

Thin Ice pulled a small wooden sledge from her backpack and dropped it onto the snowy ground.

Frostbite took one look at it and began to sulk.  
***“WHINE! WAIL! SNIFFLE! WHINE! WHINE!”*** he said.

“Frostbite is correct,” said **Snow-Man**. “There are too many of us to sit on the Snow-Mobile. He wouldn’t be able to pull it.”

“Then how do we get to Mum I mean – **Weathergirl** – and whatever she’s up to?” asked Thin Ice.

“There’s no need!” shrieked a voice. “I’ll bring my wicked scheme straight to you!”

The team looked up.

**Weathergirl** was charging down the street towards them, tossing everything from wheelie-bins to cars aside in her windy wake.

