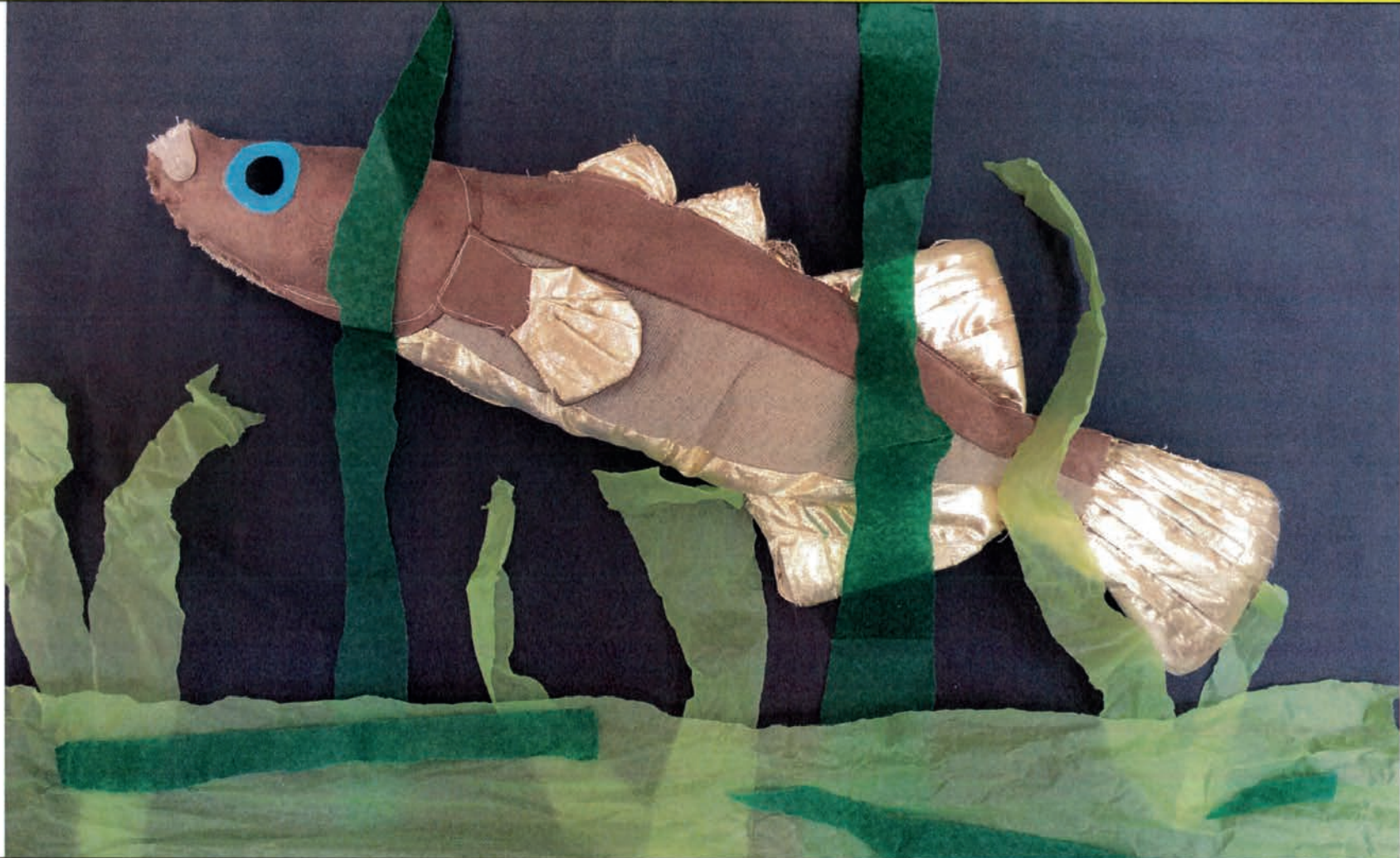


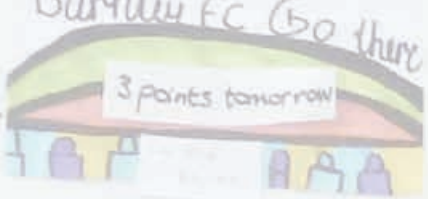
Operation Stickleback



..... the story of an adventurous stickleback who chooses to explore East Lancashire via the rail gateway.

Rosegrove

Burnley
Manchester
Road



Bridge is 27 miles
from Manchester

Copy Pit
Summit 3.28 m

Curve

The curve was closed in
work began to re-open the curve in

Todmorden

Population
Todmorden is a boundary between
The station opened in

Rochdale

Castleton

Littleborough

Summit Tunnel

The summit is
— mile or —

1st	2nd
3rd	4th
5th	6th
7th	8th
9th	10th
11th	12th
13th	14th
15th	16th
17th	18th
19th	20th
21st	22nd
23rd	24th
25th	26th
27th	28th
29th	30th
31st	32nd
33rd	34th
35th	36th
37th	38th
39th	40th
41st	42nd
43rd	44th
45th	46th
47th	48th
49th	50th
51st	52nd
53rd	54th
55th	56th
57th	58th
59th	60th
61st	62nd
63rd	64th
65th	66th
67th	68th
69th	70th
71st	72nd
73rd	74th
75th	76th
77th	78th
79th	80th
81st	82nd
83rd	84th
85th	86th
87th	88th
89th	90th
91st	92nd
93rd	94th
95th	96th
97th	98th
99th	100th



Operation Stickleback

The adventures of Small Fry who travelled from Rose Grove to Manchester & back.

