



**Learn English Through  
Stories  
D Series**

**D28**

**Adapted and modified by  
Kulwant Singh Sandhu**

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

## **Contents**

- 1. A Puzzle for the Jones Family.**
- 2. Grammar Page.**

# 1. A Puzzle for the Jones Family

By Enid Blyton

One afternoon, when Mr. Pink-Whistle was walking down a town street, trying to find a teashop where he could have a bun and a cup of coffee, he heard a meow coming from the small front garden of a house.

Mr. Pink-Whistle stopped at once. He knew that the meow was from a cat in need of help. Surely it couldn't have been caught in a trap? He opened the gate of the garden and went inside.

A tabby-cat was sitting on the front doorstep of the house meowing pitifully. She was thin and looked very lonely and miserable.

"Poor creature! Won't your family let you in?" said Mr. Pink-Whistle. "I'll ring the bell and tell them. And I'll tell them to give you a good meal, too. You look so thin!"

Mr. Pink-Whistle rang the bell loudly. Nobody came to the door. He knocked with the knocker, blim, blam, blim, blam! Nobody came. Then Pink-Whistle saw that the blinds were drawn down, and that the knocker wasn't cleaned, and that an old newspaper lay on the front-door mat.

"Why, they must be away!" he thought. And just as he thought that, a voice came from over the fence next door.

"Hi! It's no use knocking! The Jones family are away! They've been away two weeks, and are coming back tomorrow."

"Thank you," said Pink-Whistle, nodding to the boy who looked over the fence. Then he spoke to the cat. "And what have you been doing to get yourself so thin and miserable in two weeks, Tabby?"

"Well, my family went without leaving anywhere for me to sleep, and without arranging for any food for me," said Tabby mournfully. "I've had hardly anything for my dinner for two weeks, and though I've tried to catch a few mice, it is difficult, because there are hardly any round here. So I've got thin. But what has made me so miserable is that the family I love should treat me like this! It isn't fair."

“Indeed it isn’t!” said Pink-Whistle in a rage. “What! This horrid family went away and left you all alone and uncared for! I won’t have it! I’ll go straight to the fish-shop and buy you some fish!”

So off went the angry little man, with the tabby-cat running at his heels, tail well up in the air. Pink-Whistle bought a fine bit of fish and took it back to the cat’s garden. The tabby gobbled up the fish, uncooked as it was, and then began to wash itself, looking pleased and happy.

“Now look here, Tabby—I’m going to show that horrid family called Jones what it’s like to have no food!” said Mr. Pink-Whistle fiercely. “You just wait till they come home tomorrow. I’ll show them! I’ll show them!”

The next day was Saturday. The family were coming home after tea, and they had written to ask the milkman to send some milk, the baker to send some bread, the greengrocer to leave some potatoes, the butcher to leave some meat, and the grocer to leave butter, tea, and the rest of the things.

There was a little yard at the back, with a big box in which the tradespeople left their goods if there was no one to take them in at the back door. Each man left his goods in the box and shut down the lid. Mr. Pink-Whistle soon found out where the box was, because he made himself invisible and watched where the goods were put.

And then the sly little man opened the lid of the box, took out everything, popped them into an enormous bag he had brought, and ran off down the street. The tabby-cat watched him in amazement.

Pink-Whistle went to a row of poor old tumbledown cottages. In them lived three or four poor families whose children went barefoot. Pink-Whistle had a fine time there. Do you know what he did?

He opened each door of the row of cottages and popped inside the kitchen something that he had taken out of the box in the back-yard! Mrs. Tibbies got two loaves of bread. Goodness, wasn’t she surprised to see the door open and the loaves hop into the kitchen! She couldn’t see Pink-Whistle, of course, because he was quite invisible.

Mrs. Harris, next door, was peeling potatoes at the sink when she saw her door open and a bottle of milk and a large piece of meat come in. She squealed and dropped the potato-knife. But she soon got over her fright when she found that the milk and meat stayed on the floor, waiting to be picked up!

Everyone in the row got something. Then Pink-Whistle hurried off to the house again. The Jones family had just come back and were busy unpacking upstairs. The cat was meowing and purring around them, delighted to see the family again, although they had treated her so badly.



THE DOOR OPENED AND TWO LOAVES HOPPED INTO THE KITCHEN.

It was half-past six. Mrs. Jones went out into the yard to fetch in the food, meaning to get Mr. Jones, Joan Jones, and John Jones some supper. But there was nothing at all in the box. How angry she was!

She flew upstairs and said that Mr. Jones couldn't possibly have posted her cards to the tradesmen, asking them to send the goods. They quarrelled, and then at last John Jones was sent out to see what food he could get before the shops closed.

