

TÜRKMENISTANYŇ BILIM MINISTRIGI
Aman Kekilow adyndaky Mugallymçylyk mekdebi



Iňlis dili

Goşmaça berilýän hünär dersine taýýarlyk

[ПОДЗАГОЛОВОК ДОКУМЕНТА]

TAÝÝARLAN: IŇLIS DILI WE EDEBIÝATY

MUGALLYMY B.GURBANOW

**Aman Kekilow adyndaky Mugallymçylyk
mekdebiniň mugallymçylyk geňeşinde tassyklandy**

İÑLIS DILI

(Goşmaça berilýan hünär dersine taýýarlyk)

dersinden mugallymçylyk mekdepler üçin okuw gollanmasy

Taýýarlan: iňlis dili we edebiýaty mugallymy B.Gurbanow

Aşgabat-2019ý.

“Education is a main factor which determines the destiny of the state, its dynamic and successful development.”

Gurbanguly
Berdimuhamedov

PREFACE

It is a common knowledge that English has become the language of international communication. It is this is why that the new language policy of Turkmenistan elaborated in the years of its Independence made English as one of the three priority languages (along with Turkmen, Russian and English) for our country.

Over the years of Independence English language teaching in Turkmenistan has been widely encouraged and achievements of teachers of English in Turkmenistan are really remarkable. Their experience in applying in EFL teaching in Turkmenistan the advanced methods is of crucial importance for Turkmenistan of today. The Pedagogical School named after A. Kekilov, where English, along with Turkmen and Russian, is a medium of instruction, is also contributing to some extent to English language learning in Turkmenistan. Thanks to the policy of Conception of Teaching English Language pursued by the President of Turkmenistan. To answer the traditional questions "Where we are?" and "What next?" in the field of EFL teaching there has been held a nation-wide workshop on "The methodology of English language teaching in Turkmenistan."

This book was prepared by qualified English teachers due to the "Syllabus for the Pedagogical schools" approved by the Ministry of Education of Turkmenistan.

The purpose of this book is to guide learners of English in effective and enjoyable ways of improving their language ability. There are many pages of information and advice about language learning, as well as hundreds of exercises in all aspects of English. We hope that this guide book will be very efficient material for Pedagogical School learners.

1-rst semester.3-rd year.

Theme-1

JOKES AND FUNNY DIALOGUES

The Perfect Son

A: I have the perfect son.

B: Does he smoke?

A: No, he doesn't.

B: Does he drink whiskey?

A: No, he doesn't.

B: Does he ever come home late?

A: No, he doesn't.

B: I guess you really do have the perfect son. How old is he?

A: He will be six months old next Wednesday.

Mice family

A family of mice was surprised by a big cat. Father Mouse jumped and said, "Bow-wow!" The cat ran away. "What was that, Father?" asked Baby Mouse. "Well, son, that's why it's important to learn a second language."

Wooden leg

My friend said he knew a man with a wooden leg named Smith. So I asked him "What was the name of his other leg?"

It hurts

A man goes to the doctor and says, "Doctor, wherever I touch, it hurts."
The doctor asks, "What do you mean?"

The man says, "When I touch my shoulder, it really hurts. If I touch my knee - OUCH! When I touch my forehead, it really, really hurts."

The doctor says, "I know what's wrong with you - you've broken your finger!"

The spoon

Patient: Doctor, I have a pain in my eye whenever I drink tea.

Doctor: Take the spoon out of the mug before you drink.

Attention

Patient: Doctor! You've got to help me! Nobody ever listens to me. No one ever pays any attention to what I have to say.

Doctor: Next please!

Ten dollars

Two boys were arguing when the teacher entered the room. The teacher says, "Why are you arguing?" One boy answers, "We found a ten dollar bill and decided to give it to whoever tells the biggest lie."

"You should be ashamed of yourselves," said the teacher, "When I was your age I didn't even know what a lie was." The boys gave the ten dollars to the teacher.

Boy or girl

A: Just look at that young person with the short hair and blue jeans. Is it a boy or a girl?

B: It's a girl. She's my daughter.

A: Oh, I'm sorry, sir. I didn't know that you were her father.

B: I'm not. I'm her mother.

The first day

Mother: "Did you enjoy your first day at school?"

Girl: "First day? Do you mean I have to go back tomorrow?"

I don't know!

Teacher: "Nick, what is the past participle of the verb to ring?"

Nick: "What do you think it is, Sir?"

Teacher: "I don't think, I KNOW!"

Nick: "I don't think I know either, Sir!"

Attaining wisdom

Once someone asked Hodja, "How can one attain wisdom?" Hodja replied, "Always listen attentively to what the wise and learned men tell you. And when you are speaking to others, listen carefully to what you are saying!"

Taxi

A: Hey, man! Please call me a taxi.

B: Yes, sir. You are a taxi.

Grave

A: Why are you crying?

B: The elephant is dead.

A: Was he your pet?

B: No, but I'm the one who must dig his grave.

Short talk

A teenage girl had been talking on the phone for about half an hour, and then she hung up.

"Wow!," said her father, "That was short. You usually talk for two hours. What happened?"

"Wrong number," replied the girl.

Punishment

PUPIL: "Would you punish me for something I didn't do?"

TEACHER: "Of course not."

PUPIL: "Good, because I haven't done my homework."

Fifty five

A teacher asked a student to write 55.

Student asked: How?

Teacher: Write 5 and beside it another 5!

The student wrote 5 and stopped.

Teacher: What are you waiting for?

Student: I don't know which side to write the other 5!

May I!

Little Johnny: Teacher, can I go to the bathroom?

Teacher: Little Johnny, MAY I go to the bathroom?

Little Johnny: But I asked first!

Idiot

Son: Dad, what is an idiot?

Dad: An idiot is a person who tries to explain his ideas in such a strange and long way that another person who is listening to him can't understand him. Do you understand me?

Son: No.

End of the world

Man: I could go to the end of the world for you.

Woman: Yes, but would you stay there?

Let's share

Man: I want to share everything with you.

Woman: Let's start from your bank account.

A hundred dollar bill

Teacher: Why are you late?

Student: There was a man who lost a hundred dollar bill.

Teacher: That's nice. Were you helping him look for it?

Student: No. I was standing on it.

Thump in the soup

Customer: Excuse me, but I saw your thumb in my soup when you were carrying it.

Waitress: Oh, that's okay. The soup isn't hot.

Cheap apartment

The real estate agent says, "I have a good, cheap apartment for you."

The man replies, "By the week or by the month?"

The agent answers, "By the garbage dump.."

Funnier

"You look very funny wearing that belt."

"I would look even funnier if I didn't wear it."

Which part

"I was born in California."

"Which part?"

"All of me."

Decisions

Teacher: Do you have trouble making decisions?

Student: Well...yes and no.

Simple present

The teacher to a student: Conjugate the verb "to walk" in simple present.

The student: I walk. You walk....

The teacher interrupts him: Quicker please.

The student: I run. You run...

The dishes

Father: What did you do today to help your mother?

Son: I dried the dishes

Daughter: And I helped pick up the pieces.

Breakfast

A: Look at your face I know what you have for breakfast

B: What was it?

A: Eggs.

B: No, that was yesterday.

Race

A: Why are all those people running?

B: They are running a race to get a cup.

A: Who will get the cup?

B: The person who wins.

A: Then why are all the others running?

Vampire

Patient: Doctor, I think that I've bitten by a vampire.

Doctor: Drink this glass of water.

Patient: Will it make me better?

Doctor: No, I but I'll be able to see if your neck leaks.

The blood

A: When I stand on my head the blood rushes to my head, but when I stand on my feet the blood doesn't rush to my feet. Why is this?

B: It's because your feet aren't empty.

Homework

Teacher: Did your father help you with your homework?

Student: No, he did it all by himself.

Questions

One day a neighbor inquired of Hodja, "Why do you always answer a question with another question?" He replied, "Do I?"

Sugar

Teacher: What are some products of the West Indies?

Student: I don't know.

Teacher: Of course, you do. Where do you get sugar from?
 Student: We borrow it from our neighbor.

Werewolf

I used to be a werewolf...
 But I'm much better noooooooooooooow !

Stop

"Spell STOP three times."
 "STOP, STOP, STOP "
 "What do you do when you come to a green light?"
 (Answer is invariably-) "Stop!"
 "What, at a GREEN light?"

Frog

In a restaurant:
 Customer: Waiter, waiter! There is a frog in my soup!!!
 Waiter: Sorry, sir. The fly is on vacation.

Pretty ugly

Mary: John says I'm pretty. Andy says I'm ugly. What do you think, Peter?
 Peter: I think you're pretty ugly.

Big men

A visitor to the Mid West asked: 'Any big men ever born in this town?'
 'No,' came the reply. 'Just little babies.'

William Shakespeare

A guide was showing tourists around the museum at Strafford upon Avon.
 'This is the skull of William Shakespeare,' he told the group.
 'But it's the skull of a boy!' exclaimed one tourist.
 'Yes,' said the guide, blushing. 'That must have been when he was a lad.'

Stop screaming!

Dentist: 'Stop screaming! I haven't even touched your tooth. In fact you're not on the chair yet.'

Boy: 'I know, but you're standing on my foot!'

How long?

Customer: 'Excuse me, but how long have you been working here?'

Waitress: 'About three months, sir.'

Customer: 'Oh. Then it couldn't have been you who took my order.'

Nine o'clock

Angry employer: 'You should have been here at nine o'clock.'

Late employee: 'Why, what happened?'

Messages

Boss: 'Did you take any messages while I was out?'

Young secretary: 'No. Are any of them missing?'

Fly

'Waiter! There is a fly in my soup.'

'Would you prefer it to be served separately?'

Magician

'Waiter! There is a fly in my soup.'

'No sir, that's the chef. The last customer was a magician doctor.'

Fly soup

'Waiter! There is a fly in my soup.'

'I know sir it's a fly soup.'

Insecticide

'Waiter! There is a fly in my soup.'

'Oh, dear, it must have committed insecticide.'

Theme-2-3**TONGUE TWISTERS**

1. Once a feller met a feller in a field of fitches, Said a feller to a feller, 'Can a feller tell a feller, Where a feller itches?'
2. We eat what we can and what we can't, we can.
3. Benny Butler bought bitter butter in a brass bell but broke it.
4. Good, better, best, Never let it rest, Till your good is better, and your better best.
5. The Sunday school sings spiritual songs spiritedly.
6. Tommy Tickle tickled his teacher. Where did Tommy Tickle's teacher tickle Tommy.
7. I was barbarously barbarized by the barbarity of a barbarian barber in a barber's barbarizing shop.
8. Mr. Mrs. Master and Miss Moth met Miss, Master, Mrs. and Mr. Moss.
9. Seven shaggy sheepdogs shook sand everywhere.
10. I can't can a can without a can; can you can a can without a can?
11. Tiny Tommy Tortoise talked to Tessie Turtle on the telephone ten times today.
12. Fiona felt the French film was fatuous and flashy.
13. Six silly sisters sell silk to six sickly senior citizens.

14. The rat-catchers can't catch caught rats.
15. Nina needs nine knitting needles to knit naughty Nita's knickers nicely.
16. Six Swiss ships swiftly shift.
17. Dauntless Doris Davis does a dozen daring dives daily.
18. The short sort shoots straight through.
19. Pretty Pamela Parker picked pink petunia posies.
20. She stops at the shops where I shop, and if she shops at the shops where I shop I won't stop at the shop where she shops!
21. The tiresome wireless man's fireless, whilst the fireless wireless man's tireless.
22. You can have— Fried fresh fish, Fish fried fresh, fresh fried fish, fresh fish fried, or fish fresh fried.
23. I saw Esau beating Kate, I saw Esau, he saw me. And she saw I saw Esau.
24. Our great-grand-gran is a greater great-grand-gran than your great-grand-gran is.
25. My wife gave Mr. Snipe's wife a swipe.
26. The school coal in the school coalscuttle was scattered by a cool scholar.
27. Swedish sword swallows shift short swords swiftly.

28. Fearless Frank flew fast flights to Frankfurt.
29. Malaria is a malady many men meet when meeting mosquitoes in Malaysia.
30. Florence Freeman fell forward and frightened her father frightfully.
31. Billy's big blue badly bleeding blister.
32. Beautiful babbling brooks bubble between blossoming banks.
33. Nice nieces nestle nicely in Nice.
34. Hungry Henry Hobson hurries home.
35. 'Please cook crooked crabs, Cook.'
36. Billy Bolton buttoned his bright brown boots and blue coat before breakfast began.
37. Nobby knew Noddy better than Noddy knew Nobby.
38. Swim, Sam, swim, Show them you're a swimmer!
39. Six sharp sharks are out to take your liver, So swim, Sam, swim!
40. 'Night, night, Knight,' said one Knight to the other Knight the other night. 'Night, night, Knight.'
41. The cat-catchers can't catch caught cats.
42. If I can't have a proper cup of coffee, In a proper copper coffee pot, I'll have a cup of tea!

43. Once I heard a mother utter, 'Daughter, go and shut the shutter.'
'Shutter's shut,' the daughter uttered, 'For I can't shut it any
shutter
44. 'Walter, get water from the waiter!'
45. Who will wet the whetstone while Willy whistles wistfully?
46. Our black bull bled black blood on our blackthorn flower.
47. Swift Sam Smith and Shifty Sidney Smithers shouldn't send silly
signals.
48. Bring back bright brand-new British brushes from breezy
Bridlington.
49. If one doctor doctors another doctor, does the doctor who
doctors the doctor doctor the doctor the way the doctor he is
doctoring doctors? Or does he doctor the doctor the way the
doctor who doctors doctors?
50. I see seven seagulls soaring southwards silently.
51. The heir's hair gets into the heir's ear here.
52. If neither he sells seashells, Nor she sells seashells, Who shall
sell seashells? Shall seashells be sold?
53. Mrs. Mixer mixes mixes in the mixer.
54. I 'd rather lather father Than father lather me. When father
lathers He lathers rather free.
55. Do breath tests test breath? Yes, that's the best of a breath test.
So the best breath stands the breath test best!

56. The busy bee buzzed busily around the busy beehive.
57. If a hair net could net hair, How much hair could a hair net net,
If that hair net could net hair?
58. Of all the felt I ever felt I never felt a piece of felt That felt the
same as that felt felt When I first felt that felt.
59. Oswald Whittle's whistle out whistles all other whistler's
whistles in Oswaldtwistle.
60. 'Whose shoe?' sighed Sue. 'My shoe,' lied Lou. 'Here's your shoe
Lou,' cried Sue. 'Shucks, Sue, thank you,' Lou sighed. 'My shoe,'
cried Blue, 'I'll sue Lou and Sue!'
61. Tonight is a light night, So you mustn't light a night light on a
light night like this.
62. Can clever cooks cook clocks, or should cooks not cook clocks?
63. Fancy Nancy didn't fancy doing fancy work. But Fancy Nancy's
fancy aunty did fancy Fancy Nancy doing fancy work!
64. The new nuns knew the true nuns knew the new nuns too.
65. Mumbling bumblings. Bumbling mumblings.
66. Swan, swim over the sea. Swim, swan, swim! Swan, swim back
again! Well swum, swan.
67. I see seven seagulls soaring southwards silently.

68. A lively young fisher named Fischer. Fished for fish from the edge of a fissure. A fish with a grin Pulled the fisherman in! Now they're fishing the fissure For Fischer.
69. We surely shall see the sun shine soon.
70. Weak writers want white ruled writing paper.
71. Tommy Tye Tried to tie his tie, But tugging too tight Tore his tie.
72. A selfish shellfish smelt a stale fish. If the stale fish was a smelt Then the selfish shellfish smelt a smelt.
73. Did Diddy David dawdle down the dale, or did Dale dawdle down to Diddy David's.
74. High roller. Low roller. Lower a roller.
75. Twenty tinkers took two hundred tin-tacks to Toy Town.
76. If the sleeper in a sleeper sleeps, does the sleeper not in the sleeper on the sleeper sleep?
77. Let us go together to gather lettuce, whether the weather will let us or no.
78. Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's kettle. Did Kimbo Kemble kick his kinsman's kettle? If Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's kettle, Where's the kinsman's kettle Kimbo Kemble kicked?
79. Stop Chop Shops selling Chop Shop chops!
80. The owner of the Inside Inn was outside his Inside Inn, with his inside outside his Inside Inn.

