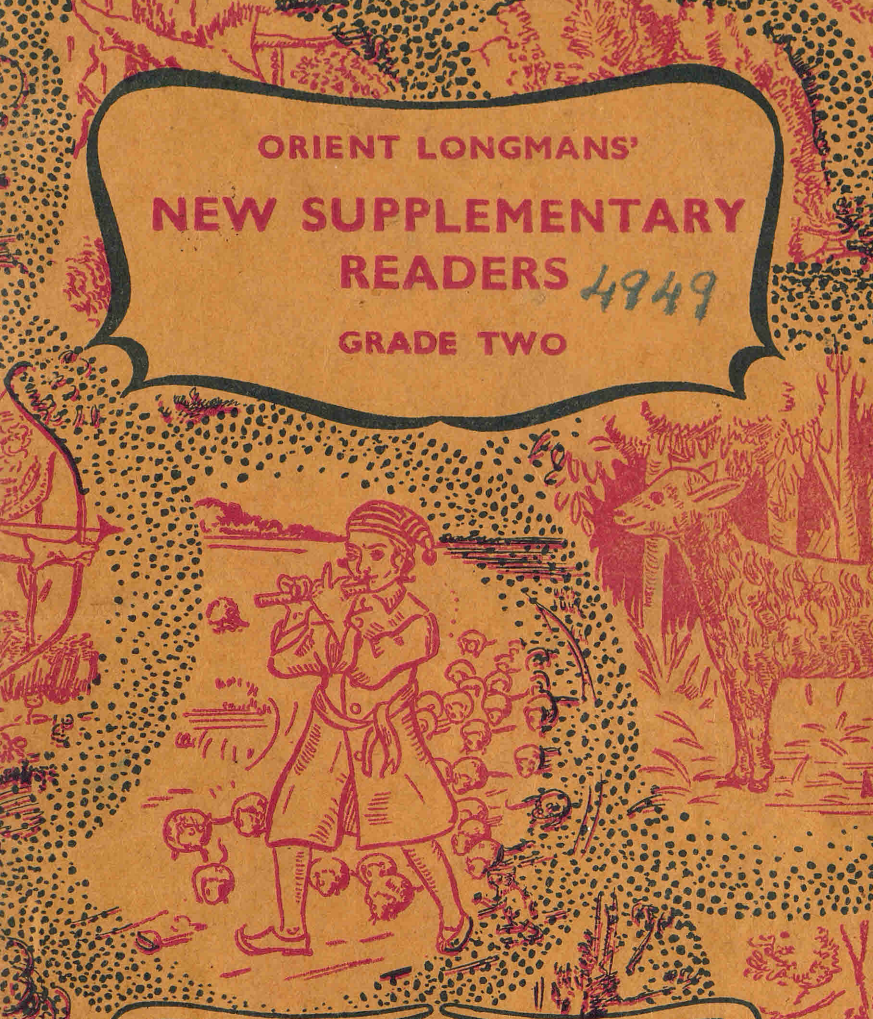
ORIENT LONGMANS'

NEW SUPPLEMENTARY READERS

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GRADE TWO



3. A RHINO COMES TO TOWN and OTHER STORIES

ORIENT LONGMANS

GENERAL EDITOR : DR. JEAN FORRESTER

ORIENT LONGMANS' NEW SUPPLEMENTARY READERS

GRADE II

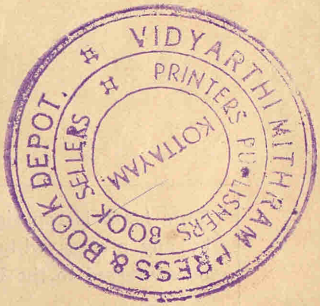
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3. A RHINO COMES TO TOWN AND OTHER STORIES

BY

M. J. SARGUNAM, M.A., L.T.

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FOREWORD

ORIENT LONGMANS' New Supplementary Readers have been specially written for use with the New Method Readers, New Series. Books in Grade I are to be read after completing Reader I, and the books in Grade II after Reader II. This does not mean that they cannot be used independently as library reading material.

The books are written in very simple English and it is hoped that boys and girls who read them will enjoy them.

Questions are given at the end of each story.

