



**Learn English Through Stories**

**A Series**

**A48**

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# 1. Mini Stories 4

## Story 31



Mr Jones's shop sold food. Mr Jones and a young man worked there. The young man's name was George.

A man came into the shop on Monday. He was a funny man. Mr Jones was in the office. It was behind the shop. The funny man looked at George and said, "I want a small table, please."

George said, "We don't sell tables in this shop. We sell food."

The man smiled and answered, "A small, brown table." He took a picture out of his bag and showed it to George. It was a picture of a small, brown table.

George put his mouth near the man's ear and said, "We do not have tables in this shop! Food! Not tables!"

The man smiled and answered, "That's good. Thank you." Then he sat down on a chair and waited.

George was not happy. He went into the office and spoke to Mr Jones. Then he and Mr Jones came out again.

Mr Jones was angry. He looked at the man and said, "What do you want?"

The man smiled and answered, "I want a loaf of brown bread, please. Haven't you got any bread in your shop?"

Mr Jones said, "Yes, we have." He looked at George, and then he went and got a loaf of brown bread from a big box and gave it to the man.

## Story 32



Gladys was at school in a small, quiet town in England. She was sixteen years old, and her father and mother were poor, and their house was very small.

Maisie was Gladys's friend. She went to that school as well. Gladys said, "Maisie, I'm going to find a very rich man and I'm going to marry him. Then I'm going to have a beautiful house and a large garden, and a lot of clothes, and a lot of money."

Maisie smiled and said, "Where are you going to find a very rich man, Gladys? There aren't any in our town."

But Gladys was a very pretty girl. Her eyes were blue, and her hair was black and soft. She went to London, and then she went to America. She found a tall, very rich man there, and she married him. She was twenty-two years old then.

Then she and her husband went to England. They went to Gladys's old house, and Maisie came there.

Gladys said, "I've married a very rich man, Maisie, and I've got a beautiful house and a large garden and four gardeners. And I've bought a lot of clothes and I have money as well. My husband's got a plane too, and he flies it!"

Maisie said, "A lot of people have got planes and fly them, Gladys."

"In their house?" Gladys asked.

## Story 33



Alan Smith's father bought him a small shop, and Alan sold milk, butter, cheese, eggs and other things in it. His shop was in a small town, and it was open on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and on Sunday morning, but it was shut on Sunday afternoon and on Monday.

Alan went to some farms on Monday and bought their best butter and cheese and eggs from the farmers, but he bought his milk in the town. A truck brought it to his shop in the morning. Alan and his wife worked in the shop, and they sold a lot of their food, because it was good and clean.

A fat woman came into the shop on Saturday. She bought some eggs and some butter, and then she said to Alan's wife, "Your eggs and your butter are dear today. Why are Saturday and Sunday dearer than Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday?"

Alan's wife was unhappy. She looked at the fat woman, and then she looked at Alan, but she did not give an answer. Then Alan smiled and said, "Our food is not dearer on Saturday and Sunday! It is cheaper on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday!"

## Story 34



Mr and Mrs Brown had two daughters and two sons. Both the daughters married, and then both the sons married too. Soon Mr and Mrs Brown had a granddaughter, and then they had two grandsons. They were very happy.

Then one of their daughters had another baby, and she telephoned her mother, "Please come and help with your new granddaughter." Mrs Brown went quickly, but Mr Brown stayed at home, because he was nearer his job there. But he said, "I'll come on Friday evening, and I'll stay till Monday morning."

On Friday evening, after work, Mr Brown got into a train. He was very happy. "I'm going to see my new granddaughter now," he said.

There were three empty places in the train. There was an old man beside one empty place, and Mr Brown went to him and said nicely, "Are you a grandfather?"

"Yes," the man answered, "I have three granddaughters."

Mr Brown went to the second empty place. There was a nice woman beside that. Mr Brown said to her, "Are you a grandmother?"

The woman answered, "Yes, I have two granddaughters and two grandsons."

Mr Brown went to the third empty place. There was a man beside that, and Mr Brown said to him, "And are you a grandfather?"

"No, I'm not," the man answered.

Mr Brown smiled happily and said, "That's good." He sat down in the empty place and said to the man kindly, "Now I'll tell you about my granddaughters and grandsons."

## Story 35



Joe was the son of a farmer. His father's farm was poor, and Joe worked on it for a long time, but then his father died, and Joe said, "I needn't stay here now. I'll sell this farm and buy one in a better place. Then I'll soon be rich."

