READ FOR FUN

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BOOK FOUR

1741

MUNAVIRMI ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date 5463
by

C. S. Bhandari
V. A. Hinkley
S. K. Ram

English Language Teaching Institute
Allahabad

This is a good story



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ISLAM HIGH S

INTRODUCTION

The wide popularity of our first series of story books—the Read and Tell series—has inspired us to produce this series for the use of children in secondary schools. The stories in these books are generally very short and are carefully graded in respect of grammatical structure and vocabulary. The first four books are based upon the first three years' structural syllabus in Uttar Pradesh and the last two use some additional structures from the Detailed Syllabus for the fourth and fifth years of English prepared by us. But, although the books have been written within the limits of selected structures and words, simplification has nowhere been allowed to distort a phrase or to force an expression that is not normal English.

There are a large number of conversations in the stories, and in these we have used the contractions which are normally used by native speakers of English in similar situations. The aim is to familiarize the learner from the start with certain important English speech habits. The narrative passages have been written in simple, more formal style without using contractions. Thus the learner is made familiar with both forms.

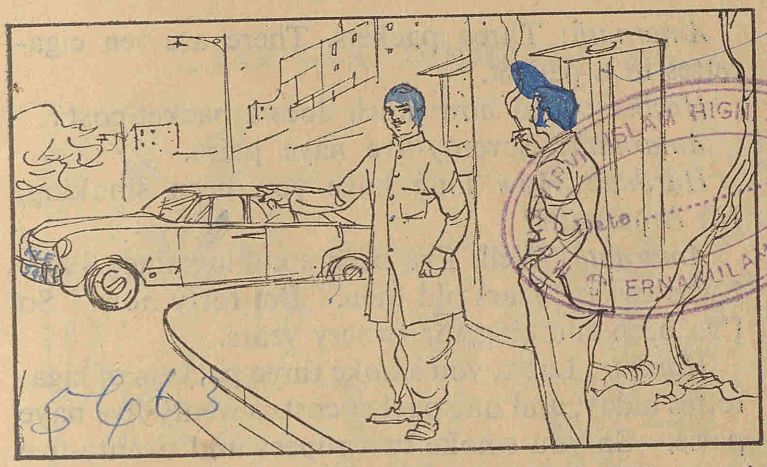
It may be observed that the main purpose of these books is to tempt children to read books in English besides those prescribed for the examination. The stories, therefore, aim at providing entertainment for them, so that they may *read* to enjoy themselves and *learn* while enjoying themselves. And what may at first appear to be merely reading for fun may eventually lay the foundations of a habit of independent reading and a love for books. We would like to state clearly that, while every possible care has been taken to make these stories presentable to children, they are not designed to teach any moral lessons. Their purpose, it may be repeated, is to entertain children and teach them English while entertaining them.

Some of the stories in this series are fairly well-known and the material for others has been drawn from various sources, but we do not claim any authenticity for any of them. They are to be regarded merely as stories directed to certain problems of learning English in the secondary school.

It is suggested that the first three of these books may be used for supplementary reading in the first three years of English—class VI, VII and VIII—and the last three in the next three years—classes IX, X and XI. Bright children in any class can profitably read more than one book. In the first year of English, children would normally be prepared to read and understand the stories in the first book by the beginning or middle of February in institutions where the school year begins in July. Since the stories are very short, children can easily learn them by heart. It will pay them to do so; and teachers and parents would be well advised to encourage this.

C. S. Bhandari
V. A. Hinkley
S. K. Ram

1. THE BEAUTIFUL, NEW CAR



Pandit Harihar stood in front of a building and looked at a car. It was a beautiful, new car.

A man came and stood by Pandit Harihar. His name was Amarnath. He was wearing European clothes and was smoking. He smoked one cigarette and lighted another. He smoked that one too and then lighted another.

Pandit Harihar saw this and turned to the man.

Harihar: Good morning.

