



Howdy kids, the name's Bolt.
Like a lightning bolt but way cooler.
Want to go on an adventure, Bolt style?
Come on, let's go exploring!

Adventures with Bolt: Down at the Junk Yard

It was a hot summer night and the big silver moon sat peacefully in the sky, shining down on the world. Twinkling by its side, were a sky full of stars which glistened and winked at each other. The night was quiet and calm... but it wouldn't be for long!

Thousands of miles below, the full moon shone across the whole of Beastly Junk Yard, highlighting all the overflowing skips and recycling bins, in a soft glow. Tucked away in amongst all of the junk, were twenty very weary engines, with handy wagons attached at the rear.

These engines, made up the Junk Yard Engine Crew and played very important roles in collecting, transporting, and recycling all kinds of rubbish. Usually it was metal, plastic, cardboard, and household rubbish, including tonnes of banana skins! All of the materials were stacked high in hundreds of skips and bins, but even with such a hardworking team of engines, there was still always a lot to do in order to keep the junk under control. Eventually, the men and women who worked at Beastly Junk Yard, decided it was finally time to bring another engine aboard to help clear the loads.

The tired engines who were resting quietly were suddenly jolted awake by huge flood lights, which brightened the dark junk yard. From somewhere in the distance, came the deep rumbling of the transportation trailer. It felt like the whole yard was shuddering with the rumbling, as it got louder and louder. Although the engines were tired, they each tried to peer through the bright lights, to see what was happening at such a late hour. Lights began to shine down the track and the voices of two workmen echoed through the yard, as they called directions to the trailer driver on the track. Through the harsh glare, the engines could make out a faint shape attached to the trailer. As it got closer, the shape revealed itself to be another engine, painted in impressive shades of red, yellow, and blue. Two wagons were attached to it's rear and even from a distance, the other engines could tell that it would be tiny in comparison to them. However, what it lacked in size, it made up for in shine, glowing through the dark like a beacon of light. It was dazzling.

The workmen unbolted the train and eased it on to the tracks. Just like that, Bolt was the newest member of the Junk Yard Engine Crew. He rolled down the track, hunting for the perfect spot to rest for the night. He tried his best to avoid the piles of overflowing litter, but he was very tempted by the open packet of salt and vinegar crisps, as they were his favourite! Feeling slightly nervous, he dismissed the other engine's curious looks and finally came to a stop in a nice tucked away section of the junk yard, next to a pile of mud. Bolt was a little scared about starting his first day as part of the team, but soon enough, sleep overtook him, and he forgot about all his worries.

Before Bolt knew it, morning had sprung, and the junk yard was bustling with busy engines. They were all running up and down the track, carrying heavy loads of junk and looking very important. Bolt was so excited to get involved and start helping - his dream of being a junk yard engine was finally coming true!



After watching all the other engines, to see how they worked, Bolt followed their lead and got stuck in. He chugged happily down the track, waited for both wagons to be loaded and then off he went to unload. To Bolt's surprise, it was an awful lot harder than he expected. He pulled the wagons with all his might, grinding his wheels along the track, but he could barely move. The loads were just too heavy for him.

"I thought you said this engine could pull?" One of the workmen commented loudly to his colleague. "It certainly doesn't look like it to me."

Bolt felt himself blush with embarrassment and beads of sweat rolled down his forehead, as he pulled, yanked and grinded the loads down the track. Too humiliated to look around, he kept his head down, avoiding all of the other engines' gazes.

Finally, after thirty minutes, he made it to the bins. In the meantime, the other engines had been back and forth, five times each. Although disheartened, Bolt kept going. He scooted back up the track, was loaded up with a refrigerator, a whole tonne of roof tiles, some bricks, cut up tree branches and to top it all off - some leaking, heavy black sacks which smelled like mouldy cheese!

As Bolt prepared to head back down the track, he closed his eyes, took a deep breath, then squeezed his engine with all his might and spun his wheels. But it was no good. This journey down the track was even worse than the last, as he trundled along, slower than a tortoise! The worst part was, he could hear all of the workers cackling at his struggle in the background.

"Look at it go - or rather, not go! I think we need a refund on this one!" The workers joked, as they pointed at Bolt and laughed.

