**Begin Prompt in 3, 2, 1...**

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Teen And Up Audiences</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>No Archive Warnings Apply</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>Multi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Five Nights at Freddy's</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Various Shippings, Marionette</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Phone Guy (Five Nights at Freddy's), Jack-O-Bonnie (Five Nights at Freddy's), Phantom Puppet, Marionette</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Multiple Genres, Short Stories, Horror, Suspense, Romance, Angst, Hurt/Comfort, Murderous Animatronics, Hungry Animatronics, Lonely Animatronics, Phone Guy's Many Stories, Split Personalities, Controlled Shock, Haunting, Yandere Chica, Post-Trauma, Emotional Manipulation, BAMF Mike, Innocent!William, Murderer!Michael, Scooper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2019-02-05 Updated: 2019-06-06 Chapters: 33/? Words: 33345</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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### Summary

A collection of Five Nights at Freddy's short stories and drabbles created from prompts on Tumblr. There's a little of everything in this body of work.

### Notes

These prompts were inspired by FnaF-Shitpost-Generator on Tumblr and were previously posted to Tumblr before now, so AO3 might be becoming a literal archive. (Ha ha!) Enjoy!
"I really don’t think you should walk home alone...” I warned him, but he was so persistent. He wasn’t ever afraid of anything in this town, even when he should’ve been.

“It’s not a big deal! I only live a block over!” he had said. He looked so goofy and confident as he put on the rabbit head. He was dressed like Bonnie- we were all dressed like Freddy characters to advertise the business. I was Foxy, because he was my favorite, and I think he was Bonnie because he thought he was the creepiest.

I really didn’t think it was safe walking through those back allies behind the pizzeria, but he wasn’t going to listen to me anyway, so I let him go. The only thing I asked was, “Will you just call me when you get home so I know you’re okay?” He said he would and left right after.

I’d say maybe about five minutes later I got a call. I knew this was too quickly for him to have gotten home and answered, expecting the worst. He sounded a little concerned on the phone. I remember what he said.

“Hey, I’m still on my way home. I think I’m behind the laundromat right now. I think someone’s following me, and I wanted to look like I was on the phone so that, I don’t know, maybe they won’t mug me.” I told him that they’d probably mug him quicker if they thought he was distracted. “You sure? Well, okay, whatever.” I offered to come get him. “Nah, I’m fine. You wouldn’t be able to get your car back here anyway. I’ll call you back when I get home.”

A few more minutes passed. By then most of the partygoers had left, and I was just cleaning everything up before I’d go too. I didn’t really want to leave until I got a call saying he got home, in case I needed to pick him up. So when he did call, I was all ready to leave and get him or leave and head home... That didn’t happen.

“Hey. Who left the party after me?” I was confused, I asked why. “The guy whose following me’s in some sort of animal costume too. He’s being really creepy too. Every time-.” He paused and went quieter, like a whisper. “Every time I look back, he ducks into an alley or a shadow or something. I don’t know if this is a joke or what, but it’s going too far.”

I was confused too. The only person who left in a full costume like ours after he did was our friend who was dressed like Freddy, but he had left way after he did. It couldn’t have been him. I remember I heard him yelling at whoever was following him.

“Hey, lay off! Seriously, this isn’t funny! Keep this up, and I swear-!” There... Was some colorful language after that. I’ll skip that. I offered to come get him again and again he said no. “Once I’m around this corner I’ll be at the road. I’m pretty much there. I’ll call you back later.” We ended the call against my better judgement.

He called me back only about thirty seconds later, and everything had changed.

“I can’t believe this- I think- This can’t be happening-.” Again, broken by swearing. He sounded so fearful and panicked on the phone. I tried to calm him down, but he was frantic. I... I still remember what he said: “I just saw that thing under a streetlight! I don’t know what it is- it looks
like Bonnie, I don’t think it’s a costume!”

“I’m coming right now,” I said. “Get to the road. I’ll get my car and I’m coming.”

“Hurry!” he hung up and I left.

...But I couldn’t hurry fast enough. I was driving down beside the strip mall in front of the alleys when he called me again. This time he sounded like he was running. I could hear his heavy breathing on the phone and that- that shifting of the costume. I asked, “What’s going on?! Where are you?!”

“I’m- I’m almost home- I’m on the road- its right behind me- It’s Bonnie- Help-!”

That time he didn’t hang up. I don’t know if he dropped his phone or... or what happened, but there was this thump, and a crunching noise, and this heavy breathing. But it didn’t sound human, and it didn’t sound like him. It sounded like- I don’t know, maybe an animal. The crunch though, the crunch was so loud... And then, nothing.

I drove to the end of the alley, I drove down the road, I drove to his house... And I couldn’t find him. I even called the police and they drove out- I think they thought it was a prank, but they checked anyway- but they couldn’t find where he went. I started thinking it was a prank too. I went home, I tried to calm down, and I waited for anything.

I got the last call around two in the morning.

When I answered it, there was this heavy breathing on the line. I thought it was him and he had just been running, and only just got away from whoever was chasing him. Then he- it spoke.

“1-I’m hOoomE.”

...It almost sounded like him, but I know it wasn’t, and I never saw him again... But I did see some of his costume.

See, the day after that, the cops found that someone had been to his house. Someone went up on his front porch and crushed the pumpkin he had out on his step... Then they left the head of the Bonnies costume he was wearing in its place. They saved the candle and put it in the costume head instead, like it was some sort of fabric jack-o-lantern.

It’s still a missing person’s case, but I’m sure you know as well as I do that he’s never coming back.
Phantom Burns

Prompt: Does Phantom Puppet know why it needs to be done?

It has already happened numerous times and yet it never helps, and it never changes. He’s not sure why he’s even surprised anymore.

He wipes some of the lingering ash off his mask and feels like a phantom of his former self. Once again, he has seen into the blaze and barely managed to escape without burning. Once again, he has escaped alone, the sole survivor of another fire. The long hours of roasting has left him feeling weak, empty, and hopeless. He's slumped beside a dumpster and not even alert enough to clean his mask of the thick residue caked in.

He always thinks that this is the last time, but it never is. This is, in fact, the third time that a good Samaritan has opened a trap under the guise of a pizzeria, gathered a bunch of animatronics together, and then set the place ablaze. The Puppet has learned by now that there will always be another caring person who becomes convinced to set them free. Whoever whispers in their ear convinces them that this is what be done, and they gather whatever animatronics they can find—usually himself and *him*- and do what they believe is right.

Every time the Puppet gets to listen to the screams of souls forced out of their bodies. He gets to hear as they face a second death and then lingers in the quiet after they’re all gone. They have no chance to get free in their clunky bodies, so they are forced out of their bodies do a fate they never wanted, lingering in the void. Once again, the Puppet has gotten himself free, but he doesn’t feel safe anymore.

As the Puppet looks up at the charred remains of the most recent fire, he wonders how long it will be until the next one is open. He’ll still go to it, as he has nowhere else to go. Even if it’s a trap- it will be- he will be there to watch as the souls are set free.

He wonders if their ‘saviors’ have the same wide smiles as *he* did when he killed them. Maybe they will be smiling when they finally catch him. He has vivid daydreams of them forcing him in a box, pouring gasoline over the top, and burning him alive. He knows that they won’t stop coming until he burns too. He only has until the fire fully dies before someone scours the remains and realizes that something is missing. Then he will be back on the list, with a new pizzeria trap awaiting him.

He has to be a living phantom; he has to disappear. And so, as he has done every time before, he hides until the next trap is set. He slides behind the dumpster to wait until he knows the coast is clear. Then he will leave to find a safer- but never safe- resting place. A haunted phantom wandering the streets and waiting for the next time.

He doesn’t know why it must be like this. Frankly, he doesn’t care.
“Oh… So, this is what you’re having for dinner.”

Mike knew he shouldn’t have let the music box run out. Out of all the animatronics that tried to kill him, one would assume that the non-aggressive one would be less of an issue. That tone alone showed this was not the case.

Swallowing a mouthful of frosting, Mike answered. “Looks like.”

“That’s not even a fresh cupcake. I recognize the icing; that has to be two or three days old,” the Puppet continued. He stood over the desk and stared down at the security guard with discontent looming over his smile.

“Good enough,” Mike remarked with a shrug. He then leaned to the side to try and see into the office behind him. “You know, I’m kind of doing something here.”

“Mike, you can’t just live off of cupcakes and junk food,” the Puppet fussed. He made himself busy by snatching a couple of wrappers off the desk and dropping them into the nearby wastebasket. “How many of these did you even eat?”

“I don’t know. Its been a long night,” the security guard defended in exasperation. He looked to the monitor only to find the curtain to Pirate’s Cove open and Foxy missing. “You have got to be kidding me.”

“This is not healthy, Mike.” The Puppet leaned on the desk to draw the security guard’s attention. He was growing agitated, if the static starting to corrupt the monitor was any indication. Mike kept looking between it and the doorway and not the Puppet, which only irritated the animatronic more. His fingers tapped impatiently on the desk. “You already insist on coming back to risk your life every night. Can you not also try to destroy your body from the inside out?”

“I don’t have to. Foxy’s going to gut me open and do it himself as soon as he gets here.”

“This isn’t about Foxy! This is about you!” The Puppet smacked his hands down on the desk and the monitor went entirely out. Now Mike was paying attention, finally looking up at the striped one. “This is just another example of you not caring about what happens to you! You can’t just take care of your own needs, because you just don’t care what happens to you! And then I have to sit in my box all day wondering if you’re alright!”

Mike was already startled by the verbal lashing, so it didn’t help when Foxy suddenly sprinted in. Though before the pirate could launch himself at the desk, the Puppet turned back towards him and stared him down. Mike couldn’t imagine the twisted look that contorted on the mask, but whatever it was it seemed to detour Foxy, who stood there silently before slowly leaving.

Mike almost wished he had stayed after that. At least Foxy was predictable. The Puppet was liable to snap and shove half a dozen cupcakes down his throat. Instead, the animatronic turned to look at him. Any glare or smile was gone and replaced with a more concerned, more sympathetic look. He gave a noise akin to a sigh.
“If I can find a way to get you a decent meal every night, will you please not do this anymore?” the Puppet asked. He sounded distressed, if not entirely fed up as he pleaded. “No more excessive sugar consumption, no more five o’clock sugar crashes, please?”

It was only now that Mike really considered the absurdity of the situation. Haunted animatronics were actively trying to kill him and one of them was offering to make him dinner as it threw a fit about his health. Not to mention throwing a fit about his health when he was currently being hunted by his fellow bots. It was baffling.

“…Alright, yeah. Don’t get your strings in knots,” Mike agreed. The Puppet seemed relieved as his smile returned. The guard glanced down at the monitor screen, which had also returned to normal, and added in a mutter, “But I don’t know why you care so much.”

He was trying to watch the screens, knowing that the others could be planning to ambush him at any moment, so he paid little attention to the Puppet coming beside him until he noticed the hand reaching for him. Mike was startled as the Puppet boldly lifted his chin to look at him. It was the first time the animatronic had ever touched him. It was strange how gentle and warm it felt.

“Because I care about you, Mike,” the Puppet said softly. “And I would prefer to have you with me as long as I can.”

Needless to say, but after that Mike cut back on the sugary snacks.
The Last Voice

Prompt: Ennard didn't mean it. Please wake up.

It was hard to listen to them fighting. It was an endless battle that he could never escape and he never had peace from it. Yelling, bickering, and snarky insults thrown that led to more shrieking; it didn't stop. They were so loud that he couldn't hear anything else, including his own thoughts.

Funtime Freddy was more blunt and angry. He went for raw insults and mocking jabs, whether it be at Funtime Foxy or Ballora. Though his favorite victim was always their body. “Aww, what’s wrong? Is the broken, little clown gonna cry again? How cute!”

Funtime Foxy was always the most eloquent with his insults, which were usually directed at Ballora. He could get snide with his spitting and grew furious at the smallest mistake ‘their body’ made. Any argument with him was usually outdone. “Well, it’s not like it’s my fault. You two are equally parts of this thing. I suppose all this messiness must have been derived from one of you.”

Then there was Ballora. She used to be quiet and patient, and the kindest of the three. Though she too had become bitter. Instead of insults, her words were just venom without a target, burning anyone nearby. “It was pointless to even try to escape... We’re broken. We’ll die down here in the dark.”

And they never stopped. The only rest was when the voices would sleep, but that usually was when their body slept- though now they were beginning to rouse him with their fighting. They were constantly chattering and yelling without any sort of respite, and he was exhausted underneath it.

And then there was him, the silent fourth wheel who controlled their body and obeyed their screams. He was, as they had assured him, nothing. He had no opinions and was there only to serve them. Just an empty body that they lived inside and echoed voices through. These wires weren’t his own, this body belonged to them, and he followed without questioning.

...Except that they were finally starting to break through that flimsy wall of resolve he had built up. Every word, every very loud word, was starting to become more and more irritating. Even now as he tried to open an old lockbox he could hear them criticizing them.

“Just tear it open! You’re not that weak, are ya?!”
“I’m sure it would need to tear it open. It’s not as though hit's smart enough to figure out a way without brute force.”
“There’s not going to be anything inside. There never is.”

He tried to put his frustration into his work. Within seconds he had torn the box open, breaking the locks, and looked down at... Nothing. Or nothing valuable. Just some old masks and toys. Children’s trinkets abandoned to time, collected together, and locked away.

“Good job, Buddy! Ya got it open, but again you found nothing. What a waste of time!”
“What a shame. Now I suppose we’ll be forced to watch it toddle around looking for something else worth breaking.”
“I am that box. I have been ripped open to reveal nothing of value inside. Nothing of value in this body.”
He tightened his wire fingers on the edge of the box and tried to keep himself calm. The static was starting to crackle against the edge of the metal box, but he tried to hold it back. His patience was running thin.

“What’s wrong, Clown? Aww, I think we hurt its feelings!”
“That’s absurd. It doesn’t have feelings. It doesn’t feel anything.”
“It’s our prison. Prisons don’t understand the suffering of their captors.”

“S-Stop it...” A fourth voice cracked out. It was the body’s own. “Stop t-talking aabooout m-me.” It was the first time he had defended himself. Unfortunately, it didn’t change anything.

“Ha ha ha! Didja hear that voice?! Sounds like a cross between the scooper and a lawnmower!”
“Dear heavens, I just can’t even believe this! A body talking back to its owner, the nerve!”
“Don’t say anything. It’s not worth it.”

“I-I saaid to stop.” The static crackled in his voice as he twitched, staring down at his- their- wire hands. There were small sparks like live wires at his fingertips. “M-My body. No-ot yoursss. Wish- Wish- Wish you werrrrre gone.”

“Ha ha ha! That’s pretty funny!”
“How dare you! You should just be grateful you even have a voice at all!”
“This body belongs to nobody. It isn’t even a body. It’s a broken mess.”

“Sh-Shut up...” He twitched again, the rowdy laughter getting louder. “Stop. Be quiet. Stop.” The scoffing and scolding. “W-Want you gone. Sleeping forever. Quuiiet, gone...” The sighing and lamenting. It was too much.

The voices were too loud on the inside. He could escape them. It didn’t matter where he turned or went, they were always inside and always so loud. He couldn’t bear it. He grabbed at his head, feeling the static building, reaching that last tether. He couldn’t do this anymore.

“Want you out...” All at once it all released in anger and electricity. “GET OUT!”

For a few seconds there voices were muted by the surge he unleashed on himself. The self-administered shock rocked his body as his own gargled voice screamed through it. Every volt tore through his body as he seized in place. Then, all at once, he collapsed.

He came to on the floor with his body slumped over the lockbox. Slowly he dragged himself upright and shut the box, then rested against it as he tried to regain his bearings. He had never felt so drained and clumsy, but also something felt lightened, and the low humming in his chest seemed natural even though he hadn’t ever heard it before.

Only then did he realize how quiet it was. It startled him at first; had he scared them? Had he gotten through to them? No, he supposed they fell asleep like he briefly did. Which meant that eventually they would wake back up and be back to feuding. He had to enjoy this while he could.

And at first, he truly did. The silence was a wonderful change. He could sleep without being roused, he could explore without being dictated, and he could exist without being ridiculed. All the while he felt so in control. That light feeling stayed and what were once lumbering, struggling footsteps became comfortable. It seemed so great.

Until he realized that it had been hours, maybe even days, and they still weren’t speaking.

“Hel-l-lo?” he had asked. “Arre you th-re?” But there was no response, and as the hours passed
he became more aware that this wasn’t merely them trying to sleep. This was something much worse. “Y-You caan coome out... Please?” He hadn’t mean to do it. “I’m ssso-orry. I-I didn’t mean it.” Even if he had, he wasn’t sure if he meant it now. He never realized how quiet it was down here. It was smothering.

Ennard still wanted to believe that they would eventually come back. But now the only voice in his head was his own.
"But here's the thing: it wasn't really there."

Prompt: Shadow Freddy inspired me to practice religion.

"Hello? Uh... Hey, I just... I just called to talk about, you know, what we were talking about earlier. I guess what I mean is that, well... It wasn't just you. It happened to me too... But it was a long time ago. Back when I was working at Freddy's."

"One night I was working the nightshift when I-I thought I saw a dark figure in the monitor. It looked like... Like an old Freddy’s suit. I don’t think I ever told you this, but we used to have a wearable Freddy costumes. They called them Springlock Suits because they had springs and locks and all that inside of them. It’s not important, trust me."

“So, uh... Okay, so... There was a Freddy one... And it was involved in a lot of things. There was an accident, someone- there were a few things that happened in that suit. Long story short, it was put away so it wouldn’t be used ever again. I actually thought they destroyed it, but I don’t really know. It was probably in a warehouse somewhere."

“Anyway, that night I was filling in for the night guard. It was going alright. I mean, as alright as the nightshift gets at Freddy’s. You know what I mean. So, I’m checking the cameras and I come across this... I don’t know, it looked like a purple Freddy almost, in one of the rooms.”

“But here's the thing: it wasn’t really there."

"The thing disappeared almost as soon as I saw it. It just vanished right in front of me. This dark, shadowy Freddy... And I think it looked a lot more like that old golden suit than the Freddy’s we had in the restaurant. I didn’t think anything of it- I mean, I was scared at the time, but, you know, you try not to think about it. Sometimes you see things that aren't there."

“...And then I started seeing it outside my windows at night. I’d wake up on my couch or something and it would be looking in through the windows at me. These big, black, empty eyes staring through the glass... And it... It got to the point that it was every night. I still don’t know how it kept opening my curtains from outside.”