He bought a farm in the east of the country, but then his new neighbours said to him, "The weather's often very bad here. The wind's very strong, and it breaks windows and doors. You must build a room under the ground, and then you and your family can go down there, and you'll be safe from the wind."

So Joe built a room under the ground. It was a lot of work, because the ground was hard.

But after that, the weather was good for a very long time. There was no wind, and Joe spoke angrily. He said, "Why did I listen to my neighbours? I didn't have to make that room under the ground. The wind never blows strongly here."

But then one day there was a very strong wind, and Joe and his family had to go down into their room under the ground. They were there for a long time. Then the wind stopped, and they came up. All the windows and doors in their house were broken.

Joe was not angry about his work now. He smiled happily and said, "Ah! I'm glad I built that room!"

## Story 36



Lynn was five years old. She had a lot of little friends. They were older, and they were at school. These children told Lynn nice stories about school, so Lynn wanted to go there too.

Then one day her mother said, "You can go to school now, Lynn," and Lynn was very happy.

She was the youngest child in the school, and on the first day, her mother stayed at school with her. But on the second day, Lynn said to her, "You can go home now, Mummy."

Lynn's mother was happy, but she was sad too, because Lynn did not need her all the time now.

Lynn was very happy at school, and she learnt a lot of things there. Her mother always said, "What have you learnt today, Lynn?" and Lynn told her.

One day, Lynn came back from school and said to her mother, "Miss Richards (she was Lynn's teacher) told us some nice stories today, Mummy. The best was about Ulysses. He fought against the . . . the . . . er . . ."

"The Trojans," her mother said.

"Oh, yes, that's right," Lynn answered. "The Trojans. And then Ulysses went back in his ship with some other men. He went to see his wife . . . er . . . his wife . . ."

"Penelope," Lynn's mother said.

Lynn stopped and looked at her mother. "Mummy," she said, "has someone told you this story already?"



## Story 37



Mr and Mrs Young's small house was in a village, but their children's houses were in a town. Then Mr Young died. Mrs Young was eighty-five years old, and her children said to her, "Come and live in the town near us, Mother. Or come and live in one of our houses." But she said, "No, I'm not going to go to the town. I'm going to remain here."

Her children were not happy. They said, "There are a lot of burglars here now. Maybe one of them will come into her house and take her money and her nice things."

One Sunday one of her daughters went to Mrs Young's house. She saw a key on the ground at the side of the front door. "Mother!" she said, "You mustn't put your key there. That's the worst place. Burglars can see it and open the door!"

Mrs Young smiled. "Try to open the door with the key," she said. Her daughter did this. The key made a lot of noise, but it did not open the door.

Then Mrs Young said, "I hear the key in the lock, and then I get one of my brother's old guns, go out of the back door and creep up behind the burglars."

## Story 38



Billy is twelve years old, and his sister is fifteen. It was Saturday yesterday, and Billy's father gave him fifty pence. There is a big tree in Billy's garden, and he climbed it and sat in it. He likes that place in the tree very much.

Then Billy looked at his fifty pence and said, "I'm going to go to the market tomorrow on my bicycle, and I'm going to buy some seeds with this money. Then I'm going to plant them under this tree. I'm going to have a lot of flowers and fruit and plants, and I'm going to sell them.

"A lot of people are going to come to my garden every day, and they're going to buy my nice flowers and fruit and plants, and in the end I'm really going to have a lot of money. Then I'm going to grow up and go to university, and I'm going to be a doctor.

"Then my sister will come to me and say, 'Doctor, Doctor, I've broken my left arm! Please help me!' And I'm going to set her arm."

The sky was blue, the weather was hot, and Billy was tired after that, so he went to sleep in the tree. But then he fell out of the tree and broke his left arm. His mother took him to the doctor, and she set it.

## Story 39



In the last fifty years, a lot of people have left Europe and have gone to live in Australia. One of them was a Hungarian man. He lived in Australia for a long time, and after that, he had a lot of good friends. He always said to them, "Australia's beautiful, but Hungary's beautiful too."

Then one year he said, "I'm going to go back to Hungary now to visit my old home." All of his new friends said to him, "We want to go with you, because Hungary's a beautiful country, and we want to see it too."

The Hungarian Australian took all his friends from Sydney to Rome in a big plane, and then they went from Rome to Budapest in a train, because they wanted to see the mountains, and the villages, and the towns.

