



**Learn English Through
Stories
D Series**

D29

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1. Mr. Pink-Whistle and the Balloon

By Enid Blyton

There was once a little girl who loved balloons very much in indeed. Her name was Susie, and whenever she went to a party, which was about once a year, she always hoped that she would be given a balloon, and sometimes she got her wish.

Now Susie very badly wanted a blue balloon. She had had a red one, and a yellow one, and a green one—but she had never had a blue one.

“I think blue balloons are the prettiest of all,” said Susie. “I do really... I wish I could have a blue balloon on a nice long piece of string. I'd take it out to show all the other children.”

Now one day a balloon-woman came to Susie's village. She was rather like a balloon herself, for she was round and fat, and her red shawl shone brightly. She carried behind her a great bunch of balloons to sell to the children. They were the biggest and most beautiful that the boys and girls had ever seen.

Susie ran to look at them. The balloon-woman had a little stool with her, and she sat down on this at a corner. “Buy a balloon!” she kept shouting. “Buy a balloon!”

“How much are they?” asked Susie. “I've a half penny at home.”

“What, a half penny for beautiful big balloons like these!” cried the balloon-woman. “No, no—these are two pence each, and well worth it, too.”

“Oh—two pence!” said Susie, disappointed. “That's very dear. But oh, look at that lovely blue one there! How I would like to have it!”

She stared at the blue balloon. It really was the biggest of the bunch, and it bobbed up and down as the breeze took it. Susie felt that she simply must have it.

“I must earn some money!” she thought. “If only I could get a penny and a half penny. Then with my own half penny I should have two pence, and that would be enough.”

She walked down the road, thinking hard. She passed Mrs, Jones in her garden, and Mrs, Jones called out to her.

“Susie! Whatever are you thinking about? You do look so solemn!”

“I'm thinking how I can earn a penny and a half penny,” said Susie. “It's very difficult. I do so want to buy a blue balloon.”

“Well, now I want a little job done,” said Mrs. Jones, “and I'm willing to give a penny for it. I want a parcel taken down to the post-office.”

“Oh, I can do that for you,” said Susie.

“It's a heavy parcel, and the post-office is a long way off,” said Mrs. Jones. “You'd better see the parcel before you decide. I wanted my Jack to take it for me, but he's had to go to bed with a bad cold, and I can't leave him and take it myself.”

Mrs. Jones showed Susie the parcel. It certainly was rather large. “But I can carry it all right,” said Susie, “and I do so badly want the balloon that I'd be glad to take an even heavier parcel for you!”

The little girl set off to the post-office. The parcel certainly was heavy! It made her arms ache before she had gone very far. In fact, by the time she had almost reached the post-office, she had to stop and rest. She put the parcel down on a little wall, and hung her tired arms down.

And it was there that our old friend, kind Mr. Pink-Whistle, met her. He was coming up the street, looking about him as usual, when he saw Susie.

“Hallo, little girl!” he said. “That seems a very heavy parcel to carry!”

