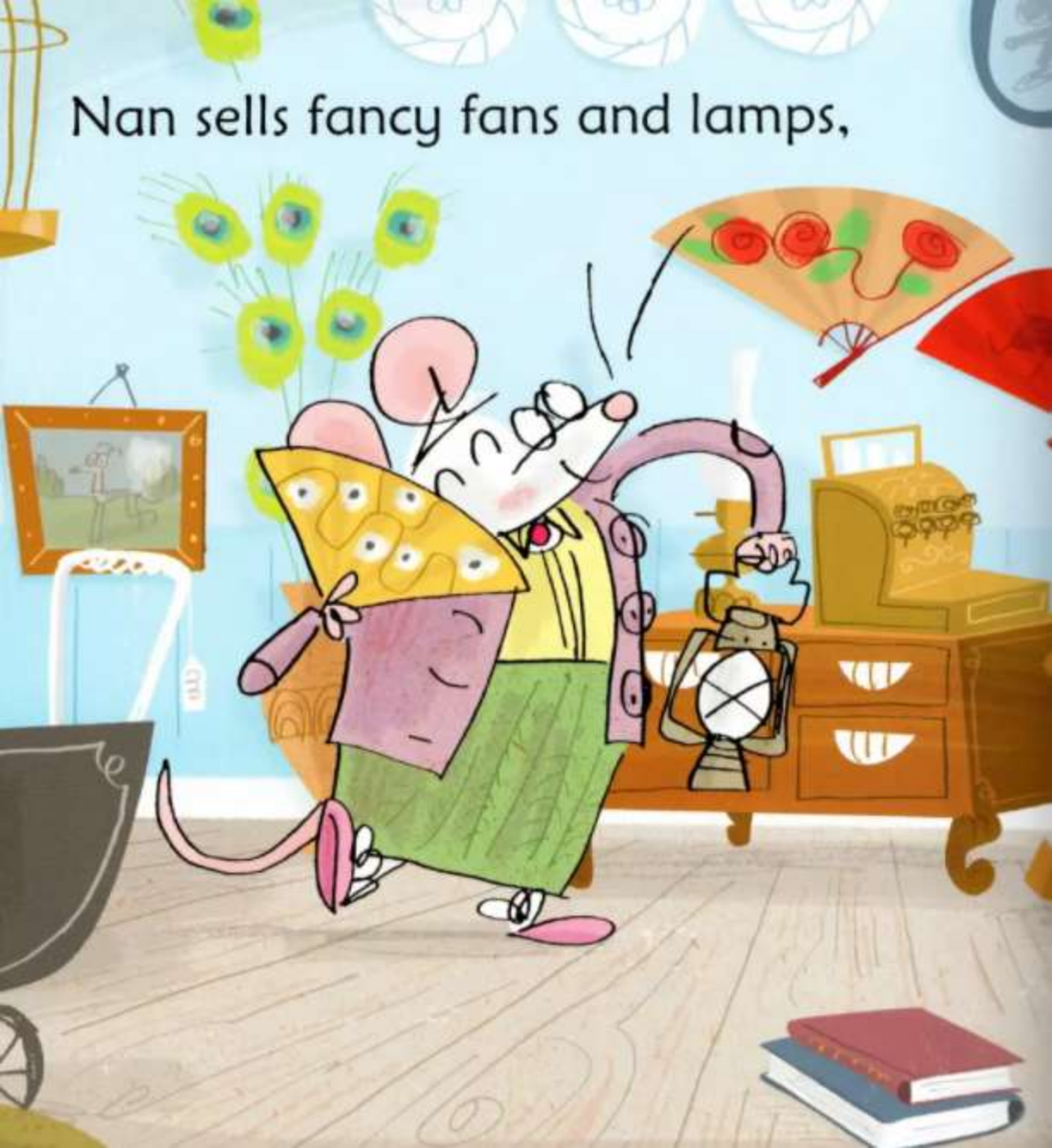


# Underpants for ants



Nan sells fancy fans and lamps,



hand bells,



clam shells,



pans and stamps.





But customers just stay away.





And so she sits and knits all day.



One cold night, Nan lights a candle,



and grabs a small pan by the handle.



But as she pours soup from a can...



a gang of ants leaps from the pan.

“We sneaked in from the freezing storm.”



We're sneezing now.

Please keep us warm.





“Hot water bottles  
would be nice.”



Our bottoms feel  
as cold as ice.

“I can help you,” Nan declares.



“I have yards of yarn to spare.





I'll knit you something warm to wear."



“Thin or thick? Just take your pick.”



I can knit it  
double quick.



Nan's whiskers twitch.  
Her needles click.







Just watch!

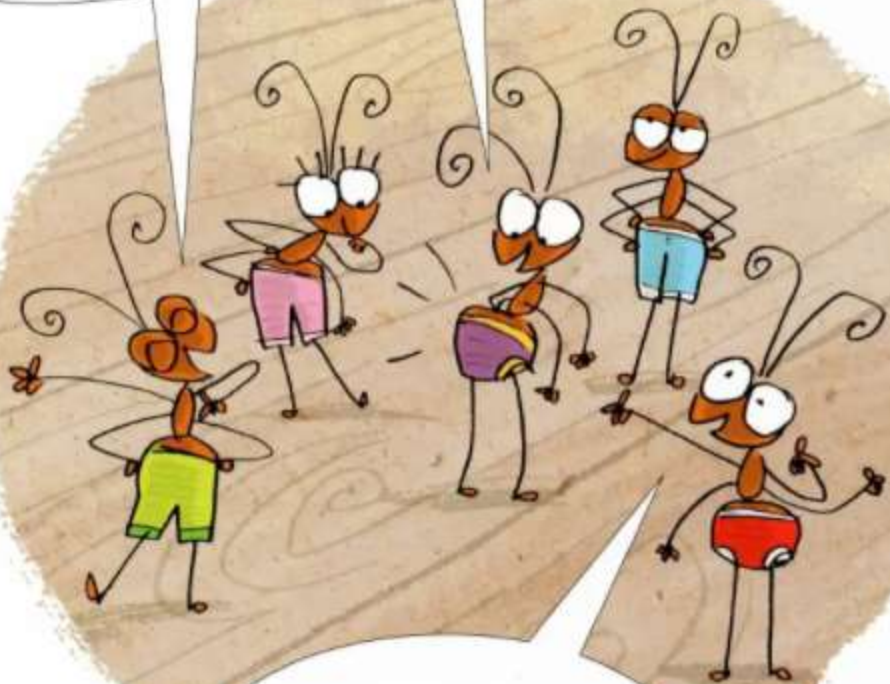
She's finished in a tick.

“Handmade underpants!”  
“How grand.”



I'm roasting.

Toasty!



Thank you  
Nan.



Soon bugs are hopping up the hill.



# Nan's Knick-knacks



Nan's shop is full, and so's her till.

Nan gets a snug hug from the ants.

