Jimmy is our new neighbor. He speaks with strange accent, but we like to talk with him. He told me an interesting story about himself.

Jimmy also told me something even funnier about his son, Jack. One day he took his son Jack to a boy's clothing shop. That shop was giving away balloons to buyers' children. Jack asked if he might have two balloons."Sorry," the salesperson said, "but we give only one balloon to each child. Do you have a brother at home?" Jack was always honest. He didn't tell lies, but he wanted another balloon badly. "No." he replied regretfully, "but my sister has a brother, and I'd like one for him."

He said he liked growing flowers in his garden in his spare time. And one Sunday morning, after breakfast he put on his old clothes and began digging in his garden. He dug and dug. After half an hour he suddenly found a coin near his foot. He put it in his right pocket. A few minutes later, he found another one. He put it in the same pocket, too. The same thing happened for the third, the fourth and the fifth time. He was very happy and told his wife about it. She was very happy, too. She said, "A thief stole a lot of coins from a shop a few days ago. The police caught him but they didn't find any coins."

Then Jimmy went on digging and found some more coins, but just when he began to dig, he felt something cold in his trousers. It ran down one of his legs. He put his hand down quickly -- and the coin came into his hand. Now he knew there was a hole in his pocket.

What a lovely boy Jack is!