

It's never too late to learn.

Chang En-Kee (張恩基) is an amazing woman from Singapore. It is hard to tell her age by what she's doing in the later stage of her life. She is now over ninety years old and still learning new things. She learned the skill of playing tennis in her seventies. She also learned to swim in her eighties. Now, she is learning yoga.

Ms. Chang says, "It's never too late to learn. Learning new things and practicing new skills keep me younger and more energetic." Ms. Chang is now ninety-three years old. She enjoys her daily exercise and is strong enough to do it every day.

"It's said that elderly people can't do a lot of exercise and that it might be dangerous to practice some activities which require more strength. This might be true, so I chose to learn tennis, swimming and yoga. They're gentle sports and not too hard for elderly people. They also bring so much fun to

life," says Ms. Chang.

She says that practicing yoga is good for her health. For example, it relaxes her shoulders, knees, back, and legs. She can practice it for a long period of time, and never feels too tired. "Anyone can practice yoga, but it is better and safer to do it with a teacher instead of doing it alone. This is especially important when you first start training," Ms. Chang says.

Now her children and grandchildren are all learning yoga from her. The whole family benefits from doing yoga. They become more energetic and healthier practicing it. They also have fun doing something together. Ms. Chang says happily that her whole family is so proud of her. She couldn't be more proud of herself.

A Mushroom Omelet

In a small town in France, there was a local restaurant named “Good Appetite”. The restaurant was famous for its mushroom omelets. 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 anyways.

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.

Excuses! Excuses!

Harry was often late for school. When the teacher asked him why he was late, he always had an excuse. 'My alarm clock didn't go off,' he said one morning. 'The bus broke down,' he told her another morning. 'My poor doggy was badly sick,' he added yet another morning. Usually he just couldn't get out of bed because he stayed up playing games at night!

When he didn't hand in his homework, he had an excuse for this as well. 'The dog ate it,' was one excuse. 'My computer crashed,' was another. 'My backpack was stolen,' was yet another. Actually, the real reason was that he had forgotten to do it, or he just didn't want to do it and left it until he was too tired. He always thought of someone or something to blame for his mistakes.

'What's wrong, Harry? Why are your grades so bad?' his mother asked him one afternoon.

'It's not my fault, Mom,' Harry replied. 'My teacher isn't very good.'

'Then I will phone the school and talk to your principal,' his mother said.

'No, no,' Harry said quickly. 'That won't help. He doesn't like me.'

'Then we'll have to send you to a different school,' his father said. 'You won't see your friends anymore but your grades are more important.'

Harry thought about this for a minute. He didn't want to change schools. Then he said, 'I probably could do my best to get to school on time.'

'That would be fine,' his mother replied. 'But what about your homework?'

'Well,' he said, 'I suppose I could work harder to keep up with my homework as well. I think I'll go and do today's homework right now.'

When Harry had left the room, his father said to his mother, 'That wasn't too difficult, was it?'