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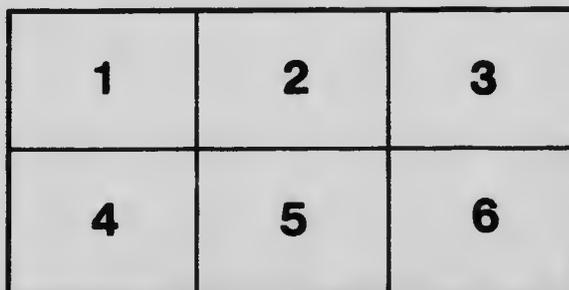
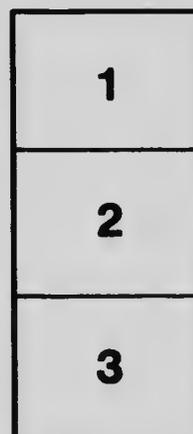
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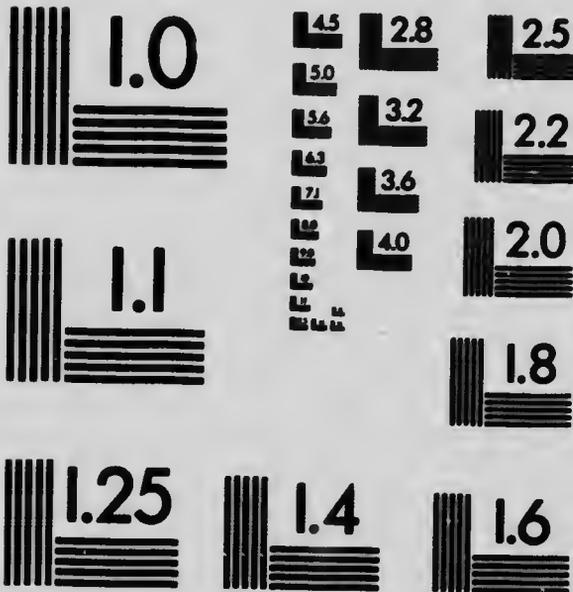
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# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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# PAT AND THE SPIDER









# Pat and the Spider

The Biter Bit

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
'THE STORY OF LITTLE BLACK MINGO'

THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY  
LIMITED  
TORONTO

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ONCE upon a time  
there was a little  
boy called Pat, who went  
for a walk in the jungle.  
And as he was going  
along a butterfly called  
out to him, "Oh, Pat,  
Pat, *please* help me out  
of this dreadful spider's  
web."



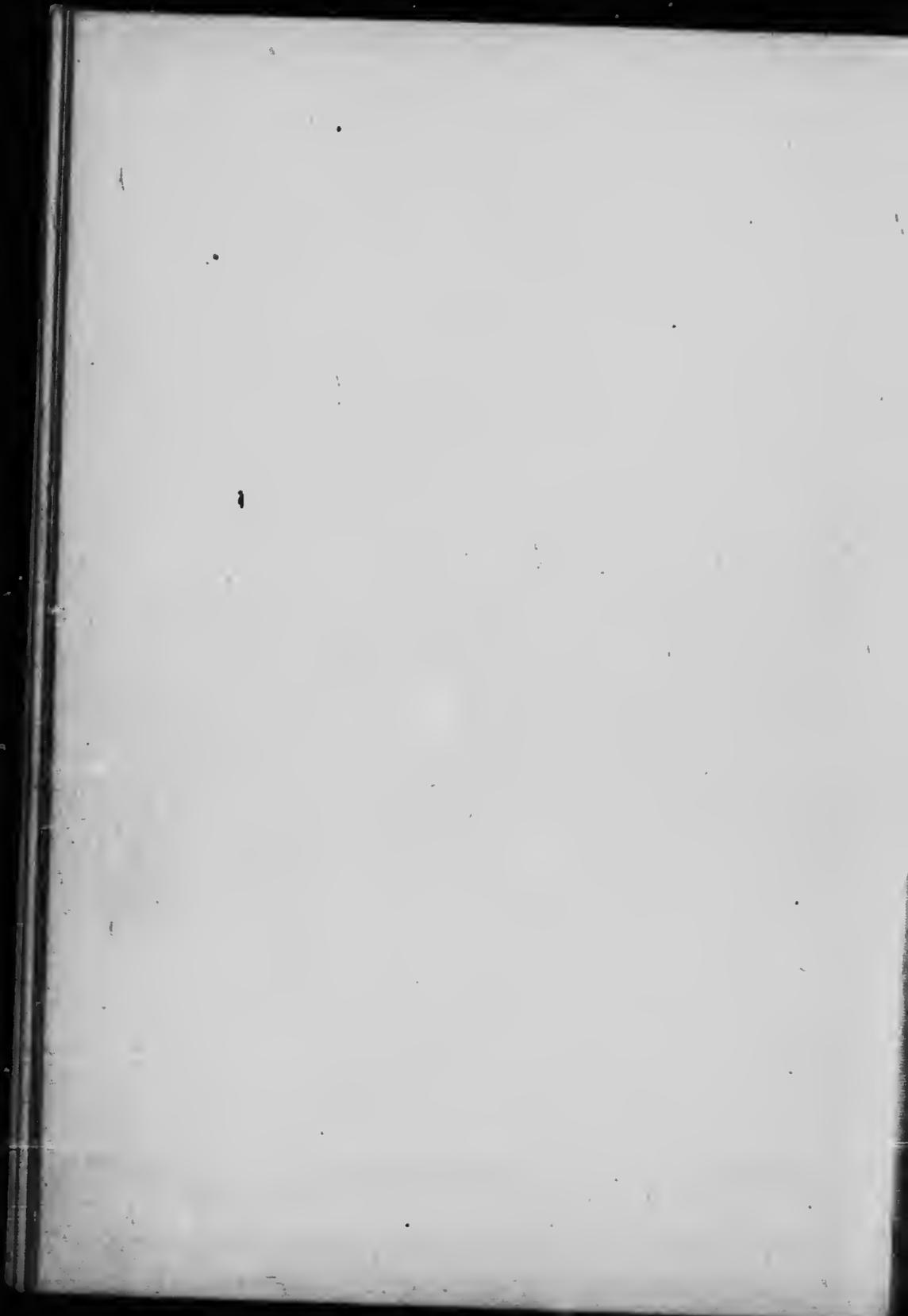






“Yes, I will, with pleasure,” said Pat, and he tore the spider’s web in pieces, and let the butterfly out.

Then the butterfly perched—





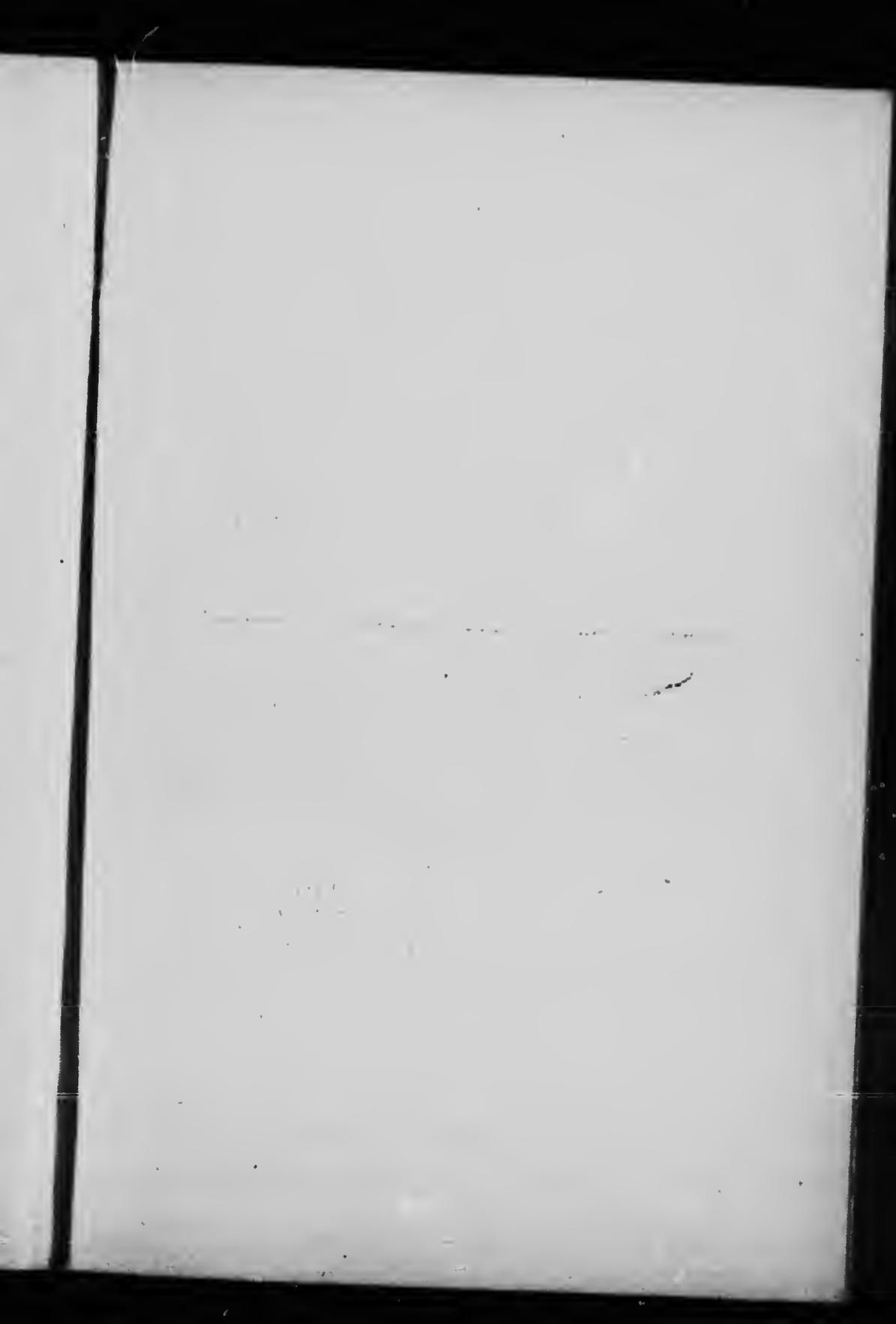
on Pat's finger and said,  
"Now what can I do  
for you?"

"Oh," said Pat, "I  
wish you would tell me  
how to grow as small as  
you."

"Do you see those  
bamboos up the road?"  
said the butterfly. Those  
are telescope bamboos;  
if you creep through one  
way they make you small,  
and if you creep through  
the other way they make  
you large."







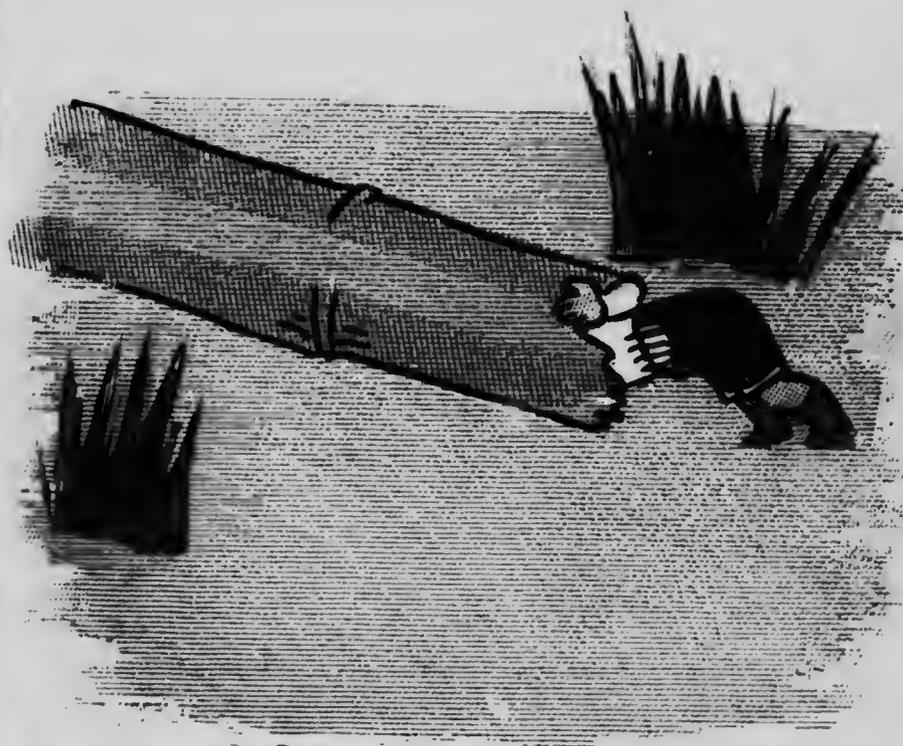


Then the butterfly flew joyfully away, and Pat ran off to look for a bamboo. He found an old one, but he could hardly get into it; however by pushing his feet in first he just managed.

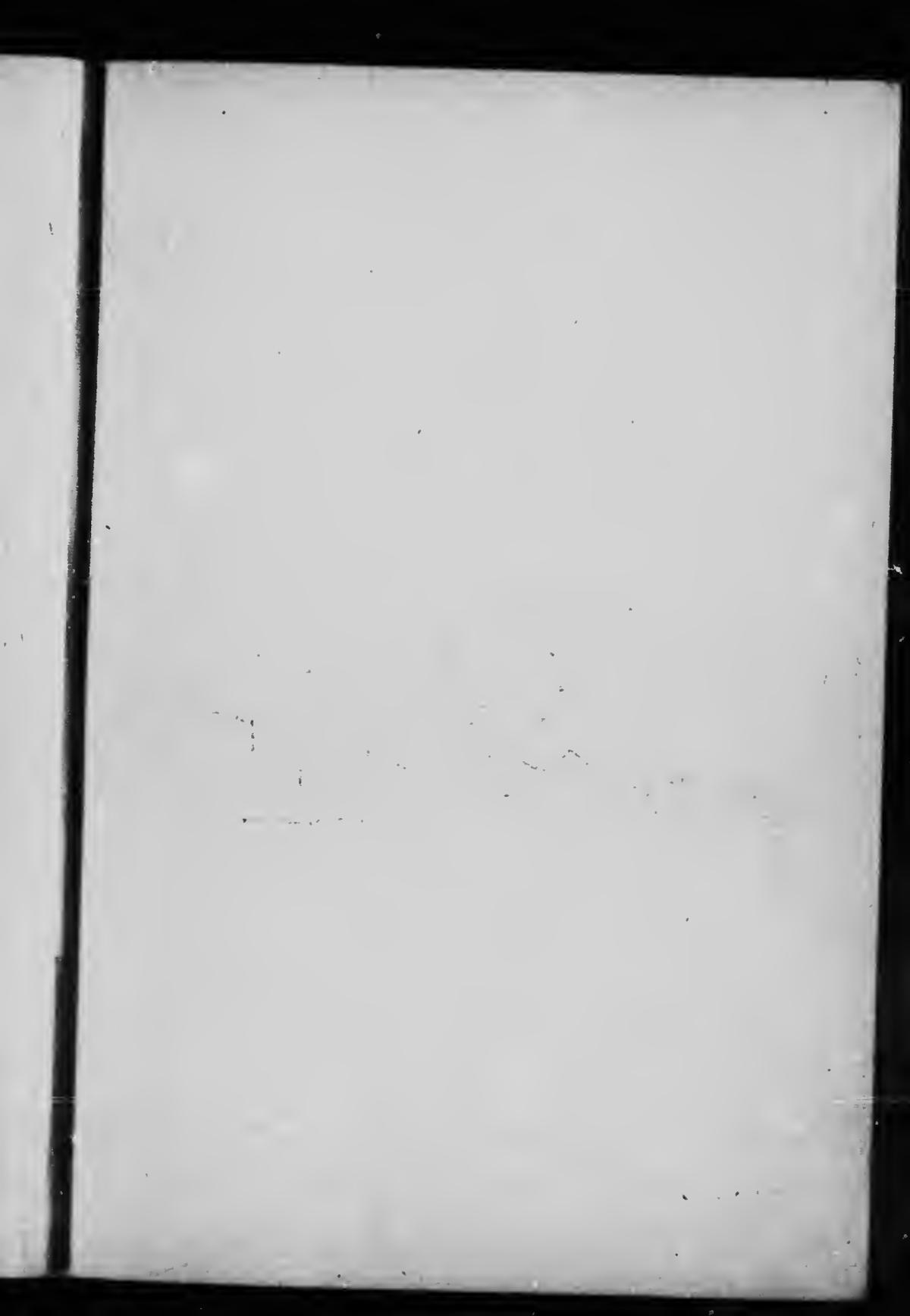




And coming out at the other end was not nearly so difficult as he expected.



