You might think that **manners** don't matter. You might find **politeness** a bore. But after I've told you what happened to Bill, you'll see they could not matter **more**.

> Thank you!

It started when Bill wanted ice cream. He asked for **Six** scoops –

MR SiMON'S

barrow

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"Give me loads!"

But as he forgetfully didn't say please ...

... he was kidnapped



And then, on a whim, they'd flown down and picked him to join in their tour of the **Stars**!

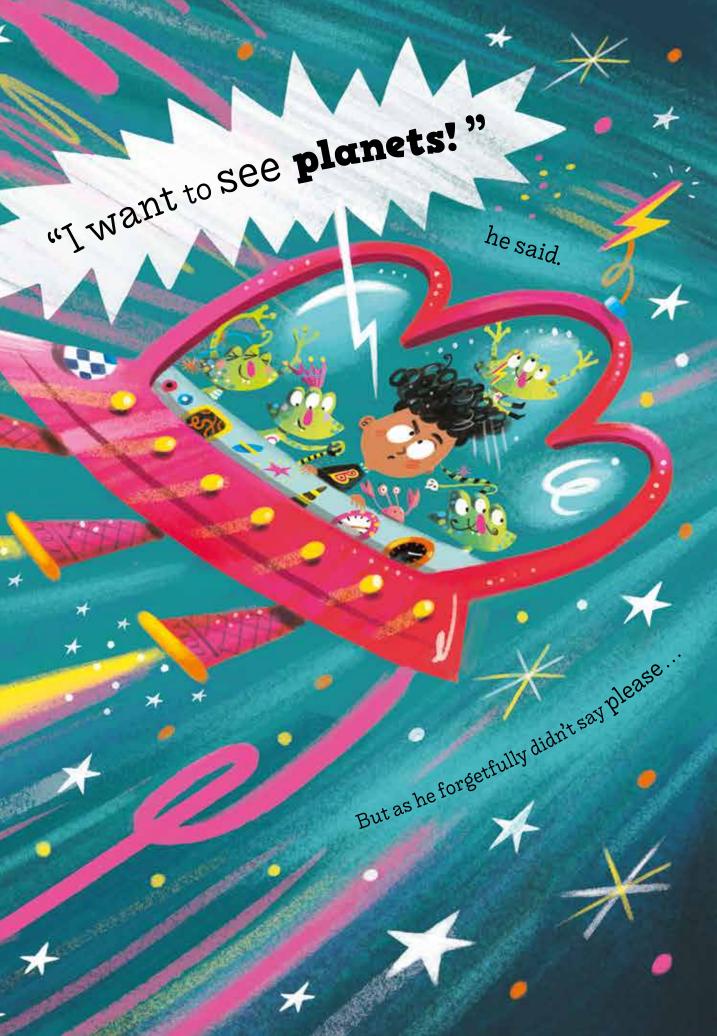
he learned that they'd travelled from Mars.

The toads were content, but Bill wasn't.

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Bill found himself inside their spaceship;



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··· they

crashed

in the

jungle

instead.

Bill took in the **beautiful** setting, but soon he was filled with **dismay,** on catching a glimpse

of the tigers

and chimps

and **CTOCS** that were heading his way...