

*'That's terrific, Grandma!' George cried. 'You haven't stood up like that for years! Look at you! You're standing up all on your own and you're not even using a stick!'*

*Grandma didn't even hear him. The frozen pop-eyed look was back with her again now. She was miles away in another world.*

*Marvellous medicine, George told himself. He found it fascinating to stand there watching what it was doing to the old hag. What next? he wondered.*

*He soon found out.*

*Suddenly she began to grow.*

*It was quite slow at first ... just a very gradual inching upwards ... up, up, up ... inch by inch ... getting taller and taller ... about an inch every few seconds ... and in the beginning George didn't notice it. But when she had passed the five-foot six mark and was going on up towards being six feet tall, George gave a jump and shouted, 'Hey, Grandma! You're growing! You're going up! Hang on, Grandma! You'd better stop now or you'll be hitting the ceiling!'*

*But Grandma didn't stop.*

*It was a truly fantastic sight, this ancient scrawny old woman getting taller and taller, longer and longer, thinner and thinner, as though she were a piece of elastic being pulled upwards by invisible hands.*

*When the top of her head actually touched the ceiling, George thought she was bound to stop. But she didn't.*

*There was a sort of scrunching noise, and bits of plaster and cement came raining down.*

*'Hadn't you better stop now, Grandma?' George said. 'Daddy's just had this whole room repainted.'*

*But there was no stopping her now.*

*Soon, her head and shoulders had completely disappeared through the ceiling and she was still going.*

*George dashed upstairs to his own bedroom and there she was coming up through the floor like a mushroom.*

*'Whoopee!' she shouted, finding her voice at last. 'Hallelu jah, here I come!'*

*'Steady on, Grandma,' George said.*

*'With a heigh-nonny-no and up we go!' she shouted. 'Just watch me grow!'*

*'This is my room,' George said. 'Look at the mess you're making.'*

*'Terrific medicine!' she cried. 'Give me some more!'*

*She's dotty as a doughnut, George thought.*

*'Come on, boy! Give me some more!' she yelled. 'Dish it out! I'm slowing down!'*

*George was still clutching the medicine bottle in one hand and the spoon in the other. Oh well, he thought, why not? He poured out a second dose and popped it into her mouth.*

*'Oweee!' she screamed and up she went again.*