



Aladdin and the Enchanted Lamp

Learn English Through Story

Aladdin and the Enchanted Lamp

Retold by Judith Dean

Level 1

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Chapter one

Help from a rich man

Many years ago, in a city in Arabia, there was a boy called Aladdin. He lived with his mother in a little house near the market, and they were very poor. Aladdin's mother worked all day, and sometimes half the night, but Aladdin never helped her.

He was a lazy boy and he did not like to work. He only wanted to play all the time. Every morning he ran through the streets to the market. There, he talked and laughed and played with his friends all day. Then in the evening he went home for his dinner.

And every night his mother said to him: 'Oh, Aladdin, Aladdin! You are a lazy boy- a good-for-nothing! When are you going to do some work, my son?'

But Aladdin never listened to his mother.

One day in the market there was an old man in a long black coat. Aladdin did not see him, but the old man watched Aladdin very carefully. After some minutes he went up to an orange-seller and asked:

'That boy in the green coat - who is he?'

'Aladdin, son of Mustafa,' was the answer.

The old man moved away. 'Yes,' he said quietly. 'Yes, that is the boy. The right name, and the right father.' Then he called out to Aladdin: 'Boy! Come here for a minute. Is your name Aladdin? Aladdin, son of Mustafa?'

Aladdin left his friends and came to the old man. 'Yes,' he said, 'I am Aladdin, son of Mustafa. But my father is dead. He died five years ago.'

'Dead!' said the old man. 'Oh, no!' He put his face in his hands and began to cry.

'Why are you crying?' asked Aladdin. 'Did you know my father?'

The old man looked up. 'Mustafa was my brother!' he said. 'I wanted to see him again, and now you tell me he is dead. Oh, this is not a happy day for me!' Then he put his hand on Aladdin's arm. 'But here is my brother's son, and I can see Mustafa in your face, my boy. Aladdin, I am your uncle, Abanazar.'

'My uncle?' said Aladdin. He was very surprised. 'Did my father have a brother? I didn't know that.'

‘I went away before you were born, my boy,’ said the old man. ‘Look.’ He took ten pieces of gold out of his bag, and put them into Aladdin’s hands. ‘Go home to your mother and give this money to her. Tell her about me, and say this: “Her husband’s brother wants to meet her, and he is going to visit her tomorrow.”’

Ten pieces of gold is a lot of money and Aladdin was very happy. He ran home quickly and gave the gold to his mother. At first she was afraid.

‘Where did you get this, Aladdin? Did you find it? It isn’t our money. You must give it back.’

‘But it *is* our money, Mother,’ said Aladdin. ‘My uncle, my father’s brother, gave the money to us. Uncle Abanazar is coming to visit us tomorrow.’

‘Who? You don’t have an uncle Abanazar.’

‘But he knows my name, and my father’s name,’

Aladdin said. ‘And he gave ten pieces of gold to me. He’s very nice. You must make a good dinner for him.’

The next day Abanazar arrived at Aladdin’s house. ‘My sister!’ he said and smiled. ‘My dead brother’s wife! I am happy to find you and Aladdin.’

‘Sit down, Abanazar. We’re happy to see you in our poor home,’ Aladdin’s mother said. She put meat, rice and fruit on the table. ‘But I don’t understand. Why did my husband never speak about you?’

‘I’m sorry, my sister. When we were young, my brother and I were not friends for many years. Then I went away to a far country. I am an old man now and wanted to see my brother again and take his hand. But he is dead, and I cannot speak to him or say goodbye to him now!’

Abanazar had tears in his eyes and Aladdin’s mother began to cry too.

‘But I am home again now,’ the old man said, ‘and I can help my brother’s wife and his son, *Abanazar had tears in his eyes*. because I am a rich man.’ He looked at

Aladdin. ‘Aladdin, my boy, what work do you do?’ Aladdin did not answer and his face was red.

‘Oh, don’t ask Aladdin questions about work!’ his mother said. ‘He never works. He plays with his friends all day, and only comes home when he is hungry.’

