# **Chapter 1: A dream come true**

Morning on the suburban streets of L.A, with sprinklers watering the lawns and kids running down the neighbor streets playing. A woman went out to pick up the newspapers on the lawn and went back into her home, frowning that the papers were wet. As she went over to the opened garage, she could hear a cover version of Photoplay playing on a cell phone. The singer's voice all sounded synthetic rather than natural human being.

It was Fazbear Entertainment’s latest single from their animatronic band, consisting of Freddy Fazbear, Glamrock Chica, Roxanne ‘Roxy’ Wolf and Montgomery ‘Monty’ Gator. With Chica being the lead vocalist for this song with Freddy as her backup since she was able to reach higher notes and pitch. “Gregory! Gregory!” The lady called out to a bushy brown hair child wearing a blue T-Shirt. “Greggy, clean up your bedroom!” She called him.

*Caught in the photoplay*

*Living a masquerade*

*Flash in the night*

*Photoplay*

Her voice could barely get his attention as he revved up the engine of his custom dirt bike. His friend, a kid with curly tannish brown hair. “Your mom’s kinda like a dick man.” He said. Gregory shrugged and continued working on his dirt bike.

She went into the living room, where she saw her husband was reclining on the couch watching Netflix on his 8K flatscreen TV. He had a mustache on his face and a burly black hair, wearing a white shirt with black pair of trousers. “I swear to you Mike, he doesn’t even care about me. Can you just get out there and talk to him?” She noticed her husband didn’t even flinch or take notice, they had been through these sessions with Gregory before and they were getting close to giving up. “Mike!”

“Okay, okay! I’ll do it.” Said Mike as he stood up. He went out to the garage to talk to Gregory. He saw the boy and his friend were on their dirt bike ready to ride off. “Gregory! Gregory! Come on, clean your room, do what your mother said!” He, however, earned an apathetic glare from Gregory as he replied. “She’s not my mother, Mike.”

Gregory and his friend then rode off from the Schmidt’s residence and headed off to one of the most popular hangout places in their area, the Freddy Fazbear Mega Pizzaplex.

Over at the Pizzaplex, the mega entertainment complex attracts thousands of guests each day from casual mainstreamers to VIPs who like to have their birthday parties booked there. Naturally, there were lines of parents and children eagerly wanting to enter the premises and enjoy the fun and games, and most importantly, the show stealing animatronics. Glamrock Freddy was in his green room going over himself, his top hat was prim and proper, his bow tie was a black piece of polished plastic attached to his neck. He looked at the star shaped mirror and took a deep mechanical breath. “Show time Freddy. You can do this, the children are looking up to you.” He reminded himself before walking out of the room.

The backstage area was practically a museum of past Fazbear Entertainment relics and artifacts with various things ranging from old animatronic parts, the very first microphone of the original Fredbear incarnation. Passing by his friends’ green rooms, he saw Chica was practicing her guitar in a pinkish neon lit room that fit her feminine hen aesthetics. Monty in his literal green room practicing his bass, but Freddy could see that he had a golf kit hanging by the wall. And in Roxy’s room, the purple race themed room had her staring at her mirror muttering self assurances repeatedly.

Walking along he couldn’t help but sigh a bit. If he was being honest, he felt like sometimes something was…off…about his friends lately, but he tried to shrug it off. That couldn’t be, right? If any of them were malfunctioning, the management would have fixed them by now. Eventually though he decided to push that thought aside. They had work to do, and he intended to perform to the best of his abilities.

“Now then Vanessa, as I can understand this is your first time being head of security of a shopping mall. I’m sure it will be quite a challenging task for you since you have no prior experience in this line of work on this scale, right?” The HR manager, Carl, asked a blonde haired caucasian woman. She was very young, at roughly early to mid 20s age with emerald green eyes.

She nodded to him, albeit nervously, “Well, yes. It is, but I’m sure that it’s nothing to sweat at.” Said Vanessa with a cocky assurance. But one could tell that she was feigning it and the sweat on her forehead was telling.

“Well, the enthusiasm is a very welcomed attitude. If there’s anything you need to ask about transferring, please ask Viktor at HR.” Carl turned towards the HR office behind him. On the door, it had a Freddy Fazbear poster saying “Always smile! And remember… we are always watching.” Inside the room was an Eastern European giant of a man standing at nearly 8 feet tall and roided up muscles. “He’s your man when things go wrong. But I’m sure with our four mascot characters helping you patrol the premises at night, you won’t feel alone now, will you?” Carl asked Vanessa.