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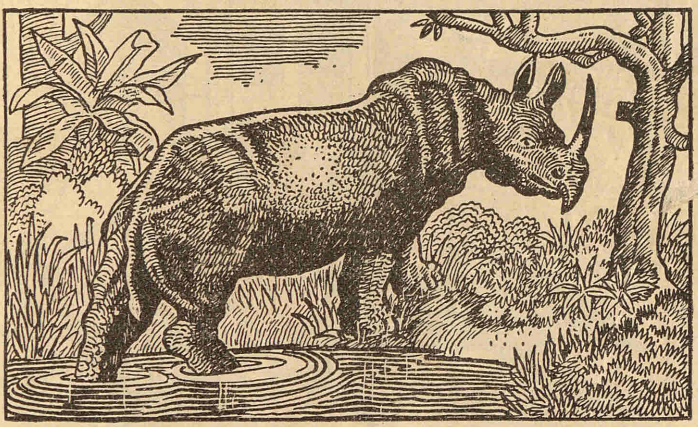
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A RHINO COMES T

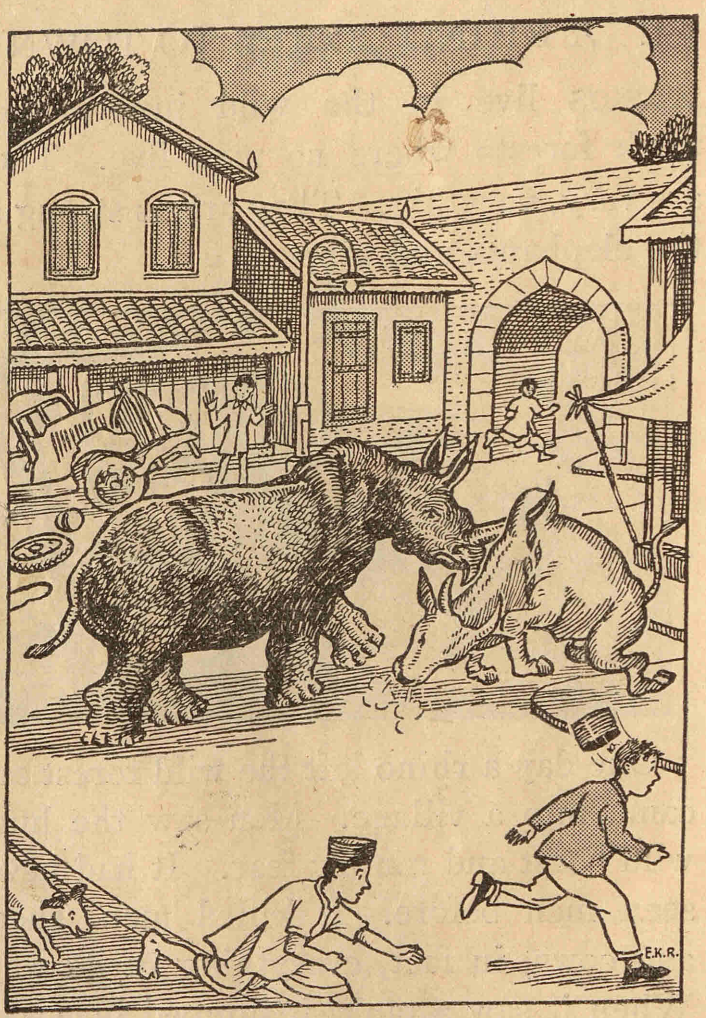
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1. A RHINO COMES TO TOWN

RHINOS live in the wild jungles and thick forests where no men live. They are very, very big. They are as strong as the elephants and hippos.



One day a rhino left the wild forest and came into a village. Men saw the huge wild beast and ran for fear. It had never seen men before. It killed men, sheep and cows, in fact, everything in its way. When it saw a tank, it jumped in, swam for a while and then moved on.


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Next it came to a town. People were greatly afraid of this big beast. Quickly the shops were closed and men ran home and locked their doors.

Now a car came along the road. The rhino charged against the car. The driver got under the car and was safe. But the car was smashed to bits. After the rhino moved away, the driver came out and went home.

