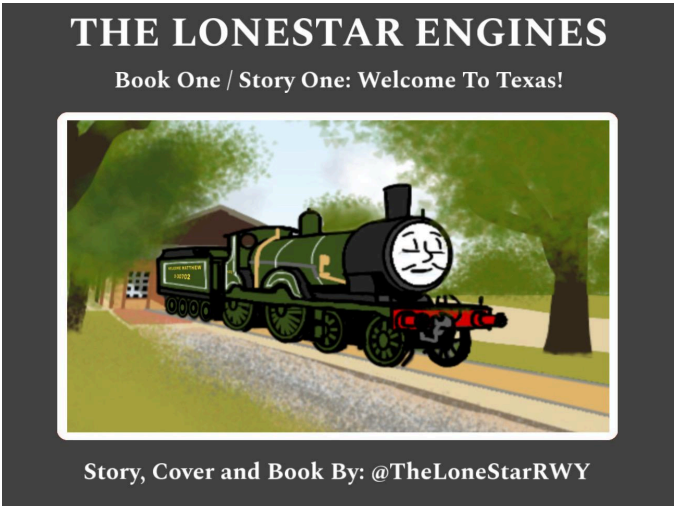
The Lonestar Engines

Book One: Welcome to Texas!



Prologue:

If you ever find yourself in the northern parts of the state of Texas, you may find a small but mighty railway that stands strong among many others. This is the Denison and Southwestern Railway, and it is quite the wonderful and unique line. With over hundreds of miles of track spanning from the greenest of fields up in the , to the mighty bustling heart of the Dallas Metroplex. This railway truly stands proud amongst the masses. Now many will tell you that despite this railway's small size, the DSWR is a very popular line! This is because the

railway is notorious for using steam engines from England! One of these engines is named Matthew and he is a very wise engine. After many years of working here in the states, he has found himself a very busy yet happy life here so much so that whenever someone has asked him if he ever wanted to go home, he would always say "No, not really I do miss my home but I am quite contempt with my new life here." Now as humble as Matthew has become ever since his new life here, many will find he wasn't always this way. In fact, there was once a time Matthew was a lot less composed and wasn't so happy here. This story will tell you all about his arrival and how the railway's story all began.

Story One: The Bluebonnets Blooming!

Rain had been falling for about a couple days now. Eastleigh Works has not been the same since the end of steam and it was clear now to many engines that this was the end of their days. Every now and then the yard would be filled with the sounds of screams, and cries of engines who were no longer able to avert their inevitable fate. One such of these engines was an old, weary and beaten LSWR T9 named Matthew. With over 60 years of service under his frames, the engine had pretty much reached the end of his rope. "You know," he began

to no one in particular, “I really don't understand this whole modernization thing. It really makes no sense why they would replace so many important and still useful engines.” Of course, no one really responded to his words, as most had already accepted there wasn't anything to understand, it was just the way things were now. Matthew looked on enviously out to the mainline, as a diesel multiple unit rumbled past with an express, he wondered what it would be like to do it all again.

But he wasn’t lost in his thoughts for much longer, for a smartly dressed and well groomed young man walked confidently up to his buffers with the head of the works not far behind him. Matthew was going to give at very least a meek hello to the young gentleman, but he couldn’t help but notice the man was very intently looking him up and down. “Yes, yes!” the man beamed, “This one will do! How about this engine right here!” The manager looked at the young man as if he had a screw loose. “I don't know, are you sure sir? This one isn't as great of a choice as the many other options available to you.” The young man shook his head and confidently replied, “Nonsense! This one is perfect! This engine is just what I have been needing back home.” Matthew was puzzled “Needing back home?” he

quizzed to himself, “What could that possibly mean?” the young man turned to face the old engine and smiled with grace, “My apologies my dear engine! I should probably explain myself.” Matthew couldn’t agree more with that “My name is Cinders Roy Vallenti and I am the newly appointed chairman of a railway in the United States looking for an engine to restore and run on it!” he gestured his hands out toward the sky. “Pardon me for saying so sir,” Matthew began “But, if you’re from the United States why are you looking for an engine here?”

Mr. Vallenti chuckled, “Because my Southwestern friend, My railway is special, and wants to specifically use a British steam locomotive on it.” Matthew was curious about the idea of leaving the scrapyard and finding another chance to work. But at the same time he had been out of service for over 46 years now and wasn't so sure about a new life so far away from his home country. “Sir with all due respect.. I don't think I am worth your time.” Matthew sighed, Mr. Vallenti frowned “And why ever would you be a waste of my time? You are just what I am looking for and sure you are quite shabby but I would be more than happy to give you the repairs you need.” Matthew stared down at his buffers, “But does that even matter?” He mournfully countered, “Look I am sure there are plenty of other engines out there who would be

much better than me. Why would anyone ever want me after everything that people have done to just be rid of steam engines altogether.” Tears began to slightly well into Matthew’s eyes. But Mr. Vallenti wasn’t having it as he slammed his fist down onto Matthew’s bufferbeam, “Because unlike all those greedy corporations you worked for,” he growled slightly under his breath, “I have a heart and understand that even after all these years of service that you gave in your life to them.” looking up toward Matthew now.

“I understand you have more to give to the public, and I won’t stand idly by while you sit there and give up and just let yourself go. It's not right and it most certainly is not fair.” Matthew thought about Mr. Vallenti’s words for a moment, and really pondered his options, what he would do now. On one hand, he could go to America with Mr. Vallenti, and start a brand new life abandoning everything he once knew. But on the other hand, he could stay behind and accept the end despite having so much more to give and do. “But of course” Mr. Vallenti cut into his thought process, “It's your choice if you want to take up my offer and you don’t have to, but I want you to. I really really do.” Matthew finally had made a decision, "You're right sir.” He replied , "This is my chance to be a new engine, and I don't want to miss it, because you only get one life, and I

want to make the most of it." Mr. Vallenti beamed proudly, "That's the spirit my dear engine! Come on then let's see what we need to do to get you out of this god awful scrapyard." With that Mr. Vallenti hurried his way to the office of the works. Matthew began to tear up with pride, for an engine that was ready for whatever came next good or bad he seemed like he was now more than ready to take on the world all over again.