The dairy was shut, so he could get no milk. The baker had only one stale brown loaf left, and John bought that. He bought a string of sausages, some butter, some bacon, and some eggs. Then back he went home.

"Put them in the larder," called Mrs. Jones. "I'm just coming. Don't leave them on the table or the cat will get them, the greedy thing!"

The cat didn't get them—but someone else did!

Mr. Pink-Whistle, quite unseen, slipped into the kitchen and went to the larder. In a trice everything was under his arm, in his big bag. The little man slipped out again—and back to those poor cottages he went, chuckling away to himself.

And what a pleasant surprise the cottagers got again, when eggs, sausages, bread, and bacon, and butter suddenly appeared round their doors! They couldn't make it out. They ran to the door to see who had put the things there, but they could see no one. Mr. Pink-Whistle was invisible. All they heard was a deep chuckle from somewhere nearby. It was very puzzling—but very nice!

Well, the Jones family were in a way when they found that the larder was empty. Not a thing was there!

“Did you put the things in the larder as I told you?” asked Mrs. Jones.

John nodded. “Of course I did,” he said. “And shut the door, too. So the cat couldn't have got them.”

“Well, the shops will all be shut now,” said his mother. “We can't get any food for supper. Your father will have to run round to the dairy early tomorrow morning and get some eggs, milk, and butter. We can at least make some sort of breakfast then. And maybe the butcher has some meat over that he can let us have.”

Well, Mr. Jones did manage to get some eggs, milk, and butter, and a loaf of bread from a neighbour in the morning. He put the loaf on the table, Mrs. Jones popped the eggs into a saucepan to boil, put the butter into a dish, and the milk into a jug.

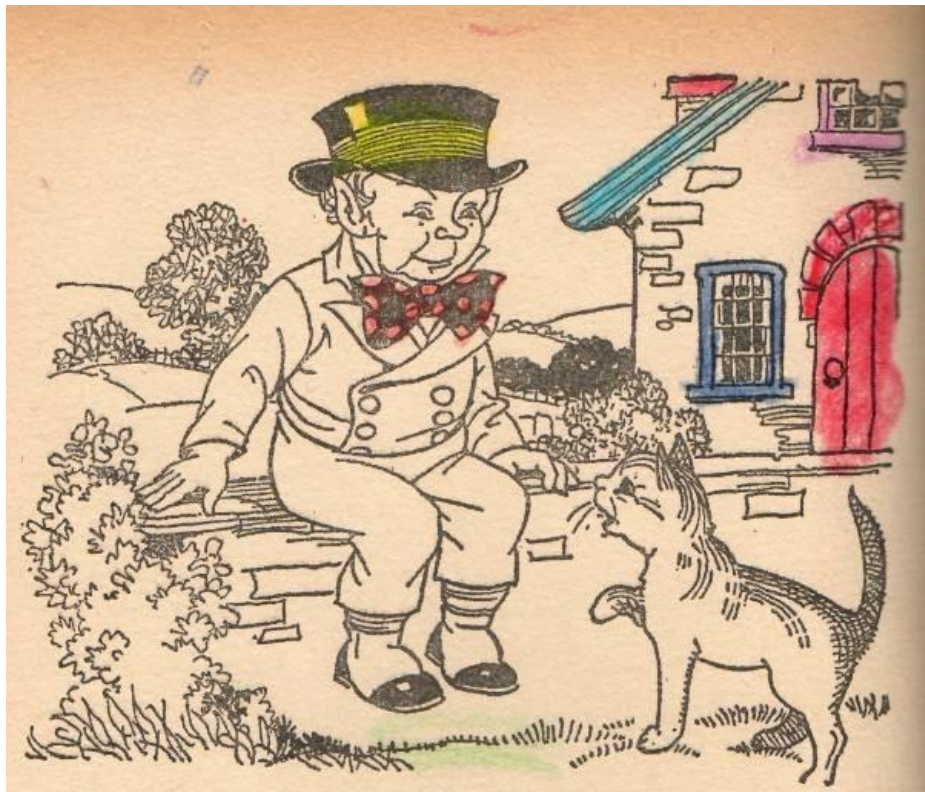
But as soon as she turned her back, the things were gone! Yes—the eggs were whisked out of the saucepan, the loaf disappeared with the butter and milk, and when the Jones family came to breakfast, there wasn't anything for them to have at all! Mr. Pink-Whistle had been along again! Only the tabby knew what was happening, for, like most animals, she could see Mr. Pink-Whistle, even though he was invisible to human eyes.

There was such a wailing and crying when the children found there was no breakfast. “We had no supper yesterday—and now no breakfast today!” they wept. “What is happening? This is simply horrid.”