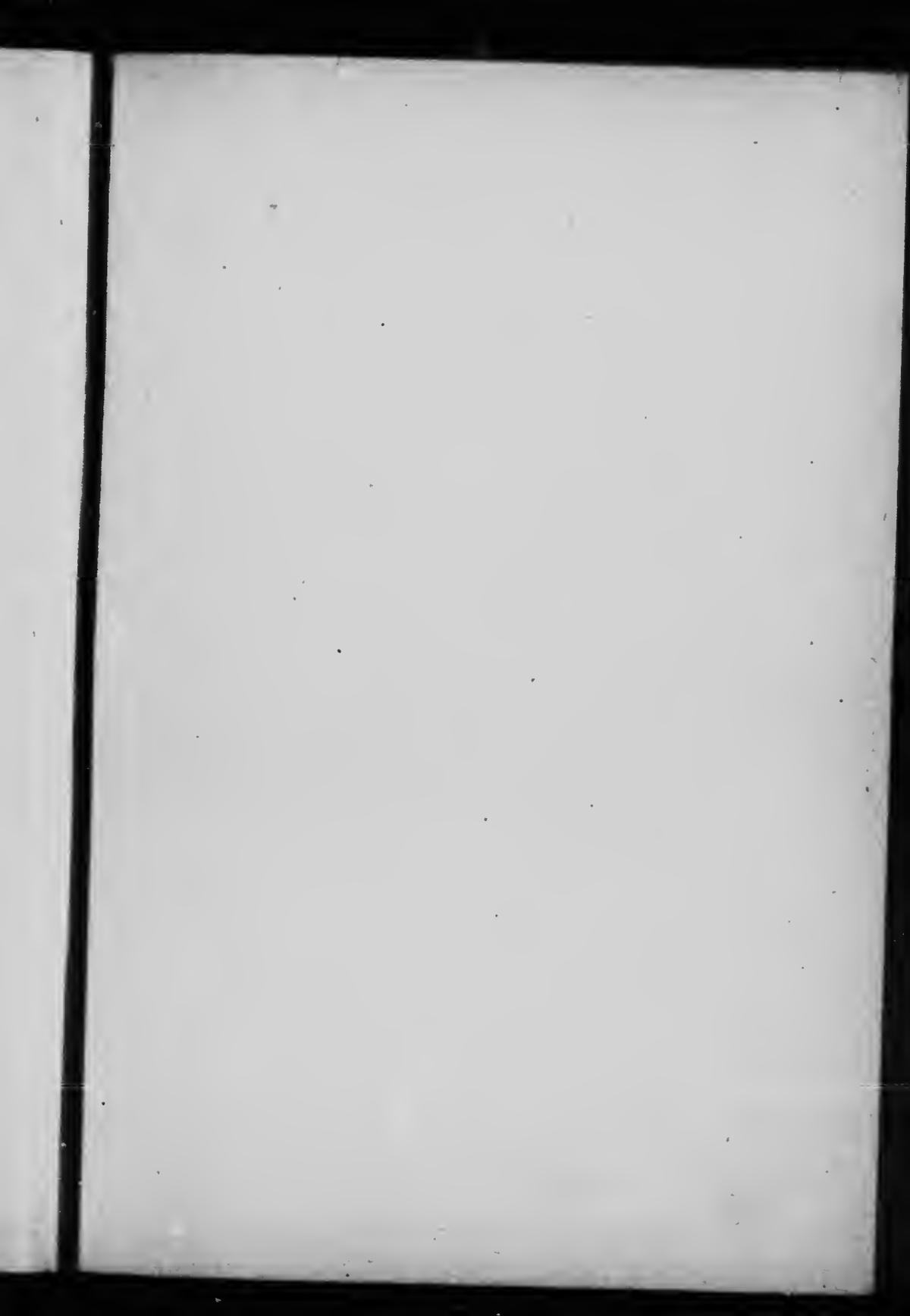






Now he was about as big as a large doll, but he wanted to be much smaller, so he crept through again, and this time it was quite easy.





He crept through several times, and when he came out at last just the size of his own forefinger, he *was* delighted.

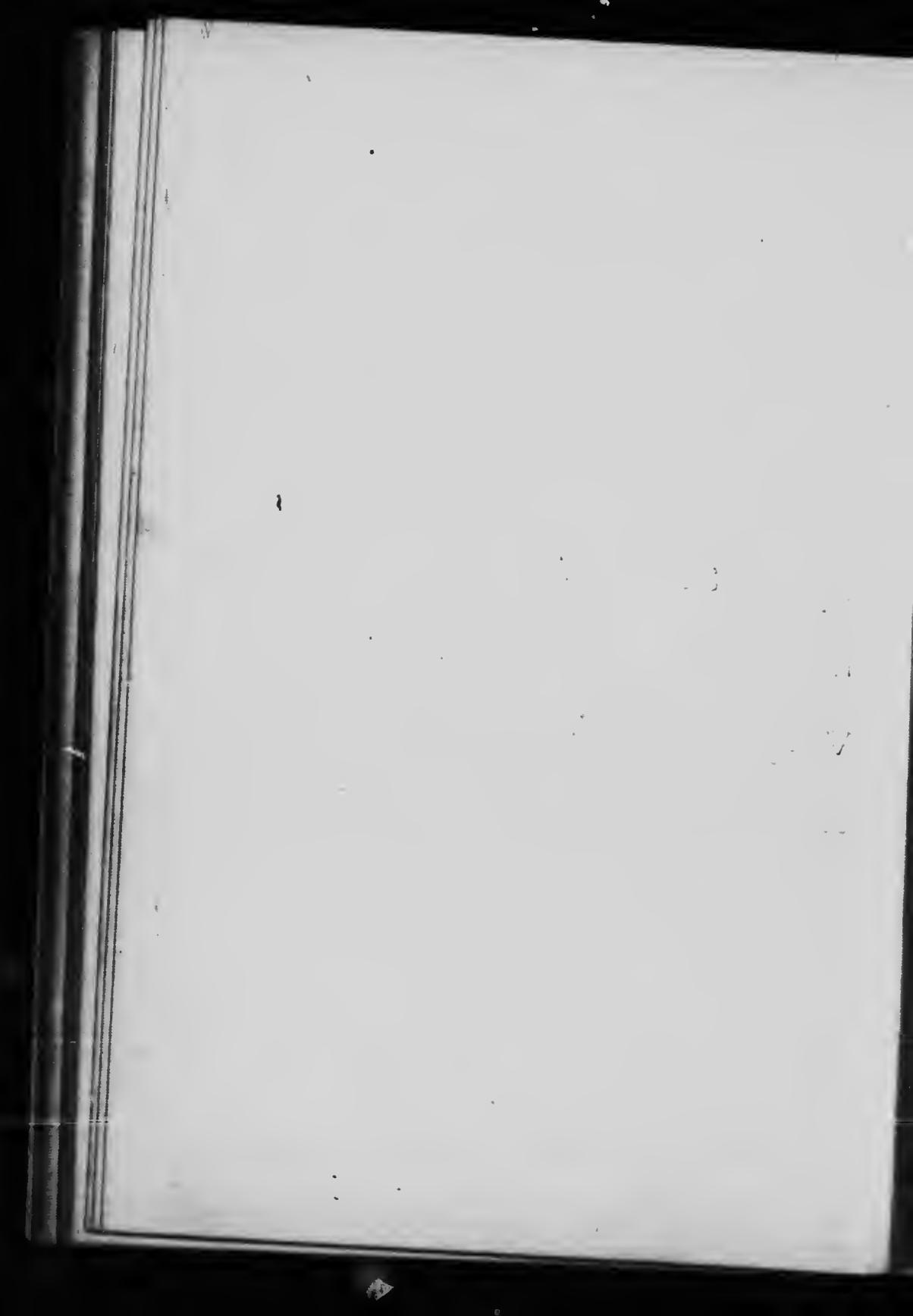


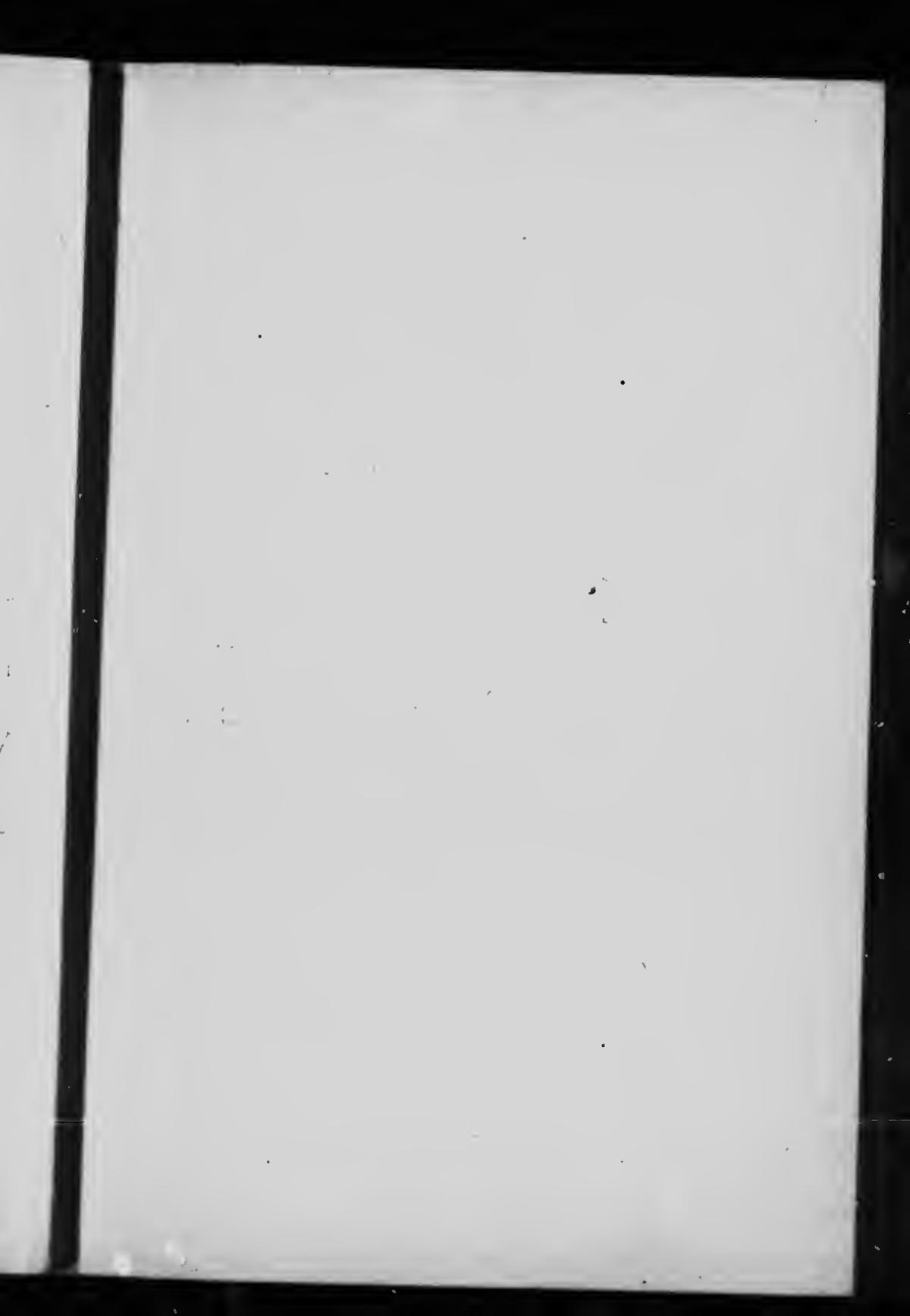






He dressed himself  
up in all sorts of flowers,  
but though they looked  
very lovely, they were  
not at all strong, so—



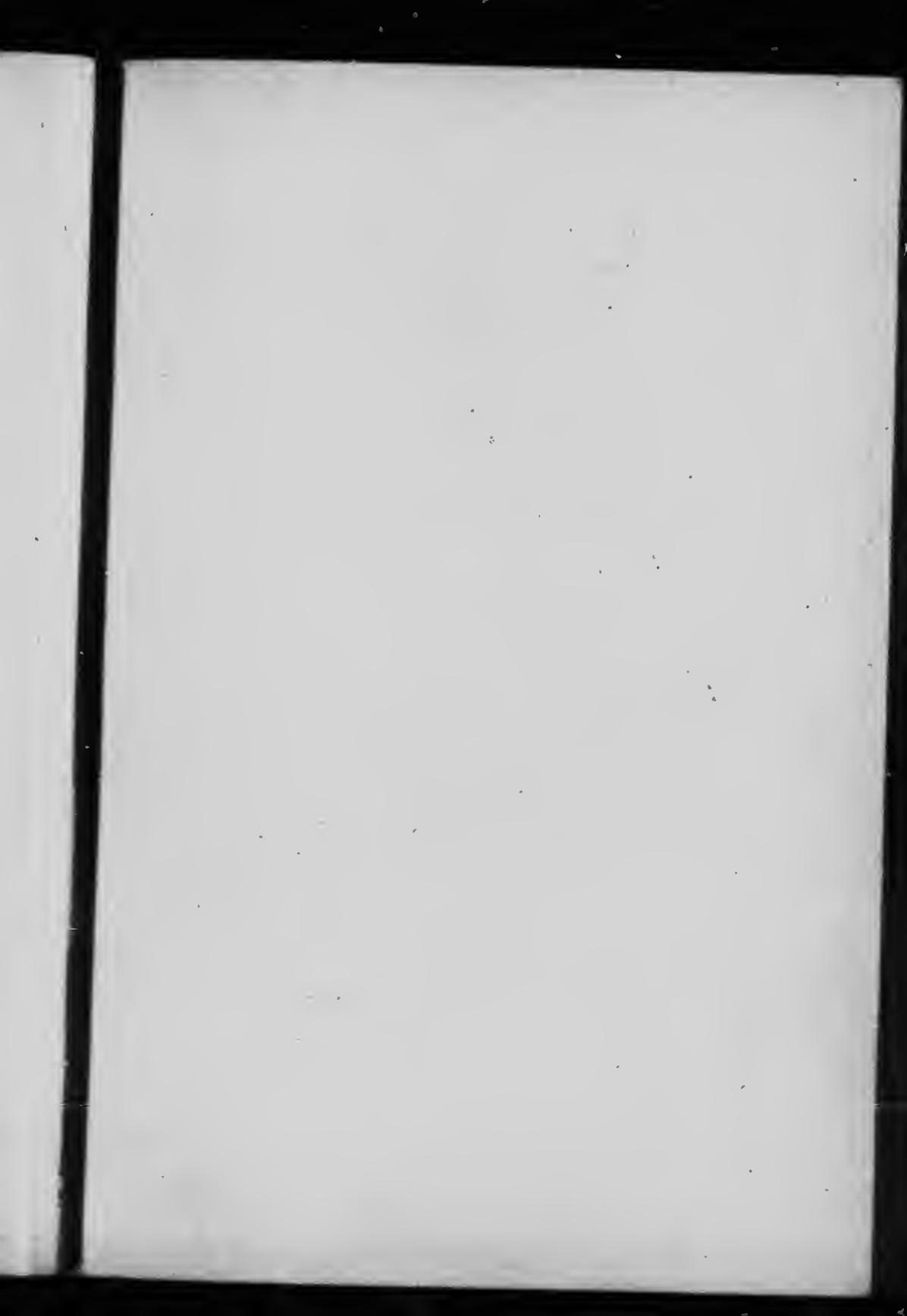


he soon threw them  
'off again, and had a  
delightful ride upon a  
very springy blade of  
grass, and—

n  
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a  
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then he climbed up the stem of a great bramble bush. That was splendid ; the thorns made it just like going up a ladder.





