

## 7. osztály

Mrs Williams loved flowers and had a small but beautiful garden.

In the summer, her roses were always the best in her street. One summer afternoon her bell rang, and when she went to the front door, she saw a small boy outside. He was about seven years old, and was holding a big bunch of beautiful roses in his hands.

'I am selling roses,' he said. 'Do you want any? They are quite cheap. Five pence for a big bunch. They are fresh, I picked them this afternoon.'

'My boy,' Mrs Williams answered, 'I pick roses whenever I want, and don't pay anything for them, because I have lots in my garden.'

'Oh no, you haven't,' said the small boy. 'There aren't any roses in your garden-because they are in my hands!'

## 8. osztály

Mrs Brown's old grandfather lived with her and her husband. Every morning he went for a walk in the park and came home at half past twelve for his lunch.

But one morning a police car stopped outside Mrs Brown's house at twelve o'clock, and two policemen helped the old man to get out. One of them said: 'The poor old gentleman lost his way in the park and telephoned us for help, so we sent a car to bring him home.' Mrs Brown was very surprised, but she thanked the policemen and they left.

'But Grandfather,' she said, 'you have been to that park nearly every day for twenty years. How did you lose your way there?'

The old man smiled, closed one eye and said, 'I didn't quite lose my way. I just got tired and I didn't want to walk home!'