

Mr Jones had always wanted to make a trip into the middle of Africa to shoot wild animals, but first he had not had enough money, and then he had married, and his wife had not wanted him to leave her. Then at last his wife agreed to the trip if he allowed her to come too.

'But it will be very uncomfortable,' Mr Jones warned her. 'It will be very hot and we shall live in a tent - and it may be dangerous.'

'I don't care,' said his wife. 'I want to come with you.' So they bought a big tent, camp beds, a refrigerator which did not need electricity and various other things which would make life comfortable, and went off to the middle of Africa.

On the first morning, before Mr Jones took his gun and left the tent, he gave his wife a bell and explained to her, 'If you're in danger and you need me, ring this bell and I'll come at once.' Then he went.

After a few minutes, he heard the bell and returned quickly to the tent. 'What's the matter?' he asked. 'Nothing,' confessed his wife. 'I was only testing the bell.'

Mr Jones went off, but after a quarter of an hour, the bell rang again. Mr Jones hurried back to the tent, but his wife said, 'I'm sorry. I was cleaning our tent, and I knocked the bell over by mistake.'

Mr Jones returned to his hunting, but soon he heard the bell once more. This time, when he got back to his camp, the tent was burning, and Mrs Jones was lying on the ground, with blood running from a big cut on her shoulder. 'That's better!' said Mr Jones. This time the bell had been used correctly!