



# Learn English Through Stories

M Series

M2

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## 1. Chapter 3: The New Servant Girl.

That evening, in the little attic room, Sara sat on the bed in her old black dress. She did not cry, but her face was white and she did not move or speak for hours.

Late at night the door opened quietly, and Becky looked in. Her eyes were red from crying. 'Oh, Miss,' she said. 'All the servants are talking about it, I'm so sorry- so sorry!' She looked at Sara's white face, and began to cry again. Then she ran to Sara, and took her hand.

At last Sara moved. Slowly, she turned her head and looked at Becky. 'Oh, Becky,' she said. And that was all.



*Becky ran to Sara, and took her hand.*

That first night in the attic was very long. Sara did not sleep. 'Father is dead,' she whispered, again and again. 'Father is dead. I'm never going to see him again.'

The next morning Sara's new life began. She learnt to clean floors and to make fires. She ran upstairs and downstairs, and she worked in the kitchen.



*“Run down to the shops and get me some apples.”*

The cook was a big woman with a red, angry face. ‘So,’ she said, ‘the little rich girl with the diamond mines is now a servant, eh?’ She looked at Sara. ‘Now, I’m making apple pies this morning. Run down to the shops and get me some apples. And be quick!’

So Sara ran to the shops and carried a big bag of apples back to the house. Then she cleaned the kitchen floor and carried hot water up to all the bedrooms.

She worked every day, from early in the morning to late at night. She helped in the school, too.

‘You speak French well,’ Miss Minchin said to her coldly. ‘So, you can teach French to the younger children. But you’re only a servant. Don’t forget that.’

The first months of Sara’s new life were very hard. She was always tired and hungry, but she never cried. At night, in her little attic, she thought about her father, dead in India all those miles away.

‘I must be brave,’ she said. ‘Father always wanted me to be brave. And I have a bed to sleep in, and something to eat every day. Lots of people don’t have that.’

At first Sara’s only friend was Becky. Every day Becky came into Sara’s room. They did not talk much, but it helped Sara a lot to see Becky’s friendly, smiling face.

The girls in the school were sorry for Sara, but Sara was a servant now, and they could not be friendly with a servant. Lavinia, of course, was pleased. 'I never liked Sara Crewe,' she told her friends. 'And I was right about the diamonds – there weren't any!'

Ermengarde was very unhappy. When she saw Sara in the school, Sara walked past her and did not speak. Poor Ermengarde loved Sara and wanted to be friendly, but she was not clever, and she did not understand.



*“What are you doing here? said Sara*

One morning, very early, she got quietly out of bed, went upstairs to the attics, and opened Sara's door.

'Ermengarde!' Sara said. 'What are you doing here?'

Ermengarde began to cry. 'Oh, Sara, please tell me. What is the matter? Why don't you like me now?'

'I do like you!,' Sara said. 'Of course, I do. But, you see, everything is different now. Miss Minchin does not want to talk to the girls. Most of them don't want to talk to me. And I thought, perhaps, you didn't want to ... '

'But I'm your friend!' cried Ermengarde. 'I'm always going to be your friend – and nobody can stop me!'

Sara took Ermengarde's hands. She suddenly felt very happy. Perhaps she cried a little, too. Who can say?

There was only one chair, so the two friends sat on the bed. Ermengarde looked round the attic. 'Oh, Sara, how can you live in this room? It's so cold and – and dirty.'



*"Watch," Sara said.*

'It's not so bad,' said Sara. 'And I've got lots of friends. There's Becky in the next room, and – come and see.'

She moved the table under the window, and then she and Ermengarde stood on it and looked out of the window, over the roofs of the houses. In her pocket Sara had some small pieces of bread. She put her hand out of the window, with the bread on it. 'Watch,' she said.

After a minute a little brown bird flew down to Sara's hand and began to eat the bread. Then a second bird came, and a third, and a fourth.

'Oh Sara, how wonderful!' said Ermengarde.

'They know I'm their friend,' said Sara, 'so they're not afraid. Sometimes they come into the room, too.'

Ermengarde looked across the roof to the next attic window. 'Who lives in that house?' she asked.

'Nobody,' said Sara sadly. 'So I never see anybody at that window, and I can only talk to the birds.'

