Once, I found a Worry so I trapped it in a net.



I picked it out and put it in my pocket for a pet.



Everywhere I went that day, my Worry came with me.

The library...



the park...



the shops...



and home again for tea.



It soon became a nuisance.

It tangled up my hair.





It tugged my sleeve.

It itched my skin.





It stole my favourite chair.