



Learn English Through Stories

M Series

M3

**Adapted and modified by
Kulwant Singh Sandhu**

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

Contents

A Little Princess

- 1. Chapter 5: The Magic.**
- 2. Chapter 6: Lost and Found.**
- 3. Grammar Page: Verb patterns— Part 2.**

1. Chapter Five: The Magic

One night, a week later, Ermengarde got quietly out of bed and went upstairs to the attic. Sara was not there, so Ermengarde sat on the bed and waited. At ten o'clock Sara came slowly up the stairs and into the room.

Ermengarde looked at her. 'Oh, Sara!' she cried. 'Are you ill? Your face is white, and you look so tired!'

'It was a hard day, Ermie,' said Sara. She sat down. 'Miss Minchin was angry with Cook. Then Cook was angry with us. Becky and I had no dinner and no tea.'

'Does that happen often?' said Ermengarde unhappily. 'You never told me. Are you – are you hungry now?' Sara looked at her. 'Yes,' she whispered. 'Yes, I am. I would like to eat that table. I would like to eat you.'

Ermengarde jumped up. 'Sara,' she cried. 'I had a box of things from home today. There is a big cake in it. I am going to get it – now! You and Becky can eat it all!'

Soon, Ermengarde was back. The three girls sat on Sara's bed, and there were some happy smiles when Ermengarde opened her box and took out the cake.

'Oh, Miss, look at that!' said Becky.

'You are kind, Ermie,' said Sara. She laughed. 'It's magic, you know. When things are very bad, something nice always happens. Here we are, having a party!'

Ermengarde gave Sara and Becky some cake, and they began to eat. Suddenly, they stopped. There was a noise of feet on the stairs. They listened.

'Oh no!' whispered Becky. 'It's – it's Miss Minchin!'

'Yes,' said Sara. Her face was white again.

Then the door opened, and Miss Minchin came in.

'So, Lavinia was right,' she said angrily. 'Tea with Princess Sara! Becky, get back to your attic at once!'



“Tea with Princess Sara!” Miss Minchin said angrily.

‘Oh, please, Miss Minchin!’ cried Ermengarde. ‘It was my cake, from home. We’re only having a party.’

‘Go back to your room, Ermengarde,’ Miss Minchin said coldly, ‘and take these things with you. And tomorrow’ – she looked at Sara – ‘there’s no breakfast, no dinner, and no tea for you. Remember that!’

Soon the attics were quiet again. Tired and hungry, the two servant-girls went to sleep. But after an hour or two Sara opened her eyes. Was it a noise from the window perhaps?

‘Something is different,’ Sara whispered. ‘What is it?’ She sat up in bed and looked round the room. She looked again and again, and her eyes were very big.

The room was different – very different. There was a wonderful hot fire. There were new, warm blankets on her bed, and beautiful pictures on the walls.

Sara slowly got out of bed. ‘Is this a dream?’ she said. ‘Where did all these things come from?’ She put out her hand to the fire. ‘No, it’s not a dream. The fire is hot – I can feel it. And oh! Look at the table!’

There was a red cloth on the table, and cups and plates. There was hot tea, and wonderful things to eat – hot meat pies and sandwiches and cake, oranges and apples.

Sara ran to Becky's room. 'Becky,' she whispered. 'Come quickly. The magic is here again. Come and look.'

When Becky saw the room, she could not speak at first. Then she said, 'Oh, Miss! What is it? How did all these things get here?'



On the table there were wonderful things to eat.

'I don't know,' said Sara. 'It's magic. At first, I thought it was a dream, but it is not. Look – these pies are hot. Let's eat them. Hot meat pies aren't a dream!'

They sat down by the fire and ate and drank.

'Oh, those pies were good, Miss!' Becky said. 'And the tea and the cake. I don't understand magic, but I like it!'

Sara looked round the room. 'Oh, Becky, look! There are some books, too. I didn't see them before.'

She ran to look at them, and opened the top book. 'There's some writing here! Listen. It says, "To the little girl in the attic. From a friend." Oh, Becky!' Sara closed the book and looked up. 'I have a friend, Becky,' she said slowly. 'Someone is my friend.'

The next morning Becky met Sara in the kitchen.

'Oh, Miss,' she whispered. 'Was the magic there this morning? Or did it go away in the night?'

'No, it's still there,' Sara whispered back. 'I ate some cold meat pie for breakfast. And the fire was still warm!'

Becky laughed happily. 'Oh my word! Oh my word!' she said.

Miss Minchin could not understand it. When Sara came into the schoolroom, she looked happy and well. Miss Minchin wanted to see a white, unhappy face, and eyes red from crying. 'How can that child smile?' she thought angrily. But of course, she did not know about the magic.

And the magic did not go away. Every evening, when Sara went up to bed, she found new things in the attic. There were more warm blankets, for her and for Becky. There were pictures on the walls; there were books, new shoes, and a winter coat. And best of all, there was always a fire, and a wonderful hot dinner on the table.



"Was the magic there this morning?" Becky whispered.

'But where does it all come from?' Becky said one night when they sat by the fire. 'Who does it, Miss?'

'A friend does it,' Sara said. 'A kind, wonderful friend. But he doesn't want us to know his name.'

They began to look at one of the new books, and then Becky looked up.

'Oh, Miss,' she whispered. 'There's something at the window. What is it?'

Sara got up to look. 'It's the monkey!' she said. 'The monkey from next door.' She opened the window, and the monkey jumped down into her arms. 'Oh, you poor little thing,' Sara said. 'You're so cold!'

Becky was very interested. 'I never saw a monkey before,' she said. 'He's not very beautiful, Miss! What are you going to do with him?'

