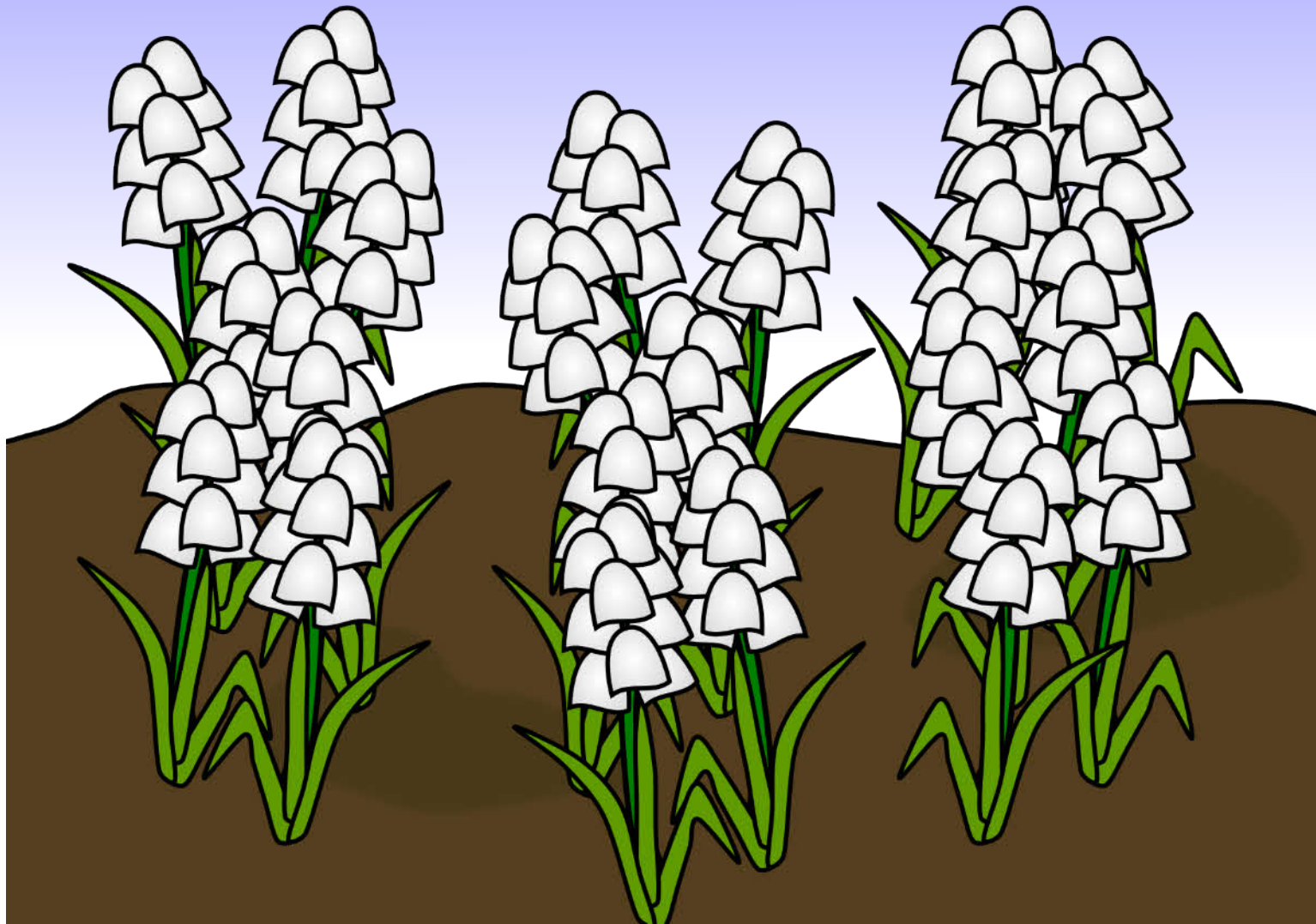


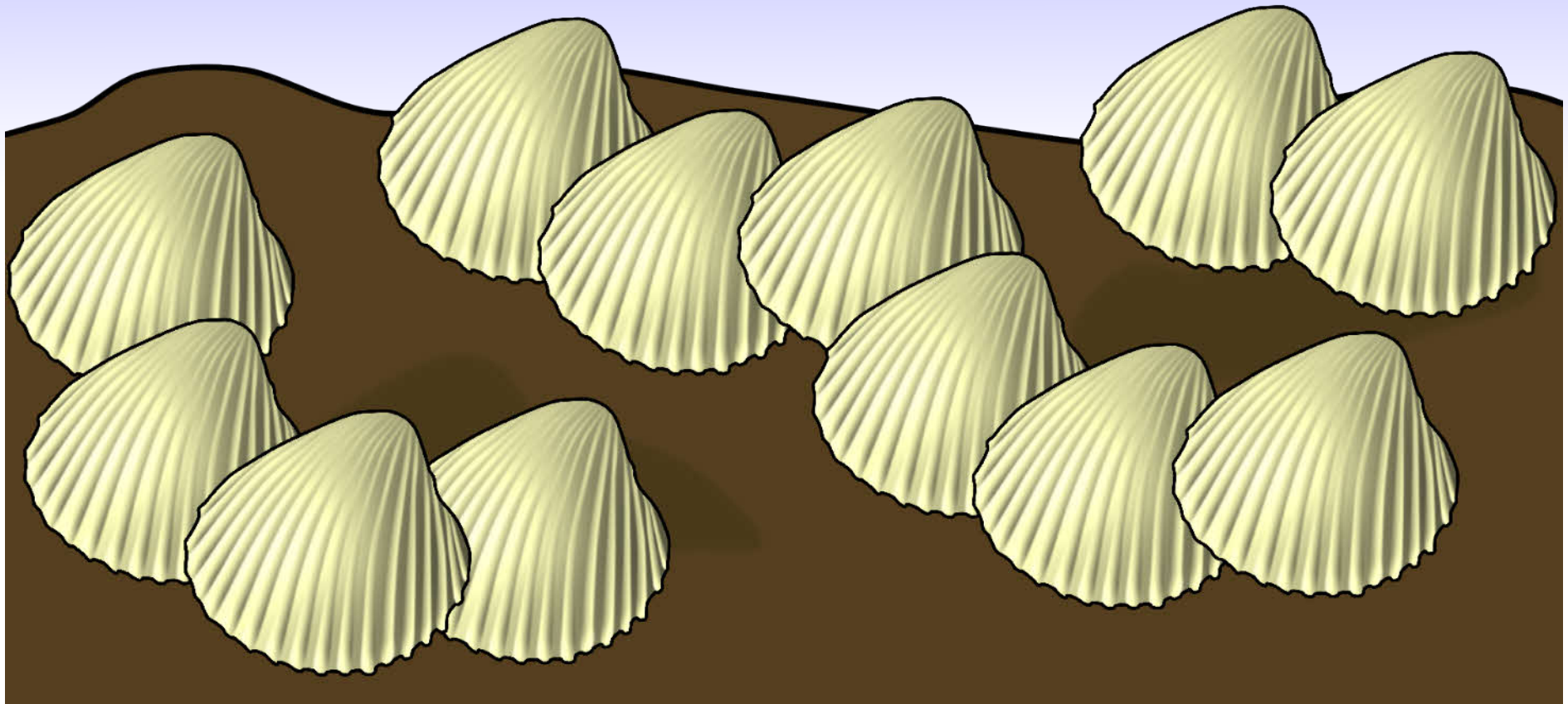
Mary, Mary, quite contrary...

...how does your
garden grow?





With silver bells...



...and cockle shells...

...and pretty maids
all in a row.

