hadn't thought to explore. They were off my path, so I never had dared. I had been so careful I never had dared. And he made me feel excited—well, excited and scared. When he said, "Come in!" with that sickening grin, How could I know what was in store?

Once his
teeth were bared, though, I really got scared—well, excited and scared—But he drew me close And he

swallowed me down, Down a dark slimy path where lie secrets that I never want to know, And when

everything familiar seemed to disappear forever, At the end of the path was

Granny once again! So we wait in the dark until someone sets us free, And we're
brought in to the light, And we're back at the start. And I know things now, many valuable things, That I

Do not put your faith in a cape and a hood, They will not protect you the way that they should. And take extra care with strangers, Even their dangers. And though scary is exciting, Nice is different than

flow-ers have their dangers. And though scary is exciting, Nice is different than
Now I know: don't be scared.

Gran-ny is right, just be prepared. Isn't it nice to know a lot!

And a little bit not...