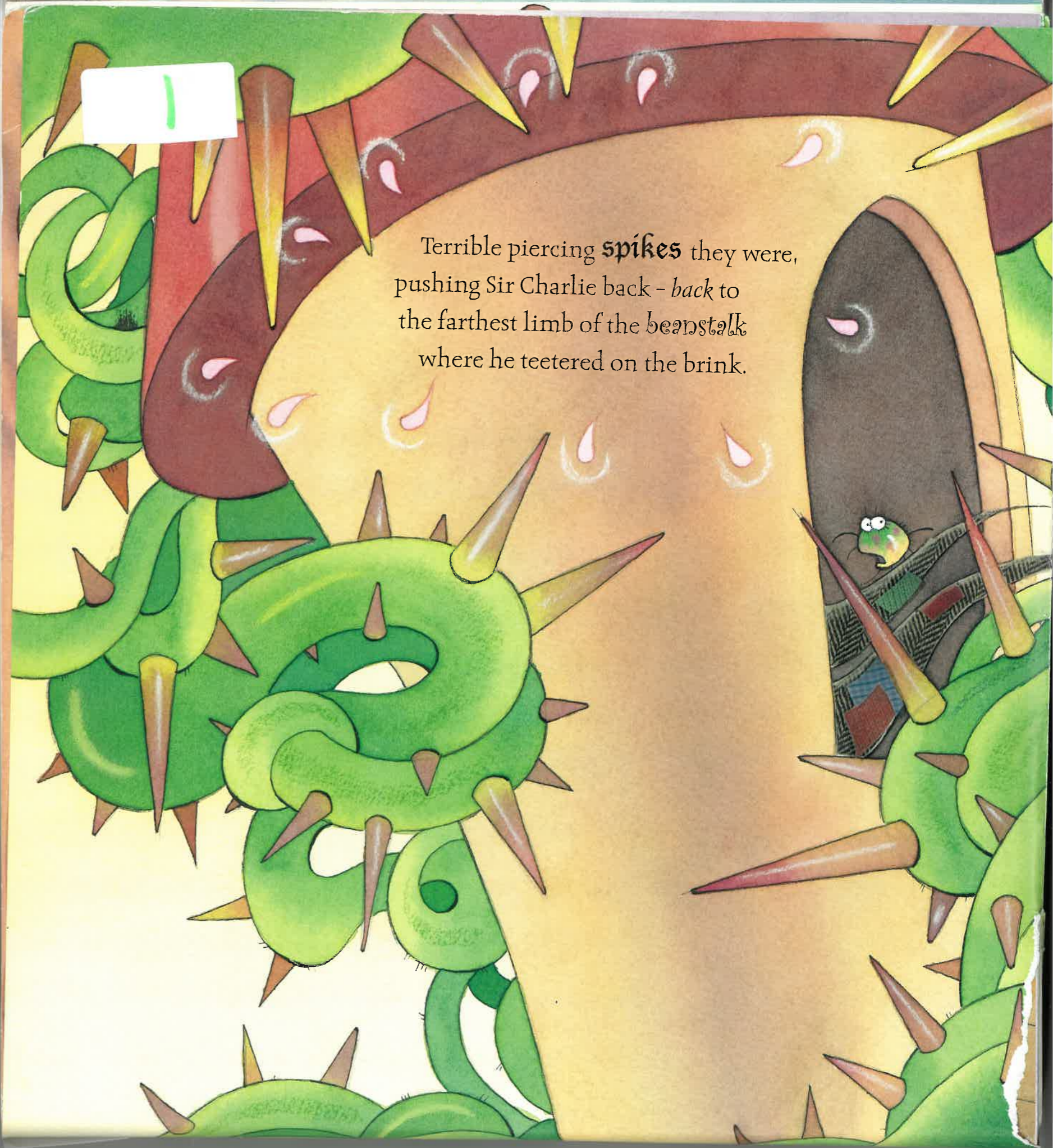


1

Terrible piercing **spikes** they were,  
pushing Sir Charlie back - back to  
the farthest limb of the *beanstalk*  
where he teetered on the brink.





"Think!" said Sir Charlie Stinky Socks.

And he didn't need to think *twice*.

With a **wooshity thwack** of his trusty sword he -

**Hang on a second!**

**Have you forgotten?**

He didn't *have* his sword!

That lusty blade was *inside* the tower  
while the desperate knight was ...

... *without*.  
**Noooooo!**



Envelope gasped.

The grey mare gulped.

But Sir Charlie didn't think thrice ...



