

the old wizard

our golden retriever

my aunt Gladys

the ancient crone

their next door neighbour

the jewel-encrusted dragon

the herd of Jersey cows

smoking a pipe

wagging his tail furiously

with a triumphant smile

nodding her head

without a thought for our safety

having torched the village

ignoring the ramblers

entered the room

greeted us like long-lost friends

brought in a huge plate of cakes

pointed us in the right direction

began to cut the tree down

turned his attention to the castle

continued to chew the grass

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