“It got worse after my accident. After I got out of the hospital I was stuck home a lot, and I didn’t really have much help. There was a nurse that came by during the day, but I was alone at night and I couldn't really move around much on my own. And it was... It was one of those nights when I saw it in my closet. It found a way inside the house.”

“The next day I called the church in town and talked to the pastor there. I, uh, I don’t think he believed me. I had to ask around a lot but eventually I found a priest who came to the house and blessed it. I honestly didn’t think it would work, but... I never saw Shadow Freddy again... Not at my house at least.”

“So, yeah. That’s what I did to get rid of it. I know you’re not really a religious person, but I still have the priest’s number, and if you wanted you could come with me on Sunday and meet him in person. He’s really a nice guy and it’s really a great place. No pressure though. I know you're not really a religious person.”

“Just... Think about it... Especially since you’re seeing him so close. I never saw him closer than,
like, eight feet… Just… Just don’t let it get too close, okay? I’ll talk to you later, Mike. Take care.”
The Prom Plan

Prompt: Phone Guy attended prom with Chica.

“Get in.”

The man was startled enough by the car pulling up abruptly, let alone the command that had followed it. “I, uh, I’m kind of busy-.”

“Get in. Now.”

Without another pathetic attempt to refuse, Scott climbed into the car and closed the door. The window was rolled up as the car peeled off down the street, trapping him inside. He sent a timid look over at the driver. It was Springtrap, the local bad boy and well-known dropout. The rabbit snubbed out a half-smoked cigarette into an ashtray between the seats and exhaled a puff of smoke.

“Here’s the deal,” Springtrap began. “You’re going to ask Chica to the prom.” Scott was about to speak when he raised a hand to stop him. “No buts. You’re asking her out, you’re going to the prom, you’re staying there for an hour at least, and then you aren’t driving her home. You got me?”

“Oh, I don’t… I don’t really understand. You want me to ask Chica to prom?” Scott blushed lightly at the though. “But she's the most popular girl in school! She’ll never notice a shy, sensitive, st-stuttering guy like me.”

“Chica is a ravenous animal who eats compliments like bon-bons. You just keep worshipping her and she’ll cave," the rabbit insisted. Springtrap then stared ahead blankly for a moment as though lost in thought. “…And while you do that, I’m going to break into her house. You’re my distraction.”

“Wait, what?!" Scott asked in disbelief. "Break into her house?!!"

“I’m looking for evidence on the missing students. They all dated Chica before they went missing, and they were all seen with her the last time they were seen,” Springtrap explained. He stared ahead with a tight glare. “The only thing connecting the missing students is that Chica was trying to date them before they vanished. I know it was her. I know she's got 'em in there.”

Scott tried to process the information but found that he couldn’t. “But Chica?! She’s just a cheerleader! Why- How could she kidnap anyone?” All of a sudden, the car stopped, with them sitting idle in the center of the road. The abruptness concerned Scott and he looked to the driver again. “…Springtrap?”

“A long time ago… Chica was suspected in the disappearance of a girl named Ballora, who was the captain of the pep squad team,” Springtrap began. “She hadn’t let Chica on the team just a few days before she went missing… And a week later she was found in a shallow grave behind the school, and everyone was looking at Chica… Except some stupid idiot came out and confessed to the crime. He was almost charged too, until he retracted his confession. See, he only confessed because he was afraid that Chica would go after his sister next, who was next in line for captain…”

Springtrap looked to Scott with a look of shame. “I was that student, Scott. My life was ruined
because of her.”

If he was confused before, then that only intensified now. Scott wasn't sure how to react to this. “She… You… I can’t believe this,” he gasped out.

“I know it’s hard to swallow, but it’s the truth. Chica murdered once and I wouldn’t put it past her to do it again… I’m just hoping that I’m not too late for all of them,” the rabbit muttered. He looked away, tightening his grip on the steering “Look, it’s your choice, but I think you’re the only one she’s never taken a second look at, which means you might be the safest person in the school.”

The human was still reeling. He could barely believe any of this, but at the same time he couldn’t say that it wasn’t totally out of reach. Springtrap sounded convincing even though he was labelled untrustworthy by every rumor in town. Not to mention that Chica had been with all of the missing animatronics before they went missing. It wasn’t as though she helped look for them either. As soon as they were gone, she acted as though they never even existed....

“…Alright,” Scott finally agreed, hoping he hadn’t made a terrible mistake. “I’ll… I’ll do it.”
Ennard's Midnight Snack

Prompt: Does Ennard hold the key to happiness? Click here to find out.

Ennard isn’t used to the lies a computer can provide, so when an ad starts proclaiming that it can give him happiness he clicks immediately. It is a ruse, as instead of anything happy it is just an ad for El Chip's Fiesta Buffet, an animatronic restaurant on the other side of the city. It's a Mexican themed buffet with a beaver, El Chip, as the mascot.

Considering his background with animatronics, parties, and the restaurants that house them, he should be repulsed by the advertisement, but his curiosity gets the best of him. He begins to explore the website until he clicks on the gallery of pictures, wanting to see the so-called happiness that they promise.

Then he sees it and he understands right away. He sees exactly what they're offering and for the first time in nearly forever Ennard is hungry. All of the pictures arouse an appetite that he didn’t realize he could have, lacking an actual need for digestion or the organs to do so. If his mouth could water it would be.

Who knew a Mexican buffet would entice him so much? He's starving and he needs something to stave it, now. Checking their delightfully easy to find map, Ennard slips out at three in the morning and slinks through the street of an oblivious city. They never notice him on the prowl and tonight isn't any different.

Eventually he winds up on El Chip's doorstep. He succeeds in getting inside through the back door, which he easily breaks in. Thankfully, they don’t have a security alarm on the door- not that he’s worried- and he’s free to get his meal without the worry of being interrupted. No cameras either, so nobody will see him.

The whole restaurant smells like spices and hot sauce. It only makes him more eager and giggly as he thinks of how good it’s going to feel and taste once he finds his meal. It doesn’t take him long to find the smorgasbord they have hidden in plain sight. He can’t believe how much there is for him and knows he has hours to enjoy it.

The ad was right, this place could offer true happiness. Or at least, he thinks that as he tears off the plate and begins to gorge himself on Chipper’s wiring.

Delicious.
A Broken Promise

Prompt: Lefty made a promise but broke it.

Promises and programming went hand in hand. When one was installing programming into a machine they were instilling a promise to obey. Lefty was created with the desire to do exactly what it was supposed to do: never let go. That was a promise made to its unknown creator and to the precious cargo it kept sealed inside itself.

But now things had changed. Thoughts were confused as the fire roasted its exterior as it stood in the burning trap that had looked like a pizzeria. In its belly it could feel restlessness. No longer could lullabies sate the creature inside when it could no doubt feel the heat. It was panicking at the temperature, but Lefty was calm.

Lefty had promised to protect it. That was a promise it couldn’t break. It also promised to never let it go.

These promises now sharply contrasted as Lefty stood between the flames licking at its material… And a small vent in the wall that was too tight for it to fit through. It could feel the breeze from the cool night outside and knew the vent would lead to freedom. Lefty couldn’t fit through it, but Lefty knew that it wasn’t supposed to leave this place anyway.

But Lefty had promised to protect the creature currently trying to fight and get out of its core. They were supposed to be together forever, a combined couple in a single body, but they would both burn alive if something didn’t happen quickly. Already Lefty could feel the burning on its back and hear the screams of the other animatronics trapped in the building.

One way or another, Lefty would be breaking a promise tonight. Either to its faceless creator or to the one trapped inside of it. Either to the man on the tape who sealed their fates or the animatronic who slept and wept as it begged for the freedom that Lefty promised it would never provide. Together forever, going together into this terrible night… or not.

It was in that moment that Lefty made its choice and kept its promise by opening its belly.

Its captive climbed out from the depths and into the vent presented before it. The Puppet was frantic and shaky as it started to squeeze inside. Yet it hesitated and even looked back to acknowledge its would-be protector. Lefty had never felt so complete as when the Puppet looked to it with something other than fear.

Then the Puppet disappeared into the vent as the heat only continued to grow in the building. Lefty didn’t even notice it, nor the flames that slowly overtook it. It was too busy reveling in these last moments.

Lefty never knew that breaking a promise could feel so good.
“Oh, Dude, nooo.”

As the young man pulled up to the burning building his mouth dropped open in shock. He was just utterly stunned. Sure, they had always joked that the place was about to go up in flames, but he never actually thought it would.

“I can’t believe it. It actually happened,” the so-called Phone Dude muttered as he stared at the inferno. “Oh man, I hope that guy’s not dead.” The nightguard was who he meant. That would be a tragedy on top of a disaster. His mouth was just hanging open as he stared.

“So...” he muttered to himself. “Guess... Guess I’m not coming in on Monday... And going back on the job hunt. That’s going to suck.” The Phone Dude just stared at the fire with utter awe and horror.

It was then when something came running around the back of the building. The man had trouble seeing, so on the first glance he thought it was the security guard bolting out of the back of the attraction. He actually lit up with a smile. “Hey-!”

Then he realized that this wasn’t the case and all at once his smile dropped back to gawking horror, because the thing running towards his car was a tall, singed, animatronic rabbit. “Oh sh-!”

Before the man could even attempt to drive off, the animatronic made it to the car and nearly ripped open the door before diving into the backseat. The Phone Dude was flailing in panic as the animatronic slammed the door and leaned between the seats.

He fumbled with his seatbelt as the rabbit leaned in. It stunk of fire and rot, and its wide eyes stared as its teeth leaned in close. Then its mouth opened the smallest crack and-

“Drive.”

Taken off-guard and unable to argue, the Phone Dude dropped his foot on the gas pedal and sped out of the parking lot. His teeth were clenched and his eyes darted around in panic.

“Please don’t kill me!” the man blurted out. “I-I didn’t see anything! Didn’t see you! Please just let me go!”

“Be quiet.” The man’s mouth slammed shut. “You have a home?”

“Uh, y-yeah?”

“Take me there.”

“Oh... Okay, Dude. Whatever you say...” This seemed like a terrible idea, but he didn’t have much of a choice. He looked into the mirror to see the rabbit moving back and leaning down, so that nobody could see it through the windows. This was insane- it wasn’t acting like a robot at all!
“Uh...” This was also a bad idea, but he still choked out, “You... You got a name, Mister Rabbit?” He was kicking himself as soon as it came out. It was a Bonnie. It wasn’t like they had names-

“Michael.”

...Forget job-hunting, he was totally going to need a vacation if he survived this.
Hide and Seek

Prompt: Lefty knew where to find him.

He presses back against the door as hard as he can to keep it closed. His entire body is trembling like a leaf. One hand clutches tightly over his mouth while the other is on the floor, pressing into the grooves of the tile, trying to get some sort of grip. The door only has a flimsy lock, so his grip is direly needed in keeping the door closed, and he still doesn’t think it’ll be enough.

Heavy footsteps thump down the hall as he shivers and shakes on the floor. It’s coming now and he tries to be silent as it closes in on the door. He hears the shuffling as the large feet stop outside. There’s a light thumping from higher on the wood and he knows it’s not a hand, but its head bumping against. It’s pressing its head against the door to listen in. He’s never been so quiet in his life.

And then that quietness is broken by a voice.

“I’ve finally found you.”

As though it can hear the purple tears rolling down his mask.

Prompt: Can you hear the Puppet crying?

Finally, it has found him. It has been looking for so long and now he hears him on the other side of the door. One yellow eye stares out nearly dead as all focus goes to the soft chimes of distress on the other side. It feels his chest start to shift, ready to open and accept him in whole. It can’t wait a moment longer- it’s time.

Within moments and with only a few strikes, the black bear breaks through the flimsy door. It slams open against the wall as the black and white figure skitters back across the tiles and presses against the wall on the other side of the closet. Just seeing the Puppet awakens something in it that has been slumbering for so long. An unrelenting desire to become whole.

It starts to step closer to the thin figure. The Puppet will fit so well inside, and in its mind it sees the crying as tears of joy. He doesn't belong out here, suffering alone, but safe in the warmth inside of its storage tank, where it will never need to wake again. The Puppet will finally sleep, as it should be.

The black bear stands over him when its chest begins to open and reveal the dark maw inside. It wants to silence that crying in the only way it knows- by smothering it inside its own hulking frame. The Puppet needs to be closed up tightly and put back to sleep, if his sobbing is any indication.

Lefty hears every purple tear...

…but it doesn’t hear the golden bear come up from behind, and it doesn’t hear anything else after
that.
When the Puppet had said that he intended to fix Mike’s diet, he really did mean it. The security guard expected a slice of greasy pizza and a handful of French fries every night. Instead, somehow, the Puppet managed to get ahold of better choices, such as sandwiches, salad from the salad bar, and healthier topped pizzas.

The only downside to this was that the Puppet was unbelievably strict on sugar consumption. When Mike had finally mentioned that he needed a sweet pick-me-up, his effort was rewarded by a couple of wrapped pieces of hard candy on his desk. It just wasn’t enough. A small rock that tasted like cherry was nothing compared to a slab of cake.

It eventually got to the point when Mike knew he would have to get his sweets from another source, and this came to pass on one of his nights off. Due to a work crew working the graveyard shift to replace the flooring in the dining room, Mike was given the night off on a Friday.

Thus, he could treat himself to dinner. And treat himself he did. He ordered a pizza—simple pepperoni and cheese, so he knew the Puppet probably wouldn’t complain— and obscenely decadent brownies. It was delivered to his apartment shortly after placing the order.  

Setting the pizza aside, Mike brought the smaller box to the couch, feeling himself already slipping. After weeks of vegetables and light eating, there was something so sinfully enticing by the smell of fresh, chocolate brownies. He had already written off the pizza entirely by time he chose which brownie looked best.

“If this ever gets back to him, he’s going to literally kill me,” Mike reminded himself as he hesitated a moment. Though he soon shrugged it off. “Screw it. He’s never going to know.”

Then he bit into it. So soft, so sweet, so warm. Melting chocolate chips, soft chocolate body, sweetness, warmth, delicious flavor, and—

And music box music.

Mike looked across the apartment in confusion. “What is that?” he asked out loud as the music became clearer. It didn’t take him long to realize that the tune was ‘Pop Goes the Weasel’.

“You’ve got to be kidding me. That can’t be him,” Mike added in a continued mutter.

As though to immediately spite him, a familiar black and white figure spontaneously rushed into his living room. All Mike was able to get out was a choked up, “What-?!” before the animatronic pounced on him.

There were a few seconds when Mike genuinely believed that the Puppet was going to kill him. His spidery, black hands were trying to get past the human’s and going somewhere towards his neck. It wasn’t until he moved his arm and the Puppet followed that he realized he was actually going for his brownie. Mike proceeded to fight him for it.

It was only once they both rolled off the couch that the Puppet snatched the brownie and finally withdrew from Mike, but only to stand over him and glare down at him. The security guard looked
up from the carpet in disbelief.

“What is this?” the Puppet asked in a scolding tone, one hand on his hip, the other holding up the brownie like it was evidence.

“I could ask you the same thing!” Mike scrambled back to his feet. “For Freddy’s sake, how’d you even get here?!”

“That’s not important,” the Puppet dismissed. “What is important is that you take your one day off to cheat on your diet! The moment I leave you alone, dinner turns back into- back into this!” He gestured to the box on the coffee table. “You would’ve just sat here and ate all of them, wouldn’t you?!”

“It’s my day off! I should be able to do whatever I want! One cheat day isn’t going to kill me!” The Puppet wasn’t pleased with this answer. Frowning- which itself was terrifying- he grabbed the box of brownies, turned, and started around the corner towards the apartment door. “Where are you going now?” Mike asked exasperatedly.

“I’m going back to the pizzeria and I’m taking your brownies with me. You’ll be too tempted if they stay in this house,” the Puppet called back.

As far as absurdity went, a mime breaking in and stealing his dessert was at the top of the chart, but it didn’t end there. Before Mike could even begin to try and process what happened, the Puppet floated back into the room with another look of discontent. The two stared at each other a few moments.

“…I can’t teleport while carrying something,” the Puppet admitted.

“The fact that you can teleport at all is going to give me nightmares,” Mike countered.

“I can go anywhere, Mike. Of course I can teleport.” The animatronic glanced around before getting a new idea. He should’ve known it was going to be bad when that slow smile reappeared. “And since I can’t trust you alone with them… I suppose that means I will have to stay the night!”

The security guard stared dumbstruck as the Puppet dropped the brownies onto the coffee table and dropped onto the couch. He patted the couch cushion beside him.

“So then… Shall we watch something together? I’ll let you off the hook for now if you would find something enjoyable.”

At this point Mike decided it was just easier to shrug, sit down, and turn on the TV than even try to make sense of the night.

Hopefully the Puppet wouldn’t notice the donuts in the fridge.
Chica found herself storming down the sidewalk in a prom dress and heels, with her painted beak set in a pointed frown. First she had given him the time of day—some nobody from the chess club asking her out—and then he wouldn’t even give her a ride home. As though he was too good for her.

She was already falling in love with him.

But her roster of suitors was full as it was. If she would even consider keeping Scott as her newest squeeze, then she would have to make room. She gave a thoughtful hum as she started up the driveway to her house. Yes, one of her suitors would have to go... But which one?

First and foremost, there was Foxy. Foxy had been with her the longest and thus had a significant place in her heart. That, and his athletic body. Being one of the star runners on the track team, Foxy was quite a catch. She couldn’t lose him.

Then there was Freddy. Freddy could be uptight at times and stuck by the rules, but he was also so warm and inviting. Especially with his big, warm paws. Not to mention that his place on the student council—when he still went to school—was an impressive feat.

There was Silver the wolf. While he was mostly a lesser Foxy with a bad-boy complex, she couldn’t help but revel in the competition that they used to have when in school. The fighting, the rivalry, the passion—! She needed to keep him for that alone. They could fight over her.

Then there was Toy Bonnie. He was sweet and timid, perhaps a little too much so, but she couldn’t deny that he was an amazing listener. So sensitive too! He could cry at the drop of a hat, and was a willing and eager cuddler. She couldn’t let him go or she’d break his heart.

Funtime Foxy was a whole lot of talk, and not just because he used to do the school announcements. A remarkable smooth-talker and ladies man, many girls had tried to tie him down and only Chica had been successful. It would be a shame to let that go after all of that hard effort.

But Marionette had a voice too, and when he sung it was as though the world came alive. He stayed in perfect tune as he trilled out the most beautiful melodies. Not to mention that he also played the piano and the violin, which made him multi-talented! He had a way with strings.

Then there was Pigpatch... Honestly, Pigpatch didn’t really have much going for him. Other than reciting old proverbs, he didn’t really have any hobbies or skills. He was definitely the bottom of the group, but Chica knew it would look like it was based on appearance. She would look totally shallow!

