

# *Aladdin* *and the* *Lamp*



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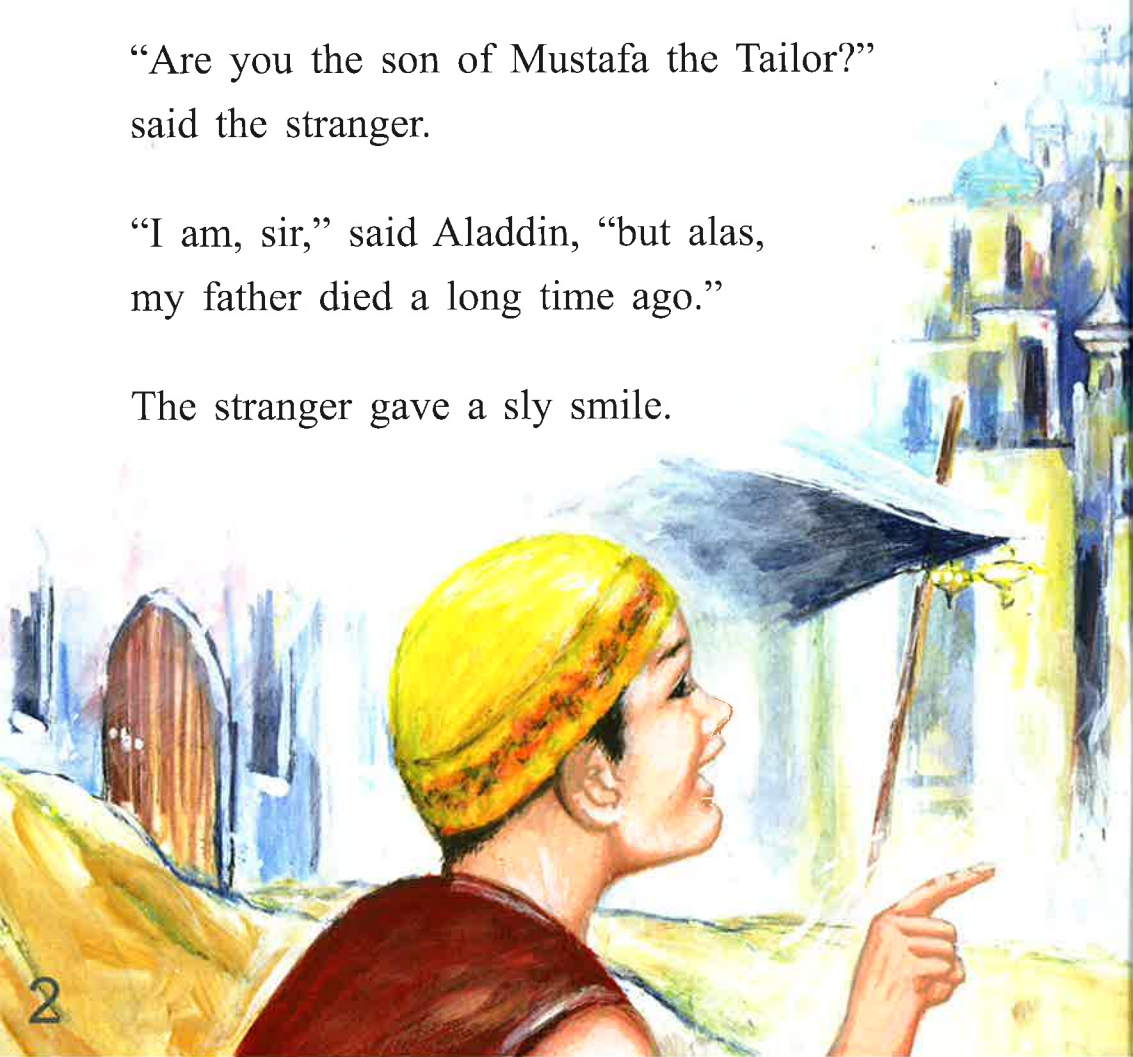
## Chapter One

Long ago, in the land of Persia, lived a boy called Aladdin. He and his mother were very poor. One day when Aladdin was playing in the street, a stranger stood before him.

