

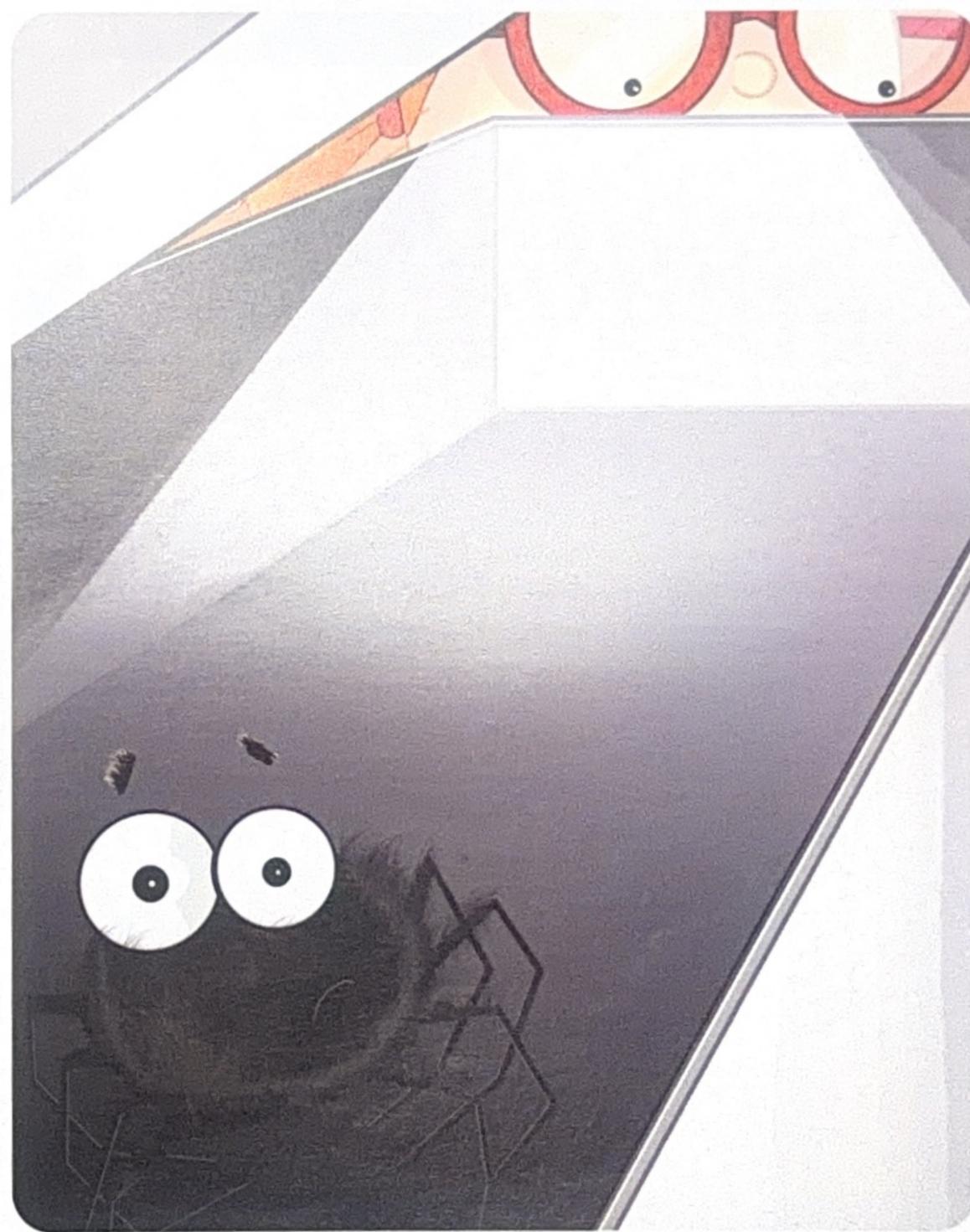
Harry was Clare's pet spider and he was very clever.

Clare wanted to show Harry to all her friends.

On Monday she took him to school.

"We're doing minibeasts," she told him.

"This box is just for the journey."



But Harry didn't like his box. He hid in the corner so that Clare couldn't see him.

