**ENGLISH HANDOUT 1/3**

**2020-2021**

An Alien Hand(Supplementary Reader)

class VII

I Want Something in a Cage

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**Mr. Purcell and his pet shop**

**Pet Shop**

Mr. Purcell Owned a pet shop. The shop had all kinds of pets. On the shelves, there were many cages. Prescribed remedies for ailing canaries, and displayed on his shelves long rows of ornate and gilded cages. There was always some noise in the shop. A constant stir of movement pervaded his shop; whispered twitters, sly rustling; squeals, cheeps, and sudden squeaks. He placed and organized the cages that anyone who enters gets fascinated. Mr. Purcell always welcomed his guests cheerfully. Hence the life in cages did not trouble Mr. Purcell’s customers instead they say “Aren’t they cute? Look at that little cage! They’re sweet.”

**Mr. Purcell appearance and nature**

Mr Purcell was a small, fussy man; red cheeks and a tight, melon stomach. He wore large glasses which magnified his eyes so as to give him the appearance of a wise and genial owl. He owned a pet shop. Each morning, when the routine of opening his shop was completed, it was the proprietor’s custom to perch on\a high stool, behind the counter, unfold his morning paper, and digest the day’s news(scan through every minor detail written in the newspaper).

As he read he would smirk, frown, reflectively purse his lips, knowingly lift his eyebrows, nod in grave agreement. He read everything, even advice to the lovelorn and the detailed columns of advertisements. Mr. Purcell considered himself a professional man as Mr. Purcell showed his concern about the well-being of birds and animals in his shop.

**Entry of a strange customer**

One usual foggy morning, in winter there, entered a visitor. It was a rough day. A strong wind blew against the high, plate-glass windows. Smoke filmed the wintry city and the air was grey with a thick frost. There was a bell over the door that jingled whenever a customer entered. This morning, however, for the first time Mr. Purcell could recall, it failed to ring. Simply he glanced up, and there was the stranger, standing just inside the door, as if he had materialised out of thin air. The storekeeper slid off his stool. From the first instant he knew instinctively, unreasonably, that the man hated him; but out of habit he rubbed his hands briskly together, smiled and greeted the stranger.