

I like the museum and so does Gran. We often go there together. Gran loves dinosaurs – just like me – and she knows them all by name. I only know the big ones, like T-Rex and brontosaurus, but Gran knows dilophosaurus, stegosaurus, brachiosaurus, velociraptor and many more. She knows all the insects, too. I can tell the difference between beetles and ants – that’s easy – but my grandmother knows the difference between an arrowhead rockmaster and a banded flutterer! (They’re both dragonflies, by the way.)

However, there’s one part of the museum where my grandmother won’t go. It’s not the snake section – the snakes don’t bother her. Flies fascinate her and the blood-sucking leech collection makes her smile. It’s **spiders!** My grandmother hates spiders. **She hates spiders a lot.** She’s so scared of spiders that she shudders if she sees a picture of one! “They make my blood run cold,” she says – whatever that means.



Sample pages

