Somewhere In Yorkshire

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consent of the publisher.
Although inspired by a true story this is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

This book is dedicated to my three wonderful grandchildren.

James Farmer …… Sam

Drew Deacon …… Dorothy

George Deacon …. Alex

May you always find pleasure from reading.

Love Grandad.

I’d also like to acknowledge the help received from my dear wife, Jan.
Thanks for your ideas, input and encouragement in helping to bring this story alive.

Chapter 1

Mum put her arms around her two children as she gave them the bad news.

"I'm afraid there will be no family holiday this summer. I have to help Dad with his new business and we can't afford to take the time off."

Dorothy and Alex looked glum.

"Listen," said mum, trying to cheer them up, "I've had an idea for a holiday for you both, but sadly dad and I can't come with you. I have some relatives who live in a village in Yorkshire called *Somewhere*. It's a long time since I've been there, but I recently received a letter and you've had an invitation to visit for two weeks. They have a boy who is your age, so you will have a friend to go out with. I've heard that your cousin Sam has had an invite too, so the four of you should have lots of fun. What do you think?"

"Mmm," murmured Alex aloud, "I've never been to Yorkshire. What's it like?"

"I think you'll love it at *Somewhere*," said Mum, "They do things differently there and it's a bit old fashioned, but I can guarantee you'll have the time of your life. People used to say that the folk who lived there wore flat caps and spent all

their time looking after homing pigeons and racing greyhounds. Don't you believe it, life is much more exciting."

Dorothy thought about it for a second. "If you think we'll be happy without you and Dad, then perhaps we should go and give it a try."

"You'll be fine," reassured Mum, "and when you get back, I'm sure you'll have lots of stories to tell."

"But what about Ronald?" said Dorothy, "I don't think I can leave him behind."

Ronald was Dorothy's new pet mouse and she was very attached to him.

"Don't worry," said Mum, "you can take him with you, but you must promise that you'll keep him a secret. Don't ask why, but you're sure to find out when you get there."

"Brilliant!" yelled Dorothy, "When can we go?"

"Just as soon as school finishes next week. I'll start to make the arrangements."

Chapter 2

The London railway station was very busy. There were hundreds of passengers on the concourse looking at the electronic timetables and making their way around the platforms. Everyone seemed to be in a hurry to catch a train. Mum and Dad held the hands of Dorothy and Alex very tightly as they ushered them along their platform to the open carriage door.

Alex was 8, a year younger than Dorothy and Mum could see a slight look of uncertainty in his eyes. It would be the first time they'd been apart and she wondered if he might pull out at the last minute. To make sure that he felt safe, Alex had been put in charge of a new mobile phone, so they could stay connected. This would, hopefully, be the reassurance he needed to make the trip with his sister.

They all climbed aboard and Mum settled the children into a seat near the window while Dad put their small suitcases on the overhead rack.

"Don't worry about anything." said Dad, "I've spoken to the train guard and he has promised to help you get off at the right station when you get to Yorkshire."

Mum winked at Dorothy and gave her a small

purse. “Here’s some money for your holiday. Enjoy yourselves and look after one another.”

The parents quickly hugged the two children and hurried off the train before either of them had a last minute change of heart.

“Don’t forget to use the phone anytime you want a chat.” shouted Mum through the carriage window, “You don’t have to feel lonely.”

The train gently slid forward and the waving parents were soon out of sight.

Alex’s chin trembled and a tear formed in his eye. “I don’t know whether I’m going to like this.” he sniffed.

Dorothy could see he was upset, so she grabbed his hand. “It’s going to be cool,” she reassured him. “Don’t forget, Cousin Sam will be there. Come on, let’s eat chocolate and feed Ronald.”

Mum had packed them a lunch and a goodie bag and they were soon enjoying the treats. Dorothy opened the cardboard box next to her and picked out a small white mouse. She stroked him gently and Alex picked out some cheese from his sandwich to feed the tiny pet.

The journey seemed to take for ever, passing fields, bridges and stations before a kindly man