



# Learn English Through Stories

E Series

E4

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## **Contents**

- 1. The Tears of the Tigress.**
- 2. Grammar Page - Nouns**

## The Tears of the Tigress



A man lived on the edge of the forest where the monkey was an everyday visitor. The garden was full of fruit trees: banana trees, coconut trees, papaya trees, and so on. The monkey loved to eat fruits. He liked to play and swing in the trees. Often, he hung upside down and pulled faces at the children.

Sometimes the man was tempted to pick up his gun and shoot the monkey, but his children said, “No, Daddy, don’t shoot the monkey, he’s really funny.”

So he put his gun down and called out, “Stay away from bananas you thieving monkey or next time I will shoot you without mercy!”

But one time when the monkey visited, the house was unusually quiet. Nobody was playing or working in the garden.

“Hmm, perhaps they’ve gone on holiday,” thought the monkey. He ran across the grass and jumped onto the veranda where he played with the rocking chair. “Hmm, this is kind of boring,” he said after a while.

He looked around the windows of the house, trying to find a way to go inside. “You never know, they might have left some tasty food on the table just for me!” he thought.

Around the back of the house, he finally found an open window, and, somewhat to his surprise, he heard some human voices. He jumped up onto the window sill and peered inside. There he saw the man kneeling beside the bed of his little girl. Her forehead was pale and sweaty, and she looked ill. The man looked up and saw the monkey on the sill.

“Uh-oh,” thought the monkey. “He’s going to be cross with me now.”

But he wasn’t. Instead, the man said, “Ah, it’s you monkey. Now it would be a good time to pull a funny face and see if you can cheer up my little girl. She’s sick, you know. See if you can make her feel better.”

And so the monkey, who was kind-hearted, and liked children, sat on the window sill, pulling faces, and making funny whooping noises. The little girl watched him with her big eyes, but she was too weak to smile.

The monkey was happy to dance and play like this all day, especially when he had an audience. After some time had gone by, he stopped and tilted his head to one side. He could hear human footsteps around the front of the house.

Somebody pushed the front door open and found their way to the bedroom.

“Oh, hello doctor,” said the man, “thank you for coming over.”

“Good evening,” said the doctor, “let’s take a look at the patient.” She felt the little girl’s forehead and then put a thermometer under her arm. After a couple of minutes, she checked the thermometer reading and said, “Her temperature is high.”

Then she opened up her little black box and took out a stethoscope. The doctor asked the little girl to sit up so she could check her breathing. She used the stethoscope on her back and her chest and asked her to cough. She did as she was told, and sounded very wheezy. When this was done, she said to the man,

“She’s not at all well.”

“What’s wrong with her, doctor?’ asked the man.

“It’s a very nasty bug that’s going around. A lot of children around here are not well, but this is the worst case that I’ve seen so far.”

“Do you have any medicine, doctor?”

“We did, but I’m afraid we’ve run out, and I can’t be sure when we will have any more.”

“Oh please doctor, please find some medicine for my little girl. I don’t have much money, but I do have lots of bananas, coconuts, and papayas. I can feed you for a whole year if you cure my little girl.”

“It’s not about payment,” said the doctor. “The medicine contains a very rare ingredient you see. It’s very hard to come by.”

“What is it, doctor? Tell me, I’ll find it even if I have to go to the ends of the earth to get it.”

“It doesn’t matter where you go, you’ll never be able to find this ingredient. You see, what we need are the tears of a tiger. And as you know, tigers don’t cry very often. They don’t have much to cry about, you see. They’re big, strong creatures, and they can get everything they want in life. Besides, they are very fierce, and it’s extremely dangerous to go anywhere near them, so even if a tiger did cry, you wouldn’t be able to catch its tears. You’d be eaten as soon as you got anywhere near.”

The man looked sadly at his little girl.

The monkey heard all of this, and he wanted to say, “Hey, don’t worry, I’ll get you some tiger tears.”

But all that the man and the doctor heard him say was, “Oooh, oooh, aaah! Aaah!”

The little girl also heard the monkey, but, unlike the grownups, she understood him perfectly, and for the first time in three days, she smiled just a little bit. Without wasting another minute, the monkey sped off through the trees to look for the tigress. He found her sleeping in her favourite tree. “Miss,” called out monkey, “Miss Tigress, sorry to wake your time, but it’s urgent. Can I have some of your tears please?”