‘Well, my boy, tomorrow we must get a new coat for you. Then we can talk about work. Would you like to have a shop in the market perhaps?’

Aladdin smiled. 'A shop,' he thought, 'and me, a rich market-seller. Why not?'

Chapter two

A walk to nowhere

Early the next morning, Abanazar arrived at Aladdin's house and then he and Aladdin walked to the market.

'First of all we must look at coats,' Abanazar said.

Soon Aladdin had an expensive new coat and he felt very happy. Then Abanazar and Aladdin walked through the market and looked at the shops. They drank coffee, talked to people, and had a very good dinner. It was a wonderful day for Aladdin.

On Friday, when the market was closed, Abanazar took Aladdin to the beautiful gardens in the city. They walked under the trees and talked about a shop for Aladdin.

'You are very good to me, Uncle,' Aladdin said.

Abanazar smiled. 'But of course,' he said. 'You are my brother's son. Now, let us leave the city and go up into the hills. There is something wonderful there, and you must see it.'

They left the gardens, walked past the Sultan's palace, and out of the city up into the hills. They walked for a long time and Aladdin began to feel tired.

'It's not far now,' said Abanazar. 'We're going to see a beautiful garden - more beautiful than the garden of the Sultan's palace.'

At last Abanazar stopped. 'Here we are,' he said. Aladdin looked, but he could see no gardens on the hills. 'Where is this garden, Uncle?' he said.

'First we must make a fire,' said Abanazar.

Aladdin did not understand, but he made a fire for his uncle on the ground. Then Abanazar took some powder out of a small box, and put it on the fire. He closed his eyes and said, '*Abracadabra!*'

At once, the sky went dark. Black smoke came from the fire, and the ground under the fire began to open.

'You are very good to me, Uncle,' Aladdin said.

Abanazar smiled. 'But of course,' he said. 'You are my brother's son. Now, let us leave the city and go up into the hills. There is something wonderful there, and you must see it.'

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Aladdin did not understand, but he made a fire for his uncle on the ground. Then Abanazar took some powder out of a small box, and put it on the fire. He closed his eyes and said, '*Abracadabra!*'

At once, the sky went dark. Black smoke came from the fire, and the ground under the fire began to open.

Then the smoke went away, and in the ground there was now a big white stone with a ring in it.

Aladdin was very afraid. He began to run away, but Abanazar took his arm and hit him on the head.

For a minute or two Aladdin could not speak or move. Then he cried, 'Why did you do that, Uncle?'

'You must be a man now, not a child,' said Abanazar. 'I am your father's brother, and you must obey me. Don't be afraid. In a short time you're going to be a rich man. Now, listen carefully.' He took Aladdin's hand. 'Only you can move this stone. Put your hand on the ring and say your name and your father's name.'

Very afraid, Aladdin put his hand on the ring. It was not hot, but very cold. 'I am Aladdin, son of Mustafa,' he said. The stone moved easily, and now Aladdin could see stairs under the ground.

'Go down those stairs,' Abanazar said, 'and then through four big rooms. In the last room there is a door into a garden, and under one of the trees there is a lamp. You can take some fruit from the trees, but first you must find the lamp. Bring the lamp to me.'

'Please come with me, Uncle!' Aladdin said.

'No. Only you can do this, my boy.' Abanazar took a gold ring off his finger and gave it to Aladdin. 'This ring is magic and can protect you,' he said. 'Be careful, and bring me the lamp quickly!'

Aladdin put the ring on the little finger of his left hand and began to go down the stairs. It was dark and he was afraid, but he was more afraid of Abanazar.

And Aladdin was right to be afraid, because Abanazar was not his uncle. He was a magician from Morocco, and he wanted this lamp very much. It was a magic lamp, and only a poor boy from the city could get it for him -a boy called Aladdin.

Aladdin went down a hundred stairs and into the first room. Down here, it was not dark and he went quickly through the rooms to the door into the garden. There were trees in the garden, with beautiful fruit of different colours - white, red, green, and yellow.

