



**Learn English Through
Stories
D Series**

D27

**Adapted and modified by
Kulwant Singh Sandhu**

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

Contents

- 1. A Wonderful Party.**
- 2. Grammar Page.**

1. A Wonderful Party

By Enid Blyton

Now one day, Mr Pink-Whistle met such a nice pair of children that he really had to stop and talk to them. The girl had a bright, smiling face, and the boy looked so strong and had such twinkling eyes that Mr Pink- Whistle couldn't help smiling when he saw him.

"Hello, hello there!" said Mr Pink-Whistle, looking at the two children. "Are you twins? You look exactly alike!"

"Yes, we're twins," said the boy. "We were born on the same day.

Mollie will be eight on Thursday and so shall I."

"Ha! A birthday!" said Mr Pink-Whistle, who loved presents and surprises.

"Good! I suppose you will be having a party?"

"Oh, of course," said Mollie. "Michael has chosen six boys and I have chosen six girls—so it will be a lovely big party! And do you know what Mike and I are going to have—a bran-tub! You see, Grandpa has given us five shillings each for our birthday, and we thought it would be a lovely idea to spend it on presents for our guests."



A bran-tub

"We shall put them in the bran-tub and every one will draw one out!" said Michael, doing a little dance of joy on the pavement. "We're going to buy them now."

"Dear me, what nice children to think of giving other people presents on their birthday!" thought Mr Pink-Whistle, who loved kind and generous people.

"Mother is making a big birthday-cake with both our names on it," said Mollie. "It's going to have pink icing. She saved up the sugar icing especially for us. And she is making pink, yellow, and red jellies, and two big chocolate blanc-manges."



Chocolate blancmanges

"And we are going to play Blind-Man's Buff and Nuts-in-May, and Postman's Knock, and all kinds of games," said Peter. "And there are six boxes of crackers—what do you think of that? Won't everyone enjoy themselves?"

Mr Pink-Whistle walked along with the two happy children and watched them buy twelve lovely presents for their little friends.



MOLLIE AND MIKE GAVE MR. PINK-WHISTLE A BAG OF SWEETS.

There was two-pence over, and what do you think the children did with it?

"Let's buy two-penny-worth of those pretty pink sweets and give them to this kind little man," whispered Mollie. "I do like him!"

So, to Mr Pink-Whistle's great surprise he was given a bag of bright pink sweets by Mollie and Mike! "Dear me!" he said. "Dear me—how very sweet and kind

of you! Just the sweets I like, too. Thank you very, very much indeed. I do hope you have a wonderful party on Thursday."

Mr Pink-Whistle whispered magic words to himself when he went out of the shop, and disappeared. He wanted to follow the twins home and find out where they lived. He meant to give them a birthday present each.

So he trotted behind them, although they didn't know it, and saw the house they lived in. He wrote down the name of it in his notebook— Fir- Tree House.

When Thursday came, Mr Pink-Whistle bought two merry birthday- cards, a big farmyard for Michael with all kinds of little animals in it, and a doll's house for Mollie, full of the tiniest furniture. Then he set off to Fir- Tree House, hoping that the children would be in so that he could wish them many happy returns of the day.

Their mother came to the door. Mr Pink-Whistle raised his hat politely and asked to see Mollie and Michael.

"Well—have you had whooping-cough?" asked Mrs Brown. "Er—whooping-cough? What do you mean, exactly?" said Mr Pink-Whistle, very puzzled.

"You see, both the children have got whooping-cough now," said Mrs Brown. "The doctor came this morning and said they had caught it. It's such a pity, because it's their birthday, and they are so disappointed."

"Can't they have their party then?" asked Mr Pink-Whistle.

"Oh no," said Mrs Brown. "They might give other children their cough. They mustn't have others here for a long time. And, you know, they had got such nice presents for their guests, and I had made a lovely cake and jellies and things. I am really as much disappointed and sad as Mollie and Mike are."

"Are they in bed?" said Mr Pink-Whistle.

"No," said Mrs. Brown. "They are not ill, but they just have a nasty cough. They are in the nursery. If you've had whooping-cough, you can go in and see them."

"Oh, I've had whooping-cough all right," said Mr Pink-Whistle. "I had it when I was five. Yes—I'll go and see the children, please."

So up into the big nursery he went—and, dear me, what sad children he found! Mollie wasn't smiling and Mike had quite lost his twinkle.

"Hello, hello!" said Pink-Whistle, bustling in. "Many happy returns of the day! My word, I'm sorry you've got whooping-cough!"

