

A BOX OF CHOCOLATES.

For all of us who are married, were married, wish you were married, or wish you weren't married, this is something to smile about the next time you open a box of chocolates:

Sally was driving home from one of her business trips in the Northern Territory when she saw an elderly Indigenous woman walking on the side of the road.

As the trip was a long and quiet one, she stopped the car and asked the Indigenous woman if she would like a ride. With a silent nod of thanks, the woman got into the car.

Resuming the journey, Sally tried in vain to make a bit of small talk with the Indigenous woman.

The old woman just sat silently, looking intently at everything she saw, studying every little detail, until she noticed a white bag on the seat next to Sally.

"What is in the bag?" asked the old woman.

Sally looked down at the white bag and said, "It's a box of chocolates. I got it for my husband".

The Indigenous woman was silent for another moment or two.

Then speaking with the quiet wisdom of an elder, she said: "Good trade."