

You may or may not know that in Granddad and Grandma's house there is a Play Room – not specially made for me or for Brother Ole or even for Baby Sister Emily-May.

You see it's Granddad's Play Room. I bet you're thinking that Granddad is too old to have a Play Room, but I can tell you that you'd be wrong! Granddad calls his Play Room 'The Train Room', not for real trains you understand, not even for toy trains.....but for Granddad's special rains. (What the difference is between a toy train and one of Granddad's special trains I really don't know) Anyway, we really enjoy it when Granddad lets us 'play' with his trains.

Granddad's always in charge to see that things run smoothly, a bit like the Fat Controller in 'Thomas the Tank' (please don't tell Granddad that I said that).

The other day, whilst we were 'playing', there was an accident and a train was derailed.

A cow had strayed on to the track and Granddad wanted to know how it had got there.

'You must have left the gate open', I said, looking as innocent as I could.

Granddad smiled.

Bye for now,

Alex