

# Skies Change but Souls Don't

## The two teachers



One day, a teacher working at Selfbury School got a new job at Otherham School. During the holiday, before taking up her new post, she happened to meet Mullah Nasruddin. He mentioned, to her surprise, that he knew Otherham School. 'What's it like there?' she asked.

'Well,' said Mullah Nasruddin, 'what's it like at Selfbury School?'

'Terrible,' said the teacher. 'The head's a little Hitler, the children are savages, my colleagues were for ever stabbing me in the back. I'll be glad to get away, I can tell you. But anyway, what's it like at Otherham?'

'I'm sorry to have to tell you,' said Mullah Nasruddin, 'that you'll find the school you are going to is very similar to the school you are coming from.'

The teacher went on her way lamenting. The next stage of her career would consist of one battle and defeat after another.

During that same school holiday there was another teacher moving from Selfbury School to Otherham. She too happened to meet Mullah Nasruddin. 'What's it like at Otherham?' she asked.

'Well,' he said, 'what's it like at Selfbury?'

'Wonderful,' said the teacher, 'The head was unfailingly supportive, the children were keen to learn, my colleagues couldn't be more helpful and the local inspectors and advisers always knew what to say, and what not to say. I'm really sorry to be leaving, I can tell you. But anyway, what's it like at Otherham?'

'I'm pleased to be able to tell you,' said Mullah Nasruddin, 'that you'll find the school you are going to is very similar to the school you are coming from.'

The teacher went on her way rejoicing. The next stage of her career would consist of one fruitful encounter and exchange after another.

**Source:** traditional. (*Caelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt* – they change the sky but not their soul, those who rush across the sea.)