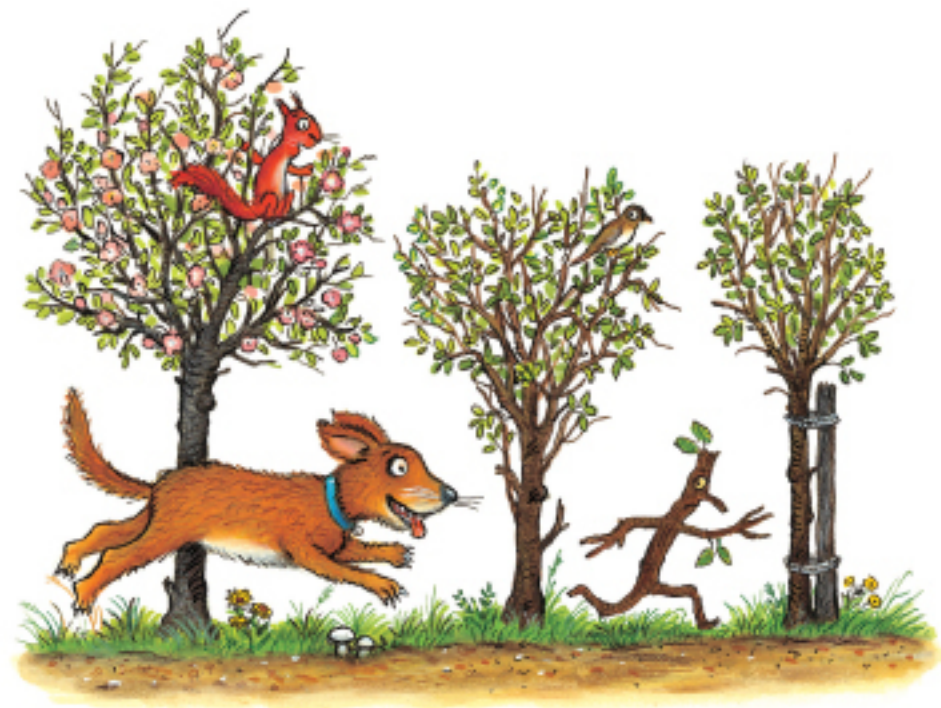




Stick Man lives in the family tree  
With his Stick Lady Love and their stick children three.



One day he wakes early and goes for a jog.  
*Stick Man, oh Stick Man, beware of the dog!*





"A stick!" barks the dog.  
"An excellent stick!  
The right kind of stick  
for my favourite trick.



"I'll fetch it and drop it,  
and fetch it – and then



"I'll drop it and fetch it  
and drop it again."



"I'm not a stick! Why can't you see,  
I'm Stick Man, I'm Stick Man,  
I'M STICK MAN, that's me,  
And I want to go home to the family tree!"



A notice says:  
DOGS MUST BE KEPT ON THE LEAD.  
At last the game's over,  
and Stick Man is freed.



He sets off for home with a hop and a twirl.  
*Stick Man, oh Stick Man, beware of the girl!*

"A stick!" cries the girl  
with a smile on her face.  
"The right kind of Pooh-stick  
for winning the race!"



"Has everyone got one? Get ready to throw."  
It's 1, 2, 3 – into the river they go!