

The young girl appeared and shrieked as she fell through the air, landing on her front as her kitten fell off her shoulder.

She landed in the bushes front first near a dense forest as the kitty landed on all fours in front of the bush before suddenly puffing.

The young girl ruffled through the bushes as she groaned in pain, and her hair was covered in leaves with a few twigs stuck in her thick hair, having new scrapes and fresh dirt on her body.

Her kitten hissed and backed into the young girl's arm, perking her attention as she looked at what the kitten was staring at... only to watch as a group of shadows loomed over her and the kitten.

It was a massive robot that looked like a mixture between a firefighter and a firetruck but in robot mode.

The young girl flinched after the massive robot appeared out of nowhere and was followed by three others with different appearances.

One appeared to be a police car, another a helicopter, and the fourth a bulldozer.

The young girl panicked and quickly scooped her kitten up from the ground, holding it close to her chest as she scrambled out of the bushes as the four robots watched her.

Then she turned around and jolted when she saw another robot was almost close, except as a fighter jet plane.

And it was startled when she appeared in front of it in a fit of panic.

“What the-?!” a *fifth* robot exclaimed, with the model of a red racecar.

The young girl panicked more when she saw strangers appearing from the distance as she heard: “What is going on?”

She ran past one of the robots’ legs as they exclaimed, running through the grass to escape from the group of robots.

“WHOA, WHOA, WHOA! WATCH OUT!” someone exclaimed as she flinched, moving backward from what shouted at her in startlement, but slipped on something on the ground that caused her to fall back.

A large hand grabbed her after she had slipped and placed her down on the ‘safe’ side of the grass as she panicked more, seeing that robots surrounded her.

“Now, don’t run onto the railroad tracks again,” the police car robot warned as they swarmed her.

The young girl panicked and instead went in the other direction, dodging hands reaching down to her as she hopped over the road fence, heading into the forest.

As she ran towards the forest, the journal she carried fell out of her backpack after the bottom accidentally got hooked on the beam and ripped slightly.

“Hey! Wait a minute!” an adult’s voice called after her.

But she disappeared into the forest before the stranger could add anything else.

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There was a crash near one of the railroads as a steam train waited patiently while halfway off the tracks.

Giggling was heard from behind as multiple trucks were out of place and had cargo scattered on the ground.

The steam locomotive had a face on the front with a slightly irritated expression and had the basis of an *LB&SCR E2 class*.

The steam locomotive was painted in a bright cerulean blue with a red lining on its tanks and boiler and a yellow lining around its windows.

The number one is painted on its side tanks in yellow with a red outline and has a white running board with red buffer beams and valances.

From behind, the trucks scattered all over the place had faces like the steam train, others with none, and a brake van on the rails.

The trucks giggled again as the steam locomotive glanced over without moving its body, hissing, “Oh, be quiet.”

“Not our fault,” one truck laughed.

“Yeah, you just slowed down a little!” another laughed.

Roars of laughter came from the trucks as the steam locomotive huffed in irritation before a green bulldozer arrived at the scene.

After arriving, a person stepped out of it, and the bulldozer transformed, standing around fifteen or seventeen feet tall with an orange visor covering its eyes.

“Hello, Boulder,” the steam locomotive sighed, glancing away from the robot.

The visor lifted after the steam locomotive sighed as the robot, named ‘Boulder,’ softly asked, “Fell off the tracks again, Thomas?”

“It’s the trucks,” the steam locomotive named ‘Thomas’ complained. “They kept slowing down whenever I tried to get over Gordon’s Hill, but I didn’t see the tracks.”

“It’s alright,” Boulder softly assured. “We’ll place new tracks here after moving you further down to continue your delivery.”

Thomas nodded his head after Boulder assured him, and three more vehicles appeared and stopped.

One is a firetruck, one is a police car, and the other is a helicopter, and they all transformed after the humans stepped out.

A young man with fair skin, short-medium brown clipped hair, and wore black rectangle glasses and a long-sleeved dark pearl shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his biceps.

He also wore navy blue jeans and black boots, with a tool belt around his waist filled with various items, a mint tie, and a pocket on the left side of his chest with a clip on the right side of his collar with a green helmet.

“Let me see if there are any damages on you,” he said, looking at his tablet.

Thomas nodded after the man explained as they helped with the trucks, moving them to the side as they complained.

A few more arrived to help move Thomas, though he was slightly nervous about being picked up from the rails.

One was a fighter jet, one was a scooter, and the other was a racecar, but they all transformed.

However, they each looked different from each other while they helped clear the railroad tracks.

The three robots, the fighter jet, scooter, and racecar, looked like they were hand-drawn, while the fire truck, bulldozer, police car, and helicopter were more modified hand-drawings.

But Thomas and the trucks stuck out like a sore thumb, as they all looked like they were modified as CGI characters.

Once the last truck was picked up, they all started to move the entire line down with the help of a few others who arrived to help, soon reaching a spot where there were no more bumps on the tracks.

As they were finishing placing Thomas and the trucks down, something appeared out of thin air with a semi-bright glow near a couple of bushes that caught their attention.

