



Learn English Through Stories

F Series

F33

**Adapted and modified by
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1. The Hundred and One Dalmatians

By Dobie Smith

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The White Cat's Revenge

The van stopped. Down came the tailboard. Out shot the Staffordshire. He knocked the driver right down. "You, Flying Saucer, you!" said the man. He didn't notice the black dogs streaming out of the van.

Snow had been falling for hours, so that London was all white. How beautiful Regent's Park looked, snowy under the stars!

They were close to Cruella de Vil's house. As they drew near to it, Pongo said: "Look, pups. That is our enemy's house." Lucky said: "May we scratch it and bite it?" "You would only hurt your nails and your teeth," said Pongo.

Missis saw something only a little less white than the snow. It was Cruella's persian cat. Her back was arched and she was spitting angrily. Pongo said quickly: "Madam, none of us would ever dream of hurting you." The cat said: "There are no black dogs round here." "We are not usually black except for our spots," said Pongo. The white cat guessed everything. "And you've rescued all the pups! Bravo! I couldn't be more pleased. I have lost forty-four kittens in early infancy. All drowned by Cruella."

"Why don't you leave her?" asked Pongo. "I wait for my full revenge," said the white cat. "I can't do much on my own - I've only two pairs of paws. I let the place become overrun with mice. And, oh, how I scratch the furniture. Why not let your pups come in and do some damage now?"

Pongo shook his head. "This is no moment for revenge. We should get the pups home. They are hungry." "Oh, please, let us!" cried the pups. They made so much noise that Missis could not hear what the white cat was now saying to Pongo. At last he turned, quietened the pups, and said: "Missis I now feel that we should do as our friend here suggests. It will take me a long time to explain why, so will you trust me, please?" "Of course, Pongo," said Missis.

Lucky and two big, loud-barked pups were left on guard. They were sorry to miss the fun, but duty was duty. "Three barks if you see the striped car or hear

its horn," Pongo told them, then marched all the other pups after the white cat.

There was enough light from the lamps on the Outer Circle to show them a big room in which were many racks of fur coats. Pongo barked his orders: "Four pups to a coat, two pups to a stole, one pup to a muff. Present teeth! Tear-r-r!"

There was not space enough in one room to finish the whole job, so the pups spread themselves throughout the house. The fur flew in every direction. From kitchen to attic the house was filled with a fog of fur. Chinchilla, Sable, Mink, and Beaver, Nutria, Fox... "No more furs to tear now," said the Cadpig. At that moment the pups outside barked the alarm. The pups streamed down into the back yard.

The striped, car went by the end of the passage. A light was on inside and they could see Cruella clearly. The car stopped. Mr de Vil helped Cruella out. He started to search for his latch-key. Cruella stood waiting, with the cloak hanging round her shoulders. "I shan't sleep if she keeps that cloak," said Missis. "She'll never recognize us now we're black," Pongo said.

They dashed towards Cruella and seized the cloak. It slipped from her shoulders quite easily - and fell on top of Pongo and Missis. Blindly they ran along the Outer Circle, with the cloak over them and looking as if it was running by itself. Cruella screamed: "It's bewitched! Go after it!" "I think an ancestor of yours is running away with it. You'd better come indoors," said Mr de Vil.

The next moment, he and Cruella started to cough. For as they opened the door they were met by a cloud of fur.

Somehow Pongo and Missis found their way to the passage, where they came from under the coat and dragged it to the back yard. Here the pups fell on it. And that was the end of the absolutely simple white mink cloak.

Now they were marching along the Outer Circle again. And now they could see the Dearlys' house ahead of them. There were lights in the drawing-room window. "Mr. and Mrs Dearly haven't gone to bed yet," said Pongo. Lights were shining up from the kitchen. "The Nannies are still awake," said Missis. She said it brightly; no one could have guessed how frightened she was. Why should the Dearlys let a mob of strange black dogs into the house? Suppose they were all turned away - ninety-nine hungry Dalmatians.

At that moment, snow began to fall again, very, very thickly.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Who are These Strange Black Dogs?

The Dearlys, the Nannies, and Perdita had spent a sad Christmas Eve. In the afternoon the Nannies trimmed the Christmas tree. The Dearlys put Perdita's presents on it but they had not the heart to get out the presents which they had bought for Pongo, Missis, and fifteen puppies. When snow first began to fall, everyone felt worse than ever. In the evening, the Dearlys invited the Nannies to come up to the drawing-room and they all played nursery card games. They all pretended to enjoy themselves which was very hard work. At last Mr Dearly said he would put some Christmas carols on the gramophone.

