



# Learn English Through Stories

A Series

A35

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# 1. The Troubadour

Sam Galloway is a troubadour. He moves across Texas and Oklahoma. He goes from place to place and plays music. He tells stories, too, and he talks to people about their good days and their bad days. The ranchers (farmers) and their families like listening to him, and Sam gets a bed and food and drink for his work.

On this hot summer day, we are at the Merrydew Ranch (farm) in Texas. The Merrydews are good people, and their ranch is big. There are always a lot of people in the house, and there is a lot of noise. After six weeks with the Merrydews, Sam is putting his things on his horse and moving to a new place. He wants to go to a ranch with strong coffee, good food, and some quiet people.

That afternoon, Sam arrives at old man Ellison's sheep ranch. Mr. Ellison and his men are very happy with this new visitor. The men sit at a big table in the evenings. They eat and drink well. Then they listen to Sam's stories and his music. Mr. Ellison always wants to hear Sam's story about an old boat, and Sam tells it every evening.

Mr. Ellison is a good rancher, but he is getting old. Now he has problems with his sheep and with the bank. He doesn't always have money for a lot of food and drink. He can't buy things for his house and his ranch. Every day he thinks about his problems. "What am I going to do?" the old man thinks. But at night, he lies listen to Sam Galloway's music and stories and he smiles. He thinks, "Tomorrow is going to be OK."

But it isn't OK. In the morning, Mr. Ellison gets on his horse and goes to the fields. He wants to look at his sheep. On the road he meets a tall young man on a horse.

"Good morning," Mr. Ellison says.



“Good morning,” the young man says. “Are you Peter Ellison?” “Yes, I am,” Mr. Ellison says. “What can I do for you?”

“My name is James King, but people usually call me King James. These are my fields. I don’t want your sheep here. Move them or they’re going to be dead sheep.”

“But, Mr. King, I don’t have...,” Mr. Ellison starts to say.

“You have one week, Mr. Ellison. Seven days. Goodbye,” James King says.

Mr. Ellison arrives home in the early evening. He is quiet and his eyes are unhappy. After a little food, he sits with Sam Galloway at the table.

“Sam, play some music, please.”

“OK, Mr. Ellison, but why are you unhappy this evening?

Problems?” Sam asks. A troubadour knows about ranchers’ problems. “Yes, a very big problem. His name is James King.”

“Oh, King James. I know about him. People talk about him on every ranch in Texas. He has a lot of animals, and he has money in every bank in the country. He’s a difficult man. Don’t go near him,” Sam says.

“That’s the problem,” Mr. Ellison says. “My sheep are in James King’s fields, and he doesn’t want them there. I don’t have any good fields for sheep. But, that's not *your* problem. Please, play some music for me.”

Sam plays his music, but he watches the old man. King James is going to be a big problem for old Mr. Ellison.

In the morning, Mr. Ellison goes to the store and to the bank. He is looking for an answer to his problems. He talks to some ranchers, but he can’t find an answer.

In the afternoon, Mr. Ellison is looking at his sheep. Suddenly King James comes across the field to him. “Good afternoon, Mr. Ellison,” the young man says. “I want to talk to you. It’s important.”



“I’m sorry, Mr. King. I don’t have a place for my sheep. I’m looking for a new field for them.” Mr. Ellison says.

“I don’t want to talk about the sheep. I have some questions for you.

First, are you from Jackson. Mississippi?”

“Yes, I lived there for twenty-one years,” Mr. Ellison answers. “Do you know the Reeves family in Jackson?” Mr. King asks. “Yes, I do. Mrs. Caroline Reeves was my only sister.”

“Mr. Ellison, please, listen to my story. I can remember an important day in 1902. It's a cold winter day and I am only fifteen years old. I arrive in Jackson with no family, no food, and no money. Mrs. Caroline Reeves sees me on the street and takes me to her house. She gives me food, a heavy coat, and good shoes. Then she finds a job for me at the Jackson Hotel, and every Sunday for five years I go to her house. She is my friend and my family.

"In 1907, I have some money in the bank. I talk to Mrs. Reeves about my plans. She listens and she gives me some money and a gold watch. I say goodbye and then I go to Texas. I buy my first field and four sheep.

Today I have a lot of fields and a lot of sheep because Mrs. Caroline Reeves was good to me one day in 1902.

