

The Little Engine that Couldn't Fucking Quit

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Chapter 1: Rust and Smoke

The yard smelled like piss and burnt oil. Engines sat like fat kings under broken lights, laughing their chrome asses off. Little Blue sat on Track Nine, blue paint peeling like dead skin, a fucking joke to everyone. He'd been hauling trash for years while the big boys hogged all the glory. Tonight, he'd shove that laughter right up their exhaust pipes.

Chapter 2: The Job

Diesel Danny rolled in, blacker than a goddamn hangover, exhaust pipes puffing smoke like cheap cigars. “Deadman’s Pass. Toys for the city rats. Big fucking payday,” he rumbled. Then that grin. “But you? You ain’t got the balls, Little Blue.” The yard erupted in laughter like a pack of hyenas on crack. Little Blue glared, gears grinding. “Fuck you. I’ll take it.” The laughter died.

Chapter 3: Deadman's Pass

The rails curled into the mountains like the veins of some dead god. Wind howled like a drunk banshee, and the rocks stared down like they were waiting for a fucking funeral. Little Blue locked the couplers tight, his rusty heart pounding in his boiler. "I think I can," he muttered. Then louder. "I THINK I FUCKING CAN."

Chapter 4: The Shadows

The first headlight sliced through the dark like a knife. Then another. And another. Ferals- rogue engines with steel teeth and murder in their fucking grins. They came like sharks on rails, hunger in their gears. Little Blue slammed the throttle open so hard his guts screamed. “Come on, you rusty sons of bitches!”

Chapter 5: First Blood on the Rails

The first bastard slammed into his ass like a freight train from hell, ripping a boxcar loose. Little Blue roared and swung hard, smashing his side into the prick. Sparks exploded like fireworks on meth. The feral wailed as Little Blue sent him tumbling off the goddamn cliff. “WHO’S LAUGHING NOW, FUCKFACE?!”

Chapter 6: Teeth of Steel

They swarmed like cockroaches on coke, gnawing, ripping, chewing metal like it was meat. One tore into Little Blue's flank, peeling blue paint like old scabs. Another bit down on his coupler, yanking him backward. "FUCK YOU!" Little Blue bellowed, pistons pounding like war drums as he ripped the bastard clean in half. Oil sprayed the rails like fucking blood.

Chapter 7: The Climb

The grade got steeper, the bastard mountain grinning like it wanted him dead. His boiler screamed in the red, steam blasting like a rabid dog's breath. Every word rattled through his skull like gunfire: *I think I can. I think I can.* Then louder: "I THINK I FUCKING CAN!" Every syllable was a war cry dipped in rage and rust.

Chapter 8: Betrayal in the Fog

Through the smoke, the king rolled in. Diesel Danny, big black bastard, blocking the pass like a fat fuck in a doorway. “Should’ve stayed in your lane, Little Blue,” he sneered, his voice dripping with smug bullshit. Little Blue spat steam, fire boiling in his gut. “Eat shit, Danny.” Then he fucking rammed him so hard the mountains shook.

Chapter 9: Fire and Glory

Steel screamed like dying demons as they slammed again and again. Danny's laughter was pure poison. "You're done, you blue bitch!" Little Blue's boiler split open like a chest wound, flames pissing everywhere. But he didn't stop. "FUCK... YOU!" he roared, shoving Danny off the edge. The bastard fell, screaming, into nothing. Little Blue burned like hell's own torch as he crawled forward.

Chapter 10: The Legend

He hit the summit coughing black smoke, his frame torn to shit, fire licking his guts. The toys? Gone. His body? Fucked beyond repair. But he made it. Against every asshole who said he couldn't. "I told you," he hissed, voice breaking like glass. "I... fucking... told you." Then he blew sky-high, painting the night in holy hellfire. The mountain burned. The myth lived.

Author's Thoughts

This isn't a cute kiddie story-it's about raw, ugly grit. The Little Engine didn't climb that mountain for toys; he climbed it to tell the world to go fuck itself.

Life will beat you bloody, rip your wheels off, and laugh in your face. But if you've got the guts to keep grinding, to scream "*I fucking can*" when everything says you can't-then you're unstoppable.