

Parker put the ladder into his van. He went to Madam Mellor's office to say he was leaving. The door was open. He heard angry voices shouting. Madam Mellor was shouting at the puppet on her hand.

"You are doing terrible things to my school," she shouted. "It must stop!"

"Just do as you are told," the puppet shouted back.

The headmistress tried to throw the puppet away but he held onto her hand.

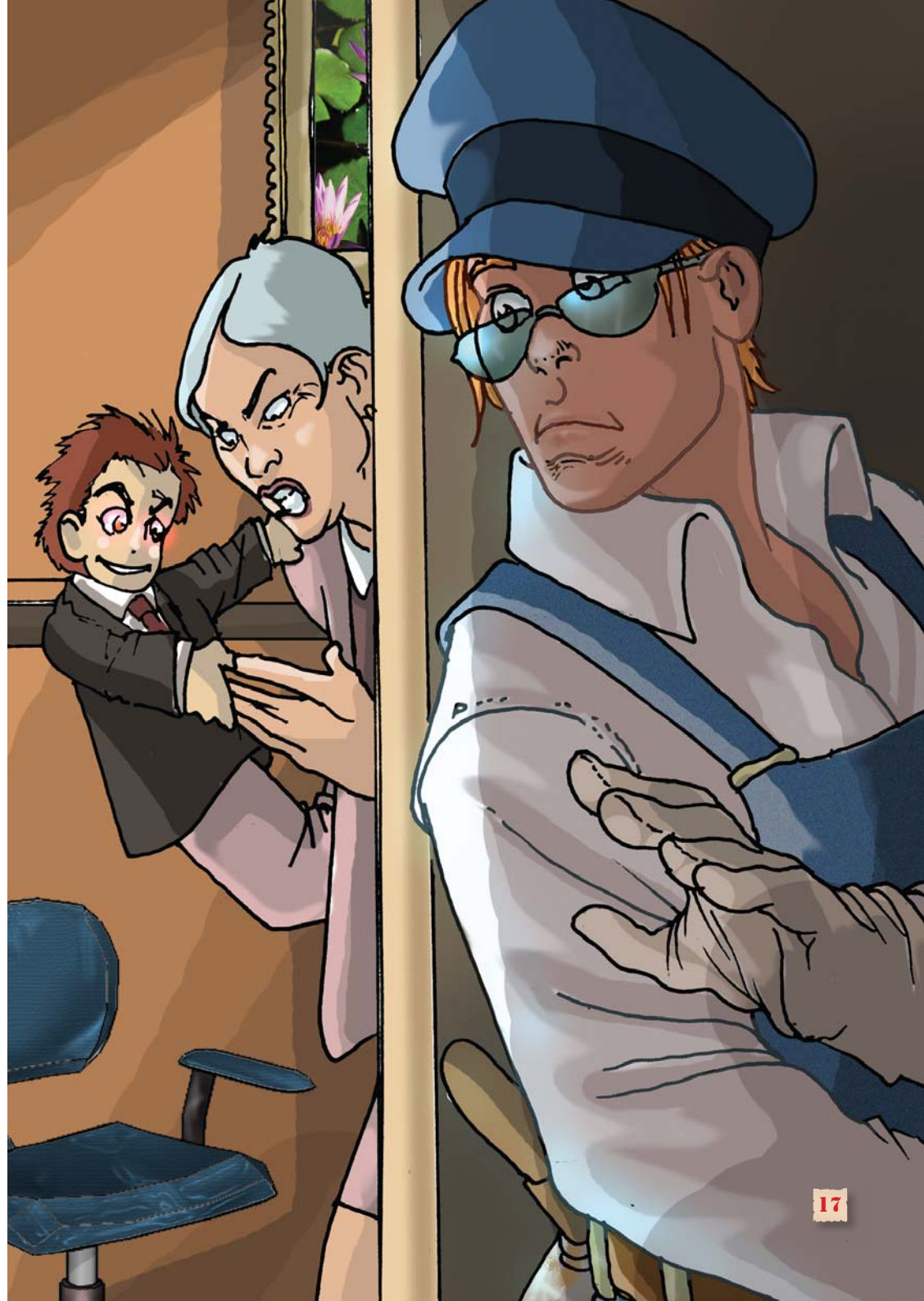
"It is time to get a new leader of this school," the puppet said coldly. "You must go!"

"Why did I let you do this to my pupils? They look so sad now," sobbed the headmistress.

The puppet laughed.

"Your pupils," he sneered. "They are *my* pupils now! The future is deep hypnosis. The future is puppets."

Parker had seen enough. He left Greenock School and went back to London.



"Laura, Laura. You are a secret service agent, remember?"

"A verb is an action word."

He shook her but it made no difference. He had one last trick to play.

He snapped his fingers. Turnbull blinked. She was no longer hypnotised.

"It works every time!" he laughed.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"You are at Greenock School for Girls. You are the headmistress. You are on the way to your next lesson."

"Oh yes, I remember now," Turnbull replied.



"And you've been hypnotised by the puppet who is running this place. Hopefully you're better now. It's been very boring talking to you lately."

Suddenly they heard footsteps. Parker pulled Turnbull into a hedge. Dr Mania and his secretary went past them. The puppet was moving his head from side to side.

"I think he is looking for me," Turnbull whispered. "I'm late for my history lesson."

