



Mrs. Black: Hey, boy. I would like to make a complaint.

Freddie: Is there a problem, Mrs. Black?

Mrs. Black: Yes, there is. What is this black powder?

Freddie : I don't know. Let me see.

Mrs. Black: It's dust, isn't it?

Freddie : Yes, I guess so.

Mrs. Black: What! "Guess so?" That's exactly what it is.
I ordered two sacks of coal, not DUST.

Freddie: Oh, I am sorry, but was there any coal in it?

Mrs. Black: Yes, there was, but only a few pieces of coal.

The sacks were full of dust. Actually, I found
pieces of coal in the sacks of dust!

Freddie: Ah... That's must be a mistake. The coal could
have broken on their way to your house in the
truck.

Mrs. Black: Don't try to make fool of me.

Mrs. Black: Look, young man. Your father was a very honest and hard working person. He never told a lie.

Freddie: Me neither. I am also an honest man, Mrs. Black.

Mrs. Black: No, you are not.

Mrs. Black: I have two coal fires in my house. And I always bought coal from your father.

Freddie: Thank you very much.

Mrs. Black: He always sold very good coal. There was never much dust in his sack.

Freddie: I am proud of my father, Mrs. Black.

Mrs. Black: Surely you are.

Mrs. Black: Why did he stop working?

Freddie: Because of his age.

Mrs. Black: How old is he?

Freddie: He will be 80 years old in this spring.

Mrs. Black: I see.

Mrs. Black: Well, son. You have taken over your father's business haven't you?

Freddie: Yes.

Mrs. Black: Then you should use his business model too.

Freddie: I understand.

Mrs. Black: You should bring coal to me, not dust, OK?

Freddie: Yes, I will.

Mrs. Black: OK, then. Go home, and deliver new sacks of coal by tomorrow afternoon.

Freddie: I'll try, Mrs. Black

a sack of coal, a glass of water, a piece of cake, a school of fish
a pair of shoes/socks/pants, a slice of toast, a tube of tooth-
paste, a roll of toilet paper, a bag of chips, a flock of birds