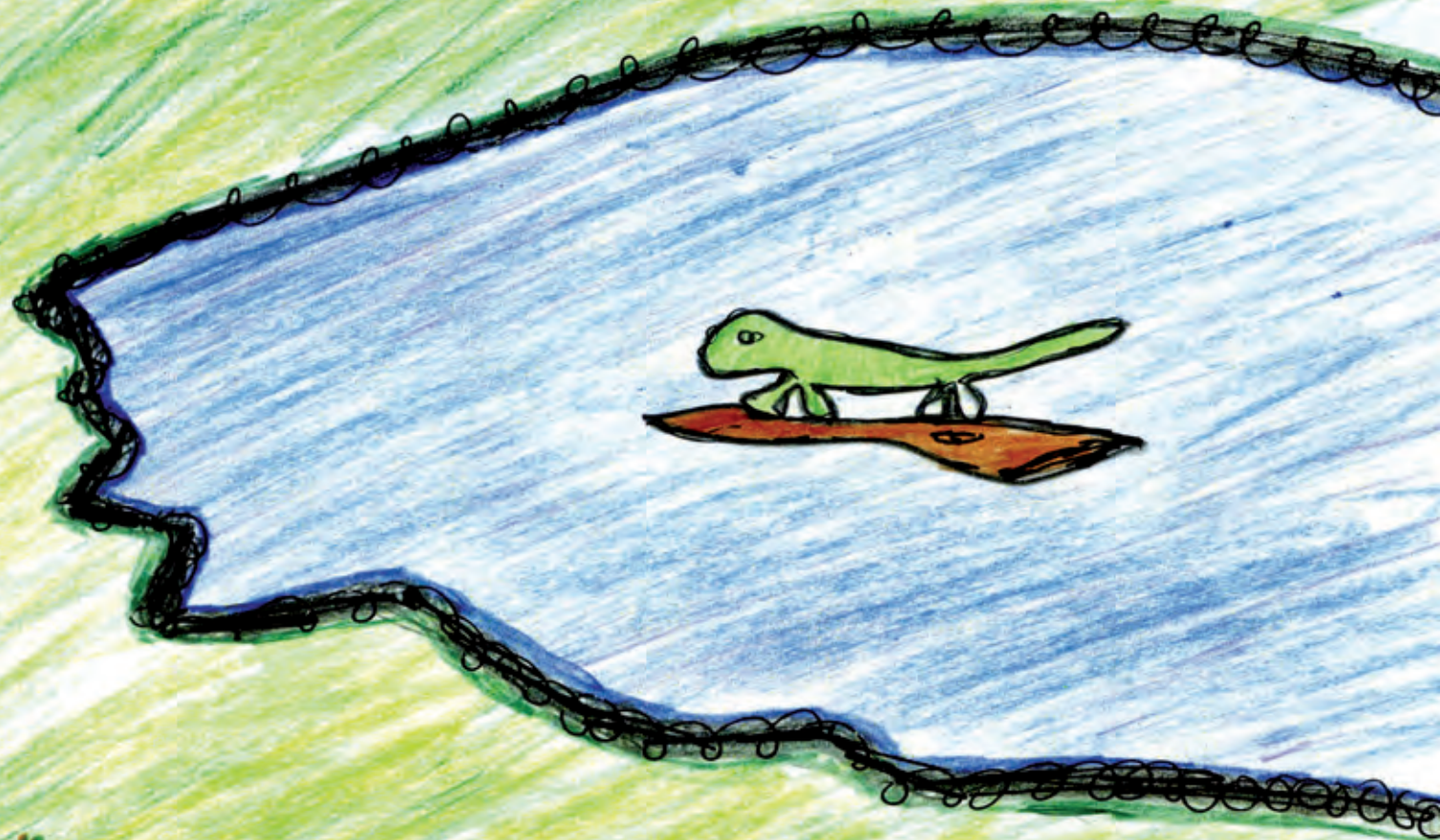


The next day I woke up and said,
"QUICK! Grandpa, Quick! Quick! Quick!
What is that on that stick?"

Grandpa said, "It's Pete.
Looks like he grew some feet".

As time went by
Pete learnt to fly.
Not only did Pete grow some feet,
He lost his tail
And leaped and leaped!