“Is it a Decepticon?” one robot asked.

“Doesn’t look like one,” another pointed out. “And isn’t today Monday for a *Villain Meeting*?”

So they all glanced back at the strange glowing thing before it stopped, and a *young girl* shrieked before a form landed in the bushes.

Instantly, the bots perked up after hearing a young girl shriek and carefully stepped forward to see who was hurt when a kitten landed in front of the bush.

But it was a *real* kitten.

The kitten shook itself after landing on its feet before puffing after seeing the curious robots as they looked confused.

“A cat?” The helicopter robot cocked his head.

Suddenly, the bushes ruffled again, and a figure popped out with long, thick, dark blue hair, with leaves and sticks stuck in the hair.

The figure crawled out of the bushes as they removed one of the leaves from its long dark blue hair, revealing it to be a young child.

The young child wore a raggy long-sleeved dark blue dress that reached down to their ankles, with the ends ripped and covered in dirt and grime with a few rips here and there.

They also wore black tights that reached down to their ankles, ripped from the ends of their pants, and even covered in dirt and grime with a few rips.

The group of robots and steam train watched in surprise as the young child moved some hair from their face, noticed their kitten backing up into her arm, and glanced up at what it was hissing at.

They instantly panicked after seeing the group of robots and quickly picked their kitten up from the ground as it hissed in startlement, scratching at her arm.

The young child ran between one of the bot’s legs and scrambled around as the group moved away from the running child, avoiding stepping on them accidentally or crashing into their legs.

“Be careful!” Thomas warned the group, watching as the child panicked and ran around the group.

“What the-?!” the robot modeled after a red racecar exclaimed as the young child ran between his legs before being smacked by a second robot modeled after a scooter.

“Hey, easy!” exclaimed one of the bots, attempting to reach down to gently grab the young child panicking.

The young child panicked after seeing the hand coming towards them and scrambled away from the massive hand as they continued to scrabble around in fear.

Then they headed towards the tracks as Thomas exclaimed in a panic in fear of another train heading towards them, “WHOA, WHOA, WHOA! WATCH OUT!”

The young child was startled by Thomas’ voice and went backwards in fear, only to trip over a rock hidden in the ground and was about to fall sideways.

The robot modeled after a fighter jet quickly reached over with a hand after stepping close to the tracks and grabbing the young child by wrapping his two fingers around the middle.

The young child panicked after being grabbed and gently tugged back, just in time for an express train to pass, as he placed the young child down in the center of the group.

“Now, don’t run into the railroad tracks again,” the police officer robot explained calmly.

“What’s going on?” someone asked as they glanced up to see who was coming, only to make the young child panic again.

They attempted again to pick the young child up from the ground to show the group of humans approaching when they scrambled again, acting like a scared chicken.

They went between their legs again and headed towards the forest blocked by a fence.

“Hey!” one person exclaimed as they watched the young child run off. “Wait a moment!”

They watched as the young child jumped over the fence as quickly as they could as something ripped from their backpack, and one of them watched as something dark blue fell out of their bag.

Soon the young child ran into the forest in a blue blur, disappearing out of sight as the humans approached but stopped since it was dense.

“Who was that?” the helicopter robot asked, glancing over at his friends.

“I’m not sure,” the police officer robot said, shaking his head.

“Isn’t it obvious?” the firetruck robot responded as he walked over to the two.

“That was a human. An *actual* human! The ones that aren’t like Chief Burns or anyone else you can think of.”

“You mean the ones from the history videos that Leader-1 usually watches?” the red racecar robot asked.

The red firetruck robot nodded after they asked as a human wearing a blue uniform with a blue cap came over, showing what looked like a dark blue book with a lock.

And it was the one that fell out of the human’s backpack.

“We found this in the grass,” The human panted as he handed the book to the police officer robot and held it gently between his fingers. “It’s locked too.”

“Hmm,” the police officer robot thought as he looked at the book before turning to face the human. “We’ll have an investigation into this book later.”

“He’s right,” Boulder nodded. “Thomas’ cargo couldn’t stay out here longer, or he’ll be late for the next train.”

“But, what about that human child?” Thomas piqued as the police officer robot opened his windshield, placed the book on the backseat, and closed it after removing his hand. “She’s probably lost in the woods by now!”

“We’ll find the child soon, Thomas,” the robot modeled after a fighter jet assured after he had walked over to the group. “Right now, we need to get you back onto track before Sir Topham Hatt gets on your bunker.”

Thomas nodded after the fighter jet robot pointed out his situation, helping everyone with the cargo and placing the trucks back onto the tracks, as they had been silenced after seeing the human scrambling around.

Perhaps they were surprised to see a human too.

As everyone was helping Thomas and checking him for any damage or injuries, the robot modeled after a fighter jet was thinking about the human child that ran into the woods.

He wonders how she, he, or they got into this world from theirs, and how could he ever find her?

Maybe gathering friends would help him and the rescuers find the missing child.

He pushed the thoughts to the side to focus on helping Thomas, deciding to save all that later to have a conversation with a few rescue groups.