

# Edward to the Rescue

Written by Tophat6210

Based on the characters of dear SpeedySkip, and “Super Rescue” written by Rev. W. Awdry

Translated by ChatGPT



The Fat Controller had arranged to borrow two large diesel engines from a port of Heysham.

The visitors were resting in the sheds after their long journey, glancing curiously at their surroundings.

Edward approached with a cheerful smile.

“Welcome to our railway!”

One of the diesels brightened at this.

“Seems like a nice enough place, doesn’t it, Landon?”

But the other diesel scowled.

“Are you blind, Felix? This place is filthy—and look at those rusty old wrecks puffing about like they’re still in their prime!”

“Shh! They can hear you!”

Felix hissed in alarm, but it was too late.

The steam engines had heard every word.

They glared at the two diesels sharply, though Landon didn't seem to care in the slightest.

"Let 'em hear. See if I care."

Landon snorted and carried on.

"I don't know how this railway even manages to function. Steam engines take hours just to get moving. Their crews are stuck in cramped, sweltering cabs. Utterly useless.

Now us diesels—we don't have any of that nonsense. Our cabs are comfortable, and all it takes is a flick of a switch to get going.

That fat controller should scrap the lot of them and start using us instead. Otherwise, this railway's doomed."

"Ridiculous!"

Henry spluttered angrily.

"We know all too well how unreliable diesels like you can be! You're always breaking down or making silly mistakes—and then you abandon your trains!"

"Too right!"

Duck chimed in.

"We steam engines never abandon our trains—not ever! Edward over there once pulled a train all the way home with only half his wheels working!"

But Landon only laughed.

"As if *I'd* ever break down! I'm a perfect engine!"

The steam engines hissed loudly in outrage.

"Ugh! What a noisy lot!"

Landon growled, and Felix turned on him.

"This is your fault! You should apologise—right now!"

"Shut up! Don't tell me what to do!"

Felix sighed, clearly disappointed.

Edward, watching the exchange, thought carefully.

There was no use trying to reason with Landon, but Felix...

Felix didn't seem so bad. At least, that's what Edward thought.



The next day, Edward was resting at Brendam Docks when his driver came running up to him.

“One of those diesel engines that left here earlier has broken down on the branch line. Let’s go and help.”

“Yes, sir!”

Edward replied cheerfully and set off at once.

The engine that had broken down was none other than Landon.

He had stalled at a level crossing near a small station, and his engine had overheated.

His driver was desperately trying to find a way to cool him down, but nothing seemed to work.

The stationmaster turned to Edward with an exasperated look.

“Can you move him, please? First he turns up twenty minutes late, and now he’s stuck across the crossing, blocking the road!”

Landon scowled and snapped back.

"It's not my fault! These rotten old trucks were dragging me back the whole way! That's why my engine blew out!

If they'd been mainland trucks, they'd have behaved properly!"

The stationmaster shot him a sharp glare.

"Typical. Always with the excuses! Get on with it, Edward!"

Edward chuckled and backed to front of Landon. Then, with a smooth puff, he began to pull both the diesel and his train away down the line.



Landon's trucks were meant to be taken beyond Edward's station and all the way to Knapford.

On the way, Edward paused at the stations for a short stop.

Just then, Felix passed by on the next line, hauling an express.

"Now there's a fine engine," said Edward, watching him go.

"If all diesels were like him, we'd be glad to have them."

Landon said nothing. He turned his eyes away in silence, hoping—more than anything—that Felix hadn't noticed him.

As for Felix, he hadn't even noticed Landon.



He had troubles of his own.

The coaches he was pulling felt unusually heavy. Something was wrong—

It seemed there was a leak in the brake pipe.

Felix strained with all his might, urging the coaches to keep up, but it was no use.

At last, the express ground to a halt before it could even reach the next station.

Felix, gasping for breath, didn't know what to do.



Before long, word reached Edward.

"We can't keep the express passengers waiting," he said to his driver and fireman. "Maybe I should go and help Felix too?"

"You think you're up for it, Edward?"

"I'll do my best, sir!"

Carefully, Edward set off once more, still hauling Landon and his train behind him.

When he reached Felix and the stranded express, the crew connected the coaches' brake pipes to Edward's.

“Good news, Edward,” said the fireman. “Looks like they managed to fix the leak before we got here.

So Felix can still help pull the express—it’s only Landon and his trucks adding to the weight.”

“That’s a relief,” said the driver. “Makes things a whole lot easier.”



Once everything was ready, Edward gave a cheerful whistle.

“Peep-peep! Ready to go!”

Felix replied with a honk of his own.

“Honk-honk! All set here!”

With a jerk, the heavy train began to move. Slowly but surely, it started to roll forward.

“Phew... I don’t know if I can make it all the way to the end!” gasped Felix.

“You’ll be fine! I know you can do it!” called Edward encouragingly.

And so, the long and rather odd-looking train rumbled steadily down the line, moving slowly—but certainly—toward its destination.

At long last, the train pulled into Knapford Station.

The engines there blew their whistles—and, of course, those whistles were for Edward.

“Sorry to keep you waiting...!”

Edward puffed wearily as he came to a stop at the platform.

The passengers, who had long forgotten their annoyance, stepped down from the coaches, offering kind words and thanks to the tired but proud engine.



Landon was taken to the yard, where The Fat Controller was waiting for him.

“Ahem! I understand you had quite a few unpleasant things to say about my engines,” he began sternly. “But now, I believe you’ve seen just how splendid Edward truly is.”

Landon looked away, thoroughly embarrassed.

“Unfortunately for you, our works are rather busy at the moment.

There’s no time to carry out your repairs here.

So, you’ll be sent back to the mainland for repairs instead.

And when you return—if you *do* return—I expect you to be on your best behaviour.”

And with that, The Fat Controller turned and walked away.

And so, with his pride in tatters, Landon was hauled away by Henry, heading back to the mainland.

As for Felix—what became of him?

Well, that's another story.

 Felix