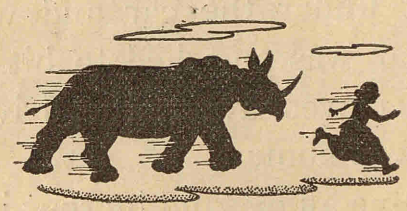
Then came an ox, and by the side of the rhino the ox was as small as a calf. The poor ox was killed by the rhino. Soon the roads were clear and no man or ox was to be seen.

Then two policemen came to kill the rhino. But when they saw the rhino, they threw down their guns and ran away.

The rhino walked up and down the roads of the town; it could do no more. It was very strong but what good could it do? No rhino can live in a town. It can live only in forests.

It was now so unsafe for men to use the roads, that the Forest Officer shot the beast dead. All men were happy and free.

(The above is a true story that comes from Assam.)



QUESTIONS

1. What is a Rhino?
2. Where does it live?
3. What did the Rhino do to the car?
4. What happened to the ox?
5. What did the policemen do?
6. Why were the roads unsafe?
7. Why was the Rhino killed?

2. THE LOST LAMB

MARY had three pets, a pup, a kitten and a lamb. She liked them all; but she loved the gentle lamb most of all.

The lamb walked with her everywhere. Sometimes the lamb jumped and ran for joy. At other times she sat on Mary's lap. Mary rubbed her legs and patted her back.

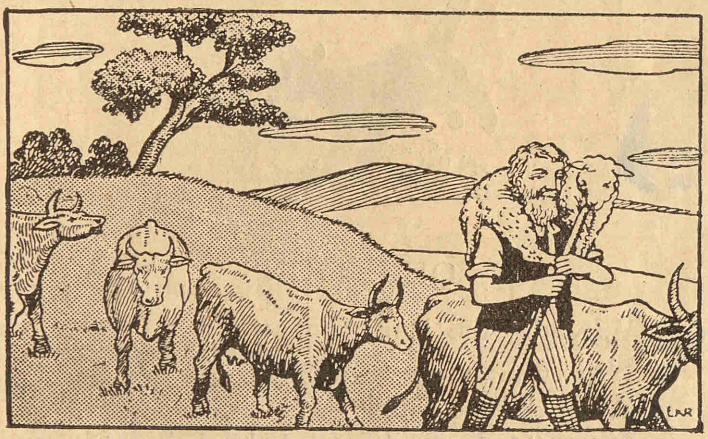
One day Mary was in bed with a cold. The lamb went out to play. A little boy ran out to catch the lamb. In fear, the lamb ran fast down the hill. She slipped down and fell. When she stood up, she did not know her way. She walked on right away from Mary's house. She did not know that she was on the wrong path.

She bleated, ma-ah, ma-ah, but Mary could not hear. She ran and bleated, ma-ah, ma-ah; bleated loudly and ran fast. Now the lamb saw a rabbit and bleated; but the rabbit ran too fast. She cried out for


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help. Poor little lamb! Then she saw two sheep; but the sheep did not know Mary's house. So she bleated ma-ah, ma-ah, and lay down to rest.

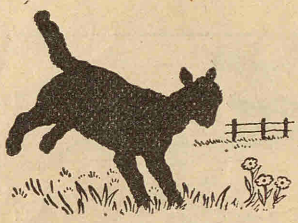
The sun was hot. The lamb went to sleep. Soon the sun set behind the hills.



The cows were returning home. Now the lamb woke up and walked behind the cows. The cowherd knew Mary's lamb. He picked her up and carried her on his back.

Mary stood in front of the house and looked down the hill. When the lamb

saw Mary she bleated with joy—ma-ah, ma-ah. Mary lifted the lamb and kissed her for joy. The lamb bleated again ma-ah, ma-ah. That was her way of saying, 'Thank you. I will not leave you again.'



QUESTIONS

1. Why did the lamb run away?
2. How did she lose the way?
3. What did the rabbit do?
4. Why did the lamb walk behind the cows?
5. What did the cowherd do?
6. What did the lamb do on seeing Mary?

3. TAHITI BUILDS A BOAT

ONCE upon a time, the people who lived in the islands of the Pacific lived chiefly on fish and roots. Tahiti, the fisherman had a large family. He was a strong man. He wanted to go far into the sea to fish.

To this end, he wanted a boat. Building a boat was hard work. He cut down a big tree. Then he burnt the softer part of the tree. It was hollow inside. This work took more than three months. Each day he rose with the sun and worked all day till the setting of the sun.