Amarnath: Good morning, sir. My name is Amarnath.

Harihar: Mine is Harihar.

Amarnath: Have a cigarette, sir.

Harihar: No, thank you. How many cigarettes do you smoke a day, Mr Amarnath?

Amarnath: Three packets. There are ten cigarettes in a packet.

Harihar: And how much does a packet cost?

Amarnath: Seventy-five naye paise.

Harihar: How long have you been smoking, Mr Amarnath?

Amarnath: Well, I've been smoking since 1941. I was twenty years old then. I'm forty now. So I've been smoking for twenty years.

Harihar: Look, you smoke three packets of cigarettes a day, and one packet costs seventy-five naye paise. So you smoke two rupees and twenty-five naye paise a day. Now multiply this sum by three hundred and sixty-five and again by twenty. What do you get?

Amarnath: I don't know. I'm not good at arithmetic.

Harihar: I'll work it out for you.

After five minutes Harihar said, "It comes to sixteen thousand four hundred and twenty-five rupees. You've wasted that much money. You could buy that beautiful car with that money."

Amarnath: Have you ever smoked?

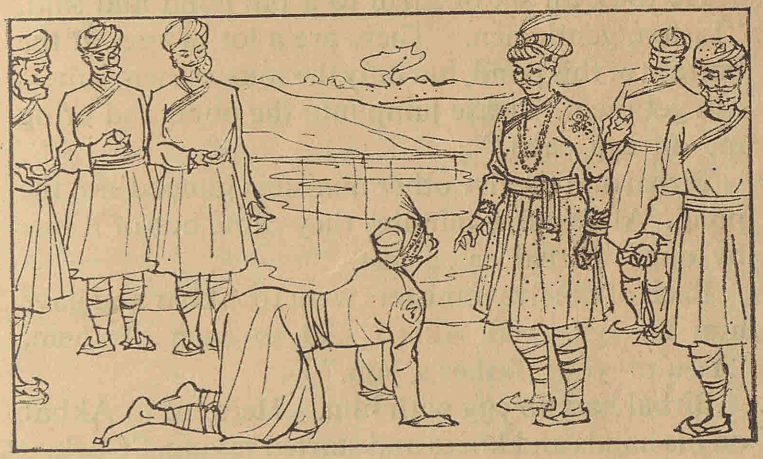
Harihar: No, never.

Amarnath: Are you the owner of that car?

Harihar: No, I'm not.

Amarnath: Well, I am. I bought it last week.

2. COCK—A—DOODLE—DOO



One morning, Akbar said to himself, "Birbal is a very clever man. He makes fun of everybody, but nobody can make fun of him. Today I'll make a fool of him."

He called five of his ministers and gave each of them an egg. He said to them, "Don't show your eggs to Birbal. I'll make a fool of him today."

These words made the ministers very happy.

Then Akbar called Birbal and said, "Birbal, these five gentlemen say that they are their fathers' sons. Are you your father's son too?

Birbal replied that he was his father's son.

"Very well," said Akbar, "I'll find out today."

He took all six of them to a big pond and said, "Listen, gentlemen. There are a lot of eggs at the bottom of this pond, but only the sons of their fathers can get them. Please jump into the pond and bring me an egg each."

Birbal and the five other ministers jumpedinto the pond. After a few minutes they came out of it one by one. Birbal came last.

