



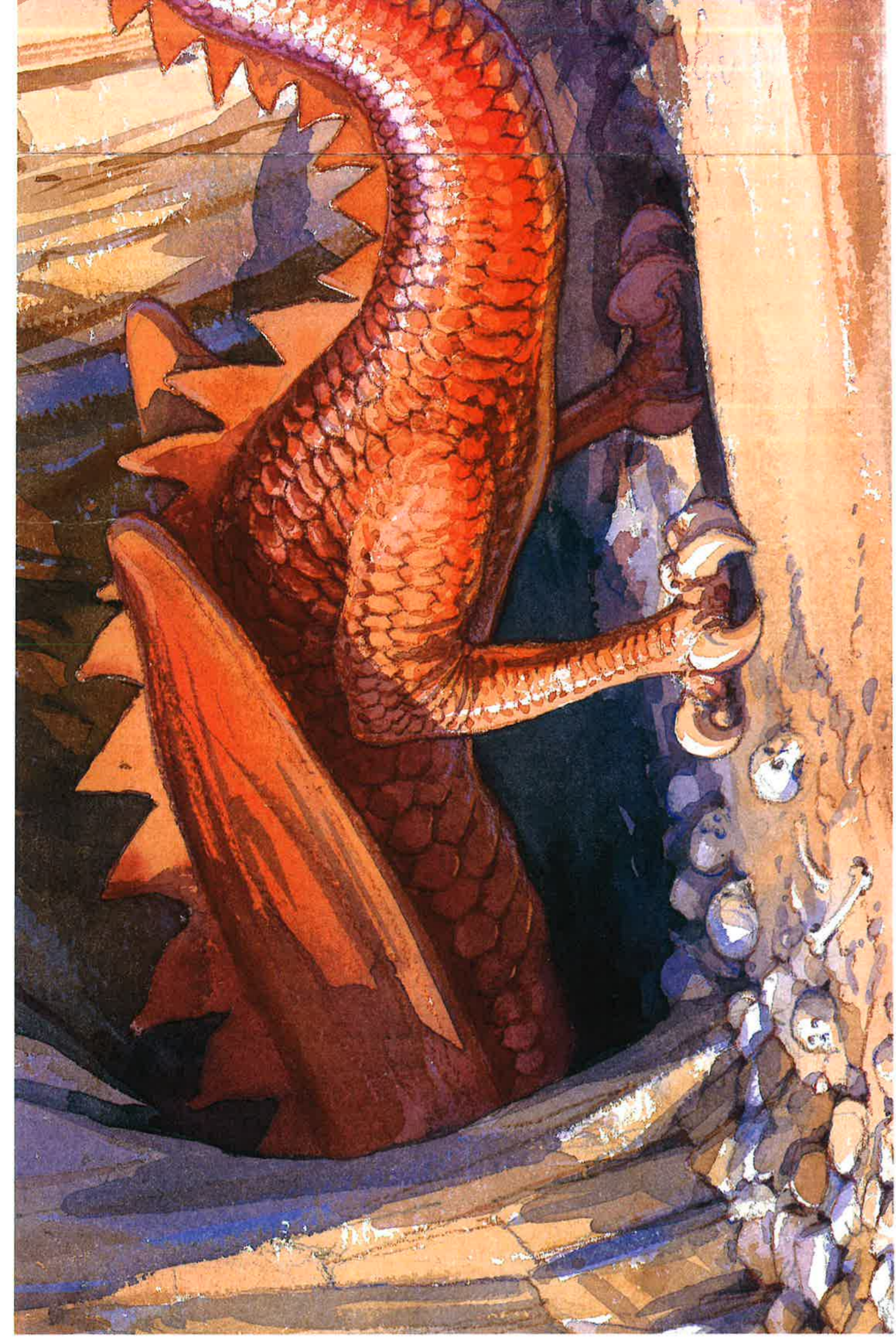
Far, far away in the high, high mountains

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in a deep, deep valley in a dark, dark cave...



there lived a mighty dragon.