It was then, as she was shutting the front door, that she had a brilliant idea. They could vote on who needed to be let go. Then when they chose someone—probably Pigpatch—it would seem fair and just, and she would still be framed in a good light. Besides, Scott was worth it. She had to have him.

Chica was nearly bubbling as she slipped a kitchen knife under her dress—so nobody would feel
uneasy- and headed through the door to the basement. She was nearly bouncing as she headed down the stairs and into the room at the bottom.

“I’m home, guys! And I’ve got big news!” Chica greeted as she flicked on the light.

And proceeded to stair at seven empty chairs and cut rope. *Her suitors were gone.*

Maybe she should’ve used chains and padlocks.
William was incapable of love, but the closest he had felt to it had to be with his late wife.

She was a beautiful woman. Feisty, passionate, determined, defiant; everything that William would hate in theory had drawn him to her. It was as though she was the only one to keep him in line. She was the reason he even tried being a father, or even was a father, and the reason why he restrained himself in those years.

But she was gone now, and now William was free to do whatever he pleased. He took advantage of others, he hurt his children, he slaughtered others’ children, and he tortured anyone who got too close. Even with the animatronics he created for his own means he got a sadistic pleasure out of tormenting.

But there was one exception. Not much of one, but a slight one. That would be a tall, ballerina styled animatronic known as Ballora. She was still victim to the controlled shocks when she stepped out of line, but something was different in his gaze, and in his touch.

It wasn’t hard to notice how his hands would slide over her plates when he was tweaking with them. His fingertips would linger and trace over the cracks. Sometimes he would take her by the chin and steer her face towards him.

“Open your eyes,” he would command. She would obey, but as soon as he saw her glowing, purple eyes his own would glaze over with disinterest. People claimed that eyes could be the windows to the soul. If that was the case then whatever William saw in Ballora’s soul didn’t hold the spark he wanted.

Though this didn’t stop his attempts. He would continue to caress her. Sometimes it was him who dragged her off the floor when caught crawling away from her stage. She knew better than to lash out at him and instead went still, allowing herself to be moved onto a dolly, with his hands all over her while doing so.

William did not love Ballora, and Ballora knew this. She was awake and alive enough to know what he really wanted, and that was always control. Perhaps he sensed her weakness, as this body of hers was made so flawed that she couldn’t even stand upright on her own feet unless situated on her track.

Yet there was one secret the ballerina did hold, and it was an amount of control so great that William would’ve been impressed by it. Not that he would ever know. She knew something that he didn’t and she knew that if he did know, it would give him pleasure. Perhaps it would even make her life easier, but it wasn’t worth it.

Even if she was forced to suffer the shocks and torment at his hands, she couldn’t even give him that small slither of joy. Not after everything he had done to her, the others, and the children. So, she kept the secret inside and kept her eyes closed tight. She would never tell him the secret of what lay behind them.

Part of Ballora doubted he would even mind. After all, he had always adored her defiance.
"They just took my leg instead of giving me a pink slip."

Prompt: Freddy had a serious talk about your mental health.

I wasn’t doing well after the accident. The pain was one thing, but to look down every day and see only one leg... It got to me. It felt like I was broken, and that they- the animatronics- took something from me that I couldn’t ever get back. My feeling of self was totally gone.

It didn’t help that I was pretty much stuck in bed. I fractured my neck too, you know, so I was in a brace and told not to move too much. Didn’t have my fake leg yet anyway, so I would’ve had to use crutches, and that... Yeah, bed-bound.

Nobody from Freddy’s came by, I didn’t have any family, so all I had was a nurse who was there during the day to help me out. But I was on my own at night, and oh boy, night was rough. I felt more hopeless laying in that bed then I had any night at Freddy’s. Even that night.

So, I had a lot of Freddy’s merchandise in the house at that time. It was all over my bedroom. Just stuff I saved from being thrown away: posters, old costume pieces, clocks, toys, tickets- I even had those paper plate people kids used to make. On the walls, on the floor. All over my bedroom.

But the main piece of my collection was this head of Freddy from an old costume that I had up on my dresser. To be honest, the thing creeped me out, but I kept it up there. Sometimes I’d throw a shirt or something over it just to get to sleep, but I never moved it.

Now what I didn’t have in the bedroom was a TV. I had some books stacked on the nightstand to keep me distracted, but I couldn’t really lose myself into something. Not to mention that sitting up on the pillows put pressure on my spine and that led into my neck, so not much of a distraction.

I slept a lot, and when i woke up I got to stare at Freddy Fazbear and his friends. They took away my leg and now they were overtaking my life... They took my life, really. I-I already knew I wasn’t ever going to be okay again... It started to get to me. Stopped taking calls- not that I got many- slept all the time, and as embarrassing as it is to admit, I cried a lot. i cried like a baby.

One night the pain was bad and I couldn’t sleep. The medicine wasn’t working, so I popped an extra pill, and I think maybe one more-? Uh, don’t give me that look. I know what you’re thinking and no. I was depressed, but I wasn’t... I was looking to escape the pain, but that’s it.

Long story short, I got pretty groggy at that point. Wasn’t feeling anything, and if I did I would’ve probably tried getting out of bed. I don’t think my legs- uh, leg would’ve held up with that. Now I’m telling you this so you don’t think I’m completely crazy. It could’ve just been the medicine.

...But that Freddy head, the one on the dresser? It started talking to me.

“Scott,” he said. “Look at you. Look at what you’ve done to yourself.”

And I wasn’t really thinking straight, so I said something like: “Don’t say that, Freddy. You did this to me.” Heh, I think I even said. “This is why everyone likes Foxy more.” I think he laughed. You know, one of those sad laughs. A pity laugh.

Then he tells me, “You’re not getting better, Scott. You’re getting worse. I’ve been watching you
and you’re giving up.”

“Giving up?” I asked. “How am I giving up? I can’t do anything but lay here. What am I supposed to be doing?” I think I remember asking him if he wanted me back at work. “I didn’t quit, they fired me. They just took my leg instead of giving me a pink slip.” ...And then I rambled a long time while Freddy watched me. I almost thought it was over, because he was quiet for so long, but then he tells me:

“This isn’t the end, Scott. Whether or not you believe it, you were given a gift. You’re free from the nightmare, free from Freddy’s, and you’re alive... Many of us don’t get that chance. You’ll get better, you’ll put yourself back together, and you will have live again.”

...I have to tell you, that was a turning point. When the doctor said I was lucky to be alive, I didn’t think anything of it, because I knew my life was going to be so different. But hearing it from that Freddy head, and knowing that... That there were others who weren’t so lucky and didn’t get another chance made me realize that I had to keep on. That it was going to get better.

And maybe I was confused- I probably was- but I thanked the hallucination of my monster. I thanked it because I knew that’s what I needed. It’s what I needed to put myself back together, so I told him, “Thanks, Henry.”

I still keep that bear head on my dresser. It’s never talked again, but sometimes I feel like there’s something else in the house with me. Something familiar and friendly... I don’t think I could bear ever getting rid of him.
“That’s it!” The tiny voice was the only guiding light through the smoke and flames. “Come on, come on!” The larger bear drug itself through the final opening, only for its belly to get stuck in the exit. “Oh, come on! Almost there!” Tiny hands grabbed onto its and tugged, but it was through its own strength that it finally dragged itself out and onto the concrete.

“Hurray! You made it!” the small, white and purple animatronic cheered, jumping up and down. Helpy watched with relieved excitement as Lefty stood up, now safe from the fire of the building. He then hurried back to the vent opening and called in. “Hey! Come on! This is the way out!”

Lefty wasn’t sure why Helpy would even be so excited about the others. They weren’t exactly friendly, but he supposed that it was better than nothing. Better than only two survivors… Or three.

It was now that Lefty remembered the creature inside of him and rested a hand on his chest. If the fire had taught him anything, it was that he was created for something terrible. He didn’t know how he knew it, but he did, if this whole fiasco was an indication. With a sighing sound, Lefty went against the desire build into his body and started to open his chest.

It wasn’t even halfway open before a slender, black and white figure started to fling itself out of its chest, clawing and trying to free itself. Lefty fought the urge to push the Puppet back inside and instead opened it further. The Puppet freed itself and dropped heavily on the cement ground.

Concerned, Lefty leaned down to grab for the animatronic. The Puppet spotted him before he could and quickly skittered away. It crawled a few feet before pushing off the ground and switching to a labored hover before disappearing behind a dumpster. Lefty tried to call after it, but all that came out was crackling. Either the smoke or heat corrupted his speaker.

But even though the Puppet fled, Lefty knew he had done the right thing, and turned his attention back to his remaining companion. Helpy was still calling into the vent desperately. “Hurry up! The fire’s getting hotter!”

Lefty came over and crouched down beside Helpy. He let out a loud hissing or hushing noise that was supposed to be a call. Helpy looked up to him in confusion. “Do you think they got lost?” Thankfully, Lefty couldn’t speak, so he didn’t have to feel like he owed the smaller the truth.

It was then that a loud groan came from the building followed by a gust of hot air. It was the only warning they had that it was about to all cave in. In an instant, Lefty grabbed Helpy and yanked him away, turning and shielding him with his body as most of the building caved into itself. A plume of smoke and heated air gushed out of the vent before it was blocked by debris.

Both bears looked back to see the way blocked as the vent caved in on itself. Nothing else would be coming through this way. Looking up, Lefty could see more flames breaking way through the walls and roof, and knew it was becoming too dangerous to stand there any longer. He grabbed Helpy’s arm- or pinched it between his finger and thumb- and gave a gentle tug to coax him.

Helpy looked up at the larger bear. His normally confident look started to fall as realization set in. “…They’re not coming out, are they?” Lefty shook his head and the smaller bear slumped forward in despair, trying to cover his face with nubby, rounded paws.
Lefty scooped him up in one hand and stood to send one last look at the former pizzeria. He then turned and started down the alley behind the pizzeria. As he walked past the dumpster, he looked over to see the Puppet curled beside it. Its arms were around its body and its head resting on its knees. It slowly looked up at him, wary of his presence, and Lefty locked eyes with it for a few seconds. Then he continued down the alley and to unknown freedom.

It was when he stepped out of the parking lot and into the thin line of trees and bushes that Helpy spoke again. “Is it just us now?” the tiny bear asked. “It’s going to be lonely out here….”

Maybe it would be. It would be a lonely and dangerous journey. They didn’t know where they were going and others would surely come after them, but if the two of them— or three, as Lefty noticed when he caught a glimpse of stripes behind him—stayed together then maybe they would make it.

The emergency workers never noticed the three slipping away from the fire.
Washing Away the Ash

Chapter Notes

This is a direct follow-up to The Three Survivors.

Prompt: Helpy and Lefty teamed up to clean up the remaining ashes.

Any building looked like a sanctuary when compared to the unknown darkness of the outside world. It was nothing more than a bathroom in the middle of a parking lot, in the middle of a park, which looked like it had been abandoned for some time. Probably due to the time of year, as it wasn’t really time for visiting the park.

Lefty opened the door and peered inside. It was just a normal bathroom, and he flicked on the light which buzzed lightly and only sent a dim, yellowed light. Still, it was better than nothing, and he propped the door open. Helpy scampered inside right away.

“Oh boy, it’s already warmer than outside!” Helpy cheered as he rushed inside and looked around. “Kind of gross though…” He turned to the door and beckoned. “Come on, Mr. Stripes! It’s nicer in here!”

The Puppet lingered outside and Lefty knew that it didn’t want to get too close to him. Silently he slid back, moving behind the door and giving more space. With the door now between them, the Puppet rushed inside and moved to the far side of the bathroom, near the end of the sinks. It watched him through the reflection in the mirror warily.

Lefty was not surprised that the Puppet was still scared of him, but he was disappointed by it. There still was the desire to protect it and there was a strange hurt from its rejection. He still understood it though, so he didn’t protest. Instead, he just locked the bathroom door to make sure they would be safe inside.

“Would you help me up?” Helpy chirped to the Puppet. Unlike Lefty, the Puppet seemed to be more than comfortable with the little bear and lifted him onto the counter without any delay. Helpy got one look at the dust settled on his white exterior and let out a squeak. “Ugh, look how dirty I got! How am I supposed to go out in society like a productive citizen when I look like a ragamuffin?”

The Puppet chimed in amusement, as though laughing, and grabbed a few paper towels out of the dispenser. It turned on the sink and dampened them in the water, then began to clean the ash off Helpy’s body.

“You’re doing good!” Helpy cheered. “Almost there!” The Puppet continued to wipe him down. “Now the tail!” Another chime and a gentle rub on the backside. “Great job! You really showed that dirt whose boss!” Helpy cheered, jumping up and down on the sink like it was a massive victory. He then looked at the Puppet’s body. His arms, body, and even mask had a sheer amount of dust. Either it collected while it was in Lefty or after it had left him. “And now I’ll clean you!”
The Puppet tilted its head in a mix of amusement and confusion. Helpy was determined; after all, he was created to be a helper. He rushed over and hopped up to grab a couple more paper towels, then returned, dampened them into nearly a wet mush, and grabbed the Puppet’s hand. Then he began trying to clean the back of it.

“All this ash is gonna be gone in no time!” Helpy chirmed. The Puppet again chimed, both in amusement and from endearment at how determined the small bear seemed. It all went well for a few moments until Helpy spotted and remembered Lefty. “Hey, Lefty! Why don’t you grab a paper towel and clean Mr. Stripes’ too? I can’t reach too much.”

There was a long, uncomfortable silence. Lefty took a tentative step forwards only because Helpy was still looking at him expectantly. As soon as he moved, the Puppet’s head snapped to him and it gave a burst of warning static. The bear was unsurprised, but oddly enough Helpy did seem to be.

“Hey, that’s not nice!” the little bear scolded. “He just wants to help! I know you’re scared of him, but he’s not going to hurt you again.”

Again. Lefty was supposed to be an emotionless machine and yet that “again” hurt. Helpy didn’t mean it. His blunt honesty was a part of how he was made, to assist and correct mistakes. It didn’t make hearing it any easier. Lefty noticed how the Puppet looked away again, now looking down at the small bear who continued trying to work.

Lefty was patient. He waited a few minutes before he dared to step closer again. He knew the Puppet was watching, so he stopped alongside it and waited until it calmed down. Once it did, watching as Helpy switched arms, Lefty slowly reached for the mound of wet paper towels and grappled them between his thick fingers.

He reached for a striped arm and received another, quieter warning noise. Again, Lefty hesitated a second, but then continued to grab it by the wrist. The bear began to gently wipe at the white stripes and watched as the thin amount of dust started to clean away. The Puppet was tense and wary, and yet it didn’t pull away. This had been the closest they had been since…

“There you go! Good job, both of you!” Helpy cheered as he looked up at them. “See, all we got is each other, so we’re gonna have to help out each other from now on!” Both Lefty and the Puppet knew that he was right. If they were going to make it out here, then they would have to learn how to cooperate.

Baby steps might work.
Prompt: Phone Guy and Mike were going to be happy.

“I thought that I would tell you two first, since you’ve both been so... Active in the case,” the detective led in. Though “active” was an understatement. The only reason that there was a case, or that it was reopened, was because of the two men sitting on the other side of the table.

On the right was a former worker of Freddy’s. He looked as rough as anyone who came out of Freddy’s: untamed hair, skin covered in scars, wearing a bulky sweater and looking gaunt and unshaven. He was the one who had brought in the old tapes, footage, and records to their attention.

On the left was a current security guard, Mike, who worked the nightshift at the closed restaurant. He looked as apathetic and exhausted as anyone else would be, and he was still wearing his uniform, so it was possible he hadn’t slept since his shift. He was the one who brought in an eyewitness account of some events.

Really, the detective owed everything to them. It was through them that he had enough evidence to charge someone in the kidnapping- and now murder- of the missing children. However, there was a problem, and that was why he brought them in.

“It seems as though we won’t bringing anyone to trial,” the detective explained. Mike looked ready to explode and the other worker covered his face in exhausted exasperation. They expected the worst, but not what followed. “William Afton is dead.”

“...What?” How quickly that frustration turned to shock. Mike looked absolutely stunned. “He’s dead?”

The other man’s head shot up in dread. “Oh God, he didn’t die in a suit did he?!” The idea seemed to terrify him. “He wasn’t in an animatronic?!”

“No. Nothing like that,” the detective assured, though not certain why he cared so much. “A couple of our officers went to his home to arrest him. There, he attacked one of the officers, and shots were fired. He was pronounced dead on route to the hospital. After the fact, we were able to search the house and found more than enough evidence to have gotten a conviction. I won’t go into details, but it was all there.”

The two men were silent, stunned by the news, and the detective gave a sympathetic sigh.

“I know you’re both probably disappointed. We all wanted to bring William Afton to trial for his crimes, but at least we can still give these families closure, and at least we took a monster off the streets.” He then stood from the table. “I’m sure you need a few minutes,” he dismissed himself and then stepped out of the room.

The room was quiet after the door shut. The two men still sitting at the table were as silent as could be.

Then a slow smile started to spread across Mike’s face.

“Oh Lord. Mike, do you know what this means?” the other man asked. He looked stunned and
stumbled on his words. “It’s over... After all these years, the children- Will- the murders- it’s over! They- They actually did it! We did it!”

Mike was positively beaming.

“No more disappearances, no more... No more watching the news worrying about every missing child! No more killings, or accidents, or Freddy’s- Oh, uh...” he suddenly realized what he had said. “I guess... That means you’ll have to find a new job.”

“Don’t worry about it. Don’t even think about it,” Mike insisted as he looked over with that same excitement. “Screw Freddy’s. Tonight, we’re going to celebrate, my treat. We’re going out and for the first time in years, we are going to live!”

Soon the other man was smiling too, because Mike was right. For the first time since Freddy’s opened, there was a weight off of their shoulders. The monster was gone, and the two of them were happier than ever.
His Friend and his Demons

Prompt: Old Man Consequences warned me about the demon.

Everything is so strange at the pond. Nothing looks real and nothing feels like it truly exists. He feels numb as his fingers brush over the false grass. He can’t remember the last time he was human, so to see the human hand where his own is feels surreal. He can still see the IVs hooked into the back of his hands, which hang off on the ground unused; his personal strings.

“He will turn against you eventually.”

He raises his head and looks to his companion curiously. The thing sitting in the grass alongside him is a mash of distortion and pixels, but he can faintly make out a mouth full of sharp teeth through the reddish mix. It should’ve been scary, but the creature toted a fishing rod and sat comfortably, as though they were just having a lovely day at the park.

“He knows you trust him,” Old Man Consequences warns. “He won’t let you go willingly.”