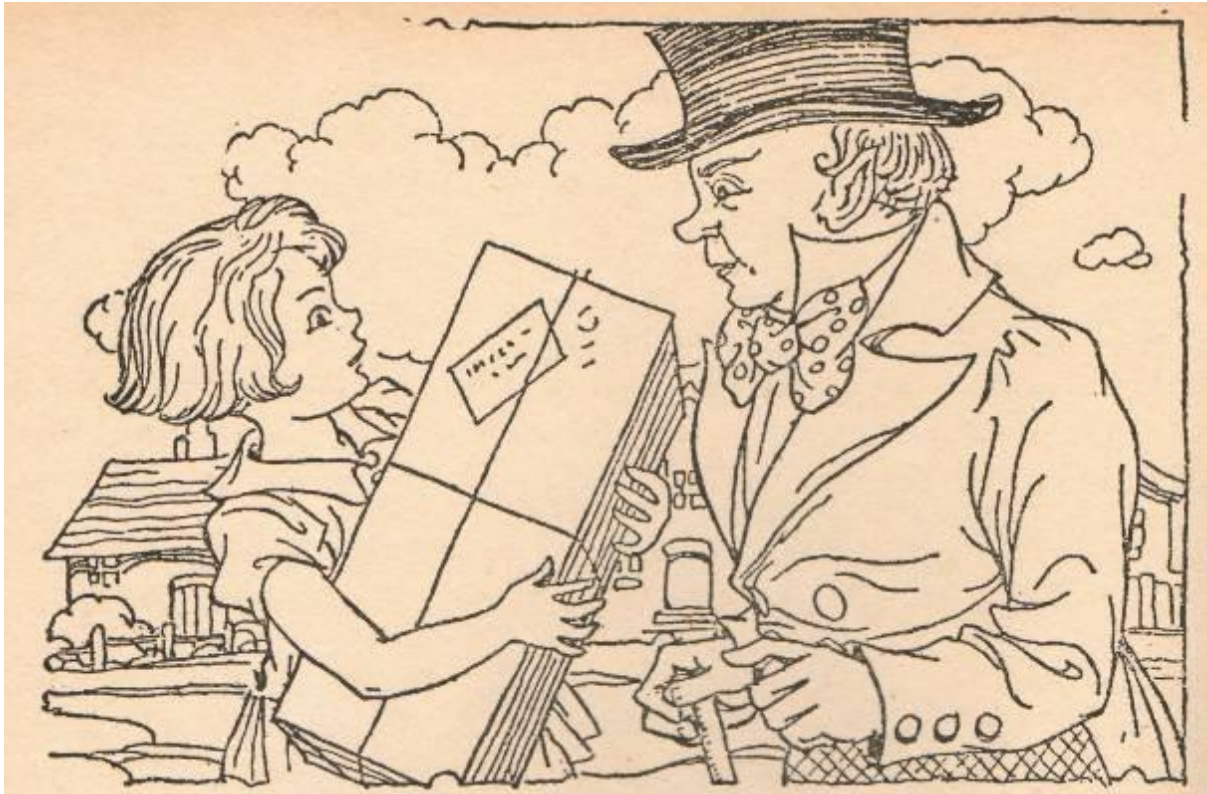
“Well, it is, rather,” said Susie. “My arms ache a lot. But I'm having a rest now.”

“Let me carry it the rest of the way for you,” said Mr. Pink-Whistle.

“No, thank you,” said Susie. “You see, I am earning a penny for taking it to the post-office, and if you carried it for me, it wouldn't be quite fair to get the penny.”

“I see,” said Mr. Pink-Whistle. “I am very pleased to meet a child who knows what is fair and what is not. Do you want the penny for anything special?”

“I do, rather,” said Susie. “Have you seen the balloon-woman at the corner? Well, she has a most beautiful big blue balloon, and I am longing to buy it. I have never in my life had a blue balloon, you know. It costs two pence, and I am earning a penny towards it. I have a half penny already, and perhaps I shall earn another half penny. Then I can buy the blue balloon.”



“LET ME CARRY YOUR PARCEL FOR YOU,” SAID MR. PINK-WHISTLE.

The little girl picked up the parcel and went on again, smiling at Mr. Pink-Whistle. He went on his way, too, hoping that Susie would be able to buy what she wanted.

Susie was tired when she got back to Mrs. Jones. She was pleased to have a nice bright penny. She put it into her pocket and ran home.

She told her mother about the penny, and how much she wanted to earn another half penny to buy the blue balloon.

“Well, Susie dear,” said Mother, “if you want to earn a half penny, you can turn out the hall-cupboard, and put it tidy for me.”

Susie didn't like turning out cupboards, because spiders sometimes lived in cupboards, and- she was afraid of them. Still, it would be lovely to earn the last half penny towards the blue balloon!

So off she went to the hall-cupboard with duster, a dustpan, and a brush. She emptied out all the boots and shoes, bats and balls, and the things that usually live in hall-cupboards, and then she swept the cupboard out well, and dusted it round, She put back all the things very neatly and tidily, felt glad there had

been no spider, and called to her mother to come and see if she had done her job properly.

“That's very nice, Susie,” said Mother. “Here is your half penny. Now you can go and buy your blue balloon!”

Susie was excited, She took the two half pennies she had and the penny Mrs. Jones had given her, and off she went to the balloon-woman. The big blue balloon was still there, floating at the top of the bunch! Lovely!

Susie gave the woman her two pence, and went off with the glorious blue balloon. It really was very big indeed, and was exactly the colour of the sky in April, so you can guess what a pretty blue it was.