'But one night, two or three weeks later, Becky came into Sara's room. She was very excited.'

'Oooh, Miss!' she said. 'An Indian gentleman is moving into the house next door. Well, he's English, but he lived in India for years and years. And now he's going to live next door. He's very rich, and he's ill, something bad happened to him, but I don't know what.'

Sara laughed. 'How do you know all this?' she said.

'Well, Miss, you know the Carmichael's family across the street?' Becky said. 'I'm friendly with their kitchen-girl, and she told me. Mr. Carmichael is the Indian gentleman's lawyer, so they know all about him.'

## 4. Chapter Two: Ram Dass and the Monkey

Every morning, when Sara gave the birds their bread, she looked across to the attic window next door. But nobody opened it. Nobody called out 'Good morning!' across the roof, or gave Sara a friendly smile.

'Perhaps the Indian gentleman's servants all sleep downstairs,' she thought sadly.

Her life was very lonely now. She saw Becky every day, of course, but they did not have much time for talking. The cook and the other servants were not friendly. Sometimes, at night, Ermengarde came up to Sara's room, but it was not easy for her to come often.

Then one evening, Sara was in her attic when she heard a noise on the roof. She looked up – and there at the open window was a small monkey.

'Oh, you dear little thing!' cried Sara.

At once, the monkey jumped down and began to run round the room. Sara laughed. She got up on the table and looked out of her window, and at the next window she saw a face – the smiling face of an Indian lascar.



*Ram Dass thanked Sara again.*



‘Oh,’ cried Sara, ‘have you got a monkey? He’s in my room.’

The lascar’s name was Ram Dass, and yes, it was his monkey. He gave Sara a big smile.

‘I’m so sorry,’ he said. ‘Can I come and get him?’

‘Oh yes, please,’ said Sara. ‘I think he’s afraid of me.

And he runs so fast! But can you get across the roof?’

Yes, Ram Dass could, and a minute later he was in Sara’s room. Soon the monkey jumped into his arms, and Ram Dass thanked Sara again and again. Then he went away, across the roof, back into the house next door. Sara went to the shops five or six times a day, and when she walked past the house next door, she often thought about the Indian gentleman. She felt sorry for him. He had no wife or family, and the doctor visited the house every day. Mr Carmichael the lawyer often visited, too, and sometimes the Carmichael children went with him.

Sara was pleased about that. ‘It’s nice to see friendly faces when you are ill,’ she thought.

The Indian gentleman thought that, too. He liked children very much, but he was a very unhappy man. Mr Carmichael was his friend, and he talked to him a lot. But they talked about only one thing.

‘I must find the child,’ said the Indian gentleman (his name was Mr Carrisford). ‘I must find her and take care of her. But where is she? Here I am, with all this money from the diamond mines – and half of it is Ralph Crewe’s money. Oh, Carmichael, why did I leave my friend and run away when things looked bad? Why?’

‘You ran away because you were ill with a fever,’ said Mr Carmichael. ‘It nearly killed you, remember?’

‘And it did kill poor Ralph,’ said Mr Carrisford. ‘He put all his money into the mines because I was his friend. But at first, we didn’t find any diamonds, and all Ralph’s money was gone. I was afraid to tell him, so I ran away. And later, when we did find diamonds, Ralph was dead.’ He laughed, angrily. ‘What a brave friend I was!’



*"I must find the child and take care of her.?"*

It's not easy to be brave,' Mr Carmichael said quietly, when you're ill with a fever.'

Mr Carrisford looked into the fire. 'Ram Dass tells me,' he said, 'about a little servant-girl next door. The monkey ran away, and Ram Dass went across the roof to get him back from her room. The poor child sleeps in a cold, dirty attic, and works about sixteen hours a day. Is Ralph's daughter living like that? I can't stop thinking about it.'

'We're going to find her one day,' said Mr Carmichael.

'But how?' said Mr Carrisford. He put his head in his hands. 'I never saw her. I don't know her name! Ralph always called her his "Little Missus". We talked all the time about the mines. He never told me the name of her school. Her mother was French, so did he take her to a school in France? Or was it in England?'

