

It has been 15 years since the Cranium Command show has ended.

Now, the show was forgotten, but not the animatronic that suddenly disappeared 11 years after the show closed.

Everyone all over the internet wanted the Disney Corporation to search for the missing animatronic, but there was no evidence that the animatronic is near.

Soon, all hope was lost of searching for the missing animatronic after the authorities came back empty-handed.

Everyone gave up looking for him after they had come back.

Now that the year is 2022, everything was going great, new characters were being sketched out, and new movies were coming out too.

But one girl would not forget who was extraordinary in that show.

That night, in Disneyland, someone snuck into the park, without the cameras noticing and went into the Future World area.

When the figure entered the Future World area, the person approached the abandoned building of where the show was, still locked up since 2007.

A tired sigh came from the figure, as a shadow approached the door, looking at the lock for a moment.

Then, without warning, the figure melted into a puddle, and went underneath the door, entering the restricted building.

When the puddle got through underneath the door and to the other side, the building was dark.

The smell inside is musty, but not too musty to make a person be disgusted.

The electricity was shut down too, so the next person that entered after the puddle could not see their hands.

But, the puddle formed into a being, with a hood over their head.

After the puddle formed into a figure, the person glanced side to side for a moment, before heading towards the doors.

The glass was cracked since the age had come to them, and the frame was weak enough to bend it.

The figure approached the doors and glanced down at the floor, noticing the bottom of the glass doors is blocked.

A quiet sigh came from the figure, noticing the blockage.

Instead of going back the way they came from, they teleported from the spot they were standing on to behind the doors, without making a noise.

After teleporting, the figure glanced up at the stage, seeing where the show used to, except the animatronic that used to be is gone.

The figure slowly walked down the creaky steps of the old carpet ground, and got up to the stage, glancing around for a moment.

The figure glanced up at where the animatronic's chair used to be, noticing the cables were cut by something that is used to cut thick objects.

A quiet, soft and short "hmm" came from the figure, before backing up a couple of steps.

In someone's vision, a scan scanned the area in invisible mode and played back the moment where the animatronic was stolen.

It showed someone entering the place; the figure's face was unknown, so it was blank, and they walked up to the shutdown Buzzy animatronic.

They carefully walked across the beam across the pit underneath the Buzzy animatronic, and held up a large pair of shears.

They snipped the wires behind the chair, before pulling out a screw and unscrewed the bolts.

After cutting the wires and unscrewing the bolts, they grabbed the animatronic along with the chair, and made a break for it, exiting out of the abandoned building and heading out into the wilderness.

After the back story was finished, the figure that stands right now, blinked their eyes and glanced over at the door where the other figure went through a long time ago.

They went through the door and blinked again, as the vision went back to the figure, showing which way the person went to this time.

The figure went into the hallway and took a turn, heading into the forest and disappeared deep into the trees.

The figure blinked their eyes after the vision ended, before rubbing the left eye with their left hand.

After rubbing the eye for a moment, they went through the same exit as the thief went through before and stepped back outside.

When they were back outside, they glanced over at the forest, before entering the dark woodlands, without a light in their hands.

Once they had entered the forest, they wandered farther into the darkness, searching for any hints that the thief was here years ago.

When the figure stopped in an open area, the moon was exposed through the clouds as they slowly moved out of the way, as the light revealed the person.

The figure's body shape looked like a female, that is thin and fit, like how a ballerina would be.

But, the female's arms were long, that reaches down almost to her thighs and past her hips, as well as her legs, make her height to 6'2.

The female's clothes were a pair of blue jeans with white and pink shoes, with white shoelaces.

Over her body, she is wearing a blue cameo sweater that has different colors of blue decorated all over it, except the hems are in a frosty blue color.

The sweater has a zipper on the front of her body, as the pockets were on each side of her hips instead of in front of her.

The inside of her sweater is in a white color, as the size was large, but not baggy.

It only reaches to her thighs as her sleeves were up to her wrists.

Her sweater has a hood that was covering her head, so the face was not revealed yet.

But when the moonlight shone on her, she looked up, as the hood was pulled back slightly from her right metal hand.

She has steel-blue eye color, as her left eye was metal, and from underneath the hood, she has long brown caramel hair, except the left-hand side of her head, was covered in multicolored wires, that are permanently connected to her head.

Her skin color is a lightly tanned almond, as she was looking up at the moon curiously.

She has a pair of dark blue and black glasses, that has the frames square, as the edges were rounded.

She pushed them into place with her right hand, and gently pulled her hood over her head again, except not fully covering her head.

