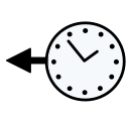
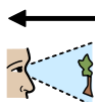


The Magician's Shop

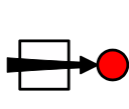
 At the corner of the High Street stood an old shop. Jazzy

 had looked in the window on many occasions but today

was the  first time that she had gone in.

As she  opened the door, she saw a   a  of boxes **and**

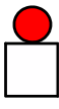
 shelves. There was a  pile of dusty suitcases. Cobwebs hung

 across strange-looking packages. The windows were smeared with

 dust **and**  grime.

In a corner stood a suit of rusting armour labelled 'Magic



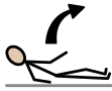




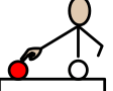








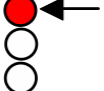


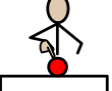






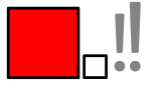









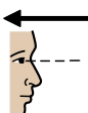






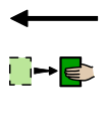








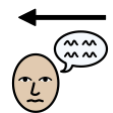




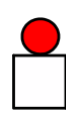


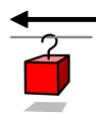






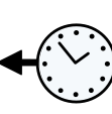




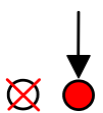
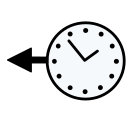


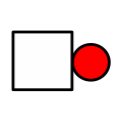








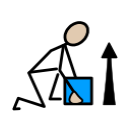










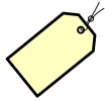






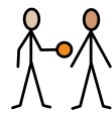


 a small, red package with hearts on it. Written on the









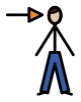
 label in thin, spidery writing was, 'To trap your heart's





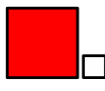


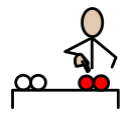


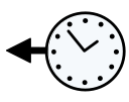
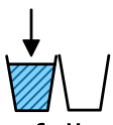


 desire - one inch in a cup of tea - and he's yours.'



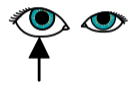



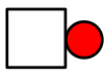

 Behind the counter was a shelf of large glass jars. These

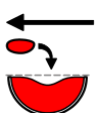



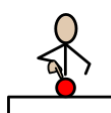





 were full of different ingredients. A jar of large eyes







 stood beside one filled with what looked like worms, wriggling





 and writhing. Jazzy shuddered.