

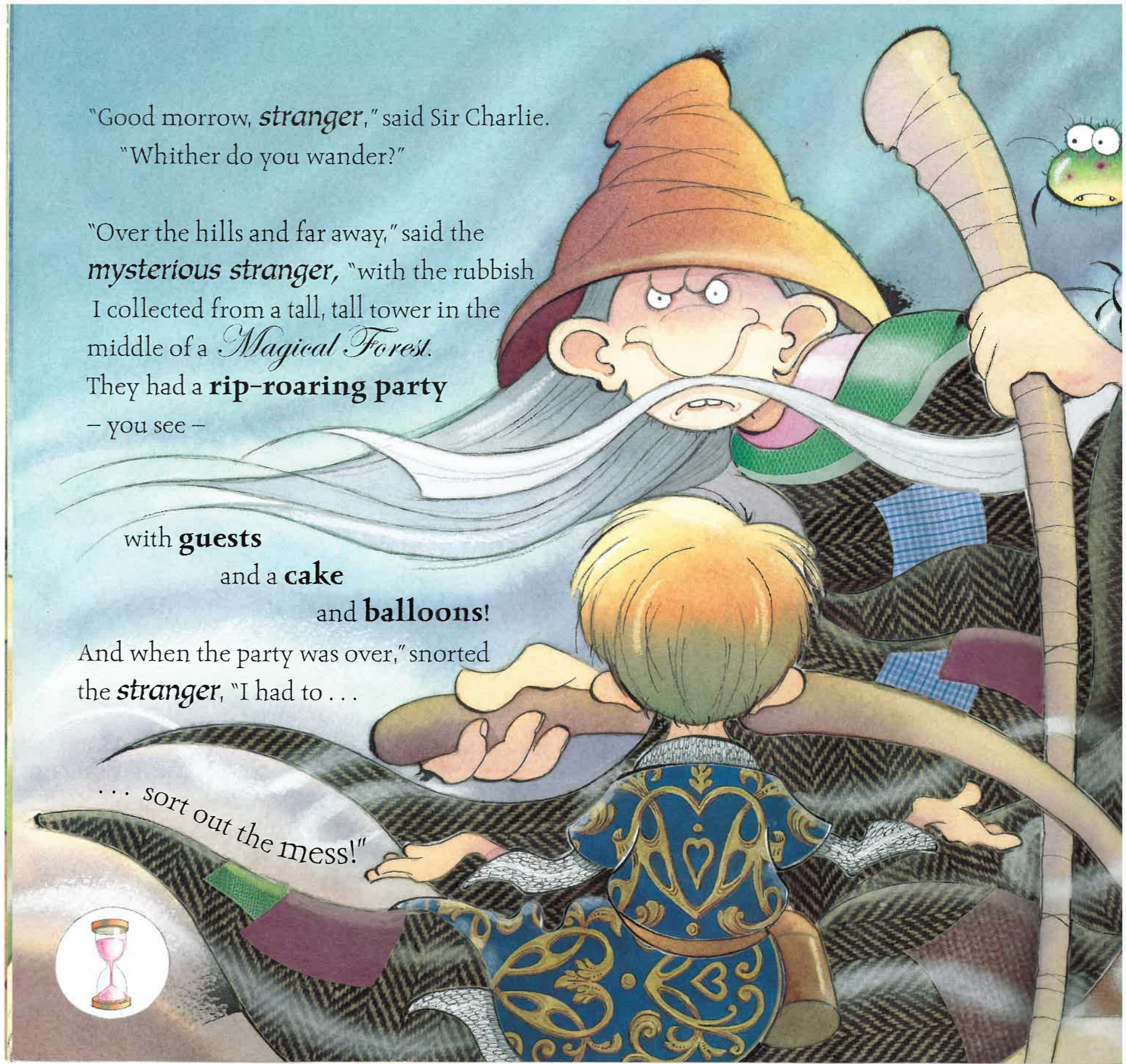
"Good morrow, *stranger*," said Sir Charlie.  
"Whither do you wander?"

"Over the hills and far away," said the  
*mysterious stranger*, "with the rubbish  
I collected from a tall, tall tower in the  
middle of a *Magical Forest*.  
They had a **rip-roaring party**  
— you see —

with **guests**  
and a **cake**  
and **balloons!**

And when the party was over," snorted  
the *stranger*, "I had to . . .

