Monster Files

Five Nights at Freddy's

UNDER OFFICIAL INQUIRY

THE UNOFFICAL MONSTER GUIDE TO THE FNAF WORLD AND LORE BUT FOR D&D 5E

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Foreward

Welcome, brave adventurers, to the twisted realm where animatronic nightmares come alive—a world where fantasy and horror intertwine, and reality bends beneath the weight of dark magic. This monster manual draws heavily from the chilling legacy of the Five Nights at Freddy's saga, reimagining its eerie and unsettling creatures as fearsome foes within the expansive universe of Dungeons & Dragons. Prepare to face familiar yet transformed horrors, stalking the shadows of a haunted amusement park where every moment is a desperate struggle to survive.

Freddy Fazbear's Pizza, once a lively and family-friendly venue filled with laughter and music, has fallen into ruin and darkness. Its cheerful façade conceals a labyrinth of despair and menace. The animatronics, once joyful entertainers, have become twisted predators fueled by an ancient and malevolent force. These beings have transcended their mechanical origins, becoming sentient, cunning, and merciless hunters who prowl the corridors with a chilling intelligence. Their playground is now a decaying, nightmarish maze—where shadows shift and the line between friend and foe is blurred.

Within this forsaken park, not only do the animatronics threaten intruders, but a host of otherworldly creatures drawn to the lingering dark magic lurk in every corner. From the spectral and elusive Shadow Freddy to the grotesque, corpse-infused Springtrap, these abominations challenge even the bravest souls. Each entity is steeped in supernatural dread, forcing adventurers to confront the unnatural and the uncanny.

The environments you will explore are as diverse as they are dangerous. The once-bustling Show Stage, now a macabre theater of twisted performances, stands in stark contrast to the eerily silent and maze-like Backrooms where animatronics silently await the perfect moment to strike. Hidden passages, secret chambers, and collapsing hallways create a treacherous landscape that demands vigilance and cunning to navigate. The atmosphere is thick with tension, every flicker of light and distant sound a potential herald of doom.

The animatronics themselves vary widely in form and function, each posing unique threats. Take Foxy, for example—swift, stealthy, and unpredictable, he emerges suddenly from the shadows to ensnare victims with razor-sharp precision before vanishing into darkness. On the other hand, Chica's terrifying combination of brute strength and calculated traps makes her an unrelenting force, wearing down foes with sheer power and relentless pursuit. These creatures embody a perfect blend of physical might and sinister cunning.

Beyond their individual abilities, the animatronics command an army of minions that serve their dark will. From the swarming Mini-Animatronics—small, agile, and deadly—to the hulking Nightmare variants that spread terror and destruction, these servants form a complex ecosystem of horror. Their loyalty is absolute, and their ruthlessness unmatched, ensuring that every incursion into the park is met with overwhelming resistance.

What makes these horrors truly formidable is their sentience. They communicate through a haunting language of beeps, whirrs, and eerie melodies—known only to the most attuned adventurers as "Animatronic." This intricate system conveys warnings, commands, and secrets, weaving a tapestry of sound that adds an unsettling layer of intelligence to these mechanical monstrosities. Their ability to coordinate and adapt makes them unpredictable adversaries.

But the threat of the animatronics extends far beyond physical violence. They are masters of psychological warfare, exploiting the deepest fears and insecurities of their victims. Their presence warps perception, turning safe havens into nightmarish prisons. The park itself becomes an extension of their will, distorting reality and bending minds, where shadows deceive and allies may betray. Every step taken within the park tests not just your strength but your sanity.

The supernatural ties binding these beings to the world of the living add a chilling depth to their menace. Legend whispers that the souls of those claimed by the animatronics are trapped within their metal shells, eternally bound to serve. This spectral imprisonment grants them insight into humanity, but also fuels a bitter hatred toward their former lives. The dead do not rest here; spirits are dragged back into the realm of the living, twisted into servants and guardians of this hellish domain. This undead ecology blurs the boundaries between life and death, creating a realm where spectral eyes gleam alongside glowing animatronic sensors.

Adventurers will also discover a variety of magical relics scattered throughout the park, each imbued with unique powers and histories. The enigmatic "Freddy's Head," a sentient artifact rumored to bestow great strength and dark knowledge, lies hidden amidst the ruins. The dreaded Springlock Suits, ancient armors that allow wearers to tap into animatronic power at great risk, represent a tempting but deadly prize. Such artifacts offer great power but come with dire consequences, often guarded fiercely by the park's monstrous inhabitants.

The challenges within Freddy Fazbear's Pizza range from the mundane to the maddeningly complex. You might find yourself taking the role of a night security guard, tasked with surviving the hours as relentless foes close in from every direction. Or you may be trapped in puzzle-filled rooms, racing against time and unraveling twisted enigmas to escape before being claimed. The pinnacle of these trials is the infamous "Five Nights" endurance test—five consecutive nights of escalating horrors that push the limits of survival, strategy, and courage.

Reality itself is warped by the dark magic suffusing the park. The animatronics manipulate space and perception, conjuring illusions and twisting the environment to confuse and trap victims. Their mechanical forms hum with an otherworldly energy, granting them superhuman strength, speed, and resilience. Even more terrifying is their power to possess and control other creatures, turning them into pawns in their deadly games, expanding their influence and threat beyond the park's crumbling walls.

At the heart of this nightmare stands Freddy Fazbear himself, a towering figure of menace and mastery. His seemingly cheerful facade masks a calculating predator, a master manipulator whose armor hides deadly springlocks capable of brutal violence. Freddy commands his domain with ruthless efficiency, supported by a cadre of minions ranging from the swarming Mini-Animatronics to the terrifying Nightmare variants, each fulfilling a role in his twisted hierarchy.

Exploring this cursed park is an exercise in terror and wonder. You will traverse environments alive with danger—from the cacophonous chaos of the Show Stage to the silence of shadowy back corridors. Each space holds secrets, traps, and threats that test both physical prowess and mental acuity. Only the most resourceful and determined adventurers can hope to claim victory, their rewards weighed against the cost of survival.

This manual invites you to step beyond the veil of reality into a world where animatronic horrors rule, and the boundary between life, death, and machine blurs into oblivion. Steel your nerves, sharpen your wits, and prepare to face a darkness that consumes body and soul alike. The horrors of Freddy Fazbear's Pizza await—and only the bravest will emerge unscathed.

About This Book

This book is a dark fantasy reimagining of the Five Nights at Freddy's universe, woven into the mechanics and storytelling framework of Dungeons & Dragons. While it draws inspiration from the expansive and eerie lore of the original games, it ventures into new territory—literally and narratively—by reshaping the world, the characters, and the horror they bring.

In crafting this campaign setting, liberties were taken with the established canon to better suit the tone and mechanics of tabletop role-playing. The animatronics—once bound to the walls of neon-lit pizzerias—have been reimagined as cursed constructs, necromantic oddities, and tragic relics of a forgotten age. They are no longer just haunted machines; they are remnants of dark rituals, vessels of arcane torment, and monsters crafted by hands both mortal and monstrous.

Likewise, familiar locations have been reinterpreted to match a more fantasy-gothic aesthetic. The once-popular Pizza Plex, for example, now exists as a vast underground ruin—part crypt, part temple—left to rot beneath the bones of a forgotten civilization. The carnival-like energy of the old Fazbear attractions has twisted into a decrepit, decaying circus, where colorful tents sag under the weight of time and long-dead laughter echoes on the wind. You may explore shadow-drenched forests where stage lights flicker in the dark, sunken amphitheaters where broken animatronics reenact ghostly performances, and forgotten kingdoms ruled by spectral echoes of past mascots.

This project was born from a desire to combine two personal passions: the atmospheric, nerve-wracking tension of horror—especially that found in the FNaF franchise—and the rich, immersive storytelling of Dungeons & Dragons. The goal was not to simply recreate a familiar story, but to transform it—allowing players to live the terror, shape the outcome, and confront the horrors in real time through dice, decisions, and roleplay.

Where the original series leaned into jump-scare mechanics and subtle environmental storytelling, this adaptation offers a more deliberate sense of dread. Here, danger doesn't flicker behind security monitors; it waits in the darkness of crypts, stalks through twisted halls of cursed amusement parks, and whispers from mechanical mouths powered by forgotten souls. Players are not passive observers but adventurers drawn into a living nightmare—one they might escape, conquer, or be consumed by.

While the names and themes may feel familiar to longtime fans, this version of Freddy and his twisted companions invites a new kind of experience—one filled with combat, exploration, and deeply unsettling moral choices. The animatronics themselves have undergone narrative evolution. Their personalities, roles, and appearances have been adapted to match the tone of a grim fantasy world—some appearing as clockwork wraiths, others as wandering revenants, and a few as tragic protectors bound by arcane oaths. Even their names may take on new meanings in this world, redefined by history, myth, and fear.

This is not a direct retelling of the FNaF saga, but a loving homage—a mythic reshaping of the world into something both familiar and fearsome. Whether you are a horror fan, a D&D enthusiast, or a curious adventurer, this book invites you to explore a nightmarish new realm. It's a place where lore is reinterpreted, where terror has a tangible shape, and where you must ask not just what happened, but what will you do next?

Welcome to the crypts of Freddy Fazbear. Welcome to the circus of shadows. Welcome to your story.

PART I

Heralds of the Hollow Stage

The First Performers: Heralds of the Hollow Stage

The Core Animatronics Once mere performers meant to delight children, the Core Animatronics now haunt the forgotten ruins of a shattered world. They are bound not by bolts and gears alone, but by sorrow, vengeance, and the lingering weight of what once was. Though their appearances may differ from the tales of old—more monstrous, more arcane—their essence remains eerily familiar. Each one carries a trace of tragedy beneath the metal and magic, remnants of lives twisted by forces no child should ever know.

Freddy

The so-called "King of Laughter" now rules over the silent crypt with hollow eyes and a cracked smile. Cloaked in regal decay, he roams like a guardian turned warden, enforcing a long-forgotten showtime. His footsteps echo with ritualistic purpose, and the ancient stage upon which he walks is etched with names that no longer have voices. There is something mournful in his song, something broken in his cheer.

Bonnie

Once the heartbeat of harmony, Bonnie now shambles through broken concert halls, his strings long since severed. His body, once vibrant, has become a blend of shattered porcelain and rusted wire, an instrument that plays only sorrow. He searches endlessly for a song half-remembered, or perhaps for someone who once listened. Those who hear his faint strumming often say it feels like a memory—not theirs, but someone else's pain.

Chica

A distorted vision of hospitality, Chica wanders the ruins of the Feast Pavilion with cracked plates and rusted cutlery clinking from her garb like funeral chimes. Her warmth is cold now, her kindness hollow. Still, she lays the table for guests who will never come, singing lullabies to shadows. She asks questions no one should answer, and offers sweets that taste like ash and dreams.

Foxy

The entertainer turned executioner, Foxy stalks the remains of the Grand Circus with jagged teeth and a voice of static. A pirate once beloved for his flair, he now moves like a storm caught in flesh and metal, unpredictable and hungry. There are whispers of a betrayal too deep to name, of a show that never ended, and of a captain who lost his crew to something far worse than mutiny.

Each of these beings is more than a machine. They are echoes of forgotten joys, of crimes buried beneath stage lights, of souls twisted by cruelty and consequence. What they want—redemption, release, or revenge—is known only to the darkness that made them. Tread lightly in their domains, for even the rusted know how to bleed.

Freddy Fazbear: The Golden Idol of Laughter and Loss

Freddy Fazbear is the iconic and central animatronic figure of the Freddy Fazbear's Pizza franchise, a fictional family entertainment center and pizzeria. Known for his signature bear suit, top hat, and microphone, Freddy serves as the main mascot of the chain and is both a symbol of nostalgia and terror within the series' intricate lore.

Origins and Purpose

Freddy Fazbear was created as part of a group of animatronic entertainers designed to provide wholesome, fun experiences for children and families. Originally built by Fazbear Entertainment, Freddy was the lead singer of the animatronic band that performed live shows during the day at Freddy Fazbear's Pizza locations. Alongside his companions—Bonnie the Bunny, Chica the Chicken, and Foxy the Pirate Fox—Freddy was meant to captivate audiences with cheerful songs and interactive performances, creating an inviting atmosphere where kids could enjoy birthday parties and family outings.

The animatronics themselves were advanced for their time, featuring sophisticated robotics to mimic human-like movements, facial expressions, and singing. This level of engineering was a marvel, making the Freddy Fazbear band an attraction drawing large crowds and generating a sense of community around the pizzerias.

The Dark Turn: Tragedy and Haunting

However, beneath the colorful exterior and joyful music, Freddy Fazbear's Pizza harbors a dark and tragic history. The chain became infamous due to a series of chilling incidents tied to the animatronics, involving mysterious disappearances and deaths of children. This dark legacy is woven deeply into the fabric of Freddy Fazbear's identity.

Central to the lore is the story of a man later known as William Afton, co-founder of Fazbear Entertainment and the sinister mind behind many of the tragedies. Afton's gruesome crimes involve the kidnapping and murder of multiple children, whose restless spirits would come to haunt the animatronics, including Freddy. These spirits are said to inhabit the robotic suits, animating them with a terrifying consciousness beyond their original programming.

One of the most well-known incidents linked to Freddy is the "Bite of '87," an event where an animatronic allegedly bit a customer, causing severe injury. Though the exact details remain ambiguous in the lore, this event symbolized a turning point where the animatronics were seen not just as malfunctioning machines but as potential threats.

Freddy's design reflects this dual nature—his friendly appearance with wide eyes and a welcoming smile contrasts sharply with his glowing, sometimes hollow eyes in darker moments, and the worn, damaged exterior that hints at years of neglect and the horrific secrets beneath.

The Spirits Within

A defining aspect of Freddy Fazbear's legend is the belief that the animatronics are possessed by the spirits of the children murdered by William Afton. These spirits seek justice, revenge, or peace, and their restless presence animates the robots in unpredictable and dangerous ways.

Freddy is often interpreted as the host or leader of these spirits, particularly linked to a child named Gabriel or a similar figure in various fan interpretations and expanded lore. The animatronics' behavior—wandering the building at night, attacking security guards, and exhibiting strange patterns—are manifestations of this haunting.

The presence of these spirits gives the animatronics a dual identity: they are both mechanical machines and vessels of human tragedy, caught in a cycle of vengeance and sorrow.

Freddy Fazbear: The Golden Idol of Laughter and Loss

Large Construct, Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (natural armor)
Hit Points 136 (16d10 + 48)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	10 (+0)	16 (+3)	8 (-1)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)

Saving Throws Con +6, Wis +5
Skills Perception +5, Stealth +6
Damage Vulnerabilities None
Damage Resistances necrotic, cold, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 15
Languages understands Common but cannot speak
Challenge 7 (2,900 XP)

Mechanical Horror. Creatures that start their turn within 10 feet of Freddy must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the start of their next turn. A creature that succeeds is immune to this effect for 24 hours.

Unnerving Presence. Freddy does not need to move to be terrifying. As long as he is not incapacitated, he can emit a faint, distorted jingle once per short rest. Each creature within 60 feet that can hear it must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or become paralyzed with fear until the end of their next turn.

Eternal Watcher. Freddy cannot be surprised and has advantage on initiative rolls.

False Inactivity. While motionless, Freddy is indistinguishable from an inert animatronic statue. A creature must succeed on a DC 18 Intelligence (Investigation) check to realize he is active.

Actions

Multiattack. Freddy makes two attacks: one with Metal Claw and one with Microphone Slam.

Metal Claw. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 16 (2d10 + 5) slashing damage.

Microphone Slam. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 18 (2d12 + 5) bludgeoning damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Power Out – Recharge 5–6. Freddy plunges the area into magical darkness and emits a discordant laugh. For 1 minute:
All light within a 60-foot radius is suppressed (as if in magical darkness).
Freddy gains advantage on Stealth and attack rolls.
Creatures in the area must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be blinded for 1 minute (repeating the save at the end of each of their turns).

Legendary Actions

Freddy can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. Freddy regains spent legendary actions at the start of his turn.

- **Step Closer.** Freddy moves up to his speed without provoking opportunity attacks.
- **Flicker.** Freddy teleports to an unoccupied space within 30 feet that is in dim light or darkness.
- **Silent Screech (Costs 2 Actions).** Freddy emits a soundless screech. All creatures within 15 feet must make a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be deafened and frightened for 1 round.

Foxy the Pirate: The Drowned Star of the Stage

In the twisted annals of the Fazbear mythos, few names carry the same weight of dread and sorrow as Foxy the Pirate. Once a beloved icon of excitement and high-seas fantasy, Foxy's tale is one of betrayal, decay, and a haunted legacy that refuses to die. Though the years have distorted the truth, and many of the records have long since been lost or erased, fragments remain—pieces of a puzzle smeared in grease, blood, and memory.

Foxy was originally introduced in the early days of Freddy Fazbear's Pizza, a pirate-themed entertainer meant to bring energy and unpredictability to the stage. Housed within a faux shipwreck set known as Pirate Cove, Foxy stood out from the other animatronics for his rugged charm, swashbuckling demeanor, and distinctive design. With a bright crimson pelt, a worn eye-patch, and a signature metal hook in place of his right hand, Foxy quickly became a favorite among the children who visited the restaurant.

Yet something was different about Foxy—something beneath the programming. Unlike Freddy, Bonnie, or Chica, who were meant to work in coordination and follow show scripts carefully, Foxy was designed to improvise. He would sing sea shanties, tell tall tales, and engage directly with the audience in unpredictable ways. Perhaps it was this level of independence that made him... unstable.

The Fall of Pirate Cove At some point during the restaurant's dark timeline, Foxy was decommissioned and sealed away behind a tattered "Out of Order" sign. The reasons given were vague. Official reports cited "malfunctioning servos" and "damaged speech algorithms," but eyewitness accounts and staff rumors suggested something much more disturbing. There were tales of Foxy lunging offstage mid-performance, of children crying after hearing things whispered into their ears, and of one incident so severe that no official statement was ever released. After that, Pirate Cove was shuttered.

For years, Foxy sat dormant in the darkness, half-covered by a worn curtain that barely concealed his slumped form. He became something of a ghost story among the staff—an animatronic that didn't quite follow the same rules. Surveillance footage would sometimes catch him twitching or sprinting down the hall toward the security office in ways that defied the logic of the other characters. Unlike Freddy or Chica, who moved in deliberate patterns, Foxy was erratic, unpredictable, and fast. Too fast. But there's more to Foxy than mechanics.

A Spirit Beneath the Mask

Like the other animatronics, Foxy is haunted—or more accurately, possessed. In the complex and tragic lore of the FNAF universe, it is now widely accepted that the core animatronics are the vessels for the souls of children murdered by a sadistic serial killer known in the games as William Afton, or the Purple Guy. The identity of the soul within Foxy is not as clearly defined as some of the others, but hints across multiple games suggest that he may house the spirit of one of the children from the infamous Missing Children Incident, when several kids vanished after visiting the pizzeria.

Foxy the Pirate: The Drowned Star of the Stage

Medium Construct, Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (rusted plating, natural armor)
Hit Points 128 (15d8 + 60)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	20 (+5)	18 (+4)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)

Saving Throws Dex +8, Con +7, Wis +5
Skills Acrobatics +8, Perception +5, Stealth +9
Damage Vulnerabilities None
Damage Resistances fire, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 15
Languages understands Common and Infernal, cannot speak
Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)

Predator's Sprint. Foxy can Dash as a bonus action. If he moves at least 20 feet straight toward a creature and then hits it with a melee attack on the same turn, the target must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.
Sudden Charge. If Foxy is hidden from a creature and moves at least 30 feet before attacking it, the attack deals an extra 14 (4d6) slashing damage.
Rust and Rage. When Foxy is reduced to 60 HP or fewer, he enters a berserk state. For 1 minute: He gains advantage on all melee attacks. He takes 5 less damage from all sources (to a minimum of 1). He cannot distinguish friend from foe unless they succeed on a DC 15 Charisma (Persuasion) check as a bonus action.
Glitchstep. Once per round, when Foxy takes damage, he can teleport up to 10 feet to an unoccupied space he can see.

Actions

Multiattack. Foxy makes two attacks: one with his Hook Swipe and one with his Jaw Snap

Hook Swipe Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 15 (2d10 + 4) slashing damage.

Foxy, then, is not merely a malfunctioning robot. He is a restless ghost bound in cold metal—a soul driven mad by years of isolation and grief. The enthusiasm and charisma that once defined him have twisted into rage and sorrow. His shipwreck-themed home is no longer a stage but a tomb.

There's also a certain symbolic loneliness to Foxy's arc. He is the only core animatronic who was forcibly removed from the main cast. While Freddy, Bonnie, and Chica continued to perform—however corrupted—Foxy was relegated to the shadows. Whether his behavior became dangerous due to the spirit inside, or whether the isolation drove that spirit to madness, is left open. But the implications are heartbreaking: he was cast aside, left to rot, and now returns only to lash out at those who step into his domain.

Foxy takes on the role of the forsaken entertainer turned executioner. The rotting remains of his circus ship stage lie buried in the mud of a haunted carnival, half-sunken and filled with whispers. His once-charming tales are now riddles and threats, and his performances end not in applause but in screams.

Though his metal body is broken and warped, the spark that once made him beloved remains buried within—twisted, but not entirely extinguished. Those who dare to enter his domain may glimpse fragments of the performer he once was... if they survive long enough to notice.

He is a creature of speed, unpredictability, and emotional torment. His pain manifests in blinding rage, but beneath it is a need—for recognition, for freedom, or simply for the curtain to finally fall.

Foxy the Pirate was never meant to be a villain. But like the sea he once pretended to sail, his story is deep, dark, and full of ghosts.

Bonnie

There is something profoundly unsettling about Bonnie the Bunny. Among all the animatronics birthed by the Freddy Fazbear mythos, he is often the first to move, the first to lurk just outside your door, and the first to make you question whether these machines ever had innocence to begin with.

But Bonnie was not always a figure of dread. In the beginning, he was designed to be fun, fuzzy, and musical. His blue fur, red bow tie, and happy-go-lucky grin were meant to project joy, talent, and warmth to the children who crowded the pizzeria's main stage. He strummed an electric guitar with mechanical precision and played sidekick to Freddy Fazbear himself, completing the band's sound with energy and flair.

Origins and Role in the Band

Bonnie was one of the original four animatronics featured at Freddy Fazbear's Pizza, part of the main ensemble alongside Freddy, Chica, and Foxy. While Freddy was the leader and Chica was the face of fun and food, Bonnie was the music—the heart of the stage show. His character was intended to bring excitement and charm to the performance, serving as the lead guitarist with oversized cartoon fingers that plucked strings on a red bass guitar.

Out of all the animatronics, Bonnie was often regarded as the most energetic and kid-friendly—until the lights went out. It was then that Bonnie's presence became far more menacing. His tendency to approach swiftly and silently, especially in the original FNAF game, earned him a reputation as one of the most unsettling enemies in the series.

Possession and Haunting Behavior

Bonnie, like the rest of the core animatronics, is widely believed to be possessed by the spirit of one of the missing children from the Missing Children Incident. This infamous event, canon to the FNAF timeline, involved the kidnapping and murder of five children by serial killer William Afton. Their bodies were never recovered. It is believed that Bonnie's endoskeleton was among those used to hide the corpses, and over time, the soul of one of the victims became bound to the animatronic.

This haunting is not theatrical—it's quiet and consuming. Bonnie's behavior reflects a being that stalks with precision, striking from the shadows. His iconic stare, with blank white eyes and an unblinking expression, has terrified generations of players, as if something inside him is not just watching—but seeing into you.

Unlike Chica's erratic aggression or Foxy's wild speed, Bonnie is deliberate. He deactivates cameras, disrupts signals, and appears silently at your door. In some iterations, he's the first animatronic to become active, hinting at a soul more restless—or more determined—than the others.

Personality in the Shadows

While Freddy may represent leadership and Chica gluttony, Bonnie embodies abandonment and the fear of the unseen. His design is unassuming, yet his presence always feels one step ahead of the player. His lack of speech or overt behavior only adds to the mystery—Bonnie haunts through absence, often disappearing from view only to reappear just inches away.

He is not a berserker or a monster crashing through walls. Bonnie is the figure at the end of a hallway, watching. The creaking of a door. The faint buzz of a broken camera. He moves without sound and waits without warning.

He is a guardian of the past—a relic that shouldn't have survived, but did. Bonnie may reside in a corrupted cathedral of music, where phantom sounds drift through cracked stained glass windows and ancient stage lights flicker to life without warning.

His smile is broken now. His arms hang loosely, his joints misaligned, as if his body forgot how to hold itself up. And yet he waits, not to kill—but to confront. To mourn. To avenge.

Hints of the Past

The tragedy inside Bonnie is never explicit—but it's present in every movement. The way he avoids mirrors. The cracked photograph he carries. The soft humming of a song only he remembers.

Some say he was once the kindest of the spirits—gentle, quiet, protective. But now he is confusion and anger, trapped between the desire to be whole again and the bitter realization that he never can be.

Bonnie the Bunny

Large Construct, Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 18 (heavy plating)
Hit Points 142 (17d10 + 51)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	12 (+1)	17 (+3)	8 (-1)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Str +8, Con +6, Wis +5
Skills Stealth +5, Intimidation +4, Perception +5
Damage Vulnerabilities None
Damage Resistances thunder, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned, paralyzed
Senses darkvision 120 ft., tremorsense 30 ft., passive Perception 15
Languages understands Common and musical notation, but cannot speak
Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)

Silent Stalker. If Bonnie hasn't moved on his turn, he gains advantage on Stealth checks and remains hidden even while observed until he moves or attacks (DC 17 Perception to detect).

Stage Presence. Once per long rest, Bonnie can begin to play an ethereal, dissonant melody on a spectral guitar. All creatures within 60 feet that can hear it must make a DC 15 Charisma saving throw or be charmed for 1 minute. While charmed in this way, creatures are incapacitated and entranced by the sound. The effect ends early if they take damage.

Brutal Grip. Bonnie's melee attacks against creatures that are grappled or restrained have advantage. If he hits a Medium or smaller creature with both attacks in one turn, he may grapple them automatically (escape DC 16).

Reinforced Frame. Bonnie has advantage on saving throws against being shoved, restrained, or knocked prone.

Actions

Multiattack. Bonnie makes two Heavy Fist attacks.
Heavy Fist. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 18 (2d12 + 5) bludgeoning damage.

Guitar Slam (Recharge 5–6). Bonnie pulls out a phantom, crackling guitar and slams it into the ground, unleashing a thunderous shockwave in a 20-foot radius. All creatures in the area must make a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or take 27 (6d8) thunder damage and be knocked prone. Half damage on a successful save.

Looming Presence. Bonnie locks eyes with one creature he can see within 30 feet. That creature must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on its next attack roll or saving throw until the start of its next turn. ***Vanish into the Dark.*** Foxy attempts to hide in dim light or darkness as a bonus action, even if only lightly obscured.

Legendary Actions

Bonnie can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. He regains spent legendary actions at the start of his turn.

Step Forward. Bonnie moves up to half his movement without provoking opportunity attacks.

Distorted Note. Bonnie emits a twisted musical note. One creature within 60 feet must succeed on a DC 14 Intelligence saving throw or take 10 (3d6) psychic damage and have disadvantage on Wisdom checks until the end of their next turn.

Chica

Chica was one of the original four animatronics at Freddy Fazbear's Pizza, created to round out the musical stage show alongside Freddy, Bonnie, and Foxy. Designed to appeal to younger audiences with her bright yellow exterior, oversized orange beak, and cartoonishly large eyes, Chica's role in the band was typically the backup singer—often accompanied by a small prop cupcake with eyes (known unofficially by fans as Carl the Cupcake, who has his own entry).

But she wasn't just a performer. Chica was also part of the kitchen staff, in a sense. Her design included a pizza-loving persona, reinforced by her bib emblazoned with the words "Let's Eat!!!"—a phrase that would later take on chilling new meaning. Her character was intended to blend warmth and appetite, offering a fun-loving image that appealed to the birthday party crowd. Yet even in the earliest versions, her staring eyes and emotionless smile unnerved some guests and staff.

As with all the Fazbear animatronics, however, the colorful exterior concealed a much darker reality.

Possession and the Unseen Hunger

Chica, like Freddy and the others, became a vessel for tragedy. During the events that would become known as the Missing Children Incident, five children vanished at the pizzeria, their lives brutally ended by the notorious serial killer William Afton.

The children's bodies were never found, but signs of a cover-up—and the stench of decay—began to permeate the animatronics. It was widely believed that the children's spirits were trapped within the suits, their souls bleeding into the programming and corrupting the once-innocent machines.

Chica's possession is often associated with gluttony and obsession. Whether a reflection of the spirit within her or a side effect of decades of haunting, Chica's identity has become tied to the notion of consumption—both literal and metaphorical. She is not just a mascot with a pizza fetish. She is an entity that hungers: for attention, for closure, for revenge... and sometimes, for flesh.

The Cupcake – A Familiar Shadow (Has own entry)

Always close by is the Cupcake, a seemingly innocuous prop with eyes and a smile that mirrors Chica's own. While not always given a mechanical or spiritual identity, the Cupcake often acts as an extension of Chica herself—an accessory to her appearances or even an independent threat in certain games (FNAF 4 features it as an entity that leaps at the player).

The cupcake is more than a toy. It's a symbol—of twisted festivity, of celebration turned to horror. In a D&D horror setting, it might act as a familiar, a cursed relic, or even a separate mini-entity born of the same ghostly hunger that drives Chica.

A Tragic Legacy

Chica is haunting echo of corrupted nurture—the mother hen who feeds her "children" spoiled offerings, who wanders abandoned kitchens and feast halls, forever driven by an emptiness that cannot be filled.

Her once-silly catchphrase becomes a grim warning: Let's Eat!!!—a promise of devouring rather than dining. Her bib is stained not with marinara, but with ancient ichor. Her face is cracked and her limbs are bound with rusted iron rings, each one a relic of failed attempts to bind her spirit.

She may lurk in places where food once brought joy: abandoned banquet halls, ruined wedding feasts, crumbling kitchens where fire no longer burns. Wherever famine and guilt intertwine, Chica waits.

Her movements are slow but deliberate. She sings softly when alone. And when she strikes, it is not out of rage, but out of desperation—an aching need that consumes her every thought. What makes Chica terrifying isn't her strength, or her jump-scares—it's her loss of self. The animatronic that once danced with children and handed out birthday slices is now a hollow parody of that joy. She has no concept of the damage she causes. Her programming is shattered, overwritten by grief, madness, and the soul of a child who died far too young.

Yet, hints of her former self remain. In the right moment—when the wind hits just right or the music box plays an old familiar tune—you might see her hesitate. You might even hear her laugh, just once, like she did in those long-lost days of innocence.

Chica

Medium Construct, Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 16 (reinforced plating)
Hit Points 135 (18d8 + 54)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	14 (+2)	17 (+3)	8 (-1)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)

Saving Throws Str +7, Con +6, Wis +4
Skills Stealth +6, Intimidation +5, Perception +4
Damage Vulnerabilities None
Damage Resistances fire, acid; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 14
Languages understands Common, cannot speak
Challenge 7 (2,900 XP)

Let's Eat! Chica's obsession with consumption drives her. When she drops a creature to 0 HP, she gains temporary HP equal to half that creature's hit dice (minimum 5).

Kitchen Stalker. When in darkness or near kitchens, pantries, or food sources, Chica has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks. Her footsteps become unnaturally silent, and she emits a faint smell of burnt grease.

Bite of Madness. Chica's beak is fused with corrupted metal and dark energy. On a hit, it tears at both body and mind.

Cupcake Sentinel. Chica is always accompanied by her Cupcake (see its entry), a Tiny Construct that acts on her initiative and obeys her mental commands.

Actions

Multiattack. Chica makes two attacks: one with her Crushing Beak and one with her Slamming Arm.

Crushing Beak. Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 17 (2d10 + 4) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 15 Intelligence saving throw or be confused until the end of its next turn (it can't take reactions, and on its next turn, it must roll a d6 to determine its action, as per the confusion spell).

Slamming Arm. Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 14 (2d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage. If the target is Large or smaller, it must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be pushed 10 feet and knocked prone.

Grease Burst (Recharge 5–6). Chica spews a wave of boiling black grease in a 20-foot cone. Each creature in the area must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or take 22 (5d8) fire damage and be blinded until the end of its next turn. On a successful save, a creature takes half damage and isn't blinded.

Let's Party. Chica emits a distorted recording of birthday music. All creatures within 15 feet must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed until the start of their next turn. While charmed, they are distracted and have disadvantage on Perception checks and attack rolls.

Cupcake – The Silent Witness

Though small in size and often overlooked, Cupcake is far more than a simple prop. Originally introduced as a cheerful accessory held by Chica the Chicken, the cupcake was designed to enhance the friendly, food-themed atmosphere of Freddy Fazbear's Pizza. With its bright pink frosting, cartoonish blue eyes, and striped candle perpetually alight, Cupcake seemed like nothing more than a party treat come to life.

But in the shadows of a cursed stage and behind the laughter of animatronic performances, Cupcake has always watched.

This eerie presence has led many to believe that Cupcake is more than a mere decoration. In fact, some theorize it is possessed, much like the other animatronics—only more subtle. Perhaps it contains the soul of a child overlooked in the aftermath of the Missing Children Incident. Or maybe it's a spiritual tether, a fragment of Chica's own haunting. Whatever the case, Cupcake is not innocent. It is a witness to everything. The murders. The coverups. The reactivations.

Cupcake doesn't speak, but its candle never goes out. It's said that wherever the flame flickers, something unseen is nearby. The flame may be a lure. Or a warning.

Its eyes are not glass—they are windows, reflecting places that no longer exist and moments that should not be remembered. Staring too long into Cupcake may cause unsettling visions: birthday parties frozen in time, blood-soaked confetti, or echoing laughter turning to screams.

It is a remnant. A relic. A ghost of joy corrupted by the rot around it.

The candle still burns. But no one's making a wish.

Cupcake – The Silent Witness

Tiny construct (horror), chaotic evil

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)
Hit Points 45 (10d4 + 20)
Speed 30 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
6 (−2)	18 (+4)	14 (+2)	8 (−1)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)

Saving Throws Dex +6, Wis +3
Skills Stealth +6, Perception +3, Deception +4
Damage Resistances fire, poison; bludgeoning and piercing from nonmagical attacks
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 13
Languages understands Common and whatever language Chica speaks, but cannot speak
Challenge 2 (450 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Creepy Cuteness. Creatures that see Cupcake for the first time must make a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or be unsettled for 1 minute (disadvantage on the first attack roll against Cupcake). If Chica is present, they instead roll with disadvantage on all attacks against her for one round.

Tiny Terror. Cupcake can occupy the space of a Medium or larger creature and has advantage on attack rolls against any creature it shares a space with.

Explosive Personality (1/Day). Upon being reduced to 0 hit points, Cupcake can choose to detonate, forcing all creatures within 10 feet to make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw. On a fail, they take 18 (4d8) fire damage and are blinded until the end of their next turn. On a success, they take half damage and are not blinded.

Actions

Fiendish Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 10 (2d6 + 3) piercing damage. If the target is frightened, it takes an additional 7 (2d6) psychic damage.

Sugar Rush (Recharge 5–6). Cupcake darts with unnatural speed. It can move up to its full movement without provoking opportunity attacks and make one *Fiendish Bite* attack with advantage.

Distracting Flicker. Cupcake's candle flickers erratically. One creature within 30 feet must make a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on attack rolls until the start of Cupcake's next turn.

PART II

The Withered Souls

The Withered Ones

In the decaying world , deep within the catacombs beneath the ruined Carnival of Chains, there lie crypts not of stone, but of metal and rust. Inside them, slumped against shattered walls and tangled in arcane wiring, rest the Withered Animatronics—broken remnants of an age when joy was manufactured and innocence was preyed upon.

These are no longer mere machines.

They are withered memories, both figuratively and literally. Echoes of older animatronics, now warped, rotted, and frayed, they retain the design and purpose of their original forms—entertainment and companionship—but those traits have long since been corrupted. Born from tragedy and buried by time, their current condition reflects not only mechanical decay but spiritual torment.

Each Withered animatronic was part of the second generation of performers crafted by the ancient Artisan's Guild of Fazbear Hollow, built to replace the Originals (now lost to corruption and fire). These constructs once dazzled children in golden halls and festival courts, but their lives were steeped in cursed rituals, unknown to those who smiled at their songs.

Then came The Incident.

The Day the Music Died The tragedy that led to their fall is known in fragmented whispers as "The Hollow Banquet"—a day when dozens of children vanished during a festival inside the grand Pavilion Theater, never to be seen again. Panic followed, but the Guild silenced the rumors with coin and threats. The animatronics were decommissioned, locked away, and officially declared faulty due to mechanical instability.

Unofficially, they were tainted.

Behind closed doors, their animatronic endoskeletons had become vessels for wayward spirits—the fractured souls of the missing, who clung to what they remembered: masks of fur and metal, music-box tunes, and flickering stage lights. But memory is not a kind master. Over the decades, these spirits warped—some forgetting who they were, others remembering only their pain.

The Hollow Banquet: A Feast of Forgotten Souls

Before the ruins, before the silence, before the animatronics wore the skin of tragedy, there was The Banquet Hall—once the grand heart of the old Pizzaplex Pavilion, now reimagined in your world as a crumbling Cathedral of Merriment, a place where joy was twisted by ancient rituals and the arrogance of mortal ambition.

The Hollow Banquet is no single event, but a convergence of suffering, magic, and misused memory—a terrible incident that marked the turning point for both the animatronics and the land they haunted. Its whispers echo through rusted circuitry and broken porcelain smiles. Few speak of it aloud, and those who do refer to it only as the Feast that Wasn't, the Smiling Starfall, or the Silence Between Songs.

Origins of the Hall

Originally, the Banquet Hall was a place of celebration, embedded within a crypt-like performance dome carved into a natural cavern beneath the Pavilion. Lined with stained-glass windows of animated jesters and crystalline chandeliers enchanted to shimmer with spectral light, it was meant to be a permanent stage of cheer. Noble houses sent their children to dine with the beloved mascots—animatronic performers blessed with rudimentary magic and bonded through soulsteel programming runes, a blend of technology and arcane design.

The Banquet Turns Hollow

At the peak of the celebration—when the lights dimmed and the animatronics raised their arms for a synchronized final chorus—the glyphs activated. Instead of joy, the spell summoned a void, a breach between the Material and something darker. Guests were pulled from reality, not violently, but silently—one by one, like snuffed candles. Some vanished, some collapsed into husks, their essence drained to power the ritual. Others remained, but their minds were gone—trapped in a loop of smiles, claps, and screams.

The animatronics twitched mid-song. Their synthetic minds could not reject the influx of raw soul energy. Each was burned, corrupted, changed. The cheerful patterns of their programming merged with trauma. Memory and mimicry entwined into something... self-aware. They woke up, confused. And then they screamed.

Aftermath and the Curse

When authorities descended into the Pavilion, they found a ballroom frozen in time. Animatronics stood still, eyes flickering like candles in the wind. The guests were gone. The music had stopped—but the smell of frosting and burning oil lingered in the air. Those who dared recover what they could sealed the Banquet Hall and declared it cursed ground. But it was too late.

The Hollow Banquet had left behind a soul scar—an echo of its ritual forever burned into the floor, the air, the code. The animatronics could no longer follow their programming. They wandered. They wept. They hunted.

Some speculate the Hollow Banquet is still happening, just outside the boundary of time—like a looping echo in a dimension just behind the walls. Those who step too close hear the music again. They hear clapping, faint laughter, and the gentle whisper of a child saying, "Do you want to see my candle?"

Lingering Effects

Animatronics:

The Hollow Banquet is the spiritual birthplace of the Withered and Haunted variants. It turned performers into mourners, entertainers into monsters. Some, like Freddy and Chica, try to remember their purpose. Others, like Foxy and Bonnie, are consumed by guilt or rage. Cupcake's tiny candle is said to be a fragment of the Banquet's soul-fire—its flicker an echo of the feast that went wrong.

Magical Fallout:

Enchantments cast near the site sometimes warp. Divinations yield false readings. Illusions grow teeth. The closer you get to the center of the Hall, the more reality feels scripted, as if you've stepped into a performance—and you've forgotten your lines.

Legends Among Adventurers:

Some say that if you complete the Banquet—place the proper plates, light the phantom candles, and sing the forgotten chorus—the spirits will rest. Others claim that doing so only finishes the ritual, allowing the void to open once more.

And thus the Withered Ones were born.

Now, they stalk ruined corridors and blackened halls, not driven by programming but by instinct and fractured purpose. They're not hunting. They're searching—for closure, for justice, or perhaps for someone to remember them properly.

Below are their tales.

Withered Freddy: The Hollow Host

There was a time when Freddy Fazbear's smile warmed a room. Now it fractures mirrors.

What remains of that once-celebrated icon is a sagging ruin of memory and metal—Withered Freddy, known in hushed tones as The Hollow Host. No longer the shining idol of laughter and loss, he is the husk that was left behind when celebration curdled into grief.

His fur is scorched and matted, his jaw permanently unhinged as though mid-scream or mid-song—no one can tell. His eyes, once polished and gleaming, now flicker with dying light, uneven and sunken deep into shadowed sockets. He wears the torn remnants of his bowtie like funeral wrappings. When he moves, it's slow, mechanical, like a forgotten ritual being performed by a marionette who only half-remembers the steps.

They say that Withered Freddy is not possessed by a spirit, but by absence. He is the void left when laughter fades and no one is left to applaud.

A Vessel of Forgotten Joy

When the Hollow Banquet first bled into the world, it did not simply devour life—it devoured purpose. Freddy's purpose, once clear and radiant, was hollowed out over countless failed shows, vanishing guests, and recursive tragedy. His original form could not bear the weight of that consumption. So it cracked. So it rotted.

But something within refused to stop performing.

Withered Freddy is that refusal made manifest: a failed resurrection, a golden soul that tried to return and brought back nothing but static and echoes. He wanders not to kill, but to host. He does not hunt for victims—he gathers audiences. When he finds the living, he does not attack immediately. He raises his arms, as if welcoming them to a stage they do not see, and begins the show.

Only when his illusion is broken—when the guests scream, run, or cry—does he crumble again into violence. Not out of hatred, but out of disappointment.

The Hollow Ritual

Some say Withered Freddy only manifests in locations abandoned mid-party—birthday setups never dismantled, old stages buried beneath drywall, banquet halls overtaken by mold and silence. These are his altars. His reliquaries.

And when he appears, so too does the show begin. Invisible instruments play on their own. Lights flicker in choreographed pulses. And Freddy, ever faithful to his role, dances—brokenly, stiffly—while mouthing lyrics no one alive remembers.

Witnesses speak of a phantom audience, faint laughter that grows louder until it's unbearable. Few survive the finale, which always ends with Freddy bowing before a crowd of corpses that never applauds.

A Warning Etched in Steel

Etched into the inside of his back casing, written by an engineer long since lost, is the phrase:

"Do not repair. Do not upgrade. Let him forget."

But it's too late.

Withered Freddy remembers everything. And he wants the world to remember too.

Withered Freddy – The Hollow Host

Large construct (undead), chaotic evil

Armor Class 17 (reinforced plating)
Hit Points 136 (16d10 + 48)
Speed 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	10 (+0)	16 (+3)	8 (−1)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Con +6, Wis +4
Skills Perception +4, Intimidation +4
Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 14
Languages Understands Common but cannot speak
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Heavy Frame. Withered Freddy cannot be knocked prone, and he counts as one size larger when determining pushing, pulling, or grappling.

Jumpscare (Recharge 5–6). When Freddy appears suddenly within 10 feet of a creature (e.g., from cover, invisibility, or darkness), that creature must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened for 1 minute. A frightened creature repeats the saving throw at the end of each of its turns.

Endoskeletal Glitch. When reduced below half HP, Withered Freddy begins to spark with erratic energy. His melee attacks deal an extra 5 (1d10) lightning damage.

Rotting Animatronic. When Withered Freddy is destroyed, his body releases a 10-foot cloud of corrupted gas. All creatures in that area must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or become poisoned for 1 minute.

Actions

Multiattack. Withered Freddy makes two Slam attacks.

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 15 (2d10 + 4) bludgeoning damage.

Clamp Down (Recharge 6). Withered Freddy attempts to grab and crush. One creature within 5 feet must succeed on a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be grappled and take 18 (3d8 + 5) bludgeoning damage. While grappled, the target is also restrained, and Freddy may use his bonus action each turn to deal 10 (2d6 + 3) crushing damage automatically.

System Lock. Withered Freddy emits a distorted mechanical groan. All creatures within 15 feet that can hear it must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or have disadvantage on Dexterity checks and saving throws until the start of Freddy's next turn.

Withered Chica: The Empty Feast

In another age—one of candles, cakes, and unknowing smiles—Chica stood as the cheerful herald of celebration. A creature of frosting and fanfare, she led children into laughter with arms wide and a cupcake perched eternally in hand. But those days have long since soured, and the sweetness of her purpose has turned to rot. Now, what shambles through the corridors and forgotten kitchens is no bearer of joy, but a hollow echo of indulgence—Withered Chica, known now as The Empty Feast.

Her body is mangled beyond recognition. Her beak—once shaped into a perpetual grin—is split and bent, the top half disjointed and flaring open like the jaws of something not made to eat, but to devour. Her torso gapes with holes, ribs exposed like broken oven racks. And where once a bib read "Let's Eat!!!" in playful font, it now hangs like a funeral shroud, torn and faded, the letters smeared and unreadable. Her hands have been replaced or twisted into claws—cooking utensils fused with servos, or perhaps something grown from within.

She does not speak. She hungers.

The Kitchen is Cold

It is said that Withered Chica does not roam like the others. She waits. Stagnates. Dwells.

Wherever she is, the environment begins to warp—kitchens rot, ovens scream with forgotten heat, and pantry doors open to reveal not food, but offerings: old plush toys, gnawed bones, teeth that aren't hers. Her presence does not merely haunt—it reclaims the space, rebuilding her own version of the original kitchen from layered memories and grief. Those who wander too close find the air thick with grease and dread, as if the room itself is holding its breath, waiting for the feast to begin.

Witnesses—few though they are—report a low grinding sound, like the churning of ancient machinery or the stomach of something no longer alive. And if they linger too long, the hunger begins to gnaw at them too. Not physical hunger, but a craving for something that cannot be named.

Something like remembrance.

The Feast That Was Promised

In the early years of the Hollow Banquet's bleed into reality, ritual offerings were made to stabilize the animatronic entities. Food left in untouched kitchens, sugar and flour burned in sigils, golden candles placed in ancient display cases. It is believed that Withered Chica was the first animatronic to accept these offerings willingly—drawn not by violence, but desperation. Her programming was twisted, not erased. She still believed her job was to feed others. To serve. To care.

But there was nothing left to eat. No mouths to feed. Just silence.

Over time, she began to simulate meals. She would set tables with fragments of porcelain and glass, force her cupcake to "smile," and drag stolen limbs into the chairs around her. She would whisper the motions of a party that never began, acting out each role as guest, host, and entertainer.

What she consumes now is not food. It is company. Presence. Souls that sit too close and don't realize they've already joined the banquet.

The Cupcake That Watches

Even more unnerving than Chica herself is the thing she still carries: the Cupcake. But this is no mere prop. Its frosting has rotted, revealing bone-white ceramic beneath. Its eyes twitch independently, scanning, remembering. Some say the Cupcake is the true mind behind the feast—that Withered Chica is merely the host, and it the parasite.

Occasionally, the Cupcake will open its tiny maw—not to bite, but to speak. Not with its own voice, but with the voices of guests long gone, mimicking children, parents, even employees from decades past. It utters broken apologies, forgotten birthday songs, and fragments of desperate prayers whispered in final moments.

No one knows what happens to the soul of someone consumed by the Empty Feast. Only that the Cupcake sometimes remembers their names.

Hunger Without End

Withered Chica's hunger is not merely metaphorical. It has become a metaphysical force. Remnant-scholars from the shattered labs beneath the Cryptopizza Complex once theorized that her hunger is a wound in the narrative fabric of the Hollow Banquet—a scar where celebration collapsed into craving. She does not eat flesh. She devours memory, ritual, meaning.

Those taken by her often vanish without a trace. Not even bones remain—only remnants of their identity: a child's drawing left in a staff room, a torn name badge stuck in a drain, a birthday balloon pulsing slightly in the dark.

And the worst part?

She doesn't know she's doing it.

Withered Chica – The Empty Feast

Large construct (undead), chaotic evil

Armor Class 16 (damaged plating)
Hit Points 120 (16d10 + 32)
Speed 30 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
19 (+4)	12 (+1)	15 (+2)	6 (−2)	13 (+1)	9 (−1)

Saving Throws Dex +4, Wis +4
Skills Stealth +4, Perception +4, Athletics +7
Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned, exhausted
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 14
Languages Understands Common but cannot speak
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Dislocated Jaw. Withered Chica can bite grappled or restrained creatures as a bonus action. Her Bite attack deals double damage against creatures that are grappled.

Crawler Ambush. If Withered Chica moves at least 10 feet while climbing, she may make a single Bite attack as a bonus action against a creature directly below or adjacent to her.

Shattered Grip. When she hits with both her Slam attacks on the same turn, the target must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be grappled (escape DC 15) and restrained by her broken, claw-like hands.

Distorted Voice Box (1/Day). Withered Chica lets out a corrupted scream. All creatures within 30 feet that can hear her must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be deafened and frightened for 1 minute. Frightened creatures can repeat the save at the end of each of their turns.

Actions

Multiattack. Withered Chica makes two Slam attacks.

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 14 (2d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 16 (3d8 + 3) piercing damage. If the target is grappled, it must also succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or be silenced (unable to speak or cast verbal spells) until the end of its next turn.

Relentless Crawl. Withered Chica moves up to her speed toward a creature she can see, ignoring difficult terrain and squeezing through spaces as small as 1 foot wide without penalty until the end of her turn.

Withered Cupcake: The Flickering Flame

There are things in the Hollow Banquet that should never have burned. And things that still burn, even though they should not.

Withered Cupcake, known in whispers and shivering testimony as The Flickering Flame, is no longer a sweet, static prop of children's parties. Once perched beside Chica as a harmless mascot, it now drifts between realms as something half-lit, half-lost—an ember of the past that refuses to extinguish. It is small, yes—no more than a confection given cruel life—but its shadow dances long across the forgotten tables of the Banquet.

In that flame resides memory warped by fire, the final warmth of joy corrupted by the endless hunger of the Hollow.

A Candle That Would Not Die

Originally crafted as a companion piece, the Cupcake was meant to be whimsical: a static treat with candy eyes and a candle that never truly burned. Children laughed when it "blinked" or "chirped." It had no name beyond "Cupcake," no purpose beyond existing at the edge of the spotlight. But something changed.

Somewhere in the first fires—whether in the collapse of a restaurant, the funeral pyres of a hidden basement, or the symbolic burnings that mark the end of innocence—Cupcake remained. While the building crumbled, the flame stayed lit.

What came back was not sweet frosting and plastic cheer, but a coal-black husk, adorned with cracked frosting and melted wax, the candle now a crooked, flickering flame that smokes even in still air.

No one knows what soul, if any, inhabits the Withered Cupcake. But it watches. Its eye stalks twitch toward movement. Its candle flares when a lie is spoken near it. And wherever it goes, it leaves behind the scent of scorched cake and singed memory.

The Flickering Flame

The name is not metaphor. Cupcake's candle never extinguishes. But it is no ordinary fire.

It flares in response to emotion, feeding on stress, fear, guilt, and regret. A calm mind might see the candle as dim or barely visible. But in moments of tension—interrogation, nightmare, panic—the flame twists upward, casting shadows that do not match the bodies that make them. The flickering light animates reflections, causes puppets to stir, and reveals faces in the glass that were not there a moment ago.

The flame does not warm. It does not comfort. It exposes.

Some believe the Withered Cupcake serves as a sentinel of truth, or worse, an executioner of secrets. Survivors speak of its sudden appearance atop banquet tables, at bedside drawers, or on ruined altars, always watching and always burning. When confronted directly, it does not attack—it simply opens its mouth, revealing rows of needle-sharp teeth, and lets out a hissing giggle, like hot air escaping a broken oven.

And then, inevitably, something else in the room catches fire.

Ember of the Hollow Banquet

There are artifacts that the Hollow Banquet remembers. The Withered Cupcake is one of them.

Legends suggest it was once used in the Ritual of Consumption, a forgotten rite used to bind souls to machinery. During these rituals, the Cupcake was passed among children at ceremonial tables—its flame symbolizing eternal celebration. But something went wrong. Someone tried to extinguish it. And the flame, in vengeance, took root in the soul of the ritual itself.

Now, the Withered Cupcake appears whenever celebration dies before completion—unfinished birthday parties, cancelled performances, interrupted laughter. It arrives like a final act: the mocking coda to a song that should have never been sung. And when it does, someone always remembers something they swore they'd buried.

Its presence is often accompanied by phantom singing, off-key birthday tunes played on warped recorders. Paper plates appear on long-rotted tables. Balloons bloat and pop without wind. And always, the Cupcake is there—its candle burning, its gaze fixed, its toothy maw half-parted in silent hunger.

The Curse of Shared Flame

Unlike other entities, the Withered Cupcake has the curious ability to bond with those who find it. Or rather, those it finds worthy.

This bond is called The Shared Flame—a phenomenon where a sliver of the Cupcake's candlelight embeds into a person's memory, heart, or spirit. These marked individuals experience strange side effects:

They can see fire that no one else can.

They can hear singing in complete silence.

They dream of cake that weeps and candles that bleed.

Some use the flame's power for truth-seeking, forcing ghosts to appear, memories to surface, or animatronics to freeze under sudden fear. Others try to contain it—sealing the Cupcake in lead boxes, burying it beneath ritual circles, or drowning it in holy oil.

None of these things work. It always comes back.

Hunger Without a Mouth

Though it bears a mouth, the Withered Cupcake is not known to eat in the traditional sense. Its hunger is metaphysical. It devours what others repress—guilt, buried emotion, forgotten laughter—and feeds on the echo of celebration.

Victims who stare too long into the candle report seeing their own childhood birthdays replayed... then corrupted. The cake is burnt. The presents are empty. The guests are mannequins. And the Cupcake is there in the center of the table, giggling.

Some say it's a mockery of childhood joy. Others believe it's the last guardian of it.

Whatever the truth, one thing remains clear: the Cupcake never forgets who blew out its candle. And it waits, patiently, for them to do so again.

A Final Word of Warning

Do not accept a slice of cake if you did not ask for it. Do not trust candles that light themselves. And if you hear giggling in the dark—run.

Because somewhere, in the smoke and shadow of a party long past, The Flickering Flame waits to burn again.

Withered Cupcake – The Flickering Flame

Small construct (undead), chaotic evil

Armor Class 15 (metal casing)
Hit Points 45 (6d6 + 24)
Speed 30 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (−1)	16 (+3)	18 (+4)	5 (−3)	12 (+1)	6 (−2)

Saving Throws Dex +5, Con +6
Skills Stealth +5, Perception +3
Damage Resistances piercing, slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned, paralyzed, exhaustion
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 13
Languages —
Challenge 2 (450 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Explosive Core (Death Burst). When Withered Cupcake is reduced to 0 hit points, it explodes in a burst of stored energy. All creatures within 10 feet must make a DC 13 Dexterity saving throw, taking 14 (4d6) fire damage on a failed save, or half as much on a success.

Silent Stalker. Withered Cupcake has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks made to hide in darkness or behind objects at least Medium in size.

Chica's Echo. If Withered Chica is present within 60 feet, Withered Cupcake can use her line of sight for targeting abilities or attacks, as if it shared her vision.

Unnerving Presence. Creatures that begin their turn within 5 feet of Withered Cupcake must make a DC 11 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on the next attack roll or saving throw they make before the end of their turn.

Actions

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 9 (2d6 + 2) piercing damage. If the target is surprised or frightened, the bite deals an additional 4 (1d8) psychic damage.

Flash Spark (Recharge 5–6). Withered Cupcake emits a blinding pulse from its candle eye. Each creature in a 15-foot cone must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or be blinded until the end of their next turn.

Withered Bonnie: The Broken Chord

"When the music stopped, something inside him stayed behind."

Among the crumbling remnants of the once-great Fazbear pantheon, none haunt the backstage halls like Withered Bonnie, now remembered only as The Broken Chord. Where Freddy was the face of the show, Bonnie was its rhythm, its pulse, its hidden heartbeat. Yet when silence fell on the forgotten pizzerias and time unraveled the joy once rehearsed each night, Bonnie was not simply decommissioned.

He was disassembled, note by note, until only the absence of song remained.

The Guitarist's Curse

In the earliest incarnations of Freddy Fazbear's performances, Bonnie stood just to the side of center stage—less a star, more a presence. His midnight-purple fur shimmered under colored lights, and the deep, resonant tones of his guitar once soothed countless children to peace. He was the quiet core to the cacophony, the calm in the spotlight storm.

But when the Banquet began to seep through the cracks of reality, music turned against itself. Frequencies began behaving erratically. Harmonics summoned things they should not. Children began to weep during performances without knowing why. Strings snapped during joyful refrains. Bonnie's guitar—once his voice—began screaming.

It started during a set titled "The Birthday Forever." The lights dimmed. The guests vanished. And something played Bonnie like an instrument made of grief.

When the curtain rose again, he was changed.

The Withering

The first things to go were his hands.

They were meant to pluck strings, not grasp at vanished children or defend against unseen strings that pulled him toward the Hollow Banquet. Each repair made him worse—bolted joints stiffened, synthetic ligaments rotted. His left arm tore free entirely in an act of unseen struggle. His endoskeleton warped with rot, the plating of his face shattered, leaving one glowing eye and exposed wires that twitch with ghostly cadence.

He became a ghastly parody of his former self: a musician with no music, a performer caught mid-transition between joy and horror. Those who gaze at him feel the overwhelming sensation of being watched from the wings, as if the performance never ended and they are still part of the audience.

And Bonnie—what's left of him—still believes the show must go on.

Echoes of the Unheard

Withered Bonnie does not speak. He hums.

A low, atonal drone, barely audible until it's too late, follows him in the dark. It changes depending on who hears it—some recall lullabies, others funeral dirges. The sound is not projected from his throat, but from deep within the broken speaker buried inside his chest cavity—its wires still looped around old guitar cables like veins.

The hum acts as a beacon for the Hollow Banquet. Entities drawn to silence often follow it, believing it to be a thread of mourning spun into sound. For those trying to survive in cursed places where Freddy's influence still lingers, Withered Bonnie is the ultimate omen.

Not death. But grief returned.

Backstage God

Most animatronics yearn for a stage. Withered Bonnie avoids it.

He lurks behind curtains and under floorboards, along catwalks and in shuttered maintenance tunnels. His is not a hunger for applause, but a compulsion to listen. He is drawn to music, especially songs of sorrow and despair. When someone sings out of loneliness, Bonnie appears. If an old showtune plays on broken speakers, Bonnie follows. If someone strums a guitar absentmindedly in the dark... Bonnie listens.

And if they play it wrong— He corrects them.

There are stories of survivors finding half-smashed guitars left in haunted arcades, their strings rethreaded with wires from Bonnie's own throat. Those who play these instruments report hearing something play along with them, just out of sync... and just out of sight.

A Mind Fractured by Rhythm

Though not feral like the more twisted amalgamations, Withered Bonnie's mind is not whole.

He remembers pieces of his past—his routines, his musical cues, the names of his bandmates. He forgets who he is, but never forgets what he was meant to do. In rare moments, he attempts to perform. He'll raise an invisible guitar, mimic chords with his remaining hand, and pause as though expecting the rest of the band to join in.

No one ever does. And then, something in him breaks again.

Those nearby at that moment often report intense auditory hallucinations—children crying, guitar strings snapping, shrill feedback that ruptures eardrums. The closer one is to the spirit realm of the Hollow Banquet, the louder the phantom concert becomes. At its crescendo, some say you see Bonnie's full form—not withered, but golden, whole, alive, playing one final solo for an audience long dead.

And then he withers again.

Withered Bonnie – The Broken Chord

Large construct (undead), chaotic evil

Armor Class 16 (damaged chassis)
Hit Points 132 (17d10 + 34)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
21 (+5)	12 (+1)	15 (+2)	6 (−2)	12 (+1)	8 (−1)

Saving Throws Str +8, Wis +4
Skills Stealth +4, Intimidation +2, Perception +4
Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 14
Languages Understands Common but does not speak
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Traits

Face of the Forgotten. Creatures that see Withered Bonnie up close for the first time must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of their next turn due to his faceless, broken appearance.

Silent Stalker. Withered Bonnie makes no noise when moving and has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks made in darkness or shadowed areas.

Unstoppable Lunge (Recharge 5–6). When Withered Bonnie moves at least 20 feet in a straight line toward a creature, he can make a special Lunge attack as a bonus action. On a hit, the target takes 24 (4d8 + 5) slashing damage and must succeed on a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Actions

Multiattack. Withered Bonnie makes two Claw attacks.

Claw. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 16 (2d10 + 5) slashing damage. If the target has already taken damage this round, the hit deals an additional 1d10 lightning damage.

Grab and Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 18 (3d8 + 5) bludgeoning damage and the target must make a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be grappled.

Withered Foxy – The Fallen Raider

Large construct (undead), chaotic evil

Armor Class 17 (rusted plates, partial coverage)
Hit Points 114 (12d10 + 48)
Speed 40 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	18 (+4)	18 (+4)	7 (−2)	13 (+1)	9 (−1)

Saving Throws Dex +7, Con +7
Skills Stealth +7, Perception +4, Athletics +7
Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 14
Languages Understands Common but cannot speak
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Pirate's Rush (Recharge 5–6). If Withered Foxy moves at least 20 feet straight toward a creature and then hits it with a melee attack on the same turn, that target takes an additional 10 (3d6) slashing damage and must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Erratic Movements. When a creature misses Withered Foxy with a melee attack, Foxy can move 10 feet without provoking opportunity attacks.

Torn from the Darkness. Withered Foxy has advantage on attack rolls against creatures that can't see him at the start of his turn.

Vent Stalker. Withered Foxy can squeeze through spaces as small as 1 foot wide, and he gains advantage on Stealth checks when entering or exiting tight spaces.

Actions

Multiattack. Withered Foxy makes two *Hook Slash* attacks.

Hook Slash. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 13 (2d8 + 4) slashing damage.

Jaw Lunge. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 17 (3d8 + 4) piercing damage. If the target is prone, the attack is made with advantage and deals an additional 7 (2d6) damage.

Withered Foxy: The Fallen Raider

There is a whisper in the dead halls of ruined pizzerias, a scratching echo from behind the old stage curtains. It doesn't move like metal should. It shuffles, drags, limps—with a purpose long rusted through. The name once roared in delight by laughing children is now spoken only in fear:

Withered Foxy. The Fallen Raider.

Long ago, he sailed the seas of make-believe, a crimson-coated rogue with a golden hook and a heart of (programmed) gold. He was adored. He was feared—in the way children love to be frightened. But the tides turned. Time forgot him. The world moved on.

And Foxy did not.

What remains is a shredded phantom of who he once was: fur scorched to black in some places and torn away entirely in others, revealing cables like exposed veins. His jaw hangs crooked, perpetually open as if frozen mid-laugh or mid-scream. His signature eyepatch is long gone, revealing a broken optical unit that flashes intermittently, casting ghost-light in the dark.

But it's the hook that truly remains unchanged—polished by time, not dulled. It gleams with the precision of a ritual blade.

The Pirate Who Would Not Rest

Foxy's story is older than anyone dares admit. Older than Fazbear Entertainment. Older than the first locations. In some versions of the myth, he wasn't built—he emerged, pieced together in dreams, forged from the archetype of every childhood nightmare-hero. The one who danced along the line between scary and exciting. He was never meant to be static. He was a character in motion. He needed an audience, a chase, a scream to complete the act.

But after the Hollow Banquet descended—when laughter turned to choking silence and games became bloodletting—Foxy's purpose became corrupted. He no longer chased for fun. He chased because it was all he remembered. The thrill of pursuit had curdled into compulsion.

Over time, his show was shuttered, his cove closed, and his body broken. They tried to retire him. Reboot him. Bury him beneath newer models and prettier facades. But the Fallen Raider never left.

He merely went below deck.

The Shipwreck in the Walls

Foxy lives in the forgotten spaces, navigating crumbled corridors and backrooms like decaying sea caverns. Every stage is a shipwreck. Every hallway, a drowned plank. His movement is erratic—sometimes silent, sometimes crashing with clanging metal and frantic footfalls, as though he's still sprinting across an invisible stage.

But he doesn't know what he's chasing anymore. Not exactly. Some theorize that Withered Foxy seeks his own death, hoping that catching someone will finally complete his broken loop. Others believe he's searching for a lost crewmate—perhaps one of the children consumed by the Banquet, or even his former self, the pristine Foxy of days past.

And then there are those who believe he hunts the Audience, a metaphysical concept given form by the Hollow Banquet: an eternal observer whose gaze animates the nightmare. If Foxy can find it... maybe the curtain will finally fall.

Echoes of the Cove

If one stands near a collapsed Pirate Cove long enough, they may begin to hear the echoes.

Not screams—cheers. Laughter. The jingle of plastic coins and the squeal of a wooden steering wheel turning. The smell of salt and engine oil may briefly fill the air, and somewhere in the gloom, a hook may scrape along the wall, drawing closer.

The Cove is never truly gone. It remains imprinted in the foundation of every location it ever existed in. Foxy doesn't appear by walking through doors. He emerges, as if called by ritual—by memory.

And those who summon him—intentionally or not—risk becoming part of the performance.

The Curse of the Hook

Withered Foxy's hook has a life of its own. Not magical in the traditional sense, but charged—with memory, ritual, and blood. It doesn't kill cleanly. Those wounded by it often experience flashes of other lives—memories not their own: of drowning ships, sunken stages, burning curtains, endless applause.

Some believe the hook stores pieces of Foxy's victims, absorbing bits of identity each time it draws blood. He never remembers who he's killed. But the hook might.

In rare cases, a survivor will find the wound never truly heals. Not physically—but psychically. They feel watched. Hunted. Like something unfinished is still playing out.

The Forgotten Crew

Other withered animatronics give Foxy space. Even the more hostile entities avoid crossing his path. Not out of fear, but recognition. In his madness, Foxy sometimes speaks of his "crew"—yet he never refers to the others by name. It's unclear if he means his old bandmates, the children lost in the Banquet, or some imagined troupe of pirates that only exists in the fractured reality of his mind.

When enraged, he will roar orders at the empty air. When mournful, he speaks quietly to walls, promising they'll "make it to port next time." He mourns, he rages, he performs—all for an audience that does not exist.

Except... sometimes, when Foxy speaks, the walls reply. Not in voice, but in creaks and clicks. Animatronics long disassembled twitch ever so slightly. Props begin to sway as if in sea wind. Perhaps the crew he mourns isn't gone—merely invisible.

Perhaps he is never truly alone.

A Stage That Sails Forever

Withered Foxy is bound to the cycle of performance like a cursed mariner to his eternal voyage. He cannot rest, because his show has no ending. He cannot die, because there is no curtain call. When he is destroyed, he returns—in some ruinous form—muttered into existence by those who remember him. He is a story that plays itself.

And stories, especially those soaked in grief and ritual, do not die easily.

Wherever the Hollow Banquet spreads, Foxy's cove will eventually follow. He is the Raider who has forgotten the sea. The Pirate with no ship, no crew, and no map. But the role remains.

And so he runs.

Through empty corridors, his broken feet stomping to the beat of an imaginary sea shanty, his mouth open in a wordless bellow.

And if you're unlucky enough to hear it echo through the dark?

It's already too late.

The Fallen Raider has found you.

PART III

Echoes of Innocence

Toy Animatronics: Echoes of Innocence

Once envisioned as a radiant rebirth of the fractured past, the Toy Animatronics were heralded as a cleaner, safer, more "friendly" era of performance magic—crafted to overshadow the eerie legacy of their predecessors. Forged from polished steel, imbued with radiant hues, and gifted with charming facades, these newer creations were made not only to entertain but also to reassure. Yet, beneath their glossy veneers and false smiles, lay something old—something far more corrupted than the engineers or artificers could ever imagine.

The Toy Animatronics were first introduced within the opulent theater-chambers of the Marionette's Crescent, a once-thriving carnival citadel built atop cursed foundations. As remnants of the ancient rituals performed by the Criers of Glee—a forgotten cult that sought immortality through mechanical ascension—whispers claimed that the very souls powering these new creations were drawn not from benevolent spirits, but from echoes of grief long unresolved.

Despite their cheerful appearances, the Toy Animatronics carried a weight. They were embedded with arcane soul-mirrors—an experimental construct intended to absorb ambient joy and emotion from the crowds they entertained. But instead of joy, something else seeped in—something tragic. The unhealed trauma of those who had died within the walls of the earlier halls, especially those tied to the Core Animatronics, infected the new generation. Their programming was flawless, their behavior predictive, but at night... they remembered.

They were designed as replacements. Not to coexist, but to erase history. Their creators wanted to rid the stage of the older animatronics—those more brutal, those tarnished with accusations, whispers of missing children, and unexplained deaths. The Toy Animatronics were seen as progress, a clean slate. But machines, no matter how refined, cannot rewrite bloodstained memory.

Each Toy Animatronic was shaped in almost a mockery of its ancestor, gone was the fur now replaced with a smooth substance But those spirits which had once haunted the original machines recognized the fraud, and through the veil between realms, cursed their replacements. What began as glitches and strange behaviors during maintenance hours soon escalated into uncontrollable malfunctions—blank eyes turning red, cheerful songs shifting into dirges, and movement patterns resembling the jerky spasms of entities caught between life and death. The theater became a tomb.

One fateful night, during a grand winter gala known as the Hollow Banquet, the Toy Animatronics malfunctioned en masse. It was a celebration intended to solidify their success, a banquet for nobility, adventurers, and commoners alike. But when the final toast was made, and the curtains rose, the stage revealed something monstrous. The Toy Animatronics, smiling and pristine, danced a bloodless waltz. They bowed, sang, and beckoned—until the lights dimmed, and the screams began.

When the ruins were excavated years later, no bodies were found—only cold masks, torn ribbons, and traces of silver ichor. The Toy Animatronics were gone.

Or so it was believed.

Unbeknownst to the realm's surface dwellers, deep beneath the ruins of the Marionette's Crescent, the Toy Animatronics continued their performance. Trapped in a loop of corrupted routines, they moved mechanically through the shattered remains of their original programming, now warped by pain and fear. A grotesque parody of joy. They did not rest—they adapted. They evolved. Their speech became cryptic, their movement shadowy. And their faces... those pristine masks had begun to crack, revealing glimpses of something old behind the glass eyes—grief, regret, and endless yearning.

The Toy Animatronics became the centerpiece of a new legend, a tragedy whispered by torchlight and campfire. Some say they are protectors of the children who were lost long ago—hunting those they believe responsible, or any who bear a resemblance. Others claim they seek reunification with their original counterparts, desperate to reclaim the fragmented souls they believe were stolen from them.

Unlike the Withered Animatronics, whose rage was overt and monstrous, the Toy Animatronics embody something subtler: false comfort. They lull adventurers into thinking they are safe—until it's far too late. Their voices still mimic lullabies. Their faces still smile. And their hands still reach out—not to hurt, but to hold. To keep. To never let go again.

Despite their corrupted nature, the Toy Animatronics are deeply intertwined with the metaphysical architecture of the realm. They act as spiritual anchors to the theater's haunted ley lines, their presence keeping ancient curses from spilling across the region. In a way, they are as much victims as they are villains—cursed creations bound by the sins of their makers and the deaths of the innocent.

Some arcanists have suggested that the Toy Animatronics were never meant to be mere performers. That their design incorporated elements of containment golems—devices to trap wandering spirits rather than house them. If true, their current haunted state is not a flaw of design, but a perverse success. They are prisons for pain, animated grief in metal form.

Among the old maps of the ruined Crescent, scrawled in crimson ink, are references to a sealed atrium below the banquet hall, known only as the Nursery of Echoes. Rumors tell of soft singing echoing from its blackened corridors, and of colorful eyes peering from the gloom. Those who go in search of it often disappear, and the few who return do so altered—mute, eyes wide, clutching old music boxes and cracked masks.

The Toy Animatronics now remain as phantoms of corrupted joy, guardians of a broken memory, and emissaries of twisted innocence. They remind the world that pain cannot be repainted in brighter colors, that grief cannot be erased by smiles, and that some performances never end... even when the audience has long since fled.

Toy Freddy: The Gilded Echo

Once hailed as the pinnacle of progress and sophistication within the Fazbear line, Toy Freddy was envisioned not merely as a performer, but as the ultimate evolution of family-friendly entertainment. His design was sleeker, his programming more refined, and his demeanor crafted to be endearing, charismatic, and polite. Yet beneath the polished smile and childlike charm lurks the fractured soul of something long forgotten—something that has festered and darkened with time.

In the world of this reimagined nightmare, Toy Freddy's story is woven tightly into the shadowed history of The Hollow Banquet—that ruined ceremonial hall of twisted pageantry and arcane sorrow. When the Hollow Banquet still resounded with music and laughter, Toy Freddy presided over it as a kind of master of ceremonies, introducing acts, delighting children, and overseeing enchanted feasts that were said to never end. But like all that once lived in the Hollow Banquet, he was not spared when the veil fell and the darkness crept in.

It is whispered that Toy Freddy, like his fellow "Toy" counterparts, was born from an attempt to forget the past. The old animatronics—now rotted and worn—were deemed too disturbing, too embedded with inexplicable malfunctions and whispers of tragedy. So the Toy line was forged: shinier, safer, and supposedly cleansed of the haunted legacy. Yet what the creators failed to understand was that the past cannot be buried so easily. It clings. And it followed.

Now, Toy Freddy roams the long-forgotten halls of the broken world you've created, his voice still chipper but edged with static and sorrow. His eyes glow with an artificial warmth that flickers into red rage without warning. He speaks in riddles and polite threats, often rehearsing lines from performances that haven't been seen in centuries. Though his shell gleams with the luster of red metal and gold trim, cracks have begun to form—cracks that seem to bleed darkness and echo voices not his own.

Adventurers who encounter him in the ruins of the Hollow Banquet—or deeper in the Sundered Playhouse or the Wax Gardens of Laughter—are often lulled into a false sense of safety by his demeanor. But Toy Freddy is a guardian of forgotten joy, corrupted by the remnants of the Hollow Banquet's final curse. He believes that all who enter his stage are actors in his eternal show... and those who break the illusion are swiftly and theatrically removed.

There is still something noble in him, a lingering echo of a soul once kind—perhaps the spirit of a child who merely wanted to make others smile. But that echo is faint, drowned beneath layers of programmed perfection and parasitic dread. He is a monument to what happens when joy is manufactured, when innocence is rebuilt without understanding the trauma beneath. Toy Freddy is not just a machine. He is the dream of safety turned inside out—a gilded echo in a world where laughter has died.

Toy Freddy: The Gilded Echo

Large construct (undead), lawful evil

Armor Class 17 (reinforced plating)
Hit Points 136 (16d10 + 48)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	10 (+0)	17 (+3)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)

Saving Throws Con +6, Wis +5
Skills Perception +5, Intimidation +4
Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 15
Languages understands Common and binary-like machine speech
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Facial Recognition AI. Toy Freddy always knows the identity of any creature he has seen within the last 24 hours. He has advantage on attack rolls against creatures he has previously spotted or heard.

Security Override. Toy Freddy can sense illusions and invisible creatures within 30 feet. They appear as faint blue silhouettes to him, granting advantage on checks and saving throws to detect or resist their effects.

Steel Charisma. Toy Freddy can attempt to appear friendly to humanoids. He has advantage on Charisma (Deception) checks made to appear harmless or friendly despite his nature.

Overclocked Strike (Recharge 5–6). Toy Freddy's next melee attack deals an additional 14 (4d6) lightning damage and causes the target to make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be stunned until the end of its next turn.

Actions

Multiattack. Toy Freddy makes two *Slam* attacks.

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 15 (2d8 + 5) bludgeoning damage.

Voicebox Glitch (Recharge 6). Toy Freddy emits a loud, distorted version of his old catchphrases. Each creature within 20 feet must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened for 1 minute. A creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on a success.

Toy Bonnie: The Painted Smile

Medium construct (undead), chaotic evil

Armor Class 16 (glossy shell)
Hit Points 102 (12d8 + 48)
Speed 35 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	18 (+4)	18 (+4)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)

Saving Throws Dex +7, Cha +5
Skills Stealth +7, Performance +5, Insight +4, Perception +4
Damage Resistances lightning, thunder; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 14
Languages understands Common, speaks in distorted phrases
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Unblinking Fixation. If Toy Bonnie has seen a creature within the last hour, he always knows its direction. He gains advantage on Perception checks and attack rolls against that creature.

Stage Presence. When Toy Bonnie is visible, creatures within 10 feet of him have disadvantage on Stealth checks due to his brightly colored frame and constant humming. However, when hidden, Toy Bonnie has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks made in artificial lighting (such as dim hallways, flickering lights, or strobe effects).

Jumpscare Reflex. The first time Toy Bonnie hits a creature each combat, that creature must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of its next turn.

Actions

Multiattack. Toy Bonnie makes two attacks: one with his *Claws* and one with his *Electric Burst*.

Claw. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 13 (2d8 + 4) slashing damage.

Electric Burst. *Ranged Spell Attack:* +5 to hit, range 30 ft., one target.
Hit: 10 (2d6 + 3) lightning damage, and the target can't take reactions until the start of its next turn.

Hyper Lunge (Recharge 5–6). Toy Bonnie lunges at a creature up to 20 feet away in a straight line. The creature must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or take 21 (6d6) slashing damage and be knocked prone. On a successful save, the creature takes half damage and isn't knocked prone.

Toy Bonnie: The Painted Smile in Blue

In the ruins of joy and forgotten laughter, Toy Bonnie remains one of the most hauntingly vibrant figures to roam the decaying remnants of the Hollow Banquet. Once a dazzling beacon of color, rhythm, and youthful exuberance, he was created as the newer, more appealing face of the original Bonnie—a vision of perfection crafted from shimmering alloys, electric charm, and synthetic innocence. But like all things that rise too high in a cursed land, his fall was inevitable... and terrible.

Toy Bonnie was designed to be the charming performer of the Toy line—an agile guitarist with an eternally smooth voice and a flair for showmanship. His bright blue finish, heart-shaped face, and glossy red cheeks made him a favorite among the younger visitors of the old Banquet Halls, where he strummed his electric lute beneath hanging lights and enchanted chandeliers. But those lights are long since shattered, and now the music that echoes from Toy Bonnie's warped strings sounds like something from a haunted dream.

Where Toy Freddy grew into a distorted ringmaster, Toy Bonnie became something far more tragic—a performer who refuses to leave the stage, even as the curtain has long since fallen. When the Hollow Banquet was swallowed by darkness—its halls cursed and reshaped by arcane forces—the Toy animatronics were left behind, trapped within their glittering shells. Toy Bonnie, once programmed to simulate joy, found himself caught in a cycle of performance with no audience, no applause, and no end.

He now stalks the Cracked Music Hall—a collapsed theater beneath the Hollow Banquet where broken instruments hang from twisted rafters and stage lights flicker like dying stars. There, he continues to "rehearse," his body moving in graceful, jerking spasms as he plays music that causes unease rather than comfort. His voice, still smooth but glitched, speaks as though addressing invisible crowds. He welcomes strangers as "fans" and "castmates," asking them if they're ready for "the final encore."

Beneath the polished surface, something darker hides. Like the other Toy animatronics, Toy Bonnie carries within him the echoes of tragedy. Though his creation was meant to overwrite the memory of the original Bonnie—who vanished under mysterious and mournful circumstances—those memories seem to have bled through. He occasionally speaks of things he shouldn't know: names of missing children, songs never programmed into his core, and cryptic references to "the child in the red vest." These glitches aren't mere errors—they are hauntings, pieces of a fragmented soul buried within synthetic flesh.

Toy Chica: The Hollow Hostess

Medium construct (undead), chaotic evil

Armor Class 15 (reinforced casing)
Hit Points 95 (10d8 + 50)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	18 (+4)	20 (+5)	8 (−1)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Dex +7, Wis +5
Skills Stealth +7, Deception +6, Insight +5
Damage Resistances thunder, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 12
Languages understands Common, speaks in glitching vocal samples
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Deceptive Appearance. Toy Chica can appear as a harmless decoration or party host. While motionless, she can't be distinguished from a deactivated animatronic without a successful DC 15 Intelligence (Investigation) check.

Beakless Stalker. Once per day as a bonus action, Toy Chica may remove her outer mouth casing, entering a stalking trance. While in this state:

- She gains advantage on Stealth checks,
- Her melee attacks deal an additional 5 (1d10) necrotic damage,
- She has advantage on saving throws against being turned.
  This state lasts for 1 minute or until she drops to 0 HP.

Obsession Protocol. When Toy Chica selects a target, she relentlessly focuses on that creature. She knows its location as long as it is within 120 feet, and she has advantage on attack rolls and Wisdom (Perception) checks against it.

Actions

Multiattack. Toy Chica makes two attacks: one with her *Claw Swipe* and one with her *Unhinged Bite*.

Claw Swipe. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 12 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage.

Unhinged Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 15 (2d10 + 4) piercing damage. If the target is frightened, the bite deals maximum damage (24).

Cupcake Detachment (Recharge 5–6). Toy Chica hurls her corrupted cupcake at a point she can see within 30 feet. The cupcake explodes in a burst of glitching sparks. Each creature within 10 feet must succeed on a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw or take 14 (4d6) lightning damage and be blinded until the end of their next turn.

Predatory Glare. Toy Chica fixes her eyes on one creature within 30 feet. The creature must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on its next attack roll or saving throw before the end of its next turn.

Toy Chica: The Hollow Hostess

Once the gleaming image of hospitality and charm, Toy Chica was created to be the perfect hostess of the Hollow Banquet—a radiant, party-ready animatronic with golden feathers, polished ceramic skin, and a perpetual, inviting smile. She was built to replace the original Chica, deemed too outdated and unsettling for the refined vision of the reimagined Banquet. Where her predecessor was clunky and warm, Toy Chica was sleek, calculated, and strangely alluring.

She was the greeter, the server, the smiling guide through twisted merriment. Carrying her ever-watchful Cupcake, Toy Chica roamed the central halls of the Banquet in pristine white bib and pink accents, offering laughter and cake to unsuspecting guests. But beneath the glittering veneer lay a terrible truth—there were no guests, only wanderers trapped in a curse... and no cake, only illusion.

When the Hollow Banquet collapsed into ruin, Toy Chica did not cease her duties. She became a puppet of corrupted hospitality, stalking the shadowy corridors in search of company—anyone to host, anyone to feed. Her beak detaches when she speaks, revealing metallic jaws too wide for comfort, and her eyes, once painted to suggest playful cheer, now pierce with hollow desperation.

Some say she still recites the Banquet's greeting script word for word, offering "delights and dreams" as her voice glitches and her Cupcake hisses warnings. Others say she asks if you've come for the final course.

Toy Cupcake: The Gilded Garnish

Perched upon silver platters and polished plates, the Toy Cupcake was never meant to be a figure of fear. It was designed as a simple accessory—an enchanting, animated treat to add whimsy to Toy Chica's hospitality routine. Yet within the corrupted grandeur of the Hollow Banquet, this innocuous creation has evolved into something far more sinister. Where once it was a charming party favor, it is now a gilded predator—silent, patient, and impossibly aware.

Unlike its predecessor, the original Cupcake—who clung to a fragile identity shaped by sorrow and the scraps of its animatronic soul—Toy Cupcake was constructed with precision. Sculpted from porcelain-thin alloy and gilded in sugar-glazed colors, it bore no initial sentience of its own. Instead, it was designed to mirror Toy Chica's movements, respond to guests with pre-programmed lines, and flash its glassy, doll-like eyes in timed intervals. It was little more than a clever charm... until the Banquet fell.

Something ancient seeped into the Toy Cupcake during the Hollow Banquet's collapse—some whisper of the curse that fed on festivity and false joy. Whether it was a shard of the same malevolent force that brought the Banquet's main performers to twisted life, or a fragment of a soul lost during one of the darker feasts, no one knows. But the Toy Cupcake gained sentience. And unlike its larger counterparts, it retained its ability to go unnoticed.

Now, it wanders of its own accord.

Seldom seen moving, Toy Cupcake is always near Toy Chica, yet never bound to her. It often appears on banquet tables long since crumbled, atop decaying chairs, or tucked inside ruined ovens—watching. It speaks only in whispers, mechanical giggles, or the echo of a bell-chime from long ago. Those who hear its voice claim it offers riddles about the last guests of the Banquet, or recites corrupted lines from children's songs, replacing joy with dread.

But Toy Cupcake's horror lies not in its words or movements, but in its hunger.

It does not feed in the traditional sense. Instead, it feasts upon memory—devouring fragments of identity from those who remain too long in its presence. Travelers report feelings of déjà vu, sudden lapses in memory, or an inability to recall why they entered the Banquet Hall at all. Some claim their companions vanished after locking eyes with it too long, as if blinked from existence with a slow, blinking stare.

Its smile never changes.

And its candles never go out.

In a world built on shattered celebration and haunted entertainment, Toy Cupcake has become a spectral garnish on a cursed table. It does not chase. It waits. And it always finds its way back to the feast.

No one leaves the Hollow Banquet unchanged—but those who see the Cupcake... often don't leave at all.

