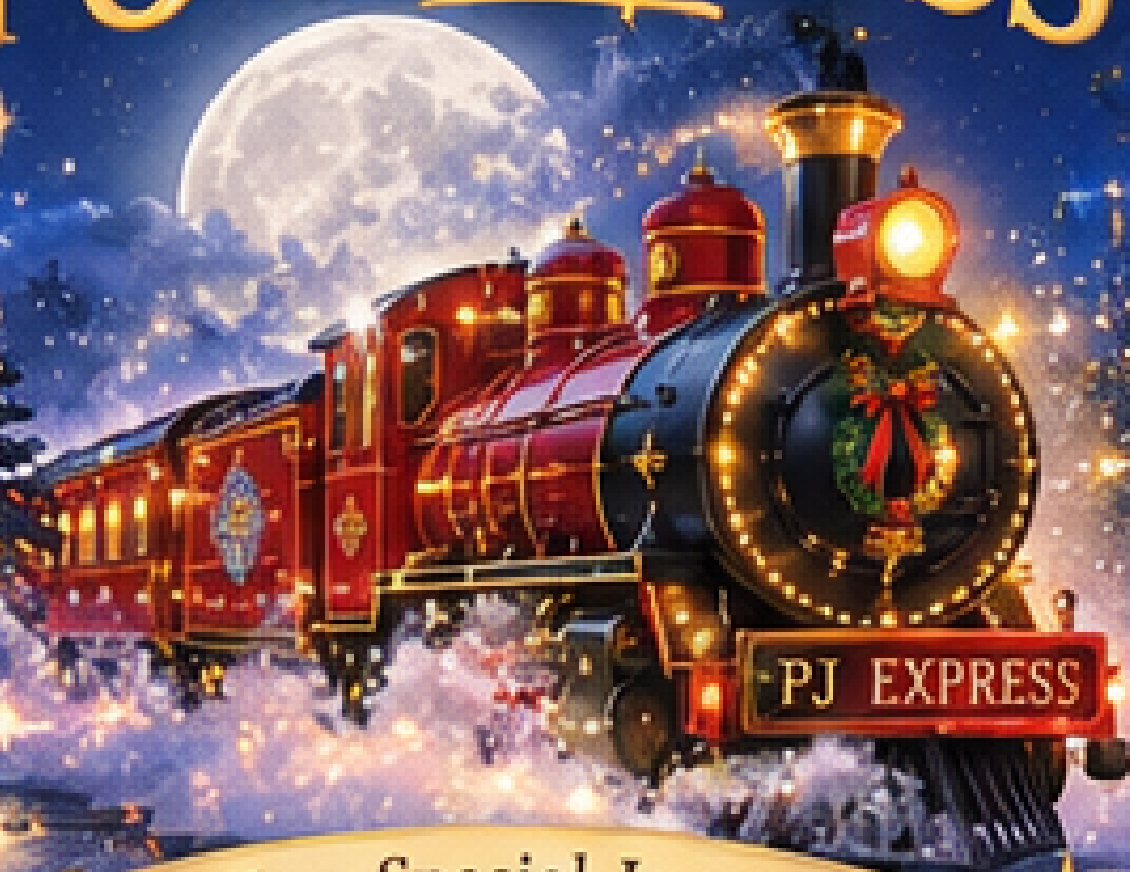


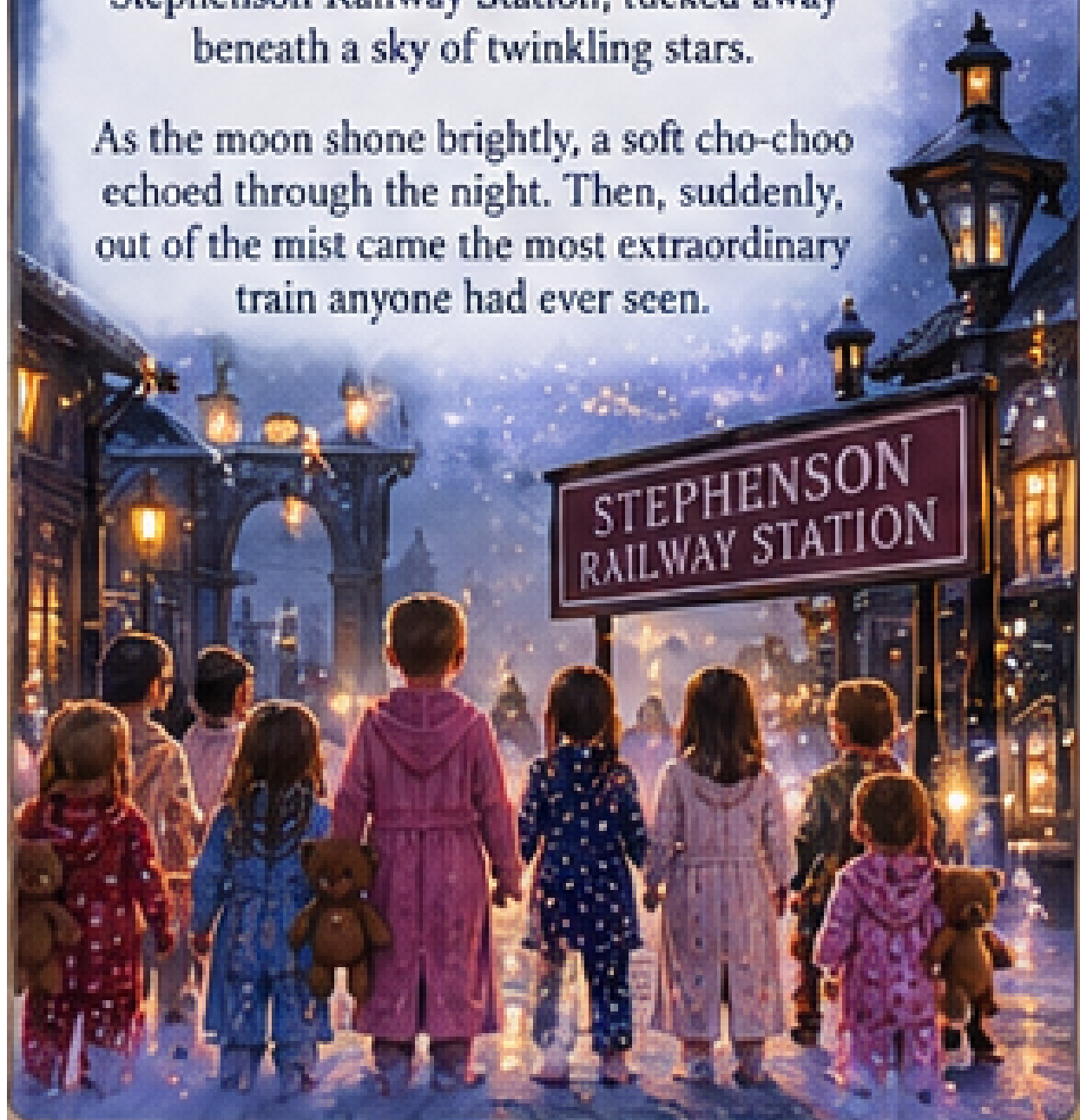
The Magical PJ EXPRESS



A Very Special Journey

Once upon a time, on a very special night,
something magical happened at
Stephenson Railway Station, tucked away
beneath a sky of twinkling stars.

As the moon shone brightly, a soft cho-choo
echoed through the night. Then, suddenly,
out of the mist came the most extraordinary
train anyone had ever seen.



It was painted in a beautiful red and gold,
and a trail of steam and glitter floated behind it.

But this was not any ordinary train, oh no,
this train only appeared to children who
believed in magic. And today, it had come
to collect some very special passengers.



All the children had arrived at the station
wearing their favourite pajamas.

Some were fluffy, some wore dressing gowns
and a few had brought their favourite
teddy bears along for the adventure.



Waiting for them, on the platform, was a special man dressed in a smart blue conductor's uniform, with shiny golden buttons and a magnificent pocket watch.

It was the conductor from the North Pole!
"Welcome!", he announced with a cheerful smile,
"are you ready for the most magical journey
of your lives?"



The children shouted "YES!",
and the conductor welcomed them
on board the train, making sure
to inspect each and every ticket.

One by one, the children climbed
aboard the train, where princesses
and superheroes awaited them.



Once they were all settled in their cosy seats,
the train let out a loud **CHOO CHOO**
and the train began to move away from
the station.



As the train journey began, the children
got to talk to all their favourite characters.
The princesses told wonderful tales,
and the superheroes recounted their most
recent victories against their enemies.





After plenty of laughs and giggles,
soon it was time to board the PJ Express
for the journey home.

The children snuggled back into their seats,
clutching their teddy bears and remembering
every magical moment.



As the train chugged gently along,
the children spoke to all their favourite
characters, recounting who they had met
and what their favourite part of the day was.



