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ADULT STORIES FOR CHILDREN

Сказки и истории на
английском языке

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Adult stories for children

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Аннотация

Веселые истории, произошедшие со взрослым человеком, но рассказанные детям. Книга рассчитана на тех, кто изучает английский язык. Перевод: Жанна Веселова



FISHING TRIP

Once on my day off I got the things ready and went fishing. I went to the river, cast the line and started to fish. Birds were twittering in the sky, grasshoppers were stirring in the grass,

clouds were reflecting in the river, here was the beauty! And because of that beauty I was in such a good mood, that I wanted to sing loudly. I started to sing (I like to sing aloud, so that everyone could hear).

I was lying near the river. I sang songs, looked at the clouds, and squinted from the sun. Suddenly I heard: someone near me was a kind of purring, or I would say whining; from another side someone was squeaking, a bit farther someone was bubbling, roaring and even mooing. I looked around and was shocked: the animals from the forest gathered round me, and even the cow from the next meadow came to see me. It said, "Moo! Moo!" And everybody sang songs with me, admired the beauty and nobody bit each other. I looked at my fishing-rod and saw an interesting picture: fishes gathered round the rod, put their heads out of the water and opened their mouths-a real chorus, so to speak, gathered. And a little worm commanded that fish chorus. I don't know, how it got down from the hook and climbed the rod, then turned round it, like a ring, and conducted the fishes with the help of its tail. I looked at them for some time and sang much louder. So we sang altogether to the sunset.

When the sun set, I put together my fishing-rod, let the worm go and went home. On my way home I thought, «That's what the beauty does with people: a hare sits next to a wolf, a bear sits next to a fox, and fishes are near the worm. They do not hurt each other, and that's good for everybody.»

Since that time I go to the river, if I have free time. There we

get together and sing songs all day long. And the worm crawls out of the silt and sings with us, though I have never heard its voice, but it's very interesting for me to know, how he communicates with fishes?

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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