Rich Man, Poor Man

Level 2

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Chapter 1

A Letter for Adam



One day a postman came to my village. The postman brought me a letter from my son, Saul

“Is your name Adam?“ the postman asked.

“Yes,“ I said.

“I have got a letter for you.” The postman read the envelope:

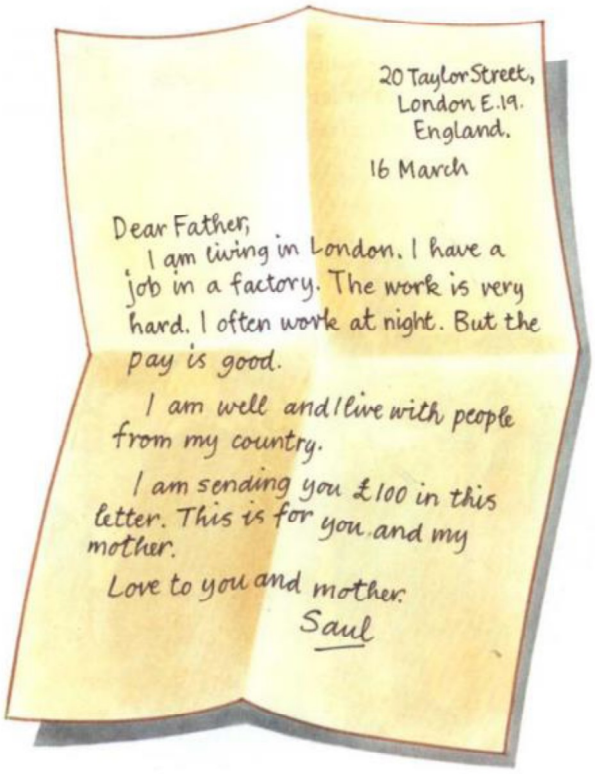
“Adam of the village of Minta.”

“A letter for me. Who is it from?” I asked.

The postman looked at the envelope again.

“From Saul,” he said.

He gave me the letter and walked away.



"Martha, Martha," I called to my wife.

"Come here. We have a letter from our son, Saul."

Martha came out and looked at the letter. She was excited but she was also worried.

"A letter from Saul," she said. "Is he alive and well? I'm going to find the school teacher. He can read the letter."

There was no school fifty years ago. So I cannot read or write. I live in a small village. The only work is farming. My only son, Saul left the village two years ago and my three daughters are married. Saul is making a lot of money in a foreign country.

Martha and the school teacher came back. A lot of other people came. Everyone wanted to hear my letter. The school teacher opened the envelope and read the letter.



20 Taylor Street, London E. 19, England 16 March

Dear Father,

I am living in London. I have a job in a factory. The work is very hard, I often work at night. But the pay is good.

I am well and I live with people from my country. I am sending you 100 pounds in this letter. This is for you and my mother.

Love to you and mother.

Saul.

“One hundred pounds!” I said to the school teacher. “You’re wrong. It’s a mistake.”

“No”, the school teacher said.

“I’m not wrong. It’s not a mistake. Here is the money.”

And he gave me a piece of paper.

“What is this?” I asked.

“A money order,” the school teacher said.

“Go to Darpur. Take this money order to the Post Office in Darpur.

The money order is worth one hundred pounds. The Post Office official will give you the money.”

“ One hundred pounds!” I said again .

Everyone laughed and said, “ Adam, you are a rich man. You can buy many things for your farm and for your house.”

“And I can buy some good food and drink in Darpur. I am going to give a party for youall,” I told my friends.

Martha said, “ Saul is a good son.”

That evening, the village people talked about the money order and my money. Martha and I also talked about the money. We needed many things for the farm.