He soon found the lamp, under one of the trees. ‘Why does my uncle want this dirty old lamp?’ he thought. He put it in his pocket. Then he began to take fruit from the trees, and to put it in every pocket of his coat. After that he went back to the stairs and began to go up. Soon he could see Abanazar and the blue sky.

‘Give the lamp to me,’ Abanazar said, and put out his hand. ‘Quickly, boy, the lamp!’

Aladdin could not get the lamp out of his pocket because it was under the fruit. He looked at Abanazar’s angry face and was afraid.

‘First help me out, then you can have the lamp,’ he said. ‘Please, Uncle!’

‘First the lamp,’ cried Abanazar. ‘Give me the lamp!’

‘No!’ Aladdin said.

‘You good-for-nothing! You dog! You and the lamp can stay down there!’ Angrily, Abanazar ran to the fire and put more powder on it. ‘*Abracadabra*!’ he called.

The big white stone moved again, and now Aladdin could not see the sky. He was in the dark, under the ground, and could not get out.

Chapter three

The ring and the lamp

'Uncle Abanazar! Uncle!' Aladdin hit the stone but nothing moved. 'Don't leave me here! Please!'

Aladdin put his ear to the stone, but he could hear nothing. 'I am Aladdin, son of Mustafa,' he said, and listened again. But the stone did not move.

Then Aladdin began to cry. 'What am I going to do?' he thought, and put his head in his hands.

After a time he began to feel hungry, and took some of the fruit out of his pocket. He put some in his mouth, but he could not eat them. 'These are stones, not fruit,' he thought. 'I'm going to die down here.'

For three days and three nights Aladdin sat on the stairs and waited, but no help came. On the third day he remembered Abanazar's ring on his finger - the ring to protect him. He could not see the ring in the dark so he put his right hand on it.

WHOOSH!

There was a sudden noise, and blue smoke came out of the ring. And then, out of the smoke came a big jinnee.

'I am here, master, I am here,' the jinnee cried. 'I am the slave of the ring. What is your wish?'

Aladdin was very surprised, and very afraid. At first he could not speak, then he said, 'Take me out of here.'

'To hear is to obey,' the jinnee said, and a second later Aladdin was back on the hills under the blue sky.

There was nobody there, and the fire was cold and black. Happily, Aladdin began to walk home.

When he got there, his mother was very happy to see him. 'Oh, Aladdin!' she cried. 'What happened to you? And where is your uncle?'

'Abanazar is not my uncle, Mother. He is a magician and a bad man. He nearly killed me.' Then Aladdin told his mother all about the fire, the magic stone, and the garden under the ground. 'Oh, I am very tired, Mother,' he said. 'I must sleep.'

Aladdin closed his eyes and slept for many hours. The next morning he opened his eyes and said: 'Mother, I'm hungry!'

'My son, I'm sorry,' she said. 'We have no rice or meat in the house. We have nothing. I must sell your new coat and get some rice with the money.'

Then Aladdin remembered the lamp from the garden.

'Wait a minute, Mother,' he said. 'Take this lamp and sell that first.'

'That dirty old thing?' Aladdin's mother said. 'I must clean it first.' She began to rub it and ...

WHOOSH! Noise, fire, and red smoke came from the lamp, and out of the smoke came a very big jinnee.

'I am the slave of the lamp,' cried the jinnee. 'What is your wish, mistress?'

Aladdin's mother was afraid and could not speak, but Aladdin said: 'Bring rice and meat to us. We are hungry.' The jinnee went away, and came back in a second with rice, meat, bread, and fruit on twelve gold plates. He put the plates in front of them and went away.

Aladdin and his mother ate and ate. Then Aladdin took one of the plates to the market and sold it for two pieces of gold.

Every day after that, Aladdin rubbed the lamp. And when the jinnee came, Aladdin said: 'Bring us rice and meat.' And every day he sold the gold plates.

Soon, Aladdin and his mother were rich.

