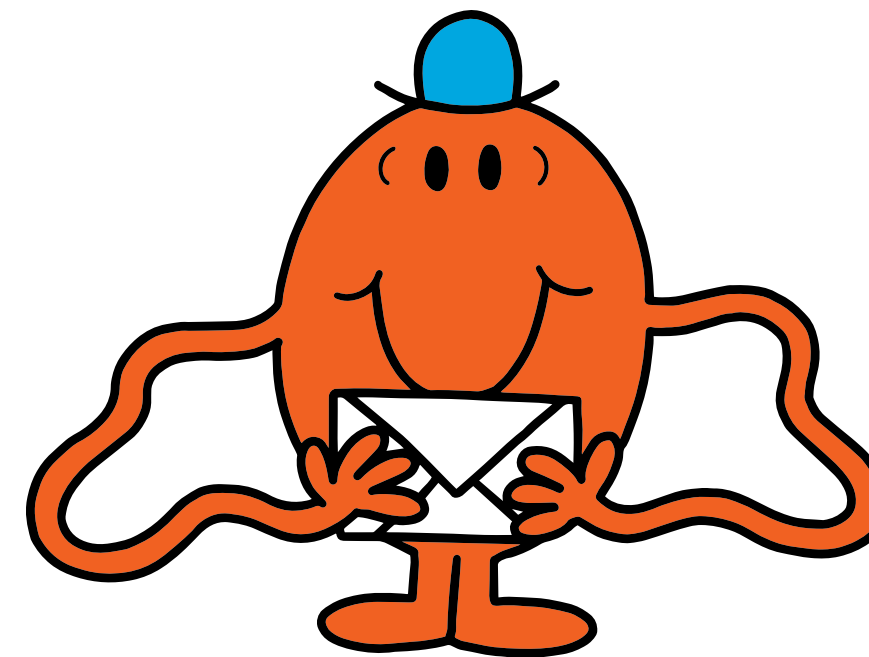


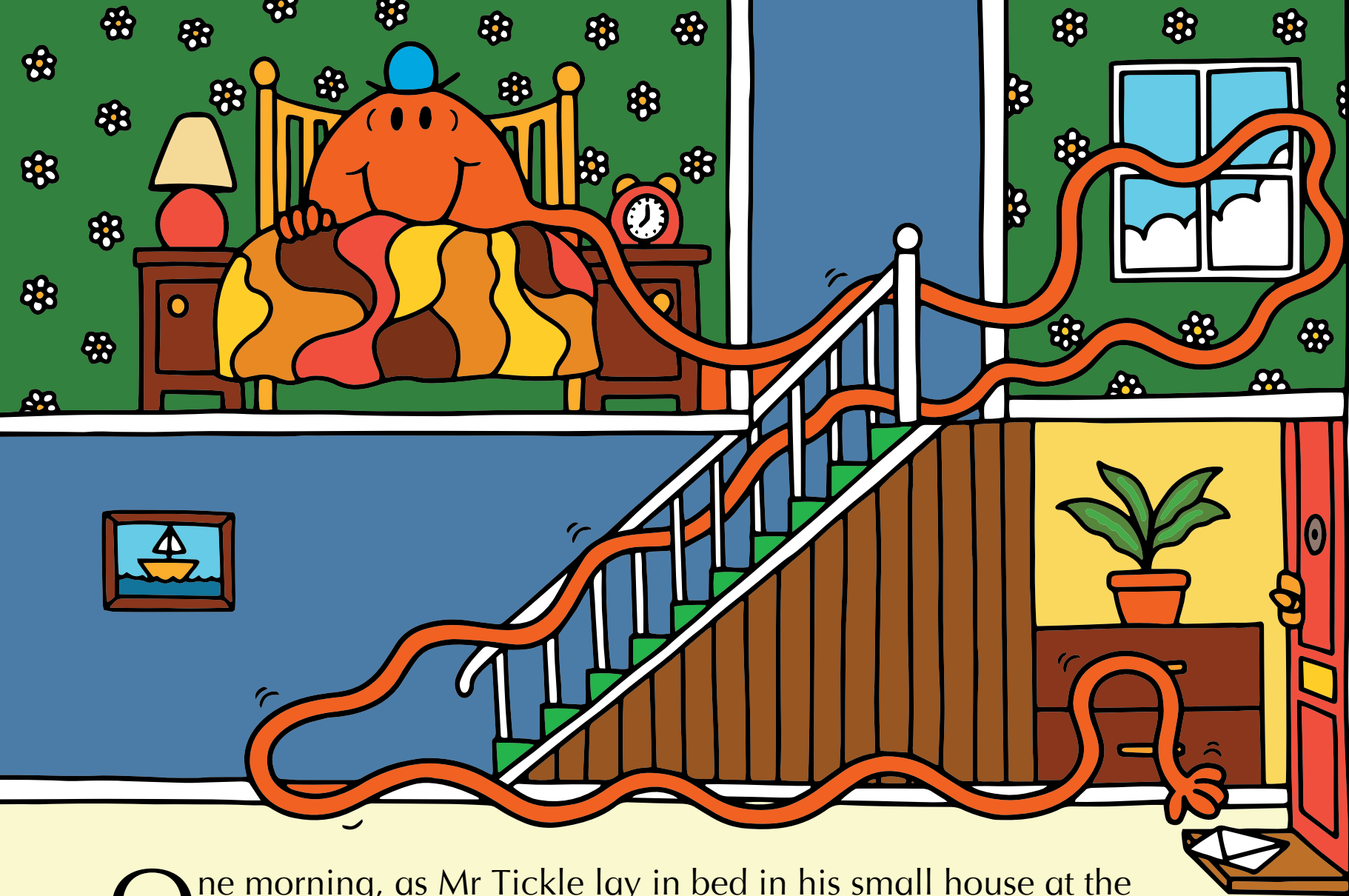


MR. TICKLE'S POST

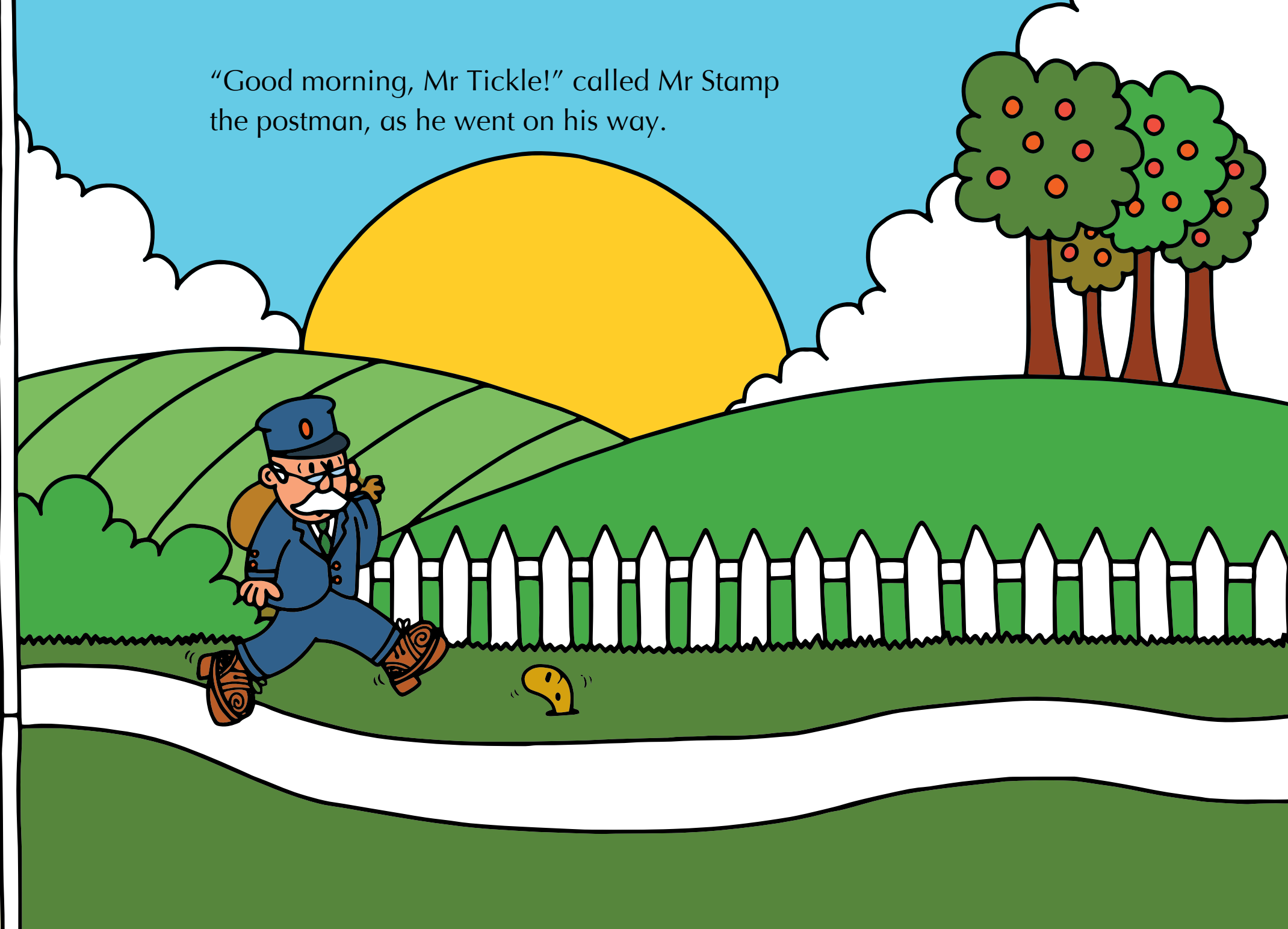
Roger Hargreaves




