

George was a quiet, serious young man. He had been studying particularly hard one year, and when he passed his examinations, his friend Jim went to give him his congratulations and then had an earnest conversation with him.

'You've never been to a dance, George,' he said. 'It's boring always studying and never enjoying oneself. Come out with me this evening.'

'Perhaps you're right, Jim,' replied George after a moment's hesitation.

So they went to a dance and had an enjoyable time. But George drank more than he was used to, and by midnight Jim had become worried about him, so he said, 'Now we'll walk home in the cool air.'

On their way home, they came to a bridge, and George looked down at the river below attentively. The stars were reflected in its smooth surface.

'What are those lights down there?' George inquired.

'They're the stars, George,' Jim replied.

'The stars?' George said. 'Well, then, how did I get up here?'