Rose Grove engine shed was once home to lots of steam engines which worked local lines delivering goods and passengers all over East Lancashire and beyond. The water used to fill up the water tanks of the steam engines was drawn from the nearby Leeds and Liverpool canal which ran alongside the rear of the engine shed. When the engines were sent away to Crewe Locomotive Works for repair it was said that the men who worked at Crewe could tell that the engine came from Rose Grove because when they came to drain the engine tanks they were full of sticklebacks which had been sucked in with the water from the canal.

This story tells of the adventures of one such stickleback, called Small Fry, who found himself sucked from the canal into an engines water tank and describes the characters he met whilst travelling from Rose Grove to Manchester Victoria via the Todmorden Curve.



There was once a male stickleback who was about to become a father. His belly turned all shades of vermillion to attract a female stickleback. He had prepared a special nest at the bottom of the murky Leeds-Liverpool canal.



There he waited patiently, until one day a female finally arrived. Dancing in a zig-zag fashion, he led her to his cosy nest. She dutifully laid her eggs and swam away. The proud father then protected his precious family.



IM

The eggs finally hatched. Hundreds of inquisitive fry explored their watery home. The youngest stickleback was named Small Fry. He had three spikes along his spine and he was the most adventurous fish in his family. Father warned his shoal not to swim to the top of the canal for their own safety. Small Fry wondered what was lurking above their protective home.



SH

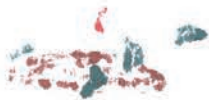
One day, Small Fry spotted a shiny bright thing illuminating the canal. He swam to the surface to investigate, disobeying his father's orders. The water felt warm and pleasant as Small Fry became hypnotised by the sun's rays. He turned over and over, revealing his silver belly which reflected in the flashing sunlight.



A5

"I wonder why father told me not to swim to the surface of the canal?" thought Small Fry. "I think my brothers and sisters should try this wonderful experience."

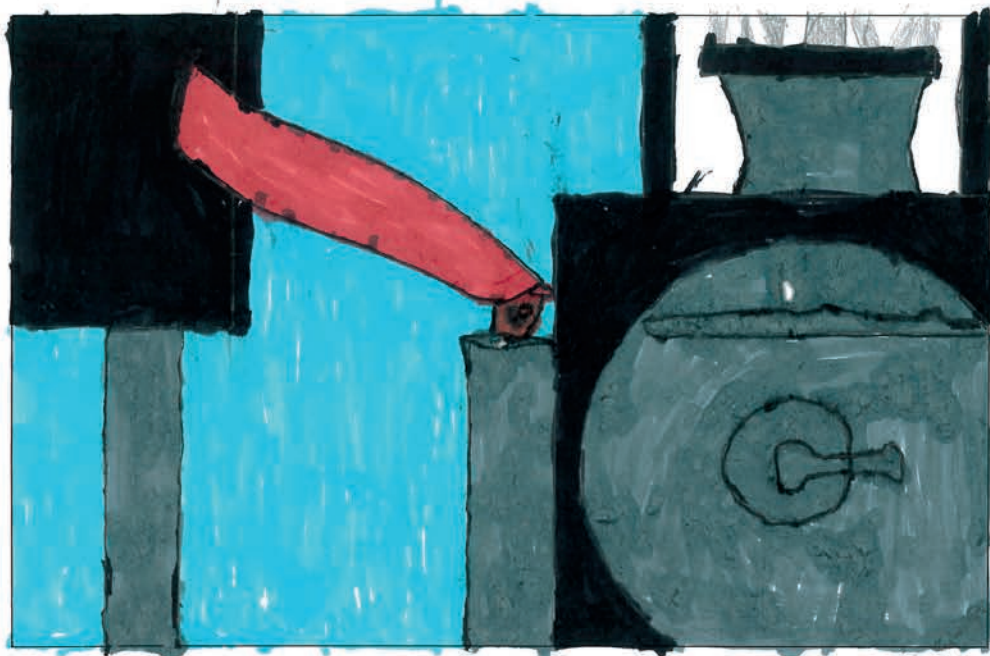
He felt free and contented. Life was very peaceful.



