

A policeman returned to his police station one evening and reported to the sergeant that he had found an old car with no number plates.

'Where was it?' asked the sergeant.

'In Ecclesiastes Street, beyond the bridge,' answered the policeman.

The sergeant opened the report book and began to write. When he reached the name of the street, he began to spell aloud: 'E-c-l'. He looked at this for a few seconds, then crossed it out and wrote 'E-c-k'. Then he became annoyed, decided that he was already too busy with other jobs, and said to the policeman, 'Write the report yourself.'

The policeman had a try too, but after a minute, he put his helmet on and began to go out slowly.

'Where are you going?' the sergeant asked.

'Back to Ecclesiastes Street,' answered the policeman. 'I'm going to push the car round the corner into Green Street.'