

CHAPTER 2

Grandad's Dodgy Goggles

We walked around outside, sticking up the posters. It was very wet, but I held the umbrella over Grandad as he stuck them up.



I kept looking at him. There was something **strange** about him, but I couldn't work out what. Then I got it.

'Grandad!' I said. 'Your glasses are different. They're **round** instead of square!'





‘Really?’ he gasped.

He took them off and looked at them.

‘You’re right, Lenny!’ he said.
‘I ... I must have put these old
round goggles on by mistake.
Hang on a second ...’



He spun round for a few seconds and then turned back to look at me through his normal, **square** glasses.

‘That’s better,’ he said. ‘Come on, let’s walk into town. We can put some posters up there. And it’ll be harder for someone to **follow** us in town.’



‘Who’s following us?’ I asked.



'Oh, nobody,' he replied.

I'd never seen Grandad wearing round glasses before. He did have loads of old pairs. And who could be following us? I thought it was all a bit **odd**.

We started up the street,
putting up posters as we went.
The rain stopped and I took down
the umbrella. That was when I
noticed something **else** that was
strange about Grandad.



‘Hey, Granddad,’ I said to him. ‘How come you’re so **thin**?’

‘Eh?’ he said. Then he looked down at himself and gave a little yelp. ‘Oh! It’s just the way my trousers are hanging, Lenny.’



He gave himself a little **shake**
and jumped around a bit.

‘There, see?’ he said, doing
another little twirl.





It was true, he did look chubbier now. But I was sure you couldn't look thinner or fatter because your trousers hung the wrong way. Something was **definitely** wrong with Grandad.