Now carols are always beautiful but if you are sad they can make you feel sadder. When Mr Dearly realized this, he thought: "This must be the last carol we play." It was "Silent Night". Mrs Dearly put out the lights and drew back the curtains, so that they could see the stars while they listened. Suddenly, everyone in the room heard a dog bark. "That's Pongo," cried Mr Dearly. They dashed to the window, flung it open wide and stared down. Down below were two black dogs.

Mrs. Dearly said gently: "You shouldn't be out on a night like this. Go home to your owners, my dears." It happened just as Missis had feared! They were turned away, outcasts in the night. Pongo had a moment of panic. But quickly he pulled himself together. "We must bark again," he said. "They will recognize our voices sooner or later."

Up in the drawing-room Mrs Dearly said: "I can't believe that's not Pongo and Missis. And look how excited Perdita is!" Mr Dearly said: "I shall go down and see if they have collars on. Perhaps I can take them to their homes."

The front door opened and out came Mr Dearly. In shot Missis, closely followed by the Cadpig and all her brothers and sisters. Mr Dearly did not see what was happening until Roly Poly bumped into him in passing. Then he looked down and saw a stream of black pups going through the front door. Suddenly there was a hitch. The two pups dragging the Cadpig's little blue cart could not get up the stairs. Mr Dearly, who could never see a dog in difficulty without helping, picked the cart up himself. "These dogs are a troop from a circus," he thought.

The scene in the drawing-room was rather confused. Large as the room was, there was not floor space for all the puppies, so they were jumping on to the tables and chairs and piling up on top of each other. There was rather a lot of noise. Mrs Dearly was just managing to keep on her feet. The Nannies had taken refuge on top of the grand piano.

Pongo barked a command: "All pups, roll! Roll, Missis!" And he himself rolled. The Dearlys stared in bewilderment - and then both of them shouted: "Look!" The white carpet was becoming blacker, the black dogs were becoming whiter... "It's Pongo," cried Mr Dearly. "It's Missis," cried Mrs Dearly. "It's Pongo, Missis and all their puppies," cried the Nannies. "It's considerably more than all their puppies," said Mr Dearly - just before Pongo embraced him.

Missis was embracing Mrs Dearly. Perdita was absolutely wild, trying to embrace eight puppies at once. They were her own long-lost family! The Nannies got off the piano, picked up the cart and read out: "MASTER TOMMY TOMPKINS, FARMER. DYMPHING, SUFFOLK." "Dympling?" said Mr Dearly. "That's where Cruella de Vil has a country house."

And then Mr Dearly Saw It All. He remembered Cruella's desire for a Dalmatian fur coat. "You must have the law on her," cried the Nannies. Mr Dearly said he would think about it after Christmas, but now he must think about feeding the pups. He hurriedly telephoned the Ritz, the Savoy, and other good hotels and asked them to send page boys along with steaks. Nanny Butler said: "They must be bathed before they eat." Nanny Cook said: "Nanny Butler and I will work in our bathroom and you two can work in yours. And how about asking that Splendid Vet and his wife to bath pups in the laundry?"

Mrs. Dearly got out all her best bath salts and bath oils and all the lovely bath-towels given to her as wedding presents. The three bathing teams got to work. It took less time than you would believe, because five pups were put in the bath at a time. By the time the last pup was washed, the steaks were arriving. There were enough for everyone, even the humans - who were by this time pretty hungry.

There is a mystery to be cleared up. Most people who are good at arithmetic are likely to think there is a mistake in this book. It is called "One Hundred and One Dalmatians". Well, Pongo and Missis and Perdita make three. There were ninety-seven Dalmatian pups at Hell Hall including those belonging to Pongo,

Missis, and Perdita. Three and ninety seven make one hundred. Where, then, is the hundred and oneth Dalmatian? On to the last chapter, if you please!

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The hundred and oneth Dalmatian

Christmas Day at the house in Regent's Park was absolutely wonderful. The rather good hotels sent plenty more steaks, the pups were able to play with lots of things in the house which were not intended to be played with. At twilight, Pongo and Missis led the Dearlys up to the top of Primrose Hill and barked over a Dogdom-wide network.

As soon as Christmas was over, Mr Dearly decided to act quickly, for he realized that one hundred Dalmatians was too much for one house in Regent's Park. First he advertised - in case any owners of pups wanted to claim them. But none did - for this reason: Cruella had bought all the pups except those stolen from the Dearlys. Only one owner turned up, the farmer who had owned Perdita. And he was quite happy to sell her to the Dearlys.

