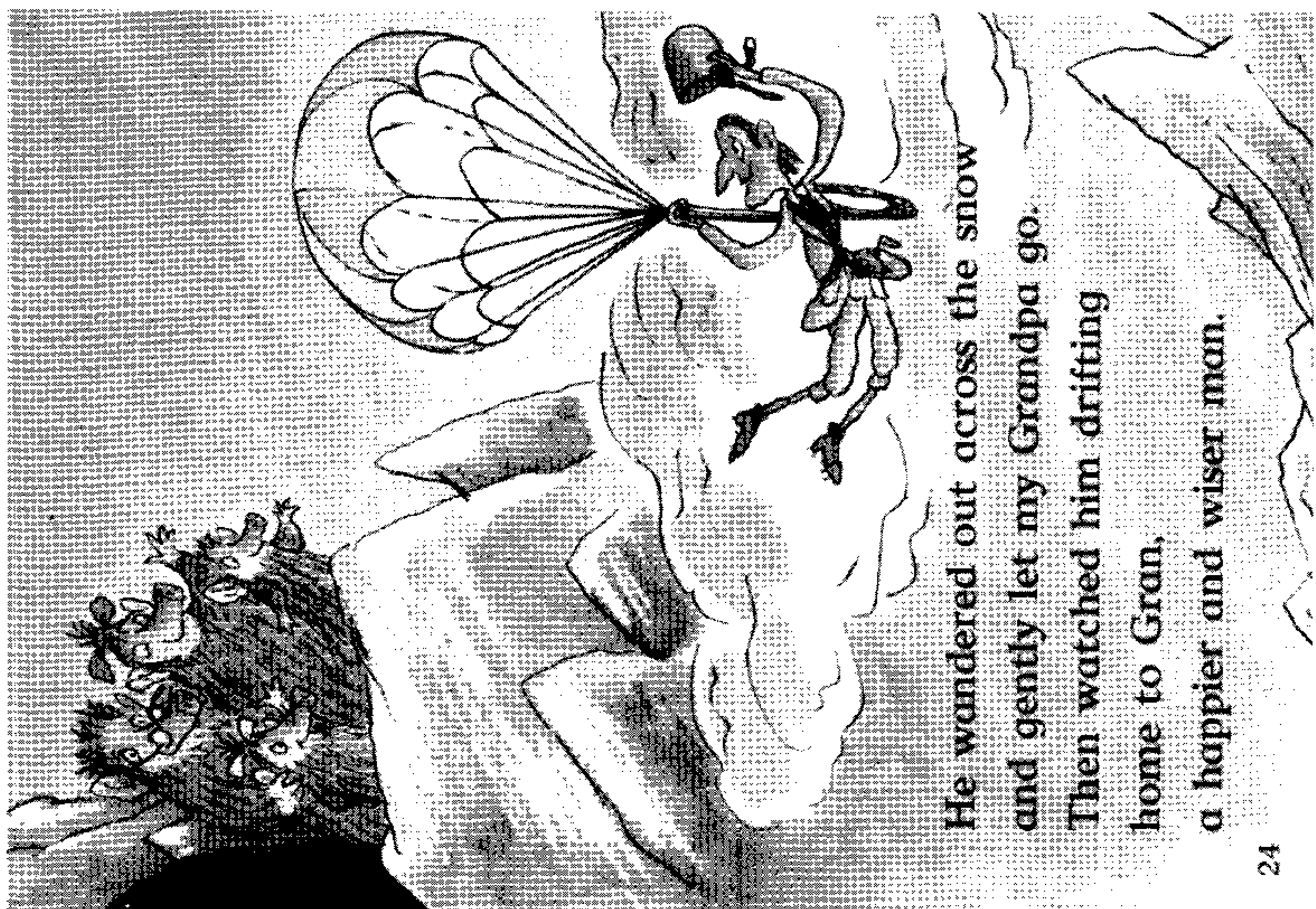


# Wriggly Squiggly

