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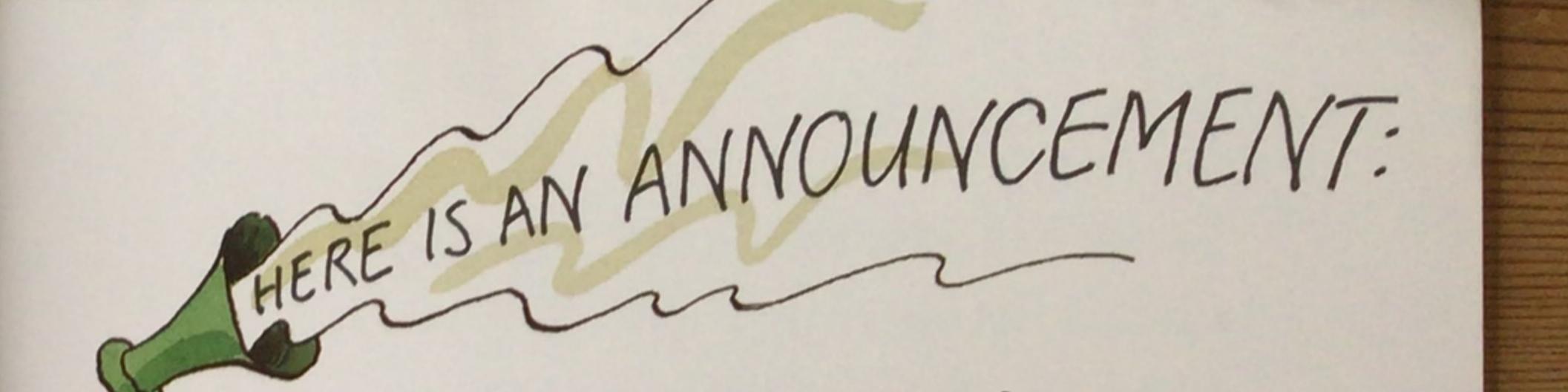
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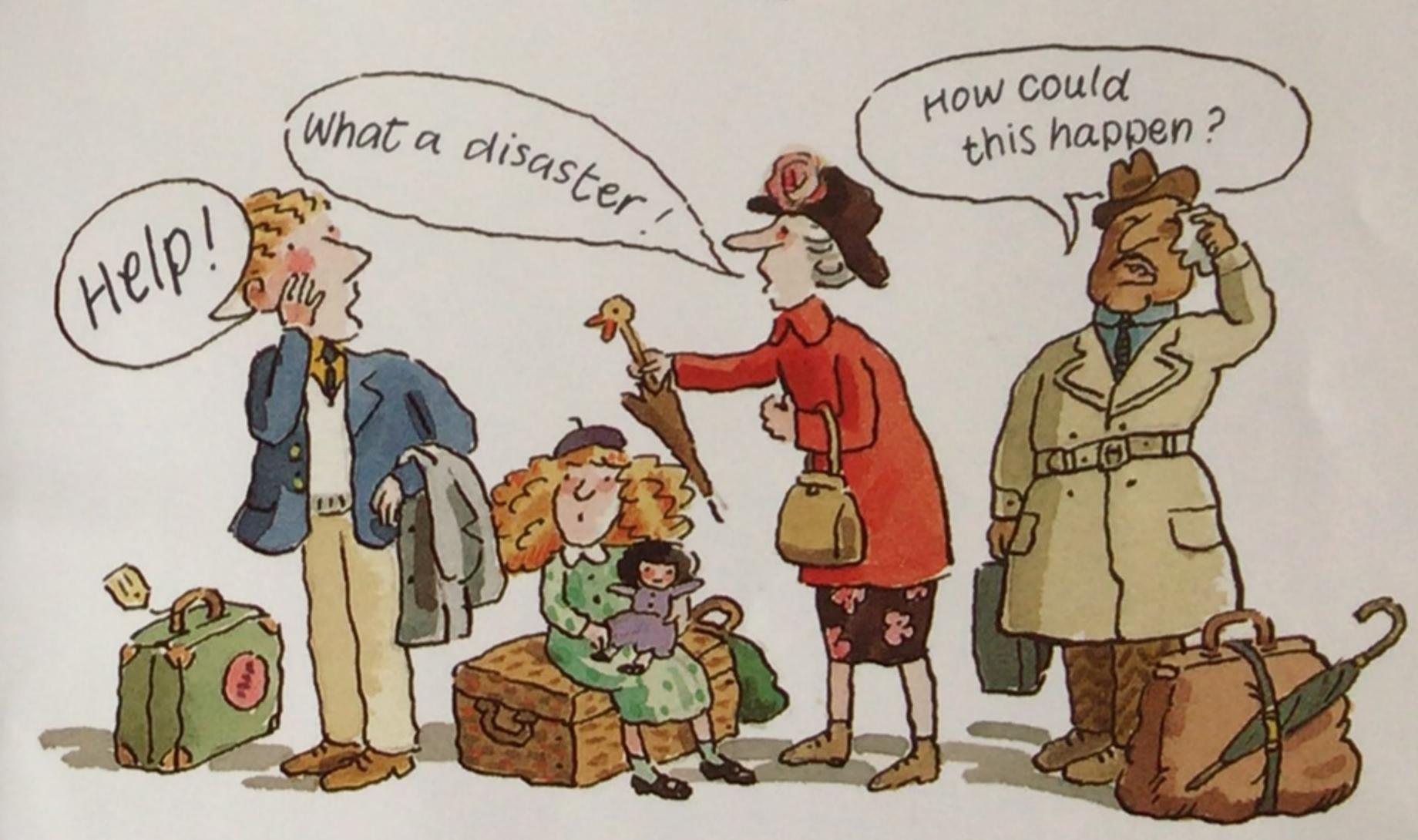
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The train approaching platform two is full of stolen goods, crowded with crooks and a day and a half late.