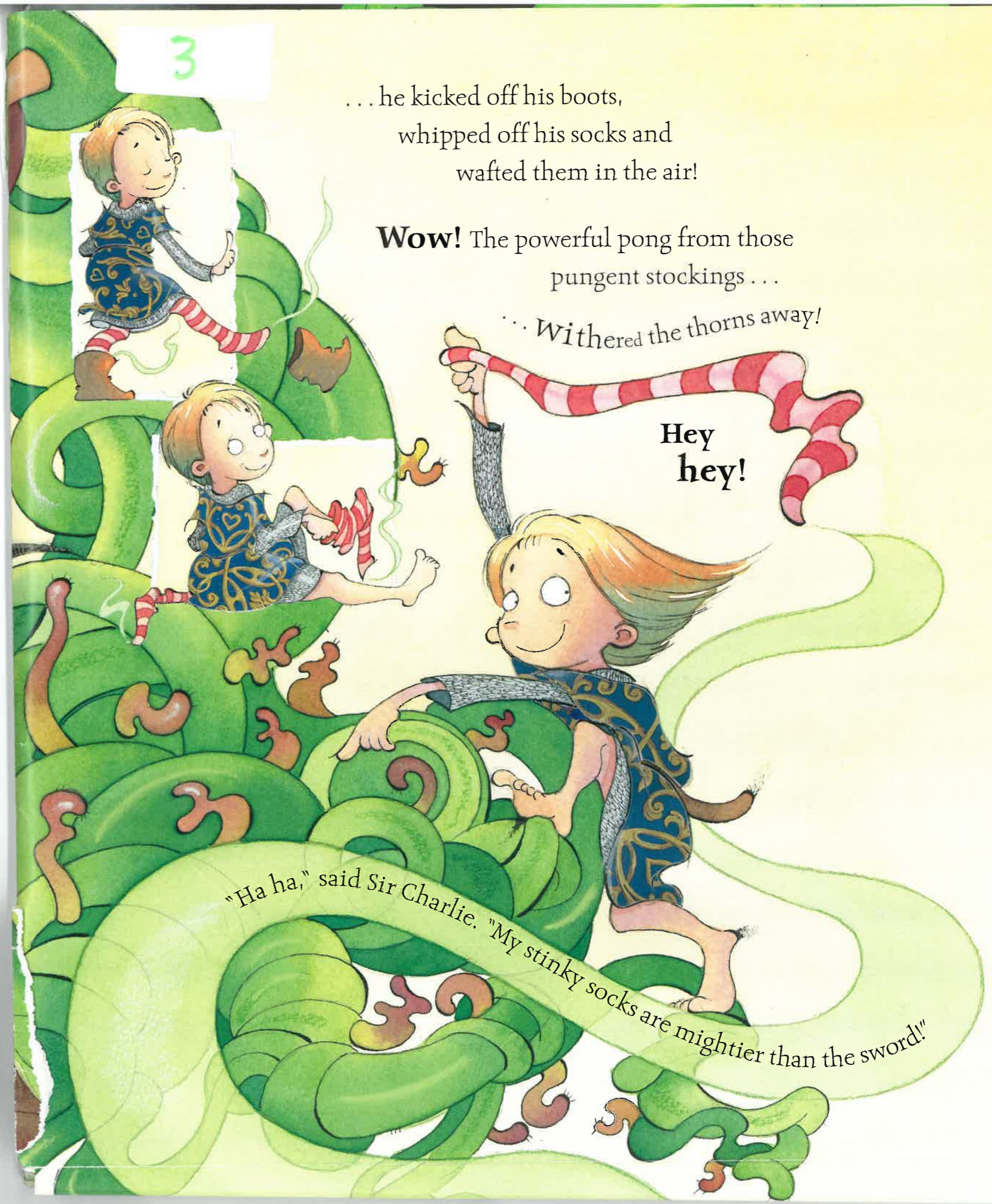
... he kicked off his boots,  
whipped off his socks and  
wafted them in the air!

**Wow!** The powerful pong from those  
pungent stockings ...

... *Withered* the thorns away!

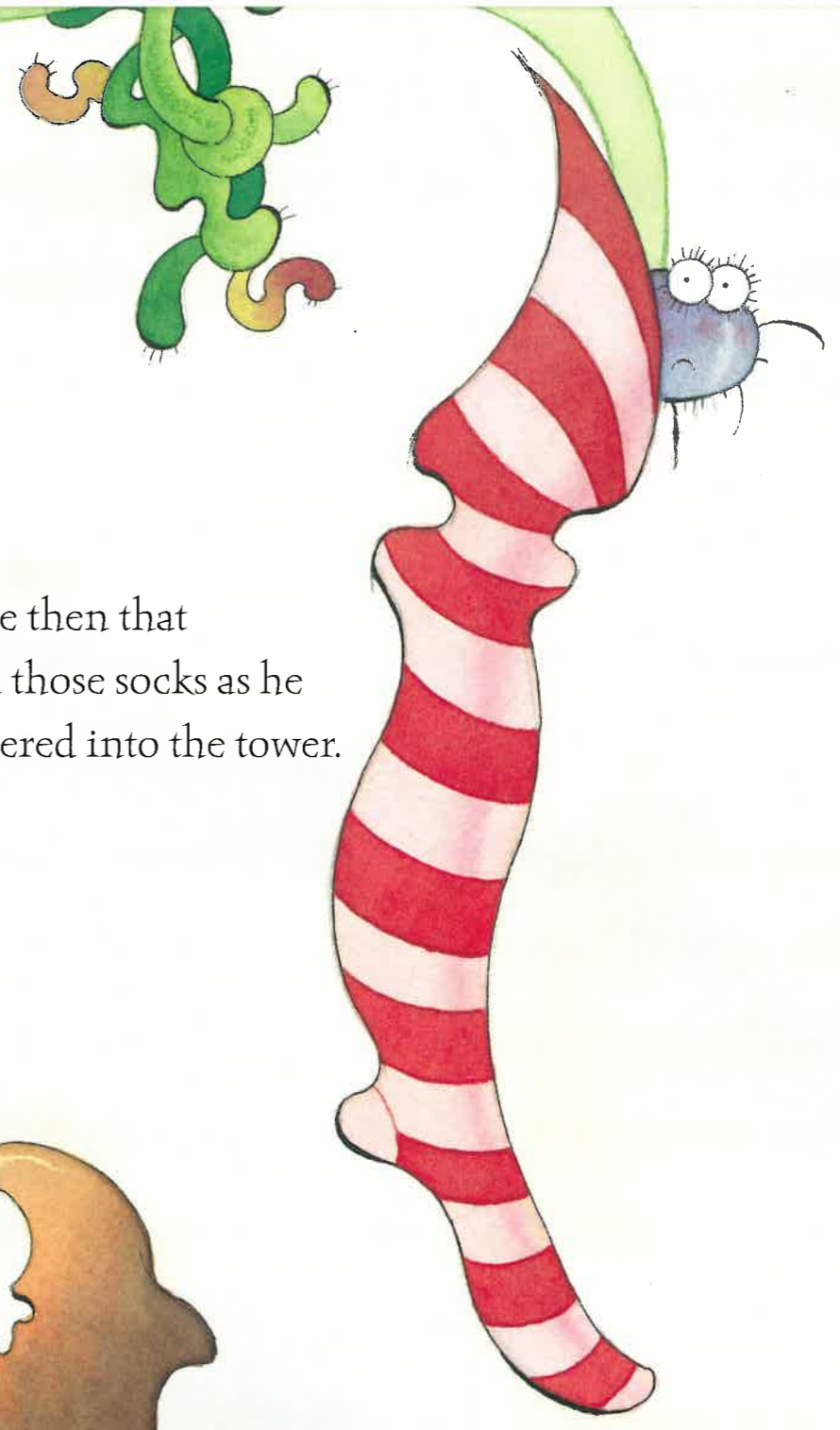
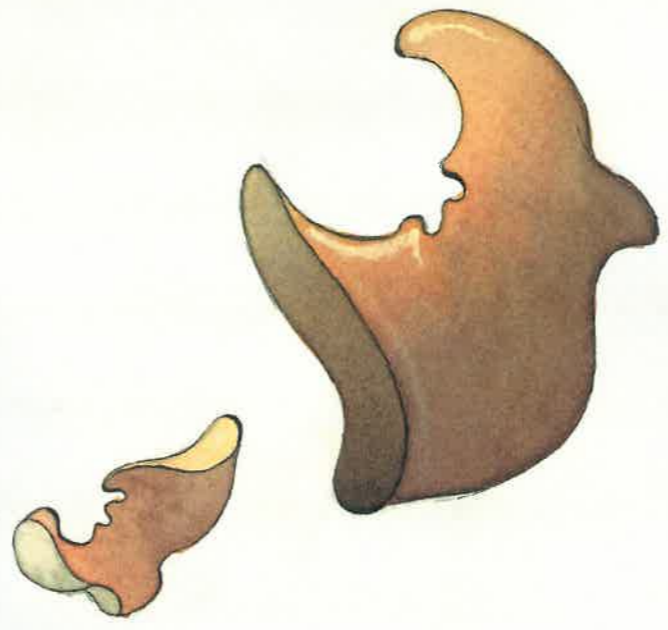
**Hey  
hey!**