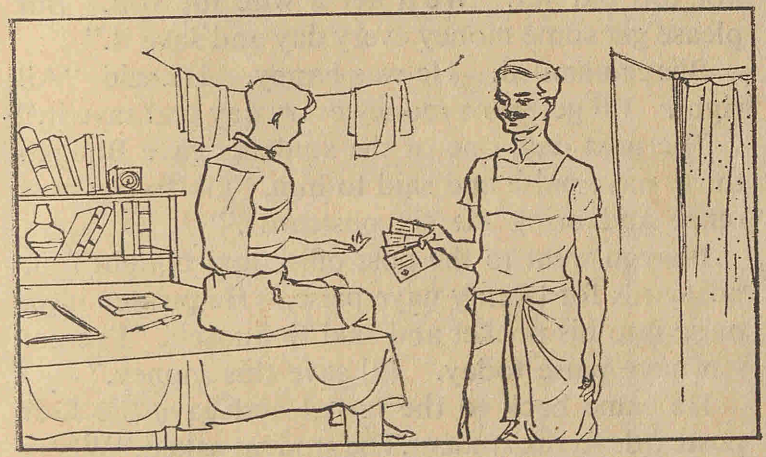
Each of the five ministers went to Akbar and gave him an egg. And Akbar said to each of them, "You're your father's son."

Birbal had no egg with him. He went to Akbar on his hands and knees and started saying, "Cock—a—doodle—doo."

Akbar: What's that, Birbal? Haven't you got an egg?

Birbal: No. I'm not a hen, sir. I'm a cock.

3. THE POSTCARDS ARE DEARER TODAY



Bhaggu was a simple, old man. He was a servant in a college hostel. He got food from the hostel mess, but he did not get any pay. He did odd jobs for the students and got tips from them. They liked the old man. Sometimes he did foolish things, but they were never unkind to him.

The other servants always played jokes on Bhaggu and made fun of him. One day they asked him, "How much money have you, Bhaggu?"

Bhaggu replied, "I haven't any money, and I don't want any. I haven't a wife and I haven't any children."

The servants said, "Bhaggu, you're a fool. You're not too old yet. We'll get a wife for you. But please get some money every day and save it."

Bhaggu smiled. He was happy. He said, "All right. I'll get some money every day and save it."

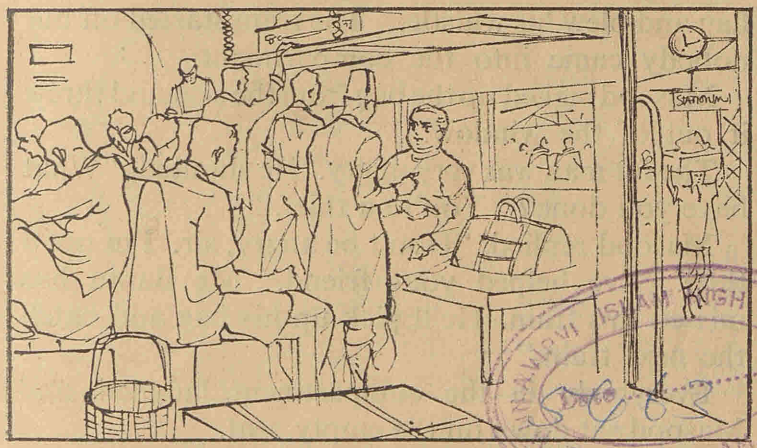
The next day, one of the students gave Bhaggu thirty naye paise and said to him, "Go to the post office and bring me six postcards."

Bhaggu went to the post office and bought four postcards for twenty naye paise. He put ten naye paise into his pocket and said to himself, "I've got ten naye paise today. I'll save this money."

He came back to the hostel and gave the four postcards to the student. The student asked, "Where are the other two postcards? I gave you money for six postcards."

Bhaggu turned his face away from the student and replied, "The postcards are dearer today."

4. MR BANTU HAS MISSED THE TRAIN



Masood got into a third class compartment on the train to Delhi. It was full and Masood could not find a place to sit.

He looked round and saw a small bag on a seat. A fat man was sitting on the next seat.

Masood said to the fat man, "May I put this bag down and sit here?"

The fat man replied, "No, no. Don't put it down. It's Mr Bantu's bag. He's a friend of mine. He'll be here in a few minutes."

Masood did not say anything but he stood by the

seat. The fat man took a novel out of his box and started reading it.

After a few minutes, the guard waved the green flag and blew his whistle. The train started off but nobody came into the compartment.

