

Mr. and Mrs. Davis have one son. His name is Bobby, and it was his birthday a few days ago.

Last Sunday Mrs. Davis's old father came to visit her and her husband, and he brought Bobby a nice toy train.

When he gave it to Bobby he said, "I'm sorry, Bobby, but I forgot your birthday last Tuesday, so I didn't give you this present then."

"Oh, that doesn't matter, Grandpa," Bobby answered. "Thank you very much."

"And how old are you now, Bobby?" his grandfather asked. Bobby knew the answer to that question. "I'm five, Grandpa," he said.

"That's good," the old man said. "You're a big boy now, Bobby."

"Yes, I am, Grandpa," Bobby answered.

"And what are you going to be when you're older?" his grandfather said. Bobby knew the answer to that one too. "I'm going to be six, Grandpa," he answered.