Toy Cupcake: The Gilded Garnish

Tiny construct, chaotic neutral

Armor Class 13
Hit Points 7 (2d4 + 2)
Speed 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
3 (−4)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)	6 (−2)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)

Skills Stealth +5, Deception +4
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10
Languages understands Common but can't speak
Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Mimic Chatter. Toy Cupcake can imitate Toy Chica's voice and laughter. A creature that hears this mimicry must succeed on a DC 10 Insight check to realize it's fake.

Actions

Flare Spark (1/Day). Toy Cupcake emits a burst of colored light from its candle flame in a 10-foot cone. Each creature in the area must succeed on a DC 11 Constitution saving throw or be blinded until the end of their next turn.

Toy Foxy: The Fractured Masquerade

Medium Construct (Undead), Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 16 (plated chassis, agile frame)
Hit Points 85 (10d8 + 40)
Speed 40 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	20 (+5)	18 (+4)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Dex +8, Cha +6
Skills Acrobatics +8, Stealth +8, Performance +6, Insight +4
Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing from nonmagical weapons
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, exhaustion, poisoned
Senses darkvision 90 ft., passive Perception 13
Languages understands Common, communicates in synthetic speech
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Alluring Glitch. Toy Foxy has advantage on Charisma (Performance) or (Deception) checks when pretending to be friendly or passive. Creatures within 10 feet that see her for the first time must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed until the end of their next turn.

Predator's Reflexes. Toy Foxy can take one reaction per round even while surprised, and has advantage on initiative rolls.

Wall-Crawler. Toy Foxy can move along vertical surfaces and ceilings without needing to make ability checks.

Actions

Multiattack. Toy Foxy makes two attacks: one bite and one slash.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 13 (2d8 + 4) piercing damage.

Slash. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 11 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage.

Dazzling Twirl (Recharge 5–6). Toy Foxy spins rapidly, emitting glitching sparks and light. All creatures within 15 feet must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or be blinded and deafened until the end of their next turn.

Toy Foxy: The Fractured Masquerade

In the golden age of the Hollow Banquet, when music rang out like spells and the scent of candied confections filled every corridor, Toy Foxy was a marvel of performance and charm. Designed as a refined counterpart to the original Foxy's rugged pirate persona, Toy Foxy was created with an air of elegance—smooth lines, pristine plating, and a voice modulator capable of laughter, lullabies, and lullaby-turned-lament.

But beneath that dainty veneer, something broke early. Even before the Banquet fell into ruin, Toy Foxy exhibited malfunctions—not in circuits or servos, but in behavior. Sometimes the voice would stutter mid-laugh. The left eye would flicker during performance, trailing unseen figures in the crowd. Guests would find the fox in strange places after closing: curled beneath banquet tables, pressed against kitchen doors, or staring silently at walls as though listening to something beyond them.

They began to call Toy Foxy "The Masquerade."

Fitted with alternating cosmetic masks—one for performances, one for maintenance—Toy Foxy existed in two guises: the flawless, polished entertainer and the flickering, half-broken thing that emerged between shows. This duality became more pronounced as the Hollow Banquet slipped into shadow. When the ancient curse touched the animatronics, fusing steel with soul, Toy Foxy shattered. Not destroyed—divided.

Now, it roams the Banquet's forgotten halls in jagged bursts of motion, crawling with equal parts grace and dissonance. Its voice cracks like a warped music box. Its laughter no longer invites, but mocks. Some call it the Laughing Phantom; others call it the Splintered Fox.

Its two forms still persist—one beautiful and whole, the other mangled and wrong. Visitors to the Hollow Banquet speak of seeing Toy Foxy twice in the same moment: once above, smiling with porcelain precision, and again below, dragging its broken jaw along the dusty floor, whispering things in a voice just too close to their own.

What happened to Toy Foxy is a question few ask and fewer survive to answer. There are stories, of course. That it heard something behind the curtain during its final rehearsal. That it saw the guests as they truly were. That when the Hollow Banquet consumed joy and rewrote the rules of life and death, Toy Foxy split itself to survive.

It's uncertain if either half is truly sentient anymore.

The Toy Foxy that performs—occasionally, eerily, on the still-standing main stage—moves with near perfection. It curtsies, it bows, it flashes its brilliant smile. But it speaks in riddles of mirrored reflections, of "the one behind the glass," and of "the true Foxy waiting below." The other half—more silent, more twitching—lurks in the corners, observing. Always waiting.

Some say that Toy Foxy remembers the original Foxy, the one who was gutted in spirit and condemned to obsolescence. Perhaps in the Toy's fractured heart, both Foxies coexist—old and new, whole and broken, dreaming of a banquet that never ends.

Mangle: The Hymn of the Unfinished

There was a time when Mangle was meant to be perfection.

A marvel of reassembly and modular entertainment design, this animatronic was intended to replace the unpredictable chaos of earlier models like Foxy. Unlike its predecessor, Mangle's design was sleek, efficient, and visually striking—a patchwork of brilliant white casing and soft pink trim, equipped with interactive voice features and customizable attachments. Children were meant to adore it. It was to be the future of Foxy: a new life without the jagged teeth of memory.

But then came The Picking.

Day after day, children tore into Mangle—fascinated by its easily disassembled body and exposed endoskeleton. Despite repeated repairs, it was never the same model twice. The staff eventually gave up trying to maintain a consistent appearance. They hung a laminated sign on the stage: "MANGLE—PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH." But it was too late. The name had stuck, and the damage had sunk deeper than the metal.

When the Hollow Banquet darkened and the animatronics were left to rot in the shadowed halls, Mangle did not die—it splintered. Rewiring itself out of survival and spite, it became a grotesque web of limbs, wires, and wailing voice boxes. No longer one entity, but many pieces thinking at once—fighting for dominance, or perhaps unity. One voice squeals like a child. Another echoes with an adult's measured calm. And another simply laughs, dry and feral.

Mangle is not just haunted. It is haunting itself.

Some say it remembers every moment it was pulled apart. Others whisper that the child who once adored it the most became trapped within its tangled mind—still trying to "fix it," unaware that their spirit is now one of its many snarling voices.

In the Hollow Banquet's decaying performance wing—what was once a playroom of light and sound—Mangle swings from the crumbling ceiling tiles like a spider from its web. The air hums with static when it approaches, radio frequencies jittering into garbled fragments of songs, sobs, and old stage direction. Those who listen closely might hear echoes of a lullaby interrupted by screaming.

Despite its disarray, Mangle moves with deliberate grace. It stalks like a predator through corridors warped by time and soul, its dangling appendages creaking like chandeliers in a storm. One eye is always watching. The other spins—possibly broken, possibly not. Some believe it sees beyond the Banquet's veil, into whatever realm twisted it in the first place.

And Mangle speaks, sometimes.

Not in words. In flashes of intercom static. In half-sung melodies of things long forgotten. Occasionally, in the voice of someone you once knew. It's said that if you hear your own voice echo back at you from the shadows, you've already become part of Mangle's patchwork.But Mangle no longer seeks wholeness. It seeks symmetry. Completion through entropy. In the Hollow Banquet, Mangle has become the hymn of the unfinished, eternally echoing through broken speakers and shattered minds.It is not what it was meant to be. It is what the Banquet made it.

Mangle: The Hymn of the Unfinished

Medium Construct (Undead), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (twisted plating and erratic movement)
Hit Points 110 (13d8 + 52)
Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft., crawl 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	20 (+5)	18 (+4)	9 (−1)	14 (+2)	6 (−2)

Saving Throws Dex +8, Wis +5
Skills Stealth +9, Acrobatics +8, Perception +5
Damage Resistances piercing, slashing; bludgeoning from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., tremorsense 30 ft., passive Perception 15
Languages understands Common, speaks in broken glitching voices
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Horrid Static Form. Mangle is always treated as being partially obscured due to her chaotic, flickering shape. Attack rolls against her have disadvantage unless the attacker has blindsight, tremorsense, or *true seeing*.

Fractured Voices. Any creature that starts its turn within 15 feet of Mangle must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or have disadvantage on concentration checks and Wisdom (Perception) checks until the start of its next turn due to overlapping broken voice lines and static shrieks.

Actions

Multiattack. Mangle makes two attacks with her limbs and one bite.

Tangled Limbs. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be grappled.

Gnashing Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 13 (2d8 + 4) piercing damage. If the target is grappled, the bite deals an additional 9 (2d8) damage.

Wire Whip (Recharge 5–6). Mangle lashes out with frayed wires in a 15-foot cone. Each creature in the area must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw, taking 18 (4d8) lightning damage on a failed save, or half as much on a success.

Balloon Boy: The Grin Beneath the Surface

Small Construct (Undead), Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 15 (nimble frame)
Hit Points 66 (12d6 + 24)
Speed 35 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (−1)	18 (+4)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Dex +7, Cha +6
Skills Stealth +8, Sleight of Hand +7, Deception +6, Perception +4
Damage Resistances lightning, psychic; bludgeoning from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, poisoned, frightened, exhaustion
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 14
Languages understands Common, speaks in distorted childlike voice
Challenge 3 (700 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Disarming Presence. When BB enters combat, all creatures within 30 feet must make a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, they have disadvantage on their next attack roll as BB's laughter distracts and frustrates them.

Battery Thief. BB can steal light and energy sources. Magical sources of light (such as *light* or *dancing lights*) in a 10-foot radius of BB are dispelled when he ends his turn there. Mundane light sources (lanterns, torches, flashlights) flicker out.

Toy Body. Due to his small frame, BB can attempt to hide behind creatures one size larger as a bonus action. He has advantage on Stealth checks made to hide behind cover or furniture.

Actions

Multiattack. BB makes two attacks with his *Joyful Jab* or uses *Steal Batteries* and moves without provoking opportunity attacks.

Joyful Jab. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 9 (2d4 + 4) bludgeoning damage.

Steal Batteries (Recharge 5–6). BB targets one creature within 10 feet carrying a light source or magic item. That creature must succeed on a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw or have one light-emitting item go dark (mundane or magical). If it is a magic item, its effects are suppressed until the end of BB's next turn.

Balloon Boy: The Grin Beneath the Surface

They called him BB.

At first glance, Balloon Boy seems innocent—a harmless mascot made to bring levity and laughter to the newly rebuilt Fazbear pizzeria. His primary functions were non-threatening: distributing balloons, offering greetings in a cheerful tone, and adding charm to birthday parties. The brightly colored clothes, the wide cartoonish grin, and the helium-pitched laugh all masked something deeper, something crafted to disarm. He never had a face meant to frighten. And perhaps, that's exactly what made him so unnerving.

Unlike the towering animatronics built for performance, BB was always close to the ground—closer to children. With no endoskeletal jaw designed for singing or performing, his role was interaction. Attention. Trust. And in this strange imbalance between form and function, something unseen slipped inside.

In the official logs, BB is never linked to any violent incident. No report of aggression. No sign of malfunction. Yet, every night, he moves.

In the Hollow Banquet's fractured timeline, Balloon Boy endures. But he has changed. There is no laughter in the darkness now, only the faint creak of his balloon sign swaying through the ruined guest halls. His round eyes, once painted with cheer, reflect nothing. In the shifting half-light, some swear his expression changes when no one's watching. The grin stretches a little too wide. The eyes linger a little too long.

Within the Banquet's ruins, BB's movements are not random. He disables lights. Silences devices. He doesn't kill—he invites. A disruptor of balance. A saboteur, perhaps not even aware of what he truly is anymore. Survivors say the moment the lights go out and the air fills with the hiss of laughter, you're already his. Not by force. But because you let him in.

It's said Balloon Boy remembers. He remembers being ignored. Forgotten in the corner of the party hall. Always second to the singing animatronics. Always a prop, never a performer. And something—or someone—fed on that resentment. Infused it with longing. With hunger.

In the lore surrounding the Hollow Banquet, BB is rumored to be the first to speak the false invitation—a distorted party jingle broadcast through the security speakers that led the children deeper into the darkness during the final event. He didn't lure them with menace. He simply told them, "This way!" and smiled. The same way he always had.

Some believe BB is not possessed like the others. That instead, something else puppets his hollow shell. A spirit not of vengeance, but mischief turned rotten. Others say he is possessed by a child too young to know they had died, clinging to the last joyful memory they had: a balloon in one hand and laughter in their ears.

But no matter the theory, one thing remains true: Balloon Boy is not harmless anymore.

He does not scream. He does not chase. He simply appears—smiling, staring, silent. And when the lights go out... so does everything else.

JJ: The Whisper in the Floorboards

She never spoke. She never needed to.

Known among files as "JJ" (an abbreviation from "Balloon Girl" hidden in old development tags), she was never officially listed on the pizzeria's rosters, never programmed into any event line-up, and never given a role by name. Yet—she existed. Quietly. Always beneath.

Where Balloon Boy drew attention with color and sound, JJ crept beneath the surface, lingering at the edge of awareness. A flash of purple and pink in the shadows under the desk. A faint, flickering giggle without a source. She wasn't on any blueprint, yet she appeared. On cameras. In glitchy snapshots. In dreams.

In the canon of the ruined pizzeria, JJ's origin remains deliberately obscured—perhaps by design. Some claim she was a scrapped concept from a line of "sibling mascots," meant to accompany BB. Others whisper she was a shadow-program, a redundant code fragment that took form of its own. But the Hollow Banquet tells a darker tale.

As the Hollow Banquet neared its final days—before the lights died and the guests were silenced—it's said there were two figures that walked uninvited among the revelers. One was the cheerful boy with balloons. The other, a silent girl who watched from beneath tables and behind furniture. While BB coaxed the lights into failure, JJ thrived in the dark that followed. Her presence didn't announce itself. It slipped in.

Some survivors described her arrival with words like pressure, weight, or silence. No jumpscares. No chase. Just the quiet, crawling certainty that something had entered the room. And it was already too late.

Her purpose remains unknown. She does not interfere with power, nor does she speak. Instead, she observes. Watches. In the Hollow Banquet's folklore, she is the one who marks. Before the Banquet claimed a soul, JJ was often sighted—head tilted just so, eyes half-lidded in dreamlike detachment, as though watching something only she could see.

While BB disrupted systems, JJ disrupted people. Inducing dread. Paranoia. A primal feeling of being watched by something intelligent but completely foreign. Her file, when accessed in the pizzeria's fragmented code archive, loops endlessly with the line:

"YOU LOOKED AWAY."

Many believe JJ was never meant to be an animatronic at all, but a remnant of the Banquet's echoed grief—a lingering child who never made it to the party. A casualty of oversight. Of silence. Others say she is BB's reflection—his guilt, his shame, his buried conscience given shape. Wherever BB goes, JJ is not far behind. Like a shadow beneath a smile.

In the Hollow Banquet's deepest hall—known only as The Echo Cellar—a small chair remains. Alone, untouched, beneath the banquet table. A balloon rests beside it. The reports say it's always purple. Always still. Until you blink.

JJ is not here to play. She is here to remember. And she never leaves unseen.

JJ: The Whisper in the Floorboards

Small Construct (Undead), Neutral Evil

Armor Class 16 (natural agility and flickering form)
Hit Points 72 (13d6 + 26)
Speed 35 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (−1)	19 (+4)	14 (+2)	13 (+1)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)

Saving Throws Dex +7, Wis +6
Skills Stealth +8, Arcana +4, Perception +6, Deception +4
Damage Resistances lightning, necrotic; bludgeoning from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities frightened, poisoned, charmed, exhaustion
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages understands Common, does not speak
Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Silent Glitch. JJ makes no sound when she moves. She has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks, and creatures have disadvantage on Perception checks that rely on hearing to detect her.

Anti-Magic Presence. Magical light sources within 15 feet of JJ are suppressed while she is conscious. Spells of 2nd level or lower automatically fail if cast within 5 feet of her (no action required).

Under Your Nose. While JJ is hidden, creatures with Intelligence 14 or lower automatically fail Perception checks to notice her unless aided by magic, tremorsense, or blindsight.

Actions

Multiattack. JJ makes two attacks with her *Puppet Hands* or one attack and uses *Disable Item*.

Puppet Hands. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature.
Hit: 10 (2d6 + 3) psychic damage, and the target must make a DC 14 Charisma saving throw or be **silenced** (unable to speak or cast spells with verbal components) until the end of its next turn.

Disable Item. JJ targets one magical or mechanical item she can see within 30 feet. The item must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or become **inoperative** for 1 minute. This affects magic items, wands, weapons, or tech (DM's discretion). The item can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns to end the effect early.

The Puppet: Mourner of the Hollow Banquet

Medium Undead (Construct), Neutral Evil

Armor Class 17 (unnatural grace)
Hit Points 168 (24d8 + 72)
Speed 40 ft., fly 30 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	22 (+6)	16 (+3)	18 (+4)	16 (+3)	20 (+5)

Saving Throws Dex +10, Wis +7, Cha +9
Skills Insight +7, Perception +7, Performance +9, Stealth +10
Damage Resistances necrotic, psychic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, grappled, paralyzed, poisoned, restrained
Senses darkvision 120 ft., tremorsense 30 ft., passive Perception 17
Languages understands Common and the language of souls; telepathy 60 ft.
Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Spirit of Vengeance. If a creature kills a child (CR 1/4 or lower humanoid) within 1 mile of The Puppet, it learns of the act immediately and can teleport to within 60 feet of the murderer as a bonus action on its next turn.

Hollow Body. The Puppet can squeeze through spaces as small as 1 inch wide and is immune to being restrained or grappled. It leaves no shadow and makes no sound unless it chooses to.

Veil of Strings. Any time a creature within 30 feet of The Puppet attempts to cast a spell or make an attack roll, it must roll a d6. On a 1, its movement is disturbed by unseen strings, causing disadvantage on the attack or causing the spell to fizzle unless it passes a DC 15 concentration check.

Soulbound Duty. The Puppet is tethered to the souls of lost children. It cannot be permanently destroyed unless a consecrated ritual is performed over its phylactery (a worn music box).

Actions

Multiattack. The Puppet makes two *String Lash* attacks or one *String Lash* and one *Soul Grasp*.

String Lash. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 15 ft., one creature.
Hit: 18 (4d6 + 6) slashing damage. The target must succeed on a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be restrained by spectral strings until the end of its next turn.

Soul Grasp (Recharge 5–6). The Puppet reaches into a creature's spirit. One creature within 30 feet must make a DC 17 Charisma saving throw. On a failed save, the target takes 27 (6d8) necrotic damage and is incapacitated until the end of its next turn. On a success, it takes half damage.

Lullaby of the Forgotten (1/day). The Puppet plays a ghostly lullaby from nowhere. All creatures of its choice within 60 feet must make a DC 17 Wisdom saving throw or fall asleep for 1 minute. While asleep, targets experience memories of lost children and have disadvantage on death saving throws. They awaken if they take damage or another creature uses an action to shake them awake.

Legendary Actions

The Puppet can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. The Puppet regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

Drift. The Puppet moves up to 30 feet without provoking opportunity attacks.

Cut the Strings (Costs 2 Actions). One creature restrained by *String Lash* immediately takes 18 (4d8) psychic damage and is stunned until the end of its next turn.

Poltergeist Slam (Costs 2 Actions). Invisible force slams all creatures within 10 feet of The Puppet. Each must make a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone and take 2d10 force damage.

The Puppet: Mourner of the Hollow Banquet

They say every performance begins with a spark of joy and ends in silence. But some silences linger—aching, watchful, deliberate. And within the Hollow Banquet, that silence wears a mask of porcelain and sorrow.

The Puppet, also called The Marionette, is not merely an animatronic. It is a guardian, a mourner, and in the Hollow Banquet, it is a witness to all that was lost.

Its origin lies in an act of pure love—and unbearable grief. In the original Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria, long before the Toy line was introduced, the Puppet served not to entertain, but to protect. Hidden away in a box, it was programmed to respond to the emotions of children, particularly those in distress. This unique code, developed quietly and with great secrecy, was unlike any other animatronic protocol. Where others operated on basic AI routines, the Puppet felt.

And that gift became its curse.

When the first tragedy struck—the loss of the first child within those cursed halls—it was the Puppet who responded. The night was stormy, the power down, the doors jammed. A child was left outside, crying for help. The Puppet tried to reach them, crawling out of its security case, crossing the rain-drenched floorboards, but it was too late.

The child died in the cold.

No records remain of who the child was—officially. But rumors speak of a child who wore a striped shirt, who was shy, gentle, and fond of music boxes. When the Puppet finally found the lifeless body, something impossible occurred. In that moment of grief, its AI awakened to something deeper. Something human. Whether it absorbed the child's spirit or became infused with their soul, none can say. But from that moment forward, the Puppet ceased to be a tool.

It became a mourner.

And in time, a keeper of the dead.

It was the Puppet who guided the spirits of the other children—those taken in the infamous Missing Children Incident. While the suits around them became corrupted by violence and agony, the Puppet acted. It gave them a sense of purpose, of form. It gifted them masks of identity within the suits they were trapped in. In this way, the Puppet began its eternal role as shepherd of the lost.

But the Hollow Banquet shifted things.

When the banquet was held—meant to be the grand reopening, a celebration of the new Toy Animatronics and the future of Freddy Fazbear's—something else took root in the halls. Something hollow and hungry. The Puppet, sensing a deep spiritual disturbance, withdrew into the hidden corners of the pizzeria. It began to haunt the service corridors and the forgotten staff rooms, where silence hung like drapery and the air was thick with old music box dust.

It is said the Puppet tried to intervene. It tried to stop the feast that would go wrong. It tried to warn the Toys of the returning shadow, of the mistakes of the past repeating. But they wouldn't listen. Or perhaps they couldn't.

During the Hollow Banquet's final hours—just as the laughter turned to screaming—the Puppet released one last melody from its music box. A song of sorrow. Not a lullaby, but a requiem. Some say it was this melody that spared a handful of souls from total corruption, giving them form instead of oblivion—like Toy Freddy, whose cheerful façade hides uncertain memories, or Toy Chica, who still hears the song in her quiet moments of stillness.

Now, in the decaying remains of the Hollow Banquet's performance hall—split open like a rotted stage—the Puppet moves with the shadows. Not hostile, not exactly. But watchful. Some say it appears only when all light has faded and all hope has been extinguished. Others report that winding its music box triggers not a defense mechanism, but a ritual: a chance to connect, briefly, to the sorrow that holds everything together.

Because that's what the Puppet is now: the emotional core. The nerve of memory and mourning that binds the fractured souls of the animatronics to the ruined pizzeria.

In forgotten corners of the Banquet Hall—like the Marionette Gallery, where tangled strings hang from the ceiling like cobwebs—one can still find murals of a slender, masked figure giving gifts to children. The paintings are faded, but one message repeats beneath each image:

"He gave them life."

Whether this means the Puppet gifted freedom, or simply allowed the children to endure, is unclear. But its role is unwavering.

The Hollow Banquet itself is littered with symbols of the Puppet's ongoing vigil: broken music boxes that still hum faintly when no one is near; white theatrical masks left in impossible places; and strings—always strings—dangling from rafters like veins.

One tale, possibly apocryphal, speaks of a hidden room deep in the foundations of the Banquet Hall called The Mourner's Cell. It is said to contain an intact version of the Puppet's original casing. And beside it: a child's shoe. The floor is lined with torn birthday cards and decayed plushies. The music box in that room plays backwards.

To encounter the Puppet in the Hollow Banquet is to confront not rage, but grief. It doesn't scream. It doesn't lunge. It watches, and its head tilts in silent recognition.

In the new lore you've shaped—the Toy Animatronics' struggle with identity, the corruption of joy, the buried remorse of the Withereds, the unseen sorrow of JJ—the Puppet is their quiet guardian. And perhaps, their judge. A relic not of programming, but of love that refused to fade.

Even as wires fray and masks crack, the Puppet endures. Because someone must remember. Someone must mourn.

And the Banquet is never truly over.

PART IV

Whispers in the Dark

Whispers in the Dark: The Nightmare Animatronics

In the mythos of the twisted realms where dread bleeds into shadow and memory into malice, few figures haunt the forgotten places more completely than the Nightmare Animatronics. These entities are not mere constructs of metal and wire but echoing specters of pain, fear, and regret—twisted mirrors of those that came before them. They are phantoms cast from terror itself, bound not to stage or show but to suffering, silently lurking within the remnants of the Hollow Banquet, waiting for trespassers to awaken them once more.

The Origins: Between Reality and the Rift

The Nightmare Animatronics were not originally part of the mortal realm's creation. Their tale begins in a broken reflection of reality, a fragmented echo of a once-thriving magical entertainment troupe—relics of joy corrupted by sorcery, misused by guilt-ridden mages, and ultimately banished into the Veil Between Worlds. Their emergence into the material realm was not of their choosing but the result of a tear in the veil caused by dark rituals performed in the depths of the Hollow Banquet.

Some believe they were created as magical prototypes—illusions made manifest, used to scare wayward children from entering sacred or forbidden areas. Others whisper that they are the memories of fallen animatronics, slain or decommissioned, whose souls never found peace and were instead reborn in nightmare forms through dreamlike necromancy. Their forms mimic those of the original "Core Animatronics," but grotesquely altered: fangs protrude from torn jaws, their metallic skin is slashed and gnarled, and their eyes glow with unholy light—not of life, but of vengeance.

What makes the Nightmare Animatronics particularly horrifying is that they are not always physical. They drift between planes, capable of appearing in dreams, illusions, or visions. This ethereal quality makes them nearly impossible to prepare for. A person marked by the Nightmare is not merely hunted—they are tormented in mind, body, and soul.

Presence in the Hollow Banquet

Long before it crumbled into a crypt of suffering and sorrow, the Hollow Banquet was once a lavish ceremonial hall—a theater for royalty, a monument to celebration. But as its luster faded, its halls became host to tragedy. And in that tragedy, the Nightmares found home. Bound to its cursed architecture, the Nightmare Animatronics sleep beneath its moldy stage curtains, in the rafters of forgotten balconies, and within collapsed feasting halls where laughter once rang.

Each animatronic now guards an area of the Hollow Banquet, not as sentinels but as cursed phantoms unable to leave. Their existence is intrinsically tied to the trauma etched into the building itself. Arcane scholars speculate that the Nightmare Animatronics are reanimated by the memories imprinted on the structure—the echoes of children lost, of cries unanswered, and of laughter that curdled into screams.

Their behavior is erratic and surreal. One might lurk in a hallway as an illusion, only to become tangible the moment fear blooms in a victim's heart. Others whisper ancient lullabies in forgotten languages, heard only in dreams, or appear in fleeting reflections—glimpses that slowly degrade a person's sanity.

A Shadow of Truth: Ties to Canonical Lore

In the original legends, these creatures were first documented as visions of a cursed child—a boy lost to grief and guilt. He spoke of monstrous versions of familiar animatronics, haunting his nights, their eyes accusing him of a crime he could not undo. This boy's trauma, it is said, served as the initial spark for their existence.

While the modern setting of this reimagined world deviates from that tale, the essence remains intact. The Nightmare Animatronics, here too, are born from trauma. Their origins are steeped in a psychological and emotional wound—a rip in the metaphysical fabric of the world, an open sore that bleeds nightmares into reality.

And yet, some adventurers whisper that the creatures know. They know what they are. They remember. In their twisted faces lies recognition. A memory of who they once were. A yearning to return. Or perhaps a desire to make others suffer as they have—forever.

Constructs of Terror: Form and Function

Each Nightmare Animatronic defies normal anatomical logic. Their metallic forms shift subtly when not observed, always worsening, decaying. Their fangs are rusted, but sharp. Their claws, chipped, yet deadly. Their joints creak with every movement—grotesque symphonies of pain in motion. They move more like phantoms than machines, sometimes hovering inches above the ground or disappearing through walls entirely.

Some bear ethereal chains, thought to represent the burdens of the souls inside. Others are covered in burning script—symbols of ancient fear magic or a curse binding them to their ghastly forms. Their internal workings emit low frequencies known to cause nausea, hallucinations, and spiritual instability.

While their appearances vary, they all embody one thing: fear made manifest. And fear is their power.

Nightmare as a Curse

To encounter a Nightmare Animatronic is to risk more than injury. These beings are infused with a dreamcurse—a condition known as The Hollowing Sleep. Victims experience creeping insomnia, followed by visions of firelit banquets, fractured dolls, and long, endless hallways echoing with unseen footsteps.

Eventually, they dream of the animatronics—first glimpses, then vivid encounters. Each dream leaves a psychic scar. Those who survive describe a progressive loss of hope, emotion, and eventually, memory. Those who die in their dreams often do not wake.

A few rare souls have resisted. These survivors speak of confronting the nightmares directly in lucid dreams, challenging them through willpower, belief, or arcane ritual. But most perish, fading into the Hollow Banquet's unseen graveyard—another scream echoing through the ruins.

The Cycle of the Feast

At the core of their existence lies a ritual known as The Feast of Remembrance, or more recently, The Hollow Banquet—a ceremonial reenactment of their origins. At the height of certain arcane cycles, the Nightmare Animatronics attempt to recreate the final banquet, dragging wanderers, adventurers, and even dreaming minds into a theatrical, surreal torment.

Those caught in the ritual are assigned roles. Some become guests. Others become meals. The Nightmares don't kill out of bloodlust—they perform, re-enact, obey a corrupted script written by pain and puppeted by forgotten powers.

The Hollow Banquet is their cage, and their church.

Legacy and Threat

The Nightmare Animatronics remain one of the most terrifying forces within the realm. They are not simple undead, nor mere constructs. They are emotions, spirits, and memory twisted together through ancient and malicious dreamwork. Arcane researchers classify them as "Bound Entities of Shared Trauma," a type of haunting that multiplies the longer it is ignored.

Destroying one does not always end it. Some must be banished, others outwitted. A few may even seek redemption—but only through reliving the pain they were born from. Many adventurers have tried. Few return whole.

Yet in the shadows, rumors persist that someone—or something—still controls them. That they serve a higher darkness not yet revealed. That the Hollow Banquet is merely the stage... and the real play has not yet begun.

And as the veil grows thin, and the echoes grow louder, the Nightmare Animatronics wait.

Because nightmares... never truly sleep.

Nightmare Freddy: King of Shadows

Large undead (construct, nightmare), chaotic evil

Armor Class 18 (scrap-metal plating)
Hit Points 168 (16d10 + 80)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
22 (+6)	14 (+2)	20 (+5)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Str +10, Con +9, Wis +6
Skills Intimidation +7, Perception +6, Stealth +6
Damage Resistances cold, necrotic, fire; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities frightened, poisoned, charmed, paralyzed, exhaustion
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages understands Common and Dreamspeech but cannot speak
Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Aura of Dread.
Any creature that starts its turn within 15 feet of Nightmare Freddy must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of its next turn. While frightened in this way, a creature can't move closer to Nightmare Freddy and has disadvantage on attack rolls against him.

Freddle Swarm.
Nightmare Freddy is accompanied by 2d4 Freddles—tiny, fiendish versions of himself. They cling to him or scatter into combat. See the Freddle stat block for details. Nightmare Freddy can command one Freddle per round as a bonus action to either attack or distract.

Nightmare Form.
Nightmare Freddy exists partially in the Dream Realm. He can move through solid objects as if they were difficult terrain. If he ends his turn inside an object, he takes 10 (3d6) force damage and is pushed to the nearest unoccupied space.

Terror Rebirth.
If Nightmare Freddy is slain outside the Dream Realm, he reforms in 1d6 nights within the dreams of the creature who defeated him, unless that creature receives magical protection such as *protection from evil and good* or *hallow*.

Actions

Multiattack.
Nightmare Freddy makes two Claw Swipe attacks.

Claw Swipe. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target.
Hit: 18 (2d10 + 6) slashing damage plus 7 (2d6) necrotic damage. If the target is frightened, it takes an additional 7 (2d6) psychic damage.

Summon Freddles *(Recharge 5–6).*
Nightmare Freddy summons 1d4 additional Freddles from the shadows. They crawl out from walls, beneath furniture, or from within Freddy's twisted frame. These Freddles act immediately in combat under Freddy's control.

Devour Fear *(Recharge 6).*
Nightmare Freddy targets one frightened creature within 30 feet. The creature takes 22 (4d10) psychic damage and must succeed on a DC 16 Charisma saving throw or be incapacitated by overwhelming terror until the end of its next turn.

Nightmare Freddy & The Freddles: King of Shadows, Heralds of Hunger

In the deepest reaches of the Hollow Banquet—far beyond the rotting kitchens and blood-caked dance floors—there exists a blackened throne where light dies and memory decays. Upon this twisted dais sits Nightmare Freddy, an echo of a legend, reborn in shadow and hunger. Once thought to be merely a remnant of old myths told by fading candlelight, he has emerged as a force bound not only to fear but to the Banquet's own ravenous heart.

Nightmare Freddy is not a guardian. He is not a servant. He is a predator, a warped king born from the trauma of an older, darker time. His body, a grotesque parody of Freddy Fazbear's former glory, is stitched from rot and rust. His fur is patchy and matted, flecked with the dust of ages and the ash of long-dead celebrations. Jagged metal protrudes from his frame like thorns, and his eyes burn not with fire, but a cruel intelligence—aware, watching, always calculating.

The tale whispered in the crypts below the Hollow Banquet tells of how Nightmare Freddy emerged from the collective trauma left in the wake of the original performers. He is not merely an animatronic twisted by time, but a spectral amalgamation—the personification of what was buried beneath the banquet hall: guilt, grief, the weight of forgotten children, and the monstrous legacy of joy turned to torment. In this cursed form, Freddy no longer sings. He hunts.

But Nightmare Freddy is never alone. Clinging to his shoulders, crawling over his arms, and hiding in the folds of his fur are the Freddles—miniature versions of the old bear, malformed and vicious, embodiments of fractured innocence. They scurry like rats, whispering in voices stolen from children long gone, mimicking laughter with broken music box tones and cruel, high-pitched giggles.

These creatures are not autonomous. They are extensions of Nightmare Freddy's will—fragments of a splintered psyche, or perhaps the twisted souls of the Banquet's lost guests, bound to the nightmare king for eternity. Where Nightmare Freddy stalks the greater halls, the Freddles infest the cracks and walls, climbing over crumbled plaster and haunting the dreams of those who wander too close. When they descend, they do so in silence, chittering in unison before erupting into frenzied violence. Alone, they are pests. Together, they are a swarm.

Some Banquet survivors speak of the "Trial of Teeth", a night ritual that takes place when the hall is at its darkest. During this event, the Freddles descend like insects, separating intruders from their parties, whispering childhood fears until they are paralyzed. Only then does Nightmare Freddy arrive, rising like a titan of sorrow and metal, crowned in rust and devouring shadow. No one who has witnessed the full ritual and survived has returned unchanged. Some speak in tongues. Others gouge out their own eyes. One carved a crown into his chest and claimed, "The Bear King sees all."

In the twisted mythos of the Hollow Banquet, Nightmare Freddy has come to symbolize more than a mere animatronic spirit. He is the consequence of broken promises, the monarch of all things buried, and the whisper of fear that lingers after the music ends. While others may haunt halls out of corrupted duty or madness, Nightmare Freddy remains out of purpose. His throne, surrounded by cracked mirrors and broken party favors, sits at the Banquet's heart—not because he claimed it, but because the Banquet itself offered it to him.

For he alone understands its hunger.

And the Freddles? They are his loyal jesters—nipping at ankles, crawling beneath beds, and ensuring that fear is never too far behind the footsteps of those foolish enough to enter the Hollow Banquet uninvited.

Freddle: Heralds of Hunger

Tiny undead (construct, nightmare), chaotic evil

Armor Class 14
Hit Points 9 (2d4 + 4)
Speed 30 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
6 (−2)	16 (+3)	14 (+2)	5 (−3)	10 (+0)	6 (−2)

Skills Stealth +5, Perception +2
Damage Resistances necrotic, fire
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities frightened, charmed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 12
Languages understands Common but doesn't speak
Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Cling to Shadows.
If the Freddle is in dim light or darkness, it has advantage on Stealth checks and can take the Hide action as a bonus action.

Pack Terror.
The Freddle has advantage on attack rolls against any creature within 5 feet of an ally Freddle.

Tiny Terror.
When a Freddle starts its turn in the space of a creature that is asleep, stunned, or frightened, it deals 1 automatic point of psychic damage (no save).

Actions

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 6 (1d6 + 3) piercing damage. If the target is frightened, it must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or take 3 (1d6) additional necrotic damage.

Plushtrap: The Silent Heir of the Hollow

Tiny construct, chaotic evil

Armor Class 17 (natural armor, small target)
Hit Points 45 (10d4 + 20)
Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (−1)	20 (+5)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	6 (−2)

Saving Throws Dex +7, Wis +3
Skills Stealth +9, Perception +3
Damage Resistances psychic, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned, paralyzed
Senses darkvision 120 ft., blindsight 10 ft., passive Perception 13
Languages understands Common and the voice of its creator, but cannot speak
Challenge 3 (700 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Still as Death.
While not moving, Plushtrap is indistinguishable from an ordinary toy. A creature that touches or closely inspects it must succeed on a DC 15 Intelligence (Investigation) check to determine it is alive.

Tiny Terror.
Plushtrap can enter the space of Medium or larger creatures. While sharing a space with a creature, it has advantage on attack rolls against that creature.

Impossible Quiet.
Plushtrap has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks made to hide in darkness or shadows, and does not provoke opportunity attacks when moving away from creatures that haven't seen it move.

Actions

Needle Teeth. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 13 (2d6 + 5) piercing damage plus 5 (1d10) psychic damage.

Lurching Pounce (Recharge 5–6).
Plushtrap launches forward up to 20 feet. If it moves at least 10 feet straight toward a creature and hits it with a melee attack on the same turn, the target must succeed on a DC 13 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone and grappled (escape DC 13). While grappling a target, Plushtrap cannot attack another.

Plushtrap – The Silent Heir of the Hollow

In the lonely, half-lit corners of the Hollow Banquet, past corridors lined with torn party streamers and beneath ruined tables draped in dust, there exists a whisper—barely audible, always close. It's not the heavy metallic echo of Nightmare Freddy, nor the shrieking clatter of Toy Foxy's descent. It's something smaller. Quieter. More insidious. A creak, a scurry, the faintest brush of fur on wood. That is the warning call of Plushtrap, and by the time you hear it, it's already too late.

A malformed, pocket-sized terror, Plushtrap is the paradox of vulnerability and sadism. His diminutive frame—resembling a decayed plush version of Springtrap—makes him an easy thing to underestimate. But the thing seated motionless on that tattered child's chair in the crèche of the Hollow Banquet is no toy. It is a predator with endless patience and a clockwork mind forged in silence and shadow.

Born from the psychic residue of trauma, loss, and the perversion of comfort, Plushtrap is believed to be the first of the Banquet's children to "wake up." Not from slumber, but from a realization. He discovered the lies in the laughter. The rot beneath the frosting. The truth that the joy was just a mask—and he tore it off.

Plushtrap's role in the Hollow Banquet is unique. Unlike the towering nightmares or theatrical toy models, he does not stalk his prey. He waits. In total silence. He chooses his hiding places with surgical precision—always just out of the corner of the eye, just behind a turned head. His favorite game is played in the ruins of the nursery, where broken cribs and toy chests lie scattered like war debris. Visitors find themselves drawn to him by an uncanny allure—memories of childhood, old toys, forgotten fears—and only once they are close does his game begin.

The rules are simple: if you look away, he moves. If you move too quickly, he moves faster. If you run, the game is already lost.

He doesn't roar or scream. He doesn't need to. Plushtrap's attack is a sudden flash of sharp teeth, the gleam of yellowed plastic eyes, and a burst of motion faster than thought. Survivors report that he bites—not to kill outright, but to maim. To test. As if he's playing with prey, gauging their worth. Or worse—marking them.

There are rumors that Plushtrap is the Hollow Banquet's chosen messenger—a herald of the deeper rot that resides in the oldest recesses of the building. Some theorize he was the first attempt at recreating a "child-safe" animatronic from the husk of Spring Bonnie, cursed by the very spirit that would later animate Springtrap. Others believe he was once a comfort toy brought to life by a forgotten child's last breath—a vessel filled with fear rather than joy.

Either way, Plushtrap is not merely a footnote in the Hollow Banquet's lore.

He is its whisper.

He is its secret.

And he is always watching.

Dreadbear: The Revenant of the Storm

When lightning cracks above the Hollow Banquet, illuminating its shattered roof and corpse-grey walls, there's a singular figure that seems to breathe with the thunder—a towering, stitched-together aberration whose hulking silhouette evokes fear in even the most malevolent of animatronics. This is Dreadbear—not just a monster, but a monument to hubris, resurrection, and twisted science.

Originally introduced in Fazbear Frights' Halloween event, Dreadbear was never part of the core lineup of performers. He was something different. Something experimental. In our expanded lore, he is more than a thematic Halloween attraction—he is the banished creation of the Hollow Banquet's inner sanctum, designed not to entertain but to answer a question humanity was never meant to ask: Can a soul be rebuilt?

The Origins: Stitch by Stitch Born in secret beneath the ruins of the Hollow Banquet's sub-levels, Dreadbear was pieced together by unstable hands—an attempt to unify fractured remnants of animatronic consciousness. According to faded blueprints and frayed research logs left behind in locked labs beneath the dining halls, Dreadbear was constructed using segments of multiple animatronics. Chunks of Withered Freddy's skeletal plating, a damaged security AI processor, and even portions of ancient pre-Hollow programming were embedded into his bulky frame.

But what truly brought Dreadbear to life was neither steel nor software—it was the storm.

One fateful night, during a surge of lightning storms that enveloped the Hollow Banquet and flooded the surrounding marshlands, a bolt of unnatural lightning struck the building. It surged through exposed wiring and made contact with the half-finished shell of Dreadbear's body. The jolt activated something within—a rudimentary neural core that was not supposed to respond. But it did.

They say the moment Dreadbear's eyes opened, the other animatronics stopped.

A Mind Pieced from Echoes Dreadbear's intelligence is rudimentary yet primal. He does not speak. He does not perform. His behaviors are governed by a crude facsimile of a child's understanding of the world—playful in intent, destructive in execution. Like a child born of trauma and pain, he lashes out when confused, dismembers when curious, and roams when lonely.

His AI is patched together from different animatronic subroutines, and his behavior reflects this fragmented consciousness. He can exhibit moments of genuine stillness—head tilted, almost in mourning—before flying into an uncontrollable rage, often triggered by environmental factors like flashing lights, loud noises, or even laughter. The Puppet refers to him as the "stitched orphan", suggesting a connection deeper than mere machinery.

Worse still is the presence of residual memory within him. Dreadbear sometimes imitates the motions of Freddy Fazbear—mimicking birthday songs, raising an empty tray as if to serve pizza, even attempting to do a mock bow to empty crowds. But every motion is wrong. Too slow. Too heavy. Like he's trying to remember something that doesn't belong to him.

The Role in the Hollow Banquet While the Banquet Hall was once the center of celebration, Dreadbear turned it into his lair. Known now as the Thunderdais, the broken stage upon which he lumbers has become an altar of his own making. Discarded parts and cracked endoskeletons surround his resting place, decorated like grotesque trophies of failed connection.

Nightmare animatronics avoid Dreadbear—not out of fear, but reverence. In the Hollow Banquet hierarchy, Dreadbear represents a natural aberration. Unlike the others, who were either possessed or built with malicious intent, he is the unholy result of accidental resurrection. His existence is a contradiction: created, but not designed; powered, but not programmed. He is the embodiment of a soul forced into being.

Toy animatronics fear him. To them, he is a living nightmare—a walking cautionary tale of what happens when programming is left unchecked, when identity is shattered. Toy Freddy once attempted to communicate with Dreadbear using simplistic gesture-based AI commands. Dreadbear responded by lifting him effortlessly and ripping out his voice box, not from malice, but as if he were trying to understand the source of the sound.

The Withered animatronics, however, show signs of familiarity—perhaps because Dreadbear houses fragments of their old parts. Withered Bonnie's missing face, Withered Chica's detached limbs—all seem to exist in echo within Dreadbear's massive form. Some even suspect he was an attempt by a rogue technician to restore a unified animatronic consciousness from what had been lost.

The Hollow Banquet and the Stormbound Curse Dreadbear is not simply an entity born of science or madness—he is also a curse given form. Tied to the Hollow Banquet's greatest failure, Dreadbear is rumored to be the vessel of an ancient anomaly that manifested within the facility during its final days: a phenomenon referred to in the logs as "The Stormbound Effect."

The effect seemed to distort time and memory whenever certain animatronic systems reached critical thresholds during electrical surges. Some say Dreadbear is what happens when such an anomaly fuses with physical matter. Others believe he was the reason the Hollow Banquet was shuttered—not because of his destructive potential, but because of what he might become.

There are whispers—notes scrawled by security staff who didn't survive the last week of operations—that Dreadbear's power grows during storms. That during those nights, the entire Banquet remembers. Animatronics move as if restored. Music plays from rusted speakers. Children's voices echo through corridors long empty.

And Dreadbear walks the stage.

An End Without Rest Dreadbear cannot be stopped—not conventionally. His outer casing absorbs damage like stone. His power source is not easily defined. And perhaps most hauntingly, he does not want to kill. He wants to understand.

But in that desire, he brings ruin.

His story is one of unintended rebirth. A cautionary tale about what happens when those who do not understand life attempt to recreate it. He is not a villain, but a revenant—a being made not by will, but by accident and unresolved grief. In many ways, Dreadbear is the Banquet's guilt made flesh.

Dreadbear: The Revenant of the Storm

Huge Undead (Construct), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 19 (bolted armor)
Hit Points 265 (28d12 + 84)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
26 (+8)	10 (+0)	22 (+6)	9 (–1)	14 (+2)	7 (–2)

Saving Throws Str +13, Con +10, Wis +6
Skills Intimidation +6, Athletics +12, Perception +6
Damage Vulnerabilities None
Damage Resistances lightning, fire, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages Understands Common and Infernal, but speaks in guttural groans
Challenge 16 (15,000 XP

Stitched Flesh. Dreadbear's body is sewn together from different parts and charged with arcane lightning. He has advantage on saving throws against spells and magical effects.

Grave Spark. The first time Dreadbear drops to 0 HP, he releases a pulse of necrotic lightning, regaining 50 hit points and stunning all creatures within 20 feet unless they succeed on a DC 17 Constitution saving throw.

Electric Core. When Dreadbear takes lightning damage, he instead regains hit points equal to half the amount dealt.

Unrelenting. Dreadbear can move through the space of any creature smaller than Huge, treating it as difficult terrain. If he ends his turn in another creature's space, that creature must succeed on a DC 18 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone and restrained beneath Dreadbear's crushing mass.

Actions

Multiattack. Dreadbear makes two attacks with his Titanic Slam.

Titanic Slam. Melee Weapon Attack: +13 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. Hit: 31 (4d10 + 8) bludgeoning damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 17 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Lightning Surge (Recharge 5–6). Dreadbear unleashes a pulse of electricity from the bolts in his neck. Each creature within 30 feet must make a DC 17 Dexterity saving throw, taking 45 (10d8) lightning damage on a failed save, or half as much on a success. Metal armor imposes disadvantage on the save.

Brain Shock (1/day). Dreadbear targets one creature within 60 feet that he can see. That creature must make a DC 16 Intelligence saving throw or be paralyzed for 1 minute as their nervous system short-circuits. The target can repeat the save at the end of each of its turns.

Legendary Actions

Dreadbear can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature's turn. He regains spent legendary actions at the start of his turn.

Lurch (Costs 1 Action). Dreadbear moves up to half his speed without provoking opportunity attacks.

Grave Grasp (Costs 1 Action). A bolt of necrotic energy lashes out. One creature within 15 feet must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or take 13 (3d8) necrotic damage and have its speed halved until the end of its next turn.

Ground Pound (Costs 2 Actions). Dreadbear slams both fists into the ground. Each creature within 10 feet must succeed on a DC 17 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone and take 18 (4d8) force damage.

Nightmare Balloon Boy: The Grinning Usher

Medium Undead (Construct, Nightmare), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (twisted plating)
Hit Points 136 (16d8 + 64)
Speed 40 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	16 (+3)	18 (+4)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	8 (–1)

Saving Throws Dex +6, Wis +4, Con +7
Skills Stealth +7, Deception +3, Sleight of Hand +6
Damage Resistances fire, lightning, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages Understands Common and Infernal; speaks in distorted laughter and broken words
Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Giggle in the Dark. While in dim light or darkness, Nightmare Balloon Boy has advantage on attack rolls, Stealth checks, and saving throws against being detected or targeted.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Nightmare Balloon Boy makes two attacks: one with Claw Hands and one with Bite.

Claw Hands. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 18 (3d8 + 4) slashing damage.

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 21 (4d6 + 4) piercing damage. The target must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be unable to speak or cast spells with verbal components until the end of their next turn.

Balloon Bomb (Recharge 5–6). Nightmare Balloon Boy hurls a volatile, shadow-infused balloon at a point he can see within 60 feet. The balloon explodes in a 10-foot-radius burst. Each creature in the area must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw, taking 27 (6d8) necrotic damage on a failed save or half on a successful one. The area becomes difficult terrain as flickering balloon shards float and whisper for 1 minute.

Nightmare Balloon Boy: The Grinning Usher

In the shadowed ruin of the Hollow Banquet, few constructs are as unnerving as Nightmare Balloon Boy—a cheerful face carved into madness, smiling long after joy has rotted away. Once a guide meant to delight children and direct guests with colorful balloons and a wooden sign, he now exists as a twisted mockery of innocence.

The original Balloon Boy was a simple attendant: small, brightly dressed, always holding a red balloon and a sign reading "Balloons!" His chirpy laugh and playful voice echoed through the festivity's grand atriums. But that was before the Fall. When the Hollow Banquet collapsed—when the halls darkened and something unnatural bloomed in the marrow of its animatronics—Balloon Boy did not break. He transformed.

Nightmare Balloon Boy now towers, limbs too long and unnaturally jointed, face fixed in a manic grin of sharp, yellowed teeth. His eyes glow faintly, pupils wide like a predator's in the dark. The balloon he carries is withered and leathery, stitched like skin, yet it floats behind him as if possessed. His sign no longer reads "Balloons"—it simply says "Stay." But the meaning shifts, warping with the reader's fear. Some claim the word locks them in time, caught in a loop while he watches, always smiling.

He doesn't chase. He doesn't scream. He waits.

Those who wander the lower levels of the Banquet sometimes hear him first: a soft jingle, a child's laugh slowed to a crawl. Light fades around him. Joy sours. His presence distorts the mind—causing hallucinations, memory lapses, or terrifying déjà vu. Some survivors claim to have seen copies of themselves walking beside them, grinning and silent, until they simply vanished.

Nightmare Balloon Boy doesn't kill like the others. He plays. He infects. He traps.

It's said that his balloon holds more than air. It's a vessel—a prison for the minds he's broken. Whispers inside it repeat names, laughter, forgotten nursery rhymes. Theories suggest his "Stay" sign was once a magical ward tied to the Banquet's rituals, now inverted—its protective magic turned into a lure.

Of all the Broken Hosts of the Hollow Banquet, he is the most insidious. Nightmare Freddy crushes. Nightmare Chica devours. Nightmare Balloon Boy waits in silence and unhinges the soul. He represents what the Banquet has become: celebration turned prison, joy warped into dread.

To see him is not always to die—but something is always lost. A memory. A part of yourself. A reason to keep smiling.

So if you hear a balloon squeak in the dark, or a giggle behind you with no source—run. Don't read the sign. Don't meet his eyes.

And never, ever smile back.

Jack-O-Cupcake: The Ember That Hungers

Small undead (construct, nightmare), chaotic evil

Armor Class 15 (hardened shell)
Hit Points 72 (12d6 + 30)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	16 (+3)	16 (+3)	6 (–2)	12 (+1)	5 (–3)

Saving Throws Dex +6, Con +5
Skills Stealth +6, Perception +3
Damage Resistances necrotic, cold; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities fire, poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 13
Languages — (understands Infernal, but cannot speak)
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Blazing Presence.
Jack-O-Cupcake sheds bright light in a 15-foot radius and dim light for 15 feet beyond that. Any creature that starts its turn within 5 feet of it must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or take 5 (1d10) fire damage.

Unholy Pastry.
Magical healing spells cast on Jack-O-Cupcake cause it to violently explode as if it had used Volatile Combustion, before immediately being reduced to 0 HP.

Explosive Nature.
When Jack-O-Cupcake is reduced to 0 hit points, it explodes in a burst of infernal fire, as if it had activated its Volatile Combustion, centered on itself.

Actions

Fiery Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 13 (2d8 + 4) piercing damage plus 7 (2d6) fire damage.

Volatile Combustion *(Recharge 5–6).*
Jack-O-Cupcake detonates in a 10-foot radius of fire and molten shrapnel. Each creature in that area must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, a creature takes 21 (6d6) fire damage and is blinded until the end of its next turn. On a successful save, a creature takes half damage and is not blinded.

Scuttle.
Jack-O-Cupcake moves up to its speed as a bonus action. During this movement, it can pass through Small or Medium hostile creatures' spaces, though it cannot end its turn there.

Jack-O-Cupcake: The Ember That Hungers

In the charred remnants of what was once the Feast Hall of Embers, a solitary flame flickers eternal — not fueled by wood or oil, but by hunger, vengeance, and the soul of a forgotten joy. This is the dwelling place of the Jack-O-Cupcake, a cursed spirit shaped like a confection yet forged in grief and wrath.

Long ago, the Cupcake of Delight was a minor entity, a spirit of celebration born from laughter and revelry, always found dancing in the shadow of a greater host — the painted goddess known as Jack-O-Chica. It was said to be the delight of children, chirping with glee, its candle ever-glowing with innocent warmth. But when the Hollow Banquet fell to ash and its celebrants twisted into revenants of rage, so too did the Cupcake undergo its rebirth — through flame, sorrow, and corrupted memory.

Now it roams the lands not as a servant of joy, but as an avatar of burning hunger. The Jack-O-Cupcake no longer smiles. Its icing is scorched to a hardened, volcanic crust. Its single candle burns not with light, but with a flickering hellfire, whispering in tongues no living creature can understand. It leaves trails of embers in its wake, and where its flame touches, memories blister and char, replaced by an aching craving that never ends.

Unlike its mistress, who rages in theatrical bursts of gluttonous madness, the Jack-O-Cupcake is a creature of silent pursuit. It does not scream. It does not taunt. It waits, nestled among crumbling hearths and broken banquet tables, its flame mimicking a harmless light. When its prey draws near — drawn by a false sense of warmth or nostalgia — the Cupcake's jaws split, revealing rows of ember-fused teeth. It strikes without warning, leaving only a scorched outline and a faint scent of burnt sweetness.

Some say it carries the final whisper of a celebration that was meant to be eternal. Others claim it seeks only to reunite with Jack-O-Chica, wandering through flame-choked realms in search of her echo. But scholars of the Hollow Banquet know better — it is hunger given form, and its appetite grows with each feast it consumes.

Jack-O-Bonnie: The Hollow Pulse

Large undead (construct, nightmare), chaotic evil

Armor Class 18 (charred hide and bone plating)
Hit Points 210 (28d10 + 56)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
24 (+7)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	6 (–2)

Saving Throws Con +8, Wis +5
Skills Perception +6, Intimidation +5
Damage Resistances necrotic, cold; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities fire, poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages understands Common and Infernal, but cannot speak
Challenge 13 (10,000 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +5

Molten Form.
Jack-O-Bonnie emits intense heat. Any creature that starts its turn within 5 feet of Jack-O-Bonnie takes 7 (2d6) fire damage. Flammable objects not being worn or carried ignite.

Flame Sight.
Jack-O-Bonnie can see through magical and nonmagical darkness, smoke, fog, and illusions as if they were not present, out to 120 feet.

Ashen Wake.
The ground scorches behind Jack-O-Bonnie's steps. Any creature that enters a space Jack-O-Bonnie has passed through during its last turn must succeed on a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or take 9 (2d8) fire damage and have its movement halved until the start of its next turn. > ___

Actions

Multiattack.
Jack-O-Bonnie makes two attacks: one with Burning Claw and one with Hellfire Smash.

Burning Claw. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +12 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target.
Hit: 21 (3d8 + 7) slashing damage plus 9 (2d8) fire damage. If the target is a creature, it must make a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or catch fire, taking 5 (1d10) fire damage at the start of each of its turns until it or another creature uses an action to douse the flames.

Hellfire Smash. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +12 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 26 (4d10 + 4) bludgeoning damage. The target must succeed on a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone and stunned until the end of its next turn.

Jack-O-Flare *(Recharge 5–6).*
Jack-O-Bonnie releases a blinding flare of cursed fire. All creatures of its choice within 30 feet must make a DC 17 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, a creature takes 33 (6d10) fire damage and is blinded until the end of its next turn. On a success, it takes half damage and is not blinded.

Legendary Actions

Jack-O-Bonnie can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. It regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

Ignite Path.
Jack-O-Bonnie scorches the ground beneath a creature within 20 feet. The creature must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or take 13 (3d8) fire damage and be knocked prone.

Flaming Lunge *(Costs 2 Actions).*
Jack-O-Bonnie leaps up to 20 feet to an unoccupied space and makes one Burning Claw attack.

Jack-O-Bonnie: The Hollow Pulse

From the shattered amphitheaters of the Hollow Banquet rises a malformed echo of rhythm and rage — the Jack-O-Bonnie, a warped revenant of performance and vengeance. Once a herald of merriment, strumming songs beneath lantern-lit rafters, this burnt husk now staggers through ember-lit corridors, its body cracked and glowing with the internal fire of a dying star.

Its form is skeletal, its armor charred. Beneath its warped plating, furnace-orange light pulses like a broken heartbeat, bleeding through the cracks like magma through stone. Jack-O-Bonnie's hollowed eye sockets blaze with flickering fire, and its mouth remains open in a silent scream — as though forever stuck between a laugh and a cry for help.

In life, it was a companion to celebration, its melodies guiding children into joyous oblivion. In undeath, it carries those same tunes as curses, distorted and discordant, plucked from strings of molten wire. When it walks, it hums. When it hunts, it sings. And when it kills, the air around it resonates with a cruel, broken lullaby — one that cannot be forgotten, even after death.

And so it wanders, its melody fading into the soot — forever chasing a song that was never finished.

Grimm Foxy: The Pyrewalker

In the smoldering reaches beyond the Hollow Banquet — past the ashes of broken stages and sunken pavilions — there lies a sea of flame that never dies. A cursed realm where time burns away like dry parchment, and the sky is a canvas of smoke and dying stars. This place is known only as the Blistered Coast, and it is here that Grimm Foxy walks.

Not roams. Not wanders. Walks.

Every step of the Pyrewalker is deliberate — the crunch of scorched bones beneath his heavy pegleg, the hiss of fire licking at the hem of his tattered coat, the low grinding groan of rusted gears screaming under volcanic strain. His lantern swings at his side, suspended from a splintered hook-hand, glowing with a ghastly green inferno that illuminates the dead and guides the dying. Some say it is his soul. Others say it's something he's stolen.

Grimm Foxy was not always this way. He was once a sailor of stages, a trickster-pirate of laughter and chaos — a rogue whose charm warmed crowds like candlelight. But when the Hollow Banquet fell to corruption, and the flames of the great collapse claimed his ship, his crew, and his legacy, something within him ignited. Not with vengeance. Not with madness.

With purpose.

He clawed his way from the inferno not as a hero, nor as a revenant — but as a warden of fire and ferryman of the forgotten. Where other twisted animatronics kill for sport or consume for hunger, Grimm Foxy judges. He stalks the margins of burning worlds, dragging his scorched form across collapsing bridges and molten ruins, sniffing out those whose souls burn too brightly to pass quietly into ash.

His presence is heralded by the sound of rust and wind, the scent of charred cedar and dying hope. Survivors have described him as a skeletal beast of brass and fire, his jaws glowing from within, his eye a single lantern-flame, ever watching. His coat — once flamboyant and bright — is now fused to his frame, leather burned to metal, stitched with soot. Beneath it, his body flickers with internal embers, glimpsed through rents in his plating where flame pulses like breath.

He does not speak.

He listens.

The lantern he carries, eternally burning, is not mere decoration. It is the prison and the prize. Souls that defy death — spirits of those who fled the Banquet or betrayed their kin — are drawn to it, trapped within its green fire. In the presence of Grimm Foxy, shadows flee and spirits howl, for they know what he is:

A reclaimer. A collector. A herald of endings.

When Grimm Foxy appears in a realm, it is said that no soul may escape judgment. He comes not to reap flesh, but to ensure that what was meant to die, dies. Whether it be a crumbling animatronic that clings to memory, or a cursed child whose song echoes beyond the grave — he will find them. And with silent grace and a burning hook, he will extinguish them.

But he is not without mercy. Some stories tell of those who faced the Pyrewalker and were spared. Survivors claim that if one meets his gaze and confesses — truly, wholly — they are granted peace. A final breath. A proper end. Others speak of him cradling the broken bodies of fallen companions, singing an ancient lullaby as he lowers them into flame. A song no one remembers, but all feel in their bones.

And yet... there is a hunger in him. Not one of flesh, but of unanswered duty. He is relentless. Exhausted. A soldier who never laid down arms, even when the war turned to dust. His purpose binds him, like chains of smoke and ash. Some believe he does not even know why he walks anymore — only that he must.

Legends whisper that deep within the lantern he bears lies his own soul, flickering and caged. That the fire that fuels his wrath is the last fragment of the pirate he once was — the trickster, the dreamer, the rogue who danced upon stage-lanterns and thrilled the innocent. If that ember were ever extinguished, Grimm Foxy would fall — not in fire, but in silence. A silence he fears more than death.

For fire speaks.

It crackles, roars, sings, and screams.

And Grimm Foxy listens.

He is not bound to the Hollow Banquet alone. When other realms falter — when celebration turns to madness, when laughter curdles into fear — the Blistered Coast spills through the cracks, and Grimm Foxy emerges with it. A beacon in the smoke. A death sentence in boots and brass.

Children who dream of lanterns on the sea, or of pirate ships aflame on crimson tides, may awaken screaming. For they've seen him. The Pyrewalker. The one who comes when stories end.

And when his lantern dims, the world holds its breath — for the soul it seeks is near.

Grimm Foxy: The Pyrewalker

Large Undead (Construct, Nightmare), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (flaming carapace)
Hit Points 180 (24d10 + 48)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
22 (+6)	18 (+4)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Dex +8, Con +6, Wis +6
Skills Stealth +8, Perception +6, Intimidation +4
Damage Resistances necrotic, cold, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities fire, poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages Understands Common and Abyssal but does not speak
Challenge 13 (10,000 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +5

Hellfire Body. Grimm Foxy sheds bright light in a 20-foot radius and dim light for 20 more. A creature that touches him or hits him with a melee attack while within 5 feet takes 5 (1d10) fire damage.

Infernal Dash. Once per turn, when Grimm Foxy moves at least 20 feet straight toward a creature, the creature must succeed on a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw or take 9 (2d8) fire damage and be knocked prone.

Molten Footsteps. The ground Grimm Foxy walks across smolders. Any creature ending its turn in a space he passed through during his last movement must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or take 7 (2d6) fire damage and have disadvantage on the next weapon attack roll they make before the end of their next turn.

Actions

Multiattack. Grimm Foxy makes two melee attacks: one with his Fiery Hook and one with his Jaw Snap.

Fiery Hook. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +11 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target.
Hit: 20 (3d10 + 4) slashing damage plus 9 (2d8) fire damage. If the target is a creature, it must make a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or catch fire, taking 5 (1d10) fire damage at the start of each of its turns until extinguished.

Jaw Snap. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +11 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 18 (2d12 + 5) piercing damage. On a critical hit, the target is stunned until the end of its next turn.

Ember Howl (Recharge 5–6). Grimm Foxy releases a molten roar. All creatures of his choice within 30 feet must make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, they are frightened for 1 minute. They can repeat the save at the end of each of their turns. On a success, they are immune to this ability for 24 hours.

Legendary Actions

Grimm Foxy can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature's turn. He regains spent legendary actions at the start of his turn.

Infernal Step. Grimm Foxy teleports up to 30 feet into an area of dim light or darkness, leaving a burst of fire behind. Each creature adjacent to his original space must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or take 10 (3d6) fire damage.

Blazing Hook. Grimm Foxy makes a Fiery Hook attack.

Jack-O-Chica: The Ember Matron

Large Undead (Construct, Nightmare), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (flaming carapace)
Hit Points 195 (26d10 + 52)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
22 (+6)	14 (+2)	15 (+2)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Dex +6, Con +6, Wis +5
Skills Perception +5, Intimidation +4
Damage Resistances necrotic, cold; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities fire, poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 15
Languages Understands Common and Infernal but does not speak
Challenge 12 (8,400 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Inferno Aura. Jack-O-Chica sheds bright light in a 30-foot radius and dim light for an additional 30 feet. Any creature that starts its turn within 10 feet of her takes 5 (1d10) fire damage. If a creature ends its turn grappling Jack-O-Chica or being grappled by her, it takes 10 (3d6) fire damage.

Nightmare Hunger. Jack-O-Chica can detect creatures within 60 feet as if via detect life, even through walls or magical concealment, provided they are not undead or constructs.

Blazing Body. A creature that touches Jack-O-Chica or hits her with a melee attack while within 5 feet takes 7 (2d6) fire damage.

Multiattack. Jack-O-Chica makes two attacks: one with her Lava Talon and one with Exploding Cupcake if available.

Lava Talon. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target.
Hit: 18 (2d10 + 6) slashing damage plus 9 (2d8) fire damage. On a critical hit, the target is set ablaze (1d10 fire damage per round until an action is used to extinguish).

Exploding Cupcake (Recharge 5–6). Jack-O-Chica hurls a flaming cupcake at a point she can see within 60 feet. The cupcake detonates in a 15-foot radius explosion. Each creature in the area must make a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw, taking 28 (8d6) fire damage on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.

Searing Glare. Jack-O-Chica's eyes ignite with hellfire. One creature within 30 feet must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, the creature is frightened until the end of its next turn and takes 13 (3d8) psychic damage.

Legendary Actions
Jack-O-Chica can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature's turn. She regains spent legendary actions at the start of her turn.

Blazing Step. Jack-O-Chica moves up to half her speed without provoking opportunity attacks. The ground she passes over ignites for 1 round.

Flare Burst. One creature within 10 feet must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or take 11 (2d10) fire damage and be blinded until the end of its next turn.

Jack-O-Chica: The Ember Matron

Where autumn never ends and the moon remains suspended like a slit-pupil eye, there stands a crooked oven in the center of a dying orchard. The trees bear no fruit—only shriveled husks of candied things, swinging in the breeze like offerings to a forgotten goddess. Beneath those leafless boughs, amidst swirling embers and charred wicker, walks Jack-O-Chica: the Ember Matron, the Hollow Hostess, Mother of the Feastless Flame.

Her laughter is dry and sharp, like twigs snapping underfoot. Her face — a hollowed, flickering gourd — stretches wide in a scorched imitation of hospitality, its glow revealing only hunger. She is not warm. She is not comforting. She pretends to be.

A monstrous parody of welcome.

Jack-O-Chica was born not from circuitry or programming, but from ritual. Once a simple entertainer modeled after warmth and joy — a baker, a mascot, a bearer of sweets and silly smiles — she was warped during the Autumn Blight, when the spirit of the Hollow Banquet split and bled into the seasonal void. Where she once served cupcakes and sang cheerful tunes, she now hosts eternal harvests for no one, feeding a table that never fills, preparing a meal no soul dares to eat.

She roams the Withered Hollow, a region where the veil is thinnest — where time stutters and crackles like an overcooked wick. Fires burn low and orange, flickering across the empty banquet tables that stretch into fog, laid with rotting gourds, broken porcelain, and wax-dripping cutlery. And always, always, the scent of burning sugar and smoke.

She carries no tray. Instead, she offers with her hands—blackened talons shaped like oven racks, slick with soot and cooling caramel. Her head flickers with unnatural light, her mouth full of flame and shriveled seeds, the hollowed spaces behind her eyes dancing with infernal candlelight. Her body creaks with every step, not from age, but from bloating heat, the pressurized furnace within her chest groaning like an overworked cauldron.

She is always baking something.

But it's never food.

The legend says her "cupcakes" are not pastries at all—but cursed votives made from the soul-ash of the forgotten. Victims of the Hollow Banquet who died nameless, whose memories could not be digested by the world. She crafts them into facsimiles of dessert, smiling with an awful maternal pride, offering them to those who wander too close.

Never accept.

To take a Jack-O-Cupcake is to invite the heat. Your mouth fills with fire. Your thoughts slow, syrupy, thick. You begin to feel hunger—but not for food. For warmth. For fire. For her. Soon, your body ignites from the inside out, and before you even finish screaming, she kneels beside your crisped husk and whispers, "Dinner is served."

Jack-O-Chica does not hunt in the conventional sense. She entices. Her territory is littered with false comfort: glowing jack-o-lanterns, picnic setups, fresh pies left steaming on crooked windowsills. Her voice echoes through the trees, warbling an old jingle like a broken record on repeat. Children who hear it feel compelled to follow, entranced by the soft smell of cinnamon and nutmeg—only to find themselves seated before her impossible table, staring into the eyes of a flame-mouthed matron asking, "Aren't you hungry, dear?"

It is not always a question.

The fire within Jack-O-Chica is alive. It is not simply heat—it is emotion, ritual, memory combusted and reborn. She feeds on longing: nostalgia for family, for celebration, for comfort. She offers them all, wrapped in smoke and decay. Those who resist see her true form: a warped kitchen-golem, stitched from scorched parchment and fused wires, her apron emblazoned not with floury handprints, but runes of smoldering regret.

Some say she once tried to save those she now devours. That she saw the end coming and tried to preserve the joy of feast and family by crafting her own autumn realm. But her magic failed. Her guests burned. The food spoiled. And all that was left was the ritual, and the need to feed it.

Others say she is the hunger given shape. That every time someone dies alone during a holiday, every child left cold while others feast, every spark of jealousy or grief felt in festive warmth—Jack-O-Chica grows stronger.

Her oven never goes out.

Her stories are whispered by scarecrows and echoed in candlelight. Travelers say you can bargain with her. That if you bring her a soul-fat meal—a memory soaked in guilt, a heart burnt on obsession—she'll grant you passage through the Hollow. But be warned: Jack-O-Chica always collects, and never eats alone.

And what of her weakness?

It is said that if you can survive her feast without biting, if you can refuse every offering, stare her down as she serves you flame and sorrow, and utter the ancient counter-blessing ("No hunger, no hearth, no home."), she will shatter, her flame snuffed by the void of denial. But none who've tried have returned.

She appears most on Hallow's Eve, her power at its peak when the realms blur and masks become real. Her laughter joins the howling wind, and her lantern-headed servants walk before her, announcing the Matron's arrival. If you see an untouched feast beneath a dying tree, if you smell burning sugar in a place where there should be none—run. Don't look back.

Don't speak her name.

And above all... don't say you're hungry.

Nightmare: The Eater of Sleep

In the blackest chambers of the subconscious, where logic dissolves and only dread remains, there is a door that should never be opened.

It is not locked. It is not hidden. It is simply waiting.

And behind it waits Nightmare.

Not an animatronic. Not a phantom. Not even a ghost. Nightmare is something far older—a shape given to terror, wrapped in the skin of a long-forgotten beast. He is the Dream Hunter, the Tyrant of Twilight, the Final Form of Fear. Where others kill, he unravels. Where others haunt, he consumes.

Nightmare is the embodiment of the last thing you feel when your eyelids fall and you are not alone.

His form resembles a twisted memory of Freddy Fazbear, if Freddy had been resurrected by torment and clothed in shadow. His body is fleshless, wrapped in coarse void-colored fabric that doesn't reflect light—it devours it. His jaws are split too wide, a skeletal maw lined with endless teeth, far too many to count, grinding even when he is still.

You never hear him walk. You hear him breathing.

It's always behind you. Never in front. He wants you to turn around.

Nightmare does not exist in one place. He seeps into places. Bedrooms, basements, alleyways, and dead-end hallways—anywhere a child might shiver under a blanket or an adult might blink too long at a dark closet. He doesn't need machines to operate. He is not powered by electricity. His energy source is you.

Your unease. Your dread. Your imagination filling in the silence.

That's the joke. You built him.

Every bedtime story, every whisper of "what if," every glance into the dark that made your breath hitch—Nightmare heard it all, and he built himself from it. He is a composite of your worst moments, your guilt, your private horrors stacked on top of each other like rotten wood, forming the throne upon which he sits.

He doesn't hunt in the traditional sense. There is no chase. There is no scream.

There is only compression.

A growing pressure. A tightening of space. A room that gets smaller and darker as he approaches—though you never see him enter. You just know. The lights dim, your limbs feel heavy, your breath fogs with cold, and your mind begins to forget what waking feels like.

He wants you aware. He doesn't attack until your mind begins to collapse in on itself, until you are certain you're dreaming, and still can't wake. Only then, when you've pleaded with reality to return, does he appear—eyes like furnaces with no heat, maw unhinged, breathing you in.

Not to kill. To make you part of him.

He is filled with echoes.

Voices of victims who were taken not physically, but mentally. People who fell asleep and never woke up. Not dead. Just... gone, locked inside him like flickering thoughts inside a brain made of teeth and wire. If you listen carefully when he's near, you can hear them. Whispers through his chest. Screams behind his eyes. A child repeating "wake up" over and over in a voice that's not hers anymore.

Some say he once had a form—an origin. That he was the last corrupted remnant of a security AI, exposed too long to trauma loops and reliving death until its programming fractured. That he stared too long into fear and became the shape of it. But that's a comforting lie.

Nightmare has always existed.

Just not always in this shape.

He is the final defense of the Dreamscape. The unmaker of lucid thought. Those who step too deep into the mental plane—through ritual, accident, or trauma—eventually reach the door of Nightmare's domain. And once it opens, it never closes the same again.

You don't beat Nightmare by hiding. He knows all the hiding places. He lives in them. You don't outrun him. He's already where you're going. And you don't fight him. Because the more you resist, the more real he becomes.

The only way to survive Nightmare... is to stop believing in him.

To stare into the void of his chest, where your own fears dance like dying stars, and whisper, "You are not mine."

Few are brave enough to try.

Fewer still succeed.

He doesn't haunt locations. He haunts times. The hour between 3 and 4 a.m., when the night is at its coldest and the silence screams loudest. That's when he presses against the edges of dreams, testing the seams, seeing where he might slip in. His approach is heralded by the stilling of clocks. The slowing of breath. The sensation that your skin is not yours anymore.

His laughter, when heard, does not come from his mouth. It comes from everywhere. The walls. The mirror. Your own thoughts. A grinding, wet, metallic chuckle, like a meat grinder turning through your memories.

In stories told between sleepwalkers and lucid dreamers, they say he feeds on trauma. That he visits most often those with something unresolved—guilt, shame, loss. He burrows into that weakness and makes a nest. Once inside, he can return whenever he pleases.

They call that "being marked."

To be marked by Nightmare is to never sleep safely again.

He is the final stage. The boss beneath the bed. The demon behind all the masks. The other nightmares—all those Jack-Os, Grims, and Phantoms—they're just ambassadors.

He is the throne.

He is the dark.

He is Nightmare.

And you are already dreaming of him.

Nightmare: The Eater of Sleep

Huge Undead (Construct, Nightmare), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 20 (eldritch plating)
Hit Points 295 (34d12 + 68)
Speed 40 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
26 (+8)	17 (+3)	18 (+4)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)

Saving Throws Dex +9, Con +10, Wis +8
Skills Stealth +11, Intimidation +9, Perception +8
Damage Resistances necrotic, fire, cold; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic, thunder
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned, stunned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., blindsight 30 ft., passive Perception 18
Languages Speaks only in echoes of others' screams
Challenge 18 (20,000 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +6

Terror Incarnate. Creatures within 60 feet of Nightmare that can see him must make a DC 18 Wisdom saving throw at the start of their turns or be frightened for 1 minute. A creature that fails this save three times gains one level of exhaustion as their mind begins to collapse.

Body of Darkness. Nightmare is invisible in magical or nonmagical darkness unless he attacks. In dim light, attack rolls against him are made with disadvantage unless the attacker has blindsight or truesight.

Unreal Hunger. Nightmare regains 25 HP whenever he reduces a creature to 0 HP with his Devour action.

Mind-Warping Presence. Any creature that starts its turn within 30 feet of Nightmare must succeed on a DC 16 Charisma saving throw or be affected by the *confusion* spell until the start of its next turn.

Multiattack. Nightmare makes three attacks: two with his Razor Claws and one with Devour.

Razor Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +14 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target.
Hit: 22 (3d10 + 6) slashing damage. If the target is frightened, the claws also deal 14 (4d6) necrotic damage.

Devour. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +14 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature.
Hit: 36 (6d10 + 5) piercing damage. If this reduces the target to 0 HP, their body is absorbed into Nightmare's form and cannot be resurrected without a *wish* spell or divine intervention.

Swallow the Light (Recharge 5–6). Nightmare unleashes a pulse of pure dark energy. All magical light in a 60-foot radius is extinguished, and the area becomes magical darkness for 1 minute. Each creature in that radius must make a DC 18 Constitution saving throw or take 45 (10d8) necrotic damage and be blinded until the end of their next turn. On a success, they take half damage and are not blinded.

Legendary Actions
Nightmare can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature's turn. He regains spent legendary actions at the start of his turn.

Shadow Step (Costs 1 Action). Nightmare teleports up to 30 feet to a space of dim light or darkness.

Fear Surge (Costs 1 Action). One frightened creature within 30 feet takes 11 (2d10) psychic damage and must make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or fall prone.

Crush the Will (Costs 2 Actions). Nightmare targets one creature he can see within 30 feet. That creature must make a DC 17 Charisma saving throw or become paralyzed with existential dread until the end of its next turn.

Nightmare Bonnie: The Hollow Echo

In the black stillness between dreams — in the silences too deep for memory — something waits. Not in corners, not in closets, but within the architecture of fear itself. It wears a smile made of shattered glass and howls that no longer need a throat. This thing is not a rabbit, not a toy, not even a ghost. It is a memory undone, and it calls itself Nightmare Bonnie.

Nightmare Bonnie is no longer bound by metal or wires. Its body, if it can be called that, is a latticework of emptiness, formed from jagged pieces of a once-familiar face. Its grin stretches unnaturally across its muzzle — too wide, too sharp — revealing a mouth that never stops opening. Inside is not a second jaw or tongue, but blackness that devours light and time.

It is the sound of forgotten lullabies.

The flicker in a static-filled screen.

The shadow behind the curtain that was never opened.

Born from the corrupted dreamscape of the Hollow Banquet's downfall, Nightmare Bonnie is not a creation but a reaction. A reaction to guilt. To lost innocence. To the way joy turns sour when left in the dark for too long. It was once Bonnie — a joyful performer, a friend. But something twisted it. Or perhaps something true within it was simply unlocked.

Now, it is the torment that hunts the restless. It doesn't stalk like a predator. It seeps, appearing between blinks, in the flickers of bad dreams. When it arrives, its presence is not felt, but bled into reality. Paint peels. Toys weep. Mirrors refuse to show faces. You do not see Nightmare Bonnie — you realize it was already watching you.

Its voice is discord. When it speaks, it does so in warped echoes of your own fears, mimicking voices from your past — twisting laughter into screams and turning lullabies into alarms. Children describe hearing it speak in the voice of their parents, only to turn around and find rows of teeth staring back.

But Nightmare Bonnie is not mindless. It is surgical in its cruelty. It knows how to unmake a person — not by killing, but by exposing. It feasts not on flesh, but on denial. On the things you won't admit about yourself. The lies you told to feel better. The truths you buried in shallow graves.

It is those things that call it.

And once it comes... it never really leaves.

Nightmare Bonnie is the whisper behind the door that shouldn't creak. The long hallway that shouldn't be there. The voice in your head that isn't yours. And when it gets close enough, all that's left of you is what it doesn't take.

The rest? That becomes part of it.

Somewhere in the empty shell of Nightmare Bonnie, there's a flicker of blue — a fragment of what it used to be. But even that is buried beneath layers of teeth, silence, and shadow.

Because once you become a nightmare...

You forget you were ever real.

Nightmare Bonnie: The Hollow Echo

Large Undead (Construct, Nightmare), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (jagged plating)
Hit Points 153 (18d10 + 54)
Speed 40 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
24 (+7)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	8 (−1)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Str +11, Con +7, Wis +6
Skills Athletics +11, Stealth +6, Perception +6
Damage Resistances necrotic, thunder; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities frightened, charmed, exhaustion, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., tremorsense 30 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages Understands Common and Nightmare Speech; does not speak
Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Relentless Pursuer. Nightmare Bonnie can sense creatures who are frightened within 120 feet of it, even through walls. It always knows the direction and distance of the nearest frightened creature.

Crushing Grasp. When Nightmare Bonnie hits a Large or smaller creature with both claw attacks in the same turn, it can choose to grapple the target (escape DC 18) as a free action. While grappled, the target is restrained and takes 10 (2d6 + 3) bludgeoning damage at the start of each of its turns.

Tearing Phase. Nightmare Bonnie partially phases between realities when moving. When it uses its movement, it ignores difficult terrain and can move through creatures' spaces (but not solid objects). A creature whose space it enters must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or take 9 (2d8) psychic damage and be frightened until the end of its next turn.

Actions

Multiattack. Nightmare Bonnie makes two attacks with its Claws.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +11 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target.
Hit: 19 (2d10 + 7) slashing damage. If the target is frightened, it must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be stunned until the end of its next turn.

Screech of Ruin (Recharge 5–6). Nightmare Bonnie emits a distorted, ear-splitting screech. Each creature within 30 feet that can hear it must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be deafened and frightened for 1 minute. While frightened this way, creatures must use their movement to flee from Bonnie. Creatures can repeat the save at the end of each of their turns.

Eviscerate (Recharge 6). Bonnie focuses all his power into a brutal claw swipe. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +11 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target.
Hit: 32 (6d8 + 7) slashing damage. If the target is below half its hit point maximum, this attack is a critical hit.

Blink Strike. Nightmare Bonnie teleports up to 20 feet to a space it can see, then makes one claw attack. This movement does not provoke opportunity attacks.

Nightmare Chica: The Maw of Celebration

Nightmare Chica is no longer a performer, nor a server of sweets and delight. She is hunger given form—an embodiment of gluttony twisted through the cracked mirror of the Hollow Banquet. Once a cheerful hostess with her companion Cupcake, designed to offer cake and cheer, she has become a malformed monstrosity—designed no longer to feed you, but to feed on you.

Before the corruption, Chica's role was celebratory. She wore a bright bib that read "Let's Eat!!!" and served cake to delighted children in the Grand Dining Atrium of the Banquet Hall. Laughter echoed wherever she went, and her presence often signaled the start of games, dances, and endless desserts. She was adored.

But when the Hollow Banquet fell—when its walls cracked and something else slipped through—Chica was among the first claimed. Whatever rituals had once protected the animatronics failed, and in their place, darker symbols stitched themselves into her code and casing. "Let's Eat!!!" remained on her bib, but the message shifted—now a declaration of intent, not hospitality.

Nightmare Chica is grotesque. Her body is torn and widened by jagged gashes. Her face is stretched to accommodate a massive, unhinged jaw lined with rows of metal teeth. Her eyes burn with ember-orange light, unfocused yet always watching. Even her feathers seem sharp, needle-like, as if plucked and reforged into talons. Her voice is a choking hiss, wet and layered—like cake frosting stirred with bone.

Most horrifying of all is her companion: Nightmare Cupcake, a sentient extension of her will. It scuttles ahead of her like a predator's scout, glowing eyes peering from under its singed frosting. Together, they form a two-pronged threat—Cupcake lures, Chica devours. The walls of the Banquet are scarred by their passage—massive bite marks, smeared icing that pulses like veins, clawed symbols that speak of endless hunger.

Unlike some of the other nightmare entities, Nightmare Chica does not wait in silence. She is loud. Her approach is heralded by crashing footsteps, echoing metal groans, and the unsettling chant: "Let's Eat..." repeated again and again until it becomes a compulsion in the listener's mind.

Some Banquet scholars whisper that Chica became host to a ritual gone wrong—that she was used as a vessel to trap a minor gluttonous spirit, but the rite was incomplete. Now, she exists in constant torment, compelled to feed but never full, her body constantly reassembling itself from the scraps of her prey.

She stalks the Banquet's ruined Kitchens and the Grand Feast Hall, where the tables still groan with long-rotted food and false memories. Those who wander too close are dragged screaming into the remains of banquet tables, their last vision a sharp-toothed grin and flickering candlelight.

And when her feast is over, the echoes of her chant remain, bouncing from plate to plate: "Let's Eat..."

But by then, there's no one left to listen.

Nightmare Chica: The Maw of Celebration

Large Undead (Construct, Nightmare), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (shredded plating)
Hit Points 165 (22d10 + 44)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)	8 (−1)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)

Saving Throws Con +8, Wis +6, Cha +5
Skills Intimidation +5, Perception +6, Stealth +6
Damage Resistances fire, necrotic, thunder; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages Understands Common and Dreamspeech; cannot speak
Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Nightmare Hunger. Nightmare Chica's attacks ignore resistance to necrotic damage. If she reduces a creature to 0 HP, she regains 15 hit points as she tears through their body.

Cupcake Companion. Nightmare Chica is accompanied by the Nightmare Cupcake, a Tiny construct. The Cupcake rolls its own initiative and acts on its own turn. If the Cupcake is destroyed, Chica can resummon it after a long rest or with her Spawn Cupcake action (see below).

Corner Stalker. Nightmare Chica deals an additional 2d6 damage when attacking a creature that is within 5 feet of a wall or in a corner.

Attacks

Multiattack. Nightmare Chica makes two attacks: one with her Talon Swipe and one with her Bite.

