

Joe was one of those people who love the sound of their own voice. He never had anything interesting to say, but he talked and talked and talked, and every story he told reminded him of another one, so that he never stopped for a second to let anybody else say anything.

One evening he was invited to a party by someone whom he had met only a few days before and who did not know him very well yet. They had a good meal, and then they had some music and dancing. Joe danced once with a pretty girl and then suggested that they should sit and talk. He talked and talked and talked, and was just beginning, 'And that reminds me of the time ... ,' when the girl said, 'The time? Yes, you're quite right!' She looked at her watch quickly and said, 'Look how late it is. I must go.'