And just as she got round the corner, who should come along but Big Jim! Big Jim was a horrid boy, who loved to tease all the little children. Susie was afraid of him, because Big Jim often pulled her hair and pinched her.

She turned back, but Big Jim had seen her. He came running after her.

“Let's have a look at your balloon!” he shouted. “Let me hold the string.”

Now Susie knew quite well that if she let Big Jim hold the string, he would go off with her lovely balloon and she would never see it again. So she held it very tightly, and shook her curly head.

“If you don't let me hold your balloon I'll burst it!” cried Big Jim. “Look—see this pin? Well, I'll stick it right into your balloon if you won't let me hold it!”

Susie held the string fast and began to run down the road. Big Jim ran after her and caught her. He made a jab at the balloon with the pin.

POP!

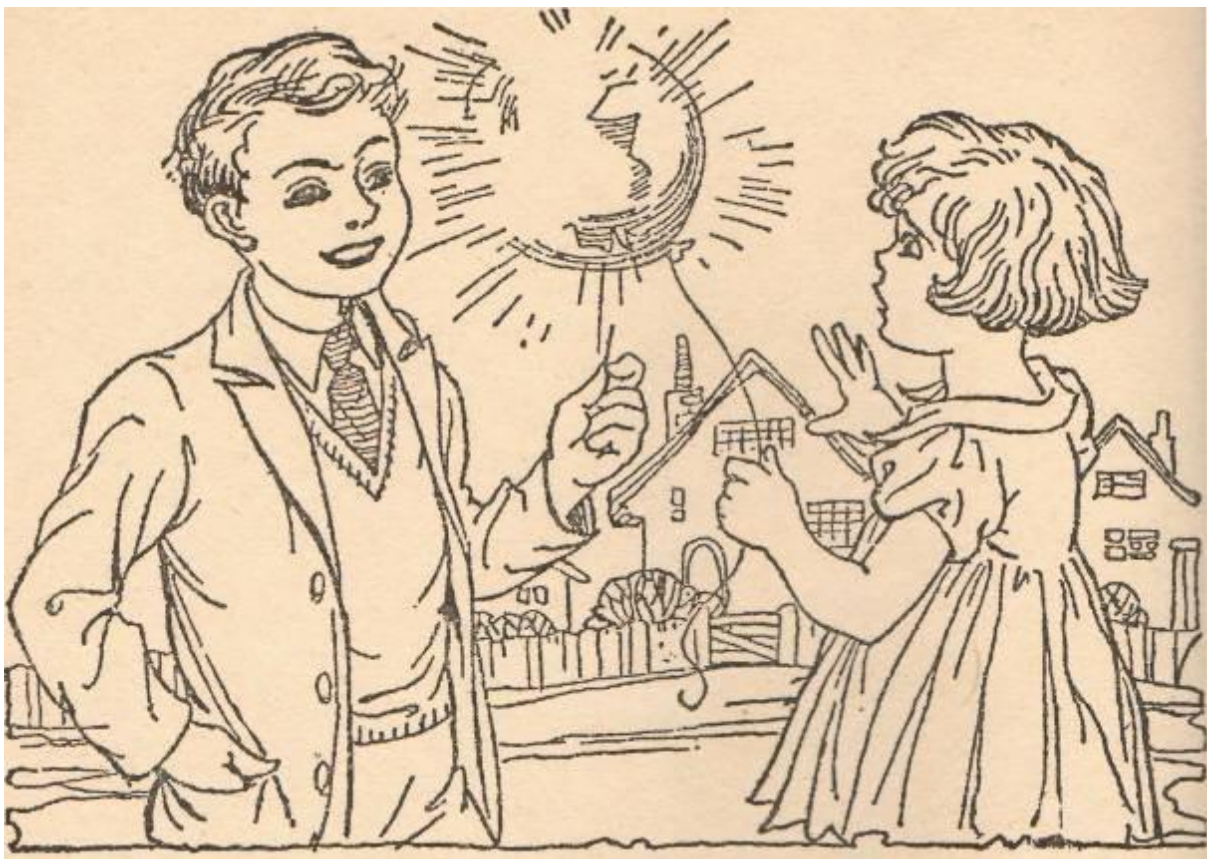
The balloon burst! Susie stared in horror. Instead of a marvellous blue balloon bobbing in the air there was now only a ragged bit of blue rubber on the ground. Susie burst into loud sobs. How she sobbed!

