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For all the children I had the pleasure of working with over the years who were hungry for some gruesome tales. – J.C.

For Sam the zombie boyfriend and Katsu the vampire cat. – F.H.





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PROLOGUE

The Librarian



Hello, I'm The Librarian.

I used to believe in nice things!

Sweet things.

Fairy tales and butterflies
that don't bite.

Then I began to work in the library.

In the reference section.

The section for adults only
where there are big books,
dangerous books,
forbidden books.



I spent my days stamping books, shelving books and reading ... books.

I found a hidden section at the back of the library, covered in powdery dust as thick as snow.

A section full of old books, unread books, unthumbed books, unloved books.



You know how when you leave fruit in a bowl uneaten, it goes off?

Mould starts to bloom on the skin, the flesh goes brown and soft, flies lay eggs, maggots squirm, horrid smells find their way into the fruit...

The same happens with books!

The same had happened to these books. These books, these fairy tales, had gone off.

Their covers were swollen, cracked leather.
Their spines were bent and creased.
Their covers strained against the chains that bound them.

A padlock, orange with rust, decorated with the gaping, snarling face of a demon,

its terrifying mouth forming the keyhole,

kept the books locked tight.

I had the key, this key.

I slipped it into the mouth of the demon padlock.

It chewed at the key.

The key was hard to turn, creaking and groaning,

metal against metal.



I twisted with all my might until the lock sprang open.

I wrestled the chains off the books and peered at their titles, and this is what I found...

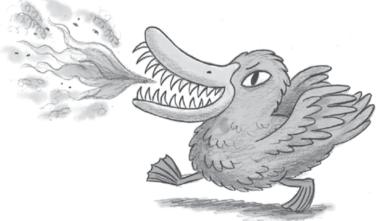
Goldilocks and the Three Bears had changed its title to ...

Grannylocks.



The Ugly Duckling had changed its title to ...

The Monstrous Duckling.



Jack and the Beanstalk had become ... Jack and the Flesh-Eating Beanstalk.



The Boy Who Cried Wolf had become ... The Boy Who Puked Up a Wolf.



Sleeping Beauty had become ... Creeping Beauty.



And Cinderella had become ...