“I want to be good to you, too. I have a lot of fields. Your sheep can stay here. And, do you have any problems with money?” King James asks.

The old man tells the young man about his problems with the bank and with the ranch.

“You aren't going to have any problems after today. I'm going to put \$2,000 in the bank for you tomorrow morning. I'm going to talk to Mr. Brooks at the store. Buy the things for your house and your ranch. I'm going to give Mr. Brooks the money for them. You're Mrs. Caroline Reeves's brother. That's very special to me,” King James says.

Mr. Ellison goes back to his ranch with a smile on his face. He wants to hear some music, but Sam Galloway isn't in the house.

In the evening, Mr. Ellison is drinking coffee at the table. The door opens, and Sam walks in.

“Hello, Sam,” Mr. Ellison says. "You're very late. Did you go to Frio for the slay? Play some music for me, please. I'm a happy man and tomorrow is going to be a new day.”

But Sam doesn't play any music that night. He sits at the table and looks at Mr. Ellison. “I went to Frio, and I looked for King James. I had your big knife in my coat. He was in the hotel behind the theater. His hand moved to his knife, but I was quick. You aren't going to have any problems with him tomorrow. He's dead,” Sam says.

Mr. Ellison is quiet. Then he looks at Sam and says, "Can you play some music now? I can't understand things this evening. Maybe tomorrow ..."

## 2. Money Talks

Number 24 Park Street is a big, expensive house. Old Mr. Anthony Rockwall lives there. He worked for many years, and now he has a lot of money. He is old and he doesn't work. A man drives his car for him. A woman makes his food. A boy brings the newspaper to him. Mr. Rockwall sits in his big chair and smiles. He is a happy man.

Mr. Rockwall calls his son, "Richard, come here. I want to talk to you."

Mr. Rockwall's son comes in and sits down. He is a quiet young man of twenty-one. "Yes, father?"

"Richard, the men on this street are gentlemen. They come from good families and have a lot of money. We aren't a famous old family, but we have a lot of money. My money makes you a gentleman, too. Money can open a lot of doors for you," Mr. Rockwall says with a smile.

"It can open some doors, father, but not every door," Richard says.

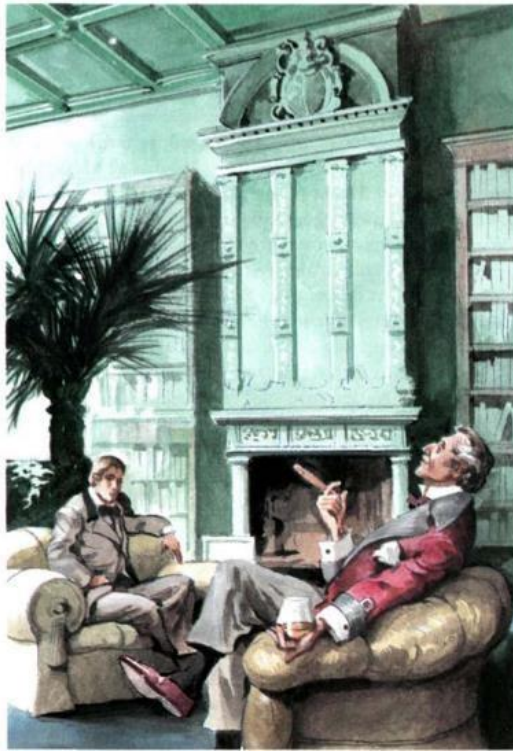
"My son, don't say that. We have no problems. Ask people on the street. Ask your friends. What door doesn't open with money?" Mr. Rockwall asks.

"Money can't buy a place at the table of the right people," Richard says.

"You're wrong, young man," his father says, and he looks into his son's eyes. "Son, the families of these men didn't always have a lot of money. They know about work. You make a lot of money with a lot of work."

Richard is quiet.





"Son, what's the problem? Are you sick? What's wrong? You can talk to me," Mr. Rockwall says.

"Father, I'm not sick. I have a good home, an interesting job, and a smart old father. But ..."

"What's her name?" Mr. Rockwall asks.

"Oh, Father. She's beautiful and very special. Her name is Ellen Lantry. She's the only woman for me," Richard says.

