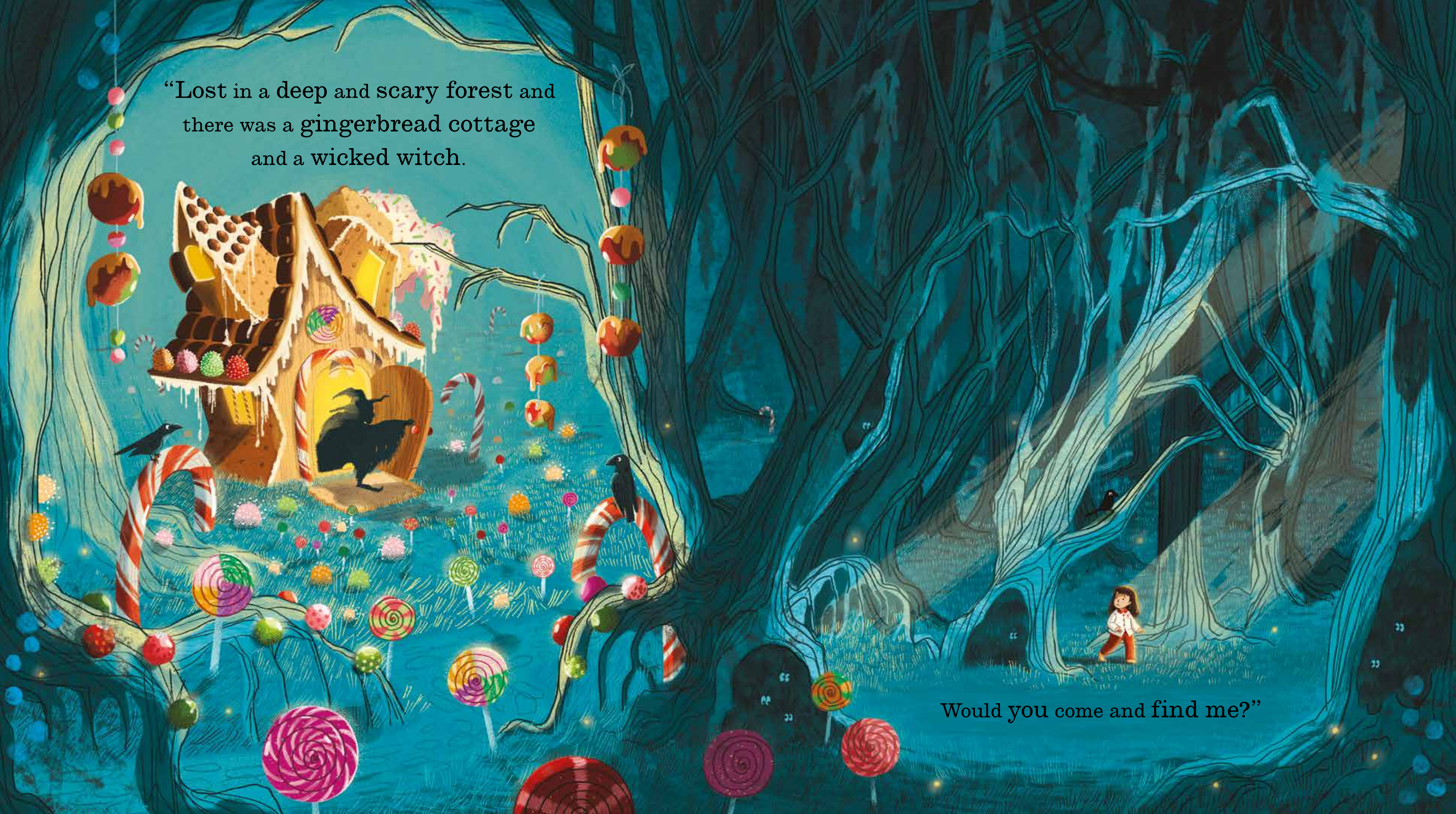


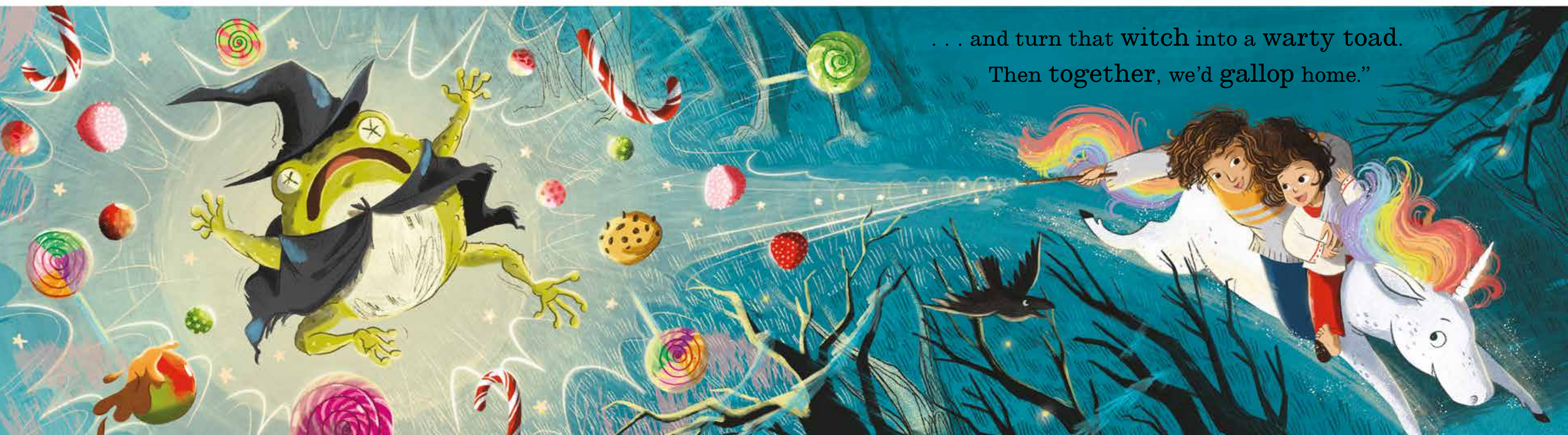
“Lost in a deep and scary forest and
there was a gingerbread cottage
and a wicked witch.



“Would you come and find me?”



“Yes, always,”
said Mum. “I’d ride to
the rescue on a unicorn . . .



. . . and turn that witch into a warty toad.
Then together, we’d gallop home.”



Nia frowned.

“But what if I was captured by a terrible beast because I tried to take a **rose** – and I was miles and **MILES** away from home?”

“Would you come and rescue me?”

“Yes, always!”

said Mum. “I’d fly to the rescue on a dragon . . .



. . . pluck you from the
TALLEST tower . . .

. . . and give that beast
a good telling off.



Then together,
we’d swoop home.”