"It's so dreadfully horrid of it to have happened on our birthday" said Mollie, trying not to cry. "Why couldn't it have happened tomorrow? We've had our

presents and our cards—but we can't have our friends here and let them share our cake and goodies and give them the lovely presents we bought. It doesn't seem fair, does it?"

"It doesn't, and it isn't," said Mr Pink-Whistle sadly. "Can't you really have any of your friends to tea?"

"No—because, you see, not one of them has had whooping-cough," said Mike. "But perhaps you would like to come, if you've had it?"

"Oh, I should. I certainly should," said Mr Pink-Whistle, beaming.

"And do you know, I believe I could bring some guests who don't mind a scrap about whooping-cough—friends of my own, you know-very jolly ones. Would you like that? Then you could have a party after all."

"Ooooh—that would be fine," said the twins, smiling in delight. "Will you talk to Mother about it?"

So downstairs went Mr Pink-Whistle, leaving the two big parcels he had bought for Mollie and Mike to undo. He told the children's mother what he had said to the children, and she nodded her head.

"I am sure that the friends of a kind little man like you would be nice to have," she said. "Bring twelve if you can, because I've got enough food for that number. I'll see you again at four o'clock, I hope."

Off scurried Mr Pink-Whistle, back to his own little village. He burst in at his own tiny cottage, much to the surprise of Sooty, his big black cat.

"Sooty, Sooty!" cried Mr Pink-Whistle. "We've got to find twelve people who have had whooping-cough or don't mind about it by four o'clock this afternoon. Will you help me?"

"Well, can't I be one?" asked Sooty at once. "I don't mind about whooping-cough at all. Would they mind a cat coming?"

"No—I think they'd be pleased," said Mr Pink-Whistle. "I'll buy you a new blue party-bow. Now, come on—we must find some more people. What about little Mrs Tickle? She's sweet. And dear Mr Tiddley-Winks— I'm sure the twins would love him and his hat edged with Tiddley-winks. Come on, Sooty!"

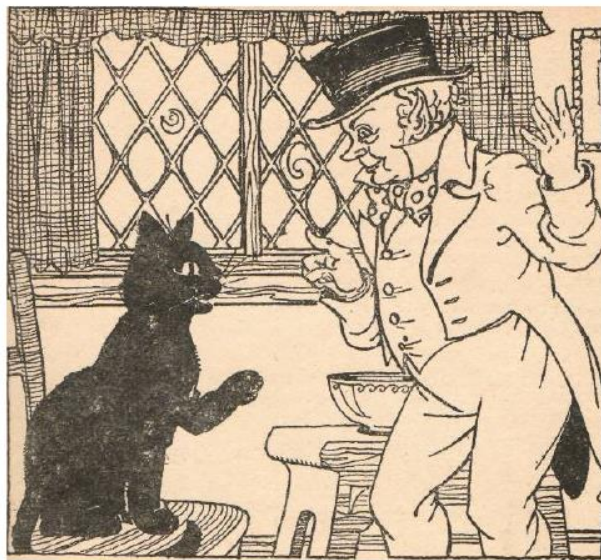
So off went the two to find more guests for the party. What a surprise for Mollie and Mike when they all arrived!

Now, when four o'clock came, you should have seen the twelve people that went trooping up the garden-path of the children's house.

First there was Mr Pink-Whistle himself, of course, beaming all over his plump face, his green eyes shining. Behind him came Sooty, the cat, with a new blue party-bow tied very beautifully.

Then came Mrs Tickle, a darling little person with such tiny feet that when she walked it seemed almost as if she was running by clockwork. There was Mr Tiddley-Winks, a tall, thin man whose hat was sewn with red, green, blue, and yellow Tiddley-wink counters that jingled and clattered as he walked.

That was four. The fifth person was the pixie, Tiptoe, who had tucked her wings inside her cloak so that no one in the street should see them. The sixth and seventh guests were two big sandy rabbits, looking rather shy but very pleased, each with a pink bow round his neck.



"I DON'T MIND ABOUT WHOOPING-COUGH AT ALL," SAID SOOTY.

The eighth guest was a brownie whose beard was so long that he tied it round his waist when he walked, in case he tripped over it. The ninth and tenth were Mr and Mrs Roundy, who were just like their name; and the eleventh and twelfth were two goblin children, all dressed up in their best. They were not very pretty, for their noses turned up and they had such big ears—but they were so smiley that no one could help liking them.

Mrs Brown was most astonished to see such a queer company— especially the cat and the rabbits—but she was too polite to say anything. She welcomed them all, and helped the goblin children off with their coats.

Well! When Mollie and Michael saw their strange guests trooping into the nursery, they were most excited and pleased. Gracious! What a marvellous

party it would be, with rabbits and a cat, and goblin children and a pixie, and the rest.

