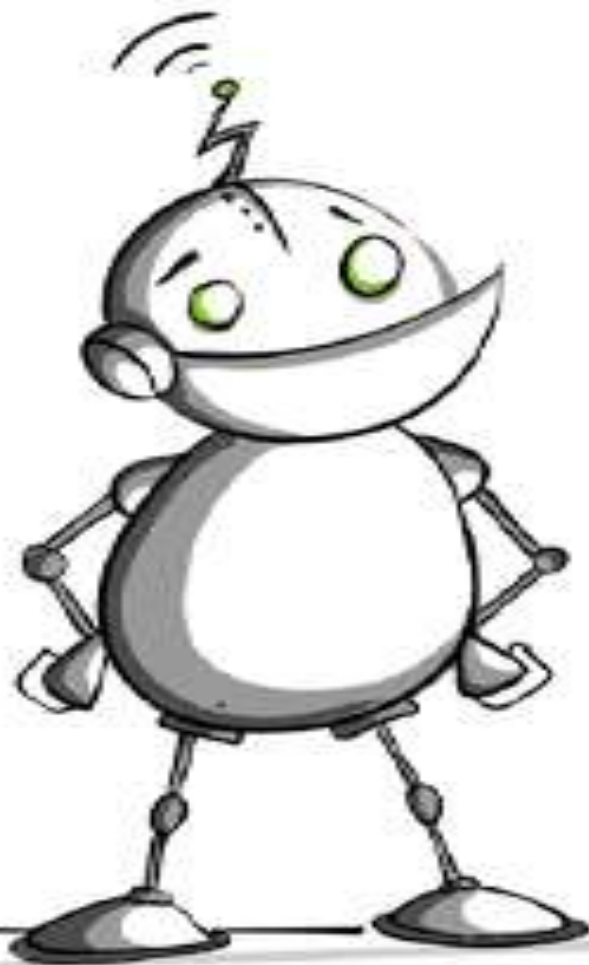
