

FINAL GIRL

the Storybook Woods

GRUESOME DEATHS

YOU HOLD IN YOUR HAND A BOOK OF GRUESOME DEATHS FOR USE WITH THE STORYBOOK WOODS. 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!

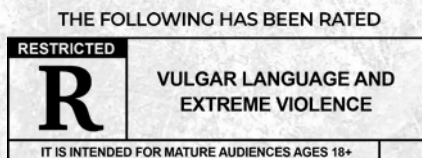
We'd like to thank everyone who submitted a writing application. There were so many great entries to review and it was incredibly difficult to select the final candidates. And, of course, thanks go to the talented writers who contributed to this book—without their help, we could not have completed this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

CREDITS

Writers: Julie Ahern, Jon Cooper, Jacob Epstein, David Michael Galvin, Adam Harrison, Robert K. Starr

Editing: Mike Martins

Graphic Design and Layout: Scott Beavers



THE STORYBOOK WOODS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Storybook Woods	4-5
The Evomorph	6-13
The Organism	14-23
The Intruders	24-31
The Big Bad Wolf	32-37
The Ratchet Lady	38-43
Zombies	44-49

The "Final Girl" game and logo are Trademarks of Van Ryder Games.

All content within this Gruesome Death Book is ©2023 Van Ryder Games. All Rights Reserved. The Final Girl board game is not affiliated with any movie, book, comic, or other media of any kind of the same name or otherwise. This game and its associated content is a work of fiction. Any similarity to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events, is purely coincidental.

A game created and published
by Van Ryder Games.
3011 Harrah Dr. STE J,
Spring Hill, TN 37174 USA

UK: Imported and distributed in the UK by:
GamesQuest Ltd.
Unit 15, Bordon Trading Estate
Old Station Way
Bordon
GU35 9HH
United Kingdom

EU: Importiert und vertrieben in der EU von:
Intermail GmbH
Flughafenstrasse 9
64347 Griesheim
Germany

STORYBOOK WOODS EVENTS

PIED PIPER



She had been running through these woods for hours. Twice she thought she'd have a chance against the killer chasing her—the abandoned cabin, and the cave—but both times it had ended in death and pain. Now, she saw the lights of a town and she felt the faintest stirring of hope. She could hear faint voices, and music, growing louder as she approached. The song filled her heart with hope... it was enchanting... and everything else faded away.

PIED PIPER



Bert squatted behind a rock, trying to catch his breath. He had seen some horrifying things tonight and he needed a moment before trying to find a way out of the woods... again. "Pretty scary stuff out there?" a lilting voice said. Bert was startled and saw the slight man leaning against his hiding spot. He relaxed and replied, "You'd better get down here before that monster shows up." "Oh sweet thing," the man's voice grew rougher, "We're all monsters in the wood." He brought a flute to his lips, and Bert choked out laughter through his terror. "I am simply more elegant." The notes pierced Bert's eardrums and he fell to the ground, blood streaming from his face.



STORYBOOK WOODS EVENTS

PIED PIPER -

Alana heard the music and woke from a dream. Something longing and lonely that she couldn't remember. The song was low pitched, but carried through the silent forest. It was as if every creature, and the wind itself, held a collective breath to hear it. She climbed out the attic window of her family cabin, hearing her ankle crunch when she hit the ground, but the pain did not matter. She dragged it behind her as she clawed her way towards its music. The beautiful beautiful music.



GENERAL DEATHS (HATCHLING)

GENERAL KILL



The horse-drawn cart creaks and groans as it traverses the trail, its cargo of ceramic jars rattling at every bump in the road. Cletus and Clyde sit on the bench, Clyde holding the reins.

"This is the second delivery this month," ponders Cletus. "They sure go through an awful lot of molasses at the Gingerbread House!"

"Mmm-hmm," mutters Clyde, barely listening. He clears his throat and hawks a gob of phlegm over the side. Only it wasn't a gob of phlegm, it was a gob of black ichor. Clyde coughs, ichor seeping from his mouth, eyes, ears, and nose, slowly at first but soon flowing in rivers. Clyde's head then bursts in a pop of black goo, drenching Cletus. Some sorta' beetle skitters from the mess into the back of the wagon.