It is always a dreadful shock to any child when a balloon goes pop, but it was extra dreadful to Susie, because she had worked so hard to get the money for it. Big Jim gave a loud laugh and ran off. He thought he had played a fine joke on Susie.

Susie sobbed and sobbed. She really felt as if her heart was broken. She didn't hear footsteps coming up close to her—but she suddenly felt an arm round her shoulder.

“What's the matter, my dear?” said a kind voice—and, lo and behold, it was Mr. Pink-Whistle again! He had heard the sound of crying, and come along to see what the matter was.

“Oh, it's my beautiful blue balloon!” wept Susie. “Big Jim burst it with a pin because I wouldn't let him hold it. And I worked so hard to get a penny and a half penny to buy it. And now it's gone. And the balloon-woman hasn't another blue balloon at all. It was the only one.”



JIM JABBED THE BALLOON WITH A PIN AND IT BURST.

“It's a shame!” said Mr. Pink-Whistle fiercely. “It's not fair! I won't have it! Where does Big Jim live?”

“At the first house round the corner,” wept Susie. “But even if you go and scold him, it won't bring back my balloon, will it?”

“You go home and cheer up,” said Mr. Pink-Whistle. “I’ll be along this evening with a-surprise. Now, dry your eyes and smile. That’s better! Good-bye!”

And off went Mr. Pink-Whistle to Big Jim’s. My word, what a surprise was coming to that bad boy!

Mr. Pink-Whistle looked very angry as he marched down the street. He turned the corner, and came to the first house there. That was where Big Jim lived. Mr. Pink-Whistle looked over the hedge.

He could hear a boy whistling in one of the rooms upstairs. That must be Big Jim. Pink-Whistle muttered a few strange words to himself— and in a trice he had disappeared! He was still there, of course, but nobody could see him except any of the fairy-folk.

Pink-Whistle went round the back way. The kitchen door was open, and he slipped inside. The cook was there, doing some washing up, but she didn’t see Pink-Whistle, of course. He went into the hall and up the stairs, frightening the cat who had no idea that anybody was there—and yet she could hear footsteps!

Big Jim was in his bedroom, putting six big beautiful glass marbles away in their box. He was very proud indeed of those marbles. They were the nicest in the town, and all the boys at Jim’s school loved them and wished they were theirs. But Jim was not going to give any away! Not he!

“Are you the bad boy that burst Susie’s balloon?” asked Pink-Whistle in a deep voice just near to Big Jim’s ear. The boy nearly jumped out of his skin.

“Ooooooh!” he said in a fright, looking all round. But, of course, he could see no one at all.

“Did you hear what I SAID?” boomed Pink-Whistle. “I said, ‘Are you the bad boy that burst Susie’s balloon?’”

“I—I—I—did burst a b-b-b-b-balloon,” stammered Big Jim in a fright. “It was an accident.”

“That’s not the TRUTH!” said Pink-Whistle angrily. “You did it on purpose.”

“Who are you?” asked Big Jim. “And where are you? I can’t see anybody. I’m frightened.”

