A man and his small son were walking along the road when they came upon a funeral procession. When the bearers put the coffin down, the boy looked inside and saw the dead man inside wrapped for burial.

"Father, where is he going?" asked the boy.

"O son," replied the father, "he is going to a place where there is neither drinking nor eating, where there is no bed and not even a cover to draw over oneself."

"You mean he is going to our house?" asked the child.