

Sasha's Train



Opa

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Sasha was first in the car.
“C’mon, Mum, hurry up!
We’re going to see Thomas.”



You must be joking!
That’s not Thomas,
Is it?



“Ah, there’s the station, Mum.”



“But that’s not our train,”
Monkey, Dad replied.



“But Where’s Thomas?”



“I can’t see him anywhere!”



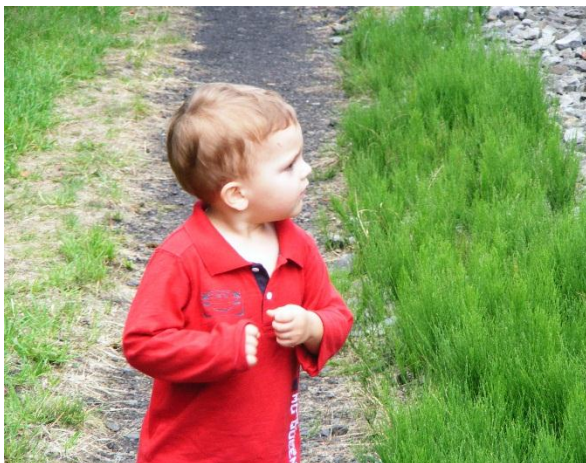
“See, here he comes, Sashi.”



“He’s right on time.”



I guess I better get back to Mum or I might miss the ride.



“Ummmmmmmm!”



“He didn’t stop, Mum.”



“It’s OK, Sashi, he’s just changing tracks.” I’d better get on board.



“Look, Mum, we’re moving.”

“Yes, Dad, I’m here with Mum, in the carriage.”



“We’re going to the left.”

“Now we’re going to the right.”

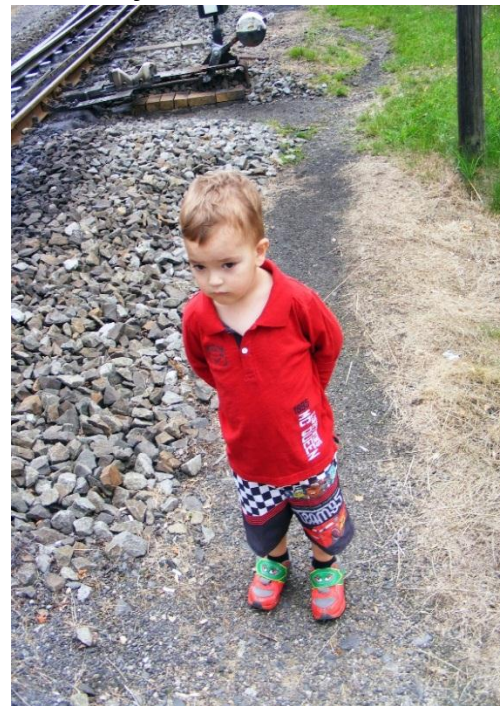


“Help“, Dad, the trees are on fire!”

“It’s OK, Monkey,
it’s just the smoke.”



I see the
station.”



“Over too soon!”



“Can we do it again
tomorrow?”

