

It might not be too late for poor FENNY if you help him. Before you get on the train, collect the names of all the Ghosts around The Middleton Railway and write them below. Then, listen to the instructions when you get to The Great Tunnel. You can set FENNY free of Old Ma Blenkinsop's magic - and then listen to him whistle!!

Old Ma Blenkinsop also says "Take all the ghosts names to your local ASDA with your train ticket and you'll get a special FENNY Whistle treat, too!"*

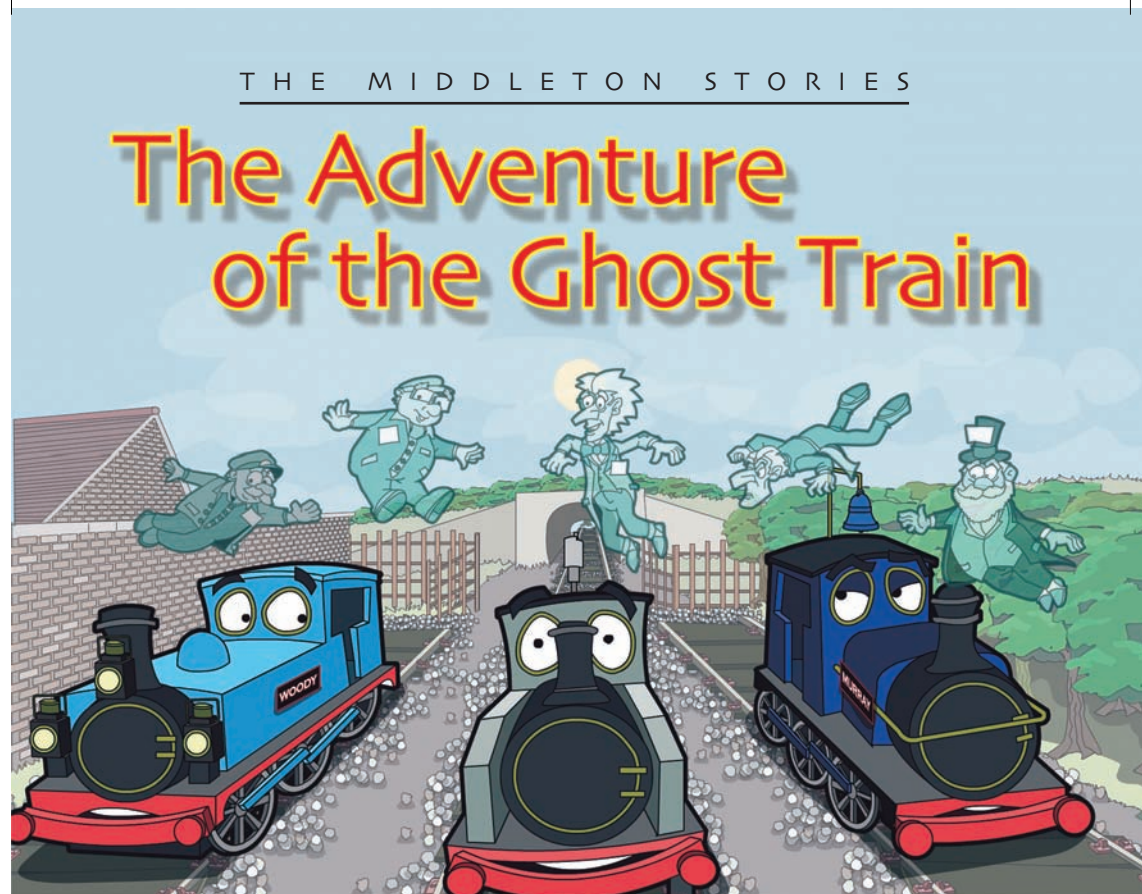
Ghost names: O L _ _ _ _ F A _ _ _ _ T H _ _ _ _ _ _ F R _ _ _ _ B O _ _ _ _	
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Fares: Adults £4.50 Children £3.00
Times: First ride is at 11am, then every 40 minutes. Last ride at 4pm

How to get to Middleton Railway.

By car: The Middleton Railway is situated alongside the M621 about 2 miles from the centre of Leeds. Free car parking is available on site and at the nearby Tulip Street Retail Park. There is no southbound exit at Jct 5, use Jct 6.

