

FINAL GIRL

STATION 2891

GRUESOME DEATHS

YOU HOLD IN YOUR HAND A BOOK OF GRUESOME DEATHS FOR USE WITH STATION 2891. INSIDE, YOU WILL FIND HORRIBLE AND TERRIFYING DESCRIPTIONS OF DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE FINAL GIRL LINEUP OF KILLERS. THIS EXPERIENCE IS TOTALLY OPTIONAL BUT IS A FUN WAY TO SPICE UP THE STORY AS YOU PLAY A GAME OF FINAL GIRL!

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Once you have determined which Killer and Location (from the 30 different Series 2 combinations!) you will play, look at the Table of Contents on the next page. Find the applicable pages for that combination, and when a Terror card (or sometimes another type of card) effect results in the death of a normal Victim, turn to the section and find the name of the card. Then, you may read the description of how the Victim died before continuing your game! In some cases, the deaths won't be at the hands of the Killer but rather a Location specific effect that kills the Victim (like "Frostbite" in Station 2891, or "Dr. Death" in Wolfe Asylum). For these, the descriptions will be in the first section listed in the Table of Contents.

Sometimes there will be "General Kills" that aren't tied to a specific card. In many cases, these will come from the Killer's standard Killer Action (during the Killer phase before the Terror card is drawn). In other cases, "General Kills" are used instead of looking up a Terror card, for combinations that will have multiple Killers (eg those with Organism, or Intruders). For these, a "General Kills" section was created for each different Killer, so that you can read a description specific to the Killer involved in the attack. When these occur, roll a die to determine which passage to read. Since this can happen multiple times during a game, we've included different passages for variety. Feel free to re-roll if you get the same passage.

Finally, a few cards might have various location spaces (like "The full moon is out" for example). We've included a different passage for each location space, so read the one that applies.)

STORY COHESION

As you can imagine, we've done our best to write the passages in a cohesive way so that there is not break in the thematic immersion. However, it might happen from time to time that the situation doesn't quite add up perfectly. Examples may include passages that include multiple people in the story even though there may only be one victim in the space. Or perhaps a passage occurring indoors when the victim is in an outdoor space. It would be impossible for us to account for every possible situation, so we appreciate your understanding of this and feel free to make any modifications in your mind that you feel are necessary to keep your story's cohesion!

We'd like to thank everyone who submitted a writing application. There were so many great entries to review and it was incredibly difficult to select the final candidates. And, of course, thanks go to the talented writers who contributed to this book—without their help, we could not have completed this in a reasonable amount of time.

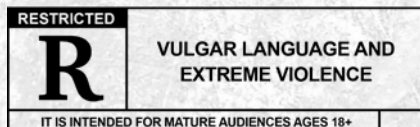
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THE FOLLOWING HAS BEEN RATED



STATION 2891

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STATION 2891

GENERAL DEATHS

FROSTBITE -

Ethan collapsed in the snow. He couldn't see and he'd lost his grip on the guideline. He'd been wandering around for an hour. He knew the clock was ticking and when he stumbled and fell from exhaustion, he knew that he was going to freeze to death. Out here. Alone.

FROSTBITE -

"Help me!" Ella cried out. She had run out of the base when the commotion started. Fear had taken hold and guided her actions. Now she realized that fear had resulted in another danger. She'd been outside way too long... the harsh cold of the Arctic was no place to just hang around. Her heart rate slowed and her breathing became rushed. She trudged toward the base but her legs faltered. She tried to cry out again but could not muster the strength to do so. She fell face first into the snow and her last, icy breath left her body.



GENERAL DEATHS

FROSTBITE -

Clay hated going outside. But they told him the helicopter was coming. Well, where the hell was it? It had been too long. He decided he needed to go back inside. He headed back towards the base, but then he rolled his ankle. He dropped like a sack of potatoes. It was bad, really bad. He couldn't move. He started crawling, but after 50 feet of crawling he collapsed unable to go further. The cold took him.



STATION 2891 TERROR

“THE GENERATOR IS OUT.”

“Dammit, Stu,” Chris muttered to himself as the power flickered. How many times had he asked him to request new belts for the supply drop? Chris had tangled with the ramshackle generator so often that he felt like Sisyphus. Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by a prolonged hissing. He tightened his focus to its location and let out a sigh. “When it rains, it pours,” he mused. He prayed that it wasn’t another pipe pressure issue. Chris clicked his flashlight on and pointed it at the sound. His prayer was answered. It wasn’t a pipe. The Evomorph lashed forward and wildly stripped the flesh from his body, leaving a tattered corpse behind.

“WE CAN’T STAY HERE”

The bio department just couldn’t have left that cocoon in the ice where they found it. They spouted buzzwords like ‘medical applications,’ but Sanaa could see the dollar signs in their eyes. Tensions were high and the staff shouted questions at the beleaguered management. Sanaa had heard enough. “I say we take our chances outside!” she yelled as she dramatically flung the door open and was greeted by the drooling visage of the Evomorph. It grabbed her in its forearms and bit down hard, leaving half of her head an erratic fountain of blood, its victory screech drowned out by screams.

“WHAT SUPPLIES ARE IN THE CHOPPER?”

Ian couldn’t tell if he was grasping at straws, but had anyone checked the helipad? There could be medical kits in there, or they might even keep a gun in the cockpit! He rose from his hiding spot with a newfound resolve, but a shadow in his peripheral vision sent him scrambling back. It’ll be fine, Ian thought. It will eventually pass, then he’d get to the chopper. He remained hidden until a familiar woman’s voice caught his ear. She had to be close! The comforting thought of a companion in this nightmare sent him crawling out. The Evomorph was still waiting. Its clawed-foot decapitated him before he could stand.

“IT’S HAPPY HOUR!”

Those bio nerds were so excited about their discovery that they had made their partying intentions known to everyone. Carl loved a good drink (or seven), but the idea of rubbing elbows with a bunch of doctorate holders made him feel inadequate. Wait, screw that! he thought. He’d show them how to party, blue collar be damned! It’ll be a new era! Carl was on his way when a scream pierced the quiet station, followed quickly by an unnatural roar. Did that come from the rec room? Y’know, the new era can wait, Carl thought, as he turned around and briskly walked in the opposite direction.



STATION 2891 EVENTS

“THERE’S BEEN AN ACCIDENT IN THE LAB!”

This is going to be my legacy, Randy thought. The samples they pulled from Object KA525 were biological, but were failing conventional analysis. Everything was pointing to extraterrestrial origin. Visions of awards and unlimited grants danced in his imagination. He grabbed the nearest sample, a viscous green liquid in a plastic beaker and smiled lovingly. “OH FUCK!” he cried, as an intense pain shot through his hand. The sample was leaking through the plastic and the acidic liquid had burned a hole through his palm. In his panic, he knocked over a host of materials including a lit bunsen burner. Randy and his dreams went up in flames.



GENERAL DEATHS (HATCHLING)

GENERAL KILL



Stephanie detested spiders and she swore she had just seen the world's largest skitter past her. She knew that the science department had a few animals for testing purposes. She also thought that the scientists were incompetent slobs, so an escaped tarantula wasn't surprising. The thought of it loose made her skin crawl, so she grabbed a heavy book and hurried after it. As she approached and saw the cornered creature, her jaw dropped, which unfortunately provided the perfect escape route. The Hatchling leapt into her open mouth, tunneled down her esophagus, and settled in. Stephanie was spared the torture, she was already dead from shock.

GENERAL KILL



It must have been what I ate, Bill thought. That piss-poor cook called last night's dish "The Special" and it had been anything but. Bill already had an irritated throat, which he blamed on his open-mouth snoring, and now he had the worst stomachache of his life. To hell with calling the medic, he was going to "kiss the cook" with his fists. Instead, a single step sent him crumpling to the floor in agony. It felt like his bowels were going to explode, and they pretty much did, as the Hatchling erupted out of his stomach, shredding Bill's innards and fleeing into the darkness.

GENERAL KILL



"There's something inside me!" Tom wailed. "I can feel it crawling!" No one listened to him. The doctor had assured him that his symptoms were psychosomatic, a severe case of stir craziness from being at the station too long. The prescription? Wait for the next opportunity to leave. But they had no X-Ray machine; they couldn't really see, could they? Tom felt a tickle near his ribs. He grabbed his knife and stabbed his own chest wildly. "I'll get you, you son of a bitch!" The only thing he managed to hit was his own artery. Most of its work already done, the Hatchling easily escaped through his skewered skin.



