

The End..... Ish ;)

Fan-fiction to A Tale Dark and Grimm

Have you ever wondered why your mother, or father, or even babysitter have had a guilty or sad expression when they finish reading a fairy tale or a famous Disney book? Have you ever known why? Well my dear readers, I may just ruin your sense of imagination, FOREVER! MWAHAHAHAHAHA!

Sorry, I do that sometimes. TEE HEE HEE!

Wow, I guess I do that more of that than I think I do. My bad.

Have you ever heard the tale of Little Red Riding Hood? Yes, you say? Oh no, I don't think so, at least not the REAL one. You see, fairy tales used to be sad, miserable, horrible, bloody, gruesome... AND AWESOME! The only reason that you have not heard the real ones, is because Walt Disney decided to make it all cute with princesses every other page, leaving out all of the bad parts and ruining the way that your brain works!

We don't want all of those stupid sayings that good always wins and evil is banished from the kingdom or what-not, but that is not always what happens. Take the new musical "Wicked" for example, you get to see a different point of view and if you think about it, Dorothy and her dog Toto, (no disrespect to Toto- I love dogs and he was just in the wrong place at the wrong time), ruined a bunch of people's lives with her weirdly not damaged house that survived a tornado!

What I am trying to say, is that Disney rots people's brains! They take the other stories, and DEMOLISH THEM! So, if you think about it, Disney is the real bad guy here. Not the people in my book that murder other people, NO! It is the princesses! (spoiler)

*So if any of my smaller viewers are still reading..... GOOD LUCK!
TEE HEE HEE! Sorry...*

There was once a little girl that lived in the small village of Onodawn with her mother, her grandfather and her pet cat, Oscar. She led a happy life in her

town, but she was shy. She was more shy than the baker woman, who had claimed that she had been to hell because of some twins named Hansel and Gretel that she was mean to, and she is always trying to be nice to everyone, but we all know that she is just doing that so she does not go back!

Back to the story now...

*Bleu (**pronounced B-L-U-E**) was an adventurous girl for the most part, when she was not hiding from the village kids on the other. She did not work well with others. She rarely ever spoke to anyone that did not live in her house, except for Old Aunt Jamima, who wasn't really her aunt, but she was at the same time, everyone's aunt! She was kind to anyone and everyone, except for Bleu's grandfather, who she used to know when she was a kid. She always sensed a coming darkness around him, as if he was pure evil!*

Bleu knew that he was not related to her, he was always pouting, he was lazy, and oh yeah... HE WAS NOT BLEU'S MOTHER OR FATHERS DAD! When her father was still alive, her real grandpa lived with them, but when he passed away, her father hung himself on the tree in the opening of the forest. THEN THIS RANDOM GUY SHOWED UP AND CLAIMED THAT HE WAS BLEU'S FATHER'S, DAD! She was not that dumb!

Bleu's Grandmother lived past the woods and down by the river where all of the salmon played.... until Bleu's Grandma speared them for dinner. One day, Bleu's mother told her that she needed to bring some pastries up to her grandmother's house, for she was sick. She handed Bleu a birch bark woven basket with several freshly baked cookies.

As Bleu neared the middle of the woods, Night fell and she had to use the resources around her to make a very small lean to, and helped herself to some of the sugar cookies for a small dinner. She knew that she would have to do this because she had done it a various amount of times in the past. Her Grandma always got sick. It was usually a cold, but this time, it was a fever and everyone

was worried about her. Plus, what better way to cheer her up than her sweet adoring granddaughter?

As she rose from her sleep, it was still early morning. She heard a peculiar noise. She followed the noise further into the woods until she felt like she could not stop walking. She felt a sharp pain in her foot, she took off her shoe to find that she had stepped on a sharp rock that was now lodged into her skin. She quickly pulled it out to find that it was covered in blood. She held her foot for a while and then put the bloodstained rock in her pocket and kept walking. She no longer felt pain. She was in a trance. For the Camo Goblins of the North had made a sound so irresistible to little girls that they just had to follow it. As she neared the sound her desire grew to find out who was making the sound.

