

That night, touched off by the pancake **incident** at breakfast, Grandpa told us the best tall-tale bedtime story he'd ever told.

The people could watch the weather report on television in the morning and they would even hear a **prediction** for the next day's food.

For lunch one day, **frankfurters**, already in their rolls, blew in from the northwest at about five miles an hour.

The **Sanitation** Department of Chewandswallow had a rather unusual job for a **sanitation** department.

So a decision was made to **abandon** the town of Chewandswallow. It was a matter of survival.