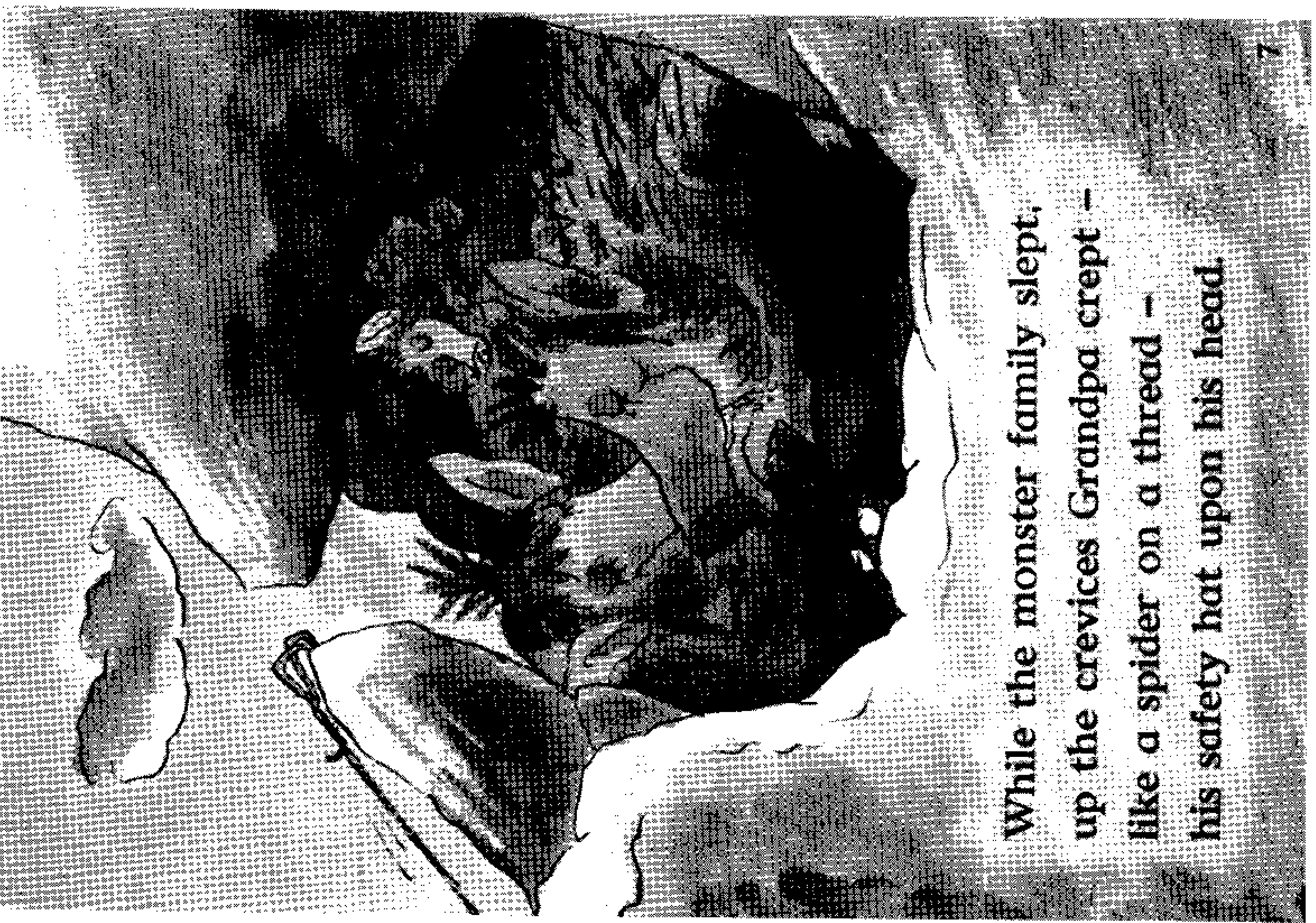