He could fly higher than the clouds

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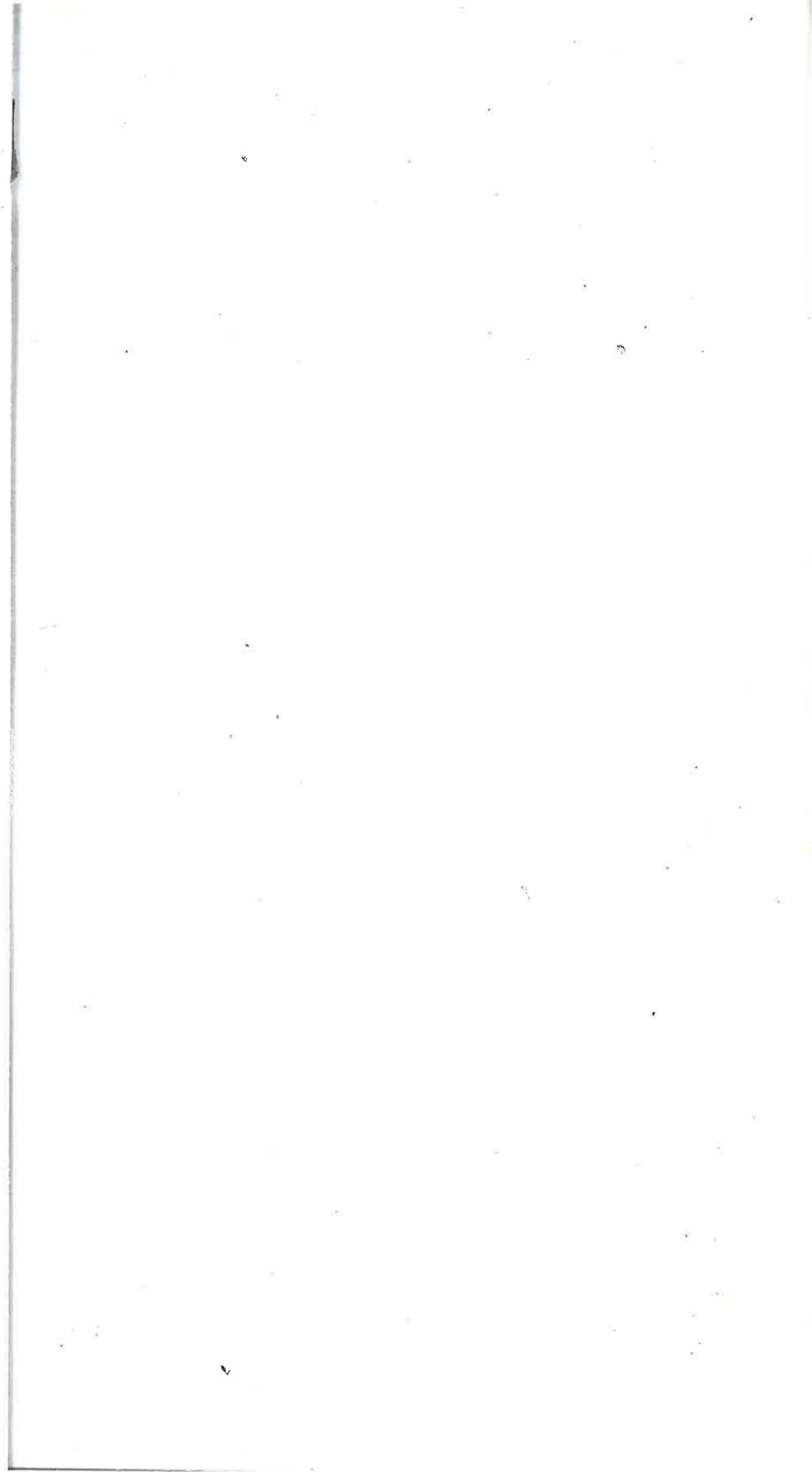
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and faster than all the birds.



He could burn down a forest

wit





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with a blast of his fiery breath.



He could smash a castle wall

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fall

with a flick of his mighty tail.



