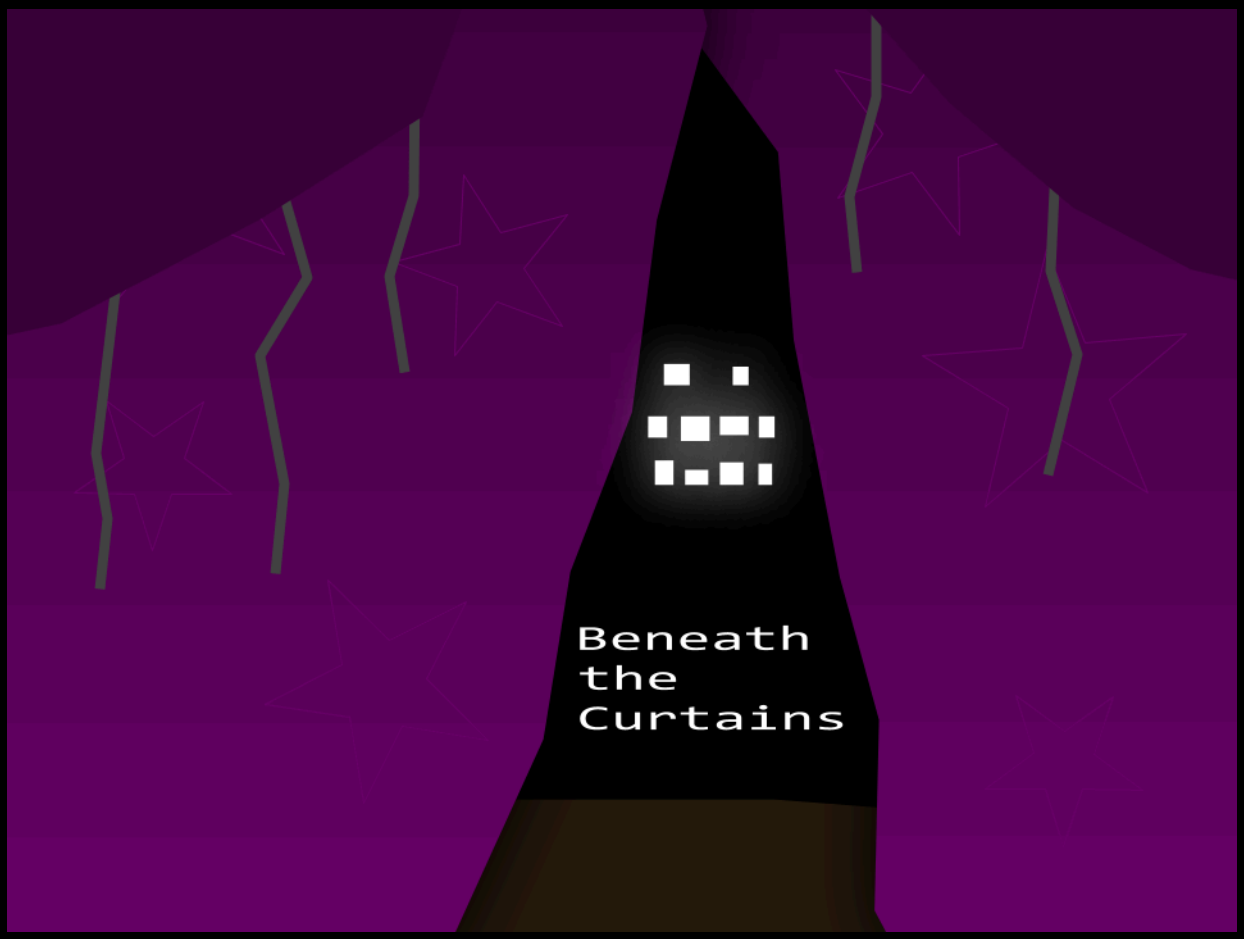
Beneath the Curtains



Scenes from the FNAF Games or Lore
(Not 100% canon, full of headcanon)

Explanation

I See You
Mask On
Baptized
Shut Out

It Was Me
To Save Them



I See You

Year: 2023

Location: Fazbear's Fright: The Horror Attraction

Night Shift: 2

Subject: Michael Afton

It's cold here, but it is anywhere at this point. The rain only makes it worse, from what left I can feel on my skin. It's been some years since,

I've gotten used to it at this point, but I still miss how I was. It wasn't as cold, and even when it was I could feel it properly. It's ironically unfortunate how I can still smell, because this place smells somehow worse than what it's based on. That's the first time I've had a laugh about these situations. I suppose this *is* the only job that ever *would* hire someone who has to hide most of his face and body, I fit right in it seems. If anyone actually breaks into here, they might mistake me for a cynical decoration.

RING… RING… RING!

I let the phone's message play aloud.

"Hey man, okay, I have some awesome news for you! First of all, we found some vintage audio training cassettes. Dude, these are like pre-historic!"

Except, every aspect of this place is cynical. All these spare bits and pieces of the original four from over decades of nightmares is taunting. They're just propped up sloppily, and scattered around the place with cheap lighting. Do they even have actors hired for this place?

