

## The Pill

William had fallen ill. He had high temperature and a sore throat. Mum brought him a mug of water and a pill to bed.

“Swallow that, my boy!” she said. “The fever will go down then.” William didn’t want to take the pill. He tried to swallow it but the pill came up, back to his mouth, and tasted very bitter. Then William spat it out. He just drank up the water, lied down and closed his eyes.

“I will leave one pill here on the nightstand,” Mum said. “If you manage to muster up some courage, maybe you could still swallow it. I’ll also leave a mug with water here for you.”

William didn’t know how long he’d been lying in bed when all of a sudden he heard the horn of an ambulance vehicle coming from the window. He could also hear the steps coming from the stairs and then two lady doctors, all dressed in red, entered the room. They were rolling a huge pill in front of them.

“You’ll have to swallow it if you want to get well,” one of the doctors said, took a hammer from her pocket and broke a piece in the size of a loaf of bread from the pill. William took the piece with two hands and looked at it. Even if he had been well, he wouldn’t have been able to eat something so big, even if it had been made of chocolate.

“If you don’t eat it, we will have to give you an injection,” the other doctor said, taking a huge syringe

from her bag.

“I don’t want to have an injection!” William cried.

Then a big man wearing a white coat stepped into the room, dragging a wheeled bed after him.



“This is the operating table,” he explained to William.  
“I have a feeling that we have to put you on the table and

cut open. Why don't we have a closer look what is it that you have in there so that you can't swallow pills."

"There's no way I'll be cut open!" William cried and crawled under the bed.

The big man smoothed the blanket and started to place the medical instruments into a nice straight line.

"And we'll give him an injection as well, right?" a doctor dressed in a red coat asked. She held the syringe upright and squirted some of the liquid medicine out of it. The big man lit a very bright lamp above the wheeled bed, bent down to William and said,

"Why don't you get on the table now? I'll fix you."

William didn't move. He stared at the big man and as he couldn't think of anything smart to do, he put his tongue out.

The lady doctors and the big doctor gathered around the wheeled bed and started to discuss something with each other. Meanwhile, William got out from under the bed and sneaked to the nightstand. He put the small pill that Mum had left him deep into his mouth and took a big gulp of water. The pill went down with a gurgling sound. Then he stretched out his tongue really far and showed the doctors that his mouth was nice and empty.

The doctors shrugged their shoulders, packed up their things and left.

Next morning, William felt a whole lot better already.