



Learn English Through  
Stories

C Series

C6

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## 1. Bed Number-29



The painting was the author's hobby. He is telling us his story.

I, once, had an accident. I remembered the morning before the accident. I remembered the scenes before sunrise. I painted the scenes on the painting cloth. I liked my painting. It was like the joy of life. I named it "**Life**".

Then I remembered the busy street. I remembered the noise of traffic. I remembered the car and the crash.

Somebody took me to hospital. I didn't know who it was. I was admitted to the hospital ward. When I became conscious, I discovered that I had lost my eyesight. I was blind.

I was very sad. I thought that my life was like a bad dream. Everything was dark. The sun did not rise. The flowers did not bloom. There was nothing bright, just a memory.

One day, my ward-mate said, "How do you do?" His name was Naeem. People also called him Number-Twenty-Nine, because his bed number was 29. He was a cheerful man. He spoke very softly. He cheered me with many stories. I did not know much about Naeem. The one thing I knew about him was that he limped.

He told me about the scenes outside his window. How the day was outside and how bright the morning was, and so on.

One morning, he said. "Listen! Start painting."

I told him off. I told him that he had no right to joke about my art. He limped away to his bed.

After many days, I asked him, "Have you ever liked something very much?"

He replied, "Many things." Then he told me this, "Once I walked by a farmhouse. It was a golden evening in October. I saw a heap of wheat straw. It was pure gold. So many things around it: colourful flowers; white ducks; golden sky; the sun was setting."

I asked, "Didn't you paint that scene?" He gave no reply.

He asked me to paint again. This time I agreed. He gave me everything that I needed for painting. I started drawing a scene. I did it from my imagination. When I finished it I showed it to Naeem. He said nothing.

I thought I must have made a mess.

“It is great,” said he. That made me feel happy.

After some days, the doctors operated on me again. I was unable to move from the bed. Naeem red books to me. He described scenes from my window. This was my second operation. I had no more money left for anything. Unfortunately, this operation was not a success. I did not have my sight back. I was very upset and depressed. Naeem tried to cheer me up.

One afternoon, Naeem came running to my bed. He told me that a friend of his who was an art lover, wanted to buy my paintings. I thought to myself, “Who wants to buy my paintings? They are rubbish.”

Naeem said, “My friend is rich. I have settled the price with my friend.”

That gave me hope again. All my paintings were sold. I had my third operation. It was a success and enabled me to see the world again.

The first thing I asked was, “Where is Naeem?”

The nurse gave me Nadeem’s letter. I rushed to the cupboard. All my paintings lay there...

The nurse spoke, “Naeem was a great man. With all his money he bought these paintings. He left the hospital. He could not have his third operation.”

“What operation?” I cried.

The nurse cried and said, “His eyes, of course, he was blind.”

Under Nadeem’s pillow, there were four paintings. He had painted four seasons of a year.

I held his paintings in my hands; Tears blinded my eyes...

## 2. Goldilocks and the Three Bears



Once upon a time, there were three bears, who lived together in a house of their own in the woods. One of them was a little, small tiny bear; one was a middle-sized bear, and the other was a great, huge bear.

One day, after they had made porridge for their breakfast, they walked out into the woods while the porridge was cooling. And while they were walking, a little girl came into the house. This little girl had golden curls that dropped down her back to her waist, and everyone called her Goldilocks.

Goldilocks went inside. First, she tasted the porridge of the great, huge bear, and that was far too hot for her. And then she tasted the porridge of the middle bear, and that was too cold for her. And then she went to the porridge of the little, small tiny bear, and tasted that. And that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well, that she ate it all up.

Then Goldilocks went upstairs into the bed chamber and first, she lay down upon the bed of the great, huge bear, and then she lay down upon the bed of the middle bear and finally she lay down upon the bed of the little, small tiny bear, and that was just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there until she fell fast asleep.

By this time, the three bears thought their porridge would be cool enough, so they came home to eat their breakfast.

“**Somebody has been at my porridge!**” said the great huge bear, in his great huge voice.