"I think they were, like, training tapes for, like, other employees or something like that," The message echoes.

I would think that's not needed at this point, I can feel their presence in this place. The cold is a very notable reminder of it. If I wasn't already shivering, the chills down my spine would send me into hypothermia. I can't stand the look of that damned fox head in the

corner of my room. Even after death, my past life still comes to bite me.

"So I thought we could, like, have them playing, like, over the speakers as people walk through the attraction. Dude, that'd make this feel, legit man," The young man continues.

That sounds delightful at this moment, I'm sick of this kid's voice. I know that he and anyone else who had organized this hellish reminder of torment, didn't do their homework. Lay it on me then, let me hear the sweet sounds of a dead man who has seen the truth rather than this naive twat.

"But I have an even better surprise for you, and you're not gonna believe this!" He exclaims with a sound of almost cynical excitement. I open one eye at this change in tone, maybe they have a line of merchandise now?

"We found one. A real one," The teenager emphasizes. I lean into what he's saying at this moment but, "Uh-uh-uh, gotta go man. uh, we-well look, it-it's in there somewhere, I'm-I'm sure you'll see it. Okay, I'll leave you with some of this great audio that I found. Talk to you later man!" The phone clicks and switches to the audio recordings previously mentioned.

"Uh, hello? Hello hello? Uh, welcome to your new career as a performer slash entertainer for Freddy Fazbear's Pizza," The voice echoes before I switch it off. Sorry Ralph, it's better to let your presence here finally rest.

How the hell could they have found one of the full animatronics? I'm looking at almost every single mangled shell of what they once were within just this one room. Original locations, franchises, experiments, remains of endoskeletons, everything but in pieces. It's been thirty years since there's been any new tragedy about Freddy's, besides the disappearance of its devil. What could they have found that hasn't been destroyed, ripped apart, or overcome with mold?

I wheel my chair to the camera system to find out for myself, no use in walking around if I can just see it all from here. I boot up the system, it screams with a hiss before a constant slight of ringing is followed after. I looked amongst the selection of each poor quality CRT camera, and met with various halls and rooms full of the same grim husks and old children's drawings on the walls. I assume they may have dragged it in and left it near one of the exits, most of the old models were a lot heavier. Right as I display the back entrance on screen, I hear an unpleasant scraping, and something moving from the corner of the field of view.

"Bloody-" I check frantically for all the other rooms, I don't know the layout of this place so I get lost in my panic. Of course, the one they found is now moving, and I've lost it. The scraping ceases, and my heart starts to settle. I check all of the other cameras one more time. From right above my head, I hear a hollow and breathless muffle from the other side of the window.

“I see you,” He said tauntingly.

I look up, and I’m first met with the death in his eyes. A familiar but new kind of death, one I’ve seen once and yet somehow a thousand times before that. I back away in horror, it’s not just an old model: It’s the ancestor of all of them. A model covered in rust, mold, and tears all throughout. Within the cracks of the shell lies mangled flesh with the same treatment, and yet it moves strangled within the locks lodged in all of it. He tilts his head with stiff intervals, all the sounds make it seem like it could fall off any second. Even among all of that, I recognize this undead monster.

“I figured you had fled like a coward. Like you always did, never facing the music.”

“I faced more than the music, son. I’ve faced things you couldn’t even imagine,” He spoke with pride, “So I must ask: What have *you* faced?” He cackled like he always did when he knew an answer, “I wish I weren’t trapped to see it all! They’re all so fascinating, wouldn’t you agree?” He put all his energy into his comedy.

I clenched my fists, “You really needed all that you could take didn’t you? I saw your prints, you just had to be sure, even if it meant-”

“Even if it meant,” He leaned closer on the glass, “my entire world,” His tone of desperation was defined with a heavy breath. “But look at us now, a whole new world of life in our hands. Why chose to hate me when

I was always right? Don't you know who you are to me? Don't you know what this could mean for us?"

"I will always hate you. Especially because of-"