Chapter four

Aladdin's love

Five years later, Aladdin had a shop in the market and three market-sellers worked for him. The sellers liked Aladdin because he was good to them. The market children liked Aladdin too, because he gave them money when he walked past. Everybody liked Aladdin.

Aladdin's mother never called her son a good-for-nothing now. They had a nice house near the gardens and she had many beautiful things. But only Aladdin and his mother knew about the magic lamp and the jinnee.

One day Aladdin heard a noise in the street and stopped to listen. 'The Sultan's daughter is coming,' he heard. 'Princess Badr-al-Budur is coming!'

Six slaves carried the Princess through the streets in a litter, and the people stopped to watch. 'Princess! Princess Badr-al-Budur!' they called.

Aladdin watched when the litter came past him, and he saw the Princess's face. She was beautiful, with big dark eyes - the most beautiful woman in Arabia. The

litter went past Aladdin, but for some minutes he did not move. Then he ran home.

'Mother! Mother! I saw the Sultan's daughter, Princess Badr-al-Budur, in the street.' Aladdin's face was white. 'I must have the Princess for my wife!'

'But, Aladdin ...' his mother began.

'No "buts", Mother. I love the Princess and I want to marry her. Go to the Sultan and ask for me.'

'Me? Go to the Sultan's palace? No, no, no,' Aladdin's mother said. 'Listen, my son. The daughters of a Sultan do not marry poor boys from the city.'

'But we are not poor now, Mother. And we can give the Sultan something for his daughter. Wait.'

Aladdin went away and got the fruit from the magic garden under the ground. Now, of course, he knew it was not fruit, but white, red, green, and yellow jewels.

'Take these jewels, Mother, on a gold plate,' he said, 'and give them to the Sultan.'

So the next day Aladdin's mother carried a gold plate with many beautiful jewels on it to the Sultan's palace. She went into a long room, but when she saw the Sultan, his Vizier, and all his slaves, she was very afraid. So she waited quietly in the room and spoke to nobody. In the evening she went back home again with the jewels. Aladdin was very angry with her.

'Mother, you must speak to the Sultan,' he said. 'I have no father to do this for me. You must help me - I must marry the Princess. I love her!'

So the next day, and for many days after that, Aladdin's mother went to the palace, but she was always afraid to speak.

In the end, the Sultan saw her and asked his Vizier: 'Who is that woman? Why does she come to the palace every day?'

The Vizier spoke to Aladdin's mother: 'Do you want to speak to the Sultan? Yes? Come with me.'

The Vizier took Aladdin's mother to the Sultan, and she put her head on the ground at his feet.

'Get up, woman. Why do you come here every day?' the Sultan asked. 'Speak, woman.'

'Your Majesty,' Aladdin's mother said quietly, 'I have a son, a good young man. He is called Aladdin. He loves

your daughter, Princess Badr-al-Budur. He cannot sleep or eat because of her. He wants to marry her.'

The Sultan laughed. 'What? Marry my daughter? Your son?'

'Your Majesty, these jewels are for you, from my son Aladdin.' And Aladdin's mother put the gold plate with the jewels in front of the Sultan's feet.

Everybody looked at the jewels, and the long room was suddenly very quiet. Then the Sultan spoke.

'These are very beautiful jewels,' he said. 'No man in Arabia has jewels more wonderful than these. Your son is a rich man - a good husband for my daughter.'

The Vizier did not like to hear this, because he wanted the Princess to marry *his* son.

'Your Majesty,' he said quietly in the Sultan's ear, 'my son is a rich man, too. Give him three months, and he can find better jewels than these.'

‘Very well,’ said the Sultan. And to Aladdin’s mother he said: ‘Your son must wait for three months, and then perhaps he can marry my daughter.’

Aladdin’s mother went home to tell Aladdin, and the Vizier went away to speak to his son. And every day, for two months, the Vizier’s son came to the Sultan and gave him gold, and jewels, and many beautiful things.

