You could tell a lot about a person from their hat. Or at least, that is how it was in Daniel's opinion. For example, you know for sure that a person in a top hat is almost definitely trustworthy and a person in a cap is most certainly not. Especially if it is backwards. You can never trust someone who wears their cap backwards. So for this reason, Daniel speculated that this large fat man in a red floppy hat, was most likely good news. But, then again, any form of life is good news when you are half frozen in the snowy desert of the South Pole. He even would have been glad to see Olivia, his annoying know-it-all older sister. Well not*glad* as such but not *not* glad either if you know what I mean. Even his parents finding him would be better than freezing to death.

He’d like to think that if his parents did find him they would be so overcome with joy that they would forget about him running away altogether! He could apologise to them and they would go home and he could have warm hot chocolate by the fire. Oh hot chocolate! He missed hot chocolate so much! And what he wouldn't give for a warm fire… But, as you can see, Daniel's thoughts are wandering off track and the same can be said for this story. Let us continue.

As the Hat Wearer moved into view Daniel noticed the man's red attire was thick and fur lined, made to trap the warmth in and the cold out in this harsh, bitter environment. As he marched closer his boots sunk, concealed in the deep snow with each step. And as he swung his arms and his white beard swung along in time.

Snow had settled on top of Daniel's charcoal hair like icing sugar sprinkled over the plum pudding on Christmas day. His smart brown breeches, his Sunday best that his mum had been so upset about when he had spilt his porridge this morning, were now soaked through. *I doubt that she’ll care about that when she has so much else to be angry about*. A snowflake landed on his nose and didn’t even melt. He was so numb he didn’t feel the man draping his own red coat over him or have any resistance as he lifted was lifted by the Hat Wearer's steady arms.

The hat-wearer’s footsteps were heavy and the crunch of the snow beneath his boots was deafening compared to the thick silence that surrounded the icy wasteland. The stillness that came before had curled like tendrils of smoke and whispered in Daniel's ear, yearning for but a murmur of noise. And more. It wanted his company too. It whispered that he should stay with it, curl up in the snow and drift into sleep to be with it forever. And who knows? Maybe he would have if the hat-wearer had not come to his rescue.

“ Sleep,” the hat-wearer whispered softly to Daniel.

That was the first time he had heard the hat-wearer speak. He had a deep melodic voice that chimed and vibrated through Daniel’s body - like he sang his words rather than spoke them. And as he spoke, Daniel heard bells softly ringing. He decided that you could trust people who sang rather than spoke. They had a sort of, soft magic about them. His words tingled through his body. Like hot sweet chocolate running into his ice cold stomach. It was comforting… warm. And most importantly, it spread. All over his body. Warm magic tingled in his hair, his fingertips, and all the way to his toes as he wiggled them in his boots. Yes. You could definitely trust those who wore red hats.

And so he slept as the Hat Wearer placed him on a cold hard seat, before snapping at some reigns as the world disappeared in a cold, flurry white blur.