GENERAL DEATHS (YOUNGLING)

GENERAL KILL



Lindsey heard the clatter of claws nearby. "Is that you, Char?" she called. She loved playing with the cute huskies they kept at the station. "I've got treats, Thule!" she sang in a baby voice as she dug through her bag for a dog biscuit. She turned around to a decidedly un-adorable sight and gasped. The Youngling scurried towards her, its pincers flailing into her ankles. She fell screaming, and it seized the opportunity to use its serrated teeth to tear her stomach open, feasting on the nourishment inside. After making a meal of Lindsey, it had the dog snacks for dessert. Then the hunt began anew.

GENERAL KILL



Casey had two solutions for long nights at the station: Classic literature and his secret stash of "the good stuff". He took a long hit and resumed reading Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. "The way it was intended," Casey chuckled. The Caterpillar had just asked Alice: "Who are you?" "Woah, who am I?" Casey philosophized. He put the book down to take another drag and laughed at what he saw. The Caterpillar was right in front of him! "What is in this shit?" he giggled. The "Caterpillar" quickly climbed the jovial stoner's body, tore his jugular, and ate its fill. Just like when Alice ate the mushroom, the Youngling was getting larger...

GENERAL KILL



"Someone help!" Rico shouted under strained breaths as he ran as hard as he could. Whatever was after him was both fast and ugly as hell. A wave of relief hit him when he saw a door within reach. He stretched out his arm to grab the handle and slipped, falling face first. The Youngling seized the opportunity and quickly squeezed under Rico's parka, rapidly stabbing his back with its pincer-like feet. Rico screamed and tried to roll over, but the weight of the creature kept him pinned. It took its time feasting on the fresh kill, satisfied that both it and its meal were being kept warm.



EVOMORPH (ADULT) TERROR

GENERAL KILL



Spending your first night in an Arctic base came with traditions. In Station 2891's case, the newbies were subjected to a movie marathon that featured cold and isolated settings. Paige wasn't scared; she had seen them all before. With the marathon over, the crew were sent to their posts. Halfway there, Paige stopped. Just ahead was a large frame of... something, dimly lit and unmoving. Definitely a decoration, she deduced. "Haha, you guys!" she shouted. "One last attempt to spook the..." but her words were cut short as the "decoration" animalistically sprinted towards her. It was too fast for Paige to scream as the Evomorph reached its target and eviscerated her.

GENERAL KILL



Brandon spent most of his working hours blasting heavy metal into his headphones. He missed live shows. The mosh pits and the pyrotechnics felt far away, but the music helped. One of his favorite tracks was playing and he air-drummed along. Brandon began hearing a weird squeal on the track that he hadn't noticed before. He turned down the volume and the noise continued behind him. He slowly turned to see the Evomorph inches away, shrieking at him. Before he could respond, it used its claws to quickly sever his arms from his torso. As he bled out, Brandon reflected: "Pretty metal way to go, I guess."

GENERAL KILL



It was fascinating what weeks without sunlight could do to your mood. Jade strolled to a pipe and leaned her back against it. The warmth of whatever was inside felt calming and since no one was around, she felt safe lighting a cigarette for some smoking and sulking. Some thing suddenly pressed on her midsection. She attempted to pull away in disgust, but found herself trapped by whatever had wrapped around her. She tried to scream, but the Evomorph quickly constricted its tail around her and the pipe. The immense pressure suffocated Jade, but the monster wasn't satisfied until it had squeezed hard enough to leave her bisected corpse behind.



GENERAL DEATHS (AMBUSH)

GENERAL KILL



"What the hell could have done this?" Beth whispered to herself as she surveyed the grisly scene. The corpse in front of her was mutilated as though an animal was responsible. She had read how aggressive polar bears could be, but how could one have gotten through the station's perimeter? Whatever it was, it was gone now, she thought. She was wrong. The Evomorph propelled itself out of a nearby duct and pinned Beth. Its razor teeth seemed to form a smile. She knew now that it was smarter than an animal, and infinitely more cruel, as it used its claws to slowly flay her from head to toe.

GENERAL KILL



Blake had seen what the monster was capable of. He weighed his options. He could run into the Arctic in subzero temperatures, or hide and pray. Hiding sounded like it wouldn't result in instantaneous death, so he pried open a vent and crawled in backwards to keep an eye on the entrance. The Evomorph had the same idea. Blake scrambled when he heard a monstrous hiss behind him, but it latched its nails into his legs and pulled him shrieking into the increasingly narrower shaft. The lithe creature could squeeze through the small openings, but Blake couldn't. At a particularly confined junction, only half of Blake made it through.

GENERAL KILL



Gene had been deployed three times and was familiar with harrowing situations. He sure as hell wasn't about to be killed by some ugly-ass scorpion-shark monster. It was gone now, but he'd be ready. He went into survival mode, grabbing tools, furniture, or anything else that could be used for a weapon or a shelter. In the dim lighting he noticed a large hook hanging on the wall and went to grab it. As he approached, it swung rapidly into his chest and lifted him off the ground. Gene was pulled upward by the perched Evomorph's tail. It trilled joyfully as it watched him choke on his own blood.



EVOMORPH (ADULT) TERROR

“IT CAME OUT OF THE SHADOWS!”

Beverly thought being “afraid of the dark” was a misnomer. She was really afraid of what could be hiding in it. Her teammates Maya and Greg explained the attacks to her as they moved through the station together, looking for survivors. Her friends alleviated her anxiety, until they arrived at an area where the power was out. Beverly froze and Maya turned to comfort her. She glanced back to find Greg was gone. Maya walked to the edge of the light and called for him but was answered by a pair of claws that wrenched her into the darkness. A panic attack gripped Beverly as her nightmares and reality blended.

SKULL BURSTER

A wry grin crept over Gary’s face. He spotted the creature just outside the corridor. He theorized that its underside was a weak point; it looked a little less “lobster-ish” there. He would dive underneath it, then launch upward with his hunting knife. Its back was to him. Now or never! Gary sprinted forward, but its tail whipped in his path, clotheslining him. As he lay wheezing, the Evomorph slowly walked on his body, its clawed toes piercing him along the way. When it reached his chest, it raised its foot high over his face before slamming it down, bursting his head like a zit.

ACID SPRAY

Jordan had seen the Evomorph once and decided his best chance was to find others and radio for help. As he searched, he saw the monster ahead. In his first encounter, he was convinced it was eyeless. It hunts via sound, he surmised. It headed towards him. He crouched against a wall and remained motionless. It trudged to Jordan’s location and slowly put its head over him, but didn’t attack. He thought it would move on, until the Evomorph’s toothy maw opened and a green liquid came frothing out onto Jordan’s head. He screamed in agony, the creature pinned him, and the acid left him a faceless corpse.



EVOMORPH (ADULT) TERROR

“GAME OVER, MAN! GAME OVER!”

“I can’t see a damn thing,” Simon grumbled. One of his colleagues had slapped together some makeshift helmets, claiming he knew his creations would protect them from the creature’s attack methods. Everything he knows is wrong, Simon thought. All it did was make it hard to see. Simon pulled the helmet off and a startling scene came into focus. Multiple bodies lay in front of him in various states of disfigurement. Panic gripped him. He had to move quickly in case it came back. A low growl resonated behind him. It’s already here, he dreadfully realized. Simon ran, but the Evomorph pounced onto his back and tore his head apart.

MINOR DARK POWER: SIDESWIPE

Jennifer heard a scream and instinctually ran towards it. She was a helper by nature and even in chaos she had to try and save whoever she could. She saw the outline of someone running towards her in the poor lighting. “It’s okay! Follow me and I can take you somewhere safe,” Jennifer offered, but they kept coming at her fast. She turned to begin running alongside them, but instead she fell to her knees in excruciating pain. The creature had sprinted by her and slashed the side of her stomach open. Jennifer bled out on the floor cradling her own entrails while the Evomorph disappeared into the night.