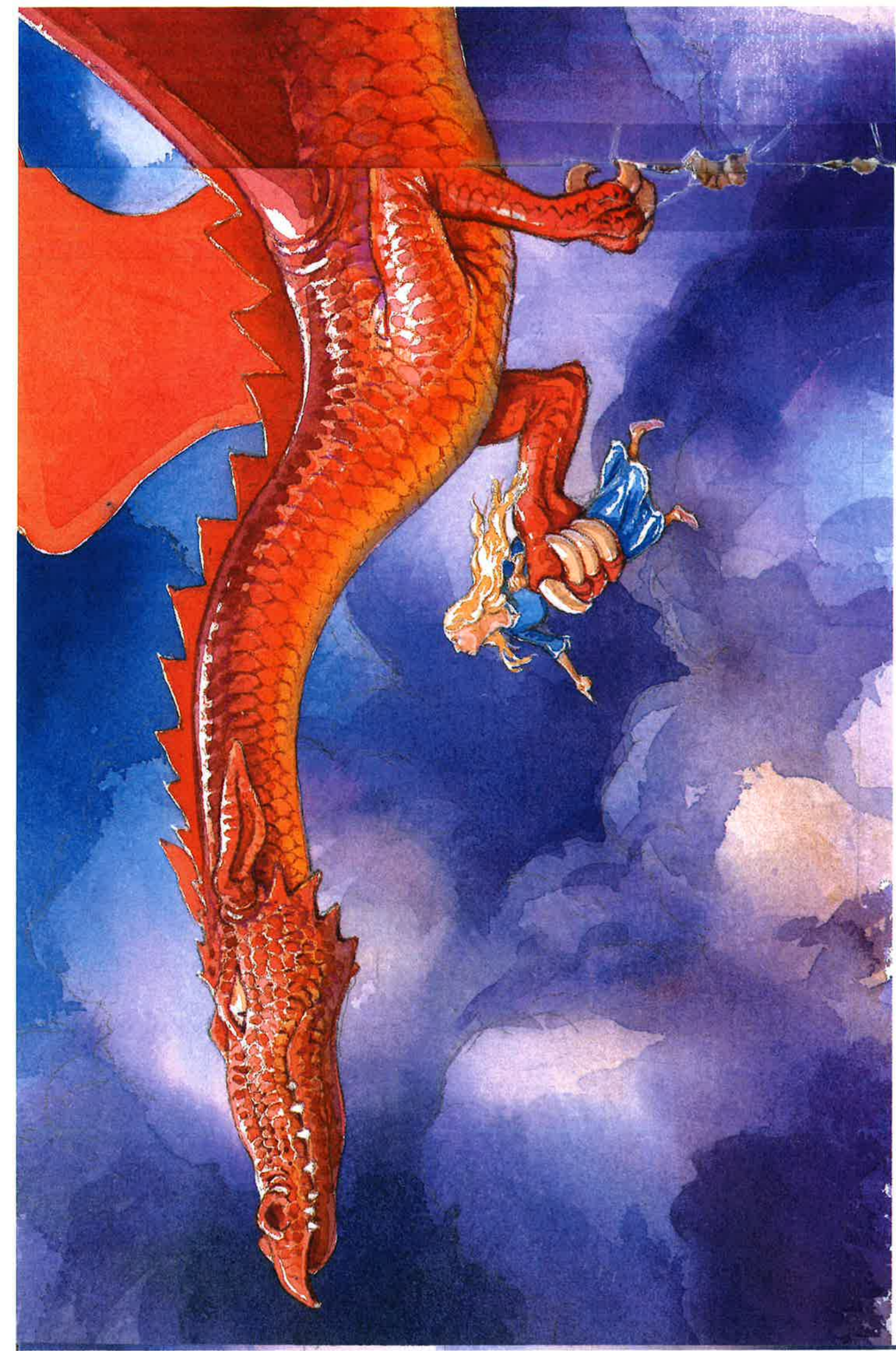
And he could brush away an army

wit



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with a sweep of his monstrous wing.