"Ha ha," said Sir Charlie. "My stinky socks are mightier than the sword!"



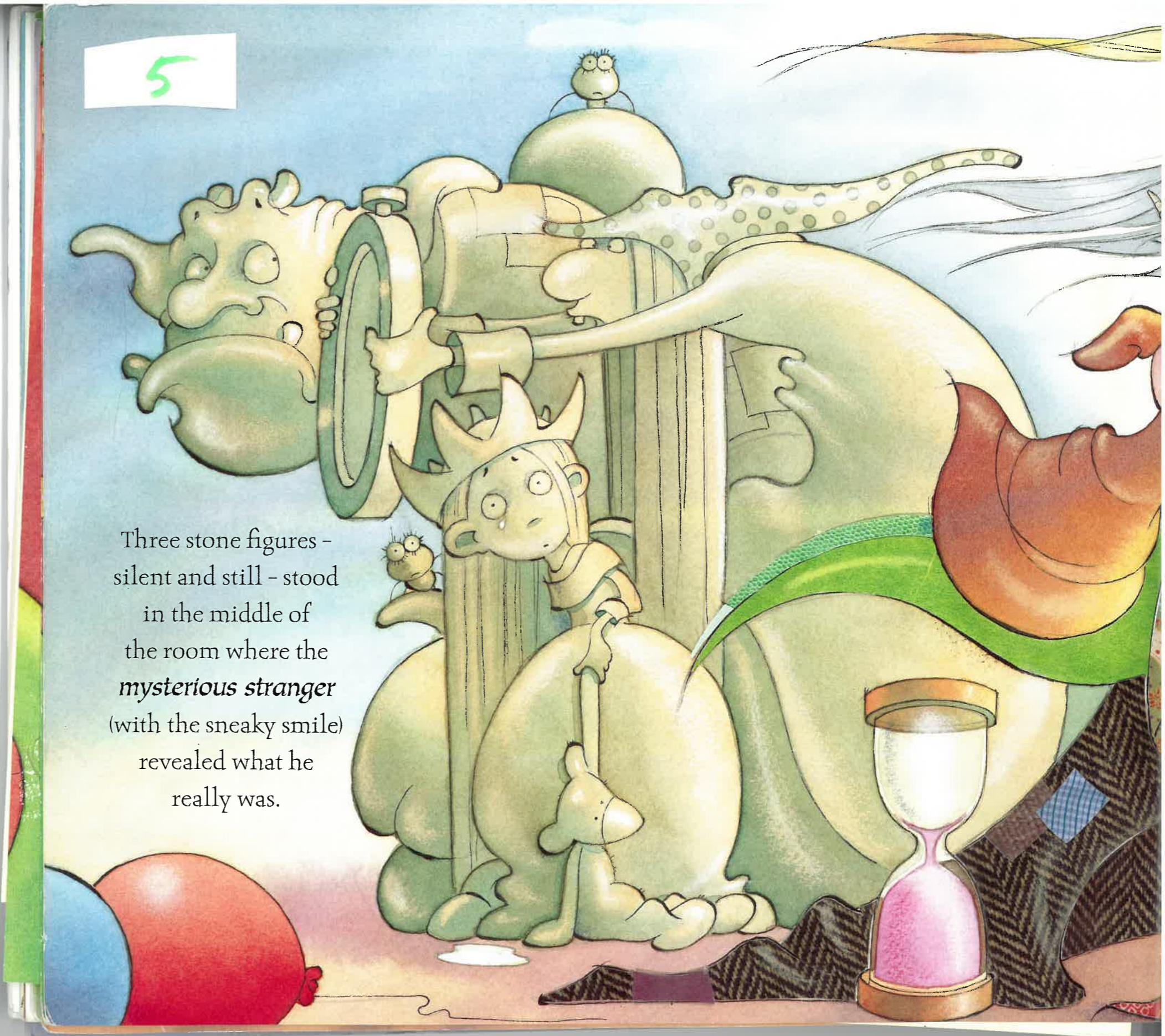


How unfortunate then that  
he dropped those socks as he  
clambered into the tower.

