

Stephanie follows the maid up to the gigantic house, silently awed at how *massive* this house is compared to her small size.

“That’s no ordinary house,” Stephanie softly murmured, quoting something from an old movie she once saw.

The maid chuckled a little at Stephanie’s remark as they stepped inside, Stephanie still carrying Notches in her sweater hood and Lucy on her shoulder.

The inside of the ‘house’ was clean and decorated with a vintage taste, lined with different plants and some items here and there.

“Whoa,” Stephanie remarked. “It’s a lot larger inside than outside.”

She made a mental note not to touch anything out of curiosity, seeing that everything would be expensive if she made one mistake.

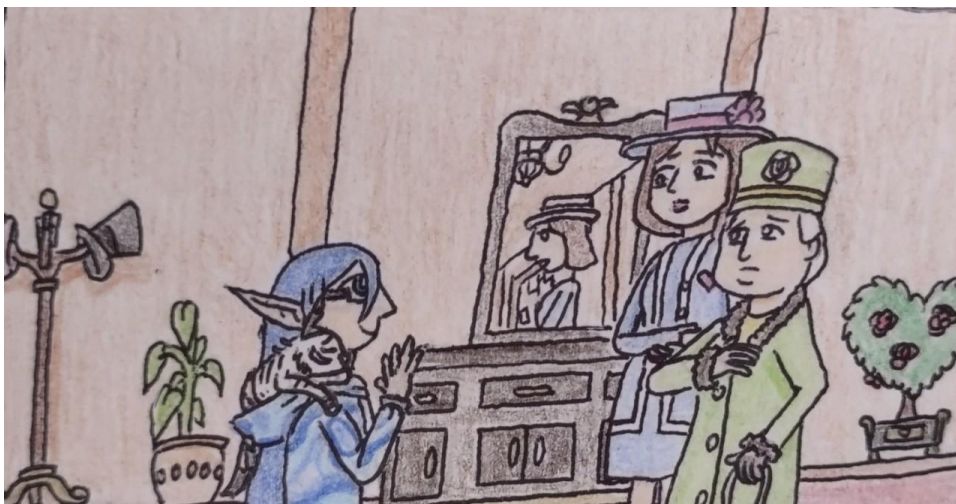
Wait, what would happen if she *touched* everything?

Stephanie felt beads of nervous sweat form on her forehead at the thought of accidentally touching everything out of curiosity as the maid walked up next to her.

Then, someone appeared before Stephanie and asked, “Excuse me?”

Stephanie snapped out of her mental problems and glanced at the maid, stammering, “Ah, uh, yes?”

The maid silently shook her head no and pointed in front of her as Stephanie glanced in front, seeing who was standing before her.



She was a stout woman with fair skin, brown eyes, and long, white, graying hair tied in a high bun.

She wore a green dress, a green hat, a gold band, and a red flower.

Another stood beside her with beautifully thin, fair skin, short brown hair, and light brown eyes.

She wore a blue dress with a white trim sweater, a pink heart pin, matching shoes, and a matching hat with a pink hatband and matching flower.

“Oh!” Stephanie perked up as she blushed. “Sorry! Ah, Sir Topham Hatt brought me here.”

“My son?” The elderly woman with the green hat perked up.

“Were you the one turning everyone back to normal?” the other asked.

Stephanie nodded after the beautiful woman with the blue dress asked, feeling nervous as she looked around her, noticing her very long hair, a moving doll, to which she looked surprised, and a beautiful cat with strange patterns.

“My name is Stephanie,” Stephanie said nervously. “Stephanie Allen.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Stephanie,” the elderly woman with the green hat said. “My name is Dowager Hatt, Sir Topham Hatt’s mother.”

“And I am Lady Hatt,” the second responded. “Bertram’s wife.”

‘Oh, that’s why she looked familiar,’ Stephanie thought curiously. ‘And Sir Topham Hatt’s real name is ‘Bertram?’’

There were so many things to learn about this place, even though she was used to her technology back in Shining Time.

Dowager Hatt looked at Stephanie’s long blue hair curiously, noticing the tangles, the split ends, and how somewhat oily it felt.

