



**Learn English Through
Stories
D Series**

D26

**Adapted and modified by
Kulwant Singh Sandhu**

<https://learn-by-reading.co.uk>

Contents

- 1. The Mean Little Boy**
- 2. Grammar Page.**

1. The Mean Little Boy

By Enid Blyton

There was once a mean little boy called Wilfred. He took other children's toys away and wouldn't give them back. He pinched the little girls when no grown-up was about. He hit the little boys, and sometimes threw their caps right up into the trees so that they couldn't get them.

Wilfred was big and rather strong for his age, so it wasn't much good trying to stop him. All that the other children could do was to run away when they saw him.

But one day little Janet didn't run away quickly enough. She was playing with her tricycle in the street and Wilfred saw her. He loved riding on tricycles because he hadn't got one himself—so up he ran and caught hold of the handlebar.

“Get off, Janet. I want a ride,” said Wilfred.

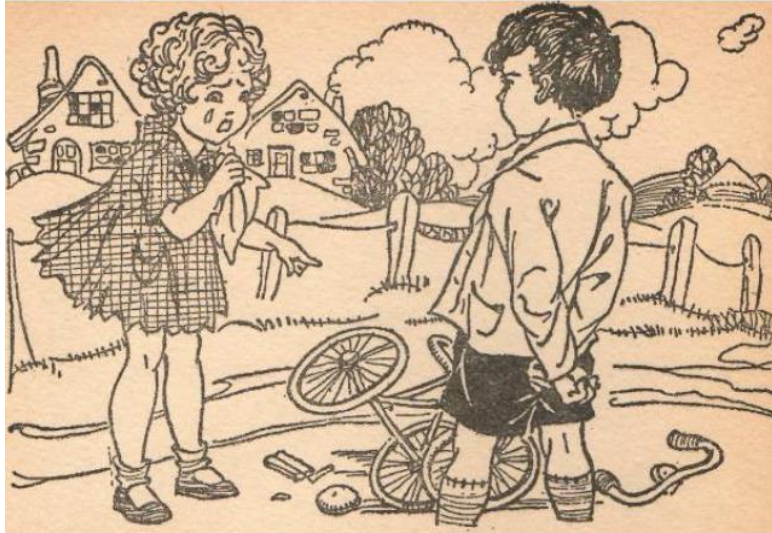
“No,” said Janet. “You are much bigger than I am, and my mother - I mustn't let bigger children ride my little tricycle in case they break it.”

“Well, I'm jolly well going to ride it!” said Wilfred. He dragged Janet off her tricycle and she fell on the ground. Wilfred was always so rough. Then he got on the little tricycle himself and rode off quickly in the street, ringing the bell loudly.

My word, how quickly he went! You should have seen him. All the other children skipped out of the way, and even the grown-ups did, too. Ting-a-ling-a-ling! — went the bell—ting-a-ling-a-ling!

Wilfred came to where the street began to go down a little hill. On he went, just as fast—and then he came to a roadway. He tried to stop, but he couldn't. Over the kerb he went, crash! The tricycle fell and Wilfred fell too.

He didn't hurt himself—but the tricycle was quite broken! The handlebar was off, the bell was spoilt and wouldn't ring, and one of the pedals was broken!



"YOU HORRID BOY. YOU'VE BROKEN MY TRICYCLE," CRIED THE LITTLE GIRL.

A little fat man with pointed ears and green eyes saw the accident. It was Mr Pink-Whistle, of course, trotting along as usual to see what bad things in the world he could put right.

He hurried up to the boy who had fallen, meaning to pick him up and comfort him, but before he could get there a little girl ran up and began to scold him, crying bitterly all the time.

"You horrid boy, Wilfred! Now you've broken my tricycle and I did love it so much. My mother will be very angry with me because you rode it. I shan't be able to get it mended, and it will have to be put away in the shed and never ridden anymore!"

And Janet cried bucketful of tears all down herself till her dress was quite damp. The other children came running up to see what had happened. They glared at Wilfred, who made a face and slapped Janet because she cried so loudly.

"It's a silly tricycle anyway!" said Wilfred. "Stupid baby one. Good gracious, I might have broken my leg, falling over like that!"

He stalked off, whistling, leaving the others to pick up the tricycle and to comfort poor Janet.

"Horrid boy!" said Tom "Don't cry, Janet."

