



Poor man: Hey, Mister!

Mr. Gray: Who, me?

Poor man: Yes, you.

Can you stop, and listen to me for a minute?

Mr. Gray: Well, actually, I'm busy.

Poor man: Don't say that. Just a second.

Mr. Gray: OK. What's up?

Poor man: Would you like some matches?

Mr. Gray: Oh, I'm sorry, but I don't smoke.

Poor man: Is that so. What a shame. But you can use them in your kitchen. Maybe your wife needs some.

Mr. Gray: No, I don't think so. We have a very nice kitchen. It lights automatically. We don't need matches.

Poor man: But, Sir, I need money. Please buy some.

Mr. Gray: All right, then. How much do you want for a box?

Poor man: Twenty pence.

Mr. Gray: OK, here you are. You can keep the matches.

Poor man: Oh, Thank you very much, Sir.

Mr. Gray: You are welcome.

My life is boring. I commute to my office by train every day.



Mr. Gray got on his train.



I get out at the same station every day.

He got out in London.

I shall walk to the office, even in rain or snow.



It was snowing, but he walked to his office

There was a poor man in the street.



Here comes the rich man. I can get some money from him.

He sold matches there every day.



Sir, do you want to buy some matches again?

He gave 20p to the poor man.



Sure, here is your 20p. Don't work too hard, it's cold and snowing today.

Then he walked on.



It feels great to help the poor.

But the poor man shouted, "They cost 25p now!"

Sir, this is not enough. They cost 25p now!