Something did not settle right for her.

“You must be exhausted from traveling around Sodor helping everyone,” Lady Hatt softly smiled. “Let’s get you ready for bed.”

‘That sounds good.’ Stephanie thought but had a lingering worry.

Where *would* she sleep in this gigantic, grand place?

Dowager Hatt eyed Stephanie from behind as Lady Hatt showed her around *Hatt Hall*, noticing some wear on her clothes and places that looked stitched together.

Not to mention how long Stephanie's hair was, reaching the bottom of her shoes and sometimes getting caught underneath her heel.

Stephanie would wince after feeling a tug in her hair and politely excuse herself, adjust her hair, and continue.

Notches followed behind with Lucy on his back, watching as Lady Hatt showed Stephanie around *Hatt Hall* and introduced her to some butlers who noticed Notches but paid no attention.

All except for another black and white cat who noticed Notches gave a "meow" at him and sounded like a female.

Notches perked up after noticing the black and white cat meowing at him and confidently gave back a "*meow*."

Lady Hatt showed Stephanie the room she would be staying in, which used to belong to their son, Earnest.

It was large and grand, with a wardrobe, a cabinet, a window with curtains, a desk, a king-sized bed, a chair, and other items around the room.

Stephanie thanked the two Hatts and politely asked if she could put her items in the room, to which they agreed.

She walked into the room with Notches and Lucy as she reached into her pockets, taking out the journals she had collected and her piece of crap phone and placing them on the desk.

Then she walked over to the bedside table, took out the Zodiac Pocket Watch and the Dust Whistle, and placed them next to the bed.

Notches climbed onto the bed and laid down, allowing Lucy to step off as she looked up at Stephanie, saying, "We'll meet you here."

Dowager Hatt silently noticed the items Stephanie was carrying and felt more *suspicious*, as there was something strange about this young child.

She knew her sons would get into trouble, and dolls could move independently, but this was so different from the trouble she had seen.

The tour around *Hatt Hall* ended with Lady Hatt showing her the bathroom with a tub and sink where she could wash her face.

But there were other strange vintage-like items, too, making her look like she had stepped into a different era and had no idea what to do.

So she instead turned to the two adults and said, “Thank you for the tour, Mrs. Hatts.”

Both nodded, and Stephanie closed the door, returning to the bathroom as she gently mumbled, “Okay, Steph. Just think of it like the bathrooms Ms. Richards showed you.”

Stephanie reached up to her sweater’s zipper, showing her wearing a long-sleeved light blue shirt stained with faint stitches on some parts of her body.

“Oh, wait,” Stephanie paused before she took anything off. “Hold on.”

She walked over to the door and gently knocked on it, hiding behind it as it opened slightly as a voice said, “Yes?”

“Ah, I’m sorry, but where can I hang my sweater?” Stephanie politely asked.

“You can hand them to me, Ms. Allen,” the voice responded as an arm stuck out from the gap in the door. “They’ll need a wash and be ready for you tomorrow.”

“Thank you so much,” Stephanie thanked. “Let me fold my sweater.”

Stephanie folded her sweater and handed it to the stuck-out arms, placing them neatly as the man waited.

The camera moved down as Stephanie started to undress, taking off her shirt and folding it, placing it on the stuck-out arms before continuing with the others.

Once the last garment was off, Stephanie said, “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, Ms. Allen.” With that, the man behind the door walked away as Stephanie sighed, only showing her bare feet.

Then, the feet turned around as they gently clapped against the tile floor and walked to the tub.

The rubberband kept the long braided hair undone, and all the thick, long blue hair fell towards the floor, covering her back and body.

She was still wearing the bracelet around her wrist, not wanting to take it off because it *was* important.

“Alright,” Stephanie sighed. “Just like what Ms. Richards showed me.”

Stephanie spent what felt like an hour trying to see which knob was which and feeling the temperature of the water, even scrubbing her skin to get the dirt and other things off her.

The light in the bathroom was somewhat good, but it did not show Stephanie’s skin as she was scrubbing her body with her hands, not wanting to use any items left in the bathtub.