EVOMORPH DARK POWER

EPIC DARK POWER: RAZOR TAIL

Elaine knew there was strength in numbers, but it was hard to see any strength left in the small group of survivors around her. Tired and terrified, they sat with their backs to each other on the ground. Their eyes darted and they flinched at any noise. Their fears turned to hope when they heard a rhythmic bang on a nearby door. Maybe it was a rescue team! The door violently flew open and the Evomorph rushed through. The survivors scattered, but its sharpened tail thrashed around the group, methodically slitting their throats. Elaine dodged its first attempt, but the edged point whipped back and embedded into her skull, killing her instantly.



GENERAL DEATHS (FAST ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

Elle hardly knew what was happening. The mutant seemed to have an infinite number of legs. It bounced off a wall and slammed into her, the legs piercing her skin. Then its mouth expanded to an inhuman size and she laid helplessly and watch as it surrounded her entire head. Her screams bounced off its inner cheeks and reverberated into her own ears until it clamped down severing her head and absorbing it.

GENERAL KILL

2

Bosh was fast, but not that fast. Up until it caught him, he felt like he was playing a life-or-death game of tag, and well, he was. When it finally caught him after several dodges, ducks, dips, dives, and dodges, the game ended and he was assimilated in a gruesome fashion.

GENERAL KILL

3

Harold had been ready to leave the station from basically the moment he'd arrived. He asked himself daily why he even agreed to come. What was he thinking? Now that people were dying, he realized that he should have listened to his gut and stayed home. In symbolic punishment for this error, Harold's gut was spilled out onto the floor after a nasty slash from the Organism. RIP Harold.



GENERAL DEATHS (FAST ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



Leg after leg tapped the ground, “tck, tck, tck, tck” as the atrocity skittered its way towards the victim. Their coat, though excellent for protection against the cold, was not sufficient at helping them survive the plethora of blows that came. When the taps on the ground became taps on the victim, it resulted in their bludgeoning death. The body, battered and bruised, was ready for assimilation.

GENERAL KILL



Tonya loved the arctic. She was comfortable in the white wasteland. If she could survive it, she'd walk out there and never come back. So knowing she could not win the deadly fight she found herself in, she did all she could to get to the edge of the station for one last view before meeting her demise. Whether she was able to or not, only the reader knows.

GENERAL KILL



Theo tried to fight back, he'd even managed to separate one of its legs from its body, which horrifyingly sprouted hundreds of tiny legs itself and squirmed away like a centipede. The primary Organism didn't seem to be impacted at all and lost no speed. It pounced on Theo and began the process of assimilation, it's body merging with Theo's. Theo tried to pull away, but it was akin to a kid trying to remove their tongue from a frozen flagpole they foolishly licked on a dare. Theo screamed until there was no Theo. Then the speedy thing skirted away in search of safety.



GENERAL DEATHS (STRONG ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

The hulking mutant trudged towards Sarah who cowered, paralyzed with fear. She turned her head and closed her eyes as the mutant's massive claw-like appendage split her skull vertically spilling blood and bits of brains out onto the ground.

GENERAL KILL

2

Adam tried to avoid the Organism's grasp, but it pulled him to its chest in a bear hug that crushed all of the bones in Adam's body from waist to neck. A few moments later, Adam had been fully assimilated into the Organism and it trudged off in search of another victim.

GENERAL KILL

3

The pustules of the Organism bubbled and burped spewing puss and completely grossing Regina out. She attempted to use whatever object she could find to hold it off, but to no avail. Always good with words, she cried, "Now wait, let's talk about this. You don't want to do this!" But this was no human she was dealing with. And those words would be her last as the hulking claw of the Organism slammed through her mouth and out of the back of her head. It lifted her lifeless body into the air to begin the assimilation.



GENERAL DEATHS (STRONG ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



How many of his colleagues had been killed? He recognized John and Iishi's faces in the grotesque mutant, but surely to be this large there had to have been more. The faces laughed—was it a laugh?—the sound that came out was a terrifying and alien sound. It beckoned him and the faces kept repeating "Join ussssss..." with a long hiss at the end and in a sick harmony. He covered his ears and closed his eyes, and whether he wanted to or not, he joined them.

GENERAL KILL



The Organism began spinning, arms outstretched and fists closed, in a tornado like Zangief from Street Fighter II (look it up if you must) and it only took one fist to connect with the victim before they went flying, slamming into a wall killing them instantly.

GENERAL KILL



Alex was unlucky enough to catch a hammer blow from that strong Organism. Imagine the force of a thousand hammers and you can imagine why Alex ended up as a puddle of mushy tissue and splintered bone. The Organism was forced to realize that Alex was no longer in a state where they could be assimilated.



GENERAL DEATHS (TOUGH ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

The Organism was skin on top of skin on top of more skin. It was as if it was a human onion with so many layers you couldn't tell where the skin ended and the muscle tissue began. Of course, none of that was relevant to Tina when its gaping maw with flesh tentacles pulled her into its belly and assimilated her alive, in very painful fashion.

GENERAL KILL

2

Tentacles lashed out and wrapped Steven up before he could even react to the appearance of the Organism. It manipulated its tentacles with shocking grace and spun Steven towards its body while keeping enough force on him so he could not escape its hold. Steven braced for the large mouth to consume him, but instead the thing headbutted him over and over until Steven's head was concave and the life left his body. Once he had gone limp, the Organism began the assimilation process.

GENERAL KILL

3

The Organism grabbed Orin from behind as he tried to run away and then passed him up to the third arm it had growing out of its back. The arm dangled Orin in front of the Organism and it used its normal arms to claw and disembowel Orin. The Organism assimilated what didn't fall to the ground.



GENERAL DEATHS (TOUGH ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



Kelly walked around with a flamethrower most of the time just "because." He liked feeling like a badass. Naturally, on the one day things went to shit, he wasn't so armed. Kelly tried resisting and fighting back, but when the mutant opened its mouth and "caught" his punch in it, the resulting snap of its jaws removed his arm just below the elbow. Moments later Kelly's own arm protruded from the skin of the monstrosity and the closed fist landed just under the nose sending bone fragments up into his brain and killing him instantly. Kelly's assimilated arm picked up the rest of his body to assimilate it as well.

GENERAL KILL

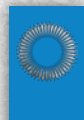


"Where were those damned Skidozer keys?" Alan thought. He didn't give a fuck, he was getting the hell out of here, the rest of the crew be damned. He was going from room to room looking for those keys but hadn't found them yet. His visibility was limited due to the darkness he found himself in, so he felt his way around until his hand landed on something squishy, and someone...no, something...said "Hi". He about jumped out of his body in fear. He was no match for the Organism in these conditions and as he was being assimilated he noticed a malamute keyring on the ground partially obstructed from view.

GENERAL KILL



Arms flailed from the Organism and tentacles whipped as it beat and bloodied the victim with an impressive number of blows in just a few short seconds. The cuts were deep and the body was dead in a matter of moments.



ORGANISM TERROR

“ARE WE ALONE?”

“It is only fair that we all take the test.”

They'd all agreed, but Graham shifted nervously as his turn came. He removed his knife and prepared to draw blood to drip into the petri dish to be tested. But at the last second, he took the knife and stabbed Grant right in the throat. The jig was up and Graham mutated to assimilate Grant. Hiding was no longer an option. They all had to die.

“IT MUST BE YOU!”

No one knew who they could trust. All over the station, fingers were being pointed and blame was being laid. It was kill or be killed and no one would ever know if the fallen were just normal people or an Organism in disguise. For now, the survivors moved on with no guilt about their decision. That would come later, for any who might survive the ordeal.

STATION 2891 TERROR

“THE GENERATOR IS OUT.”

“What happened?” Edward yelled when the power went out. He knew that if the power wasn't restored soon, the cold would kill him, if those grotesque things didn't kill him first. If he had known that the Organism was creeping up behind him at that moment, he would have paid much more attention to that particular danger. The assimilation was quick, but not painless. Edward yelled again, but just like after the first scream, no one came.

“WE CAN'T STAY HERE”

A chorus of mistrust broke out. They'd all seen what was happening and had no way of knowing where the danger would come from next. They scattered into different areas of the station under the illusion that staying on the move would be safer than staying put. What tragically flawed thinking. When the mutant appeared, the victim had nowhere to run. The mutant raised a razor like appendage and proceeded to cut the victim into three pieces before assimilating the victim's body and blood.



STATION 2891 TERROR

“WHAT SUPPLIES ARE IN THE CHOPPER?”