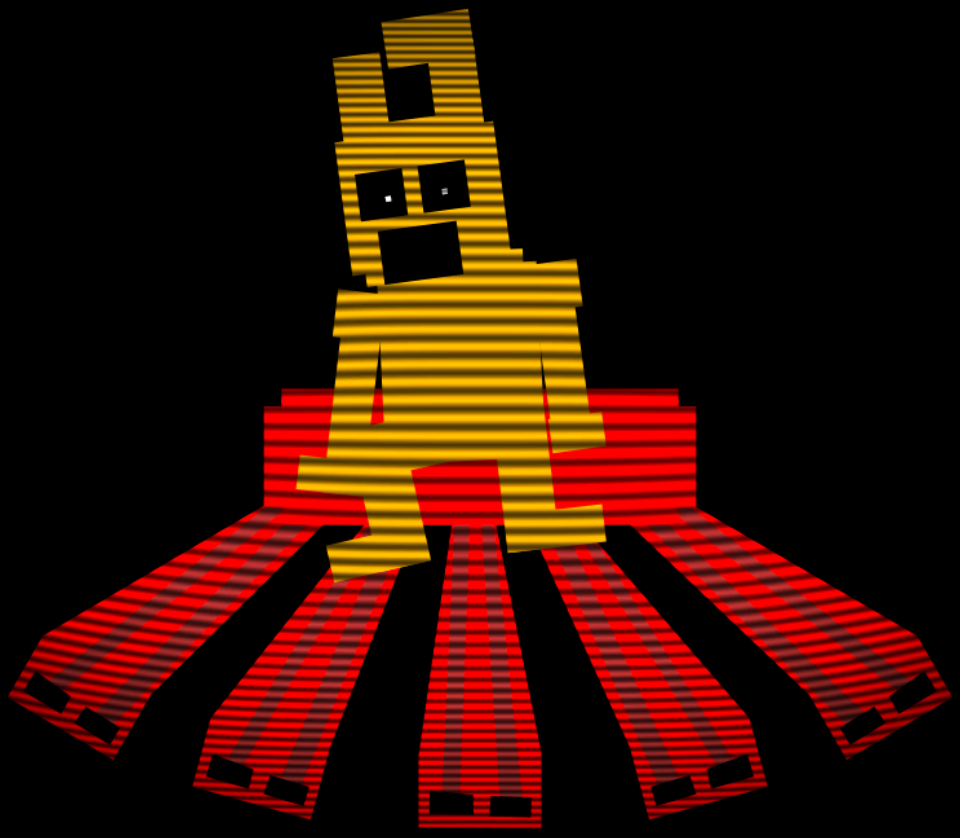
He interjects, "Oh nevermind her for once. You barely even knew each other, and you never got along after what happened at the diner," I breathed heavily as I stared into his rotten lagomorphic face, "Which made her almost as perfect as you for this new life."

"Do you have any idea who you're speaking to in here?" I kept my voice down.

"I'm no stranger to them, Michael. They put me in here, and I have them to thank for that. It took all this work, all this struggle, and their intervention to give me a breath of new air. Which makes me wonder…" He lays his endoskeletal fingers on the dirty glass, "...What fixed you so nicely?" He said with envy in his sound.

"A little mistake you made, and her own forgiveness. Something I don't think you'll ever be familiar with." I returned the favor in his gloating.

"I made you, yet you'll always be so ungrateful," He said before vanishing back into the darkness he arose from.



Mask On

Year: 1993

Location: Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria (Home State Location)

Subject: William Afton

FOLLOW ME.

A damning phrase, one they're all familiar with. Ironically, like a shark to blood, they're drawn to it. They knew what it could've been, but they're beyond death now, and the bear was too similar to one of their

own. They would've been foolish to deny their commands, yet they were being lured by the same man they swore their rebirth against.

Follow me, he said. A slight smirk within a frustrated expression, he said it with. He had intentions, but he was desperate, so his next move could've meant his entire life's mission. He had no true way of knowing what he did worked unless he saw true results. True results he had seen before, the gift bringer. He ripped apart each of his own creations, piece by piece with blunt force. He did this by hiding in the one place he knew their programming wouldn't allow them into, this same programming went for every single other one of his creations. All because he had to be sure he was clean. Clean to get his hands covered in their blood.

They didn't give any resistance to him, they really couldn't anyway. He was ruthless, and they were immobile. Once he had finished his dirty work, he waited for them.

It was a rainy day, its roaring winds could've been heard inside the building. The roofs leaked, the place has seen the last of its days. The sounds of downpouring could've been synced with his breathing. He was paranoid, out of and completely inside his own head. He was tense, he could barely move a muscle, yet every part of his body begged to escape. He couldn't help but smile, and he smiled like the maniac he was. He knew he was crazy, but he also knew how correct he was. He knew

that even if he were wrong in this moment, he wasn't insane about the encounter he had with that marionette.

And yet, like a sober to relapse, he saw their teary eyes like how he did years ago.

"You're all rotten children! Finally showing yourselves despite still being the cowards you always were. Are you with us Ms. Emily? Can't you see the grand display you've caused you brat?"

One stepped forward, his last, and the one he should've let be.

"Oh, it's you," He spoke with cowardice in his ego, "Disappointed that I didn't show up to handle the molding suit of that yellow bear? It would've been a waste of my time, you were already in the condition I needed for the rest of you. You were never all that worth it, I knew I had no better hiding spot for you, you were just for the thrill of it!"

She stepped further forward.

He backed away defensively, "The feeling of knowing that you and I both have a backdoor to all of this was intoxicating. How could I resist a promise such as that?!"

She approached him ever further, it looked as if she had blood in her tears. He was horrified, but he couldn't back down.

"Look at all of you! How small you are! How worthless you are! You are all wretched and rotten little rats! Don't you see who's really in control here?"

He rushed from his spot to the empty springlock shell of the yellow rabbit animatronic. He put it on quickly, as he was so used to the feeling and hassle of being in one of his favorite creations. He looked through the constricting vision of the two eye holes, breathing heavily, staring into the crying eyes of all those before him. He laughed, and he laughed with all of whatever energy he had left.