EF

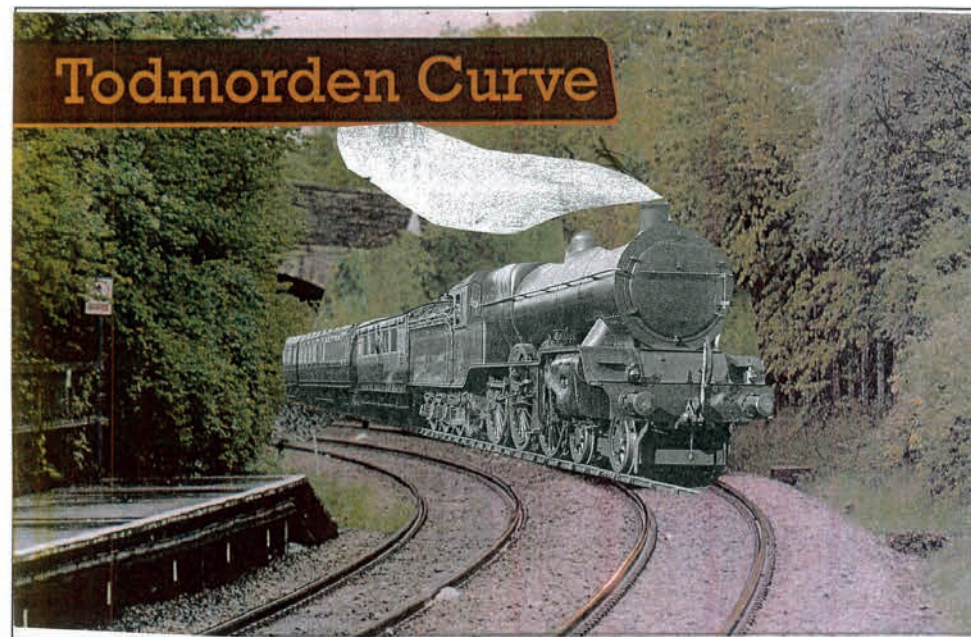
Suddenly, a huge black pipe was plunged into the canal. Small Fry was pulled into a whirlpool and sucked up the rusty pipe. He was spat out into a water tank which was pitch black and deadly silent.

"Help!" shouted Small Fry as his tiny voice echoed off the tank sides. "Where am I? Why did I disobey my father?"



JS

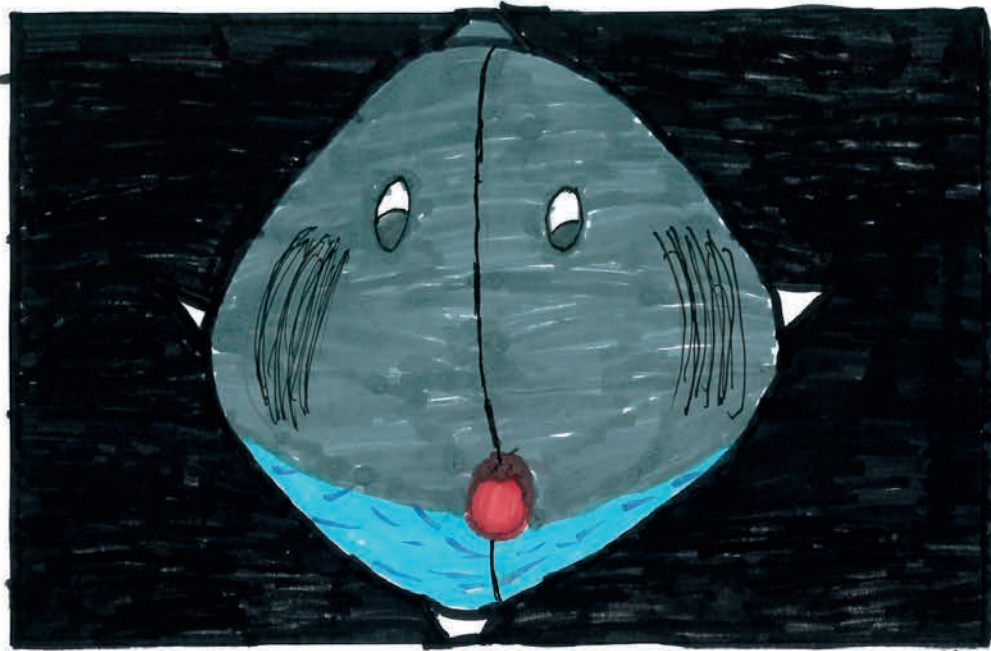
After what seemed like an age, Small Fry heard the clicking of wheels, followed by a loud horn. A metal chain was pulled and Small Fry found himself travelling at speed through another pipe. He cried out as the pipe flushed him down into a steam engine water tank. A shrill whistle sounded and suddenly Small Fry was on the move!



SF

"Oh no!" thought Small Fry, panicking suddenly, "we are heading in the wrong direction! There's no track to Todmorden!"

The water in the engine tank sloshed and splashed, as Small Fry was thrown from side to side in the swirling water. Small Fry yelled as the train swooped around the curve. It continued to rattle as it straightened out down the track, until finally the train started to slow. A whistle sounded, and the train ground to a stop.



MC

Small Fry took his fins from in front of his eyes and looked around him. Slowly his breathing returned to normal as he gulped down water. He thought once again about the comfort of the canal he had left behind, and about his Father, who would surely be missing him by now. He thought about his dinner, and his cosy nest.



