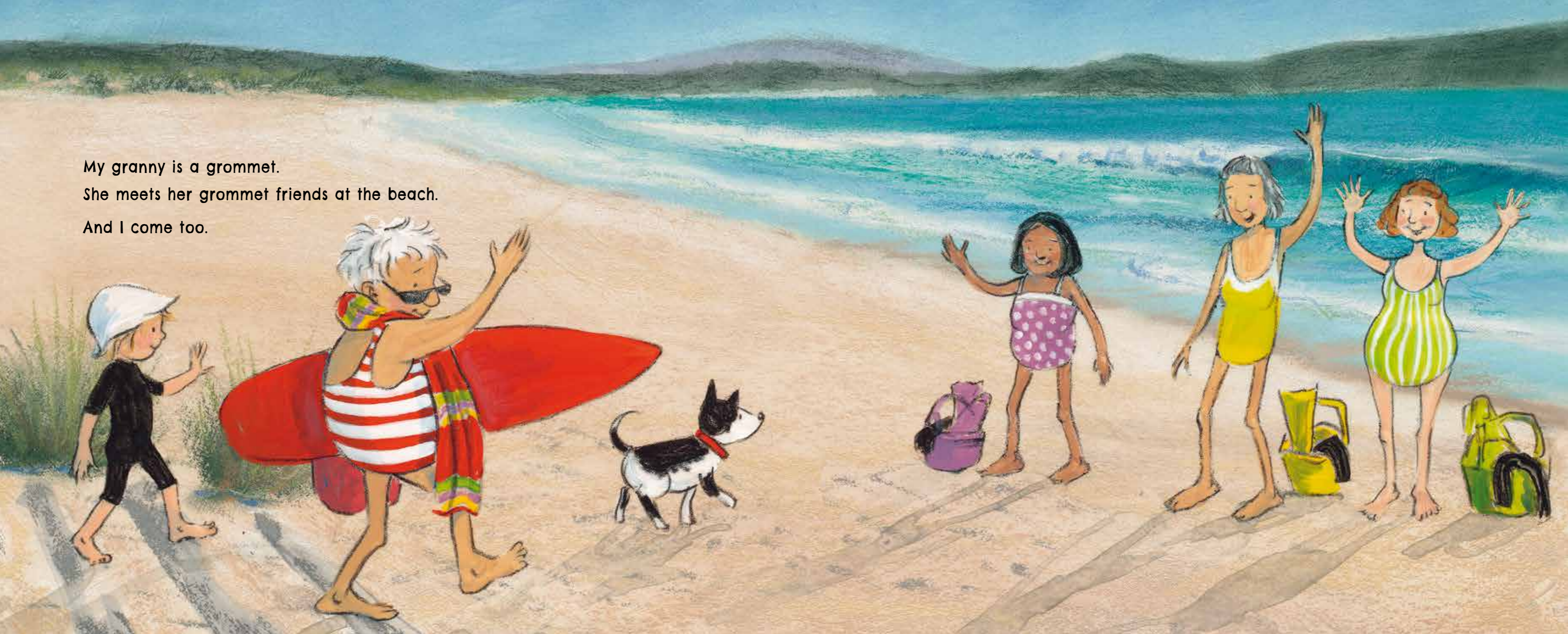


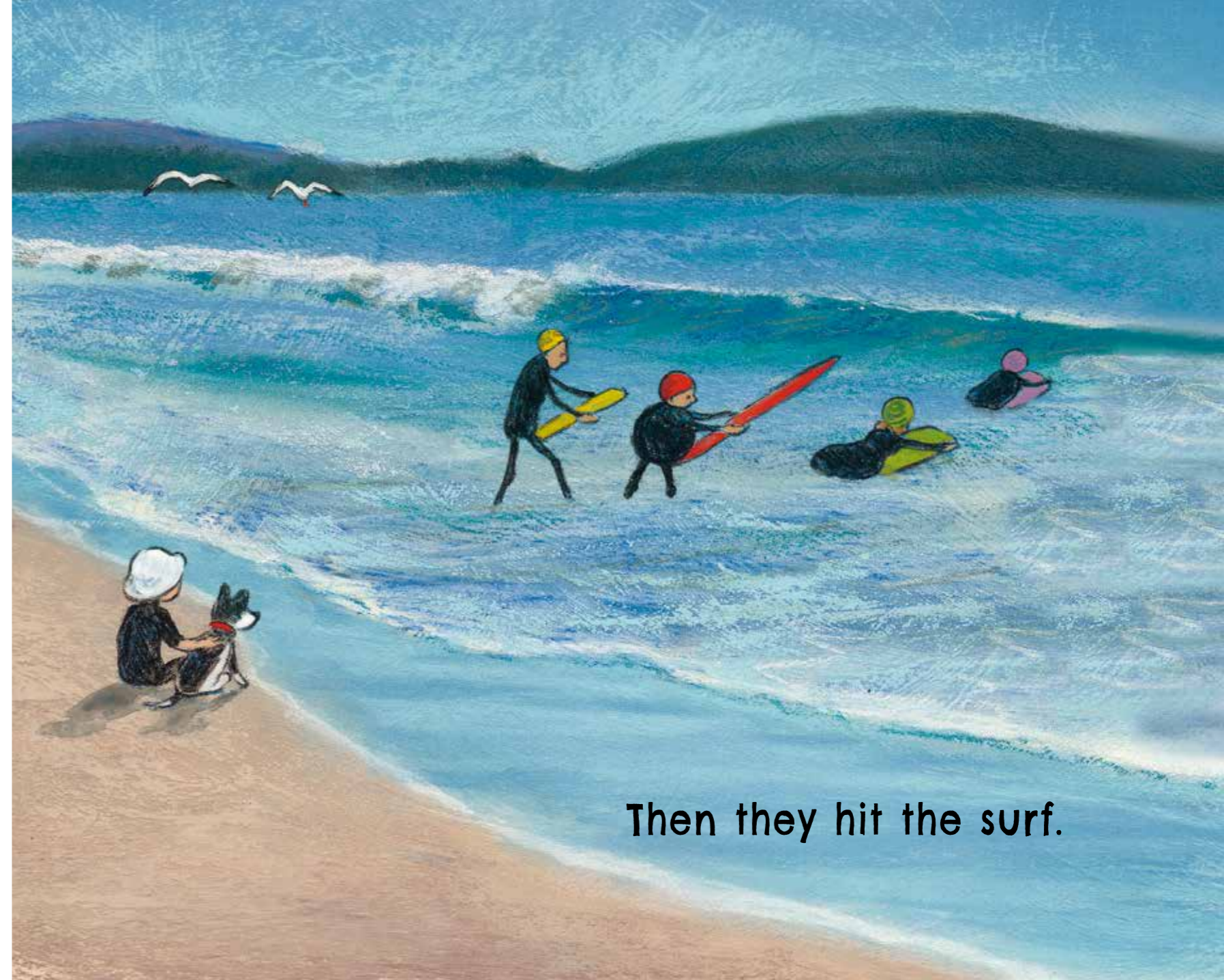
My granny is a grommet.
She meets her grommet friends at the beach.
And I come too.



The Granny Grommets wear wetsuits to keep their granny bones warm and granny caps to keep their ears dry.



They sunblock their noses and check the ocean, looking for rips.



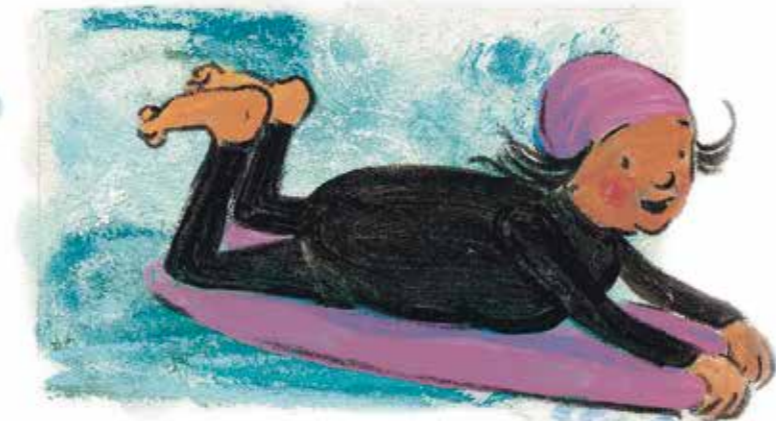
Then they hit the surf.



