



Winston the Cab was the cheeriest black taxi in all of London. Even on Christmas Eve, when the roads were icy and swirling with snow, Winston's little light shone bright. He loved helping people get where they needed to go.





Inside a cozy flat, Elara and Barnaby were busy decorating their tall, prickly Christmas tree. Their white cat, Puff, supervised from a pile of tinsel, swiping gently at the lowest branches.





"Wait a minute!" cried Elara.  
"We've put up all the baubles  
and all the lights, but where is  
the star? The perfect, glittery,  
gold star for the very top?"  
Barnaby checked the empty  
decoration box. "It's gone!"





Mama and Papa looked worried. "Oh dear," said Mama. "We must have left the star at the shop where we bought the tree! The shop closes in ten minutes!" Papa quickly grabbed his coat. "I need the fastest cab in the city!"





Papa rushed out and jumped into Winston. "To the Christmas Tree Emporium, Winston! It's an emergency delivery! The Star is missing!" Winston revved his engine. He knew just how important a Christmas Star was.





But as Papa opened the door, a flurry of white fur darted out from under his coat! "Mrow!" It was Puff! And right behind Puff, curious Elara and Barnaby had slipped into the back seat, ready for an adventure.



"Goodness me!" yelled Papa.  
"We have unexpected  
passengers! Hold on tight,  
children and cat!" Winston  
zipped and zoomed through  
the snowy city, past twinkling  
streetlights and silent clock  
towers.





Puff, however, was determined to play. The little white cat batted at the snowflakes sticking to the window, chasing the streetlights as they flashed by.





Winston drove them home, feeling warm and proud. Soon, the golden star was sparkling brightly atop their tree. Elara, Barnaby, and Puff watched the glow. Everything was perfect, thanks to the cheeriest cab in London!