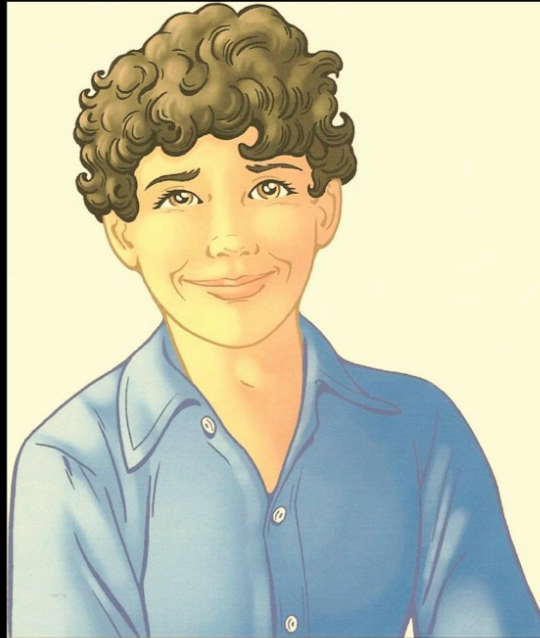


THE BARTON SERIES

# BARTON WAVES THEM ON



DR FAYAD W. ALI

(Ages 8 and over)

# BARTON WAVES THEM ON

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

STORY	PAGE
A NOVEL THOUGHT	9
THE OPENING	14
ALL SEVEN	21
THE FABULOUS DEES	39
ENGLISH IS TOUGH	44
THE ILLUSIONIST	57

# English IS Tough

The Master of Ceremonies calmed the excited and appreciative crowd. They loved every act so far and all the members of staff, marvelled at the multi-talented graduating class. Still, few were as impressed as the astounded Principal.

“I never knew our students were so skilled,” she whispered to some of the teachers who sat near her.

“I see so many fantastic results emerging from the ‘Visual and Performing Arts’ programme that we have introduced in our school,” she said.

The Master of Ceremonies entertained as he awaited the technician to ready the overhead cameras and the large monitor screen for the next performer.

He then introduced a young man, all dressed up as a young English gentleman.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we have something extraordinary for you,” the master of ceremonies announced, to the excited crowd.

“Sir William Webster is now going to illustrate to this wonderful audience how difficult it is for someone to learn English. He is an expert at the English language and grammar, a writer of several books, and was recently knighted by the Queen. He hails from England, the mother country and arrived here this morning, just for this performance.”



The audience laughed and cheered loudly as Sir Webster stepped up. He was dressed in a long black jacket, bow tie, and a red carnation adorned his jacket pocket. On his head was fitted a black, bowler hat, which he tipped to the audience whilst walking about and clicking his heels. In his hands, which were covered with white gloves, he held a walking stick.

Sir Webster began to speak with a clear and distinct British accent. The audience was in stitches. He sounded so much like an aristocratic Englishman.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” started Sir Webster, amidst the sounds of great applause and laughter. “I start by saying a special something to you in different tongues. The words will also appear on the screen in front of you.”

The audience looked at the writing on the screen whilst listening to the great linguist as he greeted them in various languages.

“In Spanish- **Los Mejores deseos**

In French-**Meilleurs voeux**

In German- **Den besten Wunschen**

In Portuguese- **Melhores votos**

And finally, I say in English- **Best wishes to you.”**

The audience applauded Sir Webster and he bowed before them, tipping his hat as he did so.

“I am pleased, though, that the English language is my mother tongue,” continued Sir Webster. “I would have had so much trouble learning this

language if it was not. It sometimes seems much more difficult to learn the English language than it was to become prolific at all the other languages that I have mastered.”

The beautiful imitation of Sir Webster’s British accent almost convinced members of the audience that he truly was a great linguist from Britain and not a boy from the graduating class.

“My friends,” continued the knighted one, “I shall read for you a true story from one of my books. Please look at the screen and follow along as I read. Pay special attention to the words that I have highlighted and you shall understand exactly what I mean.”