“Yes, but it isn't fair!” wept Janet. “It's my tricycle, and he took it away from me—and now it's broken and my mother will be so cross.”

Mr Pink-Whistle was sorry for the little girl. He walked up to the children and patted Janet's golden head.

“Now, now, don't cry anymore,” he said. “Maybe I can mend your tricycle. Tell me some more about the boy who broke it.”

Well, you should have heard the things that came pouring out about Wilfred, the mean boy! Mr Pink-Whistle didn't care whether it was telling tales or not—he just had to know about him. And soon he knew so much that a big frown came above his green eyes and he pursed up his pink mouth.

“Hmmm,” said Mr Pink-Whistle, deep down in his throat. “I must see into this. That boy wants punishing. But first we will mend your tricycle, little girl.”

Well, Mr Pink-Whistle took the broken tricycle along to a bicycle shop, and soon it was as good as new. The handlebar was put on again very firmly. A new bell was bought and fixed on. It was much better than the other one. The pedal was nicely mended—and then Janet got on her tricycle and rode off in delight.

“Oh, thank you!” she cried. “But I do hope I don't meet Wilfred! He will want to ride my tricycle again and break it!”

“I'll look after Wilfred!” said Mr Pink-Whistle. And then, in his very extraordinary and sudden way, he disappeared! One minute he was there—and the next he wasn't. But really and truly he was there—but quite invisible, because, as you know, he was half-magic.

He had seen Wilfred coming along again—and Mr Pink-Whistle meant to watch that small boy and see all the things he did! Yes— Wilfred wasn't going to have a very good time now.

Wilfred strolled along, hands in pockets, making faces at children he met. When he met Kenneth, who was eating a rosy apple, Wilfred stopped.

“Give me that apple!” he said.

“No!” said Kenneth, putting the apple behind his back. Wilfred snatched at it—and it rolled into the mud so that nobody could eat it at all!

Kenneth yelled. Wilfred grinned. Mr Pink-Whistle frowned. The little fat man bought another apple at the fruit-shop and slipped it into Kenneth's pocket

without being seen. He would find it there when he got home—what a lovely surprise!

Then Mr Pink-Whistle suddenly became visible again, and walked into a shop. He bought several rather large sheets of white paper, some pins, and some black chalk. He stood by a wall and quickly wrote something in big letters on a sheet of paper.



"GIVE ME THAT APPLE," SAID WILFRED.

Then he disappeared suddenly—but a very strange thing happened. On Wilfred's back a large sheet of white paper suddenly appeared, and was gently pinned there so that Wilfred didn't know. On the paper was written a single sentence in big black letters:

"I Knocked Kenneth's Apple into the Mud."

Well, Wilfred went along the street, humming gaily, not knowing that anything was on his back at all. But very soon all the children knew it. First one saw it, then another—and soon a big crowd was following Wilfred, giggling hard.

Wilfred heard them and turned round. "What's the joke?" he asked.

"You're the joke!" said Harry.

"You stop giggling and tell me how I'm the joke!" said Wilfred fiercely.

"Who knocked Kenneth's apple into the mud?" called Jenny.

“How do you know I did?” cried Wilfred. “I suppose that baby Kenneth has been telling tales. Wait till I see him again!”

“No, he hasn't told us—you told us yourself,” giggled Doris. “I didn't,” said Wilfred.

“Look on your back!” shouted Lennie.

Wilfred screwed his head round and looked over his shoulder. He caught sight of something white on his back. He dragged at his coat and pulled off the paper. He read it and went red with rage.

“Who dared to pin this on my back!” he shouted. “I'll shake him till his teeth rattle!”

Everyone shook their heads. No—they hadn't pinned the paper on Wilfred's back, though they would have liked to, if they had dared.

Wilfred threw the paper on to the ground and stamped on it. “If anyone does that to me again, they'll be sorry for themselves!” he said fiercely. “So just look out!”

But the one who had done it didn't care a rap for Wilfred's threat. No —old Pink-Whistle grinned to himself and trotted quietly along after Wilfred, waiting to see what mean thing the boy would do next.

And then out would come another sheet of paper, of course—and Wilfred would have to wear another notice on his back!

Mr Pink-Whistle followed Wilfred home, and then he sat on the wall outside still invisible, to wait for him to come out. Inside the house he could hear Wilfred being very rude to his mother.

“Wilfred, I want you to run down and get me some potatoes,” said his mother.

