



Not every prince is a brave man. There are those who straddle the line between courage and cowardice. Once upon a time, one such prince came running to a wizard, begging him to work his magic against a dragon who was holding a princess, his chosen bride, hostage. The wizard put on a magical cloak, hid a magic wand in his sleeve, slung a leather bag on

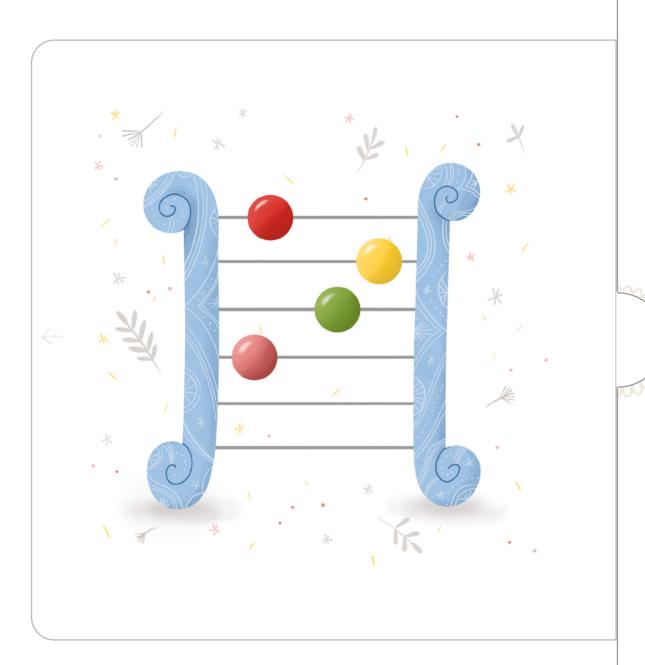


his shoulder, and set off with the princeling to the dragon lair. "How many

heads does that dragon of yours actually have, Your Esteemed Highness?"

sent the ground shaking and suddenly there was a dragon standing before

he asked the royal junior along the way. But then boom! A terrible roar

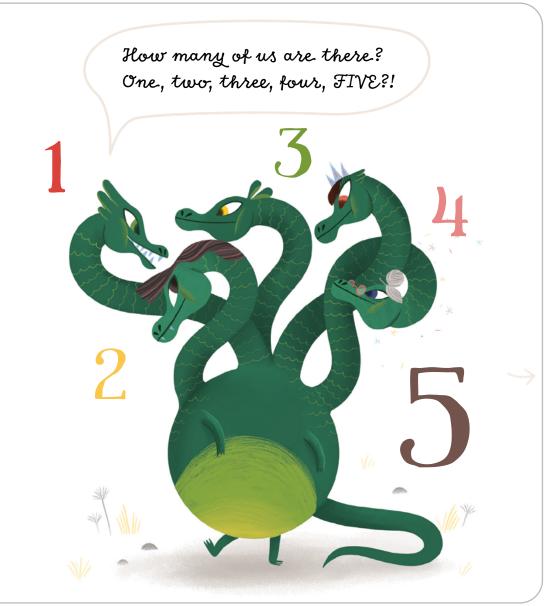


... four heads and was roaring for all the world to hear! See, kids, four heads are always hungrier than one or two or three heads! "Shoot!" the wizard whistled to himself. "I sure bungled this one up! But the Four-Leaved Clover Spell should work against a four-headed dragon. OK, where did I put that rare plant?



It's not in this pocket and it's not in this one either. Oh, it's hidden under my hat." The four leaves of the four-leaved clover shimmered greenly against the wizard's mop of hair. "Now's your chance to show what hell you can give to bad luck. After all you're supposed to be lucky!"





Geeup, geeup! This handsome bloke will never end up in that monster's belly!

Bailili, wizard! Work your magic as long as you like! I and my six-headed friend are flying home...!

Even princes need to know how to count. After all, if a person is short of a marble, not even a confused magician can help him. Take a look for yourselves, kids! Instead of conjuring the heads away, our wizard is adding new ones... until there are six of them!





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