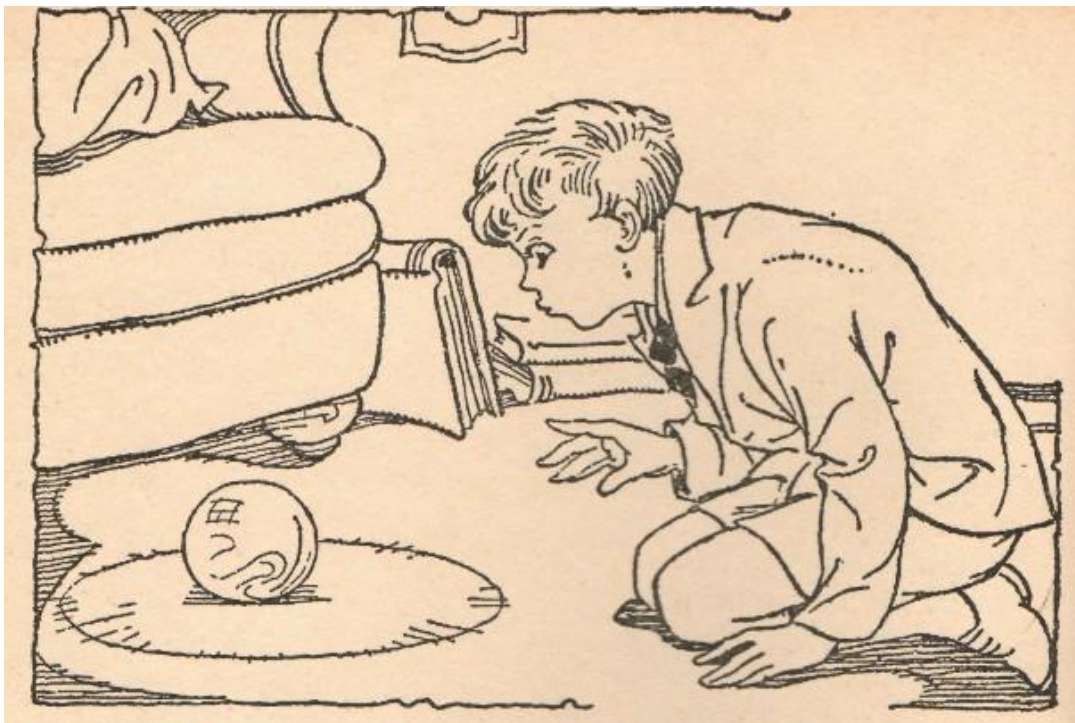
“Good!” said Pink-Whistle. “Very good. You deserve to be frightened. Now— I'm going to make blue balloons out of something belonging to you! What have you got to give me?”

“Nothing,” said Big Jim. “I haven't any balloons—or anything in the least like balloons.”

“What were those things you were putting into a box?” asked Pink- Whistle, and he opened the lid of the marble box. Inside lay the greeny- bluey-yellow glass marbles, winking and blinking in their box. “Ah— marbles! These will do nicely. You shall give me these,”

“Indeed I shan't!” said Big Jim, snatching the box away as it rose into the air, lifted by Pink-Whistle's invisible hand. “Nobody shall have those. They are my own special best marbles, the finest in the town! Put them down!”

Well, Pink-Whistle was not going to be spoken to like that! He wrapped his hand smartly on to Jim's, and the boy gave a yell and dropped the box of marbles. They rolled all over the floor.



JIM BLEW ON THE MARBLE AND A VERY STRANGE THING HAPPENED.

“Pick them up and give them to me,” ordered Pink-Whistle. Jim wouldn't. He just stood there, sulking to see his precious marbles scattered over the floor. And then suddenly an invisible hand did to him what he had often done to smaller boys and girls. His hair was sharply pulled!

“Ow!” said Big Jim. “Don't! Oh, if only I could get hold of you! Wouldn't I pull your hair!”

“Pick up those marbles!” ordered Pink-Whistle again, and his voice was so cold and angry that Big Jim found himself bending down and picking them all up. He put them back into the box,

Pink-Whistle, still invisible, took a piece of chalk from his pocket and drew a little circle on the floor. He put one of the marbles into it.

Then he muttered some words that sounded rather queer and frightening to Jim, and emptied a little blue powder over the big glass marble.

“Now, blow hard on your marble until I tell you to stop,” commanded Pink-Whistle. “Go on. Kneel down and blow. Quick!”

Big Jim was so afraid of having his hair pulled again that he did as he was told. He knelt down and blew on the marble—and a very strange and peculiar thing happened! It began to blow up, just as a balloon does when breath is blown into it! It changed from a round glass marble with yellow and green streaks in it, to a fine big yellow-green balloon. Marvellous!

“Oooh, that's funny,” said Big Jim. “My glass marble has changed into a balloon. I shall like taking that about with me.”

“It's not for you,” said Pink-Whistle, taking the balloon out of the circle and quickly tying a piece of string on to it. “It's for Susie. Now here's the next one. Blue, please!”

Mr. Pink-Whistle put a blue-green marble into the circle of chalk and once again Big Jim had to blow. How he blew! He didn't want to, but he was really afraid of the person he couldn't see but could only hear and feel! That marble blew up into a balloon too—a fine bluey-green one that Pink-Whistle quickly tied up with another piece of string.