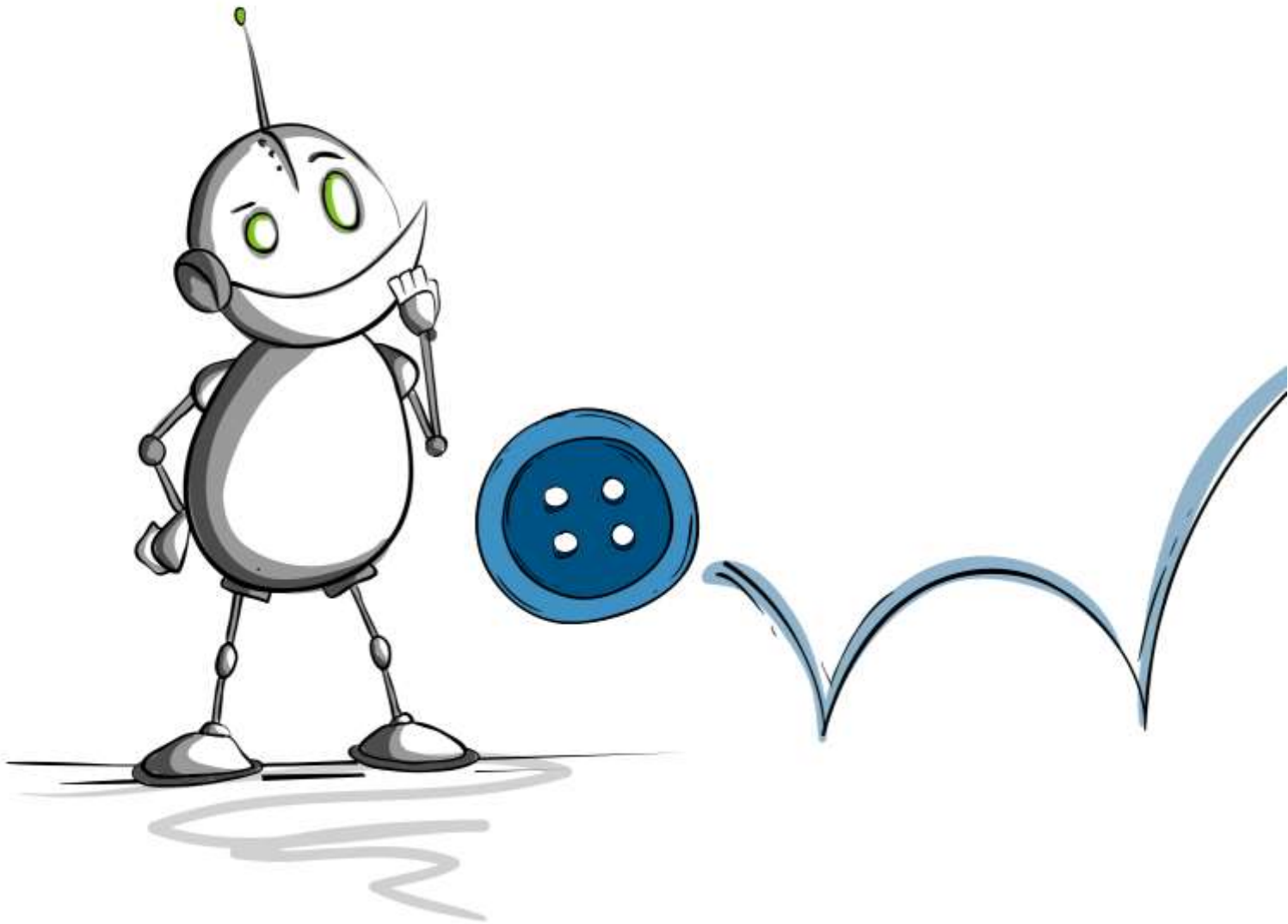


