

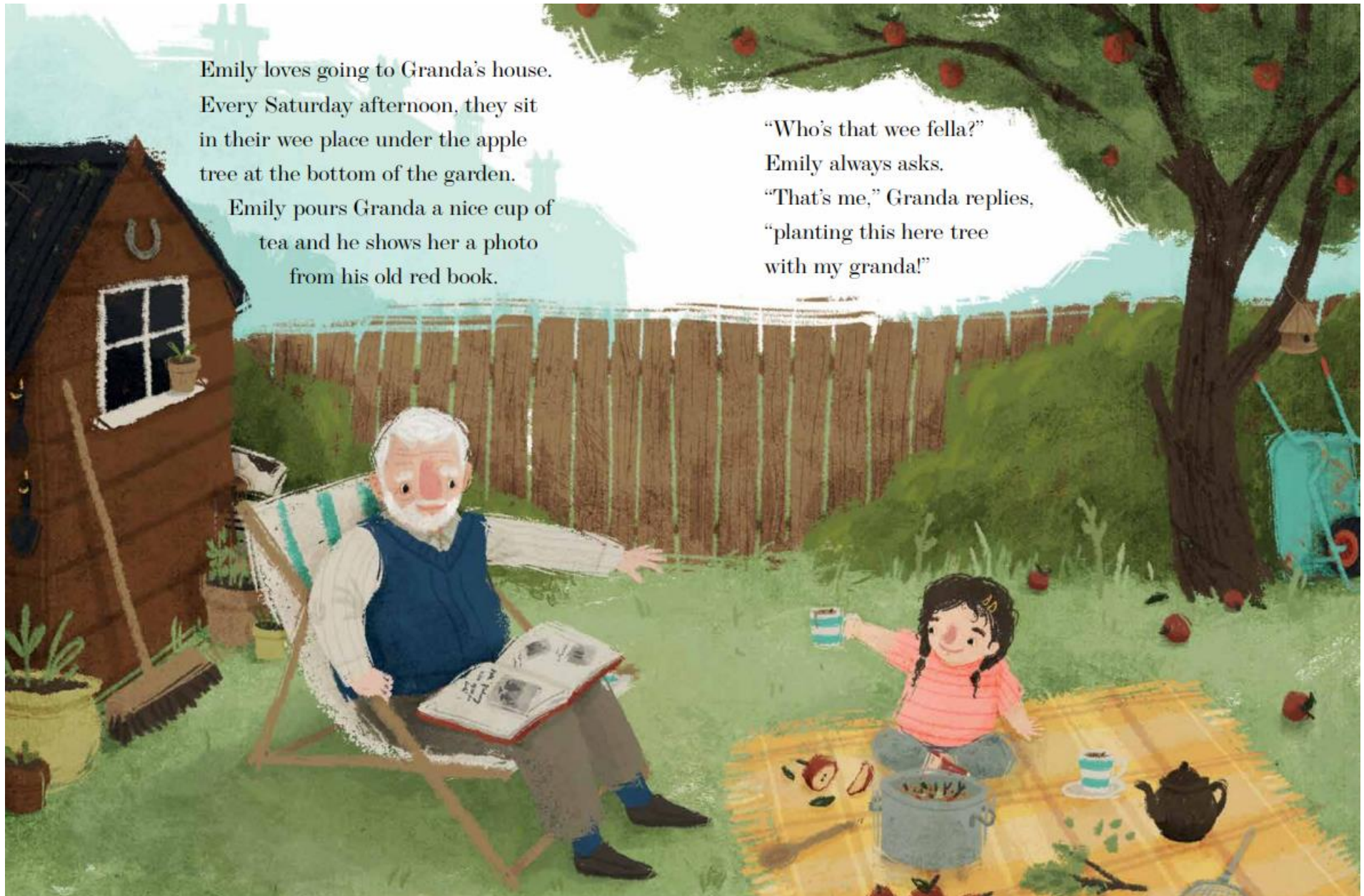
Emily loves going to Granda's house.
Every Saturday afternoon, they sit
in their wee place under the apple
tree at the bottom of the garden.

Emily pours Granda a nice cup of
tea and he shows her a photo
from his old red book.

"Who's that wee fella?"