"I understand you all now. I understand the feeling you've had your entire useless afterlives: the feeling of being a god!"

He cackled with breathless malice. The cold feeling of the room, the metal within his suit, the sweat that covered his body, and the cold rain drizzling from the ceiling, he was practically freezing and it had him struggling to breathe.

A coil kicks back, and a very audible whip back and snap that followed echoed in the room. It was soon followed by the twisted symphony of small mechanical parts writhing. His adrenaline had him practically numb, so he felt a new cold feeling. A cold feeling that was promptly responded with a warm overcoat. His expression widened, and he finally came to his senses. His arms were in excruciating pain, and so were his legs. Before he knew it, his entire body became known to the warmth of his own bleeding. The large metal locks meant to wrap around the spine of an endoskeleton, were now coursing into his own. He tried screaming, but he became drowned in his own blood. He cried out nothing but whatever air he had left. The agony had reached his own

face, the final nails in his coffin of impalement. He fell to the floor in stiff movements, from his knees, to then laying completely flat.

His eyes were forced open, forced open to see all of them vanishing one by one. With her glaring into what life he still had, before she went after them last. He lay there silently, and completely gone.

Yet, his fingers twitched.



Baptized

Year: 2023

Location: Fazbear's Fright: The Horror Attraction

Night Shift: 5

Subject: Michael Afton

We're losing our minds, the both of us.

I've been hallucinating, and I know he is too. He's talking to things, getting distracted by sounds, and I'm using this to my advantage. However, my mind is to his advantage like it always was. He's disabling

the sounds I'm using to draw him away, he's cutting off my oxygen, and shutting off the breaker switch to the cameras on occasion. He's gotten close to me, and I've had to leave the office space to reactivate some of these systems, but it seems like it's my only safe space. Go figure.

Tonight is different, and tonight is the end. They locked him off in another room and closed the place for some minor renovations this morning. They finished up what they had prepared, but they're keeping it closed for the anticipation for Halloween tomorrow. Thankfully nobody was there when I arrived this morning, because I shouldn't even be there during the morning, and I can't have anyone witness what happens within it tonight.

My point is: the warmth of the sun puts people at ease, the gentle embrace on a fall day is enough to make you able to rest. In my journey to find my father, I followed them. I noticed that they refused to show themselves in the daylight. I thought this was out of fear, and I think I was right. They would avoid the candles in my home, or put them out entirely.

If heat works on them, it must work on my father. I'm here to admit to what I've just done: I have doused all the floors and as much as the walls I could in gasoline. It smells even worse than it already did here. I never thought I would have the displeasure after death to smell a building as bad as this. The scent of his decaying corpse, mold, musk, and

now petroleum gas would be enough to have any normal person hurl themselves inside out. I don't have that luxury, not anymore. He took that all away from me, so I'm going to take it all away from him. He's trying to break out of the room, and I know he'll make it out. That room contains all the emergency supplies for the building's code, including a fire axe. He will make it out, which gives me all the time to have him look into what eyes I have left as he burns to nothing but cinder.

I light the match, and drop it to the floor outside the office. The entire building seemed to burst into flames instantly. The cheap wallpaper imitating the places of tragedy peeled off with ease, and the shells of the original animatronics began to crisp off the stands they sat on. It was so warm, a warmth I haven't felt in forever, but I must stay awake. My only safe space won't be safe for long, but I can't kill myself without knowing if he's dead or not. I hear the sound of glass shattering from the cameras, then shortly followed up with hacking away at the door, he's screaming.

"Thirty years, I had thirty years to dwell on what I would have to say to you," In rhythm with his breathing he announces, "And throughout all our little talks we had these past few nights you and I, never would I have thought I would be considering asking for your mercy," The door breaks and he walks through the fire without any fear.

I open the intercom microphone, it rings loudly, “You’ve broken my mind, so I only think it’s fair I return the favor,” I heard him laugh in the distance, and I would be a liar if I said I wasn’t horrified.

“Did you think that day was today? This fire is nothing compared to what I’ve felt before, in fact, I’m reveling in it,” He dropped the axe off his other hand and had it scrape on the floor, “I’m taking you with me, and I’ll be sure to come back,” He looked into the camera closest to him, “I *always* come back.”

I swallowed my fear, and responded to him, “Once you don’t, I hope they find their place as your tormentor,” I turned the intercom off. I rushed to the exit door located just outside the office, and grabbed a crowbar from the tools they left from the supply closet for the renovations.

I walked to the end of the hallway and waited for his arrival. No more tricks, no more hiding, just one last stand to keep him in place. In par with his twisted humor, he started to hum the tune of a lullaby. A tune I didn’t think he was familiar with, for in the madness that was my possession: I could faintly hear this tune amongst the conglomerate of voices that were always whispering. It was as calming as it could be to me at that time, but now I’m dreading it as it gets closer. I saw his silhouette pass the hall, then back track as his head slowly turned to lock eyes with me. I saw nothing but his shadow amongst the flames, and I felt the dread overwhelm me just like how I saw him on my second

night here. Those glowing pupils pierced through the smoke and flames, and locked with my own.