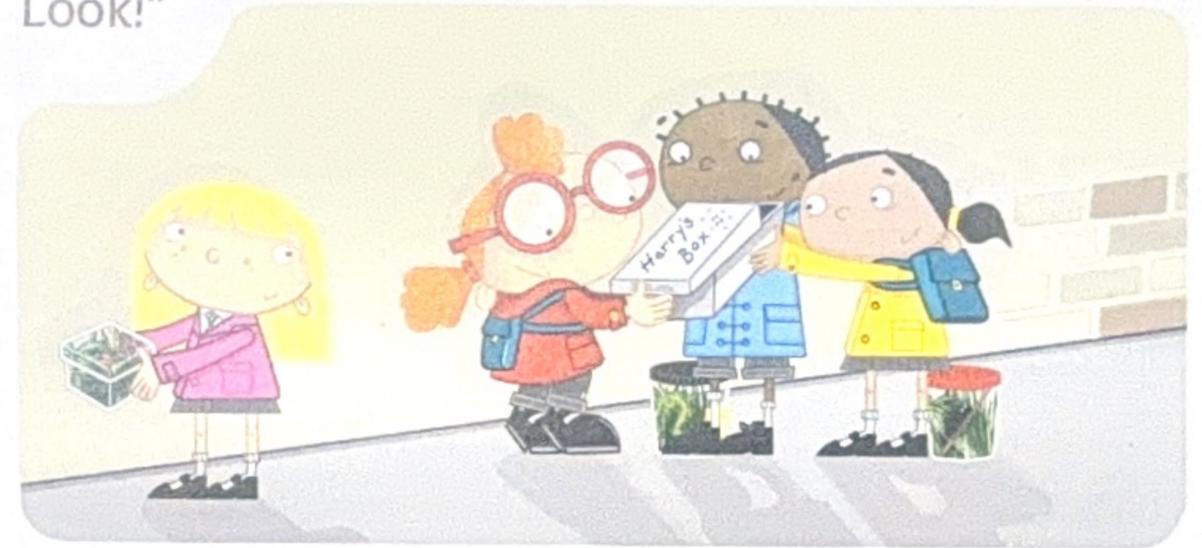


Harry was still hiding when they got to school. Joanne said, "I've got ever such a big black beetle. Look!"

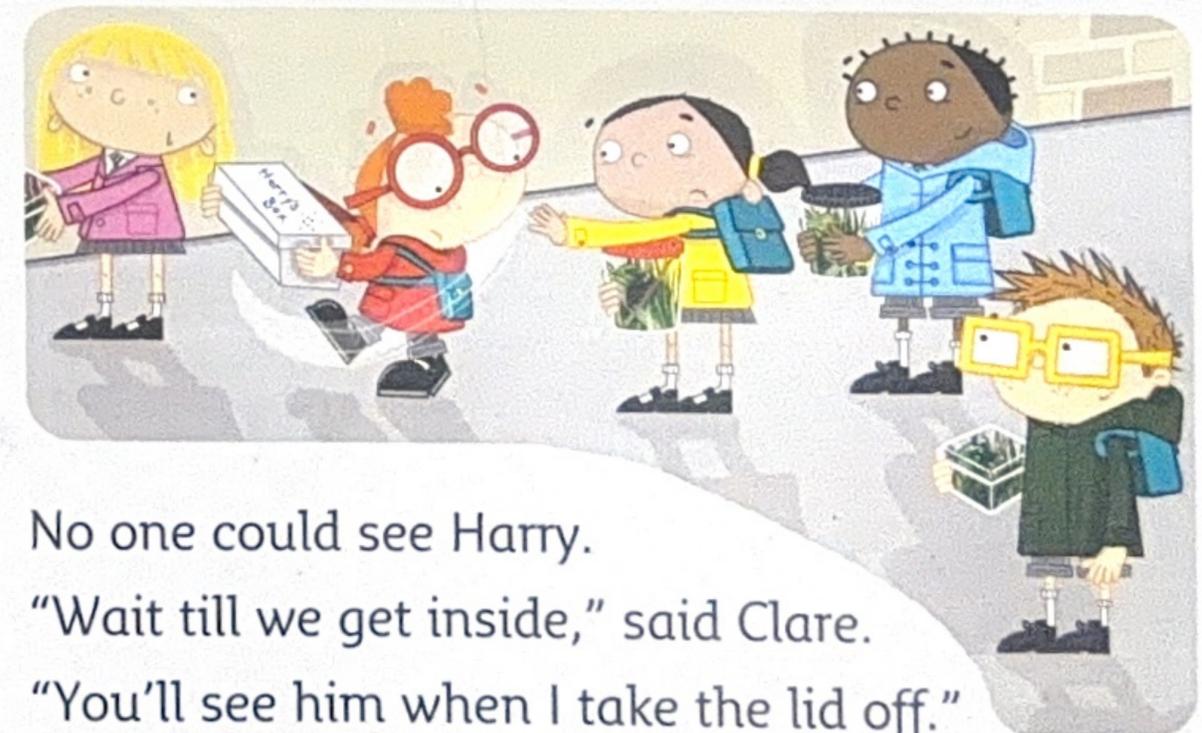


Simon said, "I've got an enormous furry caterpillar that will turn into a brilliant butterfly. Look!"

Clare said, "I've got a huge, hairy, clever spider. Look!"



Joanne looked through one of the holes in the box and said, "I can't see him."



No one could see Harry. "Wait till we get inside," said Clare. "You'll see him when I take the lid off."

But when they got inside, their teacher, Miss Bradley, said, "Keep your minibeasts in their jars and boxes, children. Don't remove the lids. We can't have minibeasts running all over the classroom, can we?"

She gave out paper and pencils and put out the paint pots.
"Please observe your minibeast carefully. Then write about what you see. After that, you can draw or paint a picture of it."



Clare looked through the holes in the lid of Harry's box, but she still couldn't see him.



She said, "Please Miss Bradley, I can't see Harry with the lid on."

But Miss Bradley wasn't listening. She had lost her glasses. She was always losing them! She said, "Get on with your work everyone, while I look for my glasses."





Clare opened the lid to peep at Harry,
who jumped out ...
... and scuttled away!



Clare had never seen him move so fast.



"See," said Joanne, looking into the box.

"It's empty."

"You were fibbing," said Simon. "You haven't got a clever spider. You haven't got a spider at all!"

Clare was upset. Where was Harry?
Miss Bradley was upset.
Where were her glasses?
She said, "I can't see without my glasses.
Children, please help me look for them."

Everybody started looking for Miss Bradley's
glasses, except Clare.
She was looking for Harry.



She looked on her table.

"There he is!"

But it was a splash of black paint.



She looked on the next table.

"There he is!"

But it was another splash of black paint.

