



# Learn English Through Stories

A Series

A46

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## 1. Mini Stories 2.

### Story 11.



Mr. Day was a teacher at a school in a big city in the north of England. He usually went to France or Germany for a few weeks during his summer holidays, and he spoke French and German quite well.

But one year Mr. Day said to one of his friends, 'I'm going to have a holiday in Athens. But I don't speak Greek, so I'll go to evening classes and have Greek lessons for a month before I go.'

He studied very hard for a month, and then his holidays began and he went to Greece.

When he came back a few weeks later, his friend said to him, 'Did you have any trouble with your Greek when you were in Athens, Dick?'

'No, I didn't have any trouble with it,' answered Mr. Day. 'But the Greeks did!'

## Story 12.



Mr. Pearce liked shooting ducks very much. Whenever he had a free day, he went out shooting with his friends.

But one summer he said to himself, 'I've never been to the mountains. My holidays are going to begin soon, so I'm going to go to the mountains and shoot deer. They're more interesting than ducks, I think.'

So when his holidays began, Mr. Pearce went to the station, bought his ticket and was soon in the mountains.

He got out at a small station and walked through fields and forests for a few kilometres. Then he saw a farmer in a field. 'Good morning,' Mr. Pearce said to him. 'Are there any deer here?'

'Well,' answered the farmer slowly, 'there was one last year, but all the gentlemen from the town came and shot at it, and it's gone somewhere else now, I think.'

### Story 13.



Mr. Leonard was twenty-three years old and not very rich. He was not married and he lived in two rooms in a small house in a city.

Every summer, Mr. Leonard went down to the sea for a holiday. He stayed in small, cheap hotels, but he always wanted to have a clean, tidy room. He hated dirty places.

One summer a friend of his said, 'Go to the Tower Hotel in Whitesea. I went there last year, and it was very nice and clean.'

So Mr. Leonard went to the Tower Hotel in Whitesea. But there was a different manager that year.

The new manager took Mr. Leonard to his room. The room looked quite nice and clean, but Mr. Leonard said to the manager, 'Are the sheets on the bed clean?'

'Yes, of course they are!' he answered angrily. 'We washed them this morning. Feel them. They're still damp.'

## Story 14.



Two years after Tom and Elizabeth married, they went to live in a small flat in a big city. They were both quite young: Tom was twenty-six and Elizabeth was twenty-two. Tom worked in a bank, and Elizabeth worked in a big office.

Elizabeth always cooked the dinner when they got home, and when they had meat, Tom always cut it up when they sat down to eat.

While Tom was cutting the meat up one evening, Elizabeth said to him, 'When we were first married, Tom, you always gave me the bigger piece of meat when you cut it, and you kept the smaller one for yourself. Now you do the opposite: you give me the smaller piece and keep the bigger one for yourself. Why do you do that? Don't you love me anymore?'

Her husband laughed and answered, 'Oh, no, Elizabeth. It isn't that! It's because you've learned to cook now!'



## Story 15.



Mrs. Jenkins went to see her doctor one day, because her heart was giving her trouble.

The doctor listened to her heart carefully and did a few other things. Then he said, 'Well, Mrs. Jenkins, stop smoking, and then you'll soon be quite all right again.'

'But doctor,' answered Mrs. Jenkins quickly, 'I've never smoked. I don't like smoking.'

'Oh, well,' said the doctor, 'then don't drink any more alcohol.' 'But I don't drink alcohol,' answered Mrs. Jenkins at once. 'Stop drinking tea and coffee then,' the doctor said to her.