At first, the tigress pretended not to hear the monkey’s annoying voice. But his voice went on... and on... and on...

“Miss, Miss, sorry to be a pain, wake up please, I need your help urgently,” he said, prodding and poking her in the belly with a stick. The tigress yawned, and with her huge paw, she wiped sleepy crumbs away from her eyes. “What is it, monkey?” she asked, trying not to sound annoyed.

“Please Miss, I need a few drops of your tears to cure a little girl who is very sick, and her daddy, the man, is extremely worried about her, and the doctor says that a few of your tears are the only medicine that can help her get better.”

“Well now, that’s a pretty story,” said the Tigress, but you don’t think I was born yesterday, do you? Since when did you care about anyone but yourself, dear Monkey? Don’t you know by now that I can see through all of your cheeky tricks?”

The monkey climbed a little nearer, dangerously near.

“No Miss, I promise, this isn’t one of my tricks,” pleaded the monkey, but the tigress growled:

“Get away before I wake up properly and eat you for my breakfast!”

All of a sudden she lashed down at him with one of her great paws, and she would have hit the monkey, had he not very quickly jumped onto a tree and swung into the next tree, singing

“Ooooh Oooh AAAH!”

The Monkey carried on jumping and swinging until he was a safe distance away from the tigress, and then he thought:

“That was a bit too close for comfort! I will have to use a trick to collect some of her tears.”

And so he climbed very carefully back through the trees, trying not to rustle any branches, until he was close to the Tigress’s sleeping tree. He could hear her snoring, softly for a tigress, but not so softly for anyone else

“SNORE!!!!!!!!!!”

And as she snored, her stripy tail was hanging down and swaying to and fro. The monkey jumped from the tree, grabbed hold of her tail, and swung on it, chattering and singing at the top of his voice. The tigress roared and jumped down to the ground, where she chased her tail round and round as she tried to catch the monkey who was hanging off the end of it. Eventually, the monkey let go of the tail and went flying off into the bushes. From there, he saw that the spinning had made the tigress completely dizzy. She was wobbling on shaky legs, but she wasn’t crying.

“Oh shit!” said the monkey. “That didn’t work. But fortunately, I’ve got more ideas up my sleeve!”



Porcupine animal

For his next trick, he found the porcupine asleep in her den, and he carefully picked out one of her spikes. The spike was extremely sharp, just like a little spear it was. The monkey returned to the Tigress's tree, where she was sound asleep on her branch. This time she had been careful to tuck her tail underneath her, so no cheeky monkey could grab hold of it. Little did she expect what the monkey would do next. He used a tree to swing up to the tigress, and stuck the spike into her bottom. The whole jungle heard how she roared with fierce pain!

"You again monkey! You're the most annoying monkey who ever lived. That's the last trick you ever play on me. Next time I see you I have you for my supper."

The monkey watched the tigress's tantrum from the top of a tree, scrutinising her eyes. But although she was spitting with rage, she did not shed any tears. "Oh bother," whined the monkey. "Third time lucky they say." But try as he might, he could not think of another trick. He sat on the great rock, where monkeys meet to discuss their plans, and he thought long and hard, but no idea came to him. Eventually, the snake, who was slithering nearby hissed: "What's wrong monkey? You look puzzled?"

"Yes I am," admitted the monkey. "Snake, you know lots of things, dont'cha? So tell me, how do you make a tiger cry?"  
"SSSSimple!" said the snake. "Use onions. Onions are famous for bringing tears to the eyes."

"Brilliant, Snake!!" said the Monkey. "I knew you'd have the answer. But hang on. Where can I get some onions?"

"I saw some last time I was in the man's garden," said the snake. "They smelt so strong they made me cry my eyes out."

"Right," said the monkey, "I'll go and fetch some right away."

So the monkey rushed to the man's garden and dug up a dozen onions. It wasn't stealing, because he was going to use them to collect the tears of the tigress for the man's daughter.

The monkey found a plastic bag in the shed which he used to gather up the onions, and soon he was swinging through the trees, singing at the top of his voice:

"I've got some onions for the tigress's eye.  
I've got some onions and I'm going to make her cry."