Everyone had a present to give to Mollie and Michael, of course, though the rabbits only brought a bunch of early primroses each, which they thought were not very good presents—but the twins simply loved the pretty pale-yellow flowers, and Mollie put them into a little blue bowl at once, in the very middle of the birthday table.

You should have seen some of the presents that the guests gave to the children. Mr and Mrs Roundy gave them a dear little mug each, and as soon as it was lifted up to drink from, each mug played a tune. Mollie's played, "Sing a song of sixpence," and Mike's played, "Humpty-Dumpty."

"I shall drink all day long now," said Mike. "I think this mug must be magic."

Mr Tiddley-Winks gave them a set of beautiful Tiddley-winks each, of course, and Sooty, the cat, gave them a black china cat exactly like himself—and it meowed when its tail was pulled. So you can guess that it meowed all the afternoon, because somebody or other was always pulling its tail. It really was great fun.

The tea was gorgeous, because Mrs Tickle had brought along a big tin of her best home-made biscuits, and as they were all made in the shape of toys, with jam right in the middle, they were most exciting. Mike had a biscuit just like an engine, and when he squeezed it, the jam came out of the funnel. Everyone thought it was wonderful.

Then they had the bran-tub—and how all the guests loved their presents! Sooty got a clock-work mouse, and when Mike wound it up and set it going Sooty was quite mad with delight, and chased the mouse under chairs and tables till Mrs Brown felt quite giddy from watching him.

"I think this is the finest party anyone ever had," said Mollie happily. "Fancy finding twelve guests who don't mind about whooping-cough! I am sorry we couldn't have our proper friends—but I can't help thinking this is a more exciting party with this sort of guests, Mike."

Mr Pink-Whistle was asked to do a little magic, because the twins knew now that he was half-magic.

So he was most obliging, and kept appearing and disappearing in a most surprising way. Mollie begged him to whisper the magic words in her ear, so that she could make herself disappear too—but she didn't get them quite right, and to everyone's great astonishment only her legs disappeared.

And there was Mollie running about the room without any legs that could be seen. Mrs Roundy laughed till she cried.

Then they had the crackers. Sooty and the rabbits had never seen crackers before, and when the first one went off **BANG**, they were dreadfully frightened. Sooty jumped up the chimney at once, and the two rabbits rushed under the sofa.

When Sooty came down at last, he was just as sooty as his name, and Mrs Brown had to hold him under the tap and scrub him clean. Then he sat in front of the fire to be dried, whilst the two rabbits crept out from under the sofa and wondered if they dared to pull a cracker themselves.

"Well, let's," said the bigger rabbit. "There are caps inside, Whiskers, dear—and you know I've always wanted some sort of hat to wear."

So they pulled a cracker, and then another, and out came a blue bonnet for Whiskers and a golden crown for Floppy. Goodness, they were pleased!

Then they played tiddley-winks—and you should have seen the way Mr Tiddley-Winks played. He was simply marvellous. He could not only flip counters into the cup—but he could flip just anything.

"You are clever" said Mike." I wish I could play tiddley-winks like that."

Then Mr Pink-Whistle looked at his watch. "Dear me!" he said. "We must all go. We have to catch the bus. Good-bye, Mollie dear; good-bye, Mike. We've had a wonderful party, and we thank you very much for such a good time."

"Thank you for bringing such a lovely lot of guests," said the twins, and they kissed everyone good-bye—even Sooty, who was terribly proud of being hugged by the two children.

"Dear old Pink-Whistle," said Mollie. "Isn't he a darling! He's just the kindest fellow in all the world. When things seemed too horrid for words, he came along and put everything right. I wish I was like him."

"Good-bye, good-bye!" shouted Mike, waving to Mr Pink-Whistle, who was the last one to get into the bus. "Take care of yourself, Mr Pink- Whistle, and **DO** come and see us again!"

Good-bye! Good-bye!

2. Grammar page

With some adjectives, you use **more** to make the comparative form, and **most** to make the superlative form.



beautiful



more beautiful



most beautiful

active
charming
cheerful
comfortable
delicious

more active
more charming
more cheerful
more comfortable
more delicious

most active
most charming
most cheerful
most comfortable
most delicious



Adjectives that form their comparative and superlative with **more** and **most** are usually adjectives *with* two or more **syllables**, or sounds. For example:

ac-tive	ex-pen-sive
beau-ti-ful	fa-mous
charm-ing	for-tu-nate
cheer-ful	in-tel-li-gent
com-fort-a-ble	pow-er-ful
de-li-cious	val-u-a-ble