And at the top what  
delicious brambles he  
found! He sat on a  
leaf and was having a  
great feast off one single  
one, when—



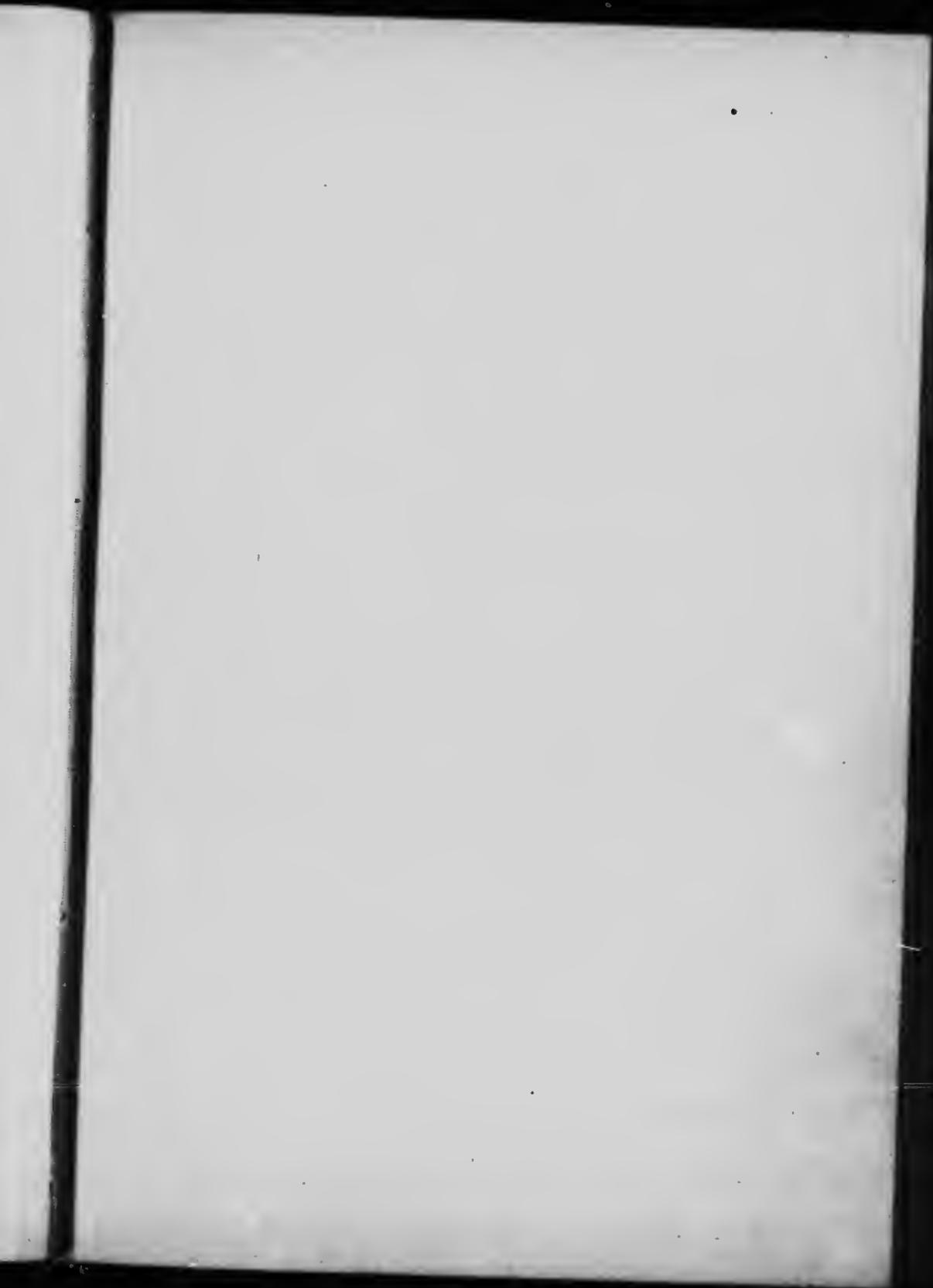




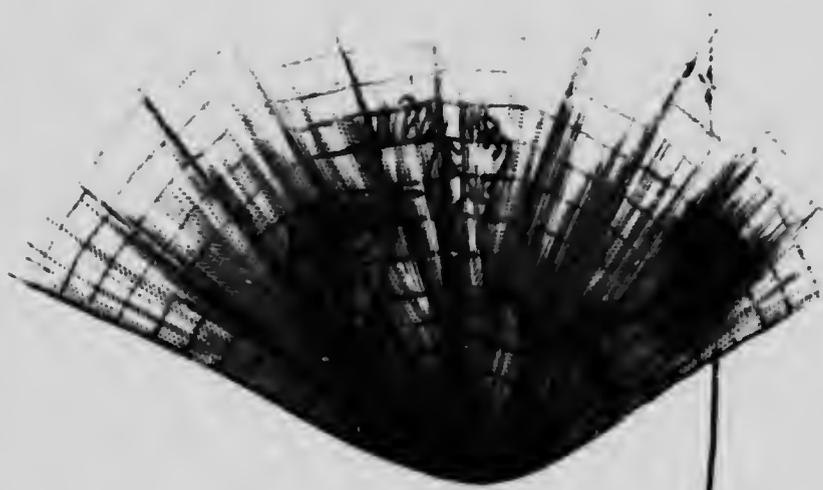


suddenly a bird made a dab at him, and Pat was so frightened he tumbled heels over head off the leaf, and fell—



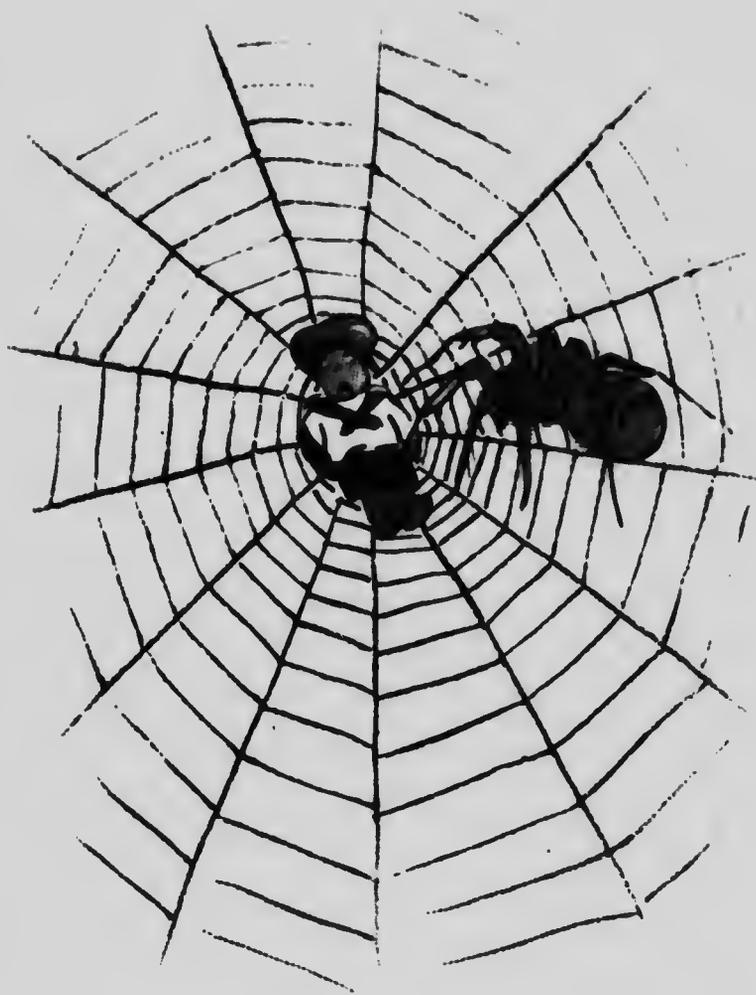


plump into the middle  
of a spider's web. The  
spider got such a start it  
dropped to the ground,  
but in another moment  
it came scrambling back  
up its thread.









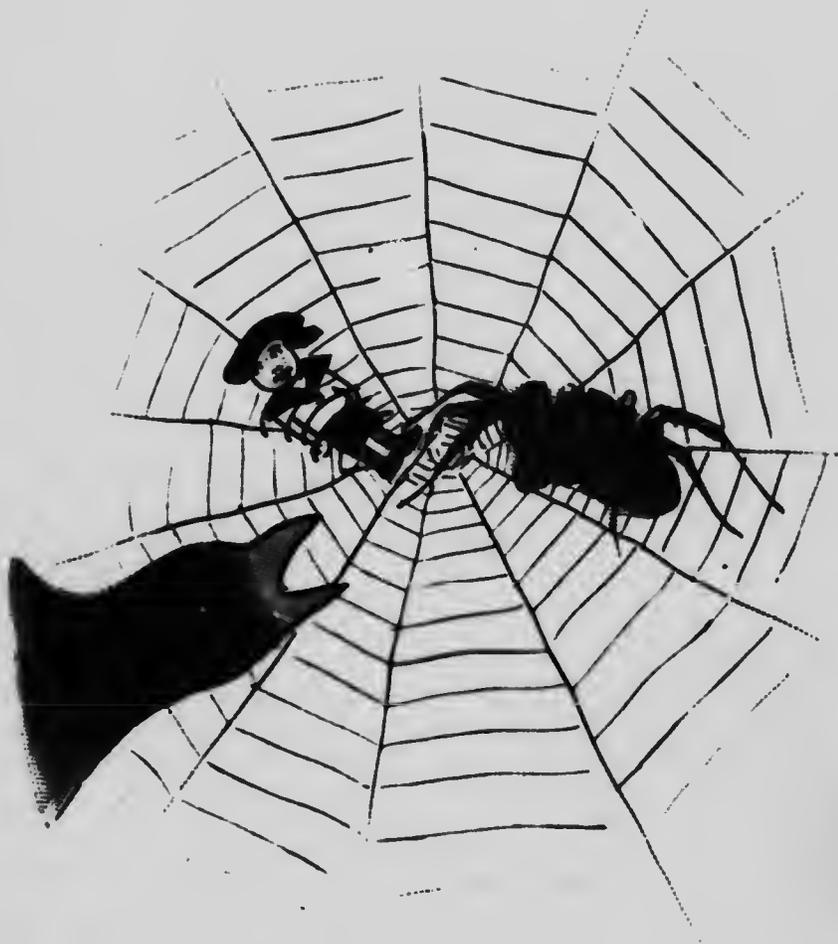
“Ho, ho!” it said.  
“You are the little boy  
who broke my web this  
morning. I wish I could  
eat you at once, but I’ve  
just eaten two great blue-  
bottles ; I’ll have to keep  
you for a day or two.”

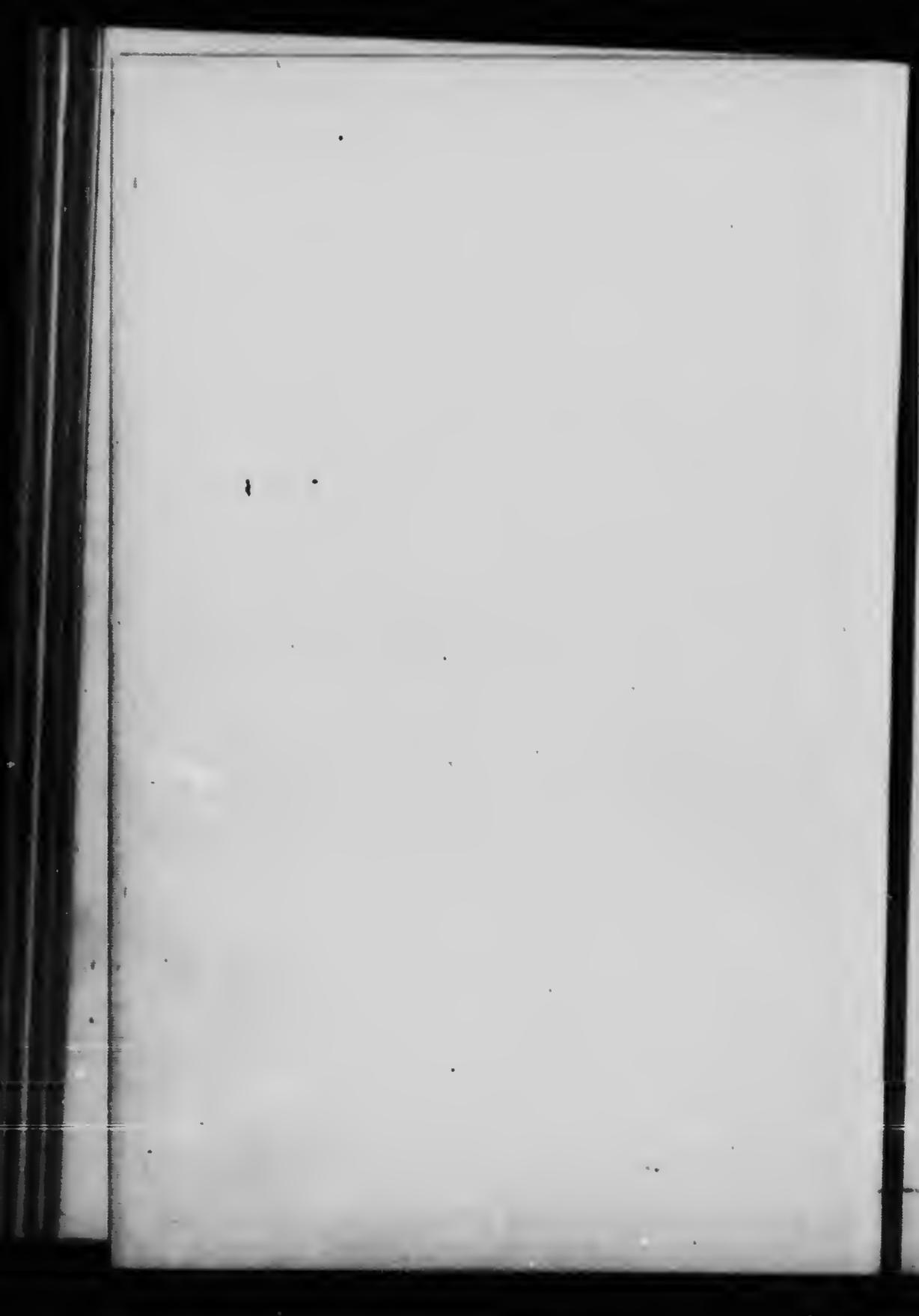




And it began to cover Pat with thread, till he could not move a finger.

But just as the spider had almost finished, the bird who had frightened Pat made a dash at it.

