



## Marvellous Medicine Number Three

‘Here it is!’ cried Mr Killy Kranky, rushing into the kitchen. ‘One carton of flea powder for dogs and one tin of brown shoe-polish!’

George poured the flea powder into the giant saucepan. Then he scooped the shoe-polish out of its tin and added that as well.

‘Stir it up, George!’ shouted Mr Kranky. ‘Give it another boil! We’ve got it this time! I’ll bet we’ve got it!’

After Marvellous Medicine Number Three had been boiled and stirred, George took a cupful of it out into the yard to try it on another chicken. Mr Kranky ran after him, flapping his arms and hopping with excitement. ‘Come and watch this

one!’ he called out to Mrs Kranky. ‘Come and watch us turning an ordinary chicken into a lovely great big one that lays eggs as large as footballs!’

‘I hope you do better than last time,’ said Mrs Kranky, following them out.

‘Come on, chicken,’ said George, holding out a spoonful of Medicine Number Three. ‘Good chicken. Chick-chick-chick-chick-chick. Have some of this lovely medicine.’

A magnificent black cockerel with a scarlet comb came stepping over. The cockerel looked at the spoon and it went *peck*.

‘*Cock-a-doodle-do!*’ squawked the cockerel, shooting up into the air and coming down again.

‘Watch him now!’ cried Mr Kranky. ‘Watch him grow! Any moment he’s going to start getting bigger and bigger!’

Mr Killy Kranky, Mrs Kranky and little George stood in the yard staring at the black cockerel. The cockerel stood quite still. It looked as though it had a headache.



‘What’s happening to its neck?’ Mrs Kranky said.

‘It’s getting longer,’ George said.

‘I’ll say it’s getting longer,’ Mrs Kranky said.

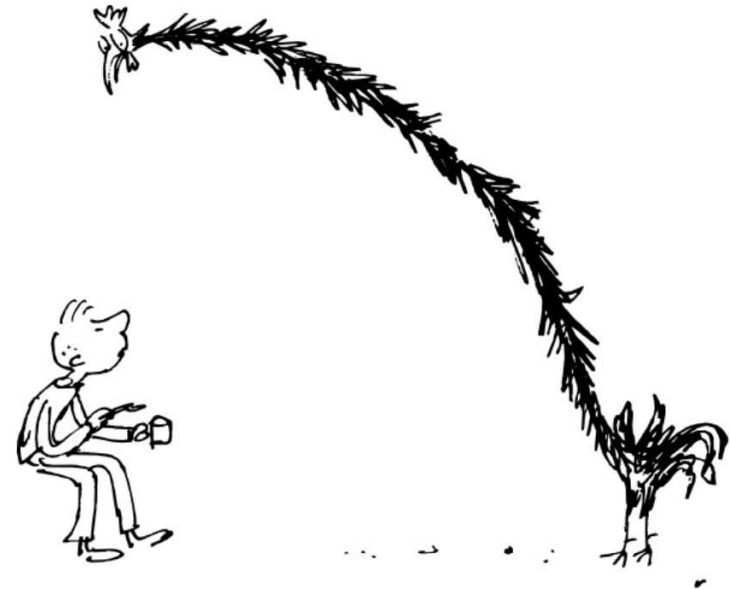
Mr Kranky, for once, said nothing.

‘Last time it was the legs,’ Mrs Kranky said.



‘Now it’s the neck. Who wants a chicken with a long neck? You can’t eat a chicken’s neck.’

It was an extraordinary sight. The cockerel’s body hadn’t grown at all. But the neck was now about six feet long.



‘All right, George,’ Mr Kranky said. ‘What else have you forgotten?’

‘I don’t know,’ George said.

‘Oh yes you do,’ Mr Kranky said. ‘Come along, boy, *think*. There’s probably just one vital thing

missing and you've got to remember it.'

'I put in some engine oil from the garage,'  
George said. 'Did you have that on your list?'

'Eureka!' cried Mr Kranky. 'That's the answer!  
How much did you put in?'

'Half a pint,' George said.

Mr Kranky ran to the garage and found another  
half-pint of oil. 'And some anti-freeze,' George  
called after him. 'I sloshed in a bit of anti-freeze.'





## Marvellous Medicine Number Four

Back in the kitchen once again, George, with Mr Kranky watching him anxiously, tipped half a pint of engine oil and some anti-freeze into the giant saucepan.

‘Boil it up again!’ cried Mr Kranky. ‘Boil it and stir it!’

George boiled it and stirred it.

‘You’ll never get it right,’ said Mrs Kranky. ‘Don’t forget you don’t just have to have the same things but you’ve got to have exactly the same *amounts* of those things. And how can you possibly do that?’

‘You keep out of this!’ cried Mr Kranky. ‘We’re doing fine! We’ve got it this time, you see if we

haven’t!’

This was George’s Marvellous Medicine Number Four, and when it had boiled for a couple of minutes, George once again carried a cupful of it out into the yard. Mr Kranky ran after him. Mrs Kranky followed more slowly. ‘You’re going to have some mighty queer chickens around here if you go on like this,’ she said.

‘Dish it out, George!’ cried Mr Kranky. ‘Give a spoonful to that one over there!’ He pointed to a brown hen.

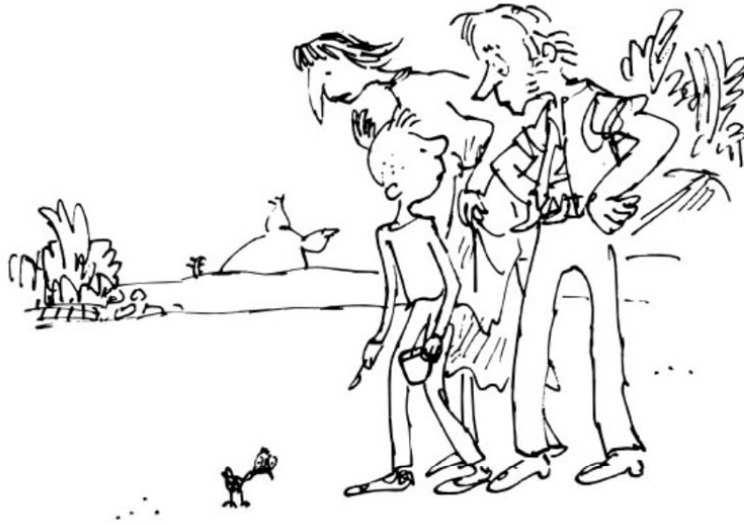
George knelt down and held out the spoon with the new medicine in it. ‘Chick-chick,’ he said. ‘Try some of this.’

The brown hen walked over and looked at the spoon. Then it went *peck*.

‘*Owch!*’ it said. Then a funny whistling noise came out of its beak.

‘Watch it grow!’ shouted Mr Kranky.

‘Don’t be too sure,’ said Mrs Kranky. ‘Why is it whistling like that?’



‘Keep quiet, woman!’ cried Mr Kranky. ‘Give it a chance!’

They stood there staring at the brown hen.

‘It’s getting smaller,’ George said. ‘Look at it, Dad. It’s shrinking.’

And indeed it was. In less than a minute, the hen had shrunk so much it was no bigger than a new-hatched chick. It looked ridiculous.

**Task - please answer these questions.**

- 1. What did Magical Medicine Number Three do to the black cockerel?**
- 2. Why is Mrs Kranky convinced that George and Mr Kranky will never get the medicine quite right?**
- 3. On page 4, why is George watching his father anxiously?**
- 4. What did Magical Medicine Number Four do to the brown hen?**