"Talk to her. Dance with her. Walk in the rain with her. She's going to love you, too." his father says. "You're a good young man. You're special, too."

"But she's always with people," Richard says. "I never have any time with her. She never has time for me."

"Richard! Take some money, and buy some time with her. Talk to her about your love," the old man says.

"I can't," Richard says. "She's going to Europe by boat tomorrow morning. She's going to stay there for two years. This evening I'm going to take her to the theater, but it's a very short drive. I'm not going to have much time with her, and you can't buy her time."

"OK, Richard, now I understand. Your love for her is very strong, but she doesn't know about it. That's your problem," Mr. Rockwall says.

"She can't know because there isn't time," Richard says. He's very unhappy. "Your money can't talk to her."

At eight o'clock in the evening, Richard goes to the beautiful young woman's house.

"Good evening, Richard," Miss Lantry says. "Mother and Father are waiting for us at the theater. I don't want to be late."

"To Wallack's Theater, please," Richard says to the driver. But at Thirty-Fourth Street, the car stops.

"What's wrong?" Richard asks.

"I'm sorry. Mr. Rockwall," the driver says. "There are cars to the left, to the right, and behind us. We can't move. Every car in New York is sitting here."



"Oh, Richard. Are we going to be late?" Miss Lantry asks.

"I'm very sorry, Ellen. No theater for us this evening," Richard says. "That's OK. I don't like theater very much. I'm happy here in the car with you," Miss Lantry says.

"Are you?" Richard asks with a smile.

Later the same evening. Richard walks into his father's office. The old man is reading his newspaper.

"Father," Richard says, "Miss Lantry and I are in love!"

"Very good, Richard. I'm happy for you," his father says.

"We talked and talked. She loves me! You see! Money can't buy love," Richard says.

Then the happy young man goes to bed. But let's finish his story. At seven o'clock in the morning, Mr. Kelly comes to the door of Mr. Rockwall's house.

"Good morning, Mr. Kelly," Mr. Rockwall says. "You did a good job yesterday evening.

Here's your \$5,000."

"It was difficult, Mr. Rockwall. The drivers of the cars wanted \$10, and the policemen wanted \$50. But cars stopped for us on every street. Did it all go well?" Mr. Kelly asks.

"Well? Yes! It was beautiful. Let's drink to love and to money!"

### 3. Soapy's Winter Home

Soapy lives on the streets of New York. He likes the sun and the trees. He doesn't like buildings or houses or jobs. For nine months of the year, Soapy is a happy man. Then the first week of December comes. At night Soapy puts on his old coat and hat, and he puts three newspapers under him. But he is cold and he can't sleep. He gets up and he walks up and down the streets. He can't live on the streets all winter.

But Soapy has a plan— he has the same plan every December. He is going to do a bad thing. Not a very bad thing, but a policeman is going to put him in jail for three months for this thing. Then Soapy is going to have food and a bed for the winter. In March, he is going to finish his time in jail. He is going to be on the streets of New York again for nine beautiful months.

Soapy thinks about his plan. He is going to visit a very smart restaurant. First, he is going to eat some expensive food, and then he is going to sit in the bar with an expensive drink. After his food and drink, Soapy is going to say, "I'm sorry, but I don't have any money." Then the men at the restaurant are going to make a telephone call. A policeman is going to come and put Soapy in jail for three months. No cold streets for the winter.

Soapy smiles and walks into Sanborn's Restaurant. But the man at the door looks at Soapy's old shoes and says, "You can't come in here. The people in here have money. They have good coats and shoes. Go home. You can't eat here."

Soapy sits down and thinks about his plan again. This time he walks down Sixth Street. He finds an expensive store with a big window. He hits the window with a heavy bottle. Many people — and one policeman — hear the noise and run to the store. Soapy stands near the window and smiles.

"Who did this?" the policeman asks. "Where's the man?"

"Maybe I'm that man." Soapy says with a friendly smile.

"You aren't the man. Look! Down there! A man is running away," the policeman says. He runs after the man. No jail for Soapy this afternoon.

That evening Soapy walks to a street with many theaters. He sees a lot of beautiful men and women in expensive coats and dresses. They are talking and smiling. They are going to have a good time in the theaters and restaurants. Near one theater. Soapy sees a tall policeman, too.

