



A
A
A
A
A
H!

Where am I?
How did I get in
here?

Little girls are
tumbling down,
Tumbling down,
Tumbling down,
Little girls are
tumbling down,
My fair lady.



!?

Cool!
Who are you then?

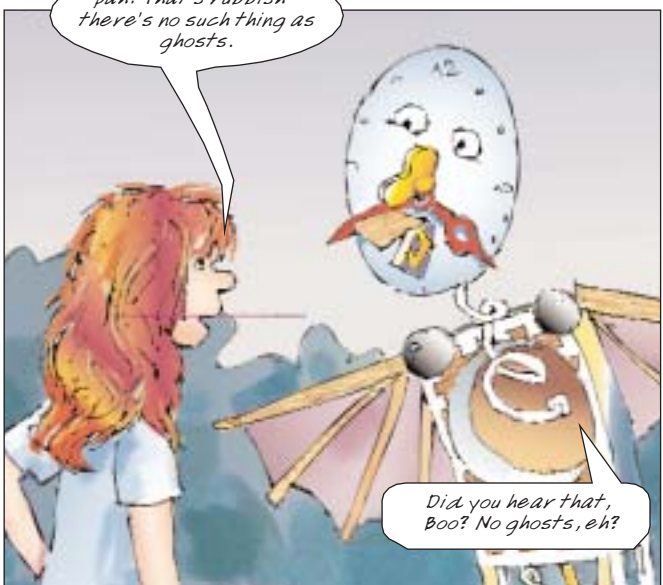


It seems we have guests. Oh, what an honour, what a great honour! Allow me to introduce myself, young lady: At your service, Quirk - free spirit, dreamer and poet.



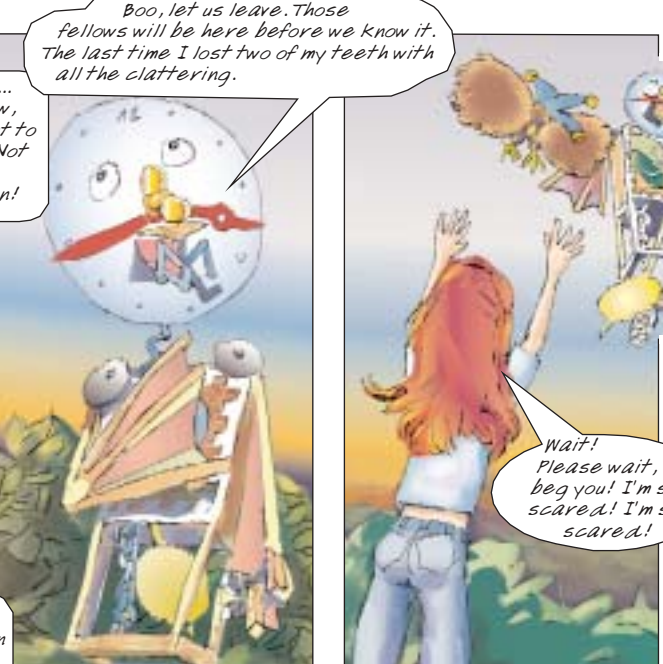
My name is Anne. What is this, some kind of Disneyland or what?

Disneyland? What poor taste! We are in the most splendid, the most secret and ...the most terrifying enchanted forest in the world. Welcome to the Ghost Forest, Anne!



Ghosts, pah! That's rubbish - there's no such thing as ghosts.

Did you hear that, Boo? No ghosts, eh?



Boo, let us leave. Those fellows will be here before we know it. The last time I lost two of my teeth with all the clattering.

Wait! Please wait, I beg you! I'm so scared! I'm so scared!



Alas, poor Yorick!... Where are your gibes now, your songs that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning - quite chop fallen!

Well, that chap Hamlet didn't want to believe in ghosts either. And look what a dreadful mess he found himself in at the end.