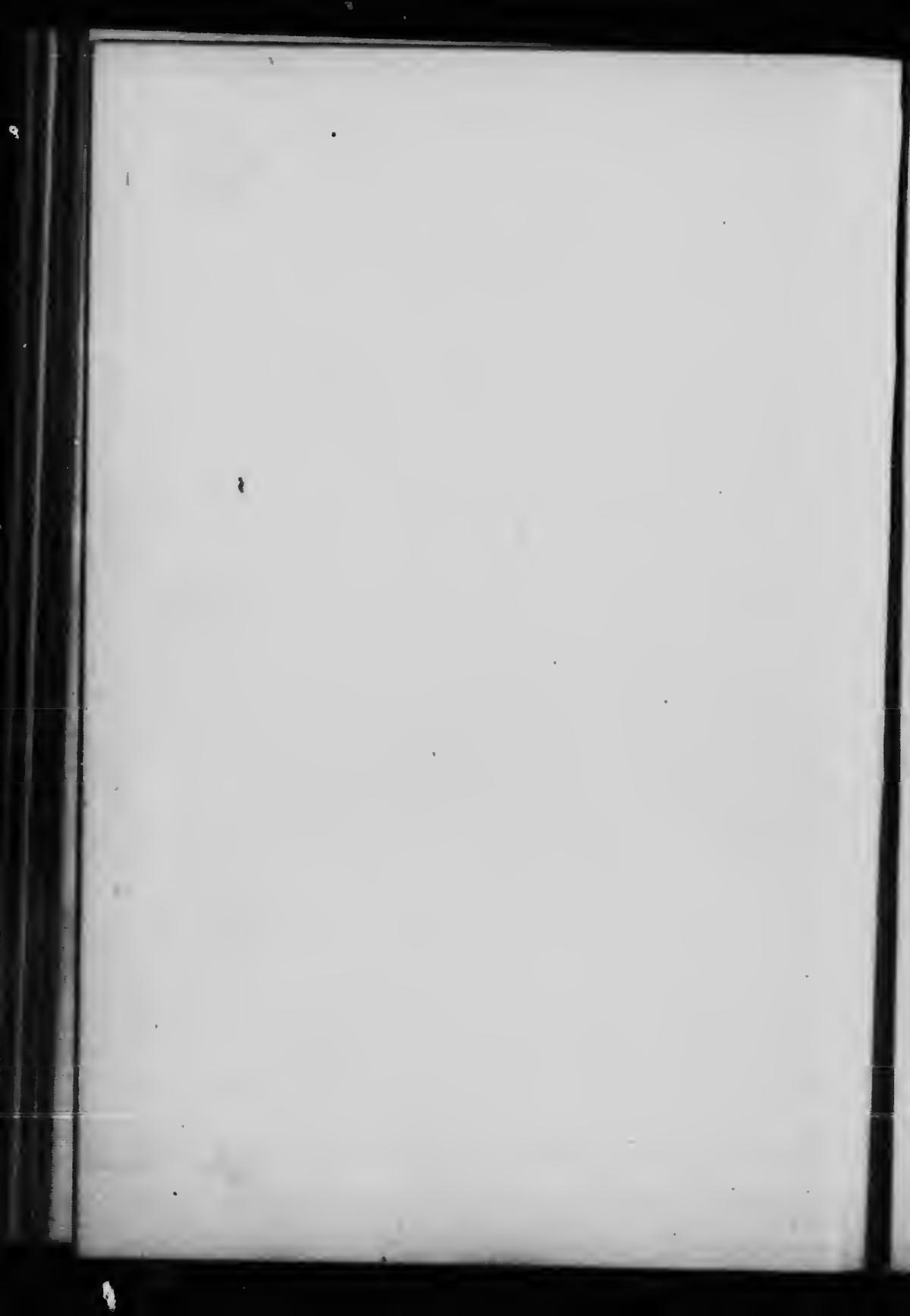








And it dropped to the  
ground again in a great  
fright ;





while the bird flew on,  
with Pat sticking to its  
head by the cobwebs.  
Pat was dreadfully afraid  
he would fall,









but by degrees he managed to wriggle back on to the bird's neck, and then he sat up, and began pulling off the bits of cobweb.





Before he could get them all off, the bird dashed under a branch, and Pat was left sticking in a fork, miles and miles above the ground it seemed to him.









Then he was glad he still had some of the spider's threads about him, for they made a splendid rope for sliding down.





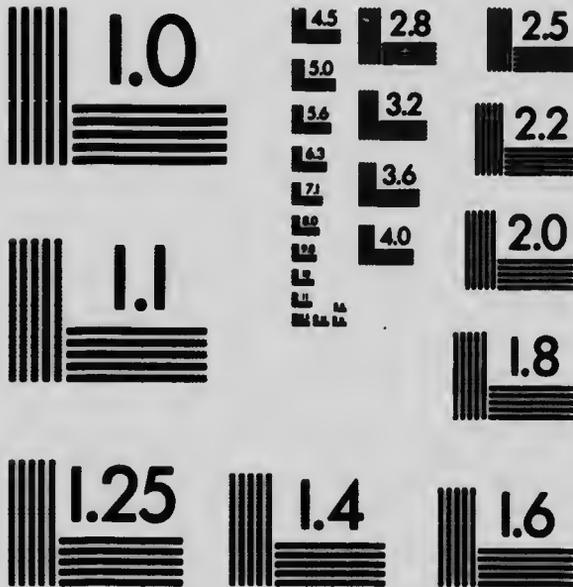
And when he got safely to the ground he easily pulled off the last bits, and was running along joyfully, when—





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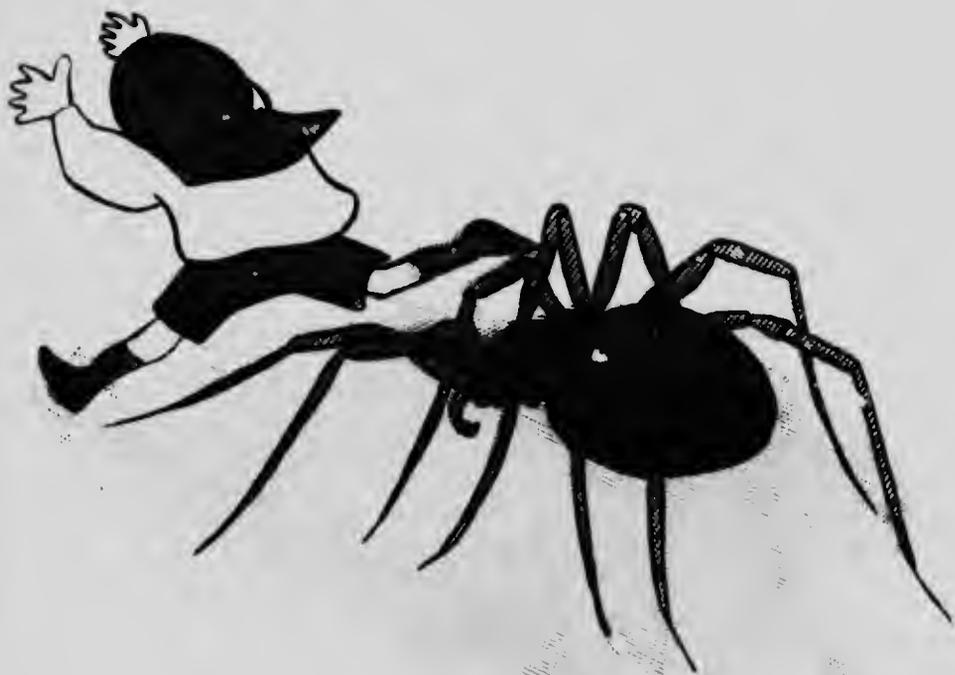
suddenly he met the spider again.

“What a joyful meeting!” said the spider, but—





Pat did not think so,  
and he turned and ran  
away as fast as his legs  
would carry him.

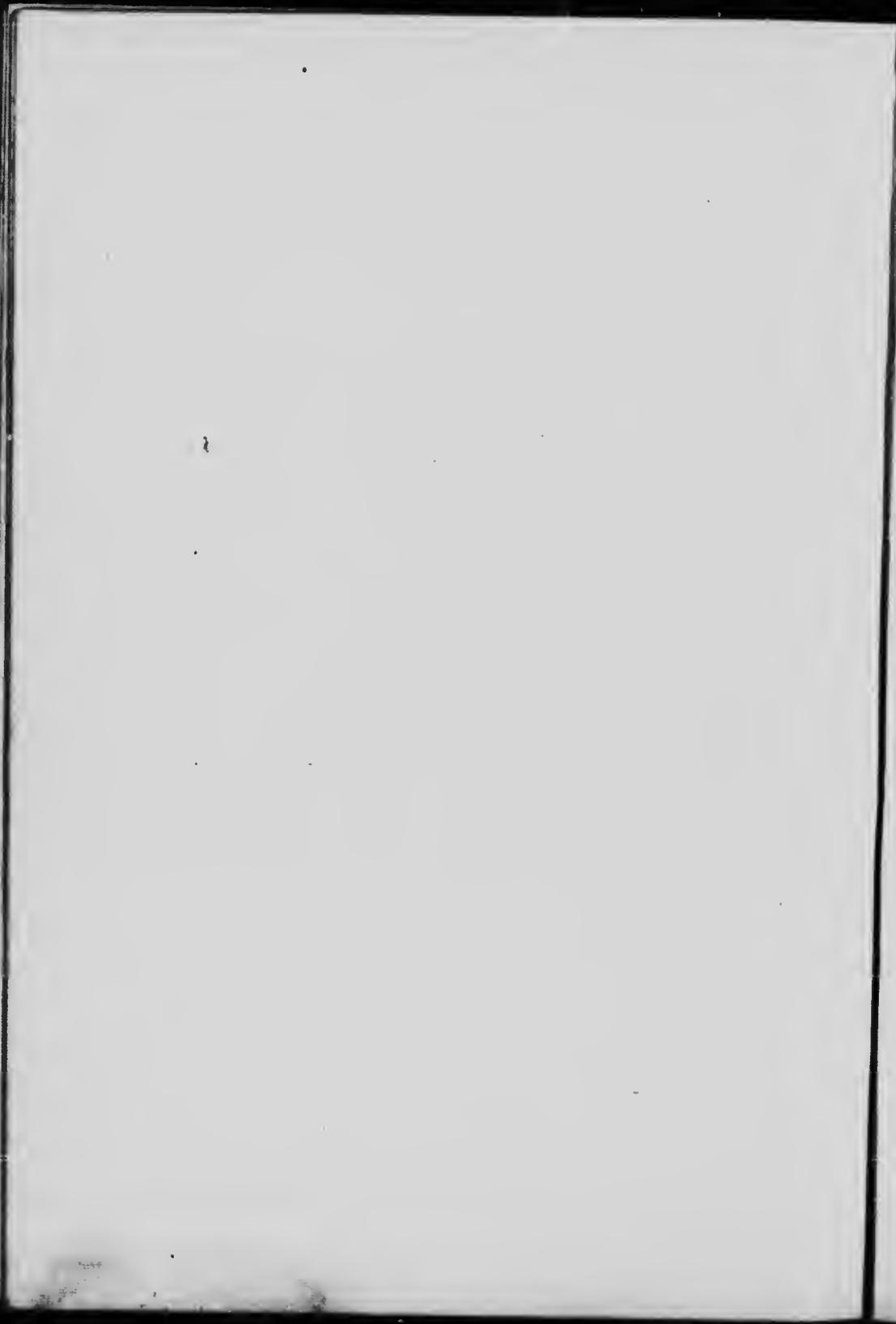


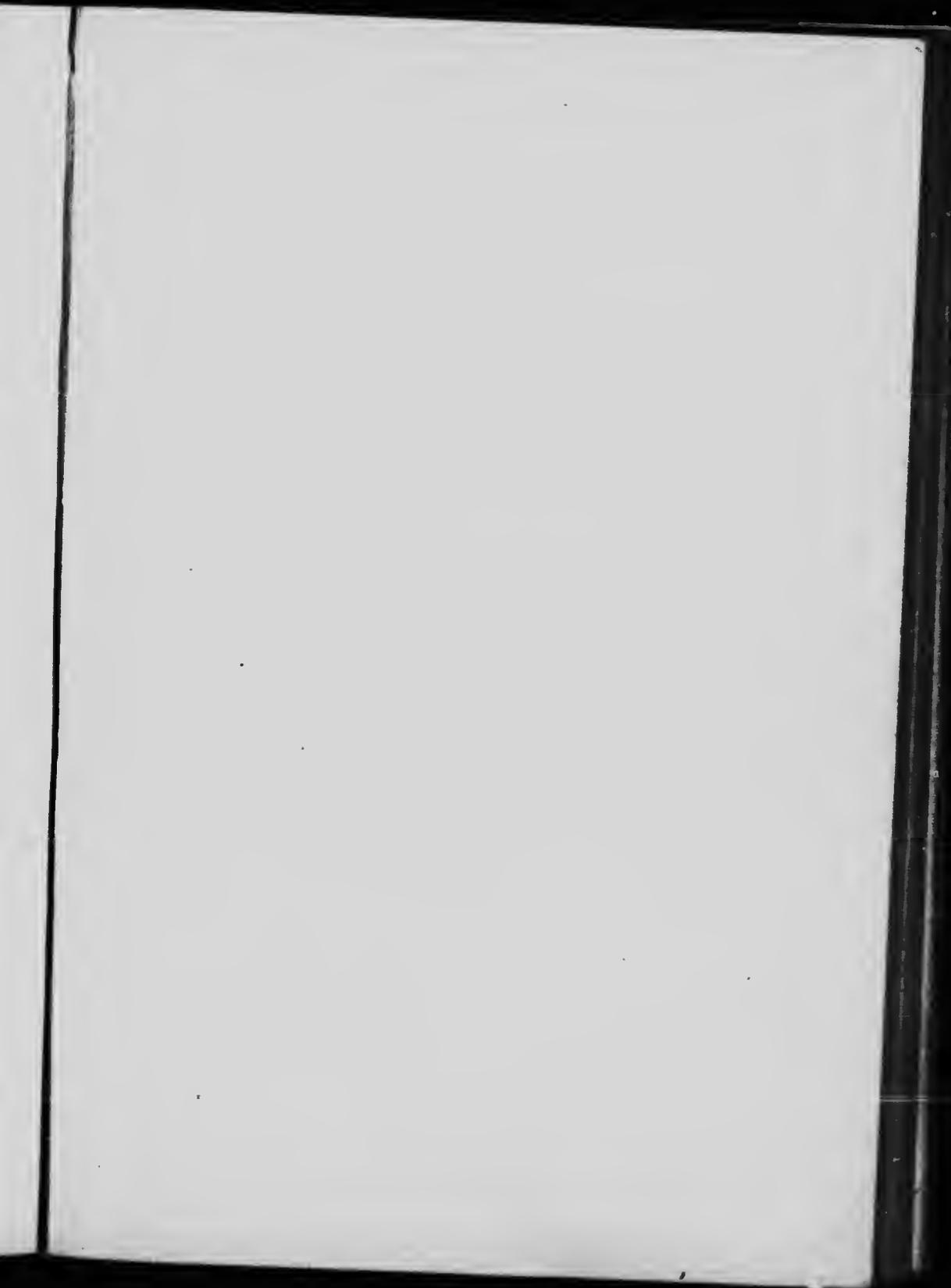




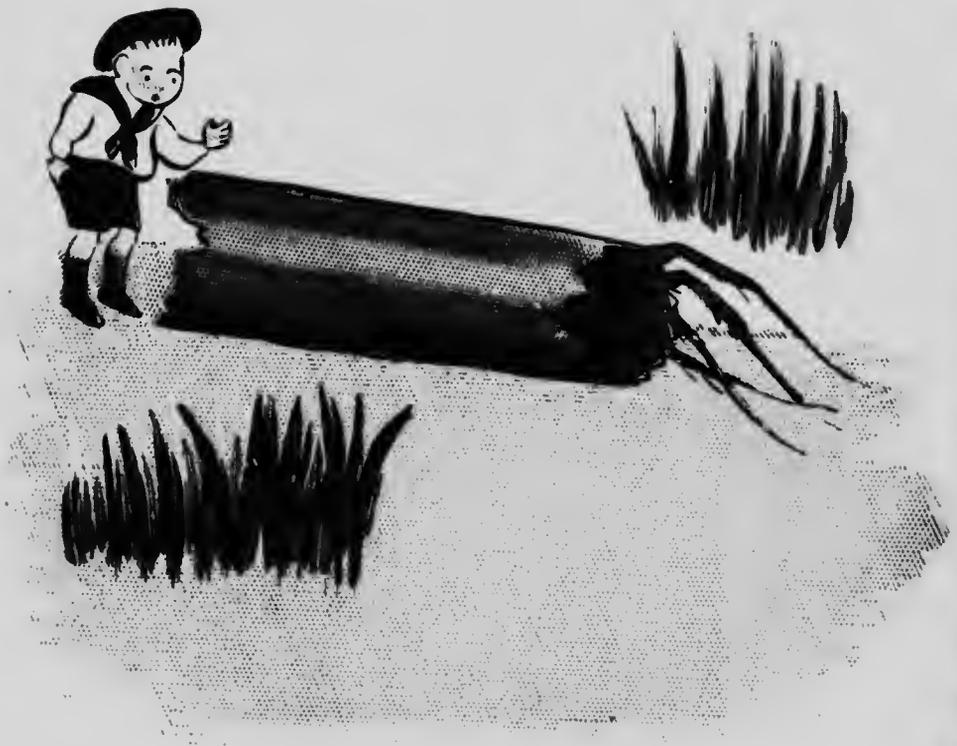


Fortunately he ran straight to the big bamboo, and just as the spider was going to catch his leg he dashed in.