Their horrible jokes were interrupted by a soft bark and Bolt scanned the crowd to see what had made such a noise. A tan and white dog with soft ears and a shiny coat, yapped cheerily at the workers and nosed a tray of mugs balanced on a skateboard, towards them. Bolt watched curiously as the little dog nudged the skateboard along the ground, as carefully as he could to avoid spilling anything. He had almost made it to the group of workers, when one of the wheels on the skateboard hit a surprise pothole! The tray of drinks jolted dangerously, and the dog's eyes widened in fear, as he hurried to the tipping tray, securing it just in time.

"Teatime!" the little dog yapped in dog language. The workers abandoned the cruel laughing and gathered round the tray of mugs eagerly, each grabbing a steaming drink.

"Thanks Mumbles," they chorused happily, wandering back to their work, mug of tea in hand.

The little dog trotted down the platform, with a confidence that Bolt admired greatly. He settled beside him and Bolt shyly turned to look at the dog properly, with even more sweat dripping down his head. The dog sat and looked around, sniffing the air. It was wearing a yellow bandana around its neck, which read:

'Mumbles: The Junkyard Intern', in big black writing.

The dog dropped his head low to the ground and sniffed some droplets of watery, cheesy, gunk which had managed to escape from the black sacks.

"Yuck! That stinks!" the dog said in disgust. His little black nose, which appeared to have the most adorable heart-shaped mark on it, crinkled at the horrible smell.

Bolt didn't know how to reply. As much as he was happy for the company, he was still so upset at being embarrassed in front of everyone.

"Hey, I'm Mumbles," the dog said. "I'm new around here too. It can be scary being the new person, can't it?"

Bolt looked at Mumbles shyly and nodded his head, as Mumbles continued.

"But don't worry, you'll get the hang of things fast enough! When I first started, I couldn't even make a cup of tea and now I've perfected it. Want to know how I do it?"



“How?” Bolt asked, still feeling sad.

“I swirl the tea with my tongue and then have a quick spurl to make sure it tastes ok!” Mumbles laughed. “It’s been hard work though. At the beginning of the week, I didn’t know my custard creams from my chocolate digestives, but practice makes perfect.”

“But weren’t you embarrassed that you didn’t get it right to begin with?” Bolt asked, feeling the red-hot shame of looking silly in front of people, all over again.

“Of course not,” Mumbles said gently. “No one had ever taught me how to make a cup of tea before because I’m a dog. And believe me, the first cup tasted horrible! But after a few tries, I’d say I’m doing much better.”

If it were possible for a dog to smile, Bolt could have sworn he saw Mumbles’ face break into a canine grin. He looked at Bolt for a long moment.

“I have this funny feeling in the end of my tail that you are stronger than you think. I know you’ve struggled today, but it’s only your first go! I believe in you, so just keep going. I know you can do it.”

And with that, Mumbles turned his tail and bounded back down the platform, his yellow bandana and soft ears fluttering in the breeze. Bolt watched him dart behind a car and then he was gone from sight and Bolt found himself missing the little dog’s calming presence.

Slightly puzzled, Bolt got back to work and managed to make two more runs while the other engines did a total of thirty... each! Bolt couldn’t wait for the day to be over so that he could hide away beside a skip of rotting cheese. Anything was better than the embarrassment of failing.

As the day came to a close, all the engines returned to their night-time stations and Bolt scurried away as fast as he could, to avoid being subject to any more rude comments. As he wallowed in the cheesy-smelling silence, he mulled over what Mumbles the dog had said to him earlier.

‘I believe in you.’

Bolt repeated it to himself over and over again, but it wasn’t making much of a difference to his mood. He was too disappointed in himself.

As he let the self-pity wash over him, he heard the familiar sound of four paws scabbling around. He looked up in surprise as Mumbles turned the corner and was suddenly right behind Bolt’s skip. He had a little knapsack in his mouth, and he put it down carefully before turning to Bolt.

“Howdy friend, it’s a great evening, isn’t it?” Mumbles greeted cheerily. “The moon is bright, the air is warm, and I’ve just found the juiciest steak hanging out of a bin bag. It was a bit muddy, but still absolutely delicious!”

Mumbles continued to chatter away to Bolt, not seeming to notice that he was too unhappy to join in. Bolt didn’t want to seem rude, so he just nodded along politely.

“Oh, that reminds me,” Mumbles said. He rooted around in the knapsack and trotted closer to Bolt, with two biscuits in his mouth, which he placed beside him.

“I snuck us out some biscuits,” he grinned. “Which do you prefer? Custard cream or chocolate digestive?”