“Somebody has been at my porridge!” said the middle bear, in his middle voice.

Then the little, small tiny bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge pot, but the porridge was all gone.

“Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!” said the little, small tiny bear, in his little, small tiny voice.

Then the three bears went upstairs into their bedroom.

“Somebody has been lying in my bed!” said the great, huge bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

“Somebody has been lying in my bed!” said the middle bear, in his middle voice.

And when the little, small, tiny bear came to look at his bed, upon the pillow there was a pool of golden curls, and the angelic face of a little girl snoring away, fast asleep.

“Somebody has been lying in my bed, and here she is!” said the little, small tiny bear, in his little, small tiny voice.

Goldilocks jumped off the bed and ran downstairs, out of the door and down the garden path. She ran and she ran until she reached the house of her grandmama. When she told her grandmama about the house of the three bears who lived in the woods, her granny said: “My, my, what a wild imagination you have, child!”

### 3. Whose Child Is It?

Once, there was a king. One day, two women came to the king. One of the women was holding a baby boy.

“O King,” said the woman without the child. “We come to you because we have a problem. That woman has taken my child, and I want him back.”

“O King, it is not true!” said the woman with the child. “This is my child, my baby boy.”

“Explain,” said the king. “Why do you think the baby is yours?” he said to the woman without the child.

“Well,” she said. “I live with this woman. We both gave birth on the same night, and nobody else was in the house.”

“Did you have no midwives?” the king said.

“We had no money for midwives,” the woman said. “And our husbands died. That is why we live together. So we gave birth, but her child died, and my child lived. But I went to sleep, and when I woke up, she had taken my child and was breastfeeding it. When I told her to give my baby back, she said that it was her child, and that I was lying.”

“She is lying!” said the other woman. “My son lived, but she killed hers. She turned in her bed and smothered him. And look, my son is breastfeeding now. If he wasn’t my son, would he breastfeed?”

And it was true—the baby boy was breastfeeding.

“Hmm,” said the king. He looked at both women and the baby. But he did not know whose child it was. Both of them could be lying. He could not believe that one of them had smothered her child, but he could also not believe that the other person had stolen a baby.

“I have an idea,” said the king’s adviser. The adviser was a strange man, but he was very clever and always had good ideas.

“Yes?”

“Because we do not know which woman is lying, and we do not know whose child it is, we should split the child in two. We will give one-half to each woman. They both gave birth, so they should both have a child.”

The woman with the baby said, “What a great idea! Giving birth is so hard, so she should have half of the child as well. You are a very clever man, Mr Adviser.”

But the woman without the baby said, “No, you can’t do that! Split my child in two? Oh, the idea is horrible! If you want to do that, then I will go. I would prefer that my baby lives, and she becomes his mother.”

“What do you think, O King?” said the adviser. “I can use magic to split the baby. It will not hurt... Well, it probably won’t be hurt.”

“I think you must decide,” said the king.

“Very well,” said the adviser. “It is clear who the mother is. A real mother would not want her baby to be hurt. Because you think it is OK for the child to be split in two, you cannot be the real mother.”

The woman holding the baby said, “But I am a great mother! Look, he is breastfeeding.”

“Children will breastfeed from cows if they need to,” said the adviser. “Give him back to his mother.”

“Do as he says,” said the king.

So the woman gave the baby back to his real mother, and the baby was happy.

“Thank you, O King!” said the baby’s real mother.

The other woman looked angry, but she did not say anything.

“I think we might split you in two,” said the adviser, “because you lied. You said that she smothered her baby, when actually, you stole her baby.”



The other woman went white. "I, I am sorry, O King. I was just so sad..."

"She will live," said the king. "One death is enough for today."

The two women said thank you and left, and the king and his adviser talked.

"It is good that you decided," said the king. "I thought like a king, but not like a mother. The woman could not have smothered her child, because she was so sad when you said you would split the child."

"Do you think it matters which mother the child has?"