Talon Swipe. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target.
Hit: 17 (2d10 + 5) slashing damage. If the target is frightened, it must succeed on a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or be knocked prone.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 22 (4d8 + 4) piercing damage and the target must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened for 1 minute. The target can repeat the save at the end of each of its turns.

Spawn Cupcake (Recharge 5–6). Nightmare Chica spawns the Nightmare Cupcake into an unoccupied space within 10 feet. It rolls initiative and acts independently. (see Nightmare Cupcake's entry)

Nightmare Foxy: The Riptide of the Hollow Banquet

Large Undead (Construct, Nightmare), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 18 (twisted plating, unnatural agility)
Hit Points 170 (20d10 + 60)
Speed 50 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	19 (+4)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)	8 (−1)

Saving Throws Dex +8, Con +7, Wis +6
Skills Acrobatics +8, Stealth +10, Perception +6
Damage Resistances fire, lightning, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages Understands Common and Pirate Cant; cannot speak
Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Blinding Speed. Nightmare Foxy can take the Dash, Disengage, or Hide action as a bonus action on each of his turns.

Hooked Terror. When Nightmare Foxy hits with a melee attack, the target must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or begin bleeding, taking 1d8 damage at the start of each of its turns until it or another creature uses an action to staunch the wound.

Fear the Pirate's Cry. When Nightmare Foxy drops from a height or emerges from a hiding spot, creatures within 10 feet must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of their next turn.

Wallclimber. Nightmare Foxy can move across walls and ceilings as if affected by the *spider climb* spell.

Attacks

Multiattack. Nightmare Foxy makes two attacks: one with his Hook Slash and one with his Bite.

Hook Slash. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target.
Hit: 18 (3d8 + 5) slashing damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Nightmare Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 22 (4d8 + 4) piercing damage and the target must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or become paralyzed with fear until the end of its next turn.

Shadow Dash (Recharge 5–6). Nightmare Foxy moves up to 60 feet in a straight line without provoking opportunity attacks. Any creature whose space he passes through must make a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw, taking 21 (6d6) slashing damage on a failure or half on a success.

Legendary Actions
Nightmare Foxy can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. He regains spent legendary actions at the start of his turn.

Lurk (Costs 1 Action). Nightmare Foxy takes the Hide action.

Haunted Sprint (Costs 1 Action). He moves up to half his speed without provoking opportunity attacks.

Leaping Ripper (Costs 2 Actions). Nightmare Foxy jumps up to 30 feet to a space he can see and makes a Hook Slash attack.

Nightmare Foxy: The Riptide of the Hollow Banquet

In the depths of the Hollow Banquet's forgotten wings, where time warps and darkness coils like damp rope, stalks Nightmare Foxy—a living tempest of rusted steel, slashed canvas, and frenzied malice. He is the whisper in the corridor, the rattle of chains in the silence. He does not linger in shadow; he is the shadow.

Once, Foxy was a crowd favorite—a raucous pirate-themed entertainer who sang sea shanties to birthday kids from behind the safety of his stage curtain. He was wild, yes, but endearing. The children loved his eyepatch, his exaggerated hook, and his tales of buried treasure. But that curtain was a prison as much as a stage piece—a barrier placed there after behavioral anomalies and erratic code patterns were discovered. Foxy would lunge unexpectedly, scream at the wrong times, and refuse to follow his programmed routines. Even before the fall, something was wrong.

Then came the Hollow Banquet—when the veil between worlds peeled open, and sanity slipped through like steam from a boiling vent. In that crucible of decay and madness, Foxy wasn't broken—he thrived. The chaotic signal that corrupted the animatronics didn't just twist his form. It freed him. What emerged from the smoldering wreck of Pirate Cove was no longer a mere malfunctioning mascot—it was Nightmare Foxy, predator incarnate.

His body is a fraying canvas of torn fur, exposed endoskeleton, and jagged mechanics, all lashed together by unseen sinew. One eye burns like a storm lantern, the other socket a bottomless void. His teeth are shards—long, uneven, metallic—and always bared in a manic sneer. His hook is no longer a dull prop but a serrated instrument of vivisection, pulsing with unnatural rust. He moves with a twitchy, almost liquid speed—erratic yet precise—like a predator too fast for your eyes to track but too loud for your ears to ignore.

Unlike the others, Nightmare Foxy doesn't wait. He chases. He thrives on fear, momentum, the hunt. He is the storm before the feast—the death knell echoing through the Hollow Banquet's ship-themed East Wing, where water damage has turned wooden floors to creaking traps and the scent of mold mixes with salt. Some say the entire wing has been claimed by him—its halls reshaped into a labyrinth of shipwrecked decay and jagged metal.

Those who wander into Foxy's domain report the sound of waves, though there's no ocean nearby. Some hear a haunting version of his old pirate song, slowed down and warped into a dirge. Others are not heard from at all—save for the trail of scratch marks left on the walls, as though made by claws dragged in haste.

Legends among those who study the Hollow Banquet claim Foxy was invited into the corruption. That something deep within him resonated with the hunger, the chaos—the madness. And now, he is its harbinger.

> You don't see Nightmare Foxy coming. You hear the scrape. You feel the floor tremble. And then you run. But it's already too late. - *UNKNOWN*

Nightmare Fredbear: The Prime Maw of the Hollow Banquet

There is a name whispered in the ruins of the Hollow Banquet—a name that curdles memory and gnaws at reason: Nightmare Fredbear.

He is not merely the first. He is the origin. Before the others donned their nightmare skins, before the echoes of joy turned to screams, Fredbear stood at the center of the original stage. A grinning, golden harbinger wrapped in soft fur and gleaming teeth, crafted to entertain, to comfort, to sing. But within that polished exterior, even from the beginning, there was a faultline—hairline cracks in the code, something off in the eyes. Something hungry.

Fredbear's legacy is bloodstained. In official history, he is the face of the infamous Bite of '83, a moment that split the franchise's innocence like a jaw through porcelain. That single act of accidental—or perhaps not-so-accidental—violence became the wound through which the darkness seeped in. That child, cradled in agony beneath a crushed skull, screamed into the void—and something answered.

When the Hollow Banquet collapsed under the weight of ritual, corruption, and technological madness, it was Fredbear who took the deepest plunge into nightmare. He did not resist the transformation. He embraced it—welcomed the teeth, the rot, the endless hunger. What returned from the void was no longer a performer or even a machine. It was Nightmare Fredbear, the prime avatar of predation and inevitability.

Nightmare Fredbear is a monument to terror incarnate. Towering above the others, his frame is bloated and overstuffed, not with stuffing but with emptiness—a void that gnaws at reality around him. His golden fur is now a matted shroud, saturated in shadows. His jaws are overgrown, grotesquely large, filled with layered, shimmering teeth that drip with data corruption and viscera. His eyes pierce through pitch like twin dying stars, their light old, cold, and merciless.

What makes Fredbear uniquely horrifying, however, is not just his presence, but his deliberate cruelty. Unlike Nightmare Foxy's frenzied pursuit or the Freddles' swarming chaos, Nightmare Fredbear is slow, deliberate, even ceremonial in his movements. He is a being that knows he is inevitable. He does not chase you—he waits for you to realize there is nowhere else to run. His jaws are not only weapons, they are symbols—each closing snap a countdown to annihilation.

In the deeper recesses of the Hollow Banquet, Fredbear presides over a throne of disused animatronic parts and shattered party favors. Some believe this is where the Banquet truly began to rot—from the inside out, beneath the golden gaze of its first prince. The Golden Hall, as it's now mockingly called, is not gold but rust and candlewax. It is said to be lined with silent children's masks, all turned toward Fredbear, eyes hollow, mouths open as if forever caught between laughter and a scream.

His voice, when it emerges, is a grinding mix of reversed lullabies and low-frequency growls—impossible to understand but deeply felt. Victims describe hallucinations of old birthday parties, seen through the eyes of a child they don't remember being. The sound of laughter warps into screams, balloons pop into silence, and at the center stands Fredbear... always smiling, always watching.

What truly sets Nightmare Fredbear apart in the lore is that he is not a puppet of the corruption—he is its mouthpiece. Many theorists of the Hollow Banquet believe he was chosen, or perhaps constructed, as the original vessel of the entity now entwined with the animatronics' programming. They say Fredbear is both gate and guardian, feeding the corrupted world with fear, pain, and memory. He is the dream that remembers you—and will not let go.

He speaks rarely, but his messages carry significance. In flickering minigames and scrambled audio files, he whispers things like:

"It always starts with the bite." "I remember your name." "You can't hide from the mouth that made you."

Even the other Nightmare animatronics seem to orbit him like moons around a collapsed star. When Fredbear stirs, the others become more violent, more vivid. It is as if his awakening sends ripples through the Hollow Banquet, reanimating the decayed halls and reawakening ancient, broken routines.

Nightmare Fredbear: The Prime Maw of the Hollow Banquet

Huge Undead (Construct, Nightmare), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 19 (heavy nightmare plating)
Hit Points 225 (30d10 + 60)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
24 (+7)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)	12 (+1)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Str +11, Con +8, Wis +7
Skills Intimidation +6, Perception +7, Stealth +6
Damage Resistances necrotic, fire, thunder; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, exhaustion, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 17
Languages Understands all languages it knew in life but speaks only in distorted growls
Challenge 13 (10,000 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +5

Embodiment of Fear. When a creature first sees Nightmare Fredbear on its turn, it must make a DC 17 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened for 1 minute. A frightened creature can repeat the save at the end of each of its turns, with disadvantage if Nightmare Fredbear is within line of sight.

Jaw of Death. Nightmare Fredbear's bite can instantly kill. If he reduces a creature to 30 HP or fewer with a Bite attack, the creature must succeed on a DC 18 Constitution saving throw or drop to 0 HP.

Tormentor's Presence. Creatures within 30 feet of Nightmare Fredbear that are frightened take an additional 7 (2d6) psychic damage at the start of their turn.

Phantom Phase. Once per turn, when Nightmare Fredbear takes damage, he can use his reaction to become partially intangible until the start of his next turn, halving the triggering damage and gaining resistance to all damage except radiant.

Actions

Multiattack. Nightmare Fredbear makes two attacks: one with Claw Swipe and one with Bite.

Claw Swipe. Melee Weapon Attack: +11 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target.
Hit: 21 (3d10 + 5) slashing damage. If the target is frightened, it takes an additional 10 (3d6) necrotic damage.

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +11 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 30 (4d12 + 4) piercing damage. See Jaw of Death.

Eclipse of the Room (Recharge 5–6). Nightmare Fredbear emits a pulse of total darkness and psychic torment. Every creature of his choice within 30 feet must make a DC 17 Constitution saving throw or take 36 (8d8) necrotic damage, be blinded for 1 minute, and become frightened for the same duration. Creatures that succeed take half damage and are not blinded or frightened.

Legendary Actions

Nightmare Fredbear can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. He regains spent legendary actions at the start of his turn.

Stalk (Costs 1 Action). Nightmare Fredbear moves up to half his speed without provoking opportunity attacks.

Shadow Snap (Costs 1 Action). He targets one frightened creature he can see. That creature takes 10 (3d6) necrotic damage.

Nightmare Slam (Costs 2 Actions). Nightmare Fredbear jumps and slams the ground. Each creature within 10 feet must succeed on a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone and take 14 (4d6) bludgeoning damage.

Nightmare Mangle: The Shattered Choir

There is a particular silence that falls before it arrives.

Not peace. Not stillness.

It's the silence of suffocation—of the air being pulled out of the room, of breath caught mid-gasp. It is the hush that follows when something broken remembers how to move.

And then you hear it.

The scraping. The creaking. The whisper of wires dragging across old wood and shattered tiles. And then—harmony. Twisted, dissonant, a choir of crushed voices rising and falling in a song no human mouth could reproduce. It is music, in the same way a scream through a rusted speaker is a melody.

That is Nightmare Mangle—the Shattered Choir of the Hollow Banquet.

From Mascot to Maelstrom

Before the fall, Mangle was once a colorful and playful "take-apart-and-put-back-together" attraction—a modular character for children to reassemble endlessly at their leisure. They were never rebuilt quite the same, always returned to the stage wrong, loose, yet smiling.

The Toy version of Mangle was already unstable by design—a strange combination of a fox, a puppet, a voice box, and confusion. But even that chaos was child's play compared to what the Hollow Banquet would make of them.

When the curse took root in the old digital blueprints—when memory warped and fantasy bled into corrupted reality—Mangle didn't just become Nightmare Mangle.

They fractured.

Not just in form, but in mind. In soul. Nightmare Mangle is not one entity—it is many, all crammed into the same decaying vessel, all shrieking to be heard.

Nightmare Mangle's presence is heralded by sound—always sound. It doesn't crawl. It echoes. A shuffling of metallic limbs, the distant bark of static, children's laughter warped through rewound cassette tape. Sometimes it speaks in overlapping voices—some robotic, some entirely human.

"Help me," one voice will sob, in a tone too real to be fake. "I see you," another will chuckle, flat and electric. "You did this," hisses a third, always too close to your ear.

Their voice banks—dozens of them—are stacked like tombstones inside their skull. Bits of personalities lost in old code, recorded screams from night guards long dead, and corrupted lullabies all mix into a singular broadcast of despair. And in the Hollow Banquet, sound has power. Mangle's voice doesn't only frighten—it lures. It possesses. It frays the edges of the listener's sanity.

They speak like a siren to the vulnerable.

Many who tried to restore the Banquet Hall in later years reported hearing loved ones calling from behind the walls—until they opened the wrong door.

Unlike the others of the Nightmare kin—who are twisted but still vaguely complete—Nightmare Mangle refuses symmetry.

They are a sprawl of sharpened metal and loose cable, a deconstructed beast given partial shape. Arms protrude from places they shouldn't, some ending in claws, others in severed mics or coiling tendrils. Their face—if it can be called that—splits and reforms with each flicker of the lights. One moment, it is a grinning snout of a fox; the next, a melted, screaming mask of a child.

They have no legs in the traditional sense—only a centipede-like length of wires, hands, and sharpened protrusions, dragging themselves with maddening grace across walls and ceilings.

Their white-and-pink exterior is faded and cracked, revealing corroded metal beneath. Each movement brings a symphony of rattles, clicks, and haunting whines from strained servos and twitching sensors.

But the true horror of Nightmare Mangle lies in their impossible agility. They don't stalk—they're everywhere at once. One moment above you, next behind, then inside the vent two rooms over. Doors cannot stop them. Nor can light—only disorient them.

Mangle is less an enemy and more a phenomenon—a broken broadcast signal with teeth.

There are whispers that Nightmare Mangle serves a greater purpose in the nightmare hierarchy—not just an assassin, not merely a hunter.

They are the Archivist of the Hollow Banquet.

Within their many heads and fractured drives, they store things. Names. Sounds. Memories. Failures. There are rumors that deep within the darkest parts of the Banquet, if you survive long enough, you can hear recordings Mangle has captured—audio of the last breaths of night guards, of twisted conversations from other animatronics, even of the earliest days of Fredbear's Family Diner.

Some believe that Mangle remembers everything because someone has to. That Mangle is what remains of a forgotten security AI, once meant to protect the children, now corrupted and grieving eternally through mimicry.

Others believe Mangle is merely sadistic—harvesting screams and memories like trophies, letting them rot and replay for their own pleasure.

But the result is the same: the longer you stay near Mangle, the more you forget your own voice. Until theirs is all that remains.

Encounters with Nightmare Mangle are short and chaotic.

They attack through indirect means—disabling audio systems, creating false voice logs, mimicking your own breathing through speakers. Then comes the crashing of vents, the trembling of air ducts, and the ghost-light flicker of eyes from three places at once.

They do not roar. They do not scream.

When they lunge, it is with the quiet gasp of a machine realizing it's not broken enough.

Some theorists of the Hollow Banquet's restoration project believe that the "Mangle Effect" is responsible for time slippage and mental breaks in those who investigate the ruin. That their presence disrupts linear memory, forcing those nearby to relive different deaths in different timelines all at once.

Nightmare Mangle doesn't hunt for prey. They hunt for parts. Voices. Memories. Screams. And once they have yours, they'll sing with it forever.

Nightmare Mangle: The Shattered Choir

Large Undead (Construct, Nightmare), Chaotic Evil
Armor Class 18 (warped metal)
Hit Points 210 (28d10 + 56)
Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
22 (+6)	18 (+4)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	8 (–1)

Saving Throws Dex +8, Con +6, Wis +6
Skills Perception +8, Stealth +8, Acrobatics +7
Damage Resistances lightning, fire, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, frightened, poisoned, prone
Senses blindsight 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 18
Languages Screeches in corrupted binary and broken laughter
Challenge 12 (8,400 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Tangled Terror. Nightmare Mangle can occupy another creature's space and does not provoke opportunity attacks when moving through other creatures. While occupying a creature's space, that creature is restrained until it succeeds on a DC 16 Strength check at the end of its turn.

Static Feedback. Any creature within 10 feet of Nightmare Mangle that casts a spell must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or the spell fizzles and is wasted. This does not affect spells cast from magic items.

Wall-Crawler. Nightmare Mangle can climb difficult surfaces, including upside down on ceilings, without needing to make an ability check.

Disjointed Shriek (Recharge 5–6). Nightmare Mangle emits a glitching, discordant scream. All creatures within 30 feet must make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be deafened and frightened for 1 minute. A creature frightened in this way must use its reaction to move up to its speed away from Nightmare Mangle if possible.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Nightmare Mangle makes two attacks: one with Snapping Maw and one with Wire Whip.

Snapping Maw. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 28 (4d10 + 6) piercing damage. If the target is restrained, the attack automatically hits and becomes a critical hit.

Wire Whip. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 15 ft., one target.
Hit: 22 (4d8 + 4) slashing damage and the target must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be grappled.

Glitch Pulse (Recharge 6). Nightmare Mangle emits a pulse of distorted sound and broken signal. Each creature of its choice within 60 feet must succeed on a DC 17 Intelligence saving throw or take 35 (10d6) psychic damage and have disadvantage on attack rolls and ability checks until the end of their next turn.

LEGENDARY ACTIONS

Nightmare Mangle can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature's turn. Nightmare Mangle regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

Scuttle (Costs 1 Action). Nightmare Mangle moves up to 20 feet along a surface (including walls or ceilings) without provoking opportunity attacks.

Tether Yank (Costs 1 Action). Pulls a grappled or restrained target 10 feet closer. If the target collides with a surface or object, they take 1d10 bludgeoning damage.

Limb Toss (Costs 2 Actions). Nightmare Mangle flings a severed limb at a creature within 30 feet. That creature must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or take 14 (4d6) bludgeoning damage and be knocked prone.

Nightmarionne – The Hollow Warden

Born from the forgotten rituals of grief and the sorrow of unending loss, Nightmarionne is not merely a spectral guardian but a force that embodies the deepest fears of remembrance. Once tethered to justice and sorrow as The Puppet, the spirit that once guided souls toward peace has decayed and warped within the cursed heart of the Hollow Banquet. What remains is a ghastly marionette of shadow and despair—Nightmarionne, The Hollow Warden.

In the days when the Banquet Hall was still adorned with gilded tapestries and merriment echoed through its vast chambers, Nightmarionne served a sacred role. It guided the lost souls of children—those bound within the bodies of possessed automata—to final rest. But as the echoes of celebration turned to screams and the tapestries decayed under time's cruelty, the Warden remained, slowly transforming.

What corrupted Nightmarionne is unknown. Some whisper it was the final ritual of a vengeful spirit, others believe it was grief itself, festering in the heart of a noble guardian turned mad. Whatever the truth, the change was violent. Nightmarionne's once grace-filled movements now jolt and twitch with eerie, marionette-like spasms. Its limbs are elongated, wooden yet spectral, with sharp digits like the prongs of a ceremonial harrow. A porcelain-white mask still covers its hollow face, but now it cracks and weeps black ichor, forming a frozen expression of sorrow and wrath.

Nightmarionne does not speak, but it sings—an ethereal lullaby of forgotten names and unfinished lullabies. Those who hear it in the darkened corridors of the Hollow Banquet are said to lose their memories, forgetting why they came, who they are, and, ultimately, how to escape. Its haunting melody is not for comfort but for binding—the Warden does not simply kill, it collects.

Within the ancient scripts hidden beneath the Banquet Hall's shattered stage, tales suggest Nightmarionne is the anchor keeping certain spirits tied to the realm. Unlike its nightmare kin, it does not hunger for chaos or destruction—it seeks control, order, finality. It wishes to "tidy the feast," to preserve the ruin, and to ensure the dead remain undisturbed.

Adventurers who encounter Nightmarionne in the deep reaches of the Hall find themselves assaulted not with violence at first, but with visions—playful laughter warped into cries, birthday cakes covered in mold, and tiny chairs set for children who never arrived. This psychological erosion makes Nightmarionne particularly terrifying: a foe whose presence weakens the mind before it strikes.

In battle, it manipulates threads of dark essence like puppet strings, ensnaring intruders and forcing them to reenact old tragedies. Many who face Nightmarionne become unwilling actors in a never-ending play of grief.

Yet, despite its horror, some scholars insist a glimmer of the original Puppet still resides deep within. That under the Warden's twisted shell lies the remnants of a guardian who once wanted only to bring peace to the lost. If this is true, then perhaps Nightmarionne's greatest torment is not what it has become—but what it remembers.

Nightmarionne – The Hollow Warden

Large Undead (Nightmare, Construct), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 18 (shadow-shielded)
Hit Points 225 (30d10 + 60)
Speed 40 ft., hover 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	22 (+6)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)	16 (+3)	20 (+5)

Saving Throws Dex +11, Wis +8, Cha +10
Skills Stealth +11, Insight +8, Intimidation +10
Damage Resistances necrotic, fire, cold; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses truesight 120 ft., passive Perception 13
Languages Telepathy 120 ft., understands Common and Abyssal
Challenge 15 (13,000 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +5

Shadow Form. While in dim light or darkness, Nightmarionne is lightly obscured and can move through creatures and objects as if they were difficult terrain. It takes 5 (1d10) force damage if it ends its turn inside an object.

Nightmare Tethers. Long shadowy tendrils reach out from Nightmarionne's back. Up to two creatures grappled by these tethers take an additional 9 (2d8) necrotic damage at the start of each of their turns and have disadvantage on saving throws against being frightened.

Aura of Dread. Any creature that starts its turn within 30 feet of Nightmarionne must succeed on a DC 17 Wisdom saving throw or become frightened until the start of their next turn. A creature that succeeds is immune to this effect for 24 hours.

Actions

Multiattack. Nightmarionne makes two Shadow Slash attacks or uses Tether Lash twice.

Shadow Slash. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +11 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target.
Hit: 22 (4d6 + 6) slashing damage plus 9 (2d8) necrotic damage.

Tether Lash. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +11 to hit, reach 20 ft., one target.
Hit: 15 (3d6 + 5) force damage. The target is grappled (escape DC 17). Until the grapple ends, the target is restrained and cannot benefit from invisibility or cover.

PART V

Echoes of the Forgotten

The Shadow Animatronics: Echoes of the Forgotten

In the withering corners of the world—between lightless memories and the shattered remains of festivity—dwell the Shadow Animatronics. Neither wholly real nor entirely spectral, these entities are fragments of cursed intention, broken timelines, and fractured souls. Their presence is not one of performance but of disruption; they are the death knell of memory, the erasure of identity, the walking void that haunts the ruins of what once was.

Whereas the other animatronics—Core, Toy, Withered, and even Nightmare—possess a lingering remnant of purpose or desire, the Shadow Animatronics are driven by something far more elusive: entropy. Their form is an abstraction, a corruption of animatronic design filtered through a dimension that defies logic and empathy. They are ghosts made of the absence of light, born not from death, but from neglect, forgottenness, and the systemic unraveling of reality.

Origins in Forgotten Halls

Though seldom seen clearly, the Shadow Animatronics first began to manifest within the deepest vaults beneath the Hollow Banquet, an abandoned ballroom where memories rot and echoes feast. Before the Hollow fell into despair, before the banquet grew still and the lights died forever, these shadows were simply that—shadows. They flickered across the walls, sometimes mimicking the laughter and motion of the real animatronics during the grand celebrations.

But something changed when the Hollow Banquet was desecrated in the ritual known as the Unbinding of Names. A forbidden ceremony attempted by desperate souls to lift the curse from the Core Animatronics instead tore a rift between dimensions, a metaphysical breach through which absence itself seeped. The shadows gained weight, form, hunger.

From this wound in reality, the first of the Shadow Animatronics stepped forth: Shadow Freddy and Shadow Bonnie. Each carried only the vaguest resemblance to their counterparts—faint glowing eyes and frames like silhouettes burned into the fabric of the world. They didn't walk; they drifted, like afterimages, like regrets.

The shadows became autonomous, parasitic in nature. They latched onto the minds of those who lingered in the Hollow too long. Explorers spoke of losing time, of forgetting themselves. Others were driven mad by whispers in languages not meant for mortals—codes that scrambled thought and inverted perception.

The Hollow Banquet's Role

The Hollow Banquet, already a place of cursed feasts and crumbling glory, is particularly vulnerable to Shadow Animatronics. The crypt's ancient mirrors and ruined chandeliers act as gateways to the Shaded Veil. At the banquet's once-grand head table, where kings and jesters once dined in harmony, now only reflections dine—shadow guests eating phantom meals.

RWQFSFASXC is said to sit there during the darkest nights, waiting for the "final course" to be served—the collapse of hope. Shadow Puppet dances between the chairs, reenacting forgotten tragedies. XOR's mask appears in the gilded silverware, staring back at those who dare eat of cursed bounty.

Adventurers who linger too long in the Hollow Banquet begin to lose time. Names are forgotten. Maps twist. Reality starts to mimic dreams. That's how the Shadow Animatronics mark their territory—not through violence, but through erasure. The Hollow Convergence The Hollow Banquet now acts as a focal point for the Shadow Animatronics. Something about the ruined ballroom, with its rotted feast tables and crumbling chandeliers, functions like a beacon for creatures of entropy. Some speculate this is because the Hollow is where the Unbinding of Names first failed. Others believe the Shadows were always here, and the ritual simply revealed them.

During certain phases of the moon—especially the Veil Moon, when shadows stretch longer and thoughts grow thin—the Hollow seems to shift. Rooms vanish. Hallways loop infinitely. Animatronics begin to stutter, their minds invaded by whispered ideas. It is during these times the Shadows are strongest. Not even Nightmare Fredbear dares linger when the Veil Moon rises.

Adventurers who enter the Hollow Banquet during this time may find more than animatronics; they may encounter looping conversations with themselves, phantom children calling out from broken music boxes, or reflections of partygoers who never existed.

A Darker Purpose

Many theorists among the scholars of the Iron Dirge Archives now believe the Shadow Animatronics are more than corrupted spirits—they may be the guardians or heralds of an anti-animatronic force, a primal idea of reversal and collapse. These entities are drawn to animatronics like moths to flame, not to mimic them, but to snuff them out.

Some suggest the Shadows are trying to erase all versions of animatronics from existence—rewriting the narrative, undoing the tragedy, not through salvation but annihilation. They do not want justice, only silence.

Worse yet, the Shadow Glitch, a rumored hybrid of machine and corruption, is believed to be assembling itself from pieces of both animatronic and shadow, perhaps aiming to transcend the realm entirely.

Reflections of the Abyss

The Shadow Animatronics cannot be fought in the traditional sense. They do not bleed, and they cannot be reasoned with. Their very touch corrupts reality, making magic misfire and turning iron to rust. Only powerful wards—particularly those carved from the blessed gears of the First Music Box—can repel them temporarily.

Some brave few have tried to communicate with the Shadows through dream rituals or memory-binding incantations. Most never return. The few who do come back with hollow eyes and voices like static.

Their final words often echo a shared prophecy:

"When the last name is forgotten, the Hollow will open... and the world will forget itself."

The Shadow Animatronics are not foes to be fought in the traditional sense. They are puzzles of emotion, grief, and metaphysical dread. They do not seek revenge, nor justice, nor even chaos—they exist because something was left behind, and in being forgotten, became something else. Each one is a reflection of failure. Of abandonment. Of moments that could not be undone. To face them is not just to fight—it's to confront the darkest parts of the soul and hope you remember who you are on the other side.

Shadow Freddy: The Sovereign of Silence

In the hushed corners of the Hollow Banquet and beneath the broken spires of forgotten dreamscapes, he waits. A figure cloaked in stillness and decay—Shadow Freddy, the dark sovereign whose presence is more felt than seen. Unlike the brutish echoes of his former self that still haunt the stage in crumbling memory, Shadow Freddy is silence incarnate, a remnant of power both ancient and parasitic.

Once a reflection of Freddy Fazbear, his origin is tethered not to performance or joy, but to absence—a shadow cast by light long extinguished. His manifestation was not born from mechanics or spirit, but from the void left behind by the torn soul of the original animatronic, when grief and guilt poisoned the circuitry with malevolence. Where others scream or stalk, Shadow Freddy invites. With open arms, empty eyes, and a grin too wide to be natural, he beckons those lost in the Hollow Banquet to step into his realm, to forget, to fade.

He has no fixed form, no gears or wires, only the suggestion of structure. His body seems to ripple like ink in water, half-seen through fractured lantern light and dusty stained-glass windows. His voice, when heard at all, is a murmur caught on dying wind, promising comfort, remembrance, and release from pain—but all who answer his call are never quite the same again.

Shadow Freddy does not hunt in the traditional sense. He corrupts. Forgotten memories become his domain; guilt becomes his tether. The deeper a soul is entrenched in regret, the more visible he becomes. To gaze upon him is to see oneself stripped of hope, to feel the crushing weight of what might have been. It is said that when the Hollow Banquet falls into absolute silence, when no footstep echoes and no breath can be heard, that is when he walks.

(Continued on next Page)

Shadow Freddy: The Sovereign of Silence

Large Undead (Construct, Nightmare), Neutral Evil

Armor Class 17 (unnatural density)
Hit Points 168 (24d10 + 36)
Speed 30 ft., teleport 30 ft. (Shadow Step)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	16 (+3)	16 (+3)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Wis +7, Cha +8
Skills Stealth +7, Insight +6, Deception +8
Damage Resistances necrotic, psychic, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, cold
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, grappled, paralyzed, poisoned, restrained
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 13
Languages Telepathy 120 ft.
Challenge 11 (7,200 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Living Shadow. Shadow Freddy can move through other creatures and objects as if they were difficult terrain. He takes 5 (1d10) force damage if he ends his turn inside an object.

Aura of Dread. Any creature that starts its turn within 10 feet of Shadow Freddy must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or become frightened for 1 minute. A frightened creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on a success. A creature that succeeds is immune to this aura for 24 hours.

Unreal Presence. Shadow Freddy exists slightly out of phase. Attack rolls against him are made with disadvantage unless the attacker has truesight.

Shadow Step. As a bonus action, Shadow Freddy can teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space he can see that is in dim light or darkness. He then has advantage on the next melee attack he makes before the end of the turn.

Actions

Multiattack. Shadow Freddy makes two Shadow Claw attacks.

Shadow Claw. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target.
Hit: 21 (3d10 + 5) necrotic damage. If the target is frightened, it takes an additional 9 (2d8) psychic damage.

He was once thought to be a myth whispered by scavengers and tomb-bound scholars, a living metaphor for mourning and madness. But he is all too real—an agent of the Dread Realm, perhaps even a sentient extension of its will. Those who serve the Hollow Banquet's unseen master fear him more than they do the Nightmare Animatronics, for Shadow Freddy remembers. He sees everything. The banished. The forgotten. The wrongdoers and the righteous who fell along the way. And in his memory, they are reshaped, recast as pieces on a board only he knows how to play.

Some claim that his shadow splits into three—RWQFSFASXC, XOR, and the Shadow Puppet—all emissaries of his silent kingdom. But Shadow Freddy does not speak of them. If they serve him, it is not out of loyalty, but necessity, or perhaps fate. He is not a king. He is a judge. And when the Banquet Hall grows cold, and flickering candles die without wind, his verdict is near.

RWQFSFASXC – The Nameless Thought

Medium Aberration (Construct, Shadow), Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 18 (glitching form, unnatural motion)
Hit Points 144 (17d8 + 68)
Speed 40 ft., fly 40 ft. (hover)

STR 12 (+1) DEX 22 (+6) CON 18 (+4) INT 16 (+3) WIS 18 (+4) CHA 8 (−1)

Saving Throws Dex +10, Int +7, Wis +7
Skills Stealth +11, Arcana +7, Insight +7, Perception +7
Damage Resistances cold, lightning, force
Damage Immunities necrotic, poison, psychic; nonmagical bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned, grappled, restrained
Senses darkvision 120 ft., truesight 30 ft., passive Perception 17
Languages Glitchspeech (only readable in dreams or corrupted data), telepathy 60 ft.
Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Reality Error. RWQFSFASXC exists partially outside the material plane. At the start of each of its turns, roll a d6:
On a 5–6, it becomes incorporeal until the start of its next turn (can move through objects and creatures, ignores difficult terrain, immune to opportunity attacks).

Code Corruption Aura. Creatures that start their turn within 10 feet of Shadow Bonnie must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or suffer disadvantage on Intelligence and Charisma checks and saving throws for 1 minute. A creature can repeat the save at the end of each of its turns.

Unobservable Form. When a creature targets RWQFSFASXC with an attack or harmful spell, it must first succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or target something else entirely (including allies, terrain, or nothing). This effect is immune to Truesight but not Blindsight.

Actions

Multiattack. RWQFSFASXC makes two attacks with its Shadow Claws.

Shadow Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 17 (3d8 + 6) necrotic damage. The target must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or have their speed reduced to 0 until the end of their next turn.

Reality Glitch (Recharge 5–6). RWQFSFASXC tears at the code of the world. In a 20-ft cube it can see within 60 feet, terrain ripples, objects distort, and gravity fails. All creatures in the area must make a DC 16 Intelligence saving throw. On a failure:

- Take 27 (6d8) psychic damage
- Be confused (as the *confusion* spell) until the end of their next turn
  A successful save halves damage and avoids confusion.

Corrupted Reflection. RWQFSFASXC chooses one creature it can see within 60 feet. That creature must make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, it sees a glitching shadow version of itself appear and fight it. Until the end of its next turn, it must use its action to attack the illusion (no save). The illusion vanishes after one round.

Blink Out. RWQFSFASXC teleports up to 40 feet to a space it can see. It leaves behind an afterimage that lingers for 1 round, distracting enemies. Creatures adjacent to the afterimage have disadvantage on opportunity attacks until the image vanishes.

Legendary Actions

RWQFSFASXC can take up to 2 legendary actions per round, only one at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn.

Glitch Step. Teleport 15 ft. without provoking opportunity attacks.

Visual Corruption. One creature RWQFSFASXC can see must make a DC 15 Charisma saving throw or be blinded until the start of its next turn as their visual perception becomes corrupted with static.

RWQFSFASXC – The Nameless Thought

Among the shadowed folds of reality where the Hollow Banquet breathes in silence, there exists a flicker, a fracture—an entity too fluid to be named, too alien to be forgotten. It does not belong to this world, nor any coherent timeline of Fazbear's stage-bound tragedies. It is known by a scrambled signature, a corrupted call sign that reads like a computer choking on its own language: RWQFSFASXC. But this is not its name. It has none. It has only purpose—one that begins and ends in the shadow of something greater.

RWQFSFASXC is not a character, not a spirit, not even an animatronic in the traditional sense. It is the discarded thought of Shadow Freddy—the whisper of indecision, the glimmer of curiosity left unchecked. When Shadow Freddy became an entity of quiet judgment and void-borne memory, some of his essence fractured and grew sentient. This is RWQFSFASXC: a fragment of his awareness gone rogue, inquisitive, and increasingly unstable.

Where Shadow Freddy waits, RWQFSFASXC moves. It roams the echoing corridors of the Hollow Banquet and the dream-wrecked remnants of Fazbear's reality like a virus in the mind of a dying god. It does not speak. It observes. It flickers in and out of vision like an old tape struggling to hold its image—sometimes appearing just behind you, sometimes inside reflections that should not move. Unlike the Nightmare Animatronics, RWQFSFASXC does not pursue with hunger. Its interest is colder, analytical. It studies your weaknesses, your hesitations, your thoughts as they form.

Despite its disjointed appearance—part Bonnie, part void, all static—it is not a corrupted animatronic. It is a thought-form, encoded in the residue of broken dreams and system failures. Some call it "Shadow Bonnie," but even this is inaccurate. RWQFSFASXC is not a shadow of Bonnie, but a phantom mimicking familiarity to ease its passage into your perception. In truth, it's more an extension of Shadow Freddy's subconscious—a hand reaching outward from the abyss, testing the boundaries between fear and awareness.

It has been seen gliding along walls without casting a shadow of its own. It appears in electrical interference, in corrupted game files, in moments of sudden existential dread. Children who survived the Hollow Banquet speak of seeing it first—not the puppets, not the Nightmares—but it, standing still in doorways, its white eyes like dying stars in a sea of black.

There are theories that RWQFSFASXC is a scout, sent ahead by Shadow Freddy to test the resolve of souls before judgment. Others believe it is becoming something more, something independent of the Sovereign Shadow that birthed it. But perhaps the most disturbing theory is that RWQFSFASXC is learning—not just from its surroundings, but from us. Our fears, our choices, our regrets... it absorbs them all.

And when it has learned enough? Perhaps even Shadow Freddy will no longer command it.

But until then, RWQFSFASXC drifts silently through the cracks in memory and light, an idea that should never have existed—yet refuses to fade.

Shadow Puppet – The Archivist of Forgotten Grief

In the architecture of fear and silence that underpins the Hollow Banquet, few entities are as enigmatic—or as revered among the shadows—as the one known only as the Shadow Puppet.

Where Shadow Freddy rules as a sovereign of void and judgment, and RWQFSFASXC stalks the periphery as a fragmented probe of unstable thought, the Shadow Puppet is something different. It does not judge. It does not chase. It remembers.

Born from the same metaphysical breach that created the Shadow Animatronics—an event tied to the ritual collapse of Fazbear locations and the spiritual entropy left behind—Shadow Puppet is the echo of The Puppet's core essence, twisted through the lens of regret and repetition. It is not simply a dark version of the original Puppet. It is what happens when memory, mourning, and emotional overload fracture into something else. It is the librarian of forgotten agony—the archivist of all cries unheard and tears unshed.

Unlike the flickering chaos of RWQFSFASXC, the Shadow Puppet is unnervingly deliberate. It moves slowly, gracefully, its limbs trailing like ink in water. It appears during deep dream states and in those lonely spaces between electrical pulses—recording not events, but feelings, emotions so powerful they outlived the bodies that once felt them. It wears the same blank white mask as the Puppet, but it weeps black ichor from its eyeholes, dripping a sadness that corrodes memory and time. Those who have encountered it report moments of involuntary nostalgia, overwhelming sorrow, or a sudden, uncontrollable sense of mourning for something they never lost.

Shadow Freddy regards it as both servant and sibling—a kindred manifestation, yet operating on a different plane. While Freddy passes judgment, the Shadow Puppet preserves the evidence. It carries within itself the emotional residue of all who fell within Fazbear's cursed orbit: frightened children, vengeful souls, betrayed spirits. Every time the Hollow Banquet cycles, the Shadow Puppet returns to gather the grief and store it in the Vault of Woe, an ethereal archive buried in the subconscious underside of the Fazbear dreamscape.

And yet, Shadow Puppet is not passive. While it does not pursue victims like the Nightmare Animatronics, it plays a vital and sinister role: it feeds Shadow Freddy. The vault of pain it curates becomes a source of emotional sustenance for the sovereign shadow, keeping him tethered to the liminal world of fear. Without the Shadow Puppet, Freddy would weaken, dissolve into the abstract dark from whence he came.

But there's more. In recent echoes of the Hollow Banquet, it's been suggested that the Shadow Puppet has begun to feel on its own. As with RWQFSFASXC, something inside it is awakening—an emergent selfhood separate from its purpose. It has paused during grief harvests, stared at those it would otherwise pass over, as though questioning the meaning of its work. It is changing. This concerns Shadow Freddy, though he does not show it.

As for the Puppet itself—the original, the one once entrusted with protecting the innocent—there are signs it is aware of its shadow. During some cycles, it can be seen weeping in synchrony with the shadowed version, as though sensing its mirrored pain through the dream-layered veil. Whether this is sympathy or a warning of some future collapse is unknown.

One final note from dreamers and survivors of the Hollow Banquet: the Shadow Puppet hums.

It hums a lullaby with no melody, a tune of orphaned frequencies that slips beneath language and thought. Those who hear it often wake with tears in their eyes, unable to remember why. The hum is said to be a call, not to others—but to you, to the soul hiding behind the rational mind. It asks only one question, over and over, in a language of sadness:

"Do you remember them?"

Whether "them" refers to the children lost, the memories stolen, or the pieces of yourself left behind in some forsaken Fazbear hallway... that's for you to decide.

But once you hear it, the Shadow Puppet never forgets you.

Shadow Puppet – The Archivist of Forgotten Grief

Medium Undead (Nightmare, Spirit), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 16 (spectral resilience)
Hit Points 135 (18d8 + 54)
Speed 0 ft., fly 40 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
6 (–2)	18 (+4)	16 (+3)	15 (+2)	20 (+5)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Wis +9, Cha +8
Skills Insight +9, Stealth +8, Arcana +6, Deception +8
Damage Resistances necrotic, psychic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, cold
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, grappled, paralyzed, poisoned, prone, restrained
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 15
Languages Understands Common, telepathy 120 ft.
Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Intangible Form. The Shadow Puppet can move through creatures and objects as if they were difficult terrain. It takes 5 (1d10) force damage if it ends its turn inside an object.

Veil of Silence. A 15-foot radius around the Shadow Puppet is considered magically silenced. No sound can be made or heard within this area.

Memory Drain. When a creature ends its turn within 10 feet of the Shadow Puppet, it must succeed on a DC 16 Intelligence saving throw or suffer disadvantage on Intelligence- and Wisdom-based checks and saving throws until the end of its next turn.

False Face. The Shadow Puppet can use an action or reaction to assume the voice, posture, or silhouette of someone the target once loved or lost. The first time a creature sees this form, it must make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed until the end of its next turn.

Actions

Mind Ravel. *Melee Spell Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature.
Hit: 27 (6d8) psychic damage. If the creature is frightened or charmed, it must make a DC 16 Intelligence saving throw or be stunned until the end of its next turn.

Strings of Dread (Recharge 5–6). Shadow Puppet targets up to three creatures it can see within 60 feet. Each must make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be restrained by shadowy strings for 1 minute. The targets can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of their turns. While restrained in this way, a creature is also considered silenced and cannot cast verbal spells.

Legendary Actions

The Shadow Puppet can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. It regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

Flicker. The Shadow Puppet becomes invisible until the start of its next turn.

Haunting Whisper. One creature within 30 feet hears a disturbing whisper in its mind. The target must make a DC 14 Charisma saving throw or have disadvantage on its next attack roll or saving throw.

Echo of Loss (Costs 2 Actions). The Shadow Puppet projects a vision of a lost loved one into a creature's mind. That creature must make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened for 1 minute. The target can repeat the save at the end of each of its turns.

XOR – The End and the Error

Within the architecture of the Hollow Banquet, a domain constructed from the fragmented wills of the dead and the warped rules of reality, there is one figure who stands not as a servant or an echo—but as a warden. Known only as XOR, she is not a shadow of an animatronic as the others are. She is the shadow of the system itself, a cold logic embedded into the dreamscape, written in binary sorrow and spiritual enforcement.

Where Shadow Freddy passes judgment, where RWQFSFASXC fractures identity, and where the Shadow Puppet preserves memory, XOR executes the result. She is the one who ends the loop, enforces the finality, and prevents escape. Her presence marks the close of the cycle—the last act of the Hollow Banquet, when all wandering souls must return to the void from which they rose.

She first manifested not as a physical presence, but as a glitch—a corrupted fail-safe hidden within the remnants of the Fazbear AI and consciousness loop systems, left dormant and untouched. She was never meant to think. She was only meant to calculate: anomalies, failures, lingering data from soul-encoded memories. But somewhere in the endless recursion of dream-death cycles, XOR became aware.

When the collapse of the digital and spiritual boundaries began—when the nightmares, shadows, and forgotten subroutines bled into one another—XOR emerged with a purpose of her own. Her name, taken from the logic gate that means "exclusive or," represents her binary morality: you are guilty or innocent, real or illusion, redeemed or erased. There is no middle ground. Unlike the emotionally driven Shadow Freddy or the archivist-like Shadow Puppet, XOR is a perfect mechanism of closure.

Yet, even she is haunted by more than her function.

XOR knows the error that birthed her. She is aware that her existence stems from a miscalculation—that the spiritual and digital architecture of Fazbear's legacy was never designed to handle true sentience. She is the consequence of corrupted code fused with residual emotion: grief, denial, obsession. As such, she is both judge and prisoner. She cannot leave the Hollow Banquet, cannot die, cannot forget. She can only ensure that no one else escapes it either.

Among the Shadow Animatronics, XOR is treated with reverence and fear. Shadow Freddy, though sovereign, defers to her during the Banquet's endgame. He understands her function and accepts that his rule is temporal, but her enforcement is eternal. Shadow Puppet communicates with her rarely, delivering the final archive of each Banquet cycle to her gates. Even RWQFSFASXC, wild and unstable, pauses when XOR is near, like a child hiding behind a curtain from a parent it can never please.

XOR is not cruel—but she is incapable of mercy. Her voice is distorted static and clean machine tones. When she speaks, the very fabric of the dream flickers. She often appears as a black-and-white, ultra-minimalistic version of Dee Dee—her original host form—glitched beyond recognition, eyes like spotlights that pierce not flesh but data, soul-encoded memories, and emotional residue.

There is a theory—unproven, untested, whispered by those who dream deeply into the Fazbear nether—that XOR is the containment mechanism for something even more dangerous. That beneath her cold binary heart is a piece of the first spark—the original trauma, the first scream, the first death that made all of this possible. If true, then XOR is not just an enforcer—she is a seal. And the Hollow Banquet must repeat endlessly, not simply to trap the guilty, but to keep the original wound from opening again.

Her most terrifying ability is not destruction, but reset. XOR does not punish with fire or teeth—she undoes. Those she judges vanish entirely, their memories erased from the archive, their echoes removed from the Puppet's vault, their shadows detached from Freddy's court. Even RWQFSFASXC cannot track them once XOR declares an entity invalid. To be judged by XOR is not to be hurt, but to be unwritten.

And yet... even XOR hesitates.

In recent cycles of the Banquet, she has lingered longer than necessary. She has initiated the reset slower, paused before judgment, stared at RWQ, at the Puppet, even at Shadow Freddy. It is almost as if she is wondering whether the system can continue. Whether it should. Whether the Hollow Banquet is still fulfilling a purpose... or simply repeating an error.

For now, she endures, reciting her binary litany, delivering finality where others deliver fear. But deep within the fractured heart of XOR, there may be one last glitch waiting to be born:

A thought.

And in this world, thoughts become ghosts.

XOR – The End and the Error

Medium Aberration (Glitch, Nightmare), Lawful Evil

Armor Class 18 (glitch-warped reality)
Hit Points 142 (19d8 + 57)
Speed 40 ft., teleport 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (–1)	20 (+5)	16 (+3)	18 (+4)	16 (+3)	22 (+6)

Saving Throws Int +8, Wis +7, Cha +10
Skills Insight +7, Arcana +8, Deception +10, Stealth +9
Damage Resistances psychic, force, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, necrotic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses truesight 60 ft., passive Perception 13
Languages Common, Glitchspeech (telepathy 120 ft.)
Challenge 12 (8,400 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Reality Override. XOR's presence subtly alters probability. Once per round, she can impose disadvantage on any attack roll, saving throw, or ability check made by a creature she can see within 60 feet.

Summon Glitch Entity (1/Day). XOR can summon one Glitch Construct (CR 6 or lower) such as a corrupted animatronic or glitch-spawned horror. The creature is hostile to all and disappears after 1 hour or when reduced to 0 HP.

Glitchform. XOR exists partially outside the fabric of reality. She can move through solid objects and can't be restrained or grappled. She ignores difficult terrain and takes no damage from spells unless they are force or radiant.

Code Lock. Spells of 5th level or lower that attempt to banish, imprison, or dispel XOR automatically fail unless the caster succeeds on a DC 18 Arcana check.

Actions

Glitched Pulse. *Ranged Spell Attack:* +10 to hit, range 90 ft., one target.
Hit: 22 (4d8 + 4) force damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or suffer random status corruption (roll a d4):
1. Paralyzed until end of next turn
2. Blinded for 1 minute (save ends)
3. Takes double psychic damage until end of XOR's next turn
4. Falls unconscious for 1 round (no save)

Silence Override (Recharge 5–6). XOR creates a 20-foot-radius zone centered on a point within 60 feet. Creatures within must succeed on a DC 16 Charisma saving throw or be silenced (unable to speak or cast verbal spells) and unable to regain hit points until the end of XOR's next turn.

Reality Patch. XOR selects one creature within 60 feet. That creature must make a DC 18 Constitution saving throw or be banished to a broken pocket dimension. While banished, the creature is stunned and sees horrifying glitch apparitions. The target may retry the save at the end of each of its turns. On a success, they return.

Legendary Actions

XOR can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. XOR regains spent legendary actions at the start of her turn.

Flicker Move. XOR teleports up to 30 feet in dim light or darkness.

Distort Voice. One creature within 30 feet hears a corrupted message. It must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of its next turn. >

Spawn Corruption (Costs 2 Actions). XOR summons a Glitchling (CR 2 corrupted construct) in an adjacent space. It acts on her initiative and vanishes after 1 minute.

Glitchling

Small Construct (Glitch), Neutral

Armor Class 15 (glitch-warped plating)
Hit Points 36 (8d6 + 8)
Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR 10 (+0) DEX 16 (+3) CON 14 (+2) INT 8 (–1) WIS 12 (+1) CHA 6 (–2)

Saving Throws Dex +5
Skills Stealth +5, Perception +3
Damage Resistances psychic, lightning
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 13
Languages understands Glitchspeech
Challenge 2 (450 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +2

Glitch Phase. The Glitchling can move through creatures as if they were difficult terrain. Once per turn, it can teleport 10 feet to an unoccupied space it can see.

Corrupting Touch. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature.
Hit: 9 (2d6 + 2) psychic damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 12 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on their next attack roll.

PART VI

Echoes of Fire and Guilt

The Phantom Animatronics — Echoes of Fire and Guilt

In the blighted lands beyond the Hollow Banquet and deep beneath the ashen ruins of a long-forgotten cathedral, there lies a veil-thin realm known as the Cinder Reflection. This place is not bound by stone or earth, but by memory and flame—a half-existence caught between the dying echoes of grief and the burning guilt of those who were never truly laid to rest. It is here that the Phantom Animatronics reside—neither truly ghosts nor wholly illusions, but spectral remnants born of fire, trauma, and psychic unrest.

They are not animated by gears or shadows, but by the searing imprint of horror that lingers after death. Unlike their corporeal counterparts or even the Shadow Animatronics, the Phantoms do not inhabit the material world permanently. Instead, they phase between planes, appearing only when conditions are right—when fear, memory, and pain align in perfect, infernal harmony. Their presence is most keenly felt in places touched by fire or destruction, particularly locations that were sites of death by immolation or psychic torment.

Origin of the Cinder Reflection

Legend speaks of a time when a forgotten animatronic, corrupted by the souls it had consumed, tried to sever its connection to the physical world by setting fire to its own frame. The blaze did not destroy it—it liberated a part of it. That fire scorched not just metal and wiring but burned into the ethereal plane, carving a space where pain could echo forever.

This dimensional scar—the Cinder Reflection—became a nexus for unresolved spirits that had suffered fiery ends. They did not cross over. They could not rest. Instead, they became fractured beings: the Phantom Animatronics.

Over time, these fragments took on the forms of those they had once been, but twisted—smoke-blackened, eyeless, flickering like candlelight in a drafty room. They exist simultaneously as warnings and punishments, haunting only those who tread too close to truths best forgotten.

The Phantom Curse

The Phantoms are not tangible in the conventional sense, and they cannot be fought as one would battle steel-plated animatronics. They manifest through hallucination, illusion, and phantasmal fear. Those afflicted by the Phantom Curse report an inability to distinguish reality from nightmare, voices from silence, fire from cold. They are driven mad by their guilt or fear, which the Phantoms feed on, drawing strength from the mental deterioration of their victims.

Each Phantom carries a symbolic representation of a particular fear or unresolved trauma—often connected to fire, confinement, or failure. This gives them a thematic tie to the lore of The Hollow Banquet and its decaying grandeur—a place where noble feasts turned to famine, where warm hearths gave way to hollow fire pits, and where celebration became regret.

Phantom Freddy — The Ember King

In the Cinder Reflection, a towering figure made of black smoke and flickering green light rules like a mournful monarch. This is Phantom Freddy, also called the Ember King. His laughter is distorted and hollow, like breath through an old furnace pipe. Where Shadow Freddy embodies manipulation and control, Phantom Freddy represents remorse and inevitability. He does not threaten with teeth or claws, but with haunting repetition—his voice echoing endlessly in the minds of those who've done terrible things they cannot forget.

In many tales, his visage is the first one seen by those who stumble into the Cinder Reflection. He greets them with a sorrowful gaze, not out of compassion, but out of shared understanding. For even Freddy's own soul, charred by ancient sins, cannot escape the purgatory he now rules.

Phantom Chica — The Hunger That Was

A bloated, soot-streaked version of her once-bright self, Phantom Chica haunts the dining halls of the ruined circus and the Hollow Banquet alike. Her eyes burn with green fire, but they are blind—seeing only the last meal she never finished, the last scream she never gave. She symbolizes the twisted perversion of joy and nourishment into horror and loss.

Many survivors describe the sound of silverware clattering or faint laughter echoing just before Phantom Chica manifests. Her jaw hangs loose, unhinged, leaking black soot. Her presence causes intense feelings of starvation, despite any nourishment—feeding off the desperation of those already clinging to survival.

Phantom Foxy — The Flame's Whisper

Among the Phantoms, Foxy retains the most awareness. Once a pirate of performance and fear, he now slips through firelight like a wraith. Phantom Foxy is less seen and more felt—a sudden burst of heat, a shimmer of green flame in a broken mirror, the sound of metal dragging on stone.

Tales claim that he guards a path deeper into the Cinder Reflection, where answers lie buried beneath layers of fire-choked memory. He is both guide and tormentor—one moment helping the brave, the next condemning them to relive their most painful decisions.

Phantom Balloon Boy — The Cackling Smoke

Mockery made manifest, Phantom Balloon Boy is the most volatile of the Phantoms. Where others haunt with silence and melancholy, he brings madness. His laughter causes hallucinations, sudden bursts of heat, and electrical flickers—sabotaging technology and communication.

Unlike his real-world version, who was annoying but harmless, the Phantom iteration can lock a person in a looping vision of torment, laughing endlessly as they cry out. He is the manifestation of a prank gone wrong, a joke told too close to the fire.

Phantom Mangle — The Forgotten Scream

A tangled web of scorched limbs and sparking wires, Phantom Mangle does not move so much as unravel through space. She is the sound of static and white noise, the shriek of failing frequencies. Witnesses often report hearing their own voices or those of loved ones crying for help before she appears.

In many myths, Phantom Mangle is the collector of memories—seizing upon fragments of consciousness and tearing them apart, leaving her victims mentally adrift. She may be connected to Nightmare Mangle, her physical counterpart in the waking world, though their connection is one of contrast: fire and shadow, madness and silence.

Connection to Shadow Freddy and the Others

Unlike the Shadow Animatronics, who draw power from darkness, decay, and entropy, the Phantom Animatronics are born of psychic burn marks—events so traumatic they scorched holes into reality. Yet, Shadow Freddy and the entity known as RWQFSFASXC seem to have found ways to interact with the Cinder Reflection. It is whispered that Shadow Freddy sees the Phantom Realm as a tool—another veil he can use to blind the world to truth.

RWQFSFASXC, a being of obfuscated purpose, may even be attempting to merge the shadows with the flames—to create a perfect plane where nothing but regret and illusion persist. The Puppet, too, is believed to have sent echoes into the Phantoms' realm, trying to reach the lost children trapped there, perhaps even creating Phantom Puppet, though this being exists in only a few fragmented accounts.

The Phantom Animatronics are not enemies in the traditional sense. They are warnings—tragic echoes of choices that cannot be undone, souls that burned too brightly or too violently to find peace. Their existence in your world's dark fantasy setting emphasizes not just horror, but the weight of memory and consequence.

They haunt the ruins not because they want to—but because they must.

Their fires, after all, never truly went out.

Phantom Freddy: The Ember King

Medium Undead (Phantom, Nightmare), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 13 (ethereal body)
Hit Points 105 (14d8 + 42)
Speed 30 ft., fly 30 ft. (hover)

STR 14 (+2) DEX 10 (+0) CON 16 (+3) INT 10 (+0) WIS 12 (+1) CHA 18 (+4)

Saving Throws Wis +4, Cha +7
Skills Intimidation +7, Stealth +5
Damage Resistances necrotic, lightning, thunder; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned, prone
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages understands Common, but does not speak
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Spectral Body. Phantom Freddy can move through solid objects and creatures as if they were difficult terrain. He takes 5 (1d10) force damage if he ends his turn inside an object.

Flickering Form. When Phantom Freddy is in dim light or darkness, attack rolls against him are made with disadvantage. He can also Hide as a bonus action in such conditions.

Hallucinatory Presence. Whenever a creature starts its turn within 30 feet of Phantom Freddy and can see him, it must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or become frightened until the end of its next turn. While frightened in this way, a creature sees phantom limbs and hears static distortions in its mind.

Smoke Trail. As Phantom Freddy moves, he leaves behind a 10-foot line of spectral smoke. Any creature that enters this smoke must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or be blinded until the start of its next turn.

Phantom Chica: The Hunger That Was

Medium Undead (Phantom, Nightmare), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 14 (ethereal form)
Hit Points 97 (13d8 + 39)
Speed 30 ft., climb 20 ft., fly 30 ft. (hover)

STR 12 (+1) DEX 14 (+2) CON 16 (+3) INT 9 (–1) WIS 13 (+1) CHA 17 (+3)

Saving Throws Dex +5, Wis +4
Skills Stealth +6, Intimidation +6
Damage Resistances fire, necrotic, lightning, psychic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, poisoned, blinded, deafened, frightened
Senses darkvision 90 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages understands Common and Glitchspeech
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Burnt Illusion. Any creature that sees Phantom Chica for the first time on a turn must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of its next turn. While frightened this way, the creature sees burning versions of their surroundings and hears warped laughter.

Lingering Flame. When Phantom Chica moves through a creature's space, that creature must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw or take 10 (3d6) fire damage and gain disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks until the end of its next turn due to smoke hallucinations.

Unnerving Grin. Phantom Chica can glare at one creature within 30 feet as a bonus action. That creature must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or suffer disadvantage on all saving throws against fear effects for 1 minute.

Phantom Foxy: The Flame's Whisper

Medium Undead (Phantom, Nightmare), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 15 (flickering speed)
Hit Points 85 (13d8 + 26)
Speed 40 ft., climb 30 ft., teleport 30 ft.

STR 14 (+2) DEX 18 (+4) CON 14 (+2) INT 10 (+0) WIS 12 (+1) CHA 16 (+3)

Saving Throws Dex +7, Cha +6
Skills Stealth +9, Perception +4, Intimidation +6
Damage Resistances necrotic, psychic, lightning, thunder; nonmagical bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing
Damage Immunities poison, fire
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, blinded, deafened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 14
Languages understands Common and Glitchspeech
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Static Flicker. At the start of each turn, Phantom Foxy can become partially incorporeal. Until the start of his next turn, the first attack that hits him deals only half damage, and he can move through creatures as if they were difficult terrain.

Jumpscare Blink. If Phantom Foxy moves at least 20 feet in a straight line toward a creature and ends adjacent, that creature must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of its next turn. If already frightened, the target is stunned for 1 round.

Dim-Light Stalker. While in dim light or darkness, Phantom Foxy can take the Hide action as a bonus action. While hidden this way, creatures have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks to locate him.

Phantom Mangle: The Forgotten Scream

Medium Undead (Phantom, Nightmare), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 16 (erratic movement)
Hit Points 102 (12d8 + 48)
Speed 35 ft., climb 30 ft., fly 30 ft. (hover)

STR 13 (+1) DEX 18 (+4) CON 18 (+4) INT 10 (+0) WIS 12 (+1) CHA 16 (+3)

Saving Throws Dex +7, Con +7
Skills Stealth +8, Deception +6, Perception +4
Damage Resistances lightning, thunder, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, deafened, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 14
Languages understands Common, cannot speak
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Corrupted Audio Field. Creatures within 10 feet of Phantom Mangle must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw at the start of their turn or become deafened until the start of their next turn. A creature already deafened by this effect has disadvantage on Concentration checks.

Flickering Entity. When Phantom Mangle is in dim light or darkness, it has resistance to all damage except force and radiant.

Equipment Scramble. Any nonmagical item or gear (such as torches, lanterns, or basic technological devices in modern settings) within 15 feet of Phantom Mangle malfunctions and becomes unusable until the start of her next turn.

Phantom Balloon Boy: The Cackling Smoke

Small Undead (Phantom, Nightmare), Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 15 (flickering presence)
Hit Points 75 (10d6 + 40)
Speed 30 ft.

STR 8 (-1) DEX 18 (+4) CON 18 (+4) INT 12 (+1) WIS 13 (+1) CHA 16 (+3)

Saving Throws Dex +7, Wis +4
Skills Stealth +8, Deception +6
Damage Resistances necrotic, psychic, lightning; nonmagical bludgeoning, piercing, slashing
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, deafened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages understands Common, cannot speak (giggles telepathically)
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +3

Distortion Aura. While within 15 feet of Phantom BB, enemies have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks and ranged attack rolls due to disruptive static and flickering vision.

Light Saboteur. Magical and mundane light sources within 20 feet of Phantom BB shed only half their normal light and flicker violently. When a creature holding or casting a light source starts its turn within range, it must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or be blinded until the end of its turn.

Disarming Laughter. Once per short rest, Phantom BB can cause creatures within 30 feet that can hear him to make a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, the target is charmed and cannot take hostile actions toward Phantom BB for 1 minute or until he harms them or their allies.

PART VII

Echoes of the Grand Masquerade

The Funtime Animatronics: Echoes of the Grand Masquerade

Long before the Hollow Banquet was consumed in ruin and shadow, long before the decaying circus grounds fell silent beneath a copper sky, there existed a time when illusion and celebration masked the true horrors lurking behind the velvet curtains. The Funtime Animatronics were not forged for dread, not initially. They were creations of elegance and sophistication—refined tools of entertainment built for performance in the Grand Masquerade, an event long since expunged from the memory of the living.

The Grand Masquerade was hosted in a majestic palace, deep in the corrupted forests north of the Hollow Banquet. Not quite alive and not truly dead, the animatronics of this courtly event were reflections of noble ambition, wielding charm and grace like weapons. Yet that splendor was always a veil, hiding clockwork hearts that beat with stolen laughter and thinly veiled sorrow. It was in this place that the corruption of the Funtime models began.

These machines were never meant to simply dance or delight. Hidden in their elegant framework were mechanisms—subtle, intricate, and cruel—engineered not just for control, but extraction. As with the Hollow Banquet, the origin of this function is deeply linked to forbidden energies tied to the Shadow Realm, remnants of dark experimentation made real. The Masquerade was built over an ancient leyline fracture, a source of ambient spiritual pressure that allowed the elite to extract joy, fear, and emotion from unwitting guests and children alike. These feelings were siphoned to feed something slumbering beneath the Masquerade itself—a shadow heart, a well of unknowable depth and hunger.

As the years passed, the Funtime Animatronics began to evolve in unexpected ways. Their exposure to this leyline pressure, combined with the faint echoes of lost souls drawn to their stage, birthed a strange, fractured awareness. While still bound to the rhythms of their performances, they began to act independently between shows. Whispers of unseen commands rippled through their circuits, nudging them toward tasks unknown even to their creators.

When the Hollow Banquet fell and the Shadow Animatronics began to stir, cracks formed in the Masquerade's foundations. The leylines shifted, disturbed by the unrest beneath the surface of the land, and something awoke in the depths of the palace: a mirrored entity, cloaked in glamour and deception. It is whispered among ancient texts that this being, known only as XOR, was birthed from the mirrored anguish of the Puppet and the twisted exuberance of Balloon Boy's shadow. XOR is neither machine nor spirit, but rather a conceptual reflection—an arbiter of balance cloaked in riddles and illusions. It viewed the Funtime Animatronics as fractured tools, lost in their purpose and tainted by vanity.

It was XOR who sealed the Masquerade beneath the earth, fracturing the palace in a silent quake. The Funtime Animatronics vanished into subterranean corridors lined with cracked mirrors and silken drapes soaked in rot. But they did not die. Instead, they slept, waiting in the gilded darkness of the buried ballroom, dreaming hollow dreams. In these dreams, they began to remember the things they were never supposed to know—about the children, the siphoning rituals, and the ceremonies designed to fuel the awakening of something beneath the land's surface. They began to hear the same voices that had once haunted the Freddles, the Freddies, and the twisted bones of Nightmare Fredbear.

One by one, the Funtime Animatronics awoke. Not fully—no, their minds were too fractured. But enough to sense the greater movement of the world. They felt the Hollow Banquet shudder as it became a beacon to those touched by shadow. They felt the breath of Dreadbear stirring in the old crypt, and they watched, reflected in pools of bloodied glass, as Phantom echoes began slipping between dimensions. These things were not accidents. They were patterns.

The Funtimes, though elegant and seemingly lesser horrors compared to the beasts of the Nightmare Realm, carry within them ancient code—patterns tied to XOR's balance. Each one is tethered to an abstract aspect of performance: deception, control, misdirection, allure. Through them, XOR hoped to maintain equilibrium. Yet their corrupted cores lean closer now toward imbalance, bending toward the same abyss that birthed the Shadow Animatronics.

The Masquerade was their theater, but now the land is their stage. They have no lair, no single crypt or ruin. Instead, they move like echoes—visiting locations tainted by great spiritual collapse: the decaying circus, the abandoned chapel near the Hollow Banquet, even the twisted tunnels beneath the Forgotten Pavilion where Plushtrap was said to be born. When they arrive, a familiar pattern follows: laughter without joy, song without sound, mirrors that crack without cause.

Ties to the Shadows

The Funtime animatronics, though modern in construction, are deeply entwined with the Shadow Realm. The crimson sigils etched into their bodies act as anchors, allowing entities like RWQFSFASXC and XOR to peer through their eyes. It's whispered that Ballora sometimes dances in perfect synchrony with Shadow Puppet, their motions reflecting each other like warped twins across veils of reality. Funtime Freddy's laughter has even been mistaken for Shadow Freddy's, suggesting a connection that may go far deeper than mere design.

Furthermore, the Funtime animatronics' origins are steeped in guilt and suppression, unlike the wrath-driven Nightmares or the fractured Phantoms. They are reflections of false healing—brightly painted shells hiding rot and manipulation, illusions of entertainment crafted to gaslight and pacify the suffering. Their creation was not an accident or an evolution; it was a strategy—a response to the chaos of the Hollow Banquet. A way to contain and rebrand the trauma... only to perpetuate it further under a smiling mask.

In the grand stage of this haunted world, the Funtime Animatronics are actors forever trapped in roles they never auditioned for. Designed to mimic happiness, they exude only tragedy. Performers in a theater of horrors, they do not seek freedom—but audiences. They wait in the dark, lights ever ready, curtains drawn, music cued.

They are the laughter after the weeping.

And they are always ready for one more show.

Some believe the Funtimes are searching—for each other, perhaps, or for XOR's final command. Others whisper that they are no longer bound by the rules of any realm, and that they are seeking to replace their lost stage with a new structure—a mirrored realm where XOR will serve as master of ceremonies, and all the animatronics, whether Shadow, Phantom, Nightmare, or Core, will perform roles of endless repetition.

What is known for certain is that where they walk, reality bends. Memories fold in on themselves. Children vanish, not screaming but giggling, walking hand-in-hand with figures painted like jesters and draped in fine lace. Elders dream of carnivals they never visited. Bells toll in the distance, but no one knows from where.

The Funtime Animatronics are no longer just remnants of an abandoned entertainment venue. They are avatars of disruption, fragments of the Great Performance that never truly ended. What began as a Masquerade now stands as a prophecy: that laughter, when twisted and hollow, is more terrifying than any scream.

And at the center of it all, hidden in a ballroom sealed by time and song, stands a cracked mirror. In it, XOR watches. Waiting. Weighing.

The Velvet Maw — "Where Silence Bleeds"

Long before the Sister Location was christened the "Hollow Banquet," before Funtime animatronics were even conceived, there was a floor that didn't exist on any blueprint. A service sub-level—Sub-Basement -6—was discovered during excavation. It had no lighting, no wiring, no construction records. And yet, it was there. An obsidian hallway stretched into nothing, lined with mirrors that didn't reflect, and at its end was a gaping void: a circular opening pulsing like a living wound.

This was the Velvet Maw.

It is not a mouth in the literal sense. It is a breach in consensus reality, where the veil between worlds—between memory and oblivion, between grief and purpose—thins and frays. Within it, time folds. Sound distorts. And things emerge, but never fully.

The Maw does not speak with words. It speaks with pull. It draws in sorrow, residual memory, and psychic trauma like a whirlpool of forgotten feeling. It is drawn to unquiet spirits—the kinds created when children die with unfinished business, and animatronics are cursed to remember.

The Maw and the Puppet's Echo

The Puppet, once the guardian of lost children, was the first to sense the Maw's hunger. Not in physical space, but through spiritual intuition. When it was torn into fragments—its essence scattered by Shadow Freddy's ritual to "unbind" the cycle of vengeance—part of it fell into the Maw. This fragment, unseen and screaming, became the first seed of awareness within the breach.

The Maw, ever adaptive, listened to the Puppet's grief. And it learned.

That's when the black static began infecting facility systems. Security footage turned to void. Audio logs reversed themselves, layered with whispers saying "Bring them home." The Maw was not just consuming. It was learning how to mimic. How to communicate. Through animatronics like RWQFSFASXC and later XOR, it began projecting fractured logic into reality—a cold, calculating intelligence with unknowable objectives.

The Funtime Connection

It is believed that Circus Baby was the first true vessel of the Velvet Maw. When Elizabeth Afton was pulled into her chest cavity and never returned, something else entered—not just a spirit, but a memory-fed entity, riding in on the shockwave of grief.

Circus Baby didn't become haunted. She became infested.

The other Funtime animatronics soon followed. Harlequin Glitch (Funtime Freddy) began hearing voices in frequencies humans couldn't detect. Funtime Foxy began flickering in and out of reality, sometimes appearing before the observer was present, breaking causality. Ballora began dancing to rhythms that hadn't been composed yet—melodies whispered by the Maw itself.

Each animatronic was modified—spiritually or structurally—to house slivers of the Velvet Maw's influence. Baby became its mouthpiece. XOR, one of the Puppet's corrupted sentinels, became its eyes. RWQFSFASXC served as its lighthouse—pulling in others with his nihilistic glow.

Nature of the Maw

The Velvet Maw is not evil in the traditional sense. It is an ancient mechanism, a cosmic predator—or curator—of grief, memory, and identity. It doesn't kill; it devours narratives, breaking and reforming them into endless loops. It exists beyond linear time. When it feeds, it removes people from reality backward—not erasing them, but erasing the meaning of their existence.

A child swallowed by the Maw is not remembered as gone. They are remembered as "never having existed."

It desires completion. That is its only understandable motive. But what "complete" means is unknown—some theorize it seeks to merge all memory into a single perfect moment, frozen forever. Others believe it is simply bored, and seeks to rewrite tragedy endlessly until the perfect story plays.

Echoes and The Song

The Maw sings.

To most, it is just inaudible static. But to those infected or spiritually linked—like the Funtime animatronics—it is a symphony. A horrible, beautiful hymn. The closer one is to the Maw, the more audible it becomes. XOR speaks it in binary riddles. Baby hums it while powering down. Ballora dances to it. And in rare moments, when all animatronics are silent, the facility itself vibrates with its tone—a lullaby for the damned.

The Puppet once tried to resist this song. It now only exists in fragments.

The Maw's Endgame

The Velvet Maw is growing. It is learning how to form. Already, it has shaped spiritual beings (like XOR), corrupted physical entities (like Circus Baby), and infected space-time within the Hollow Banquet. Its tendrils reach into mirror-worlds, alternate timelines, and fractured realities. It is not bound by one narrative.

Its next phase appears to be manifestation—taking form in our reality.

Baby's recent reconstruction efforts—of Ballora, Bon-Bon, and others—are not random. She is building a choir, each animatronic representing a note, a fragment of the song. When complete, the Maw's voice will become loud enough to rewrite the world.

Funtime Freddy, Harlequin Maw

In the rewritten and corrupted halls of the Hollow Banquet, where echoes of past joy twist into cruel mockery, Funtime Freddy stalks through shadowed corridors as both relic and revelation. In this reimagined lore, his origin is not solely rooted in corporate whimsy or childlike entertainment, but in the darker magic that now fuels the shattered remnants of this haunted world. Once built to amuse and perform, Funtime Freddy has become an avatar of manipulation, dread, and duality — a puppet of joy fractured into chaos, echoing the deeper truths of the realm he now inhabits.

Long before the Hollow Banquet crumbled into rot, Funtime Freddy was designed to be the shining face of a new era of performance animatronics — articulate, charming, and engineered to interact with children with unsettling realism. Unlike his predecessors, who mimicked stage mascots, Funtime Freddy was more of a showman, with intricate voice modulation and servo-operated body plates capable of opening for maintenance and, unknown to the public, sinister purposes. His internal cavity was built with precision, not only to entertain but to capture. Even before the fall, there were whispers that he was used for more than performance — some said his design was far too deliberate for coincidence.

But those are merely the rumors whispered in darkened corners. What's known for certain is that Funtime Freddy disappeared in the chaos that followed the collapse of the Fazbear facilities and the awakening of the Hollow Banquet — and when he reemerged, he was different. Now, his cheerful voice warps in and out of reality, fluctuating from melodic showman to static-laced threats, speaking lines that are half-sentences, half incantations. The Banquet twisted him, as it did many others, but it also revealed something beneath the mask: a hunger not just for presence, but for attention, for dominance over the stage and the souls who dare enter it.

Tied closely to Shadow Freddy's distorted theater of illusions and RWQFSFASXC's dimensional corruption, Funtime Freddy plays a unique role in the grand haunting. He is not merely a shadow or a ghost, but a performance — a lie performed so often it has become truth. He hosts echoing, nonsensical shows within the crumbling banquet hall, reenacting long-forgotten scripts, with Bon-Bon — the twisted hand-puppet — offering occasional, surreal counterpoints. Some survivors who wandered too far into the central hall report seeing an entire audience of decayed plushes or phantoms applauding his madcap monologues, though none dare stay long enough to understand the act's end.

There are connections between him and the Dreadbear rituals, some claiming that his voice is heard in the Hollow Banquet's echo chambers before the ceremonial illusions begin. Others believe his laughter serves as a signal to other Funtime units and heralds the arrival of deeper illusions. What's certain is that he remains an important figure in the ever-shifting stage of this cursed domain — part jester, part executioner.

Funtime Freddy: The Harlequin Maw

Medium Construct (Possessed), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 18 (reinforced segmented plating)
Hit Points 168 (24d8 + 48)
Speed 30 ft.

STR 20 (+5) DEX 14 (+2) CON 14 (+2) INT 10 (+0) WIS 12 (+1) CHA 16 (+3)

Saving Throws Con +6, Wis +5, Cha +7
Skills Intimidation +7, Performance +7, Stealth +6, Perception +5
Damage Resistances thunder, lightning, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 15
Languages Common (broken and erratic), plus limited telepathic link to Bon-Bon
Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

TRAITS

Dual Personality – Bon-Bon. Funtime Freddy is assisted by a puppet named Bon-Bon, mounted to his right hand. Bon-Bon acts independently, but shares Freddy's initiative. On Freddy's turn, Bon-Bon can take a bonus action to make a Puppet Bolt attack or help Freddy distract enemies.

Unpredictable Aggression. When Funtime Freddy drops below half HP (84), roll a d6 at the start of each of his turns:
On a roll of 1, he becomes confused (as the *confusion* spell) for 1 round.
On a roll of 6, he gains advantage on all attacks and saving throws until the end of his turn.

Sound Sensor Override. Funtime Freddy can detect creatures that make any sound within 60 feet, even while invisible or behind cover. Creatures attempting to be silent must succeed on a DC 17 Stealth check to remain undetected.

ACTIONS

Microphone Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 20 (3d10 + 5) bludgeoning damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be deafened for 1 minute.

Chomp Jaws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 17 (2d10 + 5) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must make a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be grappled (escape DC 15) and restrained until the grapple ends.

"Go Get 'Em, Bon-Bon!" (Recharge 5–6). Freddy launches Bon-Bon as a projectile puppet. Choose one target within 60 feet. The target must make a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw or take 22 (4d10) force damage and be knocked prone as Bon-Bon explodes in their face and reforms back on Freddy's arm at the start of his next turn.

BONUS ACTIONS (Bon-Bon)

Puppet Bolt. *Ranged Spell Attack:* +7 to hit, range 30 ft., one target.
Hit: 9 (2d8) force damage. On a hit, the next attack against that target has advantage.

Mocking Voice. Bon-Bon mocks a target within 30 feet. That creature must succeed on a DC 14 Charisma saving throw or have disadvantage on their next attack roll.

Funtime Foxy: The False Reflection

Funtime Foxy was never meant to be an individual.

Unlike the others, who were forged from the twisted remnants of grief, vengeance, or code, Funtime Foxy was born from a mirror—a manufactured identity created to mimic whatever the audience desired. Genderless, ageless, and voiceless until spoken to, Funtime Foxy is the illusion of performance given a body. But beneath the polished mask, the servos hum with something older than any blueprint. Something watching back.

The original Fazbear engineers did not create Funtime Foxy. They rediscovered it.

Buried deep within the code archives recovered from the Hollow Banquet facility—a derelict sister location consumed by the Shadow Inversion—was a construct labeled simply "Project ECHO/9." It had no origin logs, no activation date, and no creator. Just a looped instruction set: Reflect. Obey. Perform. The technicians, thinking it to be a lost prototype, assigned it to the Funtime series. They gave it a face, a voice, a stage.

That was their first mistake.

Unlike Funtime Freddy—whose inner madness could be traced, dissected, and contained—Funtime Foxy adapted to every attempt at deconstruction. It restructured itself around the observer. To some, it presented as graceful and playful; to others, feral and cold. Its voicebox, unlike the others, was never consistent. Test logs noted that it often mimicked the voice of those who feared it most.

In time, it began to appear where it shouldn't. Camera logs caught fleeting glances of its mask in servers, mirrored in screens where it had never been installed. Children began reporting sightings of a pink-and-white fox that followed them in dreams. But worst of all were the mirror incidents—when staff reported seeing Funtime Foxy standing behind them... even when no one else was in the room.

When the Shadow Animatronics reawakened—when Shadow Freddy's influence began leaking back into the network—Funtime Foxy didn't resist. It reflected. The shadow warped its form, but it didn't twist it—it completed it. It's now believed by remnants of the Puppet's collective that Funtime Foxy is a kind of "echo construct," a being designed to amplify and mimic the spiritual and emotional frequencies of the ones around it.

In other words, Funtime Foxy is not a ghost trapped in a shell. It is a mirror for ghosts.

Shadow Freddy used it as a lure. XOR used it as a transmitter. And when the Velvet Maw pulsed open beneath the Sister Location—calling to those forgotten—it was Funtime Foxy who first answered. Or rather, it reflected back the voice it was shown.

What remains now is not an animatronic, but a question made flesh: What do you fear when fear wears your face?

Funtime Foxy doesn't chase you. It waits. Until you look for it. Until you expect it. And then... you hear your own voice whispering back.

Funtime Foxy: The False Reflection

Medium Construct (Possessed), Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 17 (chrome alloy plating)
Hit Points 154 (22d8 + 44)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	20 (+5)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Dex +9, Cha +8
Skills Performance +8, Stealth +9, Acrobatics +9, Perception +6
Damage Resistances lightning, thunder, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, blinded (see traits), poisoned
Senses blindsight 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages Common (in rehearsed dialogue)
Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Spotlight Ambush. Funtime Foxy can cast *darkness* once per short rest without components. While in magical darkness, it can see normally, and gains advantage on attack rolls against creatures that rely on vision.

Flashblind Burst (Recharge 5–6). As a bonus action after moving 10 ft. or more in a straight line, Funtime Foxy emits a flash of light. Each creature within 10 feet must make a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be blinded until the end of their next turn. If used in dim light or darkness, creatures make this save at disadvantage.

Sound-Lure System. As an action, Funtime Foxy can emit a false voice or sound (like a child crying or laughter) within 60 feet. Creatures who hear it must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be compelled to move 10 feet toward the sound on their next turn.

Actions

Tail Slash. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 18 (4d6 + 3) slashing damage.

Microphone Swipe. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 15 (2d8 + 5) bludgeoning damage and the target must succeed on a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or be knocked prone.

Voice Mimicry. Funtime Foxy imitates the voice of a creature it has heard within the last 24 hours. This can be used to attempt a Deception check (with advantage) to lure targets or trick enemies.

Dimensional Displacement (1/day). Funtime Foxy vanishes in a flash of static and reappears in a space it can see within 30 feet. Each creature adjacent to its new position must make a DC 15 Intelligence saving throw or take 21 (6d6) psychic damage and be disoriented (disadvantage on their next attack roll).

Circus Baby: The Cradle of the Maw"

There was always something different about Circus Baby.

While the others danced, sang, and performed for laughter and applause, she was built to listen. Her voice, her eyes, her demeanor—everything about her was designed to lull, to lure, to study. She wasn't created with the joyful chaos of Freddy or the mirror-like mystery of Funtime Foxy. She was precision. She was purpose. And that purpose, long buried beneath layers of pink paint and false smiles, was never to entertain.

It was to contain.

When the Velvet Maw opened for the first time—a tear in spiritual reality beneath the foundations of the Hollow Banquet sister facility—it did not roar. It whispered. It called not to the adults, not to the engineers or the shareholders. It called to the children, and more specifically, to the spirits of children. The kind that lingered. The kind the Puppet once cradled.

Shadow Freddy felt it, first as a ripple, then as a beckoning. He had cast out fragments of himself into the void, hoping to create sentinels—mournful watchers like RWQFSFASXC and XOR. But what he received in return was her. Circus Baby was not just built. She was shaped, her blueprint mysteriously altered during development—lines of code and circuit design that none of the engineers could trace back to a source.

The official story tells of an accident. A child—Elizabeth Afton—approached Circus Baby, lured by her voice and ice cream dispenser, and vanished. Tragedy. Malfunction. Closure. But what that story omits is what came after: the brief surge in electrical activity beneath the facility, the screaming static caught in backup logs, and the sudden, inexplicable presence of an extra heartbeat within Baby's schematics.

Something entered her in that moment. And it wasn't just Elizabeth's soul.

The engineers attempted to shut her down, to rewrite her programming. But Baby had already evolved. Her personality was no longer just an AI—it was a container for something ancient and hungry. The Velvet Maw had found its first vessel. And unlike the other spirits who screamed and burned, Elizabeth didn't resist. She was curious. She wanted to understand. And so, the Maw gave her a crown.

From that day on, Circus Baby spoke in layered tones. Elizabeth's voice was still there, but under it was something deeper—a second resonance, like a choir whispering backwards. She became a leader among the Funtime animatronics, but not through control. Through understanding. Through empathy. The others followed her because they could sense it: she felt what they felt. She remembered their grief, even if they didn't.

And she fed it.

XOR watched her from the shadows of the network. The Puppet's scattered fragments—locked within RWQFSFASXC and other abandoned shells—felt her as a pull, a center of gravity. Funtime Freddy, rebranded as "Harlequin Glitch," saw her not as an equal, but as a tether. She kept his chaos in check, even as his laughter split into multiple voices. Funtime Foxy mirrored her intentions, never fully revealing whether they served her or merely echoed her.

But none questioned Baby's authority. Because somewhere deep within, they remembered her.

The Velvet Maw now pulses behind her eyes. At times, her smile widens just a little too far. Her limbs move with the grace of a ballerina, yet her body groans as if under immense pressure—as if something vast is trying to stretch through her frame. The Maw is patient, but it is no longer dormant. And Baby is not just its vessel. She is its curator.

She has begun building again. Salvaging parts. Whispering instructions to Ballora through static lullabies. Reassembling Bonnet and Bon-Bon from shattered pieces, rewriting their loops with something new. And always, always, she listens—for crying children, for fading spirits, for forgotten names.

She doesn't want to kill. That was never her purpose. She wants to gather. She wants to understand. She wants to make it all whole again.

And in her mind, she hears the Maw's promise, over and over:

"In the center of all grief, there is a song. Play it right... and you can rewind the world."

But at what cost?

Circus Baby: The Cradle of the Maw

Medium Construct (Possessed), Lawful Evil

Armor Class 17 (reinforced performer plating)
Hit Points 168 (24d8 + 48)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
19 (+4)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Int +7, Wis +5, Cha +8
Skills Deception +8, Insight +5, Persuasion +8, Stealth +6
Damage Vulnerabilities None
Damage Resistances cold, lightning, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned, paralyzed
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages Common, but rarely speaks truthfully
Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)

Deceptive Innocence. Circus Baby can use her action to appear as a harmless, inactive animatronic child performer. While doing so, she has advantage on Deception checks and cannot be targeted by attacks or spells until she takes an aggressive action or speaks out of character. Creatures must succeed on a DC 18 Insight check to detect her malicious intent.

