

Grandad was a bit **mad**. He sometimes put orange juice in his tea, or **danced** when he was listening to the news on the radio.





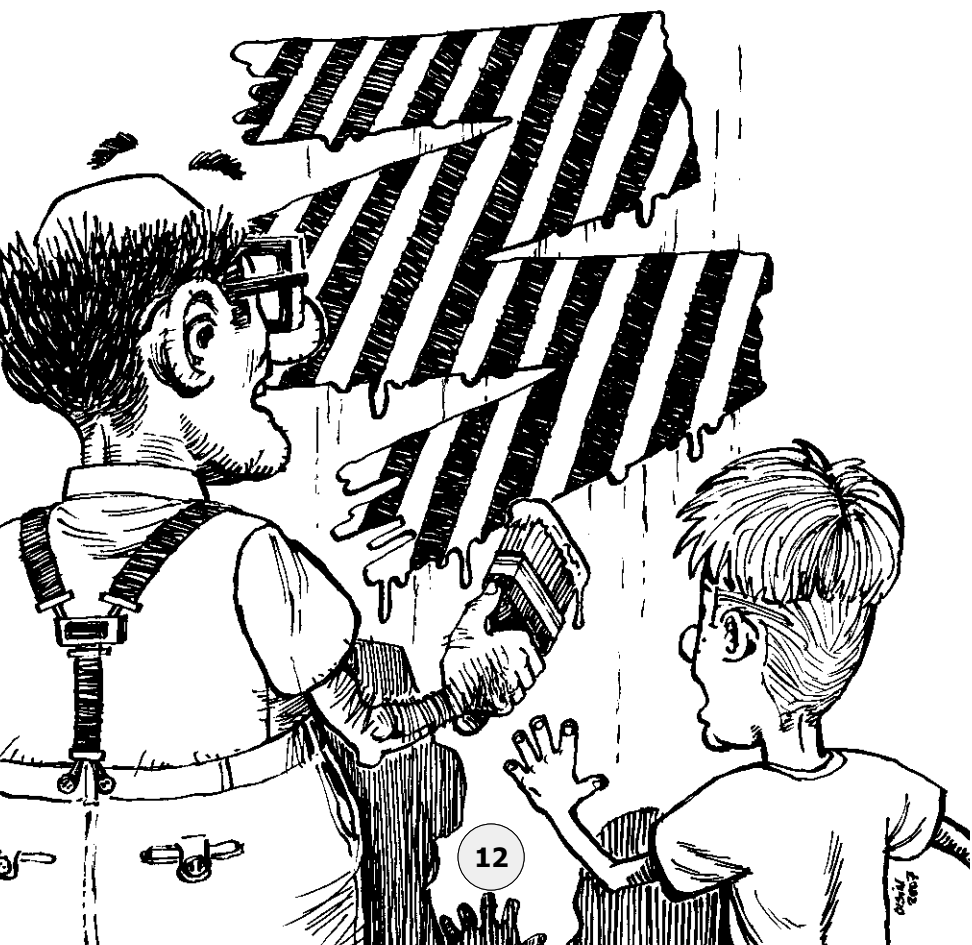
‘Does paint that old still work?’
I asked Grandad.

‘Only one way to find out!’
Grandad replied.

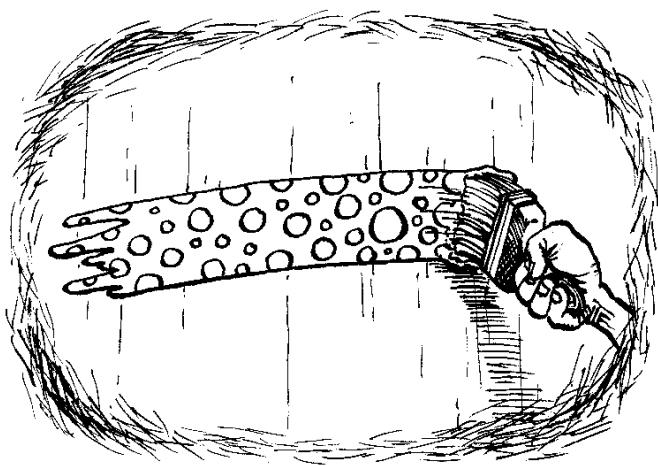
He opened one of the tins. The paint was a pale yellow. Dipping a brush in it, he reached up and painted a piece of the wall. That was when things went **weird**.

The paint was **striped**. The stripes were red and yellow.

'Holy smoke!' Grandad gasped.



He brushed on more of the striped paint and we looked at it in amazement. He tried another tin. This paint was green with yellow **polka dots**. He just brushed it onto the wall and the dots appeared all neat and clear.



‘Let’s see what else we’ve got!’
I said.