Masood picked up the bag from the seat and threw it out of the window.

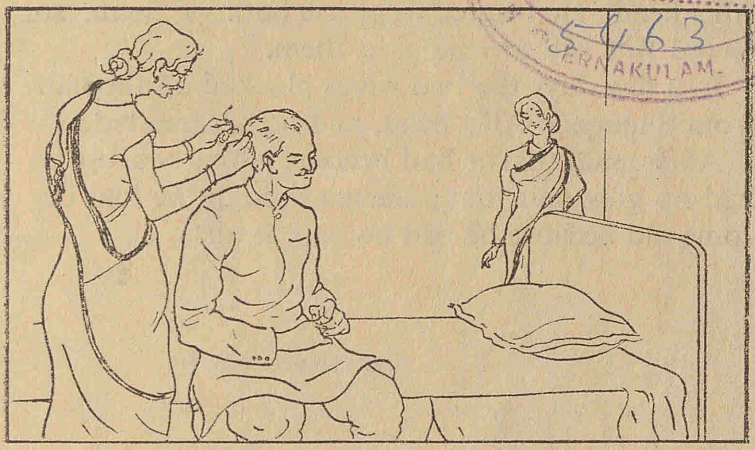
The fat man was very angry. He shouted, "What have you done? You're a thief."

Masood replied, "Don't be angry, sir. I'm not a thief. I've helped your friend. Mr Bantu has missed this train. He'll pick up his bag and catch the next train."

Everybody in the compartment laughed and Masood sat down on the empty seat.

ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
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AKULAM.

5. TWO WIVES



Shauqeen Ali was not a young man. But he was not old either. He was fifty. Half of the hair on his head was black and half of it was grey.

He had two wives. One of them was young and the other was old. The young wife's name was Afsara, and the old wife's name was Saleema. They quarrelled with one another, but neither the young wife nor the old wife ever quarrelled with Shauqeen Ali. Both of them loved him.

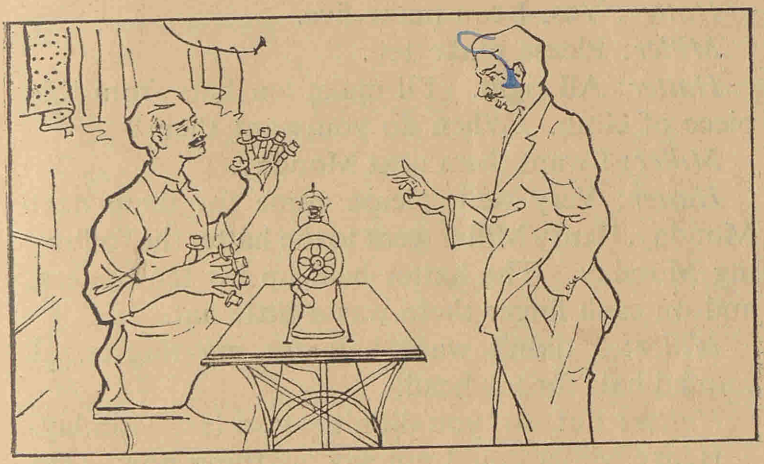
Afsara wanted to make her husband young like herself, and Saleema wanted to make him old like herself.

So, every day Afsara plucked the grey hair and Saleema plucked the black hair from Shauqeen Ali's head. He wanted to please both of them, so he did not say anything to them.

In a few days the two wives plucked all the hair from Shauqeen Ali's head, and he became bald.

Afsara said that he had become young because he had no grey hair, but Saleema thought he had become old because he had no hair at all.

6. HATS FOR THE FINGERS



Henry Miller wanted a new hat for himself. He went into a shop and bought a piece of beautiful, grey cloth.

Then he went to a hatter and said, "Can you make a hat for me from this piece of cloth?"

Hatter: Yes, I can. When do you want it?

Miller: It's a big piece of cloth. Can you make two hats from it?

