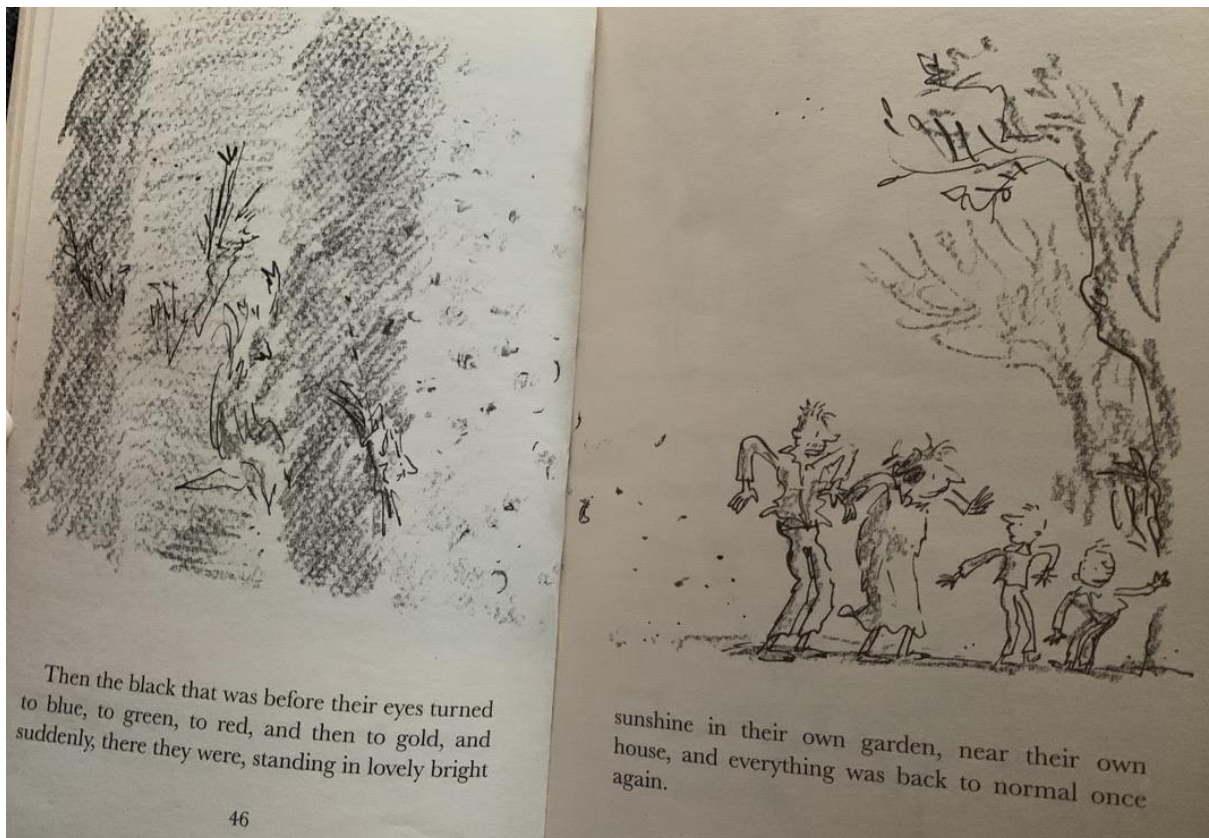