. . . sort out the mess!"





Sir Charlie harnessed his hungry horse to the stranger's cart full of rubbish and set off again through the *murky mists* on his journey back to the tower . . .

*trit trot, trit trot,  
humpity lumpity bump!*



. . . paying little heed to the worrying signs and the stranger's sneaky smile and not even *knowing* that in the tall, tall tower, time was . . .

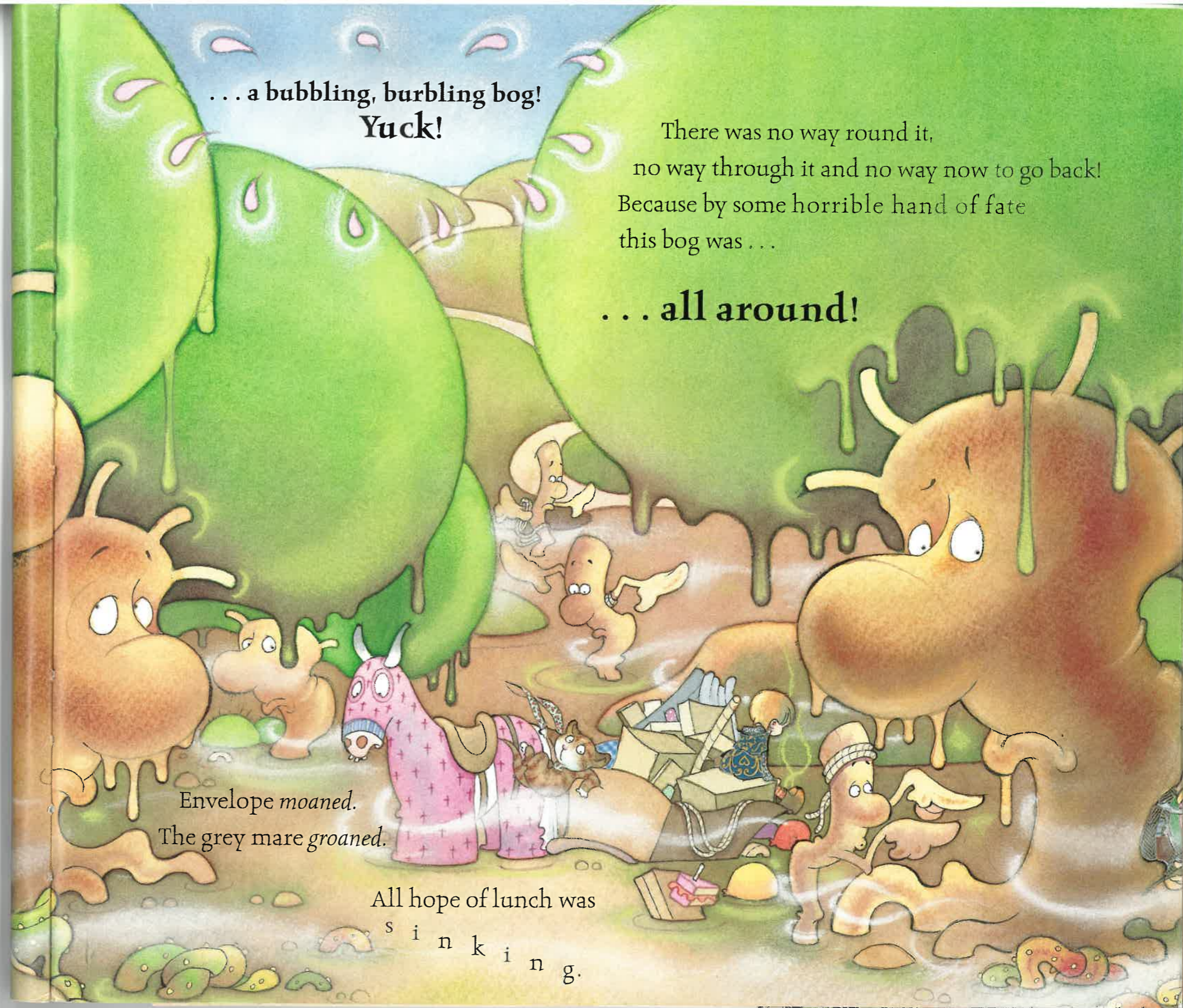


r u n n i n g out!