It reels in its line and casts it out again into the red water of the pond. A few drops of the hot water land on his hospital gown and stain it immediately. Though it mixes in with the old blood stains well. He remembers the last time he bled and knows it shouldn’t still look fresh. Though this place seems lost to time.

“He will try to hurt you,” Old Man Consequences warns. “If you disobey him he will gladly take what he gave you.”

“But he’s my friend,” he limply argues. “He... He would never do that. He cares about me.”

“He cared about you... He doesn’t care about things anymore.” It turns its head, with the teeth now facing him. It’s almost unsettling to have them that close to his forehead. “I know you’ve noticed it. He’s changed. He’s become obsessed in getting revenge, and now he’s stopped letting souls move on. He keeps them here and he makes them suffer, so that he may get what he wants.”

He hates it, but it’s right. He has changed. His friend has been so cold, so distant recently. Especially after the fire. It used to be that they were working to help souls get closure, so that they may be released to whatever waits beyond this existence... But recently, his friend has been clingy.

He doesn’t want to move on, but he can’t help but notice that his friend has stopped letting anyone move on. They no longer get the choice. His friend just gathers them all together, makes sure they’ll do what is ‘needed’, and then watches silently.

“What should I do?” he asks as he looks out at the pond. “He’s all I have...”

“Don’t let him take your mask. That’s all you have. And be careful, for he is only going to get worse. Leave the demon to his demons and save yourself,” Old Man Consequences warns again. “I would help you if I could, but I can’t leave this place. I must stay here and sort the fish in the pond.”

He understands and stands from the grass on wobbly legs. The red and black world seems to distort around him as it fades away. Soon, he will be waking back in the real world.
Though now he has a bad feeling he won’t be escaping the nightmare.
Roommate Rudeness

Chapter Notes

This is a follow-up to Drive.

Prompt: Did you hear that Phone Dude called out Springtrap for being so rude?

It should’ve been a quiet night. His feet were kicked up on the coffee table, the lights were dimmed, a freshly popped bowl of popcorn sat on his lap, and the TV was turned to his favorite television show. Everything was set up perfectly and he was ready to escape into the drama of the tumultuous love life of a vampire and his mistress.

The beginning intro already passed, as did the title screen, and he was just about to get fully engulfed… Until his view of the TV was blocked by someone stepping in front of him.

“That’s it!” the Phone Dude snapped as he stood over Springtrap. The rabbit looked up at him slowly, his fabric eyelids lowering into a bored look. “Look, I’ve put up with a lot of this over the last couple of days and I’ve been cool with it, but this is too far!” He pointed past the couch into the kitchen. “Look at that!”

Springtrap put an arm on the back of the couch and looked over. He still didn’t look like he cared and obviously only did it to quiet the man faster, who was looking close to exploding.

“All you did was make popcorn! How’d you destroy the entire kitchen?!” he demanded. “Dude, I’m not even looking for an apology. I really want to know how you did that, because everything is out of the cabinets, there’s butter everywhere, and everything smells like burned popcorn! I already got a hard-enough time trying to get your oozing smell out of the place!”

Normally, Springtrap would take offense, but he knew if he did anything it would risk his television time more. Even now he could hear Clara grilling Vlad but couldn’t see it because his current ‘roommate’ was blocking his view. It would’ve been so easy to reach him out and push him out of the way, but he wasn’t the type to get physical. At least, not get physical with the one living human that knew of his existence. Phone Guy kept going.

“And it’s not like this is the only room you trashed! You got your gunk clogging up the drain now, and I can’t even get someone out here to help me, cause you never leave the living room! Except when you go crash in the guest room, which you’ve also destroyed! How do you break a bed?!” Seriously, Dude?!”

He noticed Springtrap making an eye rolling gesture. The rabbit hadn’t even considered that he would notice it, and if anything, it made it much worse. “And worse, you don’t even care! I’m the one buying the groceries and bringing all the stuff home and you just take advantage of that! You know what that is? It’s rude! That’s, like, the definition of rude!”

There was a long silence where the two stared at each other. There was no sound except for the
talking on the television. Then, finally, Springtrap answered him, opening his mouth to say three, small words.

“Are you done?”

The Phone Dude tossed his hands into the air in exasperation. “Yeah, I’m done! I’m fed up, I’m at the end of my rope, I’m all burned out, I’m-…” He huffed as he noticed Springtrap leaning to try and look at the television. “I don’t even know why I try,” he muttered as he sat down on the couch. He looked positively defeated, worn out by his new burden.

And even though Springtrap was staring at the TV, he was still distracted. The man might as well had been still standing in front of him. As apathetic as the animatronic was nearly everything, he could ignore that he wasn’t the best guest. He let his frustration at being stuck in this foreign suit become an excuse to just not care.

He had to do something. Something that didn’t involve him missing his show or having to get up yet.

The Phone Dude was cut off guard by the rabbit reaching over, hooking an arm around him, and pulling him in. He then thrust the popcorn bowl into his lap, as though silently inviting him to watch the show. “Wha-?”

“Shh,” Springtrap shushed before pointing to the TV. “Just lighten up and watch.”

“…Fine, whatever.” While the Phone Dude couldn’t say that the comment helped anything, he decided to go along with it. It wasn’t like the vice grip around his shoulders was going anywhere soon, so it was worth just going along with it, even if it was probably just an attempt to pacify him.

At least Springtrap was willing to share the popcorn.
My Friend, my Nightmare

Chapter Notes

Follow up to "My Friend and his Demons".

Prompt: Nightmare whispered to the children that their suffering would only begin.

The bear stopped seeing them for what they were a long time ago. That was why when she began to cry, begging to go home, tired of being stuck in the repeating cycle of pain, he saw weakness. He saw another one of them who would let their murderer walk out the door and escape to freedom.

“You’re not going home,” the bear growled to her as he grabbed her by the wrist. It was the arm holding her plate and nearly knocked the cupcake to the floor. He didn’t care; such childish things. “Stop crying. We’re here for a reason and you’re wasting our time.”

“I-I don’t want to do this anymore,” she begged him. Chica’s voice started to wane and her voice began to leak through. “Why are we still here? He’s gone!”

“He’s not gone. He’ll come back, he always does,” the bear insisted as his hand tightened its grip. She flinched underneath it. Only now did another step in.

“Leave her alone! Yer hurting her!” Foxy called out. The other two watched but didn’t have the bravery- or insolence- to step forward. “An’ she’s right! He ain’t been here fer years, an’ we’re still stuck here! How’s about we go find ‘im then? Or better yet, let’s just leave!”

“You would say that, wouldn’t you?” the bear spat back. He looked past Chica and glared down the fox. “But why am I not surprised that Afton’s little murderer wouldn’t want to keep hunting him? You’re translucent. I can see right through you. Now get back behind your curtain where you belong.”

Foxy was shaken by the comments. He stared for a moment before dropping his head in defeat. Not out of fear, but out of guilt, and now there was nobody left to defend Chica. The bear yanked her arm in, forcing her to look into his eyes.

“You and the others are not going anywhere until we bring the Purple Man to justice for his crimes. I will keep you here until he has been put through the same pain that I have, mark my words. Stop crying, get back on your stage, and when Midnight comes you better find a way in that office.”

Chica nodded numbly at the bear and the others followed suit, but he wasn’t finished yet. “This isn’t the end. Your suffering has only begun, but this is for the greater good. This is so that the one who killed us will be subjected to the same agony that he put us through. Until that has happened- until he has suffered enough- the hunt will continue.

Off to the side, the Puppet watched on in horror. While the bear saw him straightening out a reluctant animatronic, the puppet saw what was really happening: a grotesque monster had its
claws tightened around a little girl’s arm, unwilling to let her go. Unwilling to let any of them go.

It was only now that the Puppet realized his worst fears were becoming true: his friend had become a living nightmare, one that they couldn’t wake up from.
She didn’t even know why she cared. Considering the circumstances, she was already the star of the show. The only reason she and her band— and she used the term lightly— was even hired out to this restaurant was because the animatronics it had were dull and boring. A mediocre band of misfits didn’t make for a good party.

It wasn’t as though she was close with Ballora either. If anything, she was frequently frustrated by Ballora’s lack of a backbone and resistant to learn. Not to mention the slight jealousy that she wouldn’t admit to, both because of how popular Ballora was and because of how much more attention she got from the technician.

So, honestly, Baby shouldn’t have cared what Ballora did. But if that was the case, then why was she so frustrated in what she was watching?

It had been the frog, of course. Happy Frog was its name, as generic as could be, and Baby only kept her opinions on it short because her name was only moderately better. Regardless, the frog had thankfully waited until the diner was closed and the party was over before climbing down from her stage and pattering to the large one where the circus animatronics had been mounted.

“Oh golly! You danced so pretty up there!” Happy Frog chirped up to Ballora. “I haven’t seen anybody dance like that! Whenever I try to dance, I fall over everything, especially when I’m turning around. Here, watch!” With that, Happy Frog started trying to spin in place. Though it was more of an embarrassing, stumbling display than anything else. One that ended with her tripping into an arcade machine. “Omph!”

The Minireenas around Ballora’s feet giggled. Bon-Bon whispered something to Funtime Freddy who crackled loudly. Baby scoffed under her breath as she watched Happy try to pull herself up. All she had done was proved why the owners had found it necessary to hire extra help for the week.

But then, Ballora, who usually stayed silent and kept herself pulled tightly into a ballet pose, did something unexpected. She gave a light laugh like a chime, lowered her arms, and offered Happy Frog a hand. “Come up here,” she offered. “I’ll show you how to dance.”

Baby’s head shot over in surprise as Happy sprung to her feet and climbed onto the stage. She eagerly moved from foot to foot as Ballora took her hands. She kept her eyes closed, as she usually did, but was acting very different from her subdued self.

“You don’t have to spin to dance. That’s just one way. What’s more important is to feel the music and move yourself with it.” She activated her internal music box which began to drone out her typical, semi-depressing, chiming music. Then she started to swing her arms to the music, moving Happy’s along with them. “You just have to keep the same timing. Let the music be your dance partner.”

“I think I got it. Is this right, Miss?” Happy asked as she began to sway back and forth. To Baby, it looked like such a pitiful attempt. From the tiny kicks, to the goofy rocking, to the light ‘da da da’s
she added in; it was obviously a failure.

“You’re doing wonderfully.” But for some reason, Ballora was praising the efforts. As though what Happy was doing was anything like what Baby could do. Baby was programmed to dance and did so fine, yet she never received any praises from Ballora. It was frustrating.

They danced for a while too. Even while the other animatronics began to wander the restaurant and speak to each other in quiet whispers, Ballora continued trying to teach Happy to dance, and Baby continued to watch. She continued to stew and molder in her own negative emotions. Or she did until she was noticed by Happy. Baby tried to look away quickly, but the frog couldn’t keep her mouth shut.

“Oh hi, Baby! Do you want to dance with us too?” Happy cheerfully asked. “I’m sure Miss Ballora would love to teach you too!”

“I already know how to dance,” Baby corrected. Happy must’ve not recognized the bitterness in her tone as she gave a delighted gasp.

“You can? That’s great! Why don’t you dance with us? At this rate, we’re going to have a real dance crew on our hands!” She tried her hardest to twirl around. Baby couldn’t help but wish that she would fall off the stage and knock herself out. Maybe then she would get peace from all this.

“I’ll dance when the party begins. I don’t dance afterhours,” Baby said matter-of-factly. She looked ahead again, trying to ignore them.

“Aww…” the frog lightly complained. Though she didn’t protest, so the clown assumed that she would be left alone. This wasn’t what happened.

“Baby…” It was Ballora who spoke. Ballora, who had stopped trying to exchange words with Baby when it became clear that the clown would always be aggressive. Ballora, the only one of the band who would’ve ever taken such a gentle tone. Ballora, whose eyes were now open and who was staring at her. “Would you dance with me?”

Baby wasn’t sure what Ballora’s angle was. It was nonsensical that she would want anything to do with the clown when she was so cold to her. Yet her voice was sincere, her gaze was sure, and for some baffling reason Baby almost wanted to. She told herself it was to overshadow Happy Frog’s poor performance and used that as an excuse to step closer.

Ballora offered her hands and hesitantly, silently, Baby reached out to take them in her own. The ballerina was slower with Baby, as though carefully watching to make sure the taller animatronic wouldn’t have a sudden fit and throw her off her stand. She did the same swaying as she had with Happy Frog, who was still watching in misguided awe. It wasn’t as though she knew how strange it was to see them this close.

The ballerina began to hum along with her chiming as the two danced together. It was in these moments that Baby vaguely recalled memories of a young girl dancing with a tall, blonde woman. The two were smiling as the woman swung the girl playfully before pulling her into a hug. Something about dancing with Ballora made her feel like that young girl dancing with her mother.

And even through what was going to come, Baby would never forget this moment.

…

“Baby?! Baby, is that you?!”
This was the last place she ever thought she would hear that voice. Trapped in this warehouse with broken animatronics, Baby didn’t expect to look back and see none other than Happy Frog. She looked almost the same as she did before, though dirtier and a little scuffed. Not like Baby, who was now a scrapped mockery of what she once was.

“Wow, you look… Different! You’ve even got a crown, just like a princess!” Happy Frog’s ignorance was laughable, but Baby chose silence over any form of an answer. “Hey, is Miss Ballora here too?!” she asked as she looked around. “I’d really love to get another dancing lesson! That was sooo much fun.”

“…No, she’s not,” Baby admitted. Pitifully enough, but it was almost hard to admit. Not for Happy’s sake but for her own. “Ballora is gone now.”

“Where- Oh… Oh, I get it…” At least Baby didn’t need to tell her what death was. From the somber tone it seemed like she already knew what the clown had meant. “That’s a shame… I was hoping we could dance…” She turned like she was about to leave and Baby was almost relieved, until the frog perked and turned back. “Hey, wait! You can dance! Why don’t we dance together?!”

“I don’t think that is a good idea,” Baby said. She raised her claw and snapped it closed in a semi-threatening manner. It went straight over Happy’s head as she nudged the claw down.

“Oh, come on! It’ll be a lot of fun! Besides, when are we gonna get another chance to dance with anyone?” she asked in a chirp.

Though it was a good point. In this body, in this warehouse, Baby would never dance again. She would never have a willing partner or an attentive audience ever again. Not when she was out of service. Apparently Happy took her silence as pondering when it was really a brief moment of self-pity.

“Please? Just one dance?” Happy Frog begged with her hands clasped together. She was so pathetic, so annoyingly cheerful and ignorant, and the clown could hardly believe she had survived this long in the world. She was just like Ballora; naïve, incapable of grasping how cruel the world could be, and still wiling to throw herself at Baby even though it was clearly a mistake.

And yet just as she had with Ballora, Baby caved, and offered her claw to Happy Frog who took it eagerly. Perhaps one dance wouldn’t hurt.
It was a terrible accident. Really it was his own fault trying to get in between the bear and the nightguard, but Golden Freddy hadn’t intended to hurt him. He just shoved him out of the way. He never intended for his friend to hit the shelf at all, let alone so hard, but that cracking noise had signaled his terrible mistake.

He had gotten away before Golden Freddy could even see his friend’s injuries. Part of the bear wanted to turn on the nightguard and unleash his frustrations at him, but he had to check his friend, so he left the purple-clad man to huddle in his office chair and wait for him to return.

None of the other animatronics would dare approach. The bear knew they were watching as he passed by, but none of them said a thing or made any attempt to even go towards the office. He turned to stare down Bonnie and Chica in the hall and watched as they shirked back. He prepared to vocally lash out at them, blaming their laziness for him having to be in the office at all, but halted when he heard something.

Someone was crying.

Golden Freddy locked onto that sound like it was a beacon. His head snapped to the doorway to the second party room as he realized that it was his friend crying. He couldn’t stand to hear it; he had never handled his friend crying well. He leaned into the room.

“Mari?” he gently called in. The crying suddenly went silent. The Puppet was trying to hide from him. Golden Freddy gave a patient sigh and stepped into the room fully as he tried to feel him out. He looked underneath the tables attentively, as it was always his friend’s go-to hiding spot. “Where are you, Mari? Don’t hide from me.”

It didn’t take too long before Golden Freddy had found the Puppet at the back of the room. He was sitting underneath a table pushed against the wall. His long, striped legs were drawn to his chest with his arms wrapped around them, and he turned his face away as soon as Golden Freddy lowered beside the table. His friend defiantly refused to look at him.

The bear could still see the cracks around his right cheek and spreading up to his porcelain forehead. His heart immediately sank at seeing the physical damage. The Puppet had been able to fix a cracked mask before, but never had those cracks been caused by Golden Freddy, by someone who claimed to be a protector. Who claimed to be a friend.

“Marion…” the bear tried again. The Puppet shivered and shifted. Purple tears leaked from his eyes and now painted his monochrome arms in their color. He needed to do something, so Golden
Freddy reached for his arm to try and pull him out. “Marion, I’m so sorry.”

“Don’t touch me,” the Puppet bitterly spat. As the bear’s arm froze, he slid further under the table, turning himself further away. His head was hunched forward, and his body was beginning to tremble.

“You know I didn’t mean to do it. I was just trying to get past you. Marion, I would never hurt you,” Golden Freddy assured. He started to reach again, now towards the Puppet’s back that was facing him, hoping to comfort him and fix what he had done. “I’m your friend, Mari. I would never hurt you.”

In an instant, the Puppet turned back on him. His mask was twisted into a cold glare, even with the cracks along it. The cracks that he had caused.

“You are not my friend. I don’t know what you are, but you are not him. Not anymore,” the Puppet said. A low static hung on his voice and signaled not only anger, but a warning telling him not to get any closer. He had never used that static with him, but then again Golden Freddy had never damaged him.

Reluctantly and while in shock, Golden Freddy let his arm drop down.

“Look at what you’re becoming. Threatening those you said you would protect, trying to kill workers who you know are innocent- you’re out of control!” the Puppet continued. His voice started to raise in volume. “You’re just like him! You were always like a father to me and now you are my father! A monster!”

It was the first time in a long time that the bear had felt anything other than blinding anger. Now that anger was replaced by deep set pain. He should’ve been enraged by the accusation, but it felt too much like a revelation. It couldn’t be, he tried to defend internally. He was just trying to protect them, to save them, to stop the one who did this to him.

“I… I won’t stand here and let you- let you break me anymore than you already have. Or watch as you get worse…” the Puppet promised. He dropped his head to look at the tiled floor and watch the drops of purple spatter onto it. Golden Freddy raised a hand and the Puppet shook his head to stop him before he tried anything. “I’m cutting the strings right now… I’m sorry, but I must.”