'Well, we know there was a child at a school in Paris,' said Mr Carmichael, 'with the name of Carew or Crewe. Her father died suddenly, and a Russian family

took her away with them, because she was a friend of their daughter. Perhaps this girl is Ralph Crewe's child. Next week I'm going to Moscow to look for her.'

'I want to go with you, but I'm not well,' said Mr Carrisford. 'I must find her, Carmichael. I must. Every night, in my dreams, I see Ralph Crewe's face, and he says: "Tom, Tom, where is my Little Missus?" And I have no answer for him.' Mr Carrisford took his friend's hand. 'Help me to find her. Help me.'

'Winter came, with its short, dark days, and the attic rooms were very cold. There were no fires for servant-girls, and often Sara and Becky could not sleep because of the cold. Sara was taller now, and her old black dress was very short. Her shoes were old, and she had no warm coat for the winter weather. She was thin, too. She did not get very much to eat, and she was always hungry.

She carried big baskets of shopping through the rain and the snow. One day she found a sixpence in the snow, and she bought some hot new bread with it. Then she saw a child by the door of the shop. The child had no shoes and no coat, and her thin face was blue with cold.

'She is hungrier than I am,' thought Sara. And she gave her hot new bread to the child.

When she got back to the school, Miss Minchin was angry. 'Cook is waiting for you, Sara. Why are you late?'



*"She is hungrier than I am," thought Sara.*

'I can't walk quickly through the snow,' said Sara. 'My shoes are old, Miss Minchin, and my feet get very cold.'

Miss Minchin did not like to hear this. 'Don't speak to me like that!' she said. 'I am kind to you, I'm giving you a home, but you never say, "thank you" to me.'

Sara looked at her. 'You are not kind,' she said quietly. 'And this is not a home.'

'Go to your room at once!' said Miss Minchin.



*"Oh, here's Princess Sara," Lavinia said.*

On the stairs Sara met Lavinia. Lavinia looked at her and gave a little laugh. 'Oh, here's Princess Sara,' she said, 'in her old dress and her dirty shoes!'

In the attic, Sara sat down on the chair by her table.

'I must be brave,' she whispered. 'A princess is always brave, so I must be, too. But it's not easy.' She put her head down on her arms. 'Oh, Father, do you remember your Little Missus? Can you see me now?'

And in the house next door Mr Carrisford sat by a warm fire. Moscow is a long way from London, and he could only wait, but he thought about Ralph Crewe's child every day. He thought about other children, too.

'Ram Dass,' he said. 'How is that poor little servant-girl next door? Can we do something for her?'

'I see her in the street every day,' said Ram Dass. 'In the rain, in the snow. She looks thin and hungry. But we can help her. I can easily get in through her attic window. Listen ... ' And he talked for some minutes.

Mr Carrisford smiled. 'Yes,' he said to Ram Dass. 'Yes, I like it. Let's do it.'

## 3. Grammar Page

### Verb Patterns: part 1

#### Pattern 1: Subject + Verb

This is the simplest of verb patterns. The subject is followed by an intransitive verb, which expresses complete sense without the help of any other words.

1. Birds **fly**.
2. Fire **burns**.
3. The moon is shining.
4. The baby **is crying**.
5. Banta **was singing**.
6. The bell **has rung**.
7. The sun **rose**.

#### Pattern 2: Subject + **verb** + subject complement

The complement usually consists of **a noun**, **a pronoun**, or **an adjective**.

1. This **is a pen**.
2. His brother **became a soldier**.
3. It **is me**.
4. That book **is mine**.
5. Banta **looks sad**.
6. My father **grew angry**.
7. The children **kept quiet**.
8. The milk **has turned sour**.

**Pattern 3: Subject + verb + direct object**

1. I know his address.
2. The boy has lost his pen.
3. Mohan opened the door.
4. Who broke the jug?
5. Mr Pill has bought a car.
6. You must wash yourself.
7. We should help the poor.

**Pattern 4: Subject + verb + indirect object + direct object**

1. I lent her my pen.
2. The teacher gave us homework.
3. We have paid him the money.
4. The old man told us the whole story.
5. You must tell the police the truth.
6. I have bought my sister a watch.
7. He didn't leave us any pizza.
8. Show me your hands.