



Learn English Through Stories.

B Series

B35

**Adapted and modified by
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Mini Stories 1

By L A Hill

Story 1



Ali, who was working a long way from home, wanted to send a letter to his wife, but he could neither read nor write, and he had to work all day, so he could only look for somebody to write his letter late at night. At last he found the house of a letter-writer whose name was Nasrodeen.

Nasrodeen was already in bed. "It is late," he said. "What do you want?" "I want you to write a letter to my wife," said Ali. Nasrodeen was not pleased. He thought for a few seconds and then said, "Has the letter got to go far?"

"What does that matter?" answered Ali.

"Well, my writing is so strange that only I can read it, and if I have to travel a long way to read your letter to your wife, it will cost you a lot of money."

Ali went away quickly.

Story 2



An old man died and left his son a lot of money. But the son was a foolish young man, and he quickly spent all the money, so that soon he had nothing left. Of course, when that happened, all his friends left him. When he was quite poor and alone, he went to see Nasrodeen, who was a kind, clever old man and often helped people when they had troubles.

‘My money has finished and my friends have gone,’ said the young man. ‘What will happen to me now?’

‘Don’t worry, young man,’ answered Nasrodeen. ‘Everything will soon be all right again. Wait, and you will soon feel much happier.’

The young man was very glad. ‘Am I going to get rich again then?’ he asked Nasrodeen.

‘No, I didn’t mean that,’ said the old man. ‘I meant that you would soon get used to being poor and to having no friends.’

Story 3

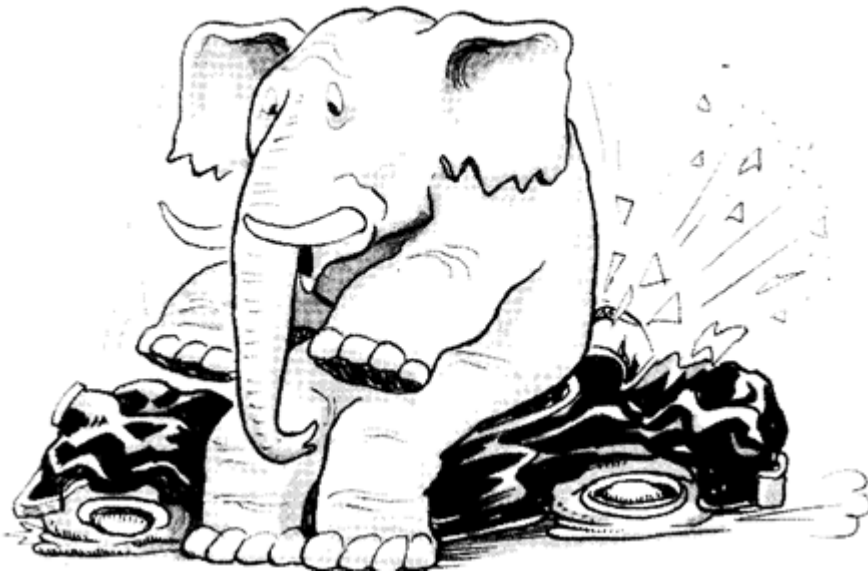


When Mr Jones went to a restaurant one day, he left his coat near the door. There was nothing in the pockets of the coat when he left it, so he was very surprised when he took his coat after his meal and found the pockets full of jewellery!

There was a waiter near the door, so Mr Jones said to him, 'Somebody has made a mistake. He has put some jewellery in my coat. Take it, and when he comes back, give it to him.' The waiter took it and went away. Suddenly another man came in with a coat just like Mr Jones's. 'I am sorry,' said this man. 'I made a mistake. I took your coat and you have got mine. Please give me my coat and jewellery.' Mr Jones answered, 'I gave the jewellery to the waiter. He will give it to you.'

Mr Jones called the manager of the restaurant; but the manager said, 'We have no waiters here. We only have waitresses.' 'You gave the jewellery to a thief!' shouted the other man. 'I shall call the police!' Mr Jones was frightened and paid the man a lot of money for the jewellery.

Story 4



A man was travelling abroad in a small red car. One day he left the car and went shopping. When he came back, its roof was badly damaged. Some boys told him that an elephant had damaged it. The man did not believe them, but they took him to a circus which was near there. The owner of the elephant said, 'I am very sorry! My elephant has a big, round, red chair. He thought that your car was his chair, and he sat on it!' Then he gave the man a letter, in which he said that he was sorry and that he would pay for all the damage.

When the man got back to his own country, the customs officers would not believe his story. They said, 'You sold your new car while you were abroad and bought this old one!'

It was only when the man showed them the letter from the circus man that they believed him.