For two months Aladdin waited happily, but one day his mother came home from the market and said:

‘Oh, Aladdin! Aladdin! The Princess is going to marry the Vizier’s son! I heard it in the market. Everybody’s talking about it.’

When Aladdin heard this, he was very unhappy. ‘What can I do?’ he thought. He put his head in his hands and thought for a long time. And when night came, he took out the magic lamp and rubbed it...

WHOOSH! ‘What is your wish, master?’ said the jinnee of the lamp.

‘Bring Princess Badr-al-Budur to me,’ said Aladdin.

‘To hear is to obey.’

In a second the jinnee was back with the Princess asleep in his arms. He put her carefully on a bed, and then the Princess opened her eyes and saw Aladdin.

‘Who are you?’ she asked, afraid.

Aladdin took her hand and looked into her eyes. ‘My name is Aladdin, and I love you,’ he answered. ‘I cannot live without you, and I want to marry you.’

Badr-al-Budur saw the love in his eyes, and smiled.

She closed her eyes again, then the jinnee carried her back to the Sultan’s palace. The next morning she remembered Aladdin’s eyes. ‘There is no love in the eyes of the Vizier’s son,’ she thought. ‘He thinks only of gold and of jewels.’ So the Princess went to her father.

‘I do not want to marry the Vizier’s son,’ she said. ‘I want Aladdin for my husband.’

The Sultan was very surprised. ‘What can we do?’ he said to his Vizier. ‘My daughter wants to marry this man Aladdin. He is a rich man, it is true - but who is he?’ ‘Ask him,’ said the Vizier quickly, ‘for more of those beautiful jewels, on forty gold plates. And forty slave-girls, with forty slaves. Nobody is *that* rich.’

‘Very good,’ smiled the Sultan, and said to his slaves: ‘Bring Aladdin’s mother to me.’

When Aladdin’s mother arrived, the Sultan said: ‘So! Your son wants to marry my daughter. But first he must give me forty gold plates with jewels. Forty slave-girls, with forty slaves, must carry the plates to me. Then my daughter can be his wife.’

Aladdin’s mother went home and told her son, and Aladdin smiled. This was easy for the jinnee of the lamp, of course, and the next day, when Aladdin went to the palace, everybody in the city came out to watch.

First came forty slave-girls in dresses of gold, and every girl carried a gold plate with wonderful jewels on it. After them walked forty slaves in coats of gold. And last came Aladdin, on a beautiful white horse.

‘What do you say now?’ the Sultan said quietly to the Vizier, when he saw all these wonderful things. ‘Aladdin

must marry my daughter. How can I say no?’ And the Sultan went to Aladdin and took his hands. ‘My son,’ he said. ‘You can marry my daughter tonight.’

‘Tomorrow, Your Majesty,’ said Aladdin. ‘Because, before I marry your daughter, she must have a palace -the most beautiful palace in Arabia.’

The jinnee of the lamp worked all night, and the next morning the Sultan saw from his window a beautiful new palace, with gardens of fruit trees and flowers. ‘Wonderful!’ he said.

‘Black magic!’ said the Vizier quietly.

That night Aladdin married Badr-al-Budur and they lived happily in the new palace.

Chapter five

New lamps for old

Where was Abanazar all this time? When he could not get the lamp from Aladdin, he went home to Morocco. He was very angry with Aladdin. 'But the boy is dead now,' he thought. 'And perhaps next year I can go back and get the lamp.'

One day, he got out his seven black stones. These stones were magic, and when he put them in water, the water could tell him many things. Soon, he could see the magic lamp in the water, but it was not under the white stone in the Arabian hills. It was in a palace.

'How did this happen?' said Abanazar. 'I must go back to Arabia and find this palace.'

After some months he arrived again in the city in Arabia. Soon, he saw the new palace and asked a man in the street: 'Who lives there?'

'That's Aladdin's palace,' was the answer. 'Princess Badr-al-Budur's husband, a good man - and very rich!'