The king thought. "I think it matters that the mother loves her child. But it is easier to love a child whom you have given birth to yourself, I think. And the woman who stole the baby would have to lie to him all his life. Nobody can live happily with such a big lie. By the way, I think we should make sure that all women in the country have a midwife."

"A very good idea, O King," said the adviser. "If all women have midwives, then we will have to split fewer babies in two."

"Were you really going to split the child in two?" said the king.

"Oh no," said the adviser. "I do not know magic like that. Words are the best magic, usually."

The king thought about it, and he agreed.

## 4. The Hunter and the Doves



A **dove** is a bird that looks like a pigeon but is smaller and lighter in colour. Doves are often used as a **symbol of peace**. The male dove is called **cock dove** and the female **hen dove**.

A **hunter** is a person who hunts wild animals for food or as a sport. The hunter of birds is also called a **fowler**. **Fowl** is a bird that is used to produce meat or eggs.

The story:

Once upon a time, there was a flock of doves that flew in search of food. This flock was led by their king. They flew a long way but could not find any food. They got very tired. They wanted to have a rest.

They said to the king, “Dear, can we stop for a while? We are very tired.”

The king tried to encourage them and said, “Let’s fly a little more, we may see some grains,”

One of the cock-doves was very strong and healthy. He picked up the speed and found some rice grains scattered under a tree.

All the doves were happy to find the food and happily landed on the ground. As soon as they began to eat the grains, a huge net fell over them and all of them got trapped. The doves fluttered their wings desperately trying to come out, but it was of no avail. Just then, they saw the hunter coming towards them. He appeared quite happy to find a huge number of doves trapped inside the net. The whole flock got scared when it saw the Fowler.

However, the king dove was very intelligent and clever. He didn’t lose his patience. He came up with a plan to come out of this difficult situation. He advised other doves, “To get free from the net of this hunter, we should all fly up together holding the net in our beaks. There is strength in unity. We will decide our next course of action later. Now, come on and let’s fly.”

Hearing the king, each dove picked up a portion of the huge net and they flew up together, carrying the net with them. The hunter was surprised to see the birds flying, along with the huge net. He ran after the birds, shouting madly, but could not catch them. Soon, they flew high over hills and valleys getting out of his sight.



When the king dove saw that the hunter had given up the chase, he said to his friends, "Now we all have to get out of this net. A mouse lives on a nearby hill. He is a good friend of mine. Let's go to him for his help." They flew to a hill near a city of temples where the mouse lived.

When the mouse heard the loud noise of the doves' approach, he got frightened and hid himself deeper into his hole. The king dove asked, "Dear friend, I have come, the king dove. We're in great difficulty. Please come out and help us."

Hearing the voice of the king dove, the mouse came out of his hole and saw the king dove and his friends trapped in the net. The mouse said, "Oh! Who's done all this to you? "

The king dove explained the whole story to the mouse. He told him that they require his help to nibble the net and set them free. The mouse immediately started nibbling the net around the king dove. The king dove said, "No, dear. First, set my followers free. A king cannot keep his subjects in pain and enjoy the freedom for himself."

The mouse understood the king's feelings and praised the king for his nobleness. As per the king's wish, the mouse nibbled at the portion of the net and one by one all the doves got freed including the king dove. All the doves were happy to get free. They thanked the mouse for his effort and flew away together happily to their destination.

**Moral: Strength lies in unity.**

# 5. Picture Dictionary Page

## bacteria

*noun*  
very small organisms. Some cause disease, while others help your body.  
*Some bacteria help break down food in your stomach.*  
■ say bak-teer-ee-uh

## bad

*adjective*  
1 wrong.  
*Stealing is very bad.*  
2 serious.  
*I have a bad earache.*  
3 rotten, or faulty.  
*The food had gone bad.*  
■ comparisons worse worst

## badge

*noun*  
a decoration that can be pinned or sewn onto clothes.



sheriff's badge

## badminton

*noun*  
an indoor game played by two or four people on a court. Each player uses a racket to hit a shuttlecock over a net (see **sport** on page 197).



