

Story:



It was rainy season **in** Spain and in a rural **village** the rain water was **flowing** heavily, **forming** streams and pools of water in the street. As **it** was **festival** season, the **children** rushed out, excitedly **splashing** around in the water. Two **little** girls were **playing** in the street with one another, both were best friends and were **wearing** their **prettiest** dresses for the day. Maria was the younger of the two and Anna was the older girl.

Maria stamped her foot in a puddle and **kicked** the water which was slightly muddy. The muddy water splashed and fell on Anna's new frock. Anna was **sitting** on the side **rubbing** out the mud as her mother happened to walk by, she looked at her daughter's dress and scolded her. "How could you have made your new dress so dirty?" she asked.

"Maria splashed some water on me mother," said Anna.

Anna's mother caught Maria and gave two or three hard slaps on her bottom. Maria started **weeping** loudly. Her house was close by, so her mother heard her daughter weeping and came out in a hurry.

"Why are you weeping?" asked her mother.

"Anna's mother beat me on my bottom," said Maria.

Maria's mother turned to Anna's mother in anger and started to **insult** her for **picking** on her daughter. Soon they started **quarrelling** loudly, they called each other rude names and **continued** to shout.

Other **women** joined them, some **supporting** Anna's mother and others supporting Maria's mother. The two **fighting** groups became **bigger** and **bigger** with the men soon joining in and **causing** the quarrel to become a never **ending** one.

At that time Anna's grandmother came out of the house, she told the men and the women to stop their **bickering**. "It **is** festival time, people should not be quarrelling," she told them.

No one **listened** to her, no one cared for her words. In the meantime Maria and Anna had already forgotten about their quarrel. They were **indifferent** to the **shouting** and became friends again. They moved away from the fighting crowd and began to let paper boats go in the **running** water. Now the old woman said to the fighting groups, "**Incredible!** Look at the children, they have forgotten their quarrel. They are **grinning**, have becomes friends again and continue to play

together. But you men and women still keep quarrelling, are you not ashamed of your behaviour?"

The men and women looked at the girls, feeling embarrassed for shouting and **giving** one another a hard time, they **quickly** scattered and returned to their homes quietly.