Whose  
Button Could  
This Be

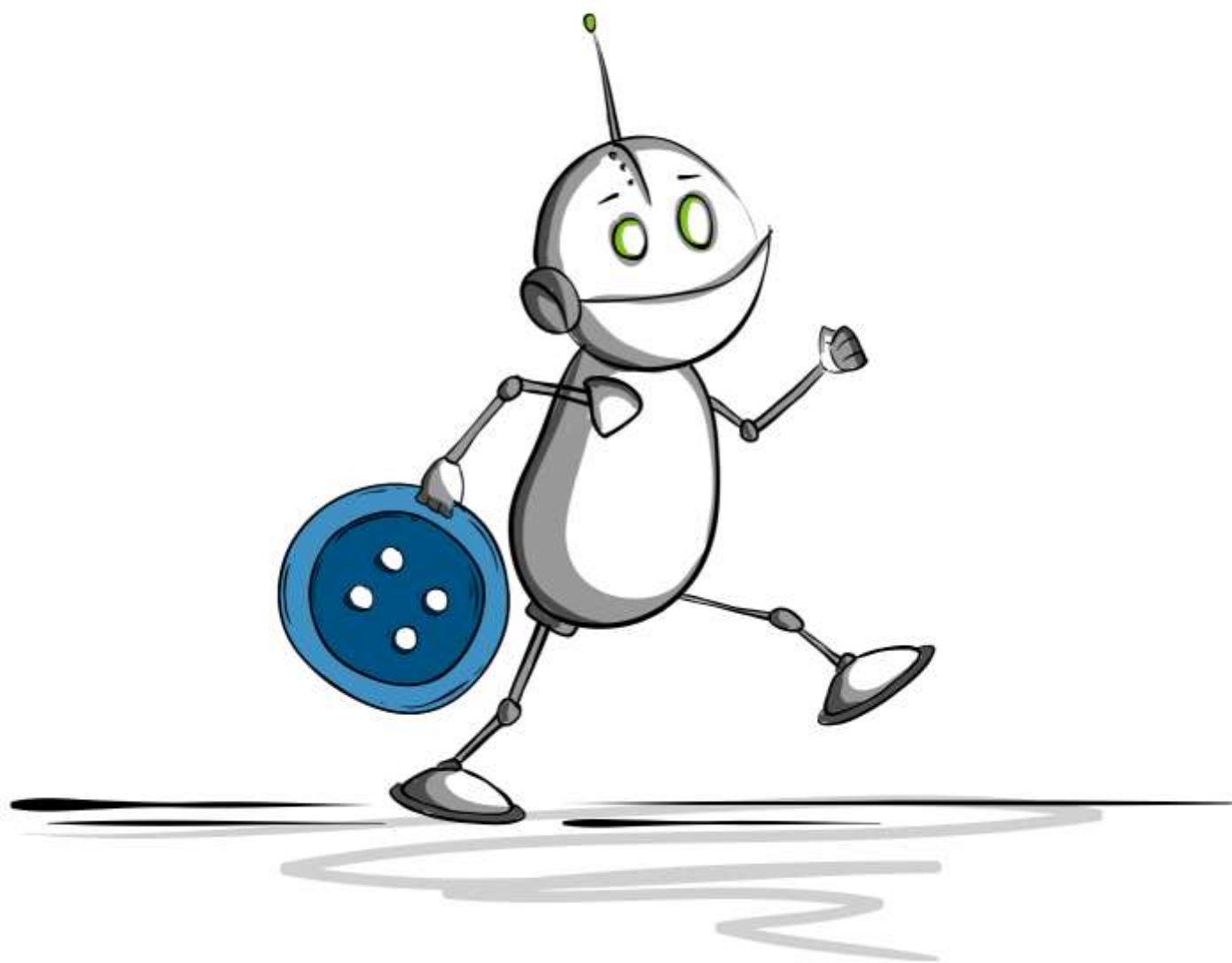


Tinny Tim  
was sitting on the  
road when a button  
bounced his way.



“I wonder where this comes from,” he said.

He wanted to  
find out.



It was busy on the  
side of the road.

“Woah!”

He nearly got  
squashed.

