

But it turned out that there was
no hiding from his jitters.



“Excuse me,” said Geoffrey.
“But who are you and what are you doing?”

“Hiya! We’re your jitters,” said a jitter.



This is Geoffrey.

If you asked Geoffrey if he were OK, he would say,

Yes, I'm OK.



He was
looking forward to
seeing Barbara.



And then he thought . . .



What if Barbara
didn't like him
anymore?

He knew there would
be pizza for lunch.



But what was happening
after lunch?
Geoffrey couldn't remember.

Suddenly, he had felt a
peculiar flutter in his tummy.
A tiny little jitter.



What if he *lost* Big Dave?



What if . . .