The Birthday Breakfast

The old man shuffled over to the old woman, and quietly spoke a few words to her, before tipping his hat to her, and shuffling off.

"Who was he? What was that all about?" , inquired her daughter.
"Beautiful " murmured the old woman. "He said Beautiful ."

"What!",exclaimed the daughter. "He had the cheek to call you Beautiful, and with dad sat right next to you. I hope you gave him a piece of your mind."

"He wasn't talking about me, honey, he was talking about you. He said that he is a storyteller, and is compelled to tell the truth. He said it must be a great joy to me, to have such a beautiful daughter. "

"Well, I never" said the daughter, blushing slightly. "I bring my girls out for a birthday breakfast, as a treat, to meet up with you and dad, and some complete stranger calls me beautiful ."

"Wonderful, isn't it?", sighed her mum.

"Yes, I suppose so.", her daughter agreed.

"Now, who wants ice cream with their waffles?" Said grandma. "After all, this is a birthday breakfast. Grandpa will pay."

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