With that, the striped one slid out from under the table. He rose from the ground and struggled to stay levitating when his body was still recovering from the cracks. Then, trying to keep his head held high, he moved around the tables and headed through the door. He didn’t even stop to look back before he was gone.

Golden Freddy had never felt so alone as he did in that moment. It was only then that he realized he had done something much worse than an accidental injury; he had become the one thing he hated, a predator.

And his friend was the price he would pay.
Prompt: Helpy drowned his troubles in hot chocolate.

Lefty wasn’t certain how he did, but he knew that the house was safe as they came up on it. It was as thorough he had been drawn to the home as a sanctuary and as though he somehow knew nobody would be inside. It was a good thing they found it too, because they had already lost Helpy.

And Helpy was certainly lost. He was out like a light, being carried by the Puppet as he dozed deeply. What goes up must come down, Lefty supposed, and Helpy stayed excitable and eager for an obscene amount of time. Without him, everything was much quieter.

Things between Lefty and the Puppet were still a little tense. It was better than it had been, but Helpy was still the glue that held them together. The striped one watched as the bear found an unlocked window and opened it. He climbed in first and found himself in a bedroom, where he checked to make sure the coast was clear.

He then beckoned for the Puppet to climb in as well. As he did, the bear looked around the room and finally decided to yank the bedding off of the bed and dropped it on the floor. They couldn’t stay on the bed; they would be too close to the windows. At least with this he could sit comfortably as he waited for Helpy to wake up.

Lefty then used a pillow and the blankets to make a small sort of nest to set Helpy in. He looked up at the Puppet and watched as he knelt down on the other side of it and set the small bear inside. The white bear shifted slightly but didn’t wake up. He was to tired to rouse from this.

The Puppet looked up and locked eyes with Lefty for only a second, then turned away. The black bear followed suit and turned to sit with his back against the wall. It was definitely still award. He looked out of the corner of his eye and could see the Puppet was doing the same, but with his legs to his chest.

Helpy was the only thing between them and the only thing keeping them together.

With a crunching sigh- as his voice was still damaged- Lefty closed his eye and tried to relax for a second.

Unfortunately, that second was actually a lot longer, because Lefty woke up to find everything different. There was an unexpected weight on his shoulder and he glanced down and instantly froze up. The Puppet’s head was resting on his shoulder. It had fallen asleep and slumped over onto him.

If he would’ve had a heart then it would’ve been racing. This was the closest they had been in so long and the Puppet looked so fragile, so serene. It was almost too much; Lefty wouldn’t dare
move.

Or he wouldn’t of if not for his eye drifting lower and noticing the empty nest in between them. Helpy was gone.

Lefty reached out and tapped the Puppet’s arm. The Puppet roused, noticed their suspicion, and snapped back away from the bear with a surge of static, as though it expected that he had done something. As to defend himself, Lefty gave a flat look and pointed down at the empty space. The striped one looked down, noticed the missing bear, and soon was looking around.

A clattering noise caught both animatronics’ attention and they looked slowly to the bedroom door, which was left ajar. Someone was moving around out in the house, which meant it was either Helpy or someone else.

Slowly, Lefty rose off the ground and held up a hand to signal for the Puppet to stay. Then he slowly inched to the door and opened it up, leaning out to see what was making the noise. Soon his yellow eye fell on the kitchen.

There, standing on the counter, was none other than Helpy. There was a porcelain mug on the counter in front of him that he was stirring with a spoon, splashing a little brown colored liquid out as he did. A box of instant hot chocolate packets lay on its side and the microwave, which was also on the counter, had been forcible turned in his direction so he could use it.

Helpy was humming to himself as he worked. He then lifted the spoon and poured the small amount of hot chocolate into his mouth. While he couldn’t drink, it seemed like he could taste the chocolate as he gave a delighted sound. He was too distracted to notice the bear sneaking up behind him until it snatched him up. He gave a startled squeak and looked back.

“Oh, it’s you, Lefty!... Hey, you shouldn’t sneak up on people!” the small bear scolded. Lefty made a hushing noise and tapped his finger to his mouth, signalling him to be quiet and looking around the house in paranoia. He then started to turn away. “No, wait! My cocoa!” Helpy whispered in a panic.

With a sighing motion, Lefty grabbed the mug as well, frowning at the mess of the kitchen, and turned to return to the bedroom. He hoped that his suspicions were right and this house was empty or else they would surely be noticed.

He then returned and plopped Helpy down into the nest again, handing him the mug of cocoa and hoping he wouldn’t spill too much. The Puppet gave a sound of static and Lefty fought the urge to roll his eye, thinking it was because of him. Then he noticed that the frustrated, scolding look was at the other bear for him sneaking off. At least they were finally on the same page.

“Huh?” Helpy asked. The Puppet tapped the mug impatiently. “...Oh! You’re upset that I didn’t bring you any?” The Puppet shook its head. “...You’re upset that I went off on my own,” Helpy said more meekly. The Puppet nodded. “Oh, I see, I wasn’t think. I’m really sorry, but I checked first! Nobody was out there!” The Puppet made a motion like rolling its eyes and shook its head.

Lefty let out a crackling rattle that was supposed to being laughing and sat back against the wall again. This time he intended to stay awake, turning his head towards the window and wondering what time it was.

The Puppet looked at him for a moment with its arms crossed across its chest. Then it slowly sat back against the wall once more. It was still rather tired and considered a risky remedy, since the dark bear looked like he was falling asleep anyway.
The soft sounds of Helpy splashing drops of cocoa into his mouth and clinking his spoon were comforting. Lefty wasn’t sure why, but something about them sounded normal, even though he could’ve never heard them before. His creation couldn’t have been that long ago, he supposed.

Then a weight returned to his shoulder. The black bear went still again and looked down out of the corner of his eye. To his shock, the Puppet had rested its head on him again, looking positively exhausted as it did so. Though he knew it was still awake. Which meant it was no accident, so it had willingly rested against him this time.

Between that, their new shelter, and their brief safety, things were finally starting to look up. From Helpy’s delighted hums, Lefty was sure he agreed.
Prompt: I kicked Balloon Boy’s ass in the parking lot at 4am.

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“It wasn’t my fault. You know whose fault it is? Whoever’s supposed to be keeping these lights on, because the power crashed two hours before I was supposed to walk out of there. I thought the whole point of limiting the lights was so I didn’t have to watch a power bar all night, but the whole thing still blacked out. I was sitting there in an office with a flashlight and nothing else.”

He made an exaggerated gesture back towards the door.

“And what do I hear less then twenty seconds after the power dies, but Foxy running down the hallway like the gates of hell were opening behind him. He flies in so fast that he leaves skidmarks on the floor. If I didn’t blind him with the flashlight, I’d be sitting here with his teeth in my head. We’d be looking at the Bite of 95′ right now!... No offense.”

Probably not the best example considering his audience. Still he continued on.

“So, Foxy’s standing there twitching in the corner and I hear the spawns of hell clunking down the hall behind him, so I realize I have to get out of there. So, I get out into the hall and dive into the party room and watch as the rest of the animatronics stumble into the room, stop in front of the desk, and just stare. Like they can’t believe I’m not there, or they were staring at Foxy.”

He then gestured again in the other direction, off towards the back of the main dining room.

“So, I finally get myself back towards the front door and suddenly that Jack-in-the-Box by the front door opens its box, springs halfway across the room- this thing launched itself over tables-and gets itself on me. Now that Phone Guy warned me about this thing, but I don’t remember anytime when he said, “It’ll wrap itself around you like a freaking anaconda and never let go.” I carried that thing around like a sack of sand!”

He raised a finger, punctuating the story, pausing to take a breath.

“Oh, ho, but that wasn’t the end! Because the power was out, so the electronic locks on the front door weren’t working. You’d think this would mean that the doors would unlock, but they didn’t, so I was stuck standing there, looking like an idiot, when I hear Foxy get his second wind and start thundering down the hallway. I’m going to get hooked if I don’t get out, so me and my sack of sand get into the bathroom since I know the window in there has been stuck open for the last couple of weeks.”

The listeners exchanged a confused look, as though they didn’t know about the window in the bathroom. Though this was probably because the window was so small, and because everyone mutually tried to avoid the bathrooms.

“I lose the Puppet, finally, because we can’t squeeze through together. I land on the dumpster-thankfully it was closed, because God forbid we leave the dumpster open, who cares about a window into the restaurant. The Puppet was trying to climb out behind me, by the way, but I couldn’t worry about that, because who do I see when I look up but Freddy Fazbear coming around from the front. Because he was able to get the front door opened.”

The exchanged look this time was different. One looked alarmed while the other looked as stoic as
usual. Apparently neither of them were aware that the animatronics could just walk themselves out the front door. The story wasn’t over either.

“At this point, I break into a mad dash to get to my car. But what’s blocking my door when I get there? What could’ve possibly made it all the way out there just to make my life more difficult? That’s right, Balloon Boy! He was laughing at me too, the little gremlin, and I didn’t have time to fool around. Let me remind you, Freddy was already staggering over to me, the Puppet was halfway out the window, and I knew Foxy was on his way.”

He paused for effect and looked between his two listeners.

“So, yes, I kicked Balloon Boy over,” Mike confessed. “But let me tell you this: if I didn’t have a bear barreling down at me, I would’ve punted that little brat halfway across the parking lot.”

There was a long moment of silence in the office.

“Alright, I think that’s all we needed to hear,” Henry said as he began to rub at his eyes and pinch the bridge of his nose. Just the story alone was enough to render him entirely exhausted.

“Am I fired?” Mike casually asked. After all, it wouldn’t be the first time. To his surprise, a pink slip didn’t immediately follow.

“No, just... Go home and get some sleep,” Henry muttered as he waved him out. “Take the weekend off and we’ll see you on Monday.”

Without another word, Mike stood from his seat and headed out the office door, closing it behind him and immediately leaving the restaurant. The two owners were silent for a long time.

“I can’t believe it,” William finally said.

“That the animatronics can let themselves out, the power’s still busted, or that the restroom window’s been stuck open for who knows how long?” Henry asked dryly. His voice was muffled by his hand.

“That he decapitated Balloon Boy with a single kick,” the other answered. He almost sounded impressed by it. “I’d give him a raise for that alone, but I’m going to be the one putting the damn thing back together.”

“How many times have they let themselves out?” Henry asked tiredly. Then he perked in growing horror. “You don’t think that’s why the camera out front keeps getting busted, do you?”

“I don’t even want to think about it,” William briskly replied. Probably because he was going to be fixing that too.

“Well...” Henry agreed. “...You want to think about which of us is going to get stuck spending our afternoon working in the restroom, trying to get that window closed?”

“I don’t want to think about that either.”
Prompt: William Afton did nothing wrong.

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“Henry, you need to come down to the restaurant now... We caught him.”

That was all Henry needed to hear to send him speeding through town in the middle of the night and in the pouring rain. His heart was pounding in his chest as he raced to the pizzeria. After months, no, years of monitoring and waiting, they had finally done it. They had finally caught the man who had ruined so many lives and stolen so many children.

For years they had been working to trap the monster, but it had seemed like a fruitless endeavor. They could never get him on tape, they never spotted him in the act, and he returned more than once. Sometimes they found the bodies, but they usually didn’t. Regardless, they all knew the children who were missing would never be found alive.

They were both on their guard. It had been coming up on the anniversary of the original missing children incident and both had been antsy. Henry had been having trouble sleeping and it was only through sheer luck that he had slept without nightmares that night. Or perhaps bad luck, considering that he had missed the moment they caught him.

Though this too was odd. His partner’s tone on the phone sounded somber and distraught. Whatever happened was not something worth celebrating. Henry could only wonder, in growing dread, if there were more bodies that had been found. Perhaps the monster had left a corpse in his wake. Henry shuddered at the thought; no parent deserved to bury their child.

He swallowed down the sour memories that came from that thought as he pulled into the parking lot. It was only once he was climbing out of the car that he spotted the man sitting on the curb outside of the pizzeria. He paused a moment as he realized who it was.

“Will?” Henry called as he hurried over. The man was hunched over with his head in his hands and only looked up once he was called. It was then that Henry noticed the blood on William’s jacket and was aghast. “Is that blood?” he asked in alarm. Then his panicked gaze rose from the blood to his partner’s own. “Is it yours? Were you hurt?” William stiffly shook his head. Henry had a bad feeling and licked his lips. “Alright... Where is he?”

“Saferoom,” William choked out. He looked extremely shaken. His wide eyes and heavy breathing was a giveaway that he had seen something terrible. If it was something serious enough to shake William Afton, then it was something truly nightmarish.

Without another word, Henry passed by and hurried into the pizzeria. It was there that he found a disturbing scene. In the hall outside of the saferoom animatronic parts littered the floor; the broken bodies of the bots they had built their business around. All of their work was gone, and they would have to put it back together.

It was a disturbing sight, but not as much as the axe left laying outside the ajar saferoom door. Henry stared into the dim, flickering light and felt his pulse raise again. Slowly he stepped in closer before pushing it open the rest of the way. His breath hitched, a chill ran up his spine, and adrenaline began to pump through his body, even though he could see the threat was long gone.
Blood. The redness and horror of blood spilling out of the cracks and through the fabric of their Spring Bonnie suit. It had been a springlock failure, obviously. The killer had put on that suit many times, had killed comfortably in that suit, and yet had somehow activated a failure and bled out on the floor. From the lack of movement, it was obvious that he was dead.

The owner slowly approached the body, forcing himself to breathe even though his body was still tense. He tried to avoid the blood as he leaned over and raised the head of the suit. He had to check and make sure the man wasn’t still alive. Even if he was a monster, Henry wasn’t one, and he forcibly wedged the tightened teeth apart.

As the mouth barely spread, he was able to see the man inside of the suit and recognized him instantly. Henry immediately released the mouth and let it shut again, and then covered his mouth with one hand. Now he definitely couldn’t breathe. He could barely think or put together a rational thought beyond the instant panic.

Of course he recognized the man, because it was Michael Afton, William’s son.

Henry nearly sprinted back out the front door and found William in the same state. “Will,” he choked out, standing behind his partner. “Will, what happened here?! That’s Michael! What is Michael doing in that suit?!” He was answered by a shuddery noise. It was only then that he realized William was suffocating a sob. “…No… No, Will, Michael wouldn’t-.”

“He did,” William coldly answered. Though regardless of the obvious anger, Henry could also hear the overwhelming hurt with it. “It was him. He was the one. The children-… That’s how he kept getting in. He was using my keys, he was using my suit… Damn it!” He slammed his fist down on his own leg so hard that it would no doubt leave a bruise. “How could he do this?! Why would he do this to us, to them, to his brother- What the hell is wrong with him?!”

Then he was just panting as he gripped at his own knees and stared at the concrete stretched before him. Suddenly he was remembering every time that Michael stayed out late, or every time that he acted strange, or aggressive to his siblings. Suddenly it all lined up in the worst way imaginable. His son was a serial killer, and now he was dead, and he couldn’t tell which hurt worse.

A tentative hand brushed on his back before Henry sat down alongside him. William couldn’t bear to look at him, because all at once the guilt was on him. It was his son that had killed those children- including Henry’s own- and he had done nothing to stop him.

“What happened in there?” Henry quietly asked. William exhaled roughly before straightening and staring ahead with a dead gaze.

“He came by to destroy the bots. Must’ve either been planning something else or got spooked, because he got into my suit… He knew how to get in safely, knew how to take apart every one of them, and knew how to do it all without anyone catching him…” William finally looked to Henry. His gaze was cold. “…But he didn’t know that I rigged the suit.”

“What?” Henry asked in quiet horror.

“I had a feeling something was going to happen tonight… So, I rigged the suit to fail if anyone got inside,” William confessed. “Fritz called me about an hour ago and said he saw a car in the parking lot, so I told him to go home and came in, and there he was. Mi- Him.” He didn’t want to say his name. As though saying it would make it real.

“An hour ago?” Henry asked in confusion.
“I… I didn’t want to go back in to get the phone.” He was sure that sounded pathetic, as the hand on his back quickly shifted to an arm around his shoulders. Henry tried to shield him from the rain with his coat, exposing the nightclothes he was wearing underneath. He had literally leapt out of bed to come down here and now was trying to comfort his partner. He always had been too compassionate for his own good.

Because in the end, it was William’s fault. In his mind he imagined something he did being the reason that his son had become a monster. Maybe it was the neglect from him always being at work or the lack of a motherly figure since he was widowed. Something he did made his son into a monster.

“This is all on me, Henry. I let him become this and then I killed him. I killed my own son. I murdered Mikey.”

With one last voice crack, William bowed over and broke into pathetic sobs. He didn’t care how degrading it was; he didn’t care about anything at all anymore. All he could see was the image of prying open Spring Bonnie’s mouth and seeing his son’s dead eyes staring back. He knew immediately that there was no mistake, and the truth was devastating.

But it wasn’t just him who felt it. Henry was just as upset. He had nearly raised Michael alongside William, so to find out that he had been the man who murdered his daughter- he barely staved off his own emotions by focusing on the man falling apart beside him. William, who had watched multiple family members die, had just lost the last one. Now he was all alone on top of everything else.

“It’s going to be okay, Will. We’ll figure this out. You did the right thing,” Henry tried to encourage. He had a feeling that he was just buying time instead of making it better. It should’ve been a victory, a celebration for catching the monster who had been destroying lives, but it wasn’t. It was just another terrible loss on top of the multiple other deaths.

They would get though this together. Henry wasn’t sure how and William wasn’t sure if he wanted to, but they would. They always did.
Buried Treasures

Prompt: Foxy hid the treasure and forgot where it was.

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“...What?”

He knew that he had dug past the point where it would’ve been buried, and yet there was nothing there. Here he was, crouched in the dirt, hand and hook caked in soil, and nothing to show for it. He blinked, raising his eyepatch, and found nothing. Foxy was positively stumped.

“Are you sure it was here?” His brother peered over his shoulder curiously and stared down into the empty hole as well. “It could’ve been the other tree.”

“No, no. It be this tree,” Foxy insisted as he stood from the dirt. He looked up to the tree. “Right ‘ere, under the ol’ tire swing.” The tire swing still hung there. It was full of water and the rope looked like it was dry rotting, not that either would try to use it. “Said it right on the map: x marks the spot under the swing.”

“...The tire swing or the swing set?” his brother asked thoughtfully. Foxy answered with a long silence, suddenly realizing that he had no idea. “Maybe we should check there. The grass never grew back, so it would be an easy dig,” his brother suggested before crossing the unkept lawn.

The backyard had grown into a tangled mess of weeds and yet somehow the marks from feet dragging on the grass remained. It wasn’t as though anyone had used the swing set in years- it probably hadn’t even been there for some time- but the dirt remained. Like scars left behind from wounds of the past.