British Rail are sorry for the delay.



How could this happen? you ask. Well, listen and I'll tell you . . . all about it.

The story began many years ago, with a little train, a big driver, a big driver's wife, an empty platform and a handbag.





Mr Track (he was the driver) picked up the bag. Mrs Track (she was the driver's wife) peeped inside. And what did they find?









Mr and Mrs Track woke up to find that Toby's bed was empty and the train had gone.



Toby Track had woken in the night to find:



a shining torch,



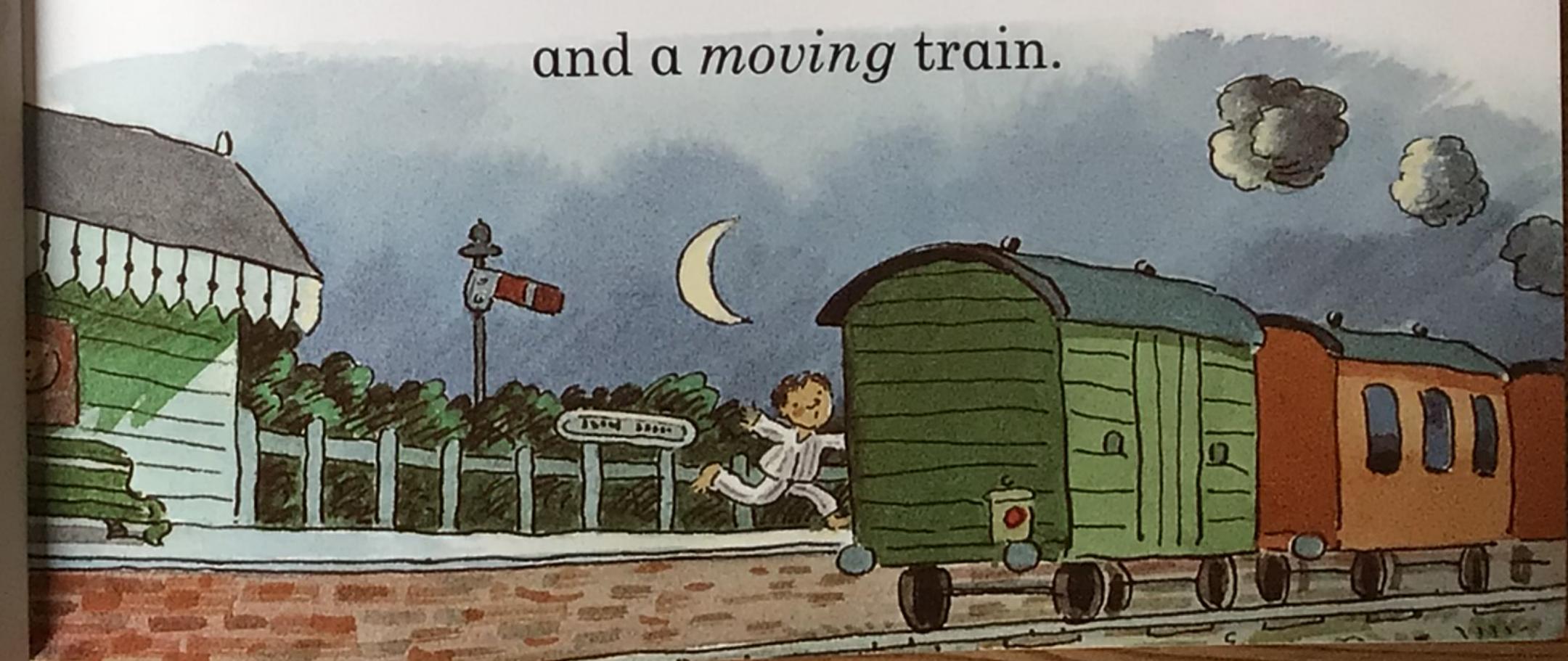
a whispering voice,



a grabbing hand,



running feet



The stolen train puffed off into the night.

On board, a family of crooks:



bad dad,



bad mum,





two bad children and a bad dog.

Their name was CREEP!





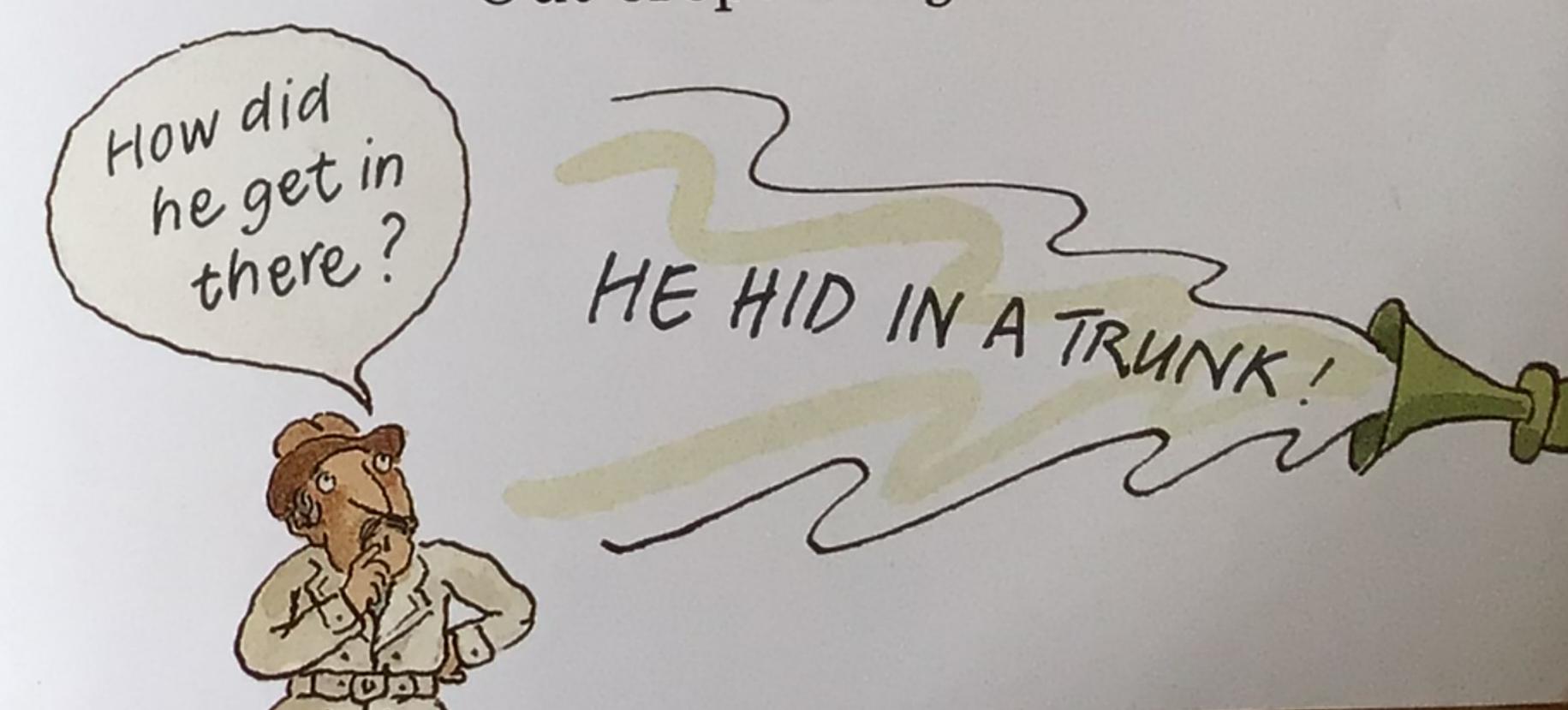
The Creeps sat in the guard's van and ate their stolen breakfasts.



