

Joe was going into his usual bar before lunch when he saw a poorly dressed man fishing in a small pool or rain-water about five centimetres deep outside it.

Joe stopped and watched the man for a few minutes. He saw that most of the people who passed by him believed he must be rather mad.

Joe pitied the man, so after a few minutes he went up to him and said kindly, 'Hullo, would you like to come into the bar and have a drink with me?'

The fisherman was delighted to accept his offer, and the two men went into the bar together. Joe bought the fisherman a few drinks, and finally said to him, 'You've been fishing outside here, haven't you? How many did you manage to catch this morning, if I may ask?'

'You're the eight,' the fisherman answered merrily.