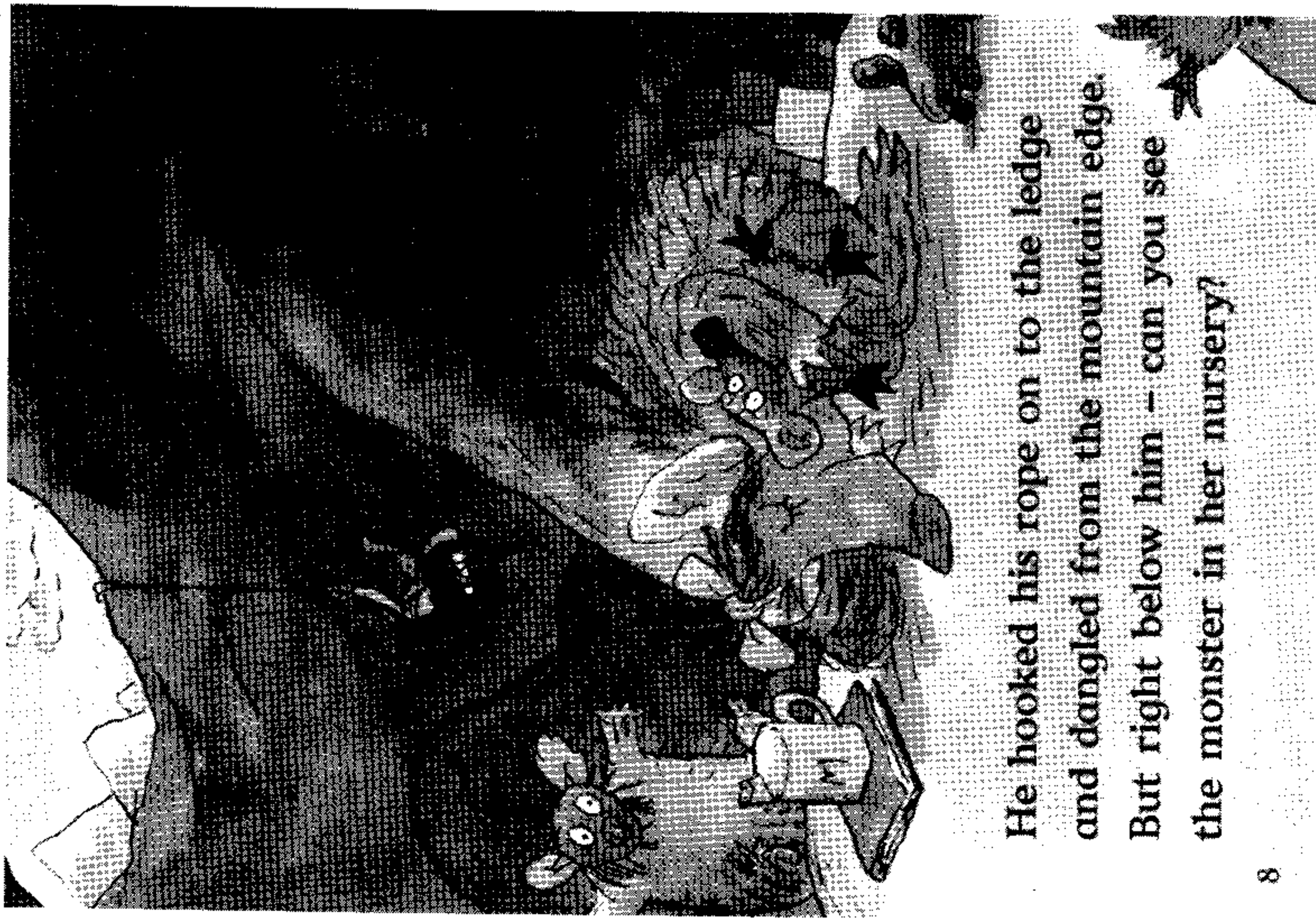