Suddenly Soapy runs in front of the people and starts to dance. Then he makes a lot of noise. He is very friendly. He talks to the important people. "Hello. How are you, my friends? What are you going to see this evening? Can I come to the theater with you?"

The policeman sees Soapy. He looks at him and says to the people, "He's a student from the theater school. They always make a lot of noise, but they aren't a problem."

It's a game for them."

Soapy is angry and very unhappy. How can he get into jail for the winter? He walks down the street and sees a man in a big office. The man's pen is on a table near a window. Soapy puts his hand in the window and takes the pen. He walks slowly down the street.

The man runs into the street and says, "Stop! You have my pen!"

"Your pen?" Soapy asks. "Then call a policeman."

But the man from the office doesn't call a policeman. He has problems with the police, too. He doesn't want to talk to a policeman. "Maybe it is your pen," the man says to Soapy. "Goodbye."



Soapy is going to sleep on the street again today. He sits down and makes a new plan. Maybe he can get a job. Maybe he can have some money and an apartment and good shoes and a lot of food. Maybe he is too old for the street. Tomorrow he is going to find a job. This winter he isn't going to be cold, and he isn't going to be in jail. He is going to be an important man. He's happy with this new plan.

Then Soapy hears a person near him. "Excuse me," a policeman says. "What are you doing here? What's your problem?"

"No problem, my good man," Soapy says.

"What's your address? Where do you work?" the policeman asks.

“No address, no job, but I’m going to look for a job tomorrow,” Soapy says.

“No address? Come with me. Three months in jail for you,” the policeman says.

## 4. Adjectives

Some adjectives end in **-ly**.

a costly diamond ring: This diamond ring is very expensive. I know it's very **costly**.

an elderly woman: My grandmother is very old. I know she is an **elderly** woman, but she is very intelligent.

lively kittens: Our cat gave birth to three very **lively** kittens.

a lonely boy: When Banta was young, he was very **lonely**. Everybody in the village knew he was a **lonely** boy.

a lovely girl: As luck would have it; yesterday, I met a **lovely** girl. She wore a pink dress which was very attractive. He had black, silky hair. She was slim and tall. She had a beautiful smile on her face. Everything was lovely yesterday.

### Exercise

Add the correct ending to turn these words into adjectives. **y – ful – less**

Peace; dirt; storm; mud; forget; spot;

dust; play; fat; care; love; fear.

## Answers

Add the correct ending to turn these words into adjectives. **y – ful – less**

Peaceful; dirty: stormy; muddy; forgetful; spotless or spotty;

Dusty or dustless; playful; fatty; careful or careless; lovely;

fearless or fearful.



## 5. Dialogues

### Almost perfect:

A: Do you like this house?

B: Yes, it's beautiful and spacious.

A: It's perfect for us and the kids.

B: Three bedrooms, three bathrooms, and a big back yard.

A: And we can afford it!

B: So are we going to buy it?

A: I'm afraid not.

B: It's too far from your job, isn't it?

A: I can't spend four hours on the road every day!

B: By the time you get home, you'll be too tired to even eat!

A: I won't be able to play with the kids.

B: No, we have to find something closer to your job.

A: But all the houses near my work are small and dirty.

B: We can always do it up. And we can build an extension on the back...

## 6. Picture Dictionary Page



**kingfisher** (किंगफिशर) A bird with bright blue feathers. A kingfisher lives near a river. चमकीले पंखों वाला पक्षी; रामचिरैया.



**kipper** (किप्पर) A herring which has been dried in smoke. धुये में सुखाई गया मछली.



**kitchen** (किचन) The place in a house where you do the cooking. रसोई घर; पाकशाला.



**kite** (काईट) A kind of toy which goes up into the air on a long piece of string. फलंग; गुड्डी.



**kitten** (फिटन) A baby cat. बिल्ली का बच्चा.



**knee** (नी) The middle part of your leg which bends. घुटना.



**knife** (नाइफ) A sharp piece of metal joined to a handle. You cut things with a knife. चाकू; छुरी.



**knight** (नाईट) A soldier who lived a long time ago. शूरवीर; योद्धा; बहादुर.



**knot** (नीट) It is made by tying two pieces of string together. गाँठ.



**knuckle** (नकल) The part of your finger which bends. पोर; अंगुली का जोड़.