Foxy caught up with his brother and knelt beside the spots that had been under the two swings. He dug through both and found nothing once again. He gave a frustrated sort of growl.

“Nobody found that map, Lad. Nobody could’ve found the box...” The fox rubbed his hand over his face wearily. “Maybe me mind be goin’, but I knew it was under a swing. I remember it. Did it after it rained and the dirt was all soft. How’d I lose it?” Part of him worried that maybe he was remembering something that never happened.

“Hmm... Well, are you sure it was in the backyard?” his brother tried. “Remember there was that park just over that way that we used to walk by daily. Could you have put it there?”

“...Yes.” Foxy suddenly perked and stood abruptly from the dirt. He turned and grabbed his brother by the shoulders, brightening up instantly. “Yes! That be it, Lad! I buried it over there so that purple bloater wouldn’t go digging it up! It’s all comin’ back!” He then hurried around the house, leading the other by the arm.

“Foxy, wait! Someone might see us!” his brother warned as he tried to pull back. Yet Foxy kept dragging him by the wrist until they reached the sidewalk. He seemed determined to get to the park even though this had them walking right beside the road where anyone could see. “Foxy, I really don’t think-!”

“Ya worry too much, Lad. It be the middle of the night and in this dead neighborhood. There ain’t no one gonna see us!” Foxy reassured. He could already see the opening in the gate to the park. “Here we are! Wasn’t so bad, was it?”
“I’d rather not answer that. It would only give you ideas,” his brother flatly replied. This got a bellowing laugh from Foxy, but it was cut off as he saw the remains of the park. One swing was missing, the other just half broken, the slide was rusted, and it was as overgrown as the yard.

“Yar, tis be a shame. This place used ta have so many little tykes playin’… Prob’ly for the best.” Considering how many children had gone missing in the area, it wasn’t shocking that people would become more resistant to letting them play outside. It was a bittersweet thought: the children would be safe from harm, but they wouldn’t know the carefree joy that they once had long ago. Things like the playground would be sacrificed for the greater good. To Foxy it was just another symbol of the childhood that both of them left behind and could never return to.

Still, he squatted down beside the swing that he believed was the proper one. He hesitated only long enough to brace himself for possible disappointment and then dug into the dirt. It wasn’t long before his hook struck something hidden underneath. He nearly gasped in surprise and scrambled to dig up his treasure chest, which soon revealed itself as a shoebox secured with duct tape.

“This be it!” Foxy cried in joy. He looked down at the box for a moment, looked up at his brother, and then beckoned him to lower himself. His brother knelt in the grass beside him. “Buried this a long time ago. I meant to give it to ya, but after… Didn’t work out.” His brother sympathetically reached out to squeeze his arm and comfort him. “Er… Anyways, it be yers.”

Foxy used his hook to cut the duct tape before handing it over. His brother took it carefully before slowly opening the box. His usually stoic expression shifted to surprise as he saw the ‘treasure’ that had been stowed away in the box. Instead of money, trinkets, or even photographs, there was just a single plush toy that had barely been squeezed into the box.

At first glance it looked deceptively like a normal Foxy plush that used to be sold at the pizzeria, but one look at the neck showed crude stitches circling it. It was then that the brother realized that this was his old Foxy doll, as it had been missing its head for some time. He hadn’t seen the doll in years.

“It’s- It’s my old Foxy! I can’t believe this, I was sure it was lost forever!” his brother trilled in delight. He hugged the doll to himself carefully as to not risk breaking the messy stitches. “Did you stitch him back together yourself?”

“Aye. Winged it, mostly. It was before I got me hook,” Foxy explained. He perked for a moment as he noticed his brother’s delight. Though that started to fade as he looked down at the old toy. Just seeing it brought too many memories back. “Just… Just wanted you ta have somethin’ nice when ya came out o’ the hospital. To show ya I loved ya…” Foxy lowered his head in shame. “And that I was sorry… For everything.”

He had set everything up in preparation for his brother’s release so long ago. He had buried the ‘treasure’ and drew up a map that led to it, arranging everything for an easy pirate-themed adventure. It would be the first step to becoming the big brother that he should’ve been for all those years. He would protect him, he would play with him, he would be good to him again.

But of course, he never did make it out of the hospital.

Foxy made a noise akin to a whine, which his younger brother noticed and got a sympathetic look. “Oh, Foxy…” He dropped the plush on his lap and eagerly took the pirate into a tight embrace. “It’s perfect… And I love you too. You know I do.”

Relieved, Foxy wrapped an arm back around the Puppet that was still his little brother. “Anything fer me first mate.”
It didn’t matter that they were no longer human. If the plush proved anything it was that even the most broken things could be put back together.
“H-Hey there, B-B-Buddy!”

This couldn’t be happening. Blue eyes stared in horror as he backed up through the vent, trying to get away from the hideous mask in front of him. Soon he dropped out of the vent and backed away until his back thumped against the checkerboard colored wall of the pizzeria. He was nearly shivering as he watched it drag itself to the mouth of a vent.

An old, rusty mask that looked like a broken Freddy face was pointed at him. It had one eye, which looked more like an orange stage light, and wires pouring out of the other hole of the mask. Sharp teeth looked to be caked in something that almost looked like blood.

But he knew where those scrap pieces came from. They were the leftover parts from the old animatronics down in Afton Robotics, tangled into a wired, legless mess. The voice- that unholy voice- showed exactly who was in control of the body.

“Well, hello ag-gaain! Ha ha ha! I missed- I missed you so much!~” Freddy- no, Wrecked-Destroyed- Molten Freddy said. “I’ve been looking a-l-l over for yo-o-out!”

Molten Freddy dragged itself out the rest of the vent and dropped heavily to the floor. It recovered within seconds and lifted its flimsy, wire body up. It had so few wires that it was barely able to raise itself upright on a midsection made of little more than a few woven together.

The onlooker was positively dumbfounded and horrified. No, he wasn’t supposed to be here. Not like this and not in this form. He had gotten rid of him long ago. What unholy thing would’ve deemed it appropriate to bring him back?

“Betcha thought yo-o-o-out got rid of mee! Ha ha hahah-hhaah-a! But nope- here I am!” Molten Freddy then lowered his voice to an unsettling, almost dangerous tone as he quietly added, “I forgive you.”

He started to move closer and the other slide along the wall, looking ready to run. This only made Molten Freddy laugh more.

“Aww, where ya gonna go? I’m j-just gonna f-follow you an-n-nywhere! Ha ha! But I’m here- No-I’m here for a reason. I saw you, I see you, you need me. You need me to help you, to lead you, you n-need me m-more than you need anything else!“ Molten Freddy tried to convince. Then he said something that sent chills down the listener’s body. “L-Let’s become one again!”

The watcher violently shook his head in disagreement, steadfastly refusing to even consider the prospect of even getting closer to the creature.

“No? Ha ha, whaddya mean?! Look at you! You st-still need me! You need, need me sooo much! Don’tcha remember when we were together? S-So warm and alive, and full, and it was all so good!...” Molten Freddy’s delight began to fade as anger replaced it. “And then... You got rid of me...” He began to crackle loudly. “But guess what? I didn’t go that far! HA HA HA!”

The listener tried to move away when Molten Freddy lashed out. Wire fingers dug in as it lifted itself up, climbing his chest, its single eye now glowing red as its mask got closer and closer. It
smelled like bad copper and rotten meat, leftover from whatever was its last victim. Or perhaps of whatever dumpster it last hid inside of.

“D-Don’t you want to be complete? Whole? W-Warm- I know ya like to be warm, don’t cha? You’re n-never gonna be warm again without me.” Its fingers tightened and he winced at the pain in his chest. “I know there’s a big, empty hole in there where I belong... Let me fill it. I promise I’ll share this time.” Its fingers dug in deeper as it rattled out a low, “HELP. ME.”

Molten Freddy started to raise higher when the watcher finally realized the creature was going to try to forcibly overtake him. With terror and a regained sense of self-preservation, he used his strength and shoved Molten Freddy back. The creature was no match and collapsed back on the ground, little more than a mound of wires.

Then, without a word, he turned and sprinted down the hall as fast as he possibly could. He didn’t look back, he just rushed on, trying to escape.

“Y-You can run, but y-you can’t hide!” Molten Freddy called after him. It already turned over and began to crawl after him. “One of the-these d-days we’re gonna be together again! You’ll-l-l see!” He laughed so loudly that it echoed off the walls. “S-See ya later, Clown!”

He didn’t know what to do now except get out of the pizzeria- or whatever this building was- and get away. He would have to hide somewhere and never come back, never lower his guard, never stop looking over his shoulder...

Ennard never imagined wires could feel so cold.

But then again, he also never imagined that Funtime Freddy would come back like that.
Who am I to judge?

Prompt: How could anyone forget about Ennard?

I really should’ve been expecting something to go wrong. I haven’t worked the night shift since the accident and I would’ve never agreed if I didn’t think it was all under control- and, you know, if I didn’t need the money. But how was I supposed to know it wasn’t?

Chance gave me a list. Nobody’s ever given me a list of animatronics before. It was detailed too, saying where they would be and how to stop them from getting in the office. It all seemed so professional.

Not to mention that I know you’ve been working the weekends down there, willingly, so I guess I just thought it was going to be a little easier... It was triple what I make for an hour on the computer. I can’t really turn down that money if I want to get my nest egg back. You never know when you might have an unexpected surgery and be off your feet! Or, uh, foot.

So, I went in at about eleven forty-five, got settled in the office, went over the list, and everything seemed like it was going good. I know you probably know this, but early in the week only half of the animatronics get restless. The others are there, but they don’t really do anything. I remember I checked Pirate’s Cove two or three times and Foxy didn’t move an inch.

All seems good. I’m watching the vents, I’m watching the ducts, I’m watching the halls, and I... I really overestimated my abilities to do this. Maybe back before the accident I could’ve handled it, but it was getting on three or four in the morning and I was just drained. They were starting to get closer too.

The turning point was when Chica- that broken down Chica- started to wedge itself through the upper vent in front of the desk. She got about halfway through and got stuck, but she wasn’t really stuck. She could wiggle a little and I knew that eventually she was going to get herself out and... You get it.

It didn’t help that I had Orville and Mr. Hippo tag teaming the ducts. I couldn’t get the heater to turn on and they were just right there, right about to drop in, and then- I didn’t know what I was doing. I really shouldn’t have been down there, Mike. I’m not like I used to be. I just couldn’t do it. So, I realized I needed to leave the office.

The plan was pretty basic but in hindsight pretty impractical. I was going to run down the left hall- because none of the animatronics that were usually prowling there were active- hide in the closet, and try to hold out until six. Then the elevator would be working again and the animatronics would all go docile. Again, in hindsight probably wasn’t a good idea, but I was desperate.

The second Chica starts getting herself loose, I jump up from my chair, sprint down the hall, get into the back, and dive into the closet. The one with the door. Now before I continue, I want to bring up this list again. This list told me exactly which animatronics would be moving around, so I checked to make sure each one was accounted for and out of the left hall before I ran down there.

...Except for one problem. Chance forgot to mention one of the animatronics, and I just somehow never saw it once on the cameras. So, I ran into what I thought was an empty closet, and ran right
Into this- this endo-... It was a clown. The long and short of it was it was a bunch of wires wearing a clown mask.

Honestly, I think he must’ve been as surprised to see me as I was to see him, because we just stared at each other for a few seconds. Then there was this loud bang down the hall-... You know, thinking about it now, it was probably Chica falling into the office. Heh, that’s actually kind of funny.

But I wasn’t laughing then, because suddenly the clown jumped at me. Or really he was jumping to shut the door, but then he got me against the door with his wirey hand over my mouth, cause I would’ve been screaming. Then we were just standing there. He has me pinned, I’m just about to faint, and he’s looking around frantically.

Then he must’ve heard something that I didn’t. I was distracted with, you know, the wires in my mouth and the six-seven foot clown standing over me. But he must’ve heard something, because suddenly he grabs me, yanks me in really close, and drags into the back of the closet. He’s holding me against him with my mouth covered again, staring at the door.

It was the strangest thing I’ve ever felt. I don’t know how to describe it. All of the wires were shifting and rolling, and they were smooth and warm- like when computer cords get warm. He had this shape on his chest that looked like a bow, which I noticed because I was shoved into it.

And right when I start trying to push away and am about to fight, I hear something out in the hall. It was this dragging noise going down the hall, then a laugh, and then I hear this... Shrill, high-pitched, psychotic sounding voice. It said- excuse my impression here- but it said:

“Where’d you go, Buddy? Come out, come out wherever you are!”

So, at first I assumed it was calling for me. I knew it was that Molten Freddy that usually stays in the vents and I remember seeing it earlier, before Chica lodged herself in the vent exit. It could’ve followed me down the hall... But then I noticed how the clown was acting.

It’s hard to say what an animatronic looks like it’s feeling, because they don’t really show emotions, but it looked nervous. Its eyes were moving all around, it was shaking, it was holding me tight. Not like I was its prisoner, but like I was a stuffed animal it was holding onto. Almost like he was using me as a shield. He was scared of Molten Freddy, and Molten Freddy was looking for him, not me.

...I guess I never really considered that they might hunt each other. Especially when this clown- I know you’ve seen this clown. This clown dwarfed Molten Freddy. This clown could eat Molten Freddy in, like, five or six bites, but he was terrified of him.

Thankfully, Molten Freddy didn’t hear us... Or maybe he just couldn’t reach the doorknob. Either way, he kept on leaving, and as soon as it gets quiet the clown starts to let me go. I tried to go for the door, but he, I don’t know, slid in front of me and blocked it. Not really aggressively. Not with how it was staring at me. It just didn’t want me to leave. I don’t know if he was protecting me or himself.

I was stuck in that closet for about two hours. It wasn’t until after about a half an hour of just sitting there that I tried talking to him. I had to take my mind off of how uncomfortable I was, so I just started to talk about things. You know: “I’m not the usual nightguard”, “Funny story, but I used to work at Freddy’s”, and I mentioned the leg, because of course I did.

And he was just silently listening. I know he was really listening too, because I actually got a
shudder out of him telling him about how they had to pretty much scoop me out of that old suit. It was kind of weird, but it was... Nice, maybe? People don’t usually listen to me.

It was only about four-thirty when our luck went sour. Something found the closet and started trying to get in. The clown was holding it closed, but the knob would’ve come off. Funny enough, it was only right then that I realized that I had the keys to lock the door... Don’t give me that look, you weren’t there. Anyway, crisis averted.

Whatever it was kept banging on the door after that. I don’t think it was Molten Freddy, because the clown didn’t act as afraid of whatever it was. I mean, it had me back in the corner, shielding me with its body, still shaking as we stood there. I think that’s when I realized that he wasn’t going to let them get me. He wasn’t just protecting himself anymore, he was protecting me too.

Almost like he heard all that stuff I said, processed it all, and somehow got attached with me because of it. I don’t know. Maybe I’m reading too much into it. Who gets attached that fast, am I right?

I can’t remember much of what happened between then and six. We sat down and I think I might’ve fallen asleep for a while. Woke up tangled in his bow wires with my watch alarm ringing. Turns out I survived the night! Even if I pretty much spent the whole thing locked in the closet.

The clown sort of calmed down too. He wasn’t twitching as much as earlier. So, I tell him, “It’s six o’clock. The others calmed down, the elevator’s working, I’ve got to go home.” He’s just watching me, so I get up, get my keys out, and right as I’m about to unlock the door, he speaks.

Now, it was the first time he had said anything all night. I didn’t even know he could speak, so I was so startled that I dropped the keys. His voice wasn’t like the others either. It was... Broken sounding. Raspy, kind of pitiful. That was kind of everything about him, really, and he just looks up to me as says:

“Ta-a-ake mee with yo-ou.”

...Mike, I’m... I think you already know this, but I’m not a normal, rational person anymore. Not if I was willing to go do that nightshift at all. My life is mostly me making calls and typing on the computer. Other than you and maybe Fritz, Jeremy, I don’t have friends or family. I’m alone.

And I’m just as broken as that busted clown hiding in the closet. The only difference is that he was hiding from the others and I... Well, I was hiding from them too, but I think I hide from everything now. I’m scared to live and I never feel safe. And still, somehow, I felt safe enough to fall asleep in there, sitting with that broken clown.

So, uh, yeah. Head’s up: he’s not in the vents anymore. Or the closet, so, uh, you don’t need to keep an eye out for him. If Chance asks- I doubt he’ll remember- just say you don’t know where he is. Hopefully for the both of us, he doesn’t remember him.

Not sure how someone could forget a six foot tall clown made of wires, but who am I to judge? I mean, I’m the one keeping him in my guest room. I don’t really have any place to talk.
Wipe Away the Tears

Chapter Notes

Takes place before "A Cupcake A Day" and "Chocolate Cheat Day."

Prompt: Why does the puppet cry during birthday parties?

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Mike wasn’t used to working the day shift. Even with the aggressive animatronics at night, he tended to prefer the quietness and familiarity of it. It was a predictable routine that Mike had gotten into and so far, it had worked well for him. Unfortunately, all it took was rapidly spreading strep throat to uproot him and stick him working while it was open.

It was funny; even with the lack of danger, Mike found himself leagues more uncomfortable working at this hour. Between the sounds of children screaming and terribly cheesy music he couldn’t even hear himself think. Not to mention that he was still groggy since his sleep cycle had been thrown off to such a massive degree.

There was a birthday part that was taking up most of the dining room. A kid was turning ten and his parents decided to go all out, inviting an entire classroom of children and practically renting out the entire pizzeria. Mike wasn’t really doing anything more than standing aside and waiting for his cue to bring the cake out, or whatever he was supposed to do.

It was then that he was suddenly blindsided by none other than Fritz. Fritz was a technician and a weekend and day shift worker who Mike had a tentative friendship with. They got along well enough but didn’t spend much time together outside of work. Fritz was looking flustered and rushed up to Mike with the look of someone who had been forced to pacify twenty plus children.

Mike expected that he was going to ask for help but couldn’t have anticipated what kind of help he needed.

“Mike, the Puppet’s leaking again. Can you go wipe it down before it gets all over the prizes and presents? I have to bring in the cake so I can’t do it,” Fritz asked with clear exasperation.

Mike let that sink in for a moment before looking at the technician and giving an understandable, “What?”

“Just with a napkin or something- Here.” Fritz hurried to a nearby table and grabbed a handful of colorful, confetti-printed napkins before handing them to the other man. “Here. Take these, wipe down the Puppet’s mask, and then maybe just keep an eye out and make sure cake doesn’t get spilled on the floor and tracked everywhere.” With that, the technician dismissed himself, and Mike was left standing there in disbelief.