“I’ll manage,” Vanessa said with a huge sweat drop…not helped by how ‘Viktor’ menacingly loomed out of sight after she said that. HR her ass…

“Great!” Carl smiled brightly. “Then I’m sure you’ll do us all proud.”

“I’m sure I will,” Vanessa smiled, before adding under her breath. “And if I don’t, then the worst is I’m not working for this company again.”

At a local ATM, Gregory and Howard were busy fiddling with their portable hacking computer to get their money. Gregory inserted a bait card into the ATM and ran his finger across the computer’s touchpad keyboard. He entered the PIN address and password before withdrawing with wads of $100 in hand. “Jackpot! Easy money.” He handed some of the money to Howard as they eagerly ran back to their dirt bike around the corner.

As they put the money into their backpacks, Howard noticed a photo of Gregory’s mother, and examined it. She didn’t seem to be smiling much and their home appeared to be rather destitute, shabby and falling apart. “Is that your mom?” Howard asked.

“Was my mom.” Gregory corrected. He grabbed the photo and put it into his backpack. “She got caught trying to burn down a horror house attraction some years ago. They locked her up in a loony bin. She lost her brother at one of those Freddy Fazbear places.” Howard was suddenly petrified in awe, fear and dismay when he heard it.

“Dude, that’s messed up.” Howard uttered, finding it hard to process it all.

“I don’t blame her. She lost her brother when she was too young.” Said Gregory as they then climbed back on the dirt bike and rode off towards the Freddy Fazbear Mega Pizzaplex. The two eventually arrived at the Pizzaplex and went down to its parking lot before heading upstairs to enjoy themselves.

They first arrived at the main lobby, where they bought some entry passes before venturing into the main hall, where they were greeted by the sight of a massive golden statue of Freddy Fazbear striking the famous Freddie Mercury pose. Around him were golden statues of his bandmates like Chica, Roxy and Monty. The place was overflowing with guests, mostly parents and their children, on their feet was a pristine checkered floor constantly mopped and cleaned by janitor STAFF bots. The walls had shining neon led lights running around giving off a bright purple, pink and cyan glow of the Vaporware aesthetics. The entire mall felt like a throwback to the 80s, an era of pop culture’s finest and most nostalgic, but for the Fazbear brand, their first decade was also their darkest with murders dotted across their restaurant chains.

Gregory didn’t say anything though as he and Howard went to the entrance, and used their ill gotten gains to pay for admission, receiving a pair of guest passes for normal guests, allowing them to enter the Pizzaplex and make use of the various facilities.

“So, where should we go first?” Howard asked.

“Let’s go to the arcade,” Gregory shrugged. “We got more than enough to last us the day and eat.”

“Sounds great,” Howard nodded, before smirking. “Bet you won’t beat my high score,” he grinned.

“You’re on,” Gregory smirked back.

As the two ran upstairs to the Arcade machine area of the Pizzaplex, they could hear the sound of Photoplay blasting over the mall’s speaker system. With no less than several dozen guests and employees there, they occasionally cringed and held their ears when Chica hit the high notes of the single.

*I'm your find, I'm the moving target*

*On the town it's hit and run*

*As the shutter falls, you come undone*

Chica sang loud and with eagerness seen only with the most dedicated female vocalist. Little did Gregory and Howard know, their movements were being watched by a figure looming over the Atrium, where guests came to dine in and held their birthday parties for kids. The two kids ran into the arcade wing of the pizzaplex and bought some tokens for some of the arcade cabinets there. Inside the place, Gregory could hear some of the technicians there talking to each other about some of the glitches that were beginning to show on some of the arcade cabinets.

“I’m telling you man, no matter how hard I try, the glitches just keep coming back. I don’t know why but it just does.” One of the tech stated.

“But how? Look, there has to be root for the glitches, if the cabinets are old then I’ll buy that. But these things are brand new. Ya think management’s being cheap again? It ain’t the first time.” The other tech replied with a shrug.

“Hell if I know, I checked with Jimmy for technician in the main server area but he said he’s having his hand full with some glitches and viruses messing up the servers. Now these. It’s just like those Princess Quest cabinets the other weeks.” Said the first technician.

Gregory quirked an eyebrow at hearing that, but ultimately decided it didn’t concern him. Besides, he had more important things to take care of, such as getting the high score and wiping the floor with Howard in this game.