BM

Despite his sadness, Small Fry became aware of a lot of noise coming from outside of the train. He could hear people chattering and shouting; "Half-price cheese! £1.50 a wedge!" or "thank you for shopping at Todmorden Treats..." He could also hear the tinkling of bells and the *ka-ching!* of a cash register. Despite himself he felt curious, and wanted to know where the noise was coming from.

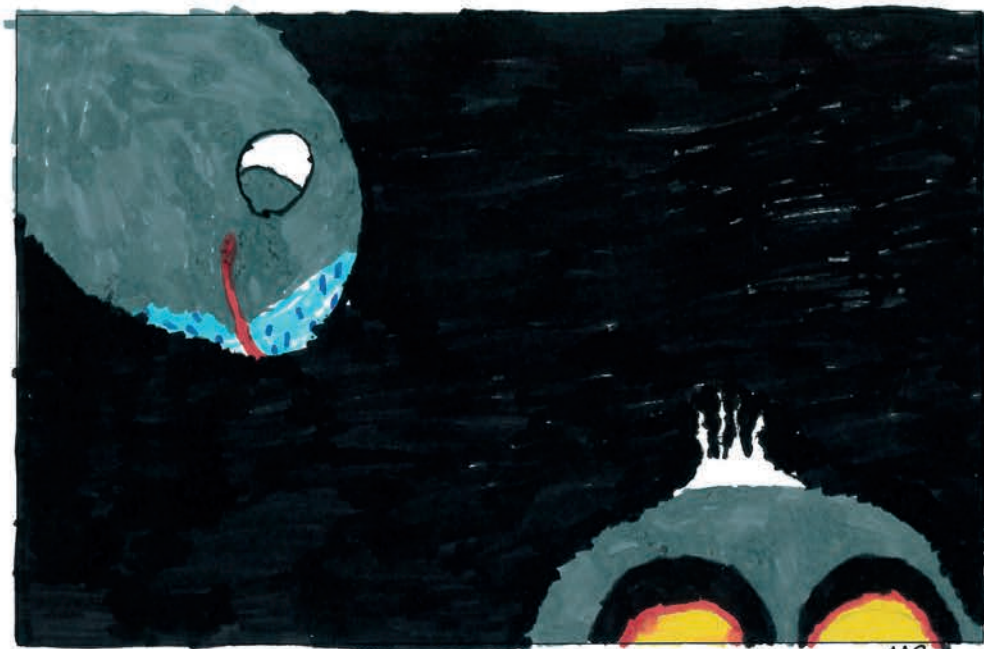


MD-J

Cautiously he peeked over the side of the tank.

Looking over he saw a bustling market place. A crowd of people snaked their way through richly coloured stalls and canopies. The stalls themselves sold various goodies. There were fruits and vegetables in vivid shades, deep red meat, and bright candies in every colour. Huge brown horses towered over the booths, and pawed at the ground. There was a rainbow of clothes for sale, and toys for all ages.

The whistle blew again, and the train started to move slowly. The sounds and smells faded, as the train drew away from Todmorden.

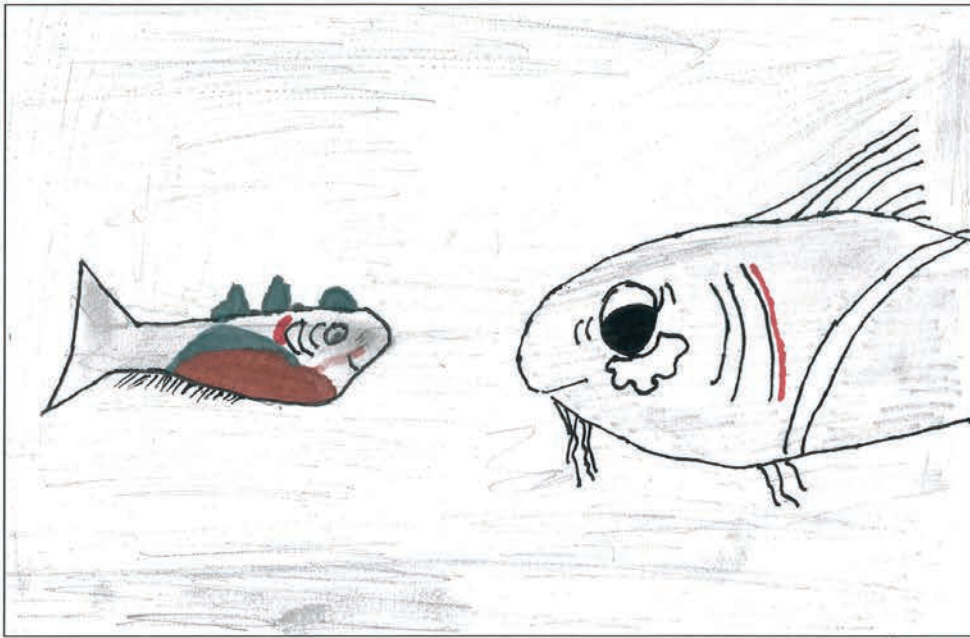


MG

It was at that moment that Small Fry realised there was a low rumbling sound coming from the bottom of the tank. It was followed by an unexpected *snort!* Cautiously Small Fry swam down to investigate. The snoring was coming from a small shadow, bobbing slowly in the water. Small Fry peered into the darkness, and was shocked to find two beady eyes staring back.