Strangely, she was allowed to bathe but was still unsure about what lay around the corner.

A sudden knock startled Stephanie from the noise as the camera was in her eyes, and the ‘eyes’ looked over at the door as it opened slightly, but no head stuck out from the somewhat opened crack.

The same male voice said as a pair of arms stretched out and placed two large towels on the counter, “I got you two warm towels.”

“Uh, thank you,” Stephanie thanked.

“Oh, one more thing.” The man’s arms returned with a folded blue nightgown, and he placed it next to the towels, saying, “For you to wear at night.”

“Thank you.” Stephanie thanked him again, sounding a little confused as the door closed. “They gave me something to wear? Then again, I *was* given only a shirt, sweater, pants, socks, shoes, and other garments to wear back home.”

She softly cringed after mentioning ‘home’ as the camera turned away, showing a pair of hands grabbing the tub’s sides and standing up with Stephanie muttering, “I *need* to stop mentioning home.”

The same pair of feet landed on the bathroom rug in front of the tub, dripping with water as if something *blue* was on her skin.

Stephanie walked over to the towels and picked one of them up, using it to dry her body off as the camera switched to her feet, the bluish color disappearing when the towel went over it.

She spent a while drying off her body as the darkness of the room covered her before picking up the other towel to dry out her long hair.

It was too long to wrap it up in a turban to dry; it would become a hassle to handle, and it would be way too big of a turban for her to walk around in.

So Stephanie resorted to drying her hair by squeezing the water out with a second towel while the other was wrapped around her body, covering her chest and reaching down to her ankles.

Once Stephanie’s hair was dry enough, she checked her body after wrapping the towel around it and nodded before pausing after noticing something behind her.

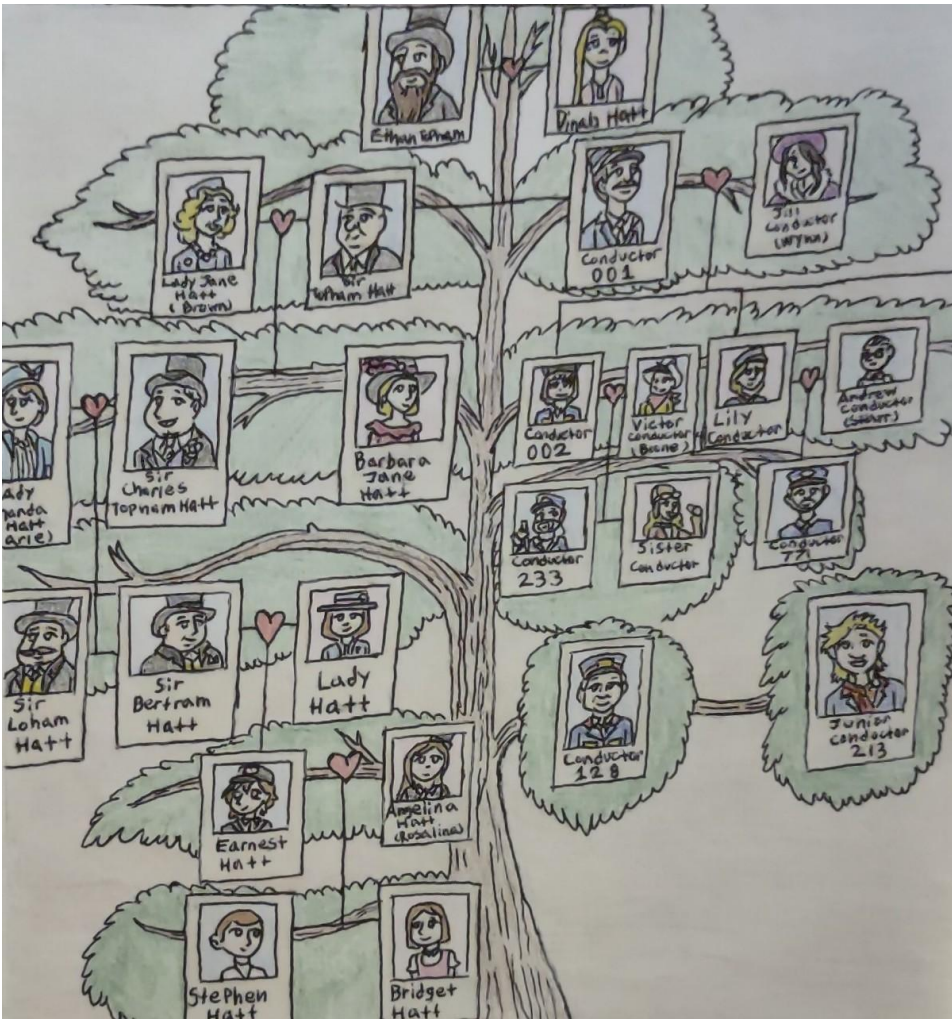
“Uh, do you mind?” Stephanie asked, rewrapping the towel around her body.