GENERAL KILL



Georgie loves going to the village market and gorging himself on as much porridge, pudding, and pie as he can buy. The vendors are always glad to see Georgie coming too, for they know his gut is big and his purse bigger! But today Georgie doesn't look so great, in fact he is sweaty and pale. Laura the Baker asks him if he is okay. He tries to speak but stumbles to her stall, clutching his stomach—which then promptly explodes with a sickening squelch, drenching Laura and all her baked goods in black goo. An insect of some sort crawls from Georgie's ribcage and disappears under the stall. Laura screams.

GENERAL KILL



Heidi chases songbirds through fields of green and skies of azure. It's a glorious day of fresh air and sunshine. She stops at the pond to watch the trout jump. She skips stones and goes for a swim. She lays in the grass to dry and enjoys the sun's warmth on her skin. Dragonflies buzz overhead. Summertime and the living's easy. Except her right eye has been twitching since this morning and it's really starting to hurt. Then her nose starts bleeding. That's when her eyeball plops out, soon followed by the rest of her face tearing apart as Heidi crumples and the Hatchling scampers away towards the woods.



GENERAL DEATHS (YOUNGLING)

GENERAL KILL



When his horse panics and bolts into the woods, Cletus falls from the wagon, landing roughly in the road. He winces as he hears the ceramic jars of his cargo smash as the horse and cart crash further into the woods, the horse madly whinnying away. Standing, Cletus winces again and limps after the horse. A few minutes later he comes to where the wagon hung up in the timber. The horse has stopped whinnying. Coming around the wagon Cletus discovers his horse laying in a pool of blood, its intestines splayed across the forest floor, a chitinous rodent feasting on its heart and lungs. It hisses and scurries off.

GENERAL KILL



The chimney sweep Roberts was called to Madam Metz's hut in the Woods. Apparently, her stove pipe was clogged and needed him to kindly come clean it. Roberts wasn't particularly keen to venture into the woods, with the whispers of dark troubles, but he was a swarthy fellow and wasn't going to pass up an invitation from the alluring, mysterious Madam Metz. And so he climbs her roof and inserts the chimney brush, which meets resistance immediately. Twirling his moustaches, he stands on tippy toes to take a look. Raking talons pierce his eyeballs and hook into his eye sockets, pulling him into the chimney, his legs sticking straight up while rending teeth hungrily devour his head.

GENERAL KILL



Ol' One-Eye whistles a jaunty tune as he baits his hook, smiling at the worms he'd dug from the garden. Long fat juicy ones. Lucky ones. The kind trout go crazy for. He sets his hook with a plump slimy wriggler, casts his line, waits...then notices the body on the far shore. As he squints to get a better look, his line jerks so violently it pulls him off his feet, face-first into the water. As he sputters and struggles to find his footing, a weird crab climbs onto One-Eye's back and shreds his torso with knife-like claws. Then the crab-thing drives a gnashing nest of teeth into One-Eye's abdomen, feeding on him as he sinks into the silt and weeds.



GENERAL DEATHS (ADULT)

GENERAL KILL



Jonas, an entomologist, wasn't too bothered by the horrific rumors being whispered in the tavern—not when he heard about a strange beetle scuttling from its victims. Jonas had to find it and add it to his collection! So he went to the Woods to find this rare specimen. While searching he heard a rustle in the bushes and turned just in time to be impaled through the abdomen by an iron-sharp tail, pinning him to a tree just like a specimen from his collection. A shocking mess of teeth tear the scream right out of his throat.

GENERAL KILL



Lampwick Jones was done lighting the village's lamps and was heading down to the tavern to have a few rounds with the boys, maybe play some cards, share some laughs. He draws a flask from his coat and takes a not-so-wee nip. As he tucks the flask back, a large shape speeds from the alley and is upon him in a flurry of claws. Jones stands in disbelief as his intestines wetly slop onto the cobbled road in front of him. Then a row of teeth punctures his skull, snuffing Jones' lamp for good.

GENERAL KILL



Cletus' day started off well enough. Going to the Gingerbread House was always fun. But then things got worse: Clyde's head exploded all over him; he lost a month's shipment of molasses; his horse got eaten; his wagon trashed; and now he's gotta walk home with pain shooting down his leg. Turned into quite a shit day all in all... and to top it off he was convinced something was following him. He quickened his pace but the effort made him cry in pain and that's when the monster charged him, tackling him to the ground and eviscerating him in a frenzy of teeth, claws and slicing tail.



