



കുട്ടികാരെ സെക
രമായ കഥയിലൂടെ
ഇംഗ്ലീഷ് പഠിക്കാം

THE WISE KING

● എ.കെ. അബ്ദുൽ മജീദ്

Once upon a time there lived a king in Egypt. He was both mighty and wise. And he was feared for his might and loved for his wisdom.

Now, in the heart of the capital city was a well, whose water was cool and clean. All the inhabitants including the king and his minister drank from the well.

One night when all were asleep, a witch entered the city, and poured seven drops of strange liquid into the well, and said, "From this hour he who drinks this water shall become mad."

Next

morning all the inhabitants, save the king and his minister, drank from the well and became mad.

And during that day the people in the streets and in the market places whispered to one another, "The king is mad. Our king and his minister have lost their reason. Surely we cannot be ruled by a mad king. We must dethrone him."

That evening the king ordered a golden goblet to be filled from the well. And when it was brought to him he drank to his content. The minister also drank the water. They too lost their senses.

However the people of the country began to say: "Now our king and his minister are ok. They have regained their reason. Long live our king and his minister!"



കഥ വായിച്ചുവല്ലോ.
പണ്ട് ഒരിക്കൽ ഈജിപ്തിൽ ഒരുരാജാവ്
ജീവിച്ചിരുന്നു എന്ന് തുടക്കം.

Migthy = ശക്തൻ
Wise = ബുദ്ധിമാൻ

രാജാവ് ശക്തനും ബുദ്ധിമാനും ആയിരുന്നു.
അടുത്ത വാചകത്തിലെ was feared എന്ന
verb നോക്കുക. ഇത് passive voice ആണ്.
അതേ പോലെ തുടർന്ന് വരുന്ന loved pas-
sive ആണ്. Was loved എന്ന്. Was നേ
രത്തെ വന്നതിനാൽ ആവർത്തിക്കാതിരുന്ന
താണ്. രാജാവിന്റെ ശക്തികാരണം ആളുകൾ
അദ്ദേഹത്തെ പേടിക്കുകയും ബുദ്ധി കാരണം
സ്നേഹിക്കുകയും ചെയ്തു എന്നർത്ഥം.

തലസ്ഥാന നഗരിയിൽ ഒരു കിണർ ഉണ്ട്.
രാജാവും മന്ത്രിയും ഉൾപ്പെടെ എല്ലാവരും
അതിൽനിന്നാണ് വെള്ളംകുടിക്കാറ്.

ഒരു രാത്രി എല്ലാവരും ഉറങ്ങിക്കിടക്കു
മ്പോൾ ഒരു witch (ദുർമന്ത്രവാദിനി)
പട്ടണത്തിൽ പ്രവേശിച്ചു കിണറ്റിൽ ഏഴു
തുള്ളി strange (അസാധാരണ/ വിചിത്ര
മായ) ദ്രാവകം (liquid) ഉറിച്ചു. എന്നിട്ട് പ

റഞ്ഞു: 'ഈ മുഹൂർത്തം മുതൽ ഈ
വെള്ളം കുടിക്കുന്നവർക്കെല്ലാം ഭ്രാന്ത്
പിടിക്കട്ടെ.'

പിറ്റേന്ന് രാജാവും മന്ത്രിയും ഒഴികെ
എല്ലാവരും വെള്ളംകുടിച്ചു. എല്ലാവർക്കും
വട്ടായി. പക്ഷേ അവർ പറയാൻ തുടങ്ങി:
'രാജാവിനും മന്ത്രിക്കും വട്ടായിപ്പോയി'
എന്ന്! 'ഭ്രാന്തൻ രാജാവ് നമ്മെ ഭരിക്കാൻ
പാടില്ല. നമുക്കദ്ദേഹത്തെ താഴെ ഇറക്ക
ണം' (dethrone).

അവസാനം രാജാവും മന്ത്രിയും
വെള്ളം കുടിച്ചു. അവർക്കും വട്ടാ
യി. അപ്പോൾ ജനം പറഞ്ഞു:
'രാജാവിനും മന്ത്രിക്കും
ബുദ്ധി തിരിച്ചുകിട്ടിയേ!
രാജാവും മന്ത്രിയും നീ
ണാൾവാഴട്ടെ!'

