





SIR DAD WAS GRUMBLING AT THE LEAVES
HE CRUNCHED ALONG THE PATH.

IS IT
AUTUMN-TIME
AGAIN?

SAID HE,

IS IT TIME FOR
ANOTHER BATH!?

A WITCH APPEARED FROM OUT OF THIN AIR,
PULLING A FACE AT HIS SMELL.

I'LL GIVE YA
SOME **SOAP**...

SHE CACKLED
WITH GLEE,



... AND YE'D BEST
WASH YER **CLOTHES**
AS WELL!



SIR DAD SNIFFED HIS TUNIC AND—WOW!—IT STANK,
SO HE DID TAKE THE WITCH'S SOAP.
HE'D GIVE HIS FAMILY A GREAT BIG SURPRISE!
(AT LEAST, THAT WAS HIS HOPE.)



HE RUBBED HIS BODY AND SCRUBBED HIS BEARD,
AND SCoured HIS TUNIC AND SHIRT.
HE WASHED HIMSELF ALL OVER,
DESTROYING A CIVILIZATION OF DIRT.



IF ONLY HIS WASHROOM HAD BEEN BETTER LIT,
AND HE'D BEEN A LITTLE MORE SAGE.
FOR THE SOAP WAS NOT QUITE WHAT IT SEEMED ...
IT RUBBED HIM CLEAN OFF THE PAGE!



EEK!

cried Mum,
when NOBODY kissed her,
she pushed him away like a creep!
he looked in the glass
but his face was a blank!



so screaming, he fell in a heap.

HIS CHILDREN ALL CAME RUNNING IN FROM OUTSIDE,
ON HEARING HIS CRY. WHEN THEY SAW HIM ...
THEY REALISED HIS LINES AND HIS COLOURS WERE GONE!
SO THEY KNELT DOWN AND STARTED TO DRAW HIM.



WHEN HE WOKE AGAIN LATER, HE FELT A BIT SKETCHY,
OFF COLOUR, AND IN BAD SHAPE.
SO HE MADE HIS WAY BACK TO THE BASIN AND SOAP,
WHERE HE RUBBED AND HE SCRUBBED AND HE SCRAPED!

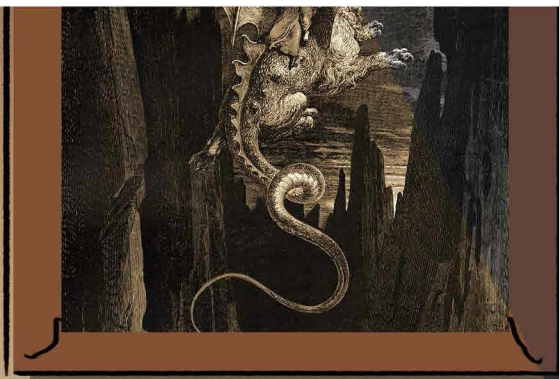




THOUGH THEIR ARTWORK MAY HAVE BEEN CHILDISH,
THE **IDEA** WAS EXCEEDINGLY CLEVER.
SO SIR DAD THEN SOUGHT OUT THE GREAT ROLLO VON SNOOT,
WHO HE'D HEARD WAS THE BEST PAINTER, EVER.



WHILE SIR DAD RATHER FANCIED HIS OILY NEW LOOK,
IT MADE HIS POOR WIFE TURN QUITE GREY.
SO AGAIN HE WENT BACK TO THE BASIN AND SOAP,
HELD HIS BREATH AND THEN WASHED IT AWAY.



HE NEXT TRIED AN ARTIST WHO ONLY USED INK,
TO DRAW SIR DAD BACK WITH "CROSS-HATCHING."

BUT HE JUST FOUND HIMSELF GETTING TENSE.



AND GRUMPY.

AND NOW HE WAS CROSS.

... IT WAS CATCHING.

HE WASHED ONE MORE TIME, AND TOOK A DEEP BREATH,
AND TRIED ONE LAST ARTIST (WITH PENCILS).
AN ODD LITTLE MAN WHO KEPT SAYING,

SORRY!

AND,

WHOOPS!



AND,

WHERE ARE MY
STENCILS?



SIR DAD DIDN'T WANT HIS FACE ALL MIXED UP,
WITH HIS NOSE ON THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD!