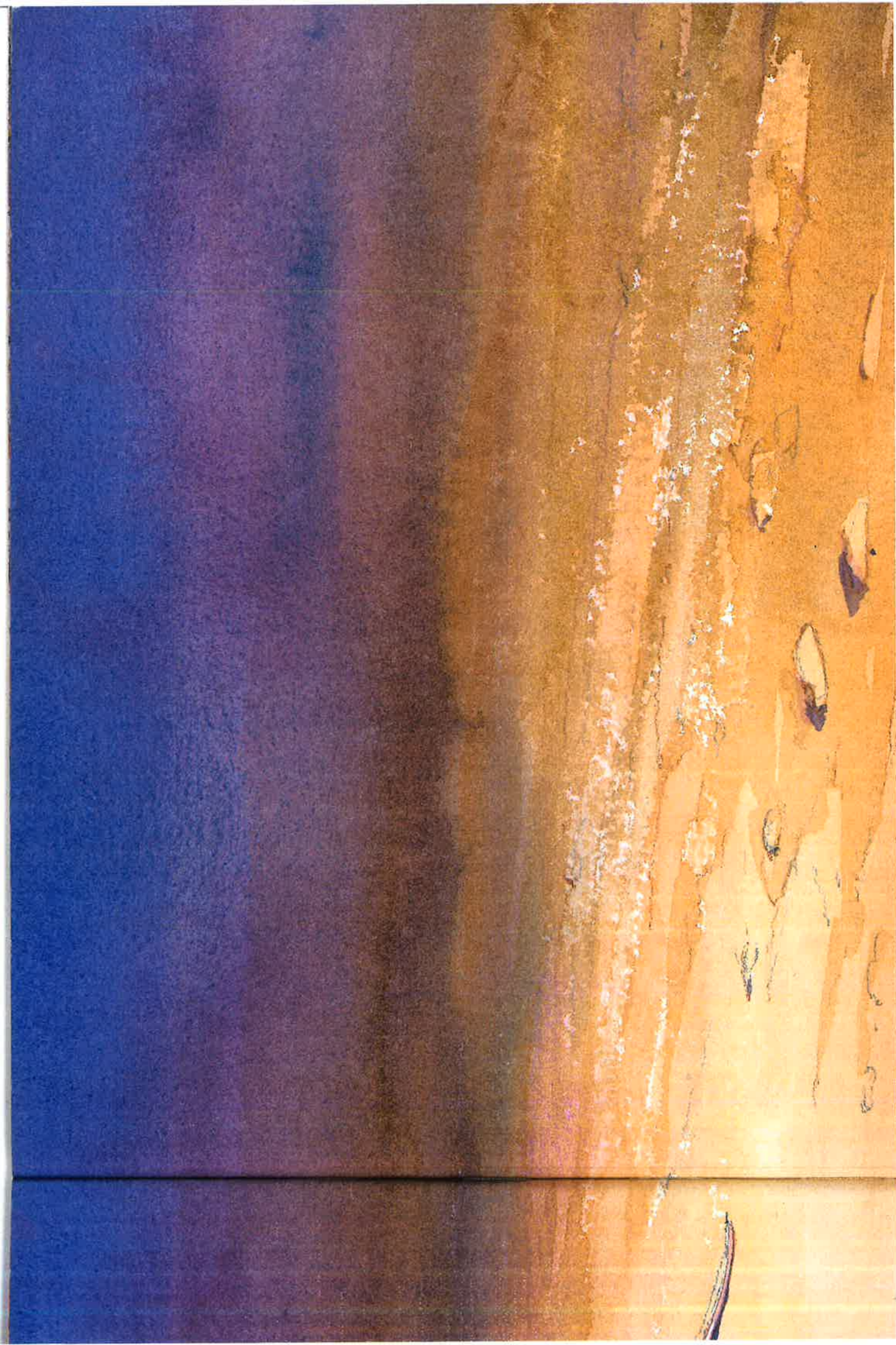
There was nothing so fierce and so terrible
as the mighty dragon.



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But he had a secret. A big secret, well,
actually, a very small secret...