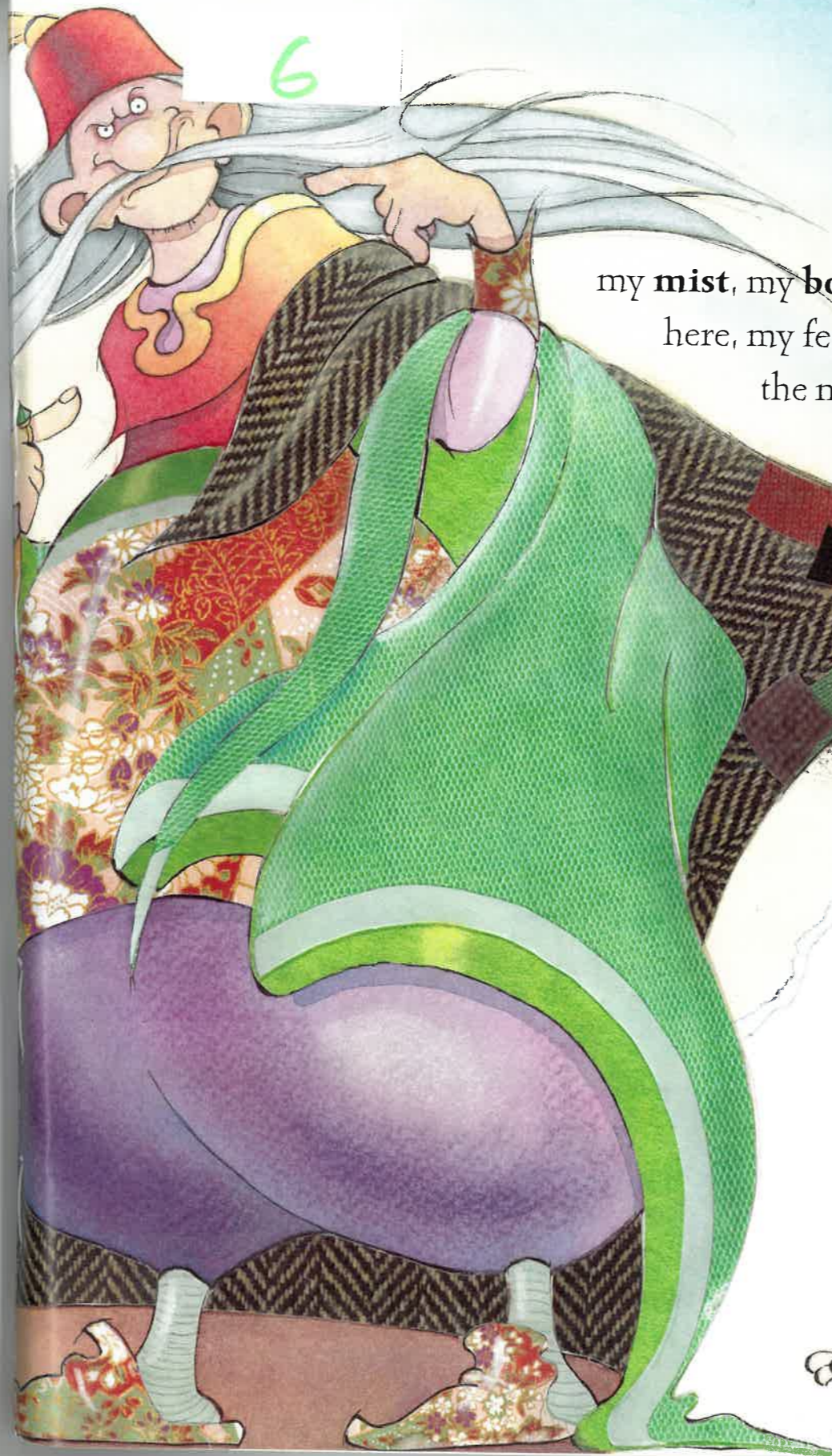




Three stone figures -  
silent and still - stood  
in the middle of  
the room where the  
*mysterious stranger*  
(with the sneaky smile)  
revealed what he  
really was.







6

A wizard, of course - who'd been in disguise -  
now *that* would explain a lot!


"So! Little Stinky Socks!" he boomed at Sir  
Charlie. "You made it to the tower! You got through  
my **mist**, my **bog**, my **maze**, and even my **piercing thorns**. But  
here, my fearless, foolish friend, you'll meet your match in **me** -  
the most powerful Wizard that ever there was from the  
top of the twisty beanstalk.

I have bewitched the  
creatures in the forest and your  
friends in this tall, tall tower."


"Why?" said Sir Charlie to the wicked wizard.  
"What did they do to you?"