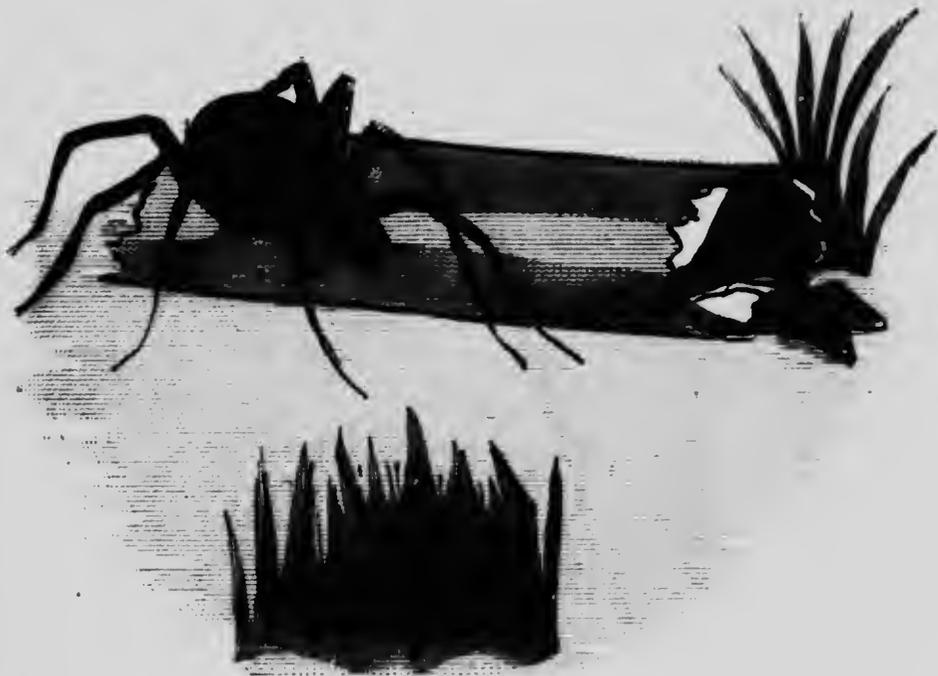


But the spider dashed  
in after him.

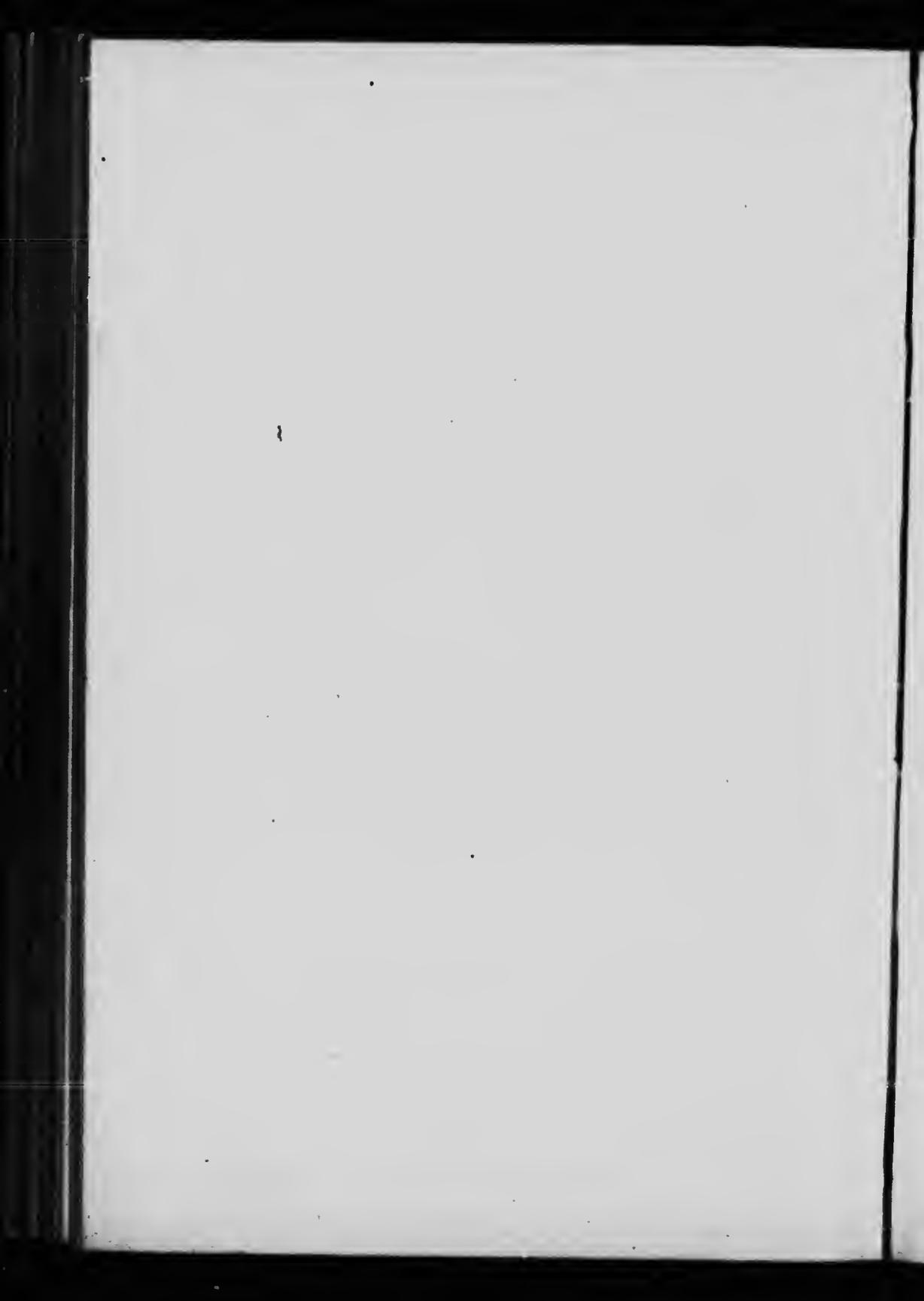








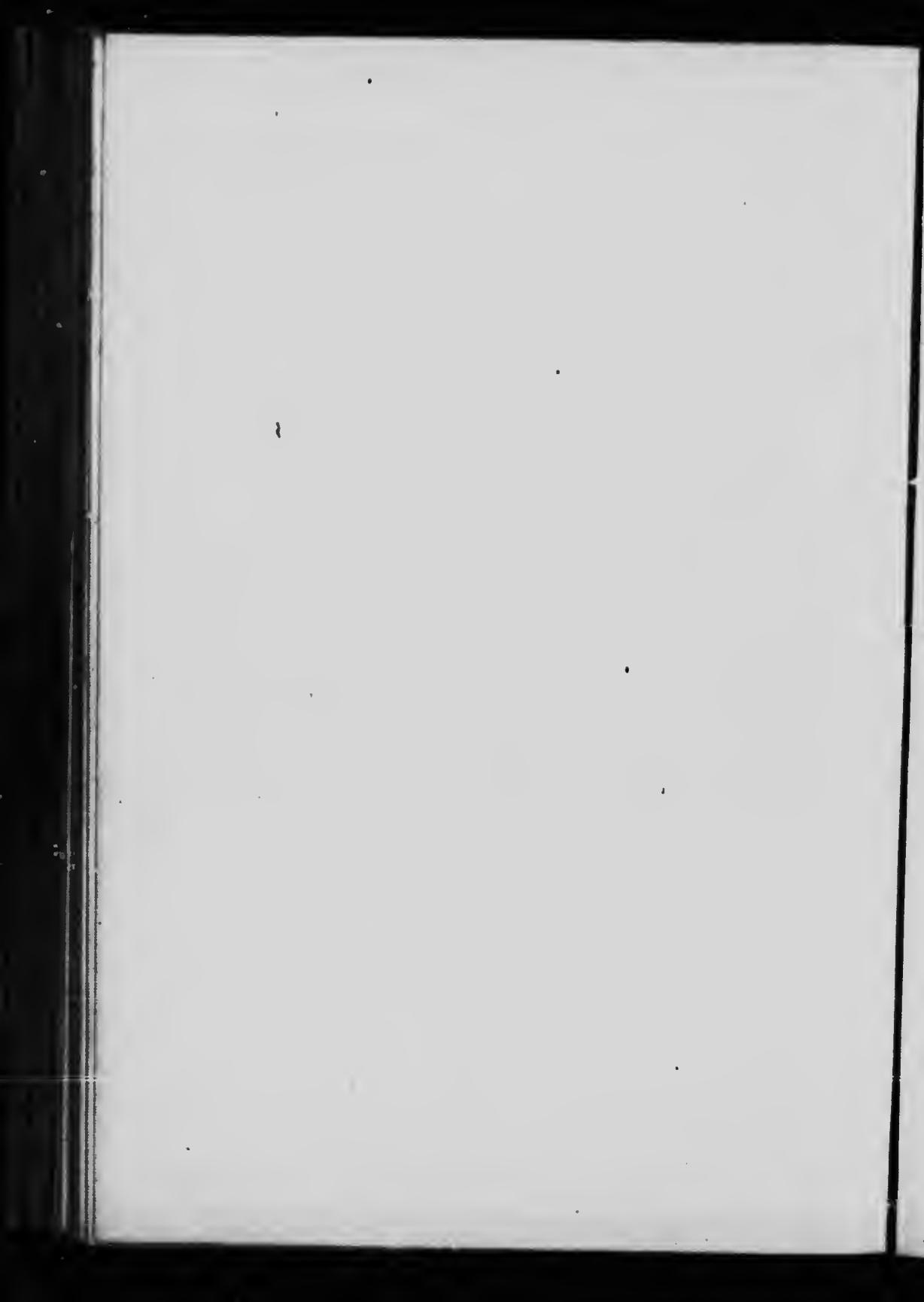
And oh! how *huge*  
it was when it came out.  
Pat scrambled in again  
as fast as ever he could,





and ran to catch the  
spider before it could  
get in again.

