

He walked round his kingdom followed by the cats. At the back of the valley, the path was overgrown with brambles. No one had been there for years. Soon it would start to look green again as the last of the rubbish disappeared under grass and bushes.

Autumn came, and buried the rubbish under a coat of soft brown leaves. Later, the snow came, and the old man sat snug in his train with his warm stove and his animals. Sometimes when the night air was filled with dark frost, the fox came into the carriage and lay down beneath the stove. Inside a large kettle a hedgehog slept away the winter. They were all warm and content, and the rest of the world was miles away.