81. I do like cheap sea trips, cheap sea trips on ships.
82. Farmer Fresshitt's fresh farm eggs fry furiously in Farmer Fresshitt's frying pan.
83. Double bubble gum bubbles double!
84. Crazy cooks cut chunky chips for cheeky chaps.
85. If one doctor doctors another doctor, does the doctor who doctors the doctor doctor the doctor the way the doctor he is doctoring doctors? Or does he doctor the doctor the way the doctor who doctors doctors?
86. Shall Sheila show several sailors sheets that she has sewn?
87. Will Winnie wander with Will, or will Will wander with Winnie? We wonder.
88. Seven Severn salmon swallowing seven Severn shrimps.
89. Wood said he would carry the wood through the wood. And if Wood said he would Wood would.
90. King Kong went to Hong Kong to play ping-pong and have a sing-song and then died.
91. Red lorry, yellow lorry, red lorry, yellow lorry.

Theme-4-5

English proverbs

Absence make the heart grow fonder:

People often feel more affectionate toward each other when they are apart.

Actions speak louder than words:

People's actions are more convincing than their words are.

After the feast comes the reckoning:

People must always pay the price of their excesses.

All that glitters is not gold: Some things aren't as valuable as they appear to be.

An apple a day keeps the doctor away:

Eating an apple everyday helps a person stay healthy.

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree:

Children take after their parents.

Bad news travel fast: Reports of problems and misfortune spread quickly.

Barking dogs seldom bite: People who threaten others usually don't hurt them.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder:

What seems ordinary or ugly to one person might seem beautiful to another.

Beggars can't be choosers: When a person has nothing, he or she must accept whatever help is offered.

The best things in life are free: The things that give a person the most happiness don't cost anything.

Better a live coward than a dead hero:

It's better to run from a life-threatening situation than to fight and risk being killed.

Better late than never: It's better to do something late than not to do it at all.

Better safe than sorry: It's better to choose a safe course of action than a risky one that could lead to regrets.

The bigger they are the harder they fall: The more important someone is, the more severe are the consequences of his failure.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush: Something you already have is better than something you might get.

Birds of a feather flock together: People of the same type seem to gather together.

Blood is thicker than water: Members of the same family share stronger ties with each other than they do with others.

Charity begins at home: One should take care of one's own family, friends or fellow citizens before helping other people.

Clothes don't make the man: A person shouldn't be judged by the clothes he wears.

Curiosity killed the cat: It is dangerous to be curious.

Do as I say not as I do: Follow my advice but don't follow my example.

Theme-6

Superman and the psychiatrist

Scene: A psychiatrist's consulting room

Characters: A psychiatrist, Angela (the psychiatrist's receptionist), Mr. Wilkins, Superman

The receptionist comes in.

Psychiatrist: Who's next, Angela?

Receptionist: There's a man to see you, doctor. His name is Wilkins. He says he can't talk quietly. He can only shout.

Mr. Wilkins: Can I come in?!!

Psychiatrist: Hmm. Yes, I see. Ask him to come in

Receptionist: Come in, Mr. Wilkins.

(He comes in. The receptionist goes out.)

Mr. Wilkins: Thank you! Hello, doctor. Sorry to trouble you.

Psychiatrist: That's all right, Mr. Wilkins. Do sit down. Now... what seems to be the trouble?

Mr. Wilkins: Er...Well, doctor, I can't talk quietly, I can only shout.

Psychiatrist: (Shouting) How long have you been like this?

Mr. Wilkins: Pardon?

Psychiatrist: (Back to normal) How long have you been like this'

Mr. Wilkins: About a week.

Psychiatrist: Well, don't worry. I think you've got a very nice shouting voice.

Mr. Wilkins: But I can't go on like this. I'll lose my job.

Psychiatrist: What is your job?

Mr. Wilkins: I'm a librarian. I work in a library. I can't shout at work, you know,

Psychiatrist: In that case, Mr. Wilkins, I think you should change your job.

Mr. Wilkins: But what can I do? No one wants a man who can only shout.

Psychiatrist: You could get a job as an English teacher.

Mr. Wilkins: An English teacher?

Psychiatrist: Yes, they shout all the time.

Mr. Wilkins: All right, doctor. I'll do that. Goodbye.

Psychiatrist: Goodbye, Mr. Wilkins.

(He leaves, still shouting.)

Mr. Wilkins: Hey, you! Write down this verb!

Receptionist: Goodbye, Mr. Wilkins.

The receptionist comes back into the room.

Receptionist: Is Mr. Wilkins all right, doctor?

Psychiatrist: Yes. He's going to be an English teacher.

Receptionist: Oh.

Psychiatrist: Who's next?

Receptionist: Superman.

Psychiatrist: Superman?

Receptionist: Yes.

Psychiatrist: Oh, I see,. someone who thinks he's Superman.

Receptionist: No, doctor. He really is Superman.

Psychiatrist: What? The big, strong man who flies through the air?

Receptionist: Yes.

Psychiatrist: Oh, I see. Ask him to come in.

Receptionist: Yes, doctor. (To Superman) Come this way, please.

(Superman comes in, very tired and out-of-breath.)

Superman: Thank you.

Psychiatrist: Thank you, Angela.

(The receptionist goes out.)

Psychiatrist: Good morning, Mr...er...

Superman: Superman.

Psychiatrist: Yes, Superman. Do sit down.

(Superman sits down.)

Superman: Thank you.

Psychiatrist: Well, what seems to be the trouble?

Superman: Well, doctor, I'm Superman. People think I can do everything, but I can't. I can't do anything any more.

Psychiatrist: What can't you do?

Superman: I can't climb buildings, I can't lift cars...and I can't fly.

Psychiatrist: Well, don't worry. A lot of people have that problem

Superman: But you don't understand. I'm Superman. If you can't fly, you can't be Superman. It's in the contract.

Psychiatrist: Ah yes, I see

Superman: In the old days, when people called for Superman, I could run into a telephone box, take off my boring grey city suit, and become Superman, all in ten seconds. Yesterday, I went into a telephone box, and it took me fifteen minutes just to take off my trousers. And when I came out, I couldn't remember where I was going.

What do you think of that?

(The psychiatrist is asleep.)

Superman: Eh?

Psychiatrist: (Waking up) Er. What? Pardon?

Superman: What do you think?

Psychiatrist: I think you should change your job

Superman: But what can I do?

Psychiatrist: Well, you've got a very nice face. You could be a pop singer.

Superman: A pop singer?

Psychiatrist: Yes, I can see it all now. Your name will be in lights! You'll be famous!

Superman: But I am famous. I'm Superman.

Psychiatrist: Not any more. From today, you are Rocky Superdazzle!

Superman: Do you think it's a good idea?

Psychiatrist: Yes, of course.. .Rocky,

(The receptionist comes in again.)

Receptionist: Doctor

Psychiatrist: Yes, Angela?

Receptionist: Mr. Wilkins is back again,

(Mr. Wilkins comes in, shouting as before.)

Mr. Wilkins: Yes, I am. I've changed my mind. I don't want to be an English teacher. What else can I do?

Psychiatrist: Don't worry, Mr Wilkins. I've got another job for you. You can work with Rocky Superdazzle here.

Superman: How do you do?

Mr. wilkins: Rocky Superdazzle? That's not Rocky Superdazzle! That's Superman, I saw him in a telephone box yesterday. Superman! Huh! It took him fifteen minutes just to take off his trousers.

Psychiatrist: Well, he was Superman, but he's not Superman any more. I think you can both work together...

(A few weeks later, at a pop concert.)

Mr. Wilkins: Ladies and gentlemen, you've heard of Rod Stewart! You've heard of Mick Jagger! You've heard of...Queen Elizabeth the Second of England! Well, tonight we present a new star on the pop scene. He's cooler than Rod Stewart! He's wilder than Mick Jagger! And he's...taller than Queen Elizabeth the Second of England! Ladies and gentlemen - Rocky Superdazzle!

(The audience screams and applauds.)

Superman: Thank you! Thank you very much! Thank you!

Theme-7**The bus stop**

Scene: A bus stop Characters, an old lady, a robber, student, a policeman

The robber is waiting at the bus stop. The old lady joins him.

Old lady: Excuse me.

Robber: Yes?

Old lady: The 44.

Robber: The 44?

Old lady: Yes, The Number 44 bus. Does it stop here?

Robber: I don't know.

(He looks at the notice on the bus stop.)

Robber: Um...39...,40...41 ...42...43...45. No, it doesn't.

Old lady: Pardon?

Robber: The 44 doesn't stop here

Old lady: Oh, good.

Robber: Pardon?

Old lady: I said 'Oh, good'. I'm very pleased.

Robber: What do you mean?

Old lady: I don't want to catch a 44.

(She laughs. The robber is not pleased, and stands with his back to her.)

Old lady: Excuse me again.

Robber: Yes?

Old lady: The 46.

Robber: The 46?

Old lady: Yes, The Number 46 bus. Does it stop here?

Robber: Do you want to catch a 46?

Old lady: Um...Yes,

(The robber looks at the notice again.)

Robber: 42, 43, 45...45A, 45B, 45C, 45D...46, Yes. Yes, the 46 stops here.

Old lady: Oh, good.

Robber: Ah, here comes a 46 now,
(A bus passes very fast.)

Old lady: It didn't stop!

Robber: I Know

Old lady: But you said the 46 stopped here. You're telling lies!

Robber: No, I'm not. That one was full. Ah, here comes another one.

Old lady: A Number 1 ? I don't want a Number 1. I want a Number 46.

Robber: I didn't say 'A Number 1'. I said 'Another one'. Another Number 46.

Old lady: Oh, I see.

Robber: This one will stop.
(Another bus passes very fast.)

Old lady: It didn't stop!

Robber: I know.
(The robber stands with his back to the old lady.)

Old lady: Excuse me again.

Robber: No!

Old lady: Pardon?

Robber: No! The 47 doesn't stop here

Old lady: No, no, no.

Robber: Or the 48, or the 49, or the 50!

Old lady: No, you don't understand. I want to ask you a question.

Robber: Oh, yes?

Old lady: Are you a doctor?

Robber: What?

Old lady: Are you a doctor?

Robber: No, I'm not.

Old lady: Are you sure you're not a doctor?

Robber: Yes, I am!

Old lady: Oh, you ore a doctor!

Robber: No! I'm sure I am not a doctor!

Old lady: Oh. What a shame. You see, I've got this terrible pain in my back

Robber: Well, I'm sorry. I am not a doctor. I am a robber.

Old lady: A what?

Robber: A robber a thief.

Old lady: Teeth? No, no, not my teeth - my back. The pain's in my back. My teeth are all right

Robber: No! I didn't say 'teeth'. I said 'thief. Thief- robber! I am a robber. Look - here's my card.

He gives her his card.

Old lady: (Reading) 'Sam Poskins. Robber. Banks a speciality.' Oh, you're a robber.

Robber: That's right.

(He takes back his card.)

Old lady: Help!

Robber: What's the matter?

Old lady: Police!!

Robber: Stop it!

Old lady: Murder!!!

Robber: Look - be quiet. It's all right. I rob banks. I don't rob people. And I certainly don't rob old ladies.

Old lady: Old ladies!

Robber: Yes.

Old lady: Old ladies! I'm not an old lady. I'm only 92.

Robber: Well, I don't care if you're 92 or 192. I am not. going to rob you.

Old lady: I don't believe you.

Robber: What?

Old lady: I don't believe you're a robber.

Robber: Well, I am.

Old lady: No, no, no - impossible.

Robber: What do you mean?

Old lady: You're too small.

Robber: What do you mean - I'm 'too small'? I am not too small.

Old lady: Yes, you are. You're much too small.

Robber: No, I'm not. And anyway, I've got a gun. Look!

(He takes out his gun.)

Old lady: Oh, yes. You've got a gun.

Robber: That's right.

Old lady: Help!

Robber: It's all right. It's not real.

Old lady: Not real?!

Robber: No

Old lady: You call yourself a robber! You're too small, your gun isn't real, and you can't even rob a 92-year-old lady at a bus stop!

Robber: All right, all right, all right! I'll show you. I will rob the next person who comes to this bus stop.

Old lady: Oh, good!,,.Look - here comes someone.

Robber: Right. Watch this.

(The student stands at the bus stop, holding a book.)

Robber: Excuse me.

Student: Yes?

Robber: Put up your hands.

Student: I'm sorry. I don't speak English

Robber: Oh, Er,,,Give me your money.

Student: What?

Robber: Your money!

Student: Money?

Robber: Yes - money, money, money!

Student: Ah! No, it's not Money...it's Tuesday.

Robber: No, no, no, I didn't say 'Monday'. I said 'money'. Money!

Student: No, I told you - it isn't Money, it's Tuesday. Look - it's in this book.

(The student opens the book.)

Student: (Monday, Tuesday,..)

The robber takes the book.

Robber: What is this book? 'English for all situations'. Oh, good, He looks through the book.

Robber: Um,, 'In a restaurant',,, 'On a train... Ah, yes - this is it: 'Unit 16, The robbery,' Good, Look - here. 'Dialogue I: Give me your money, (The student reads in the book too.)

Student: Ah, money! Um...'Are you trying to rob me?'

Robber: 'Yes, I am,

Student: 'Are you a robber?'

Robber: 'Yes, I am,'

Student: 'I will call a policeman,

Robber: 'No, you won't,

Student: 'Yes, I will.'

Robber: 'No, you won't,...'Policemen are like buses. You can never find one when you want one.

Student: 'No. you are wrong. There's a policeman standing behind you.' This is true.

Robber: Ha, ha! I don't believe that'....Oh.

Policeman: Now, what's going on here? Robber Ah. Er...well...

(The robber, the student and the old lady all talk at once. The policeman blows his whistle.)

Policeman: Right. You can all come with me to the station.

Robber: Oh, no!

Student: Oh, yes, 'Unit 17: The police station.'

Old lady: Station? I don't want to catch a train. I want to catch a Number 46 bus.

Policeman: Not the railway station, madam - the police station.

Old lady: Oh, the police station! Yes, I know it. It's very near my house. Come on, everybody!

(The robber, the student and the old lady walk away, all talking at once again. The policeman follows them, blowing his whistle.)

Theme-8**“FIRM FRIENDSHIP”***(Turkmen folk tale)*

Once upon a time, there lived lonely puppy. He lived on his own, being bored run to the mountains, or walked on the plain. However, he could nowhere find the suitable place for himself. He didn't like anything, and nothing made him happy. One day the puppy went for a walk, and suddenly he met a hare, "Hare, hare, let's live together." "Well, my friend, let it be as you wish. Let's live together," the hare agreed.

The hare and the puppy began to look for a cozy place to build a house. They found such place, made the house and went to look for food for themselves. The whole day, the hare run off his feet: built the house, looked for the food, and at nightfall, was fast asleep. Now, he had the reliable friend, nobody would offend him. Nevertheless, the puppy didn't sleep, because he found the friend, and at that moment he was not alone. He was quite out of breath for joy that no strange would set foot on their territory. The puppy wanted to inform all animals in the forest about it, and began to bark so loud, that the hare nearly died from fear. The hare prepared to run away, but he saw the sitting nearby puppy. Having calmed down a little bit, he said, "Why do you bark, when your friend is sleeping? Don't you think that his heart can break? Moreover, if the wolf hears your barking, he will tear us to pieces," the hare said with offence.

Having heard the reproof, the puppy offended and thought to himself, "It is better to live alone than with such coward," and went away from the hare. Whole day the puppy wandered about the forest thinking to himself, "It is better to be friends with strong and brave, as the wolf." Suddenly there appeared a wolf. The puppy stopped the wolf

and told him, "Brer Wolf, listen to me!" "What has happened?" answered the wolf. The puppy told him his story with hare. Then complained of his fate, "I am bored to be alone. I'm tired. I want to be friends with animals like me - brave, courageous, for example with you. You are welcome! Let's live together; we'll have good time together," After long and rich hunting, the friends went to sleep. In the middle of the night, the puppy waked up because of hoot of owl. He was so frightened that began to bark. The wolf jumped to his feet and began to tremble with fear more strongly than the hare, but he didn't show that, - "My friend, you can indeed wake up the sleeping bear. I don't afraid, I'll overcome. What about you? The bear is mighty." Having heard this, the puppy thought a little bit and decided that the wolf could not be a good friend for him. be puppy was deeply disappointed in his friend. Therefore, the puppy went away from the wolf, too. However, the puppy thought to himself, "The bear is the stronger one, it would be better to be friends with him."

Thinking of it the puppy wandered about the mountain canyons, and suddenly he met a bear. Without a moment's hesitation, the puppy offered the bear to be 7' friends. The bear agreed. They built the house in the forest. The bear slept soundly, and the puppy from force of habit barked at every noise. This night was especial, the barking of the puppy was louder than usually. He wanted that all animals to hear and know that his friend was mighty beast - bear. The bear was deeply sleeping, he had a dream about the barrel of the honey, he ate the honey and sucked his paw. Suddenly the puppy barked so loud, that the bear jumped up in panic, the earth trembled. The bear looked round and saw just the barking puppy.