Emily always asks.

"That's me," Granda replies,
"planting this here tree
with my granda!"

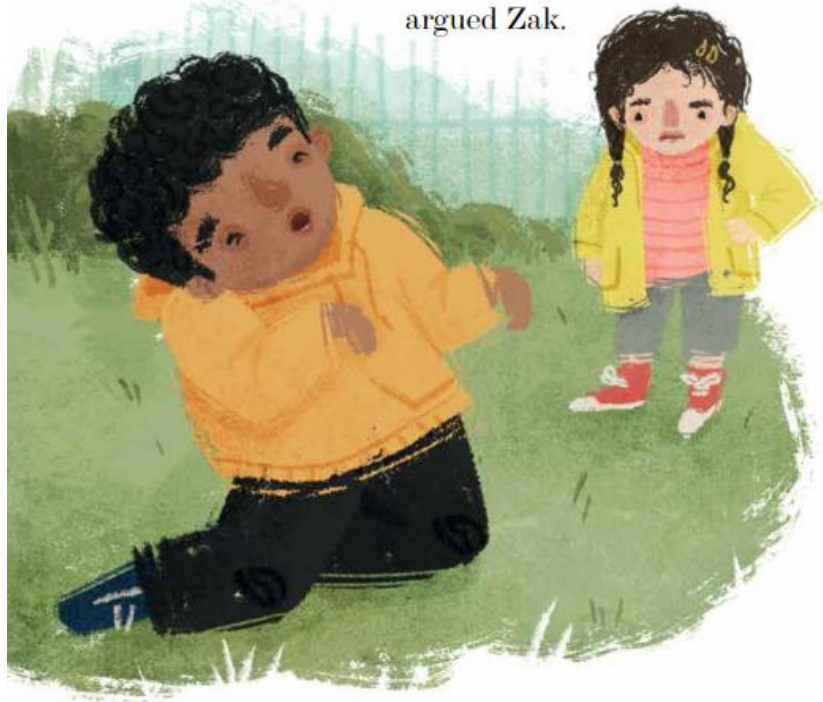


But one particular Saturday was NOT a happy one.
Emily had been at the park with her best friend Zak.
He wanted to play Wild Wolves. Emily wanted to play
Deadly Dinos.

“Wolves are best!

HOOWWWWLLLL!

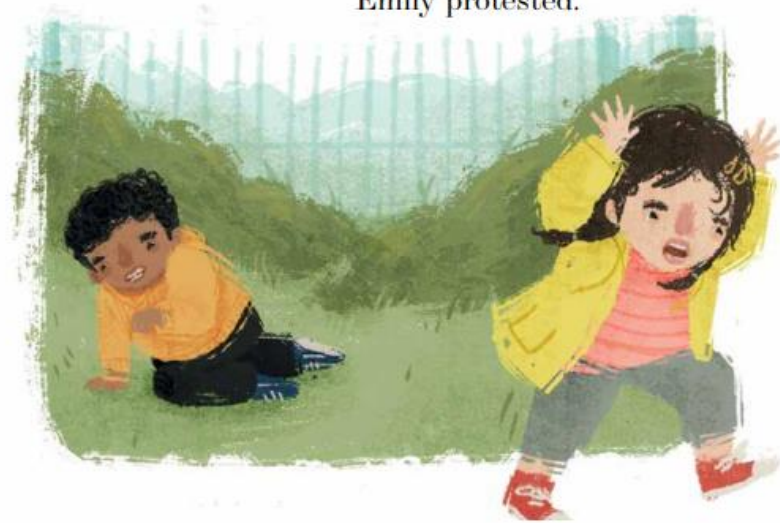
argued Zak.



“No, dinosaurs are better!

ROOAARRRRR!”

Emily protested.



And that’s when Emily
and Zak fell out. Emily
was so cross she decided
not to speak to Zak.

Ever again.



They whizzed, right around the bay to where the wind and the waves were wildest. Emily and Granda hopped and clambered, up and down, from stone to stone to stone.

“Wow!”