When she pulled the hood over her head, she walked into the other side of the forest, wandering farther and farther away from Disneyland, and entering a different part of the place.

As soon as she was miles away from the place, she stopped when she smelled something familiar.

It was oil.

And the scent was old from being cut years ago, but to her, it was fresh.

She took up speed of walking to running, following after the smell as it traveled closer and closer to her.

When she was close enough to the smell, she stopped, using the heel of her shoes, as she regained her balance to be in position.

After getting into position, she glanced around for a moment, before noticing something that was sticking out from behind a log.

Curious, she walked over to the object, and peeked over the log, seeing the Buzzy animatronic laying on their back, still looking shut down and motionless.

It somehow made her feel sorry for him and proud that she has found him.

Stepping over the log, she stepped in front of the animatronic, and using both of her hands, she picked the heavy animatronic up from the ground, without any struggles.

"Hey!" someone's voice called to her, as she flinched from the sudden noise. "Leave that thing alone! That is mine!"

She turned to the noise, as the voice was getting closer until the sound of a knife sliced through a branch instantly made her into run mode.

With her left hand behind the animatronic's back and the right underneath the chair, she quickly jumped over the log and ran the other way back to Disneyland.

She was instead heading away from both.

As she ran, she picked up speed and ran deeper into the woods, still carrying the animatronic in her arms without being tired.

The voice was almost getting close, so she picked up her speed, running faster than the figure.

When she was far away from the voice, she mentally sighed in relief, until she tripped over a branch, making her yelp out in surprise.

As she was in mid-air, she noticed that she was heading head first towards a rock, that is large enough to kill her with one single blow.

She immediately used her teleporting talents to teleport away from the rock, as she took the animatronic along with her.

Meanwhile, in a separate forest, she appeared in the middle of nowhere, as she accidentally dropped the animatronic on the ground and landed front first on the ground.

She groaned in pain after she harshly had landed on the ground, feeling some twinges of pain from her legs and her arms.

She got up slightly, shaking her head side to side, as the hood was off her head, revealing all of her hair and her glasses were luckily not broken, except out of place.

With her right hand, she moved them into position, before noticing that the animatronic was dropped.

Panicking, she crawled over to the animatronic by using her hands and knees.

When she was close enough, she reached over with her right hand, placing it on the animatronic's side, and was about to flip it over to its back, when she noticed something off.

The fabric of the clothes felt... real.

Confused, she felt the fabric with her left hand, noticing the sudden change of the clothes, feeling perplexed about how did this happen to the animatronic's clothes.

Then, she gently flipped the strange object over, noticing the chair was gone.

Worried she might have broken the animatronic, she glanced around the area she is, as her left hand was on top of the chest, before feeling it rise up gently and moved down.

Her thoughts stopped when she felt that movement.

Is the animatronic... alive?

She slowly glanced back at the animatronic, noticing it was not an animatronic anymore, but a cartoon figure of the person in the preshow.

He was not an animatronic anymore, and was not stiff in a position for a long time, but has his arms and legs out, as his left hand was on his chest.

His chest was slowly rising and dropping as if he was sleeping.

She mentally was relieved that he was alive still and surprisingly not awake from the sudden movements that she was doing.

But something different about him caught her attention.

She remembered in the video she watched on YouTube, that he has so much of messy short brown hair in the "Cranium Command" preshow.

But now that she can clearly see him, she could only see some of his hair from underneath.

Curious, she moved her right hand to the back of his head, lifting him up slightly to her.

She placed her left hand around his back, as she moved him up towards her, to get a better look of him.

She repositioned her legs and sat down on her bottom, halfway kneeling as she looked worried.

After she had got comfortable from sitting, she placed him down in front of her, as she moved her right hand from behind his head.

When she moved her hand away from the back of his head, she looked at her palm to see if he was bleeding from the impact on the ground, only to see a small clump of his hair in her palm.

She stared at the clump in her hand for a moment, before dropping it to the ground, looking shocked.

He was stressed out.

It made her heart sank from the vision of being locked away forever in a musty place.

The vision somehow made her shiver from the thought.

The smell of his clothes was musty like the building, but she will clean them after waking him up.

Using her right hand, she gently placed it on his shoulder and gently shook, trying to wake him up.

"ey, wake up." she softly spoke to him, after stopping for a moment.

He only replied with a soft groan, slowly waking up from his slumber.

She felt relieved he was waking up, but just to check, she sat up slightly, glancing around for that person's voice that made her run away.

As she was busy looking for the person, she heard a soft gasp from someone in front of her, so she glanced in front of her, glancing down at him, as he was staring up at her, with a shocked expression on his face, as his right eye was closed.

