

Reading comprehension.

Hello dear student.

Please read the next story called "The Thief of Smells"

- 1) Select and copy the vocabulary you don't know on your notebook and write its translation. (You can use dictionary or on-line dictionary. **Do not use translator**)
- 2) Copy the next questions and answer them.
 - Where does the baker live?
 - The baker is a kind man?
 - How taste the cakes the baker cooked?
 - Why the baker was angry?



There was once a baker who had a shop in a small town in America. This baker was not a very kind man. He never gave his customers any more bread than necessary for their money, and he never smiled. But he was a very good baker. His bread was the softest bread that you could imagine. Sometimes customers paid for their bread and started eating it there in the shop. And his cakes... mmm!! His cakes were really delicious. People came to his shop from all over town. When they walked down the street, they smelled the baker's wonderful bread and his delicious cakes, and they walked right into his shop. But not everyone came inside. Some people just stood outside the shop, smelling, and looking in through the windows. The baker didn't like this.

'Their stomachs are full of the smell of my bread. I'm giving them a free lunch! And I get nothing for my hard work,' he said to himself. 'Perhaps there's some way to put those delicious smell in bottles. Then I can sell them, just like I sell my bread.'

One winter morning, very early, the baker was in his shop, making bread. He wasn't singing happily while he worked. He was complaining to himself about getting up early, about the cold weather, and about anything that came into his head. In the middle of all this, he looked up and saw someone looking in through the window. It was a young man wearing an old coat. He was looking at the baker's bread and he was hungry. He was smelling the fresh bread and smiling. When the baker saw him, he felt very angry.

'That thief outside my shop has a stomach full of the smell of my bread! It's a free breakfast! I get nothing for my hard work, while he steals my smells.'

The man didn't move, he just stood there, closed his eyes, and smelt the fresh bread happily. The baker was really angry now.

He walked across the shop, opened the door and shouted at the man, 'Pay me!'

'Pay you for what?' asked the young man in great surprise.

'For the smells that you've stolen,' replied the baker.

'But I've stolen nothing. I'm only smelling the air. Air is free,' said the hungry young man.

'It's not free when it's full of the smells from my shop,' replied the baker. 'Pay me now, or I'll call the police.'