



# **Learn English Through Stories**

**D Series**

**D16**

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# 1. A Train to My Marriage

By Vandana Sharma

I am afraid of heights of all kinds - valleys, mountains, rivers, railway station bridges and even relationships make me sick. And today I am going to experience all of them.

“Krishna, come fast, we will miss the train!” Mom shouts, breaking my train of thought. “I would be glad if I could,” I mutter, putting on my dark brown blazer.

One more addition to my hate list is this goddamned winter season. I am very sensitive to getting a bad cough in this season, and I cannot bear the chill. So I have put as many woollens in my bag as on my body.

Here comes the auto-rickshaw.

“Come, come, everyone get inside,” Dad says.

“What the hell, Krishna! How many clothes have you stuffed in your bag? It is way too heavy!” screams Anoop, my brother.

“Don’t worry, I will take my luggage myself. You don’t have to bother about it.” I immediately regret the sentence after saying it. It is heavy! Uff!

Soon we are in front of a big - no, actually a monstrously huge - railway bridge. “Okay, I can do this.”

I try to be a brave girl. I am not going to look down. But the combination of loudly hooting trains and my immense fear of heights makes the situation more horrific. When it comes to heights, I can be a total freak.

“Here are our seat numbers,” says Mom when we board the train.

I take my laptop and climb onto the upper berth. As it is an all-night journey, everybody will be asleep soon, and I am going to watch the Korean movie *My Little Bride*. I love romantic Korean movies.

By the time it’s 3 a.m. I feel sleepy. But first I have to go to the loo, so I just wait for the train to stop at any station. That’s one more addition to my list of phobias - I cannot go to the loo when the train is moving. Now you must be getting a clearer idea of my freakishness.

I doze off later. Then suddenly it’s raining and I’m all drenched; a wave of water comes to drown me and I’m awake!

“Holy shit, Anoop! Are you bloody out of your mind?” It turned out to be part of a dream, and Anoop was trying to wake me up by pouring water on my face. He laughed stupidly and said, “We are almost about to reach Ambala.”

Yes, we are going to our village which is located in Ambala. It’s always been very exciting for me to go there but this time it’s a little different. I am going to face my fear of relationships.

We are going to meet Uncle D.S. Sharma and his family. And I am sure of the real reason we are meeting the family - they want me to marry Sharma Uncle’s one and only son who lives with them in their farmhouse. Their family is very affluent, but I never wanted a man who lives in a remote area and is a farmer. I think he must be barely a graduate - a narrow-minded control freak. Men in villages want housemakers, not working girls.

The train arrives at the station. Coolies are competing to get into the train. Everybody rushes out of the train except me. I am struggling with my bag and suddenly I tumble onto the platform, head over heels. Shit! I just fell off the train. God! Can I do this any better? Bloody... Bloody hell...

Before I can manage to get up myself, a hand comes through the crush of bodies to my rescue. Without looking at who it was who offered to help me get up, I grab that hand and pull myself up. Having stood up, I immediately start brushing my clothes. Then I look up to thank the man who helped me. I’m struck dumb. He is dangerously handsome.

“Thank you.” This is all I manage to say.

He is wearing a white kurta-pyjama. The top buttons of his kurta are unbuttoned. His perfectly trimmed muscles can be seen; his biceps give the perfect shape to his arms. Is he not feeling cold? Maybe he is already too hot.

Suddenly his voice breaks the spell, “Are you okay?”

“Yes, thank you again,” I say, hesitant and embarrassed.

“How many times do I have to tell you to be careful!” chides Mom.

My brother is laughing as usual. Now he has got my ‘new train episode’ to talk about for at least this month.

I then realize that Uncle Sharma's family has been there all this time. And the handsome man is none other than his one and only son. I still don’t know his name. Now this is more embarrassing.

“Please give me your bag,” he says softly.

“No, I can manage,” I muttered.

“Yes, I have seen that already,” he grins as he almost snatches my bag from me.

Soon we are in their car - an Endeavour. It is cosy inside. He is driving the car and I can feel butterflies in my stomach. I still don't know his name.

Finally, we arrive at the farmhouse. It is beautiful, completely surrounded by nature. The entrance gate is covered with some kind of flowering creeper. There is a nameplate: Sharma's Residence. The building itself is breathtakingly gorgeous. Could there be anything else that one can want in life?

We are in our separate rooms now. I am feeling very sleepy so I just snuggle under my quilt and sleep.

When I wake up, it's dark outside. Looking out the window, I'm trying to recollect my thoughts and then I realize that this is not my room. I get up and go downstairs to the main hall.

Everybody is there having dinner. Crap... I realize I slept all day.

“Come, dear, have dinner,” said Aunty.

Mrs Sharma is a beautiful lady and anybody can see where her son gets his good looks from.

Mr. Perfect is also there, sitting beside my mom and talking about his work. Huh, what attitude... He didn't even notice me? As if I care...

After dinner, we return to our rooms. Now everybody is going to sleep when I'm wide awake...

Thank God I have my laptop with me.

Somebody knocks at the door. “May I come in?”