She instantly became nervous, so she nervously smiled and said, "Hi?"

He shrieked in terror when he saw her, making her jump from him suddenly screaming at her.

He backed up away from her for two inches, before wincing from something popping and stopped, as he landed back on the ground.

"What's wrong?" she nervously asked. "What happened?"

He did not reply to her question, but stayed at where he is, shaking from head to toe.

Worried, she scooted closer to him, as he stayed where he is, still laying on his back, shaking.

"A-Are you hurt?" she asked, moving her metal hand over to his shoulder.

When he noticed her hand, he panicked, finally sitting up and swatting her metal hand away, yelling, "DON'T TOUCH ME!"

She stopped moving her hand towards him when he yelled, immediately pulling it away from him and rubbed the side of her hand with her left hand.

"P-Please don't touch me." he stammered, as he moved away from her by using his hands and the heels of his boots, although wincing a bit from his sore body.

His back bumped against a log, as she was far away from him, looking hurt, but as well as concerned.

"I-I don't want to get hurt." he softly whined.

"You're not going to be hurt." She softly spoke to him, as he jolted from the noise of her voice. "You're safe with me."

She assured him as he listened to her, curling close to the log behind his back, still unsure about trusting her since what happened to him.

She mentally felt angry at them for abusing him, wanting to give them a little "talk" about their handling.

But, she calmed herself down and continued assuring him, knowing he has teeth to bite her if she gets too close to him.

"I won't hurt you, Buzzy," she assured, waiting for him to calm down.

"H-How did you know my name?!" he stammered, his left black beady eye widening as his right was still closed.

Mentally, she wanted to slap herself until her cheeks are red as a baboon's bottom.

"Buzzy, I am a "visitor" that is from Disneyland." she continued assuring, as he listened to her, although scared. "But, please listen to me."

He slightly turned to her, his hands against the log to get ready to climb over it if she gets too close, as he was still shaking.

"No one's going to hurt you," she assured. "I'm not going to hurt you."

She placed her hand against her chest as she continued assuring him.

Before she could continue, he spoke to her; the tone of his voice sounded bitter and cold.

"How are you not going to hurt me?" Buzzy snapped at her. "How are you not going to lock me away in my prison like what happened 4 years ago?!"

She felt a stung of hurt went through her heart when he snapped at her, feeling hurt.

"N-No, I'm-" she stammered until he continued, interrupting her.

"I'm' what?" he growled, fully turning towards her as his hands were in fists. "You're going to take me back and leave me in at that prison to let me rot away for another 4 years?!"

She was going to lose her cool as he continued snapping at her, but she is going to cry too since how emotional she is.

"No, I'm not." she calmly spoke, although her voice was on the verge of being angry. "I don't know if I could take you back to that place, and I am not going to be like them."

He felt confused about why she said that, but continued snapping at her.

"Be like them?!" Buzzy snapped. "You are like them! You don't care about me! I don't care if you are trying to-"

"Buzzy!" she finally snapped, causing him to jolt, startled at the tone of her voice. "They all were worried about you when you went missing in 2018! You were gone for another 4 years! You were gone for 15 years!"

He stopped snapping at her when she bursted at him, all his pent up anger instantly gone when he realized something when she spoke.

"Wh-What?" he stammered, all the anger in his voice gone.

"You were gone for 15 years, Buzzy," she growled, clenching her right hand into a fist.

She was trying not to hurt him with the best as she can.

"We read the news that someone kidnapped you from your show after it shut down for no good reason! Everyone told the company to find you, and to make the show again but got nothing! They came back with empty hands! Now that another 4 years have passed, I found you out here in the wilderness!" she ranted.

She sighed after she had blurted out what happened for a long time, as she gently pinched her nose bridge, moving her glasses up to her forehead.

The sounds of birds tweeting as they left the trees from her yelling as both of them were quiet.

"What... happened to the show?" he slowly asked, as she glanced back up at him.

She sighed and moved her glasses back into place with her left hand.

"The show is gone, Buzzy," she spoke. "Since years have passed, they changed the whole building into a different show, as a wall blocked your show."

After she had explained, Buzzy's face turned from confused to sadness, as he glanced away from her.

"Now I know why they don't care about me..." he softly murmured, as Stephanie listened to him, perking up slightly. "They don't want me back... They locked me up for a good reason too... Maybe I should have been dismantled than taken away from my perch..."

She got annoyed and crawled up closer to him without noticing, and reached over to his face with both of her hands, gently grabbing his cold cheeks and moving them up to her face.

