

E. Nesbit's The Railway Children

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"They were not railway children to begin with ..."

... but when their father is unexpectedly called away, Bobbie, Peter and Phyllis are sent to the countryside. With nothing much to do, they go down to the track to watch the trains. This adaptation of E. Nesbit's classic tale will transport you to another time and take you on some surprising adventures. Will the children ever see their father again?



"I loved the children's adventures and felt I was there with them!"

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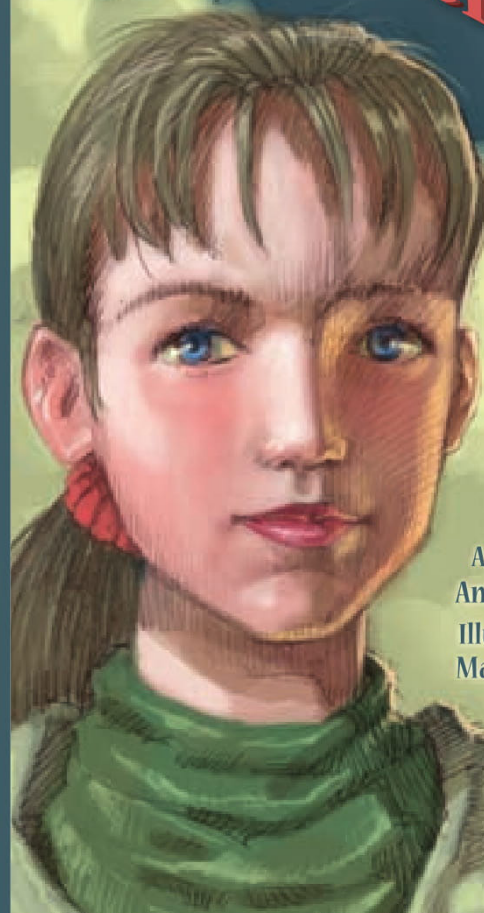


ALWAYS LEARNING

PEARSON

E. NESBIT'S THE RAILWAY CHILDREN

E. Nesbit's The Railway Children



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Maxim Larin

Bobbie held Mother's hand against her cheek. "We will," she promised.

"You can help me most by being good and not quarrelling when I'm away," Mother went on, "for I shall have to be away a great deal. I want you to promise not to ask me any questions about this trouble and not to ask anybody else any questions."

"Is it something to do with the Government?" asked Bobbie, for their father worked in a Government office.

"Yes," said Mother. "Now it's bedtime, my darlings. And don't worry. It will all come right in the end."

Upstairs, the girls carefully folded their clothes, the only way they could think to be good.

Phyllis sighed. "Remember how you used to say our life was so dull? Nothing ever happened like in books? Well, now something *has* happened."

"I never wanted to make Mother unhappy," said Bobbie. "Everything's perfectly horrible."

Life continued to be perfectly horrible for





had time to think, and one of the things she thought of was what Mother had said one of those feverish nights when her hands were so hot and her eyes so bright.

The words were: "Oh, what a big doctor's bill I'll have to pay."

Suddenly Bobbie made up her mind. Going out through the side door of the garden she walked until she came to the bridge that crossed the canal and there she waited in the sunshine, looking down at the water.

Presently there was a sound of wheels, just as she had hoped. The wheels were the wheels of the doctor's dogcart and in the cart was the doctor. When he saw her he pulled up and called out, "Your mother's not worse?"

"No, but –"

"Then what's the trouble?" he said. "Come on, out with it."

"Mother said I wasn't to go telling everyone we're poor," Bobbie said anxiously. "But you're not everyone, are you?"

"Certainly not," said the doctor cheerfully.

"Well, Mrs Viney told me that her