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Five on an adventure.

It wasn't exactly the sort of weather you would think anybody could be happy in.

The rain came down in gales and the sky was a miserable grey.

But, however much it rained, nothing could possibly quench the five children's excitement.

Julian, Dick, George and Anne had all received a letter from a Welshwoman named Mrs Jones (whom they had previously stayed with) informing them that her son Morgan was on a trip and that the house would be empty apart from herself, and the children were welcome to stay with her in Wales, along with their lovable energetic dog Timmy of course. The children were all stood on platform 10 at Kings Cross station. Anne was hopping excitedly from one foot to the other like a kangaroo.

Soon, a bright green train pulled into view, its engines sighing as it slowed to a halt.

The children all rushed onto the train, Timmy bounding along behind them.

They settled down in a compartment, placing their suitcases in the luggage rack above them.

Timmy leapt up onto George's lap and stared out of the window at the city that they were leaving behind.

"Me and Dick are going to go and have a look around the train," George said after a short while.

She slid open the door to the compartment and she and Dick hurried off to explore the many carriages.

Timmy immediately began to whine.

He hated being anywhere without George, who was his best friend.

However it wasn't long before George and Dick skidded into the compartment, breathless with excitement.

Timmy yelped and threw himself at George who attempted to bat him off.

"You'll never-believe who's on the train-ow!" George panted, wrestling with Timmy who had begun to lick her, "It's oh get down Timmy-amazing!"

She sat down, finally managing to yank Timmy off her. "Who is it?" Julian asked, eager to hear who could have possibly gotten them that excited.

"Well, you know the famous clarinetist, Tony Pratt?" Dick rushed to get the words out of his mouth. "Well, he's on the train!"

Julian gasped and Anne clapped her hands to her mouth.

"Of course! I forgot he's doing a performance in Wales next Tuesday!" Julian said, clapping a hand to his forehead.

"Oh won't it be fun to tell mother and Aunt Fanny all about him?" Anne squealed.

George began to say something, but at that exact moment her stomach gave an almighty groan.

"Time for a spot of lunch I think!" Julian laughed.

They were halfway through their corned beef and pickle sandwiches when they heard a shout.

They dropped their sandwiches and were out of the door as quick as a flash.

Tony Pratt was stood in the middle of the corridor, a pained look on his face, his black hair stood on end.

"My clarinet! My clarinet case! Where has it gone!" He yelled like a maniac.

People emerged from compartments all around them, worried looks on their faces.

The ~~station~~^{ticket} master attempted to console Tony,

to no avail.

"It's all right - we'll find it - you just need to calm down." He could have very well been saying nothing, Tony continued to wail.

"All right - all right! Settle down!" The ~~station~~^{ticket} master struggled to make himself heard above Tony's continued wails.

"I want everybody to look for the case in the corridors!"

The four children all set off to search the train, leaving a moping Timmy behind in the compartment.

The children searched every nook and cranny, every corner of every corridor, but nobody saw anything like a clarinet case, and so, the children trudged back to the compartment with heavy hearts.

"I cannot believe that Tony Pratt - the Tony Pratts clarinet was stolen right under our noses!" Julian groaned.

"Well, we should be nearing Wales, so you can just forget about it. Still, it is a shame." Dick sighed.

George frowned, but didn't say anything.

They could hear whines and scraping noises from inside the compartment.

George smiled weakly and slid open the door.

Timmy shot out like lightning, dashing between their legs and down the corridor.

"What the-?!" George yelled.

She dashed down the corridor after Timmy.

The three children all stared at each other, before sprinting after her.

They found her holding Timmy back from trying to get into somebody's compartment.

"Oh Timmy! you are such a duck!" she was yelling.

"What's that!" Anne yelled suddenly, pointing at something in the compartment.

They all peered at the black case she had been pointing at.

"Good gracious! Is it isn't Tony pratts clarinet!"
Julian yelled.

"I cannot thank you enough for finding my precious clarinet, I can't believe I misplaced it like that!" Tony pratt had shaken their hands many times, thanking them graciously.

"of course you'll have to have tickets to my concert, hm, yes? yes? see you next tuesday!"

The children sat in their compartment watching the train near the station.

"What an adventure that was! I can only hope we have a relaxing holiday now!" Julian smiled, and all the children nodded in agreement, and Timmy yapped nigel.

Little did they know that they had many more adventures to come, many many more...

Evelyn Rose Matthewson.

11 years old.

Magor CIW primary.

Mrs Gordon.