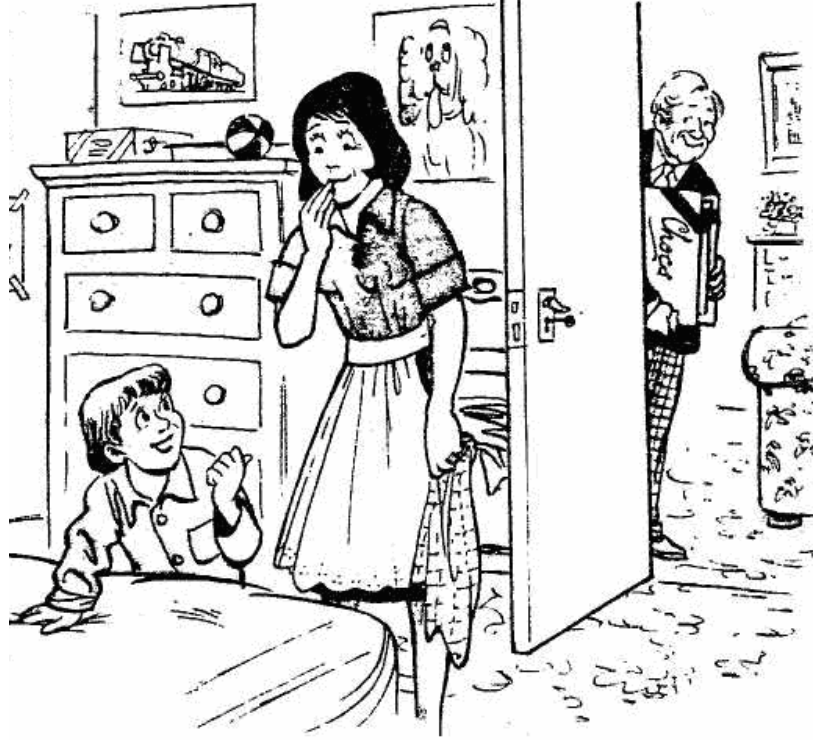
'I only drink water,' answered Mrs. Jenkins. 'I don't like tea or coffee.'

The doctor thought for a few seconds and then said, 'Well, . . . er . . . do you like fried potatoes?'

'Yes, I like them very much,' answered Mrs. Jenkins.

'All right, then stop eating those,' said the doctor as he got up to say goodbye to Mrs. Jenkins.

## Story 16.



John liked chocolates very much, but his mother never gave him any, because they were bad for his teeth, she thought. But John had a very nice grandfather. The old man loved his grandson very much, and sometimes he brought John chocolates when he came to visit him. Then his mother let him eat them, because she wanted to make the old man happy.

One evening, a few days before John's seventh birthday, he was saying his prayers in his bedroom before he went to bed. 'Please, God, he shouted,' make them give me a big box of chocolates for my birthday on Saturday.'

His mother was in the kitchen, but she heard the small boy shouting and went into his bedroom quickly.

'Why are you shouting, John?' she asked her son. 'God can hear you when you talk quietly.'

'I know,' answered the clever boy with a smile, 'but Grandfather's in the next room, and he can't.'



## Story 17.



It was Jimmy's birthday, and he was five years old. He got quite a lot of nice birthday presents from his family, and one of them was a beautiful big drum.

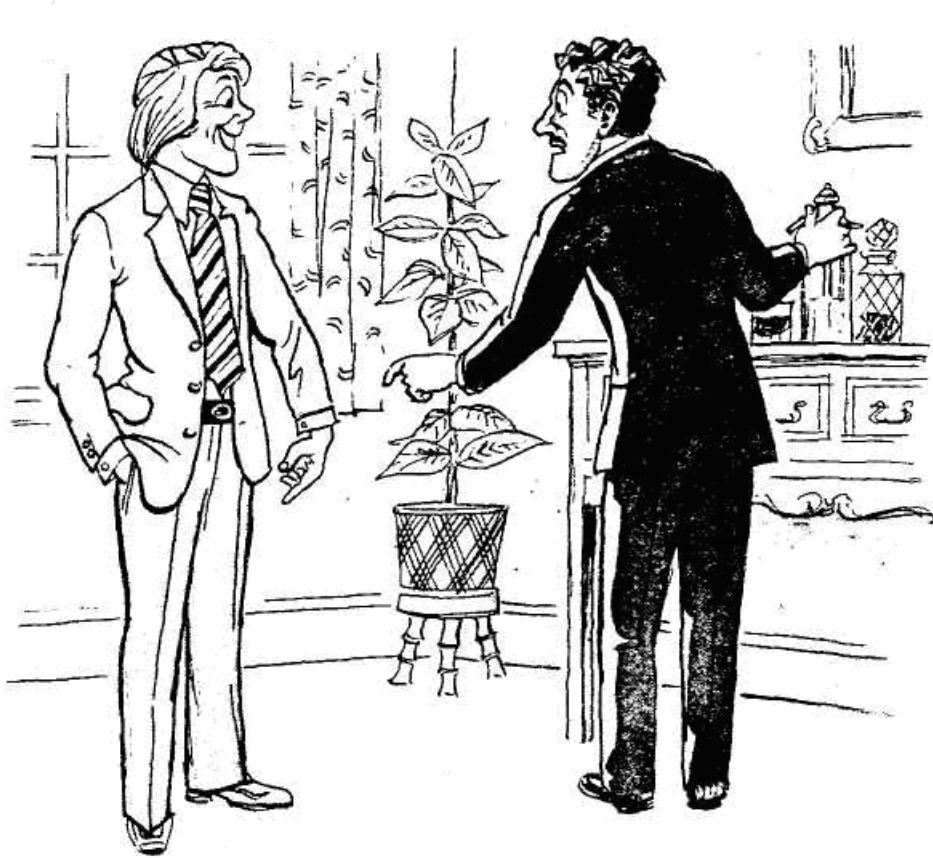
'Who gave him that thing?' Jimmy's father said when he saw it. 'His grandfather did,' answered Jimmy's mother.

