

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.