Abanazar said nothing and walked away. 'That lazy, good-for-nothing boy!' he thought angrily. 'So he has the magic lamp, and he knows about the jinnee! How can I get the lamp back?'

For the next week Abanazar watched Aladdin's palace. One day Aladdin and his friends left the palace to go hunting in the hills.

'Good,' Abanazar thought, 'now I can get the lamp.'

After Aladdin left, Princess Badr-al-Budur went into the palace gardens. She sat under a tree and looked at the flowers. Then she heard a noise in the street, and called her slave-girl, Fawzia.

'What's the matter? Who's making that noise?' she asked. 'Fawzia, go and look in the street.'

When Fawzia came back, she had a smile on her face.

'Mistress,' she said, 'the children in the street are laughing at an old man. He's selling lamps, but not for money. "New lamps for old," he cries. "Give me an old lamp, and you can have a new lamp." So everybody's getting new lamps.'

Badr-al-Budur laughed. 'Do we have an old lamp for

him? Yes - my husband's old lamp! Go and get it.' The Princess knew nothing about the lamp or its magic.

Fawzia went into the palace and came back with Aladdin's lamp. 'Here it is, mistress,' she said.

'Go and give it to the old man.' The Princess laughed. 'Aladdin can have a nice new lamp!'

Fawzia went out into the street with the lamp. 'New lamps for old,' the old man called, and the children behind him laughed and called, 'New lamps for old.' The old man (it was Abanazar, of course) saw the lamp in Fawzia's hands, and knew it at once, because of the picture in the water of his magic stones. He took the old lamp, gave a new lamp to Fawzia, and then quickly walked away. He walked out of the city into the hills. Then he took out the lamp and rubbed it.. .

WHOOSH! At once the jinnee of the lamp came to him. 'I am here, master,' he said. 'What is your wish?' 'Carry Aladdin's palace, the Princess, and me back to Morocco at once,' Abanazar said. 'The Sultan can kill Aladdin for me.'

'To hear is to obey.'

In a second Abanazar, the palace, the gardens, and the Princess were in Morocco. And in front of the Sultan's palace there was now only a little red smoke.

Chapter six

There and back again

In the evening Aladdin and his friends finished hunting and began to go home. Suddenly a friend said: 'Aladdin, look! The Sultan's men are coming, with swords in their hands. What do they want?'

'I don't know,' Aladdin answered.

When the Sultan's men arrived, they said: 'Aladdin, we must take you to the Sultan. He's very angry.'

'Why?' asked Aladdin, but the men could not tell him.

In his palace the Sultan took Aladdin to a window. 'Where is your palace?' he cried angrily. 'And where is my daughter? Answer me!'

Aladdin looked out of the window. There was only the ground and the sky - no palace, no gardens, nothing. He closed his eyes, opened them and looked again, and he had no answer for the Sultan.

'It's black magic. I always said that,' the Vizier said quietly in the Sultan's ear.

'Your Majesty.' Aladdin put his head at the Sultan's feet. 'Kill me now - I do not want to live without Badr-al-Budur.' There were tears in his eyes.

'Find her in forty days - or you die,' the Sultan said.

'I hear and obey, Your Majesty,' Aladdin answered.

But without his magic lamp, what could Aladdin do? He went out from the city, and looked and looked for his wife and his palace, but of course he did not find them. After thirty-seven days he sat by a river and cried: 'Oh, Badr-al-Budur, my love! Where are you? Where can I look now?' He put his hands into the water of the river, and then he saw the magician's ring on his little finger. He began to rub it...

WHOOSH! Out of the blue smoke came the jinnee of the ring. 'What is your wish, master?' he asked.

'Find my wife and bring her back to me,' answered Aladdin. 'Please ...'

'Master, I cannot do that. The jinnee of the lamp took the Princess away, and only the jinnee of the lamp can bring her back. But I can take you to her.'

'Take me then - quickly!'

‘To hear is to obey.’

It is many, many miles from Arabia to Morocco, but Aladdin was there in a second. And there was his palace, in front of him. He went into the gardens and looked up at the windows.