What was up there? No one knew.
But Grandpa really wanted to.



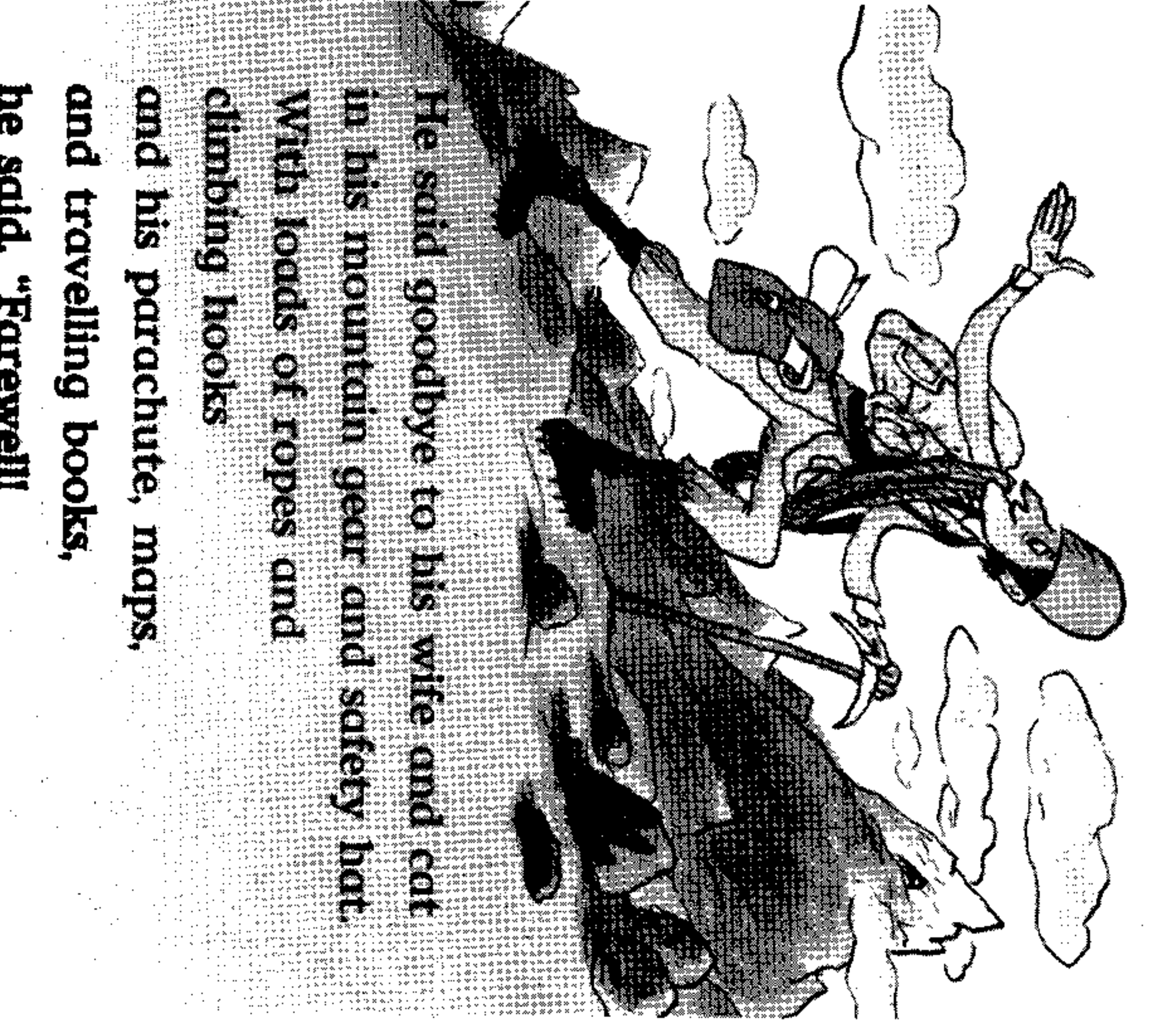
While the monster family slept,
up the crevices Grandpa crept -
like a spider on a thread -
his safety hat upon his head.



He hooked his rope on to the ledge
and dangled from the mountain edge.
But right below him - can you see
the monster in her nursery?



They even zapped him with a can
of Wriggly Squiggly spray. He ran!