Farshore

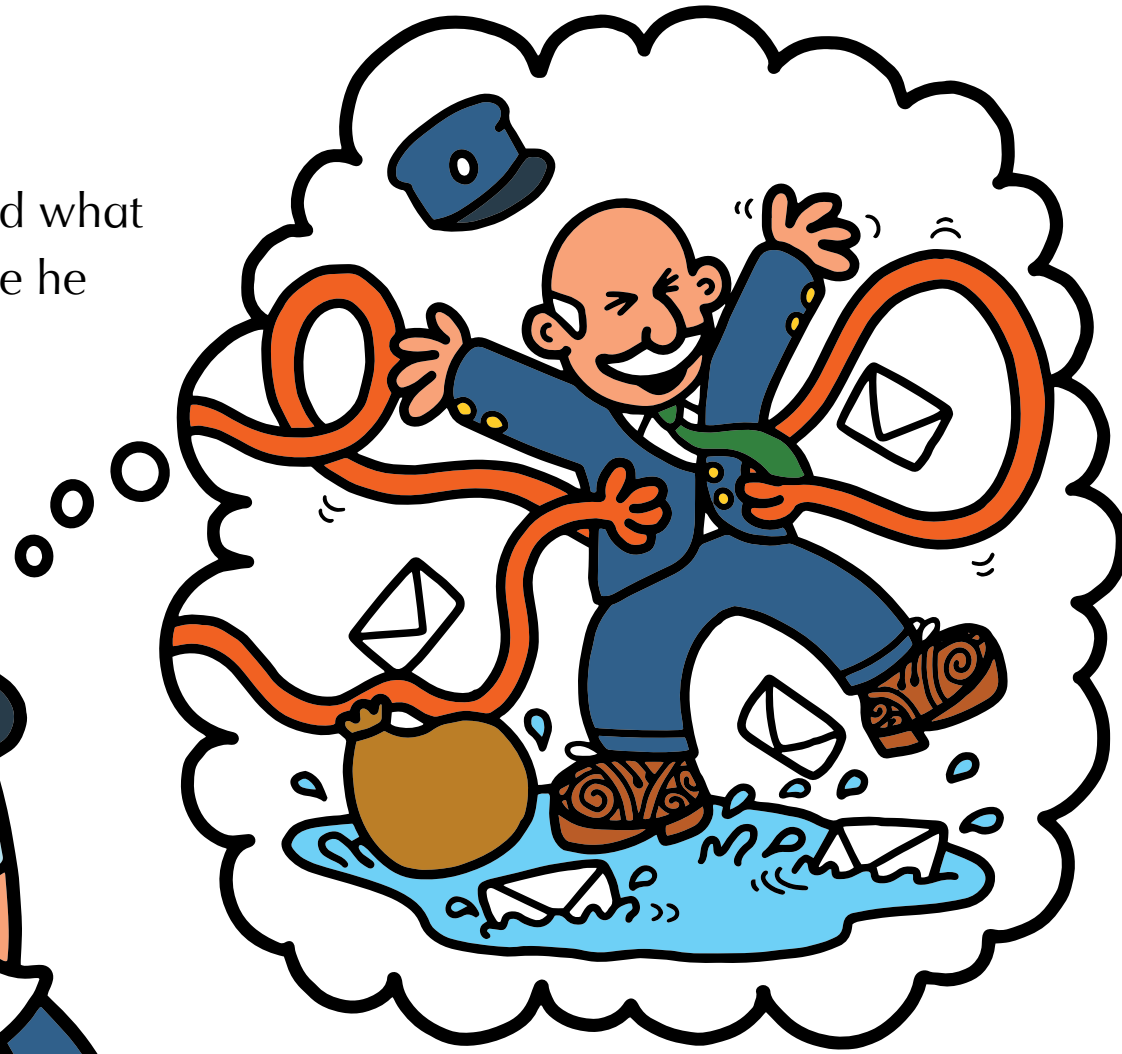


One morning, as Mr Tickle lay in bed in his small house at the other side of the wood, an envelope dropped through