"What do you want?" the thing asked abruptly. "Who are you?"

"I'm Small Fry. I'm a stickleback. I got flushed into this tank by accident... and I didn't ask to be here, so there's no need to be so rude!"



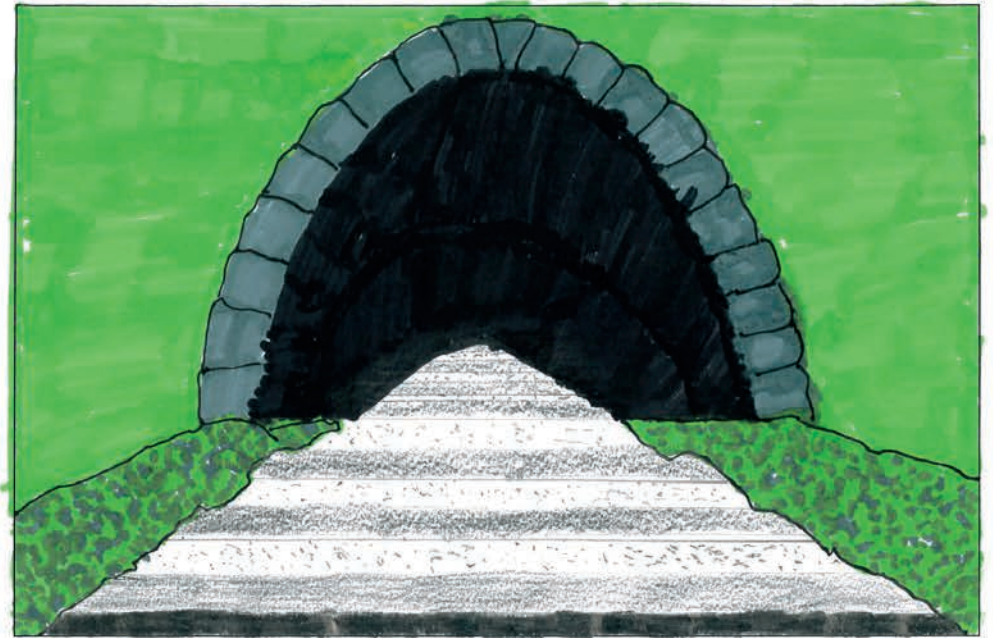
JB-T

The thing swam slowly through the murky water and Small Fry could finally see that the beady eyes actually belonged to an older stickleback. He was a dull grey, and Small Fry noticed a patch of scales was missing from below his left eye. He had only one tatty spike on his back, and Small Fry shivered as he wondered what had happened to the other one.

"My apologies," said the old fish finally. "The names Old Spike. I'm afraid I've been in this tank too long and I'm not used to visitors."

"How long?" asked Small Fry, his eyes wide with fear.

"Too long." Replied Old Spike simply.



DR

The train had begun to climb now and looking over the top of the tank, Small Fry could see a black gaping hole in the hill side ahead.

"What's that?" he asked.

"That's a tunnel," replied Old Spike, "that's the Summit Tunnel."

The train rushed into the gloomy mouth of the tunnel, and a damp darkness filled the engine.

"Let me tell you a story" said Old Spike.

"Is it a scary story?" whispered Small Fry.

"The scariest of them all."



LS

Small Fry's gills started to tremble, as Old Spike went on, "The Summit Tunnel is one of the oldest tunnels in the world. When they built it they didn't realise they were disturbing something terrible... This terrible something has five rows of razor-like yellow teeth. He slithers through the tunnel on rough scales. They say you can still hear the clickety-clack of trains from inside his enormous stomach. Trains go into this tunnel, but rarely come out..." Small Fry shivered and shrank into the corner of the tank. The rumbling engine made him think of the serpent's monstrous belly. The pistons below hissed like a spitting snake.



CW

"It was 1984, and I was a young fish. I could smell it before I saw it. The smoke scratched at my gills, and my eyes stung. I heard shouting from over the valley so I swam toward the noise. It was then that I saw it. A towering cloud of black smoke choked the air; it curled itself around the hills like the serpent itself. There were twenty people, maybe more, trying to quench the inferno that was roaring from the mouth of the tunnel." Old Spike was quiet then, as he paused to remember. Small Fry struggled to catch his breath.