Then, worn out and pleased with themselves, they fell asleep.



Out crept Toby Track.



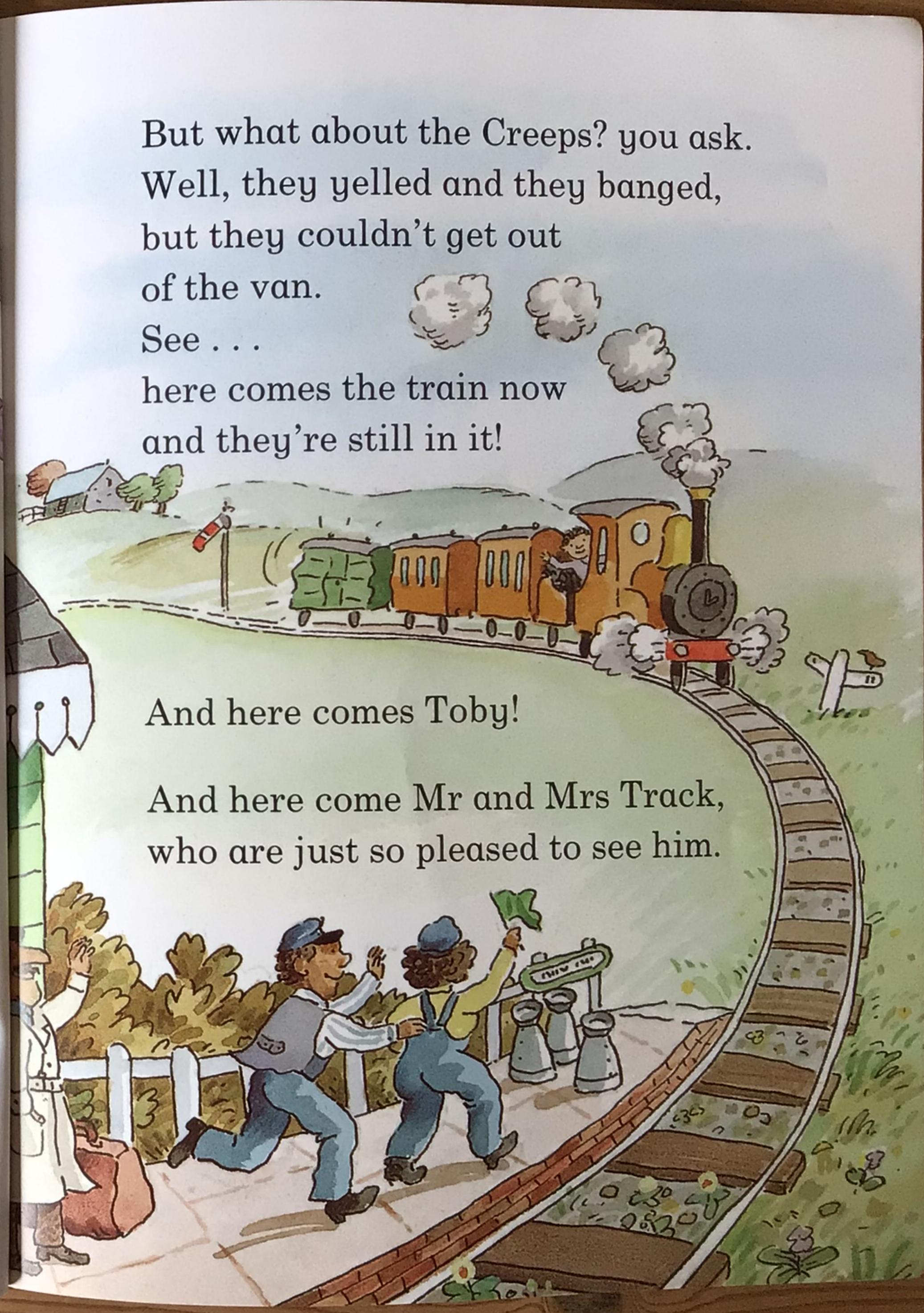
Yes, out crept Toby.