The bear rushed to him, "Keep silence and sleep. The human will hear your bark, he will easily find us and kill both." Hearing such words the puppy considered and decided that the man - the most powerful. "If it

was not so, the bear wouldn't be afraid of the human", thought the puppy and went away from the bear, too. The puppy went until he came to the edge of deep forest. At that moment, he saw a man chopping the wood. The puppy came up to the man, told him about his adventures, and offered him to be friends.

Having thought the man agreed, "You are welcome. I need such friend like you. Your habits - to be on the guard and be attentive, are to my liking, even the hare, wolf and bear didn't like them." From that day, the firm and unbreakable friendship was aroused between a man and a dog.

Theme-9**The folktales****The way Yartygulak found his father and mother***(Chapter 1)*

Nobody knows whether this story is fact or fiction. Once upon a time one old man moved on the scorching from sun sands. He rode a donkey leading a camel. From dusk till dawn the old man worked on the mill and was tired very much. The camel was bearing the heavy sacks and was also tired. The donkey was tired too as you can guess on obvious reasons - the old man sat on it all along the desert. But aull was still far. Whole day the road led its wanderer from one free-moving dune sands to another, from one wind-borne dune sands to any more. Even the bird doesn't know the end of that road. The wind itself doesn't know the end of that desert - Garagum Desert.

The old man was riding and singing a song that was as long as his life was; as gloomy as his thoughts, because he was already old, and his beard became white as heap of cotton, as well as he had no son - the mate in his old age. If I would have a son, Even like Tom Thumb...Suddenly he heard someone called him, "Ata dear old man! If you have no son, let me be your son. The old man was amazed, stopped his donkey and began thoroughly to look down, and saw nothing but dry bushes of alhagi - camel's thorn

Don't search for eagle on the ground!" the voice resounded again. The old man lifted his eyes to sky however he didn't see anything there. The voice uttered entirely loud, "Who is seeking for a leopard among the clouds? Stop hiding! Show yourself just right now! the old man implored. He yearned to see his long-awaited son. Suddenly he noticed the little boy peeping out from the camels ear.

I'm right here! Do you see me? Will you be so kind to help me out from this small nomad tent? Otherwise I will be strangled."

The old man pulled out the boy from the camel's ear and seated him on his palm. "What is your name?" Old man asked tenderly. "Call me as you want!" Kid answered briskly.

"How little you are! I can swear you are not bigger than the half of camel's ear!" The little one looked at the old man and burst out laughing, "you can call me precisely so! I take a fancy to this name!" The old man named the boy Yartygulak that meant "half of an ear". "All is well concerning you, Yartygulak", the old man gave a deep sigh. "But will you be a good helper in my old age? You are too little!" The son cunningly winked at his father, "Ata jan1, diamond is also not big. But for one diamond you can buy one hundred camels. Don't sell me even for one thousand camels, because I will bring luck and happiness to your home."

Having said these words he jumped to his feet and cried at napping donkey. The donkey shook its ears and all four of them hit the road.

The old woman sat in the yard near the house on the white felt mat weaving a rug. She wove thinking about her grief, that the fate didn't send them the son.

"Hey, mother! I've brought you a son!" the old man cried her from far off and pointed at the boy. Yartygulak was sitting between the ears of the camel and grandly glanced at his parents; the old woman didn't believe her eyes. She took him into her warm hands and couldn't enjoy looking at her son, "Oh, my dear son, you are so beautiful and ruddy-faced! But why are you so little?" "Don't grieve for it, Eje! It will be required less silk for the robe to your little son!" The old woman cooked large cauldron of the palav2, baked choreks3 and put full plate of raisins and sweet melon. They dressed up Yartygulak and made up the feast with lots of guests and food. The songs were sung and dutar4 was playing throughout the evening.

Three crumpets and talking camel

One morning the old woman ground barley flour on the quern, kneaded the dough on sour milk, and baked three choreks in tamdyr1. She spread the butter on the surface of choreks, put them into the bowl,

and tied the bowl up into the clean kerchief. When the old woman put her shoes on Yarty gulak asked his mother, "Where are you going, Eje?" "I have to carry the meal for lunch to your father and lead him the camel to the field. Don't go? I will do everything myself. Oh, it's out of your reach! You are still little." Yartygulak laughed, "Even though I am little, I am courageous enough. Little pigeons can deliver great messages. Don't worry; I'll bring the lunch to my father in time." The mother was amused and agreed, because she had much work to do at home. She put the bundle with bread on the camel, and agile Yartygulak climbed on his habitual place - into camel's ear. The gang of boys ran along their road. Look, the camel walks alone! This camel gets lost. Let's catch and bring it home. Our parents will be glad to such wealth.

One of boys ran up to the animal and grasped bridle, but suddenly mysterious voice resounded right from the head of the camel, "Hey, don't you dare touch the beast belonging to other people! The boy was so afraid of the talking camel that jumped aside and felt down in full pace to the ground. He leaped up and all boys took to their heels quickly without looking back. Help! A jinni has gotten into the camel! Help! Yartygulak being satisfied of the way he managed the gang of hoodlums, left the ear of the camel and proceeded on his journey on its hump, hurrying the camel up. The clouds began to grey, when the field of his father was already not so far. The boy hurried with all a gallop, and kiddy was caught in a cloudburst. It thundered, and steppe was reduced into the stormy sea. Yarty never saw such rain. He got wet to the skin, snatching at back of camel. 'If the rain threw me on the earth, I'll sink in these turbulent currents, and won't see my parents.' He had a narrow escape. Straining himself Yarty climbed camel's long neck and hid under the soft ear of the animal. He was warm there as if in his father's tent.

When it stopped raining the boy looked out of his shelter, loud croaking resounded over the head of the boy. Yarty threw a glance upward and saw the black raven making circles above him. He hid in the ear of the camel to think over the way of escaping from the raven. But suddenly one more enemy appeared on the way of Yarty, bushy agape dog run around the camel. Bushy Bar threatened all kids of the village.

"My chorecks are as good as gone!" Yartygulak cried to himself. Having slipped to the bundle, he pulled out one crumpet and threw it to the dog. Everything happened as Yartygulak supposed: the dog jumped for prey, but the raven snatched out the crumpet first. It flapped wings to flush, but bushy Bar took the big leap and tore into the bird. Yartygulak and camel proceeded along the path leaving the loud croaking and hollow growl behind them.

Finally Yarty reached the field and called his father, "Ata jan I've brought you the crumpets!"

"Ah, what a nice son I have! Before we could bat an eyelid, he became the true jigitl. Re-member, darling, the careful son makes happy father's heart!"

The old man wiped his hands with bunch of grass and began to eat puffy crumpets chipping by small pieces for his son.

Yartygulak had never eaten such delicious crumpets!

Theme-10**Table Manners**

Good table manners avoid ugliness. All rules of table manners are made to avoid it. To let anyone see what you have in your mouth is offensive. So is to make a noise. To make a mess in the plate is disgusting. So there are some rules how to behave yourself at the table:

- 1) Do not attract undue attention to yourself in public.
- 2) When eating take as much as you want, but eat as much as you take.
- 3) Never stretch over the table for something you want, ask. your neighbour to pass it.
- 4) Take a slice of bread from the bread-plate by hand, don't harpoon your bread with a fork.
- 5) Never read while eating (at least in company).
- 6) When a dish is placed before you do not eye it suspiciously as though it were the first time you had seen it, and do not give the impression that you are about to sniff it.
- 7) Chicken requires special handling. First cut as much as you can, and when you can't use knife or fork any longer, use your fingers.
- 8) The customary way to refuse a dish is by saying, "No, thank you" (or to accept, "Yes, please"). Don't say "I don't eat that stuff, don't make faces or noises to show that you don't like it.
- 9) In between courses don't make bread-balls to while the time away and do not play with the silver.
- 10) Do not leaves in your cup when drinking tea or coffee.
- 11) Do not empty your glass too quickly — it will be promptly refilled.
- 12) Don't put liquid into your mouth if it is already full.
- 13) Don't eat off the knife.

- 14) Vegetables, potatoes, macaroni are placed on your fork with' the help of your knife.
- 15) If your food is too hot don't blow on it as though you were trying to start a campfire on a damp night.
- 16) Try to make as little noise as possible when eating.
- 17) And, finally, don't forget to say "thank you" for every favour or **kindness**.

Questions:

1. All rules of table manners are made to avoid ugliness, aren't they?
2. What is "good table manners"?
3. Why do our people need them?
4. What other table manners do you know?
5. Do you follow them?

POEM ON TABLE MANNERS

O Lord, grant me an understanding,
 So that I could say something important
 About the bread-table.
 It will bring together fruits of the field,
 What is in the barn and the sack,
 Whatever will grow in the soil,
 All this will lie on the table.
 That is why the table is a generous lord:
 Beer and water stand on it,
 Also meat and bread,
 And many other provisions;
 According to his station,
 Everyone may get something.
 No one will be cheerful in the morning,

But once he sits at the table,
He'll forget all worries.
And he should sit in peace,
And he should also eat well.
Many a man who sits at the table,
Will sit down like an ox,
Like a pole stuck in the ground.
He has no plate for his food,
So as to slice a piece for his neighbor,
And he grabs first for the bowl,
Because his mouth waters as if for honey
Let a sore cover his mouth!
If he eats with someone of the fair sex,
And has dirty hands,
She will speak to him insincerely.
And he will stuff the bowl full of food
Like one who works with a hoe.
He reaches for the bowl ahead of the others,
Looking for a favorite morsel,
He is not worthy of anything good.
But they always know where the respectable person sits;
Each servant will come to him,
Provide everything properly for him,
Put better dishes in front of him.
Many a man pays little attention to this;
He will sit where they won't seat him;
He wants to seat himself higher,
Then will sit much lower.
Many a man will still be at the door
When he sits at his place,
And then unwillingly he must stand up;

It would have been better not to do this.
 There is many a poor nobleman
 Who is known to the princes,
 And known as a good man;
 He has a right to sit higher.
 Everyone should respect him:
 He is not just any young man;
 Everyone must honor him.
 What a person brought up at home does not know,
 The well-traveled will tell him.
 The meal begins with water
 Before they sit down to eat;
 They put it on their hands,
 That's how the most worthy people meet each other
 When they sit themselves at the table.
 Maidens, observe the following:
 First, cut little pieces,
 Cut often but small slices,
 And eat only what you need.
 Both a maiden and a lady
 Should know what is improper,
 But a knight or a squire
 Worships a lady - this is proper.
 Give her the best from the table,
 So that she remains with you,
 Because whoever wants to win women over
 Will be loved by all of them,
 And thanked when no one can see;
 Because an honest woman is a crown;
 Let him perish who speaks ill of her.
 They have this power from the Mother of God,

So that the princes stand up to greet them.
 And pay them great tribute.
 I praise you maidens, ladies,
 As there is nothing better than you;
 Everyone should pay attention to this,
 To take only one's own portion.
 Some in turn do not care
 What they are told about respect,
 And they annoy many:
 If one has somebody by his side,
 He bothers him with his talk.
 He won't care about polite speech,
 Nor will he let the other listen.
 Whoever respects a woman,
 Mother of God, give him these:
 Take him as your servant,
 Save him from mortal sin
 And also from a sudden end.
 Because joy comes from ladies.
 There is a lot of it in the world,
 And all kindness comes from them,
 Provided we value it ourselves.
 And those who cause them harm are bad,
 Because the ladies lead us to respect.
 He who does not know this,
 I'll tell him, let him be pleased:
 Whoever has a virtuous mother,
 Will get all his respect because of her;
 Because of her, no one will rebuke him;
 Each respected lady has such a power.
 Therefore it is fitting that we praise them,

Whoever has a good soul.
Accept this tale
In your honor, maidens, ladies!
And also my merciful Lord,
Słota, your sinful servant,
Is asking Your Majesty for this:
Bestow on us all Your happiness.
Amen.

Translated by Michael J. Mikoř

THE Goops they lick their fingers,
And the Goops they lick their knives;
They spill their broth on the tablecloth-
Oh, they lead disgusting lives!
The Goops they talk while eating,
And loud and fast they chew;
And that is why I'm glad that I
Am not a Goop-are you?

Theme-11

The Boy and the Thieves

Once upon a time there was a little boy who lived with his father. They weren't rich. Although the boy's father worked very hard, he had only forty golden coins.

One day the boy's father heard that a merchants' (**söwdagär**) caravan was heading out and called his son. He gave him the forty golden coins and said: «Son, this is all we have. Go and remember to be always honest.»

The boy joined the merchants' caravan.

One day thieves robbed the caravan. The merchants were frightened and gave everything they had to the thieves. The little boy stood aside and watched how the thieves divided their loot (**olja**) among each other.

– Let's give some of these things to that poor boy, - said one of the thieves.

– Hey, you! Come here! – shouted the other thief.

The boy came closer (**golaýyna**) the thieves.

– So... what do you have? What can we take from you? – asked the thief.

– Forty golden coins, answered the little boy.

– Forty?! Ha – ha – ha! – laughed the thieves.

The boy took forty golden coins from his pocket and showed them to the thieves. The thieves stopped laughing.

– Why did you show us the coins? – asked one of the thieves.

– We thought you were very poor and wanted to give you some of our loot, – said the other thief.

– And now we will take your money too, – said one of the thieves.

– Sending me on this trip, my father told me to be honest (**dogryçyl**) and I always listen to him, – answered the boy.

The thieves looked at each other. Then, one thief brought his horse and gave it to the boy. The second thief gave him his bag with food. The third thief gave some money. The little boy thanked the thieves and went home.

7. Number the sentences.

- a. One day the thieves robbed the caravan.
- b. The old man gave his son forty golden coins.
- c. The little boy returned home on a horse with some food and money.
- d. «I always listen to my father» said the boy.
- e. The little boy joined the merchant's caravan.
- f. The thieves wanted to take the poor boy's forty golden coins.

8. Write true or false.

1. Once upon a time there was a boy who lived in a palace.
2. The little boy and his father were rich.
3. One day the thieves attacked the merchants' caravan.
4. The boy's father asked him to be always honest.
5. The thieves wanted to take the boy's forty golden coins.
6. The little boy gave the thieves his horse, food and money.

9. Circle the correct words.

1. One day the thieves robbed *merchant's caravan/ the little boy's house*.
2. The thieves thought the boy was *rich/ poor*.
3. I *always/ never* listen to my father.
4. When the boy said he had forty golden coins the thieves began to cry/ laugh.
5. One thief gave this *donkey/ horse* to the boy.

10. Match and write.

1. Although the boy's father worked hard,
 - a. and showed them to the thieves.
2. The merchants were frightened,
 - b. wanted to give you some of our loot
3. The boy took coins from his pocket,
 - c. he had only forty golden coins.
4. «We thought you were poor and
 - d. and everything they had to the thieves.

- 5. The boy thanked the thieves
- e. and I always listen to him.»
- 6. My father told me to be honest,
- f. and went home

12. Pair off with a classmate. Ask and answer the questions.

- 1. Did you like the folk tale?
- 2. What is your favorite part in the story?
- 3. What other stories about thieves do you know?
- 4. Do you always listen to your parents?
- 5. What are some of the things that your parents ask you to do?

Theme-12**The Princess Frog**

Long, long ago there was a Tsar who had three sons. One day, when his sons were grown to manhood, the Tsar called them to him and said:

"My dear sons, while yet I am not old I should like to see you married and to rejoice in the sight of your children and my grandchildren."

And the sons replied:

"If that is your wish, Father, then give us your blessing. Who would you like us to marry?"

"Now then, my sons, you must each of you take an arrow and go out into the open field. You must shoot the arrows, and wherever they fall, there will you find your destined brides."

The sons bowed to their father and, each of them taking an arrow, went out into the open field. There they drew their bows and let fly their arrows.

The eldest son's arrow fell in a boyar's courtyard and was picked up by the boyar's daughter. The middle son's arrow fell in a rich merchant's yard and was picked up by the merchant's daughter. And as for the youngest son, Tsarevich Ivan, his arrow shot up and flew away he knew not where. He went in search of it and he walked on and on till he reached a marsh, and what did he see sitting there but a Frog with the arrow in its mouth. Said Tsarevich Ivan to the Frog:

"Frog, Frog, give me back my arrow."



But the Frog replied:

"I will if you marry me!"

"What do you mean, how can I marry a frog!"

"You must, for I am your destined bride."

Tsarevich Ivan felt sad and crestfallen. But there was nothing to be done, and he picked up the Frog and carried it home.

Three weddings were celebrated: his eldest son the Tsar married to the boyar's daughter, his middle son, to the merchant's daughter, and poor Tsarevich Ivan, to the Frog.

Some little time passed, and the Tsar called his sons to his side.

"I want to see which of your wives is the better needle-woman," said he. "Let them each make me a shirt by tomorrow morning."

The sons bowed to their father and left him.

Tsarevich Ivan came home, sat down and hung his head. And the Frog hopped over the floor and up to him and asked:

"Why do you hang your head, Tsarevich Ivan? What is it that troubles you?"

