

Mr. Knott was a teacher. He taught in a big school in London. He lived a long way from the school, so he was usually quite tired when he got home. At nine o'clock one evening, when he was in bed, the telephone bell rang in the hall of his small house, so he went downstairs, picked up the telephone and said, 'This is Whitebridge 3165. Who's speaking, please?'

'Watt,' a man answered.

'What's your name, please?' said Mr. Knott.

'Watt's my name,' was the answer.

'Yes, I asked you that. What's your name?' Mr. Knott said again.

'I told you. Watt's my name,' said the other man. 'Are you Jack Smith?'

'No, I'm Knott,' answered Mr. Knott.

'Will you give me your name, please?' said Mr. Watt.

'Will Knott,' answered Mr. Knott.

Both Mr. Watt and Mr. Will Knott put their telephones down angrily and thought, 'That was a rude, stupid man!'