

Meanwhile, the same black diesel was going down the line with a somewhat confused expression as he passed by everyone, not even honking towards them but giving a good scowl towards some certain steam locomotives.

Earlier, Diesel had *seen* Stephanie's whistle abilities when dropping off trucks and refilling his tank and was amazed after witnessing the power.

But things took the cake when she discovered something on the ground, picked it up, and placed it in the back of something, and she transformed into a bull!

This might be good news to tell someone he knows will help with *his* problems.

He went to the Dieselworks and entered, looking around as Den and Dart appeared, looking down at Diesel.

"Is Diesel 10 here?" the black diesel asked.

"Yes," Den responded.

"What he means is," Dart responded. "He's still sulking in his shed."

"Well, let me get up there to tell him," the black diesel huffed as he moved forward. "I have some news to tell him about."

The floor beneath him rose as the black diesel was on top, getting to the level where Den and Dart were.

"Of what, Diesel?" both Den and Dart asked.

"It's something between him and me," Diesel huffed at the two diesels. "Now, you two leave because this conversation is for us."

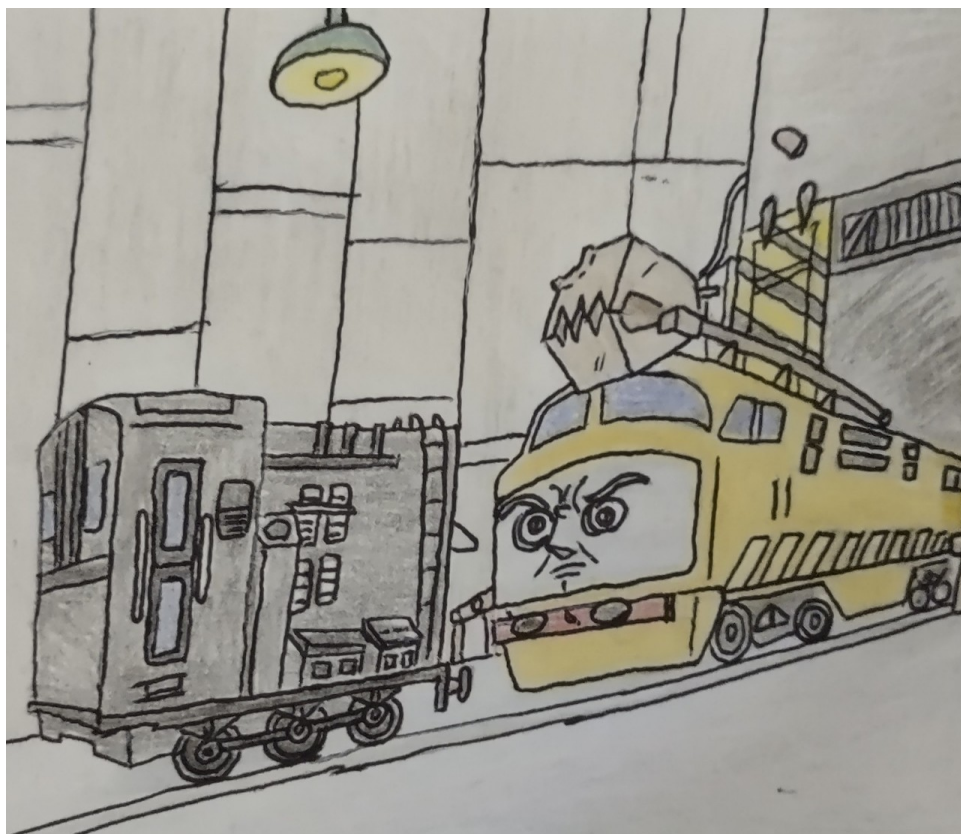
Den and Dart looked at each other after Diesel huffed and honked their horns, taking turns to get off the level as Diesel approached a shed.

The shed's door opened when Diesel approached it, and it was semi-dark inside, but at the back of the shed, he saw a shape hiding at the back.

"Hey, 10!" Diesel called. "Are you still in there?"

“Yeah, of course I am still in here!” A gruff voice huffed as a pair of eyes opened angrily.
 “What is it?”

“I think I found some clues into what was causing all this trouble,” Diesel responded with a smirk.



