

Mrs Black was old and rich. She lived in a splendid house and owned a lot of valuable things. Then she died, and there was a big funeral. Notices were sent out to relatives and friends, and they came from far and near to attend the funeral.

The service took place in Mrs Black's old church, and then her body was taken back to be buried in a special place in her garden. The hearse carrying her body moved along slowly, followed by the relatives and friends, the women and children in cars, and the men on foot.

One of Mrs Black's cousins saw a poorly dressed man following the hearse and crying bitterly.

The cousin said to him kindly, 'Were you a relative of the dead woman too?'

'No,' the man answered.

'Then why are you crying?' the dead woman's relative asked.

'That's exactly why I'm crying,' the poorly dressed man answered.