“I don't want to. I'm tired,” said the selfish boy.

“Now you do as you're told, Wilfred,” said his mother. “Hurry up.”

“Shan't!” said Wilfred. “I'm tired, I tell you.”

Mr Pink-Whistle listened, quite horrified. To think that any boy could talk to his mother like that! It was simply dreadful. Wilfred went on being rude—and then, when his mother had gone to the back door to speak to the baker,

Wilfred slipped out of the front door. He wasn't going to fetch potatoes, not he!

Mr Pink-Whistle had been busy writing something on a sheet of white paper with his black chalk. He waited till Wilfred passed him, and then the little fat man neatly pinned the paper on to Wilfred's back.



THE CHILDREN SAW THE NOTICE AND GATHERED ROUND, GIGGLING.

He did it with such a magic touch that the boy didn't feel anything at all. Off went Wilfred down the street, whistling—and on his back the sheet of paper said:

“I've Been Very Rude to My Mother.”

Well, it wasn't long before all the passers-by saw the paper and began to laugh at it. “Fancy!” they said to one another, “he has been rude to his mother! Well, he looks a most unpleasant boy, it's true— but fancy being rude to his mother!”

The other children soon saw the notice and gathered round, giggling. Wilfred glared at them. Whatever was all the giggling about?

“You've been rude to your mother!” shouted Kenneth.

“Bad boy! You've been rude to your mother!” yelled all the children.

Wilfred stopped in surprise. Now how in the world did the others know that? He hadn't told anyone—and his mother certainly hadn't, for she would be too much ashamed of her son to say such a thing.

“How do you know?” he demanded angrily.

“You've got it on your back,” shouted the children in glee.

Wilfred tore the paper off his back and looked at it. How he scowled when he saw what was printed there! But how could it have got on his back? And who could have written that sentence?

He tore the paper into little pieces and stuffed them into a litter bin. Then he stamped off angrily. Just wait till he caught anyone pinning paper on his back again! He kept turning round quickly to make sure that no one was creeping behind him.

Soon he met Alison, and she had a bag of sweets. “Give me one!” said Wilfred.

“No,” said Alison bravely. Wilfred gave her such a pinch that she squealed loudly and ran away, hugging her bag of sweets and crying.

Well, you can guess that it wasn't more than half a minute before Mr Pink-Whistle had pinned another sheet of paper on Wilfred's back! This time it said, in bold black letters:

“I Have Pinched Alison and Made her Cry.”

Everyone who saw it looked surprised—and then grinned. “What a nasty little boy that must be!” they thought. They wondered if he knew that he had the paper on his back. He didn't know at first— but as soon as he met some other children, he knew at once!

For they danced around him, shouting, “You pinched Alison! You horrid boy! You pinched Alison and made her cry!”

“How do you know?” shouted Wilfred. “Did she tell tales on me?” “No—you're telling tales about yourself!” yelled back the children,

keeping a good distance away from the angry little boy. He at once felt round at his back and tore off the paper. When he read what was written he was rather frightened. He felt quite certain that no one had been near enough to him to pin on that paper—he had been keeping a good watch. Then how did it get on his back?

Wilfred thought he would go home. He didn't like these queer happenings at all. It wasn't a bit funny suddenly to have horrid things pinned on his back for people to laugh at. He ran home, quickly.

His mother was out in the garden. Wilfred thought that no one else was in the house, so he crept to the jam cupboard, and looked for a pot of strawberry jam. He didn't know that Mr Pink-Whistle was just behind him, quite invisible! The naughty boy ran off with the jam and sat down under a bush in the front garden to enjoy it.

Mr Pink-Whistle busily wrote on another sheet of paper, then sat down beside Wilfred, and pinned it gently on his back. The boy couldn't see Mr Pink-Whistle, of course, and he was so busy with the jam that he didn't even hear the very slight rustle of the paper.

He finished the jam and went indoors, and as soon as he turned round his mother saw what was pinned on his back!

“I have Stolen a Pot of Strawberry Jam,”

“Oh, have you!” said Wilfred's mother, and she went to her jam cupboard to look. Sure enough a pot was gone.

“Wilfred! You bad boy! You've taken my jam!” she cried. “Go straight upstairs to bed and stay there for the rest of the day! Go quickly before I smack you!”