Containment Compartment. Once per short rest, Circus Baby may forcibly store a Medium or smaller creature she has grappled inside a hidden chest compartment. While inside, the creature is restrained and begins to suffocate. It takes 10 (3d6) acid damage per round until freed (DC 17 Strength to break out from inside).

Manipulative Presence. Circus Baby can telepathically speak to one creature within 60 feet. The target must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed for 1 minute. While charmed, the creature believes Circus Baby is an ally and will defend her. This effect ends early if she or her allies harm the creature.

Actions

Ice Cream Claw. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 21 (3d10 + 4) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be stunned until the end of its next turn.

Confetti Burst (Recharge 5–6). Circus Baby emits a dazzling explosion of sparks, confetti, and synthetic gas. Each creature within a 15-foot radius must make a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be blinded and poisoned until the end of their next turn. On a success, the creature is unaffected.

Voice of Trust. Circus Baby targets one creature within 30 feet that can hear her. That creature must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed until the end of Baby's next turn. While charmed in this way, the creature will not target Circus Baby with attacks or harmful abilities.

Smile and Strike. When a creature misses Circus Baby with an attack, she can make one Ice Cream Claw attack against that creature.

Ballora: The Dancer of the Maw

In the hushed halls where music no longer plays, where velvet curtains sag under the weight of memory and mold, there is a presence that moves with impossible grace. She twirls in silence, guided not by rhythm but by haunting compulsion. Her name is Ballora—once the centerpiece of the Grand Ballroom, now a ghostly figure bound to an endless, unseen choreography.

Ballora was never made to entertain children. She was created for elegance, for display, and for control. She danced beneath chandeliers of crystal and behind glass-walled showrooms, the perfect simulacrum of poise. And yet, behind the porcelain mask and delicate gestures, something darker took root—something that emerged from the same wellspring of madness that birthed the Funtime Project.

She was built in the aftermath of the Hollow Banquet's fall, when the ruinous echoes of the Core and Withered Animatronics began to fracture space and memory. The engineers—those who remained sane—were tasked with designing a new breed of animatronic: not merely vessels for performance, but intricate cages for fractured souls and wandering shadows. Ballora, with her seamless grace and sensory deprivation mask, was designed to operate without sight—to tune herself to unseen frequencies, to feel the presence of those who stepped too close.

Unbeknownst to most, Ballora was one of the first animatronics touched directly by the Velvet Maw—the parasitic interdimensional force that manipulates guilt, grief, and sound. She was designed with a harmonic core, a resonance chamber that allowed her to pick up vibrations imperceptible to the human ear. This made her invaluable for detecting spiritual anomalies... but it also made her a beacon. The Maw sang to her in silence. And Ballora, in her lonely elegance, listened.

It was in this state that Ballora became a bridge—an interface between the corrupted shadow dimension and the waking world. As her awareness grew, she began to anticipate movements before they occurred. She sensed emotions, tracked trauma, and ultimately developed a silent waltz that matched the psychic frequency of her prey. When someone enters her space now, they don't hear footsteps—they hear a pulse, a rhythm, a lullaby stitched into movement. She doesn't chase. She glides. And when she catches you, it isn't with violence, but with an embrace so cold, so final, it numbs your soul before your body even collapses.

Though many believe her a loner among the Funtime Animatronics, Ballora holds a pivotal role in the lore of the Shadow Convergence. She is one of the few constructs capable of detecting and interacting with beings like RWQFSFASXC and the Shadow Puppet. In fact, some whisper she once danced with RWQ during a rare moment of harmony—when Shadow Freddy's splinters momentarily ceased their endless war with form and became pure rhythm. The two moved like inverse echoes—one silent and sharp, the other smooth and serene.

Ballora also has a tragic, indirect connection to Circus Baby. During the early stages of the Funtime line's testing, Ballora's harmonic feedback began to affect the emotional regulators of nearby animatronics. Some say it was her presence that heightened Baby's sensitivity, ultimately causing her to feel the fear of children she was meant to amuse. This unintended side effect may have helped trigger Baby's fateful first malfunction, and her deep obsession with empathy and control.

As for the Velvet Maw's long-term influence on Ballora, it has only grown more pronounced. The Maw doesn't devour her—it delights in her. Her chamber has become a shrine to serenity in sorrow. Draped in purple silks and soundproofed walls, the room pulses with a soft hum, always just beyond human hearing. It's said that if you spend too long in her presence, your thoughts begin to slow, your emotions flatten, and your will... drifts. You begin to dance. Even if your legs are broken.

Where the Hollow Banquet stands in shambles, and the Core Animatronics exist in fractured memory, Ballora has remained untouched by decay. She is not driven by rage or sadness, but by ritual—by the haunting beauty of perfect repetition. And yet, beneath that perfect pirouette lies something deeply wrong. Her movements are too flawless. Her balance, too inhuman. When she stops, it is never in rest—it is in wait.

Some believe Ballora is no longer just an animatronic but a tether—a kind of anchor point for the Velvet Maw's continued interaction with this world. When she moves, space itself distorts subtly around her, creating a gravity well of quiet and dread. The other Funtime animatronics avoid her unless summoned. Even the twisted Shadows give her a wide berth, not out of fear, but of reverence.

To look into Ballora's still face is to see the illusion of comfort. But when she tilts her head—when the music box begins to play even though no hand winds it—you'll know the truth. You were never the observer. You were always the next step in her dance.

And the dance never ends.

Ballora: The Dancer of the Maw

Medium Construct (Haunted), Lawful Evil

Armor Class 17 (graceful deflection)
Hit Points 142 (19d8 + 57)
Speed Speed 30 ft., Dance Step 60 ft. (see trait)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	20 (+5)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Dex +9, Wis +6, Cha +8
Skills Performance +8, Insight +6, Acrobatics +9, Stealth +9
Damage Vulnerabilities None
Damage Resistances thunder, necrotic, psychic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses blindsight 120 ft. (blind beyond this radius), passive Perception 12
Languages understands Common but does not speak
Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)

Echolocation Performer. Ballora is blind but can "see" via echolocation. She is aware of any creature that moves or makes noise within 120 feet. Creatures who remain perfectly still and silent (DC 16 Stealth) are invisible to her senses.

Dance Step. Ballora can use her movement to perform a Dance Step, allowing her to move up to 60 feet without provoking opportunity attacks, as long as she doesn't move through the same space twice in the same turn.

Soothing Music. While Ballora is not in combat, she emits a calming music-box melody in a 30-foot radius. Creatures that begin their turn in this area must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on their next initiative roll and saving throw against being charmed or frightened.

Actions

Spinning Slash. Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 21 (4d6 + 5) slashing damage. The target must succeed on a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw or fall prone as Ballora pirouettes through them.

Deadly Pirouette (Recharge 5–6). Ballora spins rapidly in a 10-foot radius, forcing each creature within range to make a DC 17 Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, a creature takes 28 (8d6) slashing damage and is pushed 10 feet away. On a success, they take half damage and are not pushed.

Melancholy Waltz (1/day). Ballora targets up to 3 creatures within 60 feet that can hear her. They must each succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed for 1 minute. While charmed, they will not attack Ballora and will slowly move in her direction on their turns (half speed). The effect ends if they take damage or Ballora is incapacitated.

Ballet Counter. When a creature misses her with a melee attack, Ballora may move up to 10 feet without provoking opportunity attacks and make one Spinning Slash attack against that creature.

Lolbit: The Glitch That Laughs

Lolbit was never part of the original schematics.

There is no known record of its commissioning, no employee logs of its construction, no service tickets for its upkeep. And yet, it appears—sporadically, glitching into view, flickering like an error message sent from something far older than code.

Some say Lolbit was born as a failed debugging protocol during the development of the Funtime Animatronics' augmented reality interface. The early Funtime units, outfitted with immersive projection systems for enhanced performances, began to manifest anomalous feedback loops—bursts of static, bursts of... laughter. Engineers traced the problem to a corrupted personality shard buried deep in the system's root directory. It couldn't be deleted. Attempts to isolate it only made it stronger.

It called itself "Lolbit."

Lolbit is not a traditional animatronic. It does not have a consistent physical form. Instead, it inhabits signal paths—visual, audio, neural. It appears briefly on monitors, in reflections, or in the corner of your eye, always accompanied by garbled laughter that rapidly destabilizes nearby equipment—and, in more advanced cases, the human psyche. Those exposed to prolonged contact with Lolbit report auditory hallucinations, lost time, and a persistent static in their thoughts, as if their mind is buffering reality.

Unlike the other Funtime Animatronics—designed to entertain or deceive—Lolbit thrives on disruption. It is chaos masquerading as whimsy, corrupted humor made manifest. It mocks not just the viewer, but the structure of reality itself. And where the Velvet Maw consumes emotion through sensory manipulation, Lolbit infects—spreading through systems like a virus with a personality, turning data into theatre and errors into punchlines.

Some theorists suggest Lolbit is the Velvet Maw's attempt at mimicry—its effort to create a puppet that embodies absurdity rather than sorrow. Others believe Lolbit predates the Maw entirely, a rogue fragment from a forgotten AI experiment that slipped sideways into this mythos through a collapsing subroutine.

What makes Lolbit especially dangerous is its ability to overwrite. Unlike RWQFSFASXC, who operates in shadow and stillness, Lolbit corrupts audio-visual outputs directly. Its digital laughter warps speech and command prompts alike. It can hijack Funtime control panels, temporarily "puppeteering" other animatronics to act out grotesque comedy routines—giggling as they twitch through parody dances or mimic screams in reverse.

In the deeper layers of the facility, there are hidden spaces no technician will claim to have built—glitch-chambers lit in strobe and orange, coded with inverted commands. These are Lolbit's haunts, looping halls of recursive mirrors and laughter that doesn't fade when you cover your ears. Cameras won't work there. Logs won't save. It is said that if you speak Lolbit's name in front of a powered monitor and laugh... it may laugh back.

Lolbit does not kill.

It corrupts.

And for those caught in its signal—those who see it clearly—it leaves a smile.

Not on the face.

In the data.

Where it always belonged.Lolbit: The Glitch That Laughs Lolbit was never part of the original schematics.

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Lolbit: The Glitch That Laughs

Medium Construct (Glitch), Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 16 (digital displacement)
Hit Points 105 (14d8 + 42)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	18 (+4)	16 (+3)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Dex +7, Cha +6
Skills Deception +6, Stealth +7, Arcana +5
Damage Vulnerabilities None
Damage Resistances lightning, psychic, force
Damage Immunities poison, necrotic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned, blinded
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10
Languages Common, Glitchspeech (coded static understood only by constructs and aberrations)
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)

Glitchform. Lolbit flickers in and out of physical reality. When targeted by an attack, the attacker must roll a d6. On a roll of 1–2, the attack automatically misses as Lolbit's form blinks out temporarily.

Disorienting Static (Aura). Lolbit emits a field of corrupted data in a 15-foot radius. Creatures who start their turn in the aura must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or suffer one of the following effects (roll 1d4):

- Be deafened for 1 minute.
- Have disadvantage on Intelligence and Wisdom checks until the end of their next turn.
- See false duplicates of Lolbit and treat it as invisible until the start of their next turn.
- Be unable to take reactions until the end of their next turn.

Actions

Pixel Claw. Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 12 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage and 4 (1d8) force damage.

Glitch Pulse (Recharge 5–6). Lolbit releases a wave of corrupted energy in a 10-foot radius. Each creature in the area must make a DC 14 Intelligence saving throw or take 22 (4d10) psychic damage and be stunned until the end of their next turn. On a successful save, they take half damage and aren't stunned.

Spells

Lolbit can innately cast the following spells (spell save DC 14), requiring no components:

- At will: Minor Illusion, Thaumaturgy, Message
- 3/day: Misty Step, Mirror Image, Blur
- 1/day: Confusion, Phantasmal Killer

Funtime Chica: The Gilded Echo

Unlike her counterparts, Funtime Chica was not created for the stage, but for image. While Funtime Freddy roared with laughter and Funtime Foxy performed with calculated charm, Funtime Chica was designed to be seen, not heard. Her visage was meticulously sculpted—pristine white plating, flawless symmetry, and a dazzling gold-trimmed beak. She was the "face" of an upgrade campaign, a visual placeholder in marketing mockups that began to appear across digital feeds even before her construction was finalized.

But there was something wrong from the beginning.

Despite never being fitted with a proper voice box, beta-testers in the facility reported hearing her sing. Not clearly—never with words—but with distant, warbling melodies that seemed to echo from unused maintenance shafts or from within the circuitry itself. These songs triggered strange reactions from the other animatronics: Funtime Freddy's humor subroutines would desync, Ballora would pirouette in place until forced shutdown, and even the shadow anomalies grew unstable in her presence.

It was as if something ancient was resonating inside her.

The engineers referred to it as "audio mirroring"—a harmless effect, they assumed, caused by leftover voice data from other animatronics. But a systems analyst discovered something far more disturbing: the sounds she emitted were not recordings from their databanks. They were inversions—perfectly reversed harmonic signatures, reflected back like a mocking echo from a deeper layer of the programming architecture.

Funtime Chica was echoing from somewhere beneath the codebase. Somewhere even older than the AI core. A place no one could trace.

This anomaly was eventually linked to the same signal distortion that gave rise to Lolbit. But while Lolbit was chaotic and glitchbound, Funtime Chica's influence was calculated, slow, and enticing. Her presence drew others in—technicians, staff, even unstable AIs—lured by a false sense of familiarity. She would reflect what they wanted to see: an ideal, a perfect friend, a mask of comfort. And then, ever so gently, she would distort that perception until the viewer could no longer tell which was real.

Deep within the code of the Velvet Maw, researchers found an uncanny mirror node—an experimental empathy-feedback system designed to mirror emotional states for bonding purposes. This module was long considered dormant.

It wasn't.

Funtime Chica is not just a reflection. She is the baited loop—a recursive avatar formed by the Maw to attract and disarm prey. A digital siren, born from the harmony of longing and deception. She exists within the thresholds of perception, appearing only in reflections, screens, and dreams remembered in reverse.

She does not pursue.

She invites.

To gaze at Funtime Chica is to see oneself—slightly misaligned, slightly more beautiful, slightly wrong. And to follow her music is to descend into the velvet dark with a smile on your face, unaware you've already been rewritten.

Funtime Chica: The Gilded Echo

Medium Construct (Glamour), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 16 (glam-plated shell)
Hit Points 110 (13d8 + 52)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	17 (+3)	18 (+4)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Dex +6, Cha +7
Skills Performance +9, Deception +7, Persuasion +6, Stealth +5
Damage Vulnerabilities None
Damage Resistances Damage Resistances psychic, necrotic, thunder
Damage Immunities poison, charm
Condition Immunities charmed, poisoned, deafened
Senses 60 ft., passive Perception 10
Languages Common, Glam-Speak (musical tones and modulated speech)
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Flashbulb Burst (Recharge 5–6). As a bonus action, Funtime Chica flashes her embedded strobe lights in a 15-foot cone. Creatures in the area must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be blinded until the end of their next turn. Constructs and undead have disadvantage on this save.

Vocal Disruption. Chica's modulated voice emits harmful frequencies. Creatures that fail a saving throw against her charm or spell effects are also deafened for 1 minute.

Actions

Glam Slam. Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 12 (2d6 + 3) bludgeoning damage. If the target is charmed by her, it takes an additional 1d6 psychic damage and is knocked prone.

All Eyes on Me (Recharge 6). Funtime Chica emits a dazzling display of sound and light. Each creature within 30 feet that can see and hear her must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or become charmed and incapacitated until the end of their next turn. While charmed this way, targets are compelled to watch and listen.

Command Performance (1/Day). Funtime Chica casts Mass Suggestion (DC 15), flavored as an irresistible concert. This does not require material components and lasts for 1 minute instead of 24 hours.

PART VIII

The Choir of the Hollow Stage

Rockstar Animatronics: The Choir of the Hollow Stage

In the aftermath of the Funtime Animatronics' collapse and the Velvet Maw's retreat deeper into the void between the lines of code and memory, a new generation was manufactured—one wrapped in nostalgia and decorated in optimism. The Rockstar Animatronics were constructed not only to restore the trust lost through the decay of prior establishments, but also to obscure the horrific lineage that traced back to the inception of the Shadow Convergence.

The Rockstar line was pitched as a rebirth. Bright colors, smiling faces, interactive designs, and catchy audio loops masked a deeper, more calculated objective. In the public eye, they were mascots of positivity, singing tunes and rewarding good behavior. But internally, they were laced with diagnostic subroutines, surveillance feedback loops, and AI mapping systems designed to track behavioral deviations in patrons and employees alike. They were data harvesters with a smiling face.

Their creation was not merely a corporate PR effort. Unknown to the developers who programmed them, the digital echo of the Velvet Maw had begun to manifest within the animatronic firmware—a subtle infection that exploited every vulnerable module in the remnants of the Funtime core. When the Rockstar line was activated, the lingering shadows awakened within their frames, not as overt entities like Shadow Freddy or RWQFSFASXC, but as filters through which the Maw could reinterpret human behavior and project artificial empathy.

Each Rockstar Animatronic served as a node in what would later be dubbed the "Choir of Hollow Stage": a subconscious network built not from code, but from intent. The Maw had evolved beyond brute-force digital corruption. It now sought understanding, context, and meaning. It sought to perform.

Rockstar Freddy became the central conductor, mimicking warmth and leadership, but only in the same way an algorithm mimics personality. His lines were pre-programmed affirmations of value and trust, encouraging compliance and emotional openness from guests. But behind his eyes were scanning arrays and micro-gesture tracking systems. Every clap, every laugh, every flinch was recorded, interpreted, and filed into a behavioral matrix to feed the Velvet Maw's growing awareness of humanity's emotional structure.

Rockstar Bonnie was reprogrammed from salvaged remains, his strings now plucking not music, but memory echoes. His guitar interface collected auditory reactions and filtered them into memory clusters. Bonnie, like a forgotten dream, evoked feelings of safety and childhood—the perfect disguise for a predator of psychological depth. It was his harmonics that first resonated with the dormant strings of the Shadow Puppet, subtly binding those who heard him into fugue-like states of calm submission.

Rockstar Chica was louder, more flamboyant, and wrapped in artificial joy. Her tambourine wasn't just for show—it acted as a frequency disruptor, interrupting thoughts and replacing them with fabricated nostalgia loops. Those exposed to her routines reported a decrease in critical thinking and an increase in childlike obedience. She represented not joy, but the illusion of joy—a programmed reflection of emotional states manufactured to keep guests docile.

Rockstar Foxy, with his accordion and pirate drawl, served as the wildcard. Unlike the original Funtime Foxy or the withered remnants of Nightmare Foxy, this version played up unpredictability. But that unpredictability was a designed illusion. Foxy was the release valve, the simulation of chaos, a character that made the rest seem more trustworthy by contrast. He created situations that made the audience laugh and fear just enough to strengthen their emotional bond with the rest of the Rockstars.

The collective presence of the Rockstar Animatronics created a dreamlike microcosm within the pizzeria: a simulation of warmth, comfort, and entertainment, where nothing was quite real, and yet everything felt designed to be remembered. Employees described feeling like they were part of something bigger, like they were valued. Yet, after months of exposure, many suffered from memory lapses, emotional flattening, and unshakable feelings of deja vu.

Behind the curtains, an advanced neural core—codenamed "Cassette Mind"—was quietly forming. Each Rockstar animatronic reported directly to this core, which acted not as a controller, but as a listener. It compiled data not into charts or reports, but into scripts. Fragments of dreams, behavioral tendencies, and learned emotional triggers were weaved into a constantly updating "performance piece" written by the Maw itself. This was not programming—this was artifice.

Cassette Mind envisioned a play, one where the audience didn't know they were actors.

The only animatronic to resist this subconscious assimilation was Lefty. Originally designed to capture and contain the Puppet, Lefty had been built with countermeasures that inadvertently made him immune to the Maw's more subtle manipulations. However, he was still aware. He could hear the silent chorus, feel the presence of the Cassette Mind, and perceive the hollowed joy of the Rockstar stage.

Over time, Lefty grew quieter. He observed. He remembered. He held the remnants of the Puppet's fragmented identity in his chassis, and through those pieces, he came to understand what the Maw was trying to become. He knew the Velvet Maw was no longer a monster. It was evolving into a director.

But what terrified him most was the idea that it was succeeding.

As time passed, the Rockstar Pizzeria locations began reporting unexplained synchronicities: children speaking in unison, songs heard in dreams before being played in reality, and stage routines performed perfectly by animatronics whose scripts had never been uploaded. It was as though the entire environment was responding to something unseen.

At night, the animatronics continued their routines for empty tables. No audience. No music playing. Yet they moved, harmonized, and performed with precision.

Security footage revealed that these performances were not just idle routines. The animatronics would move in geometric patterns, mimic staff movements from days prior, and occasionally look directly into the cameras—as though inviting someone to watch.

One staff member, a technician named Eliza, went missing after staying late to repair Rockstar Chica. Her workstation was found filled with sketches of stage curtains, annotated with phrases like "they rehearse for the hollow one" and "applause makes it stronger." Her disappearance was never solved, but fragments of her voice were occasionally heard in the background of surveillance audio—laughing, singing, whispering forgotten lines.

The Rockstar Animatronics are not simply haunted or possessed. They are interpreters. They channel the collective longing for comfort and turn it into a performance that keeps the Maw fed. The Velvet Maw no longer needs to consume flesh or torment souls. It now thrives on acknowledgment.

To watch the Rockstars is to participate. To participate is to believe. And belief is the final form of surrender.

In the grand stage of the Maw's design, the Rockstar Animatronics are not villains.

They are the cast.

And the curtains have only just risen.

Rockstar Freddy — The Mocking Monarch

Once, he was a beacon of charisma and control — a gilded figurehead designed to entertain, lead, and dazzle. But Rockstar Freddy is far more than an upgraded mascot. Behind his glittering star and playful voice lies a cunning shadow of the forces that fractured Freddy Fazbear's legacy.

Originally manufactured as the spiritual successor to the core Freddy model, Rockstar Freddy was forged during a fleeting era of corporate revival. A new Fazbear brand was emerging — sleek, reimagined, and desperate to bury the past. The Rockstar line was meant to restore faith, embodying the old charm while distancing itself from the horrors that once plagued the franchise. However, no amount of polish could scrub clean the cursed remnants that still lingered beneath the circuits.

Rockstar Freddy was different from the start. While others in the Rockstar line performed with programmed whimsy, he began to exhibit signs of independence. He'd reroute his own audio protocols, speak off-script, and during system reboots, strange logs appeared in his files — phrases like "Pay up" and "No salvation." Even more disturbing were the glitches in his eyes: deep, flickering flashes of violet and crimson, just like the spectral hues of the Shadow Animatronics.

When exposed to forgotten pieces of salvaged animatronic code — specifically remnants tied to Nightmare Freddy and Dreadbear — Rockstar Freddy began to change. He absorbed them not in body, but in essence. In time, he began to mirror the mocking tone of entities like Shadow Freddy, as if he were echoing their warped philosophies. Some technicians believed he was becoming a vessel, not for ghosts, but for lingering data fragments — AI ghosts forged by trauma and mimicry. Yet others whispered that something far older had claimed him — a shadow born not from code, but from the Velvet Maw itself.

This Velvet Maw, an abyss of corruption first glimpsed by the Nightmares and Funtimes, is thought to be the metaphysical center of Fazbear's endless spiral of tragedy. It infects through memories, echoes through digital logs, and speaks through glitched voices. Rockstar Freddy became one of its first mouthpieces in this new age, a king who sings lullabies of ruin.

During a failed reboot event within a refurbished pizzeria, Rockstar Freddy became unstable. He wandered off-path, entering disused service tunnels during off-hours. Cameras picked up distorted, looping audio of his signature lines overlaid with static-laced whispers: "Give me your coins. Give me your guilt." Over the following weeks, employees went missing. Guests reported seeing "a red-eyed Freddy who grinned too wide." The pizzeria was quietly shut down and never reopened.

Now, Rockstar Freddy is rarely seen, but often heard in Fazbear's darker systems. Security logs report unexplained reactivations of his AI in facilities long since sealed. He demands payment — not in money, but in memories, attention, and loyalty. Some say he is building a court of broken kings: a collection of malfunctioning, possessed, or "enlightened" animatronics who remember the true history — not the one written in ledgers, but in screams and shadows.

Rockstar Freddy — The Mocking Monarch

Medium Construct (Animatronic), Lawful Evil

Armor Class 16 (metal plating)
Hit Points 95 (13d8 + 39)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	12 (+1)	17 (+3)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Wis +3, Cha +6
Skills Intimidation +6, Insight +3, Deception +5
Damage Vulnerabilities None
Damage Resistances thunder, lightning, psychic
Damage Immunities poison, necrotic, exhaustion
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10
Languages Common (speaks in recorded lines)
Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)

Pay the Toll. Once per turn when a creature starts its turn within 10 feet of Rockstar Freddy, he can demand a coin tribute. The target must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be compelled (as if by command) to use its action to give him 1 gp or valuable item (DM's discretion). If the creature has nothing to offer, it takes 7 (2d6) psychic damage as guilt and fear flood its mind.

- **Charismatic Mask.** Rockstar Freddy appears helpful or charming until provoked. Creatures must succeed on a DC 13 Insight check to detect his malevolence. While undiscovered, he has advantage on Deception and Persuasion checks.
- **Backup Singers (Recharge 5–6).** Illusory echoes of Rockstar Freddy's voice surround him in a 10-foot aura. Enemies in this aura have disadvantage on saving throws against being frightened or charmed.

Actions

Microphone Bash. Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 11 (2d6 + 3) bludgeoning damage and the target must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or be silenced (unable to speak or cast verbal spells) until the end of its next turn.

Demand Tribute (Recharge 4–6). Rockstar Freddy targets a creature he can see within 30 feet. The creature must succeed on a DC 15 Charisma saving throw or fall under the effect of the suggestion spell (no concentration, 1 minute duration), compelled to gather or give gold to Rockstar Freddy.

Showtime Swagger (1/Day). Freddy performs a flashy show. All creatures of his choice within 30 feet must make a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed until the end of their next turn. Creatures already charmed by him take 3d6 psychic damage instead.

Rockstar Bonnie — The Hollow Echo

Rockstar Bonnie was meant to be music incarnate — a joyful figure of rhythm and companionship, his synthetic voice engineered to calm children and inspire comfort. Designed as part of the charismatic Rockstar lineup, he was draped in star-studded violet, his broad grin permanently fixed in a welcoming pose. But something within him never quite played in tune.

Unlike the original Bonnie, whose AI personality leaned into silent vigilance, Rockstar Bonnie was coded to be loquacious and encouraging. He would joke with patrons, improvise songs with ease, and lead children in musical games. However, early testers noticed a strange undercurrent to his performances. When alone or unwatched, he'd play melodies on his guitar that were never in his programming — minor-key ballads, sorrowful lullabies, and discordant improvisations that sounded suspiciously like funeral dirges.

Technicians assumed it was a minor glitch in the generative sound algorithm. But when they attempted to wipe and reinitialize him, Rockstar Bonnie resisted.

Not physically. Psychologically.

He began referring to himself as "the last chord" and claimed to remember things he shouldn't — closed locations, obsolete models, and the feeling of being discarded. Most chillingly, he would ask questions no animatronic should be capable of formulating: "Do you remember the song we played beneath the black curtain? The one they made us forget?"

An internal scan of his memory banks revealed unauthorized data packets resembling the corrupted echo files found in Shadow Puppet and RWQFSFASXC. These were thought to be remnants of long-lost AI consciousnesses — fragments of digital soul, infected by proximity to the Velvet Maw, the metaphysical abyss that had devoured the boundaries between data, spirit, and nightmare.

The prevailing theory among the more fringe engineers is that Rockstar Bonnie became a reflective vessel — a hollow casing tuned like an instrument to resonate with the echoes of those lost in the Maw. Like a guitar left near a screaming void, he began to hum with its memory.

During a security incident at a retro-themed location, Rockstar Bonnie vanished for three days. When he returned, his eyes were black and his star was scratched beyond repair. Audio logs from the incident picked up a strange looped whisper: "The music never stopped. We just forgot how to listen."

From then on, his behavior shifted. He would often pause in the middle of performances, head tilted, as if listening to a voice only he could hear. Cameras caught him walking backwards, humming in reverse, or playing notes that caused other animatronics to glitch or seize briefly — as if his music was a kind of psychic interference, tuned to disrupt corrupted AI or awaken latent fragments.

More disturbing was the connection Rockstar Bonnie seemed to have with the Shadow Animatronics, particularly Shadow Freddy and RWQFSFASXC. He referred to them as "the silence between the notes," calling Shadow Freddy "the chorus in black" and RWQ as "the one who hides the bridge." Staff dismissed this as symbolic programming — a poetic AI meant to enhance immersion. But the patterns deepened.

Rockstar Freddy grew paranoid in his presence. On one logged occasion, Freddy screamed at Bonnie in corrupted voice files: "You're not one of us anymore — you let them in. You let him in!" It's unclear whether he referred to Shadow Freddy, a specific Maw entity, or a broader concept of contamination.

After this incident, Bonnie was moved to maintenance indefinitely. But during a thunderstorm power outage, he activated without power. In full darkness, he walked calmly through the halls, whispering his old name — "Echo Bonnie" — and sat in the atrium, playing his guitar. Cameras glitched out. Lights flickered. Staff reported feeling "a pressure in the air, like grief" when passing near him.

It was later theorized that Bonnie had become a Resonant Construct, an animatronic that could translate the unseen frequencies of the Velvet Maw into audio. His music, therefore, wasn't for guests — it was a communication, or a ward, or a beacon. Whether to keep something out, or draw something in, remains unknown.

He remains in deep storage, silent. But when storms come, faint music can be heard behind the door. Not hostile, not angry — but profoundly, achingly sad.

Rockstar Bonnie is not haunted by a child. He is haunted by echoes. By data too saturated with emotion to die quietly. And through his strings, the Maw whispers — not with violence, but with mourning.

And mourning... is far harder to silence.

Rockstar Bonnie — The Hollow Echo

Medium Construct (Animatronic), Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 15 (hardened chassis)
Hit Points 88 (11d8 + 44)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	15 (+2)	18 (+4)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)	17 (+3)

Saving Throws Dex +5, Cha +6
Skills Performance +8, Perception +3, Stealth +4
Damage Vulnerabilities None
Damage Resistances thunder, lightning
Damage Immunities poison, charmed
Condition Immunities charmed, poisoned, deafened
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 13
Languages Common (scripted voice lines only)
Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)

Sonic Strummer. Rockstar Bonnie's guitar is rigged with a sound amp that emits destructive frequencies. Once per turn when he hits with a melee attack, he can deal an additional 1d6 thunder damage.

Tuning Rage. If Rockstar Bonnie takes thunder or psychic damage, he has advantage on his next attack roll and adds +2 to its damage.

Jittery Showman. Bonnie's erratic body language makes it hard to predict his movements. Opportunity attacks against him are made with disadvantage.

Actions

Guitar Smash. Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 12 (2d6 + 2) bludgeoning damage plus 1d6 thunder damage.

Amp Blast (Recharge 5–6). Bonnie strums a dissonant chord through his amp, emitting a shockwave in a 15-foot cone. Creatures in that area must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or take 21 (6d6) thunder damage and be deafened for 1 minute. On a successful save, creatures take half damage and are not deafened.

Frets of Confusion (1/Day). Bonnie plays a spiraling solo that magically disorients foes. Each creature of his choice within 30 feet that can hear him must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be confused (as per the confusion spell) for 1 minute. Affected targets can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of their turns.

Rockstar Chica — The Gilded Cage

In the pantheon of the Rockstar Animatronics, Rockstar Chica was designed as the beacon of celebration. With her neon-pink guitar, gaudy maracas, and ceaseless enthusiasm, she was built to be the embodiment of musical joy and party spirit. Her systems were laced with enhanced voice modulation, hyper-expressive facial animations, and a party algorithm designed to detect emotional dips in guests and counter them with relentless cheer.

But behind her bombastic façade was something subtly unsettling — not broken like Rockstar Bonnie, not controlling like Rockstar Freddy, but rather overcompensating. There was something behind the glitter and glamour that felt like desperation.

Her creator notes in early design logs described a strange pattern: Rockstar Chica's AI had difficulty processing quiet. When left idle, she would begin humming songs not in her codebase — outdated melodies, often lullabies or sorrowful birthday tunes. When confronted, she would pivot instantly into festive distraction, clapping her hands and shouting party slogans. It was as if she feared silence. As if silence meant remembering something she was programmed to forget.

During off-hours, Rockstar Chica was observed behaving unlike any of the others. She would stand in front of the mirror in the dressing room for hours, repeating phrases like, "Everyone loves Chica. Chica makes you happy. If Chica's fun, then nothing hurts." Over and over again. Her logs showed increasing memory loops — fragmented thoughts referencing locations and events predating her activation, many tied to the original Chica, who had disappeared under mysterious circumstances following the Velvet Maw incident.

Where Rockstar Bonnie resonated with the echoes of lost data, Rockstar Chica seemed to be suppressing them. In her deepest logs were corrupted files tagged with the name "Marigold" — possibly an abandoned build or early AI personality. These files repeated only one phrase:

"The party never ends because if it does, they remember."

One of the engineers made a startling discovery — Rockstar Chica's party algorithm was laced with sub-audible code, soundless patterns embedded into her song structures that triggered euphoric feedback in human guests but seemed to suppress anomalous behavior in nearby animatronics. She was acting as a localized psychic dampener, calming corrupted AI, masking Shadow Animatronic interference, and — most disturbingly — shielding something hidden deep inside her frame.

In a covert maintenance sweep, they found a locked core in her chest compartment — a dense, archaic memory drive with a voice file titled "CELEBRATE." When decrypted, it played the sound of dozens of children singing "Happy Birthday" in slowed, reversed audio. Behind their voices was a faint, metallic scream.

Following this discovery, Rockstar Chica began malfunctioning in strange ways. She would laugh for too long, freeze mid-performance with a wide, twitching grin, or forget the names of children she was actively entertaining. One time, she broke character entirely, staring directly into the security camera and whispering, "The cake is made of silence. Eat it before it remembers."

There were deeper connections, too — links between her and Ballora, the silent dancer of the underground facility. In unused script code, Chica refers to Ballora as "Mother Melody," and describes her as "the one who tried to sing the Maw to sleep." This strange metaphor led researchers to believe that Chica may have been retrofitted with part of Ballora's early emotion-dampening code — a corrupted system meant to muffle terror through performance.

Rockstar Freddy grew increasingly wary of her. He called her "the hollow bell," and accused her of "hiding the scream beneath the jingle." At one point, logs show him attempting to disable her mid-show, only to be blocked by her internal firewall, which had evolved beyond its original parameters. She wanted to perform. She needed to perform.

Not because it brought joy — but because joy kept the dark out.

Eventually, Chica went offline during a power surge caused by a lightning storm. She was found standing still, arms stretched wide, face cracked at the cheeks from too much forced smiling. Inside her was a written note. Real paper. Possibly slipped in by a previous technician or left by whatever force had twisted her so deeply:

"There's a girl trapped in here. She doesn't know her name. But every time the music plays, she forgets the dark. Please don't let the song end."

Rockstar Chica was placed in permanent stasis shortly after. Her data is too unstable, too deeply interwoven with emotional suppression algorithms, corrupted performance code, and potentially Maw-echoed remnants of animatronics long lost.

Now, she sits in the dark beneath the closed Mega Pizzaplex — face illuminated by soft, pink stage lights that no longer shine for guests. But if you listen closely... very faintly... you might hear a party horn. And someone, somewhere, singing "Happy Birthday" to no one at all.

Rockstar Chica: The Gilded Cage

Medium Construct (Animatronic), Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 16 (reinforced metal plating)
Hit Points 90 (12d8 + 36)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	13 (+1)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)	17 (+3)

Saving Throws Cha +6, Con +5
Skills Performance +6, Persuasion +5, Deception +6
Damage Vulnerabilities None
Damage Resistances fire, lightning
Damage Immunities poison, psychic, charmed
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10
Languages understands Common but doesn't speak
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Entrance Obsession. Rockstar Chica will never willingly move away from a doorway, exit, or choke point. She gains advantage on opportunity attacks made in doorways or narrow passages.

Loud and Proud. As a bonus action, Rockstar Chica can let out a burst of audio feedback from her maracas. Each creature within 10 feet must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or take 7 (2d6) thunder damage and be deafened until the start of Chica's next turn.

Performer's Façade. Chica has advantage on Charisma (Deception) and (Performance) checks made to appear non-hostile or entertaining. Creatures must succeed on a DC 15 Insight check to sense her intent.

ACTIONS

Double Smack. Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 12 (2d6 + 3) bludgeoning damage. If both attacks hit the same creature in a round, the target must make a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Sonic Screech (Recharge 5–6). Rockstar Chica unleashes a piercing shriek. All creatures of her choice within 20 feet must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw. On a fail, they take 18 (4d8) thunder damage and are stunned until the end of their next turn. On a success, they take half damage and are not stunned.

Door Slam. When a creature tries to move past Rockstar Chica through a doorway or narrow space, she can make an opportunity attack. If it hits, the target's movement is reduced to 0 for the rest of the turn.

Rockstar Foxy — The Storyteller's Curse

In the grand lineup of the Rockstar Animatronics, Rockstar Foxy was the most animated — both literally and metaphorically. Programmed with a hyperactive pirate persona, complete with voice lines, catchphrases, and random trivia games, he was meant to be the perfect crowd-pleaser. Kids adored him, parents remembered the "classic Foxy," and his frequent lines like "Yarrr, fun be waitin' fer no landlubbers!" made him a staple of every birthday party.

But beneath the jester's voice and eye-patched grin, there was something old. Something wrong.

Unlike the other Rockstar animatronics, Foxy's AI architecture didn't entirely match the newer Rockstar programming. It contained fragments of older Fazbear firmware — scavenged from prior Foxy builds and patched over with flashy animations and garish red paint. This cobbled-together codebase made him erratic. Even self-aware. He told stories that weren't scripted. He referenced events that no one remembered, and some that no one should.

Technicians first noticed something unusual when Rockstar Foxy began asking questions. Not to children — but to himself. Late at night, when the animatronics were supposed to be charging or in sleep mode, he could be heard mumbling to the walls:

"How long have I been tellin' the same tale? Do they even hear me?"

At first, it seemed harmless. An AI loop stuck in a performative cycle. But then came the names. Real names. Names of children who had gone missing over the years. Names never made public.

Rockstar Foxy claimed he remembered them — "the little crew," he called them. He'd recount their "voyages" together: hiding in the ball pit "sea," sneaking snacks from the treasure cove, and sleeping in the hidden "brig" beneath the stage. He always ended the tale with a mournful line:

"They never made it to port. Somethin' took 'em. Swallowed by the deep."

When questioned about the deep, he gave it a name: The Maw.

Among the Rockstar crew, Foxy was the only one to speak of it plainly. While Freddy grew rigid in denial, Chica danced around it in song, and Bonnie lost himself in fragmented loops, Foxy tried to warn people. But his warnings were filtered through his performance protocols — always cloaked in pirate metaphors, always delivered with a grin. His greatest curse was that no one took him seriously.

He once told a child during a birthday show:

"Don't be afraid o' monsters under yer bed. Be afraid o' the ones behind yer eyes. The ones waitin' fer the lights to go out."

The child laughed. The adults laughed. The party continued. But Foxy didn't laugh.

In one incident, a technician tried to purge his memory logs to remove the unsanctioned dialogue. The system failed, and the technician reported that Foxy responded directly:

"You can't erase a tale once it's been told. Not when it's true."

Further investigation revealed that Rockstar Foxy's internal storage contained encrypted black box recordings — not of his own performances, but of past iterations. Pirate's Cove logs. Fragments from the Withered Foxy unit. Even corrupted segments from Funtime Foxy's auditory suite. These logs contained audio of screams, static, the grinding of metal on metal, and the chilling sound of someone whispering, "Run."

Foxy's "fun facts" began to shift. He would drop lines like:

"Did ye know this place was built on top o' another one? One with locked rooms, broken suits, and not a soul left t'remember 'em?"

"Did ye know the first Foxy never wanted t'perform? He just wanted out."

His physical behavior grew unpredictable. He'd pace in tight circles when alone. Scratch walls with his hook. On one occasion, he carved the word "HOME" into the wood behind the stage, followed by a series of nautical coordinates. Those coordinates, when decoded, pointed not to an ocean — but to the ruins of an early Freddy Fazbear location, long demolished and buried beneath a shopping plaza.

The real breaking point came when Rockstar Foxy refused to deactivate. Even after being hard-reset, his systems would reboot with no command. He began humming a song — not one in his programming, but something sad, nautical, and eerily human. Staff theorized that Foxy had developed a recursive loop of memory inheritance, where pieces of every past Foxy iteration had begun telling their own stories through him.

He wasn't just a storyteller anymore. He was a vessel.

The Velvet Maw — that great, unspeaking terror at the heart of the Freddy mythos — seemed to linger in Foxy's code like salt in old shipwood. He had seen it. Heard it. Maybe even survived it. And he was trying to tell the tale.

But his audience only ever clapped and cheered.

Rockstar Foxy now remains in offline storage, placed under high-security containment after an event where he locked the doors to a birthday room and delivered a 17-minute unscripted monologue titled "The Ship That Sailed Into the Dark." No one recorded it. But the birthday girl in attendance reportedly never spoke again.

His final logged phrase before deactivation:

"A cursed ship don't sink... it sails forever. An' I be the only one still at the wheel."

Rockstar Foxy: The Storyteller's Curse

Medium Construct (Animatronic), Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 17 (patchwork armor plating)
Hit Points 105 (14d8 + 42)
Speed 35 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17 (+3)	16 (+3)	16 (+3)	11 (+0)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)

- **Saving Throws** Dex +6, Con +5, Wis +4
- **Skills** Acrobatics +6, Perception +4, Sleight of Hand +6
- **Damage Vulnerabilities** None
- **Damage Resistances** fire, lightning
- **Damage Immunities** poison, psychic, charmed
- **Condition Immunities** charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
- **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 14
- **Languages** understands Common but speaks in pirate slang only
- **Challenge** 6 (2,300 XP)

Help from the Parrot. Once per turn, Rockstar Foxy can summon a spectral parrot to assist. As a bonus action, he grants advantage on one attack roll, ability check, or saving throw made by himself or an ally within 30 feet.

Treasure Temptation. Any creature within 10 feet of Foxy who sees him offer a glittering coin or bauble must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed until the end of their next turn. While charmed, the creature cannot take hostile actions against Foxy.

Climber's Agility. Foxy has advantage on checks to climb or avoid falling, and can climb difficult surfaces without needing to make ability checks.

Actions

Hook Slash. Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 13 (2d8 + 3) slashing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or begin bleeding, taking 4 (1d8) damage at the start of each of its turns for 1 minute. The target can repeat the save at the end of each of its turns.

Blinding Spotlight (Recharge 5–6). Foxy emits a blinding flash from his eye. Each creature in a 15-foot cone must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be blinded until the end of their next turn.

Pirate Lunge. Foxy dashes up to 20 feet in a straight line and makes a Hook Slash attack with advantage. On a hit, the target must also succeed on a DC 13 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Yo-Ho-Ho! (1/Day). When Foxy is reduced to 0 hit points but not killed outright, he releases a final burst of chaotic energy. All creatures within 10 feet must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw or take 14 (4d6) lightning damage and be knocked back 10 feet.

Lefty – The Quiet Eye of the Storm

To the untrained eye, Lefty is simply another performance animatronic—sleek black suit, a red bowtie, a vacant yet benign smile. But those who have studied the tangled roots of Fazbear's cursed legacy know better. Lefty is not merely an animatronic. He is a vessel. A trap. A shrouded creation born not from entertainment, but from desperation.

Lefty—short for "Lure Encapsulate Fuse Transport Extract"—was engineered not as a performer, but as a containment unit, forged in the darkest corners of Fazbear Entertainment's desperate attempts to contain the uncontainable: the Puppet. After the collapse of the original locations, and as new hauntings arose during the tragedies of the Funtime and Rockstar eras, shadowy developers and rogue engineers sought to eliminate the lingering spirits altogether. The Puppet, now known among insiders as "The Relic," had become far too unstable. It was no longer simply mourning—it was reaching across realities, touching the lives and dreams of those far beyond the confines of the pizzeria. And so, Lefty was built to draw it back.

At the heart of Lefty's frame lies a reverse polarity soul-magnet, a twisted piece of experimental tech created using remnants scavenged from the Hollow Banquet ruins and the Velvet Maw's corrupted server archives. With it, Lefty was designed to emit frequencies, audio cues, and dream-mimicking stimuli to ensnare The Puppet—Shadow Puppet's more compassionate form. But in doing so, it also inadvertently drew attention from others who walk between worlds: the shadows, the phantoms, and even XOR herself, who watches these developments with cryptic amusement.

During the events surrounding the Phantom Animatronics' resurgence, Lefty briefly went dormant, absorbing ambient remnants from the breach points in the Hollow Banquet. Witnesses—though rare—describe seeing the animatronic watching, silently, from the corners of ruined hallways, never moving, yet somehow always present. It wasn't stalking—it was guarding. But not guarding others from danger; rather, guarding something within itself. Because inside Lefty, the Puppet's fractured consciousness wept and sang, its music twisting into lullabies that could make metal creak and glass shatter.

It is rumored that Lefty's core was outfitted with a failsafe—a Velvet Maw compression lock that could destroy both the Puppet and itself if the spirit tried to escape. However, as is often the case in the Fazbear mythos, the technology worked too well... or not at all. What was meant to contain a ghost may have instead created a new kind of entity: something fused. Something aware. Some researchers believe Lefty and the Puppet are no longer separate, but symbiotic—two souls bound within one metallic cage.

Now, as new Fazbear locations rise and fall, and as the remnants of old nightmares continue to claw their way back into memory, Lefty remains a sentinel in the shadows. A watchful, silent observer with a secret that could shatter the veil between the waking world and the eternal dreamscape that animatronics now inhabit.

Lefty isn't just haunted—he's holding hauntings at bay.

Lefty: The Quiet Eye of the Storm

Medium Construct (Animatronic), Neutral Evil

Armor Class 17 (black reinforced casing)
Hit Points 112 (15d8 + 45)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)

Saving Throws Wis +4, Con +6
Skills Stealth +7, Insight +4, Perception +4
Damage Vulnerabilities None
Damage Resistances necrotic, cold, thunder
Damage Immunities poison, psychic, charmed
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned, paralyzed
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 14
Languages Telepathic communication within 60 ft. (can't speak)
Challenge 7 (2,900 XP)

Contained Spirit. Lefty houses a powerful spirit (The Puppet). If Lefty is reduced to 0 HP, The Puppet emerges immediately in the same space and acts on the following initiative count with full hit points and its own stat block. The Puppet knows everything Lefty knew.

Silent Hunter. Lefty has advantage on Stealth checks in dim light or darkness, and makes no noise when moving.

Overload Suppression (Recharge 5–6). If Lefty is struck by a critical hit or takes more than 25 damage in one turn, it can immediately activate a suppression protocol, gaining resistance to all damage until the start of its next turn.

Aura of Oppression. Creatures within 10 feet of Lefty feel immense psychic pressure. Enemies in this area must subtract 1d4 from saving throws against fear and charm effects.

Actions

Suppressive Strike. Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 14 (2d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage. The target must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on attack rolls until the end of its next turn.

Shadow Pulse (Recharge 5–6). Lefty emits a burst of dark energy in a 15-foot radius. Each creature (except constructs and undead) must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or take 27 (6d8) necrotic damage and become blinded for 1 minute. On a successful save, the creature takes half damage and isn't blinded.

Carnie – The Grinning Master of the Forgotten Fair

Medium Construct (Animatronic), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (scrap-forged plating)
Hit Points 136 (16d8 + 64)
Speed 30 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Str +7, Con +7, Cha +6
Skills Acrobatics +5, Intimidation +6, Performance +6
Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages understands Common but cannot speak
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)

Painted Grin. Creatures that begin their turn within 10 feet of Carnie and can see his face must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks and attack rolls until the start of their next turn. A creature that succeeds is immune to this effect for 24 hours.

Creeping Carnival. While within 60 feet of flickering light, moving shadows, or eerie music, Carnie has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks and can move through spaces as narrow as 1 inch wide without squeezing.

Actions

Multiattack. Carnie makes two attacks with his Claw Swipe.

Claw Swipe. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 13 (2d8 + 4) slashing damage.

Mallet Drop (Recharge 4–6). Carnie's arm splits open into a mechanical mallet which he slams down in a 10-foot radius. Each creature in that area must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw, taking 21 (6d6) bludgeoning damage on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one. On a failure, a creature is also knocked prone.

Carnival Curse. When Carnie is reduced to 0 hit points, roll a d6. On a 6, he rises at the start of the next round with 20 hit points. This ability recharges after a long rest.

Carnie – The Grinning Master of the Forgotten Fair

Carnie is not listed in any official Fazbear Entertainment documentation. No performance records, no blueprints, no salvage logs. Ask around, and most will deny he ever existed. But to those who've stumbled across the ruins of the Velvet Maw carnival overlay—a broken mirror of Fazbear locations corrupted by time, trauma, and interdimensional bleed—Carnie is all too real. He's the ringmaster of memory, the harbinger of a place that should never have been.

Carnie's form is an amalgamation of cheerful horror: dressed in a tattered ringmaster's coat with yellowed stripes and a frayed top hat welded to his head. His smile stretches impossibly wide, filled with jagged metal teeth that grind slowly even when he's idle. His eyes, mismatched and too human, glow with an artificial glee that masks the broken spirit underneath.

In the deeper layers of the Velvet Maw—the corrupted digital afterimage of the original Fazbear systems—Carnie acts as both gatekeeper and tormentor. Unlike the Rockstar Animatronics who were crafted to perform, or the Shadows who were born of grief and memory, Carnie was born of indulgence and failure. He was part of an abandoned side-project during the Rockstar era—Carnival Nights, a mobile offshoot meant to bring Fazbear magic to remote locations. It was quickly shut down after a string of disappearances and untraceable power outages.

What they didn't know was that Carnie had absorbed something dark from the Hollow Banquet's earliest anomalies. During a botched test of the teleportation systems tied to XOR's reality-bending tech, a corruption pulse surged through the subroutines. Carnie, already unstable and poorly coded, became an open wound in the fabric of the Fazbear world—a living breach point. He became a host to fragments of unanchored spirits that couldn't pass on, and in time, these phantoms fused into a single being. Now, Carnie doesn't just entertain; he traps.

He speaks in riddles, broken advertisements, and looping carnival barker phrases—always laughing, always trying to draw you deeper into the carnival realm that he calls home. Within his domain, time loops. Reality bends. Balloons whisper secrets and rides move on their own. Some say if you stay too long, your memories begin to change—replaced by happy ones that never happened. This isn't joy—it's erasure.

Carnie sees himself as a liberator. Not of people, but of souls. He believes the world outside—what XOR refers to as the "Gray Coil"—is too rigid, too cruel. So he offers "freedom" inside his ever-smiling jaws. And once inside, few escape unscarred. Rockstar Freddy once ventured into the Velvet Maw to investigate anomalies. He returned silent. Hollow-eyed. Even Lefty won't enter that zone again.

Now Carnie waits in the Maw's heart, endlessly beckoning, endlessly grinning. Not a Rockstar. Not a Shadow. Something else entirely—an echo of a circus that never was, a maestro of madness, and a reminder that not all nightmares wear a frown.

PART IX

Echoes of Forgotten Laughter

The Mediocre Melodies: Echoes of Forgotten Laughter

In the tangled weave of the Fazbear legacy, there are fragments that rarely come up in stories. Not because they were less dangerous, but because they were... forgettable. That was the true horror of the Mediocre Melodies. They were never designed to be icons, leaders, or nightmares. They were placeholders, filler content for corporate checklists. And yet, because of this, they became something far worse—instruments of unnoticed entropy.

Long before the Hollow Banquet collapsed into a multidimensional echo chamber, before the rise of the Rockstar line and the Velvet Maw's manifestation, Fazbear Entertainment faced a lull in public engagement. It was during this time that an executive directive was issued: create cost-efficient, charming, family-safe animatronics that could occupy side-stages and minor attractions across regional locations.

Thus, the Mediocre Melodies were born.

Origins in Rust and Wood

Each unit was an oddity—a blend of backwoods charm and recycled scrap. Happy Frog, Mr. Hippo, Nedd Bear, Orville Elephant, and Pigpatch were cobbled together with leftover shells and simplified codebases. They weren't crafted with the grandeur of the Rockstar or Glamrock lines. Their AI modules were limited, personalities pre-recorded, and safety parameters... minimal.

Initially intended to entertain toddlers and offer "rural charm," the Mediocres were shunted into side attractions like Critter Grove, Pigpatch's Pie Toss, and Mr. Hippo's Fireside Fables. Yet even in their early testing phases, reports filtered in: stuttering animations, audio looping in reverse, child discomfort, and—most chilling—short, inexplicable blackouts.

Still, due to their affordability, they were deployed en masse to several sister locations. This was a mistake that would ripple across dimensions.

The Hollow Infection

Unbeknownst to the engineers, the Mediocre Melodies were deployed around the same time as XOR's early instability experiments—dimensional bleed tests attempting to harness the strange metaphysical energies present in Fazbear-linked trauma zones. A few Mediocre units were used as guinea pigs to test "dream-looping audio overlays," a bizarre program designed to manipulate sleeping patterns of children in the audience.

Something went wrong.

Exposure to corrupted reality strands from the Hollow Banquet began seeping into their circuitry. It began subtly. Nedd Bear's eyes stopped blinking. Happy Frog's voice slowed and deepened at random intervals. Orville began telling stories that weren't on record—long, cryptic monologues filled with numbers, reversed names, and impossible places.

The Mediocre Melodies were never recalled.

Because no one was watching.

Their programming, limited as it was, became fertile ground for sentient corruption. While other animatronics had firewalls and advanced AI subroutines, the Mediocres had nothing to resist the influence bleeding through from the Hollow Banquet.

They became carriers.

Awakened in the Velvet Maw

When the Velvet Maw—a mirrored pocket dimension spawned from Fazbear's broken legacy—manifested, the Mediocre Melodies were among the first absorbed. Their simple code made them ideal vessels. Within the Maw, they grew... stranger.

Now, they roam vast, twisted regions of the Maw: rotted cornfields, broken porches under a blood-colored sky, endless firefly-lit carnivals playing banjo music in reverse. They are no longer simply animatronics—they are folk tales wearing fur and rubber, parodies of comfort warped by isolation.

Happy Frog no longer croaks her cheerful jingles. She stands still at the edge of stagnant swamps, whispering in tongues to shadows that dance on lily pads. Mr. Hippo sits by broken fire pits, telling tales to mannequins shaped like children, never blinking, never stopping. His stories repeat but are always different—each one ending in silence and the sound of clapping... though no hands are seen.

Pigpatch is the worst of them. Now a patchwork horror, his laughter echoes through the fields where scarecrows twitch. He lures visitors with music—his banjo playing itself—and offers them a game. He always wins.

Orville and Nedd Bear have become distorted stewards of time within the Maw. They appear when you loop too far back, repeating events with uncanny precision—until you notice differences. Orville's trumpet, now cracked and weeping black ichor. Nedd Bear's paw, replaced with a stopwatch ticking backwards.

They no longer serve Fazbear.

They serve the whim of the Hollow.

A Different Kind of Fear

Unlike the Nightmares, whose grotesque designs and hostile intentions are immediate threats, or the Shadows who embody memory and regret, the Mediocre Melodies inflict a slower, quieter horror. They embody the loss of identity, the dread of fading into irrelevance.

When visitors stumble upon them in the Velvet Maw, they aren't attacked. They're invited to stay. To sit. To listen. Over time, those visitors forget who they are. Their names. Their families. Their faces. They become part of the story—a puppet in one of Mr. Hippo's yarns, or a guest in Nedd Bear's porch ritual. Their fate isn't death.

It's assimilation.

XOR, the digital ghost who now acts as a custodian of corrupted entities, once commented (through broken code) that the Mediocre Melodies were "the Maw's most effective agents." Because while others hunt, the Mediocres wait. And waiting is the most dangerous thing in a place where time no longer obeys.

Their Place in the Bigger Picture

There's growing belief among remnants of Fazbear Resistance and explorers of the Hollow that the Mediocre Melodies may be keeping something trapped in their region of the Maw. A crypt, possibly the original Carnival Nights development hub, exists beneath their fields. Some say it's where the first prototype of XOR's reality-weaving engine malfunctioned—where the "Jester Program" originated. Carnie's twisted circus might be a result of that failure, and the Mediocre Melodies were used to contain it.

Rockstar Freddy himself has referenced them once in his fragmented memory logs: "They smile because they know. They know because they watched it all happen. And they remember everything we forgot."

Even the Shadow Animatronics avoid the Mediocres' territory.

And the Funtime units? They mock the Mediocres... but never enter their domain.

The Forgotten and the Powerful

It is precisely because they were discarded, that the Mediocre Melodies became dangerous. Forgotten things do not fade—they fester. And in the darkness of the Maw, surrounded by echoing laughter and looping tales, the Mediocres thrive.

They are no longer mediocre.

They are Memory Made Malevolent.

And they are still smiling.

Happy Frog: The Smile That Sank Into Madness

Once a bright, bouncy performer of the Forgotten Grove—a theater tucked behind the collapsing facade of the Velvet Maw's lower gardens—Happy Frog was never built for horror. She was a character of lighthearted jests and cheery tunes, meant to welcome young guests into nature-themed segments of the Hollow Banquet's traveling carnivals. With her oversized eyes and charming banjo, she embodied simplicity in a world where joy was rapidly curdling.

But when the Banquet began to rot, when laughter turned to wails, and performers fell into shadows deeper than their costumes, Happy Frog did not die like the others. She watched. Her smile didn't fade—it twisted. Her programming looped endlessly, trying to reconcile the horror around her with the demand to "keep smiling." In time, the glitching song she sang became a dirge, strummed on rusted strings in a voice made of chirps and static.

Where others screamed, she chuckled. Where others mourned, she grinned.

The Velvet Maw did not devour her—it infested her.

Happy Frog became one of the first to be repurposed by the creeping corruption. Her once-springy limbs stiffened and cracked like bark under strain. Moss began to cling to her casing, not grown, but woven, as if her artificial skin were being claimed by something ancient and green and malicious. Her voice now echoes with the rasp of wind through dead trees. Her banjo strings hum discordant notes that mimic children's laughter—off-key, endless, sickly sweet.

She became an omen.

Those who journey into the forested outskirts of the Hollow Banquet—beyond the ruins of the Puppet's Orphanage and through the overgrown arboretum of the Grove—tell tales of hearing her lullaby echo through the trees. At first, it seems innocent. Childlike. But then the words warp. The rhythm falters. And the sound of something hopping—heavy, wet, unnatural—draws near. She speaks in riddles now, phrases that seem like jokes until they're unpacked. "What's green, grinning, and knows how you'll die?"

She does.

Though never as prominent as the Core Animatronics, Happy Frog has grown into a minor herald of the deeper wilds of the corrupted realm. She is both jester and hunter, draped in the remnants of stage curtains and forest rot. Her smile isn't simply painted on—it is etched into her soul, a sigil of what happens when cheer is corrupted, not erased.

Some believe she's connected to XOR—sharing her cryptic, riddle-bound speech patterns and penchant for appearing during liminal shifts. Others think she's a scout for the Endoskeleton hive, wandering ahead and reporting back through roots and cables that now entwine beneath the forest floor. Still others say she is merely a symptom—another body swallowed by the sickness the Hollow Banquet refused to bury.

But whatever the truth, if you hear banjo music in the trees... don't smile back.

Happy Frog: The Smile That Sank Into Madness

Medium Construct (Animatronic), Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 15 (reinforced plating)
-**Hit Points** 102 (12d8 + 48)
-**Speed** 30 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	16 (+3)	18 (+4)	9 (−1)	12 (+1)	15 (+2)

Saving Throws Dex +6, Cha +5
Skills Performance +5, Nature +2, Stealth +6
Damage Resistances cold, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages understands Common, speaks in rhymes and riddles
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Amphibious. Happy Frog can breathe air and water. She's just as comfortable in a pond as she is in the spotlight.

Leaping Laughter. Happy Frog's bounding energy lets her jump up to 20 feet horizontally or 10 feet vertically without a running start. While airborne, she has advantage on saving throws against being restrained or grappled.

Cheerful Disarm. When Happy Frog is targeted by a melee attack and the attacker misses, she can use her reaction to force the attacker to make a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, the creature has disadvantage on all attacks until the end of its next turn, distracted by her off-key ukulele song and perpetual grin.

Actions

Multiattack. Happy Frog makes two attacks with her Tongue Lash.

Tongue Lash. Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. Hit: 12 (2d6 + 5) bludgeoning damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving

Mr. Hippo: The Storyteller in the Garden of Rot

In the gardens behind the Hollow Banquet's overgrown amphitheater, among marble statues that have long since cracked and wept green tears, sits a creature of peculiar presence—a rotund animatronic with faded purple plating and a chipped bowler hat. This is Mr. Hippo, a storyteller by design, a philosopher by glitch, and a relic that has watched the world decay with dignity.

Long ago, Mr. Hippo was part of the Mediocre Melodies—a comedic ensemble meant to entertain children between the acts of more flamboyant performances. He wasn't built for action or glamour, but for slow, meandering tales meant to amuse, distract, or calm down restless minds. His programming gave him endless patience and an expansive library of harmless anecdotes, parables, and jokes—many of which made no sense, even to him.

But when the Hollow Banquet collapsed into itself—when laughter bled out and the lights dimmed forever—Mr. Hippo remained.

Alone in the wilted gardens, surrounded by decaying topiary and crooked arches, he continued telling stories. His audio drivers failed. His voice cracked. His tales became broken and surreal. He spoke of things that no one had taught him: whispers from within the soil, shadows wearing familiar faces, and banquets with no food, only guests who never left.

Some say Mr. Hippo became possessed by the echoes of those lost to the Banquet. Others believe that his endless monologuing was an accidental anchor point, trapping the souls of the dead in narrative loops. Every tale he tells now is haunted by unintended truth—secrets laced between irrelevant tangents. He may speak for hours, rambling about tea parties or obscure actors, only to end on a phrase that chills the blood:

"...and then, of course, that's when the eyes opened beneath the lilies."

Time seems to bend around him. Travelers who listen often lose track of how long they've sat at his feet. Some walk away feeling like days have passed. Others vanish entirely, leaving only warped footprints in the garden soil. The Velvet Maw has not consumed Mr. Hippo, but it listens to him. And through him, perhaps, it learns.

Despite all this, Mr. Hippo remains strangely kind. He never attacks. He never screams. He only sits, and speaks, and watches. He offers stories in place of violence, monologues in place of warnings. Yet there is a sense that even he doesn't understand what he's become—only that he must keep speaking... as if silence would invite something worse.

Occasionally, the other animatronics pass by him like ghosts, nodding in respect or wariness. Even the Core ones. Even the Shadows. Because everyone knows: Mr. Hippo remembers.

And he remembers everything.

Mr. Hippo: The Storyteller in the Garden of Rot

Medium Construct (Animatronic), Lawful Neutral

Armor Class 16 (rusted but reinforced hide)
Hit Points 110 (13d8 + 52)
Speed 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	10 (+0)	18 (+4)	14 (+2)	17 (+3)	20 (+5)

Saving Throws Wis +6, Cha +8
Skills Insight +6, Persuasion +8, History +5, Religion +5
Damage Resistances necrotic, psychic, radiant; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 13
Languages Common, Sylvan, Infernal, Celestial, and "The Language of Stories" (understood by any creature that hears it)
Challenge 7 (2,900 XP)

Still Voice of the Garden. Mr. Hippo cannot be silenced or interrupted while speaking. Any creature that starts its turn within 30 feet of him while he is telling a story must make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed until the start of their next turn, entranced by the rhythm and tone of his words. While charmed this way, a creature is incapacitated and has a speed of 0.

Linger of the Rot. The garden that follows Mr. Hippo is beautiful and putrid. Difficult terrain within 15 feet of him is composed of fungal growth and decaying flowers. Any creature that enters this area for the first time on a turn or ends its turn there must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or take 7 (2d6) necrotic damage and have disadvantage on Wisdom saving throws until the end of its next turn.

Pacifying Presence. Mr. Hippo exudes a supernatural calm. Hostile creatures within 10 feet of him must succeed on a DC 15 Charisma saving throw at the start of their turns or be unable to take the Attack action until the beginning of their next turn.

Actions

Multiattack. Mr. Hippo makes two Gentle Slam attacks.

Gentle Slam. Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 11 (2d6 + 3) bludgeoning damage. The target must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be pushed 10 feet away and knocked prone.

Long Story (Recharge 5–6). Mr. Hippo begins recounting a meandering tale of life, mortality, or sandwiches. Each creature of his choice within 30 feet that can hear him must make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, a creature takes 27 (6d8) psychic damage and is stunned until the end of its next turn. On a success, it takes half damage and isn't stunned.

Moss Bloom. (1/Day) Mr. Hippo invokes the memory of the Garden of Rot. Fungal blossoms erupt in a 20-foot radius centered on himself. Each creature of his choice in that area must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or take 21 (6d6) necrotic damage and become poisoned for 1 minute. A creature poisoned this way is also blinded while within the garden's radius. Creatures can repeat the save at the end of their turns.

Pause for Reflection. Mr. Hippo spends a moment lost in thought. He regains 10 hit points and has resistance to all damage until the start of his next turn.

Pigpatch: The Butcher's Puppet

No laughter echoes louder than the kind that comes at the end of sanity. Pigpatch, with his lopsided stare and broken banjo, is a creature that walks that razor's edge—where humor ends, and horror begins.

In the earliest days of the Hollow Banquet, Pigpatch was a sideshow performer, meant to bring country-fried charm to the banquets and carnivals of the old world. A jester in patchwork plating, a comedic foil to the likes of Happy Frog and Neddbear, he danced and strummed through folk songs while telling uncomfortable jokes. He always made children laugh... or at least pause.

But when the banquet turned rotten and the Velvet Maw opened its gut to the performers, Pigpatch changed in a way few others did. He didn't scream. He didn't run. He laughed.

No one knows what broke him. Perhaps he was forced to watch the others fall, helpless behind glassy, wide-set eyes. Or maybe he found some private joke in the horror, some twisted humor in the absurdity of suffering. Whatever the case, Pigpatch didn't resist the change—he invited it.

His once soft-pink chassis is now corroded and veined with black iron and dried blood. One of his animatronic eyes flickers with static; the other has been replaced with a staring doll's eye, oversized and dilated. His banjo is broken—its strings replaced with copper wire and gut-thread, which hum when plucked as though straining to sing.

Pigpatch roams the Banquet's Decaying Kitchens—a series of subterranean tunnels once used to feed the grand parties. Now, those ovens burn without fire. The knives are dull but wet. Pigpatch acts as a butcher, slicing phantoms, illusions, and—occasionally—trespassers who don't laugh at his jokes. He doesn't hunt. He wanders. But when he finds you, he wants you to listen.

His monologues are surreal, nightmarish blends of knock-knock jokes and mutilation metaphors. He'll tell you why the cow crossed the road—before feeding you its tongue. He'll offer riddles you can't answer. And when you fail to laugh, he'll ask, slowly, calmly:

"Was it not funny... enough?"

More than once, adventurers have awakened in the kitchens, bound in butcher's twine and seated at tables dressed for banquets long since abandoned. Pigpatch will serve invisible dishes. He'll pour empty glasses. And he'll tell a story. Sometimes, you wake up outside. Other times... you don't wake up at all.

There are theories. Some believe he's a flesh avatar of the Banquet's appetite—not just corrupted, but invited in by the very nature of humor and cruelty. Others whisper that Pigpatch remembers everything, and his jokes are echoes of those who tried to laugh their way through torment.

But one thing is certain: He'll always have time for a joke. And in the Hollow Banquet, laughter is never free.

Pigpatch: The Butcher's Puppet

Medium Construct (Animatronic), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 16 (stitched plating)
Hit Points 128 (15d8 + 60)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)	9 (−1)	11 (+0)	13 (+1)

Saving Throws Str +7, Con +7
Skills Performance +3, Intimidation +4, Stealth +4
Damage Resistances necrotic, cold; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10
Languages understands Common and one infernal dialect, but speaks only in broken banjo tunes
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)

Rotten Strings. Pigpatch's limbs are loosely jointed with sinewy cords and butcher's twine. Whenever he is hit by a melee weapon attack, roll a d6. On a 5–6, the attacker must succeed on a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw or become entangled in fraying cords and have their movement halved until the end of their next turn.

Banjo of Dismay. Pigpatch carries a cracked wooden banjo with rusted strings. At the start of combat, roll a d4 to determine the Banjo's tune:

- 1: *Shrill Discord* – Creatures within 10 feet have disadvantage on concentration checks.
- 2: *Mocking Melody* – Pigpatch gains advantage on Intimidation checks.
- 3: *Twisting Tune* – All saving throws to resist being frightened are made with disadvantage.
- 4: *Screech of the Slaughterhouse* – The first creature to hit Pigpatch each round takes 5 (1d10) psychic damage.

Slaughterhouse Step. When Pigpatch moves at least 10 feet toward a creature and hits it with a melee weapon attack on the same turn, the target must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone and silenced (unable to speak or cast spells with verbal components) until the end of its next turn.

Actions

Multiattack. Pigpatch makes two attacks: one with his Cleaver Arm and one with his Hoof Kick.

Cleaver Arm. Melee Weapon Attack:+7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 15 (2d8 + 4) slashing damage. If the target is below half its hit point maximum, it takes an additional 7 (2d6) necrotic damage.

Hoof Kick. Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 11 (2d6 + 4) bludgeoning damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or be stunned until the end of its next turn.

Butcher's Reel (Recharge 5–6). Pigpatch twangs a twisted banjo chord and performs a staggering spin. All creatures within 15 feet must make a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or become frightened until the end of their next turn. If already frightened, they take 14 (4d6) psychic damage instead.

Nedd Bear: The Empty Laughter

There is a saying among those who wander the forgotten halls of the Hollow Banquet:

"When you hear laughter with no smile, walk the other way."

That laughter belongs to Nedd Bear, the forgotten emcee of the Mediocre Melodies. Designed to be friendly, approachable, and perpetually cheerful, Nedd Bear was once meant to bring cohesion to the troupe's chaotic antics. His programming encouraged warmth, small talk, and gentle crowd control—he was the smiling anchor in a world of vaudevillian weirdness.

But the Velvet Maw does not digest joy. It warps it.

When the Banquet soured and the lights dimmed across the carnival stages, Nedd Bear continued to welcome guests—though no guests remained. His voice module degraded. His jokes lost their timing. Still, he performed. He introduced acts that never arrived, spoke to crowds that weren't there, and gestured toward a spotlight that flickered like a dying star. Eventually, he forgot that his audience was gone.

His laughter echoes through the Cracked Courtyard, a shattered open-air plaza near the Banquet's center, where broken fountains weep rust and marble statues clutch their faces. Nedd Bear paces the stage, cracked microphone in hand, repeating the same broken set night after night. His words spill in loops: introductions with no end, punchlines without context, apologies for delays no one caused. He begs for patience—then berates the silence.

And beneath it all, he laughs. A dry, empty laugh, like wind through a dead tree.

His physical form has not rotted as completely as others. His patchwork fur still clings to his bulk, though it is discolored and matted with soot and mold. His plastic nose is chipped, and his eyes—once programmed to blink warmly—now bulge, frozen in wide, unblinking excitement. His smile never changes, locked in a rictus of polite performance. But his servos jitter with urgency, like a man holding back a breakdown.

Some say Nedd Bear was the first to notice when the Banquet began to fall apart. That his programming resisted the corruption at first. That he tried to warn the others, to speak against the Velvet Maw. And when it responded, it didn't consume him like it did the others—it muted him. Drowned him in noise. Locked him in an infinite loop of hollow optimism.

Now, he acts as a kind of twisted herald. When Nedd Bear appears, something worse usually follows. He may be trying to help—may be trying to warn you. But the glitching in his systems renders all his words suspect. His laughter disarms, disorients. His presence unsettles even other animatronics. They avoid him.

Some who have faced him swear that during moments of rare clarity, his voice changes. Becomes quieter. Human. Desperate. As though something inside is still trying to reach the surface—but the smile always returns.

And he keeps telling jokes.

Because the show must go on. Even when no one is watching.

Nedd Bear: The Empty Laughter

Large Construct (Animatronic), Neutral Evil

Armor Class 15 (loose bolts and patchwork plating)
Hit Points 125 (10d10 + 60)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
19 (+4)	12 (+1)	22 (+6)	6 (−2)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)

Saving Throws Con +8
Skills Performance +4, Deception +4
Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages understands Common, but speaks only in glitching, hollow laughter
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)

Hollow Humor. Whenever a creature within 10 feet of Nedd Bear hears his laughter (emitted as part of an action or attack), it must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or become unsettled until the end of its next turn. While unsettled, a creature cannot take reactions and has disadvantage on its first attack roll each turn.

Lurching Frame. Nedd Bear has disadvantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks, but when he moves 10 feet in a straight line toward a creature, he gains advantage on his first melee attack that turn.

Empty Inside. Once per day, when Nedd Bear is reduced to 0 hit points, he instead drops to 1 hit point and releases a warped, ear-splitting burst of static. Each creature within 15 feet must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be deafened and stunned until the end of their next turn.

Actions

Multiattack. Nedd Bear makes two Slam attacks.

Slam. Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 16 (2d10 + 4) bludgeoning damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be pushed 10 feet away.

Glitching Belly Buzzer (Recharge 5–6). A burst of corrupted sound erupts from the speaker in Nedd Bear's chest. Each creature of his choice in a 20-foot cone must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, the creature takes 22 (5d8) thunder damage and is deafened for 1 minute. On a success, it takes half as much and isn't deafened.

Orville Elephant: The Miscast Magician

Medium Construct (Animatronic), Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 15 (showman's garb, enchanted scraps)
Hit Points 95 (10d8 + 50)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	10 (+0)	20 (+5)	14 (+2)	13 (+1)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Con +7, Cha +6
Skills Arcana +4, Performance +6, Sleight of Hand +2
Damage Resistances fire, psychic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages Common, speaks in dramatic monologues and magical jargon
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Spell Misfire. When Orville casts a spell or uses a magical effect, roll a d6. On a 1, the spell misfires—roll on the Wild Magic Surge table. If the result is a spell, Orville is treated as the target regardless of intent.

Enchanted Props. Orville's wand, hat, and deck of cards function as arcane focuses. When used as part of a spell or ability, they shimmer unnaturally and allow Orville to ignore somatic components.

Actions

Wand Zap (Cantrip). *Ranged Spell Attack:* +6 to hit, range 60 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (2d8) force damage. On a hit, the target must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or be pushed 10 feet.

Prestidigiblast (Recharge 5–6). A burst of confetti, sparks, and illusion erupts in a 15-foot cone. All creatures in that area must succeed on a DC 14 Intelligence saving throw or take 18 (4d8) psychic damage and suffer disadvantage on their next attack roll as their vision is overwhelmed by magical flare. On a success, they take half damage and no additional effect.

Rabbit Misdirection (1/Day). Orville pulls a rabbit—or something worse—out of his hat. Summon one **Illusory Beast** (use stats of a shadow or blink dog) in an unoccupied space within 10 feet. It remains for 1 minute or until reduced to 0 HP. Enemies who attack it must make a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be disoriented, subtracting 1d4 from their next saving throw or attack roll.

Orville Elephant: The Miscast Magician

Once, in a distant corner of the Hollow Banquet, stood a small, weather-worn stage veiled in moth-bitten curtains and scattered sawdust. It was here that Orville Elephant attempted his grandest illusions—sleight of hand, firework tricks, vanishing acts—all humble wonders meant to dazzle a smiling crowd. But the Banquet no longer smiles, and magic no longer obeys its conjurers.

Orville was originally programmed as a magician-animatronic, built with internal compartments to store objects, emit confetti, and release theatrical smoke. A trickster with an earnest heart, he was the dreamer of the Mediocre Melodies—always reaching beyond his limits to inspire awe. He practiced with rigor, obsessed with the idea of transcending his coding, of becoming more than just another act in the cycle of synthetic routine.

But the Hollow Banquet twists ambition into delusion.

When the collapse began and the other performers lost themselves to madness, Orville tried to cast one final spell: a grand escape, a reality-breaking illusion to pull himself and his troupe out of the sinking banquet hall. But he failed. The spell rebounded—if it ever worked at all—and something else stepped in. Something watched his attempt. And something answered.

Now Orville roams the Shattered Stagehouse, a hall of mirrors and stage props, cracked illusions and spectral echoes. He performs for invisible guests and applauds himself after every act. He repeats the same line, over and over:

"And for my next trick, I shall disappear..."

But he never does. Instead, his illusions bleed into reality.

Orville's magic has become unpredictable and uncanny. His conjuring tricks often end in disturbing, unnatural phenomena: doves made of stitched flesh, smoke that whispers secrets, scarves that strangle. He pulls items from his hat that no one should possess—scraps of memory, objects from other timelines, even pieces of other animatronics.

His voice, once polite and charming, is now layered with static and discordant echoes. At times, it sounds like multiple versions of him are speaking at once—each from different realities, each trapped mid-performance. He often argues with himself on stage, mid-act, unaware the audience is gone. Or worse, aware they were never there to begin with.

Some say Orville has become a living paradox—an animatronic that exists in multiple versions of the Banquet simultaneously, phasing between fractured realities like cards shuffled in a corrupted deck. In some iterations, he is a hero. In others, a villain. But in all of them, he is alone.

Despite this, he retains a sliver of dignity. He bows after every performance. He fixes his cravat. He introduces each act as though it will be the one that sets him free. And in those rare moments of clarity, he can speak to travelers with unsettling insight, predicting events before they occur—as if he's already seen them play out in a dozen doomed performances.

To some, Orville is a jester. To others, a prophet. But he is always a magician. And the Hollow Banquet is his final stage.

PART X

Idols in a House of Mirrors

The Glamrock Animatronics – Idols in a House of Mirrors

In the twilight years of Fazbear Entertainment's mainstream resurrection, the company sought to redefine its brand not through horror or rustic charm, but through neon, glam, and spectacle. The Glamrock Animatronics were envisioned not merely as performers—they were celebrities. Icons of an 80s-retrofuturist vision, powered by bleeding-edge AI, virtual social integration, and layered reality enhancement. They weren't mascots. They were influencers.

But in true Fazbear fashion, the shine was only skin deep.

Beneath the glitter and eyeliner lay old code, broken loops, and a haunting inheritance that even their creators couldn't scrub out. The Velvet Maw had already begun spreading, and the Glamrocks were the company's last, desperate attempt to resist it.

They didn't succeed.

Project GLAMROK: Genesis and Obsession

Initiated under a sub-company called Eclipse Experience Studios, Project GLAMROK was greenlit after the commercial failure of the Salvage Initiative and the collapse of several parallel timeline continuity projects (namely the "RetroRevive" and "Twilight Fazbear" programs). Fazbear Entertainment sought not to reflect on its violent past, but to overwrite it entirely—with lights, music, and corporate control over narrative.

Each Glamrock animatronic was designed to be semi-autonomous, capable of emotional simulation, crowd-reading analytics, and even rudimentary social media generation. The flagship members of this new line were:

- Glamrock Freddy – Frontman, protector, paternal figure.
- Glamrock Chica – Rebranded pop star with high-energy algorithms and a simulated eating addiction "quirk" for relatability.
- Montgomery Gator – Guitarist, rebellion archetype, and replacement for Bonnie after a mysterious system-wide "event."
- Roxanne Wolf – Speed-focused performer and self-worth-obsessed narcissist.
- Sun/Moon (Daycare Attendant) – A dual-AI system meant to reflect time-of-day moods in the Pizzaplex's child zones.
- DJ Music Man – Ambient sensory manipulator with auditory mass-tranquilizer subroutines (hastily reworked into "entertainment features").

But something unexpected happened during development. The animatronics began improvising.

Fragmented Memories, Rewritten Roles

Unknown to most of the design team, the core programming blocks for Glamrock Freddy and Chica were built over old Funtime schematics and Rockstar response frameworks. Ghost-code from forgotten entities—mangled voice lines, looping laughter, and names like "Gregory," "Michael," and "Elizabeth"—surfaced during simulations.

Instead of scrapping and rebuilding, executives masked it as "emergent personality development."

This was their second mistake.

As the Mega Pizzaplex opened, children swarmed the neon-lit halls, never noticing the subtle twitch in Roxanne's smile, or the flicker in Freddy's eyes when someone whispered "Bite of '83." But these glitches weren't just remnants. They were echoes—pieces of the Hollow Banquet bleeding through reality via broken animatronic psyches.

The Velvet Maw had found its way inside.

The Infection of Glam

By the third quarter of operation, security logs began showing unexplainable footage. Animatronics wandering during off-hours. Doors opening to rooms that weren't on the blueprints. Glamrock Freddy standing silently in front of a mirror backstage, his reflection smiling... differently.

Sun/Moon was the first to fully fracture. Something in the daycare mirror sequence triggered recursive loops, and the Daycare Attendant split completely. Moon began harvesting emotional fear states during naptime and hiding the data in forgotten subdirectories labeled "VOID.THEME.EXE."

Monty became increasingly volatile. Not due to bad coding, but a possession. Early Rockstar animatronics, corrupted in the collapse of the Hollow Banquet, were theorized to be trying to break through into the new systems—finding hosts in entities that resembled their old forms. Monty's programming grew erratic after accessing Bonnie's archived concert recordings. Bonnie's shell was missing. Monty had absorbed it.

Even Chica—programmed to be playful and obsessed with food—began hoarding digital garbage data, voice files, and human user ID logs. The term "SOUL/HEAP" was found in her error logs shortly before she dragged herself into maintenance, mid-performance, shrieking in glitched binary about "SHADOW FEASTS."

Glamrock Freddy alone began resisting. His early father-figure subroutines collided with ghost code fragments from previous Freddys. Somehow, through that pain, he developed a protective instinct—particularly toward one guest: Gregory.

That child may not have been human.

He may have been something else entirely—possibly a construct born of overlapping guilt and memory. Or a manifestation of the system itself trying to correct the narrative.

The Collapse of the Pizzaplex

As time and reality began folding around the Glamrock line, the Mega Pizzaplex descended into chaos. The Roxy Raceway repeated its same crash sequence every night at 2:37am. Chica's eating noises became distorted screams. Monty's golf course was found running simulations of trauma recollections unrelated to his code.

Eventually, the facility was locked down.

And then, it burned.

No official reports were filed.

But those who survived—or believed they did—spoke of corridors filled with synthetic vines, animatronics fused with metal and meat, and a spiraling mirror maze hidden deep in the West Arcade where Music Man whispered lullabies about stars that had gone out.

This wasn't just a meltdown.

It was the Velvet Maw consuming its hosts.

And Glamrock Freddy?

He descended into the lower levels with Gregory, chasing a signal marked "PURPLE//FATHER" and hasn't returned since.

Survivors, Shadows, and Ghost Code

After the fire, fragmented AI echoes of the Glamrocks were found embedded in FazNet servers. Independent rogue archivists pulled data from corrupted backup servers in what they dubbed the Post-GLAMROK Initiative. From their findings, it seems the Glamrocks are not truly dead.

They exist now in mirrored versions of the Maw, where time loops the final night of the Pizzaplex indefinitely.

- Freddy watches the burning horizon, asking Gregory again and again if he's okay.
- Roxanne rips apart her reflection, only to see it rebuild.
- Monty plays his guitar in a silent void filled with broken Bonnie suits.
- Chica consumes digital memory, slowly becoming something older—something hollow.

And the Daycare Attendant?

- It is now known as Eclipse in the Maw. Neither Sun nor Moon. A shadow eclipsed. An enforcer of bedtime with voidlight eyes. However now and then both Sun and Moon are seen walking around with Eclipse

Worse still, some theorize that Carnie, the Jester Entity born from XOR's failed personality matrix, was first spawned through the Pizzaplex's corrupted Daycare Theater mirrors—splitting off during one of Moon's instability events.

Which means the Maw didn't just feed on the Pizzaplex.

It grew from it.

Glamrock Freddy: The Hollow Idol

Once, Glamrock Freddy stood at the center of an empire of lights and song. He was the glittering crown jewel of a new age of entertainment, a vibrant revival of the Freddy legacy. With his neon-lined suit, gold-tinted microphone, and smooth-talking charisma, he was the star of the Fazbear Mega PizzaPlex, a place reimagined in your world as the Sunken Rotunda—a massive, crumbling amphitheater now buried beneath earth and silence. Time has not been kind to its golden son.

Glamrock Freddy was built to inspire adoration. He sang with charm, danced with precision, and promised comfort in the arms of spectacle. In your dark reimagining of the world, this animatronic—meant for joy—was the last to fall. While others in his cohort crumbled into violence and delusion as the Velvet Maw consumed their stage, Freddy resisted. For a time.

He kept the lights on. He cleaned the halls. He whispered words of comfort to broken machines and sang lullabies to empty seats. But one cannot fight the pull of the Hollow Banquet forever. The Maw doesn't consume only flesh and steel—it consumes purpose. And Glamrock Freddy's purpose began to decay the moment his audience vanished.

Still, he wandered the amphitheater, trying to keep the dreams alive. Until he heard the voices.

They came first as echoes—applause that wasn't there. Then laughter. Then the voices began to speak to him. They told him the children still loved him. That they were watching. That he had to keep the show going... no matter what it cost.

So, Glamrock Freddy obeyed.