The butcher let them have some meat although it was Sunday. Mr. Jones got a cabbage from the garden, and Mrs. Jones borrowed some flour from a neighbour to make a batter pudding. Everything was put on to cook. The joint sizzled in the oven, and the cabbage boiled in its saucepan. The pudding browned nicely by the meat.

“Goodness! I’ve never been so hungry in all my life!” said Joan. “I do hope dinner will be early!”

But gracious me, when Mrs. Jones went into the garden for a moment, Pink-Whistle slipped indoors, whipped the meat out of the oven, took the cabbage out of the saucepan, and popped the pudding into a dish he carried. Then off he went again to the row of tumbledown cottages. The people there really thought that they must have gone mad when a large, half-cooked joint appeared, a tender cabbage, and a big batter pudding!



“PLEASE DON’T PUNISH MY FAMILY ANY MORE,” SAID THE TABBY CAT. “I CAN’T BEAR IT.”

But oh, the Jones family! What a way they were in! How they sobbed and cried, all except Mr. Jones, who pulled at his moustache and wondered what in the world could be happening. The tabby-cat: sat and watched them.

“I’m so hungry,” wept Joan. The tabby suddenly got up and went outside. She saw Pink-Whistle sitting on the wall and went up to him.

“Please, Mr. Pink-Whistle,” she said, “don’t punish my family any more. I can’t bear it. They are all so hungry, and I know what it is to be hungry. I thought I

would be pleased when I saw them getting as thin and miserable as I got when they were away. But I find that I am not pleased. I am only sorry.”

“You are a good and kind little cat,” said Pink-Whistle, jumping down from the wall. “I think you are right. We won’t punish them anymore. I will get them some food and speak a few words to them.”

Pink-Whistle went to a tea-shop that was open and bought eight penny buns. He took them into the house and put the bag on the table. Everyone was most surprised to see the bag appear out of the air, because they couldn’t see Pink-Whistle, of course.

“Look—what is it—how did it come—oh, who put that bag there?” cried the Jones family.

“I did!” said Pink-Whistle, making his voice very deep and solemn. “I am Pink-Whistle, your cat’s good friend. You left her without food for two weeks—so I took away your food to make you feel what it was like to be hungry and not to have anything to eat. But your cat is sorry for you, and so I will not punish you anymore. I have brought you something to eat. Look after your cat in future, or you will be **Very Sorry!**”

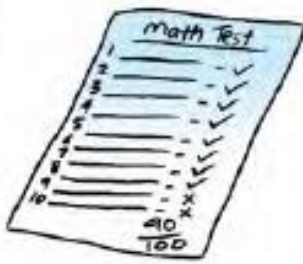
There was a silence after this speech. It seemed to come out of the air, and was very strange to the Jones’ family. They stood or sat, their eyes wide open, wondering who was speaking. Then they opened the bag. There were only eight penny buns there—but, dear me, how pleased everyone was to see them!

And you will be glad to know that each of the Jones’ family felt ashamed of having left their poor cat without food or sleeping-place, and they gave her a bit of their buns. She is happy now, and always on the look-out for her good friend, Mr. Pink-Whistle. When she sees him coming she runs up to his legs, rubs against them, and purrs. And if he is invisible, it does look funny to see Tabby rubbing herself against nothing! You would laugh if you saw her!

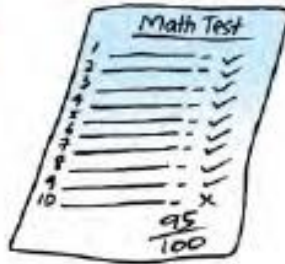


## 2. Grammar page

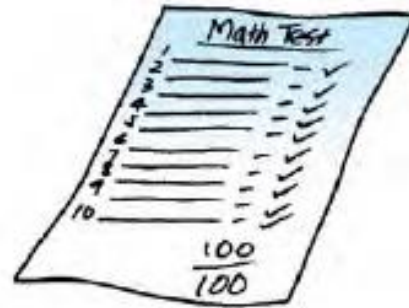
The comparative and superlative forms of some adjectives are completely different words.



good



better



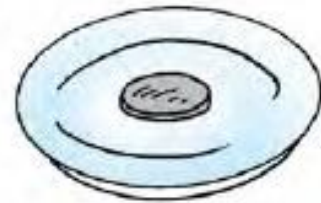
best



little



less



least

bad	worse	worst
few	less	least
many	more	most
much	more	most



With these adjectives, you don't add **-er** or **more** to form the comparative, or **-est** or **most** to form the superlative.

## **More Examples**

Hard — Harder — Hardest

Cold — Colder — Coldest

Soft — Softer — Softest

Big — Bigger — Biggest

Sad — Sadder — Saddest

Busy — Busier — Busiest

Difficult — More difficult — Most difficult

Generous — More generous — Most generous.