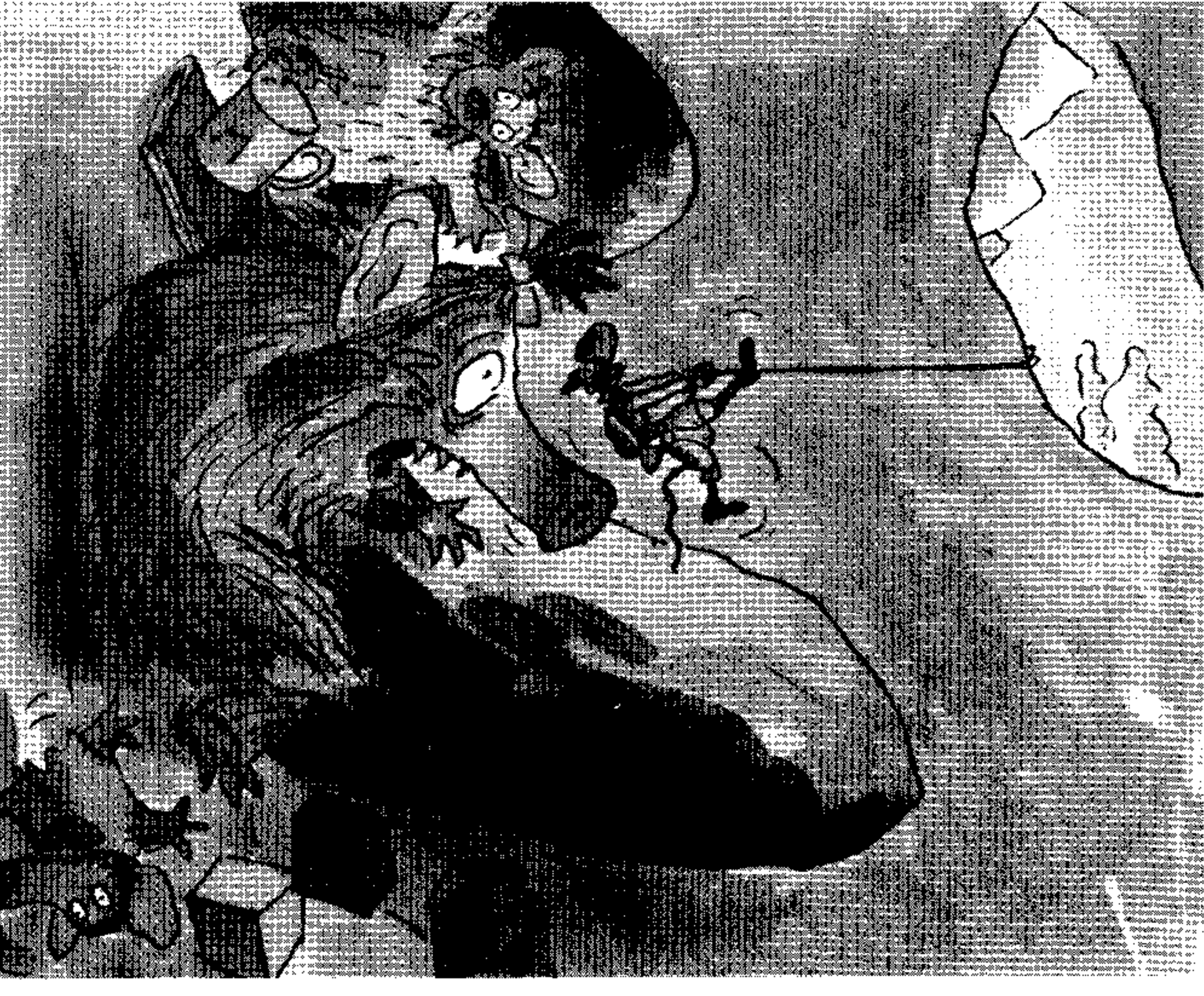


Grandpa hung above her bed.
"A Wriggly Squiggly! Help!" she said.



"Spray it! Hit it! Snip its string -
the nasty, creepy-crawly thing!
Smack it!
Whack it!
Squash it quick!
Splat it! Smash it with a stick!"



The monsters yelled and
poked him out,
and then they chased him all about.

