



(at home)

Mac: Honey, our car is very old. It's almost 30 years. We need to buy a new one.

Wife: No way! The engine still works. It runs pretty well.

Mac: But honey, it's rusty and dirty, and it often stops.

Wife: We cannot afford a new car. How much do you think your salary is?

Mac: OK, OK. You win. I'll continue to drive it for a few more years.

(on the road, the car stops)

Mac: Gosh, not again! That's why I need a new car.

(he notices someone at the back of his car)

Mac: Hey, what are you doing there?

Thief: Shh! You can take things from the front. The back is mine!

Mac: You bloody thief! This car is mine.

It will be finished by noon, Sir.



How long will it take?



Oh, no. I messed it up again! What shall I say to the owner?

Wait a minute. The fire is not big enough yet. We need some more twigs.



Darling, how's the fire? Can I make some tea?

Gee. I can't tell him the truth.

So, is the wall going to be OK?

That smells good. Can I have some after my homework, Mom?

Yes, sir. I am the best brick-layer in this area. Trust me.



Sure, son. We have plenty of tea and cookies.