Hatter: Yes, I can make two.

Miller: I think you can make three.

Hatter: I think so too.

Miller: Can you make four?

Hatter: Yes, I can.

Miller: Perhaps you can make five.

Hatter: Yes, I can make five.

Miller: Please make ten.

Hatter: All right. I'll make ten hats from this piece of cloth. When do you want them?

Miller: I want them next Monday.

Hatter: Very well, please come for them next Monday. Henry Miller went to the hatter the following Monday. The hatter held up his ten fingers, and on each finger there was a little hat.

Miller: I didn't want hats for my fingers. I wanted hats for my head.

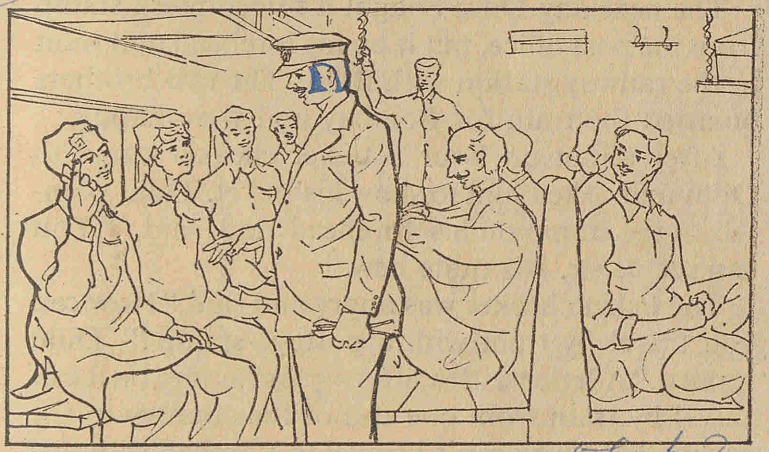
Hatter: But, sir, you didn't say so last Monday.

Henry Miller could not say anything now. He left the hats and walked away angrily.

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7. DILLU AND BILLU



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Two brothers called Dillu and Billu lived in a village near Patna. Dillu was the elder brother and Billu was the younger brother.

One day Dillu received a letter from a friend in Bombay. The friend said in the letter, "Come to Bombay at once. I have got a job for you."

Dillu was very pleased. He looked at the stamp on the envelope and said to Billu, "Look, Billu, this letter has come all the way from Bombay with only a fifteen-paisa stamp on it. I can easily go to Bombay. I'm going to take you with me but you'll

have to come back soon. So I'm not going to buy a ticket for you."

The next day Dillu bought a fifteen-paisa stamp from the post office, put it on his forehead and went to the railway station with Billu. The two brothers boarded the train for Bombay and were happy.

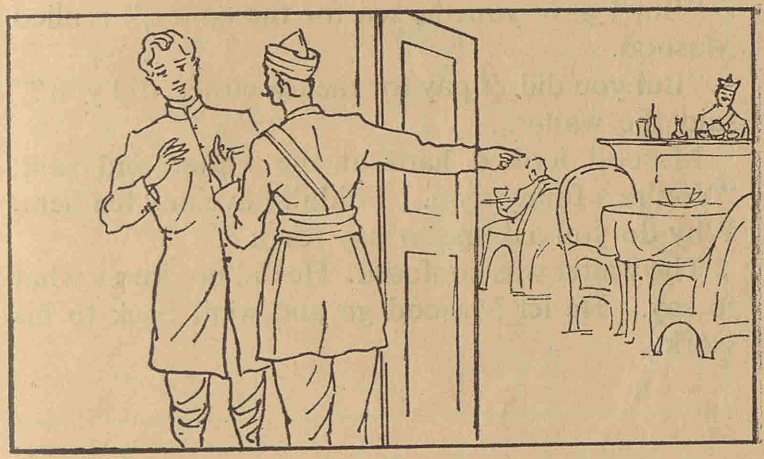
After about an hour a ticket checker came to Dillu and asked him to show his ticket. Dillu pointed to the stamp on his forehead and said, "You can see it, sir. It's quite new."