But he was quiet when he arrived at the sleeping place of the tigress. Once more the forest resounded with the sound of her snoring,  
Snore!!!!!!!!!!

The monkey crept closer and closer to the tree - as close as he dared - then he took out an onion from his bag and kissed it - oh how it made his eyes want to cry monkey tears!

"Why didn't I think of this before?" He thought, "Onions are sure to make the tigress cry."



Catapult

And so he loaded the onion into his catapult, pulled back the string, and fired it at the tigress:

Peeow!

And before the tigress could roar:

"What in the jungle was that?" He shot another onion at her... and another and another, and each time the tigress roared!

"Who is that firing onions at me? Monkey! I know it's you! You're done for now!"

But although the tigress's fur bristled and her eyes blazed and her claws flashed, she did not shed a single tear.

When the monkey had fired all 12 of his onions he exclaimed.

"If onions won't make the tigress cry, nothing will!" And he marched off in a huff feeling like a failure because none of his tricks could help the sick little girl. As he stomped down the jungle track it began to rain and the wind began to blow. It was the season for the great Monsoon when the weather gets really bad. On the way, he came across the bear who was wet and cold and running for his cave.



The monkey immediately threw his arms around a tree and hugged it for dear life.

“Hey Monkey,” said the bear, “Why are you hugging that tree?”

“Because the North Wind is angry with the world and has sworn to blow all the animals off the side of the mountain. I’m holding onto this tree as tightly as I can so that he can’t sweep me up in his arms and dump me down on the rocks. You better do the same, Bear. You don’t want to get blown away do you?”

“Thank you for your information, monkey!” said the bear, who quickly threw his arms around a strong tree and gave it his tightest bear hug.

“Hang on, I’ll make you extra safe,” said the monkey. He pulled down some vines and ran around the tree tying the bear to it.

The North Wind soon came, but it wasn’t really much more than a strong puff, and certainly was not powerful enough to blow an animal away let alone a great big bear. Not long after, the rain stopped, the jungle glistened bright and green and the birds began to sing.

“The North Wind has come and gone, will you untie me now Mr Monkey?” asked the bear.

“Not just yet,” said the Monkey, “there’s another wind coming along soon, even stronger than the last one!”

But the other wind did not come. But, guess who did arrive? Someone big and strong. Yes. You guessed it, along came the tigress, who was now wide awake and ready to enjoy the beautiful day. When she saw the bear tied to the tree, she was very curious indeed.

“Good morning bear,” she said, “Who tied you to that tree?”

“Good morning Tigress,” said the Bear. “Since you ask, it was the monkey who tied me to the tree.”

“And how did he manage to do that?” asked the Tigress, coming closer, and examining the knots in the vines with a smile on her lips.

“He did it, to stop the North Wind blowing me away,” said the Bear.

“Oh, he did, did he,” said the Tigress, who was now starting to chuckle.

“Oh yes, it was very kind of him,” said the Bear, otherwise I might have been blown to somewhere – a dangerous place!”

“Oh you would have, would you,” said the Tigress who was laughing.

“Yes, I would have flown away just like a leaf!”

Now the Tigress was roaring with laughter, “You, a great big bear, were afraid you would be blown away by a tiny puff of wind and so you let the monkey tie you to a tree!” HA HA HA That’s the funniest thing I’ve ever seen or heard off! And the tigress started to roll on the ground, helpless with laughter. She laughed and laughed till her sides hurt and tears started to spurt out of her eyes like fountains.

And just at the right moment, the monkey swung by with a coconut shell and at last caught some drops of her Tigress Tears.

“Thank you for the tears, Tigress!” called out the Monkey as he swung away, but the Tigress was laughing so much that she did not hear him.

The monkey sped off as fast as he could towards the man’s house.

When he arrived at the window of the little girl’s bedroom, he looked inside and saw her head on the pillow with her hair matted and beads of sweat on her forehead. Her father and the doctor were both in the room not saying anything.

“Oh I really hope I’m not too late,” said the monkey.

The man looked up.

“Oh, hello monkey,” he said, “Have you come to cheer up my little girl? You can try, but she’s not at all well. We can’t find the medicine she needs, he said gravely.”

