

***M. (Monsieur) Dupont is a Frenchman. One summer he visits Britain with his family. He takes his car over to England. He has hardly driven a kilometre, when a police car stops him.***



M. DUPONT. What's the matter?

POLICEMAN. Why are you driving on the right side of the road?

M. DUPONT. Do you want me to drive on the wrong side?

POLICEMAN. You **are** driving on the wrong side.

M. DUPONT. But you said that I was driving on the right side.

POLICEMAN. That's right. You're on the right side, and that's wrong.

M. DUPONT. A strange country.

POLICEMAN. My dear sir, in Britain you must keep to the left. The right side is the left.

M. DUPONT. Ah, I understand. I'll try to remember.

***Hansruedi, a Swiss boy, is staying with an English family. Visitors often ask his name. They find it hard to understand it. Here is the conversation between the boy and an old lady.***

OLD LADY. So you come from Switzerland?

SWISS BOY. Yes, I do. I come from Brig.

OLD LADY. And what's your name?

SWISS BOY. Hansruedi Zgraggen

OLD LADY. I'm sorry, will you repeat, please?

SWISS BOY. Hansruedi Zgraggen.

OLD LADY. Again, please.

SWISS BOY. Zgraggen, Hansruedi Zgraggen.

OLD LADY. Funny, what I hear is *tsgraakn*.

SWISS BOY. That's right. It's an old Swiss name.

OLD LADY. How do you spell it?

SWISS BOY. Z – G – R – A – double G – E – N.

OLD LADY. Oh I see, thank you.



***Two friends, Hank and Jerry, are driving to their golf club.***



HANK. I say, Jerry, can't you go a bit faster?

JERRY. Look. I'm going as fast as the speed limit allows. The speed limit on this road is 50 miles per hour.

HANK. Yes, yes, I know. But you've got a clear road.

JERRY. That's true. But I keep to the rules. I want to drive carefully.

HANK. Well, I suppose you're right.

JERRY. Yes, and there's another reason. There's a police-car behind us.