## baffle

*baffles baffling baffled verb*  
to confuse someone or make a person puzzled.  
*The quiz completely baffled him.*

## bag

*noun*  
a container that you can carry things in, usually made of material, plastic, or paper.

## baggy

*adjective*  
fitting loosely.



baggy pants

## bake

*bakes baking baked verb*  
to cook in an oven or fire.  
Pies, cakes, and bread are baked.



A baker bakes bread.

## balance

*balances balancing balanced verb*  
to keep steady so you do not fall over.  
*The tightrope walker balanced on the high wire.*

## balcony

*balconies noun*  
a platform for standing on that is attached to the wall of a building above the ground.



## bald

*adjective*  
without any hair.  
*A bald head.*

## ball

*balls noun*  
1 a rounded object used to play many games and sports.



beach ball

2 a big, grand party where there is dancing.  
*A summer ball.*

## ballet

*ballets noun*  
a performance on stage that tells a story in music and dance.  
■ say bal-lay or bal-lay



ballet dancers

## balloon

*balloons noun*  
a bag of rubber or other material filled with air or another gas.



hot-air balloon

## bamboo

*noun*  
a tall, tropical grass with hard, hollow stems. Bamboo can be used to make garden poles and furniture.

bamboo poles



## ban

*bans banning banned verb*  
to forbid people to do something.  
*Smoking is banned on public transportation.*

## banana

*bananas noun*  
a tree fruit with a smooth, thick outer peel and a soft, edible center. Bananas grow in hot, damp regions.



## band

*bands noun*  
1 a group of people who play music together.



2 a strip of material such as fabric, elastic, or metal that holds things together.



rubber band

## bandage

*bandages noun*  
a strip of material that is used to wrap around a wound to keep it clean.





## bang

**bangs** *noun*  
a sudden, loud noise.  
*The firework went off with a loud bang.*

## bank

**banks** *noun*  
1 a steep, sloping piece of ground, often on the side of a river.



2 a company that looks after people's money and also lends money.



## banner

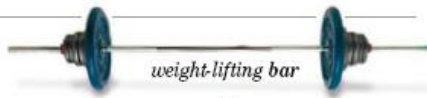
**banners** *noun*  
a large flag or piece of cloth that has a picture or a message on it.



## bar

**bars** *noun*  
1 a long, narrow piece of metal.

2 a counter or a room where drinks or snacks are sold.



*weight-lifting bar*



## barbecue

**barbecues** *noun*  
1 a grill over an open fire that is lit outdoors and used for cooking meat, fish, or vegetables.



2 a party or special meal where food is cooked on a barbecue.

■ say *bar-bi-kyoo*

## bare

**bare** *adjective*  
without any covering.



*bare feet*

## bargain

**bargains** *noun*  
something bought cheaply.  
*My shoes were a real bargain in the sale.*

## bark

**bark** *noun*  
the rough wood on the outside of a tree trunk.

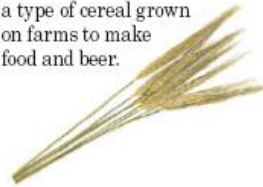


## bark

**barks barking barked** *verb*  
to make a rough, loud noise like a dog.  
**bark** *noun*

## barley

**barley** *noun*  
a type of cereal grown on farms to make food and beer.



## barn

**barns** *noun*  
a large farm building used for storage or for keeping animals in.



## barrel

**barrels** *noun*  
a large, rounded, wooden or metal container for storing beer and other liquids.



## barrier

**barriers** *noun*  
a structure built to stop someone or something from passing through.  
*The police placed a barrier across the road.*

## base

**bases** *noun*  
the bottom of something.



*lamp base*

## baseball

**baseball** *noun*  
a game for two teams of nine players, which started in the United States. The winning team is the one that scores the most runs (see *sport* on page 197).



## basement

**basements** *noun*  
a floor in a building that is partly or completely below ground level.

## basin

**basins** *noun*  
a large, bowl-shaped container used for holding water. Basins are often used for washing.

## basket

**baskets** *noun*  
a container for carrying things in, usually made of cane, twigs, or straw.

