



# Learn English Through Stories

C Series

C10

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# 1. The Boy and a Chocolate Bar



These two very old people are the father and mother of Mr Bucket. Their names are Grandpa Joe and Grandma Josephine.

And these two very old people are the father and mother of Mrs Bucket. Their names are Grandpa George and Grandma Georgina.

This is Mr Bucket. This is Mrs Bucket.

Mr and Mrs Bucket have a small boy whose name is Charlie.

This is Charlie.

How do you do? And how do you do? And how do you do again? He is pleased to meet you.

The whole of this family — the six grown-ups (count them) and little Charlie Bucket — live together in a small wooden house on the edge of a great town.

The house wasn't nearly large enough for so many people, and life was extremely uncomfortable for them all. There were only two rooms in the place altogether, and there was only one bed. The bed was given to the four old grandparents because they were so old and tired. They were so tired, they never got out of it.

Grandpa Joe and Grandma Josephine on this side, Grandpa George and Grandma Georgina on this side.

Mr and Mrs Bucket and little Charlie Bucket slept in the other room, upon mattresses on the floor.

In the summertime, this wasn't too bad, but in the winter, freezing cold draughts blew across the floor all night long, and it was awful.

There wasn't any question of them being able to buy a better house — or even one more bed to sleep in. They were far too poor for that.

Mr Bucket was the only person in the family with a job. He worked in a toothpaste factory, where he sat all day long at a bench and screwed the little caps onto the tops of the tubes of toothpaste after the tubes had been filled.

But a toothpaste cap-screw is never paid very much money, and poor Mr Bucket, however hard he worked, and however fast he screwed on the caps, was never able to make enough to buy one half of the things that so large a family needed. There wasn't even enough money to buy proper food for them all. The only meals they could afford were bread and margarine for breakfast, boiled potatoes and cabbage for lunch, and cabbage soup for supper. Sundays were a bit better. They all looked forward to Sundays because then, although they had exactly the same, everyone was allowed a second helping.

The Buckets, of course, didn't starve, but every one of them — the two old grandfathers, the two old grandmothers, Charlie's father, Charlie's mother, and especially little Charlie himself — went about from morning till night with a horrible empty feeling in their tummies.

Charlie felt it worst of all. And although his father and mother often went without their own share of lunch or supper so that they could give it to him, it still wasn't nearly enough for a growing boy. He desperately wanted something more filling and satisfying than cabbage and cabbage soup. The one thing he longed for more than anything else was . . . CHOCOLATE.

Walking to school in the mornings, Charlie could see great slabs of chocolate piled up high in the shop windows, and he would stop and stare and press his nose against the glass, his mouth watering like mad. Many times a day, he would see other children taking bars of creamy chocolate out of their pockets and munching them greedily, and that, of course, was pure torture.

Only once a year, on his birthday, did Charlie Bucket ever get to taste a bit of chocolate. The whole family saved up their money for that special occasion, and when the great day arrived, Charlie was always presented with one small chocolate bar to eat all by himself. And each time he received it, on those marvellous birthday mornings, he would place it carefully in a small wooden box that he owned, and treasure it as though it were a bar of solid gold; and for the next few days, he would allow himself only to look at it, but never to touch it. Then at last, when he could stand it no longer, he would peel back a tiny bit of the paper wrapping at one corner to expose a tiny bit of chocolate, and then he would take a tiny nibble — just enough to allow the lovely sweet taste to spread out slowly over his tongue. The next day, he would take another tiny nibble, and so on, and so on. And in this way, Charlie would make his sixpenny bar of birthday chocolate last him for more than a month.

But I haven't yet told you about the one awful thing that tortured little Charlie, the lover of chocolate, more than anything else. This thing, for him, was far, far worse than seeing slabs of chocolate in the shop windows or watching other children munching bars of creamy chocolate right in front of him. It was the most terrible torturing thing you could imagine, and it was this:

In the town itself, actually, within sight of the house in which Charlie lived, there was an ENORMOUS CHOCOLATE FACTORY!