"I hate you, I've always hated you," His breaths were full and of anger, "Fitting you would pick the one weapon that was hook shaped. You get to torture another one of your blood wearing that same fox mask." I swear in the mirage of the fire I saw him morph into his past self. It got harder to breathe, and I don't know whose fault that was. Yet, I had to wait till he was closer.

"You've done more damage to our family than I ever have, and I've missed hearing your cries. The pathetic yells when I would scream at you. I think this time, I'll give you a real damn reason to cry," At this point, we were both mutually enraged.

"You're letting them all run loose. They won't be freed, still forever trapped in my grand design, and it's all your fault," I knew his mouth smiled in those words. I remained silent, despite how wrong I knew he was, and watched as he got more and more visible with each heavy, mechanical step he took.

The crackling and wind of the fire echoed amongst his movements, and I remained prepared for his next move. Just as expected, he did something unpredictable. He stopped moving and I moved to the side, like that made any difference for his aim. His body cranked in a position with his arm held back and his leg stepped back. He hurled the axe right

in my direction at quick velocity, it nearly grazed me. It made a vibrating sound as it sunk into the head of the bear shell behind me.

His breathing got slower, and I saw this as my chance. I shot into the dark and struck his legs as hard as my body could let me. I heard him stumble and he wrapped a hand on my arm before I retaliated and struck his elbow, it came off with two strikes of the hook. He swung his other arm and impacted my stomach, it took me off balance, but I felt nothing. I thrusted the prying end of the bar to his chest, it stuck inside and I pulled it out with my foot. He made no sound of anguish, but he fell to the floor and seemed to be fading in and out of consciousness.

I could barely see or breathe, I had to get out immediately, and this was going to be my only chance. I fell on one foot after another, the glowing red “EXIT” flickered above the door as if to mock me. I felt so light, yet so immovably heavy. Right as I made it to the door, and laid my hand on its cold handle, I heard him scream his final words to me.

“Michael!” He howled, “Don’t leave me here! Michael!” I looked back and saw his eyes peering from the glass in the office at me, “Michael! Help me!” He pounded his fist against the glass in rapid succession.

Despite his plea, I opened the door, and never felt more thankful to be cold once more.



Shut Out

Year: 1983

Location: Outside of Freddy Fazbear's Pizza (Home State Location)

Subject: Charlotte Emily

The rain was as heavy as it was cold, and their muffled laughter created what was a purgatory to her. She already tried to use the door to get back in, and she knew the security her father created wouldn't be

able to help her. She begged those who looked back at her in the window, but they were hysteric. Once they no longer found fun in what they had done, they left her be.

Poor Charlie sobbed. Drenched in rain and her own tears, she didn't know what else to do but wait for a miracle. The miracle of her father showing his face when she needed him most, but she doesn't even know for sure if this could happen. She held herself tightly, trying to stay as warm as she could. She could hear the showtunes from inside the building, listening to the band in the distance. She could feel the guitar, and she heard the bear singing. Her friends were so close, yet somehow so far out of reach.

The streets nearby echoed with the sounds of running engines, occasionally sirens, and the unorthodox screeching of tires getting closer. It came to a halt in the same manner just to the right of her, the tires slid on the lot as it screamed when the brakes were slammed. She heard a door open… then slam. She could hear a man groaning, possibly from the whiplash of the car stopping so abruptly. She didn't bother to look over, only dwelling on her own situation as the world moved around her. Then from her right, she heard a familiar voice call out.

"Charlie? Is that you… out here?"

She knew that voice.

She glanced over to see the disheveled face of her father's business partner amidst the light peering from the window illuminating him. He approached with a stumble, and Charlie ran to hug his leg.

"Mr. Afton!" She was relieved.

"Why are you out here all by yourself? Where's your father?" He questioned genuinely.

"There were these- mean kids in the- restaurant," Her words were interrupted by her sobs.

"That's awful, do you remember where your dad is?"

"I don't know…"

"Could he be in his office?"

"Maybe."

"Then let's check there, we'll have to walk through the rain a bit to get to the closest door to it, just follow me," He was almost slurring, but trying his best to assist her.

They walked around the building, making it to the back where the office entrance is at the end. William is trying his hardest to keep both his balance and temper. Why would Henry decide to leave her unattended? A question he had in his mind that he dismissed after asking himself: Doesn't he know what could happen to her?

That reminded him of what happened. Grief took over his head for the millionth time this night, and he didn't have a single bottle to drink it

away. Right before he could dwell in his fast approaching anger, she spoke up.

"Mr. Afton?"

He snapped out of it, "Yes, Charlie?"

She was hesitant, "I'm… I feel bad about what happened to [redacted]. I miss playing with him."

William stopped walking, and she followed after. His eyes widened, in a moment's notice his mind snapped. The weight in his pocket felt foreign immediately at this moment. His hands and feet felt numb and the rain slammed on his body like a ticking clock. He reached into his pocket and took it out, he looked at it with so much importance and consequence.

He cleared his throat, "It's okay, Charlie. There's nothing you and I could've done about it. Some things are best left forgotten, for now," He switched it open, and saw his reflection in it amongst the rain that landed on the blade, "I just realized… we're not going the right way, let's turn back."