Bolt took the chocolate digestive and thanked the little dog. It was truly very thoughtful of him and Bolt was touched.

“Well, I better get off,” Mumbles said with a yawn. “My blanket is calling me! Although, don’t tell anyone I said this but it’s not as comfy as my blanket back home.”

“Back home?” Bolt asked, surprised. He had thought that Mumbles lived at the junkyard too.

The little dog nodded. “Yes, back home in Swansea. I only popped down to Margate for a bit of work experience here, I heard that this was the best junkyard in all of Britain.”



“Will you be going home soon?” Bolt replied sadly, already thinking about how he was going to lose his only friend here.

“Yes,” Mumbles said, a hint of sadness in his face too. “Tomorrow is my last day. I’m going to miss all of you ever so much. But we mustn’t be sad,” he warned Bolt. “It’s not over yet!”

“Remember, tomorrow is a new day, which will bring new and exciting challenges for us all to tackle.” The little dog’s happy expression changed, and he looked at Bolt seriously.

“Give yourself a few more days to settle in and you’ll be storming this yard in no time. You can do anything if you just believe in yourself.”

Mumbles’ big eyes glittered, and they reminded Bolt of the stars twinkling in the night sky. As Mumbles wandered off to his blanket for a good night’s sleep, Bolt found himself gazing upwards. He chose a star, one which he thought shone more brightly than all the rest and made a quiet wish.

“I wish, hope and pray, to be confident and believe in myself. I know that if I believe, I will achieve great things.”

Bolt squeezed his eyes shut tightly in the hopes that his wish would come true and then nuzzled down onto the track in preparation for another day at the junk yard.

The next day arrived quickly and the gloriously hot sun poured down over the junk yard. Bolt could already feel himself breaking a sweat, but he didn’t care because he was ready and raring to go! He was the first train to get loaded up and his wagons were in for a treat with the contents - horse poo! It was steaming and covered in flies, the smell made worse by the hot sun baking the manure. Bolt ignored the smell and fuelled by his desire to work hard, he tensed his engine in preparation to go, go, go! He squeezed with all his might and scooted down the track. It wasn’t fast, but it wasn’t as slow as yesterday and Bolt was already impressed with himself.

As he went back for a second load, this time for rocks the size of footballs, Bolt caught sight of Mumbles plodding along beside him.

“You’re already looking a lot stronger today - have you been working out?” Mumbles teased.

Bolt laughed and that little confidence boost powered him through the rest of the load. He tensed every muscle, joint, screw and bolt, and pulled as hard as he could. He was gliding - he was so fast; it was like he was flying! The momentum just kept on coming and Bolt ended up doing 45 loads - more than any of the other engines!

Feeling proud but humble, Bolt continued to attack every day in the same way - with confidence, pride, motivation, courage, and strength. Although he knew this newfound power had come from deep inside himself, he would be forever thankful to a certain individual - one with four legs and a bandana. Mumbles showed Bolt how to believe in himself when nobody else did.

From then on, every day at the junk yard was full of positive, grubby fun. Mumbles had a lovely last day with the crew and then they saw him off home to Swansea (with lots of biscuits packed for the journey). Bolt was asked to train all of the new engines that arrived and turned them into strong and enthusiastic junkyard champions.

Something that he always made sure to tell the new arrivals, was that strength didn’t come from having strong muscles, joints, and screws. The real strength was found deep inside and could only be brought out by having positive thoughts and always believing in yourself.

The Junk Yard Engine Crew quickly became the most envied team of trains, with tourists visiting every day to get a snap with their favourite engines. Sometimes, a cheeky little tan and white dog with a yellow bandana, could be seen having a cup of tea in the background.

***Always believe in yourself, because when you believe, you achieve.
Be strong and be brave like Bolt.***

More stories featuring Bolt coming soon!



Writing with Bolt!

Bolt is on the hunt to make some new friends! Hey, how about you! Will you be friends with Bolt? If you will then why not write a story about the adventures and journeys that you and Bolt would go on. We've created a special story sheet for you to download, print and write on and then once you're done you can send your story to us at marketing@hornby.com or you can post it to Hornby Hobbies Limited, Westwood, Margate, Kent, CT9 4JX.

We can't wait to read your stories!

Mumbles is an adventurous pup and as well as spending time with Playtrains, he also likes spending time with his favourite diecast model maker - Corgi! Want to learn more about Mumbles? Click the banner below!