Story 5



Nasrodeen was cutting a branch off a tree in his garden. While he was sawing, another man passed in the street. He stopped and said, 'Excuse me, but if you continue to saw that branch like that, you will fall down with it.' He said this because Nasrodeen was sitting on the branch and cutting it at a place between himself and the trunk of the tree.

Nasrodeen said nothing. He thought, 'This is some foolish person who has no work to do and goes about telling other people what to do and what not to do.'

The man continued on his way.

Of course, after a few minutes, the branch fell and Nasrodeen fell with it.

'My God!' he cried. 'That man knows the future!' and he ran after him to ask how long he was going to live. But the man had gone.

Story 6



It was half-past eight in the morning. 'The telephone bell rang and Mary went to answer it.

'Hullo, who's that?' she asked. 'It's me—Peter.'

Peter was a friend of Mary's eight-year-old brother, Johnny.

'Oh, hullo, Peter. What do you want?' said Mary. 'Can I speak to Johnny?'

'No,' said Mary, 'you can't speak to him now. He is busy. He is getting ready for school. He is eating his breakfast. Grandmother is combing his hair. Sister is under the table, putting his shoes on. Mother is getting his books and putting them in his school bag. Goodbye, I've got to go now. I have to hold the door open. The school bus is coming.'

Story 7



Two rich ladies were sharing a taxi and talking about the high cost of going anywhere by taxi.

One of the ladies said, 'Taxis are terribly expensive these days. The owners get a lot of money for nothing.'

'Yes,' said the other lady, 'and the drivers get such big tips that they soon become rich. They ought to be ashamed of themselves.'

One of the ladies was smoking a cigarette. After a minute or two she said to the other lady, 'Can you see an ashtray in this taxi? There isn't one on my side.'

'No,' said the other, 'there isn't one on this side either. Driver! Where is the ashtray in this taxi? Why haven't you got one?'

The driver, who had heard everything the ladies had said, answered, 'Oh, just drop the ashes on the carpet—I have a servant who comes in and cleans three days in the week!'

Story 8



Nasrodeen put two big baskets of grapes on his donkey and went to market. At midday it was very hot, so he stopped in the shade of a big tree. There were several other men there, and all of them had donkeys and baskets of grapes too. After their lunch they went to sleep. After some time, Nasrodeen began to take grapes out of the other men's baskets and to put them in his.

Suddenly one of the men woke up and saw him. 'What are you doing?' he said angrily.

'Oh,' said Nasrodeen, 'don't worry about me. I am half mad, and I do a lot of strange things.'

'Oh, really?' said the other man. 'Then why don't you sometimes take grapes out of your baskets and put them in somebody else's baskets?'

'You did not understand me,' said Nasrodeen. 'I said that I was **half mad**, not **quite mad**.'

Story 9



There was a big garden near Nasrodeen's house, and it had a lot of fruit trees in it. One day Nasrodeen saw some beautiful apples on one of them. He went home and got a ladder, put it against the high wall of the garden and climbed up. Then he pulled the ladder up, put it down on the other side, and climbed down into the garden. Just then a gardener came round a corner and saw him.

'What are you doing here?' he shouted.

Nasrodeen thought quickly and then said, 'I am selling my ladder.'

'Selling your ladder? In somebody else's garden? Do you think I believe such a stupid story?' said the gardener and came towards Nasrodeen with a stick.

'It is my ladder,' said Nasrodeen, 'and I can sell it where I like. You needn't buy it if you don't want to.' And he took his ladder and climbed over the wall again.

Story 10



Nasrodeen woke up in the middle of the night and saw something white in his garden. It seemed to be moving towards the house.

'That is a thief!' he thought, and he took his gun and shot at him. Then he went back to bed, because he was too frightened to go out of the house in the dark.

The next morning Nasrodeen went out and saw one of his white shirts hanging on the clothes-line in the garden. His wife had washed it the day before and hung it out to dry. Now it had a bullet-hole right through the middle of it.

'My God,' said Nasrodeen, 'I was lucky last night. If I had been wearing that shirt, the bullet would have killed me!' And he called his neighbours together and asked them to thank God for saving him.



- 1 get up
- 2 take a shower
- 3 brush my* teeth
- 4 shave
- 5 get dressed

- 6 wash my* face
- 7 put on makeup
- 8 brush my* hair
- 9 comb my* hair
- 10 make the bed

- 11 get undressed
- 12 take a bath
- 13 go to bed
- 14 sleep

- 15 make breakfast
- 16 make lunch
- 17 cook/make dinner
- 18 eat/have breakfast
- 19 eat/have lunch
- 20 eat/have dinner

* my, his, her, our, your, their