The audience settled comfortably in their seats as they readied themselves to follow along with what would be written on the screen as ‘the learned one’ read. It all sounded so very exciting. The teachers seemed particularly interested, and the Principal’s eyes were already focused on the large white screen. Sir

Webster called for the dimming of the lights and he began in a strong, charismatic voice.

**“It was over the Easter holidays when I decided to visit my Uncle and Aunt on their small farm. At the present time, Uncle had fallen ill and I decided to visit and present him with a present.**

**My Aunt was all smiles as she greeted me at the door. She tried to close the door as I entered, but I was still standing too close to the entrance and we bumped each other. I got a small scratch on my eye.**



Anyway, I soon recovered and we all sat together in the living room. Aunty laughed at one of the gifts that I had brought for Uncle.

It was **polish**, for I knew Uncle loved to **polish** his imported **Polish** furniture. I didn't laugh along too much with my Aunt as I **had had** to **visit** the dentist just before I paid them this **visit**.

The dentist had given me an injection before working on my teeth. However, it wasn't very effective and so I then got a **number** of them, which made my jaw **number**.

“I shall **warn** you that the numbness will take about two hours before it becomes **worn** off,” the dentist, **Dr Warne**, had opted to **warn** me.

Anyway, as we went to the second **storey**, Aunty decided to tell me the **story** of how poor Uncle **had had** a small accident just a week before. You see, **dear** Uncle was an avid **deer** hunter. On a recent expedition, he grew **cross** when he had to use a small boat to **cross** a small stream.

While crossing the river, Uncle bent over to look at the water and lost a **cross** pendant which hung from around his neck.

Worse was to follow. In the boat, there was a **row** between him and the other hunter about who should **row**.

As they both alighted from the boat and set **off** to hunt, Uncle was quick on the trail **of** a buck. However, he soon lost it, as it is said by hunters that a buck **does** behave strangely when the beautiful **does** are around. **Those** were indeed true words, Uncle thought.

Soon after, Uncle thought he saw a large bird. His **aim** was to lift his rifle and take **aim**. However, it was only a plump **dove** and it **dove** into some bushes and escaped.

Becoming frustrated, Uncle soon decided to return home.

As he walked along the path it was **too** late when he saw

**two** old objects on the ground. He **saw** an old **saw** and a hammer on the ground. He saw them **too** late and they caused Uncle **to trip** and this accident soon caused the hunting **trip** to be over. As poor Uncle fell, he accidentally shot himself in the **leg**. Uncle could no longer **lead** the hunting expedition as he had **lead** shots in his **leg**. And, so, this **leg** of the trip was over for him.

The other hunter quickly **wound** a bandage around the **wound**.

Back at home, it was close to **two** o'clock when a **doctor** arrived **to doctor** Uncle. Poor Uncle seemed to be in **too** much pain **to speak**.

The man of medicine first took out a sharp **object** from his bag and inserted it in Uncle's leg. But, as Uncle was in so much pain, he did not **object**.

As for my dear Uncle, the doctor said that for weeks he would be **invalid**, and sadly, his medical insurance was found to be **invalid**.

Aunty would have a tough time on the farm in trying to **produce** the normal amount of **produce**. I think even the farm animals **felt** sorry for her, as she slowly moved around in her old **felt** hat.

Their big, fat **sow** sat in its sty and looked at her trying to **sow** some corn seeds. It was **so** sad to see Aunty work **so** hard as she started to **sow** these seeds.

And guess what my dear Uncle said to me before I left?

**'Will,** he said, for that's what he called me. **'Will,** my boy, I would like you to be a witness to my **will** which I am about to **will.**'

And I said to my Uncle, 'I, **Will,** **will** be a willing witness to your **will,** if you **will** mention me favourably in the **will.** **Will** you, Uncle?'

Uncle smiled and shook his head. And this is the saga of my poor Uncle.

The audience applauded the play on words by Sir Webster.

“Now ladies and gentlemen, as I look at the **time**, and I did **time** myself, it is **time** to say goodbye and I hope to see you again at some **time**,” he said.

Sir Webster bowed as the audience roared with sheer delight at his skill. They cheered him loudly as he exited the stage. The Principal and the teachers were speechless as they smiled and seemed unable to stop applauding.