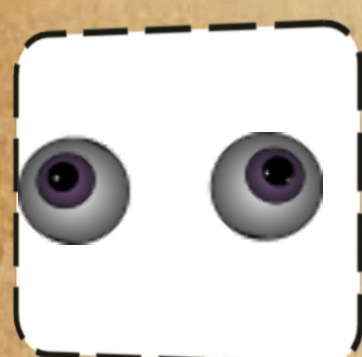




Werewolves howl and smell so foul, who could possibly know where they hang their towel.



Some say I'm corny but also quite sweet, finding the last clue will certainly be a treat.



The witches eyeballs must stay cold and fresh. The clue is THERE, with the hair of the frog and all the rest.



Stay clear from the stinky smell, if you don't, the witch will cast her spell.



Spiders and creepy crawlies seem to lounge around; it is where you lounge that the next clue will be found



Delicious drinks for your cup, the demons get angry when you drink it all up.



Boil, Boil, trouble and toil, I live and grow in a pot of soil.



Bats are fleeting, clowns are greeting, go the where the dog goes eating.



Ride me right out of the room, I'm magically powered, I need no fumes.



Ghosts and goblins must come to the door. Who knows what you'll find near that floor.