“They had a **rip-roaring party**  
So I turned them all to **stone**  
can turn them back  
than magic can  
get it?” sneered



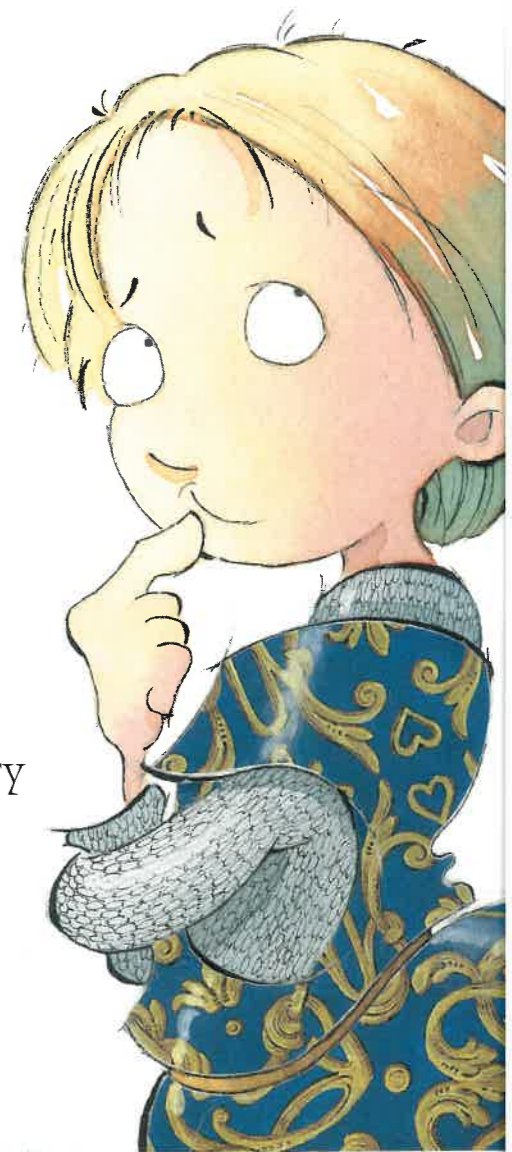
“**That power**  
but *they*  
of the  
is about  
**out!**

of course, but they didn't invite *me!*

– see? – and not even *you* my brave little knight  
again. Because, only a power mightier  
break this *dreadfull spell*. And don't y  
the wicked wizard.

**is in your socks . . .**  
are at the bottom  
tower and time  
to run  
**Ha!”**

No point arguing with an angry  
wizard – at least not at a time  
like this. If Sir Charlie were going  
to save his friends he'd have to . . .



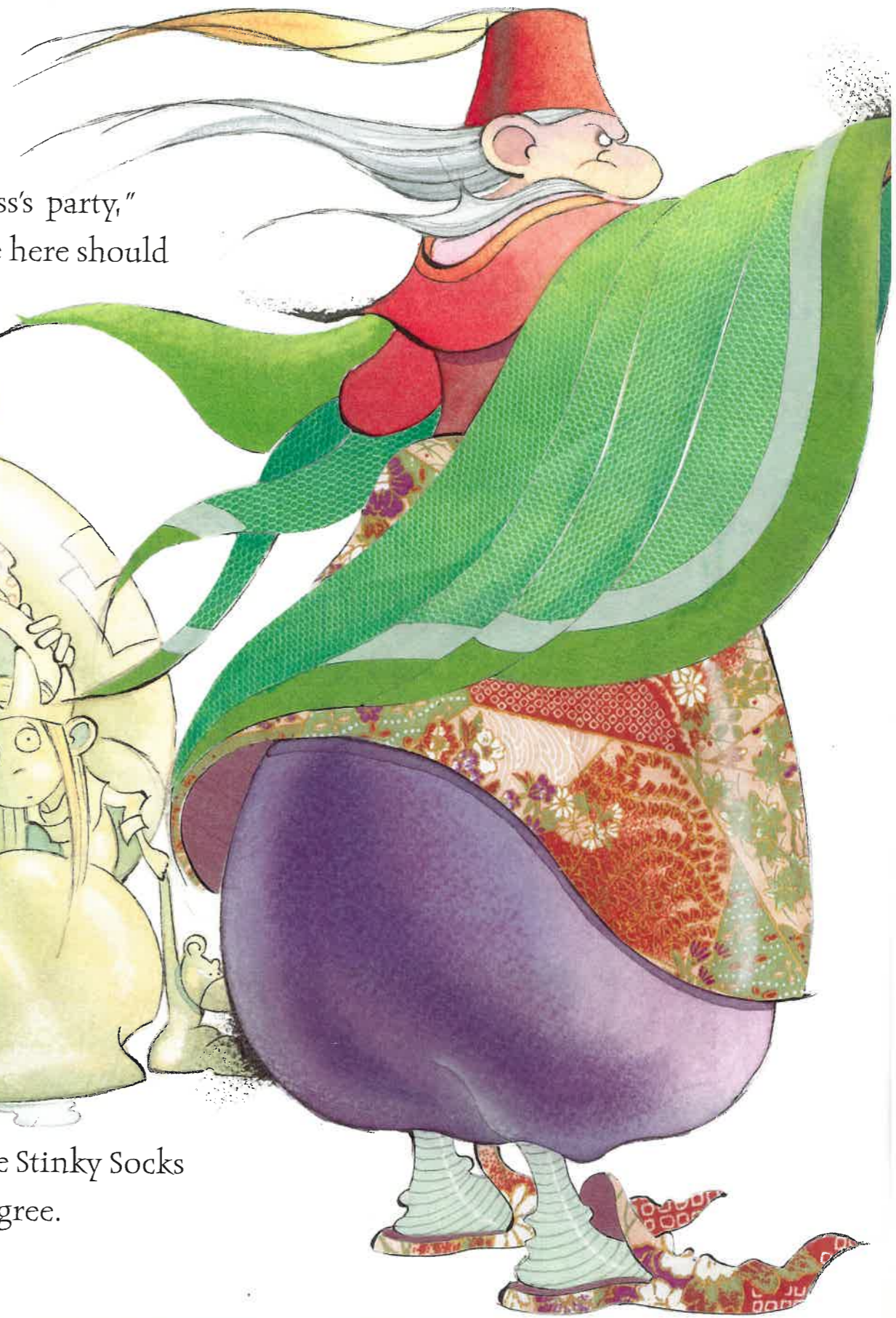


... take **the blame!**

"I brought everyone to the Princess's party,"  
said the honest knight. "If anyone here should  
be turned to stone, I think  
it should be me."