'Oh,' said his father.

Of course, Jimmy liked his drum very much. He made a terrible noise with it, but his mother did not mind. His father was working during the day, and Jimmy was in bed when he got home in the evening, so he did not hear the noise.

But one of the neighbours did not like the noise at all, so one morning a few days later, she took a sharp knife and went to Jimmy's house while he was hitting his drum. She said to him, 'Hullo, Jimmy. Do you know, there's something very nice inside your drum. Here's a knife. Open the drum and let's find it.'

## Story 18.



When Tom Howard was seventeen years old he was as tall as his father, so he began to borrow Mr. Howard's clothes when he wanted to go out with his friends in the evening.

Mr. Howard did not like this, and he always got very angry when he found his son wearing any of his things.

One evening when Tom came downstairs to go out, his father stopped him in the hall. He looked at Tom's clothes very carefully.

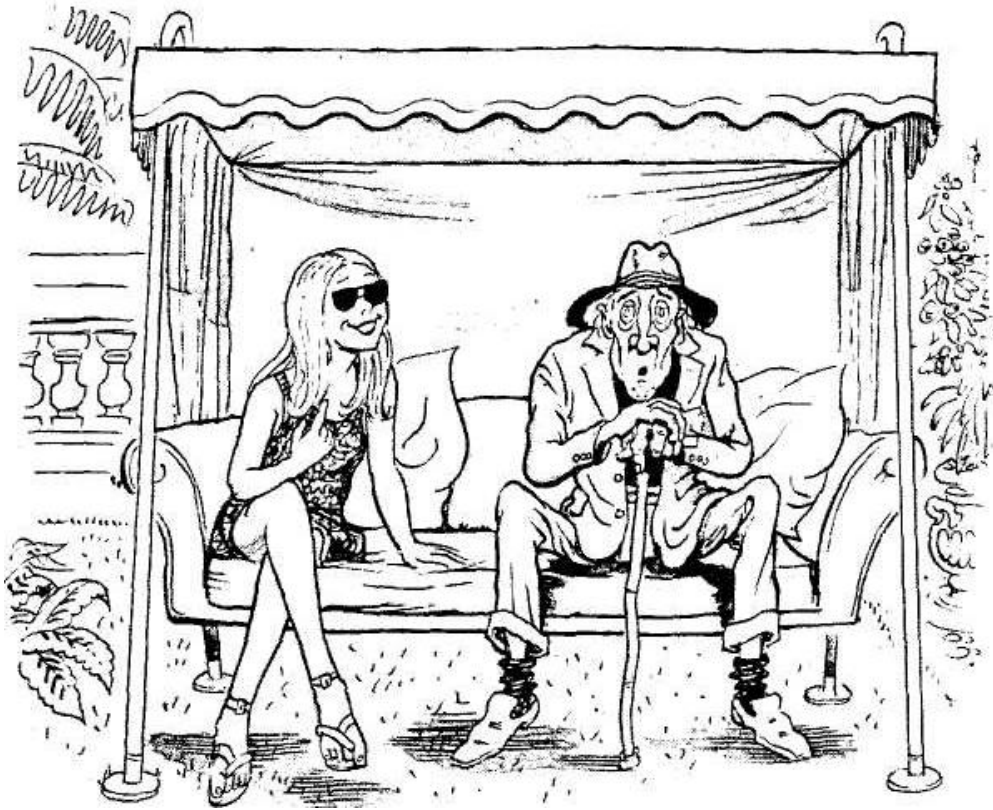
Then he said angrily, 'Isn't that one of my ties, Tom?' 'Yes, Father, it is,' answered Tom.