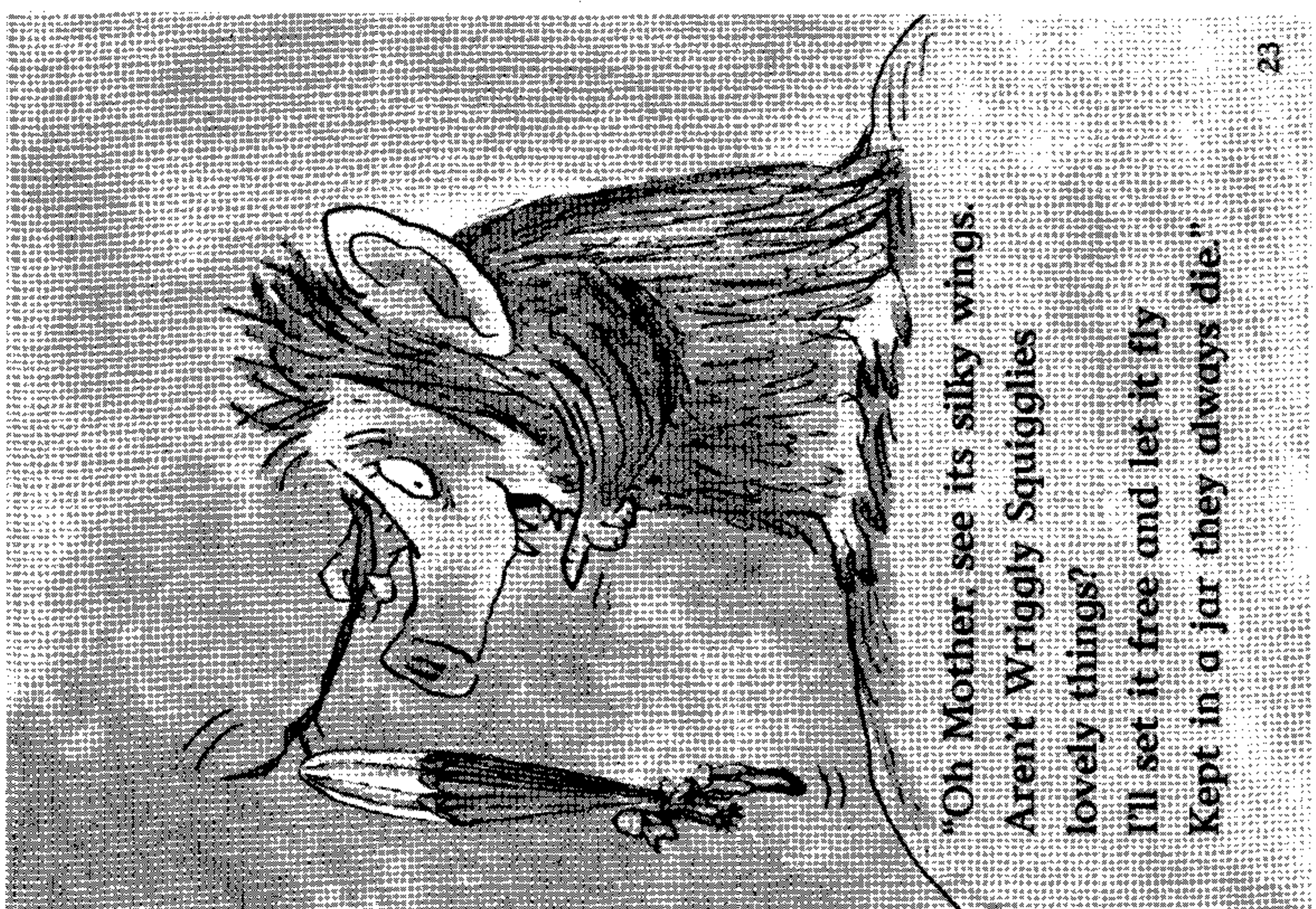
Written by Jeanne Willis  
Illustrated by Tony Ross