‘Badr-al-Budur,’ he cried, ‘are you there?’

In the palace Badr-al-Budur heard him. ‘Is that Aladdin?’ she thought. ‘But he is far away in Arabia.’ She went to the window, opened it, and looked out. ‘Aladdin!’ she cried. ‘Oh, my love!’

For the first time in many days, Aladdin smiled. ‘Come up, quickly!’ the Princess called. ‘The magician is not here now.’

Her slave-girl ran down and opened a little door into the gardens. Aladdin ran up to the Princess’s rooms, and in a second she was in his arms.

‘Oh, my love,’ the Princess said. ‘A bad man carried me here. A magician. His name is—’

‘His name is Abanazar and I am going to kill him,’ said Aladdin. ‘Tell me - does he have my old lamp?’

‘Yes,’ Badr-al-Budur said. ‘He always carries it with him. I know about its magic now, because he told me. Oh, why did I give it away?’

‘Listen, my love,’ said Aladdin. ‘I’m going to give you some sleeping-powder. When he comes here again, you must give him a drink and put the powder in it. When he is asleep, I can kill him. Don’t be afraid. I’m going to take you home very soon. Now for some good magic.’

He began to rub his ring ...

WHOOSH! ‘What is your wish, master?’ said the jinnee of the ring.

‘Bring me some sleeping-powder,’ said Aladdin.

‘To hear is to obey.’

In a second the jinnee was back with some sleeping-powder. Then Aladdin and the Princess waited for Abanazar.

In the evening they heard him on the stairs.

‘Don’t be afraid,’ Aladdin said quietly to his wife. ‘I am in the next room and can be with you in a second.’ He went quickly into the next room and stood behind the door.

Abanazar opened the door of Badr-al-Budur’s room and came in. He smiled: ‘You are more beautiful every day, Badr-al-Budur,’ he said. ‘Your husband, that good-for-nothing Aladdin, is dead now. You must marry me. You can have gold, jewels, palaces, anything! But you must be my wife.’

For the first time the Princess smiled at Abanazar.

‘Why not?’ she said. ‘You are a rich man and I am happy here. Yes, let’s drink to that.’

And she gave him a tall gold cup with the drink and the powder in it.

‘Let us drink from one cup, Abanazar,’ she said, and smiled at him. ‘You first, then me. In my country new husbands and wives always do this.’

‘To Badr-al-Budur, the most beautiful woman in Morocco,’ Abanazar said happily, ‘and my wife.’

He looked into Badr-al-Budur’s eyes and began to drink. Very afraid, the Princess watched him. But it was a good sleeping-powder, and after five seconds Abanazar’s eyes closed and he was asleep.

The Princess ran to the door of the next room.

‘Quick, Aladdin,’ she called.

Aladdin ran in with his sword and saw the sleeping magician. ‘Well done, my love!’ he said. ‘Now, go into the next room and do not watch.’

Badr-al-Budur ran to the next room and closed the door. Aladdin put his hand in Abanazar’s pocket and took out the lamp. He put it carefully into his coat, and then stood up.

The sword did its work quickly, and Abanazar never opened his eyes again.

The Princess came back into the room, and ran to Aladdin. He took her in his arms.

‘The magician is dead,’ he said. ‘And now we can go home.’ He began to rub the lamp ...

WHOOSH! Fire and red smoke came from the lamp. The Princess watched, afraid.

‘I am here, master,’ said the jinnee of the lamp. ‘What is your wish?’

‘Carry this palace, Badr-al-Budur, and me back to our city in Arabia. But leave that dog, Abanazar, here.’

‘To hear is to obey,’ said the jinnee.

When the Sultan looked out of his window and saw Aladdin’s palace again, he was a happy man. And when he took his daughter in his arms, he was the happiest man in Arabia.

From that day, Aladdin and Badr-al-Budur lived happily in their palace. They lived for many years, and had many children. But Aladdin always carried the magic lamp with him, day and night.

- THE END -

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