

George and The Dragon pub

Late one evening, a businessman stopped for the night at a little country pub near London called George and the Dragon.

He asked the lady at reception if they were still serving meals.

“No!” she snapped “Meals stop at 8 pm sharp. Not even a sandwich after that!”

The man sighed “Alright then What about breakfast in my room tomorrow morning?”

“Absolutely not!” she barked “Breakfast is at 7:30 am in the dining room. Prompt. No exceptions.”

The man paused for a moment and then asked quietly

“Okay any chance I could have a quick word with Geroge?”