Oohla knew that there was a weapons cache somewhere outside. She'd decided that she had to find it if she wanted to survive. The plan also gave her the option of getting to the helicopter quickly if one showed up while she was out there. Obviously frostbite would be a risk, but that didn't seem like the biggest risk anymore now that people were disappearing within the station. She turned to go and was suddenly face to face with the Organism. It was too fast for her. It took her apart one limb at a time, and not in a rapid fashion. After her arms were severed the first leg was detached and she fell. The Organism, requiring symmetry, removed her last leg which was enough to kill her.

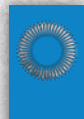
“IT'S HAPPY HOUR!”

Jonathan had seen it. He loved horror movies and spent most of his free time at the station in the rec room watching one of the handful of selections that he or someone else had brought with them. At least until the VCR had eaten "Halloween"...after that he became afraid that the VCR would eat the next movie too. Now all of his fears were reserved for 'it'. He was in his own horror movie. He promised he wouldn't freak out, but that was exactly what happened when it showed its faces. The mutilation that happened to him was far worse than any of the scenes he had seen.

STATION 2891 EVENTS

“THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT IN THE LAB!”

The scientist was kind of an asshat. One of those types that was oblivious to the fact that everyone thought that. Still, he played an important role and was the one that came up with the idea for the test kits and radioed the commander to let them know where in the station he'd left them. He was sort of regretting that now. He devised a drip trap, sort of like the old string on the paint can over the doorway idea, but instead of paint on the head, the subject would be...well, obliterated in a fireball when the drip hit the combustible solution below. Being a bit of an asshat, he failed to consider that chemistry and physics were different sciences. When the physics isn't right, traps go off when they shouldn't. Kaboom asshat.



GENERAL DEATHS (TRISH)

GENERAL KILL

1

"Amen," Trish cooed quietly as Jonny choked on his own blood. He stared into the empty black eyes of the yellowed bone and black fur mask worn by the woman who had buried the fire axe in his throat. "Your suffering is almost at an end, child." The blood soaking his jumpsuit was already coagulating in the cold of the corridor. Jonny reached out for her, panicked and in shock. She gently took his desperate, outstretched hand and softly said, "Hallelujah." With a sound like a boot being unstuck from a muddy path, she removed the blade from his throat. As his vision fell to darkness, he could hear Trish singing sweetly.

GENERAL KILL

2

Station 2891 was so remote. How the fuck did...no. No, keep moving. The how doesn't matter right now. Elena dragged herself across the ground leaving a bloody streak in her wake. The woman in the skull mask had taken her right leg. It had taken three swings with an axe. The first came while Elena slept. The second came as she jolted awake, trying to process what was happening to her. The third came as she attempted to flee. Now, the woman in the mask of thick fur and old bone calmly pursued her. Turning onto her back, Elena saw the woman raise the axe over her helpless form and whisper, "Eternal bliss awaits." The blade split Elena's skull between the eyes.

GENERAL KILL

3

Matt couldn't hear her footsteps over the Chopin blaring in his ears as he worked at his computer. While most of the rest of the crew slept, he had to monitor the conditions outside the station, and collect the occasional frozen soil sample. As he studied one of these samples, Trish approached. She spoke close to his ear, loud enough for him to hear moments before the axe stroke fell: "You were once lost, but now you are found, little lamb." She shouldn't be there, Matt thought. And that was the last thing Matt thought as his skull was halved.



GENERAL DEATHS (TRISH)

GENERAL KILL



Doug was already dead. His corpse crunched and squelched under the weight of the axe blade, sending a spray across Trish's masked face. She whispered a prayer: "Take this soul into the purifying, white fire of Death. In the After will it spend eternity free of the pain and suffering shared among the living."

Another stroke and another shower of red. The axe now embedded into the sternum, Trish struggled to wrench it free. His once-white lab coat was now ruddy and soaked through. Behind her, Trish heard a woman's voice.

"Doug?"

Trish turned with what was left of Doug dripping off of her axe. She smiled. "It is your turn to be baptised."

GENERAL KILL



Not everyone fights salvation. Some accept it with open arms. When Ryan had found the woman in the bone and fur mask while he made his rounds through the station, he had drawn his sidearm. But the woman was persuasive. Charismatic. Beautiful, even.

Trish and Ryan talked. Soon, he saw the light. The sweet release and freedom that escaping from this life would bring. The mask was unsettling at first, but now, he knew it to be a grim parody of the human condition. He understood. Holding her hand, he removed himself from that condition with his own handgun, spraying gray matter across the smooth white surface of the break room table.

GENERAL KILL



Virginia and Will were engaging in some extra curricular activities away from prying eyes. The Station was bustling and busy during the day, but at night when the work was done...it was time for play. They undressed one another. When they were at their most vulnerable, Trish stepped out of the shadows where she had gone blissfully unnoticed.

"A fleeting moment of joy," Trish said quietly, frightening the couple. "Now, you go where joy is unbound."

The axe blade took Virginia's head from her shoulders first in a shower of red. Will tried to scream, but Trish deftly buried the back spike of the fireman's axe into his mouth on the backswing. Trish smiled, painted in their blood. "Eternity rejoices with you."



GENERAL DEATHS (BAGHEAD)

GENERAL KILL

1

The sounds these creatures make. Loud. Grating. Screeches, wails, whines, cries. Shut up. Shut up. SHUT UP. Baghead was just standing in the corner, as instructed. Why scream? Why wail, why whine, why cry? No more.

Drew's head fit like a softball in Baghead's elephantine hand. Smashing stops the bad sounds. So smash he did. Again. And again. And again. And again. Until the window looked like a pretty spiderweb, and the bad sounds stopped and impossibly cold air from outside snaked its way into the warmth. Too cold now. So Baghead left, leaving Drew and his mangled and concave skull behind.

GENERAL KILL

2

Baghead could not understand the sounds. But he could tell when the sounds were happy or when they were bad. Trish's sounds were happy. And he knew it would make Trish sad if anybody left the Very Cold Place. So Baghead held a steel pipe he had found, wet with the insides of people who made bad sounds, standing over the bodies of half a dozen visitors who tried to make Trish sad.

Baghead cocked his cloth-clad head like a curious dog as Joey rounded the corner, who was investigating why the security team wasn't responding on comms. Joey shrieked. Baghead was upset. So he stopped the shrieking, making his pipe a little wetter.

GENERAL KILL

3

"This is Station 2891, there are intruders here. They're killing us. I repeat they are hostile."

Dr. Kramer hid. He was crouched in a dark, frigid corner of the Station, clutching a red emergency phone mounted to the cold steel wall. But there was no signal. There was no one listening. A colossal shadow emerged from the blinking emergency lights in the hallway. It was him: the man with the bag on his head. Fight or flight took hold and Dr. Kramer brandished the chef's knife he had taken from the kitchen. He charged, plunging the eight-inch blade into the chest of the titan. Baghead gave no reaction. He simply retrieved the knife and gave it back to Dr. Kramer, burying the knife and an inch of the rosewood handle into the good doctor's eye socket.



GENERAL DEATHS (BAGHEAD)

GENERAL KILL



"He's here," Debbie mouthed the words silently to Cassie as they cowered in hiding. Tears streamed down both sisters' cheeks as Baghead stomped into the room. It didn't take long for the game of hide and seek to conclude. The sisters screamed and Baghead became agitated. He took each of their heads in his mammoth hands and with one swift motion, thrust their temples together. A spray of bone and blood and a sound like the crushing of frozen watermelons brought the return of a tranquil quiet. The university was right about one thing: this remote station internship would indeed give them a once in a lifetime experience.

GENERAL KILL



A solo game of cards is a simple pleasure to pass the time in Station 2891. Some bourbon taken from the Lead Researcher's quarters...well, that is a complicated pleasure. J.R. revelled in the solitude of both of these little joys until he was joined by a monstrous man wearing a cloth bag on his head. Before J.R. could protest the intrusion on his me-time, Baghead had pinned him against the wall by the throat with one giant hand. The pain from the pipe was excruciating. At least the first six hits were. J.R. lost count after that. Baghead continued to bash him long after J.R. was dead.

