

Grandma's house was filled with all sorts of wonderful, beautiful but *VERY* fragile things.



Finn was usually *extremely* careful in Grandma's house, but today he was a bit over-excited.

He bounced his ball higher ...



and higher ...



and *higher*, until ...



CRAASH!!!



Finn stared at the broken  
clock in horror.



He tried his best to fix it.



But it didn't *really* work.



Then Grandma walked in.

She looked at the mess.

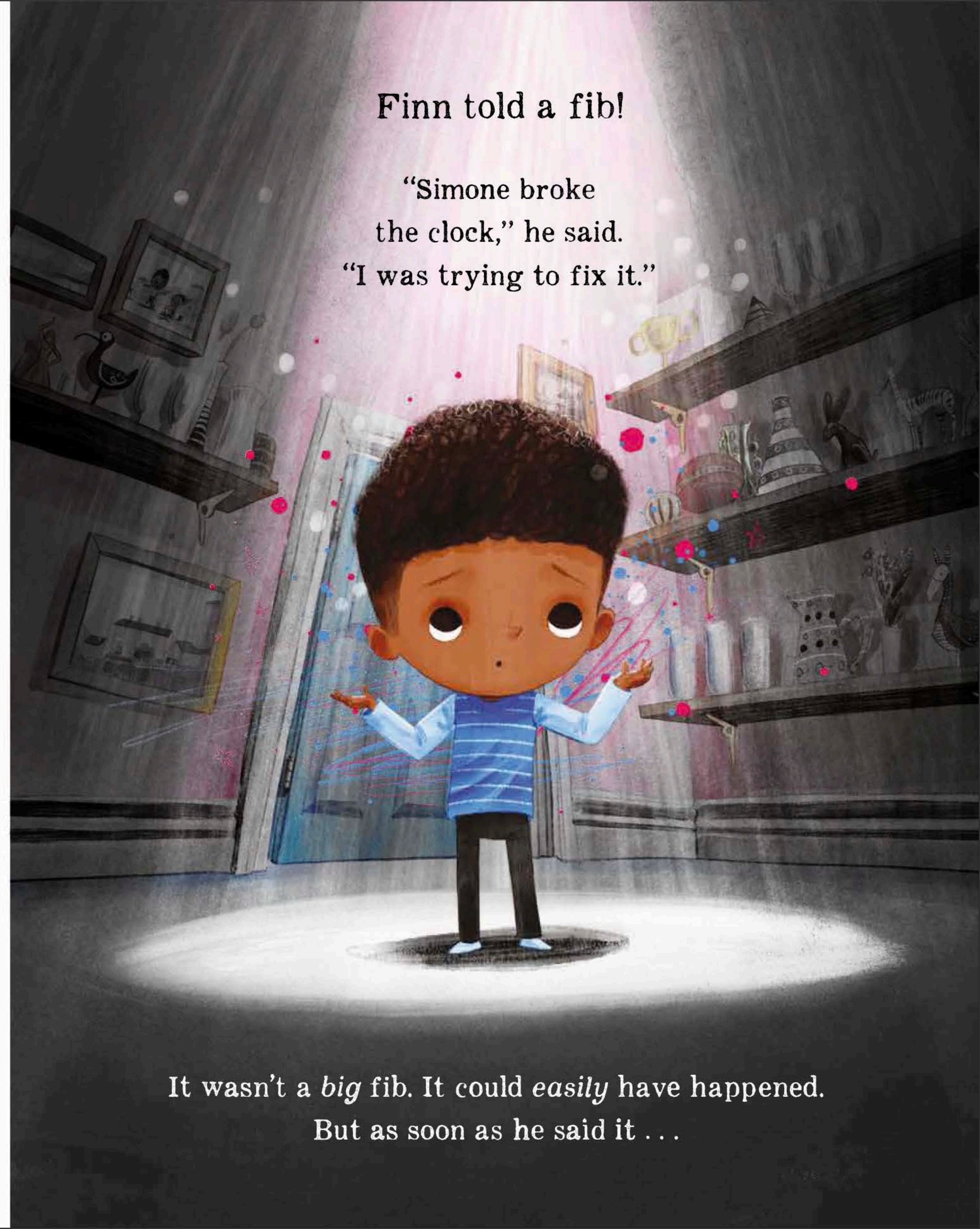
She looked at Finn.



His tummy twisted, his mind raced,  
and *that* was when it happened . . .

Finn told a fib!

“Simone broke  
the clock,” he said.  
“I was trying to fix it.”



It wasn't a *big* fib. It could *easily* have happened.  
But as soon as he said it . . .



A strange little blob appeared.

