





Joseph Coelho

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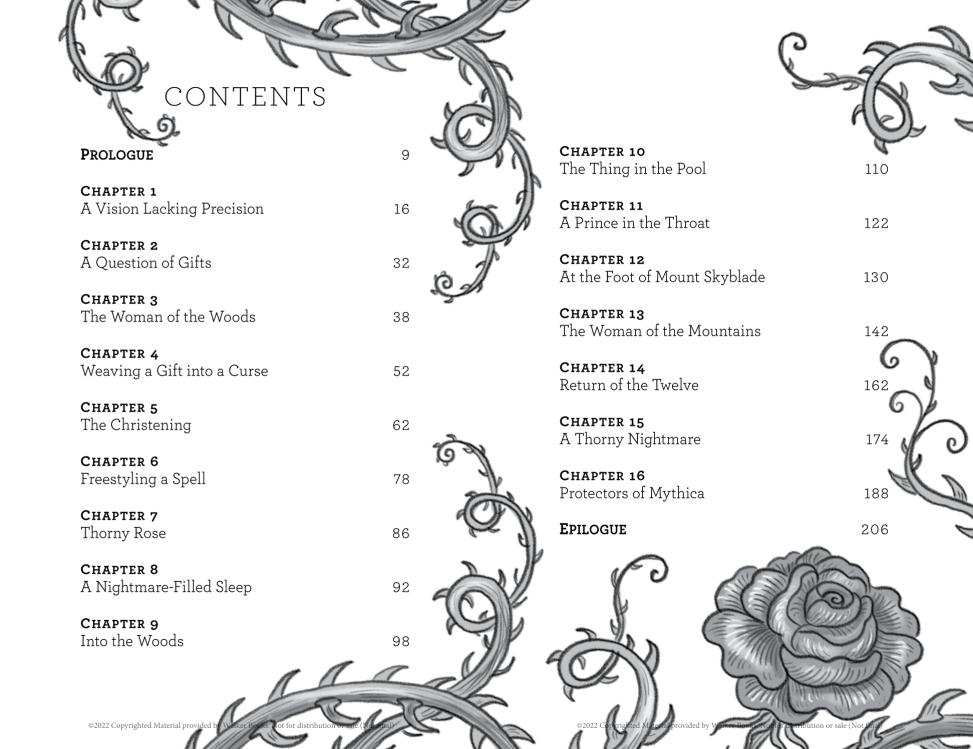
For the child reading this in a library ...

can you hear that bubbling sound?

That's the sound of new stories forming! - J.C.

In loving memory of Inky and Dracula, who are now in catty heaven, sleeping and creeping for all eternity. – F.H.







PROLOGUE

The Librarian



What's that noise?

Oh, it's you!

My lovely wretched readers.

Have you come to hear some festering fables?

Some noxious narratives?

Well, you've come to the right place for I am The Librarian of Fairy Tales Gone Bad.

I discovered some neglected tomes at the back of the library some time ago.

They started off occupying just one lonely shelf of books left unread, unflicked through, un-perused for so long that the tales within them

had become
mouldy with changes,
sprouting new characters,
new twists and turns,
blooming with new beginnings
and middlings
and endings,
becoming something else,
becoming something ... BAD.

But since then,
my one lonely shelf
of frothing fairy tales
has grown,
has spread.

First it became a bookcase of rancid retellings,

but now it has grown further, bit by bit, stretching its tentacles,

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taking over the entire library, changing the very fabric of the building.

I have spent days
lost amongst the aisles
of The Library of Fairy Tales Gone Bad.
In the astronomy section
I discovered a horrid version

Hansel and Gretel and the Space-Witch!

of Hansel and Gretel ...

In the biology section
I found a purulent version
of *Puss in Boots* ...

Octopus in Boots!



And in the fashion section

I found a whiffy version

of *The Elves and the Shoemaker* ...

The Elves and the Sweaty Trainer
Remaker!

