

# The Cumbrian Engines

*By Eliot Andersen*

## Volume 10 – Incidental Engines

Dear friends,

I was amazed to see that this was the tenth book in the series. I told the manager of our achievements, and he thought that we needed to celebrate this great occasion. There was a lot of preparation needing to go into bringing guests to the party, and all the engines were busier than ever before. It has been a great pleasure writing about my friends as they are all really splendid engines, and this book highlights the recent triumphs of three of them. Have fun reading!

The Author

### **Dramatis Personae**

*Craig* – CR 0F 0-4-0ST steam locomotive, owned by Cumbrian Engines Enterprises

*Hermione* – LMS 5P4F 2-6-0 steam locomotive, owned by Cumbrian Engines Enterprises

*Jack* – LMS 4MT 2-6-4T steam locomotive, owned by Cumbrian Engines Enterprises

*Michael* – LMS 5MT 4-6-0 steam locomotive, owned by Cumbrian Engines Enterprises

*Roger* – BR 9F 2-10-0 steam locomotive, owned by Cumbrian Engines Enterprises

*Rory* – BR Class 156 “Sprinter” diesel multiple unit, operated by First ScotRail

## Left Behind

One morning, the manager came to the sheds. The engines were all very sleepy, and were disappointed to see that the manager had come to wake them up. He had a special announcement to make.

“It is soon going to be the time when the tenth book about you is going to be published.” said the manager. “We are planning a special party to celebrate.” All of the engines didn’t feel sleepy anymore. They all loved parties. “The author and I have planned that it will be held in the station on Saturday evening.” continued the manager. “I want you all to be on the best behaviour, as the Author is going to be around the area during the week, getting material for future books.”

Once the manager left, all the engines were sizzling with excitement. They were all talking about the party. They were happy that it was the tenth book in their own little series, because then people heard about them, and would come to ride on the line.

“Load of old codswallop if you ask me.” grunted Rory. “That author, he never writes about me, and I’m a great railcar.”

Rory was jealous of the others. He didn’t know that he was featured in a lot of the stories, although he was never a main character. He fumed into platform 8 to collect the passengers. I stood there, smiling at him, scribbling down information in my notebook.

“I suppose you’ve come to bother me now.” Rory groused. “Stupid nonsense.” Rory had no idea that I was writing a story about him. Rory behaved his worst all day. We reached Stranraer, and I went to take some pictures of other engines in the station.

Rory was fed up of not being the centre of attention. He wanted to teach me a lesson. He began to move away from the platform, leaving me standing in the rain.

“That’ll teach him.” he snorted. His driver saw that I was standing on the platform, and immediately reversed to let me climb on board.

Rory rode rough all the way home, “That showed him.” he countered to himself.

Once we arrived back at Carlisle, the manager was waiting for us. He was very cross with Rory. His driver had forewarned him, and now he shouted crossly at the silly railcar.

“You’re a very naughty engine! You wanted a story to yourself, and you got one. The author was going on the train to write a story about you!” thundered the manager.

Rory looked like he was going to burst into tears. “I’m so sorry!” he wailed, and scuttled out of the siding to sulk in the sheds.

## Girl's problems

Hermione the mixed traffic engine was feeling down in the dumps. She was ill, and couldn't pull trains like she used to. She was often short of steam, and would struggle to the stations.

The manager understood, but said that it would have to wait until after the party until they would be able to spare her and send her to the works to be made better.

No one seemed to be able to understand her problems. She was sad and feeling very useless. She wanted to be able to do her work, but she couldn't because she was so weak.

She stood in one of the sidings in the yard. I wandered over to find out what was wrong.

"I feel like I can't pull even the lightest of trains." she said to me. "My tubes feel all blocked up, but my crew can't find anything wrong."

I had no idea what was wrong with her. I wasn't an expert on engineering, I was no good with the technical side, but I had a strong feeling that it was more to do with emotions than actual strength.

I went down the main shopping street in Carlisle, and found myself in a bookshop. I looked under emotions and feelings. I found a book that looked like an answer to the problem. I hurried back to the yard as fast as I could.

"What the problem is," I said to Hermione, "Is that your emotions are all in a muddle."

Hermione stared blankly at me. "In English please." she said, smiling.

"Well," I continued, "Do you feel lonely?"

"Yes."

"OK then, why do you think that you feel lonely?"

"It's not exactly loneliness, I have lots of friends, but before I came here, I didn't have any friends at all."

