

Somehow towards the end of town, in a small cottage, surrounded by a spacious garden, lived the red haired Anne with her mother. Her name was Anne Ravenhead, but to everyone she was simply "Red". That didn't bother her because somehow the name just suited her.



Anne wasn't an easy person to live with, especially for the toys, although they never complained. Although she normally was a very considerate child, there were times when she just flew into a rage, and then woe betide the toys!

This is disgraceful! We only bought it a week ago and it's already totally wrecked. Listen to me: You're not getting any more toys from me until Christmas!

Well, it's got lice and I had to do something about it.

Ding-Dong!



Mama, Mama, Mr. ...er.. um

Laptsev. Nerod Laptsev.



Mr Laptsev sells toys. His huge trunk is full of them!

I am in fact a member of an ancient and, alas, declining craft guild. We define ourselves as 'toy salvagers'. But we introduce ourselves as salesmen.



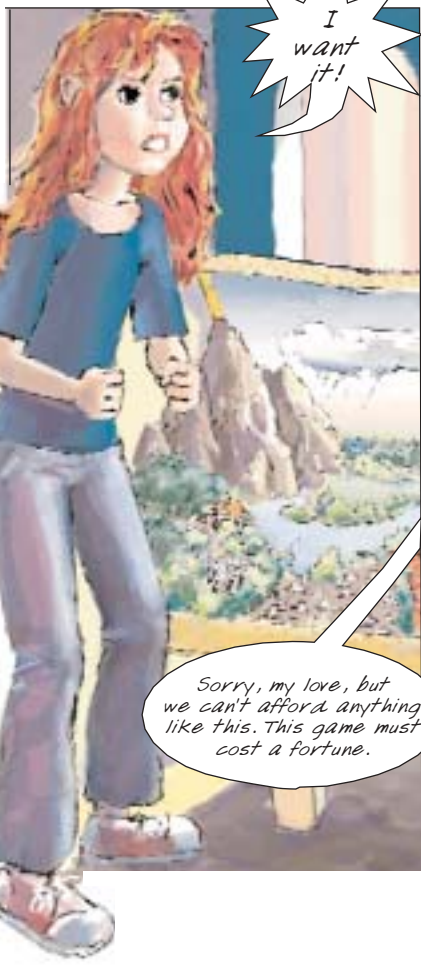
I gather you are some sort of collector. But you won't find anything interesting here, I am afraid. Poor things don't survive long at this place.





*That's amazing! I can hardly believe my eyes. Whatever will technology come up with next!*

*Well, a somewhat forgotten technology, if you don't mind me saying, Madam. This game is much older than we might imagine.*



*I want it!*

*Sorry, my love, but we can't afford anything like this. This game must cost a fortune.*



*One can hardly measure the value of such a game in financial terms.*

*But I MUST have it!*

*In this case I see only one possibility: to lend you the game for a few days.*



*But we haven't been able to offer you anything in exchange.*

