

Vidya Bhawan

Balika Vidyapith Lakhisarai

Class :6

30/08/2020

Subject : English.

By: R.N.Singh

BASED ON NCERT

Chapter 2

Travelling with Grandfather's Zoo

Read the story and write hard words
continue.....

All the same, the journey was not without incident and before we reached Lucknow, there was excitement enough for everyone.

To begin with, Popeye objected to vendors and other people poking their hands in through the tweaked a ticket inspector's ear.

No sooner had the train started moving than Chips, my squirrel, emerged from my pocket to examine his surroundings. Before I could stop him, he was out of the compartment door, scurrying along the corridor.

Chips discovered that the train was a squirrel's paradise, almost all the passengers having bought large quantities of roasted peanuts before the

making friends with both children and grown-ups, and it was an hour before he returned to our compartment, his tummy almost bursting

I think I'll go to sleep, said Grandmother, covering herself with a blanket and stretching out on the berth opposite It has been a tiring day.

Aren't you going to eat anything? asked Grandfather.

I'm not hungry-I had some soup before we left. You two help yourselves from the tiffin basket.

Grandmother dozed off, and even Popeye started nodding, lulled to sleep by the clackety-clack of the wheels and the steady puffing of the steam engine. Well, I'm hungry, I said. 'What did Granny make for us?

Sandwiches, boiled eggs, a roast chicken, gooseberry pie. It's all in the tiffin basket under your berth.

I tugged at the large basket and dragged it into the centre of the compartment. The straps were loosely tied. No sooner had I undone them than the lid flew open, and I let out a gasp of surprise. In the basket was Grandfather's pet python,

curled up contentedly on the remains of our dinner.

Grandmother had insisted that we leave the python behind, and Grandfather had let it loose in the garden. Somehow, it had managed to snuggle itself into the tiffin basket.

Well, what are you staring at? asked Grandfather from his corner.

It's the python, I said. And it has finished all our dinner