'And that shirt's mine too, isn't it?' his father continued. 'Yes, that's yours too,' answered Tom.

'And you're wearing my belt!' said Mr. Howard.

'Yes, I am, Father,' answered Tom. 'You don't want your trousers to fall down, do you?'

## Story 19.



Mr. Yates was nearly ninety, so it was often difficult for him to remember things, but he still liked travelling very much, so he and his wife went to Spain every year. One summer when they were there, they went to visit some friends. These people had two young daughters.

One afternoon Mr. Yates was talking to one of the girls in the garden after lunch. 'You and your sister were ill when my wife and I were here last year, weren't you?' he said to her.

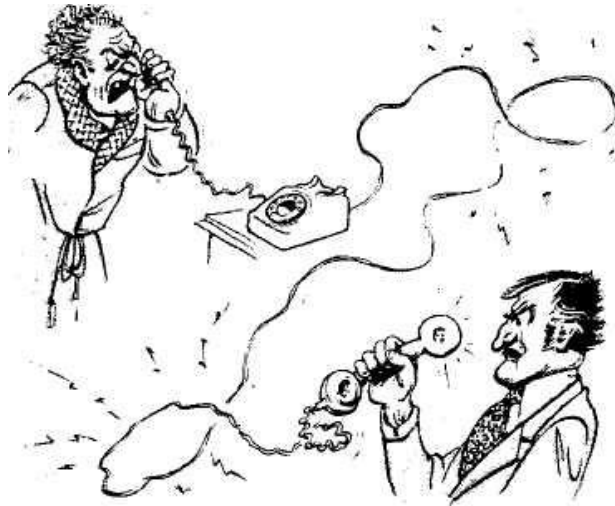
'Yes, we were,' answered the girl. 'We were very ill.'

The old man said nothing for a minute, because he was thinking. Then at last he said, 'Oh, yes, I remember now! One of you died. Which one of you was it, you or your sister?'

The girl answered, 'It was me.'

'Oh? I'm very sorry to hear it,' said the old man.

## Story 20.



Mr. Knott was a teacher. He taught in a big school in London. He lived a long way from the school, so he was usually quite tired when he got home. At nine o'clock one evening, when he was in bed, the telephone bell rang in the hall of his small house, so he went downstairs, picked up the telephone and said, 'This is Whitebridge 3165. Who's speaking, please?'

'Watt,' a man answered.

'What's your name, please?' said Mr. Knott. 'Watt's my name,' was the answer.

'Yes, I asked you that. What's your name?' Mr. Knott said again.

'I told you. Watt's my name,' said the other man. 'Are you Jack Smith?'

'No, I'm Knott,' answered Mr. Knott.

'Will you give me your name, please?' said Mr. Watt.

'Will Knott,' answered Mr. Knott.

Both Mr. Watt and Mr. Will Knott put their telephones down angrily and thought, 'That was a rude, stupid man!'



## Picture Dictionary



**mosque** A place where Muslims worship. मस्जिद.  
(मोस्क)



**mosquito** A small flying insect. मच्छर.  
(मसकीटो)



**motor boat** A boat that is run by a motor. मशीन से चलने वाली नाव.  
(मोटार बोट)



**motor cycle** Something which looks like a large heavy bicycle. It is run by a motor. यंत्र से चलने वाली भारी साइकिल.  
(मोटार साइकिल)



**mountain** A very high rocky hill. पर्वत;  
(माऊन्टेन) पहाड़.



**mouse** A small animal with a long tail.  
(माऊस) चूहा.



**mouth** The opening in your face where you put your food and drink. मुख;  
(माऊथ) मुँह.



**mug** A big cup which usually has straight sides. बड़े प्याले जैसा जलपात्र या चाय पीने का पात्र.  
(मग)



**mushroom** A small plant. When it is growing in the ground it looks like an umbrella. कुकुरमुत्ता; खुम्भी.  
(मशरूम)