'It's very late now,' said Sara. 'He can stay in my room tonight, and I can take him home in the morning.'



"Oh, you poor little thing," Sara said.

2. Chapter Six: Lost and Found

The next morning, the first visitor to the house next door was Mr. Carmichael, back from Russia. But when he came into the house, his face was sad. Mr. Carrisford knew the answer at once.

‘You didn’t find her,’ he said.

‘I found her,’ Mr. Carmichael said. ‘But it was the wrong girl. Her name is Emily Carew, and she’s much younger than Ralph Crewe’s daughter. I’m very sorry.’

‘We must begin again,’ said Mr. Carrisford unhappily. ‘But where? It’s two years now. Two years!’

‘Well, she isn’t at a school in Paris. We know that,’ Mr. Carmichael said. ‘Let’s look at schools in England now.’

‘Yes,’ said Mr. Carrisford. ‘Yes, we can begin in London. There’s a school next door, Carmichael.’

Perhaps it was the magic again, but at that moment Ram Dass came quietly into the room.

‘The little servant-girl from the attic is here,’ he said to Mr. Carrisford. ‘With the monkey. He ran away again last night to her room. Would you like to see her?’

‘Yes,’ said Mr. Carrisford. ‘Yes, I would. Bring her in.’

And so Sara came into the room and stood in front of the Indian gentleman. She smiled at him.

‘Your monkey came to my room last night,’ she said, ‘and I took him in because it was so cold.’

Mr. Carrisford watched her face with interest. ‘That was kind of you,’ he said.

Sara looked at Ram Dass by the door. ‘Shall I give him to the lascar?’ she asked.



“I was born in India,” Sara said.

‘How do you know he is a lascar?’ said Mr. Carrisford.

‘Oh, I know lascars,’ Sara said. ‘I was born in India.’

Mr. Carrisford sat up suddenly. ‘In India?’ he said. ‘But you’re a servant at the school next door.’

‘Yes, I am now,’ said Sara. ‘But I wasn’t at first.’

The Indian gentleman looked at Mr. Carmichael, and then Mr. Carmichael looked at Sara.

‘What do you mean by “at first”, child?’ he asked.

‘When Father first took me to the school.’

‘Where is your father?’ said Mr. Carmichael.

‘He died,’ said Sara, very quietly. ‘His friend ran away with all his money, and there was no money for me. There was nobody to take care of me. So, Miss Minchin put me in the attic and said I must work for my bread.’

The Indian gentleman moved in his chair. ‘What – what was your father’s name?’ he said. ‘Tell me.’

Sara looked at him sadly. ‘Ralph Crewe,’ she said. ‘He died in India from a fever, two years ago.’

Mr. Carrisford’s face went very white. ‘Carmichael,’ he, whispered, “it is the child – the child!”

That was an exciting day for many people. At first poor Sara did not understand. But Mr. Carmichael talked to her quietly and told her everything – the true story about her father’s friend and the diamond mines, and they were looking for Ralph Crewe’s daughter.



“And all the time I was in the house next door.”

‘And all the time,’ she said later to Mr Carrisford, when they sat by his fire, ‘I was in the house next door.’

Tom Carrisford took her hand. ‘Yes,’ he said. ‘And you’re never going back there. Your home is with me now. I’m going to take care of Ralph’s Little Missus.’

Sara laughed, happily. ‘And you were the friend, too. All those beautiful things in my attic came from you – you and Ram Dass. Becky and I thought it was magic!’

The Indian gentleman smiled at her. 'We were sorry for you,' he said. 'Ram Dass can move very quietly, and he carried the things across the roof when you were out. I couldn't find Ralph's daughter, but I wanted to help somebody. And then Ram Dass told me about this sad, lonely little servant-girl in the attic next door.'

And so the story ended happily for everybody – but not for Miss Minchin. Sara was very rich now, and Miss Minchin wanted her to come back to the school. She came to see Mr. Carrisford, but he said some very angry things to her, and she went away with a red face.

Becky came to live in Mr Carrisford's house, too. She was Sara's servant, and she was very happy. She had a warm room, nice dresses, and good things to eat every day. And she loved Sara very much.

Ermengarde often came to visit Sara, and Sara helped her with her school lessons again. Ermengarde was not clever, but she was a true friend. On that first day in the Indian gentleman's house, Sara wrote a letter to her, and Ermengarde carried the letter into the schoolroom.

'There were diamond mines,' she told Lavinia and the other girls. 'There were! There were millions and millions of diamonds in the mines, and half of them are Sara's. And they were her diamonds all the time when she was cold and hungry in the attic. And she was a princess then, and she's a princess now!'

- The End –

3. Grammar Page

Verb Patterns: Part 2

Pattern 5: Subject + verb + direct objects preposition + prepositional object

1. I **lent** my pen to a friend of mine.
2. The teacher **gave** homework to all of us.
3. We **have paid** the money to the proprietor.
4. He **told** the news to everybody in the village.
5. He **promised** the money to me (not to you).
6. I **have bought** a watch for my sister.
7. Mr. Raman **sold** his car to a man from Mumbai.
8. She **made** coffee for all of us.

Many verbs can be used both in Pattern 4 and in Pattern 5. Pattern 5 is preferred when the direct object is less important or when the indirect object is longer than the direct object.

Pattern 6: Subject + verb + noun/pronoun + adjective

1. The boy **pushed** the door open.
2. The smith **beat** it flat.
3. She **washed** the plates clean.
4. The thief **broke** the safe open.
5. He **turned** the lamp low.
6. You have **made** your shirt dirty.
7. I **like** my coffee strong.
8. We **found** the trunk empty.