At last the boat was ready. He pushed it off into the water. It floated well on the water. He was very happy. He caught a large number of good fish. His wife and children were also very happy, for they had good fish to eat.

When there was a good wind, his wife and children went with him in the boat.


E.K.R.

They spent many hours in the boat. They slept in the boat at nights. It was like a house. They loved it very much.

The fishermen of the Pacific islands saw what Tahiti had done. They thought he was very clever. One day they got into the boat with him. As it floated away they clapped their hands and sang for joy.

When they came back to land, they all came and stood round the boat and danced. They danced far into the night. They ate and sang and danced.

They then asked Tahiti to help them all to build boats for themselves. Tall big trees were cut down. This was the hardest part of the work. This took months of very hard work.

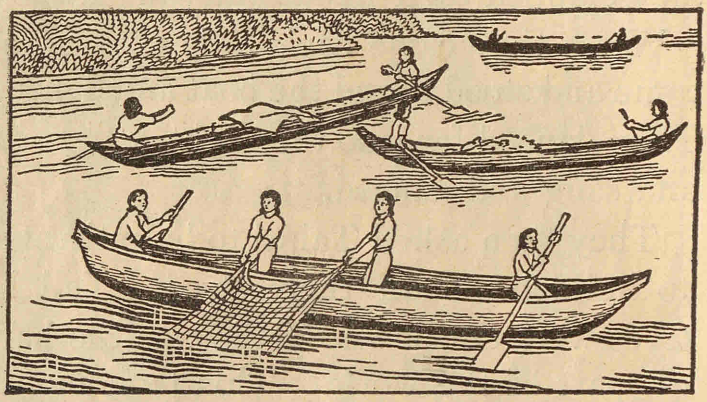
At last twenty boats were built. All the fishermen got into the boats. When they floated on the waves, they were very happy.

That night when the full moon came, the fishermen were still on the sea. The

waves were high and the boats were driven to the shore. They had to get out to save themselves. They saw that on full moon days the tides rose high.

Tahiti Cooks His Meal

One day Tahiti left some fish in his boat. He did not know that someone had



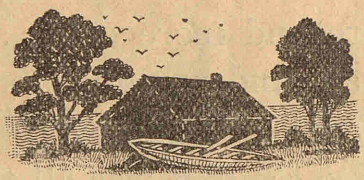
made a fire near his boat. Some of the fish jumped out and fell into the fire and were burnt.

Next morning when he came to his boat he saw that there were not as many fish as he thought he had left in it. As he turned, he saw some fish lying near the

firewood. They were dead and black. They had fallen into the fire and had died.

He took some of them and as he ate them, they seemed good. Then he ate all the fish that had been burnt thus. He found them so good to eat that he called out and danced wildly. His friends heard him wildly crying out.

They came out and asked him what the matter was. He told them what he had found. It was a good feast for them all. Yes, that was a new way of eating fish.



QUESTIONS

1. Why did Tahiti build a boat?
2. How did he build a boat?
3. Why did his wife and children like it?
4. What did the fishermen do on the moonlight night?
5. When are tides high?
6. What happened to the fish in the boat?
7. How did Tahiti learn to cook his meal?

4. WHAT USE IS GOLD?

LONG, long ago, a man lived near the sea. He was a trader. He sent wool, cotton and silk to lands far away. He soon became very, very rich. He built houses and bought land. But he was not happy.

One day he saw another man counting coins. They were bright and yellow. He then thought that he, too, would like to keep his riches in the form of gold coins.

So he sold his land for gold. Then he bought more and more gold; all this he placed in an underground room in his garden. Every night he went down into the garden to see if it was all there. He counted the coins and put them back.

All he could do was to take out the gold, look at it for a while and put it back. Yet every night he did this and this took nearly two hours. He had now less time for books and men. His time was given to


E.K.R

lifeless things—coins of gold and not to children or songs. He was not happy when his servants or wife or children were with him.

But he saw that the men who bought his land were quite happy. They worked hard on the land and the land gave them food.

The rich man did not use the gold to make himself or others happy. He did not help any man. What good is gold if it is not used?

One night the man was watched by a thief when he was counting his coins of gold. After he had gone into the house, the thief took out the gold and ran off with it.

