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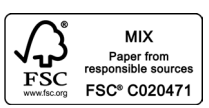
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To our dearest Fried Egg (also known by the Long Legs as Freya), the greatest guide and our trusted adviser in all things Tindims.

From SG and LC





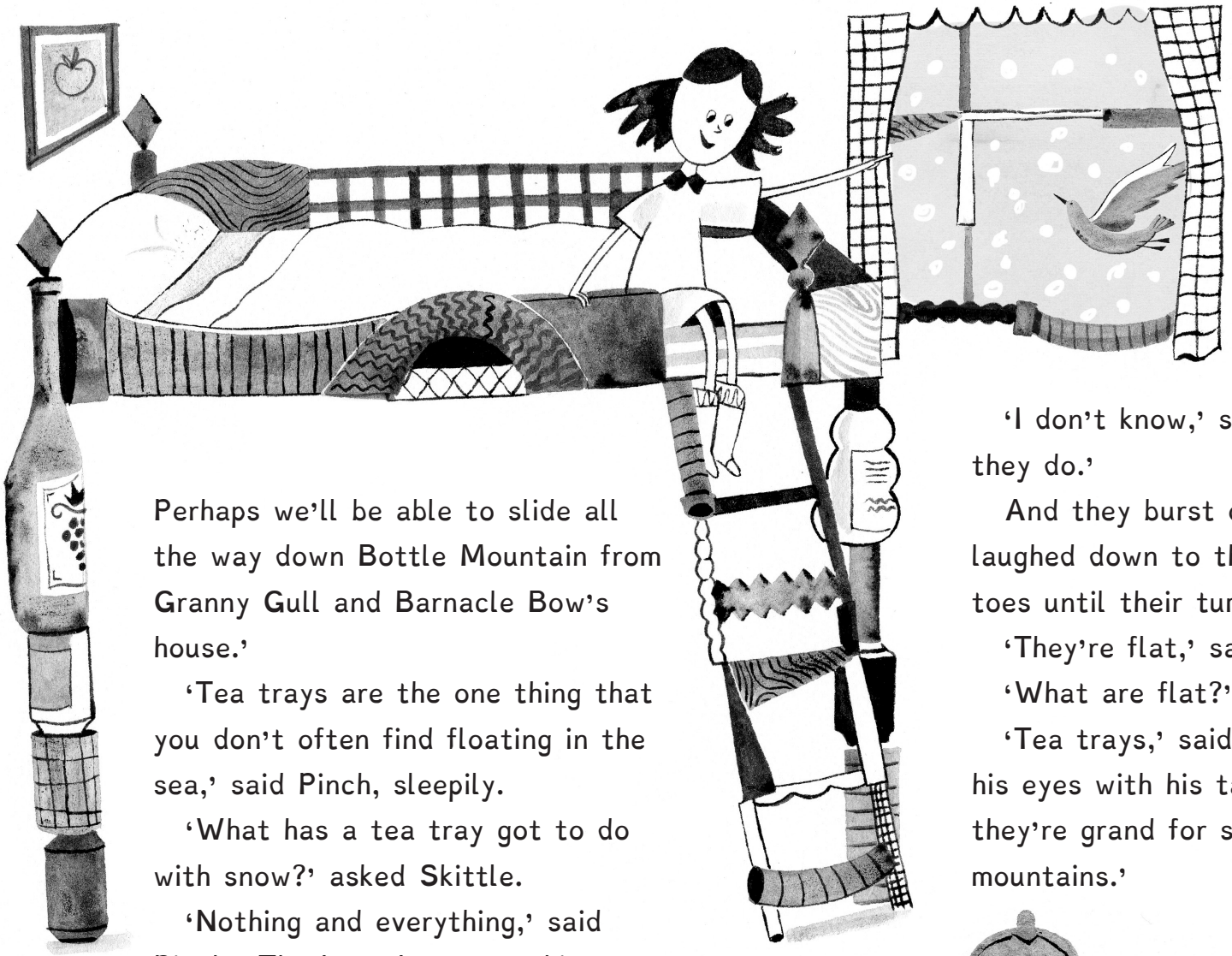


Skittle climbed out of bed, pulled back the curtains and couldn't believe what she saw. She had wished for snow for ages, and here it was. Big, thick snowflakes – lots of them. Rubbish Island, she thought, must have sailed into icy waters by mistake. She hadn't seen snow for so long she was worried it might have gone away.

'Wake up, Pinch,' she said.

Pinch was curled in an old jewellery box, his long, furry tail wrapped round him.

'It's Tunaday,' said Skittle, which is what Tindims call Tuesday. 'And look – it's snowing. Really huge flakes. That means Rubbish Island will turn white.