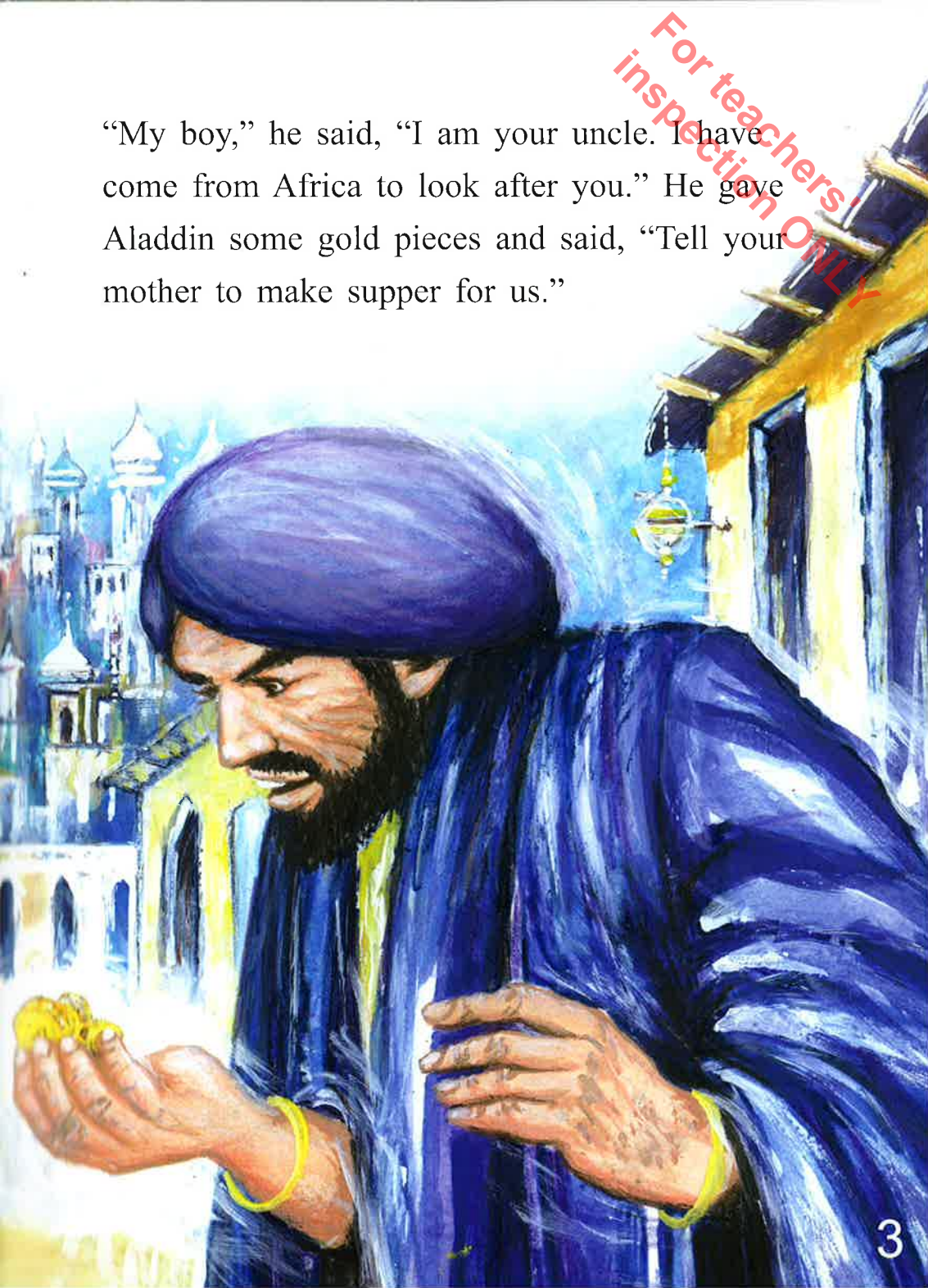
“Are you the son of Mustafa the Tailor?”  
said the stranger.

“I am, sir,” said Aladdin, “but alas,  
my father died a long time ago.”

The stranger gave a sly smile.



“My boy,” he said, “I am your uncle. I have come from Africa to look after you.” He gave Aladdin some gold pieces and said, “Tell your mother to make supper for us.”



The next day, the uncle took Aladdin to the market and bought him some fine clothes.

“Now, my boy,” he said, “I will show you a secret place where there are great riches.”

The uncle led Aladdin far beyond the city gates. After a long day’s walk, they came to the foot of a mountain. Here the uncle stopped beside a giant stone.

“Fetch some sticks,” said the uncle.

He lit a fire and tossed powder onto the flames.

“Stand back!” he cried.

Whoosh! The flames sparked and the earth trembled.



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Aladdin gasped as the huge stone rolled to one side. Underneath were some stairs leading to a cave.

“Go down!” ordered the uncle. His dark eyes glared at Aladdin. “In the cave you will find a lamp. Bring it to me.”

Aladdin now knew that this man was not his uncle but an evil magician. He looked around for a way to escape.

