



Nora is bored.
“There’s nothing to do here, Grandma,”
she says, matter-of-factly.
“Jeff the Giraffe is bored too.”



“And dragonflies the size of birds and plants that can swallow you up whole! And a polar bear who likes fishing, though he’s a bit grumpy. But most magnificent of all was the tiger.

You and Jeff should take a look . . .
If you don’t believe me.”

“Why don’t you play in the garden?” says Nora’s grandma. “I thought I saw a tiger there earlier.”

“A tiger?” asks Nora. “There’s no tiger in the garden. I’m too old for silly games!”
“I’m sure I saw one...” she replies.

“She’s being silly, Jeff,”
says Nora, standing
outside in the garden.

“There’s no tiger here.
Just the same boring old
garden, with boring old
plants and boring old...”



Whoosh!



Something whizzes
past Nora’s face.



It’s a
dragonfly!