So there was Mr Dearly, lucky man, with one hundred delightful Dalmatians. He decided he must take a large country house. Happily, he could afford this as the Government had again got itself into debt and he again got it out.

One day in January, when the snow was all gone, he said to Mrs Dearly: "Let's drive out to Suffolk and return the little blue cart to Master Tommy Tompkins, and also hunt for a country house." They took Pongo and Missis with them, and Lucky got under a seat - because he wanted to see the Sheepdog again and be made a Captain. (He didn't stay under the seat long and everyone was delighted to see him when he came out.)

When they reached Dympling, they went for a walk round the village and met Tommy Tompkins out with the Sheepdog. The little blue cart was returned. The Dearlys saw at once that Pongo, Missis and Lucky knew the Sheepdog and the cat that came hurrying up. When they got to Hell Hall there was a large notice outside saying: FOR SALE - CHEAP. OWNERS GONE TO WARM CLIMATE. And the gates stood wide open. The house was empty.

"What a hideous house!" said Mrs Dearly. "What a lovely wall!" said Mr Dearly. This wall was just the thing to prevent the hundred Dalmatians from running wild.

"Suppose it was painted white," he said. Mrs Dearly shook her head. But when they got into the house and saw the fine, large rooms and imagined them all white instead of red, she agreed. "Here we will found a Dynasty of

Dalmatians," said Mr Dearly. Missis was insulted. She thought the word meant a nasty din. But Pongo explained that it meant a family that goes on and on.

One sunny day in early spring a removal van and an extra large double-decker motor-coach stood outside the house in Regent's Park. The van was for the furniture. The coach was for the Dearlys and the Dalmatians. The Nannies had already gone down by car, to open Hell Hall.

Mr. Dearly came out of the house with Pongo and Missis. Mrs Dearly followed with Perdita, and with the white cat on her shoulder. Within the next few minutes, two surprising things had happened. First, just as Missis saw the removal van and said: "Oh, there's a miracle," a Staffordshire Terrier flung itself from the van, said: "Here we are again," to Pongo and Missis, and hurled itself at Mr Dearly's chest.

And then the second surprising thing happened. A large car had drawn up and the people in it were looking at Pongo, Missis and Perdita with interest. Suddenly the door burst open and out sprang a superb liver-spotted Dalmatian. He dashed up to Perdita. It was her long- lost husband. His name was Prince. The people in the big car were much touched by his faithfulness to Perdita and at once offered him to the Dearlys, saying they would be glad of a good home for him as they were always going abroad and having to leave him. Prince was delighted.

So the Dalmatians started for Suffolk, one hundred and one strong.

When the Dalmatians reached the village of Dympling, all the villagers were out to receive them, with the Sheepdog, the tabby cat, and Tommy Tompkins. Tommy had his little blue cart with him and the Cadpig felt just a bit envious - but she was happy to know she had grown too strong to need any cart.

The white Persian Cat, who was now a charming creature (kindness make cats kind) was extremely gracious to the farmyard tabby. It was the beginning of a firm friendship.

At last the motor-coach drove in through the wide open gates of Hell Hall. The pond now reflected a snow- white house. The front of the house still looked like a face and had an expression but now it was a pleasant expression. The Nannies were waiting at the open front door. Nanny Butler said: "Do you know there is a television aerial on the roof of this house?" And Nanny Cook said: "Seems wasteful not to make use of it."

Then Mr Dearly knew that the Nannies wished for television in the kitchen and he at once suggested it. Pongo and Missis were delighted, for they knew how very much their smallest daughter had missed it.

- THE END -

2. Grammar Page - Tenses

Uses of Present Perfect 3:

E. Accomplishments:

1. Man has walked on the moon.
2. My brother has learned how to swim.
3. My mother has learnt to read.
4. My dad has learnt to be quiet.
5. Doctors have cured many deadly diseases.
6. Teena has passed her Science test at the third attempt. It was said that she was third time lucky.

F. Adverbs of time: already, just, recently, ever, never, once, many times, several times, before, so far, yet, etc.

1. Have you read the book yet? I have read it five times — I still don't know what is happening in the story.
2. I think I have met her once before, but nobody believes me.
3. Nobody has ever climbed that mountain. I think I will try one day.
4. He has failed his driving test four times.
5. Have you made any holiday plans yet?
6. This is the third time I've visited London.
7. Up to now, I haven't found this book.
8. How long have you known Anna? I've known her for a year by now.
9. So far, he has written ten letters to me. I've done not a single reply.
10. I can't remember her name, though I have told it several times.
11. The value of this property has doubled in the last three years.
12. By now, she has read fourteen novels by Stephen King.