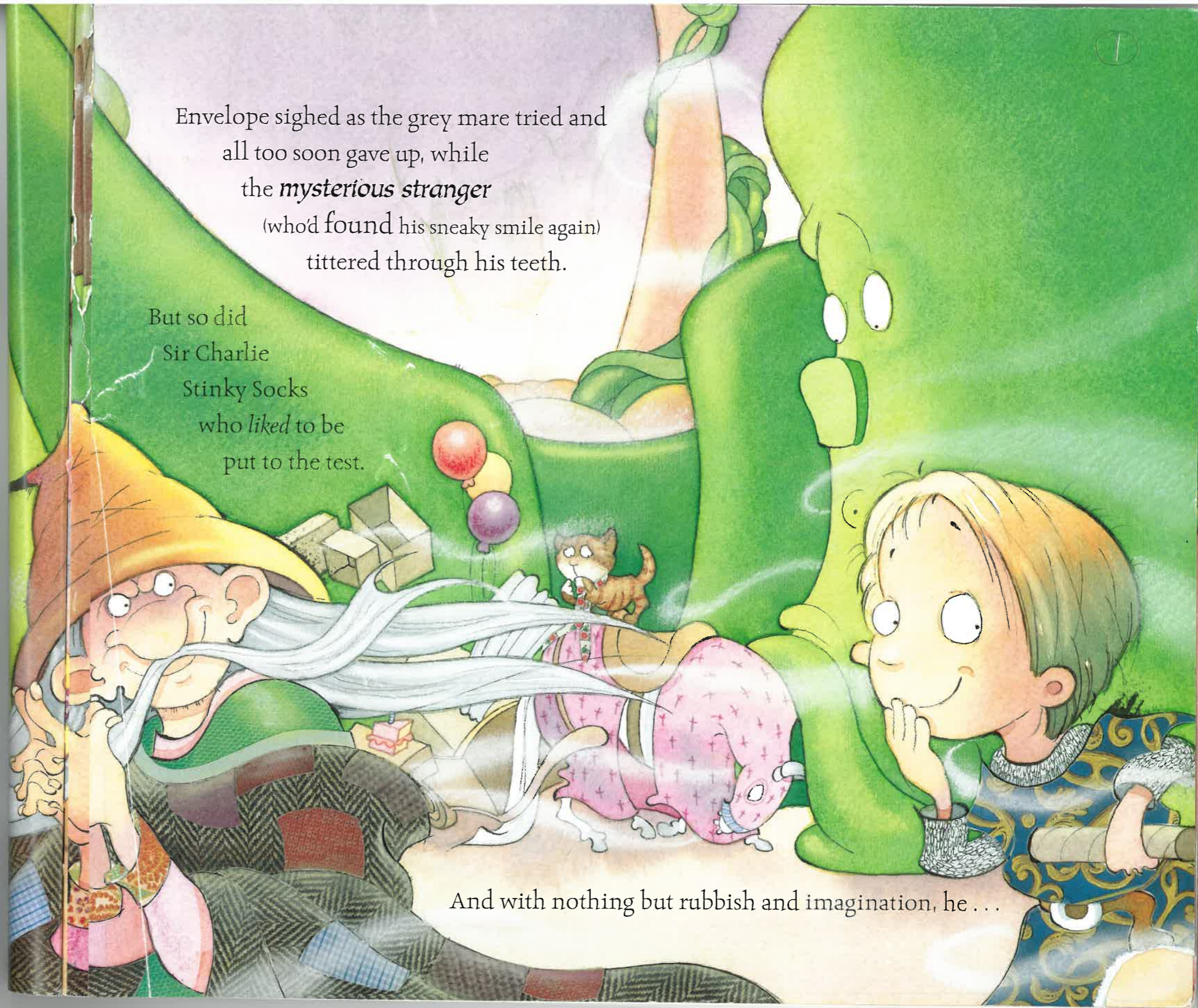


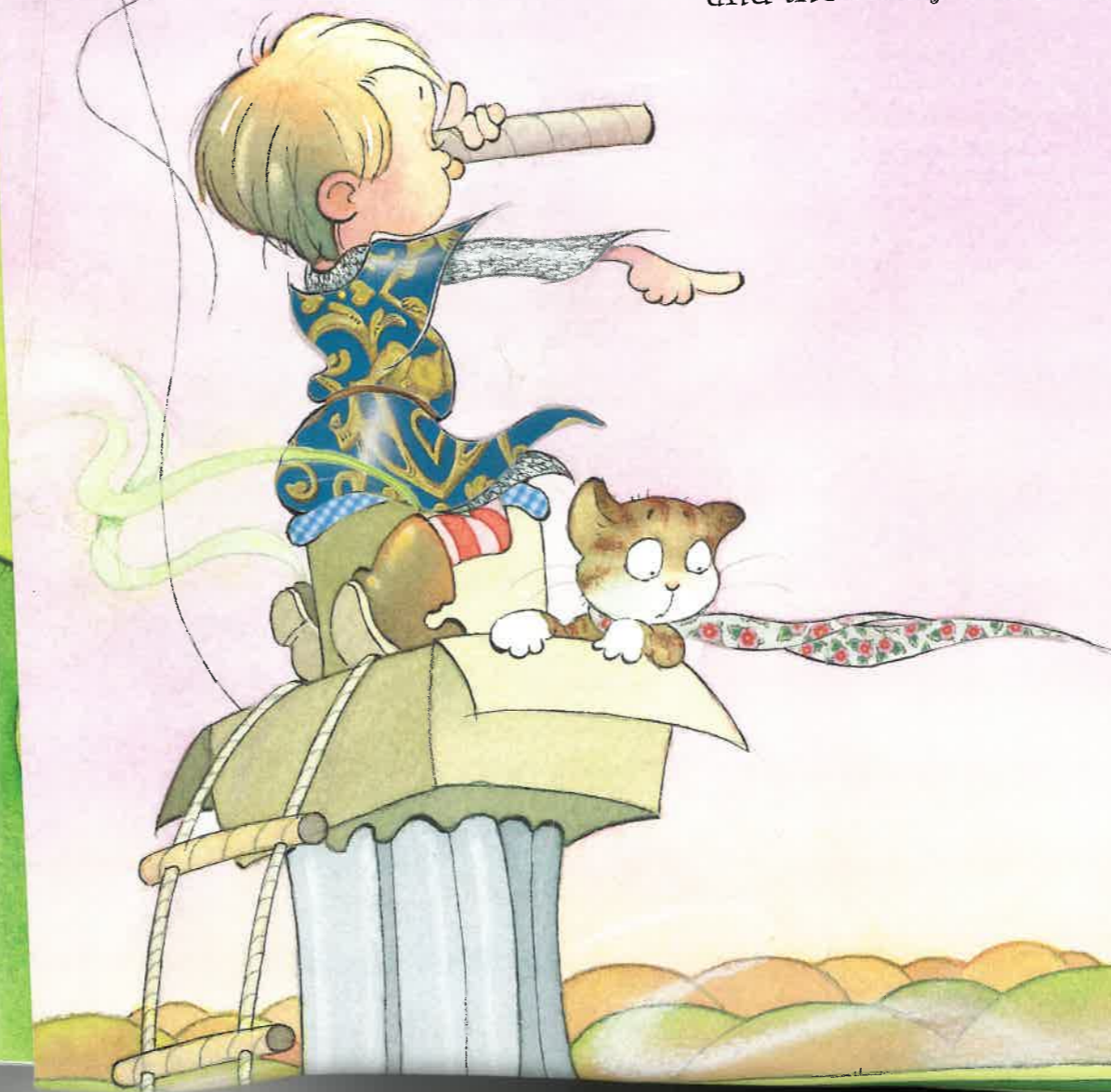
Envelope sighed as the grey mare tried and  
all too soon gave up, while  
the *mysterious stranger*  
(who'd found his sneaky smile again)  
tittered through his teeth.

But so did  
Sir Charlie  
Stinky Socks  
who *liked* to be  
put to the test.

And with nothing but rubbish and imagination, he . . .



... found the way out of that **monstrous**  
**maze** back to the tall, tall tower  
and the twisty-wisty beanstalk and ...



... a dragon made  
of stone!

**What?**

Not coughing out fire,  
nor belching  
out smoke?



Just sad . . . and silent . . . and still; like each  
of the creatures at the bottom of the tower -  
all under a *dreadful spell*.

But who could have cast it?  
Well, can't you guess?