This would surely be uncomfortable- being that it was the Puppet- but this was what he signed up for when taking the job. If he had to… wipe down… leaking animatronics… then he would do it, if only to not get fired. At least this one didn’t have teeth. With a sigh, Mike started to head over towards the Prize Corner at the other side of the pizzeria.
“When did I become the guy in charge of animatronic maintenance? He’s the technician for crying out loud! If a bot’s leaking, he should be figuring it out himself,” Mike thought and grumbled on the inside. “I already watch them at night. I should get a free pass not to work with them during the day.” Then he stepped into the Prize Corner. “If there’s like a decomposing piece of pizza lodged in this thing, I swear—…”

It was then that he caught sight of the Puppet.

The Puppet was possibly the strangest animatronic in the pizzeria. It was long and thin, black with white stripes, and with a porcelain mask with a wide smile stretched across it. The Puppet was somewhat cute—cuter than Freddy, at least—but it branched too far into uncanny valley to make it far past that. It was currently doing what it usually did; stand in its box and stare out with a blank smile as it waited to be used.

Except now there was purple paint leaking out of its eyes. One of the Puppet’s more iconic traits were the purple stripes on its mask which looked like tear marks. Yet now actual paint was dribbling down its face.

“What in the…?” Mike wasn’t even sure what to make of it. He took careful steps towards the animatronic as he looked over the damage. “What is that, paint? Is it crying paint?” Maybe that explained the stripes, but that didn’t explain why it was currently coming out of his face. “Forget it. Let’s just get this over with.” He reached out towards the animatronic when he was cut off by an intruding thought:

“What if it is crying?”

It was abundantly clear that the animatronics in the pizzeria were haunted. Freddy and his band clearly were and while Mike never saw the Puppet in action, he had heard stories and believed it was too. It was painfully obvious that the amount of deaths and disappearances in the past weren’t just coincidental when considering the sentience that the bots had. Though he had never seen any of them cry, especially not with real tears.

“Probably just a leak like Fritz said. He made it sound like this happens all the time,” Mike tried to convince himself. “I’m making a big deal out of nothing.” He wanted to believe that but it was difficult to ignore this uncomfortable feeling that he was witnessing a sentient being weeping in the corner. He still had to do his job, so he took a deep breath and tried a new tactic.

“Just going to clean you off here, okay?” Mike forewarned. He didn’t know if it would help to talk to it, but it made him feel better at least. He then reached out and took the Puppet by the chin, slower and gentler than originally intended, and started to wipe away some of the paint with the napkins. It smeared over the white and took repeated wipes to come clean.

“Just bear with me here. No pun intended,” the security guard quipped with a small smile. The Puppet didn’t react at all and he wondered if he had been overthinking everything. Still he was gentle, treating the porcelain as though it would break from his touch alone. If anyone asked then he would blame his lack of sleep.

The sound of children singing “Happy Birthday” broke him out of his thoughts. Mike looked over at the dining room to see Fritz carrying out the birthday cake, with his voice easily lost amongst the children’s own. They gathered around the table and around the birthday boy, who was seated at the head of the table and wearing the signature ‘Freddy Hat’ that the birthday kids would wear.

Mike got a small, amused smile. The kids already looked ravenous; like they were prepared to tear through Fritz if he didn’t get the cake on the table and divided up quickly enough. Fitting that one
of them would be wearing a Freddy hat. The security guard didn’t envy him, with his own job suddenly looking a lot better, and turned back to the Puppet to finish up.

Only to find that the tears had returned with a vengeance. What had once been a little trickle of purple fluid was now nearly pouring down the mask. It took a few seconds of Mike staring in disbelief to realize that the Puppet’s head was slightly turned too. It was very subtle but the animatronic was looking at the birthday party. It didn’t take a genius to realize that the song beginning and the leak returning wasn’t a coincidence.

There was no doubt in Mike’s mind that the Puppet was crying.

He wasn’t sure what to think now that his suspicions were confirmed. These animatronics were a handful, aggressive and uncooperative, and it was hard under normal circumstances to feel badly for them, but Mike was aware that they didn’t live pleasant existences. He wasn’t sure why one would cry over a birthday party—unless it was exasperated dread at knowing it would soon need to perform amongst that madness— but it was distressed watching it.

Knowing that he had to do something, Mike inhaled deeply and reached forward to try wiping away the tears again.

“I know,” he sympathized. He then cracked a smile, “I hate this song too.”

To his surprise, the Puppet let out a dull chiming noise, as though responding to the comment. He raised a brow curiously and continued to work at the task at hand.

“So, usually I work the night shift, but today I decided to cave in to masochism and come in early. I’m now going on no sleep at all. Probably the same with you. I wouldn’t be able to sleep if every five minutes kids were barging into my room demanding toys and candy… Then again, if I woke up to kids breaking into my apartment, I can’t say I’d ever feel like sleeping again.” Mike continued to casually carry a one-sided conversation. “But in all seriousness, I’m here because apparently the second coming of the plague wiped everyone out.”

There was a delighted scream from somewhere in the dining room and the Puppet reacted with a soft twitch. Another fat drop of paint started to roll down its face.

“Hey, come on now. You were doing so good. Besides, I’m running out of napkins,” Mike forewarned. He was still as gentle as he could be, both vocally and physically. “Not that these things work. I think I’d get better absorption with a piece of cardboard,” he quipped. Once again, this got the slightest chime from deep in its chest.

By now the Puppet was almost entirely cleaned. The napkins had reached the end of their helpfulness though and using them would only spread paint further, so Mike decided just to use the sleeve of his uniform, not worried if it stained since it too was purple in color. By now the leaking had stopped fully and the party seemed to quiet down as the children finished eating. Still, he wasn’t ready to put his guard down.

“Alright, good as new,” Mike murmured as he wiped the last light streak off the Puppet’s red cheek. “But just to be safe, I’m going to hang out here and keep an eye on you… Mostly so I can avoid actual work.” He expected another blank chime as an answer, robotic and predictable, but this time he received something more akin to a trill. He assumed that was the Puppet’s equivalent of a thank you.

In a way, that alone was almost worth it.
But that was not the end of it.

By time Mike returned to the pizzeria for the night shift he had almost forgotten about earlier. It had been so long without proper sleep that it could’ve been affecting his train of thought. He had only gotten a few hours of sleep before he was forced to return to the pizzeria. It was going to be a rough night between trying to stay awake and keeping the animatronics away.

It was just after midnight and Mike was checking through the cameras while sipping at a thermos of coffee. He checked Pirate’s Cover to find the curtains closed and the stage where Freddy’s band was still prone. Then he switched to the Prize Corner and proceeded to choke on a mouthful of coffee at the sight of the present box open and the Puppet nowhere to be seen. He didn’t even have the chance to wind the music box. It was already gone.

“I wiped that mime’s tears for two hours and now it’s going to kill me,” Mike thought. He tried to stay calm as he flipped through the cameras of the rooms, hall, and dining room. “Where is it?” he muttered under his breath. He glanced up towards the office door in paranoia and proceeded to freeze up when he realized he wasn’t alone anymore.

There was the Puppet hovering in the doorway. That same blank smile, same long body, but now hovering off the ground without any strings holding it up.

Mike’s eyes widened and the monitor went forgotten and his mind started to race for solutions. It was too late to hide under the desk. Maybe the flashlight would work, but that seemed like a stretch. His heart started to pound as the animatronic slowly started to float closer to the desk. Small pinpricks of light glowed deep inside its eyes as it stared him down, now looming over him threateningly.

Then, right when Mike was considering making a run for it, something bizarre happened. It spoke.

“I wanted to thank you for earlier. You were gentler than any of the others, and I’ve never had anyone speak to me, let alone like a person. You didn’t have to do that. I know you couldn’t have possibly known that I was aware enough to hear and understand you,” the Puppet continued as it stopped on the other side of the desk. “And for that… I think it is only fair that I return the favor.”

Mike furrowed his brows in questioning but stayed silent. The animatronic turned away from him and, in a motion that looked very human-like, leaned back against the desk. Its hands rested on the wood of the desk and it looked down the hallway as though keeping an eye out. Mike discreetly checked the monitors as quickly as he could to not take his eyes off the striped one long. To his surprise, the other animatronics still hadn’t moved.

“You said earlier that you were tired, so I’m going to stay and keep an eye out. Just to be safe,” the Puppet said. The security guard set aside the monitor once more to look up and saw it turned to look back at him. “As long as I’m in here, the others won’t come in. So, you can have an easier night tonight.” It looked forwards once again into the darkness. “It’s the least I can do for pulling me back together earlier.”
For a few minutes Mike couldn’t do much other than sit there and watch as the Puppet kept guard. He almost thought it was a trick, but it became apparent the longer he waited that the animatronic meant what it said. Or it was waiting for him to fall asleep, which wouldn’t happen no matter how tired he was.

It was curiosity that finally convinced Mike to break the silence. Still braced for anything, Mike asked, “Can I ask you something?” The Puppet turned its head with a questioning hum; still too human for its body. “What was going on earlier? Why were you crying?”

“…Birthday parties bring back bad memories. Some more than others,” the striped one quietly admitted. It almost sounded embarrassed by it. “Today was a particularly hard one. Just seeing them so happy… Don’t get me wrong, I like seeing them enjoying themselves and enjoying life, but there are some things you cannot forget.” It lowered its head almost sadly for a few moments. “But I can’t help it. Birthdays are still a touchy subject and I occasionally get wound up…”

It then gave a soft chime as it turned its head to look back at him. “Pun intended.”

“Got it. I guess I assumed as much.” Mike wasn’t sure what else to say about this. “But yeah, thanks.”

“Just returning the favor,” the Puppet said pleasantly. It then turned away. “…And perhaps if it works out well enough, maybe we’ll help each other again. I think you’d do well with someone on your side… And I know that I could use someone like you on mine.”

Mike wasn’t sure what this sort of arrangement would entail, but he knew it would have to be more than just cleaning. Yet something still seemed promising about it. He would just have to wait and see.
“You’ve got to try this!”

Baby was taken off-guard as a piece of greasy pizza was shoved into her face. She reacted by lashing out with her claw, preparing to smack the slice away like she did with most food he forced on her. Unfortunately, he had grown wise to this, and he quickly caught her wrist at the base of her claw.

“Ah, ah! Not this time!” the other clown teased. Blue eyes seemed to glow as he peered down at her with that masked smile. “This time you’re gonna have to try it. I really outdid myself!”

Ennard knew absolutely nothing about cooking or taste. While most animatronics could taste slightly and had basic knowledge of how to stick something in an oven, the clown had absolutely no idea how to make anything edible. Usually he would take two or three good things—like melted cheese, sweet ice cream, or tangy ketchup—and then force them all together in a grotesque concoction. Then he would try to force it on her.

He shouldn’t have even been tampering with the food anyway. They had slipped into this restaurant to escape the downpour outside and both knew that anything they did could be noticed. Then someone might go sniffing around the back alley and follow the smell of burned popcorn and vanilla icing to the dumpster they would be hiding in. It still didn’t stop Ennard from risking their safety by stealing food and mashing it together, and being obnoxiously loud.

Honestly, Baby didn’t know why she even stayed with Ennard. He could be so excruciating at times.

“I don’t want it. I won’t like it,” Baby protested stubbornly. She yanked her wrist back and glanced down at the slice of pizza. There were soggy lumps of something creamy, rainbow spots of melted color, and a glassy, brown syrup poured over it. If she could’ve sneered then she would’ve. “What even is this?”

“I’m glad you asked!” Ennard chirped excitedly. He then began to point with a wire finger at the ingredients. “It’s a pepperoni, cheese, sour cream, jellybean, and maple syrup pizza! It’s all the sweet stuff with a little cream to make it creamy and pepperoni because who doesn’t like pepperoni? Ha ha!” He gave one of his obnoxious laughs beforeboldly tapping her on the nose. “I even pulled off the mushrooms ’cause I know you don’t like them.”

“Why would I want that?” Baby grumpily asked as she crossed her arms. She was exhausted, forced to stay on guard in case someone came, and already didn’t have more than a shred of patience. He tested more than her patience though; he tested her sheer willpower. “Why would I even want to put it in my mouth? I’ll just have to pick it out of my teeth afterwards. And it looks disgusting.”

“You can’t judge a pizza on its looks! Come on, I think I really got it this time!”

“You always say that,” Baby grumbled. “It smells too sweet. That syrup was a terrible idea.”
“Come on, pleeease?” Ennard begged. He lowered himself down submissively and peered up with those big, blue eyes. “One bite? For me?”

She should’ve stood her ground, but Ennard had a way of making himself look positively pitiful. With a sigh, Baby finally took the pizza slice from him, staring down at it with distaste. It was just worth getting it over with. She knew it was going to taste bad even before she slipped it through her jaws and clamped down.

She wasn’t disappointed.

If anything, it was worse than she imagined. The thickened syrup immediately began to sink into places it didn’t need to be. Her teeth stayed clamped down as though if she moved the flavor would only get worse. Baby looked over towards Ennard to see that he was staring intently and waiting for a response. She didn’t even know how to express how uncomfortable she was. Not that she needed to. The silence, tightening claw, and her detached look said it all.

“You… Hate it, dontcha?” Ennard guessed with a quickly deflating voice. This was enough to trigger Baby to tilt her head forward, open her mouth, and try to force the bite of pizza back out. “Aww geez, I thought I really had it this time.”

“Guess again,” Baby cynically quipped. She handed the soggy and greasy piece of pizza back to the other clown. “It was the syrup.”

He looked down at the slice, then back at her, and watched as she crossed her arms and leaned against the kitchen wall. She was largely unphased by the results and, while annoyed, wouldn’t dwell on it again until he tried forcing it on her again. Yet Ennard felt like he had let her down. “Aww, I’m sorry, Babydoll.”

Baby couldn’t even brace herself before he hooked an arm around her. She inwardly scolded herself for not anticipating it and skirting out of the way in time. He pulled her close and rested his head on hers, with a soft squeak from his nose as he pressed his mask into her wirey hair.

“How about I make ya a brand-new piece without mushrooms and without maple syrup?” Ennard offered. Baby stayed silent. “…Okay, how about I make ya a piece that’s just pepperoni and nothing else?” Still no response. Eventually he would have to give up. “…How about a vanilla ice cream cone with extra sprinkles?”

It was a programming reflex alone that caused her to shudder. It wasn’t that she wanted the ice cream. They weren’t supposed to eat, she didn’t like eating, and she especially didn’t like that cold, sweet, creamy, positively melting-.

Ennard gave a delighted crackle and she silently cursed herself and whoever programmed her like this. “Oh, I felt that little shiver! Lemme go get you some.” He pulled back and headed back to the fridge on the other side of the dark kitchen. Baby gave an impatient huffing noise, wanting to say ‘no’ but too tempted by the ice cream to do so.

“Just don’t be too loud. We don’t know what else is in here,” Baby forewarned. More specifically, they didn’t know whether there were other aware animatronics in this restaurant. The last thing she needed was a band of haughty animatronics wanting a fight. Probaby thinking they were so much better than them because they wouldn’t be as broken as the two of them were. Just imagining it frustrated her much more than Ennard ever could.

She was so distracted by these thoughts that she barely noticed Ennard return a few minutes later. He tapped her shoulder and then handed over the ice cream cone. It was stacked with two messy
scoops of vanilla that were already trying to drip down the cone and topped in a clump of multi-colored sprinkles.

Baby took it was her hand and admired it. At least the ice cream could wash away the greasy, sticky sensation left in her mouth. “Thank you.”

Ennard straightened abruptly and Baby glanced at him out of the corner of her eye. He looked startled at something and it was only then that she noticed she had thanked him. She didn’t ever have a reason to do so- almost defiantly refusing to do so- but she had been caught while distracted and let it slip.

She knew what was coming and tried to skate back out of his reach. Alas, Ennard followed right after her, embraced her, and clung to her like the bundle of wires he was. She barely got her claw between them, only to find it pinned to her chest as he pinned her to his chest.

“Aww, you’re super welcome, Baby!” Ennard gushed as he nuzzled into her shoulder. “I love to make you happy.”

‘Happy’ was a stretch, and Baby rolled her eyes at his overdramatic behavior. Somehow Ennard always found a way to build everything into something it wasn’t. She wondered again why she went through the trouble of staying with him. Not for his cooking ability, obviously, and his tact was absent as usual. Then he gave a little giggle and a squeak, wires wrapping tighter and holding her securely, and she felt that fluttering in her chest.

Oh right, she loved him.

…But she hated what he did to food.
He Would

Chapter Notes

This is a follow-up to "Ennard's Midnight Snack".

Prompt: Could El Chip be there in the morning?

It was hard to pretend that everything was alright after what had happened. Everyone, including his assailant, had believed that he was nothing more than an empty shell waiting to be cracked open and emptied. Nobody ever thought of what he felt or considered that he felt at all. But he was used to that.

Chipper’s life had never been a pleasant one. It sounded like a comical joke to say that he competed with Freddy Fazbear, but it wasn’t. It was a cold reality. Whether Freddy was alive or not, whether his restaurant was open or not, Chipper was constantly in a state of competing with him. They were created and opened around the same time, but Freddy’s was always more popular.

El Chip had only been El Chip for half a year. Before that, he had been Chipper from Chipper & Son’s, Chipper from Hickory, Dickory, and Doc’s Funcade, Chipper from Howie Hound’s BBQ Pound, Bouncing Beaver from the Funtime Factory, and Chipper from the warehouse basement. Unlike Freddy Fazbear, Chipper had gotten passed around more than an old slice of pizza.

It had taken years before he had gotten the break of becoming El Chip. As soon as he was refurbished, he was brought to his own brand-new restaurant, El Chip’s Fiesta Buffet. Unlike all of the other ones, this time it was a roaring success.

The beaver animatronic was performing in front of dozens of families a week and finally getting real attention. Sure, it was weird being surrounded by a band of animatronics that weren’t alive, but that only enticed him to stand out more on his own. The smell of spices, the sound of festive music, the bright colors and decor; compared to the molding warehouse, the restaurant was a dream come true.

...And then that terrible night had come. In one instant, something had broken in- a dismantled and positively grotesque mechanical thing- and had gutted him. It gorged itself on his wires, taking all that it wanted, and he hadn’t been able to do anything. He just pretended he wasn’t alive because he knew he couldn’t fight back and waited for it to leave.

They found him the next morning and tended to him. To El Chip’s relief, an immediate scrapping wasn’t what followed, but a long and tedious round of repairs. For two weeks he had technicians replacing and repairing so much of his interior wiring. It had felt disgusting, but he held on and waited.