He knew how to lock the guard's van, so he locked it.

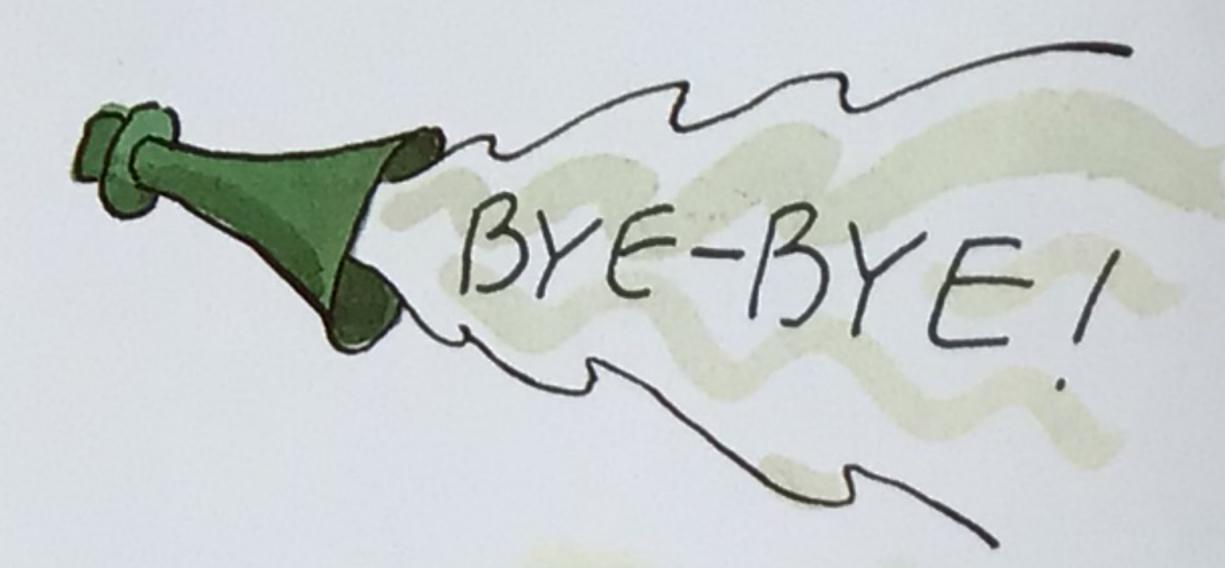
He knew how to drive the train, so he drove it.

He didn't know his way home, so he got lost . . .











"We've got a train to catch!"