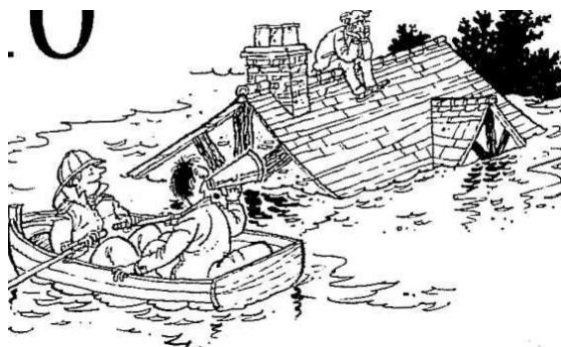
They stayed in Budapest for four days, and they liked it very much. One day they went to the zoo in Budapest and saw two kangaroos there.

The Australians were very happy, because kangaroos come from Australia. They said to the animals, "Come here, old friends! Come and see your Australian brothers!" But the kangaroos did not move.

But then the Hungarian Australian spoke to the animals in Hungarian. "Come here!" he said, and both the kangaroos ran to him.

The other Australians laughed and said, "Look at that! They're Australian, but they only know Hungarian!"

## Story 40



There was a big flood near our house in spring. The water came down from the mountain and the hills, the river came up and up, and a lot of the houses on the low land were soon under the water.

The Red Cross sent some men, and they brought food and dry clothes, and took some people to higher ground in boats.

One old man lives in a small house near our river. He is a poor man, and there aren't any other houses near his. There was a lot of rain one night, and in the morning the old man looked out of his window and saw the flood. The water was nearly up to his bedroom window.

The water came up and up, and the old man went to the top floor of his house. Then the flood was worse, and he went up on to the roof.

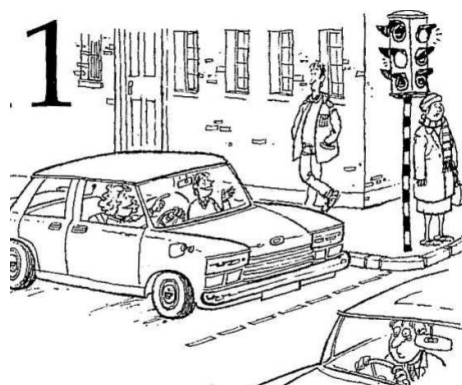
"What am I going to do?" he said. "The water's very deep, and I can't swim."

But after three hours the old man saw a boat. It came slowly near, and the old man saw two young men in it.

"We've come from the Red Cross," one of the young men called, "and . . ."

"I'm sorry," the old man answered, "but I've just given you some money this month, and I haven't got much. I'm a poor man."

## Story 41



Mrs Walker has one son. His name is Harry. When he was four years old, he had a child's bicycle. It was red and white, and it had small wheels at its sides, so it always stayed up.

Then Harry did not have a bicycle for a long time. Now he is twelve years old, and he wants a bicycle.

Mrs Walker goes to work by car every day, and she takes Harry with her to his school, and brings him back when he finishes. His school is on one side of the town, and Mrs Walker's office is on the other side.

"A lot of my friends have bicycles, and they ride to school on them," Harry said to his mother one day. "Their mothers don't need to take them to school and bring them home again."

But his mother said to him, "Wait, Harry. Your father and I are going to buy you a nice bicycle soon."

Then yesterday Mrs Walker stopped her car at a red light and looked at Harry. "Harry," she said to him, "your father and I are going to give you a bicycle next month, but first I'm going to ask you some questions. Now, look at those traffic lights. Do you know their meaning?"

"Oh, yes, I do!" Harry answered happily. "Red is 'Stop', green is 'Go', and yellow is 'Go very quickly.' "

## Story 42



Harold Scott sold cheap shoes. He had a small lorry, and he bought the shoes from the factory and took them from one house to another and tried to sell them to people.

He sold a lot of his shoes in small villages, because there were not many shops there, and people did not want to go to the town and buy their shoes there.

One day Harold drove along the street of a village and stopped in front of one of the houses. There was a small boy beside the door. Harold opened the window of his lorry and called to the boy, "Hello. Is your mother at home?"

The boy looked at him. Then he answered, "Yes, she is."

"That's good," Harold said, and he smiled. He got out of his lorry, took some shoes from the back and went to the door of the house. He knocked at the door and then he waited, but the door did not open.

After a minute, Harold knocked at the door again and waited for two minutes, but again the door did not open.

Then Harold looked at the small boy and said in an angry voice, "Your mother is *not* at home."

"She *is*," the small boy answered.

"Then why hasn't she opened the door?" Harold asked.

"Because this isn't my house," the small boy answered.