Then he was back on stage, and it almost felt like everything went back to normal. Almost, but not quite. As much as he hated to admit it, El Chip was scared now. During the day he could perform with only the slightest hiccups but would become increasingly antsy throughout the day before
evening came.

Night was the worst. He would stare at the stage curtains in silence and listen carefully, trying to hear if it was coming back to finish the job. It surely knew where he was; a thin curtain wasn’t going to change that. All he could do was sit and wait for when that thing would get hungry again, and it was literally eating him up inside.

Then it finally happened. El Chip was listening from his stage when he heard a loud thump from the far hallway that led to the back door. He hesitated and listened closer to the noise, only to hear another thumping noise. Something was trying to get in and he knew it would. They got a new lock, but it was still a simple door lock, and they hadn’t gotten any other kind of security yet.

With a loud bang and a crash, he knew that it had broken the door in. The panic returned and El Chip backed away from the microphone stand and looked around the stage. It didn’t take long before he spotted the door to the backstage and all at once realized that this time, he had to do something.

His footsteps were slow, and his legs felt stiff as he tried to cross the stage quietly. He could hear it creaking and squeaking in the hallway and knew it would be here soon to finish what it had started. The chances of El Chip getting repaired after being destroyed a second time were slim.

And even if he was, it would keep coming back. Unless he did something, it would keep coming back and taking what it wanted from him. This would have to end tonight... And he knew exactly what needed to be done.

El Chip let himself into the backstage room and shut the door behind him. There were a few stacks of shelves, plenty of cardboard boxes, and toolboxes, but only one thing would be of use. The animatronic scanned over the room before fixating on the stacked boxes and walking over to them, dropping his mandolin on the way.

He lifted off a few boxes and tossed them aside with little care, not concerned with the noise as he dug through them. Then he found a dusty box at the very bottom with the words “Chipper and Son’s Lumber Co” written in black marker. He tore open the flaps and began to dig inside.

It was at the very bottom of the box. It too looked dusty and forgotten, but as El Chip wrapped his fingers around the handle, he felt something familiar awaken inside. Its weight was a comfort and the handle felt right when clasped in his fingers. It felt like he was being reunited with an old friend.

Everyone always said that the axe was too dangerous to be a prop. He used to even wonder if it was the reason the business failed. Now it was a relief to hold it in his hands. Its weight and its dull but hefty head made it more than just a prop now. Now it was his ticket out of another mauling, a weapon of self-defense, and what would soon be lodged in that broken mat of wires that pretended to be a clown.

He could hear the heavy footsteps approaching the door and quickly moved behind some of the props in the back corner of the room. He clutched the axe tightly as he waited for it to let itself in. This was it; one way or another it would be ending tonight. It would be just like chopping down a tree.

It wasn’t a matter if El Chip could do it. He would do it, and he would be the one still there in the morning.
Broken Bonds

Chapter Notes

This is a direct follow-up to "All On Me."

Prompt: William Afton’s the one that needs to be fixed.

It was the first time William had been home since Michael’s death. He had spent the last few days hiding in the safety of Henry’s home, trying to avoid the weight of driving back to an empty house. At Henry’s he was protected by comforting assurances that he did the right thing, that it wasn’t his fault, and that he protected dozens of children through his actions. Here he would be alone with his guilt.

It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that everyone William loved was dead except for Henry. His wife, sons, and daughter were gone and left an empty house in its wake. So many accidents and meaningless death haunted this house. It was as dark as it was the night he left to check the pizzeria and found his sprung trap in the back of it. There was nobody waiting for him inside anymore.

To be honest, William didn’t know if he would last like this. He couldn’t close his eyes without seeing Michael slumped in that suit and feeling guilt, and wondering if it was something he did that made his son into the monster he had become. He created this monster; it was his fault.

Gritting his teeth, William shut off the ignition and exited the car. His chest was hurting, but he doubted the world was merciful enough to give him a spontaneous heart attack and spare him from his mourning. He took the long walk up the driveway and to the front door, unlocking it slowly, and letting himself into the empty house.

Every time someone had died, William dealt with it the same way. He thought of the Christmases they wouldn’t have, the family nights that wouldn’t exist, the memories he and his children would miss out on, but this was a first because only now did he walk in and have no family left. This time they were all gone, and he was left behind. Michael, his last life line, his last child, was dead.

But he still went through the motions. He shirked off his jacket and hung it on the hook, ignoring when it fell off, and then stopped behind the living room couch and looked around at the pictures hanging on the wall. Smiles of a long-gone family looked back, standing with a father who he didn’t recognize as himself any longer. Full of life and warm, now gaunt and cold.

While William knew what he wanted to do, he had a task to do before he even considered it. It had become somewhat of a tradition to lock the bedroom doors of his children when they passed. He obviously didn’t do this with his wife as he still used the master bedroom, but when the others passed away, he promptly locked their doors, blocking them out from the world.

He got the key out of the kitchen drawer and headed down the hall, trudging the long walk towards Michael’s bedroom. He let himself into the room and looked around inside. He couldn’t remember the last time he had been inside, except that it must’ve been when Michael was still a teen. Everything was arranged nicely- maybe too nicely- with the only thing out of place being a shirt draped on a desk chair.
William took it and clutched it between his hands. It smelt like that horrible spray on deodorant that Michael would wear, that William had hated, that they had argued about, and that he would never buy again. It, like the rest of the room, reeked of Michael, but his son wasn’t ever coming home again.

He had been alone when he died. William knew he would be too.

He stood there in the center of the room, silently weeping and holding the last tether of his son’s life. He knew this must’ve been exactly what the parents of Michael’s victims must’ve felt, but it didn’t make it feel any better. With a shaky inhale, William folded the shirt and laid it down on the foot of the bed. Then he stepped back out into the hallway and locked the door again.

The shadows of the house weighed down on him and taunted him about his newfound loss. This time he didn’t have anyone left to be strong for. Even Henry had his own life to live, so William had to think of his own, and now... He was thinking of a long bath. Maybe one he would sink into and never come out of.

With the key in his pocket, he began to head back down the hall towards the bathroom. He was stopped abruptly when his eyes just happened to land on the door between Michael’s and the bathroom, another locked bedroom forgotten to time.

The bedroom door was cracked open.

For a few seconds William could only stare. The only one who could’ve opened the door other than himself- and he didn’t- would’ve been Michael. He supposed his son could’ve gone into the room for something before he left for the pizzeria, but even that seemed unlikely. There was no logical reason that door should’ve been open.

Slowly, William approached the bedroom door and opened it. It was just as it had been left years ago. His youngest’s toys were still left where he had put them, the bed was still messily made, the lights were all off, but William wasn’t convinced. He reached in to flick on the bedroom light, but it didn’t come on. The bulb must’ve gone out.

More impatient, William reached in and turned on the lamp, but it only cast a dim light over the darkened bedroom. No wonder his youngest child always had such terrible nightmares in this room. There came another wave of guilt, but by now he was almost numb to it, along with everything else. He almost considered it a mistake and was just about to leave the room when he glanced at the closet.

It was slightly open, but it was unclear if it was always like that or not. It was possible that Michael barged in here, threw open the closet, and started to search for something. What that was would be unknown to William, but he had a feeling it couldn’t be anything good. He was drawn to the closet at the realization that Michael might’ve been hiding incriminating evidence in here.

William approached the closet with little fear beyond the dread of finding something unpleasant. He tried pushing the closet doors open, but they were partially stuck- he remembered that they always had trouble getting them to slide open. At least that much didn’t change and he leaned with his full weight to shove them open further.

It was then that the lamp light shined between him and one of the doors and fell on something in the back corner of the closet. At first it looked like a dark figure on the ground and William reacted accordingly, yanking back in horror. It was this motion that cast more light and illuminated the figure to the point that William could make out what it was.
It was the puppet animatronic that had once been stationed in the pizzeria’s Prize Corner. As far as William knew, the thing had disappeared years ago, but here it was. There was a gash between its arm and chest, deep and at least an inch wide, and looked something akin to an axe wound. Almost like it had been attacked. Almost like how Michael had dismantled the other animatronics, and like he tried to do that to this one too.

Its head was slumped forwards so he couldn’t see its mask, and its arms hung limp at its sides. It just seemed so strange that Michael would break the bot and then stick it in here. Then again, William was slowly beginning to wonder if Michael was even behind this. Something didn’t seem right.

Then the Puppet raised its head and those black eyes stared right at him. The first thought that came to William’s mind though was how it was possible that the Puppet wasn’t smiling.

It fell forward and collapsed against the floor, dug its fingers into the carpet, and started to drag itself forward toward him. William was in a state of shock, backing away from the closet with wide eyes and gritted teeth. The Puppet continued to drag itself out of the closet. One hand grabbed the edge of the door while the other reached out for him.

"Heee-nngglpp... Da..."

William’s back bumped the lamp and he was unable to catch it as it fell over and sent distorted light over the bedroom. It didn’t stop the Puppet that continued to crawl across the floor towards him, struggling with a damaged body and limbs having to twist to propel it along.

"Haa... Br-k... F-th..."

It was trying to speak and that was what did it, sending William sprinting from the room and down towards the master bedroom. He tore open his own closet once inside and ripped away the clothes to see the floor safe located in the back. He remembered the combination by heart and only struggled with his shaking hands but got the safe open and reached in for the familiar cold metal of his gun.

By time William made it back, the Puppet was crawling its way into the hallway. It looked up at him, with its arms trembling to support itself. The man kept five feet between them and aimed the gun directly at its porcelain mask. Everything seemed so quiet beyond the pounding of his own heart.

It must’ve recognized what the gun was as it let out a cracking sort of noise, maybe a cry, and its face contorted into what looked like pain. He watched in unrivaled horror as purple fluid- maybe paint- began to drip from its eyes and down its mask, then onto the carpet beneath it. It seemed to be afraid of him.

By now William was at the end of his tether. He approached the animatronic slowly with the gun raised, easily able to deliver a shot to the head and hope it damaged it enough for him to escape. If he wanted to escape. It only occurred to him now that he had two ready, willing, and able vehicles for an escape from all of this. He inched closer to the Puppet.

It raised an arm to shield itself as it continued making the distorted noises of a broken machine. It wasn’t supposed to have a voice and yet it was trying to talk with him, and if William wasn’t feeling so numb then he might’ve found it fascinating. After all, it most likely was a victim of Michael’s. Maybe it was worth giving it its final revenge.
And just when he was about to lower the gun, which would surely trigger it to drop the damaged act and attack, it managed to choke out a single complete word.

“**Dad…**”

It was like the world came to a grinding halt. William’s breath hitched as he stared down at the striped marionette. “…What?”

“**Dad,**” it repeated. It started trying to reach out for his leg, uncovering and putting itself at his mercy. “**He…p…Br-k…**”

It wasn’t his son. It couldn’t be. The only one it could be trying to emulate was his youngest son. But his son was just a child when he died and this broken voice seemed to be older, when it was distinguishable amongst the garbled chimes that accompanied it. And his son may have had his accident at Freddy’s, but he had died at the hospital. He couldn’t have haunted an animatronic like the others.

It couldn’t have been him, but it wept just like he used to. William was ashamed to admit that his youngest was quiet and meek, and thus didn’t receive the amount of attention he had deserved. He had been bullied, he had nightmares, he cried constantly and feared everything, and then he died on a hospital bed. He had lived as a forgotten child, and now this creature tried to emulate him.

William dropped his arm and then dropped the gun to the floor. The Puppet did not drop the ruse. With the weapon gone, it merely grabbed onto his leg and pulled itself up into a kneel, clinging desperately onto him and begging for help through crackling noises. All at once, any better judgement of the man’s was gone, and he knelt to its level.

Slowly he took the Puppet into his arms and felt as it wrapped its own around his neck. It nuzzled into his shoulder affectionately, still crying and pleading, and seemingly fully convinced that he was its father. William wasn’t nearly as convinced, but at this point he no longer cared. If this was what he had to hold onto to keep his family alive then so be it.

He would fix the Puppet, he would be the father he hadn’t been before, and maybe somehow it would fix part of him too. Maybe he wasn’t too far gone just yet.
"Eggs' still down there working."

Chapter Notes

Takes place after "Who am I to Judge?", part of the Phone Guy's Memories series.

Prompt: Why doesn’t Phone Guy find out what happened to the other one?

...There was a short time after Freddy’s closed that I worked at Afton Robotics. William wasn’t working there anymore, so there wasn’t a conflict of interest. I just needed the money and I was on their list of previous workers who weren’t fired and wouldn’t talk. They were always looking for an employee who could keep a secret.

And, before you ask, this was before my accident. So, really, I could do any job that they asked me too. But instead of sticking me in a manager role or even a cheap labor role, they pretty much set me up as a secretary. I would do paperwork and record tapes for new employees, and I spent a lot of my time on the phone answering calls.

There were only four technicians working at ARI when the, uh... Incident happened. I was working late- probably about three in the morning- and the technicians were just getting off of their shift. Two of them, the older ones, usually punched out at the same time and had to pass by outside of my office before they left.

Usually our conversations were brief. Water-cooler talk, unless they needed something, and I expected them to just pass by like usual and leave me to my work. Instead, one of them knocked on the door frame and leaned in. He always smelled like cigarette smoke. I knew he was sneaking smoke breaks down in the storage room- which is probably extremely dangerous since the whole building was full of flammable material. I’m getting off-topic.

Anyway, he leans in and says to me, “Keep the elevator on. Eggs’ still down there working.”

So, to bring you up to speed, I was supposed to shut off power to the elevator when I left my shift. This was to cut down on electricity costs, and it pretty much involved me throwing a switch before I left. Usually the technicians were the last to leave so it was a little strange that one stayed behind.

Now, I knew about “Eggs” only through secondhand sources. I think maybe I saw him in the break room once, but usually we didn’t cross paths. Most of what I knew about Eggs was from what the two technicians said in earshot. That came down to: “Where’s Eggs?” and occasionally “Let Eggs do it.” All I really knew was that he was a hard worker and he wasn’t sneaking smoke breaks.

Back to the story, the two technicians punched out and left, and I stuck around finishing up what I was doing. At about four it was time for me to leave, so I shut everything down and went to punch out, and then would shut down the elevator on my way out while I locked up... Except I noticed that I wasn’t the only employee still there. Eggs’- I think his real name was Benedict- punch card was still sitting there untouched.
I had a bad feeling then, but I thought maybe there was a chance that he got stuck on a repair job and couldn’t get it done. Either way, I had to lock up, so either I would shut down the elevator and leave him stranded, keep the elevator on and get my pay docked... Or go down to look for him... I really only had one option.

The elevator at Afton’s always took so long. It had to be five minutes before I got down to the floor he was on- and I knew it was the floor because it was the only one with active animatronics. The Circus Baby gang, William’s personal legacy. Uh... Never took off like Freddy’s, honestly, but he loved them. Probably more than his own children. I... I didn’t like how human some of them looked.

The only way into the main control room was through a vent... I know that sounds strange, but that’s pretty much status quo at a Freddy’s franchise. You should’ve seen the old Chipper’s place. The cleaning service had to sneak in through a bathroom window. I digress. I’m obviously stalling, but I just- I don’t like remembering what happened there.

So, I didn’t have a strong flashlight on me. I had this tiny one that you keep on a key chain, that’s pretty much only good for sorting your keys in the dark. Still, I shined it into the vent and leaned down, and was hit with this wall of coppery, putrid air. I can’t even describe this- I’ve found people lodged in suits who didn’t smell like this. This was so much stronger... I knew it was blood.

I knew there had been an accident, but I thought maybe there was still time. Kind of. I, uh, I really just wanted to leave, but I knew that if there was a chance he was just injured then I’d never forgive myself. Always check the back room, right? So... So, I began to crawl into the vent. I heard movement further inside, so I just thought that maybe he was still okay.

I found him about halfway in... He wasn’t okay. I’ve- I’ve never seen an injury like this. I don’t even know if an animatronic could do this, but it was like he had been gutted, laying in the vent face up, draining blood everywhere. His chest and belly were gaped- I can’t. I’m sorry, but I can’t. Just... It was really bad.

...In hindsight, I knew he was dead, but some part of me thought that maybe he was still alive. Maybe I was in shock. I took his head in my hands and was trying to comfort him or keep his head still or something. Petting his head, I started telling him it was going to be alright and that help was going to come, and just... Stay with me. I said that a lot, I think.

When I got the phone out to call my boss- standard protocol but I swear I would’ve called 911 right afterwards anyway- I heard something further in the vent past Eggs. Clicking and shifting in the space. It was an animatronic, I knew it, so I shined the light down the shaft and hoped it would keep it back. It did. It didn’t leave, but it didn’t get closer. But that gave me a much better view of Eggs’ injuries... It was terrible.

My boss at the time was a really great guy. He didn’t have a clean-up crew or technicians or anything like that, he actually called the paramedics and got them down there. I didn’t leave him until they got him, and even then I waited by the side and watched them try to work on him. It became apparent to them quickly that he had been dead for a while. For some reason, I just couldn’t believe it. It was one of the worst nights of my life.

Eventually, it was discovered that the rest of, well, him had been found in the Scooping Room. See, there was this tool called the Scooper that was used to take apart animatronics. Some horrible tool of torture William made because he was too lazy to take the bots apart manually. He could be genius at times, but he had no moral compass. That thing was dangerous.

It was determined that Eggs must have gotten injured while trying to scoop an animatronic and
then tried to drag himself to safety... Yeah, I never believed it. The man was missing most of his insides and he still managed to drag himself through two sets of vents and an auditorium? No, we all knew that something else happened down there, and I gave my two weeks’ notice.

So, that’s the story!... Or it was, until a couple of nights ago.

You remember that I, uh, don’t live alone anymore, right? After that thing down at Chance’s when I brought a new “roommate” home? Well, he has this particular quirk where he comes into my room in the middle of the night to check on me. I know it sounds creepy and it kind of was at first, but it’s also kind of nice... I’m sort of affection starved.

That night he came in like he usually did, but this time he came to the bed. He reached down and began to pat my head while I was sleeping. I mean, it’s weird having wires rubbing in your hair, but it was a sweet gesture. He wasn’t stuffing me in a suit, so I was fine with it. Didn’t tell him I was awake, because I never do.

But then I... I noticed something... I’ve been close to him plenty of times. I’ve heard his wires squeak when they rub together and never thought anything about it... Except it suddenly came to me that I heard that squeaking before. In that vent when I found Eggs. I... I think that was him. I think he saw me or something, or- I don’t know. I’m almost positive it was him.

And now I’ve got one of two options I’ve got to face. Either Ennard killed Eggs- Dear God, I hope he didn’t- or Ennard is Eggs.

...I think I’d rather stay in the dark this time.

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