The ticket checker was angry and said, "How can you travel by train with a postage-stamp?" Dillu replied, "A letter with a fifteen-paisa stamp on it can travel by train from one end of the country to the other. Then why can't I travel to Bombay with this stamp on my forehead? I know the rules. I'm not a fool."

The ticket checker laughed loudly and then turned to Billu. He asked him, "And where's your ticket?" Billu replied, "Sir, I've no friends in Bombay. I'm sure, no one will take me into his house and I'll have to return to my village soon. So I'm going 'bearing'."

Everybody in the compartment laughed at the words of Dillu and Billu. The ticket checker also laughed and left the compartment saying to the two brothers, "I'll see you later."

8. TEA FOR COFFEE



Masood went into a restaurant and said to the waiter, "Please bring me a cup of tea."

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter and brought him a cup of tea.

But Masood had changed his mind by now. He said, "I won't have tea. I'll have a cup of coffee."

The waiter took away the cup of tea and soon came back with a cup of coffee. He put it on the table and went away.

Masood finished his cup of coffee and got up to go. The waiter came to him with the bill.

Masood did not look at him and went to the door.

But the waiter stopped him from going out. He said, "You haven't paid for the coffee, sir."

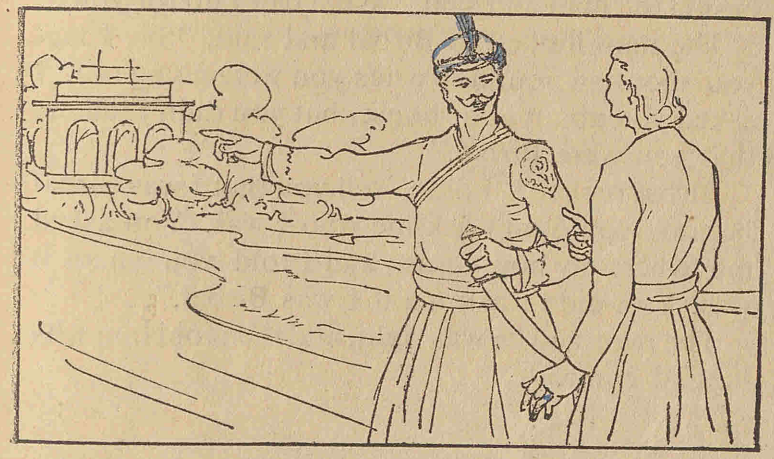
"But I gave you the tea for the coffee," replied Masood.

"But you didn't pay for the tea either, did you?" said the waiter.

Masood looked hard at the waiter and said, "You're a funny man. I didn't have any tea here. Why do you ask me to pay for it?"

The waiter was confused. He did not know what to say. He let Masood go and went back to his work.

9. YOU DIDN'T ASK ME WHO I WAS



While he was going to a friend's house, Birbal met a man on the way. The man was going to Birbal's house to see him. He did not know Birbal because he had not seen him before. He said to Birbal, "Please tell me where Birbal's house is."

Birbal smiled and told him where his house was.

The man arrived at Birbal's house. He asked the servant where his master was. The servant replied that his master had gone out a few minutes earlier. He said that he would return in about half an hour.

The man sat down and waited for Birbal.

After some time Birbal came back home and saw

the man sitting on a chair. He sat on another chair beside the man and said, "What can I do for you?"