Then into the circle went the third marble. “Oh, I say,” said Big Jim. “I'm not going to have any more of my beautiful glass marbles changed into balloons. I just won't have it!”

A hard hand came out and caught hold of Jim's right ear, just in the same way that Jim had so often taken hold of other people's ears! His head was pulled towards the circle, and he had to blow! He blew and he blew. That marble was very hard to blow up, but Pink-Whistle didn't leave go his hold on Jim's ear until the balloon was really quite enormous.

Well, Big Jim had to blow all his precious marbles into balloons! Soon there were six fine balloons waving in the bedroom on the end of strings—and the box of marbles was empty!

“Thank you,” said Pink-Whistle, taking all the strings into one hand, “Susie shall have all these. I am sure she will especially love this big blue one made out of your best blue marble, because it is almost exactly the colour of the one you burst. Well, good-bye.”

“Don't take those balloons to Susie,” said Big Jim with tears in his eyes. “You know quite well they are really my marbles that you've changed by some magic. Please, please, don't take them.”

“How many times have children said, 'Please, please to you, Big Jim, when you have been unkind to them?’” asked Pink-Whistle. “Did you take any notice? No, you didn't. Well, neither shall I. You needed a lesson, my boy, and you've had it. Learn from it and it won't be wasted. You have had to give up something you really loved yourself in order to make up for robbing someone else of something they loved. Remember what it feels like, and be kinder in future!”

Off went the little brownie-man, taking the string of balloons with him. He met Jim's mother in the hall, and she was most amazed and astonished to see a string of balloons going through the hall by themselves — for she couldn't see anyone holding them, of course!

“Pardon me, Madam!” said Pink-Whistle politely, forgetting that he was invisible.

“Oh! Gracious me—talking balloons!” cried Jim's mother, and fled into the kitchen. Pink-Whistle chuckled, and went out of the front door. He trotted along to Susie, first making himself seen, because he knew the people would be most astonished to see balloons floating down the street by themselves.

He came to Susie's house. Susie was in the front garden. Her eyes were red, and she looked sad. When she saw Pink-Whistle coming along with a whole bunch of balloons, she gave a squeal of delight.

“Oh! What marvellous balloons! Oh, where did you get that wonderful blue one from? It's even bigger than the one Big Jim burst!”

“I got these from Big Jim,” said Pink-Whistle. “I made them from his precious marbles! They are stronger than ordinary balloons, my dear. Take them and enjoy them!”

Susie took the strings, going red with surprise and delight. “Oh!” she said, “I shall give a tea-party, and let each of guests have a balloon to take home.”

“Well, the big blue one is especially yours,” said Pink-Whistle. “Be sure you keep that!”

So Susie did, of course, and she still has it hanging in her bedroom. She gave the others away at a party, and how the children loved them! Wouldn't it be nice if Pink-Whistle came along when any of our balloons went POP?

Well — you never know!

2. Grammar page

Determiners

Determiners are words such as **this**, **those**, **my**, **their**, **which**. They are special adjectives that are used before nouns.

The Articles

The words **a**, **an** and **the** belong to this group of words called **determiners**.

The words **a** and **an** are called **indefinite articles**. You can use them with singular nouns to talk about any single person or thing.



Do you wear **a** uniform to school?

Can you hear **a** bird singing?



This is **a** picture of **an** elephant.

Rudy is reading **a** book.

Mom bought me **a** new dress today.

You will need **an** umbrella when you go out.

She eats **an** apple **a** day.



The article **an** is usually used before words beginning with **vowels**. The article **a** is used before words beginning with **consonants**.

More examples with the article 'a'.

1. Banto is a good girl.
2. She's a topper.
3. He was really a smart guy.
4. It is a beautiful flower.
5. He is a doctor.
6. Amelia is baking a cake.
7. Isabella's preparing a speech.
8. We are going to buy a car.
9. Pappu is owning a BMW car.
10. He's a king.
11. I have a dog.
12. It is a building.
13. Pakistan is a beautiful country
14. They own a car.
15. I need a kilogram of salt.
16. I have a problem.
17. This is a table.
18. She is a designer.
19. I've built a strong ship.
20. This is a beautiful house.