

Recapitulation:

The Flying Dogtor, called by the Government to Canberra to help solve the mystery of a monster, or sea-serpent, that was wandering the lakes and tunnels of the Snowy Mountains Scheme, noticed strange things hapenning: a speedboat driven by a snakey-looking person and a lookout tower operated, it seemed, by spiders ...

Later, a plan to trap the serpent in an underground tunnel was arranged by

(singing) The Flying Dogtor

↑ The fishermen ^{OUT} in the boats on the lake slowly sailed each side of the serpent, dragging their net. The serpent swam to escape the net and, as planned by the Flying Dogtor, disappeared into the big black hole beneath the bushes on the bank. Now the Dogtor knew that the serpent would go straight down this burrow and would fall into the ^{OUT} enormous canvas bag that had been fixed over it at the other end. So he

^{OUT} The Dogtor landed his plane and a few minutes later was hurrying down the underground tunnel ^{OUT} of the

^{OUT} Snowy Mountains Scheme towards the spot where the trap was laid. As he approached, he heard the groans and cries of the guards:

"Ouch! Ooo! Hold tight! Tie the knot! Quick!" - and other remarks like that, while a fearful hissing and fuming came from an awful, bulging, wriggling, writhing, enormous canvas bag.

"We've got him, Dogtor!" panted the chief guard.

"Splendid!" said the Flying Dogtor, "Now please leave me with him."

The guards were amazed. "He'll eat you!" they said.

"Your black bag and all!"

But the Dogtor insisted, and when he was at last all alone, in front of the heaving, hissing canvas bag he spoke:

"Crafty! It's you, isn't it," he said.

From inside the canvas a muffled, snakey voice said:

^{OUT} (CRAFTY'S VOICE muffled)

"No! I'm a sea serpent. I'm a monster.

Let me out of this or I'll breath on you and burn you up with one flaming breath!"

"You can't get out, Crafty," said the Dogtor.
"But I'll let you out if you promise to tell me why you did it."

"I'm not me, I mean I'm not Crafty," said the bag. But gradually the heaving and the hissing quietened down, and then the enormous canvas bag began to take on a sneaky sort of ingratiating shape. Presently the muffled voice said:

"Good Dogtor, Sir ...It was all that ratbag Redback's idea. He dressed me up as a serpent and was going to make lots of money showing me to tourists. Let me out and I'll go home and cause no more trouble..."

The Dogtor nodded. "I believe you're telling the truth!" he said, "but I want to know more."

Then a wheezy cough came from the bag, ~~(cough)~~

"Help, I'm choking in here! Give me air!" it said.

So the Dogtor stepped on to the edge of the bag and reached up to loosen the ropes which the guards had tied around its mouth.

And just at the moment that he loosened the ropes he felt the bag jerked away from under his feet, and he fell, head-over-heels backwards, and his head struck a rock at the side of the tunnel. At the same moment Crafty Carson Carpetbag sprang from the opened bag, shedding pieces of fins and serpent disguise to right and left.

The Flying Dogtor lay silent and still, stunned, on his back on the floor of the tunnel.

"At lasssst! Successsss!" crowed Crafty, towering over him. "I've got the Drongo Dogtor in my power at last."

↑
DVT

(singing) The Flying Dogtor

VOICE OVER END TITLE

The Flying Dogtor has never been in a more dangerous spot! Can anything save him from Crafty now? Be sure to see the next exciting episode of

(singing) The Flying Dogtor