

## Story: Mulligatawny's Mulligrubs by Geraldine Temple

### Can you choose the right word?

Mulligatawny the Own wasn't \_\_\_\_\_  
He had eaten too much and his tummy had swelled.

Too wit-too woo, I haven't \_\_\_\_\_  
I must see a doctor. They'll know what to do.

Oh, I'll have to send out an \_\_\_\_\_  
So someone can help me get out of this mess.

Wilbert, the woodpecker was having \_\_\_\_\_  
But his ears couldn't resist the rat-a-tat-tat.

Mulligatawny, you look \_\_\_\_\_  
No wonder you sent out a call of distress.

I'll find the doctor  
And tell him your \_\_\_\_\_  
He'll know how to make your tummy right!

I know what to do to settle his belly  
I'll prescribe him a spoon of \_\_\_\_\_

Doctor Cornelius looked with a gasp  
Never had a remedy work \_\_\_\_\_

Well, we can't have that, so let's all think!  
What can we call this miracle \_\_\_\_\_

The broth healed his tummy with one small scoop  
Nurse Apple Green guessed: 'Granny's got fixing gloop?'  
Ha-ha, no! We can't call it gloop!  
I have one better: Mulligatawny \_\_\_\_\_

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