



# Learn English Through Stories

K Series

K10

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## Chapter 6: Christmas Fair Part 2

'Charlie, you're not supposed to unwrap your present!' I said.

'Oh Charlie,' said Mum. 'Go on then Harry, open yours if you want.'

I did want. Charlie got a packet of coloured pencils and he looked quite grumpy about it. I felt happy just because I didn't get any: coloured pencils are rubbish, they never work properly. I don't even know why they exist.

I got a Dora pencil case, which was quite nice actually.

Next stop: the secret present room. This one is brilliant: it's just for children, no grown-ups allowed. Mum gave us 50p each. Charlie and I went in.

Inside was even busier than the hall. There were lots of children wrapping up presents and a few grown-ups to help. We squeezed into spaces at the wrapping desks and I handed over my 50p. I got a bottle of pink bubble bath, which will be perfect for Mum.

It took me ages to wrap it but Charlie took even longer: I heard him telling the grown-ups to 'go away'. How rude. And when we came out, Charlie had two presents... and still had his 50p! The presents were really badly wrapped with lots and lots of Sellotape going all the way around.

'Who are they for?' asked Mum.

'Is for Harry, and is for me,' said Charlie.

'Oh thank you Charlie!' I said. 'Can I open it now?'

'Not now,' said Mum. 'Let's just put those away for later' and she put them in her bag. Boo.

Next stop was the 'Win a bottle' room. Dad had turned up again, but by now the fair was nearly over and there wasn't much left. I picked three tickets for Mum and Charlie did the same for Dad. If the number on your ticket ended in a 5 or a 0 then you won the prize with the same number on the table.

We opened mine first: only one of the three was a winner, and Dad got a bottle of apple juice. He made a face at me because he wanted the wine.

Charlie's turn. He handed Dad his first ticket: it was a winner. The helper looked at the table but there was nothing on the matching spot, so she gave him a bottle of beer from behind the desk. Big smile from Dad.

Ticket number two was another winner. But again, there was nothing on the matching spot. The helper frowned, but again she gave Dad a bottle from behind the desk: more beer. An even bigger smile from Dad.

Ticket number three was another winner!



'You really are my lucky little elf, Charlie.' said Dad, patting him on the head as he waited for the helper. She was talking to the other grown-up - Mr Jones, the deputy head teacher.

'Can I just see what's in your hand?' said Mr Jones, bending down to Charlie.

Charlie grinned, and opened his podgy fist to reveal hundreds of tickets, all scrunpled up.

'Charlie, where did you get all those?' asked Dad.

Charlie pointed at the bin behind the bottle table. The same bin where the helper had been putting all the winning tickets.

'And where are the three tickets you chose?' continued Dad, sounding a bit sad now.

Charlie lifted his foot.

'Ah,' said Dad, putting his bottles of beer back on the table. 'Slight problem. Sorry about that. You'll want these back, I think. Time to head home.'

He pushed us all out of the room: I think he was worried that Mr Jones would call the police because Charlie had cheated.

The fair was over. We shuffled out slowly. Guess who I saw through the staffroom window? Father Christmas! He was talking to Mr Bartlett, and he looked really cross. Like I said, I'm pretty certain it wasn't the real Santa. I don't think Santa gets cross.

OK, all set?' Dad said, starting the car engine. 'Jingle Bells' started playing. Now in our car, when the engine starts, the radio often comes on and that's what I thought it was.

Charlie thought so too. 'Single Jells, Bingle Jells, Bingle awwl the way!' he sang. But the music stopped. And then started again.

'Where is that hideous tune coming from?' asked Dad.

'I don't know, it sounds like something in the back,' said Mum.

'Take a look, will you.' said Dad. 'I've got my seatbelt on.' Mum sighed and got out.

'It's getting louder!' I shouted as Mum moved stuff around in the boot.

'It's something in the pushchair,' she said, rummaging around. 'It's this present!' She held up the one that Charlie had wrapped for himself. 'Charlie, what have you got here?'

'No no no no no!' cried Charlie as Mum unwrapped it.

'But seriously, Charlie, this is a mobile phone!' said Mum, pulling it out of the Sellotape. 'Where on earth did you get this?'

Charlie said nothing and looked at his feet.

'That's a new iPhone - someone will be missing that' said Dad. 'Just answer it, love, you'll find out soon enough.'

'Umm, hello?' said Mum. I didn't know who it was, but I could hear they were quite angry. 'Oh hello, it's Harry's mum here. Yes it is, I'm not quite sure how we've ended up with it, but I think it might have been something to do with Charlie... I'm so sorry.' she said. 'Of course, I'll drop it round on the way home. I really am very sorry.'

She put the phone into her pocket.

'Who was it Mum?'

'Charlie knows who's phone it is, don't you Charlie?'

Charlie sniffed. In a very small voice he whispered, 'Is Farmer Christmas phone.'

'No, seriously?' said Dad. 'You took Santa's mobile? From his grotto? I don't know if I should laugh or drop you off at the prison!'

And that, it seemed, was that.

'Ellie's dad will find a way to get it back to Santa?' said Mum. 'I think we know the truth about my school Father Christmas, don't we?'

Charlie was still sniffing and Dad was still chuckling. 'Nicked Santa's phone... just wait until I see him on the train.' said Dad.

'Charlie, it may be Christmas, but you are bad for my elf. Bad for my elf, do you get it? Elf, get it? Sounds like health? Elf?'

Everyone in the car was silent.

'Ah, never mind,' said Dad, and started the engine. 'I don't know why I bother?'

PS I almost forgot: can you guess what was in my present from Charlie? It was those coloured pencils. They're rubbish... but you knew that, didn't you?