

Peter was ten years old. One day his friend Paul said to him, "I'm going to have a birthday party on Saturday, Peter. Can you come?"

Peter asked his mother, and she said, "Yes, you can go." She phoned Paul's mother to tell her.

Before Peter went to the party on Saturday afternoon, his mother said to him, "Now, Peter, don't forget to be polite. Don't ask for food. Wait until someone gives it to you."

"All right, Mom," Peter answered, and he went to Paul's house on his bicycle.

There were a lot of children at the party. They played together for an hour, and then Paul's mother gave them some food; but she forgot to give Peter any. He waited politely for a few minutes, and then he held his plate up in the air and said loudly, "Does anyone want a nice clean plate?"