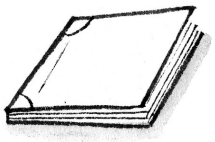


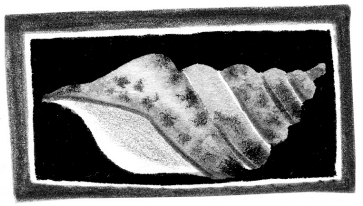
Perhaps we'll be able to slide all the way down Bottle Mountain from Granny Gull and Barnacle Bow's house.'

'Tea trays are the one thing that you don't often find floating in the sea,' said Pinch, sleepily.

'What has a tea tray got to do with snow?' asked Skittle.

'Nothing and everything,' said Pinch. 'The Long Legs put things on them. Like cakes.'





'Why?' asked Skittle.

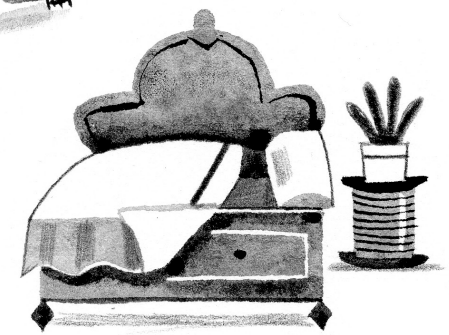
'I don't know,' said Pinch. 'But they do.'

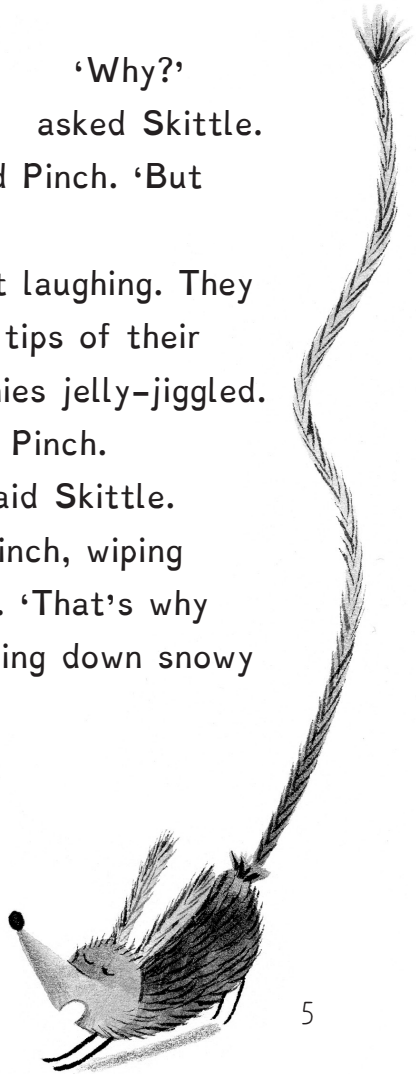
And they burst out laughing. They laughed down to the tips of their toes until their tummies jelly-jiggled.

'They're flat,' said Pinch.

'What are flat?' said Skittle.

'Tea trays,' said Pinch, wiping his eyes with his tail. 'That's why they're grand for sliding down snowy mountains.'







Skittle put on her red-and-white checked dress. She did up her useful belt, in which she kept a helpful hook and her best pencil.

Tindims are much smaller than humans, who they call the Long Legs. Human children they call the Little Long Legs.

She helped Pinch do up the buttons on his waistcoat. Paws and buttons don't mix.

Last of all, Skittle collected her toothbrush. The Long Legs use toothbrushes to brush their teeth, but Tindims have many more uses for them, such as polishing and scrubbing and other things that end in **ING**. She decided to leave it at home as this was a snowy sort of day, not an **ING** sort of day.



