



Learn English Through Stories

C Series

C39

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1. Mini Stores 3

By M A Hill

Story 11



Charlie Yates was seventeen years old, and although he had left school, he preferred living in the comfort and convenience of his parents' home to living alone. He said that he was trying to find a job, but there never seemed to be one that he thought good enough for him. His father wanted him to leave home and earn some money, but his mother loved Charlie very much and wanted him to stay, so she never interfered with what he might want to do.

Charlie did not wash his hair very often, he shaved once a week, and he could not hear wearing shoes, so his feet were nearly always dirty.

His father did not see him very frequently, because he worked quite a distance from home and was in the habit of leaving the house early, before Charlie got up; and when he got home in the evenings, Charlie was usually somewhere else, amusing himself with a few of his friends, or playing the drums in a band. Also, Charlie's father often had to go abroad on business.

But Mr Yates sometimes saw his son at weekends, and then he was always angry with him. He used to say to him: "Why ever don't you shave every day? Whoever would give you a job with your dirty hair? Where ever are your shoes?" and so on.

"But Father," Charlie always said, "I don't care about those things. All my friends are like me nowadays, and if I changed, I wouldn't be popular with them anymore."

One Saturday morning, while Charlie and his father were having their usual argument, his father said to him, "You should be ashamed to live like that. I was brought up quite differently. When I was seventeen, my father never allowed me to do any of the things that you do all the time. I was forbidden to stay out till three o'clock in the morning, and come down to breakfast at ten, and walk about the house with dirty feet, and grow a beard, and wear gold chains, and behave like a ..."

He went on and on until Charlie said kindly, "Poor Father. My grandfather died before I was born, so I never met him, but he must have been a terrible old gentleman."

"Not at all!" Mr Yates objected angrily. "For your information, I had a much nicer father than you'll ever have!"

Story 12



Jack was twelve years old, and he was so eager to be a boy scout that at last his mother found out what he had to do, and soon he joined the boy scouts and went camping with them.

The teachers were very nice, and Jack began to learn a lot of useful things, so he was as happy as he had hoped to be.

One day a teacher came to the camp to teach Jack and the other young scouts to read a map. He said, "First you must learn to read the different signs on the map. Do you see this blue line over here? Well, that's a river. And now compare these lines. This is a road, and this one is a railway line. Now what does this shape mean? It's green, you see."

"It looks like a tree," one boy said.

"Yes, you're quite correct, Peter," answered the teacher. "Now look at these brownish lines and these numbers. They show how high a place is above sea level. Everything on this line, for example, is 100 metres above sea level."

"So that tree is as high as the top of that hill," one of the boys said.

"Yes, that's right, very good," answered the teacher. "Now," the teacher went on, "how can we find out whether we can see one place from another?" Nobody answered.

"Well," the teacher continued, "if there's a higher place on a straight line between them, it will be impossible for us to see one from the other, won't it?"

The boys said, "Yes, sir," and there was some laughter.

The teacher continued to question the boys. "Do you see the tree on this mountain over here?" He pointed it out to the boys. "It's 120 metres above sea level. And here's a big river. It's 15 metres above sea level. Now here's a problem for you: if I was beside the tree, and you were in the middle of the river, Jack, would I be able to see you?"

Jack looked at the map carefully and then answered, "Yes, sir, you definitely would — if you looked very quickly."

The teacher was surprised. "What nonsense!" he said. "What ever do you mean? There's nothing between the tree and the river which is so high that it prevents me seeing you, so why would I have to look quickly?"

"Because I can't swim," Jack answered.

Story 13

13



When Sebastian was a boy at school, his favourite lesson was art, and he won several prizes for it. Once he left school, he got a position as a clerk in a bank, but three times a week he went to evening classes in art, and whenever he had time at the weekends, he painted.

He painted in a very modern manner — mysterious objects and shapes, women with three pink eyes, large blank areas, and so on.

After a few months he thought, "Perhaps I can sell some of my pictures and get enough money to afford to leave the bank and become a real artist. Then I can travel around as much as I like, and go to foreign museums, and see other artists' paintings, and study in other countries when I feel like it. Though I try to make the best of the job and I don't regard the work as difficult — at least not at present — I don't like life in a bank. I only enjoy painting."

In the bank, Sebastian sometimes had to deal with a man who owned a picture shop, and after he had had a few conversations with him, Sebastian invited him to his home one evening to see some of his work. "Then perhaps you could tell me whether I can really be a good artist and get some money from my painting," Sebastian said hopefully.

The man said he was prepared to come and see what he thought of Sebastian's work, so he arrived one evening at Sebastian's home. Sebastian took the man to his studio and started to show him some of his pictures, with some pride and hope.

The man looked at them one after the other while Sebastian watched his face, but to Sebastian's disappointment the man did not say anything, and his expression did not change at any of them either.

