

FRACTURED FAIRY TALES

Once Upon a Crime

A Riverside Police Department Walkthrough

THE COMPLETE STORY COLLECTION



Once Upon a Crime □ Introduction

Once... upon a crime...
—though not the kind you remember—
The kind no one likes to talk about
there was a quiet little town... called Riverside.
A place where the trees leaned... just a little too close to the road...
and the fog... never quite lifted from the ground.
The people of Riverside slept soundly at night...
...or at least... they tried to.
Because lately... something had changed.
It began... with whispers.
Not loud enough to call for help—
oh no... nothing so kind—
just soft enough... to make you wonder...
if you'd really heard anything at all.
A voice... in the woods.
A creak... behind a door.
Footsteps... where no one should be.
And then... came the stories.
A girl in red...
wandering the tree line... long after midnight...
warning you to turn back...
though she never does.
A trail of crumbs...

leading deeper into the woods...
to a house that smells too sweet...
and a fire that never goes out.
Three figures...
standing where a broken house once stood...
no longer afraid...
no longer hunted.
A tea party... set for guests who never leave...
a rabbit... always too late...
and a path... that disappears behind you.
And in the darkest part of the forest...
seven graves...
not as still as they should be...
and something... waiting beside them...
smiling.
At first... the Riverside Police Department dismissed it all...
Rumors.
Pranks.
Imagination... running wild.
But then...
the calls began.
Strange sightings.
Missing pets.
Doors... left open.
Shadows... moving against the light.
And every report... ended the same way...
“It felt like a story...
...but wrong.”
Now... the woods at the edge of Riverside... have been marked off.
Officers stand watch...

Flashlights... trembling in the dark.
But even they... cannot explain...
what waits... beyond the path.
And tonight...
you've been invited...
to walk it.
To follow the trail...
To step inside the stories... you thought you knew...
...and discover...
what happens...
when fairy tales... don't end... happily ever after.
Proceed... with caution.
Stay... on the path.
And whatever you do...
...don't trust the story.



The Story Taker

Long before Riverside had streets... before the buildings, before the lights... there were stories.

Simple ones.

Stories meant to teach... To comfort.... To warn.

But stories have power...

And something... learned how to harness that power.

No one knows where the Story Taker came from.

Some say it was once a bard, a storyteller... forgotten, ignored, left behind as the world stopped listening.

Others say it was never human at all.

Only that it feeds on stories.

Not by telling them...

...but by changing them.

It begins small.

A word out of place.

A detail... slightly wrong.

A happy ending that never comes.

In Wonderland, it whispered first.

A girl stayed too long.

A tea party never ended.

And no one ever left.

In the woods, it left candy.

A trail too sweet to resist.

A house too warm to question.
An oven that never cooled.
It twisted fear.
The pigs were no longer prey.
The wolf was no longer the monster.
And in the dark of the forest...
It rewrote the ending.
The princess didn't sleep.
She waited.
And when they buried the others...
She rose.
Now it has found Riverside.
And it's still writing.
Still changing.
Still taking.
If you listen closely...
You can hear it.
In the wind.
In the trees.
In the stories you thought you knew.
Because once it takes your story...
It never gives it back.
And in the end...
There are no happy endings.
Only new ones.



Malice in Wonderland

The call came in just after 9 PM.
No number.
No voice.
Just static...
...and the faint sound of ticking.
Riverside Police traced it to the edge of the woods.
A narrow path.
One that shouldn't have been there.
They followed it.
They shouldn't have.
The trees bent inward as they walked.
The ground shifted beneath their feet...
straight lines turning into spirals.
That's when they saw it.
A rabbit.
Standing upright.
Watching.
Its eyes glowed in the dark.
In its hand...
a broken pocket watch.
"You're late," it whispered.
Then it ran.
They followed.

They couldn't help it.
The path twisted tighter...
until it opened into a clearing.
A table sat in the center.
Set for tea.
Cups... cracked.
Plates... empty.
Chairs... waiting.
And at the head of the table...
a girl.
Still.
Smiling.
"Stay for tea," she said.
One officer stepped back.
The others didn't.
Behind her...
a man in a hat sat frozen in a grin.
Eyes wide.
Unblinking.
The air grew thick.
Heavy.
The officers turned to leave.
The path was gone.
"No one leaves Wonderland," she said.
The lights flickered.
The table creaked.
Something moved beneath it.
The rabbit reappeared...
standing behind them now.
Tick.