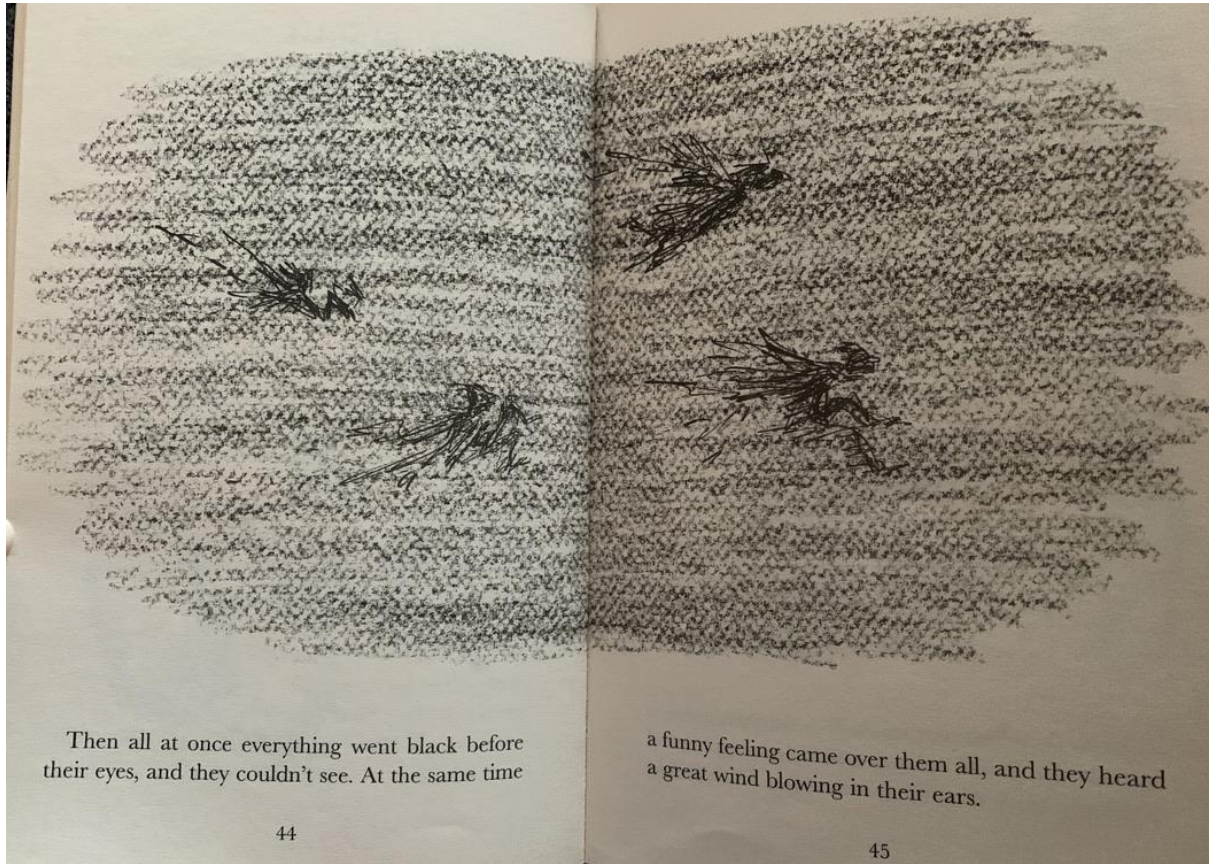