... a bubbling, burbling bog!  
Yuck!

There was no way round it,  
no way through it and no way now to go back!  
Because by some horrible hand of fate  
this bog was ...

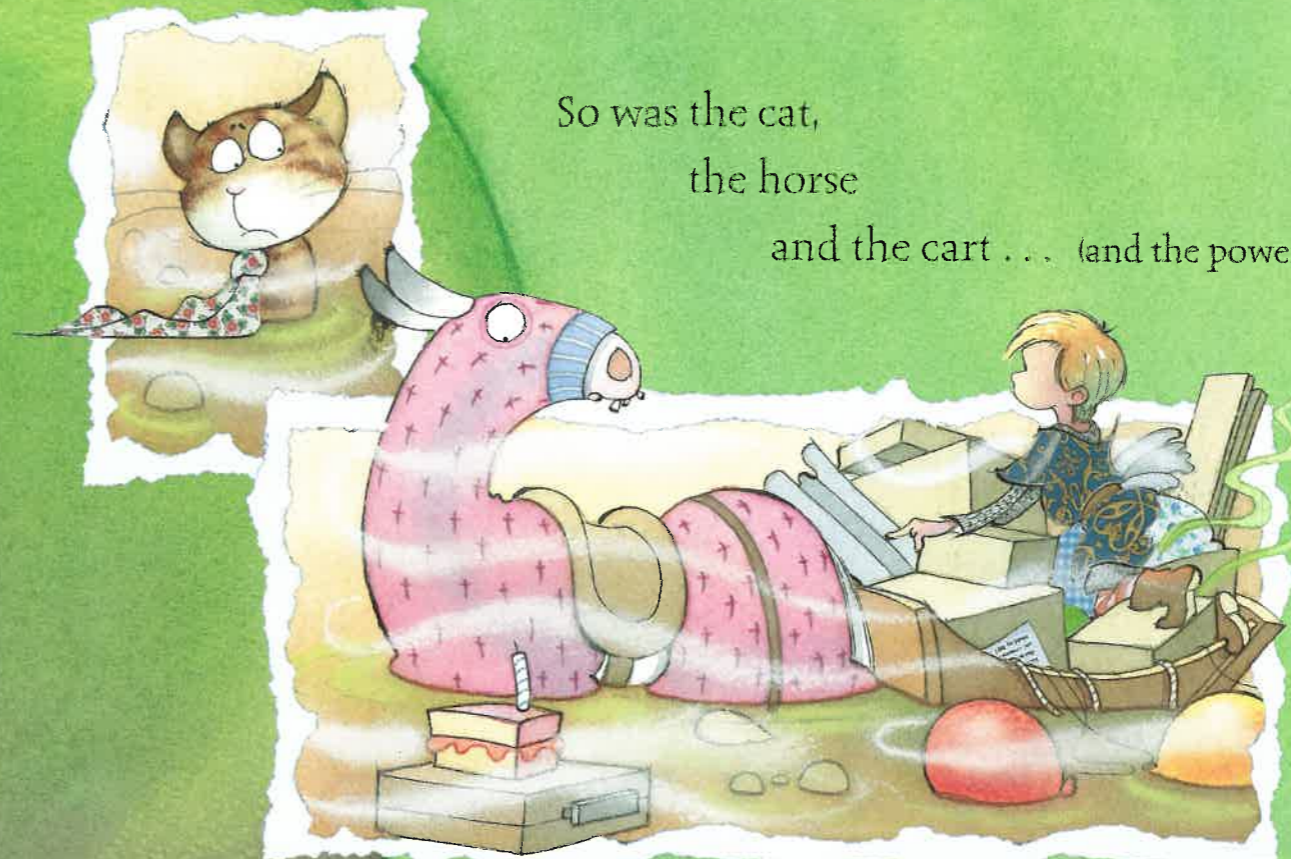
... all around!



Envelope moaned.  
The grey mare groaned.

All hope of lunch was  
s i n k i n g.