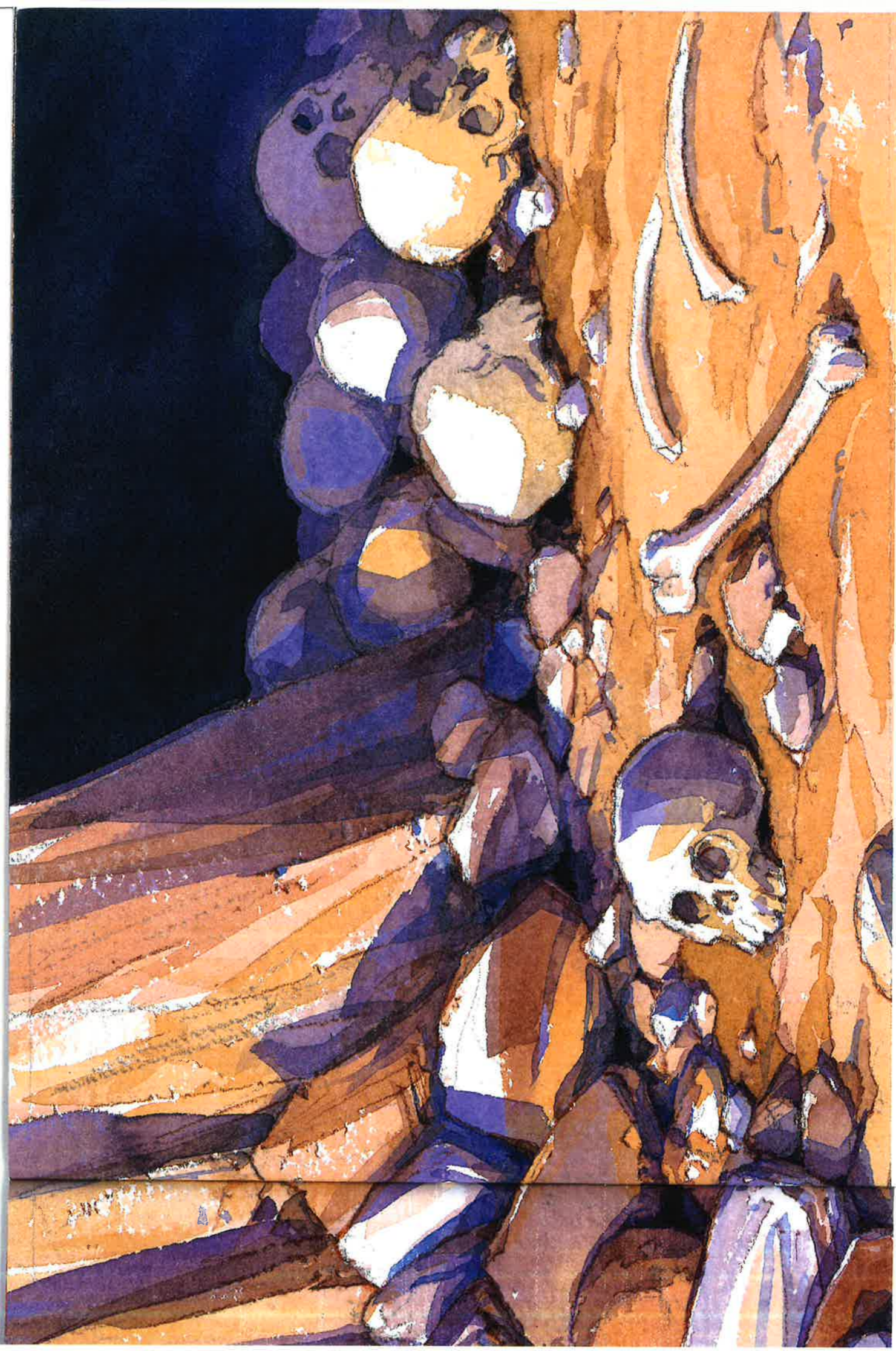




he was terrified of mice!



Which was a pity, because that very day a mouse moved into the cave just next door.



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r.

His name was George.



Now, George didn't much care for the
cave next door. It was cold and dark
and draughty.



The previous owner had been a bat,
so the fixtures and furnishings were
most inconvenient.

And the nearest cheese shop was
miles and miles away.



George was feeling rather miserable.

And to make matters worse...

he had NO SUGAR for his tea!



'I know,' said George, 'I'll just pop next door and see if I can borrow some.'