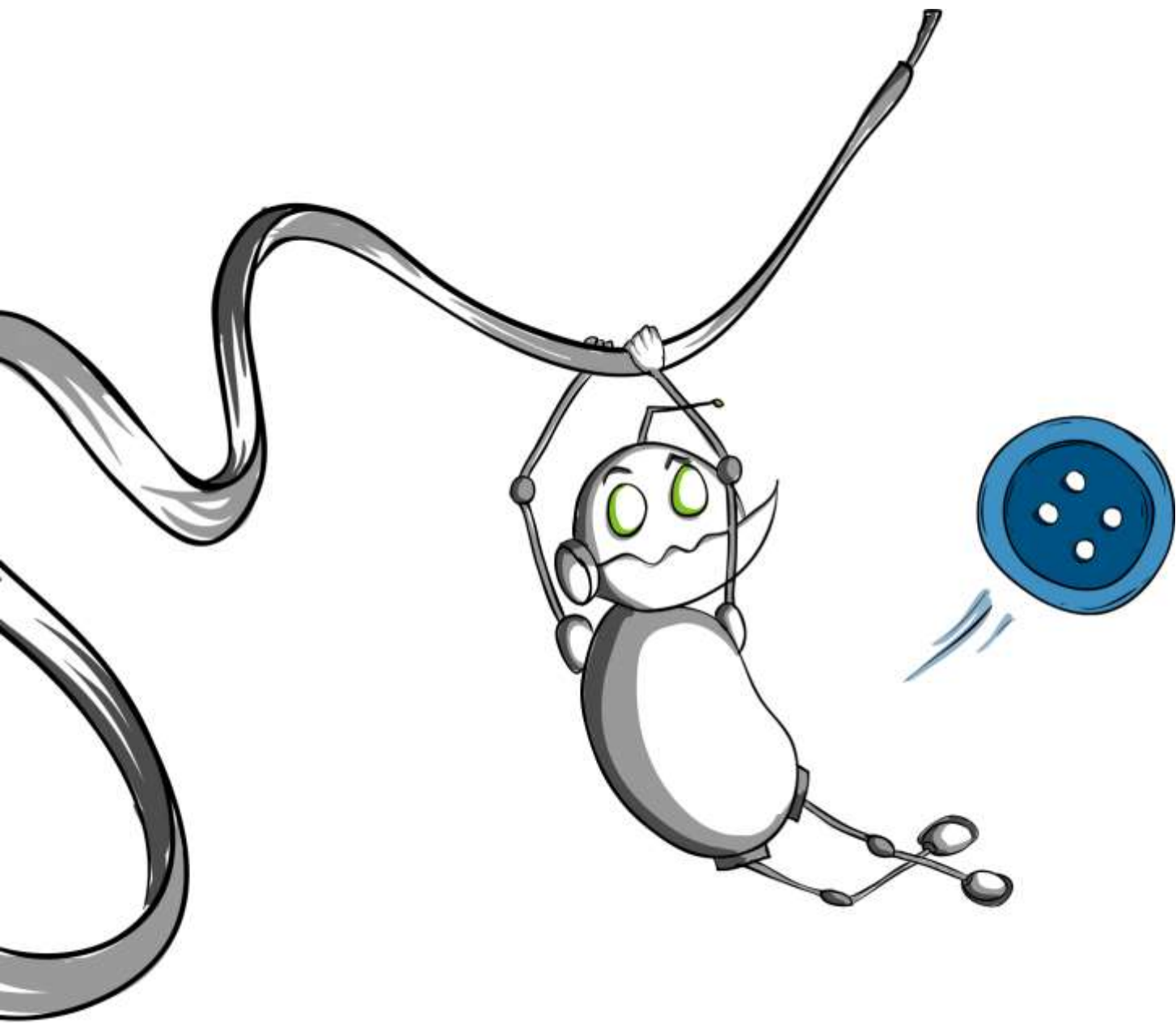




He made a lucky  
escape.

“It’s scary out here,”  
he said.





“Hey there, is this  
yours?”



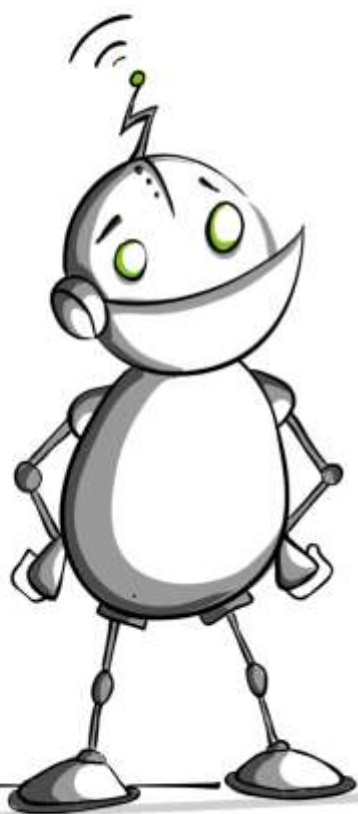
The green man said  
nothing. He just turned  
red.

“What a rude person.”



Tinny Tim carried on  
looking.

“Whose button  
is this?”



“Woah...!

...at least he’s  
friendly.”





“I’ve got to get to the other side. I’m sure that’s where this comes from.”



SPLASH!

