The accident.

It was very comfortable and clean kitchen. The sun was shining through clean windows, floor was shining, a teapot was boiled, and fat black pet of Ms. Brown was enjoying a balmy sleep on a windowsill. Ms. Brown was sitting in an armchair and reading.

Suddenly strong explosion shocked the small house. Ms. Brown looked out the window. People were running on the street. Somebody shouted: “It’s in the factory! A boiler has exploded!”

Ms. Brown paled, covered her face with her hands, and sank into a chair.

Her husband had been working in the boiler house.

“I was a bad wife for him,” – she thought. - “Just yesterday I scolded him for that he hadn’t wiped his feet when he came in the kitchen. And now will never see him again”.

A door slammed, somebody had come in the room.

“Don’t cry, Mary!” – she heard her husband’s voice. – “Anything special hasn’t happened. Nobody has suffered.”

Ms. Brown lifted up her head.

“Oh, Steven!” – she said. – “How many times I have told you: wipe your feet when you come in the house”

Buying books.

I fell out with my wife last year. She told I spend too much money on books. I understood she had been right and promised that I will not do it.

However, when I was going to my work, a saw very interesting book in a newsstand.

“I haven’t bought anything this week”, - I thought. – “If I write on this book: “For taking part in amateur theatricals”, my wife will not say anything”.

“So you took a part in the play?” – she was astonished. – “Why I haven’t seen you?”

“I held on my shoulders Romeo and Juliet’s balcony” – I answered.

On the next book I wrote: ”With love and best wishes, your uncle Gorge”.

“Who is this uncle?” – my wife asked. “Why I haven’t been acquainted with him?”

“Pure dear uncle”, - I answered. - “He has been given me books since I learned to read. He has just been leaving in Glasgow for 20 years and he has never leaved it because of his health”.

Than different writers started to give me their books because of their love and respect for me. Once I came home with a book, that Zola gave me. My wife was standing by a mirror. She was wearing a new dress.

“Have you bought this dress” – I asked.

“No” – she answered. – “Your friend gave me this dress”.

“Which friend?” – I cried.

“The one that gave you so many books. Charles Dickens”.

“Now I know why we have had such bad meals”.