## Story 43



Dick lived in England. In January he said to his wife, "I'm going to fly to New York next week, because I've got some work there."

"Where are you going to stay there?" his wife asked.

"I don't know yet," Dick answered.

"Please send me your address from there in a telegram," his wife said.

"All right," Dick answered.

He flew to New York on January 31st and found a nice hotel in the centre of the city. He put his things in his room and then he sent his wife a telegram. He put the address of his hotel in it.

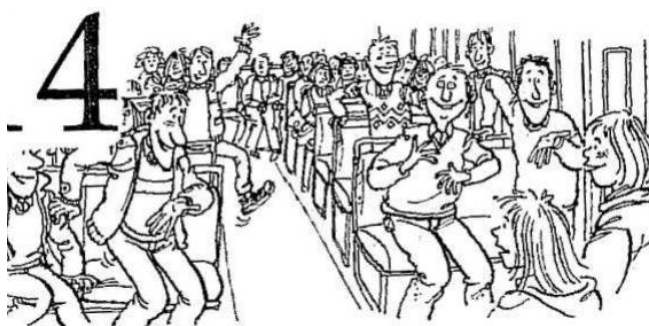
In the evening he did not have any work, so he went to a cinema. He came out at nine o'clock and said, "Now I'm going to go back to my hotel and have a nice dinner."

He found a taxi, and the driver said, "Where do you want to go?" But Dick did not remember the name and address of his hotel.

"Which hotel are my things in?" he said. "And what am I going to do tonight?" But the driver of the taxi did not know, so Dick got out and went into a telegraph office. There he sent his wife another telegram, and in it he wrote, "Please send me my address at this telegraph office."



## Story 44



Miss Miller lived beside a church in a small street in a town. She did not have a car. On Friday she always walked to the bus stop, and then she went to the market and bought food for the next week. There were usually a lot of people in the bus, but Miss Miller always found a seat.

One of the houses at the corner of Miss Miller's street was empty for a long time, but then a family came and lived in it. There was a man and his wife and two children. The children went to school in the bus in the morning.

On Friday Miss Miller went to the house and visited the children's mother. She said to her, "Good morning. My name's Jane Miller, and I live beside the church in this street. I'm going to the market now. Do you need any food?"

"Good morning," the woman said to her visitor, "you're very kind. My name's Mary Adams. Yes, I need food for my lunch today and for our supper tonight. And I need some fish for the cat. I don't know the way to the market yet. Can I come with you?"

"Please do," Jane answered. Mary put her coat on, and the two women went out and walked along to the bus stop. They waited there, and Jane said to her new friend, "There's a bus at five minutes to ten. It's always full, but I get a seat."

"Oh? Is that easy?" Mary asked.

Jane smiled and answered, "Wait and you'll see."

The bus came, and the two women got in. It was full, but Jane said, "Perhaps those two very handsome men will give us their seats."

Six men stood up quickly, and both the women went and sat down in the nearest seats.



# Picture Dictionary



**nightgown** (नाईटगाऊन) Something girls wear when they go to bed. रात्री में पहनने की पोशाक.

# 9

**nine** (नाइन) The number between eight and ten. आठ और दस के बीच की संख्या : नौ.



**ninepins** (नाइनपिज) A game where you try to knock over wooden sticks with a ball. एक ऐसा खेल जिसमें गेंद से खड़ी बोटलों को गिराया जाता है.

**noose** (नूस) A circle of rope made by tying a slip knot. When you pull the long end of the rope the loop gets smaller. रस्सी का फन्दा.



**nose** (नोज़) Part of your face you breathe through. You have two holes in your nose. These are called nostrils. नाक.



**note book** (नोट बुक) A book of paper which you write in. कापी; पुस्तिका.



**nun** (नन) A woman who lives in a convent and prays to God a lot of the time. ईसाई सन्यासिन जो मठ में रहकर भक्ति करता है.



**nurse** (नर्स) A person who looks after sick people. परिचारिका; धाय; दाई.



**nut** (नट) The seed of a tree. काष्ठफल; बादाम; सुपारी; नारियल आदि अथवा पेड़ का बीज.

**nut** (नट) A piece of metal which you screw on to the end of a bolt. टिबरी.



**nutcrackers** (नटक्रैकर्स) Something you use to break the hard shell of a nut so that you can eat the inside. सरौता; काष्ठफल को तोड़ने का यंत्र.



**nuthatch** (नटहैच) A small pretty bird which likes to eat nuts. काष्ठफल खाने वाला सुन्दर पक्षी.