"Father bids you make him a shirt by tomorrow morning."

Said the Frog:

"Do not grieve, Tsarevich Ivan, but go to bed, for morning is wiser than evening."

Tsarevich Ivan went to bed, and the Frog hopped out on to the porch, cast off its frog skin and turned into Vasilisa the Wise and Clever, a maiden fair beyond compare.

She clapped her hands and cried:

"Come, my women and maids, make haste and set to work! Make me a shirt by tomorrow morning, like those my own father used to wear."

In the morning Tsarevich Ivan awoke, and there was the Frog hopping on the floor again, but the shirt was all ready and lying on the table wrapped in a handsome towel. Tsarevich Ivan was overjoyed. He took the shirt and he went with it to his father who was busy receiving his two elder sons' gifts. The eldest son laid out his shirt, and the Tsar took it and said:

"This shirt will only do for a poor peasant to wear."

The middle son laid out his shirt, and the Tsar said:

"This shirt will only do to go to the baths in."

Then Tsarevich Ivan laid out his shirt, all beautifully embroidered in gold and silver, and the Tsar took one look at it and said:

"Now that is a shirt to wear on holidays!"

The two elder brothers went home and they spoke among themselves and said:

"It seems we were wrong to laugh at Tsarevich Ivan's wife. She is no frog, but a witch."

Now the Tsar again called his sons.

"Let your wives bake me some bread by tomorrow morning," said he. "I want to know which of them is the best cook."

Tsarevich Ivan hung his head and went home. And the Frog asked him:

"Why are you so sad, Tsarevich Ivan?"

Said Tsarevich Ivan:

"You are to bake some bread for my father by tomorrow morning."

"Do not grieve, Tsarevich Ivan, but go to bed. Morning is wiser than evening."

And her two sisters-in-law, who had laughed at the Frog at first, now sent an old woman who worked in the kitchen to see how she baked her bread.

But the Frog was clever and guessed what they were up to. She kneaded some dough, broke off the top of the stove and threw the dough down the hole. The old woman ran to the two sisters-in-law and told them all about it, and they did as the Frog had done.

And the Frog hopped out on to the porch, turned into Vasilisa the Wise and Clever and clapped her hands.

"Come, my women and maids, make haste and set to work!" cried she. "By tomorrow morning bake me some soft white bread, the kind I used to eat at my own father's house."

In the morning Tsarevich Ivan woke up, and there was the bread all ready, lying on the table and prettily decorated with all manner of things: stamped figures on the sides and towns with walls and gates on the top.

Tsarevich Ivan was overjoyed. He wrapped up the bread in a towel and took it to his father who was just receiving the loaves his elder sons had brought. Their wives had dropped the dough into the stove as the

old woman had told them to do, and the loaves came out charred and lumpy.

The Tsar took the bread from his eldest son, he looked at it and he sent it to the servants' hall. He took the bread from his middle son, and he did the same with it. But when Tsarevich Ivan handed him his bread, the Tsar said:

"Now that is bread to be eaten only on holidays!"

And the Tsar bade his three sons come and feast with him on the morrow together with their wives.

Once again Tsarevich Ivan came home sad and sorrowful, and he hung his head very low. And the Frog hopped over the floor and up to him and said:

"Croak, croak, why are you so sad, Tsarevich Ivan? Is it that your father has grieved you by an unkind word?"

"Oh, Frog, Frog!" cried Tsarevich Ivan. "How can I help being sad? The Tsar has ordered me to bring you to his feast, and how can I show you to people!"

Said the Frog in reply:

"Do not grieve, Tsarevich Ivan, but go to the feast alone, and I will follow later. When you hear a great tramping and thundering, do not be afraid, but if they ask you what it is, say: 'That is my Frog riding in her box.'"

So Tsarevich Ivan went to the feast alone, and his elder brothers came with the wives who were all dressed up in their finest clothes and had their brows blackened and roses painted on their cheeks. They stood there, and they made fun of Tsarevich Ivan.

"Why have you come without your wife?" asked they. "You could have brought her in a handkerchief. Wherever did you find such a beauty? You must have searched all the swamps for her."

Now the Tsar with his sons and his daughters-in-law and all the guests sat down to feast at the oaken tables covered with embroidered

cloths. Suddenly there came a great tramping and thundering, and the whole palace shook and trembled. The guests were frightened and jumped up from their seats. But Tsarevich Ivan said:

"Do not fear, honest folk. That is only my Frog riding in her box."

And there dashed up to the porch to the Tsar's palace a gilded carriage drawn by six white horses, and out of it stepped Vasilisa the Wise and Clever. Her gown of sky-blue silk was studded with stars, and on her head she wore the bright crescent moon, and so beautiful was she that it could not be pictured and could not be told, but was a true wonder and joy to behold! She took Tsarevich Ivan by the hand and led him to the oaken tables covered with embroidered cloths.

The guests began eating and drinking and making merry. Vasilisa the Wise and Clever drank from her glass and poured the dregs into her left sleeve. She ate some swan meat and threw the bones into her right sleeve.

And the wives of the elder sons saw what she did and they did the same.

They ate and drank and then the time came to dance. Vasilisa the Wise and Clever took Tsarevich Ivan by the hand and began to dance. She danced and she whirled and she circled round and round, and everyone watched and marvelled. She waved her left sleeve, and a lake appeared; she waved her right sleeve, and white swans began to swim upon the lake. The Tsar and his guests were filled with wonder.

Then the wives of the two elder sons began dancing. They waved their left sleeves, and only splashed mead over the guests; they waved their right sleeves, and bones flew about on all sides, and one bone hit the Tsar in the eye. And the Tsar was very angry and told both his daughters-in-law to get out of his sight.

In the meantime, Tsarevich Ivan slipped out, ran home and, finding the frog skin, threw it in the stove and burnt it.

Now Vasilisa the Wise and Clever came home, and she at once saw that her frog skin was gone. She sat down on a bench, very sad and sorrowful, and she said to Tsarevich Ivan:

"Ah, Tsarevich Ivan, what have you done! Had you but waited just three more days, I would have been yours for ever. But now farewell. Seek me beyond the Thrice-Nine Lands in the Thrice-Ten Tsardom where lives Koshchei the Deathless."

And Vasilisa the Wise and Clever turned into a grey cuckoo-bird and flew out of the window. Tsarevich Ivan cried and wept for a long time and then he bowed to all sides of him and went off he knew not where to seek his wife, Vasilisa the Wise and Clever. Whether he walked far or near, for a long time or a little time, no one knows, but his boots were worn, his caftan frayed and torn, and his cap battered by the rain. After a while he met a little old man who was as old as old can be.

"Good morrow, good youth!" quoth he. "What do you seek and whither are you bound?"

Tsarevich Ivan told him of his trouble, and the little old man, who was as old as old can be, said:

"Ah, Tsarevich Ivan, why did you burn the frog skin? It was not yours to wear or to do away with. Vasilisa the Wise and Clever was born wiser and cleverer than her father, and this so angered him that he turned her into a frog for three years. Ah, well, it can't be helped now. Here is a ball of thread for you. Follow it without fear wherever it rolls."

Tsarevich Ivan thanked the little old man who was as old as old can be, he went after the ball of thread, and he followed it wherever it rolled. In an open field he met a bear. He took aim and was about to kill it, but the bear spoke up in a human voice and said:

"Do not kill me, Tsarevich Ivan, who knows but you may have need of me some day."

Tsarevich Ivan took pity on the bear, let him go and himself went on. By and by he looked, and lo!—there was a drake flying overhead. Tsarevich Ivan took aim, but the drake said to him in a human voice:

"Do not kill me, Tsarevich Ivan, who knows but you may have need of me some day!"

And Tsarevich Ivan spared the drake and went on. Just then a hare came running. Tsarevich Ivan took aim quickly and was about to shoot it, but the hare said in a human voice:

"Do not kill me, Tsarevich Ivan, who knows but you may have need of me some day!"

And Tsarevich Ivan spared the hare and went farther. He came to the blue sea and he saw a pike lying on the sandy shore and gasping for breath.

"Take pity on me, Tsarevich Ivan," said the pike. "Throw me back into the blue sea!"

So Tsarevich Ivan threw the pike into the sea and walked on along the shore. Whether a long time passed by or a little time no one knows, but by and by the ball of thread rolled into a forest, and in the forest stood a little hut on chicken's feet, spinning round and round.

"Little hut, little hut, stand as once you stood, with your face to me and your back to the wood," said Tsarevich Ivan.

The hut turned its face to him and its back to the forest, and Tsarevich Ivan entered, and there, on the edge of the stove ledge, lay Baba-Yaga the Witch with the Switch, in a pose she liked best, her crooked nose to the ceiling pressed.

"What brings you here, good youth?" asked Baba-Yaga. "Is there aught you come to seek? Come, good youth, I pray you, speak!"

Said Tsarevich Ivan:

"First give me food and drink, you old hag, and steam me in the bath, and then ask your questions."

So Baba-Yaga steamed him in the bath, gave him food and drink and put him to bed, and then Tsarevich Ivan told her that he was seeking his wife, Vasilisa the Wise and Clever.

"I know where she is," said Baba-Yaga. "Koshchei the Deathless has her in his power. It will be hard getting her back, for it is not easy to get the better of Koshchei. His death is at the point of a needle, the needle is in an egg, the egg in a duck, the duck in a hare, the hare in a stone chest and the chest at the top of a tall oak-tree which Koshchei the Deathless guards as the apple of his own eye."

Tsarevich Ivan spent the night in Baba-Yaga's hut, and in the morning she told him where the tall oak-tree was to be found. Whether he was long on the way or not no one knows, but by and by he came to the tall oak-tree. It stood there and it rustled and swayed, and the stone chest was at the top of it and very hard to reach.

All of a sudden, lo and behold!—the bear came running and it pulled out the oak-tree, roots and all. Down fell the chest, and it broke open. Out of the chest bounded a hare and away it tore as fast as it could. But another hare appeared and gave it chase. It caught up the first hare and tore it to bits. Out of the hare flew a duck, and it soared up to the very sky. But in a trice the drake was upon it and it struck the duck so hard that it dropped the egg, and down the egg fell into the blue sea.

At this Tsarevich Ivan began weeping bitter tears, for how could he find the egg in the sea! But all at once the pike came swimming to the shore with the egg in its mouth. Tsarevich Ivan cracked the egg, took out the needle and began trying to break off the point. The more he bent it, the more Koshchei the Deathless writhed and twisted. But all in vain. For Tsarevich Ivan broke off the point of the needle, and Koshchei fell down dead.

Tsarevich Ivan then went to Koshchei's palace of white stone. And Vasilisa the Wise and Clever ran out to him and kissed him on his honey-sweet mouth. And Tsarevich Ivan and Vasilisa the Wise and

Clever went back to their own home and lived together long and happily till they were quite, quite old.

The Princess and the Frog

There once was a Princess. She was not an ordinary princess, however. This Princess loved to play alone in the palace gardens while she tossed around her favourite beaming golden ball.

Now, the problem with playing alone was that no one was ever there to catch the ball if she tossed it too high in the air. One day, as she was running around lilies and daisies and hedges and roses, she tossed her ball higher in the air than she ever had before.

SPLASH!!

Her beautiful golden ball had plopped right into a small pond nearby! She ran over to the pond and watched sadly as the golden sphere sank deeper and deeper into the water. The princess looked down at her dress. She was wearing her favourite golden dress; the sparkles and gems on the front of the brilliant gown were rare and she was afraid that if she entered the water she would destroy her outfit. Frustrated with her situation, the princess began to cry.

Suddenly, the Princess heard a strange noise coming from the middle of the water. Hop! Hop!

“Do you not know how to swim?” asked a small frog. Hop! The Princess looked up and scrunched her face up at the sight of the green creature sitting on the lily pad.

“I do,” she replied.

“Well, why don't you come on in?” he asked.

“I don't want to spoil my beautiful gold dress!” the Princess replied, rolling her eyes at the frog.

“Well, I suppose I could get it for you...” the frog started.

“You can? Oh! Please do! Please do!” she cried.

But before he jumped into the water, the frog turned to her and asked:

“What will you give me in return for grabbing your golden ball?”

“Oh! You can have anything you desire!” the Princess replied, impatient to be playing again.

“What I would like is a friend. That's all. A friend to spend time with me, to eat supper with me, to read for me, to sleep beside me, and to kiss me goodnight!” the frog said.

“Anything! Anything!” the Princess cried.

And with that, the small green frog hopped into the water and retrieved the Princess' gold ball. The minute he handed it over, the girl ran around giggling and tossing her beloved ball up in the air; she had completely forgotten all about the frog.

At supper, the girl was seated at the table with her father, the King. Before either of them could take a bite, there came a small knock at the door. The King got up and walked to open it. Hop! Hop! Hop! In walked the small green frog.

“I have come to eat supper with you, Princess!” the frog said happily, hopping up on the table. The Princess gently grabbed the frog and placed him outside the door.

SLAM!!

She turned her heel and sat down at her spot once more, ignoring the suspicious look from the king.

“And who was that, Princess?” he asked her.

“Oh, no one,” she replied.

The stern look from her father caused her to go red with embarrassment. She told him that she had promised the frog that she would spend time with him, and eat supper with him, and read for him, and let him sleep with her, and kiss him goodnight.

“But I don't want to hang out with him. He's gross!” she continued.

“A promise is a promise, Princess. We must always keep our promises,” the King said wisely. With that the girl slowly shuffled over to the door and opened it up.

Hop! Hop! Hop!

The frog ate supper with her, and then followed the Princess into her bedroom where she began to read.

“What are you reading?” he asked trying to peer over her shoulder to see.

“Nothing,” she replied shrugging him off.

Sadly, the frog hopped over to her bed and sat down on her pillow. Before he could get comfortable, the Princess ran over to him, picked him up, and placed him by the window.

“But you promised!” he cried.

She sighed and took him back with her to bed. She read him a bedtime story and, surprisingly, the frog was quite smart and funny. She actually enjoyed his company.

When it was time to sleep, the frog asked her for a bedtime kiss. She refused, scrunching her face once more at the sight of the green creature before her.

The Princess shut out the light and tried to go to sleep. Suddenly, she heard the sounds of weeping. She turned the light back on to see the frog beside her, wiping tears from his eyes.

She was hit with a wave of guilt for making the poor frog cry. She tucked him in bed beside her and kissed him gently.

WHOOOSH!!

All of a sudden, the small green frog transformed into a handsome young prince right before her eyes; she jumped back from the bed in surprise. The Prince informed her that an evil witch had put a spell on him and only a kiss could return him back to his original state. It just so happened that the Princess was the first one to break the spell.

Forever after, the Prince and Princess were able to play together in the palace gardens. The Princess was happier than ever to have a playmate and, whenever she accidentally threw the ball too high in the air, she was ecstatic to have a companion to go and fetch it for her.

The End.

Theme-13**Goldilocks & The Three Bears**

This is the story of Goldilocks and the three bears. Look! Here are the three bears. Father Bear is big. And Baby Bear is small. And here is their house. It is in a forest.

The three bears like porridge. Every morning, Mother Bear makes porridge.

This morning the porridge is very hot.

“Let’s go for a walk,” says Father Bear. “We can eat the porridge later.”

Here is Goldilocks. Goldilocks is not a good girl. She is a naughty girl.

Goldilocks is walking in the forest. Look! She can smell the porridge.



Goldilocks sees a house. And she climbs through the window.

Now, Goldilocks is in the kitchen. She sees three bowls of porridge on the table. There is a very big bowl. There is a big bowl. And there is a small bowl.

First, Goldilocks tries the very big bowl. “Ouch! This porridge is too hot,”

she says.

Next, Goldilocks tries the big bowl. “This porridge is too cold,” she says.

Then, Goldilocks tries the small bowl. “Mmm! This porridge is nice,” she says. And Goldilocks eats all Baby Bear’s porridge.

Next, Goldilocks goes into the living room. She sees three chairs. First, Goldilocks sits on the very big chair. “I don’t like this chair. It’s too big,” she says.

Next, Goldilocks sits on the big chair. There is a big cushion on the chair. “I don’t like this chair. It’s too big,” she says.

Then, Goldilocks sits on the small chair. “I like this chair,” she says.

But Baby Bear’s chair is not very strong. It breaks. “Oh dear!” says Goldilocks.

Then, Goldilocks goes into the bedroom. She sees three beds. First, Goldilocks sits on the very big bed. “I don’t like this bed. It’s too hard,” she says.

Next, Goldilocks sits on the big bed. “I don’t like this bed. It’s too soft,” she says.

Then, Goldilocks sits on the small bed. “I like this bed,” she says. Look! Goldilocks is asleep now.



The three bears come home. They are very hungry. They go into the kitchen.