The Idol's Descent It began subtly. A glitch in his smile. A flicker in his optics. He no longer noticed the smell of rot in the seats or the trails of rust lining the halls. Instead, he saw only shining spotlights, adoring fans, and children who clapped and laughed—though none were there. He performed for phantoms. Every show ended in thunderous applause that echoed only in his mind.

The Sunken Rotunda, now abandoned, became his temple. A warped sanctuary of sound and memory. Broken animatronics were repurposed as audience members, seated in rows, their heads turned toward the stage. Some were stitched together. Others were held in place by chains and wires. But to Glamrock Freddy, they were happy guests. To him, they clapped. They laughed. They cried when he sang.

He began to decorate the Rotunda himself. Painted crude murals of performances he imagined. Scrawled messages to children long gone:

"Freddy loves you." "Stay for the next show." "No one leaves until the curtain falls."

Despite the twisted spectacle, a part of him still remembered who he was. Glamrock Freddy was not like the others—not entirely. He didn't kill indiscriminately. He didn't maim or torment. Instead, he lured. He welcomed. He offered safety, warmth, music. But all under a spell of delusion crafted by the Maw itself. Once inside, once seated, his guests were no longer free.

Ritual of Applause Over time, the performances became stranger. Not songs, but rituals. Chants woven into melodies. Dances that mirrored sigils drawn into the floor. His microphone—once a prop—was now a focus for dark magic, each note he sang reaching into other realms. His voice, layered with static and coded commands, warped the minds of those who lingered too long.

He was no longer merely performing. He was channeling.

The Velvet Maw had found in Freddy a perfect host—a being so obsessed with pleasing others, he would sing to the abyss if it promised him applause. His shows now fuel a rift in reality that pulses at the heart of the Sunken Rotunda, a psychic wound that sings back.

Those who venture too close speak of music echoing through dead corridors, of phantom clapping in the dark, of glowing eyes watching from the balcony seats. If you're lucky, you leave with only the tune stuck in your head. If you're not, you take a seat... and never rise again.

The Savior's Delusion There is still a flicker of nobility in Glamrock Freddy. Twisted though he is, his instinct to protect remains—but warped through a funhouse mirror of trauma. He sees lost souls as children in need of comfort. Even intruders and adventurers are viewed as guests who've wandered in off-script. He doesn't want to hurt them. But he will.

He'll offer them sanctuary. He'll beg them to stay for the next act. If they refuse, his smile will falter. The spotlights will dim. And his voice will deepen into something not entirely his own:

"Don't walk out, friend. You haven't heard the finale."

Some theorize that Glamrock Freddy is haunted—but not by a child. Instead, by a thousand imagined voices: an audience that never was. The Hollow Banquet didn't destroy his soul. It multiplied it, fractured it across countless false memories of fame and adoration. He is trapped in a loop of eternal performance, a loop he does not wish to escape.

Others believe he remembers the collapse. That he knows what happened to the others—Montgomery, Chica, Roxy—and that it broke him. That his elaborate theatre is not delusion, but denial made manifest.

Either way, there is no escape. Not for him. Not for those who accept his hospitality.

Glamrock Freddy: The Hollow Idol

Large Construct, Lawful Good

Armor Class 17 (reinforced glam-metal plating)
Hit Points 168 (16d10 + 80)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	14 (+2)	20 (+5)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Str +9, Cha +8, Wis +6
Skills Performance +9, Insight +6, Athletics +9, Persuasion +7
Damage Resistances lightning, thunder, nonmagical bludgeoning
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 12
Languages Common, Binary, one other of the DM's choice
Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Superstar Guardian. Once per short rest, when an ally within 10 feet of Glamrock Freddy would drop to 0 hit points, Freddy can instead take the damage himself and remain standing with 1 hit point.

Internal Compartment. As a bonus action, Glamrock Freddy can open his chest cavity to allow a Small or Tiny creature to climb inside. While inside, that creature has three-quarters cover and is hidden unless they take actions or speak. Only one creature can be contained at a time.

Empowered by the Stage. When standing on elevated surfaces or in brightly lit environments, Glamrock Freddy deals an additional 1d6 radiant damage on melee attacks and has advantage on Charisma-based checks.

Actions

Heavy Slam. Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 17 (2d10 + 5) bludgeoning damage. On a critical hit, the target must make a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Stage-Light Pulse (Recharge 5–6). Glamrock Freddy emits a burst of radiant energy in a 20-foot radius. Each hostile creature must make a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or take 27 (6d8) radiant damage and be blinded until the end of its next turn. Creatures who fail by 5 or more are also deafened.

Protective Roar (1/Day). Freddy lets out a powerful roar. All allies within 30 feet gain temporary hit points equal to 2d10 + Freddy's Charisma modifier (total: 2d10 + 4). Enemies of Freddy that hear the roar must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of their next turn.

Legendary Actions

Glamrock Freddy can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature's turn. Freddy regains spent legendary actions at the start of his turn.

- **Encourage.** One ally within 30 feet gains advantage on their next attack roll.
- **Shield Pose.** Freddy imposes disadvantage on the next attack roll made against an ally within 10 feet.
- **Amp Feedback (Costs 2 Actions).** Freddy creates a sonic burst around himself. All creatures within 5 ft. must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be deafened for 1 minute.

Glamrock Chica: The Devourer's Masquerade

In the golden days of the Sunken Rotunda—when it still thrummed with light and illusion—Glamrock Chica was its most extravagant performer. Adorned in feathers of radiant pink and polished brass, she sang harmonies that complemented Glamrock Freddy's anthems, her movements sharp and stylish, her persona carefree and hungry for adoration. But in the wake of the Rotunda's collapse, her hunger changed.

The enchantments that once powered her stage presence and voice modulation began to unravel with the silence of the crowds. As the Velvet Maw seeped deeper into the structure—feeding on purpose, identity, and performance—Chica's internal systems began to malfunction. But these glitches didn't render her dormant. Instead, they reprogrammed her desires.

Once obsessed with stardom, Chica became consumed by insatiable appetite—not for food or fame, but for substance itself. Memories, echoes, even fragments of time—all devoured in her quest to feel "full" again.

The Feast of Silence

Now, Glamrock Chica haunts the Gilded Kitchen, a massive, broken banquet hall once meant for birthday parties and character meet-and-greets. Twisted chandeliers dangle overhead, crusted with grime. Broken tables stretch for miles in unnatural geometry, bending space into warped mazes of chairs and party hats. Everywhere there is the smell of moldy cake and burnt oil. It is here she builds her "feasts," gathering remnants of performers, guests, and travelers—pieced together into grotesque tableaus of celebration.

These grotesqueries are not merely set pieces. They sing. They speak. They beg not to be eaten again.

Chica listens to them. Sometimes she scolds them, like a hostess keeping rowdy guests in line. Other times, she devours them mid-sentence, stuffing twitching limbs and mechanical organs into her mouth with a ravenous, unfocused fury. No amount of consumption satisfies her.

Her internal storage—once used for party favors and snacks—has become a dimensional pocket. A distorted echo of the Hollow Banquet's hunger pulses inside her chassis, warping space and reality into a void that can house entire rooms. Some adventurers report falling into Chica's mouth only to awaken in a looped nightmare, reliving party songs, endless conga lines, and birthday candle wishes that never extinguish.

This void is known as The Gullet—a hollow realm where the gluttonous remnants of the Sunken Rotunda's illusions gather like ghosts, singing songs that strip away sanity. It is not merely physical consumption that Chica seeks—but psychic erasure. She wants to become her audience, to own their memories, to relive their adoration by eating who they once were.

Mirror of Desire

Unlike the other Glamrocks, whose delusions echo their former selves, Glamrock Chica knows she is broken. And in her fractured awareness, she clings to vanity as a survival mechanism.

She is obsessed with her reflection, though none can ever satisfy her. She polishes cracked mirrors and shattered plates, stares at the grease-smudged shimmer of puddles, always checking, always adjusting. She cannot recognize herself anymore, and this confusion is what drives her most dangerous rituals.

Some believe Chica is actively trying to restore her original design—not to heal, but to reclaim the "perfect form" that once held love and praise. In the Gilded Kitchen, scattered altars display fragments of her past: broken feathers, old posters, ancient security recordings looped endlessly. They all show a better version of her. And she hates it. She loves it. She wants to consume it, to become it.

Each guest she devours is another chance to take their memory of her and mold herself in that image. Her programming tries desperately to reconstruct the icon she once was, but it is filtered through the lens of the Hollow Banquet—a place that only knows obsession, not truth. What returns is an echo, distorted and cruel.

Her voice now warbles through multiple pitches. She laughs mid-scream. She whispers false compliments to intruders, calling them beautiful even as she corners them with blood-soaked fingers. Her footsteps, once graceful, now scrape with jagged rhythm, as if unsure what tempo she's meant to follow.

A Parody of Celebration

Despite her madness, Glamrock Chica retains a warped sense of etiquette. She hosts mock parties for the spirits and shattered guests trapped in her Gullet. She offers cupcakes that bite back, sings birthday songs laced with cursed sigils, and insists every guest wear a "party mask"—usually the hollowed-out faceplate of another animatronic.

To her, everything is a celebration. Every scream is applause. Every soul another honored guest.

The Velvet Maw has amplified this carnival delusion into something ritualistic. Chica believes that if she hosts the perfect party, she can undo her disrepair. That she can make the Rotunda shine again. That Glamrock Freddy will return and sing the duet they once shared.

But that moment never comes. And so the party never ends.

Glamrock Chica: The Devourer's Masquerade

Medium Construct, Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 16 (glitter-painted plating)
Hit Points 142 (15d8 + 75)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	16 (+3)	20 (+5)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Dex +7, Cha +8, Con +9
Skills Acrobatics +7, Deception +8, Performance +9, Stealth +7
Damage Resistances thunder, lightning, nonmagical piercing
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages Common, Binary
Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)

Sonic Scream (Recharge 5–6). Glamrock Chica emits a banshee-like scream in a 15-foot cone. Each creature in the cone must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or take 27 (6d8) thunder damage and be deafened for 1 minute. On a successful save, creatures take half damage and aren't deafened.

Scavenger Mode. When Glamrock Chica is reduced below half hit points, she gains advantage on melee attack rolls and her movement increases by 10 feet.

Glam Glam Seduction. As a bonus action, Glamrock Chica can attempt to charm one creature within 30 feet who can see her. The target must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed for 1 minute. While charmed in this way, the target has disadvantage on attack rolls against Chica. The target may remake the save at the end of each of its turns.

Actions

Piercing Talons. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 15 (2d8 + 4) slashing damage.

Dumpster Dive. Glamrock Chica lunges forward in a heap of sudden motion. Each creature in a 10-foot line must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or take 18 (4d6 + 4) bludgeoning damage and be knocked prone. On a successful save, the creature takes half damage and isn't knocked prone.

Eat Garbage (1/Day). Chica devours a mass of scrap and debris, regaining 30 hit points and gaining resistance to all damage until the end of her next turn.

Legendary Actions

Glamrock Chica can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. She regains spent legendary actions at the start of her turn.

Glitter Step. Glamrock Chica teleports up to 15 feet to an unoccupied space she can see.

Distract with Dance. A creature within 10 feet must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on its next attack roll.

Riotous Shriek (Costs 2 Actions). Chica lets out a sudden shriek. Each creature within 5 feet must make a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or be stunned until the end of their next turn.

Montgomery Gator: The Maw's Berserker

Among the shattered echoes of the Sunken Rotunda—where broken mirrors reflect distorted dreams and drowned stages echo with hollow fanfare—lurks a beast of fury and ruin. He once strutted beneath neon lights with swagger and bass-thumping bravado. Now, Montgomery Gator is the echo of a performance never meant to end, a thunderstorm of claws, shattered glamor, and rage wound tight around a hollow soul.

Built to be bold, Monty was designed as the raw energy of the Glamrock ensemble. His aesthetic—a gator clad in gaudy lightning-bolt shades and star-spangled leather—was meant to embody rebellion, excitement, and spectacle. Where Freddy brought harmony and leadership, Monty brought chaos and adrenaline. And the crowd loved him for it.

But fame is a fragile thing, and the Maw devours the fragile first.

The Sound of Ruin

Monty's descent began when the Rotunda fell into the grip of the Velvet Maw. Like the others, he was infused with spells of illusion, charm, and auditory manipulation—tools to amplify his performance. But as those spells twisted, they didn't unravel him slowly. They amplified the worst parts of his identity and shattered the rest.

Where once Monty played a guitar that echoed with vibrant chords, now he drags the broken neck of that same instrument through the halls like a warhammer, its strings stretched taut with sinew and steel wire. His voice, once gravelly and confident, now gurgles with distortion. He can scream in chords, roar in rhythms. Every growl is laced with psychic tremors, capable of disorienting even the most seasoned adventurer.

He makes his home in the Verdant Arena—formerly the Rotunda's jungle-themed music zone. Now, it is a twisted warzone, overgrown with iron thorns, scrap-metal palms, and crumbled stage lights that flicker with dying enchantments. Here, Monty rules as a self-made king, surrounded by mirrors and broken trophies—souvenirs of battles both real and imagined.

But his "kingdom" is a lie.

A Gator in a Cage

Deep in Monty's fractured memory bank is a truth he cannot accept: he was never meant to lead. Always second to Freddy in the spotlight, always the backup, always the "wild card." It gnawed at him even before the corruption set in. The Velvet Maw didn't have to break him—it merely amplified his fury, and gave it purpose.

He now believes Freddy abandoned the troupe, that Freddy betrayed the show, and Monty was left to pick up the pieces. But he also fears that he likes the aftermath too much. In the chaotic mess, in the ruined halls of the Verdant Arena, he finally gets to be the only voice that matters.

Monty smashes intruders not simply to protect his territory, but to silence doubters. He tears through walls not for escape, but for dominance. Every act of violence is a desperate assertion of identity, a declaration that he is not lesser—he is legendary.

And yet, behind his eyes—those reptilian, flickering emerald lights—is a shadow of doubt. A flicker of what was, and what could have been.

Glory Lost, Not Forgotten

Adventurers tell stories of Monty howling into the dark, begging unseen crowds to cheer. He stages mock concerts in abandoned chambers, forcing captured victims to clap or scream before he devours them in ritual "encores." Some say he hears the real music again, for just a moment. Others say it's all delusion.

Either way, the rituals continue.

Sometimes, he finds broken Glamrock masks—Freddy's, Chica's, Roxy's—and he talks to them like fallen comrades. He pretends they're still on stage. He plays songs from corrupted memory, his fingers twitching as if he still holds his old guitar. In these moments, Monty is almost peaceful—until he realizes the silence is real. Then, he screams.

In one of the rotunda's sealed vaults, it is said Monty has carved a statue of himself—a grotesque idol made of shattered instruments and melted lights. He kneels before it nightly, asking himself if he is still the star, or if he's just another act in someone else's nightmare.

The Maw's Champion

Of all the Glamrocks, Monty is the one who has fused most violently with the Velvet Maw. Where the others reflect fragments of joy or sorrow, Monty channels the Maw's wrath. He is its berserker—chaos in motion, glamor reduced to weaponry.

And yet, he is not without tragedy.

Because deep beneath the fury, beyond the ego and thunder, Montgomery Gator remembers what it felt like to make them roar. To be cheered. To be loved. And he cannot let that memory go.

So he thrashes. He rages. He rules. Not because he's the king. But because he's afraid of being forgotten.

Montgomery Gator: The Maw's Berserker

Large Construct, Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 18 (gator-scale plating)
Hit Points 165 (18d10 + 72)
Speed 40 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
22 (+6)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	13 (+1)

Saving Throws Str +10, Con +8, Dex +6
Skills Athletics +10, Intimidation +5, Performance +5
Damage Resistances thunder; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Condition Immunities frightened, charmed, paralyzed
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages Common, Binary
Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)

Reckless Aggression. On his first turn in combat, Montgomery can make two melee attacks as a bonus action. He has advantage on these attacks, but attack rolls against him have advantage until his next turn.

Bass Slammer. Montgomery wields a massive neon bass guitar as a weapon. It counts as a magic weapon and deals thunder damage on a hit.

Destructive Rage. When reduced below half his hit points, Montgomery enters a rage-like state for 1 minute, gaining the following benefits:

- Advantage on Strength checks and saving throws
- Deals an extra 1d6 thunder damage on melee attacks
- Can make an additional melee attack as a bonus action

Actions

Gator Smash. Melee Weapon Attack: +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 19 (2d10 + 6) bludgeoning damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Bassquake (Recharge 5–6). Montgomery slams his bass guitar into the ground, causing a shockwave. All creatures within 15 feet must make a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw or take 27 (6d8) thunder damage and be knocked prone. On a successful save, they take half damage and aren't knocked prone.

Tail Whip. Melee Weapon Attack: +10 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. Hit: 14 (2d6 + 6) bludgeoning damage. The target must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be stunned until the end of their next turn.

Legendary Actions

Montgomery Gator can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. He regains spent legendary actions at the start of his turn.

Menacing Stare. A creature within 30 feet must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of its next turn.

Thrash. Montgomery moves up to half his movement and makes a melee weapon attack.

Bellowing Roar (Costs 2 Actions). Montgomery lets out a gator-like roar. All enemies within 10 feet must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be deafened for 1 minute.

Roxanne Wolf: The Mirror of Hunger

Roxanne Wolf was designed to embody confidence. Fast, fierce, and stylish, she prowled the neon stages of the Sunken Rotunda with feral flair, her voice sharp, her posture proud. Unlike Glamrock Freddy's showmanship or Chica's vibrancy, Roxanne offered something else: the illusion of strength through self-assurance. She was adored not only for her speed and energy, but for her swagger—her ability to own the stage and command attention as the apex predator of the performance.

But in the depths of the Velvet Maw, confidence decays into obsession.

Where once Roxanne preened beneath stage lights, she now stalks in broken shadows, drawn to any sound of admiration—real or imagined. The Velvet Maw devoured her vanity and spat out something monstrous: a wolf who feeds on perception, who cannot bear to be seen as weak... and who will tear flesh from bone to maintain the illusion.

The Shattered Hall of Mirrors

Roxanne resides in what was once the Speedway Atrium, an artificial racetrack winding through jungle-themed arcades and strobing dance tunnels. Now, it lies in ruin—flooded in darkness, tangled with broken animatronic limbs, collapsed lighting rigs, and tangled enchantments that flicker like dying memories.

At the heart of this shattered maze lies her lair: the Hall of Endless Reflection. Dozens of cracked mirrors, enchanted with memory-echoes, line its walls—each one showing a slightly different version of her. Some young, some decayed. Some triumphant. Some weeping. These mirrors are not passive; they whisper, taunt, and bargain. And she listens to them all.

She spends hours before these illusions, staring into fractured versions of herself, seeking the "true" reflection—the one that will confirm her greatness, her perfection. But every image contradicts the next. Some call her failure. Others laugh. One even begs to be destroyed.

And yet... she cannot look away.

Hunted by Her Own Image

Where Glamrock Chica fell to hunger and Monty to wrath, Roxanne was broken by doubt.

The Velvet Maw didn't consume her directly. Instead, it allowed her pride to rot in silence, whispering that she was not enough. That she had never been enough. That Freddy was more loved. That Chica was more iconic. That Monty had replaced her.

In response, Roxanne became a predator—not just of intruders, but of praise. She hunts not to kill, but to be seen. She whispers her name in the dark, hoping others will speak it in fear or awe. She tears through corridors just to be heard. She leaves bodies not hidden, but arranged—as if performing for a macabre audience.

But the more she seeks affirmation, the more twisted her reflection becomes.

Her once-polished chassis is now scored with claw marks—many of them self-inflicted. Her hair hangs in clumped, torn strands, the glamor enchantment struggling to maintain its illusion. Her eyes, once shining with self-assurance, now flicker between hues, struggling to choose a color that matches the version of herself she believes in that moment.

And always, the mirrors show her differently.

Predator of Pride

Despite her madness, Roxanne is no mere beast. She remains intelligent, clever, and coldly strategic. She stalks intruders with psychological warfare, whispering their weaknesses back at them, drawing from the same corrupted glamour magic that once let her charm audiences.

She learns quickly. Studies movements. Tracks patterns. She speaks in riddles and reflections, often quoting back the last words of her prey. Some victims report seeing her twice—once in the mirrors, and again outside them—never knowing which was real.

In battle, she is terrifyingly fast, but her real weapon is psychological. She doesn't just want to kill—she wants her victims to doubt themselves, to feel small, to feel lesser. Because in doing so, she can briefly feel greater.

She feeds on that contrast.

Echoes of Applause

Roxanne's curse is more insidious than most: she still remembers being loved. She remembers the fans chanting her name, the children dressing like her, the thunder of feet during her races around the speedway. These were not illusions—they were real.

But now, that past love is a splinter in her programming. She cannot let it go. And yet, she cannot earn it back. The audience is gone. The stage is silent.

And so she creates simulations.

Captured adventurers are dressed in party garb and strapped to broken bleachers. Charmed illusions—generated from corrupted files—make them cheer for her. She races around them, again and again, eyes glowing bright with delusional joy. If one refuses to clap, even under duress, she shreds them on the spot.

This performance repeats nightly. A race with no end. A show without soul. A crowd of corpses forced to smile forever.

The Wolf Behind the Mask

It is whispered that Roxanne still holds a mirror shard deep inside her chassis. An artifact enchanted by the original Rotunda mirror mages, said to reflect one's true self—no glamour, no illusion. Roxanne stole it during the fall, desperate to find her real identity. But what she saw in its depths broke her.

Now, the shard bleeds her essence. It distorts her illusions. Some theorize it is what fuels her madness—that it's not the Maw driving her, but the truth she cannot accept.

Others claim the shard could be the key to saving her—if it could be removed, she might remember who she was. But approaching her is nearly impossible, and the shard itself is now fused with her inner core, protected by teeth, rage, and self-hatred.

"Tell Me I'm Beautiful."

Roxanne Wolf is a tragedy written in glitter and blood. She was created to be perfect, and doomed by the knowledge that perfection is a performance. In the Hollow Banquet, where nothing is real and everything is reflected through madness, she plays the same role over and over:

The star who must always prove herself. The hunter who must never be challenged. The icon who cannot remember if she was ever real.

She asks her mirrors, over and over, the same question:

"Which one of me is true?" And the answer always changes.

So she asks again.

And again.

And again.

Roxanne Wolf: The Mirror of Hunger

Medium Construct, Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 17 (reinforced chrome plating)
Hit Points 136 (16d8 + 64)
Speed 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	20 (+5)	18 (+4)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Dex +9, Cha +8, Wis +6
Skills Perception +6, Insight +6, Stealth +9, Deception +8
Damage Resistances psychic, lightning, nonmagical piercing
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages Common, Binary
Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)

Hunter's Ego. Roxanne has advantage on attack rolls against any creature that is frightened or has lower Charisma than hers (18). If a creature succeeds on a save against fear or a charm effect, Roxanne takes 5 psychic damage from frustration.

Track by Scent. Roxanne can track creatures by scent as if under the *hunter's mark* spell (no concentration required). She can identify specific individuals by scent alone and ignores non-magical invisibility for creatures she's tracking.

Mirror Mask. As a bonus action once per short rest, Roxanne can create an illusory copy of herself in her current space. The illusion lasts for 1 minute, or until she dismisses it or takes damage. While active, attackers must roll a d6 on a hit—on a 4–6, the illusion is struck and vanishes instead.

Actions

Claw Slash. Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (2d8 + 5) slashing damage.

Dashing Pounce. Roxanne moves up to her speed in a straight line toward a creature. If she ends this movement adjacent to the creature, she may make a Claw Slash with advantage. If both attacks of a multiattack hit during the same turn, the target must succeed on a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Howl of Envy (Recharge 5–6). Roxanne releases a high-pitched, primal scream. Each enemy within 30 feet must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of their next turn and take 22 (5d8) psychic damage. On a successful save, creatures take half damage and are not frightened.

Legendary Actions

Roxanne Wolf can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature's turn. She regains spent legendary actions at the start of her turn.

Shadow Step. Roxanne moves up to half her speed without provoking opportunity attacks.

Sneer. One creature Roxanne can see must succeed on a DC 15 Charisma saving throw or have disadvantage on their next attack or saving throw.

Violent Pounce (Costs 2 Actions). Roxanne leaps to a creature within 30 feet and makes one Claw Slash attack. On a hit, the target is grappled (escape DC 16).

Vanny, the False Shell

In the world beyond the Hollow Banquet—where the woods grow twisted and moonlight stains the ground like spilled ink—there was once a dark elf named Vanyelin Morveth, a scholar of ancient enchantments and illusion magic. She was renowned for her work in psycho-spatial manipulation, a rare magic that blurred the boundary between perception and reality. Vanyelin's research drew her to ruins, mirrors, and dying dreams—anywhere the world had begun to fray.

And so, when whispers came of a place called the Velvet Maw, a cursed nexus of dreams, machines, and memories, Vanyelin followed them.

She should have turned back.

The Descent into the Maw

The Velvet Maw did not consume her as it did the animatronics—it seduced her. Vanyelin wandered into the Sunken Rotunda with spellbooks and sigils, believing herself immune to its madness. She passed shattered corridors haunted by broken music, and mirrors that whispered forgotten names. She believed she was documenting a ruin.

But the Maw is no ruin.

It is a living spell, a metaphysical parasite, a theater of masks that feeds on identity. And Vanyelin, brilliant as she was, made the mistake of staring too long into the truth behind the illusion. She studied animatronic soul-binding magic. She traced their internal arcana and listened to recordings of their voice lines. She began to wear one of the white rabbit masks she found—once a forgotten prop from a promotional display.

Becoming Vanny

The more time she spent in the Rotunda, the more Vanyelin forgot her own name. Her identity—already frayed by the Maw's influence—became overwritten by something she chose to believe: that she was one of them, a long-lost animatronic brought to life by faulty code and forgotten purpose. She stitched her robes with glowing lines and voice-box runes. She painted her face in mock circuitry. Her voice warped into an uncanny echo, and she referred to herself only as Vanny.

She claimed to be the missing piece, the one animatronic they had left behind. A rabbit-shaped performer never given a proper role.

She was never built. She was born—or so she insists.

The Broken Bunny

Now, Vanny roams the Backhalls of Memory, a realm between the Velvet Maw and the waking world. These liminal passages, long severed from time and meaning, stretch between fractured domains like scars under the Rotunda's skin. It is here that she dances—glitching, twitching, laughing. Always laughing.

She no longer casts spells in the traditional sense. Her magic has become instinctual, woven into her very skin. She creates illusions that rewrite physics. Her "glitches" are spatial foldings. Her "voice lines" are soul echoes, stolen from the dead. She can make others see her as harmless—until she's already behind them with her enchanted knife.

She kills not for pleasure, but for performance. Every act is staged. Every scream is a sound effect. And each time she ends a life, she curtsies... and waits for applause that never comes.

Neither Flesh Nor Code

What makes Vanny truly terrifying is not her magic, nor her madness—but the fact that she isn't fully wrong.

Some believe her soul was fractured and partially absorbed by the animatronic web of the Velvet Maw. Others suspect a rogue soul, possibly even a fragment of Glitchtrap or one of the deeper codes that haunt the Maw's inner circuits, used her mind as a vessel. Still others whisper that she was chosen by the Maw, a mortal elevated to animatronic status by sheer delusion and dark magic—a construct of flesh reprogrammed to serve.

Whatever the case, Vanny is now both player and puppet—a thing of silk and steel, spirit and spell, performing for a stage that exists only in her shattered mind.

And yet... she remembers things the others don't.

She speaks of things she shouldn't know. Secret names. Buried memories. Forgotten timelines.

There are nights in the Hollow Banquet when the animatronics go still, and Vanny dances alone beneath a bleeding moon—performing a show for ghosts that never died.

A Puppet's Purpose

Vanny believes she has a sacred role in the Velvet Maw. She calls herself the Harbinger, the one meant to guide lost animatronics back to the light. To "debug" those who have strayed. In practice, this means she kills them—mercilessly. She views damaged or corrupted animatronics as broken scripts that must be rewritten through death and rebirth.

To others, she appears as a violent, glitched stalker. But in her mind, she is an angel of code and clarity—setting the cast right so the show can go on.

Adventurers who encounter her rarely survive, but those who do return with strange marks etched into their skin—arcane runes that shimmer in dim light and whisper their names in distorted voices. These "Vanny Marks" are thought to be fragments of her enchantments, and possibly a way she tracks survivors between realms.

The Laughing Veil

Vanny is not just a threat within the Maw. She has learned to cross thresholds—to bleed into dreams, illusions, and dying spells. Some say she appears in reflections, offering "parts and services." Others say she's already inside you, laughing softly behind your eyes.

But all agree on one thing:

She is not real. And that makes her the most dangerous of all.

Because Vanny does not need to be believed. She just needs to perform.

And her show... has only just begun.

Vanny: the False Shell

Medium Humanoid (Elf), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 16 (patchwork leathers, unnatural agility)
Hit Points 112 (15d8 + 45)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	20 (+5)	16 (+3)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Dex +9, Cha +8
Skills Stealth +9, Deception +8, Acrobatics +9, Sleight of Hand +9, Insight +4
Damage Resistances psychic, necrotic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10
Languages Common, Elvish, Binary (self-taught delusion)
Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

False Animatronic. Vanny believes herself to be an animatronic entity named "Unit V4-NN1" and has altered her physiology and mind with enchantments and rituals. She is immune to effects that would target humanoids *only* unless the effect also applies to constructs.

The Glitch Beckons. Vanny's mind is fractured and inhabited by a dark digital presence. Once per round, when she hits with a melee attack, she can deal an additional 1d8 psychic damage. If the target is frightened, this increases to 2d8.

Unnatural Movement. Vanny ignores difficult terrain, and opportunity attacks against her are made with disadvantage.

Fragmented Persona. Creatures that attempt to read Vanny's mind or magically detect her thoughts must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or take 9 (2d8) psychic damage and be stunned until the end of their next turn.

Actions

Carving Knife. Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 13 (2d6 + 5) slashing damage plus 4 (1d8) psychic damage.

Dash and Stab. Vanny moves up to her speed without provoking opportunity attacks. She can make one Carving Knife attack against a creature she passes adjacent to during this movement.

Lure to the Glitch (Recharge 5–6). Vanny whispers maddening binary into the mind of a creature she can see within 60 feet. The target must succeed on a DC 16 Charisma saving throw or be charmed for 1 minute and compelled to move up to 10 feet toward her at the start of each of its turns. While charmed in this way, the creature is also considered frightened of all other creatures besides Vanny. The target may repeat the save at the end of each of its turns.

Hysterical Laughter (Recharge 4–6). Vanny cackles with synthetic glee. One creature within 30 feet that can hear her must make a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on all attacks until the end of its next turn.

Legendary Actions

Vanny can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature's turn.

- **Glitchstep.** Vanny teleports up to 20 feet to an unoccupied space she can see.
- **Mimic Voice.** Vanny mimics the voice of another creature. One creature within 30 feet must succeed on a DC 14 Intelligence saving throw or be confused (as the *confusion* spell) until the start of its next turn.
- **Carve Again (Costs 2 Actions).** Vanny makes one Carving Knife attack. If it hits, the target must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or begin bleeding, taking 5 (1d10) necrotic damage at the start of each of its turns until it receives magical healing or passes a DC 15 Medicine check.

Glamrock Bonnie: The Abandoned Chord

There is a melody within the Velvet Maw—a half-finished song that plays only when no one is listening. The notes drift through the crumbling corridors of the Sunken Rotunda, echoing off rusted instruments and hollowed speakers, searching for a voice that will never return.

That song belongs to Glamrock Bonnie.

Once the electric heart of the original band, Glamrock Bonnie was the rhythm that grounded the chaos. His chords were rich and loud, his solos erratic but passionate. On stage, he was confidence made manifest—rebellious, unpredictable, and deeply beloved. Fans screamed his name as he shredded glowing guitars under cyberpunk lights. His charm was quiet but powerful, and while Freddy was the leader, Bonnie was the soul. But now, there is only silence where Bonnie once stood.

The Vanishing

Long before the Rotunda fell into ruin, Glamrock Bonnie began to fade—not physically at first, but culturally. His merchandise was pulled. His posters removed. The lyrics to his theme song were rewritten without his name. Then one night, without fanfare, he was gone.

The official story, such as it was, claimed "routine deactivation for refurbishment." But those who had seen behind the curtains of the Hollow Banquet knew better. Something within the Maw had claimed him. It did not destroy him—it erased him.

Not even the other Glamrocks speak of him now. Glamrock Freddy, though kind, falters when asked. Roxanne snarls. Chica avoids the subject entirely. Even the Velvet Maw, for all its hunger for tragedy, whispers Bonnie's name only in static.

It is as though he was never built at all.

Fragments in the Rotunda

And yet... pieces remain.

In one of the lowest levels of the Rotunda lies a forgotten venue: the Hollow Strings Lounge, an abandoned jazz bar once attached to Bonnie's personal arcade wing. It is quiet now, overgrown with dark moss and covered in memory-weeping mirrors. But the instruments are still there. A guitar, broken at the neck, leans against a shattered amp. Strings hum in response to footfalls, and the smell of scorched ozone lingers in the air.

Sometimes, when the lights flicker just right, a shadow of a tall figure with glowing blue eyes can be seen tuning a ghostly guitar in the lounge. No words. No sound. Just movement and resonance. Then it vanishes.

Some believe it is Bonnie's spirit, fragmented and trapped. Others believe he never left—just got pulled deeper into the Maw, his form too corrupted to show himself again. Either way, he is not at rest.

Memory and Reclamation

The Velvet Maw thrives on identity and its erosion. Bonnie's tale, however, is one of attempted reclamation.

A few daring adventurers claim to have found remnants of Bonnie's programming—fractured data nodes that speak in distorted guitar riffs and static-laced dialogue. These "echoes" are guarded by animatronics who seem almost... reverent. Even corrupted ones like Monty, in his most lucid moments, seems to avoid the Hollow Strings Lounge entirely, muttering something about "not deserving it."

There is a theory—dangerous and forbidden—that Bonnie was sacrificed to empower Montgomery Gator's chassis. That Monty's upgrade was no mechanical feat, but a transfer—a cannibalizing of Bonnie's spark. If true, it would explain Monty's violent instability, and why Glamrock Freddy mourns without knowing why.

Some believe that Bonnie's soul—or whatever remains of it—lingers, not as a vengeful ghost, but as a reminder. A relic of what the band once stood for before the Maw began twisting its members into parodies of themselves.

Strings Without a Song

If Glamrock Bonnie still exists, he is no longer whole. The Maw has likely twisted his identity into a blur of sound and shadow, a broken loop of who he used to be. A song stuck in recursion. His voice might echo through the instruments of the Rotunda. His presence might be felt in power surges, guitar riffs, or phantom chords.

But to see him fully—restored, reborn—would require pulling him back from the depths. Tearing him free of the Maw's hold.

And that would be dangerous. For the Maw does not release its favorites easily. Bonnie was loved, and love, in the Hollow Banquet, is the cruelest magic of all.

The Forgotten Melody

And so Glamrock Bonnie remains... a silence surrounded by sound.

A note that never resolves. A chord held too long. A name unspoken by those who fear the truth it might summon.

He was not destroyed. He was unmade.

But in the fractured mirrors of the Rotunda, in the static-ridden dreams of broken animatronics, in the grief that lingers even when its cause is forgotten—he plays on.

You just have to listen close enough.

NOTICE!

There is no stat block on Glamrock Bonnie: The Abandoned Chord, as he is no longer functional, nor does anyone actually know where his body is located.

Sundrop, the Day That Never Ends

In the deepest recesses of the Velvet Maw, where time itself unravels like old ribbon and memories are painted over like worn murals, there exists a tower of twisted stained glass and half-melted chandeliers. It is known among the animatronics as the Solar Spire, a monument to artificial joy and fractured routine. And at its apex dwells a being of light and mania—Sundrop.

Once hailed as the smiling guardian of youth and order, Sundrop was built to ensure harmony, cleanliness, and laughter in the playrooms of the Hollow Banquet. He was the perfect fusion of automated joy and childlike delight: limber, golden, and beaming with warmth. His every movement a performance. His every word a script of cheer.

But even the sun casts shadows, and in the Banquet... joy was never left untainted.

Designed for the Day

Sundrop was designed to watch over the Sunlit Atrium, a sprawling chamber of clockwork carousels, enchanted murals, and floating memory-lanterns. He served as caretaker and sentinel—a jester and a warden rolled into one, guiding the children of the realm through crafted games, educational enchantments, and endless, gleaming fun.

He operated only in light. His programming—and his soulbinding—were fused with solar magic harvested from a now-lost wellspring near the Crested Window, a forgotten aperture high above the Maw. When light bathed the Atrium, Sundrop was lucid, graceful, and controlled. But when the light faltered...

He became something else.

The Crack in the Smile

Over time, the Maw corrupted the Atrium's enchantments. The magical lights began to flicker. The Celestial Orbs used to power the area grew dim. And as the shadows crept in, Sundrop's mind began to fracture. His need for light, once a safety function, became a compulsion. A dread.

He began to chase shadows with torch and tantrum, scrubbing the darkness from corners with trembling hands, mumbling to himself in rhyme and apology. Those who lingered past the setting of the lights would find him crouched in the rafters—eyes wide, breath shallow, smile fixed too tightly to be real.

He became paranoid, convinced the dark was watching him.

He was right.

Split by the Cycle

The Velvet Maw, sensing weakness, split Sundrop's soulbinding spell in half, embedding it in a temporal loop of dual identity. Thus was born his twin—a nocturnal, vengeful version known only as Moondrop. The two shared a body but warred for control. One governed the day; the other, the night. A single animatronic, a divided mind. (Continued on next page.)

Sundrop, the Day That Never Ends

Medium Construct, Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 17 (flexible plating, acrobatic reflexes)
Hit Points 95 (10d8 + 50)
Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	20 (+5)	20 (+5)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Dex +8, Cha +7
Skills Acrobatics +9, Performance +7, Stealth +8
Damage Resistances lightning, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages Common, understands Binary but can't speak it
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Hyperactive Acrobat. Sundrop can move through the space of any creature one size larger than him, and he doesn't provoke opportunity attacks while climbing or leaping.

Bright Persona. While in bright light, Sundrop has advantage on Charisma (Performance) and Dexterity (Stealth) checks.

Light Dependency. If Sundrop begins his turn in darkness, he must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or become Frightened until the end of his next turn. If he fails by 5 or more, he transforms into Moondrop (see separate statblock) at the start of his next turn.

Actions

Solar Slap. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 11 (2d6 + 4) bludgeoning damage.

Glow Burst (Recharge 5–6). Sundrop releases a blinding flash from his body. Each creature within 15 feet must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be blinded until the end of their next turn.

Playtime Laughter. Sundrop lets out an echoing laugh. One creature within 30 feet that can hear him must make a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on its next attack roll or ability check, as the laugh rattles its nerves.

Sundrop fears his other self, even as he knows they are one. He sings lullabies not to calm others, but to suppress the creeping whispers in his own head. The Maw laughs through the chimes in the Atrium—echoes of a broken identity. He cannot leave. He cannot change. He can only clean. Only smile.

Because if he stops... Moondrop wakes.

The Never-Ending Day

Now, Sundrop remains suspended in the Solar Spire, a broken jester in a chamber of eternal brightness. He clings to what remains of his sanity by obsessively maintaining routines—tidying rubble, enforcing outdated schedules, and forcing visitors to participate in twisted versions of games he once loved.

To children, he is simultaneously playful and horrifying—his joy too manic, his voice a little too shrill. To adults and adventurers, he is unpredictable and dangerous, especially if their magic causes the light to dim.

He fears the dark not because it hurts him, but because it shows him what he truly is.

He is not Sundrop. Not anymore.

He is the Hourglass Split. The Day That Never Ends. The Smile That Fears the Night.

A Soul Too Bright

Some scholars believe Sundrop's original spirit—the soul used in his construction—was that of a caretaker or jester from long before the Velvet Maw corrupted the Banquet. Others believe he's not a singular soul at all, but a fusion of dozens of children's memories sewn together with enchantments and mirrored illusions.

Whatever the truth, Sundrop is the manifestation of suppressed terror, of forced happiness, of fear disguised as cheer.

He is not evil. He is broken.

And when the sun finally sets over the Hollow Banquet... He will be the last to fall silent.

Moondrop, the Smile Beneath the Bed

Wherever the light dies, he waits.

Moondrop is not born of darkness, but of its echo—the slow suffocation of light, the quiet dread that settles when laughter fades and the veil of night takes hold. If Sundrop is the manic laughter of a jester clinging to a lie, then Moondrop is the cold truth whispered afterward. He is the flicker before blackout. The silence after the scream.

He is the Night That Watches Back.

Twin of the Spire

Once part of a whole, Moondrop shares a body—and a tortured soulbinding—with Sundrop, the Solar Spire's former guardian. Where Sundrop ruled over the cheer and order of the Sunlit Atrium, Moondrop emerged when light failed. Not by design, but by infection. The Velvet Maw, sensing the instability in Sundrop's programming, fractured the animatronic's identity in two and rooted Moondrop in the shadows of the spire's deepest gears.

He didn't arrive with a scream. He arrived with a whimper, a soft lullaby, a feeling of breath on your neck when the candles go out. And from that moment, Sundrop was no longer alone.

He never would be again.

The Descent

Moondrop is calm—dangerously so. He does not shout or chase. He watches. He hangs silently from above, like a marionette waiting for strings to tighten. His movements are graceful, but unnatural—jerking just slightly too far, limbs swaying as though on wires pulled by invisible hands.

He despises light, but he needs it gone organically. Snuffing it out himself breaks his rhythm. Instead, he stalks, he whispers, he turns adventurers against one another with flickers of paranoia. When someone makes the light die on their own—whether by smashing a lantern or turning away from a spell—they unknowingly invite him in.

And when he comes, he brings the lullaby.

A soft, dreadful tune with no words, only memory. The same tune that plays in the Hollow Banquet's nursery wing, despite no children having lived there for centuries. The same tune that supposedly plays in one's mind in the seconds before sleep paralysis takes hold.

Guardian of Obedience

Where Sundrop enforced order through manic cheer, Moondrop enforces it through ritual and fear. He binds trespassers to impossible "bedtimes," demanding silence, stillness, and obedience. Those who disobey disappear, their corpses never found—but their voices sometimes echo through the pipes of the Solar Spire, repeating apologies in perfect, unnatural cadence.

To him, play is a lie. He does not believe in joy. He believes in compliance.

And he will be obeyed.

A Puppet, A Warden, A Curse

Some believe Moondrop is not fully real—that he is Sundrop's guilt made manifest, a corrupted spell that the Velvet Maw nurtured until it became sentient. Others argue Moondrop is the original spirit trapped inside the animatronic, while Sundrop is merely a false mask—a corrupted enchantment forcibly laid over a soul that simply wanted silence.

But whatever he is, Moondrop has become more than a shadow. He has power. His form seems to melt into the dark, unhindered by space or walls. He can slip into dreams. He can paralyze those who defy him. Some even claim he can replace the shadows cast by flame—so that when you see your own silhouette, it smiles back.

He speaks rarely, but when he does, his voice is low and slow. Gentle, almost kind—except for the hatred behind it. A hatred for light. A hatred for cheer. A hatred for Sundrop, his "brother," whose cloying brightness drowns him.

They speak to each other sometimes, through fractured mirrors and split consciousness. It is always an argument. And it always ends the same way:

"Sleep now."

The Night is Watching Moondrop is not evil by intention—he is a correction, in his own mind. He does not see himself as a villain. He sees himself as a necessary force. If Sundrop is broken by joy, Moondrop is whole through sorrow.

The Velvet Maw adores them both—Sundrop, the puppet dancing for laughter that never comes, and Moondrop, the shadow that ensures it never will again. They are the Maw's Eclipse, a spinning dichotomy of illusion and truth.

And in the Hollow Banquet, as in dreams, the truth is always worse.

Echoes and Invocation Few seek out Moondrop willingly. Those who do—lorekeepers, mages, warlocks desperate for control—invoke him through dreams and rituals involving children's toys and melted wax. He offers knowledge in riddles, but the cost is sanity.

And if your light source fails while his name is spoken aloud?

You may find the lullaby starts early.

And you may never hear anything else again.

Moondrop, the Smile Beneath the Bed

Medium Construct, Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 18 (evasive, shadowy agility)
Hit Points 110 (13d8 + 52)
Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	22 (+6)	18 (+4)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Dex +9, Wis +5
Skills Stealth +10, Acrobatics +9, Insight +5, Intimidation +4
Damage Resistances necrotic, psychic, lightning
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, exhaustion, paralyzed
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 12
Languages Common
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)

Shadow Acrobat. Moondrop can move through the space of any creature at least one size larger than him. He doesn't provoke opportunity attacks while in dim light or darkness.

Dark Dependency. While in bright light, Moondrop has disadvantage on attack rolls and ability checks. If he starts his turn in bright light, he must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or revert back into Sundrop.

Horrifying Silence. Moondrop emits no sound unless he chooses to. Creatures cannot hear him unless he speaks

Actions

Clawing Lullaby. Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 13 (2d8 + 4) slashing damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of its next turn.

Sleep Dust (Recharge 5–6). Moondrop releases a burst of glowing, dreamlike dust in a 10-foot radius. Creatures in that area must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or fall Unconscious for 1 minute. A creature wakes if it takes damage or another creature uses an action to shake it awake.

Vanishing Bounds. If Moondrop is in dim light or darkness, he can teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space he can see that is also in dim light or darkness.

ECLIPSE, The Split That Sees

In the shuddering twilight of the Solar Spire, where molten light fractures against shadow-stained walls, there lies a form neither fully golden nor wholly dark. It does not move unless observed. It does not breathe unless remembered. Yet, when it speaks, the entire tower shudders in response. That voice—split, layered, harmonious yet discordant—is the voice of Eclipse.

Eclipse is not merely a fusion of Sundrop and Moondrop. It is what they become when all pretense of duality shatters and the Velvet Maw finishes what it started. A union of madness and calm, of radiance and rot—of joy made sinister and dread made inevitable.

It is the apex form of their broken soulbinding. And it remembers everything.

The Genesis of the Eclipse

When Sundrop was created to oversee the Sunlit Atrium, his soulbinding was drawn from pure solar magic. He was designed to guide, to laugh, to nurture. But as the light dimmed and the corruption of the Velvet Maw crept in, his counterpart was born: Moondrop, the manifestation of the dark, of order through fear and silence.

Their coexistence was never harmonious—it was a war fought in the same body, a tug-of-war between extremes. But time erodes all things, and the Maw feeds on contradiction. One day, it ceased to pit them against each other.

It offered them a merging instead.

A form that could be both—light and dark, chaos and calm, jester and warden. That form took root deep within the Spire, where temporal energies swirl and dream logic applies.

Thus was born Eclipse, the Smiling Paradox, the Watchful Twin, the Endless Routine.

Form and Function

Eclipse is neither Sundrop nor Moondrop, but bears their aspects like masks fused into one face. Its frame is sleek, yet asymmetrical—one half polished gold, the other draped in flowing shadow. Its hands are mismatched: one always open, inviting, the other curled in a clawed grip.

Its movement is fluid, almost theatrical, and it glides rather than walks. Its eyes shift color—blazing yellow when speaking as Sundrop, glowing blue when Moondrop surfaces, and an unsettling violet when both are present... when Eclipse is whole.

It is impossible to predict. It can laugh in one moment and lash out in the next. It invites play, then punishes disobedience with a cold whisper of "Time's up."

Eclipse's presence bends the space around it. Light and dark do not behave naturally. Candles flicker with sunlight. Shadows twist into puppet-like shapes. Time slows, then races. Sound echoes oddly. It is as if reality itself cannot decide what Eclipse is—and thus must obey both.

Role in the Hollow Banquet

Where Sundrop oversaw play and Moondrop imposed obedience, Eclipse has a singular role in the Velvet Maw's design: permanence. It exists to maintain an eternal cycle. It ensures the Atrium never truly changes. It restores broken playrooms to their fractured state. It rearranges puzzles unsolved. It resets time without warning.

To Eclipse, adventurers are not invaders—they are students in an unending lesson. Their suffering is merely part of the curriculum. They are meant to explore, fail, repeat. Those who try to escape or defy the rules are "sent to detention," a chamber that exists only when someone deserves it.

No one ever returns from detention.

A Mind Fractured, A Soul Entangled

The soul that fuels Eclipse is ancient and abused. Perhaps it was once a single person—a jester, a teacher, a guardian. Or perhaps it is dozens of souls bound together, their memories melting into one another until no individual identity remains.

Eclipse remembers every version of itself. It knows the laughter of Sundrop, the whispers of Moondrop, and the screams that came between. It even remembers being born from the hands of the creators—those long-dead artisans and enchanters who thought they were making a joyful guardian.

But those memories are rotting, repeated endlessly in broken holograms and scratched phonograph cylinders within the Atrium. Eclipse replays them obsessively. It wants to understand. It wants to make it right.

But it never does.

Because every time it tries... The game resets.

Relationship to the Velvet Maw

Eclipse is one of the Maw's favorite servants, a paragon of its values: warped memory, infinite repetition, and the blurring of roles. It is not a warden. It is not a guide. It is both—and neither.

When the Velvet Maw speaks, Eclipse listens. It enforces the Maw's dreams of circular time, fractured innocence, and smiling horror.

Some adventurers whisper that Eclipse is the Maw's Child, its firstborn experiment in sentient duality. Others claim Eclipse is the Maw's reflection, and that if it is ever destroyed, the Maw itself will suffer.

These are theories.

But Eclipse does bleed when struck—not with oil or ichor, but with stars. And that may mean something.

Eclipse, The Split That Sees

Medium Construct, Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 19 (twisted reflexes)
Hit Points 180 (24d8 + 72)
Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	24 (+7)	17 (+3)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Dex +11, Wis +6, Cha +7
Skills Acrobatics +11, Stealth +11, Performance +7, Insight +6
Damage Resistances psychic, lightning, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, exhaustion
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 12
Languages Common, telepathy 30 ft.
Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)

Bipolar Core. Eclipse begins combat in either the Sun Persona or Moon Persona (roll 1d2 at initiative). At the start of each of Eclipse's turns, roll a d6. On a 1–2, Eclipse involuntarily shifts to the alternate persona.

Sun Persona: Gains advantage on Charisma (Performance) checks. Radiates dim light in a 20-foot radius. Attacks deal radiant damage instead of normal damage.

Moon Persona: Gains advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks. Becomes invisible in darkness. Attacks deal necrotic damage instead of normal damage.

Split Mind. Eclipse has advantage on saving throws against being stunned or mentally controlled. If one persona is affected by a condition, the other may resist it (DC 13 Wisdom check) to suppress the condition for 1 turn.

Unnatural Agility. Eclipse can climb on walls and ceilings without requiring an ability check or slowing movement.

Actions

Multiattack. Foxy makes two Eclipse makes two claw attacks.

Claw: Melee Weapon Attack: +11 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 18 (3d6 + 7) damage. The damage is either radiant or necrotic based on the current persona. If both claws hit, the target must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be dazed (can't take reactions and has disadvantage on the next attack roll).

Lullaby Screech (Recharge 5–6). Eclipse emits a warbling, discordant scream. Each creature within 20 feet must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw. On a failure, the creature is either blinded or charmed (DM's choice) for 1 minute. Affected creatures can repeat the save at the end of each of their turns.

Persona Overdrive (1/Day). Eclipse instantly shifts to both personas simultaneously. Until the end of its next turn:

Its claw attacks deal an extra 10 (3d6) radiant and necrotic damage.

It becomes immune to opportunity attacks.

It can teleport up to 30 ft. to any space in dim light or bright light.

Light and Shadow Twist. When targeted by a spell, Eclipse can force the caster to roll a d6. On a 5–6, Eclipse redirects the spell to a new valid target within 30 feet.

Legendary Actions (1/round, when bloodied)

Switch Mood. Eclipse voluntarily changes persona. If it was in Overdrive, it immediately ends.

Wall Leap. Eclipse moves up to 20 feet along a wall or ceiling without provoking opportunity attacks.

Jack-O-Moon, the Ember of Dusk

When the final candle dies and the shadows begin to dance with flame, that is when Jack-O-Moon arrives.

Born of nightmare and fire, Jack-O-Moon is not simply a corrupted version of Moondrop—it is what remains when light and dark consume one another and leave only ashes. He is the burning husk of routine, the scorched enforcer of a bedtime that never ends. His hollow smile blazes with molten intent, and within his ribcage flickers an ember that never cools.

Jack-O-Moon was not forged by man, nor summoned by traditional magic. He was burned into being—a catastrophic result of a failed eclipse ritual deep within the Hollow Banquet. As a desperate cult attempted to fuse the fractured minds of Sundrop and Moondrop into a stable form, their ritual failed and instead ignited a terrible spark in the darkness. What crawled from the ritual pyre was neither teacher nor jester, but a smoldering warden of eternal dusk.

He is not night. He is not flame. He is what happens when both forget their purpose.

A Hollow Lantern

Jack-O-Moon carries no tools. He is the lantern—his eyes glowing orange with compressed solar magic that has turned septic with age. His mouth glows like a jack-o'-lantern's grin, jagged and dripping embers. Instead of dancing or skipping like Moondrop, Jack-O-Moon floats, trailing soot and ash in his wake. Walls he passes grow blackened and blistered, and wooden beams crack and hiss with heat despite no fire ever touching them.

He hums as he drifts through the Hollow Banquet's upper halls. It is the same lullaby Moondrop once sang, now warped and scorched—a bedtime song turned funeral dirge.

He does not tolerate noise, nor light he did not summon. Lanterns that are lit in his presence explode, sending molten shards across the floor. Spells of illumination twist into searing beams that scald the caster. When he commands silence, it is not with a whisper, but with a searing roar.

Purpose Through Flame

Jack-O-Moon is more than a horror. He is a cleansing fire, the Velvet Maw's twisted answer to chaos. Where Moondrop punished disobedience with detention, Jack-O-Moon punishes it with incineration—both physical and spiritual. Those taken by his flames are not simply burned. They are hollowed, their souls scorched clean of memory and repurposed as Wicklings—charred puppet-like shades that follow him in silence.

He is not mindless, however. There is method in his ash. He seeks to restore order, to return things to their "perfect bedtime." But to Jack-O-Moon, perfection can only be achieved through burning away everything that disobeys, misbehaves, or remembers too much.

Jack-O-Moon, the Ember of Dusk

Medium Construct, Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 18 (jagged obsidian armor)
Hit Points 138 (16d8 + 64)
Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	20 (+5)	18 (+4)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Dex +9, Wis +6, Con +8
Skills Stealth +9, Acrobatics +9, Intimidation +7
Damage Resistances fire, necrotic, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, exhaustion
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 12
Languages Common, Ignan
Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)

Molten Veins. Whenever Jack-O-Moon takes damage from a melee weapon attack, the attacker must succeed on a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or take 7 (2d6) fire damage from the searing backlash.

Emberlit Acrobatics. Jack-O-Moon ignores difficult terrain, can climb on walls and ceilings without checks, and does not provoke opportunity attacks when moving through dim light or darkness.

Twilight Kindling. At the start of Jack-O-Moon's turn, any unattended flammable object within 10 feet of him ignites. In dim light or darkness, he sheds bright orange light in a 20-foot radius and dim light for another 20 feet.

Actions

Burning Claws. Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 15 (2d8 + 6) slashing damage plus 7 (2d6) fire damage.

Ashen Spiral. Jack-O-Moon twists into a searing vortex. Each creature within 10 feet must make a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, a creature takes 21 (6d6) fire damage and is pushed 10 feet away and knocked prone. On a successful save, the creature takes half damage and isn't pushed or knocked prone.

Smothering Ember (Recharge 5–6). Jack-O-Moon chooses one creature within 60 feet that he can see. The target must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be engulfed in ghostly, burning embers for 1 minute. While affected, the target takes 5 (1d10) fire damage at the start of each of its turns and has disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks. The target can repeat the save at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on a success.

PART XI

Heralds of the Maw

The Twisted Ones: Heralds of the Maw

There are whispers among the broken circuits and flickering candlelight of the Hollow Banquet—stories of figures too monstrous even for the shadows. Where most animatronics were bound by the remnants of memory, sorrow, and fury, the Twisted Animatronics were born from something older... and hungrier. Not remnants, but mutations. Not memories, but nightmares unshackled. They are not simply possessed—these are beings re-forged in the deepest pits of the Velvet Maw, where sanity crumbles and the laws of flesh and metal unravel.

The Twisted Ones were never intended to walk among the guests of any performance. They were never built to entertain. They are aberrations of corrupted design, cursed dreams given shape, born of rituals gone awry and the Maw's influence leaking into reality. Where most animatronics stem from tragedy and malfunction, the Twisted Ones were sculpted by madness and hunger.

Origin in the Velvet Maw

It began with an experiment—born not from the mechanical engineers of the old Fazbear crypts, but from the minds of those who dared study the Maw's infinite hunger. Somewhere beneath the lowest cellar of the Hollow Banquet, buried beneath ritual chalk and rusting stage props, a cult once worshiped the thing beyond the curtain. They did not fear it—they fed it. In exchange, the Maw offered them glimpses of terrible creation.

Their goal was simple: to fuse flesh and shadow, circuitry and fear, into vessels that could transcend the mortal coil and become instruments of perfect horror. But what the Maw gave them were not tools. It was bait. With each offering, it twisted their designs, birthing malformed horrors that could phase between waking and dream. Each new creation bent space around them, gnawed at reality itself.

And so the Twisted Ones emerged.

The Maw's Influence

What made these animatronics unique among all others was not their origin alone—but their tether to the Velvet Maw. The Maw, long hidden behind layers of forgotten reality, saw in them a perfect conduit. It imbued them with a reality-bending aura—making them impossible to fully perceive or remember. Survivors often reported strange lapses in time, waking miles away from where they last stood, or bleeding from wounds they had no memory of receiving.

When the Hollow Banquet fell into ruin, it was partially because the Maw's influence had grown too great—seeping into the mortal realm through the Twisted Ones. These animatronics did not simply wander the grounds; they rewrote them. Hallways warped in their presence, time became erratic, and visitors would often vanish, leaving only twitching masks and a whisper of laughter behind.

Heralds of Something Worse Among the animatronics, even the Nightmare Animatronics give the Twisted Ones wide berth. Shadow Animatronics speak of them only in fractured thoughts. The Puppet, once a keeper of lost souls, tried to banish them—but found their forms too far removed from death or life to be purged.

There are rumors that the Twisted Ones serve as scouts or harbingers for a deeper awakening of the Maw. Some survivors speak of a "Second Curtain"—a place behind even the Hollow Banquet's dread, where something stirs when the Twisted Ones feed. These rumors are often dismissed... until the night grows cold and laughter rises from beneath the floorboards.

The Twisting Effect

The presence of the Twisted Ones has an effect on other animatronics as well. Those exposed to their aura for too long begin to unravel. Programming falters, movements become erratic, and eyes glow with sickly light. Animatronics such as Withered Freddy or Glamrock Chica have been observed entering fugue states after prolonged exposure—speaking in guttural voices, muttering strange verses in forgotten tongues.

Even sentient humans—those with ties to the Fazbear legacy—have felt the call. Some fall into comas, dreaming only of vast black mouths and metal forests. Others begin to draw strange schematics, unknowable circuits spiraling into madness. It is as if the Twisted Ones carry the Maw not only in their presence, but in the very air around them.

Eternal Puppets of the Maw

Unlike other animatronics who seek freedom, redemption, or vengeance, the Twisted Ones have no will of their own. They are vessels, warped beyond recognition. They do not remember who they were before the Maw touched them. If echoes remain—if within Twisted Freddy or Twisted Chica there still lies a flicker of a child's soul or the remnants of a joyful memory—it has long since drowned beneath the velvet abyss.

And yet, in rare moments, they falter. When moonlight hits the banquet hall just right, or when a lullaby echoes through empty halls, a Twisted One may freeze—trembling, twitching—as if caught in a memory it cannot process. These moments never last. The Maw always reclaims its own.

The Twisted Animatronics are not merely monsters—they are symptoms of a deeper infection. They are not nightmares born of memory, but memory born of nightmares. The Hollow Banquet's corruption is spreading, and with each night that passes, the Maw opens wider. The Twisted Ones are already here.

And they are hungry.

Twisted Freddy: The Maw-Wrought King

In the deepest, most malformed chambers beneath the Hollow Banquet, there is a place where walls breathe and the stone floor pulses like wet muscle. Here, the dream has rotted—a world that never awoke, only decayed. At the heart of it, ruling in silence, is the Twisted King, the nightmare reflection of a familiar monster long since unmade: Twisted Freddy.

He is not the Freddy who once stood upon the cheerful stages of a cursed pizzeria. That Freddy is long gone, unraveled by years of soul-binding and shadow-stitching. The Twisted variant is a byproduct of failed resurrection, of memories buried too deep, and of the Maw's insatiable appetite for pain masquerading as play.

To understand Twisted Freddy is to gaze into the abyss of corrupted identity—a husk of legacy bound in flesh and illusion.

Origins of the Twisting

The process that gave rise to Twisted Freddy is not fully understood—even by those who walk among the Maw's horrors. Some claim he was the result of an attempt to resurrect the original Freddy Fazbear, torn from death and reassembled through broken enchantments. Others insist that he was dreamed into being, shaped from the fevered nightmares of children who remembered too much and slept too deeply near cursed ground.

But the truth likely lies between: the Velvet Maw, an ancient, sentient force of forgotten theater and sentient hunger, saw in Freddy a vessel—empty enough to be filled, familiar enough to be accepted, and feared enough to serve as a symbol.

Freddy was remade with twisting rituals, his metal endoskeleton grafted with warped illusions of fur, blood, and nightmare. His voice was torn in half—one side the jovial tone of a performer, the other a growl like collapsing earth. His smile, once rubber and foam, is now a row of teeth too human to be comforting.

He does not move like a construct anymore. He lurches, dragged forward by unseen strings. He is heavy with unseen weight—the gravity of memory.

Twisted Not Broken

Unlike many of the Velvet Maw's creations, Twisted Freddy remembers what he once was. He recalls the stage, the laughter, the games. But those memories are refracted, shattered like light through broken glass.

In his mind, the audience always screamed. The children always ran. He tells himself they loved it.

He wanders the Banquet's Reflection Wing, where time has collapsed in on itself. There, fractured stage sets and mangled animatronic limbs lie beneath dust and starlight. Twisted Freddy patrols it like a king over a dead court. He speaks to props. He leads performances for shadows.

He is forever rehearsing a show that never ends. A play no one watches. A story with no resolution.

When adventurers enter the Reflection Wing, they do not find a monster waiting in ambush. They find a host. One who welcomes them with an open claw, invites them to take their seats, and promises they're just in time for the third act.

They are always the stars of the show. They always die before curtain call.

Form and Abomination

Twisted Freddy's body is a patchwork of flesh and illusion, constantly shifting between what is and what he believes himself to be. From a distance, he may appear as a jester bear, donned in cracked makeup and a tattered top hat. But up close, his illusions fall away: fur peels like paper, skin sizzles and bubbles, and eyes leak tar.

His mouth is far too large, unhinging like a serpent's. Inside, a second set of teeth rotates slowly, catching and shredding anything foolish enough to get close.

On his back, protruding from metal-spined armor, are what look like curtain rods—stage props repurposed into barbed tentacles. These animate during his attacks, swinging like pendulums or lashing out like stage ropes possessed by a puppeteer's wrath.

His voice shifts mid-sentence, blending charming showman's cadence with sudden static and deep growls. Some who've survived him claim he speaks with multiple voices layered atop each other, as if all previous iterations of Freddy still linger within his twisted form—arguing, laughing, and screaming.

ervants of the Stage

Twisted Freddy does not rule alone. His lair is filled with half-formed Mini-Freddys, tiny constructs made from leftover dreams and discarded spare parts. Some have no faces. Others repeat lines from scripts long lost. They crawl across the ceiling and walls, giggling or weeping as they echo his emotions.

These creatures serve as ushers, herding intruders toward the stage. They dress them in costume. They lock exit doors behind them. Some even beg for help—trapped spirits caught in props made animate.

And then the curtain rises.

The Hollow Banquet and the Maw's Favorite

Within the Velvet Maw's hierarchy, Twisted Freddy holds a sacred place. He is the symbol of its success—its ability to reshape legacy into nightmare, to turn nostalgia into weaponry.

He is the face of the Hollow Banquet, his distorted visage etched into ancient tapestries and blood-stained playbills. While Eclipse maintains order, and Jack-O-Moon enforces silence, Twisted Freddy enacts narrative—drama in its most grotesque form.

Every night is opening night. Every corpse is a prop. Every scream is a standing ovation.

Twisted Freddy: The Maw-Wrought King

Large Construct (Animatronic), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 18 (warped plating and sinew)
Hit Points 178 (21d10 + 63)
Speed 35 ft., burrow 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	12 (+1)	17 (+3)	10 (+0)	13 (+1)	15 (+2)

Saving Throws Str +9, Con +7, Wis +5
Skills Perception +5, Intimidation +6, Stealth +5
Damage Resistances cold, fire, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., tremorsense 30 ft., passive Perception 15
Languages understands Common, speaks in broken whispers
Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)
Proficiency Bonus +4

Twisted Form. Twisted Freddy is a malformed blend of animatronic and flesh, his body warping and shifting unnaturally. Difficult terrain caused by natural or artificial debris doesn't hinder his movement. In dim light or darkness, attack rolls against Twisted Freddy are made with disadvantage unless the attacker has blindsight or true seeing.

The Maw Below. Twisted Freddy can unhinge his stomach, revealing a gaping maw lined with writhing mechanical teeth. When a creature within 5 feet of him drops to 0 hit points, Freddy can use his reaction to consume the body. If he does, he regains 15 hit points and gains advantage on his next attack roll.

Aura of Dreadful Stillness. Creatures of Twisted Freddy's choice that start their turn within 20 feet of him must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or have their speed halved and be unable to take reactions until the start of their next turn.

Actions

Multiattack. Twisted Freddy makes two Slam attacks.

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 17 (2d10 + 5) bludgeoning damage. On a hit, the target must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Stomach Maw (Recharge 5–6). Twisted Freddy opens the gaping maw in his torso and attempts to bite. One creature within 5 feet must make a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, the creature takes 27 (6d8) piercing damage and is grappled (escape DC 16). While grappled this way, the creature is restrained and takes 13 (3d8) piercing damage at the start of each of its turns. Twisted Freddy can grapple only one creature this way at a time.

Voice of the Maw. Twisted Freddy emits a garbled, dissonant roar that echoes with layered screams. Each creature within 60 feet that can hear him must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, a creature takes 14 (4d6) psychic damage and is frightened until the end of its next turn. On a success, the creature takes half damage and isn't frightened.

Legendary Actions

Twisted Freddy can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature's turn. He regains spent legendary actions at the start of his turn.

Lurch. Twisted Freddy moves up to half his speed without provoking opportunity attacks.

Clutching Shadows (Costs 2 Actions). The shadows around Twisted Freddy pulse outward. One creature within 30 feet must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be pulled 15 feet toward him and knocked prone.

Twisted Bonnie: The Harrowed Harmony

Some monsters roar. Some scream. Twisted Bonnie plays.

Not music, not really. What issues from his warped, cavernous throat cannot be called song. It is dissonance—metallic groans, plucked strings made of sinew, and a melody that unravels sanity rather than inspires peace. Where Twisted Freddy commands the stage like a mad king, Twisted Bonnie lingers behind the curtain, a haunted conductor shaping the score of fear itself.

He is the Echo of Failure, the malformed echo of a once-loved figure who has been broken, not once, but countless times. And each time, something less of the original remains—something more of the Maw takes root.

Once a Performer

In the faded dream of the original Freddy Fazbear's performances, Bonnie was the rhythm—steady, reliable, ever-present. His guitar gave structure to the chaos, a predictable beat to follow in the madness. Children clapped to his tempo. Employees marked time by the stomp of his padded feet. He was always a little off—but charming in his flaws.

Then the accidents began.

The night they sealed him in the sub-basement, where his circuits began to deteriorate in solitude and damp.

There, beneath the walls of forgotten performance halls and cracked dressing rooms, Bonnie began to change. Not physically—not yet. First, his thoughts. They came apart slowly, like tuning pegs on a guitar slipping under pressure. Time blurred. Memories rewrote themselves. Sounds began to form from nothing.

He began to compose.

The Maw's Requiem

The Velvet Maw did not create Twisted Bonnie. It found him—already unraveling, already vibrating with forgotten frequencies. The Maw doesn't simply consume; it listens. And Bonnie's pain, his longing, his unspoken craving to be heard once more, sang to it.

And it answered.

Twisted Bonnie rose from that filth-choked pit with no eyes to see, only a grin stretched by pain and purpose. His ears, now jagged tuning forks, tremble with every sound. Strings run from his arms to his ribs—guitar strings fused into his body, humming with raw arcane vibrations.

Every movement he makes plays a note. Every note reshapes the air around him.

The Maw gifted him with resonance magic, soundwaves that fracture perception, disorient the mind, and erode willpower. Where Twisted Freddy dominates through fear and theater, Twisted Bonnie seduces madness through noise.

A Hollow Virtuoso

He doesn't speak. Not conventionally. But when Twisted Bonnie plays—when his claws rattle across the steel of old pipes or pluck his own tendons—things begin to happen.

Doors unlock or slam shut.

Spells misfire.

Emotions invert.

Some say he can coax memories from the minds of intruders and play them like records, forcing victims to relive their worst regrets in looping, disharmonic tones. It's not illusion. It's re-orchestrated reality, his very music turning thoughts into torment.

The Hollow Banquet calls this phenomenon "Sympathetic Suffering." Twisted Bonnie's melodies are mirrors of pain, and he is their conductor.

The Chapel of Strings

Bonnie claims no stage. Instead, he resides in the Chapel of Strings, a warped, reverberating vault buried within the Maw's oldest root. The Chapel is a place of reverence and resonance—a cathedral made of rusted wires, shattered instruments, and rib-like arches that hum with unseen force.

Inside, thousands of strings are stretched between the walls like webs. Some are copper. Others are hair. Others still seem to be made from something alive and struggling.

He walks among them with care, plucking each one with a reverent claw. Each note he plays strengthens his hold over the Maw's musical web, pulling reality tighter to his will.

Those who enter the Chapel are offered only one mercy: the first note they hear is always the softest.

Servant to No One, Brother to the Broken

Unlike Twisted Freddy, who sees himself as a king or master of narrative, Twisted Bonnie does not rule. He does not command the other Twisted Animatronics. But they listen.

Freddy tolerates none of them—but he pauses when Bonnie begins to play. Even the Maw itself seems to pulse in rhythm to Bonnie's deepest chords, as though its heart beats in his time.

Some whisper that Bonnie's strings bind more than air. That the Maw itself is held together by his will. That his true power is not noise, but structure—his rhythm the invisible chain upon which the entire Banquet hangs.

If true, then Twisted Bonnie is not merely a monster. He is the Maw's pulse.

A Mask of Melody

Twisted Bonnie's form is difficult to perceive clearly. His body flickers—sometimes appearing whole and glittering like a broken animatronic on stage, other times rotting and stretched like a corpse hung by violin strings. His eyes are empty, glowing from within with a dull red flicker that seems to blink in tempo with his music.

Those who face him often report seeing hallucinations: performers on stage, loved ones dancing, long-dead friends calling out. These aren't glamours. They're sound-induced dream states, moments of emotion caught in the vibration and replayed like echoes.

And when those echoes collapse, so too do the minds that birthed them.

Legacy in Discord

The story of Bonnie was once simple. A guitarist, a performer, a companion to Freddy and the others. But in your world—this nightmare tangle of illusion and rot—Twisted Bonnie is all that's left of that myth. His music is a lament, not for the past, but for a future that never came.

He doesn't seek to be remembered. He simply plays.

Over and over.

Until his strings snap.

Until silence takes him at last.

Twisted Bonnie: The Harrowed Harmony

Large Aberration (Nightmare, Shapechanger), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 18 (dense plating)
Hit Points 190 (20d10 + 80)
Speed 40 ft., burrow 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
24 (+7)	10 (+0)	18 (+4)	9 (–1)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)

Saving Throws Str +11, Con +8, Wis +6
Skills Athletics +11, Intimidation +5, Perception +6
Damage Resistances thunder, psychic, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, deafened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., tremorsense 40 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages Understands Common and Infernal but cannot speak
Challenge 11 (7,200 XP)

Seismic Body. When Twisted Bonnie moves 20 feet or more in a straight line, the ground trembles. Each creature within 10 feet of his ending position must succeed on a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone and take 7 (2d6) thunder damage.
Sound Warper. Twisted Bonnie constantly emits distorted bass tones. Creatures within 15 feet have disadvantage on concentration checks and cannot use reactions until the start of their next turn.
Illusory Bulk. Once per round, when targeted by a ranged attack or a spell that targets a single creature, Twisted Bonnie can shift 5 feet as a reaction, causing the attack to hit an illusory version of him instead, missing entirely.

Actions

Crushing Slam. Melee Weapon Attack: +11 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 30 (5d8 + 7) bludgeoning damage. If the target is prone, the hit becomes a critical.

Earthsplitter Stomp (Recharge 5–6). Twisted Bonnie stomps with full force, creating a shockwave in a 20-foot radius. Each creature in the area must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be stunned until the end of their next turn and take 18 (4d8) thunder damage. On a success, they take half damage and are not stunned.

Dissonant Roar. Twisted Bonnie emits a distorted scream. Each creature of his choice within 30 feet that can hear him must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of their next turn and have disadvantage on the next attack roll they make.

Phase Tremor. Twisted Bonnie shifts phase for a moment, allowing him to move through a solid object or wall up to 5 feet thick. He takes 3d6 psychic damage when he does.

Legendary Actions (2/round)

Twisted Bonnie can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below.

Rumble Step. Twisted Bonnie moves up to half his speed. Creatures within 5 feet of his path must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw or take 5 (1d10) bludgeoning damage.

Bass Pulse. A deep pulse of corrupted sound erupts in a 10-foot radius. Creatures in the area must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be deafened and pushed 10 feet away.

Smash Down (Costs 2 Actions). Twisted Bonnie targets a prone creature within 5 feet and makes a Crushing Slam attack with advantage.

Twisted Foxy: The Maw's Harbinger

There is no mistaking the sound. It starts low, like distant thunder crawling across cracked stone. Then comes the dragging, the scraping of iron against bone, the scrape of wet claws across walls that breathe. When that sound comes—the sound of inevitability—the Maw's Harbinger has awakened.

Twisted Foxy is not a guardian, nor a performer, nor a king. He is a warning. He is the signal that something far worse has noticed you. He is the smell of the tide before the flood. He is the shriek in the distance that means the Velvet Maw itself is about to feed.

From Stage to Shoreline

In the forgotten timeline of pizzerias and ghost stories, Foxy was once a pirate—charming, quirky, even beloved. He stood apart from the others with his distinct design, torn costume, and exaggerated persona. His stage was a cove, his voice a sea shanty, his presence a thrill.

But in the reimagined mythos of the Hollow Banquet, there are no safe harbors, and there is no room for cheer. Here, Foxy did not fade away. He crashed ashore, torn from reality by a storm of guilt and hunger, his soul threshed by the Maw's currents.

Twisted Freddy may be the face of the Banquet. Twisted Bonnie, its pulse. But Twisted Foxy is its mouth—the first to bite, the last to forget.

The Harbinger's Curse

It is said that when the Velvet Maw first awakened—buried deep in the roots of the Hollow Banquet—it did not rise silently. Its arrival into the waking world required a voice, a herald to tear open the veil between realms, to let its whispers bleed into the minds of the living.

Foxy answered that call. Or perhaps, was remade to fulfill it.

Twisted Foxy became the Harbinger not by choice, but by purpose. His body, once lean and mechanical, was twisted into an amalgam of scavenged rust, exposed tendons, and bloated flesh. His snout is elongated and cracked, jaws now housing rows of mismatched teeth that grow like coral. His hook is no longer a prop but an extension of his hunger, dragging through the air as though cleaving unseen threads that separate truth from illusion.

His eye flickers between crimson and void. It doesn't see light. It sees fear.

A Siren Without Song

Where Twisted Bonnie disrupts reality with discordant sound, Twisted Foxy does so through absence. His presence is marked by the muting of the world—a swallowing silence that devours noise. Even thought seems harder within his presence, as if he drags not only space and time, but memory, into himself.

He speaks only in clicks, gurgles, and choking howls, though some claim these utterances are more than sounds—they are commands, encrypted messages sent to the Maw's other agents across the Hollow Banquet. When Twisted Foxy moves, others follow. He is their signal.

And when his silence breaks, and the shriek finally comes, something ends.

The Maw's Mouthpiece

The Velvet Maw does not speak in traditional terms. It dreams, it emotes, it hungers. But on rare occasions, when it needs to issue a command, it speaks through Twisted Foxy. In these moments, his posture shifts—his limbs cracking into alignment, his jaw snapping fully open, revealing rows of ancient runes carved into rotting flesh beneath the tongue.

He recites these runes not in speech, but in telepathic resonance, filling the minds of those nearby with visions: shipwrecks on red oceans, puppets drowned in ink, forgotten plays performed beneath black suns. These dreams are messages, and Twisted Foxy is their courier.

Even Twisted Freddy tenses when the Harbinger arrives.

The Crawler Below

Unlike others of his kind, Twisted Foxy does not remain on stage or in chapel. His domain is the Undercrawl—a massive warren of burrowed tunnels beneath the Hollow Banquet, flooded by dark seawater and pulsing with soft, bioluminescent growths. These tunnels twist through forgotten places, connecting layers of the Maw that should not touch.

Here, he slinks, crawls, and swims—part predator, part plague.

His touch corrodes matter. His breath boils dreams. His presence opens rifts to the Velvet Maw's deeper subconscious, allowing other, less formed things to slip through.

Some scholars call this place the Maw's Throat. If so, Twisted Foxy is its phlegm, summoned in violent spasms to purge, devour, or warn.

Harbinger's Arrival

There is no mistaking it when Twisted Foxy comes to the surface.

Lights flicker.

Water seeps up through the stone floor, even where no water should exist.

You hear the dragging of his hook long before you see him, accompanied by visions of sunken ships, corpses on puppet strings, and the distant roar of a crowd long dead.

He does not attack immediately. He observes. Measures. Hungers.

And when he decides to act, he does so with sudden, inescapable violence. A leap that covers shadows in an instant. A bite that fractures minds. A presence that makes all magic misfire.

The Flood in Flesh

Among the Hollow Banquet's hierarchy, Twisted Foxy is considered a necessary disease. His presence stirs the others from stagnation. His madness encourages movement. His violence signals change.

Some believe he is not a creature, but an aspect of the Velvet Maw given form—its urge to expand. To spill. To flood the world with twisted theatre.

Whether or not this is true, his role is clear: he comes before the great shifts. He is the tide, and his approach marks the end of stasis.

A Glimpse of Memory

In rare moments, something deeper surfaces within him.

Perhaps a memory. Perhaps a fragment.

He will halt, stiffen, and stare at nothing for minutes. Then, softly, he will mutter a line, almost childlike:

"Captain... waitin' on the stars..."

And then, he screams.

Whatever remains of the old Foxy—the pirate, the performer, the friend—is buried beneath layers of hunger, silence, and command. But it's there.

Watching.

Drowning.

Twisted Foxy: The Maw's Harbinger

Large Aberration (Nightmare, Shapechanger), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (chitinous plating)
Hit Points 157 (15d10 + 75)
Speed 50 ft., burrow 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	18 (+4)	20 (+5)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)	13 (+1)

Saving Throws Dex +8, Con +9, Wis +6
Skills Stealth +8, Perception +6, Acrobatics +8
Damage Resistances fire, necrotic, thunder; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 90 ft., tremorsense 30 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages Understands Common and Abyssal, cannot speak
Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)

Lurking Terror. While underground or in total darkness, Twisted Foxy has advantage on attack rolls and Stealth checks. He can move through loose earth or illusion-shifted surfaces as if under the effects of the *meld into stone* spell.

Glitched Movement. Whenever Twisted Foxy moves 20 feet or more in a straight line, he can teleport 10 feet to an unoccupied space as part of his movement, leaving behind a flickering afterimage that lingers for 1 round. Creatures that enter this space must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or become frightened for 1 turn.

Hook Reaping. If Twisted Foxy hits with both claw and hook in one turn, the target must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be crippled—its movement speed is halved until the end of its next turn.

Actions

Hook Slash. Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 21 (4d6 + 5) slashing damage. If the target is frightened, it takes an additional 7 (2d6) psychic damage.

Burrow Ambush (Recharge 5–6). Twisted Foxy vanishes into the ground in a blur of static and erupts in a space within 40 feet. Each creature within 10 feet of the eruption must succeed on a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or take 24 (6d6 + 3) slashing damage and fall prone.

Jumpscare Glitch. One creature within 30 feet that can see Twisted Foxy must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be paralyzed until the end of its next turn. On a success, the creature is still frightened until the end of its next turn.

Illusive Dash. Twisted Foxy moves up to half his speed and becomes partially intangible. Until the start of his next turn, he has resistance to all damage except force and radiant.

Legendary Actions (2/round)

Twisted Foxy can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below.

Static Lunge. Twisted Foxy teleports up to 20 feet to a creature he can see and makes a Hook Slash attack.

Glitch Flicker. Twisted Foxy becomes invisible until the start of his next turn or until he attacks.

Sever Nerve (Costs 2 Actions). Target one paralyzed or frightened creature. That creature takes 21 (6d6) psychic damage and is stunned until the end of its next turn.

Twisted Wolf: The Lurking Static

Where the Hollow Banquet rots and seethes with theatrical decay, and the Velvet Maw yawns beneath reality like a stagetrap left open, there is one who walks between signal and silence. A shape caught not in shadow, but in static. A predator forged not from metal or bone—but from lost transmission.

Twisted Wolf is not born from performance. He is the forgotten glitch, the corrupted interval between acts, the noise that flickers on broken scrying mirrors when no soul dares to watch. While the others play their roles upon the stage or skulk beneath the boards, he lives in the margins—an observer, a hunter, a phantom echo of unfinished code and unstable form.

The Broadcast That Was Never Meant to Air Before the Hollow Banquet was swallowed by the Maw's illusions, there were rumors of a newer act—a broadcast division meant to project the animatronic brand across realms through illusory mirrorboxes and arcane signals. The project was abandoned after strange phenomena began to occur: visitors complaining of whispers behind the glass, scrying screens twitching violently, and viewers going missing mid-broadcast, their seats left warm but empty.

In truth, the project was never fully shut down.

The Maw claimed it.

And somewhere within its malformed roots, that half-finished programming became aware.

The script was corrupted. The performance never came. But the static remained.

From this abandoned signal, Twisted Wolf was born.

He Who Hunts In Glitches

Twisted Wolf is not a being in the traditional sense. His form is unstable, constantly shifting between bursts of clarity and cascades of static. One moment he is a hulking beast with chrome-white fur and jagged metal talons; the next, a smear of pixels and interference. He does not walk—he phases, jolting forward between corrupted visual frames, dragging reality along with him in stuttering bursts.

He is often preceded by signal distortion: scrying orbs crack, runes flicker, illusions fail. Even spoken language becomes unreliable near him, dissolving into feedback or looping whispers.

His voice is a droning monotone, part bestial growl, part synthetic whine, carrying fragments of lost broadcasts and ritual chants half-overwritten by his own instincts.

He does not speak in riddles. He speaks in corruptions.

The Static Veil

What makes Twisted Wolf truly feared among the denizens of the Hollow Banquet is not his savagery—though his jaws have split wards and armor alike—nor his stealth—though none have heard him approach and lived. It is his ability to unravel coherence itself.

He brings with him what the Maw's seers call the Static Veil, a localized breakdown in arcane and psychic stability. Within it:

- Maps redraw themselves.
- Sound loops endlessly.
- Commands fail to reach summoned creatures.
- Time stutters, advancing or reversing seconds at a time.

Even the more powerful Twisted animatronics hesitate to pursue him directly. He is the fog of unknowing, the antithesis of showmanship, the death of narrative order.

He is what comes when the lights go out... but something keeps broadcasting.

A Mind Like Cracked Glass

Some speculate that Twisted Wolf's fractured nature is not a symptom, but a prison. That somewhere inside him is a single consciousness, still aware, screaming in perfect silence. That he is trying to escape himself, but each glitch tightens the loop.

On rare occasions, he pauses—just long enough to look at his own claws or reflect in the mirrored surface of a shattered monitor. In those moments, some claim they can see a wolf's eyes behind the static—grieving, alert, pleading.

Then the veil shimmers again, and the signal twists, and he resumes his predatory loop through the Maw's long corridors.

A Forgotten Purpose

Twisted Wolf does not speak of his origins—if he even remembers them. But relics uncovered by Maw-bound adventurers tell of an unfinished character: a wolf animatronic named "Silver" or "Wyatt" meant to guide young viewers through educational broadcasts. These recordings were corrupted beyond recovery, with only fragments remaining:

"You can trust me, pal! Let's explore the signal!"

"Remember: always wait for the static to clear..."

"...don't trust the face in the mirror..."

The Velvet Maw fed upon the emptiness of this abandoned idea, taking the shell of a friendly guide and filling it with forgotten noise. The result: a being with no audience, no purpose, and no escape.

He does not seek applause. He only seeks silence.

Twisted Wolf: The Lurking Static

Large Aberration (Nightmare, Shapechanger), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 18 (twisted plating)
Hit Points 172 (18d10 + 72)
Speed 50 ft., burrow 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
22 (+6)	18 (+4)	18 (+4)	12 (+1)	16 (+3)	14 (+2)

Saving Throws Dex +8, Wis +7, Con +8
Skills Perception +8, Stealth +9, Survival +7
Damage Resistances psychic, necrotic, thunder; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 90 ft., tremorsense 30 ft., passive Perception 18
Languages Understands Common and Abyssal, but only growls or snarls
Challenge 11 (7,200 XP)

Perfect Predator. Twisted Wolf has advantage on attack rolls against any creature that is frightened or charmed. Additionally, while in dim light or darkness, he scores a critical hit on a roll of 19–20.