“Yes,” I answer,

And here he is - Mr Perfect.

“Mom has asked if you need anything.”

“No, thank you,” I say, smiling.

He is about to leave when he suddenly turns and asks, “What are you doing on your laptop?”

“Nothing, just watching a movie.”

“Can I join you?”

“Oh! Okay,” I say. I'm surprised, especially after how he totally ignored me at the dinner table.

“Korean movie, haan... That too romantic?” he says, grinning.

“I like romantic Korean movies,” I say abruptly.

“Don’t you have horror movies?”

*Okay, I got you. You are trying to flirt with me.* Although, I think, he has succeeded to some extent. I am impressed.

“Yes, I have them, but it would be better if you don’t watch it with me. I scream while watching horror movies although I don’t even watch most of the movie. I cover my eyes all the time so that if anything shitty happens I can close my eyes immediately.”

“Okay, then let’s watch your romantic Korean movie,” he says, grinning again.

“By the way, what is your name?” I ask.

“You don’t know my name?” Now he does not seem very pleased.

“We didn’t have a moment to get properly introduced before,” I explain.

“Hmm... Okay... My name is Daksh,” he says, stretching out his hand towards me.

“And I am Krishna,” I say, reaching out to shake his hand. As I touch his hand, a quiver runs through my body. His hand is warm, in sharp contrast to my cold hand.

It is always risky to watch romantic movies with parents or with a hot guy like him. Suddenly, the hero and heroine are getting closer on the screen, and I begin to feel very conscious, even embarrassed. I try to move so that I can fast-forward the movie, but I just cannot. Now they are kissing each other ferociously... They fall into bed and hug each other tightly. The hero kisses the heroine gently on her forehead. Oh... This forehead-kissing scene is my favourite. Thus the movie goes on.

Slyly, I try to peek at Mr. Perfect’s face. He is calm but I can see his facial muscles clenching as he tries to hide his smile.

The movie finishes at 1 a.m. He gets up to leave.

“Goodnight, Krishna.”

“Goodnight, Mr Perr... err... Daksh.”

Narrowing his eyes, he leaves the room.

The next morning I get out of my room, brush my teeth, pick up my sneakers and head out to the fields. It is a very cold, foggy December morning, so I’m wrapped up in thick woollens.

What was I doing last night? Talking to myself. Even now, my thoughts are focused on him. I know he is handsome but still, I'm sure he is a narrow-minded control freak.

As I remain lost in my own thoughts, my foot suddenly slams against a heavy stone. I stumble into a slushy part of the path. Apart from landing like a fool into the slush, I realize I have hurt my foot.

"Need any help, Miss?"

Oh, it is him! What is he doing here? Why is he always there to rescue me from my own disasters? Oh!

I clear my throat. "I can manage..." I say, trying not to look at his face.

"You are very stubborn, Krishna. Just give me your hand."

I offer my hand hesitantly. He clutches it tightly to help me get up; again I can feel the cold even more...

I stand up, stumbling, holding onto his shoulder for support.

As we enter the house, everybody is surprised to see both of us. "Hey, what happened?" asked Mom.

"Nothing, Mom. Your dear princess fell again," he says, grinning. Everybody laughs at this.

Huh! How dare he? And why is he calling my mother 'Mom'? Oh, my suspicion was right!

Or maybe not?

I must know for certain. So the next time I find him alone, I confront him. He is sitting at a desk, doing some accounting work.

"I want to talk to you," I say.

"Krishna, I am busy right now. Can we talk later?"

My big negative point is my egoistic attitude.

"Why did you call my mother 'Mom'?" I ask.

He looks up. "Is that a problem?" he asks, keeping his accounting book aside. Standing up, he then comes close to me.

"Yes," I said, stuttering. "She is my mom, so you cannot call her that."

"Oh, really?"

He walks a little closer. Crap! I cannot move... I want to step back but I find myself simply unable to move. I need water; it is getting too hot here.

Suddenly he pulls me into his arms. My mouth is so close to his. He is looking into my eyes. I am trying to look down, afraid that he can read my eyes and can see into my soul. He lifts my chin up and gently runs his thumb over my lips. For that moment I forget everything around us. All I can focus on, apart from the sensation of being held by him, are his dark brown eyes. Oh boy, he is the only man around whom I can feel mushy without even watching a romantic movie.

“Krishna...” a voice comes suddenly from another room.

I push him away and manage to calm myself.

It was Anoop asking me to come to the hall. “Mom is calling you.”

At that moment, my heartbeat thuds very rapidly. I rush to attend to my mother.

Later in the evening, we all make a plan to go to a famous restaurant in the city. As we get ready for the outing, I consciously try to ignore what happened with Mr. Perfect that afternoon. But still, I ensure to put on my best dress—and I realize how very pleased I am to have taken the pains of bringing so many dresses with me on this trip.

Am I trying to impress him? No way! Everybody is trying to look their best, so why shouldn't I?

But I find that I'm more nervous than usual. Soon, everyone is ready and it's time to leave. “You two, go in the other car,” says Mom.