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STORY

A DONKEY TO MARKET

LONG AGO IN CAMBODIA, there once lived a farmer and his son. The two of them took good care of all the animals on the farm. One baby donkey grew up to be the most handsome and plump donkey they had ever seen. He stood tall and had brown, smooth fur.

On seeing the fine grown-up donkey, the farmer said to his son, "Look at this strong donkey! If only there was a need in our village to buy a donkey, we would get a good price for him. But all the farmers I know already have a donkey. We need to go far away, where most farmers do not have a donkey, to get the best price

for him."

"How far?" said the boy. "Can I come?"

"It would be good to have you with me for a long trip," said the father.

"So yes, let's go!"

"Where?" said the son.

"The village of Kompang would be good," he said. Then the farmer stopped. "Wait. There is something we must think about. If the donkey walks as far as to the village of Kompang, by the time we get there he might be too thin. The price for him will go down."

At last, the father had an idea. He and his son got hold of the donkey and tied each pair of its feet tight.

They passed a pole between the two pairs of feet. The father put the front of the pole on his shoulders. The son put the back of the pole on his shoulders. In this way, the two of them could lift the donkey. They would carry the donkey that way. And that is how they set off to Kompang.

While going on their way, they were seen by villagers who could not believe their eyes. They laughed and laughed. "Look!" they called out. "Did you ever see such a thing? Two men are carrying a donkey!" They called out, "Old man!



People do not carry a horse, or an ox. People do not carry a donkey! It is they that have to carry us on their backs!"

"Oh!" said the father. He and his son took down the donkey. They untied the feet. Said the father, "We cannot both ride the donkey, for he is not strong enough to carry us both. Ride alone on the donkey, and I will follow you." And that is what they did.

While passing through another village, the young man was asked, "Where are you riding to, boy?"

"To Kompang," he said.

Pointing, they asked, "And who is this old man behind you?"

"My father," said the boy.

On hearing this, the villagers became mad. They said, "What a selfish son you are! Why are you riding the donkey when you are strong enough to walk? You had better get down at once! Let your old father be the one to ride the donkey."

On hearing these sharp words, at once the boy got down from the donkey. His father took his place to ride. And that is how the two of them kept going. The young man walked behind and the father rode on the donkey.

After some time, they came to a village where there was a well. A few young women had come to the well for water.

Seeing the handsome young man, the young women felt a great caring for him. They were not happy to see an old man riding such a fine donkey, when such a handsome young man had to walk behind him, tired and hot.

They called out to the old man, "It is not for you, old man, to ride such a fine donkey. It should be this good-looking young man to ride!"

The father and son looked at each other. "Again, we must be doing this wrong!" They decided to both ride the donkey. "You in front and I behind

you," said the old man. "That way, no one will be mad." And sitting like that, they went on their way.

After a bit, the two of them reached a customhouse. The officer of the customhouse said, "Where are you going, men?"

"To the village of Kompang," they said.

The officer said in a sharp tone, "Your donkey is not strong enough to carry both of you! If you keep riding as far as the village of Kompang, it will get thin and its price will go down. How foolish you are! Why don't you let the donkey walk?"

The farmer and his son looked at each other. They were doing things wrong – again! They got off the donkey and led it by a rope.

When they came to a field, the road ended. They had to cross the field to find the road on the other side. The owner of the field was working and he called out to them. "Walk carefully! My field is full of thorns, for it is not yet cleaned up." The son stepped on a thorn and cried out, "Ow!" The owner of the field saw their donkey. "What are you doing?" he called. "You have a donkey, why don't you ride it? You are treating that donkey as your ruler! How foolish you are!"

Oh, dear! The father and son did not know what to do. "Whatever we do, someone has something to say about it!" They talked and talked. At last they said, "We will travel as we see fit, that we will. And just put up with blame as it comes."

And so the farmer and his son went on and reached the village of Kompang. There they sold the donkey for a very good price, and to a good family, too. And the two of them went back home without any more loss of time.

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