BUT BECAUSE THE OLD SOAP IS ALL FINISHED,
HE'S STUCK LIKE THIS NOW INSTEAD!

SIR DAD, HE WENT RIGHT BACK TO WHERE THE WITCH WAS,
AND FOUND SOMETHING INCREDIBLY WEIRD.

A HOLE IS
JUST ... THERE.

JUST THERE IN
MID-AIR.

HE SAID, AND THROUGH IT, DISAPPEARED.



ON A STRANGE WOODEN FLOOR, IN A CURIOUS LAND,
CAME SIR DAD, THROUGH THE SPINE OF A BOOK.
AND THERE WAS THE WITCH, CUTTING UP—SOAP!?
CAUGHT IN THE ACT, LIKE A CROOK!



THE WITCH RAN AWAY
WITH HER ARMS FULL OF SOAP,
CHUCKING BARS AT THE MAN GIVING CHASE.

HE MANAGED TO GRAB
A GIANT INK-SHOOTER, AND
SQUIRT THE HAG FULL IN THE FACE.



THE FURIOUS WITCH FOUND A SOAP-ENDED STICK,
AND SHRIEKED,

HA HA
HA!

YOU CAN'T
BEAT ME!

SHE BRANDISHED THE THING
WITH SUCH SCURRY AND WHIZ,
THAT SIR DAD WAS SOON
RUBBED OUT COMPLETELY.



THE NOBLE WHITE KNIGHT
TUGGED THE SOAP-ENDED STICK,
AND THE BLACK-HEARTED WITCH
HELD THE LEAD.

BUT HER INKY HANDS SLIPPED,
AND BACK THEY BOTH FELL,
ONTO SHEETS ON THE GROUND,
AS THOUGH DEAD.

IF ONLY THEY KNEW
THAT A **TERRIBLE GIANT**
WAS SOON TO COME
INTO THE ROOM.

BUT THE KNIGHT WHO WAS WHITE
AND THE WITCH (BLACK AS PITCH)
HAD ALREADY SEALED
THEIR DOOM.



ALL OF A SUDDEN THE GIANT APPEARED,
AND HIS SHADOW LOOMED OVER THE LAND.
HE PICKED UP THE INK-STAINED SHEET
(WITH THE WITCH)

AND HE **SCRUNCHED IT**
ALL UP IN HIS HAND!

WELL, I GUESS
MY KIDS DO HAVE
PERSISTENCE,

HE SAID (...AND SOME
LESS POLITE PHRASES).
THEN HE NOTICED THE MESS
SPREAD OVER HIS DESK,
AND YELLED,

HEY!
WHO CUT UP MY
ERASERS!?



THEN HE SIGHED AND HE PICKED UP A SABLE-FUR STICK,
AND DRAGGED INK ALL OVER THE PAD,
THEN DID IT AGAIN WITH SOME COLOURFUL PAINT,
CHOOSING JUST THE RIGHT HUES FOR SIR DAD.

WHEN THE ARTWORK WAS FINISHED, HE CLEANED UP
HIS TOOLS, AND HE TILTED HIS HEAD TO ONE SIDE.
SIR DAD, DRAWN AGAIN BY **THE ARTIST** HIMSELF,
WAS SO HAPPY THAT HE COULD'VE CRIED.



WHEN THE COAST BECAME CLEAR,

SIR DAD PICKED HIMSELF UP AND

RETURNED THROUGH THE GAP IN THE PAGES.
THEN HE SPURTED ALL OVER THE KINGDOM,
HE FELT LIKE HIMSELF FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AGES!





HE RAN PAST SOME FARMERS, FEEDING THEIR SHEEP,
PAST SOME HUNTERS STALKING A BOAR,



HE RAN PAST THE ARTISTS
WHO'D MADE HIM LOOK STUPID,
AND RAN RIGHT UP TO HIS FRONT DOOR.



HIS FAMILY CHEERED TO SEE HIM AGAIN,
THEY WERE SAT ROUND HIS BED LIKE A COFFIN.

IF THERE'S
ONE THING I'VE
LEARNED THROUGH
ALL THIS ...

ROARED SIR DAD,

... IT'S THAT
I'M HAVING BATHS
MUCH TOO OFTEN!