A startled and confused look appeared on his face, as his cheeks were gently taken in her hands, not smushing them roughly.

"Buzzy, listen to me," she spoke, as he glanced up at her. "I care about you."

His thoughts stopped when she said that, feeling confused about why she said that, when she continued, still holding his face in her hands.

"I cared about you ever since I was maybe 13 or 14 years old when I first got on a computer, and I was annoyed that the show was shut down." she continued talking as he listened to her. "I did not lose hope when you went missing and was irritated that the police came back empty-handed."

He felt shocked as he continued listening to her, feeling more and more hope entering his heart.

"And I was not like the other people who cannot remember you." she continued talking. "I was determined to find you when I was older and take you back home, your true home. Not a prison, not a crappy building to rot inside."

He felt relieved she was not taking him back to the building he was inside.

"Now, that I found you, I am so happy that you are safe." she sighed, moving his hat up slightly as she ran her right hand through his half bald head, with some hair attached, as her left was moved to his shoulder. "I wanted you to be safe, not to be some toy to be tossed aside. You are my friend, and you do matter. Nothing else will change you who you are."

She moved her hands away from the back of his head and shoulder, and hugged him, as her right was behind his head, and her left arm wrapped around his body.

"And I am sorry for seeing you like that." She apologized, which caught Buzzy's attention. "I'm sorry that you were left behind, and I'm sorry that I was not old enough to rescue you. Can you forgive me?"

Buzzy was shocked when she apologized to him, although she was not the one who abandoned him in that building.

It made him feel like he was remembered, and was himself again.

Tears welled up in his eyes as he felt happy that someone cared for him, and remembers him without any lack of knowledge.

With both of his tiny arms, he wraps them around her neck, softly crying as he hugged her tightly, feeling relieved and safe.

She softly smiled as she watched him, feeling guilty that he was left behind like that and felt rather angry at the company for abandoning him like that too.

When she gets back, she will have a "talk" with them.

Being careful, she placed her right hand behind his back to support him while picking him up.

She then placed her left hand underneath his bottom, as he looked confused about what she is doing, although he was still crying.

Then, he was startled when she picked him up from where he was, his grip around her neck tightened a bit as his bottom left the ground, and pulled closer to her.

When he was close to her, she waited patiently for something as he was confused.

"If you want, you could wrap your legs around my middle to be safe." she softly whispered into his ear, as his headphones were pulled back from his head and dangling around his neck. "In my opinion, it is safe to do that."

He hesitated for a moment, but followed after her words and gently wrapped his legs around her middle, but the feet did not reach to each other on the back.

"Thanks." she thanked, before moving a leg up.

He felt nervous as she was slowly getting up from the grass, thinking she might accidentally drop him to the ground.

But, she was being careful as she stood up, her hands in the same positions they were at.

When she was fully standing up, he felt nervous at first, but slowly relaxed when he noticed he could see things that he could not see while at his height.

He could see the scenery clearly instead of having to stand on his tippy toes to see what is going on.

She took the first step forward to head somewhere, when she wobbled a bit, as he quietly yelped, slightly tightening his grip around her neck.

"Sorry." she apologized, as he shakily sighed. "One of my legs fell asleep. And, could you release your grip a bit? My neck could fall asleep next."

He noticed his grip, so he released slightly, not too much to make him fall back, although her hand was on his back.

She took another step and did not wobble, which made him feel relieved.

She continued walking, heading to the left-hand side of the forest while carrying and quietly sobbing Buzzy in her arms.

"Oh, I forgot," she spoke, as he glanced at her, expecting her to forget his name. "My name is Stephanie, Stephanie Nova Rose Allen."

He felt confused about why she still remembered his name, although she did assure him back in the part of the forest.

Buzzy sighed and placed his head against her shoulder, thinking to himself for a moment.

"My full name is Buzzy J. Cortex." he softly spoke, saying his full name.

"Buzzy J. Cortex." she thoughtfully repeated to herself. "I like that name."

He softly gasped to himself when she said she likes his name.

Buzzy expected her to look confused at him and repeats his name in disgust, trying to come up with a different name after repeating it.

He curled closer to Stephanie, feeling more and more comfortable with her, although he was still unsure about being with her.

"Th-Thank you." he stammered.

She gently smiled as she exited out of the forest, heading towards an open area as the ground was covered in concrete.

"You're welcome." Stephanie granted, as she gently rubbed his back with her fingers. "Best if you sleep. You have been through a lot."

She was not wrong, he did feel tired and exhausted from crying in happiness, and from oversteering.