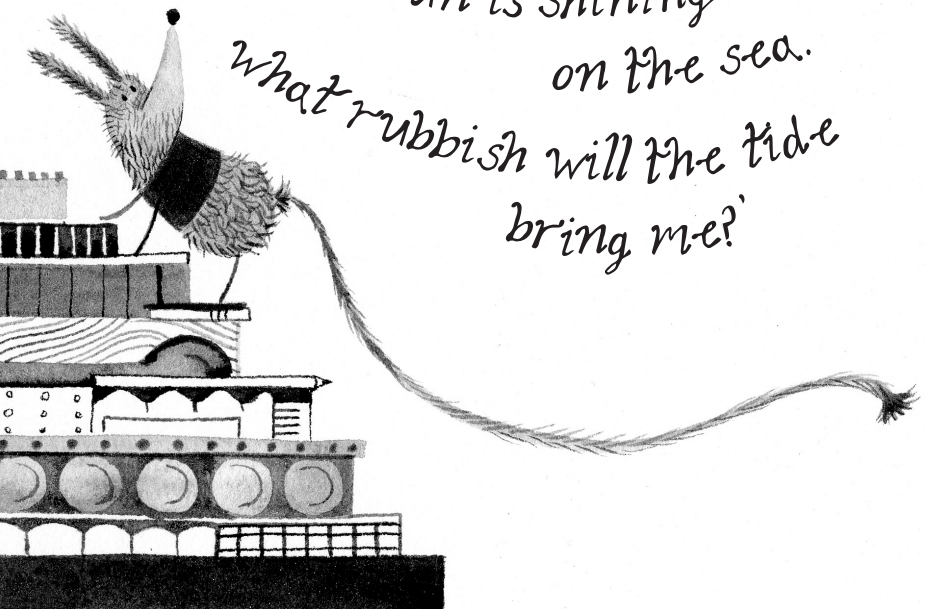


When they were quite ready, Skittle said, 'Do you know it's only two days until the Brightsea Festival?'

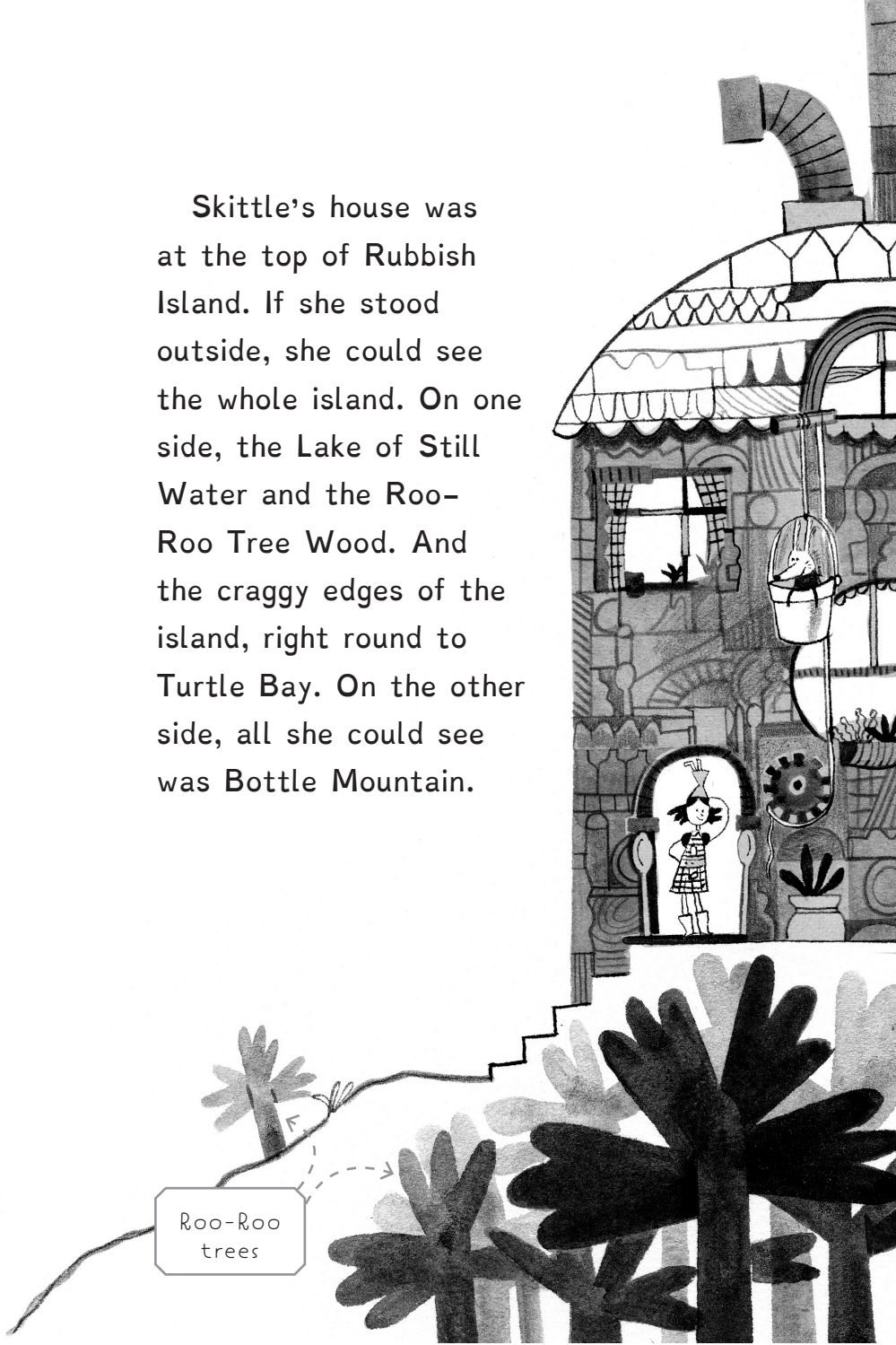
And with that happy thought they set off up the staircase to the kitchen.