By Bus: From Leeds City Station, service 61 from Aire Street and alight at Beza Street or service 2 or 3 from the Corn Exchange and alight at the junction of Dewsbury Road and Tunstall Road.



The Middleton Railway Engine House is home to lots of engines. You'll also find nearby The Big Workshop where they are mended, and The Station with tracks that lead right up to The Great Tunnel.

Three special engines live there. There's FENNY WHISTLE, who is the youngest and loves showing off by blowing loudly on his whistle. There's WOODY BRIGHTLIGHT who proudly shows her beautiful lights at every opportunity. And then there is MURRAY BLUEBELL, the oldest engine who always uses his big bell to tell the other two engines off!

They were all looked after by their owners at The Middleton Railway - and one other person who loves and frightens them more than anyone else. Old Ma Blenkinsop.

She has been living at The Station with her big, black dog Edgar longer than anyone can remember.



*Participating stores only. The Middleton Railway Trust Ltd. The Station, Moor Road, Leeds, LS10 2JQ. Registered Charity No. 230387
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It was at the end of a busy day in October that the three special Middleton engines settled down in the darkness for a good night's sleep. Well, nearly settled down.

FENNY WHISTLE whistled quietly, and then opened his eyes. He had made up his mind.

"I've made up my mind," he said into the darkness.

"What about?" whispered WOODY BRIGHTLIGHT, trying not to wake up.

"I'm going through the Great Tunnel," whispered FENNY, peeping as bravely as he could.

"Don't be so silly," hissed MURRAY BLUEBELL, his bell clanging ever so gently.

"Now, go to sleep or someone will hear you."

But not one of the engines saw Edgar the dog slip out of the shed and into the night.



Edgar was old, strong and as black as the coal piled up at the back of The Workshop.

He could not remember how he came to live with Old Ma Blenkinsop at The Middleton Railway, only that he loved her and would do anything for her. Some people said Old Ma Blenkinsop lived in Middleton even before they built the railway. Others said she was a witch who built The Great Tunnel and The Middleton Railway with her magic powers.

But Edgar did know one thing - she was wise and clever and would know what to do. He found her sat in the favourite chair of her tiny cottage, sipping an evening cup of tea.



"Hello, Edgar. You've got something to tell me?"

See. Told you she was wise.

"It's FENNY," barked Edgar in a way only Old Ma Blenkinsop could understand. "He says he's going through The Great Tunnel."

Old Ma Blenkinsop threw back her white-haired head and cackled loudly.

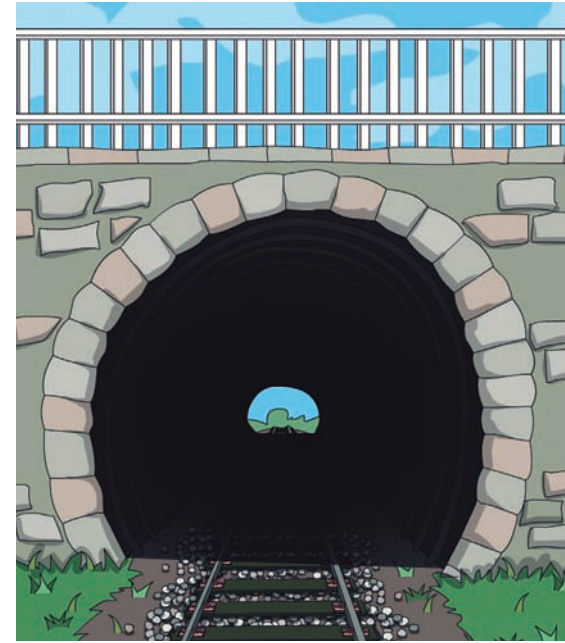
“Oh, is he? We’ll see about that. Come with me, Edgar.”

She walked out the front door and along The Station platform, with Edgar padding behind her. There was The Great Tunnel, waiting open-mouthed beneath the star-filled, moonlit sky.

“No-one goes through the Great Tunnel without asking, Edgar. You see, there are hundreds of secret places to visit on the other side. It’s far too much for one silly little engine.”

“I think he’s going to try anyway,” barked Edgar.

