



Goodbye Grandma

‘There’s still something you’ve left out,’ Mr Kranky said.

‘I can’t think what it could be,’ George said.

‘Give it up,’ Mrs Kranky said. ‘Pack it in. You’ll never get it right.’

Mr Kranky looked very forlorn.

George looked pretty fed up, too. He was still kneeling on the ground with the spoon in one hand

and the cup full of medicine in the other. The ridiculous tiny brown hen was walking slowly away.

At that point, Grandma came striding into the yard. From her enormous height, she glared down at the three people below her and she shouted, ‘What’s going on around here? Why hasn’t anyone brought me my morning cup of tea? It’s bad enough having to sleep in the yard with the rats and mice but I’ll be blown if I’m going to starve as well! No tea! No eggs and bacon! No buttered toast!’

‘I’m sorry, Mother,’ Mrs Kranky said. ‘We’ve been terribly busy. I’ll get you something right away.’

‘Let George get it, the lazy little brute!’ Grandma shouted.

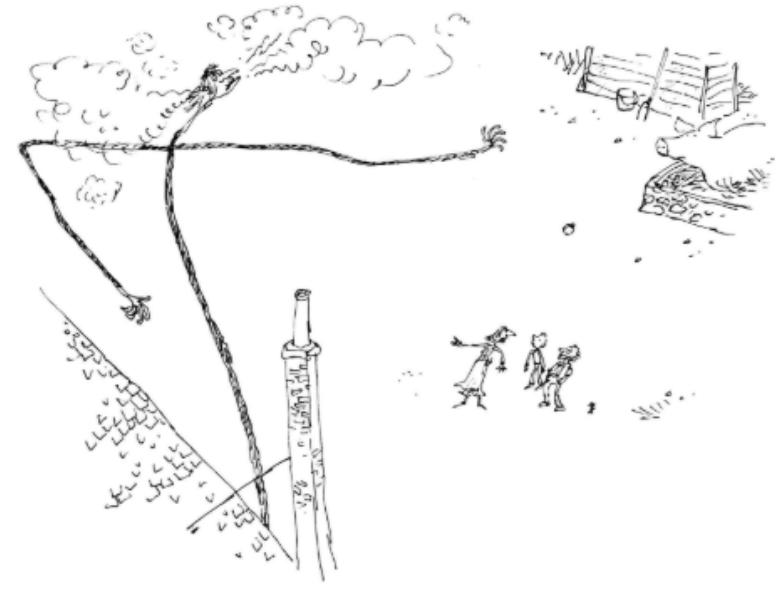
Just then, the old woman spotted the cup in George’s hand. She bent down and peered into it. She saw that it was full of brown liquid. It looked very much like tea. ‘Ho-ho!’ she cried. ‘Ha-ha! So that’s your little game, is it! You look after yourself

all right, don't you! You make quite sure *you've* got
a nice cup of morning tea! But you didn't think to
bring one to your poor old Grandma! I always knew
you were a selfish pig!



‘No, Grandma,’ George said. ‘This isn’t ...’
‘Don’t lie to me, boy!’ the enormous old hag shouted. ‘Pass it up here this minute!’
‘No!’ cried Mrs Kranky. ‘No, Mother, don’t! That’s not for you!’
‘Now *you’re* against me, too!’ shouted Grandma. ‘My own daughter trying to stop me having my breakfast! Trying to starve me out!’
Mr Kranky looked up at the horrid old woman and he smiled sweetly. ‘Of course it’s for you, Grandma,’ he said. ‘You take it and drink it while it’s nice and hot.’
‘Don’t think I won’t,’ Grandma said, bending down from her great height and reaching out a huge horny hand for the cup. ‘Hand it over, George.’
‘No, no, Grandma!’ George cried out, pulling the cup away. ‘You mustn’t! You’re not to have it!’
‘Give it to me, boy!’ yelled Grandma.
‘Don’t!’ cried Mrs Kranky. ‘That’s George’s

Marvellous ...’
‘Everything’s George’s round here!’ shouted Grandma. ‘George’s this, George’s that! I’m fed up with it!’
She snatched the cup out of little George’s hand and carried it high up out of reach.
‘Drink it up, Grandma,’ Mr Kranky said, grinning hugely. ‘Lovely tea.’



‘No!’ the other two cried. ‘No, no, no!’
But it was too late. The ancient beanpole had
already put the cup to her lips, and in one gulp she
swallowed everything that was in it.
‘Mother!’ wailed Mrs Kranky. ‘You’ve just drunk

fifty doses of George's Marvellous Medicine
Number Four and look what one tiny spoonful did
to that little old brown hen!

But Grandma didn't even hear her. Great clouds
of steam were already pouring out of her mouth and
she was beginning to whistle.

'This is going to be interesting,' Mr Kranky, said,
still grinning.

'Now you've done it!' cried Mrs Kranky, glaring at
her husband. 'You've cooked the old girl's goose!'

'I didn't do anything,' Mr Kranky said.

'Oh, yes you did! You told her to drink it!'

A tremendous hissing sound was coming from
above their heads. Steam was shooting out of
Grandma's mouth and nose and ears and whistling
as it came.



'She'll feel better after she's let off a bit of steam,'
Mr Kranky said.

'She's going to blow up!' Mrs Kranky wailed. 'Her
boiler's going to burst!'

Tasks:

- 1.) Summarise the main events in this section, include what you think the characters are thinking and feeling.
- 2.) Predict what you think will happen next.