

Up the River Hudson in North America are the Catskill Mountains. In a certain village at the foot of these mountains, there lived long ago a man named Rip Van Winkle. He was a simple and good-natured person, a very-kind neighbour and a great favourite among all the good wives of the village. Whenever there was a squabble in the family of Rip, the women in the village always took his part and laid all the blame on Dame Van Winkle.

The children of the village too would shout with joy, whenever they saw him. He helped at their sports, made playthings for them, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles and told them long stories of ghosts, witches and Indians.

Rip had no love for labour, if it would bring him profit. He would sit for a whole day on a wet rock and fish without a murmur, even though he did not catch a single fish. He would carry a light gun on his shoulder for hours together and shoot only a few squirrels or wild pigeons.

He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in roughest toil. The women of the village often employed him to run their errands and to do little jobs for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own. He was, however, one of those men who take the world easy. He would eat coarse bread or fine, whichever could be got with least thought or trouble. And he would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound.

If left to himself, Rip would have whistled away life in perfect contentment. But his wife always kept drumming in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness and the ruins he was bringing on his family. Rip had but one way of replying to all her lectures—he shook his head, cast up his eyes and said nothing. He had one good friend at home and that was his dog Wolf which was as idle as the master.

The title: The life of Rip Van Winkle

Catskill Mountains are on the River Hudson in North America. In one of the villages located at the foot of these mountains, a kind man lived whose name was Rip Van Winkle. And women of the village supported him, for he assisted them in their work. Where the children of that village are concerned, they would be happy to see him, because of his help for them in their supports. In fact, he did not like profitable work, since he would spend the whole day without catching even a single fish, or by shooting a few pigeons. Thus, his wife would criticize him, but he would take it for granted.

Total words: 343, required words for precis: 114 and precis words: 109