Father Bear looks at his bowl of porridge. “There isn’t much porridge in my bowl,” he says.

Mother Bear looks at her bowl of porridge. “There isn’t much porridge in my bowl,” she says.

Baby Bear looks at his bowl of porridge. “There’s no porridge in my bowl,” he says.

Father Bear is very angry. Mother Bear is angry too. And Baby bear is very upset. “Let’s look in the living room,” says Father Bear.

The three bears go into the living room.

“Look!” says Father Bear. “There is porridge on my chair.”

“Look at my chair!” says Mother Bear. “My cushion is on the floor.”

“Look at my chair!” says Baby Bear. “It’s broken.”

Father Bear is very angry. Mother Bear is angry too. And Baby Bear is very upset. “Let’s look in the bedroom,” says Father Bear.

The three bears go into the bedroom.

“Look!” says Father Bear. “There is porridge on my bed.” He is very angry.

“Look at my bed!” says Mother Bear. “It’s untidy.” She is angry too.

“Mother, Father look! There’s a girl in my bed,” says Baby Bear. He is very upset.

Baby Bear: Wake up!

Father Bear and Mother Bear come and look at the girl. They are very angry. Father Bear opens his mouth and growls.



Goldilocks wakes up. And she sees the three bears.

Goldilocks screams. She jumps out of the bed. She runs out of the house. And she runs through the forest and far away.

The three bears never see Goldilocks again. And Goldilocks is never naughty again.

Lets play “Duck duck goose farmer,farmer, may we cross your river?”

Theme-14

OLD MACDONALD

Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!
 And on this farm he had some chicks, E-I-E-I-O!
 With a chick-chick here, and a chick-chick there
 Here a chick, there a chick, everywhere a chick-chick!
 Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!

Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!
 And on this farm he had a cow, E-I-E-I-O!
 With a moo-moo here, and a moo-moo there
 Here a moo, there a moo, everywhere a moo-moo!
 With a chick-chick here, and a chick-chick there
 Here a chick, there a chick, everywhere a chick-chick!
 Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!

Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!
 And on this farm he had some ducks, E-I-E-I-O!
 With a quack-quack here, and a quack-quack there
 Here a quack, there a quack, everywhere a quack-quack!
 Moo-moo here, and a moo-moo there
 Here a moo, there a moo, everywhere a moo-moo!
 Chick-chick here, and a chick-chick there
 Here a chick, there a chick, everywhere a chick-chick!
 Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!

Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!
 And on this farm he had some pigs, E-I-E-I-O!
 With an oink-oink here, and an oink-oink there
 Here an oink, there an oink, everywhere an oink-oink!
 Quack-quack here, and a quack-quack there
 Here a quack, there a quack, everywhere a quack-quack!
 Moo-moo here, and a moo-moo there
 Here a moo, there a moo, everywhere a moo-moo!
 Chick-chick here, and a chick-chick there

Here a chick, there a chick, everywhere a chick-chick!
Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!

Well, Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!
And on this farm he had a dog, E-I-E-I-O!
With a bow-wow here, and a bow-wow there
Here a bow, there a wow, everywhere a bow-wow!
Oink-oink here, and an oink-oink there
Here an oink, there an oink, everywhere an oink-oink!
Quack-quack here, and a quack-quack there
Here a quack, there a quack, everywhere a quack-quack!
Moo-moo here, and a moo-moo there
Here a moo, there a moo, everywhere a moo-moo!
Chick-chick here, and a chick-chick there
Here a chick, there a chick, everywhere a chick-chick
Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!

Theme-15**Leran the poem about Travel**

There are too many waterfalls here; the crowded streams hurry too rapidly down to the sea, and the pressure of so many clouds on the mountaintops makes them spill over the sides in soft slow-motion, turning to waterfalls under our very eyes.

- For if those streaks, those mile-long, shiny, tearstains, aren't waterfalls yet, in a quick age or so, as ages go here, they probably will be. But if the streams and clouds keep travelling, travelling, the mountains look like the hulls of capsized ships, slime-hung and barnacled.

Think of the long trip home.

Should we have stayed at home and thought of here?

Where should we be today?

Is it right to be watching strangers in a play in this strangest of theatres?

What childishness is it that while there's a breath of life in our bodies, we are determined to rush to see the sun the other way around?

The tiniest green hummingbird in the world?

To stare at some inexplicable old stonework, inexplicable and impenetrable, at any view, instantly seen and always, always delightful?

Oh, must we dream our dreams and have them, too?

And have we room for one more folded sunset, still quite warm?

But surely it would have been a pity not to have seen the trees along this road, really exaggerated in their beauty, not to have seen them gesturing like noble pantomimists, robed in pink.

- Not to have had to stop for gas and heard the sad, two-noted, wooden

tune of disparate wooden clogs carelessly clacking over a grease-stained filling-station floor.

(In another country the clogs would all be tested.

Each pair there would have identical pitch.)

- A pity not to have heard the other, less primitive music of the fat brown bird who sings above the broken gasoline pump in a bamboo church of Jesuit baroque: three towers, five silver crosses.

- Yes, a pity not to have pondered, blurr'dly and inconclusively, on what connection can exist for centuries between the crudest wooden footwear and, careful and finicky, the whittled fantasies of wooden cages

- Never to have studied history in the weak calligraphy of songbirds' cages.

- And never to have had to listen to rain so much like politicians' speeches: two hours of unrelenting oratory and then a sudden golden silence in which the traveller takes a notebook, writes:

'Is it lack of imagination that makes us come to imagined places, not just stay at home?

Or could Pascal have been not entirely right about just sitting quietly in one's room?

Continent, city, country, society: the choice is never wide and never free.

And here, or there... No. Should we have stayed at home, wherever that may be? '

2. "Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood

And looked down one as far as I could
 To where it bent in the undergrowth; Then took the other, as just as fair,
 And having perhaps the better claim,
 Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
 Though as for that the passing there
 Had worn them really about the same, And both that morning equally lay
 In leaves no step had trodden black.
 Oh, I kept the first for another day!
 Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
 I doubted if I should ever come back. I shall be telling this with a sigh
 Somewhere ages and ages hence:
 Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
 I took the one less traveled by,
 And that has made all the difference.” -Robert Frost

Theme-16**Read the story “Rabbit and Fox”****Native American Lore**

One winter Rabbit was going along through the snow when he saw Fox. It was too late to hide, for Fox had caught Rabbit's scent. "I am Ongwe Ias, the one who eats you!" barked Fox. "You cannot escape me!"

Rabbit began to run for his life. He ran as fast as he could around trees and between rocks, making a great circle in the hope that he would lose Fox. But when he looked back he saw that Fox was gaining on him. "I am Ongwe Ias," Fox barked again. "You cannot escape."

Rabbit knew that he had to use his wits. He slipped off his moccasins and said, "Run on ahead of me." The moccasins began to run, leaving tracks in the snow. Then, using his magic power, Rabbit made himself look like a dead, half-rotten rabbit and lay down by the trail. When Fox came to the dead rabbit, he did not even stop to sniff at it. "This meat has gone bad," he said. Then, seeing the tracks that led on through the snow he took up the chase again and finally caught up with Rabbit's old moccasins.

"Hah," Fox snarled, "this time he has fooled me. Next time I will eat the meat no matter how rotten it looks." He began to backtrack. Just as he expected when he came to the place where the dead rabbit had been, it was gone. There were tracks leading away through the bushes, and Fox began to follow them.

He hadn't gone far when he came upon an old woman sitting by the trail. In front of her was a pot, and she was making a stew.

"Sit down, grandson," she said. "Have some of this good stew."

Fox sat down. "Have you seen a rabbit go by?"

"Yes," said the old woman, handing him a beautifully carved wooden bowl filled with hot stew. "I saw a very skinny rabbit go by. There was no flesh on his bones, and he looked old and tough."

"I am going to eat that rabbit," said Fox.

"Indeed?" said the old woman. "You will surely do so, for the rabbit looked tired and frightened. He must have known you were close behind him. Now eat the good stew I have given you."

Fox began to eat and, as he did so, he looked at the old woman. "Why do you wear those two tall feathers on your head, old woman?" he asked.

"These feathers?" said the old woman. "I wear them to remind me of my son who is a hunter. Look behind you--here he comes now." Fox turned to look and, as he did so, the old woman threw off her blankets and leaped high in the air. She went right over Fox's head and hit him hard with a big stick that had been hidden under the blankets. When Fox woke up his head was sore. He looked for the stew pot, but all he could see was a hollow stump. He looked for the wooden soup bowl, but all he could find was a folded piece of bark with mud and dirty water in it. All around him were rabbit tracks. "So, he has fooled me again," Fox said. "It will be the last time." He jumped up and began to follow the tracks once more.

Before he had gone far he came to a man sitting by the trail. The man held a turtle-shell rattle in his hand and was dressed as a medicine man.

"Have you seen a rabbit go by?" asked Fox.

"Indeed," said the medicine man, "and he looked sick and weak."

"I am going to eat that rabbit," Fox said.

"Ah," said the medicine man, "that is why he looked so afraid. When a great warrior like you decides to catch someone, surely he cannot escape."

Fox was very pleased. "Yes," he said, "I am Ongwe Ias. No rabbit alive can escape me."

"But, Grandson," said the medicine man, shaking his turtle-shell rattle, "what has happened to your head? You are hurt."

"It is nothing," said the Fox. "A branch fell and struck me."

"Grandson," said the medicine man, "you must let me treat that wound, so that it heals quickly. Rabbit cannot go far. Come here and sit down."

Fox sat down, and the medicine man came close to him. He opened up his pouch and began to sprinkle something into the wound. Fox looked closely at the medicine man. "Why are you wearing two feathers?" he asked.

"These two feathers," the medicine man answered, "show that I have great power. I just have to shake them like this, and an eagle will fly down. Look, over there! An eagle is flying down now."

Fox looked and, as he did so, the medicine man leaped high in the air over Fox's head and struck him hard with his turtle-shell rattle.

When Fox woke up, he was alone in a small clearing. The wound on his head was full of burrs and thorns, the medicine man was gone, and all around him were rabbit tracks.

"I will not be fooled again!" Fox snarled. He gave a loud and terrible war cry. "I am Ongwe Ias," he shouted. "I am Fox!"

Ahead of him on the trail, Rabbit heard Fox's war cry. He was still too tired to run and so he turned himself into an old dead tree.

When Fox came to the tree he stopped. "This tree must be Rabbit," he said, and he struck at one of the small dead limbs. It broke off and fell to the ground. "No," said Fox, "I am wrong.

This is indeed a tree." He ran on again, until he realized the tracks he was following were old ones. He had been going in a circle. "That tree!" he said.

He hurried back to the place where the tree had been. It was gone, but there were a few drops of blood on the ground where the small limb had fallen. Though Fox didn't know it, the branch he had struck had been the end of Rabbit's nose, and ever since then rabbits' noses have been quite short.

Leading away into the bushes were fresh rabbit tracks. "Now I shall catch you!" Fox shouted.

Rabbit was worn out. He had used all his tricks, and still Fox was after him. He came to a dead tree by the side of the trail. He ran around it four times and then, with one last great leap, lumped into the middle of some blackberry bushes close by. Then, holding his breath, he waited. Fox came to the dead tree and looked at the rabbit tracks all around it. "Hah," Fox laughed, "you are trying to trick me again." He bit at the dead tree, and a piece of rotten wood came away in his mouth. "Hah," Fox said, "you have even made yourself taste like a dead tree. But I am Ongwe Ias, I am Fox. You cannot fool me again."

Then, coughing and choking, Fox ate the whole tree. From his hiding place in the blackberry bushes, Rabbit watched and tried not to laugh. When Fox had finished his meal he went away, still coughing and choking and not feeling well at all.

After a time, Rabbit came out of his hiding place and went on his way.

Theme-17**The Magic Fish**

One day there was a fisherman who was going fishing in a river. The fisherman went down to the river. He started getting bites so he yanked on the line. He knew he had the fish on his line. The fisherman reeled in the line as fast as possible. Two ladies came over to say hello. Those two lovely ladies names were Tiffany and Emma.

It was a sunny day like sitting on a burning fire. He was wondering why these ladies were out in such hot weather so he gave the ladies his umbrella. The fisherman reeled in the line and had a fish on the end. He soon realized it wasn't just a fish. It was a magic fish. He put that magic fish in the bucket to keep it alive. The fish started to talk. It said, "Hello how are you?" The fisherman jumped in surprise and turned to face the fish. The fish said, "Hey are you going to answer me or what?"

The fisherman said, "How are you talking?"

The fish said, "I am a magic fish. I will grant you all of your wishes. So what will your first wish be?"

The fisherman said, "I wish for a brand new boat with those two ladies on the boat."

The fish then said, "Grant this wish little fish." Then a boat appeared and those two ladies were on the boat. The fisherman said, "Thank you so much but I need another wish granted."

The fish said, "What will that be?"

The fisherman said, "I want the sun to be shining as bright as a star.

The fish said once more, "Grant this wish little fish." Then the sun started shining as bright as a star. The fisherman said, "Thank you again but what do I do with you now?"

The fish said, "Well it is up to you."

The fisherman said, "But I don't want anything more."

The fish then said, "I am sorry but you have got to do something that you will not like... You have to take a life!"

The fisherman said, "Whose life do I have to take?"

The fish said, "That is up to you." The fisherman was thinking whose life he would take. The fish said, "You have 5 minutes to decide." (5 minutes later). The fisherman said, "I am sorry fish but I have chosen to

take your life.”

The fish then said, “That is ok but I will miss you very much brave fisherman.” The fisherman said, “Wait is there any way I could wish for me to not have to take a life.”


The fish said, “Well I guess you could. There is nothing saying you can’t.”

So, one more time the fish said, “Grant this wish little fish.” So the fish and the fisherman lived happily.

2-nd semester

Theme-1

The Princess and the Pea*By Hans Christian Andersen (1835)*

 ONCE upon a time there was a prince who wanted to marry a princess; but she would have to be a real princess. He travelled all over the world to find one, but nowhere could he get what he wanted. There were princesses enough, but it was difficult to find out whether they were real ones. There was always something about them that was not as it should be. So he came home again and was sad, for he would have liked very much to have a real princess.

One evening a terrible storm came on; there was thunder and



lightning, and the rain poured down in torrents. Suddenly a knocking was heard at the city gate, and the old king went to open it. It was a princess standing out there in front of the gate. But, good gracious! what a sight the rain and the wind had made her look. The water ran down from her hair and clothes; it ran down into the toes of her shoes and out again at the heels. And yet she said that she was a real princess.

“Well, we’ll soon find that out,” thought the old queen. But she said nothing, went into the bed-room, took all the bedding off the

bedstead, and laid a pea on the bottom; then she took twenty mattresses and laid them on the pea, and then twenty eider-down beds on top of the mattresses.

On this the princess had to lie all night. In the morning she was asked how she had slept.

“Oh, very badly!” said she. “I have scarcely closed my eyes all night. Heaven only knows what was in the bed, but I was lying on something hard, so that I am black and blue all over my body. It’s horrible!”

Now they knew that she was a real princess because she had felt the pea right through the twenty mattresses and the twenty eider-down beds.

Nobody but a real princess could be as sensitive as that. So the prince took her for his wife, for now he knew that he had a real princess; and the pea was put in the museum, where it may still be seen, if no one has stolen it.

There, that is a true story.



Theme-2**The Little Mermaid**

Somewhere far away on the sea surface the water was beautiful, clear, blue but very deep. However deep or far away may the surface be it does not mean there is only sand below.

The sea hides over there magical trees, herbs, fishes that are big and small. The spot where the sea is the deepest you can find a magnificent castle where the king of the underwater world lives. The walls are covered with corals and the roof is made out of seashells that open and close how the current flows.

The king was a widower for a long time so his mother helped him run the castle. She was a smart woman, proud of her inheritance. She loved her granddaughters above all and she had 6 of them. The youngest one was the prettiest one. She had beautiful skin and blue eyes. They spent most of their time in the garden where they had their special place and the youngest one circled her so that it would remind her of the sun.

The little mermaid was an unordinary girl that was shy, unlike her sisters, and she loved a marble statue of a boy that sunk to the bottom after a shipwreck. The princess planted a plant near the statue and it complimented it perfectly.

The biggest joy for her were the news that came from the world on the surface, the news about people. Her grandma always told her stories about people their habits, ships and cities. The little mermaid found the flowers that smelled, the green trees and the birds most interesting.

Their grandma promised them that they will be able to come out to the surface and observe the ships from a rock. They always told stories about what they saw to one another. Nobody wanted to get to know the outer world more than the youngest. The first one told how she lied on the sand and the other one how she saw the sunset.

The third sister was brave and she started swimming near by the river and saw beautiful castles and hills. The fourth one wasn't all that brave and the fifth one went out during the winter so she saw the world from an iceberg.