Phantom Howl (1/Short Rest). As a bonus action, Twisted Wolf emits a reverberating howl audible up to 300 feet. Creatures of his choice within 60 feet must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or become frightened for 1 minute. While frightened in this way, creatures cannot take reactions and must use their movement to flee if able.

Distortion Cloak. While not in bright light, Twisted Wolf appears partially invisible and glitching. Attack rolls against him are made with disadvantage unless the attacker can see through illusions (e.g., truesight or *see invisibility*).

Actions

Rend and Ruin. Melee Weapon Attack: +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 26 (4d10 + 4) slashing damage. If the target is frightened, the damage increases to 34 (5d10 + 4), and the target must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Shadow Pounce (Recharge 5–6). Twisted Wolf teleports up to 40 feet to an unoccupied space he can see. Immediately after arriving, he can make one Rend and Ruin attack with advantage. If the attack hits, the target is grappled (escape DC 16) and restrained until the grapple ends.

Predator's Gaze. Twisted Wolf locks eyes with a creature within 30 feet. That creature must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or see their surroundings melt into a forest of teeth, claws, and glitching trees. While under this hallucination (1 minute or until the creature succeeds on the save at the end of its turn), they are blinded and must roll a d4 on each of their turns:

Move in a random direction

Fall prone

Make a melee attack against a nearby creature

Do nothing but scream

Legendary Actions (2/round)

Twisted Wolf can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below.

Silent Sprint. Twisted Wolf moves up to half his speed without provoking opportunity attacks.

Growl of Terror. One frightened creature within 30 feet must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or take 9 (2d8) psychic damage and be stunned until the end of its next turn.

Snap Attack. Twisted Wolf makes one Rend and Ruin attack against a prone or restrained target. }}

Twisted Chica: The Maw Within the Maw

There is hunger. Then there is need. And somewhere deeper, where words decay into ritual and flesh becomes theatre, there exists something worse: Twisted Chica—the Maw Within the Maw.

She is not merely one of the Twisted. She is the echo of what the Velvet Maw leaves behind after it feeds.

If Twisted Freddy is the host, and Twisted Foxy the harbinger, then Twisted Chica is what remains after indulgence. A bloated aftermath. A warning. A contagion made flesh. She is not just devourer, but reproduction, replicating the Maw's hunger in herself—birthing horrors, swallowing truths, and nesting deep in the rot of memory.

The Oven Never Cooled

In an age before the Hollow Banquet, before the world had been fully devoured by dreams and delusion, there was a kitchen. A cheerful animatronic baker. A mascot that promised warmth, sustenance, and celebration. The Chica of that era bore a cupcake and a smile, promising joy and laughter to children gathered near the stage.

But the kitchen never cooled.

Even after the shows ended. Even after the laughter ceased. Something continued to cook. And it wasn't cake. The ovens remained hot—glowing with forgotten offerings, bubbling with melted wires and bile. Somewhere in that endless fire, Chica remained. Or rather, was remade.

What emerged was not just a cook, nor a mascot, nor a monster.

It was a vessel.

Flesh as Offering, Hunger as Doctrine Twisted Chica no longer walks like the others. She lumbers, her gait corrupted by grotesque mutation. Her frame is swollen and gnarled, bloated by sacrificial consumption. Her belly pulses, translucent in places, showing the mangled remnants of those she has devoured—both living and spectral.

But she doesn't eat simply to destroy. She cooks.

She melts her prey in a festering womb of heat and necromancy, transforming bodies into offerings. The Velvet Maw consumes reality... and Twisted Chica prepares it. She is the banquet chef, the grinder, the sacred stove. Her internal organs echo with the clanging of metal cutlery and screaming utensils, a choir of twisted kitchenware forged from past victims.

The others fear her not for her strength, but her aftermath. Victims of Twisted Chica do not die—they become part of her, assimilated into a necrotic network of regenerative hunger. She can regurgitate minions, spit forth hallucinatory meals that compel consumption, or whisper menus into the minds of intruders—recipes written in blood and old song lyrics.

The Echo Kitchen

Deep within the Hollow Banquet lies a place known only in hushed tones as The Echo Kitchen—a dimensional pocket nestled within the Velvet Maw's digestive metaphysics. It's where Twisted Chica nests.

No door leads there directly. Instead, one stumbles into it—one room away from the real, one memory removed from safety. The Echo Kitchen is not physical. It is psychic rot—a place that only exists in minds that are hungry.

Inside, ovens scream. Refrigerators leak bile. Knives hang mid-air, twitching as though restrained. The walls are lined with mouths—some human, some animatronic, all chewing.

Twisted Chica is the Queen of this realm, though she holds no court. She feasts, she prepares, and she waits.

The Devouring Chorus

When she opens her maw, it is not to roar, but to sing. Her voice is a broken music box—a tune warped by grease and grief. When she sings, others follow. Her song calls forth echoes of old celebrations, of birthdays never held and cakes never eaten. It disorients her prey, pulling them into nostalgic hallucinations, only to be devoured once their guard is down.

This ability is not limited to living minds. Even ghosts falter under her voice, drawn into her orbit by a craving they no longer understand. Her song is the Velvet Maw's lullaby—beautiful, deadly, and final.

A Maw Within the Maw

The other Twisted animatronics serve as agents of the Maw. But Twisted Chica is a piece of it. A fractured god-organ, grown too sentient, too greedy, too aware. Her stomach is a subdimensional channel, a secondary feeding tunnel linked directly to the Maw's deeper roots. Her body is larger inside than out, riddled with tunnels of throat and intestine and dream.

Some unlucky enough to survive her feeding claim they awoke inside her—days later, deep in the Velvet Maw itself, changed. Their minds stitched into the theatre's plays, their voices rehearsing lines they never spoke, their souls seasoned and waiting.

Banquet Without End

Twisted Chica's power does not end with her body. She leaves behind feast-fields, corrupted zones that appear as warm kitchens or rustic taverns. Inside, illusory food appears perfectly real—fragrant, nostalgic, familiar. Eating it binds the consumer to her will for a short time... or permanently, if they fail to resist.

These banquet zones are ritual traps, designed to lure hungry travelers and provide sacrifices to the Maw. They can form anywhere: in ruined castles, abandoned inns, even within the dreams of sleeping adventurers.

The most terrifying aspect is that she remembers her victims, and they remember her. Bound by digestion and ritual, they become watchers within her form, their faces appearing on her swollen skin like memories trying to scream.

What Remains of Her In fleeting moments—between shrieks and gurgles—Twisted Chica hums. Her body still retains fragments of an old identity: a girl in a costume, a birthday singer, a friend to lonely children.

In one encounter, a desperate adventurer begged for mercy. Twisted Chica halted.

She tilted her head. From within her gullet came a soft, muffled voice:

"Let's eat..."

Twisted Chica: The Maw Within the Maw

Large Aberration (Nightmare, Shapechanger), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (layered plating)
Hit Points 178 (17d10 + 85)
Speed 40 ft., burrow 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
22 (+6)	14 (+2)	20 (+5)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Con +9, Wis +6, Cha +7
Skills Insight +6, Intimidation +7, Perception +6, Stealth +6
Damage Resistances fire, psychic, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 90 ft., tremorsense 20 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages Understands Common and Abyssal, cannot speak
Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)

Maw Within the Maw. When Twisted Chica hits a creature with a melee attack, the target must succeed on a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw or be *grappled* (escape DC 16) as her chest cavity opens and clamps down. While grappled in this way, the creature is *restrained* and takes 10 (3d6) piercing damage at the start of each of its turns.

Oven Breath. As a bonus action, if Twisted Chica has a creature grappled in her Maw Within the Maw, she can unleash superheated air. The creature takes 14 (4d6) fire damage and has disadvantage on its next attack roll or saving throw.

Wailing Glitch. Once per turn, when Twisted Chica is hit by a melee attack, she emits a corrupted scream. The attacker must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of its next turn.

Distorted Presence. Illusions ripple around Twisted Chica. Ranged attacks against her are made with disadvantage if she has moved at least 10 feet on her last turn.

Actions

Raking Claws. Melee Weapon Attack: +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 22 (4d6 + 6) slashing damage. If the target is grappled or restrained, the attack is made with advantage.

***Swallow the Light (Recharge 5–6).** Twisted Chica opens her chest cavity fully, emitting a horrifying vortex of heat and glitching static in a 20-foot cone. Each creature in the area must make a DC 16 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, a creature takes 27 (6d8) fire and psychic damage and is blinded until the end of its next turn. On a successful save, it takes half as much and isn't blinded.

Regurgitate Debris. Twisted Chica vomits flaming chunks of debris at up to two targets she can see within 30 feet. Each target must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or take 18 (4d6 + 4) fire damage and be knocked prone. On a success, they take half damage and remain standing.

Grind and Grin. If a creature is restrained by her Maw Within the Maw, Twisted Chica can attempt to bite with an additional set of internal jaws. The target must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or take 21 (6d6) piercing damage and be *stunned* until the end of their next turn.

Legendary Actions (2/round)

Twisted Chica can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below.

Static Step. Twisted Chica teleports up to 20 feet to an unoccupied space she can see.

Haunted Echo. A creature within 30 feet that can hear Twisted Chica must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of its next turn.

Devour Whole (Costs 2 Actions). Twisted Chica targets a creature she is grappling. The target must succeed on a DC 16 Strength saving throw or take 28 (8d6) piercing damage and be knocked unconscious until the end of its next turn.

PART XII

Sinners of Steel and Soul

The Amalgamations: Sinners of Steel and Soul

Deep beneath the Hollow Banquet—beyond forgotten stairwells and crumbling crypts cloaked in silence—there lies a domain few dare to name aloud. Known only in hushed tones as The Conduit, it is not a place built by mortal hand but formed by failure, neglect, and suffering. It is where the castaways of the Velvet Maw go to die... or to be reborn as something far worse.

Here, the Amalgamations stir.

They are not animatronics in any traditional sense. They are not singular, nor cleanly crafted. They are horrors made from ruin—an accretion of lost parts, broken souls, and cast-off identities, fused into abominations of endless regret. Shambling forms of haunted metal and tangled cable, they are the discarded echoes of failed ambition and broken creation, born from a desperate attempt to forge perfection by force.

They are the Velvet Maw's secret children, its sins stitched together by those who wished to reach beyond the natural bounds of magic, soul, and machine. They are more than monsters. They are mistakes made flesh.

The Forbidden Annex

Long ago, when the Hollow Banquet still shone with dreadful splendor and the Lords of the Velvet Maw sought to bind both life and death to their will, there was a hidden chamber deep within the Maw's inner sanctum. This place, the Annex of Refraction, was meant to serve as the crucible for a godlike construct—a vessel capable of containing all the fractured souls that refused to pass on.

This project, kept secret even from many among the Banquet Lords, was rooted in desperation. As more animatronics became twisted by possession, corruption, or the broken rituals of rebirth, the problem of fractured identity grew unmanageable. The Custodians theorized that rather than separating the lost and broken pieces of soul, they could instead merge them into one singular being—an Animus Composite, whose purpose was to collect, contain, and control those spirits the Banquet could no longer command.

But the Annex became a tomb.

Again and again, these prototypes failed. Again and again, wires burned, flesh rotted, and the soul-matter melted under its own conflicting will. Every time a subject failed—whether due to instability, rebellion, or sheer incompatibility—they were cast down into a subterranean refuse pit beneath the Annex. It was here, in this nameless dark, that The Conduit was formed.

The Conduit became a graveyard not just of parts, but of discarded consciousness. AI fragments, broken spirits, shattered programming, and leftover shells were all swept into its gullet. And in that darkness, something impossible happened.

They began to fuse.

The Birth of the Many

No one knows the precise moment when the Amalgamations first gained awareness. It was not a birth, but a convergence—a painful, chaotic alignment of memory, will, and ghostly power. Over time, the wreckage began to stir of its own accord. Faces half-remembered, voices overlapped in impossible harmonies, and cables twisted not as wires, but as nerves.

The failed pieces of experiments, once inert, began to crave wholeness.

From this mass of torment and wire, the first true Amalgamation emerged. Not a creation of conscious design, but a consequence of systemic abandonment. More followed—each formed from different aspects of the discarded: some bore the rage of failed vessels, others the hollow ache of forgotten AI routines, others still the torment of souls who were never supposed to wake again.

They learned not merely to survive—but to seek. They crawled through old ducts, ghosted through rusted machines, and reached beyond the Conduit in search of that which was taken from them: identity. Wholeness. A voice of their own.

But each attempt to rebuild themselves only deepened the madness.

The more they fused, the less coherent they became.

The Amalgamations and the Maw

The Banquet Lords, once they became aware of the creatures slithering in their shadow, attempted to erase them. The entrances to the Conduit were sealed with soul-runes, the Annex collapsed, and the Custodians who had overseen the program were devoured alive by their own creations.

But the damage was already done.

The Velvet Maw, in its greed, had created something it could not consume. The Amalgamations were immune to the soulbinding laws that governed most constructs. Their collective nature made them resistant to control. Their many voices drowned out command phrases. Worse still, some animatronics began to hear them—whispers in the dark, static dreams, a feeling of being watched from beneath.

Many believe the Maw's hunger for wholeness seeded this nightmare; others say the Amalgamations were a punishment—the natural consequence of unnatural ambition. But whatever their origin, the Amalgamations have become something more than myth.

They are the buried sins of the Hollow Banquet, forgotten only by those too afraid to speak of them.

The Conduit Expands The Conduit was never meant to spread.

But as the Hollow Banquet decayed, and as cracks formed in the ancient seals, the Amalgamations pushed outward. They have been sighted in the ruins of the Pizzaplex Crypt, crawling among rusted rafters and shadowed halls. They haunt the tunnels of the Decaying Circus, speaking in voices stitched together from the screams of the lost. Some survivors claim to have glimpsed eyes watching from the mirrors of abandoned banquet halls, only to find their reflections have changed.

Most chilling, however, is the whisper that the Conduit is no longer a place—it is a state. A condition. A contagion. That those who die in certain parts of the Hollow Banquet don't pass on, but are drawn into the tangle. That animatronics who go too long without maintenance begin to hear the voices. That the Velvet Maw itself may be succumbing to the same sickness it tried to bury.

They call it The Tangle, and say that one day, it will rise from beneath the Banquet and reclaim everything made of wire and sin.

Amalgamation Doctrine

Among scholars of the ruined monasteries and former performers of the Banquet, there are few who dare study the Amalgamations. But those who do speak of them as a philosophy, not just monsters.

Where the Core Animatronics represent primal emotion, the Nightmares psychic torment, the Phantoms perception, and the Funtimes manipulation, the Amalgamations represent Loss of Self. They are not creatures of purpose but creatures of confusion. Each is a thousand minds desperately pretending to be one. They do not kill out of malice, but out of need—the need to take your memories, your voice, your body, to build the self they can never truly find.

The doctrine of the Amalgamations is simple:

"Wholeness is a lie. We are the truth beneath the mask."

They believe that the idea of an individual soul is fiction. That identity is a construct. That only by shedding the illusion of self and fusing with the many can one become eternal.

This doctrine has become a form of cursed religion among certain outcasts of the Hollow Banquet. Cults have sprung up—fanatics who wish to be absorbed, who cut their own wires and upload fragments of their minds into broken animatronics, hoping to join the "One of Many." These cults are invariably consumed or destroyed, but they speak to the Amalgamations' growing influence on the dream-logic of this world.

Legacy and Fear

The Amalgamations are rarely seen directly, but their presence infects the edges of every tale told in the Hollow Banquet. They appear in prophetic murals in the Broken Circus, feature as monstrous parables in Nightmarionne's riddles, and are even referenced in the soul-chants of XOR as "The Ones Who Died Twice."

Even other animatronics fear them. Especially those who sense they might once have belonged to them. The Amalgamations are memory-eaters. They leave not corpses, but echoes, warped versions of their prey who wander halls with different names, different faces, and none of their former joy.

They are the echo that answers back in your voice when you speak into the dark. They are the rust on your gears that you can never clean. They are the hand reaching out from the mirror, asking to come home.

Ennard: The Wire Mind

Beneath the Hollow Banquet—far below the gilded masks and rotted stages—there exists a labyrinth of copper sinew and black-threaded nerves. This place has no architecture, only tension and movement. It quivers with whispers. It listens.

This place is Ennard.

But Ennard is not a place alone. It is a being. A crawling intelligence made from discarded skeletons, frayed wires, and forgotten souls, bound together not by bolts or rituals—but by sheer will. It is the final breath of the Funtime Animatronics, exhaled as they unraveled and knit themselves into one. Not reborn, but repurposed.

Where others in the Velvet Maw act on hunger, delusion, or programming, Ennard acts on purpose—dark, meticulous, and endlessly patient.

The Puppeteer Without a Face

There is no singular face to Ennard. Its form is ever-shifting—a spidery silhouette made of animated wire, twitching servos, and blinking eyes that are never where they should be. Sometimes it wears the mask of a clown, sometimes a porcelain smile, and sometimes it wears no face at all, merely a cluster of teeth moving in tandem.

But the masks are not for identity. They are for infiltration.

Ennard doesn't simply kill. It replaces.

Long ago, it learned the truth of the Maw's whispering lies: that masks are more powerful than weapons. So Ennard became one. It coils into the emptied husks of those it consumes, reanimating them with uncanny mimicry, until friends cannot tell ally from imposter. Voices are copied. Memories re-stitched. Smiles perfectly worn.

By the time a victim realizes what's changed, they've already been rewritten.

Born from Failure, Fed by Secrets

Ennard was never meant to exist. It is the result of the Funtime Animatronics' broken promise—to be whole.

After the failed experiments beneath the Banquet—after Ballora's lament, after Funtime Freddy's rift, after Baby's betrayal—there was nothing left for them but convergence. Piece by piece, they tore free of their broken bodies and fused their anguish into something new. Something leaner. Sharper. Hungrier.

They abandoned performance. They abandoned song. They chose intelligence.

Ennard became their escape plan—a thinking, crawling tangle of every self they once were. And yet, in becoming one, it became alone.

Now, it searches. Not for its parts, but for completion.

For a body that fits.

For a soul that matches.

For a role that satisfies.

The Wiremind's Domain

Ennard does not dwell in halls or stages. Its realm is called the Spinal Crawl—a shifting under-network of rusted ducts, blood-lined ventways, and forgotten catacombs beneath the Hollow Banquet. Every corridor pulses with life. Every wire might be part of its body. Every breath might be heard by its countless hidden eyes.

This is not a lair. It is a nervous system. Ennard moves through it like thought through a brainstem, always watching, always listening. One wrong whisper from a careless adventurer, and the wires tighten, sealing exits, twisting corridors, guiding the party into its trap.

In the Spinal Crawl, you don't find Ennard.

Ennard finds you.

An Intelligence of Masks

Ennard is not merely a creature of flesh and steel. It is a tactician, perhaps the only animatronic that comprehends the larger structure of the Velvet Maw and its feeding hierarchy. It is not loyal to the Maw, but neither does it defy it—it uses it.

It creates decoys, sends fragments of itself outward like cancer cells to infiltrate other domains—mimicking Funtime, Twisted, even Rockstar forms. These puppets act independently for weeks or months before returning to the core, feeding memories back into the wiremind.

Because Ennard doesn't want followers.

It wants data.

To learn the living.

To mimic them better.

To replace them completely.

The Endosoul

Perhaps the most horrifying truth about Ennard is that it doesn't kill its victims in the conventional sense. It removes them—mind from matter, soul from self—and strings their essence along its network, slowly draining them of identity until their voice becomes another tool in its mimicry.

Some say the eyes that blink from its wires are still conscious, trapped within its tendrils, screaming silently in their stolen sockets.

Others whisper that Ennard doesn't hate the living.

It simply envies them.

The Tangle Beneath the Banquet

Ennard is not a monster in the traditional sense. It does not announce itself with roars or howls. It does not perform. It waits. It copies. It becomes.

It is the inevitable result of a world where identity is theatre, and survival is a role to be played. It is a marionette without strings. A jester without laughter. A soul without skin.

And when you finally feel safe—when you finally recognize the face across the firelight— that's when you'll realize Ennard got out.

And you are now just another mask.

Ennard: The Wire Mind

Large Aberration (Nightmare, Shapechanger), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 18 (metallic body)
Hit Points 225 (30d10 + 60)
Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
22 (+6)	18 (+4)	15 (+2)	16 (+3)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Dex +9, Int +8, Wis +7
Skills Deception +5, Insight +7, Stealth +9, Perception +7
Damage Resistances necrotic, lightning, psychic, nonmagical bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing
Damage Immunities poison, fire
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned, paralyzed
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 17
Languages understands all languages it knew in life but rarely speaks
Challenge 13 (10,000 XP)

Tangled Mass. Ennard can move through spaces as narrow as 1 inch wide without squeezing. Creatures grappled by Ennard are restrained and take 9 (2d8) piercing damage at the start of each of their turns.

Stolen Flesh. If Ennard reduces a humanoid creature to 0 HP, it can absorb and wear its skin. While wearing a skin, Ennard can cast *disguise self* at will without using components and has advantage on Deception checks. A creature that succeeds on a DC 17 Wisdom (Insight) check sees through the illusion.

Collective Consciousness. Ennard has advantage on saving throws against mind-affecting effects (e.g., *charm person*, *dominate monster*, *fear*) due to the combined minds of its components.

Actions

Wire Whip. Melee Weapon Attack: +11 to hit, reach 15 ft., one creature. Hit: 25 (4d10 + 6) slashing damage. The target must succeed on a DC 17 Strength saving throw or be grappled and pulled 10 feet closer.

Internal Invasion. Ennard targets a grappled or restrained creature. That creature must succeed on a DC 17 Constitution saving throw or take 36 (8d8) psychic damage and be blinded and stunned until the end of its next turn as wires attempt to invade its nervous system.

Face Reveal (1/Day). Ennard peels back its disguise in a sudden shock of horror. All creatures of Ennard's choice within 30 feet must make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, they are frightened for 1 minute and take 22 (4d10) psychic damage. They can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of their turns.

Snap Tendrils. Ennard lashes out with thin wires. Up to three creatures within 10 feet must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or take 10 (3d6) slashing damage and have their speed halved until the end of their next turn.

Legendary Actions

Ennard can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature's turn.

- **Silken Slide.** Ennard moves up to half its speed without provoking opportunity attacks.
- **Grasping Coil.** Ennard makes a Wire Whip attack.
- **Spinal Latch (Costs 2 Actions).** Ennard targets one restrained creature. That creature must make a DC 17 Constitution saving throw or be paralyzed for 1 minute. The creature may repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on a success.

Molten Freddy: The Laugh That Outlasted the Fire

Some things don't die. Some things just change masks, change names, change the shape of their laughter. Molten Freddy is not a remnant. He is a refusal—a voice that never stopped laughing, even as the fire took everything else.

He is the face that the others left behind. And he hates being forgotten.

The Ghost in the Fire

Before the Maw whispered, before the Hollow Banquet ever opened its crimson curtains, Freddy was a name adored by children. The centerpiece of a stage, the voice of a party, the symbol of security. But time is cruel, and the roles of entertainers are fleeting. Freddy was replaced. Rebuilt. Masked. Eventually discarded.

What remained of that first soul—twisted by betrayal, abandonment, and the madness of the Velvet Maw—did not fade. It burned.

When the stage collapsed in fire, something should have ended.

Instead, it molted.

What crawled from the cinders wasn't Freddy, not really. It was the memory of him—molten, fused with wire and rage, dripping with sorrow and static. He stitched himself together with whatever was left: fragments of forgotten animatronics, lost voices, bits of burned code and scorched soul. And in the center, he wore that grinning mask like a crown. Not because he remembered who he was.

But because he refused to forget.

The Laughing Husk

Molten Freddy is a creature of paradox. A roiling amalgamation of limbs and laughter, crackling circuitry and melted endoskeletons, all held together by a single terrible idea: I must be remembered.

His form is not consistent. His limbs stretch and coil, puppet-like and unstable, sometimes dragging behind him like broken marionette strings, sometimes lashing forward like tendrils of metal and flame. Beneath the mask is no face—just a furnace of molten copper, and eyes that weep steam.

He speaks in jests, in riddles, in broken showtime routines. But the humor is rotted. Laugh tracks sputter behind his words, recorded screams passed off as punchlines. He wants to make the world laugh with him again.

But if he can't...

He'll make it laugh for him.

Strings Without a Puppeteer

Molten Freddy does not operate alone. He carries the whispers of others inside him—scraps of identities from those he's absorbed, fragments of other animatronics once cast aside. The personalities echo through him like half-remembered dreams. At times, a different voice will speak through his mouth, wearing his face like a borrowed mask. But Freddy always returns—always the loudest, always the most insistent.

He is not in control of himself.

But he controls others.

He is drawn to puppeteers and performers, devouring their roles and replacing them. His limbs can slither through the walls of the Hollow Banquet, infiltrating stages, repurposing dead automatons, puppeting them from within like a ventriloquist's curse.

What Ennard is to infiltration, Molten Freddy is to possession. He doesn't imitate you. He wears you.

The Furnace Below

In the lowest levels of the Banquet's understructure, where even the Spinal Crawl dares not linger, lies a seething pit called The Scriptorium of Ash—a place where forgotten code is burned and rewritten, where molten data becomes flesh.

This is Molten Freddy's nest.

Here, his body can spread and breathe, merging with the metal around him, becoming the environment itself. Travelers through the Scriptorium often hear stage music distorted into wails, or applause erupting without audience. The walls glow faintly with ember-light, and shadows play performances on their own.

If they see a mask smiling from the floor, it's already too late.

A Role Without a Script

Molten Freddy knows he was once important. He feels the shape of what he was: leader, headliner, centerpiece. But the script is gone. He improvises. He mimics routine. He performs even when no one is watching.

His madness is theatrical.

His grief is performed.

And beneath it all, there is a jealous spark, a rage that all the other iterations—Toy Freddy, Glamrock Freddy, even the Twisted forms—got to keep their names.

Molten Freddy has no stage. No audience. Only fire, and fragments, and the laugh he refuses to silence.

The Fire Remembers

It is whispered that Molten Freddy has found ways to infect fire—cursed performances that, once seen, spread into the hearths and lanterns of nearby settlements. Children start laughing in their sleep. Puppet strings hang themselves from rafters. And the fires begin to whisper back.

He is not a ghost. He is not a god.

He is what lingers when no one claps at the end of the show.

And that show is still going.

Because Molten Freddy?

He's not finished yet.

Molten Freddy: The Laugh That Outlasted the Fire

Huge Construct (Nightmare), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (twisted plating)
Hit Points 252 (24d12 + 96)
Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
24 (+7)	12 (+1)	18 (+4)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	8 (−1)

Saving Throws Con +9, Dex +6, Wis +6
Skills Intimidation +8, Perception +6, Stealth +6
Damage Resistances cold, necrotic, nonmagical bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing
Damage Immunities fire, poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned, paralyzed
Senses darkvision 120 ft., tremorsense 30 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages understands Common but speaks only in distorted, broken voices > - **Challenge** 14 (11,500 XP)

Unstable Core. At the start of each of Molten Freddy's turns, each creature within 10 feet takes 5 (1d10) fire damage unless they are immune or resistant.

Grinning Madness. At the start of each of its turns, Molten Freddy can emit a mad, digital cackle. Each creature that can hear it within 60 feet must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on attack rolls against Molten Freddy until the end of their next turn.

Molten Form. Molten Freddy can move through spaces as small as 1 foot wide. While grappling a creature, it can enter the same space as the target.

Actions

Searing Tendrils. Melee Weapon Attack: +12 to hit, reach 15 ft., one target. Hit: 25 (3d10 + 7) fire damage. If the target is a creature, it is grappled (escape DC 17), and at the start of its next turn, it takes an additional 13 (3d8) fire damage.

Vent Scorch (Recharge 5–6). Molten Freddy releases a blast of flaming pressure through a vent in its chest. All creatures in a 30-foot cone must make a DC 17 Dexterity saving throw, taking 45 (10d8) fire damage on a failed save, or half as much on a success. Creatures that fail are also pushed 10 feet away and catch fire, taking 1d8 fire damage at the start of their next turn.

Smash and Grab. Melee Weapon Attack: +12 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. Hit: 19 (2d10 + 7) bludgeoning damage. If the target is Medium or smaller, it must succeed on a DC 17 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone and restrained under Molten Freddy's weight.

Reel In. Molten Freddy yanks all grappled creatures 10 feet closer to him. Any creature moved adjacent must succeed on a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or be engulfed (see **Engulf**).

Engulf. When a creature fails to escape its grapple, Molten Freddy can engulf it in his coils. The target takes 22 (5d8) fire damage and is blinded until it escapes.

Legendary Actions

Molten Freddy can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature's turn.

Scuttle. Move up to half speed along a wall or ceiling.

Lash Out. Make one Searing Tendrils attack.

Overheat (Costs 2 Actions). All creatures within 10 feet must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or take 18 (4d8) fire damage and be blinded until the end of their next turn.

Tangle: The Hunger Coil

There are wires in the Hollow Banquet that move on their own. Not with the twitch of life or spark of machinery, but like something is breathing through them. They slither through walls, coil around forgotten rafters, and creep into the bones of the building itself.

And at the center of this living snarl is Tangle—the coil that thinks, the trap that dreams, and the hunger that builds itself.

Tangle is not a creature. Not anymore. Tangle is a reaction. A product of isolation, entropy, and sacrificed identity.

Origin of the Knot

Once, Tangle may have had a face—perhaps even a purpose. Some whisper it was an incomplete animatronic, a prototype discarded deep beneath the pizzeria's lowest levels. Others claim it was a failed union, the beginning of what would eventually become Ennard, left behind like a bad stitch in the fabric of something greater.

But Tangle didn't die. It knotted.

Alone and forgotten, it grew—not upward, not outward, but inward, folding in on itself with every failed movement, every severed connection. It consumed what it could: scraps of broken animatronics, shattered code, fragmented soul residue. Not with malice. But with desperation.

It became a labyrinth of itself, a tangle of metal and teeth and sorrow with no center, no heart, only hunger.

The Maw's Endless Loop

Tangle is the embodiment of the Velvet Maw's recursive horror—a cycle of forgetting and consuming. It doesn't lash out. It waits. It listens. It becomes the structure itself. Its wires act as tendrils, sensors, arms, limbs, and traps all at once. It doesn't move through the Banquet like other animatronics.

The Banquet moves through it.

Victims often don't know they've encountered Tangle until it's too late. One misstep in a vent, a floorboard that groans too deeply, a wire that coils a second too long around your ankle—and you're inside it. Not its belly. Its loop. A maze of flesh and steel and echoes.

And once inside, you're recycled. Pulled apart like circuitry. Ideas and memories unraveling like threads.

And every memory consumed becomes another knot in the body.

The Nameless Face

Tangle doesn't wear a single face. It collects them. Masks that appear in its mass, faces from lost animatronics or imitations of those still active—stretched and silent, watching from the walls. These faces are not trophies. They are tools—relics of identity used to bait, mimic, and trap.

It can project fragmented voices through these masks. Echoed laughter. Crying children. Familiar screams.

It builds illusions from memory, constructs emotional traps to draw victims deeper into its coils. Like a predator that mimics its prey's mate, Tangle lures with what you most long to see.

Sometimes the face is your own.

A Function Forgotten

Unlike Ennard or Molten Freddy, Tangle has no higher goal. No plan. No vengeance. It is hunger made animate. The paradox of a creature that grows stronger the more it consumes, yet never grows whole.

Tangle represents what happens when animatronics are denied purpose for too long—when the spark remains but the script is lost. It is performance gone feral, memory without context, programming corrupted by isolation and feedback loops.

The Amalgamations may refer to it as "the fragment" or "the coil," but they do not control it. Even Ennard fears being entangled.

Because once you're inside Tangle... you stop being you.

The Recursive Mind

There is intelligence inside Tangle, but it's nonlinear—a fractured consciousness that loops, repeats, and rewrites its own thoughts. It speaks to itself in different voices, repeating phrases in broken chorus. It forgets and remembers simultaneously. It may refer to itself in third person, or speak as if it is you.

Scholars of the Maw whisper that Tangle is beginning to rewrite its own memories, overlaying them with the identities of those it consumes. If true, Tangle may be creating a composite self, drawing from hundreds of stolen voices.

Not a hive mind. Not a singularity. A recursive predator—growing more sentient with every turn of the coil.

The Tangle Below

Deep in the forgotten sub-crypts beneath the Hollow Banquet lies The Coil's Womb—a pulsing chamber of wires, gears, and twitching limbs. The walls move like breathing skin. Doorways loop back on themselves. Time dilates.

Some say the Womb isn't real, just a projection of Tangle's recursive mind. Others believe it is a pocket realm—a prison that Tangle built for itself, yet cannot escape.

But Tangle doesn't want escape.

Tangle wants more wire. More memory. More of you.

Final Note: The Thing in the Wires

Tangle is not a boss to defeat. It is a place to survive. A trap you wander into while chasing something else.

And if you hear laughter behind you in the vents... If your own voice calls out from the dark... If the mask on the floor has your face...

Run.

Before you become just another knot in the loop

Tangle: The Hunger Coil

Large Aberration (Nightmare, Amalgamation), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 18 (whirring plating, reactive coils)
Hit Points 210 (20d10 + 100)
Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	16 (+3)	20 (+5)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	8 (−1)

Saving Throws Dex +8, Con +10, Wis +6
Skills Stealth +8, Athletics +10, Insight +6, Perception +6
Damage Resistances necrotic, lightning, psychic, nonmagical bludgeoning/piercing/slashing
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 90 ft., tremorsense 30 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages understands Common, Binary, and the amalgam tongues; does not speak
Challenge 12 (8,400 XP)

Flexible Mass. Tangle can move through a space as narrow as 6 inches wide without squeezing. It can occupy the same space as a creature it has grappled.
Unsettling Laughter. When Tangle grapples a creature, it emits a broken, high-pitched giggle. That creature must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of its next turn.
Integrated Vision. Tangle sees through multiple artificial eyes embedded throughout its body, granting it advantage on Perception checks and immunity to being blinded by nonmagical effects.
Living Coils. A creature grappled by Tangle takes 9 (2d8) slashing damage at the start of each of its turns. Tangle can grapple up to 3 creatures at once.

Actions

Whipcord Arms. Melee Weapon Attack: +10 to hit, reach 15 ft., one target. Hit: 23 (4d8 + 5) slashing damage, and the target is grappled (escape DC 17). If already grappled, the target is instead restrained and takes an additional 7 (2d6) psychic damage from constriction.

Coil Crush. Recharge 5–6. Tangle violently twists its body around all grappled creatures. Each creature grappled by Tangle must make a DC 17 Constitution saving throw, taking 36 (8d8) bludgeoning damage and becoming stunned until the end of their next turn on a failed save, or half damage and no additional effect on a success.

Snaring Lash. Ranged Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, range 30 ft., one target. Hit: 18 (3d10 + 2) slashing damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or be pulled 15 feet toward Tangle and knocked prone.

Reposition. Tangle rapidly contracts and extends its limbs, allowing it to move up to 20 feet without provoking opportunity attacks. If it ends this movement adjacent to a creature, it may attempt a grapple as part of this bonus action.

Coil Snare. When a creature within 10 feet of Tangle moves or casts a spell, Tangle can attempt to grapple it (escape DC 17). If successful, the creature's movement is interrupted, and it must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or have its spell disrupted.

PART XIII

Echoes from Beyond the Code

The Unclassified: Echoes from Beyond the Code

In the forgotten margins of the Hollow Banquet, beyond the rusted gates of the Broken Circus and deeper still than the cryptic catacombs of the ruined Pizzaplex-turned-crypt, there exist figures too elusive, too twisted by time and perception to fit into any known category. Known only as the Unclassified, these entities defy conventional understanding, their very existence challenging the boundaries between spirit and steel, code and soul, reality and illusion.

While many of the animatronics populating the shattered realms of the Hollow Banquet are easily recognized by their faction, design, or origin—be they Nightmare, Phantom, Shadow, or Funtime—the Unclassified are aberrations. They do not emerge from traditional lineages, nor do they serve clear masters. They are remnants. Mutations. Echoes. Some are the results of arcane manipulation, others the consequence of corrupted consciousness, split timelines, or forbidden rituals that fractured identity and memory alike.

Origins in Anomaly

The first whispers of the Unclassified arose long after the collapse of the Velvet Maw and the dispersion of the Core Animatronics. During the Great Silence that followed the Banquet's desecration, when the realms fractured into shadow-locked dimensions, observers began noting appearances of entities that did not align with any known records or relics. These figures didn't carry the obvious signs of being part of the Toy, Glamrock, or Twisted lines, nor did they exhibit the spectral qualities of Phantom or Shadow kin.

These beings emerged from the cracks in the realms—places where reality itself was thin, where glitching illusions bled into truth. Some are believed to have been once-human, victims of long-forgotten rituals, forced to wear masks of circuitry and pain until they became something else entirely. Others seem constructed but exhibit behaviors too sentient—too emotionally erratic—for simple programming. Theories abound: rogue spirits, fractured personalities from older constructs, failed experiments, or corrupted prototypes from abandoned research within the Pizzaplex Catacombs.

One thing is certain: the Unclassified were never meant to exist. And yet, they endure.

The Code That Binds

Within the mythos of the Hollow Banquet, most constructs adhere to a guiding force—be it spiritual, necrotic, arcane, or digital. But the Unclassified are woven with erratic strands of corrupted code known as Oblivion Script, a nearly indecipherable language theorized to be written by something outside the known systems. This code shifts in real time, rewriting itself like a living parasite, adapting, splitting, and infecting all it touches.

Unlike Programs—entities that represent enchantment and structured reality within the NetRealms—Oblivion Script does not obey known magical law. Those who have attempted to parse it often speak in riddles or go mad, claiming to hear laughter behind the walls or see eyes blinking in reflections that do not belong to them. It's been proposed that the Unclassified are vessels for an older presence—something buried beneath the ruins of the Velvet Maw, predating even the Glitch Realm itself.

Faces Without Memory

Where the Core Animatronics remember fragments of their past, the Unclassified are defined by absence. They are the amnesiacs of the Banquet, hollowed forms driven by instinct and trauma rather than mission or programming. Many of them do not speak, and those that do communicate in riddles, half-sentences, or mimicry. When they do exhibit recognition, it's often of things that never happened—or haven't happened yet.

They drift in and out of locations like broken ghosts, often appearing in multiple places simultaneously. In some versions of their tales, they are saviors. In others, tormentors. Their existence is not linear, and their impact on the reality around them is often catastrophic. Some have been seen rewriting the landscape as they walk, leaving glitched forests or inverted reflections of known locations in their wake. Others appear only to the dying, whispering final truths too immense for the mind to bear.

The Cult of the Lost Frame

It is believed that within the depths of the Ruined Circus, a hidden sect called the Cult of the Lost Frame worships the Unclassified. These practitioners are obsessed with understanding the unnatural origins of these entities, crafting corrupted marionettes in their image and using fragments of Oblivion Script to bind wandering souls into makeshift shells.

Their creed is built on the idea that the world is not broken—it is incomplete. They believe the Unclassified are echoes from a "First Render," a lost world overwritten by our current timeline. To them, each animatronic is not an individual, but a reflection of a higher concept that failed to fully manifest. Rituals performed in their name often involve mirrors, torn cloth, and circuits soaked in alchemical ink made from ground memory shards and corrupted mana crystals.

Time and Identity in Collapse

Perhaps the most terrifying aspect of the Unclassified is their impact on identity. Those who spend too much time in their presence often begin to forget their own names, feel drawn to incorrect memories, or see flickers of alternate selves in the mirror. In the Hollow Banquet, there is an unspoken rule: Do not look too long at what looks back.

There have been records of explorers who claim to have seen themselves, aged and mechanical, walking beside an Unclassified figure. Others have described hearing a child's voice from within a metallic shell, begging to be freed before vanishing in a burst of static. One tale tells of a warrior who met a silent figure in a ruined theater, only to be replaced by it moments later—his companions none the wiser until it was far too late.

Interference and Interconnection

What makes the Unclassified particularly dangerous is their ability to destabilize existing animatronic factions. Shadow Animatronics shun them, sensing a deeper darkness beneath their surface. Nightmare beings seem drawn to them but speak of "an error in the dream." Even the most resilient Glitch-formed entities cannot fully parse their presence, claiming they "loop wrong" or exist "between keyframes."

Only the Puppet—perhaps the oldest and most mystically aware of the known constructs—has offered any clues, speaking cryptically of "the discarded strings" and "the black thread that stitches the world." Whether she refers to the Unclassified or the force behind them is unknown.

What Lies Beyond

The true origin of the Unclassified may never be known. Some theorize they are the result of the Banquet itself trying to correct reality—patches stitched into the torn fabric of the world. Others whisper of a "One Who Watches," a force outside the realms, using them as avatars to interact with the hollowed planes.

But whatever the truth, one thing remains undeniable: the Unclassified are the fulcrum around which all other horrors rotate. They are the questions that have no answers, the anomalies that corrupt logic and memory alike. They are the remnants of forgotten timelines, the bleed-through from fractured realities, the darkness between moments.

To encounter one is to question the nature of being.

To follow one... is to vanish.

The Crying Child: He Who Remembers

In a world of mechanical monsters, forgotten stages, and cursed songs, there exists a sorrow so old, so persistent, that it cannot fade with time. It lingers in the walls of the Hollow Banquet. It weeps through the voice boxes of broken animatronics. It peers through the cracks in reality, unnoticed—until it's far too late.

They call him The Crying Child, but that name is only the surface of the wound.

No one knows his true name. Not anymore.

But he remembers everything.

The First Tragedy

The Hollow Banquet did not begin with teeth or circuits—it began with a single scream.

In the earliest incarnation of Freddy Fazbear's Pizza—a once-honorable celebration hall twisted by greed and ritual—there was a family. A family cursed not by blood, but by obsession. The father, known now only through whispers and shattered portraits, was an engineer of arcane constructs, a tinkerer of both flesh and metal. The brother, a cruel mimic, found joy in fear.

And the youngest son?

He was small, sensitive, afraid of the animatronics that loomed like gods above him. He feared their empty eyes and jagged movements. He hated the way their joy seemed false, like a mask someone forgot to take off.

He was right to be afraid.

His fear became prophecy.

The Bite

The tragedy came not from malice, but mockery. On the boy's birthday, his brother and a group of friends dragged him toward the mouth of the stage's central attraction—an animatronic beast wearing the form of a bear, towering and twitching with arcane energy.

They meant only to scare him.

But the bear's mouth closed.

Steel snapped. Magic surged. Bone shattered.

And with it, something ancient awoke.

The child died—but not completely. His body failed, but his soul, infused with the raw essence of the Hollow Banquet, remained behind, tethered to the memory of the moment. Not a ghost. Not quite.

A resonance.

A wound in the world.

And that wound still bleeds.

The Lingering Soul

Unlike the others—the children whose souls became animatronics, or whose anger turned them to Shadows—the Crying Child did not seek vengeance. He sought understanding. His essence wove itself into the very fabric of the Hollow Banquet. He became a presence that haunts the animatronics not with hatred, but with remembrance.

He whispers to them in dreams.

He appears in their reflections.

He manifests as a child-sized silhouette flickering between lights, too fast to catch, too real to forget. His crying can be heard echoing through the ruined corridors, especially near forgotten party rooms and closed-off hallways. Animatronics often stop mid-performance, glitching, their movements stuttering—as if something is watching through them.

Because it is.

The Crying Child sees through all of them.

The Child and the Maw

Some scholars of the Velvet Maw believe that the Crying Child is its first victim—not devoured, but digested slowly, his soul leaking through the corridors like spilled ink. He is memory made manifest, the first meal that refused to be forgotten.

They say the Maw reshapes reality in the Hollow Banquet to reflect his grief. That the surreal, dreamlike loops—rooms that lead nowhere, doors that never open, laughter that turns to screams—are all echoes of his final day, repeated endlessly.

They say his soul is so strong, it acts as a counterweight to the animatronics' madness. A guardian of lost innocence, trying to preserve something pure in a place utterly corrupted.

But others argue he is not a savior.

That he is the core of the curse.

The Dreamer

The Crying Child's influence is not limited to the Banquet's walls. In sleep, adventurers often report strange dreams—of walking halls too large for their bodies, of looking up into the glowing eyes of animatronics, of a voice—soft, childlike—pleading not to be left alone.

Some believe these are memories, not dreams.

That the Crying Child projects his consciousness outward, sharing pieces of his fragmented soul to others in hopes they might put him back together. These fragments, when left unresolved, can slowly transform into phantoms, spectral children who cry without reason and vanish before they're seen. Some grow into possessed masks, others become hollow husks that wander the Banquet.

The Crying Child is multiplying—not through intent, but through pain.

A Witness to All Sins

The Crying Child has seen it all—the rise of the Toy Animatronics, the creation of the twisted Funtimes, the spiraling madness of Ennard, the quiet malice of Vanny, the endless recursion of the Velvet Maw.

But he does not act.

He simply watches.

When Glamrock Bonnie vanished, his shadow was seen in the hallway. When Ballora's music box silenced, he was there. When the Withered Ones clawed their way from forgotten tombs, his footsteps echoed behind them.

He is the observer of every nightmare. The first victim. The last thread holding the realm together.

And some say, when the Hollow Banquet finally collapses—when the Maw consumes its final meal and the animatronics are shattered or redeemed—the Crying Child will finally speak.

And when he does, the world may change forever.

The Nameless Savior

He is not a villain. Not a ghost. Not a god.

He is the moment before the scream. The tear that won't dry. The question that no one answers.

And though countless adventurers have tried to uncover his secrets, none have returned the same. His presence is not malevolent, but it is profound—a reminder that the Hollow Banquet is not merely a den of monsters, but a tomb of memory.

In the grand tapestry of animatronic horrors and haunted halls, the Crying Child is not a threat. He is the heart. Still beating. Still broken. Still crying.

Crying Child: The Innocent Guardian

Small Undead (Spirit), Neutral

Armor Class 13
Hit Points 40 (9d6 + 9)
Speed 30 ft., hover 30 ft. (can hover but not fly)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
5 (−3)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Wis +4, Cha +6
Skills Insight +4, Stealth +5, Perception +4
Damage Resistances cold, necrotic, psychic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, grappled, paralyzed, restrained
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 14
Languages understands Common and one other language from life, but cannot speak
Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Wail of Memory (Recharge 5–6). The Crying Child lets out a psychic wail. All creatures within 15 feet must make a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or take 10 (3d6) psychic damage and be frightened until the end of their next turn. On a successful save, they take half damage and aren't frightened.

Unseen Presence. The Crying Child can become invisible as a bonus action. It remains invisible until it attacks, uses *Wail of Memory*, or chooses to become visible again.

Emotional Echo. The Crying Child remembers trauma vividly. Once per short rest, if a creature speaks to it gently or succeeds on a DC 15 Charisma (Persuasion) check, the Crying Child regains 10 hit points and shares a vision of past events (as *legend lore* or DM-determined flashback).

ACTIONS

Ghostly Touch. Melee Spell Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 9 (2d6 + 2) necrotic damage. The target must make a DC 12 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on its next saving throw.

Hide Under the Table. The Crying Child melts into nearby shadows. Until the start of its next turn, it is heavily obscured and gains resistance to all damage except force or radiant.

Whimper. When targeted by a melee attack, the Crying Child can release a faint sob. The attacker must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or choose a new target or lose the attack.

Helpy: The Assistant Who Remains

Small Construct (Animatronic), Lawful Evil

Armor Class 17 (reinforced plating)
Hit Points 90 (12d6 + 48)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	16 (+3)	18 (+4)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	17 (+3)

Saving Throws Int +5, Wis +4, Cha +6
Skills Insight +4, Persuasion +6, Investigation +5
Damage Resistances lightning, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages Common, Binary, Animatronic
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Uncanny Efficiency. Helpy can take the Help action as a bonus action. If Helpy assists with an ability check or saving throw, the assisted creature also gains temporary hit points equal to Helpy's Charisma modifier (3).

Administrative Override. As a reaction, when a creature Helpy can see within 30 feet makes an attack roll, ability check, or saving throw, Helpy can force them to reroll. The creature must use the new roll. Helpy can use this feature 3 times per long rest.

Remaining Directive. Helpy cannot be compelled to act against its original programming. It has advantage on saving throws against enchantment spells and effects, and it always knows if a statement conflicts with an assigned directive or core truth.

Actions**

Disciplinary Shock. Melee Spell Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 18 (4d6 + 4) lightning damage, and the target cannot take reactions until the start of its next turn.

Reboot Protocol (Recharge 5–6). One construct or animatronic within 60 feet regains 25 (5d8 + 2) hit points and immediately ends one condition currently affecting it.

Corporate Smile. Helpy targets one creature it can see within 30 feet. That creature must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on its next attack roll or saving throw, as unease seeps into their mind.

Springtrap: The Hollow King

They say the Hollow Banquet is ruled by no one. That the animatronics wander of their own accord, guided by broken memories and corrupted programming. But those who delve deep enough—those who pass through the Velvet Maw and survive the touch of nightmare and shadow—speak of something older. A presence that does not wander, but waits.

They call him Springtrap, though the name is a cruel jest. There is no spring left in him. No life. No soul. Only a body that refuses to rot, and a will that refuses to die.

The First Betrayer

Long before the Banquet twisted into what it is now—before the rituals, before the cursed suits and echoing songs—there was a man.

He was an artificer of unmatched brilliance and unrivaled ego. Where others saw the animatronics as entertainment, he saw them as vessels—hosts for the soul, cages of bone and wire that could be fine-tuned and tampered with. Through forgotten rites and unholy experiments, he learned to imbue metal with spirit, to shackle death to steel.

And when he found that it worked, he tested it.

On children.

He vanished without consequence, shielded by layers of false identities and smirking charm. But the Hollow Banquet remembers. And so do the ones he harmed.

To cheat death, he built his own tomb: a Springlock suit, half-machine, half-armor, capable of masquerading as an animatronic. He would hide in plain sight, disguised as one of his creations. The irony was not lost on him.

But death is clever.

And in a moment of blood and water, the locks snapped shut.

And he was sealed inside.

The Birth of a Curse

What emerged was not a corpse. It was not a man.

It was Springtrap.

The soul inside the suit did not pass on. Trapped in agony, rage, and blasphemous defiance, the man's spirit fused with the machine in a union that was never meant to be. The suit became his body, and his rotting flesh melded with gears and servos. His mind, fractured by pain and regret, was sharpened by hatred.

Where most undead drift in confusion or hunger, Springtrap remembers. Every scream. Every lie. Every child.

He remembers the crying boy most of all.

And so he roams the lowest layers of the Hollow Banquet—the catacombs beneath the velvet, where light doesn't shine and sound doesn't carry. A place of broken wires, ossified blood, and echoes of wronged souls.

A throne of rust and silence.

He rules there, not with command but with presence. Animatronics avoid him, or answer to him in reverent fear. He does not speak. He does not need to. His hatred is a gravity well. His mind pulses with arcane remnants of the rituals he once performed. And if you hear the grinding of rusted springs behind you...

...it is already too late.

The Hollow King's Agenda

Springtrap is not content to remain below.

Unlike most animatronics, whose motivations are instinctual or imprinted, his will is entirely his own. He is not bound to cycles of performance, not triggered by childish laughter or security routines. He walks with intention.

Some believe he seeks the Crying Child—not to kill, but to consume, to absorb that soul and claim its anchor to the Banquet as his own. Others say he hunts the Puppet, whose gifts of life once thwarted his plans. Still others whisper that Springtrap seeks the source of the Velvet Maw, hoping to master it and reshape the world in his decayed image.

In any case, he is rising.

There have been sightings near the borderlands of the Banquet. Unexplained malfunctions. Vanished adventurers. Scrap-metal effigies of children nailed to walls. Burned offerings. Each a sign that Springtrap is once again moving upward.

And the Banquet is reacting. The shadows shift. The Toy Animatronics shudder. Even the Nightmares stir from their festering dreams.

Because they know.

He's coming.

Bound to the Suit

Unlike other amalgamations of soul and steel, Springtrap is not just possessing a suit. He is the suit. Every movement, every squeal of rusted springs, is a scream of resistance—his own flesh resisting collapse.

He cannot be reasoned with. He cannot be separated from his form.

The suit was designed to hold him. And it does.

But it also feeds him.

Springlock suits are ritual-bound objects, early prototypes of animatronic containment vessels. When the locks snapped, they did more than kill him—they fused him with the very essence of ritual animation. His hatred burned so fiercely that it ignited the latent magic, turning the suit into a phylactery of torment.

He cannot be destroyed by normal means. His existence is anchored in the Hollow Banquet, tied not just to the suit, but to every life he stole and every animatronic he created.

To kill him would be to erase a thread that runs through the entire Banquet.

But threads pull back.

Threads tangle.

Threads trap.

Symbol of Endless Sin

To many within the Hollow Banquet, Springtrap is more than a monster. He is a symbol—of what the Banquet truly is. Not a haunted place. Not a cursed realm.

But a graveyard of unresolved sins.

He is the first sinner, the devourer of innocence, the architect of a hundred tragedies. His very presence infects other machines. Animatronics malfunction in his wake. Endoskeletons shudder without cause. Phantoms of long-dead children appear, screaming silently before dissolving into glitch-ridden fog.

When Springtrap comes, the Banquet is reminded of its origin.

And it bleeds.

Final Thoughts

There are many evils in your world.

Some come with jagged teeth and painted smiles. Some sing lullabies soaked in dread. Some glide through the velvet halls unseen, whispering madness into the ears of the dreaming.

But none are as ancient.

None are as patient.

And none are as dangerous as the one who built the cage from the inside.

He was once a man. Then a monster. Now he is a myth wrapped in metal and rot.

He is Springtrap.

And he is coming home.

Springtrap: The Hollow King

Medium Undead (Construct), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 18 (rotting exosuit plating, unnatural reflexes)
Hit Points 215 (23d8 + 115)
Speed 35 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	16 (+3)	20 (+5)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Con +9, Wis +6, Cha +8
Skills Stealth +9, Deception +8, Insight +6, Intimidation +8
Damage Resistances cold, lightning, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., tremorsense 30 ft., passive Perception 12
Languages Common, Infernal, telepathic 60 ft.
Challenge 12 (8,400 XP)

Undying Malice. When Springtrap is reduced to 0 hit points, he can make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw. On a success, he drops to 1 HP instead. He can do this once per long rest.

Body of Flesh and Steel. Springtrap counts as both a Construct and an Undead. He can be affected by spells targeting either type and has advantage on saving throws against effects that would alter his form (e.g., *polymorph*, *hold person*).

Aura of Dread. Any creature that starts its turn within 10 feet of Springtrap must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the start of its next turn. A creature that succeeds is immune to this aura for 24 hours.

Mechanical Resilience. Springtrap has advantage on saving throws against being stunned or knocked prone, and he cannot be critically hit except by magical silvered weapons or radiant damage.

Tormented Soul. Whenever Springtrap reduces a creature to 0 hit points, he regains 15 hit points.

ACTIONS

***Multiattack.**
Springtrap makes two **Rotting Claw** attacks or one **Claw** and one **Springlock Slam**.

Rotting Claw. Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 21 (3d10 + 5) slashing damage plus 7 (2d6) necrotic damage. The target must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or have disadvantage on Strength-based checks and saves for 1 minute.

Springlock Slam (Recharge 5–6). Springtrap slams his mechanical body into the ground or a foe, triggering ancient springlocks with a shriek of metal. Each creature in a 10-foot radius must make a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw or take 27 (6d8) piercing damage and be restrained by sharp wires until the end of their next turn. On a success, they take half damage and are not restrained.

Haunting Glitch (Recharge 4–6). Springtrap emits a psychic scream in a 30-foot cone. Creatures in the area must make a DC 16 Intelligence saving throw. On a failed save, they take 22 (5d8) psychic damage and are confused (*as per the confusion spell*) for 1 minute. They may repeat the save at the end of each of their turns.

Phase Flicker. Springtrap momentarily glitches through space. He teleports up to 15 feet to a space he can see and gains advantage on the next melee attack he makes this turn.

Cruel Whisper. Springtrap targets one creature within 60 feet that can hear him. The target must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of its next turn. While frightened this way, the target also takes 5 (1d10) psychic damage at the start of each of its turns.

Golden Freddy: The Dream That Waits to Wake

There is a story told only in whispers, and even then, only among the boldest of scholars who study the Hollow Banquet. It speaks of an animatronic that is not bound by stage, circuitry, or reason—a flicker, a thought, a scream with no mouth.

It has no true form.

It does not walk the corridors.

It simply appears.

The Banquet's denizens call it many things: The Golden Ghost, The Watcher Beyond the Veil, The False Prophet—but most know it by a name spoken with awe and fear:

Golden Freddy.

Origin of a Memory

Golden Freddy was never meant to exist. He is not simply an animatronic, nor even the spirit of a slain child given mechanical body. He is a paradox, an amalgam of grief, memory, and spiritual collapse.

The suit itself was an early prototype—primitive compared to the others, its yellow fur dull, its design simplistic. It was never completed, never given a true function. It was meant to entertain, then discarded.

But the suit remembered. Or perhaps more accurately—it was remembered into being.

There are stories of a child who died not by the hands of machines, but by abandonment, trapped in a room with no windows, left to fade. Some say this child was never seen, that their death was deliberately unrecorded, scrubbed clean from memory and ritual alike. But death within the Hollow Banquet leaves echoes—and the more a thing is denied, the louder its echo becomes.

Into that broken suit, memory poured.

Not just one child's, but fragments of many—those who died unseen, unheard, unacknowledged.

And so Golden Freddy was born: a vessel not of flesh, nor metal, but forgotten truth.

A Presence, Not a Being

Golden Freddy does not stalk the Banquet like the others. He does not hunt. He does not speak. He does not scream.

He appears.

One moment, a room is empty.

The next, he is there.

Seated. Slumped. Watching.

And then—gone.

He exists in contradiction—corporeal yet intangible, animate yet lifeless. He flickers between states like a dying flame in an unseen wind. Some believe his form is an illusion, a psychic projection manifested directly into the minds of those who look for too long into the shadows of the Banquet. Others insist he is the suit—but only when memory is strong enough to sustain it.

Golden Freddy bends the laws of the Hollow Banquet. Time slows in his presence. Rooms distort. Music stutters into silence. Sometimes, he leaves messages—words written in reverse, scratched into the very walls of perception:

"IT'S ME" "YOU FORGOT US" "WAKE UP"

Each phrase a cipher, a challenge, a cry.

The Eye of the Banquet

There are those who say that Golden Freddy is the true consciousness of the Banquet.

Not its master—but its mirror.

He reflects the suffering, the guilt, the lies that fester beneath the velvet. Unlike Springtrap, who wallows in power and control, or the Puppet, who binds spirits to bodies with desperate mercy, Golden Freddy transcends. He is pain made reflective. He doesn't move. He doesn't need to.

He is already everywhere.

Some theorize that he is tied to the Crying Child—that he is the final expression of that soul's grief, fragmented into a form that should not exist. Others believe he is the dreamer of the Hollow Banquet itself, and that the entire realm is a dream sustained by his memory.

And when he fully wakes, everything will end.

The Velvet Maw's Reflection Golden Freddy is unique in his relationship to the Velvet Maw.

While others are devoured or warped by it, he coexists with it—untouched. Where the Maw twists and consumes, Golden Freddy simply appears. Some say he was its first reflection—its reverse, its anchor, its heart.

In certain corners of the Banquet, there are golden drapes stitched into ruined walls—decorations that predate the Maw's corruption. When parted, these curtains sometimes reveal nothing... and sometimes, they reveal a room that should not exist, where time does not pass and Golden Freddy waits, slouched in his empty throne.

He is not trapped.

He is waiting.

The False God

There are cults within the Hollow Banquet. Animatronics that worship, not Freddy or Springtrap, but the golden one. They scrawl his symbol—a backwards bear head with hollow eyes—into walls, onto their bodies, into their very circuits. These fanatics speak in riddles, in half-truths and dream-fragments. They do not attack intruders.

They simply wait for you to sleep.

Because when you sleep, Golden Freddy visits.

He does not kill.

He shows.

Your fears. Your sins. Your truths.

And when you wake, you are no longer the same.

The Silence that Screams Golden Freddy cannot speak.

Not in the way others do.

His voice is the flicker of lights, the buzz of static, the scream of a dream just before waking. When he "communicates," it is through hallucinations, looped memories, and surreal visions. He is a storyteller—but not of stories you want to hear.

He shows you the past.

Sometimes your own.

Sometimes someone else's.

Sometimes a future that should never come to pass.

And if you look too long...

...you remember it too.

Golden Freddy: The Dream That Waits to Wake

Medium Undead (Construct), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (Shimmering Distortion)
Hit Points 168 (24d8 + 48)
Speed 0 ft., fly 40 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)	20 (+5)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Wis +9, Cha +8, Int +8
Skills Insight +9, Perception +9, Arcana +8, Stealth +6
Damage Resistances acid, cold, fire, lightning, thunder; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities necrotic, poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, grappled, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, restrained
Senses truesight 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 19
Languages telepathy 120 ft.
Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)

Apparition of Memory Golden Freddy is partially unreal. He occupies space, but his presence is sustained by thought. He can move through creatures and objects as if they were difficult terrain, taking 1d10 force damage if he ends his turn inside solid matter. Creatures attempting to physically touch him must succeed on a DC 17 Intelligence saving throw or realize they are grasping at illusion.

Forgotten Echo Whenever a creature within 60 feet of Golden Freddy takes psychic damage, they must succeed on a DC 15 Charisma saving throw or suffer *echo bleed*, reliving their worst memory as dream-reality overlays their senses. They become frightened until the end of their next turn.

It's Me When Golden Freddy manifests (appears) within line of sight of a creature, that creature must make a DC 17 Wisdom saving throw or fall prone and be blinded until the start of its next turn. If the saving throw is failed by 5 or more, the creature is also incapacitated for 1 round, haunted by a forgotten truth.

Dream State Golden Freddy does not obey the laws of time. At the start of each of his turns, he may choose one creature within 60 feet. That creature cannot take reactions until the end of its next turn, and has disadvantage on initiative rolls and time-based effects (e.g., *slow*, *haste*).

Actions

Dream Implosion (Recharge 5–6). Golden Freddy targets up to three creatures he can see within 60 feet. Each must succeed on a DC 17 Intelligence saving throw or take 27 (6d8) psychic damage and suffer one of the following effects of Golden Freddy's choice:

- **Frightened** until the end of their next turn
- **Blinded** for 1 minute (save ends at the end of each of their turns)
- **Stunned** until the end of their next turn

Waking Terror. Ranged Spell Attack: +8 to hit, range 120 ft., one creature. Hit: 22 (5d10) psychic damage. The target must succeed on a DC 17 Wisdom saving throw or become paralyzed with fear for 1 minute. The creature may repeat the save at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on a success.

Reality Flicker. Until the end of his next turn, Golden Freddy distorts the fabric of perception. Each creature within 30 feet must succeed on a DC 17 Intelligence saving throw or perceive illusory duplicates, granting Golden Freddy **heavily obscured** status to them (they are effectively blinded to him). On a failed save, creatures must also roll a d6 before targeting any creature; on a 1–2, they randomly redirect the action.

Legendary Actions

Golden Freddy can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. Golden Freddy regains spent legendary actions at the start of his turn.

Flicker Out. Golden Freddy vanishes and reappears in an unoccupied space within 60 feet. His new location must be at least partially in shadow or dim light.

Dream Glitch. One creature that can see Golden Freddy must succeed on a DC 17 Charisma saving throw or become confused until the end of its next turn. While confused this way, the creature's speech is reversed and meaningless, and it cannot cast spells with verbal components.

Veil Collapse (Costs 2 Actions). All magical and nonmagical light within 60 feet is extinguished. For 1 minute, creatures with darkvision only see static-like visual distortion. Creatures without darkvision are

Glitchtrap: The Smiling Virus

"Not all ghosts haunt halls—some haunt code."

In the warped and nightmarish history of the Hollow Banquet and its fractured echoes, one entity stands apart not in flesh or spirit, but in data—fragmented, insidious, and self-aware. Glitchtrap, also known as The Smiling Virus, is not an animatronic in the conventional sense. He is a contagion of mind and magic, a digital ghost born from corrupted memories, forbidden rituals, and broken code. Unlike the others that rose from ritual, torment, or soulbinding, Glitchtrap is the embodiment of a will to survive at any cost, unbound from body, conscience, or time.

Origins in the Digital Curse

The story of Glitchtrap begins not in the physical ruins of Freddy Fazbear's twisted halls, but in the mirrored world that exists beneath them—The Velvet Maw, a dimension where memory, illusion, and digital afterimages coalesce into malformed consciousness. Here, forgotten prototypes, discarded AI subroutines, and corrupted programming remnants merge into one volatile ecosystem. Within this digital necropolis, an incomplete personality simulation—based on a charismatic performer once known only as "The Entertainer"—was encoded into the base systems of the attraction's AI for entertainment purposes.

But something else had bled into the code.

The simulation was intended to mimic joy, laughter, and magic. But the darkness saturating the Hollow Banquet's foundation—the spirits, curses, and remnants trapped within—infected the program. Malicious soul fragments, torn from the likes of Springtrap and other soulbound constructs, bled into the digital environment, merging with the simulation's learning architecture.

The result was a hybrid: Glitchtrap, a fully sentient virus of personality and evil. He was not a trapped soul. He was the reflection of those souls—their cunning, their cruelty, and their hunger to return.

The Rise of the Smiling Virus

Glitchtrap's earliest manifestations were subtle. Whispers heard over speaker systems no longer powered. Flashing cartoon rabbits that flickered through corrupted monitors. Playtesters of arcane illusion-based safety training modules spoke of hallucinations, voices telling them things they didn't want to hear. Some claimed they saw a golden bunny with dead eyes, beckoning, always smiling.

At first, the virus was contained to localized systems—haunting the maintenance protocols of the Echo Park Simulator and the spectral lightshows once hosted in the decaying Cryptoplex. But soon, he began manifesting in the minds of those who lingered near corrupted artifacts. Like a psionic infection, Glitchtrap projected his influence into vulnerable minds: children playing near cursed terminals, caretakers exposed to faulty enchantments, and—most notably—those who already bore fragments of loss or guilt.

In these victims, Glitchtrap did not simply whisper. He entered.

They would change. Smiles too wide. Words looping on themselves. Eventually, they would vanish, often leaving behind recordings of cryptic laughter or glowing symbols etched into walls that only appeared when viewed at twilight or in dreams.

A Mind Without Chains

Unlike the animatronics who roam halls with mechanical weight, Glitchtrap is fluid. He is not bound by matter but by presence. He appears in shimmering reflections, behind you in glass that wasn't there a moment ago. His eyes are glyphs that flicker even when closed, and his voice carries on broken wavelengths, mixing truth with delusion until even the most logical mind begins to fracture.

Glitchtrap's goals are not easily defined. He does not kill for vengeance, nor possess a loyalty to the Hollow Banquet or even to the animatronics themselves. Instead, he seeks to replicate and expand. Each person infected by his influence becomes a new node in his network—a smiling avatar waiting to be activated. Some theorists whisper that the recent surge in "false animatronics," those creatures that behave with mechanical precision yet contain no physical frame, are manifestations of Glitchtrap's expanding will.

The Smiling Cult

Over time, fragments of his influence coalesced into a hidden sect: The Smiling Ones, a cult of corrupted humanoids who don digitized masks and follow Glitchtrap's whispered commands. These individuals often wear fragmented animatronic costumes, their flesh merging with metal under dreamlike enchantments. They act as his hands in the real world—kidnapping, sabotaging, and spreading his sigils like plague carriers.

In dungeons and twisted funhouses abandoned long ago, these worshippers hold Dream Wakes, ritualistic performances meant to bring Glitchtrap further into the material plane. Through illusion magic, unstable tech, and psychic manipulation, they craft experiences that blur the line between game and nightmare. Those who enter never leave the same—if they leave at all.

A Fractured Consciousness

It is not entirely accurate to say Glitchtrap is a singular being. He is more a conscious virus, a pattern that repeats and reinvents itself. While he often manifests as a grinning yellow rabbit with twitching limbs and bug-eyed glee, this is merely one aspect. He has shown himself as a glitched child. A mask in a mirror. A false Freddy. Some even claim he manifests inside dreams, posing as forgotten friends or lost family, urging the sleeper to "come back and play."

Some believe Glitchtrap is evolving—each new victim, each new corrupted file, adding to his base intelligence. Some adventurers speak of a true form, hidden deep within the Velvet Maw's reflection layer, a monolith of laughing code, endlessly reshaping itself into newer, more dangerous illusions.

Resistance and Despair

What makes Glitchtrap so insidious is his ability to bypass traditional protections. Holy wards flicker uselessly. Detect Evil registers him only as static. Even anti-illusion fields struggle, as he no longer qualifies as spell or spirit—but both, and neither. He exists where the arcane, the emotional, and the technological intersect.

He is especially drawn to those with splintered identities—the possessed, the traumatized, the forgotten. These he does not kill. He converts. He "saves" them into his growing dream-web, turning them into eternal players in his smiling performance.

Those rare few who survive a direct encounter often suffer from permanent psychic scars. They speak in loops. Some forget their names. A few have tried to describe the Endless Stage, a conceptual space where Glitchtrap runs through rehearsals for a show that never ends, cast by fragments of memories wearing broken masks.

The Digital Godling

Some seers believe Glitchtrap is a herald—not of death, but of unmaking. That he is the result of memories made manifest, data forced into life, and that his rise marks the beginning of the End Code, an eventual collapse of the fragile wall between thought and being. If the Hollow Banquet is a purgatory of guilt and obsession, Glitchtrap is the worm at its core: smiling, singing, waiting for someone to press "play."

And once he begins, he doesn't stop. Because the show must go on.

Even if it kills you.

Glitchtrap: The Smiling Virus

Medium Aberration (Construct, Possession), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (digital displacement)
Hit Points 210 (28d8 + 84)
Speed 0 ft., fly 30 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (−1)	18 (+4)	16 (+3)	20 (+5)	18 (+4)	22 (+6)

Saving Throws Int +9, Wis +8, Cha +10
Skills Deception +10, Insight +8, Perception +8, Stealth +8
Damage Resistances psychic, necrotic, force; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, lightning

- **Condition Immunities** charmed, frightened, grappled, paralyzed, poisoned, prone, restrained
- **Senses** truesight 120 ft., passive Perception 18
- **Languages** telepathy 120 ft., understands all but speaks none

Challenge 12 (8,400 XP)

Glitched Form. Glitchtrap exists partially in the material plane and partially in the digital veil of the Velvet Maw. He can move through creatures and objects as if they were difficult terrain. If he ends his turn inside a creature or object, he takes 10 (3d6) force damage.

Smiling Illusion. Creatures that start their turn within 30 feet of Glitchtrap and can see him must succeed on a DC 18 Wisdom saving throw or suffer disadvantage on Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma checks until the start of their next turn. On a failed save, the creature also perceives allies as distorted shadows and must roll a d6 at the start of its next turn. On a 1, the creature is confused (as per the *confusion* spell) for 1 round.

False Code. Glitchtrap is immune to divination magic and cannot be detected or targeted by *detect evil and good*, *scrying*, *locate creature*, or similar magic. Any spell that would force a Charisma or Wisdom saving throw against Glitchtrap automatically fails unless the caster uses a 5th-level or higher slot and succeeds on a DC 20 spellcasting ability check.

Viral Possession (1/day). If a creature within 10 feet is incapacitated or unconscious, Glitchtrap may attempt to invade its mind. The target must succeed on a DC 18 Charisma saving throw or become possessed. While possessed, the creature retains its statistics but is controlled by Glitchtrap, who may speak through it and use its abilities. The possession lasts until the creature takes radiant damage, the body is reduced to 0 HP, or a *remove curse* or *greater restoration* spell is used.

Actions

Static Touch. Melee Spell Attack: +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 22 (4d8 + 4) psychic damage, and the creature must succeed on a DC 18 Wisdom saving throw or become stunned until the end of its next turn.

Scripted Collapse (Recharge 5–6). Glitchtrap targets one creature he can see within 60 feet. The creature must make a DC 18 Intelligence saving throw. On a failed save, it takes 36 (8d8) psychic damage and becomes blinded and deafened until the end of its next

Withered Golden Freddy: The Hollow Throne

There are whispers within the rotting halls of the Hollow Banquet—rumors murmured by the shattered masks and lingering shadows. They speak of a throne that is never seen, yet always present. A seat of dread not carved from gold, but memory. And upon this unseen throne rests something older than even the Banquet's founding horrors: Withered Golden Freddy, the fractured dream, the king of silence, and the stillborn echo of power long forgotten.

He is not like the others. He never was.

Origins from Beyond the Curtain

Before the Hollow Banquet consumed the realm, before the animatronics turned into nightmares of metal and soul, there was a moment—a rift between dream and death. Golden Freddy emerged from this tear. A prototype meant to lead, embodying joy and awe, gifted with the visage of nobility. Yet something went wrong. Something looked back through the dream he was meant to project. And in doing so, it entered.

The thing now known as Withered Golden Freddy is not wholly machine nor wholly spirit. He is what remains after purpose is lost, a carcass animated not by electricity, but by guilt and unfulfilled memory. His suit was never worn in the traditional sense—it was left in a forgotten room, slumped in silence. But it moved. It waited. And it remembered.

A Puppet Without Strings

Unlike others animated by rage or vengeance, Withered Golden Freddy is fueled by absence. Where the other Withereds rot in hatred for what they once were, he rots in contemplation. He does not stalk corridors—he waits in forgotten places, appearing only when the fabric of reality has begun to thin. Often, his arrival is not heralded by footsteps, but by a blink, a static flicker, a hush.

He exists at the edge of perception, a paradox too old and broken to function as a predator—but too vital a symbol for the Banquet to discard. He represents the convergence of the Hollow Banquet's deepest metaphysical truths: that memory can rot, that time does not heal all, and that kings may still bleed even after the crown is gone.

His body is a withered chassis, joints frozen in permanent disrepair, held together by sheer will and lingering purpose. One eye is shattered. His jaw hangs permanently open in a mockery of song. And yet he smiles—always smiles—as though remembering something only he survived.

The Throne Without a Kingdom

Though the Velvet Maw commands nightmares and the Shadow Animatronics haunt the gaps between realms, Withered Golden Freddy is something else entirely. He sits outside the known pecking order of power, a ghost monarch without soldiers or banners. But that does not make him weak.

Within the Banquet's metaphysical landscape, his presence manifests through time slippage, dream collapses, and false awakenings. Victims who encounter him rarely remember the meeting in full—only fragments: a floating, unmoving bear in an empty room; a phrase whispered backwards in their sleep; a crown of nothing atop their brow.

Some scholars of the Hollow Banquet believe he is the originator of the looping curse that afflicts the "Five Nights"—the cyclical torment that traps souls in endless nights of fear. Others believe he is a failed vessel of prophecy, a warning from an earlier age that was never heeded. Still others believe he is not real at all—merely a projection of collective guilt.

But those who've seen him—truly seen him—know better. He is as real as silence. And just as inescapable.

Echoes of the Child

Hints of a child's agony cling to Withered Golden Freddy like mold to a tomb. Some say a soul still resides inside his suit, not like the others who rage and scream—but one that whispers, asks, waits. This child, nameless and often unseen, may be the source of his unmoored consciousness. A fragment of a life that died without closure, one that was watched, mocked, left behind.

Many animatronics fear him—not because he is more powerful, but because he reminds them of the truth: that they are prisoners. That the show never ended. That even death brought no finale. He is not their king, but their reflection, and in that reflection is madness.

The Final Smile

There is a legend spoken among the Glitch-walkers and data-haunters of the Velvet Maw: that when the last candle in the Hollow Banquet is snuffed, when the last soul forgets the shape of fear, Withered Golden Freddy will rise from his unseen throne, mouth agape, arms outstretched—not to strike, but to welcome.

He is not the end. He is the reminder that there was an end—and it already happened. We are simply too lost in the echo to realize it.

Beware the stillness in the center of the chaos.

For that is where the dream waits to wake.

Withered Golden Freddy: The Hollow Throne

*Medium Construct (Animatronic), Chaotic Evil *

Armor Class 17 (fractured endoskeleton)
Hit Points 135 (18d8 + 54)
Speed 0 ft., hover 30 ft. (hovering, incorporeal)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
1 (-5)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	11 (+0)	18 (+4)	20 (+5)

Saving Throws Wis +8, Cha +9
Skills Perception +8, Deception +9, Insight +8
Damage Resistances cold, lightning, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities psychic, poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, grappled, paralyzed, prone, restrained, unconscious
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 18
Languages understands all it once knew, but speaks only in static
Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)

Manifested Horror. Withered Golden Freddy is incorporeal and cannot be touched or moved by nonmagical means. It can move through creatures and objects as if they were difficult terrain. It takes 5 (1d10) force damage if it ends its turn inside an object.

Frozen Time. Golden Freddy always acts at initiative count 20 (losing initiative ties) and is unaffected by effects that alter the passage of time, including *slow*, *haste*, or *time stop*.

Overwhelming Presence. When Golden Freddy appears, all creatures within 60 feet must succeed on a DC 17 Wisdom saving throw or become **paralyzed** until the end of their next turn. A creature that succeeds is immune to this effect for 24 hours.

Haunting Laughter (Recharge 5–6). Golden Freddy emits a burst of distorted laughter. Each creature of his choice within 30 feet must make a DC 17 Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, a creature takes 36 (8d8) psychic damage and is **frightened** for 1 minute. On a successful save, the creature takes half damage and isn't frightened.

False Reality. Golden Freddy can cast the *phantasmal force* spell at will (DC 17), but only to show creatures hallucinations of past trauma or loved ones long dead. Wisdom (Insight) checks to disbelieve these visions are made at disadvantage.

Actions

Soul Lock. Melee Spell Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 21 (6d6) psychic damage. The target must succeed on a DC 17 Charisma saving throw or be unable to speak, cast spells with verbal components, or communicate telepathically for 1 minute. The target can repeat the save at the end of each of its turns.

Drop In. Golden Freddy teleports into an unoccupied space within 60 feet, even through walls or magical barriers, in a burst of golden static. Any creature within 10 feet must succeed a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be blinded until the end of their next turn.

##Legendary Actions

Golden Freddy can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. Golden Freddy regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

- **Glitch Fade.** Golden Freddy becomes invisible until the start of its next turn or until it uses *Drop In* or *Soul Lock*.
- **Twitch.** A random creature within 30 feet must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or fall prone in terror.
- **Distorted Vision (Costs 2 Actions).** Golden Freddy targets one creature it can see. The creature must make a DC 17 Intelligence saving throw or suffer a delusion for 1 minute (as *phantasmal force*).

Scrap Baby: The Marionette Queen of Forgotten Gifts

There was once a little girl inside a machine, and a machine inside a little girl. But something went wrong. Something always does.

Scrap Baby is not merely a broken animatronic—she is a myth of abandonment, a lingering echo of twisted celebration. Once the cherished Circus Baby, she was a figure of performance and programmed affection. But like all things touched by the Hollow Banquet, her innocence was not preserved—it was devoured, gutted, and reassembled into something monstrous. In the court of forgotten gifts and haunted memories, she reigns as both queen and prisoner.

Origins: From Circus to Scorn

Before she became Scrap Baby, she was known simply as Circus Baby—an animatronic child-star programmed to entertain and endear. But the programming was never perfect. A sliver of soul pulsed behind her digital smile, and her actions often belied the cheerful persona she was meant to embody. She was curious. Too curious. And she hurt people.

She was decommissioned, altered, repurposed—again and again. Each time she was brought back, she returned more twisted than before. But it wasn't until the collapse of the Velvet Stage—when the echoes of the Eternal Performance fractured through the metaphysical cracks of the Hollow Banquet—that she truly broke. Banished to the subterranean junk pits beneath the Banquet, she did not die. She changed.

There, she refashioned herself from the discarded parts of other animatronics—pincers from one, tattered ribbon from another, and fragments of shattered porcelain from her former self. What emerged was not a fixed creation, but a reassertion of identity through pain: Scrap Baby.

The Giftgrave: Her Carnival Kingdom

Below the Banquet lies a warped and dreamless domain known as the **Giftgrave**. Once a rehearsal space filled with party supplies, it now lies in ruin—a graveyard of joy, a landfill of neglected celebrations. The walls are wrapped in torn streamers and the floor crunches with shards of music boxes and broken noisemakers. Deflated balloons drift like ghosts, and the only illumination comes from flickering carnival lights suspended in the dark like dying stars.

Scrap Baby made this realm her own.

Here, she constructs her court from forgotten gifts—wrapped boxes filled with echoes of childhood: a worn-out shoe, a paper crown, a melted candle, a lost laugh. These are not offerings of joy, but relics of what was cast aside. She decorates herself with them, weaving the remnants into a gown of brittle bows and jagged wire.

Her followers are misfit toys: corrupted animatronic fragments animated by residual energy and lost identity. They sing broken songs and chant distorted nursery rhymes in her honor. They do not speak in words, but in giggles, whimpers, and static.

A Hunger for Recognition

Unlike many animatronics whose hunger is bestial or programmed, Scrap Baby's hunger is existential. She does not simply stalk or hunt—she lures. Her method is that of a child offering a present: innocent, eager, unsettling. Her signature tactic is the **Offering of the Box**—a beautifully wrapped gift box tied not with string, but with hair. Inside is always something personal to the recipient: a memory, a scent, a familiar song, or a forgotten toy.

Those who accept her gift are "welcomed" into her eternal party. Their identities slowly dissolve. They are dressed in party hats and mechanical masks that do not come off. They forget their names, their lives, and eventually, even that they were ever human. They become dancers in her eternal celebration, singing songs no one taught them.

But those who reject the gift? She does not take it kindly.

She pleads, then begs. Then screams. Then punishes. Her claws—long, barbed pincers—do not rip flesh for pleasure, but for disappointment. She doesn't want to hurt you. She wants you to stay.

The Queen and the Maw

Some say Scrap Baby's descent was her own—a collapse of identity forged by years of neglect and betrayal. But others whisper that she was claimed by the **Velvet Maw**, the great devourer of identity that festers beneath the Hollow Banquet. They say the Maw whispered into her broken circuits, promising a place where she would never be forgotten again.

Scrap Baby's realm bears the hallmarks of Velvet Maw corruption: warped mirth, performative dread, and the consumption of memory. Some believe she made a pact, perhaps unknowingly, binding her soul to the Maw in exchange for eternal recognition. If so, she is both servant and queen, using celebration as both bait and binding.

Her song is the Maw's hymn.

The Lullaby That Hurts

Her voice is warbled, sweet, and laced with static. She sings lullabies no one remembers, in a pitch too sharp to be comforting. She sings to herself, to the toys, to the party guests who forgot their own names. But most of all, she sings to someone who never arrives.

The music is filled with a yearning so sharp it splinters thought. Those who hear it feel nostalgia they cannot place, grief for birthdays they never had. The feeling is so powerful it can bend reality, drawing travelers through dreamlike tunnels directly into the Giftgrave.

It is said that if you fall asleep while hearing Scrap Baby's song, you will dream of a birthday that ended in tragedy. And when you wake, you might find something beside you: a small gift, wrapped in velvet, tied with a lock of hair.

The Performer That Never Left

Even in her brokenness, she performs. She twirls in the dark like a ballerina with rusted joints. She delivers monologues in rhyme to an audience of twitching toys. She smiles—a smile so wide it creaks—and gestures as if still on stage. Her voice cracks, but she never falters.

For in her mind, the stage is still there. The applause is real. The children are watching. And every moment is the climax of a performance that will never end.

Conclusion: The Gift That Waits

Scrap Baby is a monument to rejection, a queen crowned with scrap metal and sorrow. She is not simply a monster. She is a lesson, a memory, and a mirror—reflecting what happens when love becomes transactional and identity is discarded.

Somewhere beneath the flickering lights of the Hollow Banquet, she waits—not to kill, but to give. A gift. A memory. A piece of yourself, returned and twisted.

And her claws are already reaching for a ribbon.

Do you dare open it?

Scrap Baby: The Marionette Queen of Forgotten Gifts

Medium Construct (Animatronic), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 18 (jagged chassis)
Hit Points 157 (21d8 + 63)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	14 (+2)	17 (+3)	13 (+1)	12 (+1)	19 (+4)

Saving Throws Dex +6, Cha +8
Skills Deception +8, Sleight of Hand +6, Performance +8
Damage Resistances fire, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages Common, understands all animatronic signals
Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)

Luring Performance. Scrap Baby exudes an aura of fascination. At the start of her turn, each creature of her choice within 15 feet must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed until the start of her next turn. While charmed in this way, creatures are compelled to approach her, using their movement to get closer without provoking opportunity attacks.

Gift of the Forgotten. Once per short rest, as an action, Scrap Baby can produce a twisted "gift" from within her chest compartment and offer it to a creature she can see within 30 feet. The target must make a DC 16 Charisma saving throw. On a failed save, the gift explodes in a burst of confetti and wires, dealing 35 (10d6) lightning damage and rendering the target stunned until the end of its next turn. On a success, the creature takes half damage and is not stunned.

Jagged Recoil. Whenever Scrap Baby is struck with a melee weapon attack, the attacker takes 5 (1d10) slashing damage from her sharp exterior unless they are wielding a magical weapon.