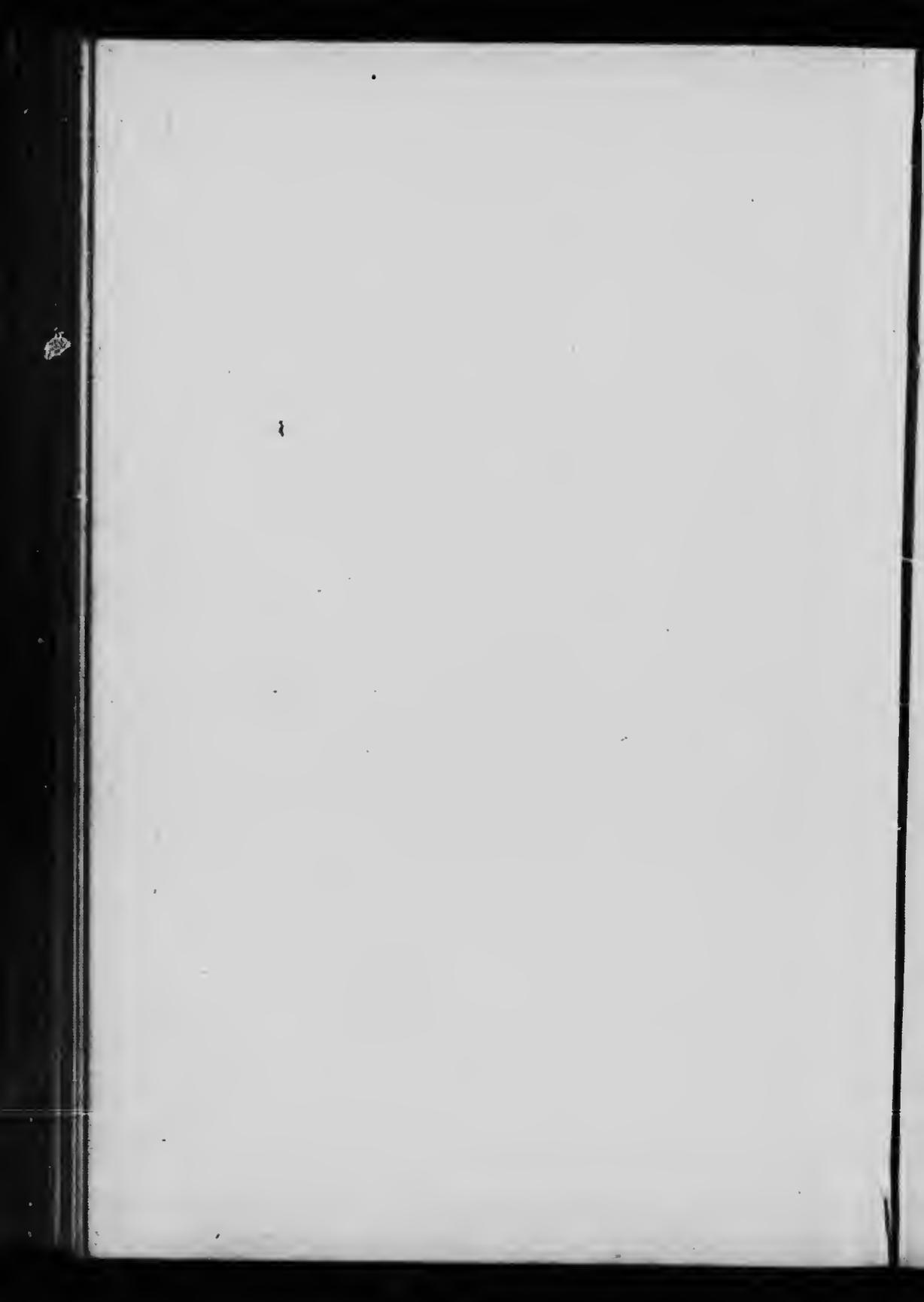


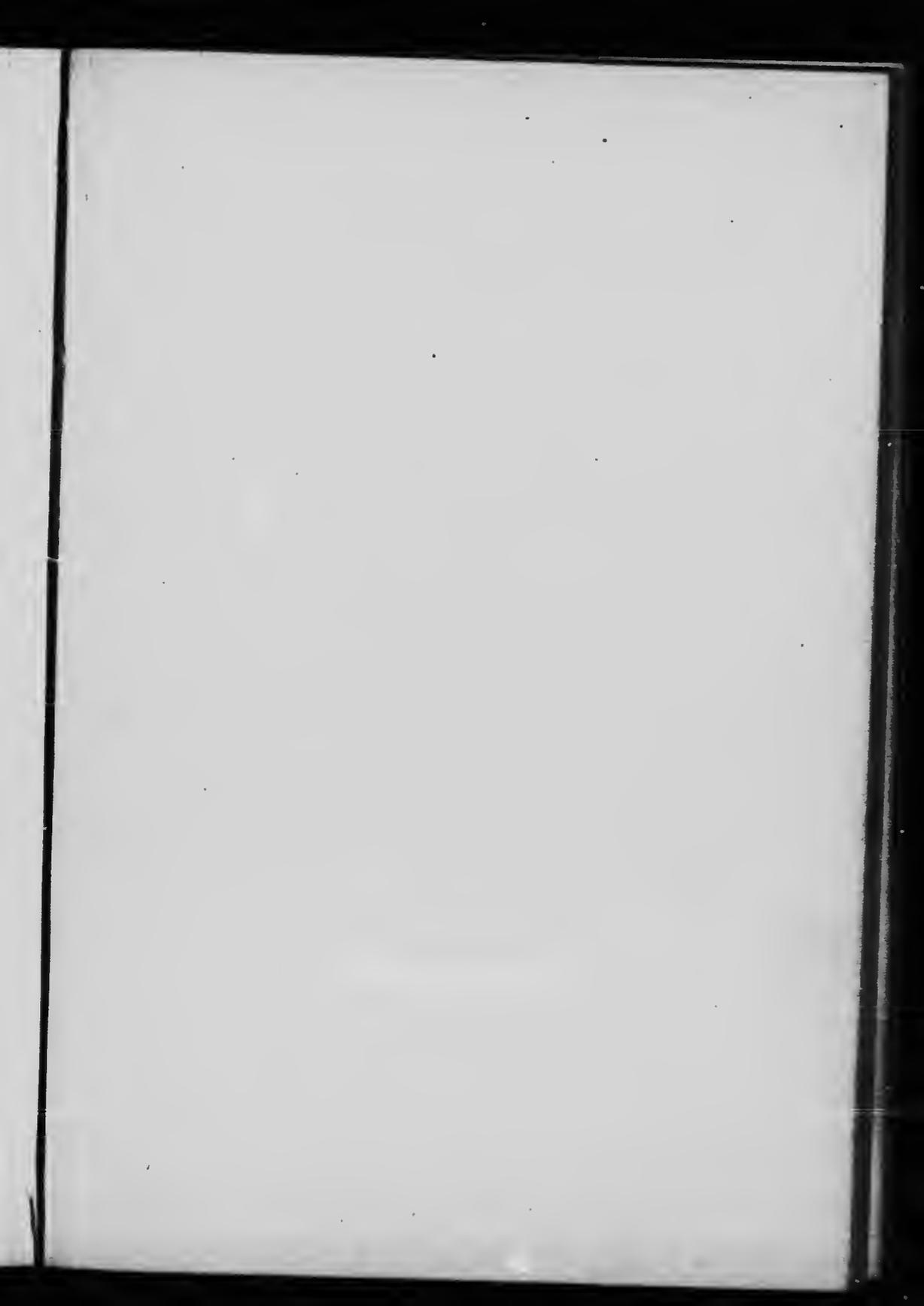






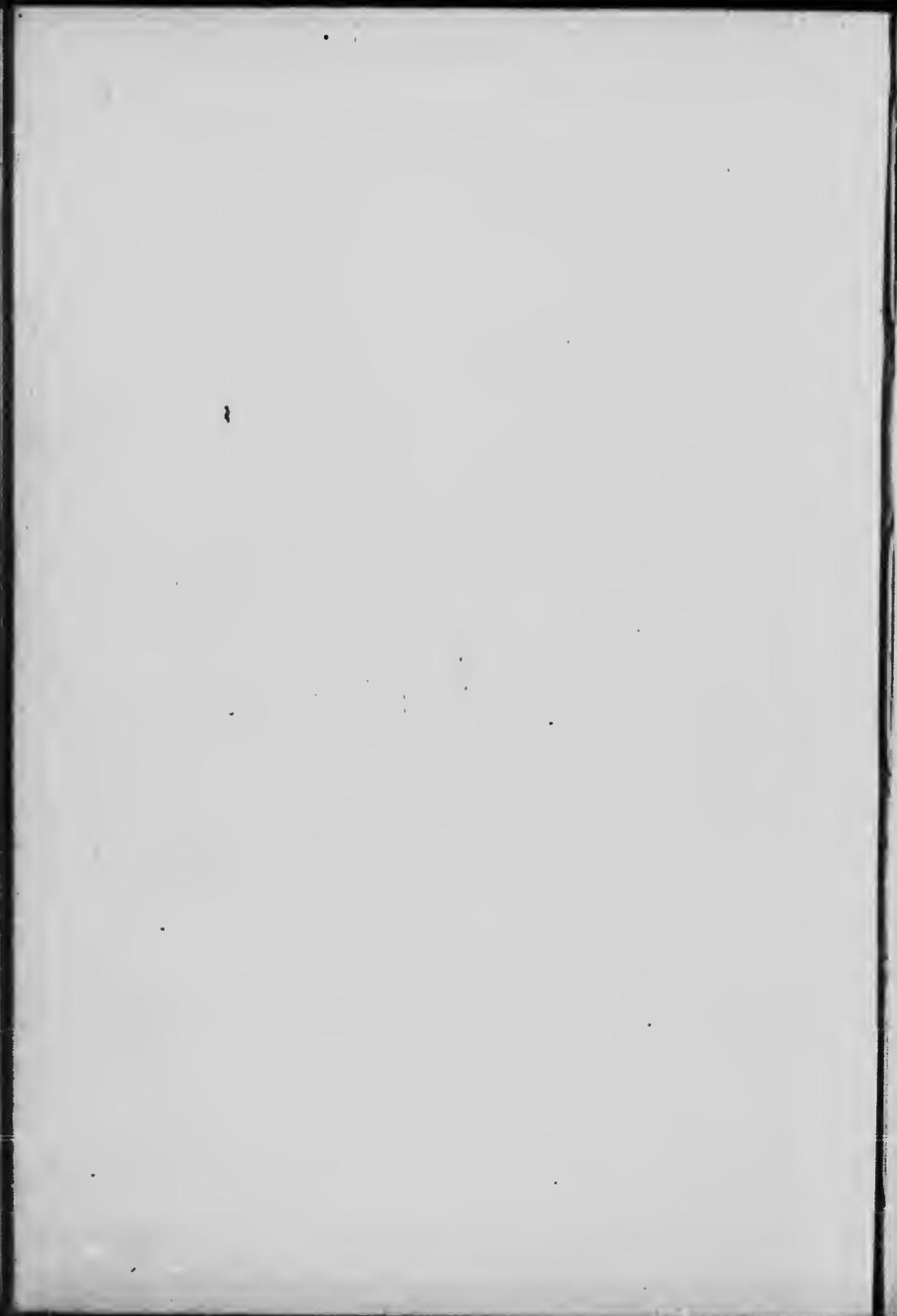
He was just in time to catch its two hind legs, which he seized, and hauled as hard as ever he could.

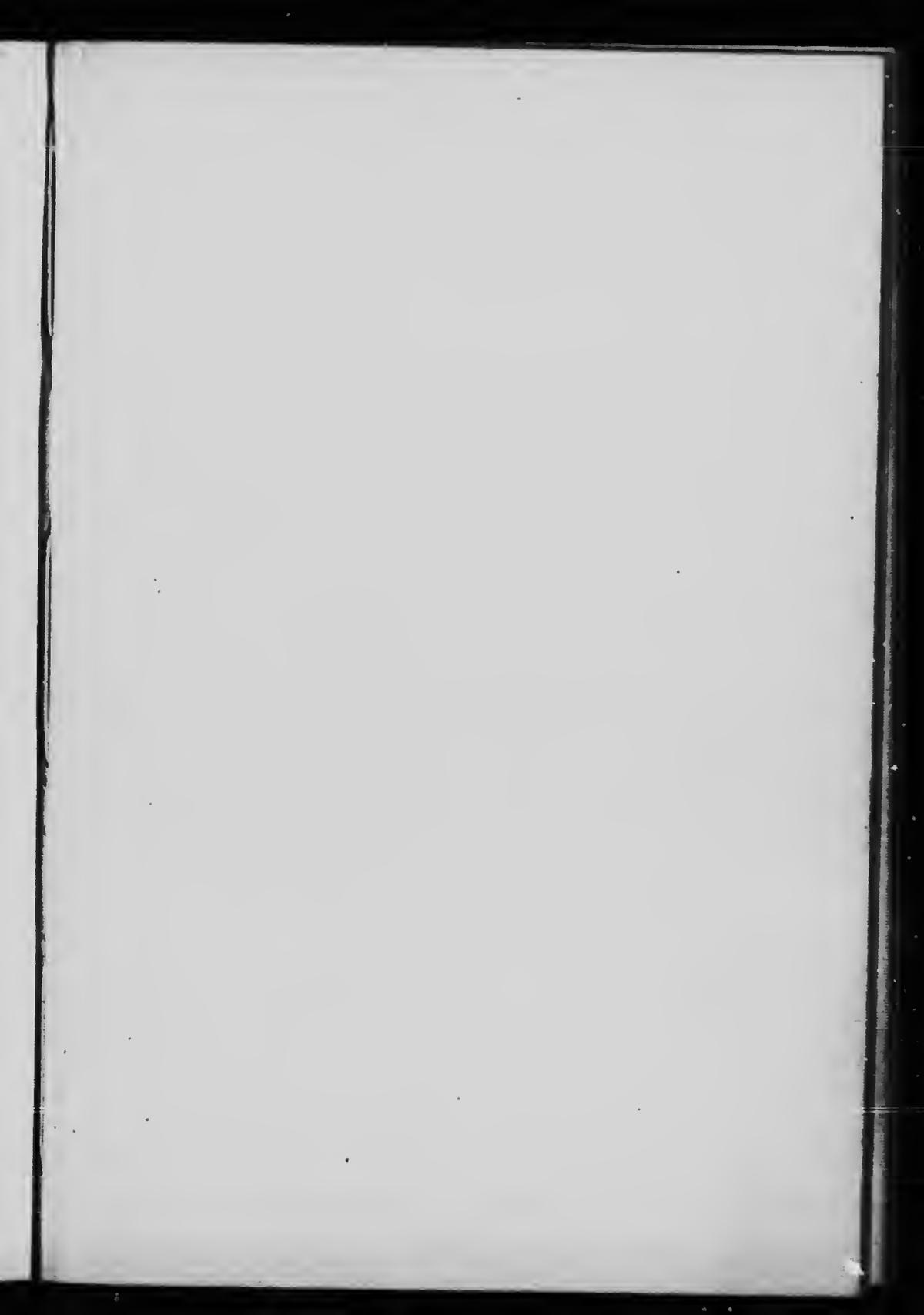




Suddenly the spider jerked off both legs, and Pat sat down with a bump, while it crawled quickly on.