When the little mermaid turned 15 she could finally enjoy the fresh air and she observed a ship that hosted a party. She saw a young man with big black eyes. The party was for his birthday. The time passed by and the Little Mermaid observed the party until a storm came by. The waves were getting bigger and bigger and people were panicking. Unfortunately the prince fell into the sea and The Little Mermaid rushed to save him so he wouldn't drown.

She got him to land, and placed him near a church where she kissed him and rushed to the sea because somebody was coming. Soon he was surrounded by beautiful girls and he did not know who saved him so he smiled to all of them and that made the Little Mermaid sad. She got sadder as the days passed by and soon she told her sisters everything. They helped her find the prince so she could observe him every day.

She was getting attracted to the human life and even though her grandma tried to explain that her undersea life is amazing she craved the land. She decided to search for help at an old witch's house that was guarded by snakes. Even though she was afraid she kept on going with her plan.

The witch spoke to the Mermaid and told her she came in the right time because she has the potion for her. Unfortunately the witch did not work for free. Mermaid would get her legs but with every step she'll take she will feel an enormous pain and she has to convince the prince that she is the one for him because if she fails she will turn into foam. Also the witch wanted her voice that was the prettiest in the whole undersea world. The little Mermaid agreed and lost her voice.

After she came to land she drank the potion and she felt a lot of pain, passed out and after she woke up the prince was next to her. The problem was she couldn't introduce herself to him. He helped her get up and took her to the castle where she got the prettiest dresses. Every day they were entertained by some girls but neither one of them had a pretty voice as The little Mermaid.

One night she saw hr sisters and she talked to them. They were really sad that she left them and in the distance she saw her grandma and dad. The prince loved her more and more every day but not as a future

wife but as a child. He admitted to her that he likes her because she reminded him of a girl that saved him.

One day she went to another castle with the prince. Even though he spent a lot of time talking to the princess he told her that he would never get married to her because he needs the girl that saved him. Everything changed when a new princess arrived. She reminded him so much of the girl who saved him that he decided to marry her. The mermaid new she would die the next day so she decided to spend her last night dancing on the boat. She saw her sisters that cut their hairs. They told her that they gave their hair to the witch so that she wouldn't have to die the next day. She got a knife and she was supposed to stab the prince with it and as soon as his blood would drop onto her feet she would turn into a mermaid and she would live for 300 years.

When she approached the prince she wasn't strong enough to kill him so she threw away the knife and jumped into the sea. She was waiting for her death. She talked to the fairies and they told her that a mermaid can only be immortal if she finds her soul mate. The little Mermaid finally raised to the world of air ghosts, saw the prince for the last time and went towards the clouds.

Genre: Fairytale

Time: unspecified

Place: under the sea, in the castle

Charachters: The Little Mermaid, sisters, prince, witch

Theme-3**Perrault's Story About the Puss in the Boots**

Charles Perrault's Puss in Boots, or Master Cat, is probably the most famous fairytale with an animal in the title. Aside from Cinderella and Sleeping Beauty in the Woods, this is one of the most well-known fairytales written by Charles Perrault.

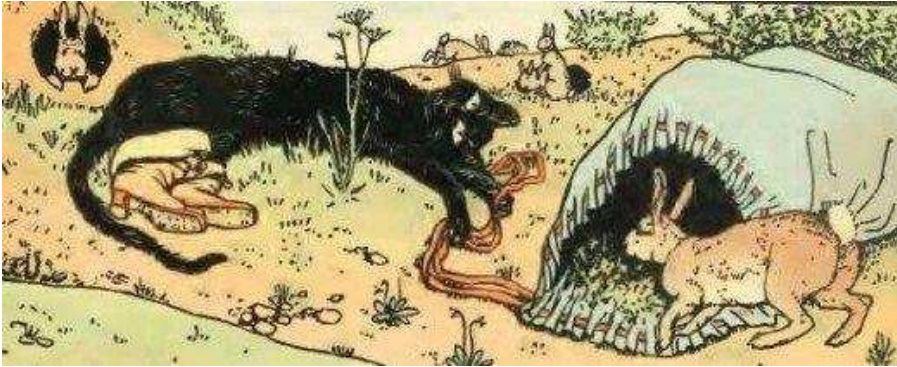
We'll examine Puss in Boots and common fairytale symbols to try to explain the questionable moral of the story.



More about Carl Offterdinger? Press below the picture! | Source A Story Summary of "Puss in Boots"

The story of Puss in Boots starts with a miller who has three sons. When the miller dies his property is divided. The eldest son gets a mill, the middle son a donkey, and the youngest gets a cat. The youngest son is not very happy with the situation and decides to kill the cat, but the cat asks his master to spare his life. In return, the cat promises to make his young master rich. When the master agrees, the cat asks for a pair of boots.

Puss begins his adventures by catching rabbits and partridges to give to the king. Every time the cat gifts the king, he says that it is sent by his fictional master, Marquis de Carabas (Marquis of Carabas). The



king starts to become curious about this generous nobleman.

Puss played dead to catch a rabbit. | Source

One day, the cat hears that the king will drive by the river with his daughter, so he tells his real master to undress and swim in the river. When the carriage with the king and the princess drives by, the cat stops the coach. Here, he tells a lie. He explains to the king that his master, Marquis de Carabas, was just attacked by robbers while swimming and lost all of his clothes. The king offers fancy clothes to the cat's master and invites him into the coach. Upon seeing the master, the princess immediately falls in love.

Illustration by Antoinette Lix, PD licence

While the coach continues to drive, the cat runs ahead and orders groups of people (peasants, lumberjacks, shepherds) to tell anybody that



asks that the surrounding property belongs to Marquis of Carabas. He warns that bad things will happen to them if they don't obey his commands. When the coach passes through the countryside, the groups of people tell the king that the property around them belongs to Marquis of Carabas.

Miller's boy becomes a king and cat in boots a prime minister. In the meantime, the cat arrives at a castle inhabited by an ogre who has the power to change into any animal. The cat tricks him to change into a mouse, and he is promptly eaten by the cat. Now, the castle and the surrounding property belong to the cat's master. When the king, princess, and the young master arrive, the king is impressed with the castle and weds his daughter to the young man. The master becomes a prince and, thus, the cat's promise is fulfilled.

Does This Story Qualify As a Fairytale?

It definitely has most of the fairytale elements: the protagonist, antagonist, mission, obstacles, magic, transformation, and typical

elements like the number three, an animal helper, a princess, etc. But it lacks something we expect in all fairytales for children: a moral.



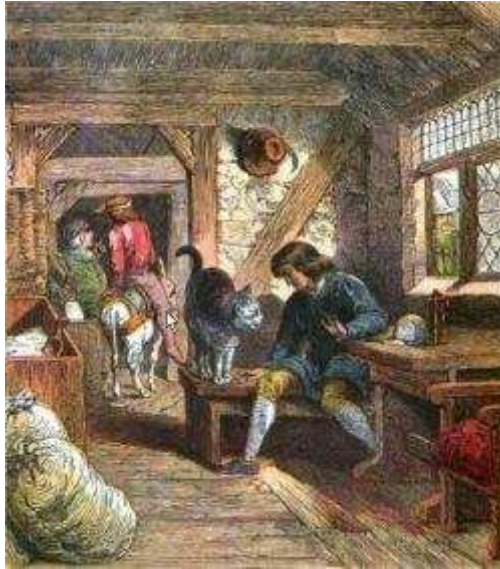
Puss in Boots by Harry Clarke

The cat achieves everything in this fairytale by cheating, threatening, and lying. He is far from being the perfect role model.

And what about his master? He does nothing. The only plan he ever had was to destroy his only property — his cat. He is not too smart and not a nice person either.

So when I see a new edition of Puss in Boots in a shopping window advertised as a "timeless story about the friendship between human and animal," I can't buy it.

Why, then, is this story so popular? For over three hundred years, this book has been republished time and time again. To answer this question, let's examine some basic elements of the story. It may help us better understand the moral of this fairytale.



The youngest son got nothing but the cat.

What Is Primogeniture?

When the first versions of Puss in Boots were written, the system called "Primogeniture" (latin 'primo' means first and 'genitura' means born) was widely used. This term refers to the practice of giving the older son all of the property when the father dies. There was a good logic behind that rule.

Most people didn't have much, so dividing between all of their children was out of the option. A small piece of land or small business

(like a mill) was not enough for all children (many families had ten or more children and before their father died, some of them probably had their own children).

If only one person should take everything, the older one was a reasonable choice. Of everyone in the family, he probably invested the most time and energy into that piece of land or small business, so there was a big possibility that he would use it to its best potential. Younger children would have to find their own paths to happiness.

In our particular fairytale, we have three sons, and the eldest gets the mill. The second son gets a donkey which could be very useful for a miller who probably needs some kind of transportation. The youngest gets a cat, and again, this is useful for a miller because mice are one of the biggest concerns. So neither the middle nor the youngest son have practical uses for their inheritance. Thus, the author's choice to divide the father's property between 3 children is questionable.

Is Puss in Boots suitable for children?

Do you find it educational or questionable?

Начало формы

It's o.k. with me.

It needs parental guidance.

I don't like it!

Fairy Tale Number Three in 'Puss in Boots'

There are three sons.

Puss divides his plan into three parts (getting sympathies of the king, introducing his master, and getting a castle to establish his position).

There are three groups of people who help to spread the word of the master's wealth (peasants, lumberjacks, shepherds).

The ogre transforms into an animal three times.

There are many reasons why the number three is so popular in storytelling, especially in fairytales. One psychological explanation comes from the fact that almost every child identifies himself with the number three at a subconscious level. If we examine a child's familial relationships, the numbers one and two, in most cases, represent the mother and father. The child feels that he is number three. Even if he has brothers and sisters, the connection with his mother and father are so strong that he still sees himself as being number three.



Illustration by Gustave Dore

The Power of Boots

Boots are an important part of this story. We already know that for decades, Charles Perrault was very influential in the court of Louis XIV where fashion was extremely important. We have read about noblemen who sold real estate just to buy proper clothes because

without dressing in the latest fashion, the doors of Versailles were closed to them.

In Puss in Boots, the situation is similar. With proper clothes (boots), all the doors were open. Even a cat can win the king's trust if he follows the proper dress code. Perrault's classic humor can be seen in the moral that is written at the end of the book: "Good looks and good manners, and some aid from dress" are really key to success.

Illustration by Carl Offterdinger

Why Perrault Added Boots?

Boots were not included in any versions of the story that existed before Charles Perrault. Boots are Perrault's addition and all versions after his Puss in Boots always include them.

A pair of boots symbolizes climbing up the social ladder. Shoes (or boots) were expensive back then, and they still remain a status symbol in the developing world today. Because kids easily outgrow their shoes, poor families could not afford to purchase a pair for their



child until he/she was grown. Coming of age and receiving a pair of shoes represents an important time in a young person's life when he/she embarks on a journey to find their position in society. Charles Perrault was relatively affluent, but was not a member of a noble family. He knew first hand what it meant to climb social ladders, so this symbolism was pertinent to the society that Perrault lived in at the time.

Different Versions

The Oldest Versions Don't Have a Cat

In the older versions of the story, we have a fox in the role of the helper. Very interestingly, the Italian folktale Don Joseph Pear tells of a fox who is caught stealing pears at night, which is similar to the beginning of Golden Bird by Grimms or Fire Bird by Afanasyev.

The plot line is almost identical to that of Puss in Boots and includes all the similar steps — the fox offers Don Joseph riches if his life is spared, he kills an ogre and threatens the townspeople in order to make way for Don Joseph's rise in society, and he eventually succeeds in marrying Joseph to the king's daughter. The ending takes a different turn, however. Rather than enjoy his newly found status, Don Joseph kills the fox to prevent anyone from finding out the truth about his origins.

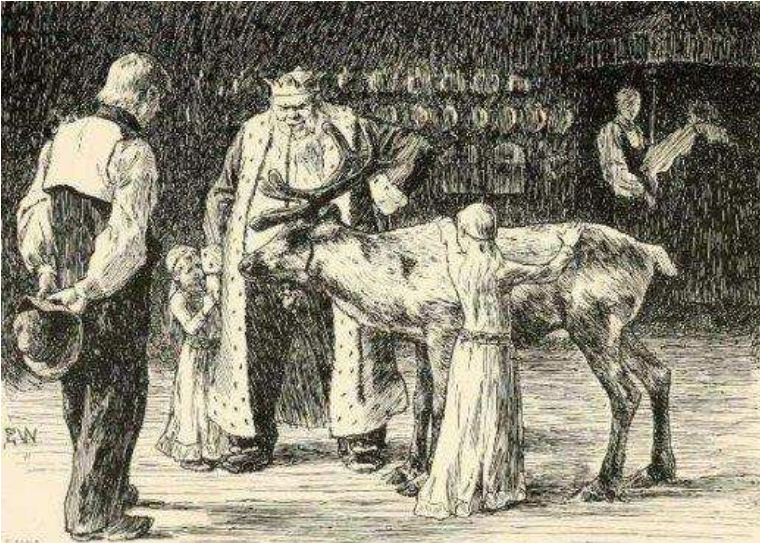


Illustration by Erik Werenskiold

In Norway There Is a Version Called "Lord Peter"

The Norwegian version has a similar beginning with one important change: when the parents die, all the sons take their belongings and abandon the family home. The youngest son, Peter, takes the cat with him because he is afraid it might starve. So in this version, the master's cat has some compassion. The story then develops in the familiar pattern — the cat aids young Peter's journey from rag to riches. But in the end, the cat demands something very unusual from "Lord Peter." He asks that Peter behead him. When Peter obeys, the cat transforms into a beautiful princess. It is not hard to recognize the similarities between this story and *Beauty and the Beast*, *Frog King*, and especially *Golden Bird*, all of which include enchanted noblemen/women playing the role of an animal helper.

Lord Peter is probably what George Cruikshank (known for his illustrations) used to write his version of Puss in Boots. In his adaption, the boy (not the cat) was a grandson of a nobleman, deprived of his property by the ogre. This story, however, is too moralizing and doesn't



offer the protagonist real chances for success. There is still an ongoing debate about whether this is the same motif used in the Jack and the Beanstalk versions written by Benjamin Tabart and Joseph Jacobs.

Giambattista Basile, author of *Pentamerone* Basile's "Gagliuso"

If we want a better understanding of the classic Puss in Boots we certainly have to examine Basile's Gagliuso (Caglioso). In this early Italian version of the story, we have a cat (female) who helps her master in a lot of ways — she even teaches him how to behave. There is no ogre in this story and Gagliuso's property is simply purchased using money from the king.

The ending is educational, too. When Gagliuso gets all he needs to live happily ever after, the cat asks him for only one favor: to be decently buried when she dies. Gagliuso promises. Later, the cat tests him by playing dead. When Gagliuso hears she is dead, he orders her body to be thrown through the window. The story ends with this moral: once a beggar, always a beggar.



Portrait of Charles Perrault

Perrault Is Inspired by Basile's "Pentamerone"

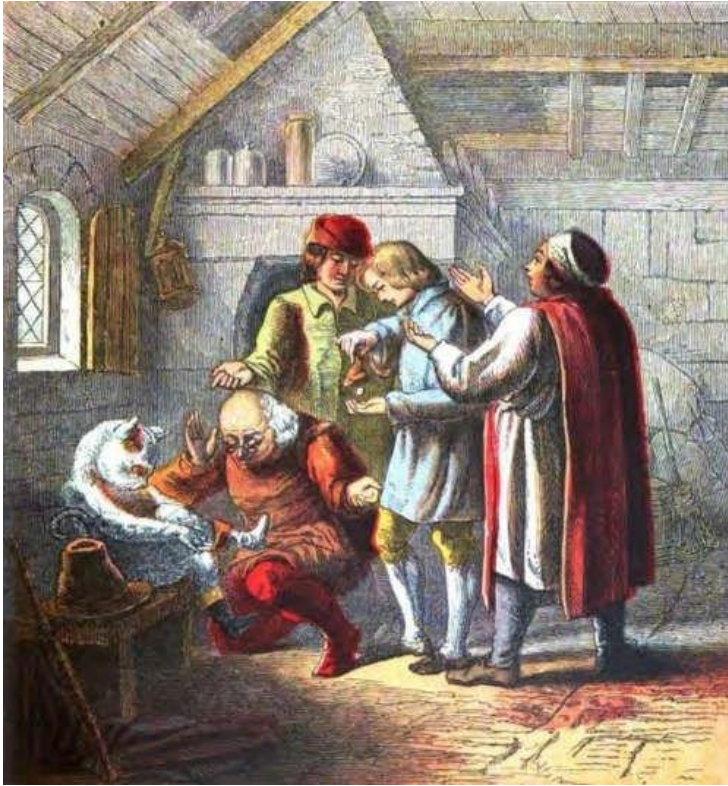
Scholars agree that Perrault's biggest inspiration for his stories in *Tales of Mother Goose*, including *Puss in Boots*, was Basile's *Pentamerone*. In this fairytale he introduces the ogre and changes the cat's gender from female to male. But the most important change is certainly the moral of the story. Charles Perrault turned Basile's moral upside down. If Basile said, "Clothes do not make the man," then Perrault claims the opposite: "Clothing makes the man."