On the next day, when the trader came into the garden and saw that there was no gold there, he fell down like one dead. He wept for a long time and cried, 'All my gold is lost.'

While he was crying, his friend came

in. He asked, 'What is the matter? Why are you weeping?'

'I have lost everything I had, all my gold, and there is nothing to live!'

His friend said, 'Wait for a while, you will get back everything. You will soon



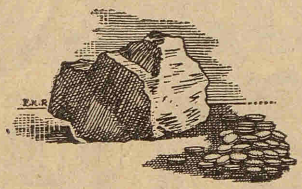
be a happy man again.' He found a big stone, yellow in colour and put it back in the garden room. Then he called the man and said, 'Here you are. There is all your gold!'

The miser said sadly, 'No, this is only

a yellow stone. It is worth nothing to me.'

The friend asked, 'What use was all your gold when you had it? It is worth something only if it is used. When you do not use it, has it any more worth than this stone?'

The miser knew that his friend was right.



QUESTIONS

1. Who is a miser?
2. Why did the miser sell his land?
3. What did he do every night?
4. How did he keep his gold safe?
5. What made the men who bought his land happy?
6. What did the thief do?
7. Why did the miser weep?
8. What lesson did he learn?

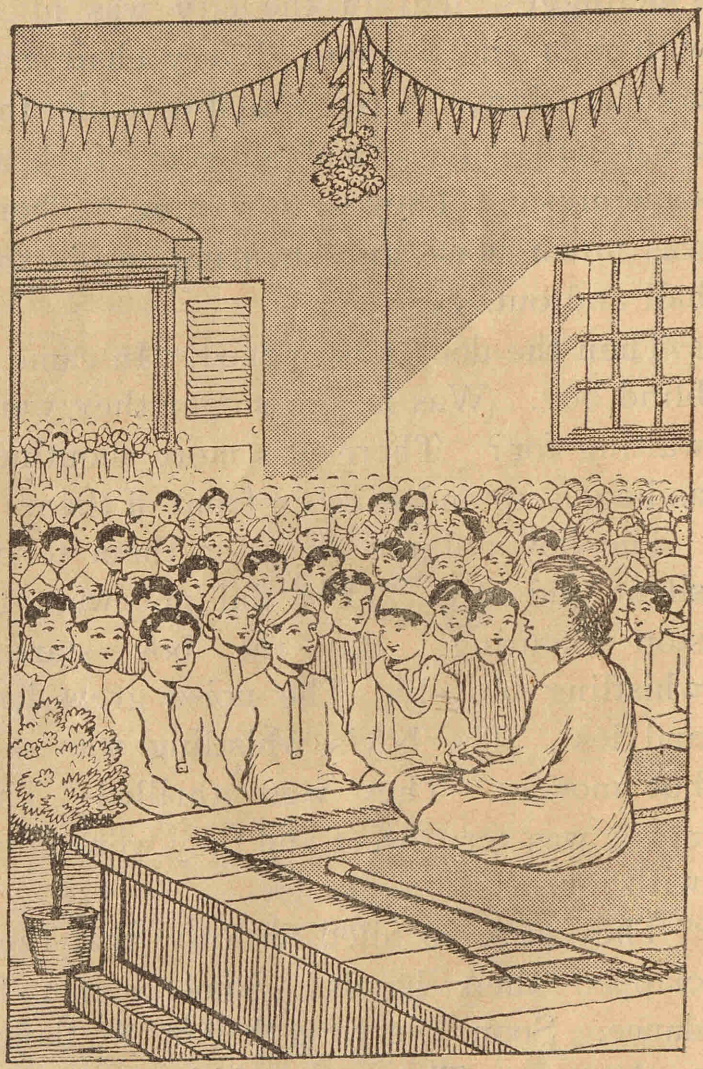
5. A BLIND BOY SINGER

THE biggest hall in the city was filled with men and women. Every chair was taken. Many more waited outside the great hall. They had all come to hear some music. They were waiting. There was much noise and shouting inside the hall and outside.

Then the door was opened. In came a blind boy. Was he the singer they were waiting for? There was more shouting, as he got up and stood in front of them.

The boy did not wait for them to be silent and still. They did not want to stop shouting. But the boy started whistling bravely. The noise grew less and less. The boy's whistling was soft but moving. They were thrilled. The music was very sweet and they were filled with joy.