Then, when he had finished, he looked around, and his glance fell on something else. A happy look came over his face for the first time, and he said, "Now I like this one very much! It's so full of deep feeling! I'm sure I could sell this one for you!"

"That," said Sebastian, "is the place where I clean the paint off my brushes."

Story 14



The famous director of a big and expensive film planned to film a beautiful sunset over the ocean, so that the audiences could see his hero and heroine in front of it at the end of the film as they said goodbye to each other for ever. He sent his camera crew out one evening to film the sunset for him.

The next morning he said to the men, "Have you provided me with that sunset?"

"No, sir," the men answered.

The director was angry. "Why not?" he asked.

"Well, sir," one of the men answered, "we're on the east coast here, and the sun sets in the west. We can get you a sun rise over the sea, if necessary, but not a sunset."

"But I want a sunset!" the director shouted. "Go to the airport, take the next flight to the west coast, and get one."

But then a young secretary had an idea. "Why don't you photograph a sunrise," she suggested, "and then put it through the projector backwards? Then it'll look like a sunset."

"That's a very good idea!" the director said. Then he turned to the camera crew and said, "Tomorrow morning I want you to get me a beautiful sunrise over the sea."

The camera crew went out early the next morning and filmed a bright sunrise over the beach in the middle of a beautiful bay. Then at nine o'clock they took it to the director. "Here it is, sir," they said, and showed it to him. He liked it very much.

They all went into the studio. "All right," the director explained, "now our hero and heroine are going to say goodbye. Run the film backwards through the projector so that we can see the 'sunset' behind them."

The 'sunset' began, but after a quarter of a minute, the director suddenly put his face in his hands and shouted to the camera crew to stop.

The birds in the film were flying backwards, and the waves on the sea were going away from the beach.

2. Picture Dictionary Page

environment

environments *noun*
the surroundings in which a person, plant, or animal lives.

*A city **environment** is often noisy and polluted.*

environmental *adjective*

■ say en-vy-run-munt

envy

envies envying envied *verb*
to feel unhappy because you want something that someone else has.

*I **envy** her long vacations.*

envious *adjective*

envy *noun*

episode

episodes *noun*

one part of a television or radio series.

*The first **episode** was so exciting that he couldn't wait to see the next one.*

equal

adjective
the same.



Equal in length.

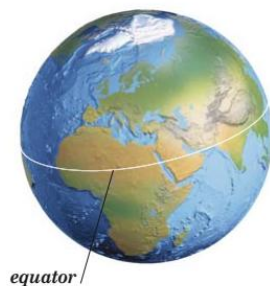
■ say ee-kwl

equator

noun

an imaginary line around the middle of the Earth that divides the northern half of the world from the southern half. The equator is drawn onto maps and globes.

■ say ee-kway-tor



equator

equipment

noun

the things that you need for a job or an activity.



snorkeling equipment

error

errors *noun*

a mistake.

*She failed the exam because her paper was full of **errors**.*

erupt

erupts erupting erupted *verb*
to explode suddenly.



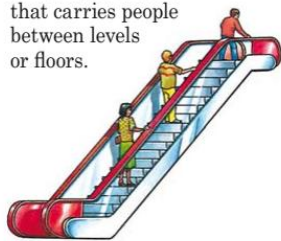
*The volcano **erupted**.*

eruption *noun*

escalator

escalators *noun*

a moving staircase that carries people between levels or floors.



escape

escapes escaping escaped *verb*
to run away from somewhere or someone.



*The tiger **escaped** from his cage.*

establish

establishes establishing established *verb*

to organize or set up.

*They **established** a camp at the foot of the mountain.*

estimate

estimates estimating estimated *verb*

to make a thoughtful guess about something.

*We **estimated** that the journey would take 10 hours.*

estimate *noun*

evaporate

evaporates evaporating evaporated *verb*

to dry up gradually, changing from a liquid to a gas.

*The water slowly **evaporated**.*

evaporation *noun*

even

adjective

1 flat or level.



*Smooth and **even** grass.*

■ opposite **uneven**

2 a number that can be divided by two.

■ opposite **odd**

evening

evenings *noun*

the end of the day when the Sun sets and it grows dark.

event

events *noun*

something important that happens or is organized.



*The fireworks display is a big **event** each year.*

eventually

adverb

in the end or finally.

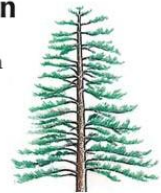
*After arguing for hours we **eventually** reached an agreement.*

evergreen

adjective

having green leaves all year round.

pine tree



pine branch

■ opposite **deciduous**

every

adjective

all, or each one.

◆ *We couldn't use the parking lot since **every** space was full.*

◆ ***Everybody** in the family loves chocolate.*

◆ *We can't take **everyone** with us, since there are only four places on the bus.*

◆ ***Everything** in the house was stolen.*

◆ *There were daffodils **everywhere** they looked.*