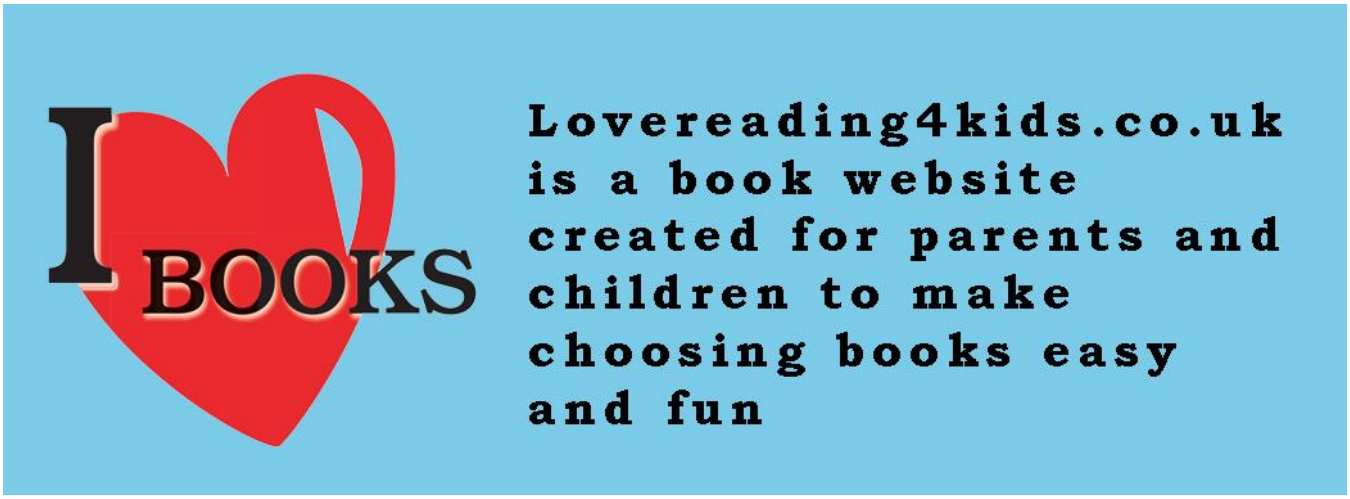


Opening extract from

Grandad's Secret Giant

Written & Illustrated by

David Litchfield

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Little Billy was in a pickle.
"Grandad," he said, "we've been painting the town
mural all day, but we just can't finish it!
No one can reach the top of the wall."

"Don't worry!" said Grandad.
"I know just the chap who can help…"

"He has hands the size of tables," Grandad continued, "legs as long as drainpipes, and feet as big as rowing boats. Do you know who I mean?"



"The Secret Giant," Billy sighed. "You've told me about him a thousand times, Grandad. You're making it up!"

"I never make things up," said Grandad.

"Do you remember when we went camping last summer?

"Yes, Grandad," Billy groaned.

"The Giant was there watching over us, making sure we kept safe."

And do you remember when the town clock was broken?"

"Yes, Grandad," Billy mumbled.