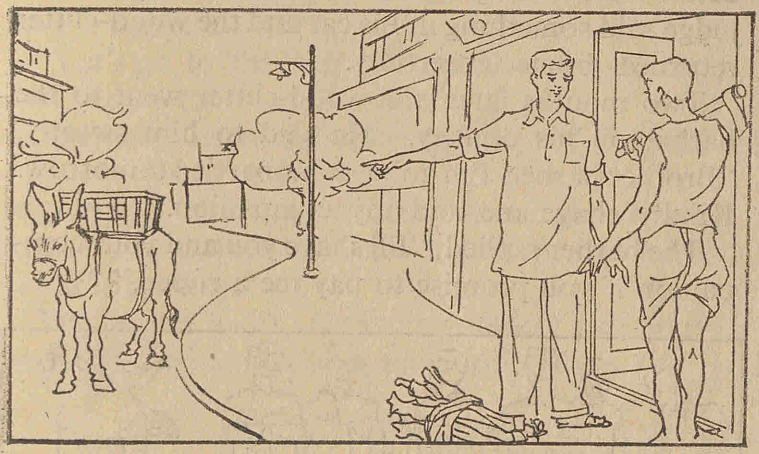
The man looked at Birbal and said, "Sir, I met you about an hour ago when you were going out. I asked you about your house, but you didn't tell me that you were Birbal."

Birbal replied, "I didn't tell you that I was Birbal because you didn't ask me who I was. You asked me where my house was, and I told you where it was. You didn't ask me if I was Birbal."

The man said he was right, and then told him why he had come.



10. SHAVING THE DONKEY



One day a wood cutter brought a bundle of wood from the forest on the back of his donkey. He went to a barber's shop and sold the wood to him for a rupee. He took the bundle off the back of the donkey and put it at the door of the barber's shop. Then he asked the barber for the money.

Barber: You haven't given me all the wood.

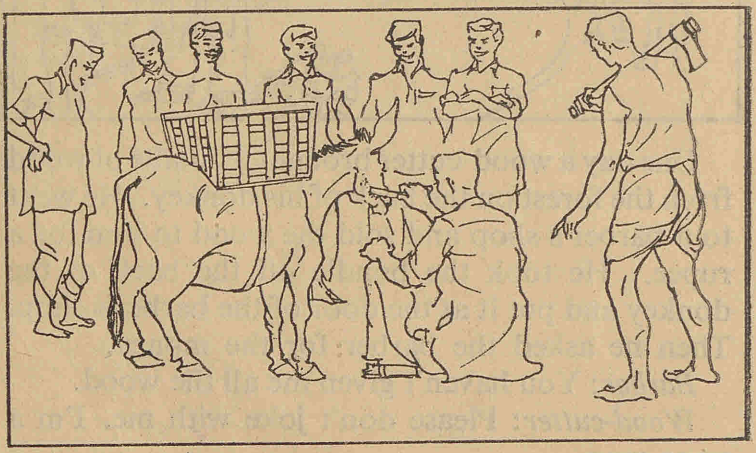
Wood-cutter: Please don't joke with me. I'm a poor man.

Barber: I'm not joking. You haven't given me the pack-saddle on the donkey's back. It's made of wood, isn't it?

The barber refused to pay a rupee, so the wood-cutter went to the judge and told him his story. The judge said something in his ear and the wood-cutter returned home cheerfully.

Two months later, the wood-cutter went to the barber on his donkey. He said to him sweetly, "Brother barber, I'm going to be married tomorrow. Kindly shave me and my companion."

The barber replied, "I'll shave you and your companion if you promise to pay me a rupee."



The wood-cutter agreed and the barber shaved him. Then he asked the wood-cutter, "Where's your companion?"

The wood-cutter pointed to the donkey.

The barber was very angry. He shouted, "I'll never shave a donkey. How can a donkey be a man's companion?"

"Let's go to the judge," said the wood-cutter; and they went to the judge.

The judge heard the case and said, "If the pack-saddle of the donkey can be a part of the bundle of wood on it, a donkey can be the companion of a man. The barber will have to shave the wood-cutter's donkey."

The barber had to shave the donkey and everybody laughed at him and made fun of him.

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This is a Good Story

This a Good Story

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This is a bad Book

This is a bad Book

MUNAVIRVI ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
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This is a good story