Tick.
Tick.
Radios crackled.
Only static.
The girl lifted her cup.
Something dark spilled over the edge.
“You’re just in time,” she smiled.
The woods fell silent.
By morning...
the clearing was gone.
No table.
No path.
No officers.
Only a single object left behind...
resting at the edge of the trees.
A broken pocket watch.
Still ticking.
Etched into its face:

▯YOU WERE ALWAYS LATE.▯



Snow Dead and the Seven Graves

The call came in just before midnight.
Reports of lights in the old forest. Singing... then screaming.
Riverside Police followed the trail until the trees opened into a clearing.
That's where they found her.
A girl in a tattered dress, pale as frost, standing beside seven small graves.
Each marked with a single word:
CREEPYGone, but somehow still behind you
SCAREYNothing to be afraid of anymore
SPOOKYSpooked around and found out.
MEANY Meany finally met someone meaner: karma\ :Here lies Meany. Return to sender.
RUTHLESS He cut every corner. One cut back
AWFUL Awful. Just awful.
CRUEL
Fresh dirt.
All of them...One open grave was marked, "YOU"...with an epitaph that read...
We save "YOU" a spot
"Miss, are you alright?" one officer called.
She turned slowly.
Her lips were red. Too red.
Her smile... wrong.
"They tried to save me," she whispered.
Behind her, an old coffin sat open. Inside, shards of a bitten apple.

Blackened.
Rotten.
The wind shifted.
And the ground began to move.
One by one... the graves cracked open.
Hands pushed through the dirt.
Seven figures rose, eyes hollow, faces pale, standing behind her like shadows.
The officers stepped back.
Too late.
Snow White smiled wider.
“I wasn’t the one who needed saving.”
By morning, the clearing was empty.
No graves.
No girl.
No officers.
Just one thing left behind, carved into the bark of a tree:

❑WHO’S THE FAIREST NOW?❑



The Three Big Pigs

The call came in just after sunset.

Neighbors reported screaming... and something about a wolf.

Riverside Police arrived to find the house still standing—but barely. The door hung open, clawed from the outside... Or the inside.

Inside, it was quiet...

Too quiet.

Then they saw them.

Three pigs.

Not running... Not hiding...

Waiting.

They were bigger than they should be... Massive... Standing upright... Eyes glowing in the dark.

The smallest one smiled.

“Looking for the wolf?” it asked.

Behind them, something dragged across the floor.

A shape...

Fur...

Bones.

The biggest pig stepped forward, breathing slow, and heavy.

“There was a wolf,” it said.

A long pause...

“Not anymore.”

The officers backed toward the door—but it slammed shut behind them.

The lights flickered.

The pigs moved closer.

By morning, the house was empty.

No pigs.

No wolf.

No officers.

Just three deep scratches carved into the wall:

“WHO’S AFRAID NOW?”



Little Dead Riding Hood

The call came in just before dusk.
A report of a child wandering the trails alone.
Red hood. Barefoot.
Riverside Police followed the path into the woods.
They found the basket first.
Empty.
The trail should have been easy to follow.
It wasn't.
The trees leaned in too close.
The path twisted where it shouldn't.
And then they saw her.
A girl in a red hood.
Standing perfectly still.
Facing away.
“Are you lost?” one officer asked.
She didn't answer.
She just tilted her head... slightly.
Like she was listening to something behind them.
Then she spoke.
Soft. Calm.
“You're not supposed to be here.”
A low growl echoed through the trees.
The officers turned—

Nothing.
When they looked back...
She was closer.
They hadn't seen her move.
"Grandmother's house is just ahead," she said.
"But she doesn't like visitors."
The door to the cabin stood open.
Inside, the lights flickered.
Something shifted in the shadows.
Breathing.
Slow.
Heavy.
"Stay," the girl whispered.
"Or run."
A pause.
A faint smile beneath the hood.
"It doesn't matter anymore."
The door slammed shut.
The lights went out.
The woods fell silent.
By morning, the cabin was gone.
No girl.
No officers.
No trail.
Only a red hood hanging from a branch.
And claw marks carved deep into the tree beside it:

▮SHE WAS NEVER THE ONE IN DANGER.▮



Hansel & Deadel

The call came in just after dusk.

Reports of a strange house deep in the woods—lights on, smoke rising... and children laughing.

Riverside Police followed the trail of scattered candy until they found it.

A house made of sweets.

Too perfect.

Too quiet.

“Anyone inside?” “Riverside Police” officers called.

The door creaked open on its own.

Inside, the air was warm. Sweet.

And something else.

Burnt.

They found him first.

Hansel.

Sitting at a table, eating.

Slowly.

Endlessly.

His eyes were hollow. His hands sticky with sugar and something darker.

“You’re just in time,” he said without looking up.

Then Deadel stepped out from the shadows.

Her smile was calm. Knowing.

“The oven’s ready,” she whispered.

Behind her, the iron door glowed orange.