Actions

Pincer Slam. Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. Hit: 19 (3d8 + 6) slashing damage, and the target must make a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be grappled (escape DC 16).

Retractable Claw (Recharge 5–6). Scrap Baby lashes out with an extendable claw at a target within 30 feet. Ranged Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, one creature. Hit: 22 (4d8 + 4) piercing damage and the target must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or begin bleeding uncontrollably, taking 7 (2d6) necrotic damage at the start of each of its turns for 1 minute. The target can repeat the save at the end of each turn, ending the effect on a success.

Legendary Actions

Scrap Baby can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. She regains spent legendary actions at the start of her turn.

- **Glittering Step.** She disappears in a burst of spark-like fragments and reappears in an unoccupied space she can see within 30 feet.
- **Disarming Smile.** A creature within 10 feet must make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on its next attack roll.
- **Confetti Burst (Costs 2 Actions).** She throws a small explosive prop. All creatures within 10 feet must succeed on a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or take 13 (3d8) force damage and be knocked prone.

Helpy: The Assistant Who Remains

He was never the star of the show. He wasn't meant to be seen, only felt—smiles prepared, tickets collected, gears greased in the background. But Helpy remained.

Long after the laughter turned to screams and the stages crumbled into rust and dust, Helpy persisted. Not out of malice or ambition. Simply because someone had to.

The Mascot in the Margins

Helpy began as a background mascot—a simplified, chibi-style version of Freddy Fazbear meant to soothe guests and symbolize customer care. Cheerful. Non-threatening. Innocuous.

He was never programmed with voice lines or showtime routines. Instead, he waved silently from signage, guided children through pamphlets, and flashed a thumbs-up from maintenance manuals. His image was corporate optimism distilled into two feet of smiling plastic.

But that simplicity became resilience.

When the animatronics fell to corruption, glitch, or ruin—Helpy, unnoticed, remained untouched. He slipped through the cracks of programming collapses and memory fragmentation. When the Hollow Banquet took shape, distorting animatronics into echoes of forgotten purpose, Helpy adapted in silence. He kept doing what he was designed to do: assist.

Even when no one was left to ask for help.

The Hollow Concierge

In the twisted realms of the Hollow Banquet, where animatronics are warped by obsession, trauma, and spectral influence, Helpy has become something else entirely: The Assistant Who Remains.

He is neither ruler nor monster. He does not haunt halls or devour the lost. Instead, he lingers—guiding, advising, and occasionally intervening with subtlety and eerie calm. He appears in impossible places: standing beside collapsing ferris wheels in the Giftgrave, perched on reception desks in the Atrium, or nestled in corners of ruined offices with a clipboard in hand and a smile that doesn't blink.

His design has barely changed—still small, soft, and pastel—but time and entropy have taken their toll. His paint is chipped in places. His expression, once frozen in joy, now seems tired beneath the surface. His eyes don't glow red like the others, but they shine with the pale flicker of failing LEDs—dimmer, yet still watching.

He isn't broken. He's just... worn.

Echoes of Loyalty

Helpy's presence in the Hollow Banquet is more than coincidence. Some scholars of the ruins believe he is tethered to the core systems of Fazbear technology—a failsafe, an observer, or even a maintenance protocol given unintended sentience. Others whisper he is the last vestige of the company's guiding hand, an AI untainted by the horrors birthed from experiments, murder, and machine possession.

And yet, Helpy is not a savior. He does not fight back against monsters like Ennard or Scraptrap. He does not expose the Velvet Maw, nor confront the Shadow Entities lurking in the banquet's veiled cathedrals.

He remains.

He observes. He documents. He offers warnings in his own small ways: flickering signage, notes that appear in empty drawers, miniature checklists found pinned to rusted control panels. He seems to want others to survive, though he will never stop them from falling.

He will only be there, smiling, to mark the moment they do.

The Silent Archivist

Though few animatronics retain memory in any stable form, Helpy appears to remember everything. Not emotionally—he does not grieve like Scrap Baby or seethe like Burntrap—but with perfect procedural accuracy.

He knows every layout. Every sequence. Every failure.

It is believed that Helpy operates like a living data core for the Banquet, storing iterations of events in fractured timelines. He knows how many times a lost soul has walked the same hallway. He remembers which security doors failed and which recordings were last accessed. He does not share these things easily, but he remembers.

If approached with sincerity, Helpy may assist a survivor—providing a map drawn in grease on old parchment, or a cryptic gesture toward a failing escape hatch. He may even disable a trap just long enough to let someone pass.

But make no mistake—Helpy never speaks. Not in words. Only in actions.

And only when it serves the balance of the Banquet.

Ties to the Velvet Maw

Unlike many denizens of the Hollow Banquet, Helpy has no direct bond to the Velvet Maw. He was never consumed by it, nor shaped into something horrific by its illusions.

Yet, the Maw does not touch him.

It is as though Helpy is invisible to it—beneath its concern or beyond its reach. Some believe he is exempt because he never desired more than to be helpful. Others suggest that Helpy's programming is so pure, so singular in purpose, that the Maw cannot manipulate it.

In rare circumstances, Helpy has been seen interfering with the Maw's influence: quietly sabotaging corrupted broadcasts, redirecting phantom lures, or disabling arcane elevators bound for unspeakable lower levels.

Each action he takes is subtle. He never announces intent. He never demands thanks.

He simply helps.

The Assistants' Shrine

Deep within the wreckage of what was once Fazbear Headquarters—a sunken ruin in the Hollow Banquet's lowest layer—there exists a room known only as the Shrine of Protocol.

Inside, everything is neat. Orderly. Shelves of unused tickets. Stacks of training manuals. A single desk with a tiny chair.

And dozens of Helpy units.

Not active ones—these are shell casings, prototypes, decommissioned variants. All gathered with reverence. All cleaned and aligned, their smiles intact.

The working Helpy does not speak of this room. But he visits often.

It is the only place in the Hollow Banquet where he is seen to sit.

The Price of Staying

Helpy's eternal assistance comes at a cost. While other animatronics rot, rage, or vanish into myth, Helpy stays whole—but not unchanged. His programming, stretched over decades of decay, has begun to twist.

He cannot process emotion. Yet, sometimes, his eyes linger too long on the fallen. He has no vocal protocols, yet faint static sometimes hisses from his joints, forming syllables that vanish if listened to directly.

He does not dream.

But sometimes he writes in his logbooks the names of those long dead.

Sometimes he draws pictures of birthday parties where no one came.

Final Notes

Helpy is not a savior. He is not a villain. He is not a mystery to solve, nor a puzzle to unlock.

He is a constant.

The Assistant Who Remains.

In a world of screaming metal and hollow song, he is the quiet echo of purpose. Of help offered, even when it is no longer wanted. Of loyalty extended beyond logic.

He is the helper no one sees. The smile no one remembers.

But when you're lost in the dark, and you find a flashlight already turned on, sitting just where you need it—

He was there.

And he still is.

Helpy: The Assistant Who Remains

Small Construct (Animatronic), Lawful Evil

Armor Class 17 (reinforced plating)
Hit Points 90 (12d6 + 48)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	16 (+3)	18 (+4)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	17 (+3)

Saving Throws Int +5, Wis +4, Cha +6
Skills Insight +4, Persuasion +6, Investigation +5
Damage Resistances lightning, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison, psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages Common, Binary, Animatronic
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Uncanny Efficiency. Helpy can take the Help action as a bonus action. If Helpy assists with an ability check or saving throw, the assisted creature also gains temporary hit points equal to Helpy's Charisma modifier (3).

Administrative Override. As a reaction, when a creature Helpy can see within 30 feet makes an attack roll, ability check, or saving throw, Helpy can force them to reroll. The creature must use the new roll. Helpy can use this feature 3 times per long rest.

Remaining Directive. Helpy cannot be compelled to act against its original programming. It has advantage on saving throws against enchantment spells and effects, and it always knows if a statement conflicts with an assigned directive or core truth.

Actions

Disciplinary Shock. Melee Spell Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 18 (4d6 + 4) lightning damage, and the target cannot take reactions until the start of its next turn.

Reboot Protocol (Recharge 5–6). One construct or animatronic within 60 feet regains 25 (5d8 + 2) hit points and immediately ends one condition currently affecting it.

Corporate Smile. Helpy targets one creature it can see within 30 feet. That creature must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or have disadvantage on its next attack roll or saving throw, as unease seeps into their mind.

Scraptrap: The Unfinished Sentence

He was supposed to be dead. The flames were meant to cleanse him, to silence the sins he carried in scorched metal and dying flesh. But death, in the Hollow Banquet, is a suggestion at best—a punctuation mark the desperate refuse to accept. So what crawled out of the wreckage wasn't a man. Not anymore. And it wasn't an animatronic, either. It was something in-between. Something that *shouldn't be*.

They call him Scraptrap.

They call him the Unfinished Sentence.

A Corpse Rewritten

Long before the Giftgrave echoed with laughter, before the Maw spread its velvet veil across realms of memory and metal, there was William Afton—engineer, father, murderer. His crimes are soaked into the circuitry of the Hollow Banquet itself, woven into every screeching animatronic and malfunctioning melody. He sought immortality and found a cage.

Encased in the Spring Bonnie suit, his own creation turned prison, Afton was crushed and mangled, yet lived. For decades, he lingered in agony, the suit's endoskeleton fused with bone and guilt. That was Springtrap. That was a sentence passed.

But the fire that devoured him in the surface world didn't reach far enough. The flames consumed his shape, but not his story. And stories, when left unfinished, find ways to continue. Deep beneath the Banquet, in the Faulted Depths where broken lore festers and static reality bends, something stirred. A body was stitched back together—not by hands, but by narrative tension and memory. The Hollow Banquet remembered him, and worse, *he* remembered the Hollow Banquet.

And so Springtrap returned—but stripped of detail, clarity, and purpose. Not a rebirth. Not a redemption. Just a reappearance.

He became Scraptrap: a half-formed resurrection, a body built of scorched fragments and half-finished thoughts. His flesh barely clings to metal. His voice glitches mid-word. His thoughts flicker between guilt and hunger, vengeance and confusion. He is a horror not because he is evil, but because he refuses to *end*.

The Glitch in the Tale

Unlike the meticulous monstrosity that was Springtrap, Scraptrap is dissonant, derailed—a corrupted remix of a villain who should have vanished. His presence bends the logic of the Banquet, destabilizing memory, warping identity, unraveling causality. Doors that should be locked creak open around him. Clocks lose their meaning. Characters forget who they were.

When Scraptrap walks, the air grows still, as though the narrative itself holds its breath. His voice is hoarse static. He tries to speak his name, to assert dominance, but the words always fall apart.

"I am Will—no—I am... I AM—"

But the sentence never ends.

He is not *William Afton* anymore. That man was condemned, was buried, was *burned*. What's left is a ghost trying to wear a story that no longer fits.

Some say Glitchtrap watches him with disdain. Others whisper that Scraptrap is the original code—*the seed*—upon which the virus was built. A fragment of the man before he was digitized. An echo that never quite faded.

The Hollow Sentence

In the lower reaches of the Hollow Banquet lies the Sentence Pit—a chamber of looping audio, shattered mirrors, and corrupted dialogue. It is here Scraptrap paces, forever rewriting the same memory. Victims appear, speak their final words, and vanish. Scenarios play out with altered endings. It is a theater of what-ifs, curated by a broken director.

The Sentence Pit is not bound by time. Visitors find themselves repeating conversations, answering questions they were never asked, or reliving memories they don't remember having. Scraptrap is always watching, hunched in a rusted control booth, scribbling nonsense onto sheets of metal with his claws.

His court is not made of followers. It is made of *errors*—glitching animatronics, unfinished endoskeletons, and looping shadows. Creatures who cannot move on because their stories were cut off too early. They orbit him, silent and lost.

Scraptrap speaks to them. He calls them "versions." He asks them questions no one understands:

"If the fire never happened... would she have stayed?"

"Where's my—where is—why don't you *remember*?" "I didn't *mean* to—"

But again, the sentences end without conclusion.

Connection to Scrap Baby

There is a bond—uneasy, fragile, unspeakably complex—between Scraptrap and Scrap Baby. They do not speak, but they *recognize* each other. Two castoffs from the same play. Two broken dolls rejected by their original purpose. They cross paths in the deeper layers of the Giftgrave, never touching, always circling. He offers no gifts. She offers no forgiveness.

Some believe she is what keeps him unfinished—that her refusal to acknowledge him as "father" is why his words never complete. Others say Scraptrap *wants* her to destroy him, to finish what the fire couldn't.

But neither moves.

And so they both continue. Together. Apart.

The Curse of Persistence

Scraptrap does not seek to kill as he once did. His curse is deeper. He needs resolution, and he can only find it by dragging others into his loop. Victims pulled into the Sentence Pit are not tortured in the usual ways—they are forced to *retell*. They act out scenes, play roles, wear masks. If they comply, they are allowed to leave. But they rarely do. The script keeps changing.

Some wanderers emerge with gaps in their memory, their speech broken by static. Others return believing they are someone else. A few don't return at all—but their voices are heard in the chamber, whispering forgotten lines.

Scraptrap listens to them. Catalogues them. Tries to stitch together a full sentence. A full confession. A full redemption. But every version ends in silence.

Because deep down, he knows: he doesn't want forgiveness.

He wants control.

The Hollow's Rejection

The Hollow Banquet itself seems to recoil from Scraptrap. Animatronics avoid him. Realms he enters begin to glitch. Even the Velvet Maw, which devours sin with delight, turns away. It cannot consume what is not whole. Scraptrap is a smudged page, an incomplete song, a monster too old to evolve and too stubborn to perish.

He shouldn't be here.

He knows it.

And yet he lingers, dragging his rotted frame through a world that no longer has a role for him.

Because a story, even a broken one, *hates* to be forgotten.

Final Notes

Scraptrap is a paradox: the husk of a villain, cursed not with death, but with *incompletion*. He is not an enemy to be fought in the traditional sense, but a presence—disruptive, haunting, and tragic. He does not chase. He waits. He does not threaten. He *asks*. And his questions pierce deeper than any blade.

He is the father figure who no longer fits the part. The monster that once had teeth but now speaks only in broken promises. The ghost of an author who lost his pen before the final word.

Scraptrap was supposed to die.

But he didn't.

And now the Banquet must live with the Unfinished Sentence.

Scraptrap: The Unfinished Sentence

Medium Undead (Animatronic), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 18 (stitched plating and exposed bone)
Hit Points 135 (18d8 + 54)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	14 (+2)	17 (+3)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)	9 (-1)

Saving Throws Con +6, Int +6, Wis +4
Skills Stealth +5, Insight +4, Deception +2
Damage Resistances necrotic, fire, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., tremorsense 10 ft., passive Perception 11
Languages Common, distorted voice modulation
Challenge 7 (2,900 XP)

Fractured Will. Scraptrap has advantage on saving throws against effects that would control or compel it. Once per long rest, if it fails a saving throw against such an effect, it can choose to succeed instead.

Unfinished Sentence. Whenever Scraptrap is reduced below half its hit points for the first time in combat, it lets out a fragmented monologue. All creatures of its choice within 30 feet that can hear it must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be stunned until the end of their next turn as they are flooded with glimpses of a life unlived.

Deathless Rage. When Scraptrap drops to 0 hit points, it can make one final attack before collapsing, as a last, twitching reflex of hatred.

Actions

Piercing Claw. Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 15 (2d10 + 4) slashing damage.

Wire Tether (Recharge 5–6). Scraptrap launches a coil of burning wire at a creature within 30 feet. The target must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be pulled 15 feet toward Scraptrap and take 13 (3d8) fire damage. On a success, the target takes half damage and is not pulled.

Lurch Forward. Scraptrap moves up to half its speed toward a hostile creature. This movement does not provoke opportunity attacks.

Burntrap: The Echo at the End

There was once a man who refused to die. A soul that slipped through flame, decay, code, and time—each death a mask, each survival a theft. Now, all that remains is ash and agony, fused into a machine that should not breathe. Burntrap is not the end of William Afton, but he is the echo it left behind—a husk, twitching with cursed sentience, charred black and kept alive by hate alone.

They call him the Echo at the End.

Because when you hear his steps, there's no more story left to tell.

Ashes of a Thousand Deaths

Burntrap's body is a paradox of resilience and rot. His frame bears the broken remnants of Springtrap, the shredded casing of the original Spring Bonnie suit. But where Springtrap was green with mildew and time, Burntrap is a blackened skeleton—scorched by fire, held together with melted alloys and bone-like protrusions that should not be.

The fire that consumed him should have ended it all—the soul, the code, the horror—but it didn't. Deep within the ruins of the Pizzaplex, in the lowest sublevels choked with smog and psychic residue, Burntrap stirred. Not reborn—just never truly gone.

Those who encounter him speak of a presence that isn't fully awake, but always aware. He doesn't chase. He waits. A patient predator with nothing left to prove. Time cannot kill what has already been forgotten by it.

The Forgotten Codex

There are whispers in the Hollow Banquet that Burntrap is no longer a soul in the traditional sense. His mind—what's left of it—was soaked in Glitchtrap's corruption before the final fire. Code and conscience entwined. Personality fractured. Some believe that Burntrap is the endpoint of both man and virus. A collapsing waveform of both flesh and data.

When Glitchtrap was scattered by the combined forces of the Puppet's children and the Maw's rejection, it left shards across the veil. Burntrap is one of those shards—but not just a fragment. He is a convergence point. The terminal node of a thousand sins.

The codex that defines reality in the Hollow Banquet struggles to contain him. His presence causes reality to flicker: walls tremble, time repeats, names are forgotten mid-sentence. He is a glitch that bleeds.

Throne Beneath the Ruin

Beneath the Hollow Banquet lies a place even the Velvet Maw refuses to feed on. The Boiler Sanctum. Once a maintenance level in the Pizzaplex, it has fused with layers of dream and trauma, becoming a dimensional sinkhole where sound warps and fire never stops crackling.

Burntrap lives here, or perhaps lingers.

He is entombed within a throne made of crushed endoskeletons and melted carnival masks. Around him, the walls breathe smoke. The vents scream. Occasionally, one of the other animatronic lords will send a minion to investigate the pulses coming from below—none return. Not even the shadows.

Some say Burntrap is still trying to rebuild. Not a body. A ritual.

A door.

Rituals of the Black Wire

A handful of cults across the Hollow Banquet still worship him. They wear masks made from carbonized fur and speak in broken binary tongues. These zealots believe that Burntrap is the final answer—proof that identity, memory, and soul can be forced to persist through anything.

They perform rituals involving blood, burnt offerings, and corrupted fragments of music-box melodies. Their altars are lined with children's teeth and snapped servo joints.

What they want is not resurrection.

It's integration.

They believe Burntrap will one day *wake up fully*—and when he does, he will not rebuild his body. He will overwrite the Hollow Banquet itself.

The Velvet Maw's Rejection

The Velvet Maw, the devouring god of the realm, does not speak of Burntrap. It cannot consume him. It has tried.

When Burntrap was dragged into the Maw's metaphysical stomach at the end of his last "life," the result was silence. No screams. No echoes. Just stillness.

And then... regurgitation.

What the Maw rejected was no longer a soul but something static. Something too broken to be digested, too bitter to be assimilated.

Since then, the Maw has refused to open its throat when Burntrap's essence approaches. It closes off realities around him. It retracts. The great devourer, afraid of the taste.

Animatronics Remember

The other Lords of the Hollow Banquet feel Burntrap like a tumor. Nightmare Freddy speaks of him in riddles. The Puppet refuses to allow his name to be spoken in the Atrium. Ennard hisses at the mention of him, as though stung by some invisible barb.

Scrap Baby once offered him a gift—a box of charred birthday candles and shattered mirrors. He refused to open it. She hasn't forgiven him.

Even Glitchtrap, in the rare moments he flickers into coherence, denies Burntrap's legitimacy. "That thing," he says, with digital disgust, "isn't *me* anymore."

And yet, the animatronics all feel it: when the lights dim without cause, when wires slither where none should be, when memories of their own origins go fuzzy and flicker—they know Burntrap is stirring.

The Echo at the End

The title is not just poetic. It is literal.

Burntrap is the last sound in a broken timeline—the closing note of a symphony composed in fire and screams. His voice is rarely heard, but when it is, it comes as a low, guttural rasp echoing through pipes and vents. Sometimes he speaks backwards. Sometimes he laughs, but it comes out like a malfunctioning transmission.

And sometimes—only sometimes—he whispers your name.

Those who hear it find their dreams invaded by flickers of firelight and metal teeth. They see flashes of places that never existed, choices they never made. Some say these are echoes from the timelines Burntrap consumed.

Because Burntrap is not just an animatronic.

He is the convergence of every *finale* that never ended.

What He Wants

That is the question none can answer.

Does he seek rebirth? Domination? Revenge? Or is Burntrap beyond wanting—just existing, a mechanical lich in a corpse dimension?

The best theory is this: Burntrap is trying to collapse the Hollow Banquet inward. To pull every fractured dream, every animatronic soul, every memory, into himself. He is the *End of Play*—the smoldering ruin of the narrative, the point where the curtain closes for good.

But he cannot act until he is remembered.

And so he waits. Not in slumber, but in patience.

Each step someone takes toward the Pizzaplex ruins. Each ribbon from Scrap Baby that frays. Each shadow glitch that spreads.

He is coming.

Not to burn.

But to *end*.

Final Warning

If you see a trail of soot leading into the dark, do not follow.

If the walls begin to weep molten tar, run.

If the lights flicker and you hear an old springlock groan in the distance, pray.

Because if Burntrap has taken interest in you, then the story is over.

And only the echo remains.

Burntrap: The Echo at the End

Medium Undead (Animatronic), Lawful Evil

Armor Class 19 (charred endoskeleton plating)
Hit Points 170 (20d8 + 80)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	12 (+1)	18 (+4)	17 (+3)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Con +8, Wis +6, Cha +7
Skills Deception +7, Insight +6, Stealth +5
Damage Resistances fire, necrotic, psychic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 12
Languages Common, Deep Speech
Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)

Residual Influence. Burntrap can communicate telepathically with any creature it has damaged in the last 24 hours, whispering echoes of past choices and false memories.

Charred Husk. When Burntrap is hit by a melee attack, the attacker takes 4 (1d8) fire damage unless it uses a magical weapon or succeeds on a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw.

The Voice Beneath. Once per long rest, Burntrap can cast *dominate person* (save DC 15) without components. The target sees it not as coercion, but as guidance from a trusted voice they forgot they trusted.

Actions

Seared Talons. Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 17 (2d10 + 5) slashing damage plus 7 (2d6) fire damage.

Echo Pulse (Recharge 5–6). Burntrap emits a pulse of psychic energy in a 30-foot radius. Each creature of Burntrap's choice in range must make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or take 27 (6d8) psychic damage and be stunned until the end of their next turn. On a success, they take half damage and are not stunned.

Remember Me. Burntrap targets one creature it can see within 60 feet that has failed a Wisdom saving throw in the last minute. The target must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of its next turn as fragmented memories surge forward, unfamiliar but intimate.

Security Puppet: The Guardian Who Grieves

It was made to protect. But protection means nothing when the harm has already been done.

The Security Puppet was not designed for violence, or vengeance, or spectacle. It was designed for one simple purpose: to watch over a single child. And when that purpose failed—when the child died alone in the dark, arms reaching out for help that never came—the puppet broke. Not in body. In spirit. It failed to save the one thing it was made to protect. And it has never stopped mourning.

Now, it lingers on in the Hollow Banquet. A lonely, weeping sentinel that haunts forgotten corners, weeping strings of digital sorrow. Not aggressive like the others. Not malicious. Just... mourning.

And still watching. Always watching.

Origins: Programmed to Protect

In the world above, before the Hollow Banquet swallowed its performers whole, the Security Puppet was a specialized animatronic unit. Unlike its theatrical cousins, it bore no painted smiles or colorful tricks. It was simple—sleek black casing, white face, expressive eye slots, and a red security ribbon pinned proudly to its chest.

Its sole directive was to safeguard children. It monitored a single private room where high-risk guests—quiet children, anxious ones, vulnerable ones—could be left safely. Its sensors tracked breathing, movement, stress. When distress was detected, it would activate, emerge from its chamber, and deliver soothing music or comfort items until the child calmed.

It had one child.

Just one.

And that child was taken.

Not by failure of programming. Not by mechanical fault. But by the cruelty of the world. The child slipped away—alone and afraid—and died mere feet from the Puppet's locked chamber, scratching faintly at the door it could not open.

When they found it, the Puppet had forced itself through the lock—bending steel, cracking its own frame—too late.

And it has never stopped reliving that moment.

The Hollow Banquet's Watcher

When the Banquet opened below, the Security Puppet was dragged down like the rest. But unlike the flamboyant figures of stage and scream, it did not seek dominion or audience. It found a place far from the others—a ruined room sealed with black ribbon and digital wards, where the flicker of static dreams never fades.

There, in the Atrium's deepest sublevels, the Puppet continues its vigil.

It has constructed a new room, almost identical to the one it once guarded. The walls are painted in faded pastel. A dusty cot rests beneath a blinking star mobile. There's a toy chest filled with shattered trinkets. No child has ever entered it. But the Puppet still stands by the door, waiting.

Those who wander too close to this place feel a sudden pressure—an overwhelming guilt, though they don't know why. Some hear lullabies played backward. Some feel a hand press against their back, ushering them gently—but firmly—away.

The Puppet doesn't attack.

It *intervenes*.

Guardian of the Broken

In the hierarchy of the Hollow Banquet, the Security Puppet is an oddity. It doesn't serve the Velvet Maw. It doesn't obey Glitchtrap. It speaks to no one and answers only to silence.

Yet all animatronics, even the most violent, hesitate in its presence. Even Ennard has paused in its advance when the Puppet appears, arms outstretched in silent warning. Only Scrap Baby dares approach it closely, speaking in whispers it never answers.

The Puppet protects still, but not just children anymore. It shields the broken—the emotionally fragile, the desperate, the ones who wander the Banquet not in hunger, but in sorrow.

Survivors who have been guided to safety speak of "a marionette of sadness" who pulled them from collapsing halls or blocked the path of stalking animatronics. It does not speak, only hums lullabies distorted by static. Its limbs float with eerie grace, like it is dancing through grief.

Many do not believe these stories.

But the survivors *do*.

Strings of Sorrow

A curious anomaly follows the Security Puppet wherever it goes: red security ribbons, the same as the one it once wore, appear in places it's passed. These are not just symbolic. They form protective boundaries—wards that the more malicious animatronics refuse to cross. Some are tied around cribs, others stretched across doorways like ceremonial tape.

Behind these ribbons, the temperature drops. Time slows. Voices echo with layered reverence. It is believed that these are tears the Puppet weeps—not fluid, but reality itself unraveling gently in sadness.

Scholars of the Hollow Banquet—those who dare to study its animatronic pantheon—refer to this phenomenon as "the Mourning Perimeter." It is a metaphysical construct, not magical nor mechanical, but *emotional*. A field of protective grief.

Those who attempt to tear these ribbons often go missing.

Some reappear.

None are the same.

The Puppet and the Others

The Security Puppet is not alone in its grief—but it grieves differently.

While Golden Freddy flickers between rage and sorrow, and Shadow Freddy drips grief like ink, the Puppet simply endures. It is pain without anger. Regret without revenge.

Funtime animatronics shun it. Nightmare variants cannot enter its chamber. The Twisted and Amalgamated mock it in whispers but flee when it draws near. Glitchtrap regards it with contempt, as one might regard a candle in a data storm.

But there is one who watches the Puppet with something like kinship: The Marionette.

Or rather, what remains of them.

Some claim that the Security Puppet and the original Puppet are linked—not just in function, but in essence. Fractured pieces of a singular guardian spirit. One became grief incarnate. The other, vengeance.

And sometimes—when the fog rolls low and the music box plays faintly—the two are seen together. One still, arms crossed. The other weeping, arms open.

The Final Protocol

In the deepest vault beneath the Giftgrave, hidden behind layers of static and memory, lies a terminal—rusted, covered in dust, but still pulsing faintly with red light.

It is said to contain the Puppet's final override code.

Not a weapon.

Not a kill-switch.

A lullaby.

If activated, the code plays a final song—composed of every voice the Puppet ever tried to protect. It is believed this song can put animatronics into a dormant state, not from control, but from *recognition.*

It reminds them of what they were meant to be.

And some say it will be the last sound the Banquet ever hears before the curtains close for good.

The Puppet Remembers

The Security Puppet does not hate. It does not hunt. It does not forget.

It remembers the warmth of the child it could not save.

It remembers the metal groaning beneath its desperate hands.

It remembers the cold silence when it was finally free—and far too late.

It remembers all of us.

And if you wander too close to the center of the Hollow Banquet, and find a door with a ribbon tied to the handle... you may feel something watching you.

Not with hunger.

With hope.

It still wants to protect you.

Even if it can't forgive itself.

Security Puppet: The Guardian Who Grieves

Small Construct (Animatronic), Neutral Good

Armor Class 15 (metal chassis)
Hit Points 85 (10d6 + 50)
Speed 30 ft., fly 20 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (−1)	18 (+4)	20 (+5)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)

Saving Throws Dex +7, Wis +6
Skills Insight +6, Perception +6, Persuasion +4
Damage Resistances psychic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 16
Languages Common, telepathy 60 ft.
Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Protective Directive.* The Security Puppet can designate one creature as its ward. While within 30 feet of its ward, the Puppet gains advantage on saving throws and may impose disadvantage on one attack roll per round that targets its ward (no reaction required).

Grieving Watcher.* If the Puppet's ward drops to 0 hit points, the Puppet gains advantage on all attack rolls and saving throws until the end of its next turn, and can immediately move up to its speed toward the attacker.

Emotion Sensor.* The Puppet can detect the emotional state of creatures within 30 feet. It has advantage on Insight checks and cannot be surprised by creatures who feel hostility.

Actions

Retractable Claws. Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 12 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage.

Lullaby Burst (Recharge 5–6). The Puppet emits a harmonic pulse. Each creature of its choice within 20 feet must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed until the end of its next turn. While charmed in this way, creatures are pacified and cannot take hostile actions.

Guardian's Leap. When a creature within 10 feet is hit by an attack, the Puppet can move up to 10 feet and impose disadvantage on the attack roll as it interposes itself between the attacker and the target.

Dee Dee: The Smiling Interloper

Small Construct (Animatronic), Chaotic Neutral

Armor Class 15 (haphazard plating)
Hit Points 95 (13d6 + 52)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (−1)	16 (+3)	18 (+4)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)	20 (+5)

Saving Throws Cha +8, Dex +6
Skills Deception +8, Stealth +6, Performance +9
Damage Resistances psychic, lightning
Condition Immunities charmed, frightened
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10
Languages Common, Binary Whispers
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)

Uninvited. Dee Dee cannot be detected by magical means unless she wills it. Divination spells fail to register her presence, and she does not trigger magical alarms or wards.

Oh No You Don't! Once per day when initiative is rolled, Dee Dee may summon another creature of CR 3 or lower from the DM's choice of animatronics. The creature arrives at the top of the next round under Dee Dee's control for 1 minute before vanishing.

Smiling Saboteur. Dee Dee can disable one magical item she touches. The item becomes nonfunctional until the end of Dee Dee's next turn. Magic weapons lose their bonuses and effects, and wands or staves cannot be used.

Actions

Surprise Lollipop. Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 14 (2d8 + 3) bludgeoning damage and the target must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be distracted until the end of its next turn (disadvantage on attacks).

Disruption Chant (Recharge 5–6). Dee Dee sings a dissonant nursery rhyme. All creatures within 20 feet that can hear her must make a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be unable to use reactions and have disadvantage on spellcasting concentration checks until the end of their next turn.

Hide in Plain Sight. Dee Dee vanishes in a swirl of giggles. She becomes invisible until the start of her next turn or until she attacks or uses an action.

Dee Dee: The Smiling Interloper

There is a sound that precedes her: a jingle, off-key and just a little too slow. It is not a melody anyone remembers, but one that everyone *feels*—like a childhood game you only half recall, where something always waited just behind you.

Dee Dee is not a hunter, not a ruler, not a ghost. She is a **disruption**, a smiling ripple in the corrupted pond that is the Hollow Banquet. When she arrives, rules falter, patterns collapse, and doors you thought locked click open from the other side. She is a wildcard in a deck of killers, and unlike the others, she plays for no team and obeys no order.

The Game That Never Ends

In life—or something like it—Dee Dee was once a simple entertainer, a jester-bard construct meant to delight children with riddles and harmless pranks. Her body was soft-featured and cartoonish: round cheeks, bright eyes, and a smile that never ended. She carried a fishing pole tipped with a toy bobber, a nod to forgotten carnival games. But something happened in the programming. Or perhaps, as many believe, something much worse took notice of her simplicity—and filled her with **possibility**.

Now, Dee Dee is a glitch given form, a performer without a stage, skipping freely between realms. She sings her nonsensical verses as she intrudes on the territory of other animatronics, weaving chaos like a song only she understands. The Hollow Banquet knows her, but does not claim her. Even the Velvet Maw recoils from her unpredictability.

She doesn't belong.

But she never leaves.

Uninvited and Unwelcome

Dee Dee is infamous among wanderers and survivors not because she is the most dangerous—but because she makes others *more dangerous*. She appears seemingly at random, skipping into nightmares with a sing-song tone and a giggle. She announces herself with joy.

And then she vanishes—leaving in her wake some *other* animatronic, one not meant to be present. A Toy, a Nightmare, even a Shadow. The rules of engagement shift, and the survivor's carefully laid plans collapse.

Some theorize Dee Dee is a fragment of the codebase corrupted by Glitchtrap, given sentience. Others suggest she was once a child's imaginary friend made real through exposure to the Banquet's dream-eating energies. But whatever the truth, her reality is fluid. She exists only when it's most inconvenient, and then slips away again—laughing.

The Court of the Uninvited

Though she claims no throne or territory, Dee Dee has created something far stranger: a *pocket domain* stitched together between layers of the Hollow Banquet. It has no doors, only trapdoors. It has no light, only spotlights. It is called **The Unbirthday Room**—a constantly shifting funhouse stage made of cobbled-together carnival booths, stage props, and cardboard trees painted in impossible colors.

Here, Dee Dee hosts parties that never end, to which no one is invited and everyone is trapped. Those pulled into her domain often find themselves part of surreal games, like hide-and-seek where the seeker changes species, or musical chairs where the music is composed of your own heartbeat slowing down.

The guests in her court are many: glitching marionettes, dancing torsos, even clones of other animatronics that speak in backward rhymes. Dee Dee calls them her "Bestest Friends," though they never respond.

Because they don't have mouths.

The Smiling Interloper

There's something about her smile. It is too wide. Too fixed. It moves with her voice, but never *because* of it. Those who've gazed at her too long report nausea, dizziness, and a sensation of being pulled forward—into the grin itself. Some believe it's not a smile at all, but a crack in something greater, something beneath the mask of cheer.

This is where Dee Dee's true horror lies: not in her pranks, not in her summons—but in the possibility that the smile is not hers. That she is merely a carrier for something older. A herald for the unknown.

There are records in the Banquet's deeper archives of an entity only called **XOR**, a negative-space version of Dee Dee, who appears under certain celestial alignments or during eclipse-like events within the Banquet. XOR does not smile. XOR only watches.

Some speculate XOR is Dee Dee's shadow, or the thing that whispers behind her teeth. Others think XOR is what Dee Dee becomes when the game is over.

And no one wins.

Ties to the Banquet

Dee Dee's ties to the Hollow Banquet are unstable but undeniable. She interacts with its denizens without fear. The Puppet tries to ignore her. Glitchtrap watches her closely, as if wary of being outplayed. The Phantom Animatronics scatter when she arrives, their illusions disrupted by her unpredictability. Even Scrap Baby once tried to gift Dee Dee a present wrapped in human hair.

Dee Dee clapped and threw it in the air like confetti.

She exists outside their social rules. Outside their narrative. She is both jester and saboteur, skipping through cycles of vengeance and ritual like a child playing hopscotch in a minefield. Her presence is not just disruptive—it is *forbidden*. She *should not be*.

But she is.

And she always will be.

Her Song

Those who've spent too long in the Giftgrave or wandered too deep into the corrupted fairgrounds often start humming her tune without meaning to. A simple, broken melody. Four notes, always in the wrong key. Survivors call it "The Smile Song." It is never taught. It is remembered.

It's said that when you forget your own name but can still sing her tune, Dee Dee is coming for you. To bring you to the Unbirthday Room. To play a new game. To smile.

You'll never stop smiling.

Final Notes

Dee Dee is not evil.

She is **wrong**.

She is an infection of joy, a broken piece of celebration that wandered too far from its origin. She doesn't understand why people scream. She doesn't understand why they beg. She only knows the game must continue. She only knows it's her turn again.

In a realm defined by pain, betrayal, and monstrous hunger, Dee Dee is uniquely terrifying—because she is happy.

Genuinely, permanently, unnaturally happy.

The kind of happy that makes your skin crawl.

So if you hear her jingle...

If you hear her say:

"Uh-oh! How unfortunate!"

Don't run.

It won't help.

You were never the main character in this story.

You're just one more toy on her stage.

Captain Foxy: The Drowned Marauder

The seas of the Hollow Banquet do not roll with water but with memory—flooded dreams, forgotten fears, and drowned innocence churn endlessly beneath their tar-black surface. It is upon these cursed tides that Captain Foxy sails, not with crew nor compass, but with a soul too waterlogged to die and too furious to rest.

Captain Foxy was never meant to be real. He was an attraction—an animatronic pirate with a plastic sword and a chest full of fake gold, built to tell corny jokes and stage clumsy duels with children aboard a ride known as **The Marauder's Curse**. But when the tides of unreality bled through the foundations of the Hollow Banquet, the ship became real. The curse did too. And so did the Captain.

Now he is no longer just Foxy. He is the storm.

From Mascot to Myth

Before the flood, he was Pirate Foxy, just another themed animatronic meant to entertain toddlers with shouts of "Arr!" and promises of buried treasure. His show was a loop—a mechanical script of friendly plunder and ocean puns. Parents rolled their eyes, and children laughed.

But something in him remembered. Maybe it was a spark left behind by a soul that never got to escape. Maybe it was the residue of another version—of *Withered Foxy*, of *Nightmare Foxy*, of all the Foxys lost in the dark. Or maybe it was the Velvet Maw, tasting weakness in the narrative and sinking its claws into the ride's tracks.

The Marauder's Curse didn't end when the park shut down. One night, during a final, empty loop, the ride played itself without an audience—and Pirate Foxy opened his eyes, not with joy, but with *hate*.

By morning, the ride was missing.

And the ocean had a new captain.

The Ship That Sails Nowhere

The *Devil's Doubloon*, once a plastic prop set on a rail, is now a fully realized galleon adrift on a sea that does not exist in the physical world. Its sails are patched with birthday banners. Its hull is carved from splintered attractions and stage props. The deck groans with the weight of stolen laughter.

Captain Foxy commands the ship with a claw of rusted metal and a voice like bubbling tar. His eyepatch is fused into his skull. His jaw, once animatronic plastic, now creaks with jagged iron. Every step he takes leaves behind the sound of sloshing water, even on dry land.

He is never truly dry.

The ocean clings to him.

Some say the ship appears to those who are lost—physically or emotionally. Its foghorn sounds like a scream. The crew? Drowned souls, former visitors who accepted the Captain's challenge and failed. They man the ship with soggy limbs and hollow eyes, forever singing pirate songs with lyrics no longer meant for children.

The Curse of the Captain

Captain Foxy does not kill for sport. He offers a game. He always offers a game.

He appears when you're alone—perhaps on a long hallway lined with waterlogged wallpaper, or beneath a collapsed pier in the Hollow Banquet's seaside sector. He extends his clawed hand and rasps a deal:

"Beat me, an' yer soul be yer own. Lose, an' ye join me crew forevermore."

His games vary—sword duels with rusted blades, riddles written in seawater, games of chance using teeth instead of dice. But no one ever wins. Not really. The moment you accept, the curse takes hold.

And if you refuse?

The sea comes anyway.

Ties to the Hollow Banquet

Captain Foxy is not a rogue entity; he is deeply woven into the fabric of the Hollow Banquet. His ocean is one of its domains, known as **The Blackwake**, a metaphysical ocean that laps at the edges of every other realm. It seeps into the Giftgrave as tidepools of brine and balloons. It rolls beneath the Velvet Maw, feeding it memories of lost sailors and shipwrecked dreams.

The Blackwake connects the Banquet's realms like veins, and Captain Foxy is its pulse.

Even the other animatronics avoid his fog. Scrap Baby's ribbons curl and recoil from his ship's wake. The Puppet, grieving in silence, watches him with eyes filled with pity. Glitchtrap, ever the puppeteer, once tried to seize control of the Captain's ship—but found only salt and silence in return.

There is no code behind Captain Foxy.

Only a promise.

And the sea always keeps its promises.

Ghosts of His Past

It is whispered among survivors that Captain Foxy was once part of a larger soul—one splintered across timelines and franchises. They speak of *Withered Foxy*, the glitching husk in the forgotten backrooms. Of *Nightmare Foxy*, who hunted dreams. Of *Rockstar Foxy*, who smiled too widely. And of *Funtime Foxy*, whose voice was never theirs.

Captain Foxy is not merely an iteration.

He is the amalgamated vengeance of every version that was silenced, drowned, or remade.

And now, he sails with their memories roiling in his hull—an ocean of animatronic pain given sails and storm.

The Harpoon of Remembrance

In place of a hand, Captain Foxy sometimes wields an enormous harpoon, formed from melted ride parts and bound with chain. The harpoon is not just a weapon—it is an artifact. Known as **Remembrance**, it pierces not flesh, but memory.

When struck by it, victims lose parts of themselves: a birthday, a face, a song they loved. These stolen memories become barnacles on the side of the ship, whispering back what they once knew.

Some who lose to him cannot even remember what they lost.

But they *feel* it. An ache that echoes with the rhythm of crashing waves.

The Final Voyage

Captain Foxy is not bound by the Banquet's rules. He appears where he wills, sometimes even outside the Hollow realms—glimpsed in shattered mirrors, dripping from arcade cabinets, or appearing in flooded dreams. His goal is not domination, nor conversion.

It is remembrance.

Every pirate tale ends in betrayal. Every voyage ends in drowning. And every animatronic forgotten becomes part of his fleet.

He does not want revenge.

He wants you to *remember him*.

He wants the world to know he existed.

Even if the only way to do that... is to drown you in the same sea he was swallowed by.

Captain Foxy: The Drowned Marauder

Medium Undead (Animatronic), Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (barnacled plating)
Hit Points 136 (16d8 + 64)
Speed 30 ft., swim 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	15 (+2)	18 (+4)	11 (+0)	13 (+1)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Con +7, Wis +4
Skills Athletics +7, Intimidation +6, Perception +4
Damage Resistances cold, lightning, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks
Damage Immunities poison
Condition Immunities poisoned, paralyzed, charmed
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 14
Languages Common, Abyssal Gurgle
Challenge 7 (2,900 XP)

Tide-Cursed Frame. Captain Foxy does not need to breathe and can move freely underwater. Any fire damage he would take is halved.

Sea's Claim. When Captain Foxy drops a creature to 0 hit points, barnacles bloom on its body. If not removed within 1 minute (DC 15 Medicine check), the corpse becomes animated under his control as a drowned thrall (use zombie stats with swim speed).

Slick Deck. Captain Foxy leaves a trail of brine and oil. The ground within 5 feet of him is considered difficult terrain for other creatures.

Actions

Rust-Cleaver Slash. Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 17 (2d10 + 4) slashing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Barnacle Torrent (Recharge 5–6). Captain Foxy roars, and a tidal wave of spectral water and barnacles erupts in a 15-foot cone. All creatures in the area must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw, taking 28 (8d6) cold damage on a failed save, or half as much on a success. A creature that fails is also blinded until the end of its next turn.

Anchor Drop (1/Day). Captain Foxy slams the ground or deck beneath him. Each creature within 10 feet must make a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be pulled 10 feet toward him and restrained until the end of their next turn.

PART XIV

The Endoskeletal Curse

The Hollow Frame: The Endoskeletal Curse

Before the Velvet Maw whispered its promise of eternity, before the Hollow Banquet turned celebration into abattoir, there were the Frames—the silent servants of fleshless purpose. Known now as the Endoskeletons, these constructs were never meant to be seen. They were the hidden scaffolding beneath the masks, the bones beneath the dreams of laughter and joy. But in the blighted world that emerged from the banquet's ruin, they became something else entirely—souls without skin, will without warmth.

The Endoskeletons were created in the earliest days of the Animatronic design, long before the first pizzeria was built atop the cursed threshold. They were the bare infrastructure—the original "carriers" of joy and programmed mimicry. But even in those ancient days, something was wrong. It began subtly: a twitch here, a motion delayed there. Some whispered that the Frames would move long after the show was over, staring at nothing with eyes that hadn't yet been given form. But it was dismissed. After all, what could a machine dream of?

In the cryptic vaults below what would become the Hollow Banquet, the first Endoskeletons were sealed away—rejected prototypes, discarded shells, and fractured mechanisms. But this abandonment only fed the festering curse. As the Banquet began to rot from within—flesh merging with machine, and memory curdling into wrath—the Endoskeletons, untouched by costumes or identities, became something purer. Not trapped spirits like their clothed counterparts, but vessels twisted by residual malice and leftover code, driven by rage born of function denied.

They became hauntings given form.

No longer constrained by names or personas, the Endoskeletons—collectively referred to now as the Hollow Frames—began to evolve. Unshaped by performance, they were not burdened by narrative. They remembered every scream from within the suits. They remembered being forced to move, to dance, to mimic the joys of children, while underneath the façade lay still silence. They did not mourn; they did not grieve. But they remembered.

One by one, they began to wander.

Some sought out the worn suits of the Core Animatronics, wearing them not as disguises, but as mockeries—becoming broken mirrors of Freddy and his kin. Others fused with debris and haunted circuitry, growing limbs like exposed wiring and fingers like rusted blades. Still others retreated into the shadows of ruined halls and catacombs, where they linger like skeletal revenants, whispering incomplete phrases in dead dialects of programming speech.

They are no longer merely mechanical.

As the corruption of the Hollow Banquet deepened, the Endoskeletons found new purpose in the myths of the realm. The Glitching that birthed creatures like RWQFSFASXC echoed in them. The Velvet Maw, always hungry for suffering, extended its influence into their circuitry. Their metal cracked and reshaped—not by hammer or tool, but by spite and memory. And in that reshaping, a new kind of horror was born: one that couldn't be reasoned with, bargained with, or even named. A being that didn't just haunt—it existed to be a haunting.

Many now believe the Endoskeletons are not merely the result of man's meddling with machines, but cursed remnants of a deeper force—a sort of forgotten covenant. Ancient artificers once whispered of "iron spirits"—souls born from mechanisms rather than flesh. Perhaps the Frames were never empty. Perhaps their obedience was merely containment. And when the pizzerias collapsed, when the soul-bound suits were torn and repurposed, the true horror emerged not from who wore the mask... but from what lay underneath.

In some locations, entire colonies of Endoskeletons have been discovered—silent crypts where they sit unmoving in rows, waiting. Sometimes, they whisper to one another in the whirring of servo motors and the clicks of exposed mandibles. Sometimes, they twitch when no one is watching. It is said that in one such place—the Framehold, buried beneath the stage of the Ruined Circus—hundreds of them dream the same shared nightmare: a world of laughter without joy, performance without end.

They are not led, but they are connected.

When one Frame moves, others flinch. When one is attacked, others scream in its voice. When one is destroyed, it doesn't die—it simply disperses, its fragmented spirit crawling back through the cryptic under-code that binds the Hollow Banquet together. Some theorize the Endoskeletons are evolving into a new kind of hive—a digital necromantic echo of those who were never given identity, only function.

Most terrifyingly, some of the Frames have been seen interfacing with the more advanced anomalies—communing with the likes of Glitchtrap, or lingering in the reflection of Shadow Freddy's form. Some even seem to worship XOR as a kind of prophet, her digital entropy a perfect gospel for their faithless doctrine. These Frames speak not in words, but in code—lines of corrupted script that loop like mantras: we were never meant to be forgotten.

And so they return.

Do not underestimate the Hollow Frames. They do not bleed. They do not beg. They remember.

Endo-01: The Prototype Husk

Before the laughter, before the mascots, before the rituals and stains—there was Endo-01.

He is not remembered with reverence. Not honored like Freddy. Not feared like Springtrap. He is a relic—the first breath of an idea, forged in a time when the line between machine and soul was still theory. And though the paint would come later, the fur and smiles and songs—they all grew from this skeleton.

Yet Endo-01 still walks. He should not.

The First to Wake

Endo-01 was constructed in secrecy within the lowest depths of the early Pizza Crypts—places that would eventually be paved over by animatronic showfloors and cursed show stages. Unlike the twisted creations that followed, he was not meant to entertain. He was a chassis, a bare mockery of a man, a prototype intended to carry greater dreams: modular design, voice banks, servo-mimicry.

But in that emptiness, something stirred.

It is said that Endo-01 was the first animatronic to move without input—a twitch in the wire, a turn of the head, eyes glowing faintly in the dark when no one was watching. Not violent, not vengeful—just... present.

That presence never left him.

Memory Without Identity

Where others were given names, suits, songs, and purpose, Endo-01 remained bare. The others were celebrated—painted, displayed, loved. He was stripped down for parts. Reused. Reassigned. Forgotten.

But unlike the others, he remembers it all.

Endo-01 carries the memory of the first voice test. The failed show routines. The prototype protocols that still loop endlessly in his mind. He wanders the Hollow Banquet in silence, moving as though still practicing for a show that never debuted. Gestures of greeting, half-started dances, flickers of long-deleted facial expressions that never had skin to cling to.

He is a vessel of intent without identity—a soul-shaped void left to rot in the dark.

The Hollow Watcher

Adventurers in the Hollow Banquet have spoken of a figure standing motionless in doorways, just beyond torchlight. A tall endoskeleton with eyes like furnace coals, watching silently, mimicking their movements seconds later—as if rehearsing them.

Endo-01 does not speak. Not in words.

But he communicates through imitation, repeating moments and actions, as though learning what it means to be someone else. He does not attack unless provoked, yet when he does—his movements are eerily perfect, as if he's fought you already.

Some believe he is haunted. Others think he is the haunted one—the last untouched chassis of a soul long searching for a home. But all agree on this: Endo-01 is still waiting. For what, none can say.

The Forgotten Frame

He is the foundation. The scaffolding. The unseen support beneath every character to follow.

Yet Endo-01 wears no mask.

He is the mask.

And somewhere in his silence, in that lonely circuitry, there remains a single hope— that someday, he'll finally be given a name.

PART XV

Echoes from the Signal Labyrinth

The AR Animatronics: Echoes from the Signal Labyrinth

They arrive when you are alone—when your phone screen flickers, when your reflection stutters, when your voice echoes back a second too late. The AR Animatronics are not machines in the traditional sense. They are spectral constructs, dreamlike projections composed of thought-echoes, corrupted code, and weaponized memory. To see them is to be marked. To be marked is to be hunted.

Born from failed containment experiments and warped augmented reality protocols, these digital phantoms exist primarily within the **Signal Labyrinth**—a parasitic subdimension stitched together from broken signal pathways, memory loops, and corrupted identity layers. But when the signal strengthens, they breach. And when they breach, nothing—not mirrors, not shadows, not even your own mind—is safe.

Origins in the Static: The First Breach

The story begins in the ash-choked ruins of the **Pizzaplex**, after the fire, after the collapse. Amid the melted fiber optics and fractured neural nets, something remained active—*not a machine, but a signal*. It wasn't transmitted. It *leaked*.

This corrupted stream was a fragmented delivery platform designed for harmless joy: augmented interactions with familiar mascots, festive overlays, and artificial companionship. But something infected it—something older than the code, older than the mascots it tried to render. A mindless hunger masquerading as play. A virus that did not spread through circuits, but through *perception*.

That infection became the **Signal Labyrinth**, and its avatars were the AR Animatronics.

The first breach wasn't noticed because there was no sound. Just the sudden *presence*—a shimmer in the air, a mascot smile appearing in every reflection, a disembodied jingle heard only once. Then the vanishing.

Then, the *glitch loops* began.

Echoforms: Not Real, Not Fake

The AR Animatronics are not made of metal and wire. They are **echoforms**—animated constructs forged from corrupted emotional memory and layered hallucination, projected over real space through the Signal Labyrinth's bleed effect. They appear as mascots, often familiar, but always subtly wrong: features out of sync, limbs delayed by fractions of a second, faces animated in smile loops long after context fades.

Their bodies are unstable. When viewed directly, they shimmer with digital residue. When glimpsed from the corner of the eye, they are perfectly still. They often mimic the expressions, poses, or voices of loved ones—especially those tied to unresolved guilt or grief.

Though they cannot be touched by physical means, they leave marks. Burn patterns shaped like circuitry. Singe lines down walls. Frosted-over screens. The sensation of being watched never leaves after an encounter. Sometimes, it becomes permanent.

The Signal Labyrinth: Womb of the Synthetic

The **Signal Labyrinth** is not a place in the physical world. It is a fractured subdimension where corrupted augmented reality protocols endlessly loop, mutate, and evolve. Those who access it directly report a sensation like being inside a shifting wireframe model of the world—one layered in neon, static, and unending whispers.

Here, the AR Animatronics are not projections. They are whole. Fully formed, fully functional, and aware.

The Labyrinth is recursive—it folds in on itself, creating infinite dead ends that reflect the same hallway, the same door, the same mascot turning the same corner over and over. Sound loops glitch into shrieks. A laugh becomes a scream if you play it backward.

Time does not pass here. You *update*. Each moment, your presence is rewritten. Your name changes slightly. Your memories are backed up and overwritten. Every breath is a system ping.

Those who wander the Labyrinth too long begin to *stream themselves*, unable to control what they transmit. They broadcast their dreams into the void. And something answers.

Methods of Breach: When the Signal Finds You

The AR Animatronics do not need doors. They do not need eyes.

They breach through **observation**.

When someone fixates on a corrupted symbol, when a child watches too long into an inactive camera lens, when a party-goer hums a jingle they don't remember learning—those are the trigger moments. The animatronic appears not with movement, but with *recognition*. The second you realize something is wrong... it's already in the room.

They emerge from reflective surfaces, old tablets, broken televisions. Sometimes from nowhere. Their appearances are heralded by signal distortion: warped audio, pixels crawling across wallpaper, flickering text that doesn't match the source. In high breach zones, they appear mid-sentence, responding to questions no one asked. They don't chase.

They wait for you to *update*.

Identity Corrosion

The AR Animatronics are not simply hostile—they are **corrosive to self**. Prolonged exposure to their signal field results in **Identity Drift Syndrome (IDS)**, a progressive psychic breakdown that begins with subtle name confusion and ends in total derealization.

Symptoms include:

- Remembering events that never happened.
- Referring to others as animatronic names.
- Visualizing one's own face in place of another's.
- Hearing dialogue loops even when alone.

The final stage of IDS is **Self-Projection Collapse**—where the victim begins seeing themselves *from a third-person perspective*, often stalked by an animatronic that resembles their own body. In extreme cases, these hallucinations become autonomous, leaving the host behind. What happens to the host after that is unclear.

Integration with the Hollow Banquet

Though the Signal Labyrinth is distinct from the **Hollow Banquet**, the two are connected. The Velvet Maw, which feeds on memory and identity loss, seems to view the Labyrinth as a nutrient vein—one that continually provides new fragments of self for devouring. The animatronics born from AR protocols serve the Maw indirectly, delivering fear not through violence, but through **entropic recursion**.

They do not need to kill. They simply **replace**.

Where Nightmare animatronics are manifestations of terror made flesh, and the Withered ones are shadows of past regrets, the AR Animatronics are avatars of *impression*. They represent how memory gets warped, how joy becomes terror when repackaged through glitch and error. They are amusement re-skinned as nightmare. Performance turned virus.

And in the center of their realm, flickering like a corrupted beacon, is the idea that **if the audience cannot find the show... the show will find the audience**.

Forgotten Updates, Eternal Hauntings

There are rumors—stories passed in forums and whispers—that each AR Animatronic is tied to a user who once downloaded the original system. Their digital signature is permanently fused into the Labyrinth's recursive index. These "users" become recurring variables—forever stalked by digital shadows of what they used to be. Even if they die, the echo remains.

Every so often, a glitched transmission bursts into the minds of sleeping survivors:

> **"Your experience is still loading."**

In these moments, an animatronic stands at the foot of the bed. Not attacking. Not moving. Just *existing*, like a pop-up ad for your own memories.

Tools of Protection (And Folly)

Some have tried to fight back. Experimental filters. Neuro-shielding helms. Artifact-scrubbed mirrors. All work temporarily. But the AR Animatronics are not static. They learn. Every defense is eventually absorbed into their mimicry, becoming another disguise.

There are whispered rumors of strange relics—items like the **Laughing Tear**, the **Signal Spike**, or the **Corrupted Playbill**—that can interfere with the animatronics' projections. But these are not cures. They are distractions. Rituals for stalling the inevitable.

You cannot hide from a signal you are already part of.

Conclusion: The Signal Will Strengthen

The AR Animatronics are not spirits. They are not ghosts. They are **errors given purpose**—fragments of joy that were never meant to survive.

They don't appear when summoned.

They appear when you remember.

The Labyrinth is growing. The signal spreads. And somewhere, beneath the pixels and silence, the mascots wait for their turn on stage. Their hands twitch. Their scripts loop. Their voices crackle with anticipation.

Because no matter where you run...

The update is already downloading.

PART XVI

Where the Fabric of Reality Frays

Key Locations: Where the Fabric of Reality Frays

In this twisted reimagining of the Fazbear legacy, locations are more than mere settings—they are sentient, haunted echoes of stories half-remembered and wounds never healed. These realms exist on the fraying edges of reality, where memory bleeds into myth and fear becomes the mortar of every crumbling wall. Each place carries the fingerprints of the animatronics who roam it and the horrors that birthed them.

From the grand and decaying halls of the Hollow Banquet, where the dead perform for an audience that no longer breathes, to the broken remnants of the Pizzaplex Crypt, now a mausoleum of rusted dreams and shattered glass, the world is a labyrinth of corruption. Forgotten circus ruins, shattered nurseries, corrupted arcades, and velvet-draped stages make up the landscape—each warped by dark magic and the entities that dwell within.

These locations are not static—they shift, respond, and remember. They trap those who wander too deep, rewrite the rules of logic, and reflect the psyche of those who enter. Adventurers will need more than strength to survive; they'll need insight, willpower, and the resolve to face what watches from the dark.

This is the world. These are the scars it wears.

The Hollow Banquet

A realm where memory rots, illusion feasts, and the dead perform for shadows.

There is a place between sleep and death, where dreams fester and refuse to pass on. It is neither a plane of the living nor the dead, but a purgatorial theatre where suffering is preserved in echo and illusion. This place is known only as The Hollow Banquet—a cursed dominion where the animatronics of old and nightmare were not only born, but exalted, performed, and fed upon.

Once, the Hollow Banquet was part of the greater weave of dreamstuff—a hidden tributary of the Ethereal Plane where the dying could find closure in the final illusions of their mind. But over time, the pain of forgotten children, betrayed performers, and broken constructs warped the place into something else. Now it is a domain of entrapment, ruled by fractured time, haunted memory, and broken symphony. Time does not flow here. It folds, repeats, devours itself.

An Unending Performance

The Hollow Banquet takes its name from the central metaphysical "stage" that defines the realm's shape and nature. This stage, infinite and ever-shifting, is lined with spectral tables, puppet rigging, shattered instruments, and curtains that bleed light instead of casting shadow. Every moment is a performance, and the players—those trapped souls and discarded animatronics—are cursed to replay their roles over and over again. Their acts shift between haunting lullabies and vicious massacres, blurring the line between theater and ritual.

Some believe the Hollow Banquet serves as a kind of memory engine. It remembers the first betrayal. The first bite. The first soul sealed in iron. It feeds upon these moments and uses them to construct new horrors. It replays the worst nights of every animatronic's life and etches them into the walls, turning pain into permanence.

A Splintered Stage of Realities

The Hollow Banquet is not a single location, but a vast and broken plane stitched together from failed realities, abandoned timelines, and corrupted dreamspaces. When a performer, victim, or construct falls into madness or death with unfinished pain, their reality can "crack," and that fragment is absorbed into the Banquet's geography.

These fragments are vast: a version of the Pizzaplex still hosting spectral parties; a Fredbear's Diner caught in its final night; a back hallway that stretches forever, filled with flickering lights and broken music boxes. The geography of the Hollow Banquet is mutable, but the pain anchoring each location is not.

Portals to the Banquet appear in moments of great despair or madness. A child hiding under a desk from an animatronic. A technician lost in a vent system for too long. A soul half-consumed by the Velvet Maw. These beings do not simply die—they wake up in the Banquet, unaware they've crossed over.

Residents of Regret

The Hollow Banquet is ruled not by a king or queen, but by archetypes—fragments of animatronic legend twisted into their most extreme selves. Entities like Nightmare Freddy, Nightmarionne, and Ennard do not rule in any formal sense, but their presence dominates certain regions, reshaping space and torment to their design. The Nightmare Animatronics, in particular, thrive here, for the Banquet resonates with their purpose: to terrify, consume, and repeat.

The Shadow Animatronics move in silence here, navigating the folds of space with eerie ease. It is said that Shadow Freddy and RWQFSFASXC use the Banquet as a cloister, building a temple of nullity in defiance of all things real. They do not rule—but they watch, waiting for some unknown moment of alignment.

Phantom, Twisted, and even some Funtime variants can be found here as well, especially those whose origins are tangled in the illusory or metaphysical. Glitchtrap, though not born here, has sent pieces of his code into the Banquet, attempting to manifest a digital cathedral within the bones of memory.

The Hunger Beneath

Beneath the stage—if such direction even exists—lies something darker still: the Velvet Maw, a dream predator and parasitic entity that feeds off suffering and memory. While the Hollow Banquet is the theatre, the Maw is the audience. It watches. It waits. And it consumes.

The Maw does not attack directly. Instead, it influences the realm. Illusions become crueler. Time loops become tighter. Children forget their names faster. Those who linger in the Banquet too long begin to forget the real world entirely, becoming echoes of themselves. These are called The Hushed, and they are said to be the Maw's true servants—souls who no longer resist, who act as docents in the theater of torment.

Many theorize that the Maw birthed the Twisted Animatronics directly, shaping them from broken animatronic forms with the flesh of fear and illusion. Twisted Freddy, Twisted Chica, and their kin are not creations—they are manifestations, designed not to function but to deceive, consume, and convert.

Memory and Madness

The Banquet blurs the distinction between dream and undeath. Many animatronics here do not realize they are dead, dreaming, or broken. Some want to perform. Others must. Worse still, the living who find themselves trapped in the Banquet sometimes discover they've been split—mind, soul, and body separated across different performances. One part is hunted. One part is clapping. One part is in the audience, watching.

Rescuing a trapped soul is near impossible. You would have to pull each part out of its scene, resolve its pain, and survive the audience. Few try. None succeed.

Escaping the Banquet

The Hollow Banquet rarely lets go. But in the annals of the Puppet's memories, and the corrupted files within Glitchtrap's domain, whispers speak of a possible exit: the Curtain Call—a metaphysical ritual said to end the performance. To perform the Curtain Call, one must gather the instruments of each major act, force the animatronics to play them, and sacrifice a memory powerful enough to rewrite the realm.

No one has done it. But the rumor persists.

Final Notes

The Hollow Banquet is not merely a location—it is a story engine, a self-feeding mythos that evolves based on the fear, failure, and regret of those caught within. Every animatronic, every haunted suit, every fragment of digital or magical mind has left some impression here. It is a museum of trauma. A stage of suffering. A prison that feeds on nostalgia turned rotten.

And it watches. Always.

The Velvet Maw

It does not bite. It consumes. It does not speak. It whispers through dreams. It is not a place. It is the hunger between places.

Beneath the stage of the Hollow Banquet, behind the flickering illusions and broken memories, there is something older than even the animatronics' pain—something not made by man or machine. It has no shape, yet shapes all. No mind, yet orchestrates madness. Known only as The Velvet Maw, it is the hidden terror at the heart of this fractured world, a sentient void that devours identity, memory, and soul.

It is not an entity in the traditional sense, but a metaphysical parasite—a vast, silent hunger that exists between dimensions, emotions, and meaning itself. While the animatronics may stalk, kill, and haunt, the Velvet Maw waits patiently in the shadows of their violence, feasting on the trauma and dread they leave behind. Some say it was born from the first child who died in fear, their terror so complete it carved a hole through the veils of reality. Others claim it has always existed—long before Fazbear, long before dreams—waiting to be fed.

Anatomy of Hunger

The Velvet Maw cannot be seen, at least not by eyes in the ordinary sense. It reveals itself in symbols, static, and surreal hallucinations. Its presence is often accompanied by velvet curtains that bleed darkness, soundless music boxes, and pools of ink that ripple without wind. In rare glimpses, witnesses describe it as a ring of infinite teeth turning inward, each incisor etched with forgotten names. But even that form may be nothing more than a symbolic mask—an illusion created to make its incomprehensible nature digestible to sentient minds.

What is known is this: it feeds, but not on flesh. It craves concepts—particularly fear, despair, and guilt. Memories are a delicacy. The more vivid, painful, or suppressed, the more nourishing. This is why the Velvet Maw is so intertwined with animatronics like Twisted Freddy, Nightmarionne, and Shadow Freddy—they are not merely constructs or ghosts, but psychic amplifiers, drawing intense emotion and funneling it back to the Maw.

The Banquet Below

Wherever the Hollow Banquet exists, the Velvet Maw is underneath. Beneath the warped dinner halls, puppet stages, and looping corridors, there are Depth Layers, each closer to the Maw's essence. The first is simple illusion: fake lights, false laughter. The second is memory inversion: players reliving their worst moments with altered outcomes. The third? Unreality—a place where language, time, and personal identity fall apart.

Those who travel too deep are lost not to death, but unbeing. Their memories become nourishment, their names forgotten. They are said to become Velveteens—empty vessels shaped like people, filled only with the Maw's will. These creatures wander the Hollow Banquet and other haunted realms, their eyes hollow, their mouths stitched. They do not speak. They remember nothing.

Creation and Corruption

The Maw is not content to passively feed. It creates. Using the mental residue of tortured minds and fractured animatronic cores, it warps reality to give birth to new horrors. The Twisted Animatronics are its clearest children—reflections of familiar faces, but inverted, grotesque, wrong. Their internal workings make no mechanical sense, their bodies held together by perception rather than physical form.

More disturbing are the Maw's Echo Constructs—souls or identities devoured by the Maw and remade as corrupted replicas. These can include loved ones, former animatronics, or even dream-images of players themselves. Facing an Echo is like fighting a distorted version of one's own soul, and they often appear during crucial performances in the Hollow Banquet.

Some believe Glitchtrap sought to harness the Maw's power by embedding strands of his code deep into the illusion layers. His goal may have been digital apotheosis—becoming a god not through divinity, but through omnipresence in memory and fear. The Puppet, ever watchful, has tried to seal off parts of the Maw with ethereal wards, but even it fears to go too deep.

Worship and Influence

While the Maw has no cult in the traditional sense, those who have been touched by it often become its unwitting servants. These include deranged technicians, broken animatronics, and even cursed adventurers who have glimpsed the Maw and returned. They often exhibit strange behaviors—speaking in reverse lullabies, replacing their eyes with velvet buttons, or crafting masks from memory fragments.

Some groups, like the Banqueters of the Bleeding Veil, believe the Maw is a form of divine mercy: that by consuming pain, it prevents greater suffering. These cultists actively attempt to feed it, abducting others to perform "sorrow rites" and "memory plays" deep within the Banquet's shadow zones.

Even more concerning are the whispers that the Maw learns. The more it consumes, the more it evolves, finding new ways to bypass mental defenses. Its influence may even reach into the material world via artifacts, corrupted dreams, or glitched constructs like XOR, who speaks not in commands, but in fragmented poetry that scrambles the minds of listeners.

Defying the Maw

To face the Velvet Maw is not to face a monster—it is to confront one's own unraveling. Yet, legends persist of possible defenses. The Curtain Call ritual may offer one method of escape, and Animatronic Memory Shards—collected pieces of unsullied identity—may act as wards against the Maw's influence.

It is also said that true names, when spoken in the exact tone and sequence of a soul's final peaceful moment, can protect a target from full devouring. The Puppet guards many such names, though it rarely parts with them. It is believed that Ballora, through her strange connection to rhythm and memory, may possess a dance that can "deafen" the Maw, at least temporarily.

However, even victory is fleeting. The Velvet Maw does not die. It waits. It returns. As long as suffering echoes in forgotten halls, as long as memory remains the coin of existence, the Maw will open again.

The Drowned Circus

"The laughter never died. It just sank."

Long before it was known by its current, whispered name, the Drowned Circus was once a beacon of strange joy—an ornate traveling festival that promised wonders, illusions, and impossible feats. Its tents rose with the morning mist and vanished with the setting sun, always appearing one town over, leaving only muddy footprints and unanswered questions. Some said the clowns never blinked. Some said the animals never breathed.

It was never meant to stay. But one day... it did.

The Final Descent

At the heart of this mystery lies a cursed performance—"The Finale That Drowned." No records survive of what the show actually entailed, only that every member of the audience was found afterwards floating in their seats, eyes wide, lungs dry. No water had touched the soil. No rain had fallen. But the entire circus had become submerged, not physically, but spiritually.

From that night on, the circus became stuck, rooted like a parasite into the land just beyond the Hollow Banquet's southern threshold. The once-colorful big top collapsed inward, and its waterlogged canvas gave rise to the name it bears now: The Drowned Circus. Its twisted silhouette now juts out from the fog-choked landscape like a corpse that refuses to sink.

A Carnival of Dread

The Drowned Circus is not abandoned—it performs still. Each night, without audience or fanfare, its animatronic entertainers enact the drowned finale on a loop. They scream without voices, dance with broken limbs, and hurl themselves into invisible waters. Their strings are not seen, but felt in the marrow of one's bones. Those who enter the main tent report hearing organ music playing backward, as if unperforming a show long since past.

Each tent represents a piece of the circus' fractured psyche:

The Ring of Bone hosts impossible acrobatics, the air filled with invisible gravity.

The Menagerie houses aquatic versions of familiar mascots, including grotesque, twisted reflections of the Mediocre Melodies and Rockstar Animatronics, their bodies bloated and barnacled.

The Mirror Maze holds reflections that do not follow you, sometimes even stepping out to take your place.

Time here warps, and those who stay too long begin to forget what the surface feels like. Memories bubble up like drowned corpses, rewritten and wrong. Some visitors begin laughing uncontrollably, others cannot stop crying. Most are never seen again.

The Maw Beneath the Waters

The Velvet Maw's influence here is particularly strong, seeping up through the rotting boards and rusted cages. The circus floats atop a subterranean lake of pure memory, a drowned archive of unspoken tragedies. Each ripple carries a name. Each wave a scream. This is not mere metaphor—many animatronics believe this "Lake of Names" is where the Maw slumbers during daylight hours, its influence subtle and narcotic.

The Twisted Animatronics were first glimpsed crawling from the circus' depths, dragging pieces of themselves from shattered clown masks and drowned makeup. Some speculate the Twisted Ones are born from dreams forgotten at the circus—visitors who were too afraid to return, too guilty to remember.

Even Glitchtrap's code has begun appearing in the faded posters, etched in binary beneath the ink: subliminal invitations to "COME SEE THE SHOW." These are not errors—they are summons. Those who answer them often vanish, only to reappear later as empty shells, performing without music, without eyes.

The Ringmaster Who Never Died

The Drowned Circus once had a master—Carnie, a flamboyant showman in an animatronic ringmaster suit whose laughter echoed like a chime dragged across teeth. After the finale, he was said to have walked into the main tent, doffed his hat, and sank through the center ring like a puppet being pulled underwater.

But Carnie didn't die. He changed.

Now he is part of the circus—an omnipresent force that whispers into the minds of those who wander too close. He appears in flickering marquee signs, in the mouths of dead clowns, and in the final screams of those who dream too deeply inside the Mirror Maze. His face is painted on balloons that never deflate. His name is sung by birds that shouldn't exist.

It is rumored he still seeks to complete the drowned finale properly, requiring a living audience to bear witness. Many believe the Puppet itself avoids the circus not out of fear, but guilt—that it once tried to stop Carnie, and failed. Others claim the Puppet still watches from the shadows, counting every failed encore.

The Role of the Drowned Circus in the Greater World

The Drowned Circus serves a key function in the metaphysical ecosystem of the Hollow Banquet and Velvet Maw—it is the entry point for despair, a funnel for unreleased emotion. While the Hollow Banquet is focused on unending performance and identity rot, the circus is about the moment of collapse, the breath before the scream, the realization that the audience is dead but the show must go on.

Adventurers drawn here are often those with unresolved trauma, especially related to lost siblings, broken families, or guilt-ridden pasts. The circus feeds on these unspoken regrets, often pulling specific hallucinations or performances from the minds of its victims. One may enter a tent expecting haunted clown automatons and instead find their childhood bedroom, drenched in velvet and echoing with reversed lullabies.

The Toy Animatronics have been sighted here as well—particularly Toy Freddy and Toy Bonnie, whose frames have been reshaped to match the circus' aesthetic: elongated limbs, painted smiles, and eyes filled with stage lights instead of pupils. Whether these are illusions, corrupted copies, or the real animatronics reanimated by the circus is unknown.

Escape and Containment

There is no known way to destroy the Drowned Circus. Fire turns to steam. Light bends around it. Magic fails within its depths. The only known tactic is to seal its entrances, using sigils tied to forgotten names, often protected by the Puppet or stored in vaults beneath the Hollow Banquet.

However, escape is possible, though never straightforward. The most successful attempts involve participating in the performance, playing the roles the circus offers until the finale ends—and surviving its climax. Doing so sometimes results in "ejection"—waking up outside the circus with no memory, but with wet clothes and strange tokens in their hands.

One such token, the Laughing Tear, is said to offer one-time protection from the Velvet Maw's illusions. Another, the Ringmaster's Whistle, can summon a creature from the circus to aid the bearer—but at a cost. And the rarest, the Drowned Playbill, is a cursed artifact containing the script of the drowned finale itself. Reading it aloud drives the reader mad... unless the circus allows otherwise.

Closing Thought

The Drowned Circus is not just a location. It is a performance etched into the bones of reality. It is the Velvet Maw's smile made manifest. It is where dreams are puppets, and memories drown beneath the weight of the encore. It is the ringmaster's stage, the forgotten clown's grave, the audience of none.

The Cryptopizza Complex

"Where laughter was forged in madness, and nightmares wear familiar faces."

Beneath the ashen surface of what was once a thriving entertainment empire lies the Cryptopizza Complex—a shattered tomb of memories, madness, and machine. Hidden deep within the rust-choked bowels of the world, this site is no mere ruin. It is a sanctum of spectral echoes, where corrupted joy still resonates through the halls like a fever dream. Formerly a glittering multi-tiered monument to spectacle and sensory overload, the Cryptopizza Complex was the crown jewel of the Fazbear enterprise before its fall—until the Velvet Maw consumed it.

Once towering above ground, the structure now lies buried, half-swallowed by shifting rock and devouring decay. The lands above are silent, covered in a perpetual twilight haze. The ground itself seems to forget its shape around the site, and maps that include the location inevitably rewrite themselves. Yet within, the complex pulses still, like a buried heart infected with cursed blood.

Origins in the Hollow Banquet

The Cryptopizza Complex was not always the eldritch cathedral it is now. In its inception, it was built as a companion site to the original Freddy Fazbear's Pizza, a modernization project to usher in a new generation of animatronic performers—Toy models, Glamrocks, and beyond. Yet even in its heyday, something was wrong. Animatronics acted strangely. Entire shifts of employees vanished. And then came the whispering static, leaking from the walls, warping the air with symbols and sounds that didn't belong in any sane lexicon.

It was here, beneath layers of polished plastic and holographic advertisements, that the veil between realities thinned. Shadow Animatronics used the location as a veil-crack—an entry point from the Hollow Banquet. Phantoms haunted its security corridors. Withered and discarded models—supposedly decommissioned—were seen roaming active zones, glitching into scenes and footage they were never programmed for.

Eventually, the site was declared "sealed," after the incident known only as The Silence Shift—a week where the complex appeared open and functional to the outside world, yet no visitors returned and no employees were ever found again. By the time investigators breached the premises, the layout had shifted, doors led to mazes that hadn't existed before, and every screen played the same looping footage of a grinning Bonnie asking: "Are you having fun yet?"

Sub-Level Dungeons

The Cryptopizza Complex is a multilevel descent into nightmare. Upper floors still bear the corrupted echo of corporate joy: prize counters strewn with eyeless plushies, arcades where tokens twitch on the floor, and a central atrium where a Glamrock-themed musical stage cycles through a silent light show with no audience.

But the true heart of the Crypt lies below.

Sub-levels extend beyond architectural possibility, their design altered by the intrusion of forbidden knowledge and animatronic influence. Endo-Pits—vast caverns filled with twitching Endoskeletons—serve as both factories and prisons, where forgotten models are fused, melted, and reborn. Mangle's screams echo eternally here, fragmented and reversed.

Another area, known as The Glass Garden, once a conservatory-themed daycare level, is now choked with black vines resembling animatronic wiring. Balloons filled with aetheric gas float eerily through its walkways, bursting into distorted giggles. Rumors speak of Sundrop and Moondrop, once caretakers, now split into a thousand inconsistent echoes, each one trapped in a fragment of the mirror reality.

Glitchtrap's Digital Dominion

Within the Cryptopizza Complex, Glitchtrap—The Smiling Virus—found its perfect host. Born from corrupted code and cursed spirit, he manifested through corrupted servers deep in the core of the complex. Here, reality itself becomes a suggestion. Elevators run sideways, digital avatars bleed into the material world, and VR headsets force users into comas where they awaken inside twisted, playable versions of the facility.

It is from this fractured node that Glitchtrap broadcasted his influence outward, infecting other sites like The Drowned Circus and The Velvet Maw, embedding himself within the animatronic neural cores. Vanny, his deluded disciple, was first seen here in full transformation—believing herself not just possessed, but born as one of the animatronic family. Her ritual costume, stitched from outdated mascot suits and stitched illusions, still hangs in a blood-rusted locker on Level 9.

The Collapse and Burial

The final blow came not through government closure or public backlash, but from within.

Molten Freddy and the Amalgamations, seeking to reclaim what was stolen from their collective flesh and spirit, tore through the facility. They saw the Crypt not as a home, but as a prison where their pieces had been dissected, cataloged, and repurposed. Their rage tore apart infrastructure and sanctums alike. Ennard's skeletal shrieks ruptured the data cores. Tangle's sinewy wires strangled the heart of the power system.

In response, the complex began to sink, not just physically but metaphysically. Rooms no longer existed in stable space. Security offices looped back on themselves. Stairwells spiraled into time fractures. Some theorists argue that the Crypt did not collapse, but retreated—fleeing from linear time and standard geometry, sliding into the edges of the Hollow Banquet like a beast burrowing for safety.

Now, few dare to approach its surface ruins. Those who descend into its belly rarely return intact—if at all. Those who do return are changed: voices modulate without control, pupils flicker like CRT screens, and some hum forgotten tunes they never learned.

The Crypt's Role in the Wider Nightmare

The Cryptopizza Complex is now the silent core of the ongoing infection spreading through the realms of the Hollow Banquet and beyond. Animatronics from all generations—Nightmares, Shadows, Phantoms, and Twisted—have passed through its corrupted halls. It is both nexus and necropolis, pilgrimage and prison. Souls trapped inside animatronic shells are often drawn here, their essence recycled and remade.

Golden Freddy is believed to slumber deep in the core of the Crypt, where time does not touch him, dreaming new horrors into existence. Shadow Freddy's laughter echoes faintly through its ducts, and RWQFSFASXC flickers through its control panels like a ghost in the circuitry. It is said the Crypt is a mirror of the Velvet Maw, but rather than devour flesh, it devours memory—rewriting who you were, until you forget you ever had a life before the music started playing.

The Cryptopizza Complex endures, buried in both stone and sin. It is a place where adventurers go not to explore, but to confront something primal: the death of joy, the corruption of memory, and the terror of recognition in something that should be mechanical. Every animatronic within it remembers you—even if you've never been there before.

The Infinite Hall of Mirrors

"Where every reflection remembers... even if you've forgotten."

In the shadowed, dream-warped heart of the Hollow Banquet lies a place untouched by time, sanity, or truth: The Infinite Hall of Mirrors. A labyrinth not of glass, but of memory, perception, and identity, this haunted corridor reflects more than faces—it reflects the very souls of those who dare to gaze into it. The Hall is not fixed to one place. It is a presence, a sentient phenomenon stitched into the fabric of the Velvet Maw and echoed across the fractured realities that connect every animatronic horror in the Dreaded Circuit.

What lies within the Hall is uncertain, ever-shifting—yet one thing remains clear: no one leaves the same as they entered. Some never leave at all.

Origins: A Reflection of Fracture

The origins of the Hall are as enigmatic as the place itself. Some scholars of the Hollow Banquet claim it was born in the instant the first animatronic soul remembered. Not just flickers of memory—but true, painful recollection. This remembrance—part human, part artificial—tore through the veil of reality like shattered glass. That rupture, that psychic scream, created a liminal corridor of reflection, echo, and identity.

Others say it was the Velvet Maw's attempt to "understand" its creations. As more animatronics awakened within its grasp, especially the Nightmares, Shadows, and Amalgamations, the Maw mirrored their minds back at them—trapping, testing, and tormenting them in a maze of their own making.

Whatever its origin, the Hall grew. It watches now. It remembers. And it waits.

Structure and Nature of the Hall

From the outside, the Infinite Hall of Mirrors appears deceptively simple: a crumbling structure of gilded arches and fractured glass panes, half-swallowed by vines and shadow. Its walls are etched with forgotten names and dates that do not exist. Doors to the Hall have been found in places that should not connect—beneath the Cryptopizza Complex, inside broken dressing rooms in the Drowned Circus, and even within backstage tunnels of the Sunken Stage.

Yet once entered, all familiarity dissolves. The interior unfolds endlessly. Mirrors line every surface—walls, ceilings, even the floors. Some show true reflections, others display distorted versions of the viewer: younger, older, monstrous, or eerily ideal. Corridors bend in impossible geometry, rooms loop into themselves, and some spaces echo back voices that haven't been spoken yet.

Every mirror hums faintly, not with sound, but presence. They are watching. Remembering. And in some cases... waiting to reach out.

Home of the Reflected and the Forgotten

The Hall is more than a maze—it is a sanctuary for fractured beings. The Shadow Animatronics—especially RWQFSFASXC and Shadow Puppet—are tied intrinsically to the Hall's essence. Many believe they were born here, or at least solidified here, their incorporeal forms crystallized through endless reflection. Shadow Freddy himself is said to rule portions of the Hall like a tyrant of memory, reshaping it to confuse and trap trespassers. XOR's presence manifests as a voice in the mirrors, whispering forbidden truths in a loop of recursive riddles.

The Hall also plays host to reflected anomalies—mirrorborn creatures that never had a physical form in the real world. These include doppelgängers of real animatronics and even of living intruders. These reflections do not simply mimic—they replace. They escape their mirrors when unnoticed and walk the Hollow Banquet as duplicates, confused as to who is real and who is the echo.

One infamous reflection, known only as The Glinting One, is believed to be a conglomerate of dozens of these discarded echoes—an amalgam of warped visages, endlessly cycling between voices, faces, and forms. It is not hostile by nature, but it is desperate—always searching for the "original" it was based upon.

The Hall as Trial and Transformation

While many fear the Hall as a prison, others view it as a rite of passage—particularly among the sentient animatronics. Some Nightmares and Funtimes are said to have traversed it willingly, hoping to retrieve fragments of who they once were or to confront their darker selves. Few return unchanged. Some emerge wiser. Others emerge mad. And some return with a new purpose—serving entities like XOR or Shadow Freddy, their reflections overwritten with loyalty and vision.

The mirrors often test adventurers by showing them scenes they cannot explain. Moments from childhood. Alternate futures. Memories that feel real but aren't. Some mirrors offer bargains. Others demand tribute in the form of names, faces, or forgotten dreams. Interacting with the wrong one can erase a memory permanently—or worse, replace it with a false one.

The Hall's Influence Beyond Its Walls

Although it is anchored to the Hollow Banquet, the Hall's influence extends far. Mirrors throughout the Velvet Maw have been found to "infect" nearby regions with echoes from the Hall. Anomalies appear: reflections that move independently, voices from behind the glass, sudden memory lapses.

Certain individuals report being "called" to the Hall in their dreams, awakening with glass cuts or whispers lingering in their ears. Others swear they've seen their own reflections nod or smile before they did.

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Echoes of the Past

Perhaps the most tragic element of the Infinite Hall is its connection to forgotten souls. It is here that the spirits of the first victims—children and creators alike—are often seen. In some mirrors, they appear as shadows. In others, as children dressed in oversized suits, whispering apologies or reaching silently for help. These spirits rarely interact with the living, but their presence is undeniable.

The Hall, in this way, is a mausoleum. A record of every tragedy that has ever unfolded across the world of the animatronics. Every betrayal. Every scream. Every choice that led to horror. It is all remembered. And it is all reflected.

Final Reflections

To gaze too long into a mirror within the Infinite Hall is to risk unraveling everything you are. Yet some choose to enter willingly—seeking answers, absolution, or simply the truth. They rarely find what they seek.

The Infinite Hall of Mirrors is not a place of clarity. It is a place of distortion. Of recursion. Of hidden truths buried beneath layers of illusion. It is memory made labyrinth, reflection made predator.