“Here you go,” said the monkey, holding out the coconut shell with the tears from the tigress.

Of course, all the man and the doctor heard was “Ooh, aah.”

The doctor stood up and said: “I’m curious to see what the monkey has brought for us. Perhaps he knows some cure. Animals have a lot of natural healing knowledge, you know.”

She came over and took the coconut shell from the monkey. Peering inside she saw the drops. She smelt them.

“Probably just coconut milk,” she remarked.

“Hey!” said the monkey, “Those drops aren’t coconut milk. They are the actual tears of a tigress,” and then, realising that the doctor did not understand, he started to act like a tiger, marching up and down on four paws, swishing his tail, and roaring, and then he pointed to his eyes and said, “Boo! Hooo! Hooo!” “Do you know what?” said the doctor, “I think he’s trying to tell us that these are the tears of the tigress.”

“Really?” said the man, “Even if he is saying that I would not necessarily believe him. This monkey is full of tricks, you know.”

“Well what have we got to lose?” said the doctor. “Even if the drops are just coconut milk, they won’t do any harm, and she should be drinking as much as possible anyway.”

So the man and the doctor sat the sick little girl up in bed with pillows behind her back, holding the coconut shell to her lips.

“Make sure you drink all the drops,” she said.

The girl just about managed to do as she was asked before returning her head to her pillow and falling asleep.

“I do believe your daughter is already looking a little better,” said the doctor.

It was a long evening and a long night while the man, the doctor and the monkey, kept watch over the little girl. The monkey, who had very good hearing, noticed that she was breathing more and more easily. His animal instinct told him that she was getting better all the time. And he was right! When the sun began to shine through the window, she sat up in bed and said: “Good morning Daddy. I’m hungry, what’s for breakfast?”

The man wiped the sleep from his eyes and exclaimed,

“My lovely one! It’s a miracle! You’re better!”

And the monkey did a little dance and sang!

“I did it! I did it! I made the tigress cry. How clever am I?”

## 2. Grammar Page

### Collective Nouns

Words for groups of people, animals or things are called **collective nouns**.

Here are some collective nouns for **groups of people**.

a family	a crew
a team	a club
a community	a committee
a choir	a company
a band	a gang
an orchestra	the government
an audience	the army

Collective nouns may be used with a **singular verb** or with a **plural verb**. If the group is acting as a single unit, use a singular verb. If group members are acting as individuals, use a plural verb. For example:

The crowd **was** orderly.

or

The crowd **were** clapping, yelling and cheering.

#### Notes

Always use a plural verb with the collective nouns, **people** and **the police**. For example:

Those people **live** (*not lives*) in Asia.  
The police **have caught** (*not has caught*) the thief.

Here are more collective nouns you can use for **groups of people**.

a <b>crowd</b> of shoppers	a <b>gang</b> of thieves
a <b>company</b> of actors	a <b>panel</b> of judges
a <b>class</b> of schoolchildren	a <b>platoon</b> of soldiers

Many **groups of animals** have their own special collective nouns.

a <b>herd</b> of cattle	a <b>pack</b> of wolves	a <b>litter</b> of puppies
a <b>flock</b> of birds	a <b>pride</b> of lions	a <b>troop</b> of monkeys
a <b>drove</b> of sheep	a <b>pod</b> of dolphins	a <b>brood</b> of chickens
a <b>gaggle</b> of geese	a <b>school</b> of fish	a <b>swarm</b> of bees

Some **groups of things** also have their own special collective nouns.

a **bunch** of bananas

a **cluster** of grapes

a **bunch** of flowers

a **bouquet** of flowers

a **range** of mountains

a **fleet** of ships

a **fleet** of vehicles

a **deck** of cards

a **flight** of steps

a **suite** of rooms

a **suite** of furniture

a **set** of tools

a **string** of beads

a **grove** of trees

Some nouns name the **amount** or **form of something**.

a **loaf** of bread

a **ball** of string

a **bar** of soap

a **bar** of chocolate

The words **a piece of** mean a single serving or part of something.

a **slice/piece** of bread

a **piece/square** of chocolate

a **sheet/piece** of paper

a **piece** of information

a **slice/piece** of cheese

a **slice/piece** of cake

a **piece** of chalk

a **piece** of advice