



Ali, who was working a **long way from home**, wanted to send a letter to his wife, but he could neither read nor write, and he had to work all day, so he could only look for somebody to write his letter late at night. **At last** he found the house of a letter-writer whose name was Nasreddin.

Nasreddin was already in bed. 'It is late,' he said. 'What do you want?' 'I want you to write a letter to my wife,' said Ali. Nasreddin was not pleased. He thought for a few seconds and then said, 'Has the letter got to go far?'

'What does it matter?' answered Ali.

'Well, my writing is so strange that only I can read it, and if I have to travel a long way to read your letter to your wife, it will cost you a lot of money.'

Ali went away quickly.

*(source: L.A. Hill Stories for reproduction)*

# VOCABULARY

**long way from home** - távol az otthonától

**at last** - végül

**be pleased** - boldog, örül

# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**1. Where was Ali working?** He was working a long way from home.

**2. What did he want to do?** He wanted to send a letter to his wife.

**3. Why couldn't he write the letter himself?** Because he could neither read nor write.

**4. When did he look for somebody to write his letter?** It was at night.

**5. Whom did he find?** He found the house of a letter writer.

**6. How did Nasredin feel when Ali spoke to him?** He was not pleased.

**7. Why did Nasredin want to know if the letter had to go far?**

Because his hand writing was so strange that only he could read it, and if he had had to travel a long way to read the letter, it would have cost Ali a lot of money.