

Helen lived with her sister Mary. Both of them were about seventy-five years old, and neither of them had ever married. They had a small, old car, and when they wanted to go somewhere, which they did very rarely, Mary always drove, because her eyes were better.

One weekend they drove to a large town to look at some things which they had read about in the newspaper. Neither of them had been to that town before.

They were driving along in a lot of traffic when they turned right into a street which cars were not allowed to go into. There was a policeman there, and he blew his whistle, but Mary did not stop, so he got on to his motor-cycle and followed them.

After they had ordered them to stop, he said, 'Didn't you hear me blow my whistle?'

'Yes, we did,' admitted Mary politely, 'but Mummy told us never to stop when men whistle at us.'