She turned around and started her march, he turned his head to see her move before he did.

He clenched his hand, "Charlie," he breathed heavily, "Don't you know how good your father has it?"

Subject: “Marionette”

Frequency Code 93401233 “C” Received.

Tracking...

ERR// OBSTRUCTION DETECTED

Attempting to clear obstruction...

ERR// OBSTRUCTION DETECTED

Attempting to clear obstruction...

ERR// OBSTRUCTION DETECTED

Attempting to clear obstruction...

Obstruction Cleared.

Frequency Code 93401233 “C” Received.

Tracking...

Approaching...

It wanders outside.

WARNING// OUTSIDE JURISTICED AREA

WARNING// EMERGENCY SYSTEMS SHUTDOWN IN 1m 30s

It approaches the back of the establishment. It starts limping.

WARNING// EMERGENCY SYSTEMS SHUTDOWN IN 45s

Frequency Code 93401233 "C" Found.

It looks at the wristband around her arm, then catches sight of her bloodstained back.

WARNING// EMERGENCY SYSTEMS SHUTDOWN IN 10s

It kneels down into position to wrap its arms around her in an attempt to lift her from the ground.

EMERGENCY SYSTEMS SHUTDOWN ENGAGED

It falls on its side, with its arms still wrapped around her body. The rain pours hard on the sidewalk, washing away the bleeding as it emits. In the distance, the sound of a car growls and screeches away from the restaurant quickly.

A door opens in the distance.



It Was Me

Year: 1983

Location: Fredbear's Family Diner

Subject: Michael Afton

It's the day of the party.

"Where is the little scamp anyway?"

I turn to my left of the table we're all sat at, my friend with the rabbit mask looks bored. It's warm in the diner, with that it reeks of burnt cheese, the place echoes with laughing and screaming children. I

can't hear that wimp crying like usual, is it possible he stayed home? He better not have, dad's throwing this whole party just for him to chicken out?

"Probably hiding under a table again," I replied, "Did any of you let him out of the backroom yesterday? Or was that an employee?"

"He got out before the place closed?"

"Okay, so none of you did, good. He's gotta see his friends face to face, it's so pathetic that he hasn't gotten over how scared he is of these things."

"Haha yeah! They're not even that creepy! And it's so obvious they're robots too, they suck!"

I gave the bear masked friend a look, and he promptly stopped his mannerisms quickly. I took a breath, it's so boring without something to do around this place, especially without dad to rely on for some interesting conversation. These guys can only provide so much conversation, I keep forgetting why I hang out with them so often. I thought back on what I said, then got an idea.

"Guys, I just got the funniest thing we could do. We should stick his face into Fredbear's mouth. That thing's always open and it closes softly. Trust me, the little man would just get a close look at something that's nothing to be worried about."

"Are you sure about the mouth thing?" The chicken masked one questioned.

“My dad told me all about it, those things are safer than anything when they’re on the skeletons, it’s off of those you gotta worry about. Oh! And with water he said.”

“Am I speaking for everyone with ‘I’m in’?” The bear masked one raised his hand.

We get up from our table and search the place with our masks on, each resembling one of the four animals on the show that aren’t the two gold ones. I check under several tables, nothing. The place is packed with people, I almost bump into various parents or servers. I’ve never seen it like this before, my brother has it good. I bet at least half of these people don’t even know him, but rather my father or his partner. I stumble upon my sister sitting at a table with her friends.

“Hey Elizabeth, do you know where [redacted] is?”

“Are you going to scare him again? You know dad doesn’t like that.”

“What? No, he just needs to come out to see the party that’s being thrown here.”

“Well, I don’t know where he is.”

“Ugh, alright. I’ll find him.”

Thanks for wasting my time, sis. I got no time to waste here, I don’t wanna wander around here for hours, I wanna get home as soon as this is over. Then from over my shoulder I heard the rabbit mask call to me.

“Hey Michael! I got him here!”

Finally!

The rest of my masked friends clutter around him along with me, of course he's crying again.

"Wow your brother is kind of a baby isn't he?" The rabbit spoke.

"Ha! Yeah, it's hilarious," I look over at the golden bear, "Why don't we help him get a closer look! He'll love it!"

"No, please!" My brother begged.

"Come on guys, let's give this little man a lift. He wants to get up close and personal," We collectively pick him up off the floor, making sure he can't get out of it.

"No! I don't want to go!"

"You heard the little man, he wants to get even closer!" I laughed, the others around me looked at each other.

We make our way to the stage, and he stops writhing. Dead staring at the two animatronics on the stage. We place him back down, he doesn't move an inch from where he is and continues to cry like a baby. I look at my friends.

"Hey guys, I think the little man said he wants to give Fredbear a big kiss!" They're silent, I can see their expressions through the masks.

"What are we doing, man?" The rabbit mask reflected.

"Oh come on, we're right here! Let's just do it and get it over with!" I refute.

"I'm with him, this time it doesn't feel right. Look at him, dude!" The bear mask pointed.