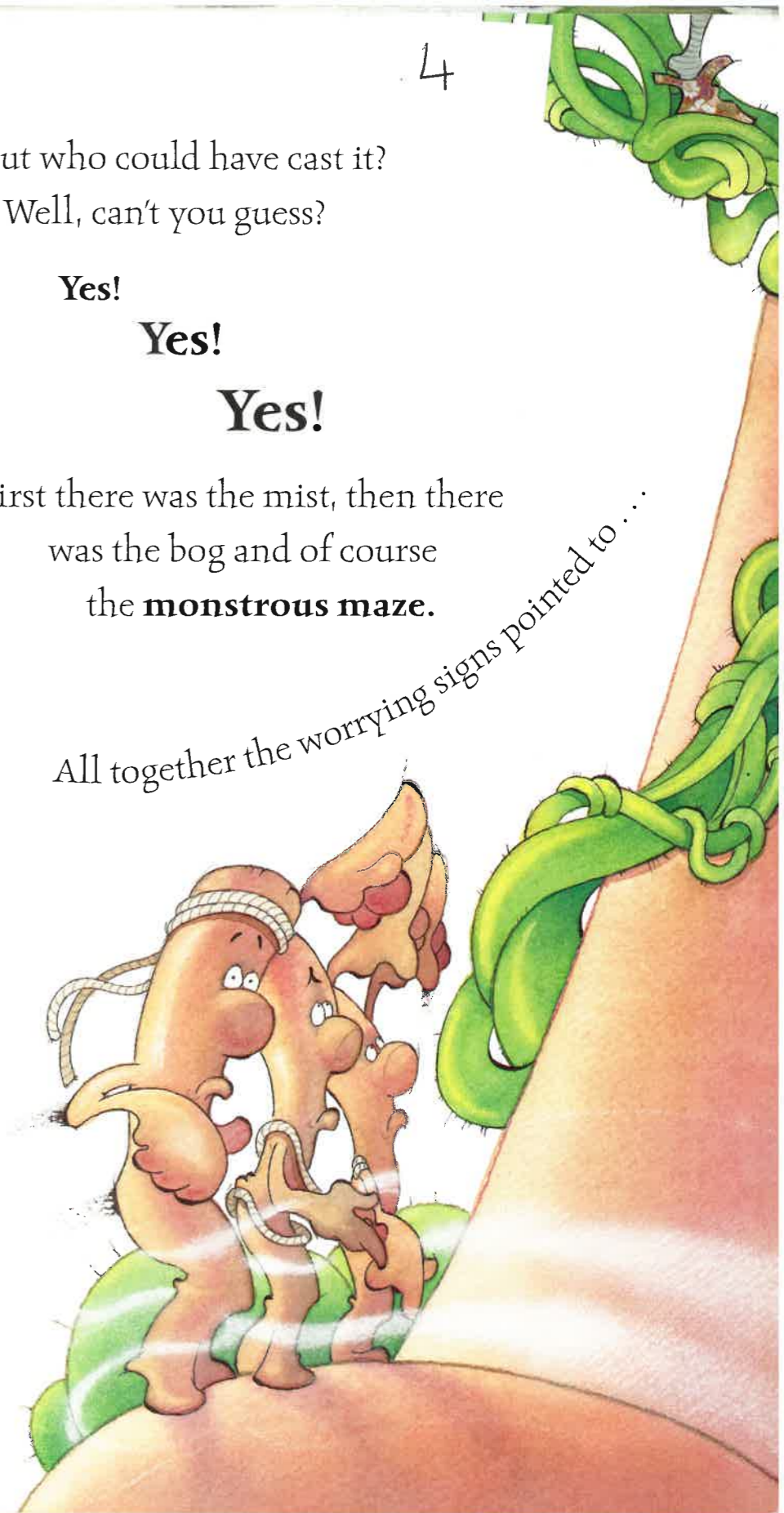
**Yes!**

**Yes!**

**Yes!**

First there was the mist, then there  
was the bog and of course  
the **monstrous maze**.

*All together the worrying signs pointed to . . .*



...the mysterious stranger,  
roaring with laughter at the top of the tower  
where time was  
a l m o s t  
o u t !

Up the twisty-wisty beanstalk  
scrambled Sir Charlie Stinky  
Socks - right to the top of the  
tall, tall tower where ...

... something made him  
**STOP!**

