

Г. Е. Искрова,
учитель английского языка
высшей категории
гимназии № 1 г. Горки

A Glass Of Milk

Once, there was a poor boy who made a living by selling various objects from door to door. This was the way he earned money to pay for his school.

One day, as he was walking from house to house as usual, he felt very hungry and weak. He felt that he couldn't walk even a few steps. He decided to ask for food at a house. He knocked on the door and was stunned to see a beautiful young girl open the door. With much hesitation, he asked the girl for a glass of water.

The young girl understood his condition and offered him a huge glass of milk. With an astonished look, the boy drank the milk very slowly.

«How much do I owe you for this milk?» he asked her.

The girl replied, «I do not want any money for this.»

The boy thanked the girl from the bottom of his heart and left the place.

Years passed by. The young girl grew up. In her youth, unfortunately, she fell ill and was diagnosed with the rarest kind of nervous disorder. Many experienced doctors were baffled at her condition, and she was admitted in the city hospital with the most advanced facilities.

Dr. Kevin, a renowned neuro specialist was called in by the hospital to examine her. Even with his extraordinary expertise, Dr. Kevin found the girl's illness very hard to cure. However, with perseverance and hard work that lasted months, he was finally able to get the disease under control. With careful medication and monitoring, the girl was completely cured in the end.

Everyone praised the doctor, but the girl was quite worried about how much the hospital bill would come to. Her family had just a little money kept away in the bank, which was by no means enough to pay for such a long treatment in that reputed hospital.

The girl was given the hospital bill finally. With trembling hands, she opened it. She was stunned to see that the bill had been crossed out and cancelled, and there was a note underneath signed by Dr. Kevin.

«Bill paid years ago with a glass of milk!»

He (Harry) always reminds me of my poor Uncle Podger. You never saw such a commotion up and down a house, in all your life, as when my Uncle Podger undertook to do a job. A picture would have come home from the framemaker's, and be standing in the dining-room, waiting to be put up; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say:

«Oh, you leave that to ME. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. I'LL do all that».

And then he would take off his coat, and begin. He would send the girl out for sixpen'orth of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and, from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

«Now you go and get me my hammer, Will», he would shout; «and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the step-ladder, and I had better have a kitchen-chair, too; and, Jim! you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him, `Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better; and will he lend him his spirit-level?' And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture-cord; and Tom! – where's Tom? – Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture.»

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He could not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools, and start looking for his coat; while he would dance round and hinder them.