“You guys are *useless*! C’mon I told you it’ll be fine! On three…” I motioned my arms underneath my brother, and nobody helped.

“One…” I lift my brother off the ground from under his arms, his face is drenched in his own tears,

“Two…” I carry him towards Fredbear’s mouth and direct his head into it, he sounds like he’s about to scream even though it barely even touches him. I hold him there for a bit, he’s getting heavy for me so I’m just about to put him back down on three,

“Thr-” The sound of a coil kicking back is heard, and a very audible whip back and crunch that follows silences the entire restaurant. He stops quivering in my arms, he’s no longer being held up by my hands, but by the mouth of the bear. I feel something run down my hand, and I back away immediately. The mouth of Fredbear has been completely stained, and my brother’s body laid limp.

What have I done? I look down at my hands, my friends gasp or scream around me. I can’t breathe, yet I’m breathing as fast as I can, I fall to the floor. They drop their masks and run away from where I’m stranded. I stare still at the animatronics still moving, Fredbear’s being stiffer than usual as my brother is still attached to his jaw. I hear people leaving in groups.

“Everyone clear out! The restaurant is closed! Leave!” A panicked voice shouted throughout, and it eventually came to my side, “Michael! What happened? Who did this?” I look over to see my father’s partner at

his knees trying his best to make sense of everything. I don't answer, how could I?

I hear footsteps running towards behind me, and they get slower as they get closer, they were all I heard amongst Mr. Emily's rambling. They were the only thing I was dreading outside of the gore displayed before me. I looked up to see behind me, there stood my father. He was completely shellshocked, showing an emotion I've never seen out of him before. He diverts only his eyes and a slight tilt of his dead down towards me, it was haunting.

"What have you done?" He had read my mind, shuddering in his grief.



To Save Them

Year: 1987

Location: (The New and Improved!) Freddy Fazbear's Pizza

Subject: Jeremy Fritzgerald

"Quit staring at the wall, man!" Ralph tapped my shoulder.

"Shut up, dude. You know I was up at the nightshift," I groaned.

"Well *you* should've known there *was* no nightshift last night! You didn't even respond to me when I was talking to you, what on earth were you doing there?"

I looked around the party room, everyone sitting down was busy, even the animatronics. They were still giving dirty looks to adults, but I was able to pull Ralph to the side, “Alright listen, I think I was getting to the bottom of something, there’s so much more going on than we think.”

“Thanks for the recap, we know there’s something going on here. Which is why we’re lucky that this party can even be thrown-”

“I’m talking about something outside of the police orders, about the missing kids,” Ralph rolled his eyes at my remark, “No I’m serious, I wandered around before my ‘shift’ started, I think I found a lead.”

“I shouldn’t be worrying about this right now, but you’ve got me curious,” Ralph leaned in.

“You know the folks in the parts and service? You know that yellow bear and rabbit suits we have in the back? I got a good look at the bear last night… maybe too many times after this first one, but I swear there’s something inside of it. Even if there isn’t, its mouth has remains of some kind of stain around it.”

“You think it’s…?”

“I’m almost positive, even if it’s from the great bite years ago, it looks fresher.”

“Jeez… Wait, do you think this might apply to the rest of them? Do you think the rest of those kids could be in the other animatronics?”

“I’m almost positive, especially with their behavior during the night. Especially this previous one,” I shiver a bit.

“Worse than usual?”

“They were aggressive, especially the one… what’d you call it? The Toy Foxy?”

“The Mangle? What was so bad about that one?”

“I’m telling you man, it’s out for me. It climbs the walls like a damn spider, and that sound it makes is horrible,” I hold my head, just thinking about it gives me a headache.

“So what’s your move? Are you gonna do something today?”

“I’m gonna try amongst the party, since I know I’ll be safe without the animatronics on my back,” I exhale.

“If you want to start now, go ahead. Probably the best time, everyone’s busy right now.”

I look around the confetti floored room. There’s balloons littering the room, I blame that stupid boy that was in constant cahoots for my flashlight’s batteries. All the kids are either shoving their faces full of shitty pizza or giggling at Freddy or Bonnie in the room. I walk out of the room into the hall, the place is echoing with children chattering. It’s a loud, but way better change of pace from the night. I wander down the noise, I almost bump into some kids running around like a bunch of little freaks. I just need to get this over with, then I can go back to my deadbeat job.

I open the door to Parts and Service to my left, it’s empty in there, outside of the old models sitting on the floor among the flickering fluorescent lights. I examine each of them very closely. I peer my eyes

into all of their holes, just to see the skeleton inside. There's barely anything for me to see in the original four, I couldn't even look into Foxy with how he was on the floor. I wander further inside, and make it to where the golden bear and rabbit are. It was getting chilly here. I kneeled down to look at the bear, its jaw gaped open with the rest of itself limp. Right as I was about to look into it with my torch, I remembered something. I looked behind me where the rabbit would've been, and it was gone. It was gone when I came in here, I only just noticed now. Where the hell could it have gone? Was it gone before last night? I couldn't recall.