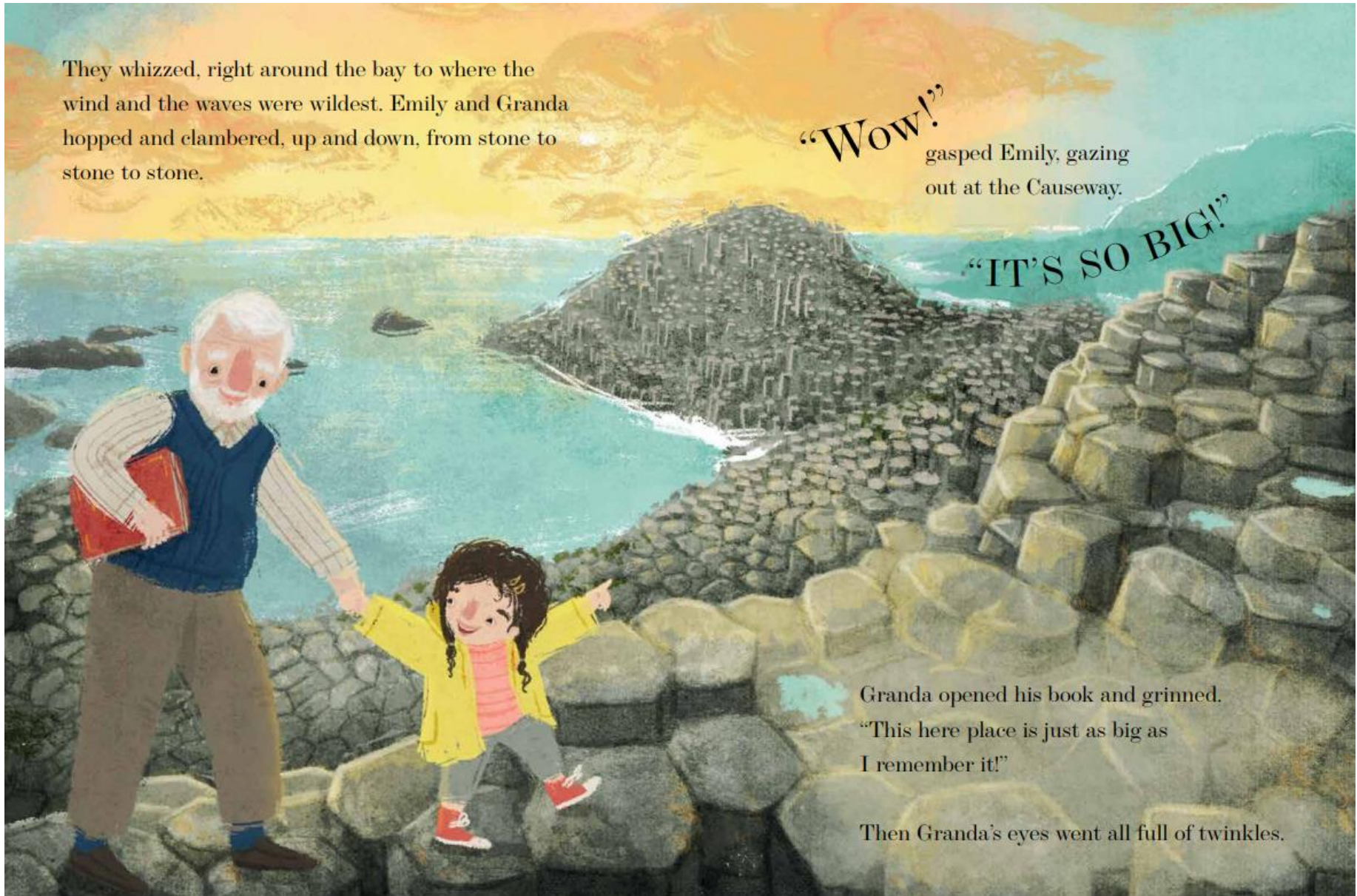
gasped Emily, gazing out at the Causeway.

“IT’S SO BIG!”

Granda opened his book and grinned.

“This here place is just as big as I remember it!”

Then Granda’s eyes went all full of twinkles.



Suddenly he was playing chasies with Rosie.



And hide-and-seek.



Then they played their favourite game of all –
Fierce Giants!

“Catch me if you can!” roared Rosie.
Wee Granda ran after his sister,
bellowing like a giant and giggling too.

