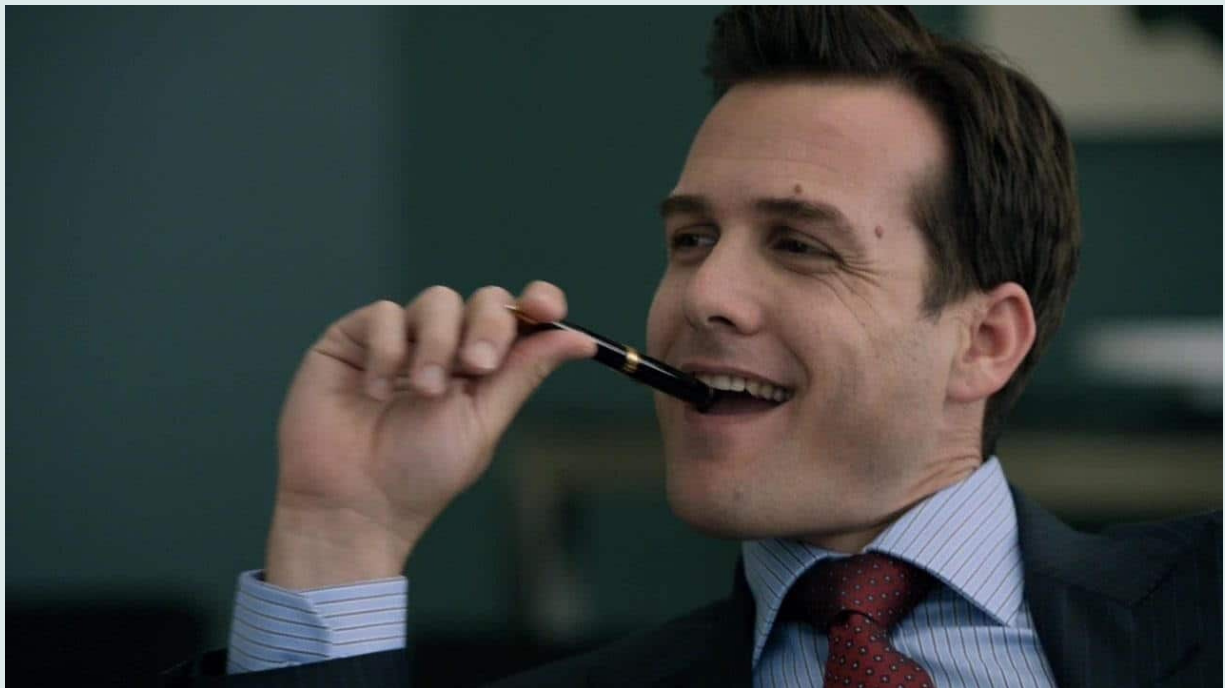




ENGLISH WORKBOOK

TEACH YOURSELF ENGLISH FOR FREE



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HOW TO USE THIS WORKBOOK

STEP 1: Choose one of the three stories in the workbook or any article of your choice.

STEP 2: Read and understand the story well and then try to write it in your own words on a separate paper without looking!

STEP 3: Now while you write the story, you will realize that you are not able to frame a few sentences or you are not able to express a few words! That is when you get to the book and see how the author has written the exact same sentence that you want to frame!

STEP 4: After you write your stories, copy-paste them in the Grammarly tool tab and you will see that Grammarly will point out loads of mistakes and will also tell you which type of grammatical mistake you are making.

STEP 5: Open the book Wren and Martin Grammar Composition and practice the relevant exercises and rewrite the article/story.

STEP 6: Now try to speak that out in front of a selfie camera, Show the video to someone you are comfortable with & ask them these questions to take constructive feedback:

1. Did you understand everything I said?
2. What did you like about my narration?
3. Where do you think I need improvement?
4. If you were to do it, how would you do it better?
5. Can I come to you with a better version?

Repeat Steps 1-6 every day with a new story/article until you are confident with speaking in English. If you want to also learn how to communicate your ideas powerfully enroll in the Communication Masterclass.

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RIVALS IN THE SKY

Story No.1 written by Subba Rao from KathaKids

Jeet made his own kites. He would carefully cut the paper to size and stick it to a frame made with thin, but strong twigs. He would then add a flying line and a tail. As he pulled the string, the kite would soar into the sky. It would rise above all other kites. If any other kite got closer, Jeet would move quickly to cut it off. No one could cut his kite. Other kite flyers called him 'Kite King'.