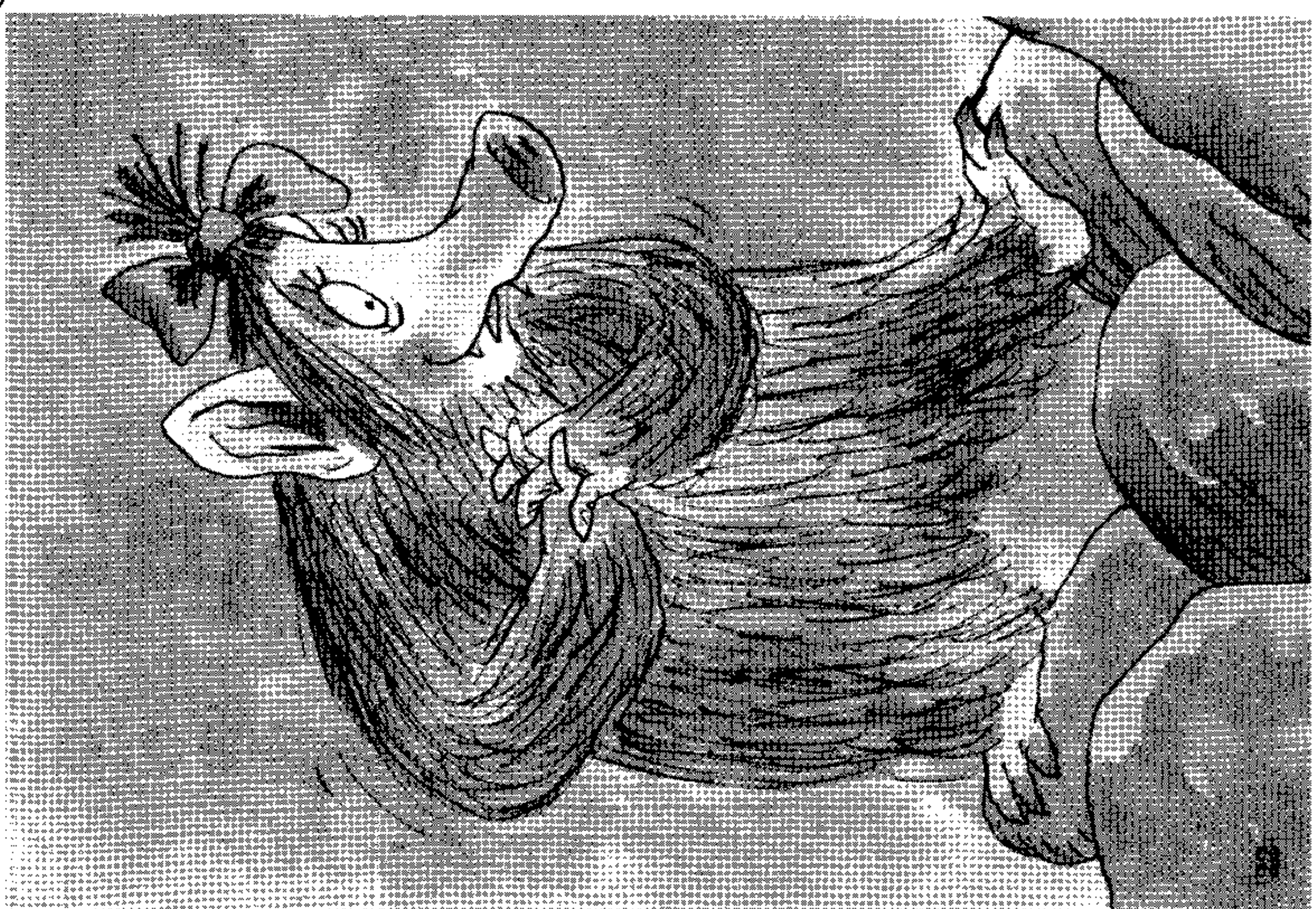
Up in the mountains, over the sea  
there lived a monster family.  
The mum as monsters go was small,  
only a thousand and three feet tall.



He wandered out across the snow  
and gently let my Grandpa go.  
Then watched him drifting  
home to Gran,  
a happier and wiser man.



"Oh Mother, see its silky wings.  
Aren't Wriggly Squiggles  
lovely things?  
I'll set it free and let it fly  
Kept in a jar they always die."



The monster stared in great surprise  
with tears of wonder in his eyes.  
And Grandpa heard him softly sigh,  
"It's turned into a butterfly!"



And as for Dad!  
You know the size of a lake?  
Well, that was just his eyes.  
His teeth were massive  
mountain tops -  
he crunched up rocks like lollipops.



Is this the truth,  
and how do I know?  
My grandpa met them long ago  
when he was young  
and had no fear,  
when he was a famous mountaineer.