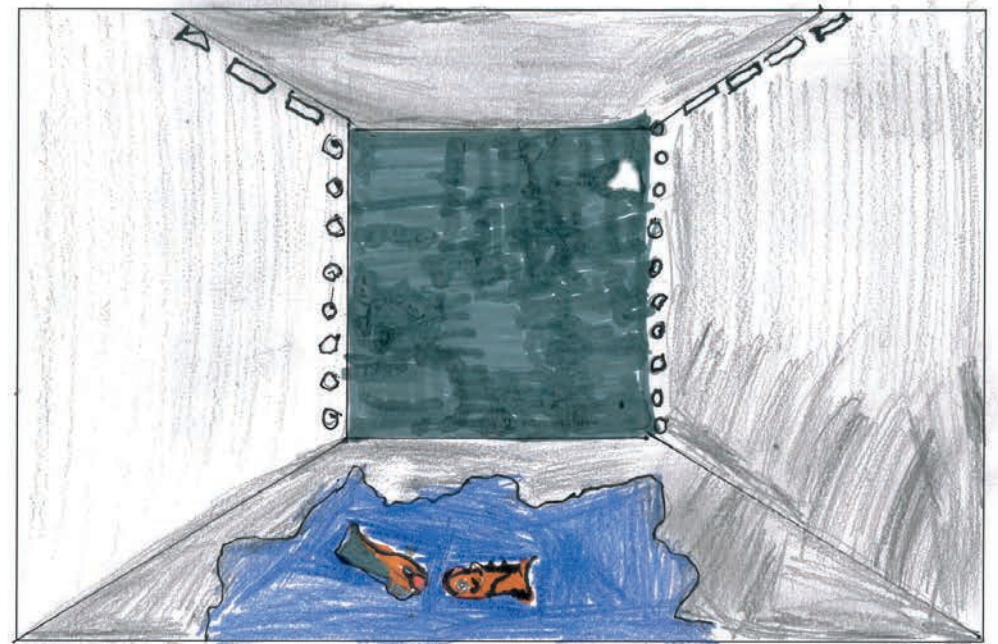
RB

"Was it... the Tunnel Serpent?"

"What it turned out to be was far worse than the stuff of fairy tales, little fish. It was a fire. It was an uncontrollable raging fire, which spat ashes out onto the hillside for days."

"But how? W-w-what caused it?" squeaked Small Fry

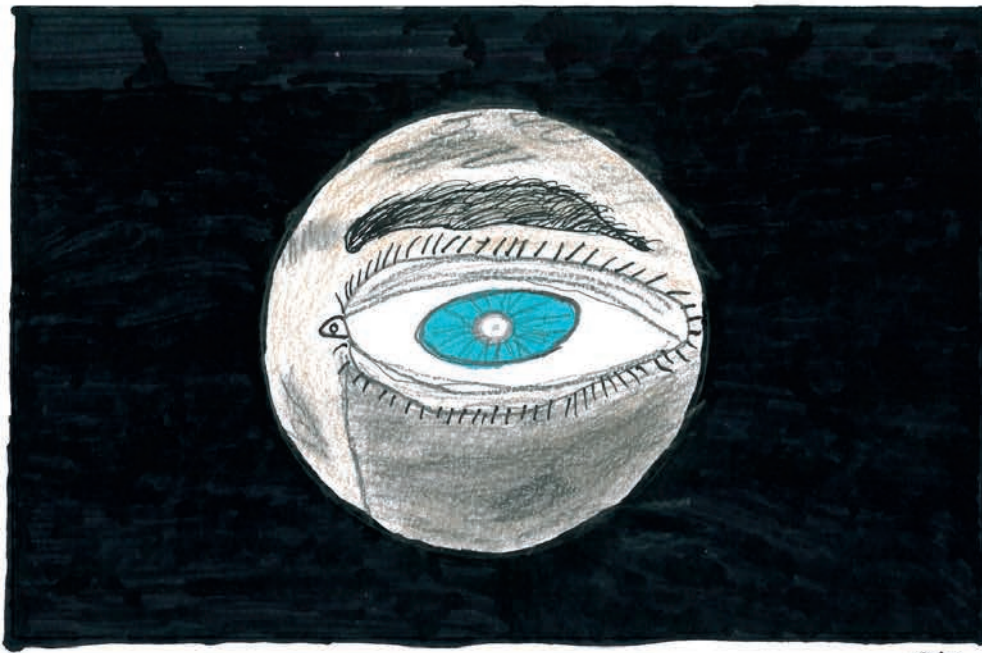
"Two oil tankers derailed, spilling oil over the track. So don't worry yourself with silly stories; the real danger is all around us."



