



“Final call for the Night Train,” the guard yelled, holding open the carriage door.
“Express train to Sleepy Town Platform ZZZ. No stops!”

The guard was about to close the door when he noticed a hairy white yeti lumbering across the platform. He was almost invisible against the thick snow that swirled about, except for the bright red roses on his bag.

“Good evening, Charles,” said the yeti as he neared the carriage.

“Late again, Mr Yeti,” grumbled the guard. “Do hurry up. We can’t afford any delays!”



The yeti climbed on board and Charles jumped in behind him. The train let out a shrill whistle and set off into the night.

Inside the carriage it was warm and bright. The yeti took a seat on one of the large

velvet sofas and nodded a hello to the other passengers. Then he took a cup and saucer and a large floral teapot out of his bag. He poured himself a cup of tea and added in a couple of ice cubes to cool it down.



Outside snow blustered against the windows as the train sped along the tracks. Its headlight pierced the darkness ahead and white clouds of smoke billowed up into the night. If anyone had been awake to watch they would have seen a red and gold blur hurtling through the snow.