GENERAL KILL



She was a talker, not a fighter. Lucy had talked him down now. Or at least she thought she had; it was hard to tell with that bag mask. But his body language was much less aggressive. Now, the behemoth wanted a hug? Hesitant, she obliged. A tight embrace. The man's strength was overwhelming. She asked him to stop, but he squeezed tighter. She struggled, but it was useless. He held her like he would never let her go. Baghead did let her go, though, when her spine made several sudden popping and snapping sounds. Lucy slumped breathlessly to the cold steel floor.



GENERAL DEATHS (ZEKE)

GENERAL KILL

1

The tip of the blade was so sharp. Liz couldn't feel it carve a shallow red channel across her mouth, down her neck, ending at her chest, where Zeke slowly and intentionally pushed it into her heart. He savored the ease of it. The wet parting of the skin. The color of the skin now blanketed in blood. Bound like she was, Liz couldn't call out. Zeke preferred his art to remain silent and after a pathetic whimper, she now was. Zeke could begin to exercise his creativity in earnest at let the artist in him take over.

GENERAL KILL

2

Trish had called him a shepherd of souls. Releasing people tormented by life into the beautiful ignorance of death. But Zeke preferred the gasp as the knife plunged into the stomach. The soul was for Trish. The body was for Zeke.

"Finish up," said Trish from somewhere behind him. A command. Gentle, but a command.

Zeke surveyed his work. The nametag said Don, but even his mother wouldn't recognize him now. Flayed, shaved, separated, butchered, and broken, this was now one of Zeke's best pieces of work. Hanging in a doorway, impossible to miss. He wiped his tools clean and left the grisly display for another denizen of the station to find.

GENERAL KILL

3

Chad's insides were now his outsides thanks to the many knives of the man in the toothy, twisted mask. He was just finishing up paperwork when the man came, paralyzing him first with a short blade to the small of his back. What happened next, Chad couldn't fully feel due to the paralysis. But he sure as hell could see it. The masked man was toying with his intestinal track, opening up parts of him as he lay helpless and gushing blood onto the paperwork. The masked man was curious. The masked man was skilled. And the masked man was completely deaf to Chad's whining requests to just kill him already.



GENERAL DEATHS (ZEKE)

GENERAL KILL



Joyce and Jax had always liked the cold. It didn't bother them, even in the Arctic. It gave them the opportunity to hold one another. So as they removed their cold weather gear together after coming in from the harsh conditions outside the station, the couple shared a look and just like that, they planned to remove more than that.

Joyce waited impatiently for her husband. But eventually, she felt him wrap his arms around her. Her joy was short-lived as a machete exploded out of her chest. A man in a mask with a toothy grin stood behind her. As she fell to the floor, she caught a glimpse of Jax, bifurcated in the bathroom.

GENERAL KILL



One swipe and a spray of red streaked across the sterile steel of the station's walls. Zeke had severed and dislodged her eye. A second stroke opened up her throat and that sweet sound of burbling blood set him at peace. Zeke allowed himself a tender smile, taking in his handiwork. It was not quite complete. Not yet. There was work still to do. Gabbi's one remaining eye widened as the man in the mask cut her shirt down the middle, removing it and her labcoat with a swift tug. She silently prayed for death, a welcome substitute for this hell.

GENERAL KILL



Zeke could smell whiskey and beer on Miller's breath. Anything to keep warm in the cold, Zeke supposed. This was a large canvas. Too large. In fact, Zeke thought he probably couldn't handle this one without Baghead's help. So Zeke's brush strokes would need to be...conclusive. He chose a large bowie knife with a flat pommel from a leather roll, letting Miller snore loudly behind him. Satisfied with his selection, Zeke then knelt next to the bed and raised the knife's scooped point to Miller's temple. One well aimed strike with a framing hammer later and Miller was gone as the blade pierced bone and flesh and the brain behind them. His eyes never opened. Another soul shepherded.



STATION 2891 TERROR

“THE GENERATOR IS OUT.”

You don't see it, but you can hear it. The shout of surprise: the only words you make out are “Who are—”. The scream of pain: a cry cut short. No power means no light, but more importantly, no heat. Someone had to go investigate the primary generator. Felix made the most sense. But now he's not coming back. This was no technical glitch. There is someone in the station with you. Someone uninvited. Someone dangerous.

“WE CAN'T STAY HERE”

Scientists, researchers, engineers, security professionals, all of them are panicked and arguing. We need to leave, they shout. Others shout back: and go where? The cold will kill us before they do. So we stand and fight, others retort. Dr. Elijah tried that, they say, and the one with a bag on his head caved in his skull. Then we hide, they cry. They are becoming hysterical, desperate. Violet can't handle it. She makes for the exit. Only a few notice at first, but everyone notices when Violet's severed head rolls back into the room, tongue lolling and eyes staring.

“WHAT SUPPLIES ARE IN THE CHOPPER?”

You see one of them. You don't know which one. But they are coming. You had hoped the chopper had medical supplies, food, maybe weapons. If it was fueled, it may even offer a way off this frozen fucking death trap. But the thick black and gray smoke silhouetting the figure before you tells you that helicopter is no longer an option. These bastards are taking away your escape routes.

Wolfgang runs past you. A brilliant German scientist. He always treated you well. You shout out a warning, but his panic overwhelms your cry. You watch the indistinct figure cloaked in the smolders of your best hope for help stop Wolfgang short. The two disappear into the billowing blackness. Wolfgang reappears momentarily, eyes full of fear and pain, and is then dragged back into the acrid smoke.

“IT'S HAPPY HOUR!”

Blowing off steam is important for everyone at the station. It's hard to keep spirits up in the middle of the Arctic. A few bar games and a few beers always seem to do the trick, though. People from all over Station 2891 head for the rec room, but there is something waiting for everyone along the way. Lee's corpse, riddled with stab wounds, deep gashes, and heavy blunt trauma is slumped in a red-stained chair with a note slung around the pale, bloodless neck: “Freedom in death.” There are three signatures on the note.



STATION 2891 EVENTS

“THERE’S BEEN AN ACCIDENT IN THE LAB!”

Error message 0106 isn't uncommon. You could go check it out, but why not send a junior technician? Usually something isn't plugged in all the way. When the junior tech investigates, they find a main hardline has been cut in half, swinging back and forth, frayed and sparking. It's then that they notice the hissing sound from the punctured fuel tanks. One word makes it across the radio: "...sabotaged."

You can feel the station quake from the force of the blast.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

Esteban threw a boot at the Big Bad Wolf staring at him. He had already tried the book he had been holding, and his sandwich. It held so still he thought he may be hallucinating. A short laugh erupted from him and the sound was so startlingly loud after the silence it caused him to jump. As he did, the Big Bad Wolf's eyes flickered. That made Esteban scream and he started to run. The Big Bad Wolf grabbed his leg in its jaws and bit down. The pain traveled from his ankle to his stomach and he screamed in earnest this time. It released the leg and then bit again, this time the upper thigh. His scream only rose louder and louder until his throat gave out. It was another few minutes until the Big Bad Wolf bit down on that part of his anatomy, but by then Esteban was long gone.

GENERAL KILL

2

Vance cried softly to himself as he held his broken wrist. He didn't know if he could fly the helicopter now, but he would have to try. He took another moment, his arm going numb from the cold outside and then lurched toward the landing pad. The Big Bad Wolf hit him from the side. He tried to lash out, but the pain from his arm flared up and he cried. The Big Bad Wolf bit down higher on his upper forearm and shook him like a ragdoll, and then he mercifully felt nothing.

GENERAL KILL

3

Müchén waited with his lucky bat behind the door. Everyone had made fun of him bringing it to the station. "Think you're gonna get to the batting cage often?" "Hey, how long do you think a snow diamond will last?" But now he waited, holding his breath, listening for that... hellhound. Its nails clicked towards the door, and he waited until it had cleared it. Then he swung with all his might. Sadly, there was no joy in Mudville and it was the Big Bad Wolf, turning and clamping down on his face, that scored.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



Yinuo thought about the moment she agreed to come here and had turned down another expedition taking samples in the rainforest. "No thank you," she had told the think tank looking at water levels in the Amazon. "I am not interested in analyzing the microorganisms that can kill you along with the myriad of flora and fauna that want their shot. I will do field work because the university demands it, but I will brave the cold rather than meet my death from an animal attack." She hated her brain for finding the irony in this moment almost as much as the Big Bad Wolf chewing on her femur.