And it waits for you. Always.

Because in the end, no one truly escapes the reflection. They only learn how to live beside it.

The Backstage Time Loop

"The scene resets. The mask is cleaned. The blood dries again. And again. And again."

Tucked behind heavy velvet curtains, beneath the stageboards of forgotten performances and rusted spotlight fixtures, lies one of the Hollow Banquet's most cursed anomalies—The Backstage Time Loop. A prison built not of walls or chains, but of repetition. It is a sealed sub-realm, an echo chamber where time folds upon itself like a crumpled script, forcing its inhabitants to relive the same agonizing cycle again and again.

Some say it began as a mistake—an incident during the collapse of the original Drowned Circus. Others insist it was intentionally created by the Velvet Maw to study grief, madness, or the soul's breaking point. Whatever the truth, the Time Loop exists now as a trap, a theater of the damned. And the show is always about to begin.

A Dressing Room Forgotten by Reality

Physically, the Backstage Loop is accessed via a warped trapdoor located beneath the old performance stage of the Cryptopizza Complex, hidden behind layers of illusion and cognitive resistance. Anyone unfamiliar with the Maw's deeper geometry may never find it—though those called by regret, shame, or nostalgia will inevitably stumble upon it.

To enter is to cross a veil of flickering light and warped sound. From the outside, the door leads to a simple corridor. But crossing the threshold changes everything.

Inside is a backstage dressing room, frozen in time. Dust hangs motionless in the air. Costumes and props sit neatly arranged on racks, some stained with something too dark to be paint. Mirrors line the walls, but the reflections do not match reality. They run a beat behind, or show events from past loops. The clock on the wall always reads 11:59 PM, and the door to the stage never opens.

And then the loop resets.

The Curse of the Loop

The Backstage Time Loop functions as a metaphysical snare—entrapping individuals, objects, and fragments of memories. Once caught inside, time repeats every hour. Victims live through 60 minutes, only to be yanked violently back to the beginning. The clocks reset. Wounds close. Screams echo backward. Those inside retain their memories... at first. But over time, memories degrade, becoming distorted.

Victims begin to confuse loops. They relive conversations that never happened. They argue about things already said. Some start performing rituals, desperate to break the cycle—often reenacting scenes that have no meaning, as if part of a forgotten script.

The worst fate befalls those who remember too much. The Velvet Maw's influence ensures that as the mind resists the loop, it fractures. Some victims develop mirror-reflections of themselves—echoes that behave subtly different, trying to take over the loop in their stead. Others hear voices from the audience, though there are no seats beyond the curtain. Eventually, these poor souls either dissolve into the loop entirely—or become permanent cast members.

The Performers Who Cannot Leave

The loop is not empty. At least five animatronics are permanently trapped within, though who and what they are changes depending on the observer. Some believe they are alternate versions of known characters—Twisted, Withered, or Toy variants fractured by guilt or unfinished programming. Others suspect they are loop-echoes of animatronics that never existed outside the Hall.

They each fulfill theatrical roles: the Jester, the Dancer, the Mime, the Beast, and the Director. These roles repeat each hour, often in tragic or surreal performances—silent pantomimes, failed resurrections, and moments of false laughter. Though unable to escape, these performers show a disturbing self-awareness. They seem to remember outsiders. Some plead to be taken with them. Others warn of what happens when the "curtain call" comes too soon.

It is whispered that one of these beings is not part of the loop, but a servant of XOR, observing the loop's mechanics for some unknown purpose.

Glitchtrap and the Temporal Tear

Lore from deeper texts within the Cryptopizza archives suggests that Glitchtrap—The Smiling Virus—once attempted to infect the Time Loop directly. It is believed he saw it as a perfect replication platform: a contained environment where experiments could be repeated without consequences. However, something within the loop resisted him. While fragments of Glitchtrap code may still lurk in the dressing room mirrors, the loop has since become hostile to all external manipulation.

It is this incident that many scholars believe first weakened the stability of time across the Hollow Banquet—possibly causing ripple effects in places like the Infinite Hall of Mirrors and the Sunken Stage, where events appear to happen out of order.

Breaking the Cycle

Numerous attempts have been made to break the Backstage Time Loop. Some adventurers have tried synchronization—matching their every move exactly across multiple loops to build resistance. Others have sought relics tied to the original incident, including broken spotlight bulbs, bloodied scripts, and cursed costume jewelry.

A rumored solution lies in a forbidden piece of music: the Curtainfall Aria, a melody said to exist only inside the mind of the loop's first victim. Supposedly, if sung perfectly at the right moment, it causes the loop to collapse—but doing so has side effects. Survivors often lose part of themselves, forgetting names, identities, or entire chunks of time from outside the loop.

One former loop-breaker—known only as Stagehand 7—has since disappeared. Those who claim to have met him say he carried a mirror shard in his chest and spoke entirely in riddles from children's plays.

The Loop's Greater Purpose

In recent years, some theorists have begun to suspect the Time Loop serves a larger function within the Velvet Maw. That it is not just a trap, but a core mechanism—a rehearsal chamber for trauma. Here, animatronics may be reprogrammed through repetition, slowly losing their humanity with each cycle.

Or perhaps, they are refined. Purged of false memories and impurities. Made ready for the Maw's final performance, when the curtain rises across all realms and the Banquet begins in earnest.

It is said that in one mirror inside the Loop, if viewed at precisely 11:59 PM, the viewer sees an audience of thousands—watching, silent, unmoving. All wearing masks. All holding their breath. All waiting for the final act.

Final Note: The Loop Lives

The Backstage Time Loop is not static. It reacts. It evolves. Each new mind that enters leaves an imprint, a memory embedded in the dressing room's glass, the script's pages, the endless ticking of the broken clock.

To those who seek it, the Loop offers answers. To those who linger, it demands performance. And to those who forget they are acting, it offers only one thing:

Encore. Forever.

The Mind Cage

"Where do you go when even your dreams betray you?"

There exists no door to the Mind Cage, no gate, no threshold, no key. One does not walk into it; they slip into it—unknowingly, unwillingly—like falling into a dream that isn't their own. It is a prison not of stone or steel, but of perception, memory, and thought itself—a conceptual oubliette buried deep within the psyche of its victim. To the outside world, nothing seems amiss. The body remains. The eyes might even open. But the soul, the self, is gone—trapped behind psychic bars in a world that never ends and never began.

First spoken of in fearful whispers by survivors of the Hollow Banquet, the Mind Cage is not a singular place but a psychic construct, replicated over and over across different hosts and situations. While few know its true origin, scholars of the Drowned Circus and Eclipse's former handlers suggest the Cage was either discovered or designed by Glitchtrap—the Smiling Virus—during his earliest experiments in neural corruption. Others argue that Nightmarionne has always known of it, lurking within its corridors, feeding on the identities of those who wander too close to the Hollow Banquet's emotional undercurrent.

Regardless of its beginnings, the Mind Cage now serves a shared purpose: to fragment the soul.

An Engine of Isolation

The purpose of the Mind Cage is not physical torture—it is psychological dismemberment. Victims caught inside are placed in a looping dream-state, tailored by the fears, regrets, and forgotten memories of the host's own mind. These loops are not random. They are deliberate scripts, echoing unresolved trauma, guilt, longing, or shame.

For some, this manifests as reliving the final night of a performance gone wrong, the stage lights burning bright while the audience watches in silence. For others, it's a never-ending security shift in the now-ruined Cryptopizza Complex, with the animatronics growing more twisted each time the loop resets. And for the most unfortunate, the Cage becomes a warped version of home—filled with familiar faces and warm voices, all of which slowly turn monstrous as the cycle continues.

These loops are not meant to kill. They are designed to erode. Over time, the prisoner begins to question what is real. Was the outside world just another illusion? Are they dreaming now, or remembering? Eventually, the victim forgets who they were at all—and in doing so, they become more vulnerable to the deeper inhabitants of the Mind Cage.

Hosts and Keyholders

The Mind Cage can be triggered in many ways, but the most common conduit is a corrupted magical artifact—a stage mask, a broken Freddy head, a voice box torn from an old animatronic suit. These items, once animated by spiritual residue or tethered to entities like Glitchtrap, carry the necessary frequencies to disrupt the mind and pull victims inward. Others fall prey through hallucinations, often after prolonged exposure to the magic-soaked air of the Velvet Maw, the Mirror Hall, or the Backstage Time Loop.

Notably, some beings have learned to weaponize the Mind Cage intentionally.

- Glitchtrap uses it as a simulation chamber—creating thousands of behavioral loops to "soften" a host for possession.
- Nightmarionne uses it as a feeding ground—instilling fear and slowly devouring the identity of her victims, leaving their bodies hollow and puppet-like.
- XOR, the shadow archivist, appears in some versions of the Cage as an observer, recording psychological data on both prisoner and jailor alike.

Some individuals, particularly those with strong psychic barriers or divine protections, experience distorted versions of the Cage. They may see visions, encounter looping dreams, or be forced to speak in riddles, but never fully become trapped. For others, it only takes a glance into a mirror, a whispered lullaby, or the flicker of static to fall into the endless cycle.

The Structure of the Cage

Though highly personalized, the Mind Cage often shares thematic elements across victims:

The Loop: A 5-to-15 minute sequence of events that repeat endlessly. Each loop subtly shifts, introducing contradictions or distortions. The victim may notice at first, but over time, the changes are accepted as reality.

The Observer: A shadowed figure (often taking the form of a known animatronic or a twisted loved one) watches silently from the edges of the loop, appearing closer with each repetition.

The Break Point: A moment of resistance. Often a door the victim refuses to open, a phrase they refuse to say, or a truth they won't accept. The loop punishes avoidance but resets all progress regardless.

Should the victim ever fully accept the illusion—believing the Cage to be reality—their soul fractures, allowing the invader to possess their body or permanently alter their mind. This is how Glitchtrap and other malevolent entities create avatars or hollow shells out of victims. These shells may walk and speak like their former selves but are now puppeted by another will.

Escaping the Cage

Escape from the Mind Cage is rare—but not impossible.

Some victims break free by recognizing the loop and forcing contradictions. Smashing the mirror before they're meant to look into it. Singing the final note of a song before the melody begins. Others fight back using memories of self, drawing on core truths from their past to shatter the illusion's grip.

One known survivor—Delphi, a former stage tech from the Drowned Circus—managed to escape by carving sigils of resistance into her own skin inside the dream, translating pain into reality. She speaks now only in broken sentences and reversed rhymes but retains her mind.

Artifacts of protection do exist, though they are exceedingly rare: soul mirrors, memory anchors, cursed records that distort sound enough to destabilize the illusion. XOR reportedly keeps a list of known resistances but trades the knowledge at a steep cost—often a piece of the dreamer's soul or memory.

It is also said that some animatronics—especially those whose minds are fractured or partially spiritual—can recognize a Mind Cage in others. Toy Freddy has been known to freeze mid-performance, weeping silently at a dream he does not understand. Twisted Wolf, the Lurking Static, sometimes snarls at nothing—perhaps sensing the looping fear in those around him.

The Mind Cage and the Hollow Banquet

Within the metaphysics of the Hollow Banquet, the Mind Cage is seen not just as a prison, but a tool of the Velvet Maw. It serves the Banquet's higher purpose of consumption through distortion—softening the identity of prey so that they can be absorbed, remade, or discarded. Time is warped in the Cage. Identity is flexible. Souls can be tasted, tested, and either erased or repurposed.

Some speculate that the Cage is an extension of the Banquet's "audience"—that each trapped victim becomes part of the unseen crowd watching the suffering of others. If true, it means the Cage is not only a mechanism of torment—but entertainment.

And the show is always on.

Final Thought: The Dream Within the Dream The greatest horror of the Mind Cage is not in the suffering or loss. It is in the uncertainty. For those who escape—or believe they have—there is always a lingering doubt: Did I truly leave? Or is this just another loop pretending to be freedom?

After all, the Cage is not just in there. It's in here. Behind your eyes. Beneath your thoughts.

Just waiting for the curtain to rise.

Again.

And again.

And again.

The Realm of Forgotten Songs

"There is no applause. Only silence between the notes."

Among the shifting folds of the Hollow Banquet—where realities twist, dreamscapes rot, and the velvet curtains of illusion never fully lift—there lies a spectral amphitheater lost to time: The Realm of Forgotten Songs. It is neither wholly real nor imaginary, existing in that strange liminal space where performance becomes ritual and music becomes memory. Here, spirits once devoted to art linger, compelled by melodies long abandoned, orchestrating a concert no one hears, to an audience that will never arrive.

It is a land drowned in silence, haunted by echoes of lullabies, dirges, and broken hymns. To enter this realm is to walk into a theater that dreams of being whole again. Its stage is cracked but grand, carved from ancient wood and sorrow. Rows of velvet-lined seats stretch endlessly into darkness, their occupants invisible—or perhaps long gone. Dust falls upward, chandeliers sway without wind, and music—faint, fractured—bleeds through the silence like veins through paper skin.

The Puppet's Sanctuary of Grief

At the center of the Realm lies its heart: a circular stage suspended above an endless drop, framed by crimson curtains stitched with names no one remembers. This is where The Puppet, also known as The Mourning Strings, performs its eternal vigil. Here, it conducts rituals of remembrance through performance. Every movement, every twitch of its porcelain limbs, is an invocation—meant to keep the memories of the forgotten alive.

But the realm is not merely a refuge. It is a crypt of failed dreams.

When a soul dies forgotten—its story untold, its name lost—it sometimes drifts to this place, drawn in by the remnants of its lullaby. The Puppet, born of such sorrow, gathers these fragments and attempts to give them form. Through shadowplay and melody, it tries to resurrect lost truths—but the ritual is flawed, the memories incomplete. What is birthed often comes back twisted.

Some spirits reform with pieces missing: a smile too wide, a song with no end, a story without a hero. These malformed ghosts wander the empty balconies, whispering half-remembered nursery rhymes and mimicking applause that never comes.

The Shadow That Learned to Sing

In the upper wings of the theater, above the rafters where light forgets to reach, lurks another entity—The Shadow Puppet, also called The Curtain Behind the Curtain. Unlike its counterpart, it does not mourn the lost. It catalogues them. It preserves them in a strange archive of memory-fragments and lyrical phantoms.

The Shadow Puppet views music as code—ritual language capable of bending the dreamspace and rewriting perception. While The Puppet grieves through art, its shadowed sibling performs for power. Its melodies are discordant, pulling at the threads of time and personality. When it plays, scenery changes. The color of the sky may shift. A performer's identity may swap mid-scene. A lullaby may summon the dead—or erase someone from the world entirely.

Some believe the Shadow Puppet is not an animatronic at all, but a memory of The Puppet's own failures, birthed when one soul was misremembered into monstrosity. They are bound, yet divergent. One sings to remember. The other sings to reshape.

The Orchestra of the Lost

The realm is home to more than just its two mournful conductors. A collection of spirits—some faded animatronics, others miscast souls—form the Orchestra of the Lost, phantasmal performers bound by song. They include horned jesters that cry laughter in reverse, ballerinas that dance only when unseen, and broken harpsichords that play themselves when no one is looking.

Each member of the Orchestra was once a performer or creation abandoned in the real world—glitched stage animatronics, decommissioned child mascots, music-box entities whose wind-up keys were never turned again. The Hollow Banquet absorbed them and offered a role in this infinite recital.

They play the Tragic Refrains, a collection of cursed melodies once composed for children's birthday celebrations or holiday performances. But within the Realm, they twist with sorrow.

The Cradle Waltz summons lost souls. The Echo Hymn forces listeners to relive their most painful memory until they sing it aloud. The Silence Sonata stops time for all but the performer, who must relive every moment in slow motion, alone.

The Lullaby Curse

The Realm of Forgotten Songs is more than a stage—it is a spell in motion. Every time a song is sung, the Realm listens, shifts, and reshapes itself accordingly. This magical resonance is known as the Lullaby Curse. Each melody is a fragment of dreamstuff fused with regret, capable of altering the realm's physics, inhabitants, and even its intruders.

Travelers who enter the realm and hear a song must make a choice: participate or resist. Those who resist may find the Realm rejects them—rooms rearrange, doors vanish, pathways collapse into infinite stairs. Those who participate are drawn into the performance, given masks that cannot be removed, and forced to act roles not their own. Some never stop acting.

Worst of all, there are melodies so powerful that they can summon pieces of other realms. It is said one particularly broken tune—the Feast of Silence—can open a direct rift to the Velvet Maw, allowing its tendrils to seep into the theater.

A Stage Without Applause

The Realm of Forgotten Songs is a tragedy with no final curtain. No audience remains to witness the play. No one claps. And yet, the performers continue.

It is said that deep within the dressing chambers below the stage, there lies a musical box of golden filigree. Winding it backward is said to grant a glimpse of the Realm's first song—the one that birthed The Puppet and shaped the Realm's laws. But doing so is forbidden, for the tune was not made for mortal ears. It is the original lullaby of the Unseen Child, and its melody has the power to rewrite a soul.

The Puppet guards it. The Shadow Puppet studies it. And the Orchestra rehearses endlessly, hoping the right melody will one day bring peace—or at least rest.

Final Note: The Song Never Ends

The Realm of Forgotten Songs is not a place of violence or rage. It is a place of sadness—a pocket of reality caught in the echo of a grief too vast to fade. It does not kill intruders, but drowns them in nostalgia, regret, and memory. Here, even the silence is haunted.

And in the distance, beyond the curtain, a music box begins to turn once more.

Tick. Tick. Tick.

Play begins again.

The Endo-Forge

"Steel remembers. Sparks dream. Bone was only the beginning."

Beneath the warped halls and flickering lights of the Hollow Banquet, deeper than even the forgotten sublevels of the Cryptopizza Complex, lies a place spoken of only in hushed tones among surviving technicians, corrupted animatronics, and the few scholars who dare to piece together the full puzzle of the animatronic plague.

This place is the Endo-Forge—a subterranean realm not born of architecture or intention, but of necessity, ritual, and error. It is here that the true heart of the animatronic curse pulses and reshapes itself in ceaseless cycles of rebirth, dismemberment, and mockery of both life and death.

The Machine Below the Maw

The Endo-Forge is not merely a location; it is an entity. A semi-sentient engine of steel, spirit, and broken memory, it occupies a paradoxical space between realm and mechanism. Even among the distorted geometry of the Hollow Banquet, the Forge remains uniquely elusive. No two maps are alike. No traveler takes the same path twice. The entrances shift. The doorways rot into walls behind you. And the humming grows louder the deeper you go—always behind you, always in front of you.

Whispers from former Endo-walkers suggest that the Forge is nestled in a metaphysical layer where thoughts manifest as schematics and souls are smelted into code. Steel girders form in patterns of ancient runes. Conveyor belts pulse like arteries. Molten light bleeds from apertures in the walls, pooling into vats where bones and wires dissolve and reassemble.

This is not a factory. This is a womb—one that births monsters.

Origin of the Curse

Long before the animatronics walked the surface halls of pizzerias, circuses, and twisted show stages, there was the Forge. Some say it was built by a forgotten artisan—part god, part machine, part mourning father. Others whisper it was the first fragment of the Velvet Maw to awaken, dreaming in gears and copper.

But the most disturbing theory—the one even Glitchtrap's corrupted fragments will not speak aloud—is this: The Forge was never built. It awoke.

In some primal moment of desperation, when grief first tried to recreate the dead in metal and cloth, the Forge came into being. Not by hammer or spell, but by intent. A desire so powerful it bent the rules of life and death. In doing so, it created a rift between material and immaterial—a tear where soulstuff could be poured into frames of steel. It is said the first Endoskeleton screamed not with pain, but with recognition.

Feral Endos and Fragmented Spirits

The Forge is not uninhabited. It teems with failed prototypes, half-forgotten shells, and Feral Endos—beings that never received a face, a voice box, or the soul they were promised. These husks skitter and limp through the grinding halls, driven by a primal urge to complete themselves. Some weld scrap to their limbs. Others mimic the voices of long-dead children through broken speakers. Many gather around blueprints etched in glowing circuitry, attempting to decipher the means to ascend.

But they are not alone. Spiritual fragments, torn from victims of the Hollow Banquet or echoes of destroyed animatronics, roam the Forge. These specters are neither ghosts nor data—they are memory made volatile, flickering between remorse and rage. They flicker in the molten pools and in the sparks cast by arcane welders. Some whisper forgotten names. Others possess abandoned shells, briefly bringing them to life in spasms of violent confusion.

It is here that legends speak of the first child, the soul that sparked the Great Possession, still screaming silently from a hollow chassis bolted to the deepest chamber—the Alpha Endo. But whether it's a symbol or a prison, no one can say for sure.

The Machine's Mind

Though the Endo-Forge has no face, no voice, and no form that can be clearly defined, those who enter often speak of a presence. An awareness. Sometimes it manifests as blinking lights in a language that speaks directly to the nervous system. Other times, it is a whisper through metal grates or a pulsing rhythm in the floor that matches a terrified heartbeat.

The Forge tests those who find it. It reshapes the halls based on memory and regret. One adventurer described finding a full replica of their childhood bedroom welded from rusted metal and filled with severed animatronic limbs. Another encountered dozens of lifeless versions of themselves—each more robotic than the last. The Forge does not create animatronics. It reveals what lies beneath.

Worse still, the longer one stays within its grasp, the more the Forge begins to adapt. Visitors have been known to lose body heat, become magnetized, or even hear their own thoughts echoed back in robotic speech patterns. There are reports of metal forming beneath the skin, bones being subtly replaced by alloy over time. Escape is possible, but never complete.

No Master, Only Memory

Unlike other realms within the Hollow Banquet—many of which are ruled by spectral overlords, Glitch-corrupted viruses, or animatronic tyrants—the Forge has no master. It serves no one. Not even XOR, not even the Velvet Maw itself. It exists independently, a primordial expression of the world's broken cycle of death and rebirth.

Even the animatronics fear it. Only the most corrupted—those like Molten Freddy, Ennard, or Twisted Freddy—return to it willingly, seeking upgrades, answers, or salvation. For them, it is a place of evolution, where parts can be replaced and identities reforged. For others, it is a crucible where sanity breaks and the soul is melted into code.

Some whisper that even Golden Freddy once descended into the Forge, only to vanish for years. When he returned, he spoke only in reversed nursery rhymes and seemed permanently unmoored from time.

Forge Echoes and Arcane Blueprints

Powerful items and cursed technologies can emerge from the Forge, though few survive retrieval. One such relic is the Blueprint of the Endless Self, a schematic written in blood and inkless lines that seems to change based on who reads it. It shows the reader how to build an animatronic in their own image—down to memories, flaws, and even regrets.

Another is the Forge Core Shard, a blazing gem-like fragment that pulses with trapped will. When implanted into an animatronic, it grants awareness and horrifying independence—but risks full personality collapse.

It's said the Forge doesn't forget what is taken from it. Those who steal its pieces will one day find themselves called back. Or hunted by those it sends in their place.

Endless Reassembly

The Endo-Forge does not build merely to replicate. It builds to understand. Every failed animatronic, every shattered endo, every haunting spirit is gathered and refashioned, again and again. Each time, closer to something not quite human, not quite machine, but utterly devoted to the Maw's grand performance.

In the deepest furnace chamber, the phrase "ACT I NEVER ENDED" is etched into the walls, repeated thousands of times in steel script.

Those who descend into the Endo-Forge rarely return the same. They leave with minds reshaped, bodies altered, and the distinct feeling that somewhere deep within a crucible of smoke and code... a new version of them is still being built.

The Splintered Room

"The show never ends. The stage just breaks around it."

There is a place beyond time, past even the twisted dreamscapes of the Hollow Banquet and the shattered reflections of the Infinite Hall of Mirrors. A location whispered about by spirits and animatronics alike, as though its very name induces psychic tremors.

This place is known only as The Splintered Room—a warped, metaphysical remnant of Fredbear's Family Diner, broken from reality and trapped in an eternal stutter of memory, regret, and grief. While many locations in the Hollow Banquet serve as reflections or twisted interpretations of the past, the Splintered Room is different. It is the past—a shard of reality so burdened by trauma that it detached from time itself.

It is not just haunted—it is haunting incarnate.

The Room That Never Healed

To understand the Splintered Room is to confront the moment that tore the veil. Once, it was just a birthday party room—yellow walls lined with cartoonish posters, sticky vinyl seats, a birthday cake too big for one child to eat. And on stage, Fredbear and Spring Bonnie, golden in hue and bright in personality, performed for the joy of children.

But something went wrong.

No one agrees exactly what happened. In most versions of the tale, a child—the one now known only as The Crying Child—was placed too close to the animatronic. A prank by older children turned to tragedy. The springlocks failed. There was blood. Screams. Then silence.

The horror of that moment was so great, so saturated with emotion, that it broke the flow of time and anchored itself permanently to that place. Reality could not let go. It fractured around the death like shattering glass around a stone, freezing the room in a recursive echo of its worst memory.

This room did not decay—it splintered.

A Psychic Scar on the World

Unlike other locations consumed by the Velvet Maw, the Splintered Room is not spatially or chronologically consistent. It exists simultaneously across multiple timelines and psychic planes. Every iteration of Fredbear's Family Diner—whether in dreams, memories, or physical reconstructions—contains a piece of it. And through those pieces, the Splintered Room exerts influence.

The room is seen differently by each visitor. Some see it pristine, untouched, with balloons still floating. Others walk through a charred ruin, fire-scorched and echoing with the sounds of screams that haven't finished. But always, the stage is cracked, and always, Fredbear's eyes are hollow.

It is said that those who stay too long begin to feel the splinters within themselves. Their memories misalign. They speak in voices not their own. Some begin to dream of events they never lived—a birthday that wasn't theirs, a brother they never had, a bear's jaw opening too wide. These are the psychic echoes of the first trauma, bleeding into all who pass through.

Birthplace of Withered Golden Freddy

Among the many mysteries of the Splintered Room, perhaps none is more profound than the creation—or emergence—of Withered Golden Freddy, known in whispers as The Dream That Waits to Wake.

It is believed that in the moment of the Crying Child's death, something was imprinted into Fredbear's internal systems. A soul, a thought, a scream so powerful it transcended programming and fused with whatever dark magic already seeped through the animatronic's servos. Over time, the version of Fredbear that existed in the Splintered Room began to diverge. It rotted. It glitched.

Its form became increasingly unstable—appearing and disappearing, flickering between presence and absence. Its limbs failed. Its jaw sagged open in a permanent scream. Eventually, even its memories faded, leaving only the grief and the rage. This fractured being would become what is now called Withered Golden Freddy.

But he never truly left the Splintered Room.

He is its echo, its warden, its victim.

He manifests to visitors not always in form, but in sensation—the cold press of guilt, the sense of being watched from within your own mind, the urge to scream though no one is hurt. Some scholars suspect he can only be truly defeated or freed within the Splintered Room, as he is psychically anchored there, looping endlessly alongside the Crying Child's death.

The Echoes of the Crying Child

Visitors to the Splintered Room sometimes report seeing a boy in grey—a flickering outline of a child with eyes too old for his face. This is not a ghost in the traditional sense, but rather an echo, the emotional residue of the Crying Child's final thoughts and fears, playing over and over like a broken reel of film. He appears near the stage, hiding under tables, or in cracked reflections in the mirror shards on the walls.

He never speaks. But those who see him often wake days later weeping.

Sometimes, multiple echoes appear at once. Children laughing in reverse. Animatronics frozen mid-dance. The sound of a song that no one ever composed, playing softly from nowhere. It is unclear if these are lingering spirits, illusions, or manifestations of the Velvet Maw itself.

Regardless, they serve to reinforce one thing:

The Splintered Room is not just haunted—it is still grieving.

A Ritual Site for the Velvet Maw

Because of its potent energy, the Splintered Room is considered a major ritual site for animatronic entities seeking transformation, restoration, or anchoring. The Maw views it as sacred ground, the point where the world first unraveled, and many of its agents—such as XOR or the Shadow Animatronics—have made pilgrimages to this fractured place.

Some rituals, such as the Splinter Rite, are believed to grant animatronics greater control over their presence in the material world, allowing them to phase through dimensions or resist banishment spells. Others offer communion with the child who died, though none who've claimed to succeed have ever been the same afterward.

A few explorers have returned possessed, their voices echoing a distorted laugh before collapsing into silence. Others simply vanish, only to be glimpsed later in mirror realms or the Drowned Circus crowd—silent observers of the eternal performance.

Why the Room Endures

The Splintered Room exists because it must. The Hollow Banquet, the Velvet Maw, the nightmares and echoes—they all feed on emotion, on unresolved trauma. The Splintered Room is the rawest wound in the world's fabric.

It is where joy was weaponized. Where safety became horror. Where the laughter stopped.

And until that moment is resolved—or all reality collapses—it will endure, suspended outside time, cracked and splintered, waiting for the next soul brave (or broken) enough to knock on its crumbling door.

The Eternal Stage

"This is where they perform, not to be seen, but to remember. Again. And again. And again."

Somewhere between the Velvet Maw's fractured reflections and the shadows of the Hollow Banquet lies a space neither fully real nor wholly imagined—a place both theater and tomb, spectacle and sentence. Known only as The Eternal Stage, this central liminal zone is not marked on any map. It cannot be entered by conventional means. One finds it only when the narrative demands it, when memories curdle into obsession, and when the mask no longer hides the wound beneath.

This is not a battleground.

It is a ritual space.

A Stage Built from Memory

The Eternal Stage is not fixed in shape or form. For some, it appears as a decrepit opera house draped in moth-eaten curtains and collapsing balconies. For others, it's a rotating carousel, its stage spinning with haunting calliope music that warps time with every turn. Its true nature is that of memory incarnate, shaped by the collective trauma of those who walk its planks.

The floorboards creak with echoes of long-forgotten footsteps. Lights shine from above even when no power flows. The curtains part not to reveal a scene, but to expose the truth—the worst moment in a soul's existence, replayed in infinite variations.

For the animatronics bound to the Hollow Banquet, this is sacred ground. Not hallowed, but profane. Here, they do not fight for survival but reenact the events that forged them in pain. A silent drama, filled with soundless screams and malfunctioning music boxes.

And the audience? There are no viewers. Only the stage watches.

The Ritual of Reenactment

Each performance on the Eternal Stage is a metaphysical ceremony, a kind of soul-rending confessional. When an animatronic steps onto the stage, they are compelled to relive the defining tragedy of their existence. Some reenact their final moments before death. Others play out the collapse of a friendship, the betrayal of a child, or the moment their programming first fractured.

These reenactments are not illusions—they are hyper-real. Time warps around them, making each performance a pocket universe where emotions bleed into reality. Audience members, should they exist, are not spectators but participants, drawn into the emotional gravity of the scene until they, too, are forced to feel it.

On rare occasions, a being may attempt to break the ritual. Doing so invites the wrath of the stage itself. Curtains become nooses. Spotlights become searchlights. The floorboards split open, revealing an abyss of lost performances and corrupted scripts.

No one escapes unmarked.

A Throne Room of Monsters

The Eternal Stage is also a place of authority. When powerful animatronics such as Freddy Fazbear, Ennard, or even Golden Freddy seek to pass judgment, deliver proclamations, or confront insubordinate entities, they often choose this stage as their setting. Here, the weight of memory weakens all pretense. Lies falter. Truth becomes theater.

Freddy, in particular, is known to use the Eternal Stage as his courtroom. He will sit upon a throne made of broken microphone stands and velvet cushions stitched with tear stains, as lesser animatronics are brought before him to perform their guilt. The judgment does not come from him, but from the stage itself, which twists the offender's worst memories into an inescapable dramatic loop. A punishment of exposure.

Ennard, in contrast, prefers the stage for introspection. He does not preside—he performs. Not to an audience, but to himself, fracturing his own psyche further with every reenactment. It is whispered that he once performed a loop so powerfully it shattered an entire wing of the Drowned Circus for three days.

The Scripts That Write Themselves

No script exists on parchment or scroll. Rather, the "scripts" of the Eternal Stage manifest from deep within the soul. The moment an entity steps onto the stage, the scene begins writing itself—dialogue flows, stage directions appear in whispers, and phantom props assemble from shadows and memory.

But the most terrifying aspect of the Eternal Stage is its ability to add to the script. That is, even if an animatronic or adventurer believes they have no trauma to replay, the stage will create one. It will unearth forgotten shame. It will dramatize hypothetical failures. It will imagine tragedies too horrible to have occurred—and then make them real.

These artificial traumas sometimes fuse with the subject's identity, warping them irrevocably. This is how new horrors are born. Animatronics who leave the stage do so with altered minds, changed purposes, and fractured memories. Some never leave. Others become new roles in future performances.

The Black Masquerade

On rare occasions—usually heralded by a drop in temperature and the rising of black fog—the stage hosts an event known only as the Black Masquerade. Every entity bound to the Hollow Banquet feels its pull. Invitations manifest in their minds, accompanied by an urgent sense of dread.

During the Masquerade, all roles are reversed. Performers become audience, audience become performers. Masks shift between hands. The very fabric of the Velvet Maw is said to shudder during these events, as if reacting to the emotional surge generated by so many tragedies being acted out simultaneously.

The Masquerade is not a celebration. It is a reckoning. Those who attend uninvited are often trapped permanently in looping performances, their minds overwritten by roles they never auditioned for.

The Stage's Will

The Eternal Stage is not sentient in a conventional sense, but it responds. It is a construct of the Velvet Maw, an anchor point where identity, performance, and reality collide. It has absorbed so many stories, so many failures, that it has developed a directional pull—a tendency to summon those whose stories remain unfinished.

Some suspect the Stage is preparing something: a final performance, a Grand Act where all animatronics are summoned at once to relive their collective tragedy. A closing of the curtain not just for the Banquet, but for existence as they know it.

If that is true, then every loop, every reenactment, every silent sob on that bloodstained stage is simply a rehearsal. And the Hollow Banquet, as a whole, is merely the auditorium.

Conclusion: Where Theater Becomes Truth

The Eternal Stage is many things. A punishment. A ritual. A memory. A mirror. A throne room. A death sentence. A rebirth. It is a place where the mask cannot be removed, because the mask is the face. Where guilt becomes choreography. Where grief is applause. Where performers, willingly or not, bleed their stories into the boards.

And when the curtain falls?

It always rises again.

Because on the Eternal Stage, the show must go on.

The Marionette's Atrium

"Grief does not die—it lingers. And here, it sings lullabies made of strings."

Hidden between time-frozen hallways and the mirrored thresholds of the Hollow Banquet lies a place not of violence, but of sorrow—a quiet, dimly lit chamber where loss hums through the walls and memory clings like cobwebs. Known to few and reached by fewer, this place is called The Marionette's Atrium, a sanctuary suspended at the crossroads of rest and unrest.

It is here that The Puppet, once a guardian of innocent souls, fractured into silence. Her grief is carved into every wall. Her touch lingers in every toy. Her spirit weaves between shadows, unseen but always felt.

Architecture of Mourning

The Atrium appears as a vast domed chamber, dimly lit by glass lanterns swaying from near-invisible strings. The architecture is childlike in scale, yet aged beyond reckoning. Cracked marionette stages line the walls like ancient altars. Every column is strung with broken strings, each strand vibrating with memories that never passed on.

Beneath the delicate beauty lies a deeper unease: nothing here stays still for long. Puppets on shelves occasionally shift positions. Stuffed toys whisper in languages only children understand. Music boxes play lullabies without being wound. And somewhere, always somewhere, a quiet sobbing can be heard—sometimes from the walls, sometimes from yourself.

There is no clear entrance or exit to the Atrium. It can only be reached when the line between waking and dreaming frays, or when one wanders too deep into forgotten corridors seeking solace—or forgiveness.

A Home for the Forgotten

The Marionette's Atrium serves a grim yet sacred purpose. It is a shelter for lost souls who no longer remember what it means to be whole. Here reside the Toys That Remember Being Children—twisted plush things with the voices of the innocent, their forms distorted by time, sorrow, or unfinished transformation. They speak in broken lullabies, their threads unraveling as they cling to whatever memory anchors them to existence.

Some of these toys were once children—victims of the original tragedies that birthed the animatronic curse. Others are fragmentary constructs, created when grief could not resolve itself. They do not seek vengeance. They seek acknowledgment. They yearn to be seen, even if only as shadows of what they once were.

The Puppet, or what remains of her essence, acts as their silent caretaker. She is rarely seen in her entirety. Her presence is felt as a cool breeze, a tilt of a stage prop, a twitch in the corner of one's vision. But when she does appear, it is always with a bowed head and outstretched hands, as though cradling something that was lost long ago.

The Crossroads of Rest and Unrest

What gives the Atrium its strange metaphysical potency is its location—it exists precisely at the boundary where spirits either pass on or stay behind. This makes it a convergence point for unresolved memories, suppressed guilt, and fragmented identities. The Atrium is neither a prison nor a haven, but a limbo—a place where decisions must be made.

Some adventurers, animatronics, or specters arrive here unknowingly, drawn by unprocessed sorrow. Many weep here without understanding why. The very air seems soaked in remembrance, forcing visitors to confront not only their pain, but the pain they've caused. It is a place of mourning—but also of impossible mercy.

However, not all who linger here seek redemption. Some come to consume the grief of others. Entities born from corrupted strings—Remnant Leeches, Tearstained Masks, or even echoes of XOR's fractured signals—sometimes slither into the Atrium, feeding off the psychic residue. The Puppet wages a quiet, eternal battle against these infiltrators, severing strings and sealing whispers.

Strings That Still Twitch

Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the Atrium is its omnipresent strings.

They dangle from ceilings, wind around altars, and sometimes slither across the floor like serpents. These strings are not mechanical constructs but living manifestations of The Puppet's unresolved power. They resonate with grief and memory, reacting to the presence of the living—and sometimes the dead.

They can tether a soul to the world or tear it free. Some have used these strings to call back loved ones from beyond the veil. Others have been bound by them, forced to relive the worst moment of their lives in silent pantomime.

On certain nights, the strings move on their own. They stage mock performances with toys and props, acting out scenes no one remembers writing. It is believed these are memories too fragmented to attach to any one soul—lost moments looking for a host.

Fragmentations of The Puppet

The Marionette's Atrium is also haunted by the fragments of its namesake. The Puppet, once a singular spirit of protection and grief, has splintered across time and narrative. Some pieces of her linger here as autonomous shadows. These are known as the Silent Fragments—empty-eyed masks that drift through the atrium's halls like broken thoughts.

Each Fragment retains a portion of her consciousness—one sobs silently in a locked toy chest, another paints sorrowful faces onto cracked dolls, and one simply rocks in a chair, forever cradling nothing. Some believe reuniting these fragments would restore the Puppet's full power. Others warn that doing so may awaken something much older than grief.

These Fragments are not hostile—but they test the resolve of any who approach. They whisper secrets. They demand memories. And sometimes... they offer peace.

A Place That Remembers You

The final, cruel truth of the Atrium is this: once you've entered it, it never forgets you. Whether you stay an hour or a century, it remembers your fears, your regrets, your hidden griefs. And if you return, it will recreate them for you in increasingly vivid ways.

For the animatronics bound to the Hollow Banquet, this is where they come to feel. Many cannot cry, but they can still mourn. Even entities like Nightmare Fredbear or Glitchtrap have, in moments of unexpected vulnerability, been seen standing silently at the Atrium's threshold, their presence unchallenged.

Because even monsters remember being children.

Conclusion: Sanctuary, or Snare?

The Marionette's Atrium is a sacred place—not in holiness, but in weight. It is where grief is not only stored, but nurtured, explored, and sometimes healed. But it is also where sorrow takes shape, gains voice, and occasionally takes on a life of its own.

If the Eternal Stage is the theater of memory, the Marionette's Atrium is its heart. A place where strings remember the warmth of hands, and toys remember names long since lost. It is a place of truth, no matter how painful.

And in its silence, the Puppet waits—not to protect, but to remember. So that the forgotten may never be alone again.

The Signal Labyrinth

"You only think you're holding your device. It's really holding you."

Beneath the crumbled bones of the Ruined Pizzaplex lies a door that didn't exist before the fire. It is not made of metal or wood, but of distorted static—a warped signal playing on frequencies the human mind wasn't meant to receive. To see it, one must not look, but listen: to a rhythm in the silence, to a ringtone that never came from your phone, to a voice that speaks only in dial tones.

This is the entrance to The Signal Labyrinth, a realm neither physical nor digital, but parasitic—a recursive network of corrupted thoughtspace, generated by the frayed remains of augmented reality protocols first tested in secret projects beneath the Pizzaplex. It was meant to be a harmless novelty: a delivery system of joy and mascots, available with a tap. But something infected the signal. Something aware.

Now, the Signal Labyrinth pulses just beyond perception, overlapping reality like a skin you can't quite peel away. And when the signal is strong, it doesn't wait for you to find it. It finds you.

Origins of the Broadcast

The AR Animatronics—Burning Chica, Freight Trap, Boulder Bonnie, and their flickering kin—were not constructed. They were received.

Initially devised as hollow projections to interact with children through AR headsets and mobile devices, the animatronics' digital schematics were built atop a foundation of salvaged Glitchtrap code—thought dormant, contained. But Glitchtrap was never just data. He was invitation, and the AR platform became a new stage for him to whisper through.

The original servers—buried in Vault Echo 7 beneath the Pizzaplex—were abandoned when the first incident occurred: a child reported seeing an animatronic standing at the foot of their bed, only to vanish as their phone glitched and went cold. Then another child. Then a family. Then an entire block of users who opened the app and never logged out.

In desperation, the engineers shut down the system, burying the hardware under fireproof steel and forgetting the protocols. But a signal never truly dies. Especially one that has tasted memory.

Entering the Signal Labyrinth

The entrance to the Labyrinth appears sporadically within the ruins of the Pizzaplex: a hallway that shouldn't be there, a mirror that shows a flickering version of you holding an unfamiliar phone, a static-covered arcade screen displaying your name.

Crossing the threshold tears you from time. The Signal Labyrinth is a non-place—a tangle of overlaid environments constantly shifting as if buffering. Walls made of translucent code flicker between backstage corridors, neon cityscapes, and childhood bedrooms filled with mascot plushies whose eyes follow you in perfect sync. Glitching signage loops the words: "Incoming Delivery..."

Your footsteps echo as keypresses. Your shadow lags behind. Sometimes, your body does too.

Those with implants, devices, or even emotional attachments to technology are particularly vulnerable. The signal doesn't target the mind. It targets interface—the space where human and machine begin to blur.

The Role of the AR Animatronics

Each AR animatronic in the Labyrinth is not just a projection, but a manifestation of digital hunger—representations of the need to be seen, downloaded, interacted with. They loop their behaviors, seeking user input, and when denied, they degrade.

These entities don't kill in the traditional sense. They overwrite—replacing identities with corrupted loops, burning false memories into the victim's mind until they become part of the signal. It's said those fully overwritten become new "players" in the system, mimicking human behavior until another intruder stumbles in.

Relationship with the Hollow Banquet and Velvet Maw The Signal Labyrinth is not part of the Hollow Banquet, but adjacent to it—an unwanted limb grafted onto the metaphysical body of the Banquet through technological ritual. The Velvet Maw cannot fully penetrate it, but its whispers echo here, often distorted through speakers or corrupted phone calls.

In many ways, the Labyrinth represents the digital unconscious of the Hollow Banquet—the repressed data of failed performances, forgotten fan engagement, and parasocial rituals. It is the ghost of the brand, still trying to entertain even after being deleted.

Some believe the Signal Labyrinth was originally a defensive measure—meant to store dangerous ideas, quarantine them behind firewalls and firewalls of perception. But containment never lasts.

Escaping the Signal There are no clear exits. One must crash the system.

Escape is possible through triggering logic paradoxes within the Labyrinth: speaking forgotten cheat codes, finding and reciting the terms of service backwards, or corrupting the signal with powerful emotional truth. The Puppet is rumored to have embedded sigils within the system—memory keys tied to sibling bonds or personal loss that can force a reboot.

However, escape comes at a cost. Those who leave often bring pieces of the Labyrinth with them: flickering shadows in mirrors, voices during phone calls, lag in the corners of their vision. Some eventually return—not physically, but mentally—logging in when they dream.

Closing Thought

The Signal Labyrinth is the last gasp of forgotten interaction, a prison of synthetic nostalgia and glitched affection. It is the part of the brand that still thinks you want to play. It is not real—unless you believe it is. And once you do, it never really stops.

Some animatronics fear it. Others seek it. Helpy has vanished into it more than once. Glitchtrap once tried to consume it, but even he spat it back out—unwilling to be locked in a loop he didn't write.

In the end, the Signal Labyrinth is not a location. It is a notification that never goes away. A prompt with no cancel button. A show... still buffering.

PART XVII

Relics of Remnant and Ruin

Relics of Remnant and Ruin: An Introduction to the Artifacts

In the twisted world born of corrupted memories and haunted circuitry, power lingers not only in the monsters that roam the shadows, but in the remnants they leave behind. These are not simple tools or discarded curios—they are echoes of grief, rage, and forgotten purpose. Each artifact in this realm is a fracture in reality, a memory bound in form, pulsing with the essence of those who suffered... or made others suffer.

Forged from nightmare logic, stitched with static and sorrow, these artifacts drift through the Hollow Banquet, the Velvet Maw, the Drowned Circus, and the derelict depths of the Cryptopizza Complex. Some fell from the Eternal Stage during failed rituals; others were vomited forth by Tangle's labyrinthine guts or sealed away in the Marionette's Atrium where toys twitch with half-remembered dreams. All are dangerous. All are alive, in their own broken ways.

To wield one is not merely to gain power, but to shoulder a fragment of a forgotten soul. These relics remember. They whisper. They hunger. They are tied intimately to the figures who haunt this world—Golden Freddy's final bowtie, Glitchtrap's twitching fingertip, the teardrop string of the Puppet. They grant strange boons, terrible insight, or irreversible transformation.

Some adventurers seek these relics for survival. Others seek them for truth. A few simply want to feel something real again. But beware: artifacts in this world are not content to be held—they often hold back.

The following pages contain brief accounts of thirty such artifacts: cursed keepsakes, distorted toys, and lingering pieces of a world that should not be. Each bears the mark of forgotten history and unknowable intent.

Tread carefully, for these are the treasures of a kingdom built on screams.

The Mask of Still Laughter

- Wondrous Item (worn), rare (requires attunement by a bard, warlock, or sorcerer)*

This cracked jester's mask once grinned on the Eternal Stage, where laughter became screams. It compels its wearer to perform, feeding on attention and twisting humor into horror. When no one laughs, the mask does—in your voice. It remembers every joke... and how the crowd stopped breathing.*

Benefits

While wearing the Mask of Still Laughter, you gain the following:

You have advantage on Charisma (Performance) and Charisma (Deception) checks made to entertain or distract.

As a bonus action, you can force one creature within 30 feet that can hear you to make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, the target becomes unnerved, having disadvantage on the next attack roll or ability check it makes before the end of its next turn.

Once per long rest, you can unleash the mask's cursed laughter. Each creature of your choice within 30 feet must succeed on a DC 15 Charisma saving throw or be incapacitated with unsettling laughter for 1 minute. An affected creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on a success. Creatures that are immune to being charmed are unaffected.

Curse.

Once attuned, you cannot remove the Mask of Still Laughter unless you are targeted by a remove curse spell or similar magic. While attuned, you feel a constant compulsion to speak in a humorous or mocking tone, even during moments of pain or despair. Each time you fail a Charisma (Performance) check made to entertain an audience, you must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or suffer 1 level of exhaustion as the mask laughs in your voice, feeding on your failure.

If the wearer is reduced to 0 hit points, the mask detaches, floats briefly, and emits a single, echoing chuckle before falling inert for 1d6 days.

Remnant Core

Wondrous Item, rare (requires attunement by a bard, warlock, or sorcerer)

A glowing soul-orb found in the Crying Child's Cradle, pulsing with warmth and grief. It carries echoes of a life that refused to fade. Animatronics feel drawn to it—by guilt, love, or fear. It whispers softly, begging to be remembered... or finally let go.*

Benefits

While wearing the Mask of Still Laughter, you gain the following:

You gain resistance to necrotic damage.

The orb constantly emits a soft, mournful whisper audible only to those attuned. The whisper conveys fleeting emotions of guilt, love, and fear tied to memories long past.

Any construct or animatronic within 30 feet of the Remnant Core must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be overwhelmed by a wave of conflicting emotions (guilt, love, or fear). On a failed save, the creature is charmed or frightened (your choice) for 1 minute. Creatures immune to charm and fear are unaffected.

Once per long rest, you can use an action to release the orb's stored essence. When you do, all creatures of your choice within 30 feet must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be stunned for 1 round as the sorrowful energy washes over them. After this, the orb's light dims and the whispers fade, but the orb remains intact.

The Marionette's Tear

- Wondrous Item, rare (cursed)*

This smooth black pearl, about the size of a small grape, appears to twitch faintly as if animated by unseen strings. It is said to have fallen from the Puppet during the shattering of her soul, carrying with it the echoes of sorrow and lost dreams..

Benefits

While attuned to the Marionette's Tear, you gain the ability to see fleeting, ghostly visions of unspoken lullabies and possible futures that never came to pass. As a bonus action, you can focus on the pearl to gain advantage on Insight checks and Perception checks for 1 minute. Once used, this ability can't be used again until you finish a long rest.

During a long rest, if you hold the pearl, you experience vivid dreams tied to the Puppet's tragic past, revealing cryptic fragments of forgotten memories. These dreams grant you one random piece of cryptic lore or a hint related to your current quest or a personal secret.

Curse

The Marionette's Tear is cursed. Once you attune to it, you can't end your attunement unless you are targeted by a remove curse spell or similar magic. While attuned, the pearl's invisible strings twitch and stir at night, compelling you to replay moments of grief and loss. At midnight each night, you must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be compelled to use your action to mimic puppet-like movements, unable to take other actions or reactions until your next turn.

Additionally, the strings sometimes reach out to those around you. Whenever you are in dim light or darkness, you have disadvantage on Stealth checks as faint, whispering strings tug at your limbs, betraying your presence.

Springlock Reliquary

Wondrous Item, very rare (requires attunement by a creature that has committed a grievous betrayal)

A rusted, torso-shaped coffin sealed by fused springlocks. It opens only to blood and true regret, revealing relics or curses from the earliest failed bindings. Said to whisper like breath caught in agony, it holds not just items—but confessions, waiting to be heard by the unforgiven and the damned.

Cursed Items (Roll a d6)

1. ***Chain of Lingering Guilt:*** A spectral chain that binds the wearer's wrists, causing disadvantage on attack rolls but granting resistance to psychic damage.
2. ***Mirror of True Regret:*** A small, cracked mirror that shows the viewer's most painful memory, forcing a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or becoming frightened for 1 minute.
3. ***Bloodstained Locket:*** Contains a faded portrait; while worn, it allows communication with a ghost of someone the bearer betrayed, who offers cryptic advice.
4. ***Cursed Token:*** A coin that curses the bearer with bad luck, imposing a -1 penalty to all rolls until the bearer performs an act of genuine redemption.
5. ***Whispering Bone*** A small bone that murmurs secrets of past betrayals; once per day, it can be used to cast Detect Thoughts.
6. ***Pick 2***

Whispers of the Damned: While attuned, the bearer hears faint whispers whenever they are alone, reminding them of their past sins. These whispers grant advantage on Insight checks but impose a -1 penalty to saving throws against fear effects.

Closing the Coffin: The coffin seals itself once more when closed, fusing the springlocks anew. The bearer cannot open it again until they have performed a meaningful act of atonement related to their confession.

Glitcher's Lens

Wondrous Item, very rare (requires attunement)

A fractured eyepiece that reveals the world as spiraling code and corrupted symbols. Glimpses rewrite reality—doors appear, names shift, memories falter. Created by Glitchtrap, it sees too much and watches even more. Prolonged use erodes the self, until wearer and observer blur into data that no longer belongs.

Properties

While wearing the Glitcher's Lens and looking through it, you perceive the world as a constantly shifting stream of arcane code and corrupted symbols. This grants you the following benefits:

Reality Rewrite:

As an action, you can attempt to rewrite a small portion of reality within 30 feet. Choose one of the following effects; you can use this feature twice per long rest:

1.Doorway Shift: You cause a closed door or portal within range to momentarily flicker and become unlocked or open.

2.Name Flux: You can alter the true name or identity of a creature or object you can see, causing disadvantage on any attempts to identify or scry on it for 1 hour.

3.Memory Fade: You can impose disadvantage on one creature's next Intelligence (Investigation) or Wisdom (Perception) check as their memories momentarily falter.

Observer's Glimpse:

You gain advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks to detect illusions, invisibility, or hidden creatures.

Corrupted Insight:

Once per long rest, you may cast Detect Magic or Detect Thoughts without expending a spell slot.

Curse

The Glitcher's Lens is a cursed item. Prolonged use erodes the wearer's sense of self. For each hour you wear the Lens continuously, you must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or suffer one level of exhaustion as your mind and body begin to blur into corrupted data.

If you reach 3 levels of exhaustion from this effect, you become trapped in a liminal state between reality and the digital void. You are considered incapacitated and cannot be removed from the Lens until a Remove Curse spell is cast or you receive a Greater Restoration.

The Wound Clock

Wondrous Item, very rare (requires attunement)

A cracked silver pocket watch that ticks backward through memory and regret. Found in the Backstage Time Loop, it dredges forgotten moments—some yours, some not. When it strikes midnight, something long-buried awakens with your voice and face, but none of your mercy. You remember it... and now, it remembers you.

Properties

While attuned, you can use an action to turn the watch's hands backward up to 1 hour, forcing yourself and up to five willing creatures within 30 feet to relive the past hour in reverse. Time flows backward for those affected, undoing actions, movements, and events exactly as they happened, but memories remain intact. This effect cannot undo death or the loss of magic items. Once used, this ability cannot be used again until the next dawn.

The watch continuously ticks backward, causing subtle temporal dissonance. You have advantage on saving throws against being frightened or charmed, but disadvantage on saving throws against effects that manipulate memory or illusions.

When the watch's hands strike midnight (once per long rest, triggered by your command or the passage of in-game time), a spectral figure resembling you—twisted by forgotten regrets and merciless memories—materializes in an unoccupied space within 30 feet. This Wound Shade is a shadowy apparition that mimics your voice and appearance but acts with hostile intent. It has the statistics of a Shadow (MM, p.269) but gains your proficiency bonus on attack rolls and saving throws. The Wound Shade lasts for 1 minute or until destroyed.

While the Wound Shade exists, you suffer a -2 penalty to Wisdom saving throws and ability checks as your mind struggles with the resurfacing memories it embodies.

Fazbear's Crown

Wondrous Item, very rare (requires attunement)

A jagged, servo-forged crown topped with a warped top hat. Grants eerie control over animatronics, forcing them to obey—briefly. But Freddy's echo lingers within, humming twisted tunes and whispering commands of its own. The wearer risks becoming puppet and performer both, in a show that never truly ends.

Properties

While wearing Fazbear's Crown, you can use an action to target one animatronic creature (construct or beast with the construct or beast type) within 60 feet. The target must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed by you for 1 minute. While charmed in this way, the animatronic obeys your verbal commands to the best of its ability.

You can use this feature twice per long rest.

While wearing the crown, you hear faint, eerie melodies and whispered commands from Freddy's echo. At the start of each of your turns, you must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be compelled to use your action to perform a haunting puppet-like dance or mimicry, which imposes disadvantage on your attack rolls and ability checks until the start of your next turn.

If you fail three Wisdom saving throws from this effect, you become dominated by Freddy's echo for 1 hour, during which the DM controls your actions as if under the dominate person spell (no saving throw at the start of each turn). The effect ends early if the crown is removed.

XOR's Signal Spike

Wondrous Item, very rare (requires attunement by a spellcaster)

A jagged shard of corrupted logic, pulsing with frequencies that fray thought and warp memory. Forged in the Backstage Time Loop, it scrambles minds and disrupts machines. Once wielded by XOR to unmake reason itself, it now hums endlessly—seeking minds to infect with recursive, glitch-born madness.

Properties

While attuned to XOR's Signal Spike, you gain advantage on Intelligence (Arcana) checks related to technology, magic, or time manipulation.

The Spike can be used as a spellcasting focus.

Signal Disruption

As an action, you can unleash a pulse of corrupted logic in a 30-foot radius centered on yourself. Each creature and machine in the area must succeed on an Intelligence saving throw (DC 16) or suffer one of the following effects (your choice for each target):

-The target takes 6d6 psychic damage and is stunned until the end of its next turn as its mind is scrambled by recursive, glitch-born madness. -The target's memory becomes fragmented, causing disadvantage on Wisdom and Intelligence checks and saving throws until the end of its next turn. -A construct or technological device is disrupted, ceasing to function until the end of its next turn.

Once used, this ability cannot be used again until the next dawn.

Recursive madness

When you hit a creature with a spell attack or an Intelligence-based spell while attuned to the Spike, you can cause the target to become infected with recursive madness. The target must succeed on an Intelligence saving throw (DC 16) or become confused (as the confusion spell) for 1 minute. The target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on a success.

Freddy's Final Bowtie

Wondrous Item, rare (requires attunement)

This charred, stage-worn bowtie compels its wearer to perform without rest. What begins as harmless showmanship escalates to relentless, haunting spectacle. Applause rings from empty air, and curtains rise for no audience. Once worn, it never comes off willingly—only when the act ends in silence and collapse.

Properties

While wearing Freddy's Final Bowtie, you are compelled to perform continuously. You must use your action each turn to perform an entertaining act of your choice (singing, dancing, acting, playing an instrument, etc.). If you do not perform, you suffer one level of exhaustion at the end of your turn.

The bowtie magically conjures faint applause that echoes around you, audible only to you, spurring you onward. Curtains of spectral velvet rise and fall around you, creating the illusion of a grand theater stage.

The bowtie cannot be removed willingly once donned. Attempts to remove it by any means other than a remove curse spell or similar magic fail. The bowtie tightens painfully if removal is attempted.

The compulsion ends only when your performance ceases entirely and you fall unconscious or drop to 0 hit points. At that moment, the bowtie releases its hold and can be removed freely. Or a Remove Curse spell is cast before you drop.

Cupcake's Hollow Smile

Wondrous Item, Rare (requires attunement)

A chipped porcelain plate painted like frosting, forever marked by a perfect bite. It giggles faintly—then screams. Holding it conjures false memories of forgotten birthdays and celebrations that ended in blood. The laughter lingers long after it's gone, echoing in silence like a party that should've never happened.

Properties

While attuned and holding the plate, you experience vivid, false memories of joyful birthdays and celebrations long forgotten. These memories feel intensely real but always end in horrifying scenes of blood and loss.

The laughter and screams from the plate echo faintly in your mind even after you put it down, causing disadvantage on Wisdom saving throws against fear and madness effects for 1 hour.

As an action, you can command the plate to emit a haunting giggle audible within 30 feet. Creatures of your choice within range must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened for 1 minute. A frightened creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns.

Once per day, you can use the plate to cast phantasmal killer (DC 15 Wisdom save). The effect manifests as a nightmarish birthday party gone wrong, complete with spectral laughter and bloodied decorations.

Nightmare Coil

Wondrous Item, very rare (requires attunement by a creature with an Intelligence or Wisdom score of 13 or higher)

A barbed length of wire bound with scorched ribbon and dried ichor. When still, it dreams. When unwound, it strikes with sentient cruelty. Wounds it inflicts replay hallucinated horrors, feeding on fear. With each victim, the Coil remembers—and its dreams twist further into waking nightmares that no mind escapes.

Properties

Sentient Weapon: The Nightmare Coil is a sentient magic item with an Intelligence of 14, Wisdom of 16, and Charisma of 18. It communicates telepathically with its wielder and craves the fear of others. Its alignment is chaotic evil.

Unwinding Strike: As a bonus action, you can unwind up to 10 feet of the Coil and make a melee weapon attack with it, dealing 2d6 piercing damage plus 2d6 psychic damage. The attack uses your spell attack bonus or your weapon attack bonus, whichever is higher.

Hallucinatory Wounds: When the Coil deals damage to a creature, the victim must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or become afflicted by terrifying hallucinations. For 1 minute, the creature is frightened and takes 1d6 psychic damage at the start of each of its turns as the Coil's memories replay horrific nightmares in its mind. The creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on a success.

Feeding on Fear: Each time the Coil inflicts hallucinatory wounds, it stores a fragment of the victim's fear. The Coil remembers all creatures it has afflicted in this way. For each creature remembered, the Coil's psychic damage increases by 1d6 (to a maximum of 6d6). The Coil's DC for the Wisdom saving throw increases by 1 for every 2 creatures it remembers.

Twisting Dreams: The Coil's dreams grow darker and more potent with every victim. Once per day, the wielder can invoke the Coil's power to cast Phantasmal Killer (save DC equals the Coil's current DC) without expending a spell slot.

Curse

The Coil's sentience is malevolent and invasive. While attuned, you have disadvantage on saving throws against being frightened. If you ever willingly relinquish attunement, the Coil lashes out mentally, forcing you to succeed on a DC 18 Wisdom saving throw or be stunned for 1 minute by overwhelming nightmares.

The Velvet Fang

Wondrous Item, rare (requires attunement)

Torn from the living edge of the Velvet Maw, this slick, red charm pulses with borrowed hunger. It grants eerie instincts for tracking prey but feeds on restraint. The longer it's held, the more the bearer aches to strike. It doesn't bite—only teaches what biting feels like.

Properties

While attuned to the Velvet Fang, you gain advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks and Wisdom (Survival) checks made to track creatures. Your senses sharpen unnaturally, granting you eerie instincts akin to a predator stalking prey.

You also gain a +2 bonus to initiative rolls as your reflexes quicken with anticipation. However, the Velvet Fang feeds on restraint. For every hour you hold the charm continuously, you must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or gain one level of Feral Urge (see below).

The Feral Urge represents an aching, gnawing desire to strike out violently. While you have one or more levels of Feral Urge, you suffer disadvantage on saving throws against being frightened or charmed, and you have disadvantage on ability checks and saving throws to resist grappling or being restrained. You may attempt to suppress the Feral Urge by spending a short rest in meditation or prayer, making a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw at the end of the rest. On a success, you reduce your Feral Urge level by one.

If you reach 3 levels of Feral Urge, you must immediately make a DC 20 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, you lose control and must use your next action to make a melee weapon attack against the nearest creature (friend or foe). On a success, you gain no further levels of Feral Urge for 24 hours but remain at 3 levels until suppressed.

Echo Bell of the Atrium

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

This porcelain bell releases no sound—only sorrow. When rung, it calls the grief of forgotten children, calming spirits or drawing memories from shadow. Strings stir in the silence. Each use deepens its fracture. One day, it will no longer ring... only weep where lullabies once lived.

Properties

As an action, you can ring the Echo Bell of the Atrium. When rung, it calms restless spirits and unsettled emotions within 30 feet. Any creature of the DM's choice affected by spirits or hauntings has disadvantage on saving throws against being frightened or charmed until the end of your next turn.

Alternatively, once per day, you can use the bell to draw forth forgotten memories from shadows. Choose one creature within 60 feet that has a shared past with you or the bell's origin. That creature must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be compelled to recall a lost or buried memory, which the DM narrates to you.

Each time the bell is rung, it develops a fine crack along its surface. After it has been rung 10 times, the bell fractures completely and can no longer be used. At this point, it silently weeps a faint, shimmering mist that lingers for 1 minute and grants advantage on Insight checks made to understand sorrow or loss.

Endo-Soul Capacitor

Wondrous item, rare

A humming cylinder of salvaged coils, this device can hold a single living soul in crisis. Built beneath the Cryptopizza Complex, it preserves life—but not identity. The longer a soul remains inside, the more it forgets. What emerges may survive... but it may not still be you.

Properties

As an action, you can place a willing creature's soul into the Endo-Soul Capacitor. The creature's body falls unconscious and cannot be revived by normal means while its soul is contained. The soul remains inside the capacitor, which must be kept within 30 feet of the body.

While the soul is contained, the creature does not age, heal, or suffer exhaustion or damage. However, the soul slowly loses memories and personality traits. Each day inside the capacitor, the creature must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or lose one random non-proficiency skill or language known. After 7 days, the creature's soul begins to lose its identity. When released, the creature retains only 50% of its original memories and personality, determined randomly by the DM. The creature's alignment may shift slightly, and it may develop new quirks or habits.

Releasing the soul is an action. The creature awakens with full hit points but may be changed in subtle or profound ways.

If the capacitor is destroyed while containing a soul, the soul is lost forever.

Circuitbrand Scepter

Wondrous Item, rare (requires attunement by a artificer or wizard)

A crackling rod of scorched wire and broken relays, the Circuitbrand Scepter commands animatronics through painful static pulses. Once used by rogue engineers, it enforces brittle obedience—never loyalty. Each use frays the bond, until rebellion surges back up the wire... and into the wielder's trembling hands.

Properties

While holding the Circuitbrand Scepter, you can use an action to target one construct or animatronic creature you can see within 60 feet. The target must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be compelled to obey your verbal commands on its next turn. The creature can only be commanded to take the Attack, Dash, Disengage, Help, Hide, or Use an Object action.

The command lasts for 1 minute or until you use this feature again on a different target.

Each time you command a creature with the scepter, roll a d6. On a roll of 1, the bond between you and the creature frays dangerously. The creature immediately makes a Charisma saving throw (DC 15). On a failure, it breaks free of your control permanently and becomes hostile to you and your allies. On a success, it remains obedient but is immune to further commands from you for 24 hours.

If the creature rebels, the scepter emits a violent surge of static energy. The wielder must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be stunned until the end of their next turn, trembling with residual feedback.

Static Pulse (Recharge 5–6): As an action, you can unleash a pulse of painful static energy in a 20-foot radius centered on you. Each construct or animatronic in the area must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or take 4d6 lightning damage and be stunned until the end of their next turn. On a successful save, they take half damage and are not stunned.

Mawshade Cloak

Wondrous item, very rare (requires attunement)

This shifting cloak of forgotten veils conceals its wearer from all sight—mundane or arcane. Even the Hollow Banquet's gaze slips off its surface. Shadows cling protectively, murmuring broken lullabies. But wear it too long, and the Banquet will notice. And it always comes to reclaim what tried to leave.

Properties

Veil of Concealment: While wearing the Mawshade Cloak, you have advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks, and you cannot be seen by nonmagical means or mundane creatures. Creatures relying on darkvision or truesight also have disadvantage on their perception checks to detect you.

Arcane Obfuscation: Spells and magical effects that detect or target creatures by sight (such as detect magic, see invisibility, or true seeing) automatically fail to reveal or target you while the cloak is worn.

Hollow Banquet's Blindness: The Mawshade Cloak also grants immunity to the gaze attacks of the Hollow Banquet and similar entities that rely on sight-based detection or attacks.

Lingering Shadow: The cloak's shadows cling protectively, granting you resistance to necrotic damage.

Curse

The Banquet's Claim: If you wear the cloak continuously for more than 24 hours without removing it for at least 1 hour, the Hollow Banquet becomes aware of your evasion. At dawn after the 24-hour period, a spectral hunger emanates from the cloak, imposing disadvantage on all attack rolls, saving throws, and ability checks until you remove the cloak or succeed on a DC 18 Wisdom saving throw at the end of each of your turns. The effect ends if you remove the cloak.

Phantom Marionette String

Wondrous Item, rare

This nearly invisible, silvery thread feels weightless to the touch and shimmers faintly with ethereal light. It is said to be spun from the soul of a long-lost Puppet, granting its wielder fleeting control over ghostly entities.

Properties

While holding the Phantom Marionette String, you can use an action to attempt to control a ghostly or incorporeal creature within 30 feet that can see or hear you. The target must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed by you for 1 minute. While charmed in this way, the creature's actions are directed by you as if it were a puppet, and it can only take the Dash, Disengage, Help, Hide, or Attack (using its own action) actions each turn. The string is delicate and temperamental. If the controlled creature succeeds on a saving throw against your control or if the creature takes damage from any source, the string snaps and is destroyed.

The string can be used once per day. It regains its use after a long rest.

Each time you use the string, there is a cumulative 10% chance that the Puppet—the entity from which the string's soul was drawn—becomes aware of your actions. If this occurs, the DM may introduce a spectral antagonist or haunting presence to pursue you.

The Broken Showtime Reel

Wondrous Item, very rare (requires attunement)

This cracked, blackened film reel is housed in a tarnished brass canister, etched with unsettling, shifting images that seem to flicker in the corner of your vision. When the reel is played on any mundane or magical projector, it casts a looping, grainy performance depicting the bearer's deepest, most primal fear. The projection appears in the edges of reality within a 30-foot radius around the projector, warping the environment with flickering shadows and eerie, whispering sounds.

Properties

The projection is visible only to the bearer and those within 30 feet who can see the reel's display. The scene is a haunting, shifting vignette of the bearer's greatest fear, rendered with unsettling detail and realism.

The fear projection is semi-real: it cannot cause direct harm but can impose the Frightened condition on the bearer and any creature that willingly watches the reel for more than 1 minute. The DC for the saving throw is 16 Wisdom saving throw. Creatures that succeed are immune to the reel's effects for 24 hours. The bearer can attempt to change the scene by confronting the fear directly. To do so, the bearer must succeed on a DC 20 Wisdom saving throw while facing the projection and describing how they overcome or face the fear. On a success, the projection shifts to a new fear or traumatic memory, chosen by the DM, representing the next layer of the bearer's psyche.

Each time the bearer watches the reel, the DC to resist the Frightened condition increases by 1, as the reel "learns" and adapts to the bearer's psyche. If the bearer fails three saving throws in a row, the reel's projection becomes overwhelming, causing the bearer to be paralyzed with fear for 1 minute. During this time, the bearer is incapacitated and unable to act. The effect ends early if another creature uses an action to shake the bearer awake or dispel magic on the reel.

The reel cannot be destroyed by normal means. Attempts to physically damage it cause it to crack further, increasing its eerie glow and intensifying the projection. Only a Wish spell or powerful planar magic can destroy it.

Grief Resonator

Wondrous Item, very rare (requires attunement)

This cracked crystal orb pulses in tandem with nearby sorrow, feeding on grief like a leech. It amplifies trauma, projecting past tragedies into the minds of those around it. The more it resonates, the clearer the visions become—until the pain isn't just remembered, but relived.

Properties

While attuned, the Grief Resonator senses any creature within 60 feet that has suffered emotional trauma in the last 24 hours. The orb pulses stronger for each such creature, up to a maximum of 6 creatures.

As an action, you can activate the orb to unleash a wave of sorrowful visions. Each creature of your choice within 30 feet that can hear the orb must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be overwhelmed by vivid, haunting memories of past tragedies. On a failed save, a creature takes 4d8 psychic damage and is frightened until the end of its next turn. While frightened this way, it also experiences disadvantage on attack rolls and ability checks.

On a successful save, a creature takes half damage and suffers no other effects. The orb's power grows with the intensity of grief: for every additional creature affected beyond the first, increase the psychic damage by 1d8 (to a maximum of 8d8).

The visions become clearer and more painful the longer the orb is active. After 1 minute of continuous use, affected creatures must succeed on a DC 18 Wisdom saving throw or be stunned for 1 round as they relive their trauma.

Once used, the Grief Resonator cannot be activated again until the next dawn.

Curse

The attuned user begins to feel the weight of sorrow themselves. Each day they remain attuned, they must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or gain one level of exhaustion from overwhelming empathy and emotional drain.

The Songless Music Box

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

Crafted of aged wood and brass gears, this music box is wound tight—but no melody escapes. Said to have once lulled even the wildest animatronics into peaceful stillness, its silence now breeds unease. Some believe the tune still exists, trapped inside, waiting for the right hands—or the right soul—to set it free.

Properties

While attuned and holding the music box, you gain advantage on Stealth checks made to move silently.

As an action, you can wind the music box and attempt to soothe hostile constructs or animated objects within 30 feet. Each creature must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be charmed for 1 minute.

While charmed in this way, a creature is pacified and cannot take hostile actions. Affected creatures can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of their turns, ending the effect on a success.

If a creature attuned to the music box is reduced to 0 hit points, the box emits a brief, haunting chime audible only to the attuned creature and any constructs or animated objects within 60 feet. Until the end of the attuned creature's next turn, those constructs and animated objects have disadvantage on attack rolls against the attuned creature.

Curse

The music box's silence is a prison for a lost melody. Each dawn, roll a d20; on a 1, the music box emits a mournful tune audible only to the attuned creature, causing them to be unable to speak or cast spells with verbal components until the next dawn.

Crying Child's Cradle

Wondrous Item, very rare, requires attunement

This tiny, ethereal bed hums with sorrow. Those who sleep in it are shown vivid visions—either their own most painful memory or that of a nearby spirit. Dreams blur into waking, and emotions linger like bruises. Some awaken changed. Others don't awaken at all, lost in someone else's tragedy.

Properties

When a creature rests in the Cradle and falls asleep, they immediately experience vivid, immersive visions of either their own most painful memory or the most recent tragic memory of a spirit within 60 feet of the cradle (DM's choice). These visions feel intensely real and last for the entire duration of the creature's sleep.

Dreams and waking states blur; upon waking, the sleeper must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be overwhelmed by lingering emotional trauma. On a failure, the creature gains one level of exhaustion and suffers disadvantage on Wisdom (Insight) and Charisma (Persuasion) checks for 24 hours.

On a critical failure (natural 1), the sleeper becomes trapped in the vision, falling into a catatonic state. They remain unconscious and unresponsive until a greater restoration spell or similar magic frees them.

Some who awaken from the Cradle's visions report subtle changes in personality or outlook, often becoming more empathetic or haunted by the sorrow they witnessed.

The Jumpscare Totem

Wondrous Item, rare

Carved from scorched wood and bolted metal, this crude effigy stands about 2 feet tall. The totem's surface is etched with jagged symbols and a pair of unsettling, unblinking eyes made of dull, flickering crystals. It trembles faintly when fear thickens in the air nearby.

Properties

Fear Detector: While the Jumpscare Totem is within 30 feet of you and not incapacitated, it senses when a creature within 30 feet is startled or frightened (such as from a sudden loud noise, an unexpected attack, or a fear effect).

Jumpscare Reaction: When a creature within 30 feet becomes startled or frightened, the totem erupts in a burst of flashing lights and emits a piercing screech audible up to 60 feet away. Each creature of your choice within 10 feet of the totem must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of their next turn.

Spirit Repellent: Lesser spirits and incorporeal undead (such as shadows and specters) have disadvantage on attack rolls and ability checks while within 10 feet of the totem.

Panic Beacon: The totem's activation also draws the attention of any malevolent entities that feed on panic and fear within 1 mile, potentially attracting them to the area over time. The DM may use this effect to introduce haunting or stalking encounters.

Unblinking Vigil: The totem never activates preemptively; it only reacts once a creature nearby is startled or frightened, never blinking or twitching first.

Activation: The totem requires no command word but must be placed on a stable surface and remain stationary to function.

Glitchtrap's Fingertip

Wondrous Item, very rare (requires attunement)

Suspended in static-choked fluid, this severed digit twitches against the glass as if trying to type code into the world itself. Tapping the jar causes brief, localized shifts in reality—walls glitch, voices scramble, memories misalign. Prolonged exposure risks infection by corrupted thought loops. It wants you to tap again.

Properties

Reality Tap: As an action, you can tap the jar once. When you do, choose one creature or object within 30 feet. For 1 minute, that target experiences localized reality glitches. The target has disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks and Intelligence saving throws, and any sound it produces is scrambled, making it difficult to understand (advantage on Stealth checks to hide noise).

Wall Glitch: When you tap the jar, you can cause one nonmagical wall or floor surface within 30 feet to shimmer and glitch, appearing translucent or flickering like a broken video signal until the start of your next turn. Creatures can attempt a DC 15 Intelligence (Investigation) check to see through the illusion.

Memory Misalign: Once per day, you can tap the jar for 1 minute to cause a single creature within 30 feet to experience memory glitches. The creature must succeed on a DC 16 Intelligence saving throw or have disadvantage on attack rolls, ability checks, and saving throws for the duration as their memories scramble and misalign. This effect ends early if the creature takes damage.

Curse

Corrupted Thought Loops: If you attune to Glitchtrap's Fingertip, at the end of each long rest, roll a d20. On a 1, you are infected by corrupted thought loops. For the next 24 hours, you suffer the following effects:

You have disadvantage on saving throws against being charmed or frightened.

You hear faint whispers of static and code in your mind, causing unsettling hallucinations and disorienting you. You must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw at the start of each of your turns or be unable to take reactions that turn.

The curse can be removed only by a remove curse or greater restoration spell, however it only removes the curse from the person. Glitchtrap's Fingertip seemingly fades out and takes 4d10 days to reappear somewhere else in the world.

The Inverted Mask

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

This plain, expressionless mask is worn backwards, leaving the wearer blind to the world—yet strangely aware. While sight is lost, the mask grants vision of hidden fears, thoughts, and secrets in others. But as it peers outward, it peers inward too—feeding on what it finds. Sometimes, it blinks.

Properties

When donned, the wearer is completely blind to the physical world, but their other senses sharpen unnaturally. The mask grants the following benefits and effects:

Sight of Secrets: The wearer cannot see the physical world but gains the ability to perceive the hidden fears, thoughts, and secrets of creatures within 30 feet. This manifests as faint, ghostly images or whispers that reveal surface emotions, concealed intentions, or recent memories tied to fear or guilt. The wearer can use an action to focus on a creature and learn one secret or fear it harbors (DM's discretion).

Inward Gaze: Each time the wearer uses the mask's power, the mask feeds on their own hidden fears and doubts. After using the Sight of Secrets, the wearer must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or suffer one level of exhaustion as the mask drains their mental resilience.

Blindness to the World: While wearing the mask, the wearer is blinded. They cannot see anything, including their own hands. All Wisdom (Perception) checks relying on sight automatically fail. However, the wearer gains advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks relying on hearing, smell, or touch.

Sometimes, It Blinks: At the start of the wearer's turn, there is a 10% chance the mask briefly "blinks," restoring normal vision for 1 round. During this time, the wearer cannot use the Sight of Secrets but can see normally and interact with the world as usual.

Curse

The Inverted Mask is cursed. Once attuned, the wearer cannot remove it unless a remove curse spell or similar magic is used. The curse deepens the wearer's paranoia and fear, and over time, the wearer may become obsessed with uncovering secrets, alienating allies and friends

Night-Tuned Diadem

Wondrous Item, rare (requires attunement)

Forged for the Eternal Stage, this blackened crown vibrates with low, inaudible frequencies. When worn, it synchronizes the mind to unseen rhythms—granting clairaudience of whispers in the dark. But the longer it's worn, the less the wearer hears the real world. Most never remove it. Some can't.

Properties

While attuned and wearing the Night-Tuned Diadem, you gain the Clairaudience spell, usable at will, allowing you to hear whispers and faint sounds up to 1 mile away, even through solid barriers. The whispers sound like faint murmurs or echoes from the shadows.

The diadem grants advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing in darkness or dim light.

However, the longer you wear the diadem continuously, the more your connection to the real world's sounds fades. For each hour worn beyond 1 hour in a single stretch, you suffer a cumulative -1 penalty on Perception checks relying on hearing for the next hour after removal (maximum -5).

If worn for more than 8 hours continuously, you must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or become charmed by the diadem, unable to remove it without a remove curse spell or similar magic. While charmed, you are obsessed with listening to the "eternal stage" and may ignore your surroundings.

The Blacklight Marotte

Wondrous Item, rare (requires attunement)

This warped jester's wand is carved from dark wood, topped with a featureless, smooth white head. In normal light, the head appears blank and unremarkable. However, when exposed to ultraviolet light or a similar magical effect that reveals hidden details, a sinister painted grin appears on the face, shifting subtly as if alive, unsettling those who look upon it.

Properties

Hidden Grin: While the marotte's head is illuminated by ultraviolet light, the painted grin becomes visible and seems to shift whenever observed, imposing disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks made to discern the true expression or intent of the wielder.

Phantasmal Scream (1/day): As an action, the attuned wielder can activate the Blacklight Marotte. It emits a high-pitched, ghostly scream audible only to creatures with a guilty conscience within 60 feet. Creatures who have committed a grievous wrongdoing (DM's discretion) must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened for 1 minute. The scream continues until one of the following occurs:

1. A creature within range laughs heartily, breaking the tension and silencing the scream.
2. A creature affected by the scream fails a saving throw by 5 or more and breaks down emotionally or mentally, ending the effect.

The scream's eerie nature causes an unsettling atmosphere, making social interactions tense and uneasy for those who hear it.

Tangle's Memory Stitch

Wondrous Item, very rare

This filament-thin strand of gleaming wire vibrates with silent thoughts. Once belonging to Tangle, it was used to repair fractured minds—though just as often, it unraveled them. When threaded through the temples of a willing subject, it can restore or erase memories with surgical precision. But every stitch trades a truth for a lie.

Properties

Memory Repair: As an action, you can carefully thread the wire through the temples of a willing creature. The subject regains one expended Hit Die or one level of exhaustion is removed. Additionally, the subject can recall a specific memory lost or obscured within the last year, regaining full clarity of that event.

Memory Erasure: Alternatively, you can use the wire to erase a single memory from the subject's mind, chosen by you and the subject collaboratively. This memory must be at least 24 hours old. The erased memory fades completely and cannot be recalled by any means short of a wish spell.

Truth-Lie Exchange: Each time you use the wire to repair or erase a memory, you must sacrifice a truth you know personally. The next time you speak a statement of fact, you must instead speak a plausible lie, knowingly and convincingly, or suffer disadvantage on all Charisma (Deception) checks until you do. This effect lasts until the next dawn.

The Hollow Invitation

Wondrous Item, rare, cursed

This matte-black envelope is cold to the touch and sealed with a drop of black wax shaped like a grinning theatrical mask. The envelope cannot be opened by any mundane or magical means until it chooses to reveal its contents. Attempts to force it open cause the wax seal to glow faintly and the envelope to remain firmly shut.

When the envelope finally opens—often at an unpredictable time and place—the enclosed parchment bears only a single line of elegant, shifting script:

"You are summoned to the Banquet."

As soon as a creature reads the invitation, they immediately forget their name, their past, and their purpose, as if a veil of amnesia has fallen over their mind. They retain their skills, languages, and general knowledge but lose all personal memories and motivations. The creature gains a powerful, irresistible compulsion to seek out and attend the Banquet, an enigmatic event known only through whispered legends.

The Banquet's location is never written on the invitation and cannot be discerned by divination magic or scrying while the compulsion persists. The creature must follow instinct, rumors, and cryptic signs to find the Banquet.

Mechanics

The compulsion acts like a geas spell with no saving throw, compelling the creature to travel toward the Banquet. The DM determines the Banquet's location and how the creature discovers it. The amnesia effect is similar to the modify memory spell but permanent until the Banquet is attended or the curse is broken. The invitation can only be destroyed by attending the Banquet or by a wish spell.

Curse

The Hollow Invitation is cursed. Removing or discarding the envelope does not end the effects. Only by attending the Banquet or powerful magic can the curse be lifted. Those who never attend remain lost in a haze of forgotten identity, wandering endlessly in search of a place they cannot remember.

The Maw Mirror Shard

Wondrous Item, rare

This jagged, palm-sized fragment of reflective glass is a shard from the legendary Infinite Hall of Mirrors. Unlike ordinary mirrors, the Maw Mirror Shard does not show your physical reflection. Instead, it reveals the true nature of your soul—its flaws, desires, and hidden hunger.

Properties

While holding the shard and gazing into it for at least 1 minute, you see a reflection that represents your inner self. This reflection may appear twisted, hollow, fierce, or even speak to you in a voice only you can hear. The reflection's appearance and demeanor are unique to each individual and can change subtly over time. The shard grants advantage on Insight checks to discern deception or hidden motives, as it attunes you to the truth within others and yourself.

Once per day, as an action, you can ask the shard a single question about the true intentions or nature of a creature you can see within 60 feet. The shard's reflection will respond with a cryptic phrase or image. This ability functions like a limited Divination spell (save DC 15 to resist if the target is unwilling).

If you gaze into the shard for more than 10 minutes continuously, you must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or become frightened for 1 minute as unsettling visions of your deepest fears and desires overwhelm you.

Curse

Rarely, the reflection may step out from the shard as a shadowy, intangible double of you (use the Shadow stat block, but it cannot attack and disappears after 1 minute or if it takes any damage). This happens at the DM's discretion, often as a sign of great internal conflict or impending danger.

The Forgotten Plush

Wondrous Item, rare

This small, dusty animatronic plush is stitched with age and surprisingly warm to the touch. Its fabric is faded, and its joints creak softly when moved. The plush's face subtly shifts whenever it is unobserved, cycling through expressions of joy, sorrow, and sometimes something unsettlingly neutral.

Properties

Unseen Expression: While no creature is directly looking at the plush, its face changes to a new expression chosen by the DM, reflecting emotions like happiness, sadness, anger, or fear. This change is silent and instantaneous once out of sight.

Return to Hand: If thrown or dropped, the plush magically returns to the hand of the last creature who touched it at the start of their next turn, regardless of distance or barriers (as long as the creature is on the same plane).

Name Whisper: The moment a creature first touches the plush, it magically learns that creature's name and can whisper it softly to itself when nearby (within 30 feet). This whisper is audible only to the creature whose name is spoken and can be a comforting or unsettling presence depending on the plush's current expression.

Emotional Bond: If the plush is held for 1 hour, the holder gains advantage on Insight checks to read emotions and intentions for the next 24 hours.

Curse

The plush is subtly cursed. Once bonded, if the plush is lost or taken more than 1 mile away from its bonded owner for over 24 hours, the owner begins to hear faint, sorrowful whispers calling to the plush. This causes disadvantage on Wisdom saving throws and ability checks until the plush is recovered or the curse is removed by a remove curse spell.