

Nat lived in a small town in England. He always stayed in England for his holidays, but then last year he thought, 'I've never been outside this country. All my friends go to Spain, and they like it very much, so this year I'm going to go there too.'

First he went to Madrid and stayed in a small hotel for a few days. On the first morning he went out for a walk. In England people drive on the left, but in Spain they drive on the right. Nat forgot about this, and while he was crossing a busy street, a bicycle knocked him down.

Nat lay on the ground for a few seconds and then he sat up and said, 'Where am I?'

An old man was selling maps at the side of the street, and he at once came to Nat and said, 'Map of the city, sir?'