“Get your head in the game if you want to beat me!” Howard grinned as they continued to play, the momentary distraction allowing him to take the lead.

“Keep talking, I’ll make you eat your words,” Gregory smirked challengingly as he focused on the game again.

In the backstage area, Freddy and his band were practicing for the concert and VIP party of the night. For the time being, the band seemed normal while they were practicing. But the song felt like it was missing the beat and rhythm without a drummer playing. Even with Chica and Freddy backing up each other’s vocals, the song felt off for some reasons.

*No control,*

*Walk right into coals to feel the pain.*

*I'm lost in you.*

*Oh,*

*Now you strike the match and light the flame.*

*My hearts a blaze,*

*I feel the heat of your desire,*

*I just can't face the fire.*

They tried their best to keep up but soon fell apart with the beat and rhythm, the manager didn’t seem to like that at all as he furiously threw a frustrated fit at them. “No no no!” Said the manager. “You’re not holding it right! You’re gonna try again otherwise tonight’s birthday party is going to be a bust! And we sunk billions of dollars into you guys to boot!” The manager ended, taking long sighs in frustration.

“We’re terribly sorry,” Freddy apologized. “We’ll get it right next time.”

“We’re trying our best, but we need a drummer for these numbers.” Chica replied, sighing.

“Maybe the manager should have made Monty be the drummer?” Roxy sarcastically snided, knowing Monty’s desire for golfing and getting wrecked in his attraction.

“Oh sure, make me the drummer and I’ll probably eclipse your raceway!” Monty growled, having another temper spike as he shot a glare at Roxy through his Elton John shades.

“Is that a comeback?” Roxy scoffed and rolled her eyes, making Monty nearly throw himself at her. Only for Freddy and Chica to hold him back.

“Both of you stop it!” Freddy said in alarm.

“Yeah, we’re supposed to be a team here!” Chica added.

“Enough all of you!” The manager shouted out, catching their attention. “All of you, take it from the top and make damn sure that you stick that landing! Maybe we’ll have to use a drummer behind the scenes if it helps save the show.” The manager ordered them. Freddy’s ears drooped in reaction as he nodded.

They would then start over the song and begin to practice it, this time blazing through the first half with an ease. The manager tried playing a recorded drum to keep up the rhythm and beat of the song as the animatronic began to find their groove and sync. Freddy began to sing the second half of the song with Chica playing the guitar also providing him with back up vocals.

*Hypnotize,*

*See the flicker gleaming in your eyes.*

*It catches me.*

*Oh,*

*I take it and you'll never let me go,*

*I'm your prisoner.*

*I feel the heat of your desire,*

*I just can't face the fire.*

And for once, they were able to keep up and stay in sync as the drum beat became a hypnotic force that kept them playing. Once they finished, the manager breathed a sigh of relief and held his heart. “Thank goodness, I think we might just save tonight’s performance. I need a smoke.” He then turned around and exited the backstage area to get his smoke, leaving the four animatronic mascot to their own devices.

“...so, anyone ever wonder why exactly we were programmed to be a rock band, but we don’t have a drummer in our group?” Roxy asked after a moment, shooting where the manager had gone an annoyed look.

Chica shrugged, placing her star shaped guitar to the ground, resting it next to the speakers. “Don’t know why. Ever since Bonnie disappeared, the band has never been the same. First Monty filling in the bassist then you with the Keytar.” Chica stated. But for Freddy, he seemed much more depressed with the way his ears drooped and his eyes grew heavy.

“I need to go upstairs, I’ll be back.” Said Freddy. As he suddenly left his microphone with them and headed out to the elevator for animatronics. He hit the ground floor button and head upstairs, arriving at the main atrium where he was expected to perform. As usual, his sight was the joy and cheers of children surrounding him for hugs and autographs as they eagerly followed their favorite idol and mascot.

As he made his way through, trying to keep up his friendly appearance as he went around, narrowly missing Gregory and Howard passing him by amongst the crowds. He went up the escalators towards what appeared to be a Bowling alley area. The players were having the time of their lives trying to score a successful shot at the pins. Freddy paid them no mind and passed them by before reaching a semicircle stage with red curtains. On it hung an “Out of order” sign. He sighed out and tilted his head depressingly at the sight, next to the stage was a poster of Bonnie Bunny, his oldest friend, with a bowling ball spinning on his index finger.

“I miss you, old friend. I really wish you could be here with all of us,” Freddy said, before shaking his head a bit. He didn’t have long to be here, he had to be back for the next show and he couldn’t be late.