

Two men are working in Moscow. One stops every 20 feet to dig a hole besides the street. As soon as he is finished, his companion fills it and they move on.

Someone asked, “What are you doing? You dig a hole and fill it up. You’re accomplishing nothing.”

One of the workers said, “You don’t understand. Usually there are three of us. But Mikhail is home drunk today. I dig the hole, Mikhail sticks in a tree, and Dimitri here puts the dirt back in the hole. Just because Mikhail is drunk doesn’t mean that Dimitri and I have to stop working.

You are all valuable. What would happen if you weren’t here?