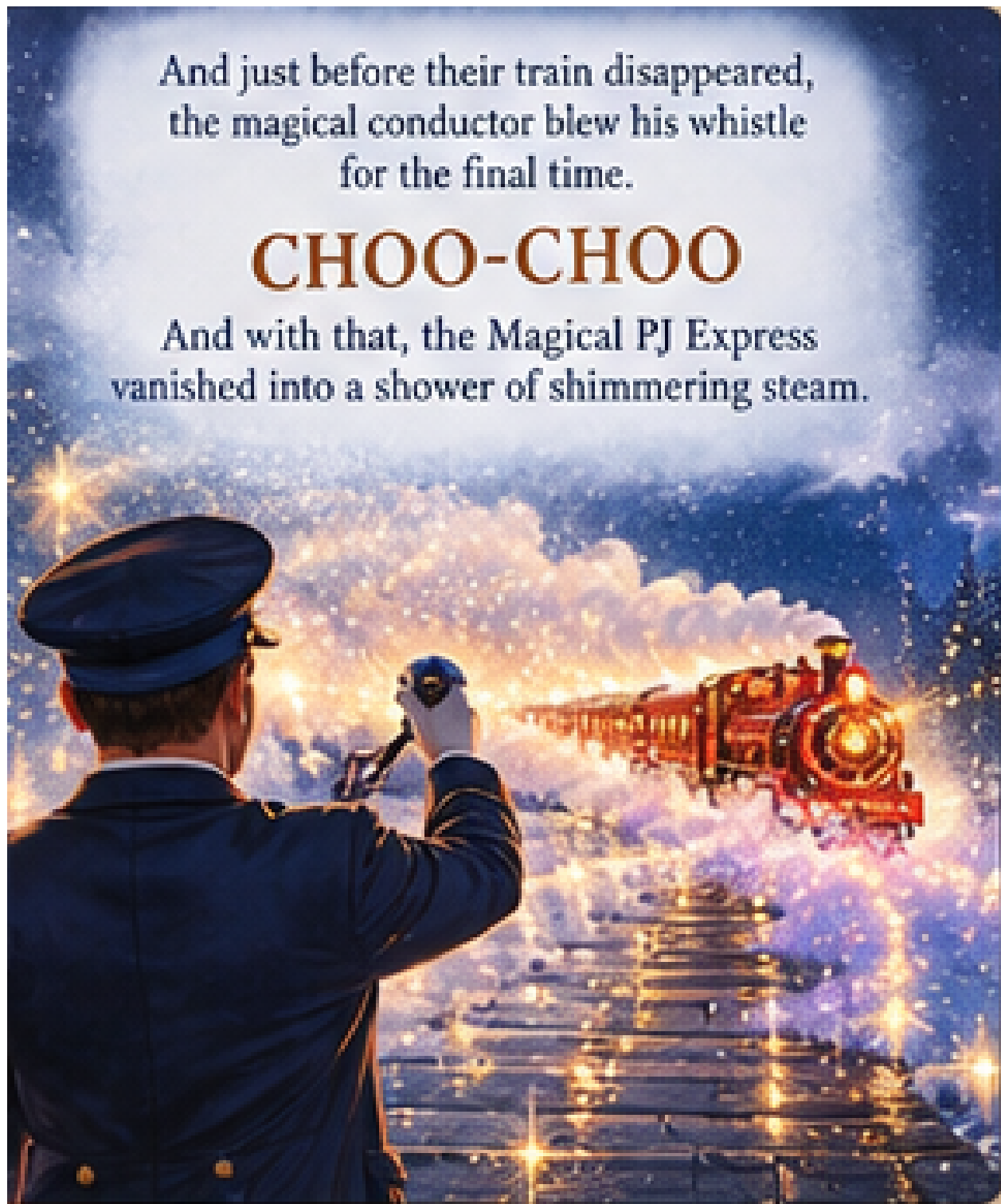
As the train returned to the little railway station where the journey had begun, the children stepped onto the platform, with sleepy smiles on their faces.



And just before their train disappeared,
the magical conductor blew his whistle
for the final time.

CHOO-CHOO

And with that, the Magical PJ Express
vanished into a shower of shimmering steam.



That night, every child climbed into bed,
snuggled beneath their blankets, with their
wishing stars that they had been gifted in hand,
and closed their eyes.

And as they drifted off to sleep, they could
almost hear the gentle sound of a magical train
travelling somewhere far away.



For who knows?
Perhaps one day, the Conductor from the
North Pole would return one day.
Perhaps he would be joined once again
by all the princesses and superheroes.
And, maybe, just maybe, the Magical PJ Express
would come calling once more.

A vibrant illustration of a red train with yellow windows crossing a multi-arched stone bridge. The bridge is set in a snowy, dark blue forest at night. A large, bright full moon hangs in the sky above the train, casting a glow. The scene is framed by a dark blue border.

The End