Just imagine that!

And it wasn't simply an ordinary enormous chocolate factory, either. It was the largest and most famous in the whole world! It was WONKA'S FACTORY, owned by a man called Mr Willy Wonka, the greatest inventor and maker of chocolates that there has ever been. And what a tremendous, marvellous place it was! It had huge iron gates leading into it, and a high wall surrounding it, and smoke belching from its chimneys, and strange whizzing sounds coming from deep inside it. And outside the walls, for half a mile around in every direction, the air was scented with the heavy rich smell of melting chocolate!

Twice a day, on his way to and from school, little Charlie Bucket had to walk right past the gates of the factory. And every time he went by, he would begin to walk very, very slowly, and he would hold his nose high in the air and take long deep sniffs of the gorgeous chocolatey smell all around him.

Oh, how he loved that smell!

And oh, how he wished he could go inside the factory and see what it was like.

## 2. The Clever Frog

Deep inside a forest, there was a pond. Many fishes, crabs and frogs lived in the pond. Theirs was a happy and peaceful life.

Among them lived two beautiful fishes named Santo and Banto. They were bigger than the other fishes in the pond. They were very proud of their good looks and intelligence.

In the same pond lived a frog with his wife. His name was Chusta. The fishes and frogs were good friends. They all were living a peaceful life.

But one day two fishermen, returning from the river in the forest after fishing came across the pond. It was late in the evening and as usual, all the fishes and frogs were at play. Santo, Banto, Chusta and many others joined the game. They leapt high into the air and chased each other.

Seeing the beautiful scene the fishermen were amazed and stopped to watch the scene.

“How beautiful they look?” said one fisherman.

“Yes. And so many of them too,” replied the other.

“The pond does not look very deep,” said the first fisherman. “Let us catch some of them.”

“It is already very late and we have a heavy load to carry a long way. Let’s come back tomorrow,” suggested the other fisherman.

Chusta turned to the others in the pond and said, “Did you not hear what the fishermen said? We must leave this pond for a safer place.”

“Just because two fishermen said they would come back to catch us tomorrow, you want us to leave our home and flee. For all we know, they might not come back,” said Santo.

“Even if they come back to catch us I know a thousand tricks to get away.”

“And even if your thousand ways fail, I know another hundred ways to escape,” said Banto. “We will not let two fishermen scare us away from our home.” All the others in the pond agreed with them.

“Well! I know only one trick,” said Chusta. “To leave the place before danger strikes.” Chusta and his wife left the pond in search of a safer place. All the fishes, crabs and frogs laughed at them as they left.

The next day the fishermen returned to the pond and cast their net. “Ouch! This net is too thick for me to bite through,” cried Santo.

“For me too,” cried Banto. “Only if I could get out, I could do something.”

“We should have listened to Chusta,” cried another fish. “Now we are all doomed.”

The fishermen caught them all and put all the fish, frogs and crabs into a big basket and took them away.

Chusta, hiding behind a boulder with his wife turned to her and said, “If I had not acted in time, we would also be in that basket with the others.”

### 3. Sunday is My Favourite Day

Hi. My name is Molly. I live in Manchester, England. I am fifty-three years old. My friend asked me: what is your favourite day of the week?

Well! I really love Sundays! Sunday is my favourite day.

Are you thinking: why is Sunday my favourite day?

I am going to tell you!

First of all, my family comes to visit. I have two daughters and they each have two kids. They all come over on Sunday afternoons. But, I think it is better if I tell you about my day in the order it happens!

First things first, that is.

So, here we go. I wake up early. I always wake up early! But I don't get up. My husband brings me a cup of tea in bed. I love that start to my day! Then he goes to the gym. He doesn't do a workout, he goes to the swimming pool and he swims. He does fifty lengths. Fifty lengths, at his age! When he gets back, I am still in bed. When I hear him in the kitchen, getting the breakfast ready, I get up. We don't have a fry-up, we have a continental breakfast, bread and jam or fresh croissants from the Co-op. We don't like croissants from out of a packet. They are too dry. After breakfast, my husband goes down to the newsagent and picks my newspaper up, I read 'The Sunday Times'. I love the articles and I always do the crossword. I really enjoy that. Sometimes, my husband helps me. At about eleven o'clock, I have a piece of cake and a milky coffee. It's my one coffee of the day.