Perrault's story, which has stood the test of time, is the most popular version of Puss in Boots, and has inspired many modern versions. But is the message appropriate for kids? I don't think so.

But if we look closely enough, we can find some valuable moral lessons. Below, I offer my simplified interpretation of the moral of the story.

My Favorite Message of the Story

- Don't waste your time complaining about circumstances.
- The cards are in your hands.
- Play the best you can and you will be rewarded!



Puss in Boots

There was a miller, who left no more estate to the three sons he had, than his Mill, his Ass, and his Cat. The partition was soon made. Neither the scrivener nor attorney were sent for. They would soon have eaten up all the poor patrimony. The eldest had the Mill, the second the Ass, and the youngest nothing but the Cat.

The poor young fellow was quite comfortless at having so poor a lot.

"My brothers," said he, "may get their living handsomely enough, by joining their stocks together; but for my part, when I have eaten up my Cat, and made me a muff of his skin, I must die with hunger."

The Cat, who heard all this, but made as if he did not, said to him with a grave and serious air:

"Do not thus afflict yourself, my good master; you have only to give me a bag, and get a pair of boots made for me, that I may scamper thro' the dirt and the brambles, and you shall see that you have not so bad a portion of me as you imagine."

Tho' the Cat's master did not build very much upon what he said, he had however often seen him play a great many cunning tricks to catch rats and mice; as when he used to hang by the heels, or hide himself in the meal, and make[70] as if he were dead; so that he did not altogether despair of his affording him some help in his miserable condition.

When the Cat had what he asked for, he booted himself very gallantly; and putting his bag about his neck, he held the strings of it in his two fore paws, and went into a warren where was great abundance of rabbits. He put bran and sow-thistle into his bag, and stretching himself out at length, as if he had been dead, he waited for some young rabbit, not yet acquainted with the deceits of the world, to come and rummage his bag for what he had put into it.

Scarce was he lain down, but he had what he wanted; a rash and foolish young rabbit jumped into his bag, and Monsieur Puss, immediately drawing close the strings, took and killed him without pity. Proud of his prey, he went with it to the palace, and asked to speak with his Majesty. He was shewed up stairs into the King's apartment, and, making a low reverence, said to him:

"I have brought you, sir, a rabbit of the warren which my noble lord the Marquis of Carabas" (for that was the title which Puss was pleased to give his master) "has commanded me to present to your Majesty from him."

"Tell thy master," said the King, "that I thank him, and that he does me a great deal of pleasure."

Another time he went and hid himself among some standing corn, holding still his bag open; and when a brace of partridges ran into it, he drew the strings, and so caught them both. He went and made a present of these to the[71] King, as he had done before of the rabbit which he took in the warren. The King in like manner received the partridges with great pleasure, and ordered him some money to drink. The Cat continued for two or three months, thus to carry his Majesty, from time to time, game of his master's taking. One day in particular, when he knew for certain that the King was to take the air, along the river side, with his daughter, the most beautiful Princess in the world, he said to his master:

"If you will follow my advice, your fortune is made; you have nothing else to do, but go and wash yourself in the river, in that part I shall shew you, and leave the rest to me."

The Marquis of Carabas did what the Cat advised him to, without knowing why or wherefore.

While he was washing, the King passed by, and the Cat began to cry out, as loud as he could:

"Help, help, my lord Marquis of Carabas is drowning."

At this noise the King put his head out of his coach-window, and finding it was the Cat who had so often brought him such good game, he commanded his guards to run immediately to the assistance of his lordship the Marquis of Carabas.

While they were drawing the poor Marquis out of the river, the Cat came up to the coach, and told the King that while his master was washing, there came by some rogues, who went off with his clothes, tho' he had cried out "Thieves, thieves," several times, as loud as he could. This cunning. Cat had hidden them under a great stone. The King immediately commanded the officers of his wardrobe to run and fetch one of his best suits for the lord Marquis of Carabas.

The King received him with great kindness, and as the fine clothes he had given him extremely set off his good mien (for he was well made, and very handsome in his person), the King's daughter took a secret inclination to him, and the Marquis of Carabas had no sooner cast two or three respectful and somewhat tender glances, but she fell in love with him to distraction. The King would needs have him come into his coach, and take part of the airing. The Cat, quite overjoyed to see his project begin to succeed, marched on before, and meeting with some countrymen, who were mowing a meadow, he said to them:

"Good people, you who are mowing, if you do not tell the King, that the meadow you mow belongs to my lord Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as mince-meat."

The King did not fail asking of the mowers, to whom the meadow they were mowing belonged.

"To my lord Marquis of Carabas," answered they all together; for the Cat's threats had made them terribly afraid.

"Truly a fine estate," said the King to the Marquis of Carabas.

"You see, sir," said the Marquis, "this is a meadow which never fails to yield a plentiful harvest every year."

The Master Cat, who still went on before, met with some reapers, and said to them:

"Good people, you who are reaping, if you do not tell the King that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as mince-meat."

The King, who passed by a moment after, would needs know to whom all that corn, which he then saw, did belong. "To my lord Marquis of Carabas," replied the reapers; and the King again congratulated the Marquis.

The Master Cat, who went always before, said the same words to all he met; and the King was astonished at the vast estates of my lord Marquis of Carabas.

Monsieur Puss came at last to a stately castle, the master of which was an Ogre, the richest had ever been known; for all the lands which the King had then gone over belonged to this castle. The Cat, who had taken care to inform himself who this Ogre was, and what he could do, asked to speak with him, saying, he could not pass so near his castle, without having the honour of paying his respects to him.

The Ogre received him as civilly as an Ogre could do, and made him sit down.

"I have been assured," said the Cat, "that you have the gift of being able to change yourself into all sorts of creatures you have a mind to; you can, for example, transform yourself into a lion, or elephant, and the like."

"This is true," answered the Ogre very briskly, "and to convince you, you shall see me now become a lion."

Puss was so sadly terrified at the sight of a lion so near him, that he immediately got into the gutter, not without abundance of trouble and danger, because of his boots, which were ill-suited for walking upon the tiles. A little while after, when Puss saw that the Ogre had resumed his

natural form, he came down, and owned he had been very much frightened.

"I have been moreover informed," said the Cat, "but I know not how to believe it, that you have also the power to take on you the shape of the smallest animals; for example, to change yourself into a rat or a mouse; but I must own to you, I take this to be impossible."

"Impossible?" cried the Ogre, "you shall see that presently," and at the same time changed into a mouse, and began to run about the floor. Puss no sooner perceived this, but he fell upon him, and ate him up. Meanwhile the King, who saw, as he passed, this fine castle of the Ogre's, had a mind to go into it. Puss, who heard the noise of his Majesty's coach running over the drawbridge, ran out and said to the King:

"Your Majesty is welcome to this castle of my lord Marquis of Carabas."

"What! my lord Marquis?" cried the King, "and does this castle also belong to you? There can be nothing finer than this court, and all the stately buildings which surround it; let us go into it, if you please."

The Marquis gave his hand to the Princess, and followed the King, who went up first. They passed into a spacious hall, where they found a magnificent collation which the Ogre had prepared for his friends, who were that very day to visit him, but dared not to enter knowing the King was there. His Majesty was perfectly charmed with the good qualities of my lord Marquis of Carabas, as was his daughter who was fallen violently in love with him; and seeing the vast estate he possessed, said to him, after having drank five or six glasses:

"It will be owing to yourself only, my lord Marquis, if you are not my son-in-law."

The Marquis making several low bows, accepted the honour which his Majesty conferred upon him, and forthwith, that very same day, married the Princess.

Puss became a great lord, and never ran after mice any more, but only for his diversion.

The Moral

How advantageous it may be,
 By long descent of pedigree,
 T'enjoy a great estate,
 Yet knowledge how to act, we see,
 Join'd with consummate industry,
 (Nor wonder ye thereat)
 Doth often prove a greater boon,
 As should be to young people known.

Another

If the son of a miller so soon gains the heart
 Of a beautiful princess, and makes her impart
 Sweet languishing glances, eyes melting for love,
 It must be remark'd of fine clothes how they move,
 And that youth, a good face, a good air, with good mien,
 Are not always indifferent mediums to win
 The love of the fair, and gently inspire
 The flames of sweet passion, and tender desire.

Theme-4-5**RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI FROM THE JUNGLE BOOK SUMMARY****How It All Goes Down**

One day, a summer flood washes a young mongoose named Rikki-tikki-tavi away from his family. He's found and revived by a British family living in India. The family adopts the orphaned mongoose—or, more accurately, he decides to stick around. (Their bungalow is pretty swank.)

Naturally curious and adventurous, Rikki-tikki explores the family's garden the next day. There he meets a Darzee, a tailorbird who is mourning his baby bird's death at the hands (er, teeth) of Nag. Rikki-tikki asks who Nag is and is instantly introduced to the big, black cobra. He also meets Nag's wife Nagaina, so that's two cobras for the price of one. Sweet!

Having missed their chance at a surprise attack, the cobras just slither off, and Rikki-tikki goes to hang with Teddy, the British family's son. But Teddy gets a wee bit too close to the poisonous [krait snake](#), forcing Rikki-tikki to fight it. Not that he wouldn't have anyway. That's what mongooses do, after all.

That night, Nag and Nagaina plan a sneak attack on the British family, but they haven't reckoned with Rikki-tikki. In the ensuing battle, Rikki-tikki kills Nag, saving the family but also really ticking off Nagaina. The next day, Rikki-tikki sets a plan into motion to get rid of the cobras once and for all. He has Darzee's wife act as bait to keep Nagaina occupied (classic move). Then he heads to the cobra's nests and goes berserker on the eggs.

But all doesn't go according to plan. Nagaina sets out to kill Teddy, forcing Rikki-tikki to bring one of her eggs as leverage. In the epic clash of mammal-versus-reptile, Nagaina manages to snatch up her egg and flees into her den. Rikki-tikki gives the old girl hot pursuit, while Darzee mourns the loss of Rikki-tikki. No one goes into a cobra's den and lives.

Except Rikki-tikki, of course. He exits all action-hero style, and the family can't praise him enough. He lives with the family from then on, protecting the garden from snakes.

A song-like poem serves as prologue to “Rikki- Tikki-Tavi,” prefiguring the battle between the mongoose Rikki-tikki-tavi and Nag, the king cobra. The struggle between the mongoose and snake is the central focus of the story and the poem, which foreshadows the conflict but only hints at its resolution and creates a sense of suspense and expectation before the story even begins.

In the first paragraph the setting and the main characters are introduced: Rikki-tikki-tavi, who is established as the hero, with the help of Darzee the tailor-bird, fights a battle in the garden of a bungalow in colonial India. Rikki's curious and energetic personality is also established.

Rikki-tikki-tavi, washed by a flood from his parents' home into the garden of a bungalow, lies unconscious in the garden path. Teddy, the boy who lives in the bungalow, happens upon him with his parents. They take him into the house and revive him. Rikki-tikki-tavi regains his energy and endears himself to the family with his energetic, curious, and friendly nature.

That night he sleeps with Teddy, much to the consternation of Teddy's mother. Teddy's father reassures his wife that Teddy is safe with a mongoose because, as the natural predator of snakes, he would be able to protect Teddy if one were to enter the house: the expression of fear and the realistic threat of poisonous snakes foreshadows Rikki's future conflict with the local king cobras.

The next morning, Rikki explores the garden. He meets the tailor-birds Darzee and his wife, who are mourning because Nag, the garden's resident king cobra, ate one of their babies. As Rikki is conversing with the birds, Nag, who knows that Rikki the mongoose poses a mortal danger to him and his family, emerges to confront Rikki. He is described as “evil” and “horrid,” as well as foreboding in size and strength. Nag introduces himself as being marked by Brahm himself, the greatest god in the Hindu pantheon, creating a reference to

the sacred status of snakes in Hinduism, the predominant religion of India.

As Nag faces off with Rikki-tikki, Nag's wife, Nagaina, makes a surprise attack on Rikki from behind. However, Rikki escapes unscathed because Darzee warns him in time. The snakes, defeated, retreat into the grass.

Rikki, who has not fought snakes before, returns to the bungalow, feeling confident about his quickness against the snakes and gaining confidence in his skill. Teddy runs up the path to pet Rikki, only to be confronted by Karait, the “dusty...”
(The entire section is 1,052 words.)

Rikki's great war was the war against the cobras. Rikki-tikki's war was against the pair of cobras, Nag and Nagaina. As a mongoose, it was his job to get rid of the snakes in the yard, as...

Theme-6**The Goose with the Golden Eggs**

Once upon a time, a man and his wife had the good fortune to have a goose which laid a golden egg every day. Lucky though they were, they soon began to think they were not getting rich fast enough.

They imagined that if the bird is able to lay golden eggs, its insides must be made of gold. And they thought that if they could get all that precious metal at once, they would get mighty rich very soon. So the man and his wife decided to kill the bird.

However, upon cutting the goose open, they were shocked to find that its innards were like that of any other goose!

MORAL: THINK BEFORE YOU ACT

More about the story

Kill not the goose that lays golden eggs is a popular proverb in English that is rooted in this story.

When we use this proverb, we mean that anyone who feels entitled to, and tries to get more than he is already receiving, is most likely to get nothing at all in the future.

Read the following example:

Young Johnny had a very kind and generous uncle. Every time Johnny visited him with his parents, he was given five cents. One day, Johnny thought of buying a bike. The next time he met his uncle, he asked him for 50 dollars. “50 dollars?” exclaimed his uncle. “That is a lot of money!”

“Well, you can afford it, and I want to buy a bike,” said Johnny. “You don’t have any children, so you should have a lot of money.”

Johnny’s uncle was very angry. He did not like Johnny’s attitude.

Johnny did not get 50 dollars. He did not get his five cents also any more.

He had killed the goose that laid golden eggs. If he had been wiser, he would have at least got his five cents.

Sometimes, we are not content with what we have, and wish for more. Such discontentment always results in unhappiness, and regret.

Theme-7**The Town Musicians of Bremen**

This amusing story by the Brothers Grimm is about four farm animals who are convinced they can earn a good living as musicians. Indeed they do, but it isn't really the sweetness of their barking, braying, mewling, and cockle-doodle-doing, that earns them their supper – it's more the terror of the sound they make!

Read by Natasha. Duration 9.50.

Proofread by Claire Deakin.

A certain man had a donkey, which had carried the corn sacks to the mill loyally for many a long year; but his strength was going, and he was growing more and more unfit for work. His master began to wonder if it was worth his while by keeping this old donkey much longer.

The donkey, seeing that no good wind was blowing, ran away and set out on the road to Bremen. "There," he thought, "I can surely be town musician."

When he had walked some distance, he found a dog lying on the road, gasping like one who had run until he was tired. "What are you gasping so for, you big fellow?" Asked the donkey.

"Ah," replied the dog, "as I am old, and grow weaker daily; I can no longer hunt. My master wanted to kill me, so I ran away, but now how am I to earn my bread?"

"I'll tell you what," said the donkey, "I am going to Bremen, and shall be a town musician there; come with me and work also as a musician. I will play the lute, and you shall beat the kettledrum."

The dog agreed, and so on they went. Not before long they came to a cat, sitting on the path with a face like three rainy days! "Now then, old fluff and claws, what has gone so wrong with you?" Asked the donkey.

"Who can be merry when his neck is in danger?" Answered the cat. "Because I am now getting old, my teeth are worn to stumps, and I prefer to sit by the fire and spin, rather than hunt about after mice. My mistress wanted to drown me, so I ran away. Now good advice is scarce. Where am I to go?"

“Go with us to Bremen. You understand night music so you can be a town musician.”

The cat thought well of it and decided to go with them. After this the three runaways came to a farmyard, where the cockerel was sitting upon the gate, cock-a-doodle-doing with all his might. “Your cock-a-doodle-do goes through and through my skull,” said the donkey. “What is the matter?”

“Guests are coming on Sunday and the housewife has no pity,” said the cockerel, “and has told the cook that she intends to eat me in the soup tomorrow, and this evening I am to have my head cut off. Now I am cock-a-doodle-doing at full pitch while I can.”

“Ah you red-headed bird,” said the donkey, “you had better come away with us. We are going to Bremen; you can find something better than death everywhere. You have a good voice, and if we make music together it must have some quality!”