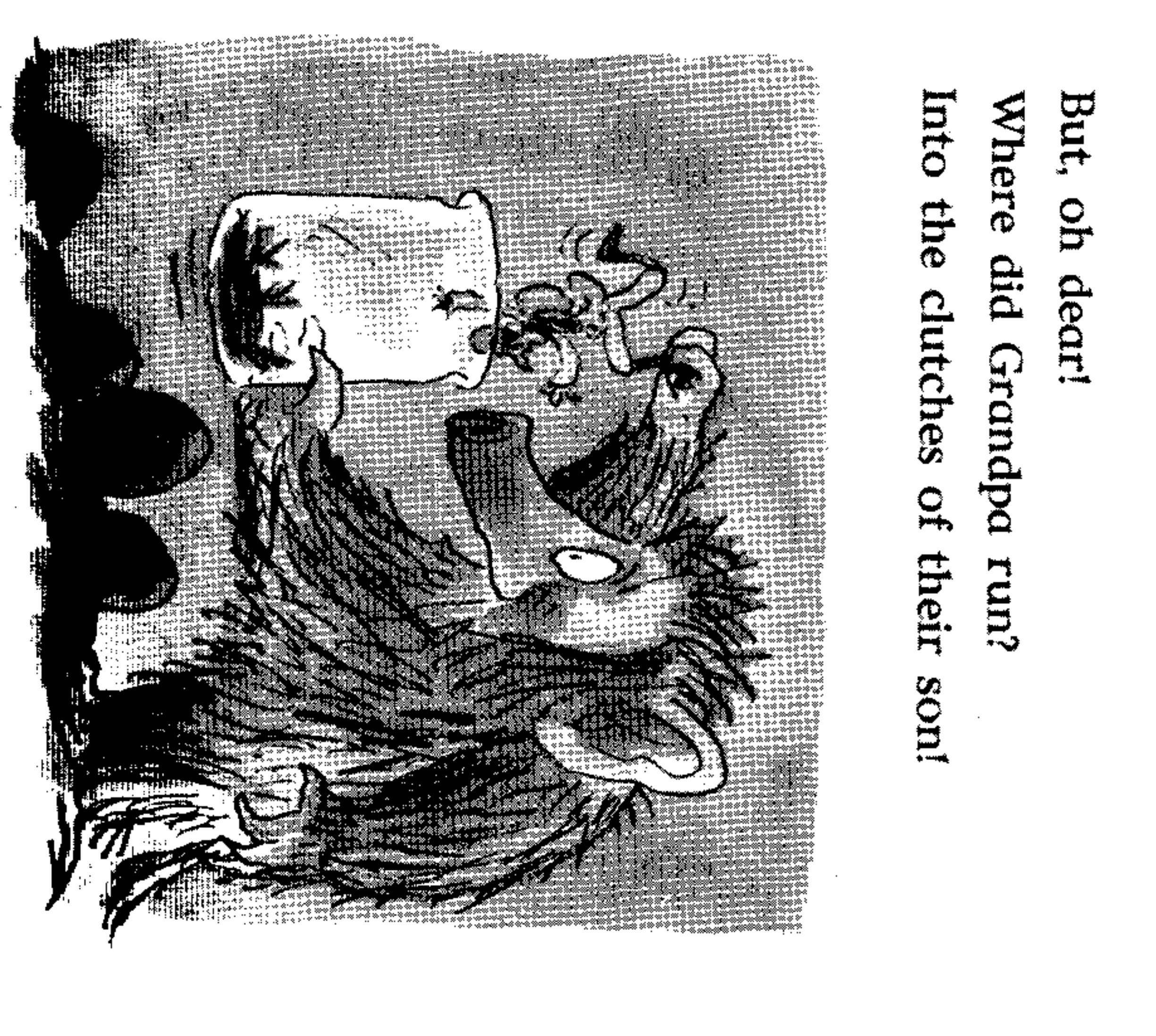
He said goodbye to his wife and cat
in his mountain gear and safety hat.
With loads of ropes and
climbing hooks
and his parachute, maps,
and travelling books,
he said, "Farewell!
I shall be some time,
There's a faraway mountain
I have to climb."



But then the monster's jar
was tipped.
My grandpa panicked as he slipped.
He ripped his parachute cord
- and whoosh!
He floated down on to a bush.



I've put some twigs in there as well.
I'll take you in for "Show and Tell..."



But, oh dear!
Where did Grandpa run?
Into the clutches of their son!

"Oh, Wriggly Squiggly, there you are!
Now, just you get inside this jar."