How tragic then for Sir Charlie Stinky Socks  
that the Wizard was quick to agree.





11

10



He lifted up his fearsome wand and pointed it at Sir Charlie.

## But wait!

What was that coming in through the window?

A faithful, fearless cat, no less!  
Who got to the top of the  
tall, tall tower just as the  
Wizard cast his *spell*...





Envelope leaped in front of Sir Charlie to take the terrible blow.

At that self-same second, in the tall, tall tower . . .

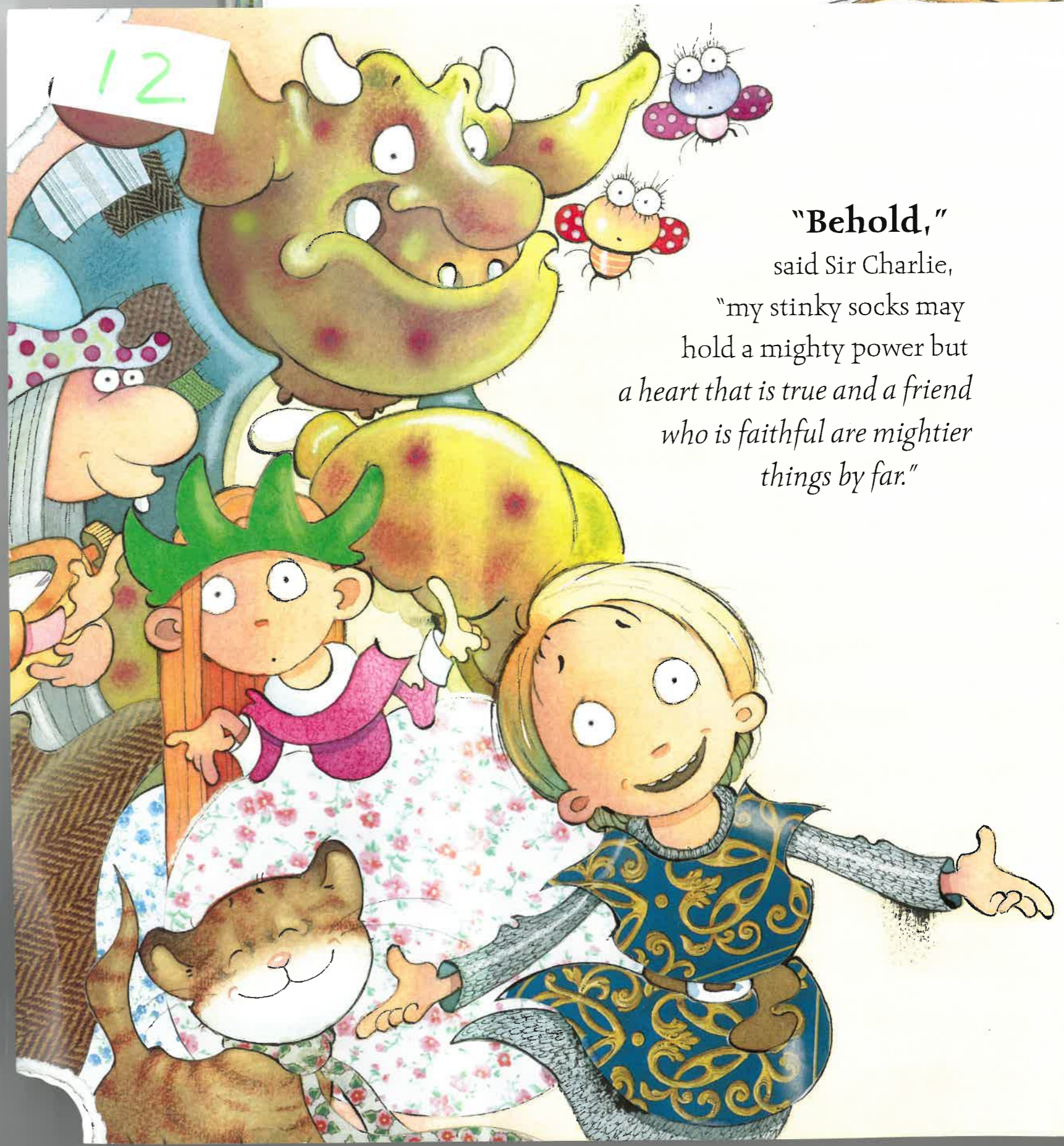
. . . the sands of time ran out!

But instead of the cat  
being turned to stone,  
something incredible happened.

The dreadful spell was broken!







12

**"Behold,"**

said Sir Charlie,

*"my stinky socks may  
hold a mighty power but  
a heart that is true and a friend  
who is faithful are mightier  
things by far."*



By tea-time there was laughter in the tall, tall tower  
as the sun broke through the *mists*. Sir Charlie  
took out the piece of cake he'd brought from the  
princess's party and with a *choppity chop*  
of his trusty sword he—

**Hold your horses!**

(And the tea!)



Even with his sword – how could  
Sir Charlie make one piece of cake  
go among so many?