One evening, Jeet went out to fly his Yellow-Green kite. There was no one on the field. But Jeet was certain others would come. He tossed the kite into the air and pulled the string. The kite wobbled a bit; he quickly pulled the string and let it go. The kite steadied itself. Gently pumping the line, he allowed the kite to rise a few feet. He then pulled the line, and then slowly let the line out which made the kite go higher.

With no other kite's insight, Jeet lost interest. He made up his mind to wind up the string. Just then, a competitor arrived on the scene. It looked like another kite, or so he thought. He was surprised it had no string. No, the rival was not a kite. It was a butterfly—a Monarch.

Monarch had spread its wings. It seemed to have taken a liking to Jeet's Yellow-Green kite. It flew closer and then started to rise. Jeet pulled and then let go of the string quickly. His kite caught up with the Monarch. The butterfly rose further up, leaving the kite behind. Jeet was quick to pull and release the string, sending his kite soaring above Monarch.

By now other kite flyers had arrived. No one released their kites. They all stood watching the rivals in the sky—the bright yellow-green kite and the bright Orange flier. There was a hushed silence. One moment the kite was up and above, and the next, the Monarch reigned higher. It was a neck-to-neck race to infinity! Suddenly the Monarch started losing height. It was unbelievable but true. The Monarch was left far behind as the Yellow-Green kite raced ahead. Jeet gave a shout of triumph. The next moment, he frowned. The monarch was losing height rapidly. At that rate, he would hit the ground fast. Jeet started winding the string, lowering the kite fast. The kite was on a level with the monarch, the next moment, it came down below Monarch. Onlookers held their breath, Jeet broke into a sweat as he maneuvered the kite. Lo and behold, the Monarch landed on the kite, as everybody clapped.

Gently, very gently, Jeet lowered the kite and brought it to the ground. The Monarch was still perching on it. Jeet went down on his knees and stared at Monarch. He thought the butterfly was staring at him. A few minutes passed. Jeet hoped that Monarch would regain strength.

They were all happy to see the Monarch's wings flutter. The Monarch rose majestically. He flew up, flew in a wide circle, and headed back to where Jeet was standing. Monarch flew around Jeet once, then gained height and flew away as Jeet waved goodbye and the kite flyers clapped.

SHIVAJI'S GREAT ESCAPE

Story No. 2 written by Krishna Rao from KathaKids

Two men walked out of a bungalow carrying huge baskets. Guards stopped the men and ordered them to open the basket covers. Inside, were a variety of sweets. "Who is this for?" barked a guard. "Don't we answer this question every day?" one of the men answered. The soldier glared at him. "Don't mind him, Saheb. He is just tired," the other man said hurriedly, "We are taking these sweets to distribute them to holy men in the city." The soldier grunted and let them go. This was becoming a daily ritual. Two large baskets filled with sweets would leave the house every day. All because Shivaji Maharaj, the great Maratha leader, had taken ill, and holy men across the city were praying for his speedy recovery. It had been a few months since Shivaji arrived in Agra. The Marathas and the Mughals who were constantly battling had signed a treaty. This put an end to the conflict between the two sides—at least for the time being. Mirza Raja Jai Singh, the Mughal Commander, had asked Shivaji to pay a visit to the Mughal Badshah Aurangzeb in Agra. Shivaji's advisers were worried, "Maharaj, this is a trap. We can't trust Aurangzeb!" "You have our word. You will be honored as a King in the Mughal court," Jai Singh assured Shivaji. So Shivaji left for Agra with his young son Sambhaji. When they reached the durbar, Shivaji greeted the Badshah. He was then led to his assigned place in the durbar hall. This was in the third row of nobles. In those days, people were assigned places in the court based on their rank. Shivaji was furious. He had been assured that he would be treated like a King. And here he was being made to stand behind lesser nobles! Shivaji stormed out of the court in rage. Everyone in the durbar hall was shocked. No one dared to defy the Badshah the way the valiant Maratha had done! Aurangzeb ordered that Shivaji be detained in Agra. Guards were stationed outside the house where Shivaji was put up. No one was allowed in or out without thorough checks. Shivaji had come to Agra with a small group of people. He was in the hostile territory and he was outnumbered. He was prepared to fight his way out, but he wanted to keep his son, Sambhaji, safe. Also, he had to take care of the small band of men from Raigad who had accompanied him. He requested the Mughals to let his men leave Agra. The Mughals agreed to his request. With his escorts gone, they could keep a close watch on Shivaji. Then Shivaji spread the news that he had fallen ill. He wanted prayers to be held by Brahmins in Agra for his recovery. He started sending out large baskets of sweets to Brahmins in the city. It was these baskets that the guards were checking outside the house. A few weeks passed. Eventually, the guards got so used to baskets of sweets leaving Shivaji's place they would simply wave them out. This was the moment Shivaji was waiting for. One day, Sambhaji and he climbed into the baskets, which were then covered with sweets. As the men came to the door carrying the two baskets, the guards waved them out and the men hurried out with the baskets. Once they had gone some distance, Shivaji and Sambhaji climbed out of the baskets. Instead of taking the direct road to Raigad, they headed in the opposite direction towards the city of Mathura. Meanwhile, the Mughals realized that Shivaji and Sambhaji had escaped. Soldiers were sent after them. Alerts were sent along the road to Shivaji's capital to nab the two. But they couldn't find Shivaji on the road to Raigad. On reaching Mathura, Sambhaji left his son with some of his supporters in Mathura. He then dressed as a holy man and set out. A few weeks later two holy men appeared in the Maratha court asking to see Jijabai, Shivaji's mother. Jijabai was shocked when one of the holy men fell at her feet, removed his cap, and put his head on her lap. Jijabai immediately realized that the holy man was none other than her son Shivaji in disguise. Shivaji sent a message to Mathura. Soon, Sambhaji joined them at Raigad, and Shivaji and his family were free at last. Shivaji's escape made the Mughal emperor furious. Shivaji stepped up his effort to regain the lost territories and declared himself as Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj, the Emperor!