GENERAL KILL



Jed hated the cold. He had no idea what he thought this expedition would look like, but he had never imagined how terrible this ever present cold would be. He hunkered down next to the building wondering how long he could last before hypothermia took him. He thought about whether this was preferable to being killed like Luke, his jaw torn off, along with most of his neck, gore hanging from the Big Bad Wolf's mouth. The wind picked up and Jed made his decision. He opened the door to meet his fate.

GENERAL KILL



When Juliette finally got the match to strike, she almost cried in relief. Her fingers were numb from the cold, and it took all her concentration to gently touch the paper she had set on the floor as kindling. She added more paper and then the chair she had broken down. As the fire built up she sighed at the warmth...then she looked across the flames reflected in the Big Bad Wolf's eyes.



BIG BAD WOLF TERROR

THE JAWS THAT BITE

Hajun knew they were going to starve if he didn't get to the food first and hide it. The way everyone was acting, they were losing their minds out of fear. It might be a while before someone came back. He raced to the kitchen area to stockpile supplies. He heard someone behind him, and yelled over his shoulder, "I know you're hungry, but really this is for the best. We have to ration!" The Big Bad Wolf snapped at him, biting his leg deep, and he toppled over yelling in surprise. It turns out hunger comes in all forms.

THE CLAWS THAT SCRATCH

How dumb could all these people be? Henrick had been doing this job for years and had never seen a team lose itself so completely here in the freezing wilderness. Maybe he was jaded after all this time, but honestly, you have to respect the environment, not lose your mind to it. He picked through the wreckage trying to salvage anything useful in this room, shaking his head at their wastefulness. Then he saw the blood. His eyes traveled around the room again, this time taking in not a mind blowing temper tantrum done by infantile novices, but an attack. The Big Bad Wolf rose from the corner, blood dripping from his muzzle and smiled before charging.

I'LL HUFF AND I'LL PUFF

Mattias had his state-of-the-art winter gear, but topped it off with some additional scarves. It may be ridiculous, but anything to protect him against the wind howling outside. He knew he had to get help; this monster would not stop coming. He opened the door to a blast of subfreezing wind, set his shoulder down and started walking. The Big Bad Wolf came out of the blinding white snow storm to grab him by the scarf, dragging him a half a mile away, choking to death before the cold got to him...or the Big Bad Wolf itself.

COME CLOSER, MY PRETTY

Carl saw the headlights, he couldn't believe it, someone had come to get them, he was going to make it. He headed towards the glow, but as he got closer, he realized the beams were close to the ground. Then he saw it—Jeff and Theresa had taken lanterns out to find the helicopter, and the Big Bad Wolf had mowed them down. The lanterns lay side by side, splattered with blood.

ALL THE BETTER TO EAT YOU

The Big Bad Wolf waited until the first one came outside. Then it slipped into the warm station and began attacking. It was driven but its need for the hunt, to kill his prey, to taste their blood. There were so few remaining. It tried to slow down the drive to annihilate them all at once, to savor the attack. Olaf was one of the last. He recognized the smell as the man who had let it in. The Big Bad Wolf silently thanked this man for such a treasure and took its time stalking him down, and eating him from his feet up.



BIG BAD WOLF TERROR

“GOING FOR A WALK TODAY?”

Lars ran as fast as he could. Knocking machinery down behind him, tool kits, chairs, anything that might slow down the Big Bad Wolf. He screamed, knowing this chase was pointless, but still he tried to run faster, one more step, one more breath, one more—too late.

IT SNARLED WITH RED GLOWING EYES

Edvard stared at the Big Bad Wolf. He was dreaming. He must be dreaming. Was this hypothermia? You hallucinate from hypothermia so maybe that was happening here. But he wasn't that cold was he? He kept staring hoping something would make sense. Then the wolf bit down on his face, and he didn't have to think about anything again.

ON THE HUNT

Jameson knew the jig was up. He had tried everything he could...first to kill and then to evade this mammoth beast. He figured he wouldn't die of old age—too many risks, traveling to the ends of the earth—but never in his wildest dreams had he thought he'd die by the jaws of the Big Bad Wolf. “Wish someone else was here to see it,” he sighed. “No one's ever gonna believe it.”

BIG BAD WOLF DARK POWER

RAVENOUS HUNGER

Griggs grabbed Caroline and Riley and hauled them into the room. Their eyes wide open, tendons in their neck straining to look around. Oh they had seen the Big Bad Wolf...they knew the deal. He made a gesture to be quiet and they nodded. Backing away from the door and turning to look for a better hiding place. Too late, the door slammed back open, and the fairy tale creature became the stuff of nightmares.



STATION 2891 TERROR

“THE GENERATOR IS OUT.”

They were working on fixing the radio when everything went dark. Rodney (Jr.) swore loudly, banging his head from under the table. “You got that?” he yelled to his father. “I’ll get it up and running,” Sr. replied, heading for the back of the room. The place was pitch black as he fumbled towards the generator, until he saw its red blinking lights. He had a thought that made him pause...wasn’t the generator light yellow? That thought was followed by the realization he was looking at glowing red eyes, and that hum was not the generator at all, but a low menacing growl. He turned to run, but was hit from behind and everything went dark for a second time.

“WE CAN’T STAY HERE”

Blair toppled the metal cabinet in front of the door behind her. She leaned against it and breathed heavily. “We have to get the rest of these entryways covered,” she said to Alejandra. “But what...what if it’s already inside?” Sandra whimpered. “What if it’s already here?” her voice rose to a wail. “Shut UP!” Blair said. Heading for the next doorway. “But it could be here!” Alejandra’s voice rose to a wail. “IT COULD BE WITH U-” her voice cut out as the Big Bad Wolf proved her correct, by turning the corner and mauling her.

“WHAT SUPPLIES ARE IN THE CHOPPER?”

Carter followed the strangely calm woman in front of her. She didn’t know why she was following her—she was easily a decade younger than her, but it seemed like the logical choice, to take the risk getting supplies, like preparing for a siege. They were almost there when the Big Bad Wolf caught up. Carter raised her gun, but her arm shook too much to take aim and the shot went wide. The Big Bad Wolf’s eyes turned to her, and then it knocked her to the ground. She turned on her stomach to try and protect herself, but it was moments before it had ripped past her bulky coat and just made her death that much slower.

“IT’S HAPPY HOUR!”

Copper ran her fingers through her hair, whose shocking color was the origin of her nickname, then put her wool hat back on. It was time for a drink. She’d earned it. Hell, everyone here had earned it. She pulled out the stash of clear high proof liquid she had managed to keep hidden for weeks now, and headed to the common area. “I’ve got a surprise for y’all!” She shouted, and walked in to find a giant wolf ravaging Finch. A pool of blood ran towards her and she screamed.



STATION 2891 EVENTS

“THERE’S BEEN AN ACCIDENT IN THE LAB!”

Kate grabbed supplies as fast as she could. If she could mix things and time this just right, she could get it back where she had seen that hideous monster and end this all before it killed more of her friends. She muttered the recipe under her breath, hands shaking as she tried to measure chemicals precisely, but time was working against her. So was her body, which was in shock, and one quick jerk knocked a bottle over. She lunged towards the container but the reaction was instant.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

The Ratchet Lady shivers. She...cannot work properly under these conditions. It is too cold. She would have to be quick with this particular treatment. Nothing complex; just a swift severing of the jugular and she'd be on her way.

That was how the madwoman dealt with Nauls. She didn't even check to see if he was properly dead after she slashed his throat. Not that it mattered. He would drown in his own blood in due time anyway. She had other patients to attend to. Nauls would just have to wait for his treatment to fully settle in.

GENERAL KILL

2

With an inhuman strength hidden within her maimed form, the Ratchet Lady pinned Dr. Li down and stabbed him in the neck! He winced and fully expected everything to end. However, when it didn't, he realized the insane nurse hadn't stabbed him with a knife, but with a syringe. What foul drug did she inject him with? As it turned out, nothing. There was nothing in the syringe but air. Li felt a strange tingling in his left arm, followed by mounting pressure in his chest, and then pain, all-encompassing pain! His heart gave out and he was dead in minutes. And nobody would ever imagine the Ratchet Lady was responsible.