his letterbox. Quick as a flash, Mr Tickle's extraordinarily long arm reached around his bedroom door and down the stairs to pick it up.



"Good morning, Mr Tickle!" called Mr Stamp the postman, as he went on his way.

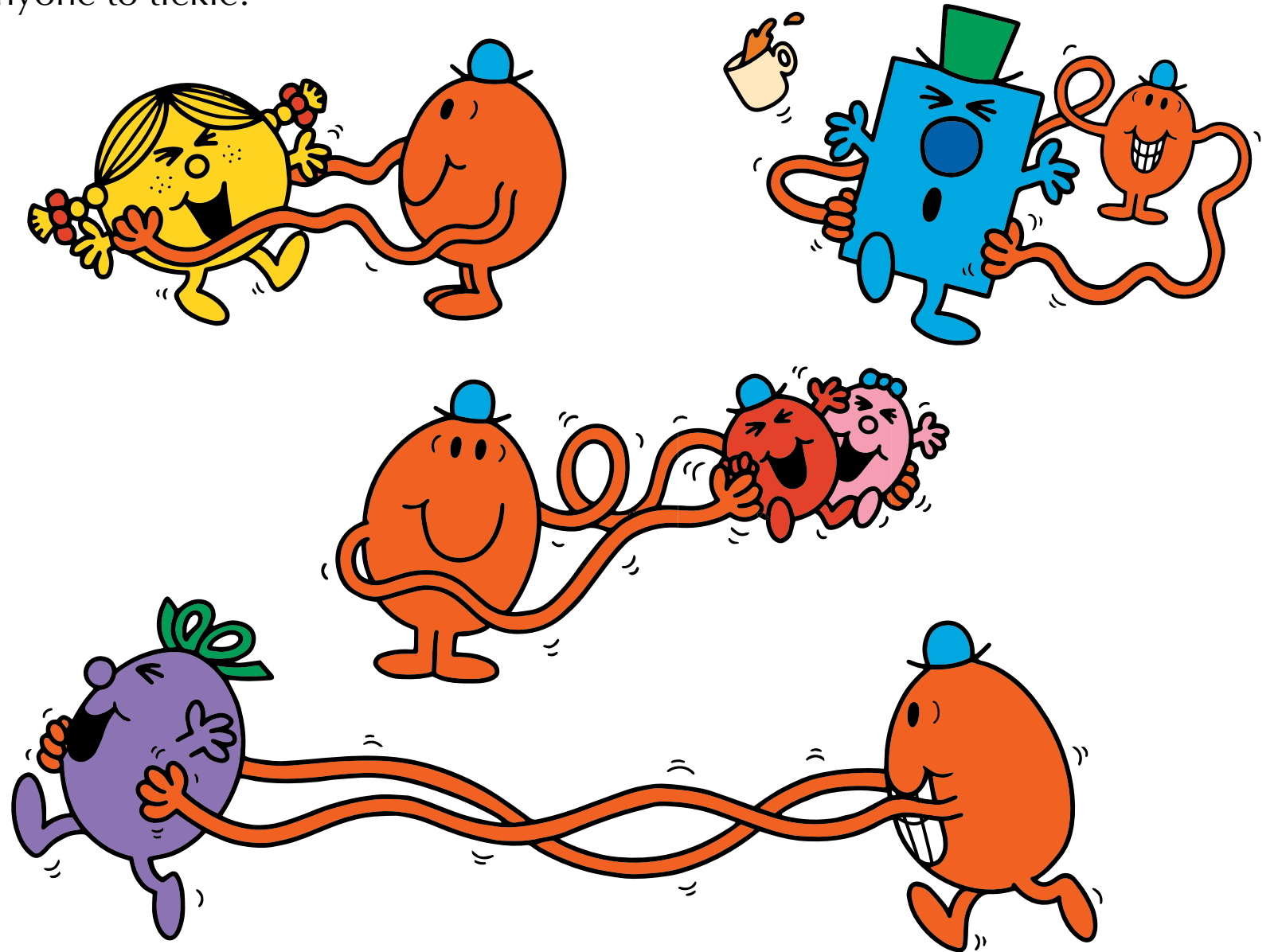
Mr Stamp remembered what happened the last time he met Mr Tickle.