SF

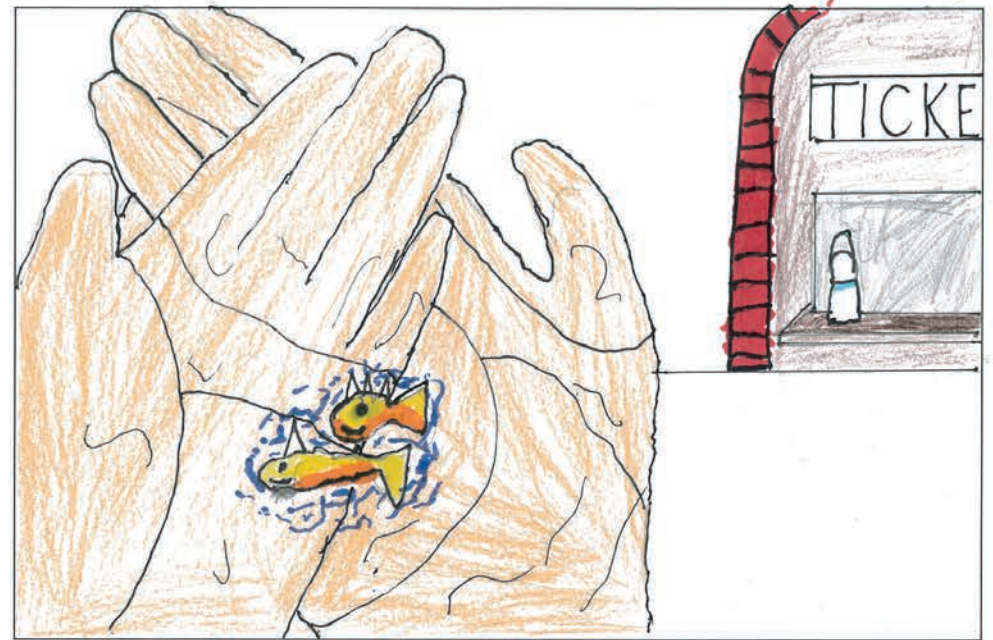
At that the whistle blew again, and Small Fry felt the grating of the brakes as the trains began to slow. After what seemed like an age there was another screech, followed again by the sharp whistling, and the train was still once again.

Small Fry and Old Spike were flapping around in the shallow water. Time was ticking on as the little fish fought for breath. The pair had cowered into the corner of the tank, where the last of the water remained.



CK

At that moment there was a dull clunk, followed by a scraping sound, and then light exploded into the tank. The circle of light was then replaced by a huge staring eye. The eye belonged to a tall man with large features. Although his face was covered with coal and soot, he stared down at the fish kindly, with an amused expression.



LT

"Oh you poor things!" he gasped. Carefully he cupped the two fish in his firm hands, and gently placed them into a billy-can. "Now where did you come from?"

The fish inhaled deeply, as the first rush of water filled their gills. Albert brought them down from the train, and careful not to tip the billy-can, he placed them on a ledge by the ticket office.



A little while passed and in the distance Old Spike and Small Fry saw a cat coming toward them. The cat was really quite extraordinary. Her fur was pale grey and silky, with patches of brilliant white. Around her neck was a violet collar studded with gleaming gold spikes. Her tail fell sleekly behind her, and curled up slightly toward the end. On her head sat a large satin bow in shades of indigo. She yawned lazily, revealing perfectly pointed white teeth.



"Is that thing going to eat us?" asked Small Fry nervously. "Most probably," replied Old Spike. "Greetings fishies..." the cat purred mischievously. "Who are you?" Spluttered Old Spike, "What do you want with us? I say, what kind of a fish are you anyway?" "A fish!?" She laughed, "I'm no fish, but a fabulous feline!" The cat announced proudly. She swished her tail and stared up at them through deep green eyes. "My name is Tori, and at a guess I would say you two aren't from around here."



TG

"We certainly are not," began Small Fry, feeling a little braver. "And we're trying to get home."

"And where is home?" asked Tori.

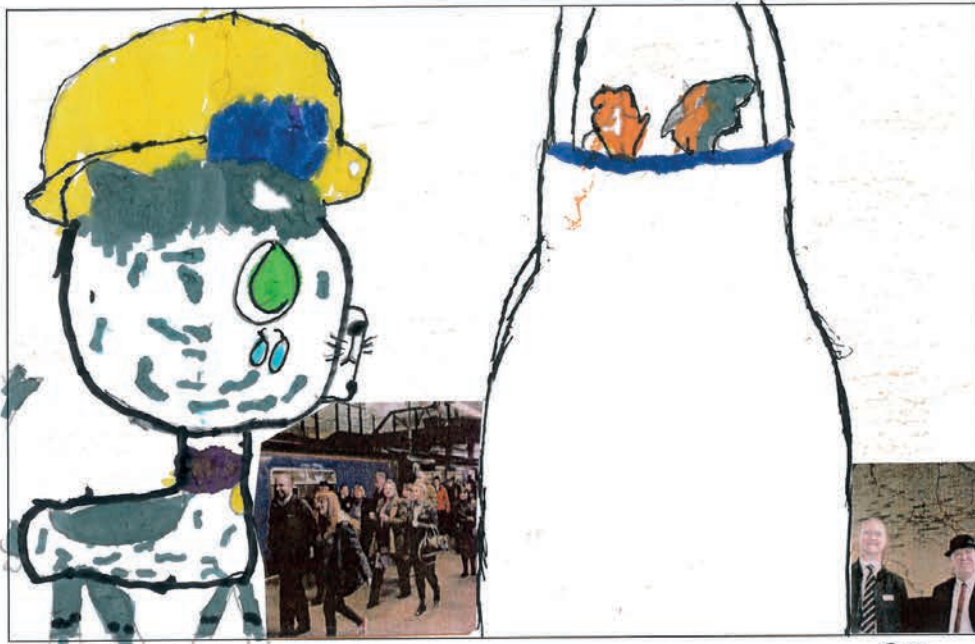
"Rosegrove" Replied Small Fry. "I've been on a terribly long journey and all I want is to be able to see my family, and sleep in my nest at the bottom of my canal!"