“What?” I am surprised. Mom is asking me to go alone with a boy! I insist, “No, I will also go with you.”

“Yes, Mom, there is no need for another car,” says Mr. Perfect.

Thank God! I cannot bear landing in one more scandalous moment after that afternoon. “No,” says my mother. “You will go in a separate car. That's it.” No more discussions.

I know what Mom is trying to do. Seriously, Indian mothers can be such a headache sometimes!

We take another car - this one's an Audi!

The streetlamps look beautiful this foggy evening, between the mist and dark night. Mr. Perfect doesn't say a word. So to end this awkwardness I start a conversation. “How about your higher studies? You don't want to study further?”



“Krishna, I have already done my MBA and I have also been a research scientist at the Indian Institute of Agricultural Sciences. So now I am working on increasing crop yield methods while simultaneously learning the ropes of my father’s business and also doing some actual farming. What else do you want me to do?”

My jaw almost falls to the ground.

“Oh!” I said. “So you would want a wife who can stay with you? I mean, a housewife.”

“Yes, I would, definitely want a wife who can stay with me, Krishna.”

I knew it! A narrow-minded control freak. Huh!

But, he continues, “If my wife wants to work, she can work with me in our business.”

He never ceases to surprise me. I am feeling good about it. But still, I am confused about why he wants *me* to marry him. He can get any girl he wants.

Suddenly, the car stops and I notice that we are near a hill. “Where are we? Don’t tell me that the car has stopped working.”

“No, Krishna. Please stop watching those romantic movies in which the hero-heroine gets stuck in a car and then their romance starts,” he says, grinning.

“Whatever! Just a thought; it has nothing to do with romantic movies.” I say, annoyed.

“Let’s go.”

“Where?”

“Up there. To the top of the hill.”

“Are you kidding me? I’m not going there.”

“Huh! Stubborn girl.”

He takes my hand and we move towards the hill. As we reach the top, I can see the river on the other side. This scene is breathtaking. Although it is far below us, the sheer height does not seem to scare me. Instead, I feel great - so amused and thrilled.

A cold breeze blows my hair over my face.

“It is so beautiful, nothing can be more beautiful,” I say.

“I knew you would like it.”

Suddenly, Mr. Perfect gets down on one knee, pulls out a ring and says the world’s most magical words: I Love You, Krishna. Will You Marry Me?

I am dumbstruck at that moment. Here is Mr. Perfect - and that too on his knees, asking me to marry him!

This cannot actually be happening. All this only happens in the movies. I wish I could hold on to that moment forever.

“Krishna, please reply, my knees are hurting and it’s very cold out here.” I smile, my eyes wet with tears, and say, “YES!”

Thrilled, he gets up and slips the ring onto my finger. He then hugs me tightly. I can hear his breath in my ears as he says, “I liked you when Mom showed me your picture... And I liked you even more when you fell from the train.”

“Then I should fall every time,” I laughed.

“I wanted you right there while watching that movie,” he whispered in my ears. “I love you! Be mine. Be my wife.”

I look up at him. His lips come close to mine and then he softly kisses me on my lips. “I love you too,” I responded gleefully.

And, like every other love story with a happy ending, we lived happily ever after.

## 2. Jokes

### Problem Uncle

Once, there lived a couple called Banta and Banto. One day, they had a little argument. The next day, Banto went to her parents.

So Banta started going to Santa's for dinner. For first five days Santa's children welcomed him as 'chachaji.' But on the sixth day, they called him 'mamaji.' Banta asked them, "Earlier, you welcomed me as chachaji, and why are you calling me mamaji today?"

The children said, "Uncle, when you came today, Papa said to Mummy, 'Phir aa gaya saalaa!'"

### Relatives

Once, there lived a couple whose names were Passu and Chatro. One day, they decided to go to the lake nearby.

They drove down a country road for several miles, not saying a word. An earlier discussion had led to an argument, and neither of them wanted to admit their mistakes. As they passed a farmyard of mules, goats, and pigs, the husband asked sarcastically, "Dear Wife, do you want say hello to your relatives?"

The wife answered, "Yes, I am obliged to say hello to my in-laws."

ਮੇਰੀ ਬਕਰੀ ਨਣਾਨ - ਸੂਰ ਮੇਰਾ ਦੇਰ ਵੇ ਲੋਕੇ ।

ਸੌਹਰਾ ਖੱਚਰਾ ਖਾਈ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਘਾਹ ਦੇ ਢੇਰ ਵੇ ਲੋਕੇ ॥

### 3. Grammar page

## 5 Adjectives

An **adjective** is a describing word. It tells you more about a noun. An adjective usually appears before the noun it describes. Sometimes, though, the adjective appears after the noun, later in the sentence.



a **smart** dog



an **old** building



a **tall** basketball player

a **busy** street  
a **dark** corner  
a **deep** sea  
a **large** bed  
It is **windy**.

John's handwriting is very **neat**.

The sea is **rough**.

All the players are very **tall**.

The baby's hands are very **small**.

Sue's drawing is **beautiful**.

That problem is too **difficult**.

Peter is very **quiet** today.



a **low** fence