**Journey to Druid’s Bottom**

“Rise and shine now children. Rise and shine. Quick, smart!” Mr Evans’ voice bellowed up the stairs awakening the sleeping children with a start. As the blackout curtains were still covering the windows, the two youngsters could barely see as they scrambled around in the dark for matches to light the candle. Carrie, the eldest of the two, hurriedly pulled down the blinds and opened the navy-blue curtains, adorned with tiny purple flowers, which were shut tight across the steamed-up window.

 “Wow! Nick, quick. Look at this!” squealed Carrie in delight.

 Nick, her younger brother, yawned, jumped out of his rickety bed and plodded across to the window where Carrie was busily wiping away a circular patch of condensation. “It’s snow, Carrie. It’s real snow! And it’s everywhere!” he declared in amazement as a smile slowly formed on his rosy-red face. “Quick, let’s get dressed and build a snowman! Oh Carrie, I’ve always wanted to build a proper snowman. Can we? Can we please?”