I heard something rummage in the room, then it clicked with a creasing sound, then the light from above the room popped. The room was engulfed in darkness, and I turned on my flashlight to see again. The bear was gone. My heart dropped as I stood up to look at the door, something crawled out from the top of the frame. It's that fuckin' Mangle! It took away my lead didn't it? I'm not wasting anymore time, I need answers. I ran out of the room to see it scurry away like a centipede.

"You little freak!" I darted in its direction. I saw kids giggling about it as I followed it throughout the main stage and game area, then right when I thought it was cornered at the prize corner it scurried into the Kid's Cove where it belonged. The room was locked for the party, but the doors were broken open. Nobody was inside but the Mangle, I walked inside to see it climb to the ceiling to cut another light. The

whole place was dark, I closed the door behind me and lit my light. It illuminated the ballpit and small jungle gym that was stationed inside, I saw movement in the pit.

"I don't have time for this," I looked around in the room besides the pit and gym, no sign of the bear or the rabbit. The swimming amongst all the plastic balls circled as I swallowed my fear. I shined the light at the jungle gym, the shadows hit the wall behind it. In those silhouettes, I saw the one I was looking for. It was the bear for sure, at least I hope so. I walked around the rim of the large pit in front of me, and made my way to the back of the jungle gym. The place got darker as I got closer to the wall, and the sound of the Mangle in the pit slowly ceased.

In anticipation I peak the corner with my light, "What the fuck?"

There was no bear, no rabbit, or anything. Just a couple of plastic balls, could they have cast that kind of shadow? That didn't make any goddamn sense, where the hell are those two suits?!

"Fine, I guess this isn't any of my business. Thanks for single handedly sabotaging what I had going you freak of nature, wherever you are," I start my walk out from the entire cove. I thought I heard something hit the ground, as I quickly snapped back to look behind me. I heard something below me, I shined my light in the direction of it. It was another ball, and I looked back up just to be met with something I couldn't process in time.

I scream, and the mangled fox dangling in front of me extends its neck forward with its mouth wide open. It makes contact with me… oh

god, I can’t feel anything. I fall to the floor, I can’t scream anymore… or can I just not hear anything now? I’m scared, I want to move so badly but I can’t. My light brightens up a wall right in front of me, within it I see the bear. It had two glowing pupils in its sockets, they were looking right at me. As if I could magically hear once more, I made out two words amongst the ringing in my head:

YOU CAN’T.

My light flickered off, Thank god… I’m so tired…

Explanation



If you watch a comprehensive lore video about FNAF, you'll notice immediately that a lot of this is completely incorrect.

My concept of remnant, the placement of events in the timeline, the intentions of characters, etc. Provided in this tab of the document file, are explanations for the twisted inaccuracies I've made because these are my interpretations of an already confusing as shit timeline.

I'm old school, I don't consider the Steel Wool games canon, I've never watched a single Game Theory video, yet I've been there since the beginning. I've watched both the movies, never read any of the books, experienced fangames, watched countless videos, listened to fan songs, and have literally made lifelong friends with this franchise.

Plus, I started writing this before I watched an actual timeline video.

SO! TO BEGIN!

Remnant - In my eyes, remnant was never a physical attribute. I see it as a spiritual force that is created in souls that had unfinished business, ones who were lost, etc. This unfinished business attribute is common for ghost based media, so it's understandable. This drive for revenge or closure is present in all the dead children, and the Afton son and father. This will be explained in their own parts.

The Missing Children - I was always taught there were five. So there are only five… well except for some of the others. This being the Crying Child, Elizabeth Afton, and Charlotte Emily. Side note by the way, people gotta remember that some of these characters don't have names. Like dude, how did you pull the name Evan out of your ass?

Michael Afton - Michael worked with his father due to his manipulative nature, and because he carried on his guilt of what happened at the diner in 1983. When his father disappeared, he was curious to see what he had been up to, which got him killed obviously. However, he had his own unfinished business, and his sister couldn't have him die when she knew they were both so close to vengeance.

William Afton - Oh boy. My interpretation is that William kills Charlotte because of his jealousy (for Henry's life, because his was

falling apart) and being absolutely shitfaced. Then he has a paranormal encounter with the puppet, proving the existence of life after death. Still with me? Well yeah, you would be because this is what happens. Now here's where it gets different. Fuck that fear gas shit, fuck all that experiment shit, fuck all of that. His main motive was: "Hey wait, that kid I killed came back to life? I must see if this is replicable." So he kills 5 more, and sees that they follow suit to what Charlotte did. However, business falls, and he's being haunted. So after things like the reopened spot with the toys, and his tidings with the circus animatronics, the loss of his own daughter to (the only experiments I'm counting canon) one of the circus animatronic experiments, he needed some definitive proof of this afterlife. So he tore them all down in the reopened and controversial location (since it was built from the original), and waited for them to show their faces outside of the suits. Once they did, he taunted them because they were all in the same place they died all those years ago, and he got so cocky he had to perfect the scene by donning the springbonnie suit, which later killed him. He knew he was going to die at that moment by something, but he didn't know exactly what. What he did know was that he would be back. He always comes back.