

A fly flew around Grandad's lunch.

'Flibbertigibbet!' he yelled. SLAP! He hit the table in an attempt to catch the fly. He missed. He slapped the table again. He missed. He slapped again. He missed – and knocked over his cup of tea.

A fly flew around Grandad's coffee and cake.

'Fennel fronds!' he bellowed. This time he shooed the fly away and waited until it landed on the kitchen bench. Grandad rolled up a sheet of his newspaper, swatted at the fly, WHACK! And missed. He watched. The fly landed on the blind. Whack with the newspaper. The vase of flowers fell off the window sill. Water and flowers went all over the bench.

A fly flew around Grandad's head as he carried his dinner to the table.

'Frantic frogs!' he roared. Grandad carefully put the plate on the placemat, threw his napkin over his food, then looked and looked for the fly. But it was nowhere to be seen.

A fly flew around the television set.

'Frozen fish fingers!' shouted Grandad. Before he could get up, the fly had once again disappeared.

Grandad was cleaning his teeth when the fly flew in front of the mirror.

Grandad couldn't speak – his mouth was full of toothpaste. He grabbed a wet face washer and WHOPPED! at the fly. And missed.

'Frothing foam!' spluttered Grandad as the toothpaste sprayed out of his mouth, onto the mirror, over the basin and down his jumper.

The fly flew to the other side of the mirror. Grandad picked up the dry face washer. THUMP!, he caught the fly.

He lifted the edge of the face washer carefully. The fly flapped its wings.

Grandad slid the fly, under the face washer, closer to the basin and spat again.

‘Flipping flounders,’ he whispered. ‘It’s alive.’ He tried to pick the fly up with the face washer. The fly flew down to the bench.

‘Fantastic fandangle!’ hollered Grandad. ‘It’s STILL alive. Better make the most of it!’ He slid the wet face washer along the bench. And dropped the fly into his hand.

Grandad carried the fly to the back door, opened it with his elbow then let the fly go into the night. He washed and dried his hands thoroughly. Then he finished cleaning his teeth, wiped up the mess in the bathroom, and sponged his jumper.

He got into his PJs and climbed into bed.

‘AHH’ he sighed as he pulled up the blankets with a smile on his face. Grandad reached and flipped off the light.

BUZZZZZZ....

[There was a mosquito in the room]