He was tickled. And he dropped all his letters in a puddle!

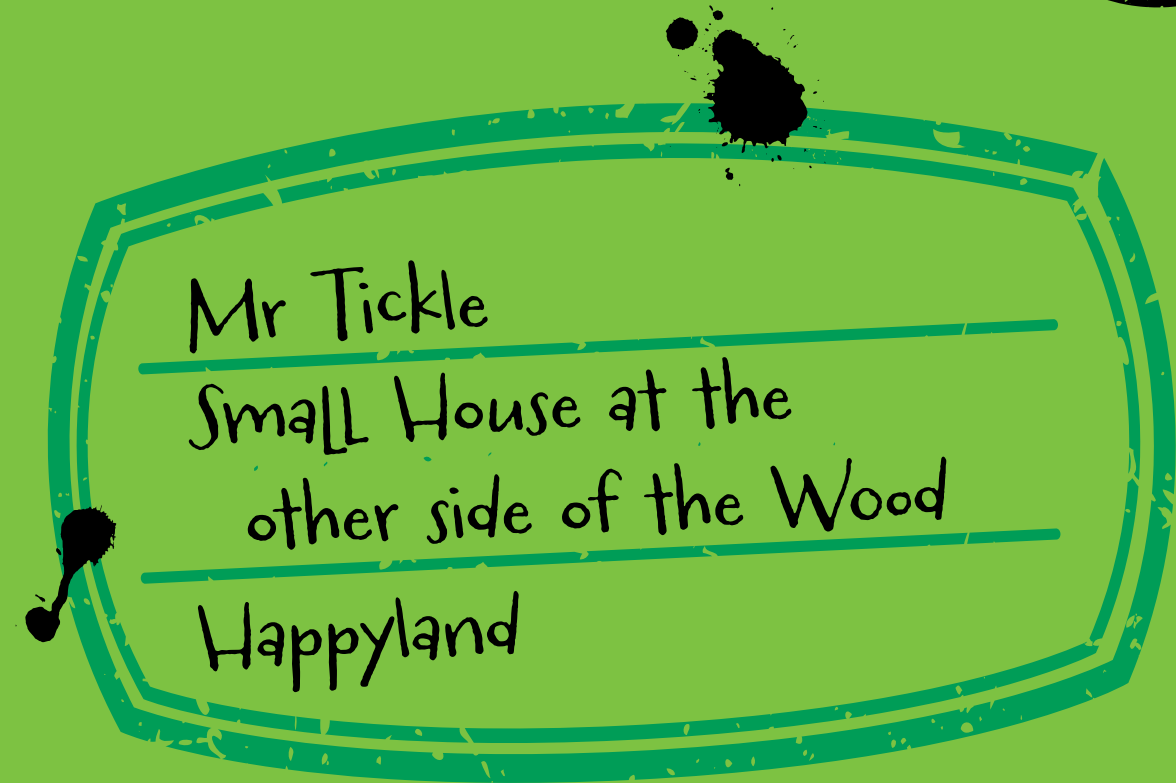
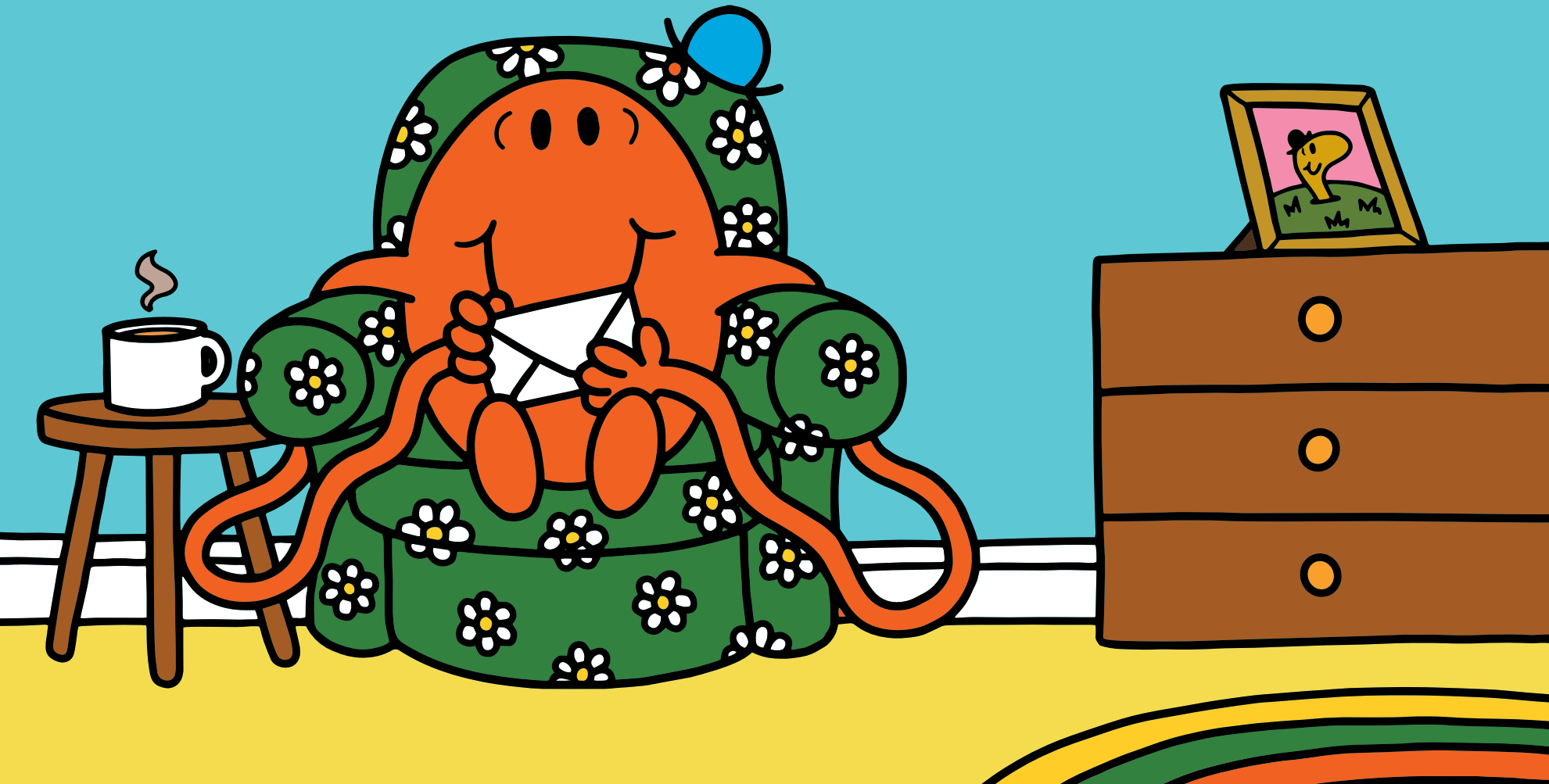
As soon as Mr Tickle is awake, he's looking for someone to tickle.

Anyone to tickle!



Every morning, Mr Tickle thinks to himself, "Today looks very much like a tickling day!"

And as it so happens, today he was being invited to tickle one of his friends in Nonsenseland! What fun!



Mr Silly,

The silliest looking house
you have ever seen,
Nonsenseland.

Dear Mr Tickle,

I hope you haven't lost your tickle as I think it's just
what we need in Nonsenseland.

Poor Mr Nonsense has lost his silliness and I hereby
invite you to Nonsenseland to tickle him!

There's nothing like a tickle to make someone smile.

See you soon for some ticklish fun,

From Mr Silly