11

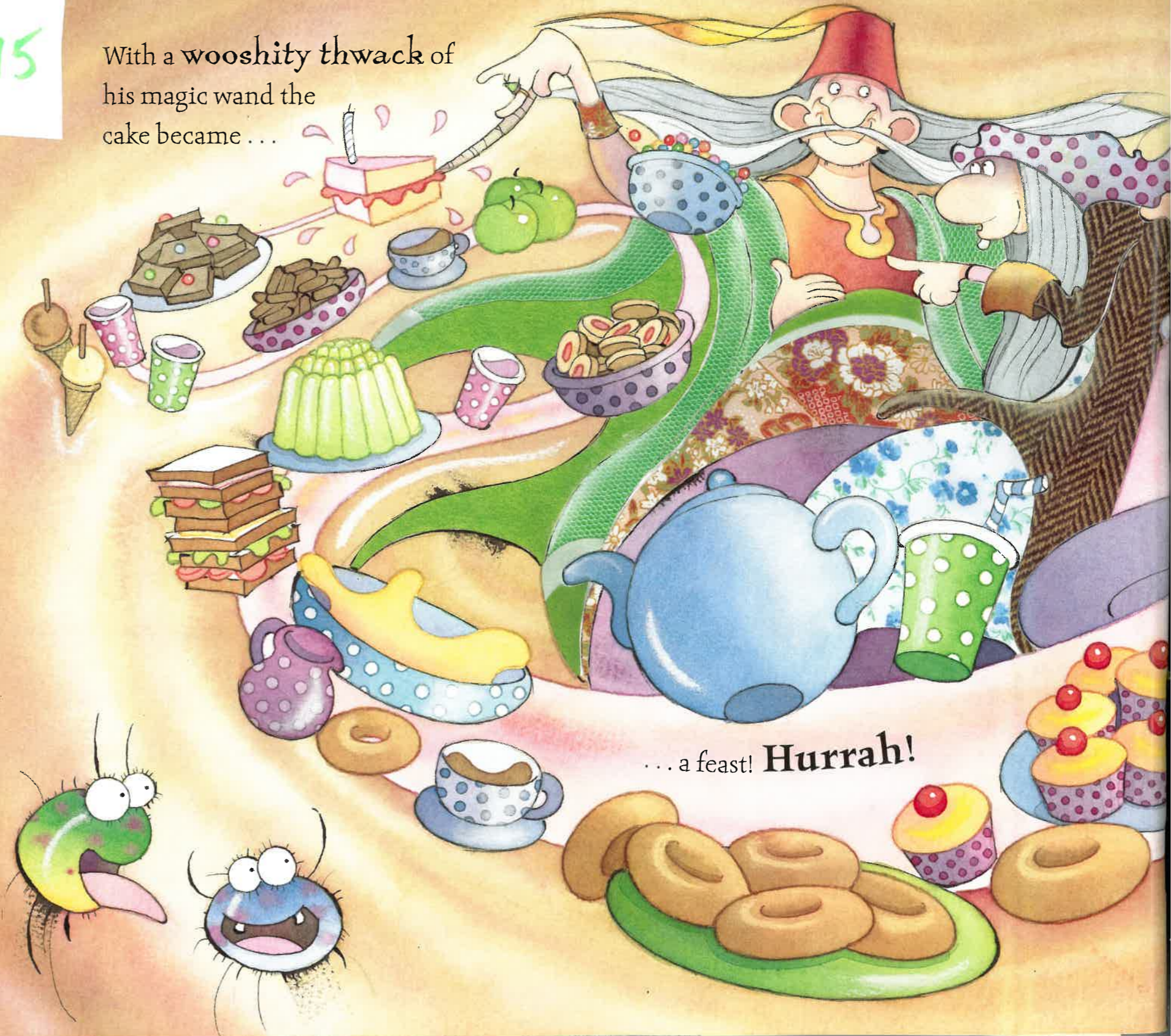
14

*Unless . . . oh yes . . .*

. . . the Wizard was  
sorry and wanted  
to make amends.



With a *wooshity thwack* of his magic wand the cake became ...