Over the windmill and on my
head.

He even jumped on top of the
shed.



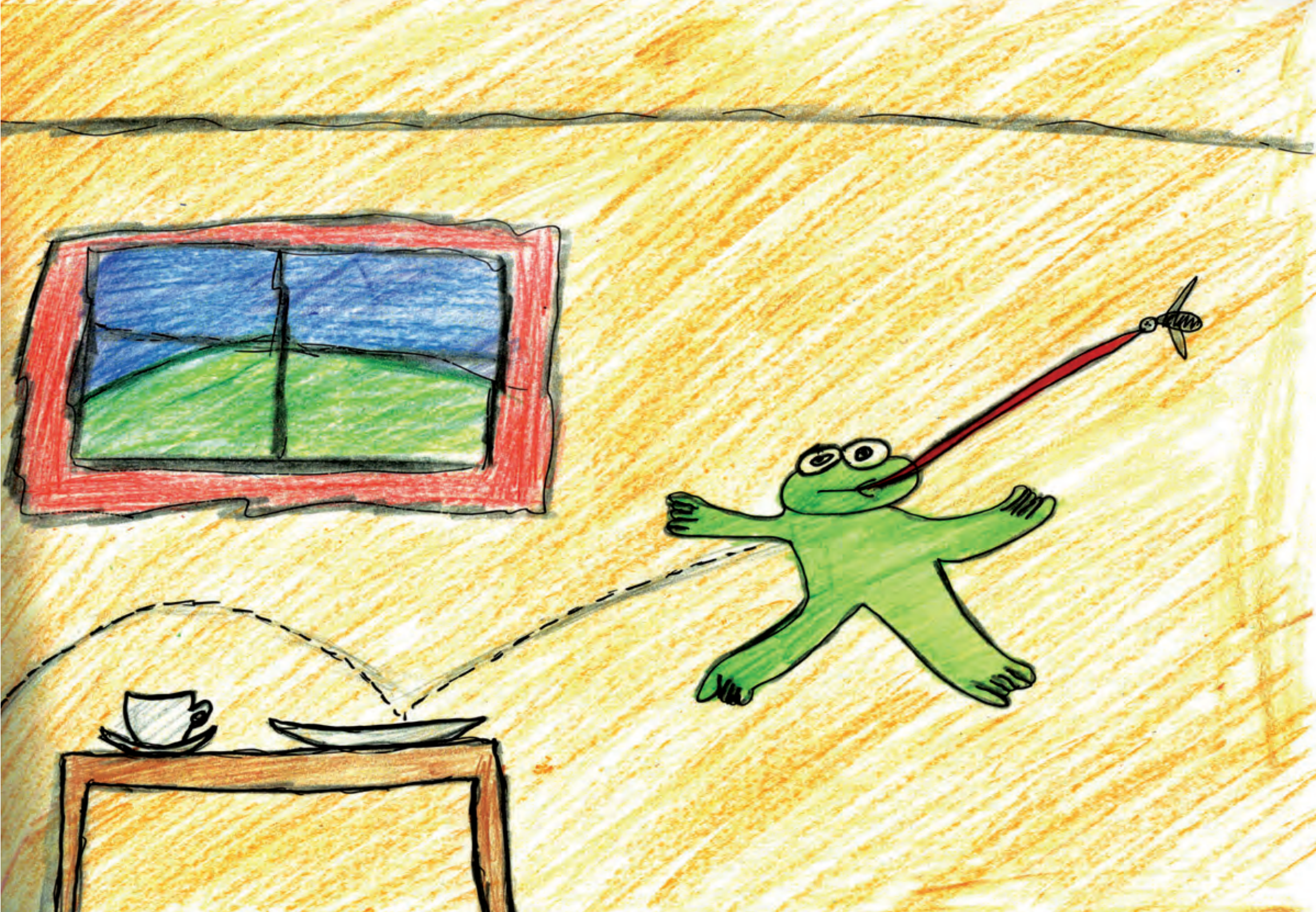
Jumped and Jumped!

Away he went.

Who knows where he was sent?

He jumped on Grandma's plate.

With his tongue a fly he ate.



He JUMPED! He LEAPED!
He SWAM! He BOUNCED!
He RAN!

Last time I saw him, he was on
Grandma's pan.