

PODJELJENI ČOVJEK

Mehaničar Tito iz gradića Vlasenica u Bosni, zaposlen u Fabrici za Sušenje gušćijih pera, dvadeset godina zaredom je proglašavan uzornim radnikom. A onda mu je žena Roza iznenada umrla. Neki tvrde da se objesila kada je otkrila da joj umjesto dlaka na nogama raste gušćije perje. Ljudi svašta pričaju.

Nedugo potom Tito je naprasno otkrio ljepotu kafane i noćnog nespavanja pa je sve kasnije odlazio na posao i sve se ranije vraćao sa posla. Kako je to dugo potrajalo, plašio se da će jednoga dana sam sebe sresti na kapiji Fabrike. Tako se upravo i desilo jednog Decembra.

“Đubre jedno neradničko, zar sada dolaziš na posao? Kako te nije stid svih onih nagrada koje si do sada dobijao” –viknuo je onaj Tito što je izlazio iz Fabrike.

“Crkni radnička klaso”- odbrusio mu je onaj Tito koji je upravo ulazio u fabriku tek da pokupi svoju platu i vrati se u kafanu. Ponekad bi se nakratko u prolazu sretali u kući kad bi jedan Tito odlazio na posao a drugi Tito se vraćao iz kafane.

Sreli bi se samo nedjeljom na groblju kad bi obojica odlazili da zapale svijeću na Rozinom grobu. Kad bi im se pogledi slučajno sreli nisu znali da li da se zagrlje ili da potegnu noževe. Tako bi obojica gledali u nebo gledajući kako kroz oblake lete jata divljih gusaka.

“ Uh, koja šteta,” primjetio bi jedan Tito, “koliko ce nam samo perja odletjeti”.

“ Crkni radnička klaso “- odvratio bi drugi Tito, gledajući preko njega u neonski znak njegove omiljene kafane “*Pečena Guska*”.

Nasmiješio se primjećujući kako onome drugom Titu kosa sve više podsjeća na gušćije perje.

Ljudi tvrde kako se kasnije više nikada nisu sretali.

Ljudi svašta pričaju.

A DIVIDED MAN

For twenty years in a row the mechanic Tito from the town of Vlasenica in Bosnia had been named the best worker in the Goose Feathers factory. Then his wife Rosa suddenly died. Some people say that she hung herself when she found out that, instead of hair, goose feathers began growing on her legs. People just talk.

After that Tito discovered nightlife and started leaving for work later and coming home earlier every day. His workday became increasingly shorter and shorter. He became increasingly afraid that one day he will meet himself at the factory gate. One day in December this is exactly what happened.

“You good-for-nothing bastard. You’re late again. Aren’t you ashamed of all the medals you won over the years”, asked the Tito who was leaving the factory.

“Death to the working class”, replied the other Tito, who kept coming to the factory just to collect his pay cheque and return to the pub. For a while they also kept meeting at the house, but stopped because the working-class Tito would leave for work just before the other Tito would return from the pub.

From then on they’d only meet on Sundays, when both of them would come to the cemetery to light a candle on Rosa’s grave. When their eyes accidentally met, they weren’t sure whether to hug each other or to pull out knives. One Sunday in December the working-class Tito watched flocks of wild geese flying away and remarked,

“Oooh, look how many feathers the factory’s going to lose!”

“Death to the working class”, commented the lazy Tito, watching the neon sign of his favourite pub, “The Cooked Goose”. He smiled when he noticed that the other Tito’s hair had begun to resemble goose feathers.

People say that they never met again.

People just talk.