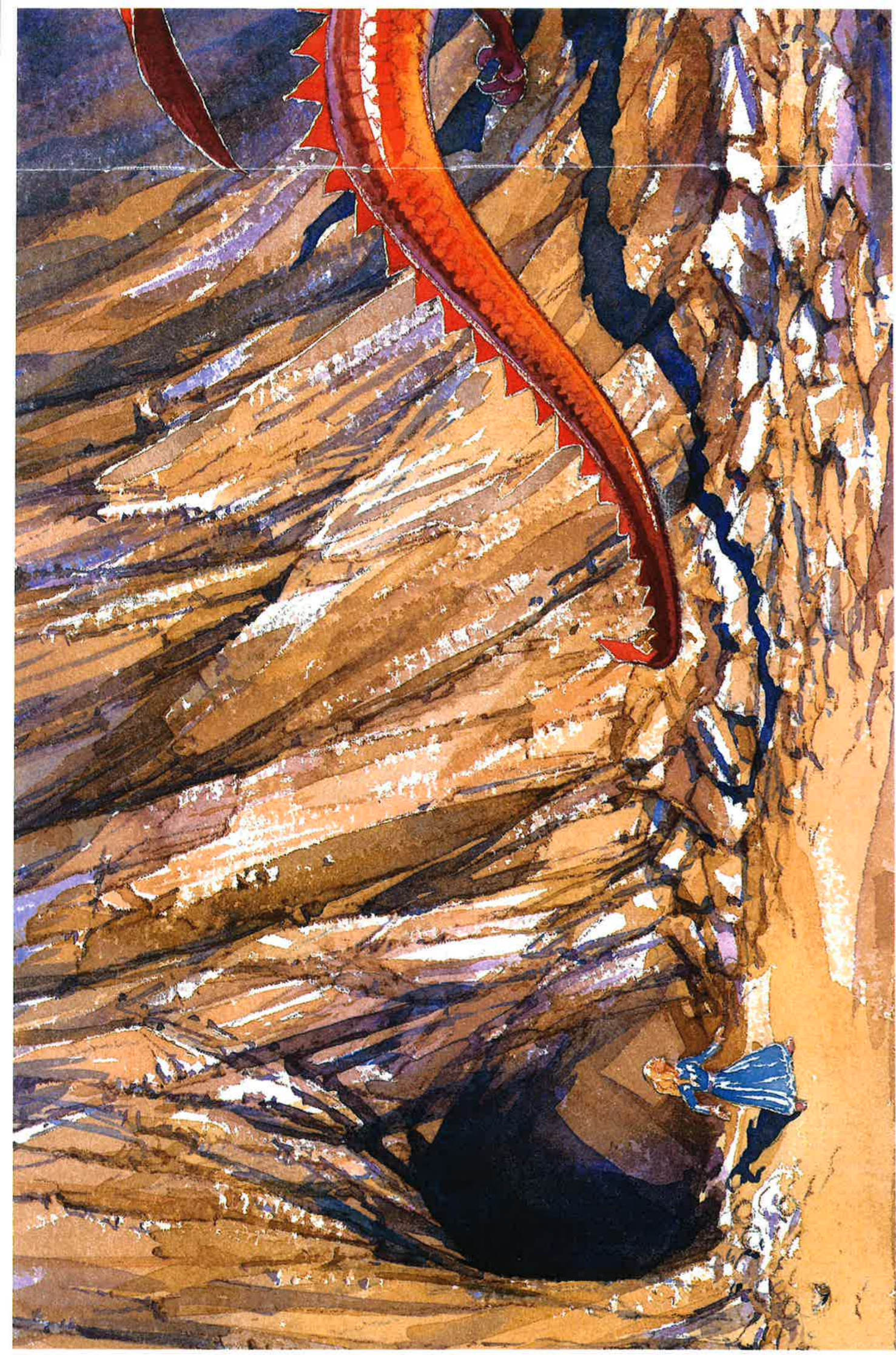
So he did.



'I say, you couldn't loan me a couple of lumps of sugar, could you?' asked George.