They were so filled with joy that they clapped their hands. Some began to dance. Soon everyone began to dance to the tune. The power of his music over



them was wonderful and their joy was very great.

Who was this singer? It was a boy born blind. At two years of age, he began to whistle tunes and soon he could whistle every good tune. No one had ever taught him to sing. He was too poor to pay for lessons in music. Music was born in him though he was poor and blind.

Now thousands and tens of thousands hear and enjoy the music of his whistling.



QUESTIONS

1. Why were so many people waiting in the hall?
2. What did they do when the singer came in?
3. Why did they become silent and still?
4. Why were they joyful?
5. When did he start learning to whistle?
6. Why did he not go to any school?

6. OMAI THE SLAVE PAINTER

MANY years ago there lived in Rome a great painter. Young men from far off lands came to him to learn how to paint. Everyone who saw their pictures spoke very highly of the master who taught them.

The master had a slave boy from Africa called Omai. When at night the young men left their paintings behind in the school, he used to look at them.

One morning, one of the learners saw some painting on his canvas. It was the work of a very good painter. He did not know how it came there. He asked the other young men and no one knew anything about it.

Omai took up the brush at nights, and painted on some of the pictures left by the young painters. These pictures looked so beautiful. The young men asked each other who had done the work

but no one could say. This happened again and again.

The young men wanted to find out who worked on their paintings during the nights. So they told the master about it. He too did not know but said, 'I shall soon find out.'

Next morning when they came into the room where they worked, they all suddenly stopped, for there was a new and lovely picture half done. 'How wonderful!' they cried.

The master heard their cry and came in. He too saw that it was a very beautiful picture. He asked each one of the young men, if he had done it. They all said, 'No'. He knew their work very well. It was too good. None of them could have done it.

He called Omai and asked, 'Has anyone been coming into this room at nights?' Without raising his head, he said, 'No one but me, sir.' The master did not


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think that Omai meant anything. He did not know that Omai was the painter. He said, 'Stay in this room tonight. Keep awake. Find out who comes to paint. I shall kick you if you don't find out.'

After the day's work, he was tired. Soon he was fast asleep in the school room. When he woke up, the clock struck two. What was he to do now? Must he rub off the colours? 'My master may beat me in the morning,' he thought. He looked at the picture. It was good. He took up the brush and worked again. It was now done. He was happy.

Just then the door was opened and in came the master. The slave fell at his master's feet. He was afraid that his master might flog him.

But his master stood before the picture and looked at the beautiful painting. He was proud of his boy's work. He raised the slave from the ground and said, 'Rise

up. Surely you are a great painter. You will soon be a master of painters in Rome.'



QUESTIONS

1. What did the young men do at school?
2. What did the slave boy do at night?
3. What did they tell the master?
4. Why did they tell this to the master?
5. What did the master ask Omai to do?
6. Why was he afraid?
7. What did Omai tell his master?
8. What did the master do to Omai?

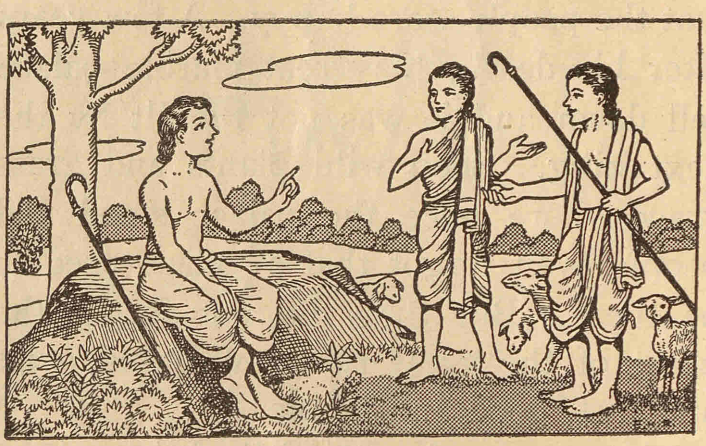
7. THE HEART OF A CHILD

LONG, long ago, there lived a great and wise king whose name was Vikramaditya. He ruled the land so justly and so wisely that the people were happy. A few years after his death, his great marble palace fell down and it was not rebuilt by the next king. Soon wild plants and grass grew where once the palace stood and people even forgot that a palace used to be there. But they did not forget the name of the great ruler, Vikrama, wise and just, good and gentle.

