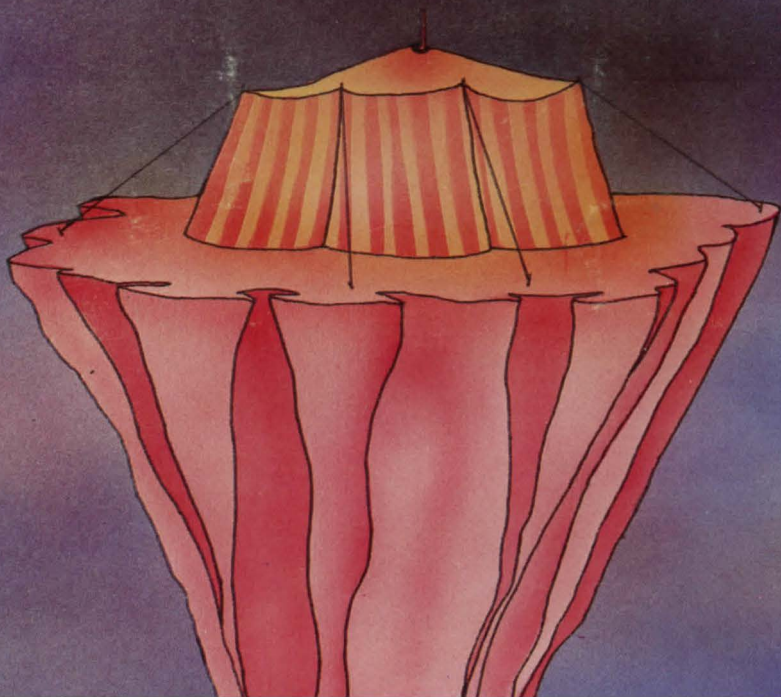




Circus

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CIRCUS®

Your car coughs and splutters briefly then grinds to a silent halt. You curse inwardly as you stare vainly at the petrol gauge. You have run out of petrol miles from anywhere, no petrol stations for miles around and it will soon be dark. Grimly, you lock up your car and take the petrol can from the boot. After a brief survey of the surrounding terrain you set forth in search of help, hoping to come across a remote farmhouse or village. Three miles further down the road your hopes of rescue are beginning to dwindle when you suddenly hear the faint sound of distant music coming from somewhere ahead. You step up your pace and head toward the sound, as you reach the brow of a shallow hill your eyes are met by an inexplicable sight...

About a mile away nestling in a small grassy valley you see a huge Circus tent. Wafting up the hill toward you come all the familiar sounds of Circus activity, bells clanging, children's laughter, a Brass band playing, lions roaring...

Eagerly you set off down the hill toward the strange spectacle, as you approach the huge tent you puzzle about why there should be a Circus held in the middle of nowhere and begin to look around for someone to ask about obtaining petrol.

You reach the outer fence of the Circus grounds and open the gate... Suddenly all sound is cut off as if by the blade of some gigantic knife. In a split second this whole scene is transformed from one of bustling activity to the silence of a graveyard. Bewildered by this unearthly transformation you tread fearfully toward the entrance of the now deserted Tent... Darkness is falling and this is going to be a long, long night.....