“Oh, I’m not going to stop him. Perhaps FENNY should meet a few of my friends,” and there was a naughty look in her eyes.



“Are you sure?” WOODY whispered to FENNY, as she filled up with coal next morning.

“You are not going anywhere,” shouted MURRAY fiercely, his bell clanging to show how angry he was.

“You can’t stop me,” cried FENNY, staring straight ahead at The Great Tunnel.

“I see that tunnel everyday

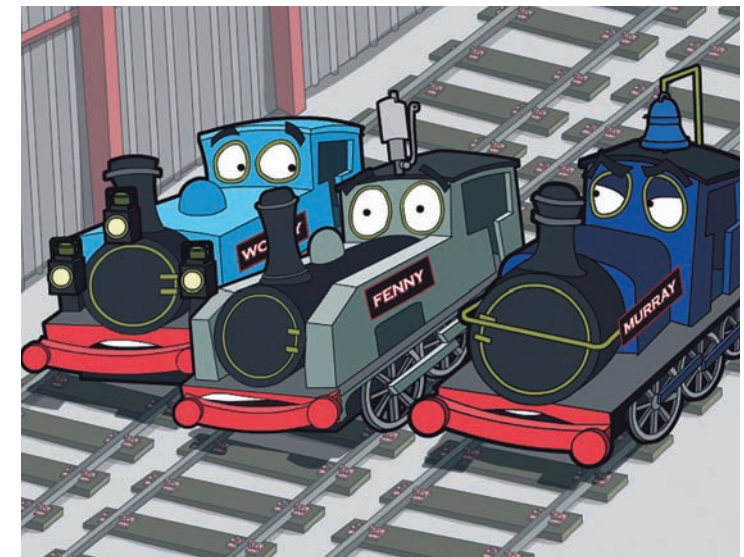
and I want to see what’s on the other side.”

WOODY looked at MURRAY with tears in her eyes.

“I’m frightened. Don’t let FENNY go through the tunnel. Talk to the owners. Talk to Old Ma Blenkinsop...” and her lights dimmed sadly.

“Leave it to me,” said MURRAY with a fearful ding-dong. “I’m going to see Old Ma Blenkinsop. She’ll put a stop to it.”

But as the day passed and the night of Halloween drew near, Old Ma Blenkinsop was nowhere to be seen.





“Hello, FENNY,” said Old Ma Blenkinsop, suddenly appearing at The Engine House as the three engines were returning after another long day.

“I hear you want to go through the Great Tunnel.”

“Um, um, how did you...?”

“Well, I think you should go.”

“You, you do!?” peeped FENNY.

“Have a good time, won’t you?” and Old Ma Blenkinsop smiled and gave FENNY a gentle pat.

“You’re not going to stop me?”

“I can’t stop you, FENNY, not if you really want to go. So, I will help you. I want you to talk to five dear friends of mine to get you on your way.”

“F...f...friends?” said FENNY, whistling nervously.

“Just call out their names as you pass through the tunnel and they’ll make sure you get through safely.”

“Are they nice friends?”

“Oh yes. For ghosts, that is...”

“G..G..GHOSTS!?”

FENNY watched Old Ma Blenkinsop walk away. Ghosts? He was not going to talk to any ghosts. He was going through The Great Tunnel without talking to scary ghosts, thank you very much. That FENNY - what a silly engine!

It was now very quiet. FENNY moved off gently. Very soon, he began to go faster and faster. A bit too fast, perhaps - but he couldn’t help himself! He tried to put on his brakes, but nothing happened. He gave a full blast on his whistle, but no-one seemed to hear. He tried to lock his wheels, but they just kept on turning...

It was as if they were controlled by magic!

Old Ma Blenkinsop’s magic!

Please, please don’t make me go!

But it was too late. FENNY puffed and whistled and headed towards the blackest of black tunnels - The Great Tunnel!

The ghosts! If only he had spoken to the ghosts. How he wished he had asked his best friend WOODY to go with him. Or MURRAY, perhaps, who always knew what to do.

Better still, why hadn’t he just stayed in his lovely warm Engine House?

It was too late. The Great Tunnel swallowed up FENNY, and then his carriages... and then there was silence.