Wilfred rushed upstairs, for his mother was really very angry indeed. He took his coat off to undress—and saw the notice that said so plainly, **“I have Stolen a Pot of Strawberry Jam.”**

Wilfred stared at it, frightened. Who had seen him take the jam? Who had pinned that notice on him? It was magic. It couldn't be anything else. Wilfred began to cry.

“Oh, it's all very well to cry,” said the voice of Mr Pink-Whistle in the bedroom. “You cry just because you are frightened—not because you are sorry. You are a horrid, rude, and mean little boy.”

“Oh, who's speaking to me?” asked Wilfred, staring all around the room and seeing nobody. “I'm so frightened. Please, please, don't pin any more notices on me. I can't bear it.”

"I shall go on pinning notices on you just as long as you do things that deserve it," said Mr Pink-Whistle. "I say again—you are a very horrid, rude, and mean little boy."

There was a silence. Mr Pink-Whistle had gone. Wilfred slowly got undressed and climbed into bed. He lay there with nothing to do, thinking very hard.

Yes—the strange voice was right. He was a horrid boy. He had spoilt Kenneth's apple—broken Janet's tricycle—been rude to his mother—stolen her jam—pinched Alison—good gracious, what a long list of horridness!

"If only I could put things right!" thought Wilfred uncomfortably. "It's so easy to do something wrong—and so difficult to put it right afterwards."



"KENNETH, HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU," SAID WILFRED.

His mother came into the room, very angry. Wilfred called to her, "Mother! I'm sorry I was rude today—and please forgive me for taking the jam. I never will again. Can I take some money out of my money-box and buy another pot for you?"

"Well—that would be very nice of you and would put everything right again, Wilfred," said his mother, surprised and pleased. "You can get up and go and buy it now, before you change your mind."

"I shan't change my mind," said Wilfred, and he hurriedly dressed again. He had been saving up to buy a big bow and some arrows— but never mind! He tipped all the money out of his box. There were seven shillings, a sixpence, and many pennies. He put it all into his pocket.

He rushed out. He went to the grocer's and bought a large pot of best strawberry jam. He went to the greengrocer's and bought two apples for Kenneth. He went to the toy-shop and bought a doll for Alison, and a tricycle basket for Janet. All his money was spent!

The other children were most astonished when they saw Wilfred coming along looking ashamed and shy! He was always so bold and rude!

"Kenneth—here's something for you," said Wilfred, and he pushed the apples into the boy's hands. "Alison—I didn't mean to hurt you and make you cry. Here's a doll to make up for it. And, Janet— here's a new basket to put on the front of your tricycle. I'm sorry I broke it."

"Oh, Wilfred!" cried all three children in the greatest delight. "How nice of you! Thank you very much."

Wilfred went red and ran home with the jam. He gave it to his mother and she kissed him.

"There's nobody can be nicer than you when you really try!" she said.

"Really, Mother?" said Wilfred, feeling very happy all of a sudden.

"Oh, Mother—I don't know how those horrid notices came on my back, but I do hope there won't be any more, now I've tried to put things right."

Well—there was one more! Mr Pink-Whistle had watched Wilfred trying to put things right, and he was pleased. He followed the boy about for a few more days and saw that he really was trying to be better. So he put one more notice on Wilfred's back—and then went off to another town to see if he could find something else to put right.

What was on that last paper? Something that Wilfred didn't mind at all! It said:

"I Really have been doing my Best!"

And all the children clapped their hands and cried, "Yes, Wilfred— you have!"

2. Grammar page



- ▶ With adjectives that end in **-e**, add **-r** to form the **comparative**, and **-st** to form the **superlative**. For example:

	Comparative	Superlative
close	closer	closest
large	larger	largest
safe	safer	safest
wide	wider	widest

- ▶ Some adjectives have only one syllable, end with a consonant, and have a single vowel before the consonant. With these adjectives, double the last letter before adding **-er** to form the **comparative**, and **-est** to form the **superlative**. For example:

	Comparative	Superlative
big	bigger	biggest
dim	dimmer	dimmest
mad	madder	maddest
sad	sadder	saddest

- ▶ Some adjectives have two syllables and end in **-y**. With these adjectives change the **y** to **i**. Then add **-er** to form the **comparative**, and **-est** to form the **superlative**. For example:

	Comparative	Superlative
busy	busier	busiest
dirty	dirtier	dirtiest
happy	happier	happiest
pretty	prettier	prettiest