John Buss lived in Manchester with his grandfather, Frank — an old man of 92! But Frank wasn't happy. He was in hospital. He didn't like the noise in the hospital very much and it was too hot, he told John, when he visited his grandfather one afternoon.

'Can I bring you something when I come next time?' John asked. 'I can visit you again tomorrow.'

His grandfather answered quickly. 'Oh, yes, please ... bring me some beer,' he said very quietly and looked round carefully. Nobody heard him - only John. 'I usually drink two or three beers every day but they don't give me any in this place.'

'But, Grandad, you can't drink beer in here. You know that — the doctor told you.'

'I know, I know... be careful. Put the beer in a bag, then nobody will see it.'

So the next day John went back to the hospital with some bottles of beer in a bag and gave it to his grandfather. The old man looked in the bag, smiled and said, 'Oh, thank you, John. Thank you. Now I'm happy' Frank opened a bottle and drank it. He opened a second bottle and drank it. After that he opened a third bottle...

Two days later the doctor telephoned John. 'I'm sorry, Mr Buss, but I have some sad news for you ... your Grandad died last night. But he was happy - he had a smile on his face.'

John laughed because he remembered the bottles of beer. His grandfather liked beer and he was always happy with a bottle in his hand.

'Did you bring him some beer?' the doctor asked. 'Er... yes, I did,' John answered. 'He had two or three bottles two days ago.'

'Oh, I see,' the doctor answered. 'He was happy because he had some beer.'

'But I don't understand,' John thought. 'I took him long life beer!'