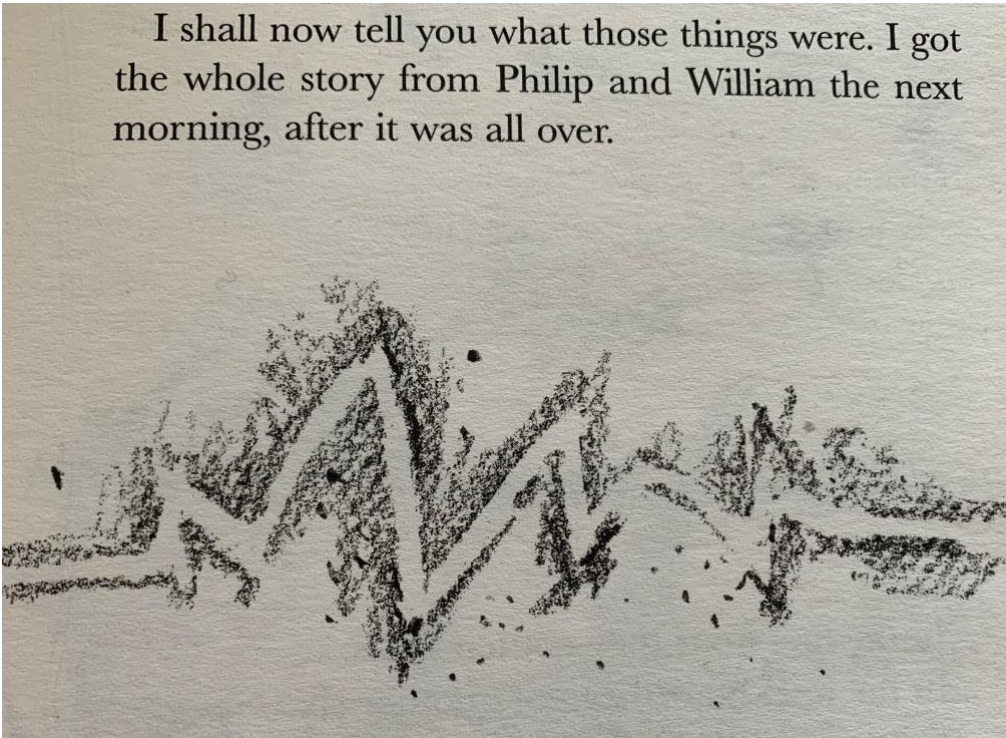


L.I. To make a prediction

I shall now tell you what those things were. I got the whole story from Philip and William the next morning, after it was all over.



In the afternoon of the very same day that I put the Magic Finger on the Gregg family, Mr Gregg and Philip and William went out hunting once again. This time they were going after wild ducks, so they headed towards the lake.



In the first hour they got ten birds.
In the next hour they got another six.
'What a day!' cried Mr Gregg. 'This is the best yet!' He was beside himself with joy.
Just then four more wild ducks flew over their heads. They were flying very low. They were easy to hit.
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! went the guns.





The ducks flew on.
'We missed!' said Mr Gregg. 'That's funny.'
Then, to everyone's surprise, the four ducks turned around and came flying right back to the guns.
'Hey!' said Mr Gregg. 'What on earth are they doing? They are really asking for it this time!' He shot at them again. So did the boys. And again they all missed!

Mr Gregg got very red in the face. 'It's the light,' he said. 'It's getting too dark to see. Let's go home.'

So they started for home, carrying with them the sixteen birds they had shot before.

But the four ducks would not leave them alone. They now began flying around and around the hunters as they walked away.

Mr Gregg did not like it one bit. 'Be off!' he cried, and he shot at them many more times, but it was no good. He simply could not hit them. All the way home those four ducks flew around in the sky above their heads, and nothing would make them go away.



Late that night, after Philip and William had gone to bed, Mr Gregg went outside to get some wood for the fire.

He was crossing the yard when all at once he heard the call of a wild duck in the sky.

He stopped and looked up. The night was very still. There was a thin yellow moon over the trees on the hill, and the sky was filled with stars. Then Mr Gregg heard the noise of wings flying low over

his head, and he saw the four ducks, dark against the night sky, flying very close together. They were going around and around the house.

Mr Gregg forgot about the firewood, and hurried back indoors. He was now quite afraid. He did not like what was going on. But he said nothing about it to Mrs Gregg. All he said was, 'Come on, let's go to bed. I feel tired.'

So they went to bed and to sleep.

Prediction time!

What might happen to the Gregg family now that they have had the magic finger put on them?

- Will their 'punishment' be linked to why the girl was angry with them?
- Will she make them feel the same way the poor birds felt?

Consider these points and write a prediction about what you think might happen next. Remember to add detail and explain why you think that.