

**READY WITH YOUR GUN?
(Short tale of an artilleryman)**

"Ready with your gun? Aim. Fire!"

Little Philip was very focused on what he was doing. Next to him his mother was pretty tense too, but in the end the operation resulted successfully completed.

"Well done, Philip. That's the way. Now you've just learned how to pee alone like an adult - no leaks out of the bowl."

"Ready with your gun? Aim. Fire!"

Captain Philip was very focused as he said these words, well aware of what he was doing. Then the expected explosion, and the corporal report: "Well done. Target reached and destroyed, captain."

"Ready with your gun? Aim. Fire!"

Young Philip was happy and in high spirits, as he said these words. So was his girlfriend, who could not keep from laughing. They were lingering hug, lying almost naked under a sheet. "You're so stupid. Neither can you give up shooting nonsenses even when you are making love!"