

Sounds like a heater.

The steam is as white as fluffy snow.

East to west I travel the best.

As I travel through the morning and night I
stop at Swindon to see the sights.

My paint is as green as an emerald.

The Whistle is as loud as a lion's roar.

Racing down the tracks I go.

As I chug along the tracks I wave hello.

I am as heavy as a giant.

No more trains like me.

By Jenna