"Why, that sounds awfully dull... wouldn't you rather give Manchester a try? There are all sorts of things to see and do.



EM

*To the Palace Theatre, to see a show,
I've got tickets, on the front row!
Or try the Hilton, it's the best place in town,
Sip on a cocktail, but don't look down.
If wheels are your thing, we can go for a ride,
Life would feel better, with me at your side.
Perhaps to Old Trafford? It's the Theatre of Dreams!
Or just lie in the sun, and soak up the beams...
I think you should stay, for a year, not a day.
I would be so sad if you went away.
Manchester is huge, and I can see why you're wary,
But stay beside me, and it won't be so scary."*



PP

At that moment the whistle of the train blew loudly, and despite everything the little fish knew it was time to go home.

"I'm so sorry Tori, Manchester sounds incredible, but I'm afraid I miss my family too much to stay here." Small Fry said sadly.

"It's been great to meet you," added Old Spike, "even if you are a funny looking fish..."

Tori looked up at them, with tears sparkling in her eyes. A strong hand came down, and picked up the billy-can.

"Goodbye little fishies!" she called.



EK

Albert had placed the billy-can at the front of the train, and the little fish could see for miles from the large front window. They rushed swiftly over bridges and into tunnels, and then lush green countryside stretched before them. Small Fry's anxiety melted away, the beautiful greens and blues felt like a different world to the dark and terrifying one he had journeyed through earlier.

"I say, it's a much better view from up here!" exclaimed Old Spike.



JE

They seemed to fly along the track. Rochdale sped by, then Littleborough, and then around the curve once more. Up, up, up to the Copy Pit Summit, and then a swoop down into Burnley Manchester Road. Small Fry could barely contain his excitement as they finally pulled into Rosegrove station.



IB

Upon arrival Albert picked up the billy can and carefully stepped off the train. He walked across the island platform, climbed the stone stairs and made his way toward the canal.

"Nearly home lads," Albert reassured the weary fish.

As they reached the canal bank, Albert bent down, and gently released his adventurous friends. Small Fry leapt for joy, swishing his tail and flapping his fins. The pair made their way down to Small Fry's familiar home.

"Twenty one miles in fifty two minutes," remarked Small Fry, "I think I'll buy a season ticket."

AUTHORS

Pupils and Staff of Class 4 Padiham Green C of E Primary School:

Kye Allen
Jessica Bailey Tattersall
Romilly Barnett
Isaac Bradshaw
Megan Clough
Mason Daly-Jagger
Ellie Farrow
Bradley Finn
Siannah Forrest
Tierney Graham
Max Grattan
Summer Hargreaves
Keira Hosker

Janet Ennis
Steph Fletcher
Cath McGowan

Ethan Kay
Codie Kilburn
Benjamin Markham
Evie Martin
Isobel Mee
Paul Pickard
Demileigh Robinson
Luke Senior
Joshua Slater
Amy Stewart
Louis Tempest
Charlie Walker
Millie Young

Special thanks to – Martha Jones & Janet Mellor

Acknowledgements: Brian Haworth, Marjory Birch, Alastair Nicholson & Sky Bullen

Padiham Greenway
 Population: 18,866
 First train: 1841
 Last train: 1891
 It cost £ 25,000 to build this track!

Population: 72,500
 Market day: Tuesday
 The new station cost £ 23,000 to build and was finished in 1841

Our trip to Burnley Central Station 1st June

Colne

Population: 18,866
 The railway arrived in Colne had 50 stations by 1891

Rosegrove

Burnley Manchester Road

Burnley FC Go there 3 points tomorrow

Copy Pit Summit 22.8 m

Disaster! When it happened:

Hebden Bridge

Curve

The curve was closed in work began to re-open the curve in

Todmorden
 Population: 18,866
 Todmorden is a boundary between and The station opened in

Rochdale

Castleton

Littleborough

Summit Tunnel

The summit tunnel is 1 mile or 1600 meters long 1 mile or 1600 meters long
1 mile or 1600 meters long
 The way 1 mile or 1600 meters long

Population: 17,500
 Castleton used to be known as Black Mountain
 This was because of the clay that was found and populated the area 17,500 years ago

Population: 17,500
 Before the railway, people used the road for transportation

Population: 17,500
17,500 was mined in Littleborough for many years

Travelling Onwards...
 where to next? Think about trains, boats, or even planes...

Things to do and see in Manchester!

Manchester

Population: 1,100,000
 Manchester has two main stations: Manchester Victoria and Manchester Piccadilly
 This journey ends at Manchester
 Number of passengers in 2013-14 1,100,000





This pack has been part funded by the Community Rail Development fund jointly with the Department of Transport, Network Rail and ACORP along with Community Rail Lancashire