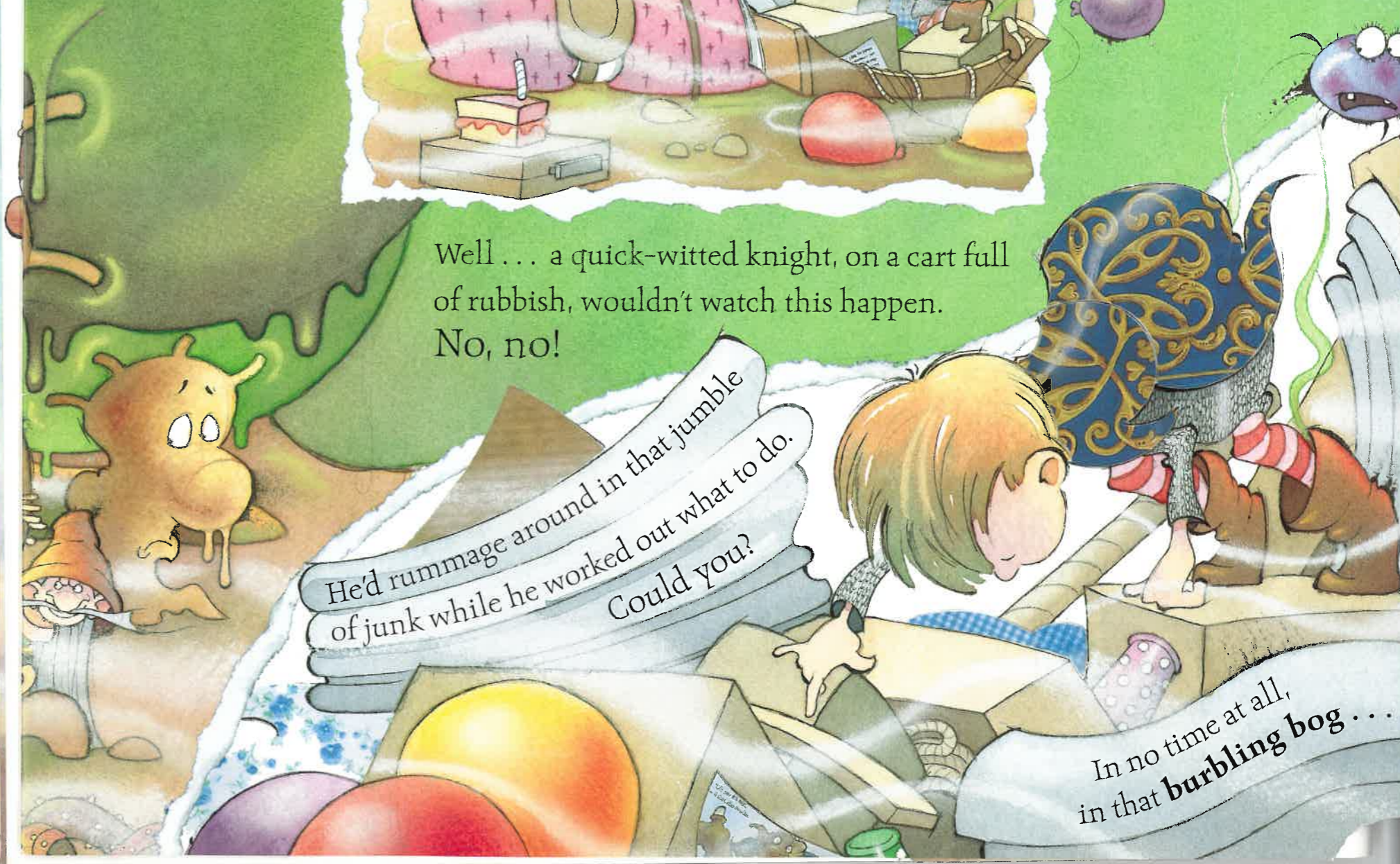
So was the cat,  
the horse  
and the cart . . . (and the power to break the spell!)



Well . . . a quick-witted knight, on a cart full  
of rubbish, wouldn't watch this happen.  
No, no!

He'd rummage around in that jumble  
of junk while he worked out what to do.  
Could you?

In no time at all,  
in that **burbling bog** . . .