She felt like she didn't wake up that morning. She could not explain how she got there, but she was in a giant cage dangling above the trees. Under her she could hear the chanting's of small creatures that sounded angry. "Not fair!" She heard high pitched voices arguing, "It's not fair! Jeanie got the arm last week!"

That's right. You heard the goblin. The arm. TEE HEE!

"Quiet," said an older more mature voice, "You can share it. Jeanie can have elbow down, and Max can have up until shoulder." Bleu did not know what to think. She thought that they were going to be eating a chicken, but she later found out that it was her on the menu.

She looked over to the right of her and she saw several other cages with other children locked inside, "Hello? How long have you been here?" There was no answer. "Are you OK?" There was still no reply. Bleu looked closer and saw that they were not breathing. They were children's corpses.

There was a faint noise. "You are still alive?" "What do you mean?" (Bleu was oblivious to the fact that the Goblins were going to eat her and leave her corpse dangling among the tree tops of the endless woods.) "Um, I guess, yeah." She managed to get out. "What's your name kid," The voice said. Bleu was quiet for a moment, "Bleu," she said. "Cool, I'm Grain. You got any plans to get out yet?" "No." "Good, then you'll come with me." "But we are going to stay for the feast, right?" Grain just stared at Bleu. "Let's get out as soon as possible," said Grain, "We leave tomorrow night if either of us make it that long. That ok?" Bleu just nodded in agreement.

The day had gone by fast and Bleu started to miss her mother. The crazy thing was, aside from all of the Goblins, SHE STILL HAD HER PASTRY BASKET! The family that Bleu overheard yesterday had come up to check on her. "It's so weird," said the girl, "Is it sleeping?" "I am going to touch it!" Said the boy. His mother pulled him away, "NO MAX!" They walked away from the cages. A soldier goblin walked up to the cages next and reached in and tried to touch the creature that they thought was very strange. His hand touched Bleu's skin and she heard a small sizzle. She looked at her arm where he had touched her and it was bright red and bubbling. She grabbed his hand and pulled it so that his face was squished between the bars and the cage and told him that she was not an, "it". She pulled out the sharp, blood stained rock that she had kept in her pocket and cut his index finger clean off. "YOWWWW", he screamed! He ran away wincing from the cages that kept many children's souls.

Bleu and Grain managed to escape but there was a lot of blood and violence and limbs flailing everywhere, so I'll just skip that part. TEE HEE HEE

"Wow, we barely escaped that." "Yah", Bleu replied. The friends said their goodbyes and separated into the dark, endless woods.

Bleu was still determined to get to her grandmother's house and deliver the cookies but little did she know that there were still things out there watching her every move. After a couple days of hiking, she finally approached the river and her grandmother's house lay directly on the other side. At that moment Bleu's grandmother was currently being kidnapped by a wolf pack, but one stayed behind to see what would come next in that old house of hers. When Bleu walked into the house with the pastries, she saw the wolf. She did not know where her grandmother was, but she had a bad feeling about it. The wolf looked awfully hungry and snatched a cookie from her basket. He liked it, so she kept giving them to him. While he was licking the frosting off of his face, the little girl snuck into the kitchen and filled one of the cream puffs with wasabi. She brought it back in to the main room and the wolf ate it right up. His face went bright red and he ran over to the sink to get some water. While his back was turned, she snuck up behind him and plunged the sharp rock into the back of the wolf, and there was no blood, no screams, no death (we think) but the wolf just disappeared. He vanished into thin air. Just then, three crows flew in from the window and with them, came Bleu's mom, her grandma and Old Aunt Jamima. The three crows explained,

Because crows can talk. DUH!

They said that the wolf was a demon that was trying to steal a very precious gem that Bleu's grandmother possessed. They asked Bleu if they saw who the demon was. Bleu said no, but she knew who it was. It was her "grandpa." He had always been suspicious and now she knew why.

Bleu and her new family settled into her grandma's home forever and ever, to live happily ever after!

THE END! (..... ISH)

