long silence fell. Until Peter said:

"After everything we've been, to find ourselves here with these blankets in the afternoon sun is a terrible shame."

"But we should be happy today. It's our saint's day! Give me your hand and let us once again seal our pact of friendship for another hundred years."

Paul was saying this when Peter said, "No, no, it can't be."

"What can't it be? Are you denying everything again? Of course it's our saint's day, it's always the same day."

“No, no, it’s not that. Look, we have visitors; at last our grandchildren are coming to see us!”

“It’s true, it’s our grandchildren!”

And they let go one another’s hands and ran to hug their grandchildren.