

English Hospitality

An American tourist in London wanders around , seeing the sights and occasionally stopping at some small pub to have a pint of beer. After a while, he finds himself in a very nice neighbourhood with stately residences. No pubs, no restaurants, and worst of all no public restrooms. However, he really has to pee, after all those pints of beer. He finds a narrow side street, with high walls surrounding the adjacent buildings and decides to use the wall to solve his problem.

He is tapped on the shoulder by a London Bobby, who says, "Sir, you simply cannot do that here."

"I'm very sorry, officer," replies the American, "but I really have to pee, and I just can't find a public restroom."

"Just follow me" says the Bobby. Then he leads the American to a back delivery alley to a gate, which he opens. "In there," points the Bobby, "whiz away sir, anywhere you like."

The fellow enters and finds himself in the most beautiful garden he has ever seen. Manicured grass lawns, big fountains, sculptured hedges, and huge beds of flowers.

He relieves himself immediately. As he goes back through the gate, he says to the Bobby "That was really nice of you. Is that what you call English hospitality? "

"No sir..." replied the Bobby, "that is what we call the American Embassy."