A few minutes later, Stephanie stepped out of the bathroom, all clean, and her long hair was washed of oil and looked much better.

She wore a long-sleeved light blue nightgown that reached down to her ankles, revealing her bare feet as her clothes were still in the washroom she had seen before.

But it was still *too* long for her to walk around as it would catch onto her heels, causing her to yelp faintly in pain and readjust.

Deciding to stop as she grew sick of her hair catching onto her heels, Stephanie reached over to her long hair after putting it all over one of her shoulders and braiding it, doing a fishtail style to make it wavier when dried.



It took her a few minutes to braid her long hair, struggling with the ends but making it all go into a long fishtail braid with nothing tangled.

She used the rubberband to tie the end once she had finished and sighed, flipping her long braided hair over her shoulder as she muttered, "There, that's better."

Stephanie continued walking down the empty hallway as she glanced around curiously.

She saw walls covered with paintings, some looking like a young Sir Topham Hatt with another adult Sir Topham Hatt.

Stephanie paused to look at the paintings, seeing more Sir Topham Hatts, with others resembling family members or twins.

How big is the Hatt family?

Stephanie continued walking through the hallway of pictures littered with different paintings and different people, feeling like she had walked underneath an oak family tree.

It all looked *so* new to her, and she was curious about all these people and even the sentient locomotives in the paintings.

When she almost reached her room, Stephanie paused as she looked at a massive wall, the top of which had two portraits, and it slowly went down more and more before ending at the bottom.

Is *this* the family tree?

Stephanie curiously looked at the tree, seeing that each one of them had plaques indicating which Hatt was which, ranging from someone named ‘Ethan Hatt’ to ‘Earnest Hatt.’

A candlelight extinguishing snapped Stephanie out of her curiosity, and she glanced over, seeing Lady Hatt wearing a nightgown and preparing to go to bed.

Deciding to save a look at the Hatt family tree for later, Stephanie quietly snuck into the room she was given, stepping inside before closing the door.

She sighed after closing the door and turned around, seeing that Notches had already fallen asleep on a pillow away from the bedside table while Lucy was sleeping on the bedside table.

Smiling softly, Stephanie walked over to the bed and gently pulled the blankets back, crawling into bed before lying down on her back, slightly startled when the bed was cushioned underneath her weight.

This is strange.

Stephanie reached up to her glasses and took them off, placing them on the bedside table near the clock, the Zodiac Pocket Watch, and the Dust Whistle.

She paused after placing her glasses down, gripped the blankets, and stared at the Zodiac Pocket Watch and Dust Whistle.

Did she see all that happening before her?

And did she say all that to save Sodor?

Stephanie sighed as she flipped over onto her back, staring up at the ceiling as thoughts returned to her about what she would do while on ‘Sodor.’

She groaned at her thoughts acting up at this time of night as Notches twitched a little in his sleep before nudging close to Stephanie, surprising her as she glanced over.

Notches then started *purring* after feeling Stephanie’s cheek, moving his head away from being curled into a ball to her chest, continuing with that purring feeling.

Stephanie moved her right hand to his head and hesitated for a minute but gently patted it as Notches' purring went up.

This is a good feeling.

Stephanie moved her head back onto the pillow and stared at the ceiling before slowly falling asleep while listening to lullabies and Notches' purring against her chest.