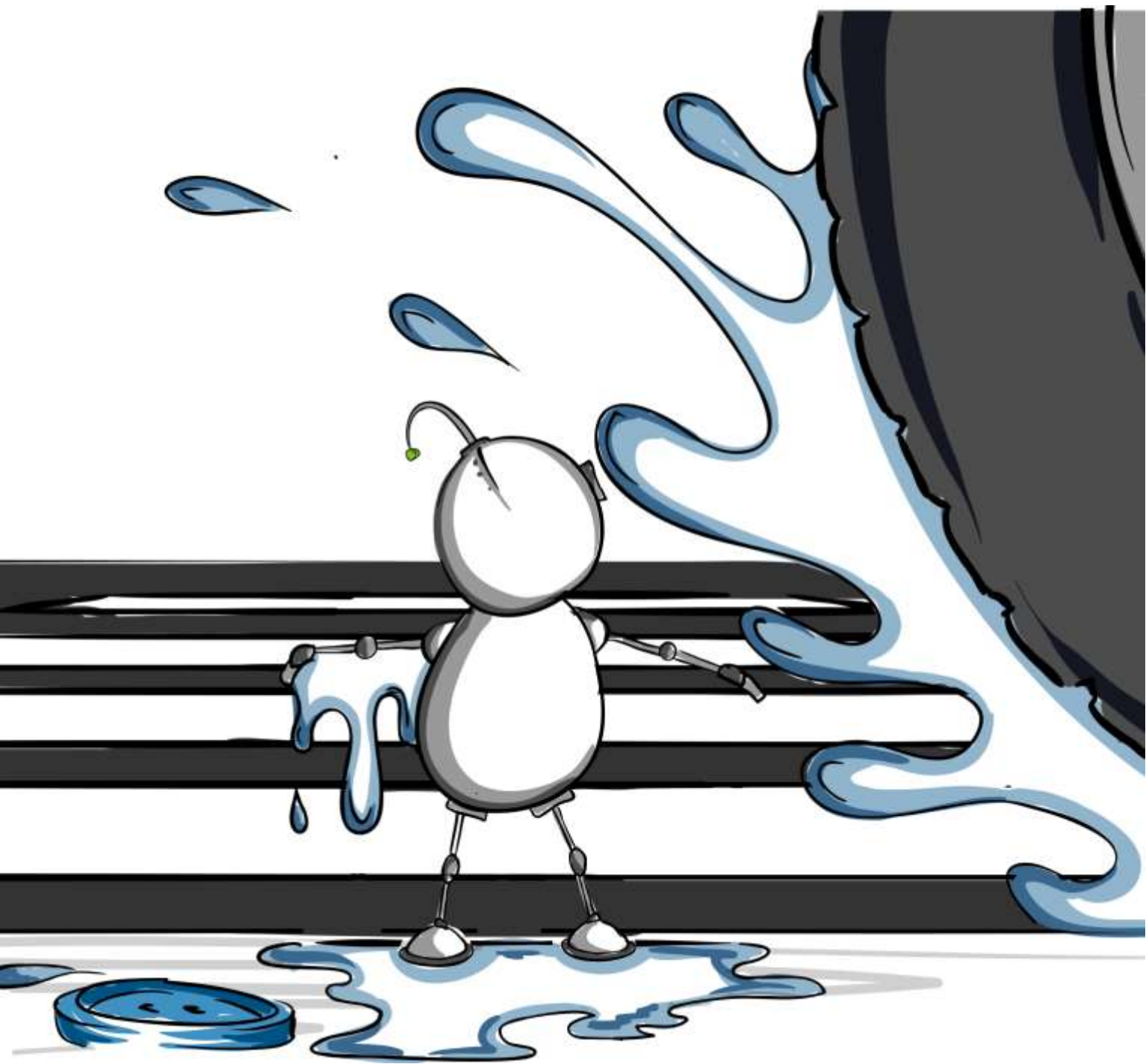
“That was close.”

He waited for the

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ cars to pass

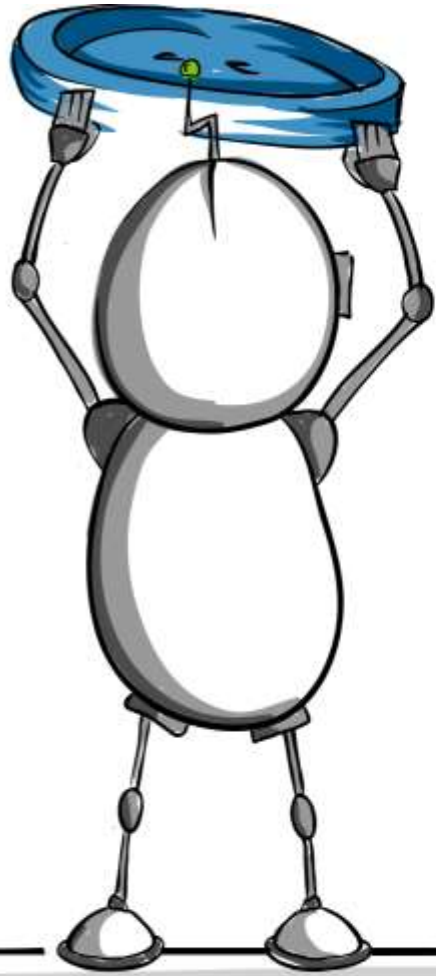
before he ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

carried on.



Maybe this was who  
he was looking for.

“Hello, who are you?”





“I’m Ruby Rags.”

“I think this is yours,”  
he said.