THE FOUR FRIENDS

Story No.3 written by Krishna Rao from KathaKids

An unusual group of four friends lived deep inside a forest. The four friends were: a deer, a crow, a mole, and a tortoise. They would meet every afternoon under a shady banyan tree and talk for hours.

One day, the deer did not turn up at the usual time. The mole, tortoise, and crow were worried. The mole turned to the crow, "I think you better fly around and see where the deer is." The crow nodded her head and flew away.

She didn't have to fly too far to find the deer. Unfortunately, the deer was trapped in a hunter's net! "Friend deer! What happened?" the crow cried.

The deer sighed, "I am normally very careful in where I put my step. But this net was well-hidden. I am now trapped. It is only a matter of time before the hunter gets here."

"I'll get some help," the crow said as she flapped away. She quickly flew to the banyan tree where the mole and tortoise were waiting. She told them everything that had happened.

"Friend tortoise, you wait right here," said the mole, "I will go with the crow and cut the net our friend is trapped in with my sharp teeth." The crow picked up the mole in her beak and flew quickly to the spot where the deer was trapped. The deer was happy to see his friends. The mole starts cutting through the net. It was hard work, but soon the deer was free. "Thank you friend mole!" the deer cried out as he stepped out of the net. "Ah! Looks like our friend is free!" came a voice from the bushes. It was the tortoise who had walked slowly to the spot. At the same moment, the hunter arrived. The deer ran swiftly. The crow flew away. The mole quickly dug a hole to hide in. But the tortoise was too slow.

The hunter was shocked to see that the net had been cut. But then his eyes fell on the slowly moving tortoise. "I lost the deer, but this tortoise will make a fine soup," he thought to himself, as he tied the tortoise up with a rope. "Oh no! We've lost our friend!" cried the crow. "No, there is still hope," said the mole with a smile as he whispered a plan to his two friends. With the tortoise on his back, the hunter headed back to the village. The path took him past a lake. He saw the body of a deer lying on the grass. A crow was sitting on the deer's antlers, pecking at his eyes. The hunter could not believe his luck. "I lost one deer, but looks like I have found another! And I don't even have to kill this one," he said to himself.

The tortoise smiled. His friends had come to rescue him. The hunter left the tortoise on the ground and ran towards the deer. The mole ran out of the bush and quickly cut the rope. The tortoise was free! "Friend tortoise, run!" cried the mole. For a tortoise, he moved really fast straight to the lake.

Meanwhile, the hunter had almost reached the deer. The crow could see that the tortoise was now safe in lake. "Caw! Caw!" she cried and flew away.

That was the signal! The deer sprang to his feet and ran away. The hunter had no chance of catching him. And when he turned back, he found the tortoise missing too!

The four friends hurried back to the banyan tree. "Thank you friends for saving my life!" said the tortoise. "No thanks needed," said the deer with a smile, "As long as we help each other, we'll always be safe."

ABOUT THINK SCHOOL

WE ARE BUILDING A SCHOOL THAT WE ALL DESERVED, BUT NEVER GOT

The Indian education system is messed up and everyone knows about it. But very few are doing something to fix it. Think school is an education start-up and we want to put a dent in the Indian education system by providing world-class education at lesser than the price of a Denim Jeans. We focus on high-income skills that put money in your pocket. Every piece of work we do is to fulfill this purpose by teaching you the most valuable skills of the 21st century that schools and colleges will never teach.

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