Suddenly, a larger diesel came out of the shed with a claw attached to the top, looking at Diesel with a confused expression.

The diesel's basis was a *BR Class 42 'Warship'* and was painted yellow ochre with tan stripes along his sides.

His buffer beams are painted red with black buffers, and the claw on his roof is dark brown.

But the claw was damaged, from dents to wires sticking

out slightly from different arm parts.

“What did you learn, Diesel?” The diesel with the claw asked. “It better be some good news.”

“Well,” Diesel begins. “I was pulling Troublesome Trucks and was dropping some off, and I went over to the oil tank to refill my tanks when I noticed a new steamie talking to Philip.”

“What did this new steamie look like?” the diesel with the claw asked.

“It looked almost like Thomas, 10,” Diesel responded as he explained what he had seen toward him. “But she was a little larger, bluer, and female.”

“A female?” the diesel with the claw echoed. “It does sound like a new steamie.”

“But that’s not all, 10,” Diesel smirked coyly. “After a few conversations, this steamie’s whistle suddenly popped up, revealing strange symbols.”

““Symbols?”” the diesel with the claw asked. “What kind?”

“I can’t see what they were,” Diesel huffed. “Besides, even if I did, they are too small for me.”

“Huh,” the diesel with the claw remarked. “Keep goin’.”

“Okay,” Diesel nodded. “And after those symbols appeared, it switched to one and whistled, shooting Gold Dust out from its funnel and-”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!” The diesel with the claw exclaimed as the claw moved forward in the way of a hand, making the ‘stop’ mention. “Wait a minute! Did you say ‘Gold Dust?’”

“Yes,” Diesel nodded. “Gold Dust came out of the steamie’s funnel!”

“Were there any humans around?” the diesel with the claw asked.

“Nope,” Diesel responded. “It was all by herself!”

The diesel with the claw hummed a little after Diesel answered and asked, “What else?”

“Then, after the Gold Dust shot out,” Diesel continued. “It went around the steamie and transformed into a human!”

The diesel with the claw blinked twice after Diesel explained it to him and asked, “Come again?”

“It transformed her into a human!” Diesel repeated. “But I did see a whistle around her neck after she turned.”

“Hmm,” the diesel with the claw hummed. “She *could* be like one of those kids from eleven years ago. You said Philip was next to her, right?”

“Yes,” Diesel nodded. “But it was a whistle like the ones the kids wore, not one meant for a diesel.”

“Huh,” the diesel with the claw remarked. “That’s new.”

“There’s another,” Diesel smirked. “After she says goodbye to Philip, she suddenly takes something out of her pocket,” and added, “Once again, I can’t see what it was,” before continuing, “And was suddenly lured over to where Mr. Grump-in-the-Shed was and picked up something.”

The diesel with the claw listened with interest, his claw moving on its own as Diesel continued, “Well, the object lifted, and something strange happened.”



The diesel with the claw cocked an eyebrow and said, “It caused the objects to come to life from her hands and do something. Then, it stopped, causing her to shout, ‘Yes!’ and her shout woke Mini Cranky from his shed, and she apologized, walking away from the spot.”

“Hmm,” the diesel with the claw hummed thoughtfully. “Sounds like that kid has two items with her. Next time, look closer at what she carries with her.”

“Of course,” Diesel chuckled. “Maybe get some insight on what is happening around Sodor too.”

“Yeah, that too!” The diesel with the claw snarled. “I don’t care who or what it is. I want to know what bad is out there takin’ over my job!”

The claw on him snapped as Diesel went backward, missing a few inches from the snap, and the diesel huffed, “Pinchy, down, girl! You’ll get your revenge once we figure out a few things.”

Pinchy, the claw on him, makes a noise before settling down on him as he glances back at Diesel, telling him, “Keep in check with me with the news, alright? And make sure you got everythin’ right, *capiche?*”

“*Capiche.*” Diesel nodded before going back on the turntable and exiting the Dieselworks.

“Hmm,” the diesel with the claw hummed. “There are more magical items around Sodor. This sounds very interestin’. I wonder if those are makin’ all those monsters.”

He went back into his shed as Pinchy dove for him to enter as the doors closed, allowing him peace.