

Roy: You're wet.

Me: I know Roy. It's raining.

Roy: You should buy an umbrella.

Silence.

Roy: If you're wet you'll get a cold.

Me: I'll dry off in the section ahead.

Roy: Hmm.

JOHN THE MOUSE: Can you believe it? A **Saveloy** sausage! I stop in my tracks. What a strange thing to see. Never before have I seen a sausage so out of context or seen such a fully formed untouched Saveloy discarded in closed OFF section, on top of ballast. How did it get here? Who could have left it? Has someone lost it? Is someone looking for it? Could this *someone* also be here now, re-tracing their footsteps, seeking out their missing sausage? I must admit I can't keep my eyes off it. It's so big and smooth. And what colour! 'What shall I do,' I say out loud. If only I had someone to ask. *Help me!* I shout but I should of known better, **mice** can't be heard even when they're shouting. What about **Krow** who hops up and down all night long (and I just know can't wait to peck my Saveloy to pieces and swallow it up.) What about you Krow? I squeak but Krow doesn't reply. With no one to turn to for advice I make my own bold decision. I look from left to right, listening out for hostile footsteps (or fast moving engineering trains!) bend down and pick up the lost Saveloy. I hold it between my teeth like a sailor would a trophy fish, freshly caught from sea. I run away from the flashlights and meatheads shouting in the section ahead. Yes, I say, yes. Now I can see you too. Later I ask the Saveloy What are you doing here? Are you lost? Or are you waiting for someone? But the Saveloy does not reply. Look, I want to help I say.

Roy: what's that up your jumper?

Me: Nothing Roy.

Roy: I can see a bulge.

Me: Its nothing Roy.

Roy: It looks like a banana.

Me: It's not a banana Roy.

Roy: If it's a banana you'll bruise it.

Me: Its ok Roy.

Roy: You should get yourself a banana holder.

Me: Eh?

Roy: A top banana!

Me: ?