



Professor Wisdom's Wonderful Lesson

Mre



In a bustling, colorful village nestled among rolling green hills, people often gathered around Professor Wisdom's cozy, book-filled hut. They came daily, their faces etched with familiar worries, always complaining about the same old problems that seemed to follow them like shadows.



Professor Wisdom, a kind old man with a twinkle in his eye and a long, flowing white beard, listened patiently to their endless laments. His hut was a vibrant kaleidoscope of books and curiosities, reflecting his vast knowledge and playful spirit.



One sunny afternoon, as the villagers sighed about their troubles yet again, Professor Wisdom cleared his throat. He leaned forward, a mischievous grin spreading across his face, and began to tell a hilarious joke about a talking parrot and a clumsy baker.



The villagers, initially surprised, quickly erupted into a thunderous roar of laughter. Their worries melted away as peals of joy echoed through the air, their faces beaming with unadulterated delight and exaggerated, cartoonish smiles.



After a few minutes, when the laughter had just begun to subside, Professor Wisdom, with a knowing wink, decided to tell the exact same joke again. This time, a few polite chuckles rippled through the crowd, and only a handful of people managed a small smile.



He watched them carefully, their initial enthusiasm noticeably diminished. Their expressions were now a mix of mild amusement and slight confusion, as the joke's novelty had clearly worn off.



Undeterred, Professor Wisdom, with an even more pronounced twinkle in his eye, told the identical joke for a third time. An awkward silence fell over the group; not a single person laughed, nor did anyone even manage a smile.



The villagers looked at each other, then back at Professor Wisdom, their faces showing a blend of embarrassment and puzzlement. Their shoulders slumped slightly, and the joyful energy had completely dissipated.



Professor Wisdom then smiled gently, his eyes crinkling at the corners. He surveyed the quiet crowd, his expression radiating warmth and understanding, ready to unveil his simple but profound lesson.



“You can’t laugh at the same joke over and over again,” he said softly, his voice full of wisdom. “So why are you always crying about the same problem?” His words hung in the air, leaving the villagers with a new, hopeful perspective.