Many years after the fall of the palace, some boys who were looking after some sheep came near the very place where once the palace stood. As the sheep were eating the leaves and the grass nearby, the boys came together and thought of playing a good game.

One bright boy said, 'One of us shall be a judge, and he shall hear the quarrels of the two parties and decide what is just

between them.' They were all glad to play this game. One of them was made the judge, and he sat on a green mound in the midst of broken stones. The other



boys went away to a tree nearby, made up a story and then shouted at each other and came and stood before the judge.

But somehow the boy judge looked so wise and different from the little boy they knew so well.

A change had come over him. For when he spoke, he spoke so wisely and like a great judge. It was no longer a

game. They all said, 'Kunwar is a real judge, not a play judge.' And so he was. What a wonderful thing it was!

The story soon spread among the people around. The men and women from the villages heard of the wise boy judge and came to him as he sat on the mound to put an end to their quarrels. Everyone was happy; for all of them felt he was always right and that his way was the best.

The story reached the ears of the ministers of the King and they told the King about the boy. He asked, 'Where does the boy sit,' and they said, 'He sits on a green mound outside the city.' The king thought for a while and said, 'I know why the boy is wise beyond his years. He is sitting on the very throne of the great Vikramaditya.'

Did the King alone know that the seat of King Vikramaditya lay where the green mound was? Yes, he alone did. Also,


E.K.R.

he now wanted to sit on the throne of the great Vikramaditya. For he wished to become more powerful than before. He asked his servants to dig up the green mound. The servants dug very deep and lo! there lay the throne of black marble, with beautiful marble eagles twice twelve in number.

The King said, 'Take this throne and set it in my palace; this shall be my seat. Am I not as great and wise as King Vikramaditya?' So the throne was taken there. The King was very pleased with it; and he named the day on which he would mount the throne before all the nobles and ministers of his court. It was to be a day of feasting in all his land.

The day came at last and the King dressed in kingly dress and wearing the brightest jewels came to the hall where the nobles and ministers and all the chosen men and women stood waiting for the great king. Proudly the ruler

mounted the steps and was about to take his seat on the throne of the great and wise Vikramaditya, when, lo a wonder!

One of the marble eagles came alive and said, 'Wait a bit, Oh King! Pray tell me this. Have you never wanted for yourself the Kingdom of another?' Sadly the King said, 'Yes, I am sorry, I have.'

'Then today you must not sit on this throne. Go and fast and pray for three days,' said the eagle, 'and come again.' The King turned away.

Three days later the King came back and this time he hoped to mount the throne. But there stepped forward a second eagle and it said, 'Oh King! Have you never taken away another man's goods?' The King said, 'Yes, many times I have done that.'

'Then go away and fast and pray for three days,' said the eagle, 'and come back again.'

So in this way he was stopped from

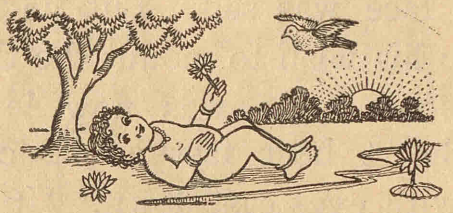
mounting the throne by the eagles, that one after another, came alive and spoke of the many evil things he had done. He had now fasted and prayed for more than two months. He had grown thin and weak. He put away some of the jewels he had worn before. He was humble and his face was sad. But he had not given up his wish to mount the throne.

Only one eagle was now left. The king's heart beat fast as he came up slowly with eyes cast down. 'It must be all right this time,' he said to himself. Had he not fasted and prayed long enough? But as he looked up, the last of the eagles said, 'Stop! Oh King! Can you say that your heart is as pure as the heart of a child?'

The King was sad. He could not say that his heart was as pure as that of a child. He knew that he was not fit to mount the great throne. The small boy could have taken the seat of Vikramaditya.

But he himself, however great and mighty, could not.

For, to be just, one must have the heart of a child. So said a great teacher who greatly loved children, 'Except ye become like little children, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of God.'