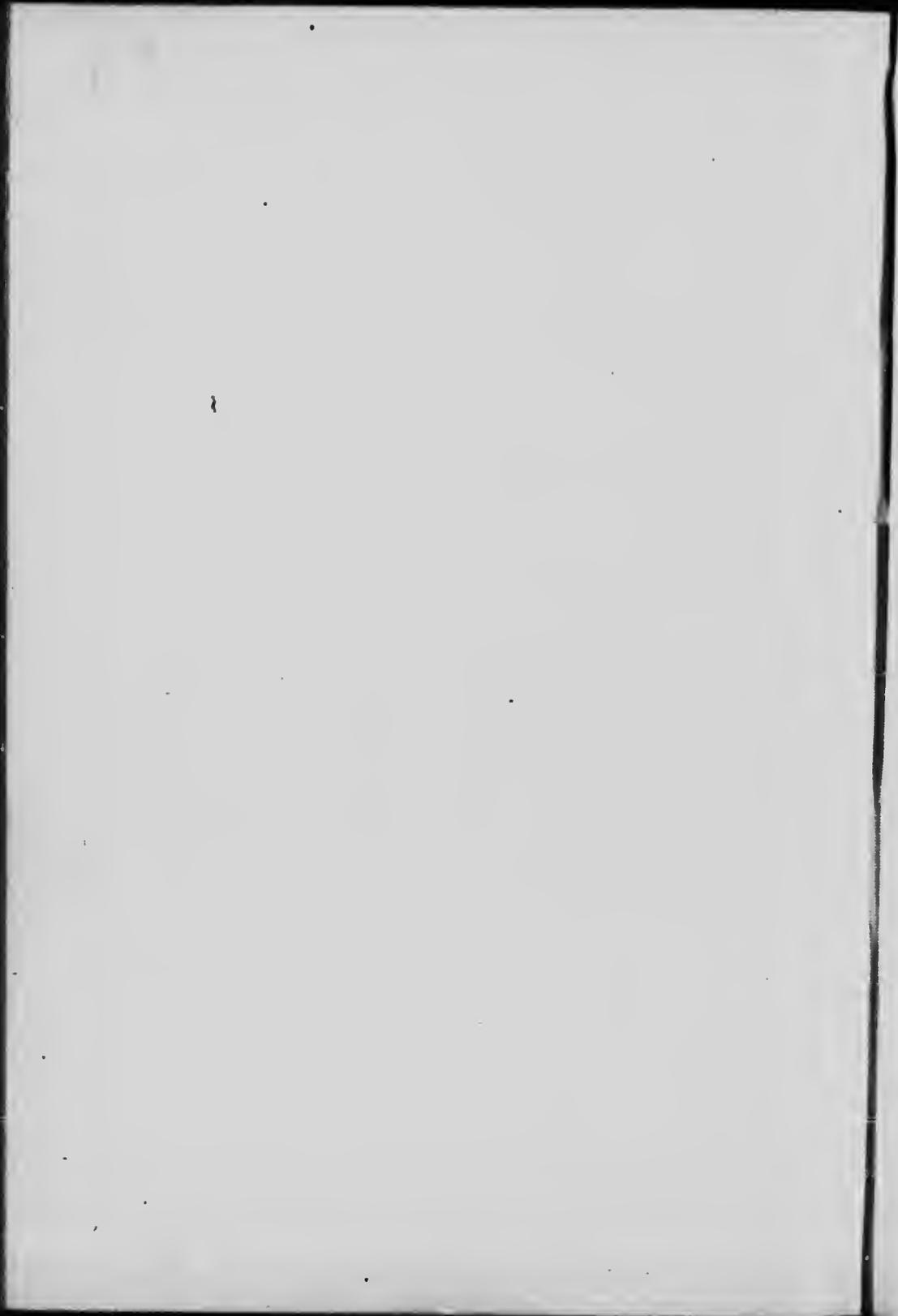


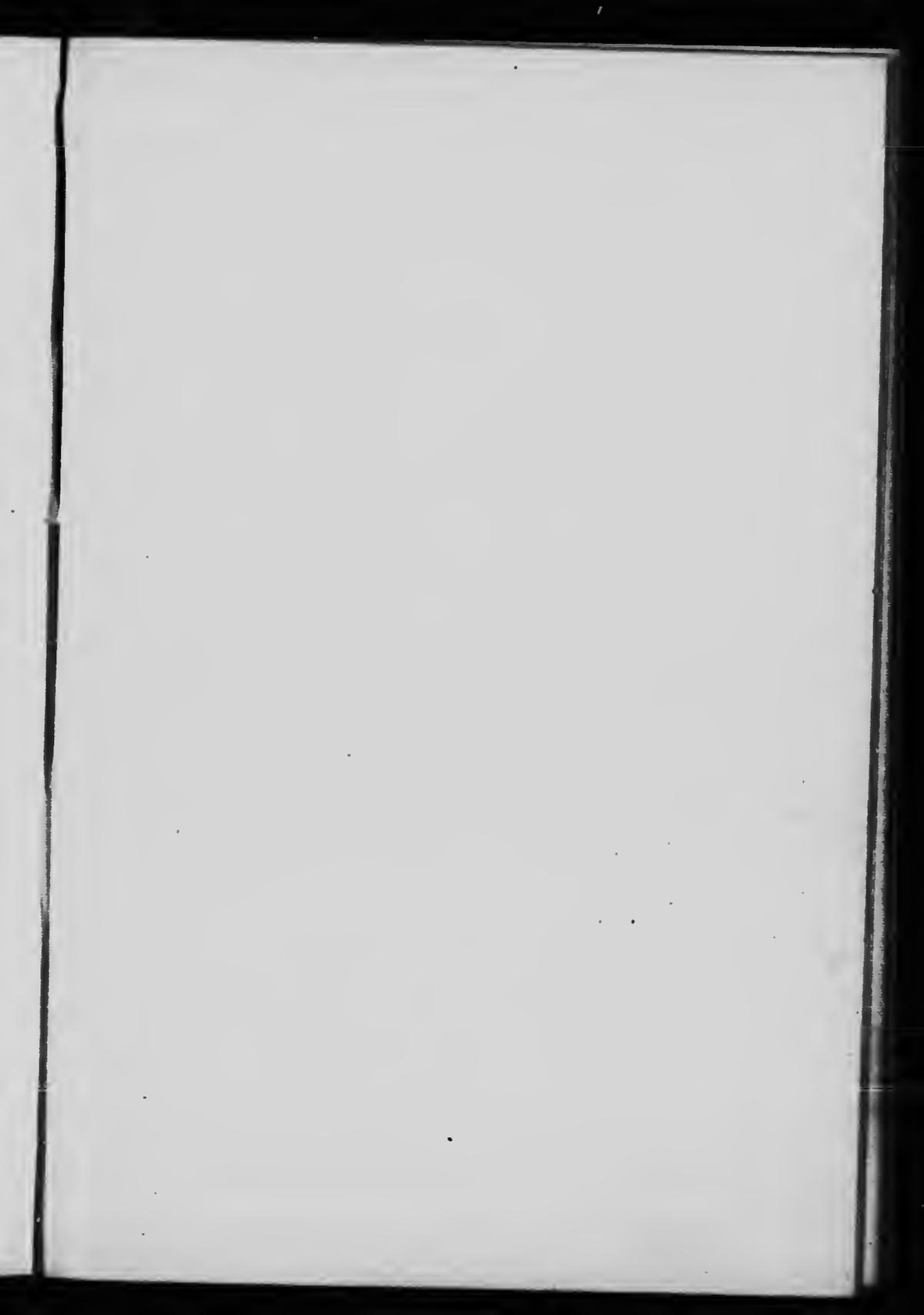




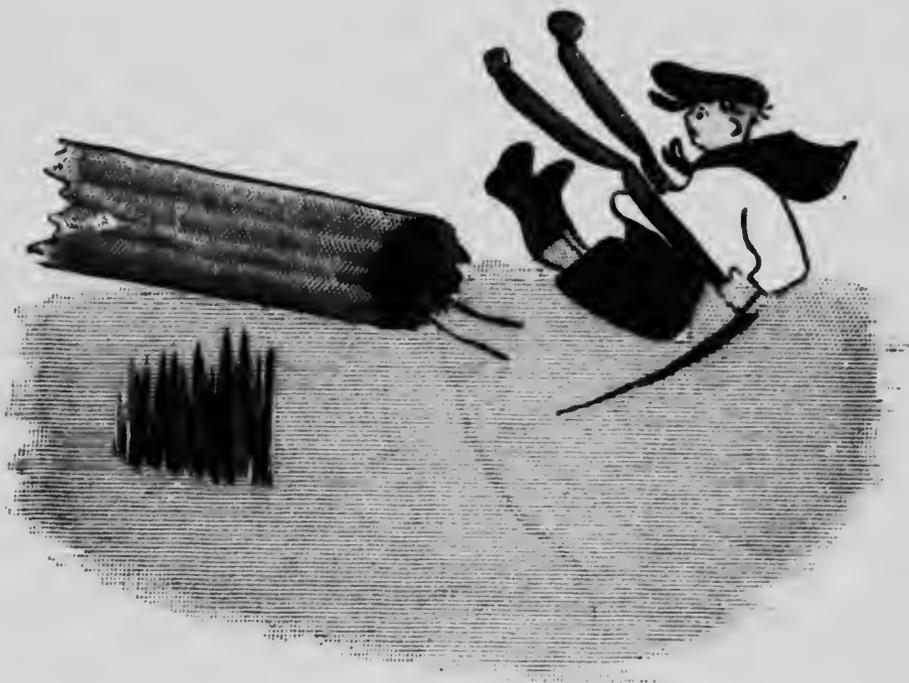


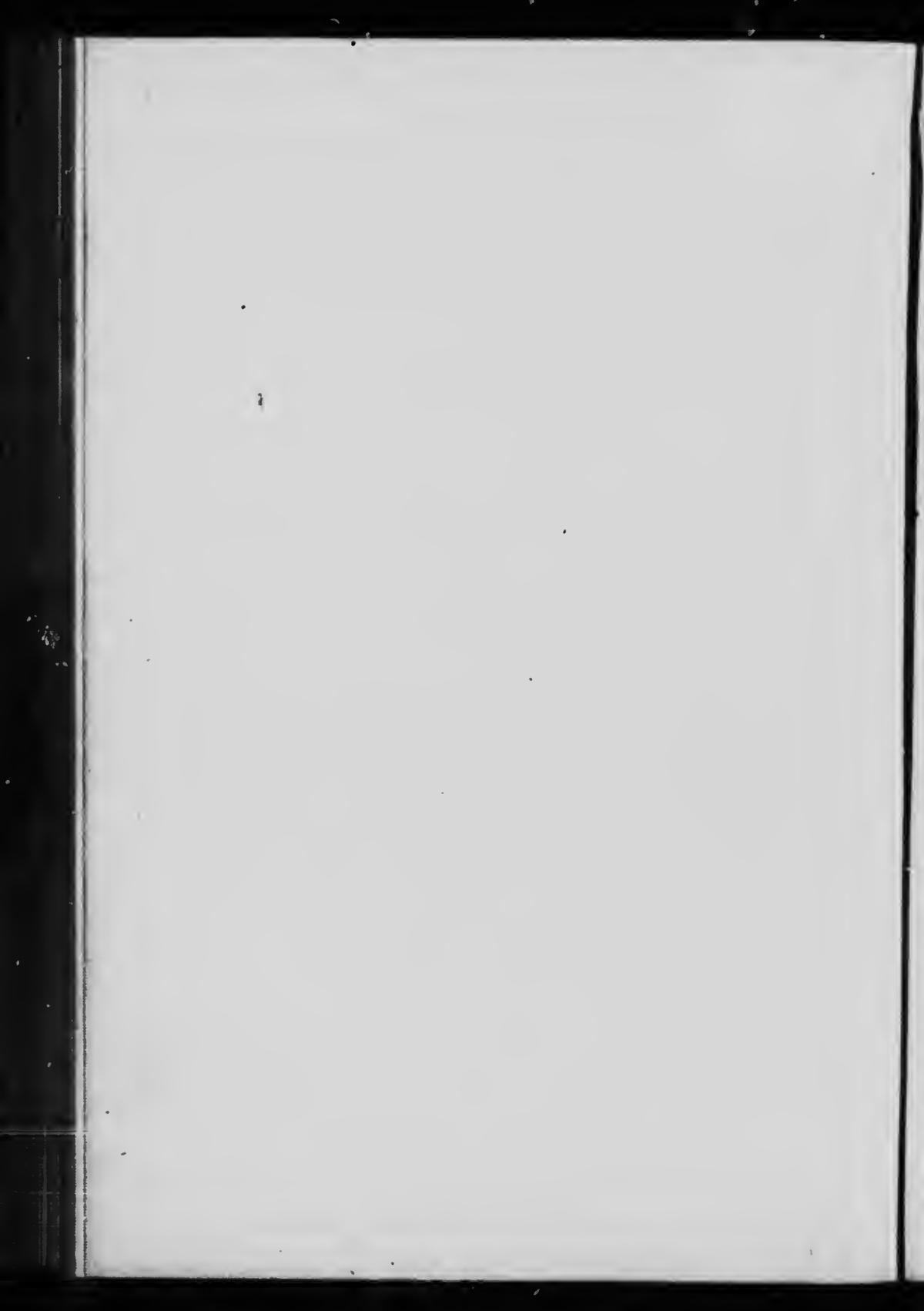
Before Pat could follow it he heard a noise behind him, and when he looked round he saw a tiger coming softly up behind him.

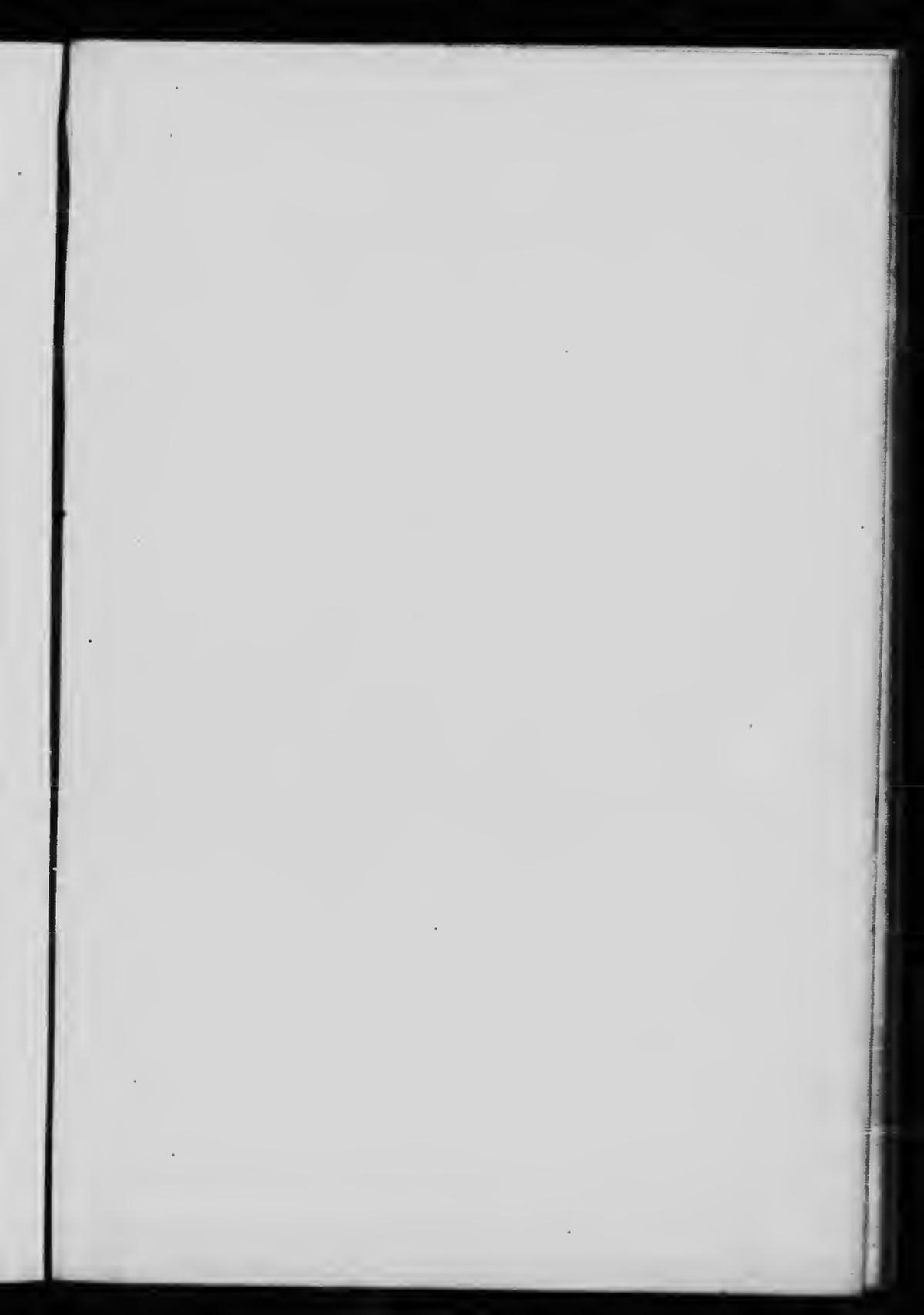




In a minute he had crawled into the bamboo, behind the spider, and the tiger went along the bamboo sniffing and calling, "Pat, come out, I want you!"



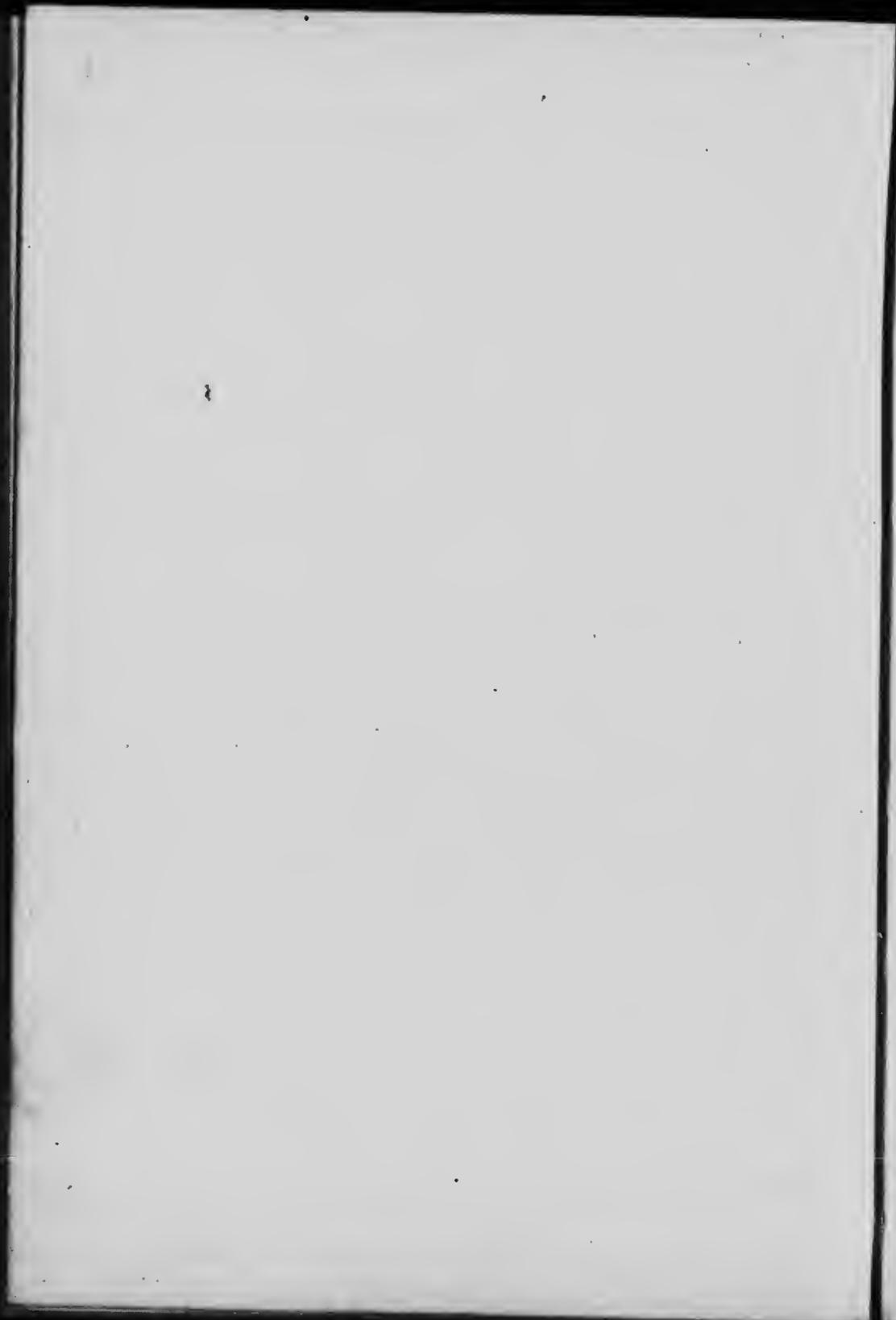


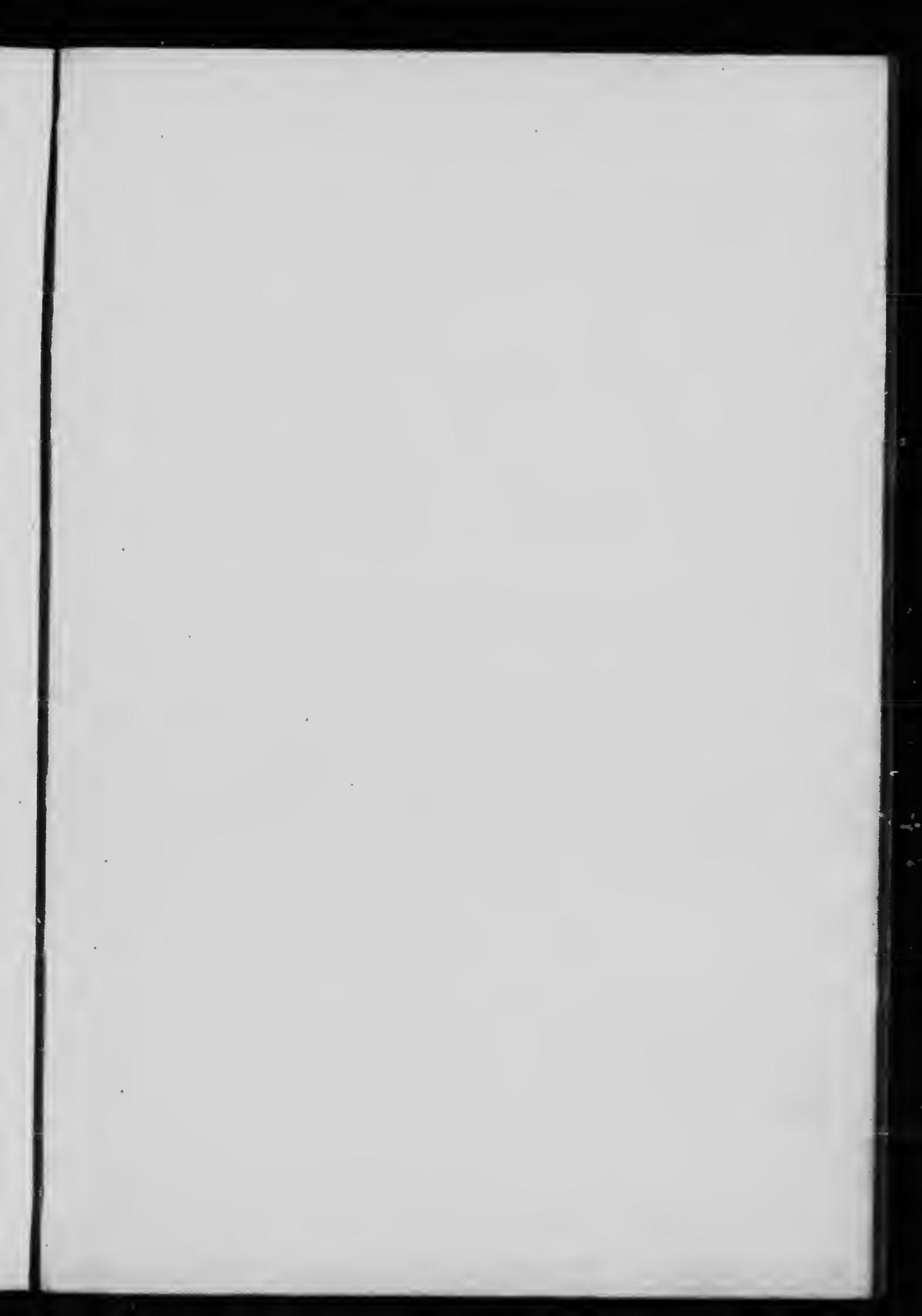




But what a start he got, when a spider as large as a rocking-horse came out.