... a feast! **Hurrah!**

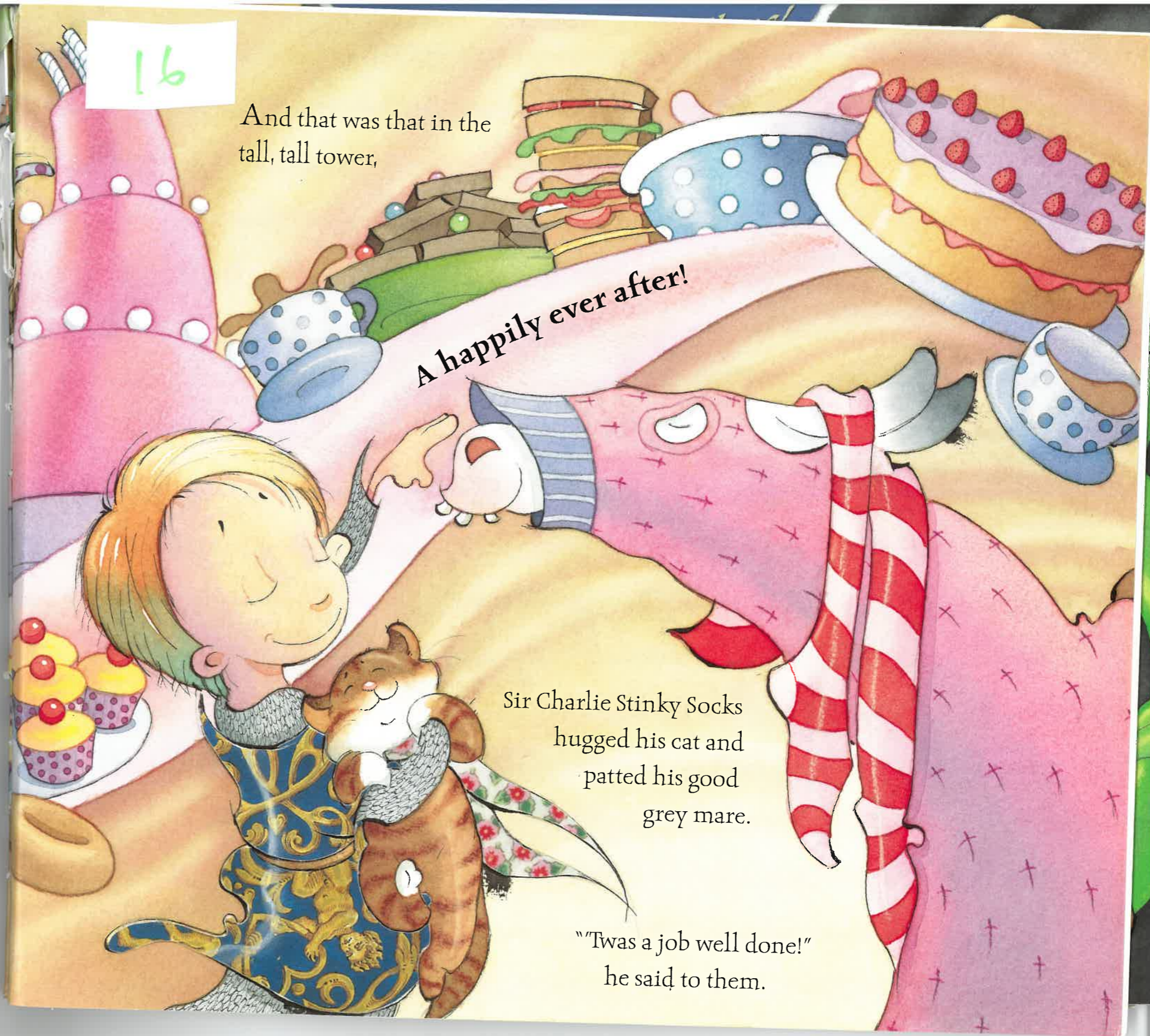


And that was that in the  
tall, tall tower,

*A happily ever after!*

Sir Charlie Stinky Socks  
hugged his cat and  
patted his good  
grey mare.

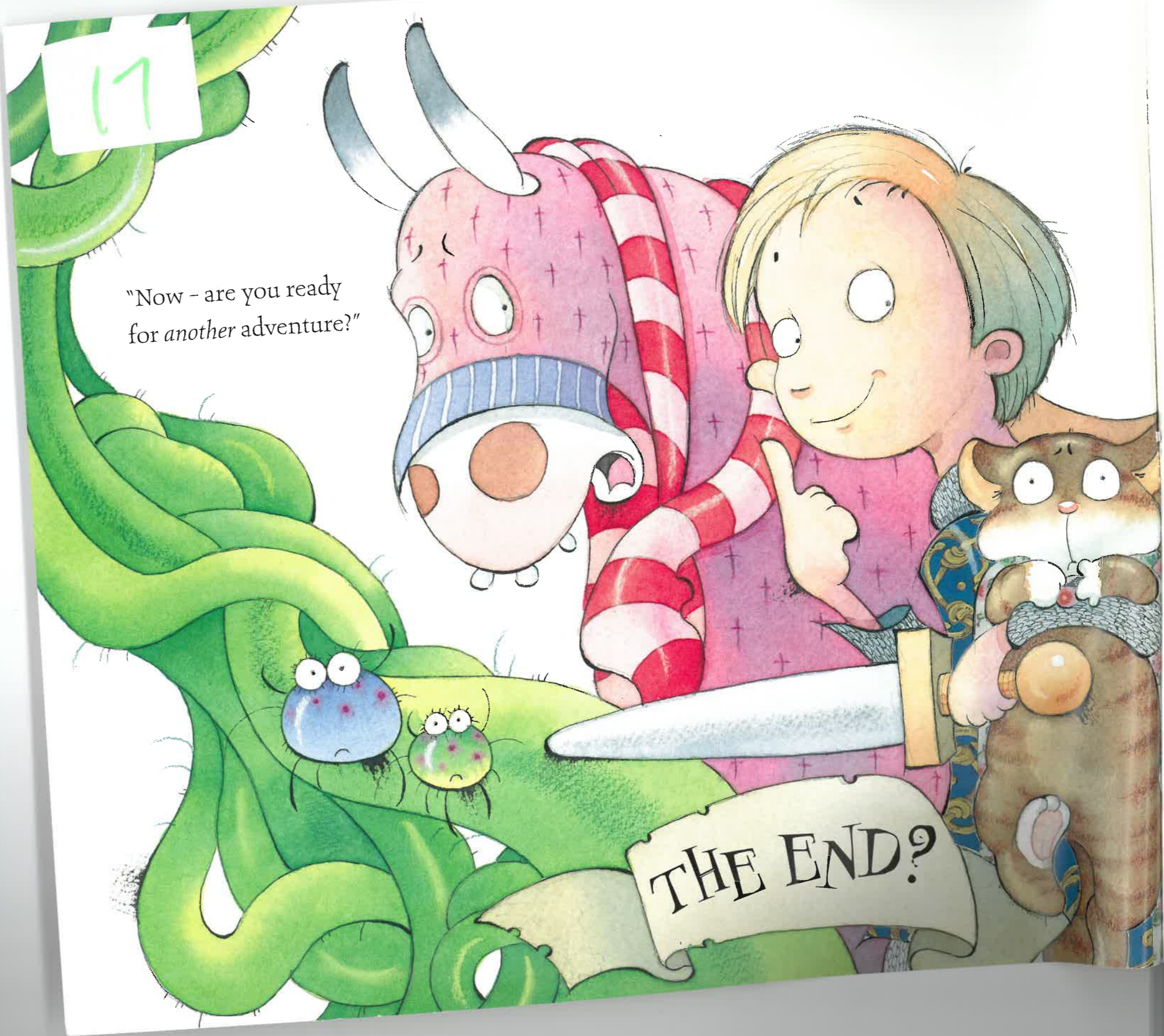
"'Twas a job well done!"  
he said to them.





17

"Now - are you ready  
for another adventure?"



THE END?



