

**Five Nights**

**at Freddy's**

**FAZBEAR FRIGHTS #8**

**GUMDROP ANGEL**

BY

**SCOTT CAWTHON  
ANDREA WAGGENER**

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# GUMDROP ANGEL

**A**ngel opened her eyes and saw . . . nothing. Darkness. Had she gone blind? She tried to blink but found she couldn't. Was she even worse off now than before?

She felt weak and heavy. Her body ached. Angel raised her hands to try and rub her eyes, to clear the gunk from them, but her hands whacked against something hard.

Trying not to panic, she groped around to figure out what she'd hit. All she felt was wood, flat, smooth, unrelenting wood, surrounding her.

She was in some kind of box! A very small box.

Angel tried to scream, but her mouth wouldn't work properly. She began writhing her body, flailing her limbs. But it did no good. She just kept banging against the box.

She was trapped. And she felt really strange, woozy, like she was going to pass out.

Why was this happening to her?

Angel really wished she had earplugs. And nose plugs. And blinders.

No, skip all that.

Angel really wished for the ability to teleport. Yeah, that would be good. If she could teleport, she could just instantly go someplace else.

But first she'd have to be invisible so she could get away with teleporting. Or maybe she could have super-powers so she could just obliterate everything that was here.

No, that might be a little extreme. Teleporting would be good enough.

Where would she go? Pretty much anywhere but here—a landfill, a sewer, the most dangerous part of town. She could think of a million horrible places that would be an improvement on her current situation. After all, what could possibly be worse than here?

Angel and her family were in Freddy Fazbear's Pizza,

and if there was a place on earth that was more like hell than this, Angel didn't know about it. Freddy's was bad enough on its own: a relentlessly bright and cheery place with decor in strictly primary colors and a headache-inducing black-and-white checkerboard floor. But then you added the children. No, not just children. *Amped-up children*. Crazy, overexcited, peeing-in-the-ball-pit, puking-in-the-arcade children. Not much was worse than a few dozen little kids having a birthday party. It was obnoxious mixed with miserable topped with *Shoot. Me. Now*.

Angel looked around, and she had to admit that some of her distaste—all right, maybe all of it?—could have been related to envy and resentment. Her birthday had been the month before, and no one had thrown her a party of any kind.

Maybe at some point in Angel's life, she could have appreciated a kid's birthday party. Theoretically, she would have liked having her own birthday party here when she was little. She was sure if she'd had a party, she wouldn't have been as loud and insufferable about it as the kids in Freddy's were. She would have been happy, yes, but she would have been graceful about it . . . at least, she liked to think so. But then again, she'd never get to test that theory.

Seeing as her dad—not her current pathetic excuse for a stepdad, but her biological father (equally pathetic, apparently)—left when she wasn't even walking yet, her mother had to be both the moneymaker and the full-time parent. During those years, her mom had disappeared into her job, while somehow staying in a constant state of broke.

There was just never enough money for things like birthday parties. Now that Angel's mom had married Myron—aka “call me Dad,” no, thank you very much—parties like this were in the budget, but, well . . . Angel was older and so over ostentatious displays of birthday frivolity.

And, come on, was a little kid's birthday honestly important enough to spend thousands of dollars on balloons, pizza, soda, cake, candy, and presents? No way. It was a waste of resources. That money could've bought Angel a car or paid tuition for the performing arts college she wanted to attend. Thankfully, Angel had qualified for a student loan, based on her mom's low income in this last year before she married Myron. But Angel shouldn't have had to get financial help, not when Myron could more than afford to pay her way. She never did call him “Dad,” but that was because he hadn't earned it. Wasn't a “dad” supposed to pay for his kid's education?

Angel looked at the woman who had gotten her into this screwed-up situation: her mother—her weak, self-interested, gold-digging mother. If only her mother paid half as much attention to her daughter as she did to her own looks. Still reasonably young, Angel's mom had bouncy short blonde hair, bright blue eyes, and a face she spent thousands of dollars a year to keep pretty. Forget homework help or mother-daughter dates; Angel's mom was too busy spending half the day working out or updating her wardrobe at the mall.

Maybe Angel's mom would have been halfway decent if she'd had a good partner by her side. But then again, maybe

not. Angel's mom wasn't exactly a paragon of patience or understanding. She also wasn't very good at cooking, cleaning, organizing, or planning. She didn't have a cool job like film editor or fashion designer or talent agent. From observing her friends' mothers, Angel thought these were the qualities that went into being a great mom. The qualities her mother had—an expert at improving her own looks, a whiz at makeup and clothes shopping, a world-class champion of flirting with men, a connoisseur of sleeping in, and a master of self-absorption to the point that she forgot anything not associated with her own happiness—did not make her good mom material.

Behind Angel, a little girl squealed, hitting decibels that should have been illegal. Angel put her fingers in her ears.

“Stop that,” Angel's mother snapped. “You're eighteen, not eight.”

Oh, right. And that was her mother's other notable quality: star of bowing to whatever man was paying the bills at the time. The truth was that Angel's mom didn't like loud, screaming children any more than Angel did, but right now, she was playing the role of Myron's wife. And Myron's wife was the mother of a five-year-old. This meant Angel's mom had to pretend she was happy to be at this party, and part of that pretense was to chastise Angel for dropping the act.

Angel rolled her eyes. Her mother was pathetic. So was Myron. And so was Ophelia, Myron's revolting daughter. The whole family was pathetic. Even Angel was pathetic because she had to be part of this family.