QUESTIONS

1. What was King Vikramaditya famous for?
2. What game did the boys play?
3. Where did the judge sit?
4. Why did people come to Kunwar?
5. What did the King desire?
6. Why did he dig up the mound?
7. Where did he take the throne?
8. Why did he take it there?
9. What was the throne made of?
10. What stopped the King from mounting the throne?
11. Did he mount the throne in the end?
12. What should one have to become a judge?

8. THE BURDEN BEARER

I

LONG, long ago, there lived a man on the bank of a river. His name was Ferus, for he carried people on his back. He was as tall as a tree and as strong as a horse.

Ferus was a good man. He wanted to do something to please God. He was not clever and he could not read or write. But he was kind and gentle and was ever ready to help.

There was no way of crossing the river. The river was so deep and broad and no one could cross it, except Ferus.

One day, the King and two others of his party came to the river. They walked up and down to see if there was a bridge. They were sorry that there was none. Ferus came up to the King and said, 'My lord, I shall carry you and your men on my back across the river.' The King was glad. One by one, Ferus bore them

across the river. From that day on, he was known as Ferus—meaning the Bearer.

Men and women would come freely to his home and ask him to carry them across the river. And gladly he did this for all. Who else could do this but Ferus the tall and strong? He was the bridge and he was the bearer. Surely, God must have been pleased with what he did in helping every man and woman who wanted to cross the river to do so.

II

One night, heavy rains came down. The winds were howling. It was very cold. Ferus lighted a fire in his sitting room and sat by it. The doors and windows were shut. Even so it was very cold within. That was not the moment when Ferus would be willing to go out; much less to carry anyone across the river.

But at that very moment was heard a


E.M.F.

gentle knock outside, at the door. What was it? Could it be someone asking for help? He listened, and again it came a little louder. Yet he did not wish to answer, and so he did not move.

He said to himself, 'I can't go'. Now he heard someone calling him, 'Ferus, Ferus! Come and take me across.' Though Ferus was still unwilling to open the door, he wanted to know who called him by his name. He heard the voice again; for it rang clearly above the wind and rain.

He got up and opened the door to see who had come on such a night as this. And, whom do you think he saw? A little child. He could not see how the child came there.

Ferus asked, 'Who brought you here, my child?' And seeing no one else, he said, 'What brought you here on such a night, my child? Do come in. It is very cold.'

The little child said, 'Please, Oh Ferus, carry me across the river.'

'No, my child, not to-night,' said Ferus. The child said, 'I must go to-night, please.'

Ferus was not happy. He was even a little angry. And he could not see how the child came to be there, nor why the child wanted so much to be taken across the river, when the night was dark and raining. But when he looked at the child, he had pity on him. He was so small and he was wet with the rain.

So Ferus said, 'Well, little child! The stream is rapid; I can hear it roar. If we go, may be, we shall both be lost.'

He then picked up the child and went down to the river. The river seemed to get deeper and deeper as he went. It became harder and harder to move forward.

Firmly he kept on. The wind was strong. The cold water rose higher and

higher. Yet brave Ferus would not turn back.

But now, the weight of the little child pressed heavily on his back. Ferus felt that his burden was no longer that of a child. It was very heavy and became heavier with every step. He was very weary and his steps were not steady. Within sight of the bank, he could hold no longer, and he nearly fell into the river.

But lo! he felt that someone took hold of his hand; and it was a strong hand that held him, strong enough to pull him safe out of the water.

Ferus raised his head and saw that instead of the child, there stood in front of him, a tall man with a bright holy light around his head.

Ferus looked into the kind face and said, 'Who are you? You were so heavy. Never in all my life have I carried a burden heavier than you were! And more, you have saved me.'

The voice replied. 'Brave Ferus, you were good and faithful to your word. You carried Me, the Maker of the world, on your broad back. I am glad to make you My Servant. Good Ferus, from now on, you shall be called Christopher or 'The Christ-Bearer.'

Slowly Christopher raised his head and behold! there was no one there. He was alone. But he felt a new joy in his life, and ever stronger to help all those that came to him.



QUESTIONS

1. Why was Ferus called by that name?
2. What did he want to do?
3. What did the King look for?
4. What took place on that dark rainy night?
5. What did the child ask Ferus to do?
6. Why was Ferus unwilling to carry the child?
7. Why did Ferus fall into the river?
8. Who helped him out of the river?
9. What did the voice say?
10. Why is Ferus called Christopher?

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