

Mr Jones had to drive up from London to Edinburgh in Scotland.

'I'm going to drive at night,' he said to his wife. 'The roads will be quieter. And if I get hungry, I'll stop at one of the small restaurants at the side of the road and have something to eat.'

'The food's terrible in those places, I believe,' his wife said.

'Oh, well, I don't suppose it will kill me,' Mr Jones said, laughing. He left at 9 o'clock in the evening, and at about midnight he felt hungry, so he stopped at a small restaurant which was open all night and sat down at a table. A waiter came to him, and Mr Jones asked for ham and eggs.

'And,' he said to the waiter, 'I like my eggs almost raw, and my ham quite cold.'

The waiter laughed and said, 'You must have eaten here before!'