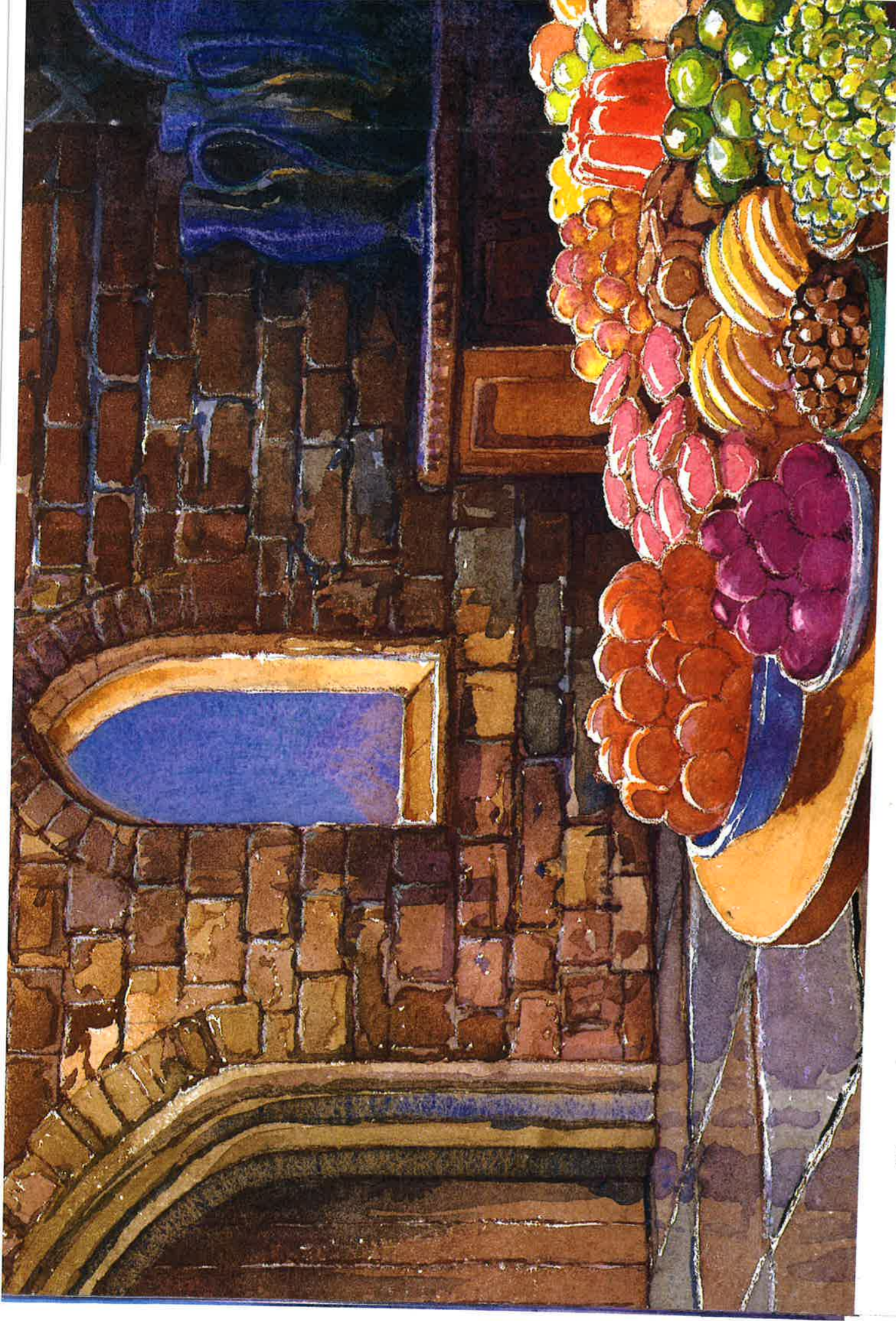
'AAAAAAAAGHI!' screamed the dragon.



And fled.



'Oh, blow,' groaned George. 'No tea, then.'



But George did get his tea after all, with
two lumps of sugar. And he got cheese, too.

And nuts and berries and biscuits and



crackers and cream cheese sandwiches and
jelly and ice cream and fairy cakes with
pink icing and...



a cosy little hole in the castle wall.