GENERAL KILL

3

The Ratchet Lady thought she got the drop on Ren, but he was ready for her. Batting the knife out of her hand, he then seized both her arms and dug his fingers tightly into her skin. All he needed to do from there was wrestle her to the ground and restrain her. Unfortunately, he underestimated both the insane nurse's strength and ferocity. She flailed, thrashed, and screamed, refusing to give him a single inch. After spending close to a minute fighting, the Ratchet Lady finally pushed Ren against a wall. Then she lunged forward, bit into his neck, and tore out a ragged chunk of his windpipe. Ren fell with a sickening gurgle as he slowly and painfully choked on his own blood.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



"The patient is highly unstable and inhumanly strong, which makes her incredibly dangerous. Fortunately, the medical staff at Wolfe Asylum found Mildred has a vulnerability that easily renders her completely subdued. The key is..."

Sophia couldn't believe her luck. She had discovered a file from the asylum the Ratchet Lady reportedly came from containing everything that needed to be done to defeat her. This nightmare could finally end! She spun around, eager to share her findings with the rest of the station's personnel...only to be met with a cleaver that nearly split her skull in two! Sophia collapsed, the files fell with her, and her blood soaked into the papers, ensuring their valuable information followed her to the grave.

GENERAL KILL



Stu thought he was ready to deal with the madwoman. But the second he saw her up close, snarling maniacally like a rabid animal with a face that was nothing but teeth at this point, he froze. Nothing about her was right. Nothing about this whole situation was right. Maybe nothing about this world had ever been right. Was he going mad just being in proximity to her? He didn't have time to find out, for she chose that moment to slice his stomach open. Stu's guts spilled out and he fell down with a pained gurgle. Before he faded, he whispered: "Wrong...everything's been all wrong...ha, ha, ha, ha..."

GENERAL KILL



There was a sudden sharp prick in his lower back and just like that, Norton went limp. He crashed to the floor with a grunt, but luckily, his adrenaline was still flowing and he was quick to get back to his feet. Or at least he thought he was. To Norton's horror, he realized he couldn't move his legs at all; everything below his waist was paralyzed! Was it a drug he was unknowingly injected with or spinal damage? A second stab higher up his back confirmed it was the latter, as Norton now no longer had control of his arms. He was completely at the mercy of the Ratchet Lady and her deranged minions...and they had none for him!



RATCHET LADY TERROR

WHISPERS IN THE DARK

Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh...Nurse Mildred is right. The cold has made us all terribly sick. But I can help her make it all better! Starting with you!"

"Vera, what the hell are you—UUURRRKKKHHH!"

Ivan crumpled to a lifeless heap, blood dripping copiously from out of his two ears. Vera stepped over him, having no intention to retrieve the scalpels she had stabbed him with; they were wedged so deeply into his head that she wouldn't have been able to get them anyway. And she had more important things to do. Like cure more people of the sickness, especially that one Miss Smarty-Pants running around thinking she had all the answers. But she didn't. Only Mildred could cure them. Mildred would cure everything..

"DON'T WORRY, THIS WON'T HURT..."

"The way the Ratchet Lady waves the ruined stump of her right arm gives you the impression that she's beckoning you. Telling you that it's alright, you can trust her, she is your friend, and she can help you. And the damndest thing is you actually believe her! You stay in place and wait for her to approach, ready to accept her.. when out of nowhere, two people burst in, and one smacks the nurse with a wrench.

The Ratchet Lady recoils before roaring furiously at the men. Then with one fluid swipe of her knife, she cuts both their necks. They fall down bleeding profusely, but the damage is done; the trance on you is broken and the madwoman is absolutely livid.

"JOIN US OR DIE!"

Donald could feel the Ratchet Lady reaching into his mind, prodding his brain with fingers colder than ice. She wasn't saying anything right now, but he suspected she was speaking to him nonetheless. Telling him to understand that he was ill, he needed treatment, and to trust in her because she could cure him. And for a moment, he wanted to believe her.

But then Donald came to, clutched his heavily bleeding side, and glared at the madwoman and her converts. "Screw...you!" he growled between labored breaths.

The Ratchet Lady scowled and her maniacs leaped upon him. Donald died, but he died not as a slave, but as a man.



RATCHET LADY TERROR

“KEEP HER BUSY...”

You charge the Ratchet Lady as she bears down on Clark. No way in hell are you going to let her take another life on your watch! However, before you can close in, the nurse scowls at you and unleashes an animalistic hiss. Before you know it, your path is blocked by her insane minions.

“Out of my WAY!” you roar as you try to push past them, but it’s no use. The maniacs do not budge. And you can do nothing for Clark but watch as he is violently stabbed again and again by the one-armed demon in human flesh.

“LET ME TEND TO YOUR WOUNDS...”

The Ratchet Lady snarled as she clutched her side. Bleeding...she was BLEEDING! No one drew blood from her! Not while she was treating...her...PATIENTS! Rage overtook the madwoman; if she still had eyes, she would have seen red right now. But she could still smell red. And it was right...over...THERE! She ran, slit the throat of the first person her knife found, then threw her lips upon his wound, where the blood was spurting from, and drank heartily. Yessss...that was it...she could feel her injuries closing already. She was good now. Better. Finally, she could get back to her work.

BLOODLETTING

She slashed the man’s jugular and felt the warmth of his blood as it sprayed all over her scarred and bandaged face. Warmth...something that was in such terribly short supply in this cold, dreary land of persistent ice and snow. She wanted more. She needed more! So she rushed to her next body, full of warmth and blood...warm blood! The Ratchet Lady cut him too and bathed her shivering flesh in a shower of soothing sanguine life force. More would follow him. More would...warm her up.

“LEAVE HER TO ME!”

You grit your teeth, feeling the maniacs are starting to close in. Jakob is with you, but you don’t know how much help he’ll be against the one slobbering lunatic you can see and the others you can’t. You lick your lips and crack your knuckles, but before you can decide whether to kill your former co-worker or calm her down, the Ratchet Lady appears. Glaring at you with her eyeless face, she points in your direction with the stump of her right arm and unleashes a furious howl.

In a flash, the maniac swerves towards Jakob and bites viciously at his nose. From behind you, another maniac pounces and chomps his neck. He goes down screaming. Elsewhere, you hear more cries as the insane murder the lucid. And the Ratchet Lady...you don’t precisely know what she’s thinking, but judging by the way she’s brandishing that knife as she approaches, you can tell she intends to settle things with you pe



STATION 2891 TERROR

“THE GENERATOR IS OUT.”

The lights abruptly shut off and both Moira and Albert tripped and fell on random objects littering the room. “Scheiße,” she cursed as she pushed herself up. What the hell just happened? Did the generator go out? “Albert, you there?” she asked. She heard a shuffling of movement but nothing else. “Albert?” The lights suddenly turned back on and Albert...was lying in a puddle of blood, his eyes gouged out, his stomach ripped open, and a knife plunged deep into his chest.

Moira did the only thing any reasonable person would do—she screamed. And judging by the screams echoing throughout the station, others had been similarly slain.

“WE CAN’T STAY HERE”

The mass hysteria was too much. Bella didn’t know if everyone was panicking in fear of the killer or from the madness she spread to others. All she knew was that she didn’t want to be in this base anymore. “I’d rather freeze to death than die in here!” she cried, flying out of the room and away from all the maniacs. She sprinted, rounded a corner, and...ran directly into the knife of the Ratchet Lady herself! The nurse grinned evilly before twisting the blade in Bella’s gut, further ravaging her organs. Bella gurgled in agony as she crumpled to a heap, knowing she was in for a long, painful death.

“WHAT SUPPLIES ARE IN THE CHOPPER?”

“Going somewhere?” You and your party come to a sudden stop as you find your path blocked by the Ratchet Lady and her party of maniacs. One of the more lucid ones speaks. “You can’t leave. There is a sickness in this base. Everyone is infected, and only Nurse Mildred can heal it. But don’t worry; we can administer the cure...right now!” Hammers and blades are drawn. Once the scuffle is ended, all your companions lie dead on the ground.

“IT’S HAPPY HOUR!”

