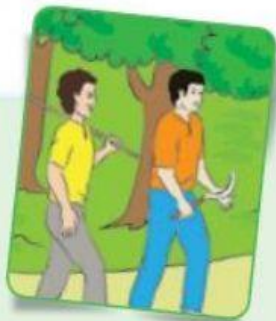


The Farmer without a Brain



Many years ago, two farmers, Imran and Laith, (1) through a wood to their fields when they (2) the footprints of a lion on the path.

"Look, there are lions nearby. We should go home," whispered Imran.

"No, we've got work to do," Laith replied.



The men (3) to the farm. They worked all day in the fields until it was time to return home.

"Let's take a different way home," suggested Imran.

"No. The same path is much shorter," answered Laith. Imran shook his head and stepped onto the mountain path. As he (4) away, he (5) to Laith and shouted, "Well I'm not going that way. I don't want to be a lion's dinner!"

Meanwhile, Laith (6) the same way back through the wood.

Soon, he (7) the lion who was waiting for him on the path.

The lion (8), "I need to eat your brain to make me clever and powerful!"

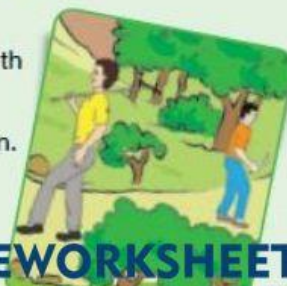
While the lion (9), Laith (10) Imran on the mountain path.

Then, he looked at the lion and replied, "Listen, I cannot help you because I have no brain. If I had a brain I wouldn't have returned this way. The one with a brain is up on the other path."

"Thank you," said the lion, and started to climb the mountain towards Imran.

Quickly, Laith whistled to his friend and warned him about the lion.

Imran heard the whistle and ran home safely.



Adapted from: Arab Folktales by Helen Thomson, Cambridge, (1990)

LIVEWORKSHEETS