


Werewolf




*Even a man who is pure
at heart, And says his
prayers by night, May
become a wolf when the
Wolfbane blooms, And
the moon is full and
bright.*




Villager




*And hast thou slain
the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my
beamish boy! O
frabjous day! Callooh!
Callay!*



Wizard



*To see a world in a
grain of sand and
heaven in a wild flower
Hold infinity in the
palms of your hand
and eternity in an hour.*




Villager




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