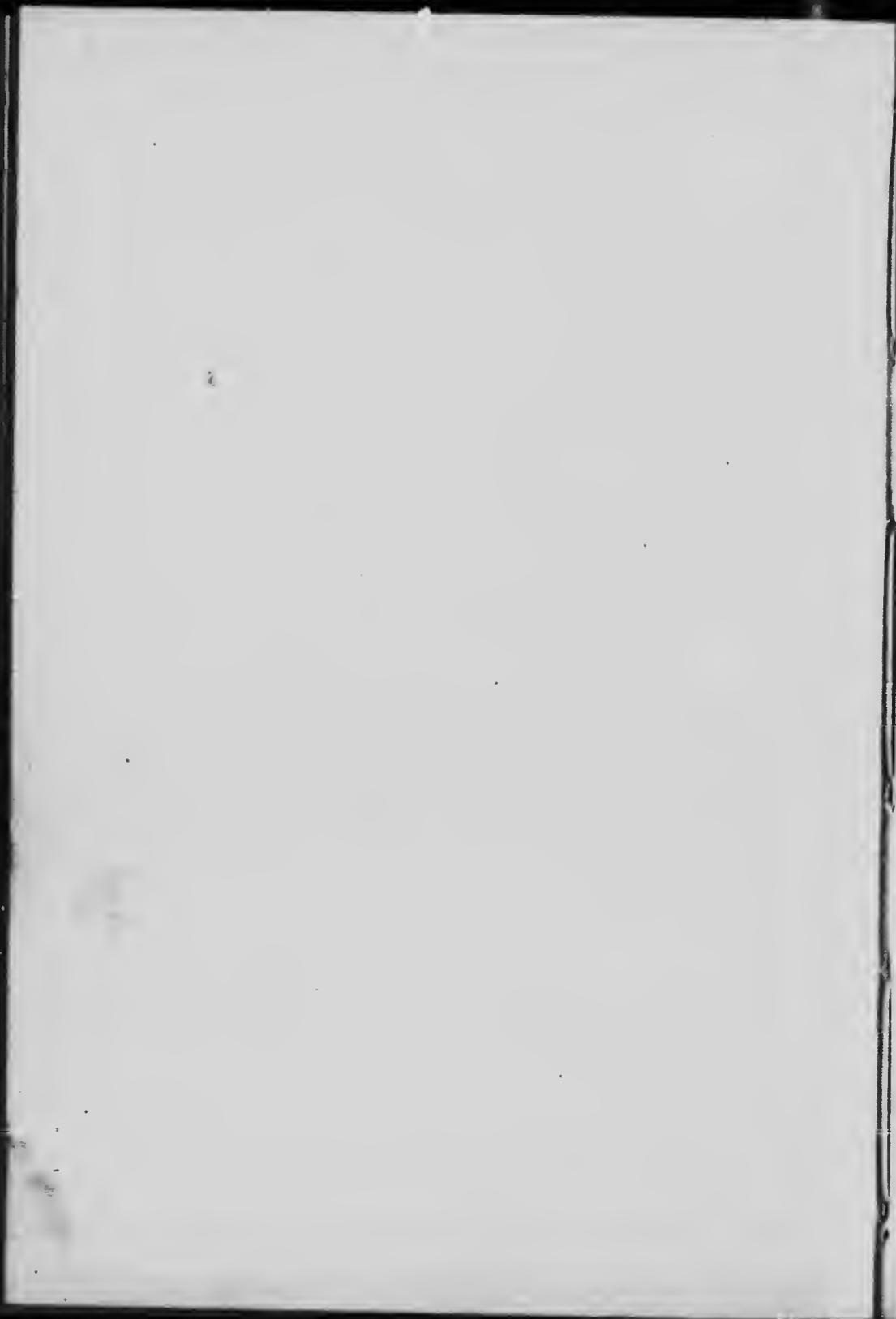
“Get out of my way,” said the spider, “I want to catch Pat.”

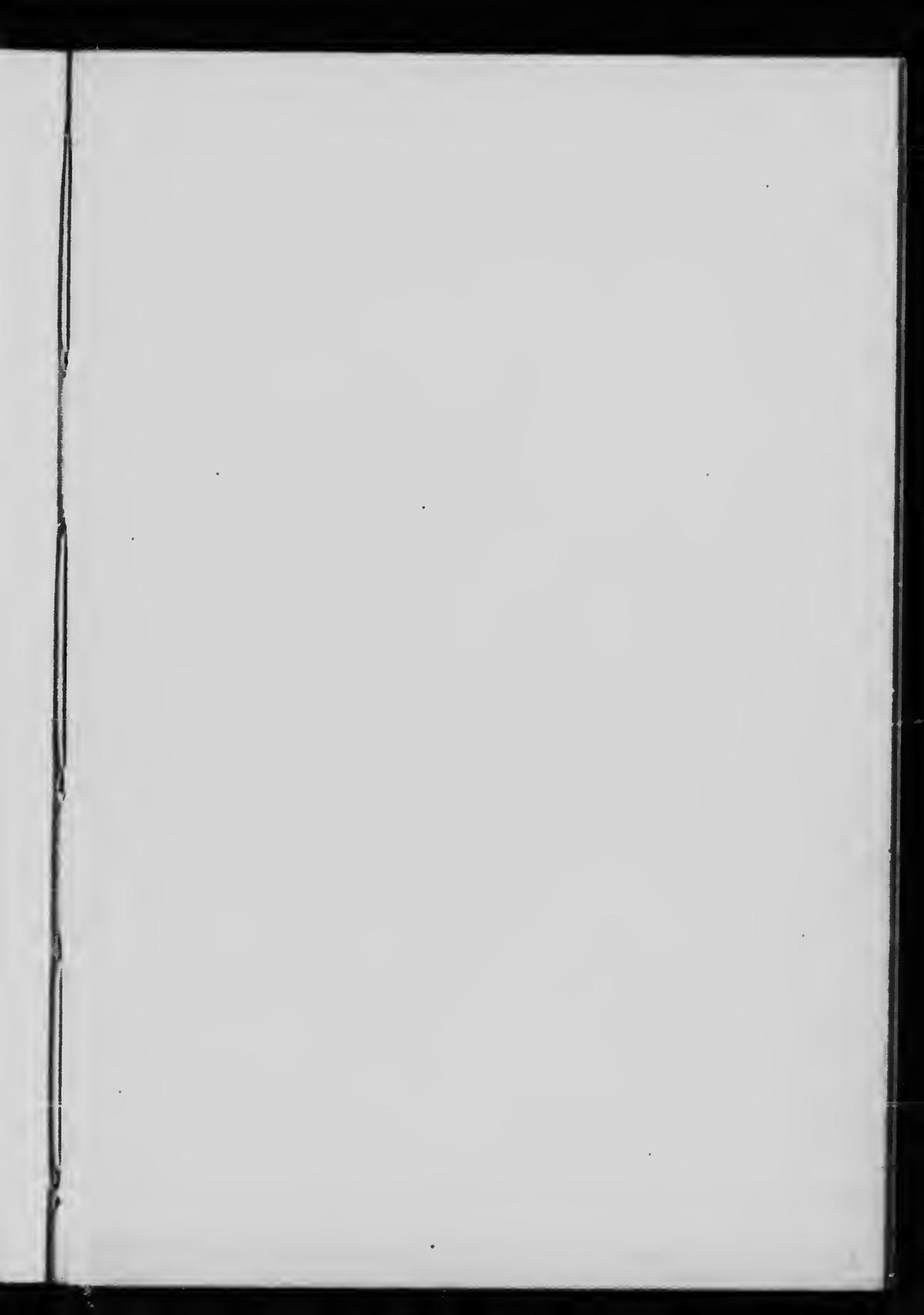




“*You* are Pat!” said  
the tiger, and without  
another word he ate it  
up.

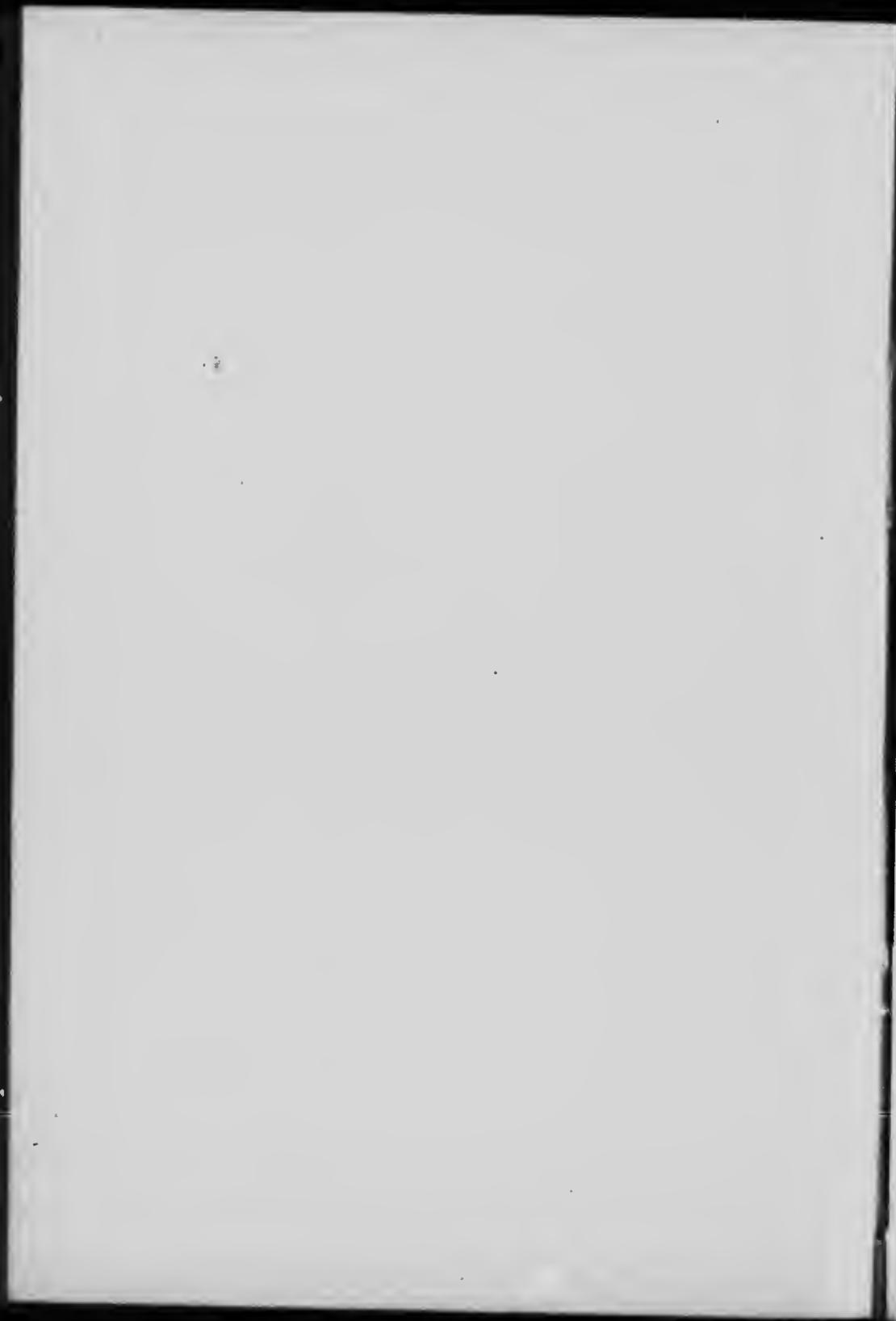


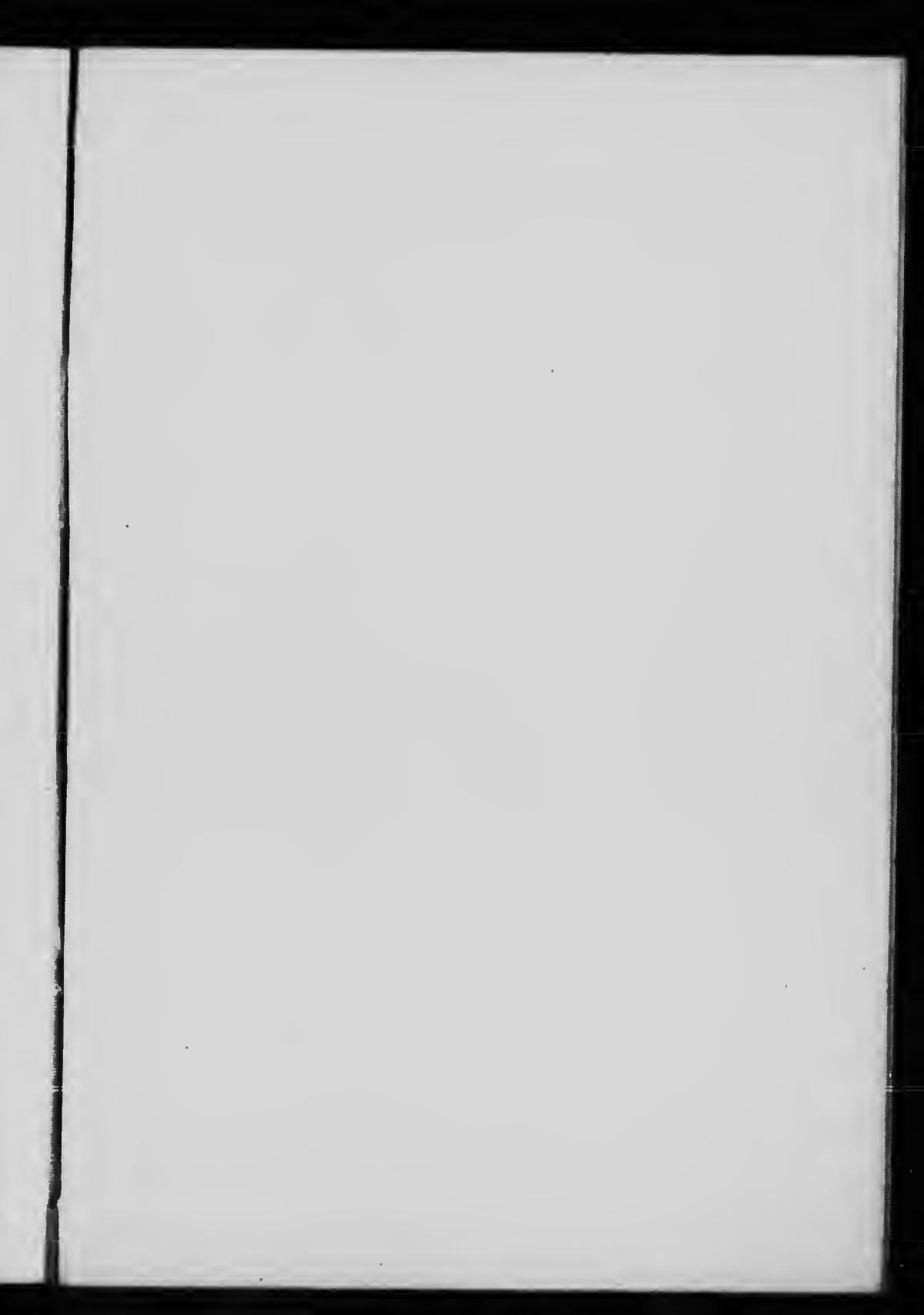






But the spider was fearfully poisonous, and before the tiger could finish it he fell down dead.





And Pat ran gaily  
home to tea.