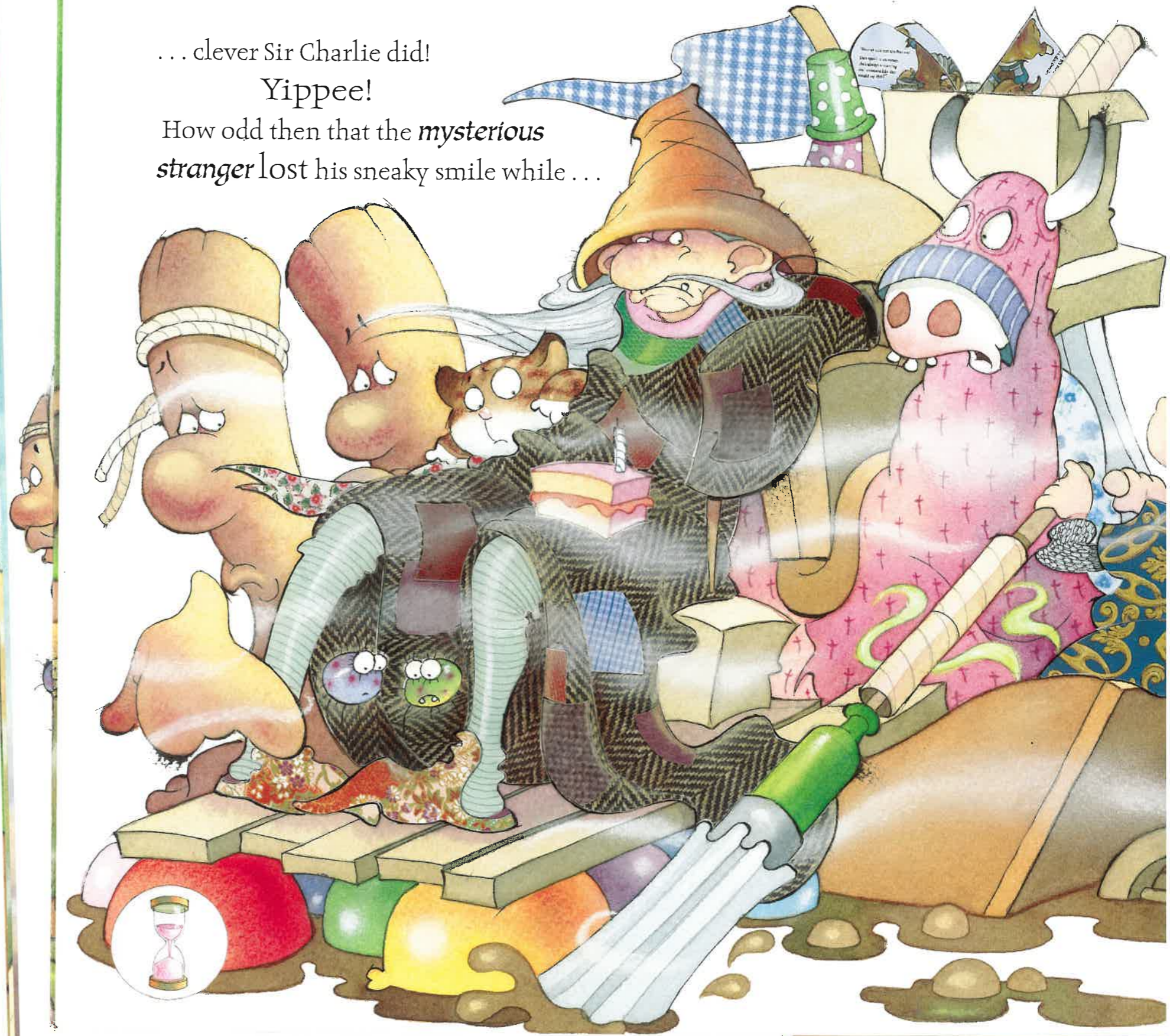
At last they  
were back in the  
*Magical Forest*  
where things looked ...  
*decidedly different!*

For in front of our troupe of tiring travellers was ...

... clever Sir Charlie did!

