

A Mushroom Omelet

In a small town in France, there was a local restaurant named “Good Appetite”. The restaurant was famous for its mushroom omelette. They were proud that the mushrooms they used were from Brazil and were very fresh and really tasty.

One day, an American named Nick visited this town. He had heard about this restaurant and its famous dish. He decided that he had to go and give it a try. When he arrived in the town, the first thing he did was to ask the local people where the restaurant was. Shortly afterwards, he found the place. It was no surprise that the restaurant was packed with people. However, one thing that also got his attention was that none of the waiters spoke English. Nick was a bit worried since he didn’t speak any French. However, because he still wanted to taste this great dish, he decided he had to try anyway.

He went into the restaurant and found a table to sit at. A

waiter came and said, “Good morning, sir. What would you like?” in French. Nick was lost for words when he heard the waiter. He took a deep breath, calmed himself down and said, “I’d like a mushroom omelet, please.” The waiter looked confused and asked, “What would you like?” again, but still in French. Nick got nervous and wondered, “How do people say ‘mushroom omelet’ in French? Oh, No! What should I do?” Suddenly, he got an idea. Nick took out a pen and a piece of paper. He drew a mushroom on the paper and showed it to the waiter. The waiter looked at the paper, smiled and said, “Very Well, sir.” in French. A few minutes later, the waiter came back and handed Nick an umbrella. Nick didn’t know what to do. He went home hungry and disappointed.

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A Very Special Guitar

Once upon a time, there was a little frog who loved music more than anything else. He loved croaking together with his brothers, but he also loved listening to the birds' singing or the crickets' chirping. He just could not get enough of all those beautiful melodies surrounding his pond each day.

One day, however, he noticed a young man who sat down in the meadow near the pond and took a strange thing out of a large case. This wooden thing had two bumps on either side and a long, thin neck on which six strings were fixed. The young man laid the thing on his legs, pressed down the strings with his left hand, pulled them with the right hand, and all of a sudden, the most wonderful music filled the air that he had ever heard.

Enchanted, the little frog listened to him, while the young man played all new melodies. How he would have loved to sing such wonderful songs on his own... But all at once, croaking seemed boring to the little frog, and even the birds' singing or the crickets' chirping appeared much more

humdrum to him now than these melodies.

When the young man put the musical instrument back into the case and went away, the little frog directly headed for the wise, old owl. He described the instrument for her and then waited for her answer in excitement.

"Hmmm, let me think", the owl said and rubbed her beak's tip thoughtfully with her right wing. "This must have been a guitar ..." "Then I will learn to play the guitar!" the frog explained and hopped back to his pond. "Frogs cannot play the guitar!" the owl called after him. But the little frog did not hear her anymore. As soon as he reached his pond, he told all of his friends that he wanted to play the guitar.

The young frog became very sad. He had no fun at all any more croaking together with the other frogs. The whole evening long, he could only think about the wonderful melodies which the young man had elicited from the guitar.

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