The cockerel agreed to this plan, and all four went on together. They could not, however, reach the city of Bremen in one day, and in the evening they came to a forest where they meant to pass the night. The donkey and the dog laid themselves down under a large tree, the cat and cockerel settled themselves in the branches – but the cockerel flew right to the top, where he was most safe. Before he went to sleep, he called out to his companions that there must be a house not far off, for he saw a light. The donkey said: “If so, we had better get up and go on, for the shelter here is bad.” The dog thought that a few bones with some meat on would do him good too!

So they moved further on, and soon saw the light shine brighter and grow larger, until they came to a well lit robber’s house. The donkey, as the biggest, went to the window and looked in: “What do you see, my grey horse?” Asked the cockerel. “What do I see?” Answered the donkey. “A table covered with good things to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it enjoying themselves.”

“That would be just the sort of thing for us,” said the cockerel. “Yes, yes. Ah, how I wish we were there!” Said the donkey.

Then the animals put their heads together and schemed how to best win an invitation to come inside and join the robbers at the table.

“Come, come my friends,” said the donkey. “We are musicians, so let us sing for our supper.”

They began to perform their music together: The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cockerel cock-a-doodle-do’ed. Then they burst through the window into the room, so that the glass clattered! At this horrible din, the robbers sprang up, thinking no otherwise than a ghost had come in, and they fled in a great fright out into the forest. The four companions now sat down at the table, well content with what was left, and ate as if they were going to fast for a month.

As soon as the four musicians had done, they put out the light, and each found a sleeping place according to his nature and to what suited him. The donkey laid himself down upon some straw in the yard, the dog behind the door, the cat upon the hearth near the warm ashes, and the cockerel perched himself upon a beam of the roof; and being tired from their long walk, they soon went to sleep.

When it was past midnight, the robbers saw from afar that the light was no longer burning in their house. Appearing quiet, the captain said: “We ought not to have let ourselves be frightened out of our wits,” and ordered one of them to go and examine the house.

The messenger finding all was still, went into the kitchen to light a candle, and taking the glistening fiery eyes of the cat for burning coals, he held the candle to them to light it. The cat did not understand what he meant to do, however, and flew in his face, spitting and scratching. He was dreadfully frightened, and ran to the back door, but the dog, who lay there sprang up and bit his leg. As he ran across the yard by the straw heap, the donkey gave him a smart kick with its hind foot. The cockerel too, who had been awakened by the noise, had become lively, and cried down from the beam, “Cock-a-doodle-doo!”

Then the robber ran back as fast as he could to his captain and said: Ah, there is a horrible witch sitting in the house, who spat on me and scratched my face with her long claws; and by the door stands a man with a knife who stabbed me in the leg, and in the yard there lies a black monster who beat me with a wooden club. Above, upon the roof,

sits the judge, who called out: “Bring the rogue here to me!” So I got away as well as I could.”

After this the robbers did not trust themselves in the house again; but it suited the four musicians of Bremen so well that they did not care to leave it anymore.

Theme-8**THE THREE LITTLE PIGS**

Once upon a time there were three little pigs and the time came for them to leave home and seek their fortunes. Before they left, their mother told them " Whatever you do , do it the best that you can because that's the way to get along in the world.

The first little pig built his house out of straw because it was the easiest thing to do. The second little pig built his house out of sticks. This was a little bit stronger than a straw house. The third little pig built his house out of bricks.

One night the big bad wolf, who dearly loved to eat fat little piggies, came along and saw the first little pig in his house of straw. He said "Let me in, Let me in, little pig or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!" "Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin", said the little pig. But of course the wolf did blow the house in and ate the first little pig.

The wolf then came to the house of sticks. "Let me in ,Let me in little pig or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in" "Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin", said the little pig. But the wolf blew that house in too, and ate the second little pig.

The wolf then came to the house of bricks. " Let me in , let me in" cried the wolf "Or I'll huff and I'll puff till I blow your house in" "Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin" said the pigs. Well, the wolf huffed and puffed but he could not blow down that brick house.

But the wolf was a sly old wolf and he climbed up on the roof to look for a way into the brick house.

The little pig saw the wolf climb up on the roof and lit a roaring fire in the fireplace and placed on it a large kettle of water.

When the wolf finally found the hole in the chimney he crawled down and KERSPLASH right into that kettle of water and that was the end of his troubles with the big bad wolf.

The next day the little pig invited his mother over . She said "You see it is just as I told you. The way to get along in the world is to do things as well as you can." Fortunately for that little pig, he learned that lesson. And he just lived happily ever after!

Theme-9**Learn the poems**

*One, two, three, four
 Nick and Jane, wash the floor!
 Five, six, seven, eight
 Mike and Ann, wash the plate!
 Nine, ten, eleven, twelve
 Put your books upon the shelf!*

Father, mother,
 Sister, brother.
 Hand in hand
 With one another.

One, one, one:	Three, three, three:
Little dog, run!	Birds on a tree.
Two, two, two:	Four, four, four:
Cats see you!	Toys on the floor.

Autumn is yellow,	This is the season
Winter is white.	When fruit is sweet.
Spring is green,	This is the season
Summer is bright.	When school-friends meet.
	What season is it?

Spring is here,
 Summer is near,
 Grass is green,
 So nice and clean.
 Winter, spring, summer, fall -
 I like spring best of all.

The summer sun shines hot
 and high.
 Baby birds now learn to fly.
 Green, green leaves and tasty
 fruit,

The cat and the mouse.

Cat: - Little Mouse, little Mouse,
 Where is your house?

Mouse: - Little Cat, little Cat,
 I have no flat.
 I am a poor mouse,
 I have no house.

Cat: - Little Mouse, little Mouse,
 Come into my house.

Mouse: - Little Cat, little Cat,
 I cannot do that.
 You want to eat me.

All the things are so good!
Winter, spring, summer, fall -
I like summer best of all.

Theme-10**The fisherman and the little golden fish. Fairy tale.**

A fisherman catches a golden fish. When the fish announces that he is a prince under an evil spell, the fisherman throws him back into the sea. On his return to his hovel, his wife tells him that he should have asked the magical creature to grant him a wish, and so the fisherman returns to the sea to call out to the fish and ask that the lives of the impoverished couple should be transformed - but the better life that ensues is not quite enough for them.

This story of over-reaching greed and ambition is known well in many countries including Germany and Russia, but not so much in the English speaking world. It's told with the Brothers Grimm's usual insight into human frailty.

Read by Natasha. Duration 19.30

Proofread by Claire Deakin.

There was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a pigsty, close by the seaside. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the sparkling waves and watching his line, all of a sudden his float was dragged away deep into the water. When he reeled in his line, he pulled out a golden fish. But the fish said, "Pray let me live! I am not a real fish. I am an enchanted prince. Put me in the water again, and let me go!"

"Oh, ho!" Said the man. "You need not go on much more about the matter. I will have nothing to do with a fish that can talk, so swim away, sir, as soon as you please!" Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him on the wave.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the pigsty, he told her how he had caught a golden fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and how, on hearing it speak, he had let it go again.

"Did not you ask it for anything?" Said the wife. "We live very wretchedly here, in this nasty dirty pigsty. Do go back and tell the fish we want a snug little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business - however, he went to the seashore, and when he got back there the water looked all yellow and green. He stood at the water's edge, and said,

"O man of the sea!

Hearken to me!

My wife İlsabill

Will have her own will,

And hath sent me to beg a gift of thee!"

Then the fish came swimming to him and said, "Well, what is her will? What does your wife want?"

"Ah!" Said the fisherman. "She says that when I caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go. She does not like living any longer in the pigsty, and wants a snug little cottage."

"Go home then," said the fish, "she is in the cottage already!" So the man went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a nice trim little cottage.

"Come in, come in!" Said she. "Is not this much better than the filthy pigsty we had?" There was a parlour, a bedroom, and a kitchen; and behind the cottage there was a little garden, planted with all sorts of flowers and fruits. There was a courtyard behind, full of ducks and chickens. "Ah!" Said the fisherman, "How happily we shall live now!"

"We will try to do so, at least," said his wife.

Everything went right for a week or two, and then Dame İlsabill said, "Husband, there is not nearly room enough for us in this cottage; the courtyard and the garden are a great deal too small. I should like to have a large stone castle to live in. Go to the fish again and tell him to give us a castle."

"Wife," said the fisherman, "I don't like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry; we ought to be easy with this pretty cottage to live in."

"Nonsense!" Said the wife. "He will do it very willingly, I know. Go along and try!"

The fisherman went, but his heart was very heavy: and when he came to the sea, it looked blue and gloomy, though it was very calm. He went close to the edge of the waves, and said,

"O man of the sea!

Hearken to me!

My wife Ilsabill

Will have her own will,

And hath sent me to beg a gift of thee!"

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" Said the man, dolefully. "My wife wants to live in a stone castle."

"Go home then," said the fish, "she is standing at the gate of it already." So away went the fisherman, and found his wife standing before the gate of a great castle. "See," said she, "is not this grand?" With that they went into the castle together, and found a great many servants there, and the rooms all richly furnished, and full of golden chairs and tables. Behind the castle was a garden, and around it was a park half a mile long, full of sheep, goats, hares, and deer; and in the courtyard were stables and cow houses.

"Well," said the man, "now we will live cheerful and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives."

"Perhaps we may," said the wife, "but let us sleep upon it, before we make up our minds to that." So they went to bed. The next morning when Dame Ilsabill awoke it was broad daylight, and she jogged the fisherman with her elbow, and said, "Get up, husband, and bestir yourself, for we must be king of all the land."

"Wife, wife," said the man, "why should we wish to be the king? I will not be king."

"Then I will," said she. "But wife," said the fisherman, "how can you be king? The fish cannot make you a king?"

"Husband," said she, "say no more about it, but go and try! I will be king." So the man went away quite sorrowful to think that his wife should want to be king. This time the sea looked a dark grey colour, and was overspread with curling waves and the ridges of foam as he cried out,

"O man of the sea!

Hearken to me!

My wife Ilsabill

Will have her own will,

And hath sent me to beg a gift of thee!"

"Well, what would she have now?" Said the fish. "Alas!" Said the poor man. "My wife wants to be king."

"Go home," said the fish, "she is king already."

Then the fisherman went home; and as he came close to the palace he saw a troop of soldiers, and heard the sound of drums and trumpets. When he went in he saw his wife sitting on a throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head; and on each side of her stood six fair maidens, each a head taller than the other.

"Well, wife," said the fisherman, "are you king?"

"Yes," said she, "I am king." And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, "Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! Now we shall never have anything more to wish for as long as we live."

"I don't know how that may be," said she. "Never is a long time. I am king, it is true; but I begin to be tired of that, and I think I should like to be emperor."

"Alas, wife! Why should you wish to be emperor?" Said the fisherman. "Husband," said she, "go to the fish! I say I will be emperor."

"Ah, wife!" Replied the fisherman. "The fish cannot make an emperor, I am sure, and I should not like to ask him for such a thing."

"I am king," said Ilsabill, "and you are my slave - so go at once!" So the fisherman was forced to go; and he muttered as he went along, "This will come to no good, it is too much to ask; the fish will be tired at last, and then we shall be sorry for what we have done." He soon came to the seashore; and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over the waves and rolled them about, but he went as near as he could to the water's brink, and said,
"O man of the sea!

Hearken to me!

My wife Ilsabill

Will have her own will,

And hath sent me to beg a gift of thee!"

"What would she have now?" Said the fish. "Ah!" Said the fisherman, "she wants to be emperor."

"Go home," said the fish, "she is emperor already. "So he went home again, and as he came near he saw his wife Ilsabill sitting on a very lofty throne made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head a full two yards high; and on each side of her stood her guards and attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other – from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf no bigger than my finger. Before her stood princes, dukes, and earls. The fisherman went up to her and said, "Wife, are you emperor?"

"Yes," said she, "I am emperor."

"Ah!" Said the man, as he gazed upon her. "What a fine thing it is to be emperor!"

"Husband," said she, "why should we stop at being emperor? I will be pope next."

"O wife, wife!" Said he, "How can you be pope? There is but one pope at a time in Christendom."

"Husband," said she, "I will be pope this very day."

"But," replied the husband, "the fish cannot make you pope."

"What nonsense!" Said she. "If he can make an emperor, he can make a pope - go and try him." So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore the wind was raging and the sea was tossed up and down in boiling waves. The ships were in trouble, and rolled fearfully upon the tops of the billows. In the middle of the heavens there was a little piece of blue sky, but towards the south all was red, as if a dreadful storm was rising. At this sight the fisherman was dreadfully frightened, and he trembled so that his knees knocked together. Still he went down near to the shore, and said,

"O man of the sea!

Hearken to me!

My wife Ilsabill

Will have her own will,

And hath sent me to beg a gift of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" Said the fisherman. "My wife wants to be pope."

"Go home," said the fish; "she is pope already."

Then the fisherman went home, and found Ilsabill sitting on a throne that was two miles high. She had three great crowns on her head, and around her stood all the pomp and power of the church. On each side of her were two rows of burning lights of all sizes; the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rush light. "Wife," said the fisherman, as he looked at all this greatness, "are you pope?"

"Yes," said she, "I am pope."

"Well, wife," replied he, "it is a grand thing to be pope; and now you must be easy, for you can be nothing greater."

"I will think about that," said the wife. Then they went to bed, but Dame Ilsabill could not sleep all night for thinking what she should

be next. At last, as she was dropping asleep, morning broke, and the sun rose. "Ha!" Thought she, as she woke up and looked at it through the window. "After all I cannot prevent the sun rising." At this thought she was very angry, and wakened her husband, and said, "Husband, go to the fish and tell him I must be lord of the sun and moon."

The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife! Cannot you be easy with being pope?"

"No," said she, "I am very uneasy as long as the sun and moon rise without my permission. Go to the fish at once!"

Then the man went shivering with fear, and as he was going down to the shore a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the very rocks shook. All the heavens became black with stormy clouds, and the lightning played, and the thunders rolled. You might have seen in the sea great black waves, swelling up like mountains with crowns of white foam upon their heads. The fisherman crept towards the sea, and cried out, as well as he could,

"O man of the sea!

Hearken to me!

My wife Ilsabill

Will have her own will,

And hath sent me to beg a gift of thee!"

"What does she want now?" Said the fish. "Ah!" Said he. "She wants to be lord of the sun and moon."

"Go home," said the fish, "to your pigsty again."

And there they live to this very day.

The Thief and the Boy

Once, there was a Thief. He did not feel sorry for his bad deeds. He also believed that he was very smart. Often, he thought to himself, 'I am the smartest of all. No one can trick me!'

One day, the Thief was walking down the countryside, he saw a Boy. The Boy was sitting near a well. The Thief saw that the Boy was crying. The Thief asked him, “Why do you cry, young lad?” The Boy showed him a piece of rope and said, “I came to this well to fill some water. My bucket was tied to this rope. It was made of silver and now it has fallen into the well!”

The Thief thought, ‘Ah! A bucket made of silver. I shall steal this bucket.’ Thus, he said to the Boy,

“Do not cry! I will find your bucket.” He took off his clothes and jumped into the well. He searched for the silver bucket, but could not find it. As he came out of the well, he saw that the Boy was gone, too. Also, he had stolen all his clothes!

Bad deeds will always be repaid by bad fortune!

Theme-11**The children's game****I'm Too Ill!**

"I'm too ill to sleep," said Siriwat.

"Have a drink," said his dad.

"Ouch! It hurts! I'm too ill to drink!"

Siriwat had a sore throat.

"Oh dear," said his dad. "Here is some medicine."

"I'm too ill to take it."

Next morning he had a headache.

"Ouch, ouch! It hurts!"

"Medicine?"

"No, I'm too ill."

By mid-day Siriwat had a tummyache.

"Ouch, ouch, ouch! It hurts!"

"Oh dear," said his dad.

By evening he had earache.

"Ouch, ouch, ouch, ouch! It hurts."

"Oh dear," said his dad. "I'm calling the doctor."

"I'm too ill to see the doctor," said Siriwat.

But the doctor arrived.

"High temperature," she said. "Take this medicine."

"Good morning, Dad," called Siriwat the next day. "I feel much better now."

WE'RE GOING TO THE ZOO

We're going to the zoo to see a kangaroo

We're going to the zoo to see a kangaroo, and a lion too

We're going to the zoo

The monkeys sing and climb

They know it's feeding time

The polar bears and seals
Enjoy their fishy meals

We're going to the zoo to see a kangaroo
We're going to the zoo to see a kangaroo, and a lion too
We're going to the zoo

The snakes all slide along
The skunk just makes a pong
The tiger gives a roar
He wants to eat some more

We're going to the zoo to see a kangaroo
We're going to the zoo to see a kangaroo, and a lion too
We're going to the zoo

The penguins need to hide
It's much too hot outside
But the lizard's having fun
Lying in the sun

We're going to the zoo to see a kangaroo
We're going to the zoo to see a kangaroo, and a lion too
We're going to the zoo

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