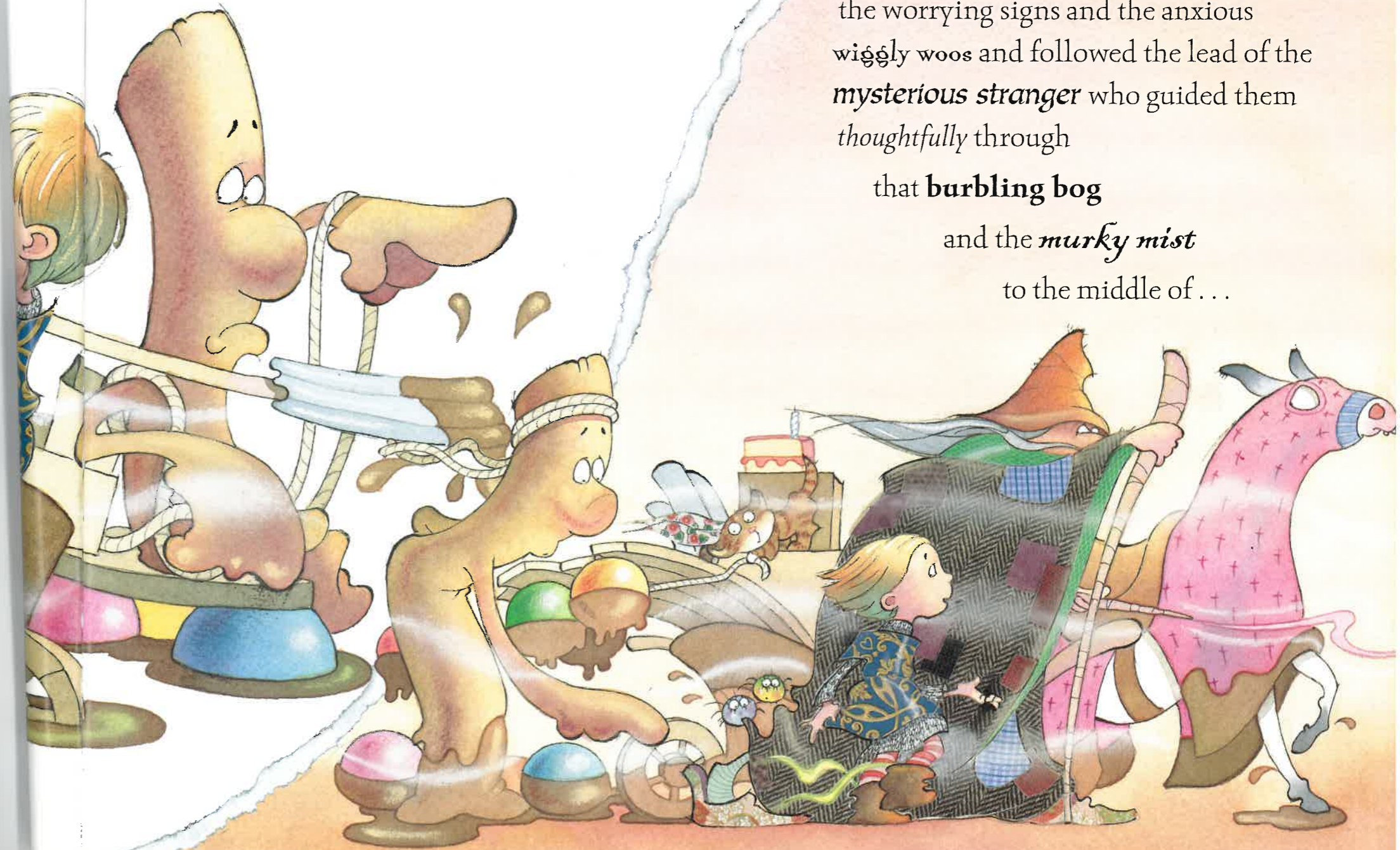
Yippee!

How odd then that the *mysterious stranger* lost his sneaky smile while ...



slappety squelch,  
slappety squelch,  
splodge, splodge, splodge!

... Sir Charlie Stinky Socks  
(and his mighty power) drew closer  
to the tall, tall tower. The knight ignored  
the worrying signs and the anxious  
wiggly woos and followed the lead of the  
*mysterious stranger* who guided them  
thoughtfully through  
that **burbling bog**  
and the *murky mist*  
to the middle of ...





... a monstrous maze!

*Oh my!*

Now - where in the world  
did *that* come from?

And would our band of weakening  
wanderers work out a way to get through—  
at least before they fainted with hunger  
(and the sands of time ran out)?

*Yikes!*