Something inside... moved.
The officers reached for their radios.
Static.
The door slammed shut.
Hansel stood.
Bigger than he should be.
Still chewing.
“Don’t worry,” Deadel said softly.
“We’re just...”
She smiled wider.
“Fattening you up.”
By morning, the house was gone.
No candy.
No children.
No officers.
Just a single sign nailed to a tree at the edge of the woods:

☐TRICK OR TREAT☐ FOREVER☐



Dead Asleep

The call came in just after midnight.
A woman whispering.
“Please... don’t wake her.”
Then static.
Riverside Police traced the call deep into the woods.
They found a castle covered in thorns.
The doors stood open.
Inside... everyone was asleep.
Guards. Servants. Guests.
All breathing. None waking.
The officers followed the sound of a spinning wheel.
Beside it stood an old woman dressed in black.
The Briar Witch.
“Where is everyone?” an officer asked.
“Asleep.”
“What did you do to them?”
The Witch looked toward the staircase.
“Nothing. I saved them.”
“From what?”
She slowly pointed upstairs.
“From her.”
The officers pushed past her.
“Wait!” the Witch screamed.

“I DIDN’T CURSE THE PRINCESS” I STOPPED HER.

Upstairs, they found Prince Rowan standing beside a bed.

Princess Elowen lay beneath a blanket of black roses.

Rowan looked terrified.

“They said a kiss would break the curse.”

He looked toward the sleeping princess.

“They never said whose curse.”

Elowen’s eyes opened.

Every candle went out.

Screams echoed through the castle.

The sleeping guards rose. Then the servants. Then the guests.

All staring toward Elowen. Waiting.

She slowly stepped from the bed.

The Prince reached for his sword.

Thorns wrapped around his legs and dragged him into the darkness.

The officers backed toward the door.

Elowen smiled.

“You woke me. Now it’s your turn to sleep.”

By morning... the castle was gone.

No Prince. No Princess. No officers.

Only a wall of thorns remained.

Caught inside were a sword... a Riverside Police radio... and one black rose.

The radio crackled.

Then the Briar Witch’s voice whispered:

“I told you... don’t wake her.”

Carved into a nearby tree:

SOME THINGS SHOULD STAY ASLEEP.



Painochio □ No Strings Attached

The call came in just after 10 PM.
An old man... terrified. Whispering.
“He’s not my son anymore.”
Then the sound of a child laughing.
The line went dead.
Riverside Police traced the call to an old puppet workshop at the edge of the woods.
The door stood open.
Inside... hundreds of wooden puppets.
Hanging from strings. Sitting on shelves. Watching.
Then the officers noticed something strange.
Several puppets were wearing police uniforms.
A small wooden boy stepped from the shadows.
Painted cheeks. A twisted smile. And a long wooden nose.
“What’s your name?” an officer asked.
The boy tilted his head.
“Painochio.”
“Where’s the old man who called us?”
Painochio smiled.
“My father? He left.”
CRACK.
His nose grew.
“He didn’t love me anymore.”
CRACK.

Longer.
Then something moved above them.
The officers looked up.
The old puppet maker hung from the ceiling.
Strings wrapped around his arms and legs.
“He lies...” the old man whispered.
Painochio smiled.
“Everybody lies.”
The workshop door slammed shut.
The puppets began to move.
Strings dropped from the ceiling.
One wrapped around an officer’s wrist. Another around his neck.
His fingers stiffened. His skin began turning to wood.
Painochio stepped closer.
“Don’t worry...”
He smiled wider.

LIARS MAKE THE BEST PUPPETS.

The lights went out.
By morning... the workshop was empty.
No old man. No wooden boy. No officers.
Only sawdust... and four new marionettes.
Each wearing a Riverside Police uniform.
Above them hung one empty set of strings. Waiting.
Carved into the workshop door were four words:

NO STRINGS ATTACHED?

And underneath...

THAT WAS A LIE.



Finale □ Closing Report

The calls stopped just before dawn.

No more static.

No more whispers.

No more stories rewriting themselves in the system.

For the first time in weeks... Riverside Police had silence.

Riverside Police search teams went back into the woods at first light.

Not because they had to...Because they wanted to.

The paths were normal again.

The trees stood still.

No twisted trails.

No strange houses.

Just forest.

They found the sites.

Or what was left of them.

A clearing with no graves.

No sign of disturbance.

No cabin.

No candy.

No broken doors.

And then—

They found the officers.

One by one... they came out of the woods.

Confused. Disoriented.

But alive.
All accounted for.
Each gave a statement.
Each told a different version.
Different paths.
Different endings.
But all of them said the same thing in the end:
□ “It felt real.”*
The official report was filed.
CASE CLOSED.
No evidence of foul play.
No suspects.
No confirmed incidents.
But there was one thing they couldn’t explain.
Every report—every single one—ended the same way.
Typed.
Not written.
Not by any officer.
Just one line.

□ **STORY RECLAIMED** □

That night, Riverside slept easy.
The lights stayed on.
The streets stayed quiet.
And for the first time...in a long time...
The stories didn’t change.
But deep in evidence storage...
Locked away where no one goes...
Sits a single file.
Marked:

FRACTURED FAIRY TALES

Inside, one page has been added.

No date.

No author.

Just a single line:

“I’ll find new ones.”

And sometimes...

Late at night...

When the station is quiet...

You can still hear it.

A page turning.

But no one is missing.

No one is lost.

No one is taken.

Not anymore.

At least...

That’s how the story ends.

...for now.