GENERAL DEATHS (AMBUSH)

AMBUSH -

Paulie B, the most handsome, barrel-chested lumberjack who ever lived, was making short work of a stand of timber with his lumberman's ax. The cheery sun glints from the blade as Paulie fell trees as thick as a man's waist in one clean swoop of his ax. He pauses beneath the shade of an evergreen to wipe the sweat from his brow and admire his handiwork. Some sap drips from the branches above onto the blue ox tattoo on his forearm, blistering the skin. Paulie looks up only to see a storm of claws and teeth descend upon him, rending him to bits. A crimson mist settles over the dropped ax.

AMBUSH -

Remus was searching for Heidi. She missed their scheduled croquet match with the Croftons, which was totally unlike her. He'd warned her the Woods weren't safe but she chided him, saying she'd played in them since she was a child. Approaching the pond, he gasps at the corpse floating on its surface. He rushes into the water, stopping when he realizes the corpse is an old man, not Heidi. As he backs away a monstrous wave rises from the pond, engulfing him in water as a tail pierces his abdomen and drags him to the waiting teeth below.

AMBUSH -

The Gingerbread Man was on his morning run. The sun was up, the birds were out, it was the perfect day for a nice long run. Along the way he raced the Rabbits, taunted the Blackbirds and antagonized grumpy Mr. Bear, but none could catch him for he was the Gingerbread Man! That's when a razor-tipped tail shot from the bushes and sliced the legs right off him. A clawed fist grasped his squirming body, icing and molasses leaking all over the place. He was dangled above a gaping maw of gnashing teeth and then dropped in. Nothing remained of the Gingerbread Man, not even a crumb.



EVOMORPH (ADULT) TERROR

“IT CAME OUT OF THE SHADOWS!”

He-Wolf and the She-Wolf are snug in their den, he's enjoying a leg bone while she dreams of the moon. She-Wolf sniffs the air and says, "This night reeks of blood and smoke."

"I like blood," says the He-Wolf, cracking the bone with his teeth.

"I do too," says the She-Wolf, "But it is not the scent of prey I smell. It is man blood."

A dark shape crosses the opening of their den. He-Wolf stands and snarls, "Who crosses our doorway and does not show himself?" She-Wolf stands beside him, baring her teeth in support. A split second later both are decapitated by a single lash of a barbed tail. The shape is gone, swallowed by the night.

SKULL BURSTER

The Baron sent his man Jocko to investigate rumors of a monster prowling the Woods. Jocko brought a couple of hard men along, just in case those rumors proved to be true. The monster was nowhere to be found and the nearby pisswater village was utterly boring, so to make things interesting Jocko's gang set up camp in the Wood and started robbing people. One night Jocko and his men sat round their campfire when something big came up behind Jocko, ripped his spine right out his back, held it up with Jocko's head dangling from the end, and threw it into the flames. The creature was gone, just as suddenly as it appeared.

ACID SPRAY

Having once slain a giant, Jack was made captain of the Village Militia, who were advancing on the Woods, armed with torches and pitchforks, determined to put an end to the monster. After losing some men, they finally surround the demon. Jack steps up to deliver the killing blow. The creature dodges Jack's mighty chop but the great axe still finds purchase, cutting deeply into the strange flesh of the creature's tail. The militia's cries of victory become inaudible gurgles as gouts of acidic blood pump from the wounded tail, covering the captain and his men. Armor, flesh and bones melt into quivering puddles of goo.



EVOMORPH (ADULT) TERROR

“GAME OVER, MAN! GAME OVER!”

Billy and Mitchell were playing Knights & Dragons in the Woods. As usual Billy was the Knight and Mitchell played the dragon, which basically meant Billy beat on Mitchell with a wooden stick until Mitchell started to cry and wanted to go home. Entering the woods, they were amazed to find dozens of white puffballs dotting the forest floor. They started harvesting as many as they could. Billy shoved Mitchell from a big one, laughed, and plucked it for himself. Then Billy hurtled through the air, crashing into a thick tree trunk. As he crumples to the ground his innards slide out from a long slit down his torso. Mitchell wails in terror.

MINOR DARK POWER: SIDESWIPE

The Baron's knights have the foul creature on the run. The steel hooves of their chargers pound the dirt as they advance, lances drawn. The menace will soon be vanquished and peace will be restored to the Storybook Woods. Ryger, leading the rush, lowers his visor and spurs his destrier to close for the kill. Just then the creature spins, whacking the horse with its tail and bounds off into the brush. Ryger's warhorse rears, crashing to the ground, crushing the knight's legs beneath it. The other knights don't have time to react and Ryger is stomped to a bloody pulp by the horses of his fellow knights.

