

Name _____

グループワーク版

THE STORY OF CINDERELLA-SAN

Many ~~Taksan~~ years ago, ^{little} ~~skoshi~~ Cinderella-san lived in ^{a house} ~~hootchie~~ with ^{her} sisters, poor little Cinderella-san had ~~no fun, hava-no~~ and she had ~~no~~ social life. She ^{washed} ~~washee-washee~~, ^{scrubbed} ~~serubee-scrubee~~ and cooked the food ~~make chop-chop~~.

One day Cinderella-san sisters **ketchee** post *cardo* from Seoul. Post *cardo* **speakie** so: One prince-san have big blowout, *taksan* kimchi, *taksan beeru*, play 'I Ain't Got No Yo Yo.' Cindy-san sisters *taksan* excited, make Cinderella-san police up clothes.

Sisters go blackmarket **ketchee** fatigues, new combat boots, bring to *hootchie* and Cinderella-san cut down fatigues, **shine-shine** boots. Come night of big shindig, sisters speak *sayonara*, leave Cindy-san by fire.

Eiiiiii . . . is appearing fairy Godmother-san. She speak: 'Cindy-san, worry hava-no, I **ketchee** you number one outfit and you go to hoedown number one prince.' Godmother-san **speak** Cindy-san **ketchee** one mouse and one mousetrap. Godmother-san waving wand and mousetrap and mouse becoming streamlined oxcart. Then wave wand again one time and old rubber shoes **changee** into polished Corcoran jump boots. '*Meda-meda*,' say Cindy-san. 'Number one.'

'One thing, kiddee,' **speak** fairy Godmother-san, 'knock it off by 2400. I gotta get these clothes back to QM warehouse.'

'Hokay,' speak Cindy-san, *taksan* happy, and rush off to Seoul to *hootchie* of number one prince.

Cindy-san *ketchee* big hit at barn dance. All rest *jo-sans* bags by Cindy-san. Number one prince is on make, *ketchee beeru* and Spam sandwiches for Cindy-san and dance to 'I Ain't Got No Yo Yo' eight times.

Suddenly clock starts to strike 2400. Cindy-san has *skoshi* time, can speak only *sayonara* to number one prince before chogeying to oxcart pool to go home. She **hubba-hubba** home but lose Corcoran jump boot. Time to stop **hava-no** and *number one* prince *ketchee*.

Next day big TI & E bulletin go out: **Number-one** prince *meda-meda* for *jo-san* who has foot to fit Corcoran jump boot, **ketchee** and marry, make **number one** *jo-san* in Korea.

Prince try *taksan* feet in boot - **all time no fit**. Finally come to *hootchie* of Cinderella-san. Sisters all shook up., sit and giggle on straw mat as prince tries on number twelve feet.

`**Never hatchie**,' he speak. `Who is *jo-san* who do **washee-washee**?'

Sisters laugh. 'Ugly Cinderella-san,' they **speak**. `Nevah hoppen.'

`What to lose,' speak Prince. `Edewa shipsho bali-bali ugly *jo-san*.'

Cindy-san grins. She **ketchee** five aces in this deal, all time know jump boot fit. Boot slide on *skoshi* foot with **number one** fit.

`Kid, you *dai jobu*,' he **speak**. `Come on my house, be **number one** princess.'

`*Sayonara*, old bags,' **speak** Cindy-san to sisters, and go home with **number one** prince. *Taksan* happy ever after.