Somehow, he felt less stressed than last time.

Before he could ask her a question, sleepiness overcomes him and instantly fell asleep in her arms, snoring quietly as he still has his arms around her neck.

She gently chuckled as she continued carrying the boy.

'And I have not reached to the motel yet...' she softly chuckled to herself, watching him as he slept from over her shoulder. 'Well, it does not hurt to relax a bit before reaching the base...'

As she continued walking, she finally reached a large motel, as she was still carrying the sleeping Buzzy in her arms.

She stepped up the steps and entered the motel before greeted by the owner of the motel.

"Hello, what could I do for you, Steph?" she asked, before noticing Buzzy in her arms. "Where on earth did you find that cute-"

"Shush!" she softly shushed the woman. "He's sleeping. He had a rough time."

She mouthed the word, "Oh" in understatement, understanding what happened earlier.

"I'll just take you to your room." she smiled, turning her back towards Stephanie and walked down the hallway, as she followed.

As she followed, they both reached her door, which the door number is "324," and the woman opened her door after unlocking it.

"Here's your door, Steph." she smiled. "I hope you sleep well."

Stephanie smiled gently and entered her room, as she used her right foot to close the door, quietly without waking him up.

After she had closed the door, she walked over to her bed and placed Buzzy down, as he was still sleeping.

She took off his hat and headset, before noticing the lack of hair he has.

Some areas of his head were missing as there was some with little or average hair left.

It broke her heart to see him like this.

She gently placed the headset to the side of the bedside table and moved her left hand over to him.

Luckily, he was in a deep sleep.

Being careful and quiet as she can, she softly moved her hand through his hair, as the bald spots on his head were growing new hair, the same color, and length.

After moving her hand around for a moment, getting every inch of his head covered in hair, she removed her hand away from his head, before gently placing two of her fingers at the edge of his eyebrow.

In one slow motion, she moves her hand along his eyebrow, as the hair started to grow back, at the same length and color, just like his hair on top of his head.

After finishing his eyebrow, she then gently took off his glasses, being careful as she could, as she placed them on the bedside table, right next to his hat and headset.

Then, she whispered a spell, as the light purple color around his right eye slowly disappeared.

After the light purple color disappeared from around his eye, she moved to his boots and pulled them off, before gently pulling off his socks, which reeks of an old musty smell, almost like the building she entered before.

She nearly gagged at the smell, but she held it in and placed them in the washing machine, along with his coat and hat.

After taking off some of his clothes, she decided to leave the rest on him, since he looked comfortable like that.

Then, a cold breeze went through the window, catching Stephanie's attention from him.

Quickly, she walked over to the open window and closed it, luckily not too much cold air has gotten into the room.

But, the cold air made Buzzy shiver without Stephanie noticing as she closed the window.

He curled into a small ball to be warm, as the tip of his thumb was in his mouth, sucking on it slightly.

When she turned around to check on him, she could not help herself but smile a bit at the cute scene he was making.



It seems like he was a baby to her.

Being a mother figure, she took the blanket in her hands and pulled it over his body, to keep him warm.

When it was nearly close to his face, he took the edge of the blanket and yanked it closer to his body, his left hand still slightly sucking his thumb.

She smiled gently and was about to move away from the bed, when Buzzy stopped sucking on his thumb and reached out to her, grabbing her left wrist.

Stephanie stopped when he grabbed her wrist, and glanced back at him, looking confused.

When she noticed he does not want to be alone since what happened years ago, she decided to stay so that he would not be alone.

Without moving an inch, she used her magic to make a chair come to her, and underneath her bottom.

She carefully and slowly sat down, while his grip on her wrist was secure, not too tight to make it uncomfortable.

When she sat down, she continued sitting there as his hand was still holding her wrist, feeling concerned and guilty of him to be like this.

Mentally, she felt really angry for the producers of leaving him like that too!

She felt like she wanted to be angry at them forever, but she slowly exhaled, calming herself down from being too offended.

After slowly calming down, she watched as Buzzy slept, his hand still on her wrist, even though his arm is not tired or cold from sticking out too long.

Soon, she started feeling tired from watching him sleeping, so she fell asleep along with him, snoring quietly as the grip on her hand was still on.

But she shifted her grip to his in her sleep, gently holding his wrist to let him know that she is still there, by his side and not moving an inch.

As the night passed, both of them are asleep, as Stephanie had the uncomfortable chair to sleep in, and Buzzy had her bed to sleep in.

But, she was grateful to give him her bed to sleep in because of his condition she is worried about.

Who knows what will happen next?

They will have to find that out themselves along the way back home.