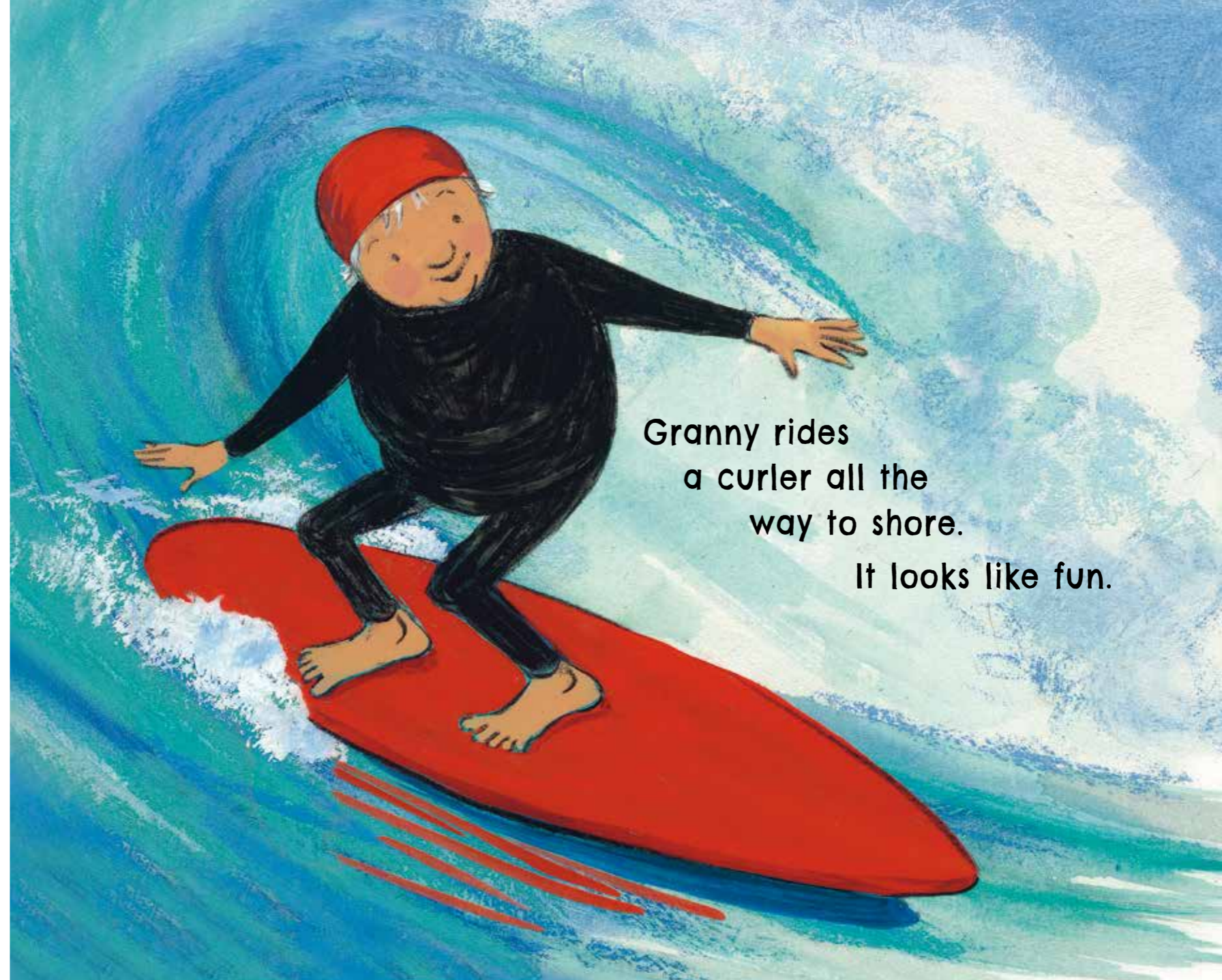
Jann twists and turns.



Doris ducks and dives.



Zelda zooms through a dumper.



Granny rides
a curler all the
way to shore.
It looks like fun.

'Come in,' Granny calls.

I shake my head.

I can't go in.

**There are strange things
under the waves.**