Soon, it is afternoon and I get ready for my daughters and the grandkids. I prepare a full Sunday lunch, usually roast beef, Yorkshire puddings and vegetables. I also prepare a veggie bake as my eldest daughter is a vegetarian. We all sit around the table and talk about our week. Later on, the kids go out into the garden and play with the dog. My daughters help me with the washing-up and we chat some more.

After they leave, I am very tired, but happy. My husband makes us a nice pot of tea and we watch a bit of TV. Later on, we take the dog out for a walk. Sundays are just perfect!



In England, a **fry-up (or English breakfast)** is a meal consisting of a mixture of foods such as sausages, bacon, beans, tomatoes, and eggs that have been fried.



A **continental breakfast** is a breakfast that consists of food such as bread, butter, jam, croissant, and a hot drink. There is no cooked food.



**Sunday Lunch** includes Beef, Yorkshire pudding, boiled carrots, broccoli, and potatoes.



**Veggie Bake**



**A Pot of tea**

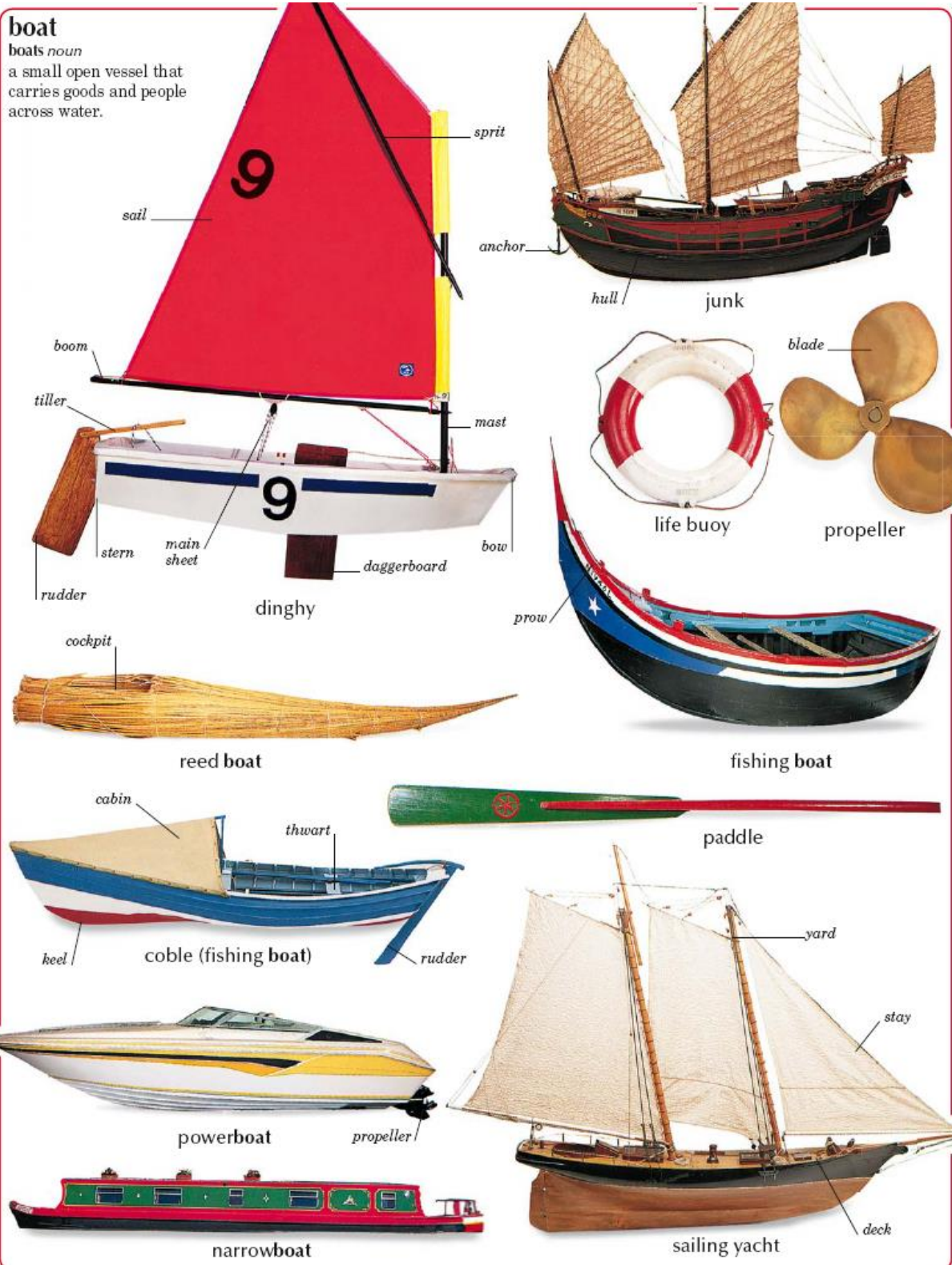


## 4. Picture Dictionary Page

### boat

**boats** *noun*

a small open vessel that carries goods and people across water.



## body

**bodies** *noun*  
all the physical parts that make up an animal or person.



## bone

**bones** *noun*  
the hard parts of an animal's or person's body that make up the skeleton.



*femur (upper leg bone)*  
**bony** *adjective*

## bonfire

**bonfires** *noun*  
a large outdoor fire.



## boil

**boils boiling boiled** *verb*  
to heat a liquid until it starts to bubble and steam rises from it.



## bold

*adjective*  
brave and fearless.  
*The bold knight marched up to the dragon's cave.*

## bolt

**bolts** *noun*  
1 a metal rod that is used to fasten things together.



2 a sliding metal bar that is used for fastening a door.



