

Text A : The Pot of Gold

[Adapted from a text by Julia Donaldson]

Ali and Mariam were Bedouin camel farmers. “Too many camels, too many camels”, said Mariam.

“Not enough camels”, said Ali. The two of them were always arguing.

One evening there was a gentle tap at the door. A little man dressed in green asked, “Can I stay here for two nights?” “Yes,” said Ali.

“No,” said Mariam.

“I can pay”, said the little man. He took two, shiny, gold coins out of his pocket. “Well?” he asked, “Can I stay?”

“Yes!” responded Mariam and Ali together and for once they agreed about something.

“Good night and good luck!” whispered the little man all in green. Mariam laughed. “We never have any luck,” she said. But this time she was wrong.

The next day Ali saw a big pile of stones in the dunes. He removed some of the stones and discovered a heap of shiny, new, solid gold coins shining like diamonds! “I’ll run home and fetch a big bag to carry them”. “Suppose someone finds the coins when I’m gone?” he said to himself. He put the stones back to cover the gold.

Ali told Mariam about the shiny, gold coins he had found. Ali grabbed a big bag. She said, “People will see us and then everybody will want some of the gold. We’ll wait until it is dark. Just think,” she said, “with all that money we can buy a new house.”

Ali said, “We don’t need a new house. But we do need some more camels”. They were shouting so loudly that they didn’t hear the little man come downstairs.

“Please can you stop yelling?” he asked politely. The little man gave them both a strange look and then slowly went upstairs. “Good night” he said, but this time he did not say “Good luck”.

When it was dark Ali and Mariam took the bag into the dunes to the pile of stones. Mariam quickly removed the stones but could not find the gold coins. “I’m sure you were just making it all up!” she said.

“No I wasn’t” shouted Ali, “I really did find a huge, heap of shiny, new, gold coins.” He looked around and then he spotted another pile of stones and another and another. “That’s strange” he thought.

Ali and Mariam looked around them. There were hundreds of piles of stones, each with a stick in it. They hunted and hunted and searched and searched all night, but did not find any gold. Exhausted they finally came home, however, the little man had gone. There were two gold coins on the table and a note saying “Keep looking”. They went to bed tired and unhappy.



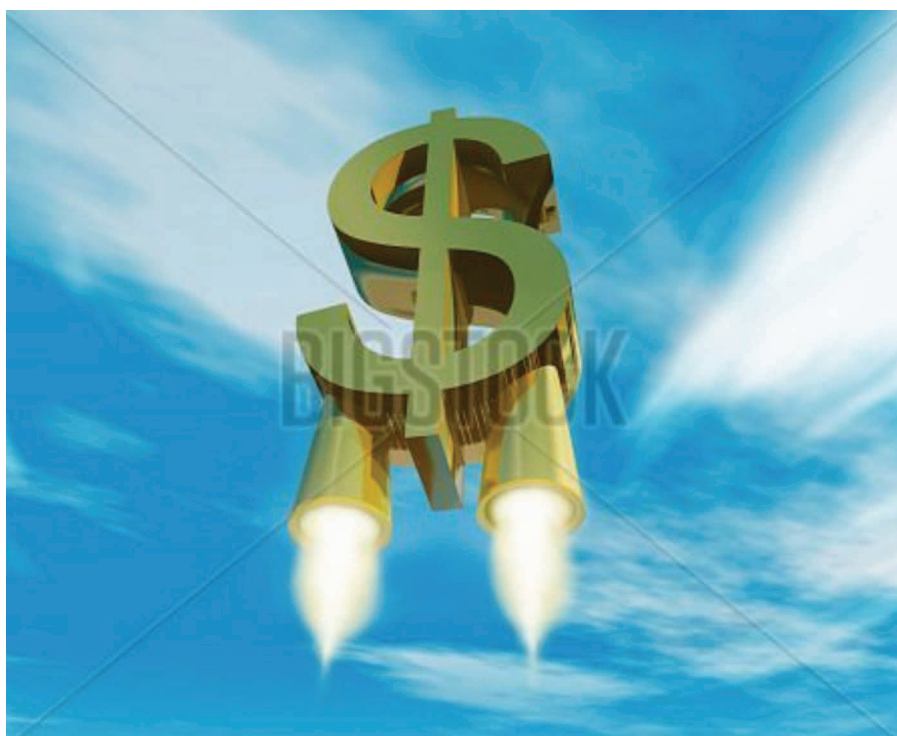
Text B: The Wind



The wind whistles
Through the mighty ghaf trees.
It brings relief from the heat.
It moves this way,
It moves that way,
Picking up rubbish
Left by hungry visitors.

As the stars cover the night sky,
The wind slows.
The heat has gone,
Nothing moves
But the rubbish remains.

Text C: Image



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