“We’re all gonna die anyway. Might as well get drunk.” That was the collective thought of the survivors as they bee-lined straight for the rec room, where the booze was stored. There they could forget the misery of their impending demises and for maybe a few fleeting minutes, pretend everything was good again. All according to plan for the Ratchet Lady of course, who unbeknownst to the Station 2891 staff, instilled within them a feeling of crushing despair that would lead them to the trap she had set. There in the rec room, her enlightened servants awaited to give her latest patients their much-needed intervention. The resulting sound of their screams as her understudies hacked them apart was music to her ears.



STATION 2891 EVENTS

“THERE’S BEEN AN ACCIDENT IN THE LAB!”

A freak explosion in the lab shakes the whole base down to its foundation! Every living man, woman, and maniac falls to their knees from the shockwave. And as for those who were unfortunate enough to be in the lab...they are blackened and burned to cinder. Innocent and murderer alike are all set aflame. Fire is as merciless as it is fair, and it does not care who it kills or maims.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

The snow slowed Mark down considerably, but he was confident that he would be able to outrun the undead horde and make it to safety. One wrong step ended his optimism as he fell into a sinkhole. He tried clawing his way up to the top, but the icy walls wouldn't provide him the grip he needed. The horde approached and several zombies fell into the hole with him, landing on top of him and wasting no time in biting his flesh. The warm, oozing blood quickly cooled when exposed to the outside air and added a cherry-colored frozen layer to the walls.

GENERAL KILL

2

The snow that had made it into the room began to melt, covering the floor in a thin layer of cold, slushy water. The body of Professor Florin, absent his Nobel-prize nominated brain, continued to do research as if on autopilot. He wasn't harming anyone, and Sandy couldn't bring herself to kill the man who had overseen her doctoral committee. When she saw him reach for the switch, however, she quickly pulled out her gun and fired, but it was too late. He pulled the lever, sending electricity through the floor, frying Sandy's skin and melting her eyes back into their sockets as her convulsing body hit the floor.

GENERAL KILL

3

The head sat in a jar of formaldehyde, still alive after several days, blinking its eyes and slowly moving its mouth up and down in an instinctive fashion, perhaps in the same way a child might suck its thumb for reassurance. Donning his gloves, Chase took the head out to examine it more closely, lifting it high above the jar to clear it. But the slime from the skin combined with the preserving chemicals against the rubber gloves caused the head to slip and fall right into Chase's face, as if giving him an aggressive kiss. The biting motion continued as Chase fell over backwards, screaming in pain, trying to pull the head away, but its hard chomps and voracious hunger were no match for the scientist.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



"You're talking in your sleep again, Harry." Harry always said the strangest things. He slept in the bunk above Vanessa. Now he was mumbling something about brains. "Harry, wake up!" At the beginning it was amusing, but by now it had crossed over into irritating. "Harry!"

He rolled off the top bunk and hit the ground with a thud, sending Vanessa into an immediate state of concern. "Harry?" She leaned over to check on him and he rose up, still clamoring for brains. He took her skull between his hands and took a voracious bite, trying to get at that juicy organ.

GENERAL KILL



The room was heated as high as it would go and Henry still shivered underneath his blanket. His mind, once awash with formulas and theorems, was now in a hazy inescapable cloud as far from the station as possible. Even though he tried to hang on as long as he could, he was running out of strength and, as he turned to look in the mirror, he could no longer identify that grey, hollow face staring back at him. He leaned his head back into the pillow and closed his eyes. There was a time when he was afraid of dying, now he was afraid of what he would become. When his eyes opened, Henry was no longer the entity behind them.

GENERAL KILL



It had always been a dream of Devon's to offer a major contribution to science. With the horde of zombies closing in on his friends, he stood on the other side of the room and fired a flare gun towards the ceiling. "Hey, zombies! Over here!" he shouted as loud as he could and it was enough to distract the horde and lure them towards him, effectively saving his friends and fellow researchers from a certain death. As the zombies tore him limb from limb and spread his entrails onto the floor, he felt a small sense of pride, knowing that the geniuses he'd worked with might survive and continue their work thanks to him. His death would serve as a contribution to science.



ZOMBIES TERROR

“THEY’RE COMING TO GET YOU!”

The ceiling above the researchers collapsed and a dozen or so zombies fell into the room. One fell face first onto Scott’s stomach, ripping it apart and dining on his lunch as the stomach acids burned its face. Even as the skin eroded away, the zombie kept chewing and eating—nothing could stop these things.

“THERE’S DEAD PEOPLE EVERYWHERE!”

The lab, once filled with researchers, was now a mass grave. Except some of the bodies still wriggled around like herky-jerky worms. Alice tried to keep a careful distance, but her inquisitive nature got the better of her and she took one step closer than she should have. An undead arm reached out and grabbed her, pulling her to the ground and into the pile of corpses. The smell was so overpowering that she barely even felt it as they bit into her leg, and she bled out onto the cold metal floor.



ZOMBIES TERROR

“DON'T FORGET... DOUBLE TAP!”

“A shot to the head will kill them,” Doctor Cohen said as he pulled out a small revolver and demonstrated. Then walked up to the restrained corpse to show that it was, in fact, dead. It was not, however, and it reached out, grabbed Cohen, and pulled him towards it, biting deep into his neck. Cohen freed himself and rose slowly, moaning, blood soaking his lab coat. The others in the room looking at him in terror. Amidst the confusion, Cohen’s colleague, Doctor Green, drew her gun and fired twice into his head and once more into the head of the restrained zombie.

“Don’t forget,” she said, her voice serious and clear. “Double tap.”

“I’M THE MEAT IN A ZOMBIE SANDWICH!”

The only place to hide was the storage closet. Samuel opened the door and jumped inside, then began to catch his breath. Unfortunately, two others were already hiding in the storage closet. Or perhaps hiding wasn’t the right word...they were waiting. Their yellow eyes glowed in the darkness as they both moved forward, putting Samuel in the middle as they each began to gnaw at him, starting with his ears.



STATION 2891 TERROR

“THE GENERATOR IS OUT.”

Holding his flashlight, Winston descended into the lower levels of the research station to check out the generator. The massive, gas-fueled machine looked fine from a distance, in the black of perpetual night. As he approached, he heard a slight sputter and for a brief second, the lights in the room turned on, revealing a horde of zombies surrounding him. He dropped his flashlight out of fear and the lights went back out. When he went to pick up the flashlight, one of them grabbed his arm and took a bite, covering the lens in blood and giving the room an eerie red hue as everything around him went black.

“WE CAN’T STAY HERE”

The main building was weatherproofed, but that was it. The doors didn’t even have locks because what would be the point? They were more likely to freeze shut than prevent an intruder, who had somehow found himself in the least habitable place on earth. Now that lack of security was coming back to bite us—literally—as the horde made their way into the building, announcing their presence by taking a bite out of Frank, who lay on the ground screaming in agony as the creatures crowded around him to eat. This may have been the safest place during a snowstorm, but right now, it was guaranteed death.

“WHAT SUPPLIES ARE IN THE CHOPPER?”

The chopper offered the only hope of escape and as the horde approached, that hope grew smaller and smaller. And that hope shrunk to nonexistent to the poor souls that the horde overtook, sending them to a painful, bloody, frozen death. You look at your former friends, now part of the very horde that killed them, both mourning their deaths and fearing for what they’ve now become. You look away, realizing that there will be time for tears later and now your only goal is to get to the chopper.

“IT’S HAPPY HOUR!”

Craig broke the cue stick in half and handed the shorter half to Richard. “These are zombies, not vampires,” Richard said, being a smartass. The time it took for him to make the quip was enough for one of the undead to reach out and grab him, leaving a fatal scratch in his skin. Richard used his other arm to pummel the zombie in the chest, but all that did was spray more blood and guts all over the rec room. When the zombie bit the tendon in his dominant arm and Richard dropped the stick, he knew his eight ball was sunk. Permanently.



STATION 2891 EVENT

“THERE’S BEEN AN ACCIDENT IN THE LAB!”

As the creatures made their way through the lab area, they blundered into beakers, sending them crashing to the floor. Christine saw her past six months worth of work ruined. Cross-contamination of microbial life would send her right back to the drawing board. But she soon realized that would be the least of her problems. As they made their way over to the chemist’s part of the lab, their lanky arms knocked into the glass bottles, sending them to the floor. The acrid chemical smell instantly filled the room and she felt like she’d be sick. That feeling quickly passed when the oxidizing agents reacted with the sodium compound, sending the room into a forest of flames, lighting Christine on fire in the process.



