

John liked chocolates very much, but his mother never gave him any, because they were bad for his teeth, she thought. But John had a very nice grandfather. The old man loved his grandson very much, and sometimes he brought John chocolates when he came to visit him. Then his mother let him eat them, because she wanted to make the old man happy.

One evening, a few days before John's seventh birthday, he was saying his prayers in his bedroom before he went to bed.

'Please God,' he shouted, 'make them give me a big box of chocolates for my birthday on Saturday.'

His mother was in the kitchen, but she heard the small boy shouting and went into his bedroom quickly.

'Why are you shouting, John?' she asked her son. 'God can hear you when you talk quietly.'

'I know,' answered the clever boy with a smile, 'but Grandfather's in the next room, and he can't.'