L.I. To ask questions





'Our wings have gone!' cried Mr Gregg. 'And our arms have come back!'

'And we are not tiny any more!' laughed Mrs Gregg. 'Oh, I am so glad!'

Philip and William began dancing about with joy.



Then, high above their heads, they heard the call of a wild duck. They all looked up, and they saw the four birds, lovely against the blue sky, flying very close together, heading back to the lake in the woods.

It must have been about half an hour later that I myself walked into the Greggs' garden. I had come to see how things were going, and I must admit I was expecting the worst. At the gate I stopped and stared. It was a queer sight.

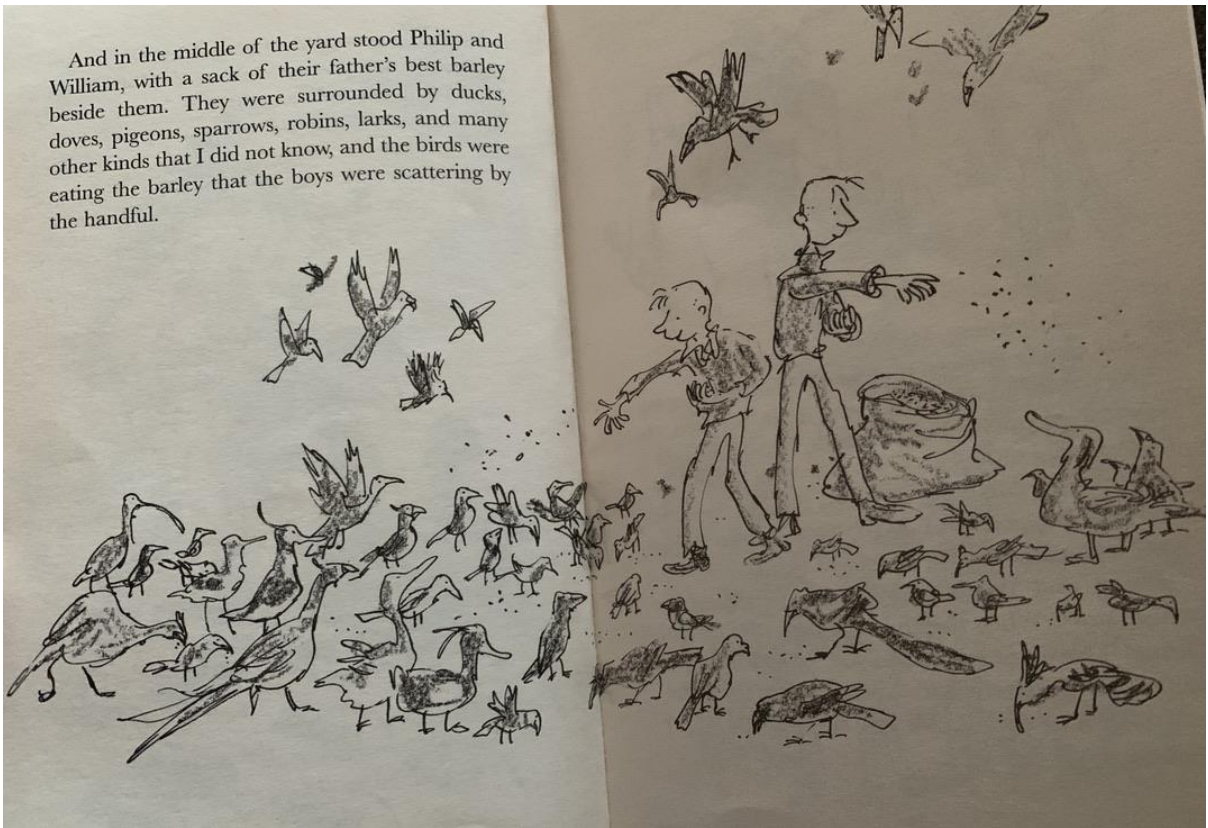


In one corner Mr Gregg was smashing all three guns into tiny pieces with a huge hammer.

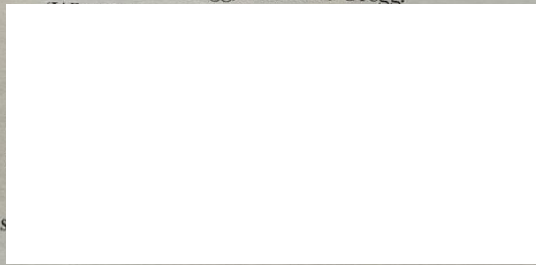
In another corner Mrs Gregg was placing beautiful flowers upon sixteen tiny mounds of soil which I learned later were the graves of the ducks that had been shot the day before.



And in the middle of the yard stood Philip and William, with a sack of their father's best barley beside them. They were surrounded by ducks, doves, pigeons, sparrows, robins, larks, and many other kinds that I did not know, and the birds were eating the barley that the boys were scattering by the handful.



'Good morning, Mr Gregg,' I said.
Mr Gregg lowered his hammer and looked at me.
'My name is not Gregg any more,' he said. 'In honour of my feathered friends, I have changed it from Gregg to Egg.'
'And I am Mrs Egg,' said Mrs Gregg.



What do you think was the moral of this story (what the story is trying to teach us)?

Do you think that the Greggs have learned their lesson? How do you know?

What has changed now?

Imagine you work for a TV channel and are going to interview the Greggs about their ordeal. What would you want to ask them? Come up with a list of questions and then you could even record yourself and someone else asking/answering them.