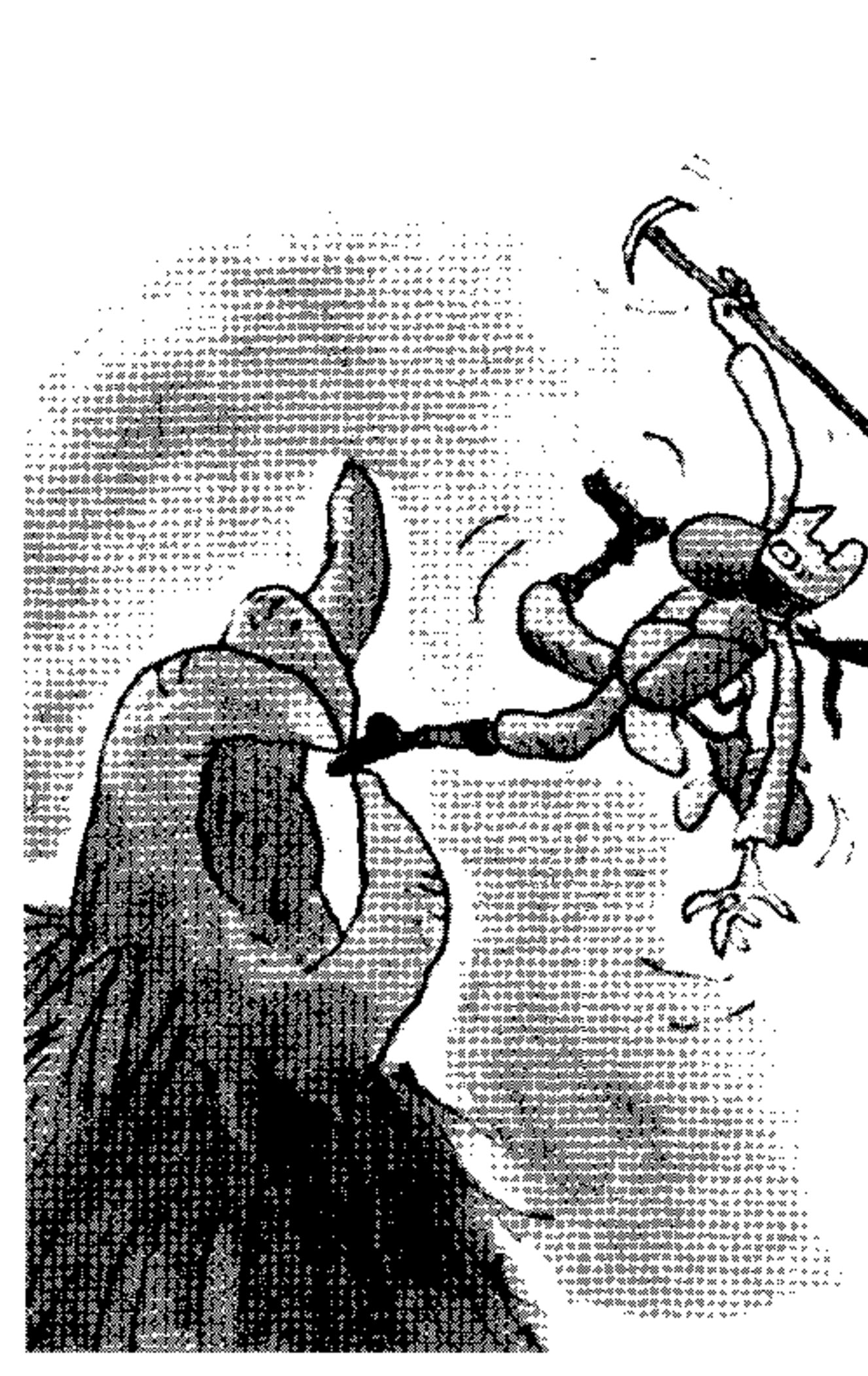
Her mum said,
"Don't be frightened, dear.
They always come this time of year.
They're harmless,
there's no need to shout.
I'll put the Wriggly Squiggly out."



And abseiled down her hairy head.



And jumped and hid
beneath the bed.



She grabbed my grandpa by his toes.



He stuck an ice pick in her nose!