## bomb

**bombs** *noun*  
an exploding weapon that can cause damage to anything around it.  
■ say **bom**

## book

**books** *noun*  
printed pieces of paper, joined together inside a cover.

## boom

**booms booming boomed** *verb*  
to make a deep, loud sound.  
*His voice boomed out through the loudspeaker.*

## boomerang

**boomerangs** *noun*  
a curved piece of wood that comes back to you when you throw it. Boomerangs were used in the past as a weapon by Australian Aborigines.



## boot

**boots** *noun*  
a type of shoe that covers your foot and part of your leg.

*rain boot*



## border

**borders** *noun*  
1 the boundary between two countries.



2 a strip around the edge of something.



*blue border*

## bore

**bores boring bored** *verb*  
1 to be very uninteresting.  
*She bored us for weeks by telling the same joke.*  
2 to make a round hole in something.  
*They bored a hole in the ground in search of oil.*

## bore

*from the verb to bear*  
1 *She bore 10 children.*  
2 *Luckily, the bridge bore the truck's weight.*

## born

*from the verb to bear*  
*I was born 10 years ago, so I am 10 years old.*

## borrow

**borrows borrowing borrowed** *verb*  
to take something for a while and then return it.  
*I borrowed my friend's pen.*  
■ opposite **lend**

## boss

**bosses** *noun*  
the person who is in charge at work.

## both

*adjective*  
not just one thing, but two.



*Both bowls contain rice.*

## bother

**bothers bothering bothered** *verb*  
to worry or annoy someone.

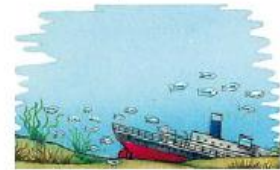
## bottle

**bottles** *noun*  
a container for liquids, usually made of glass or plastic.



## bottom

**bottoms** *noun*  
1 the lowest part of something.



*The bottom of the sea.*  
■ opposite **top**

2 the part of your body that you sit on.