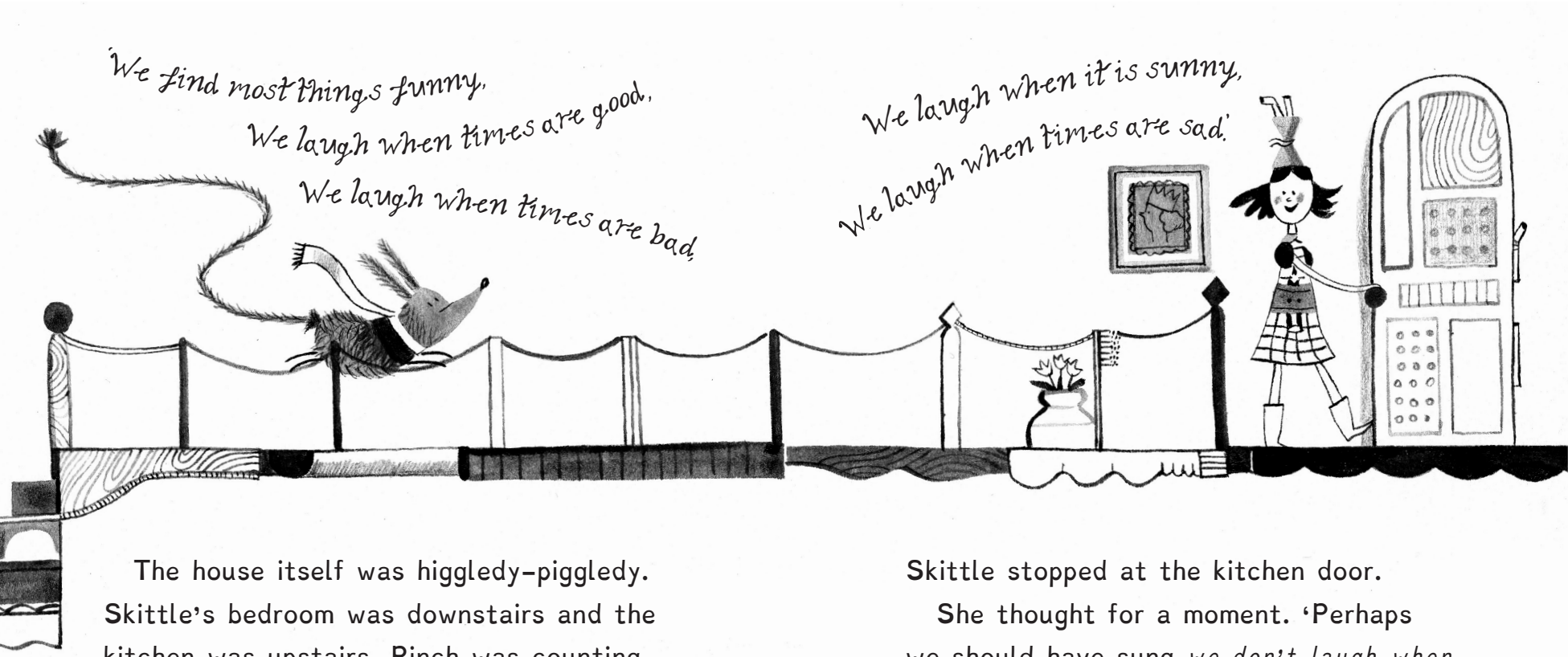
As they went, they sang a Tindim song.

Oh, the sun is shining
on the sea.
What rubbish will the tide
bring me?'



Skittle's house was at the top of Rubbish Island. If she stood outside, she could see the whole island. On one side, the Lake of Still Water and the Roo-Roo Tree Wood. And the craggy edges of the island, right round to Turtle Bay. On the other side, all she could see was Bottle Mountain.





The house itself was higgledy-piggledy. Skittle's bedroom was downstairs and the kitchen was upstairs. Pinch was counting his steps and stopped on the seventh stair. This was handy as he couldn't count past ten. He had left something important behind. He unrolled his tail all the way back to the bedroom and picked up his scarf. With one twitch he wrapped it three times around his neck.

They sang as they went up the stairs. Skittle stopped at the kitchen door.

She thought for a moment. 'Perhaps we should have sung *we don't laugh when times are bad or sad*?'

'That doesn't sound so good,' said Pinch. 'But I agree, it's all right to feel sad.'

'Yes,' said Skittle. 'But we're not sad today, not with the snow. Today is a day for laughter.'

'That's a fact,' said Pinch.