"You've only been here for about three weeks though." I said. "You'll probably just be getting used to having friends."

"Do you think so?" she asked quietly.

"Of course." I assured her. "You'll feel much better soon, trust me."

And with that, Hermione puffed out of the sidings, and back down onto her two coaches, who were very startled.

Roger was shunting when he saw Hermione whiz past. He had no idea of what he'd just seen. One minute, she was feeling ill, the next, she was up and down the line with her trains.

Hermione soon settled in, and has lots of friends on the line. She is special because she is the only girl engine, but she can work just as well as her friends can.

## Repeating Yourself

Craig is a saddletank shunter. He is the station pilot of Carlisle. He shunts trucks in the yard, and fetches the coaches for the other engines. He does the same jobs day after day, and he gets very bored.

“I wish I could do something different.” he complained to Jack.

Jack laughed. “Your job is to work up here. You’re quite essential, you know.”

Craig didn’t think he was essential, he thought the others were too lazy to collect their own coaches. He sometimes was helped by Marcus, but even this didn’t take much strain off his buffers.

Craig wanted to get out of the yard once in a while, and get to travel down the line like the others, pulling long trains of coaches or trucks.

One morning, a big line of vans came into the yard. They were needed to be taken down to Workington station. There were no engines around, so Craig would have to take the vans down the line.

He buffered up behind the vans. He didn’t know that he needed to be at the front so that he could get a clear view of the line.

“The signalmen will make sure that we get there safely.” he countered to himself.

He set off down the track, pushing his ten heavy vans in front of him. He sang a little song to himself as he puffed south.

Suddenly, there was a great crash, and the vans flew everywhere, splintering into little bits. Craig was pushed over onto his side, and his driver and fireman were thrown to the ground.

They had collided with Roger, pulling a long train. He did not know they were coming, and they had just emerged from around a corner. Roger was perched on top of some of the broken vans, hissing sadly.

Jack and Michael quickly brought the Breakdown cranes to clear the wreckage. The manager came to oversee the operation. He was cross with Craig for not keeping a good lookout.

“You should have known better than to just rely on the signalmen to guide you down the line.” said the manager crossly. “You shall remain in the shed until I know that you can behave properly.

Craig was lifted back onto the tracks, and then slunk away sadly to the sheds.

## **All pull together**

The party was less than a week away. The engines were all rushing to and fro carrying the passengers and important goods to their destinations.

Hermione had been chosen to pull the special train up the coast from Whitehaven, where I would be getting on. She was very proud, and spent all day getting polished and cleaned in preparation for her journey.

Craig was still in the sheds. He was feeling very sad. He wanted to come out of the shed again. None of his friends spoke to him, and he was very lonely.

Just then, his crew came into the shed. "Come on, Craig," they said cheerfully. "We need to take some extra coaches down to Whitehaven for Hermione's train."

Craig puffed out of the shed and towards the yard where the coaches stood.

Rory was waiting to get refuelled. His driver had gone to see the station master and he stood at the back of the siding, behind a row of coaches.

Craig backed down on the line of coaches violently, they went right into Rory, and somehow, they became coupled together.

Rory thought nothing of the bump, and decided to have a snooze, but before he knew it, he was being pulled out of the yard with the coaches.

"Help me!" he wailed, but Craig couldn't hear him.

People that were watching stood and laughed at poor Rory crying for help at the back of the train.

Craig was very surprised when he found out what had happened once they reached Whitehaven. Passengers crowded the platform. They would fill all the coaches to the brim. They even needed to go into Rory for extra seats. They put Rory at the head of the coaches. Hermione puffed down on to him. Craig then buffered up at the back of the train.

"Ready up front?" Craig called.

"Let's get going!" replied Hermione.

The three engines set off. The train was heavy, and they slowly but surely rumbled out of the station. They went up the coast, the winter weather and waves buffeting the train. Suddenly, Rory's engine stalled. They tried restarting it, but a fuse had blown. The steam engines now had more weight spread between them. They both bravely tried their hardest, puffing hard, and eventually getting the heavy train moving again. They reached the terminus safely, and everyone was waiting for them.

The guests and I stepped out of the coaches. I thanked the three engines for a splendid run, and immediately began recording the journey in my notebook.

The manager was proud of all three engines. The crowd then cheered for the enterprising engines that had brought our train home, and then gave three more for the amazing Cumbrian Engines!