EVOMORPH DARK POWER

EPIC DARK POWER: RAZOR TAIL

The villagers typically do their laundry along the gentle slopes of the riverbank as it meanders through the Woods. Due to the recent dangers, the villagers started doing laundry in large clusters. Safety in numbers and all that. Greta was scrubbing a stubborn stain when she spied a sparkly rock twinkling on the riverbed. As she stooped for it, her head was sliced cleanly off and floated downstream. All around, heads flew, guts spilled and limbs flopped lifelessly to the ground as the Evomorph lashed its razor-tipped tail in a whirling dance of violence. The washed linens, left splattered with a slimy coat of blood and gore, flapped listlessly in the breeze.



THE STORYBOOK WOODS TERROR

GETTING TREATS FOR GRANDMOTHER

You told Grandmother you'd gather her favorite mushrooms, but the usual picking spots are littered with decimated carcasses of forest animals. You hurriedly grab some mushrooms and stuff them in your satchel, furtively looking over your shoulder for danger. Suddenly a creature barges from the underbrush! But it's just the friendly boar, Trufflesnout. Your relief turns to terror as you realize he's fleeing for his life. You scramble aside as a monster pounces on poor Trufflesnout, who squeals horribly as his limbs are torn from his spine by clawed hands. His squealing is cut short when his skull gets impaled by a barbed tail. The monster then turns to you.

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - CLEARING

Some call them witches, others call them shamans. All call them weird. Each full moon they come to the clearing to join hands and sing and dance, naked except for carved pumpkins covering their heads. A shrill cry brings a halt to their revelry as claws pierce ribs, rip out organs; teeth crunch bone and chew off faces. Dancers scatter, pumpkins roll. The chaos excites the Evomorph, driving it into a frenzy. The woods echo with howls of pain and shrieks of terror. The Dance of the Moon has become the Danse Macabre.

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - MEADOW

Scores of pixies flock to the giant mushroom ring in the meadow to honor the moon at its brightest. The buzzing draws the Evomorph who is disappointed to find inferior prey. Grasping a pixie and twisting its head off, or squeezing one till it pops—it's too easy. They are too small to bite with any satisfaction, their guts taste bitter, their wings get stuck in your teeth and their tiny little death cries are annoying. So it slaughters the lot of them without any effort and moves on in search of more worthy prey.



THE STORYBOOK WOODS TERROR

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - GLEN

Samwise the Giant loves coming to the glen when the Moon comes to visit. He finds a comfy hillside to sit against, fills his pipe and spends the night talking to the Moon, telling each other tales and making one another laugh. But tonight's conversation keeps getting interrupted by sounds of violence echoing in the woods. As he ponders the worrying sounds, Samwise notices a nasty bug climbing his torso. It easily dodges his clumsy swats. Then it is on his face, its weird mandibles launching a sharp row of teeth which burst through his nose into his brain, then retracts, wrenching the brain from the giant's skull—which caves in on itself like a moldy pumpkin.

OUT OF THE WOODS

The annual Egg Hunt in the Woods is normally a time of merriment and laughter for the Village. But this year the villagers' joy turns to sheer terror as they are butchered by an unseen assailant. All around you villagers flee in droves, seeking the safety of the village. Suddenly you spot the monster advancing toward you, splattered in blood, viscera dripping from its jaws. Just then Ser Robin, the brave knight, pushes you behind him and tells you to run. He barely speaks the words before claws punch through his armor, lift him in the air, tear him in half, and throw his ruined remains against a tree trunk.



GENERAL DEATHS (FAST ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

"Run, run as fast as you can. You can't catch me. I'm Ginger Bride, man!" Those had long been Ginger's words every time someone gave chase to her, and true to form, no one had ever caught her before. For she was the fastest person she knew, the fleetest of foot, and the longest of breath. But she would finally eat those words when the fast Organism caught up to her in only three bounds. Pinning her arms on either side of her head, it let out a satisfied hiss before biting down on her neck like a child to a cookie.

GENERAL KILL

2

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey
When came a vaguely spider-like creature
That swiftly pounced upon her,
Tore her throat out, and made her blood spray.

GENERAL KILL

3

Peter feared no wolves and had defeated many in battle. However, this abominable thing... was something else entirely. Again and again, he swung his axe, and again and again, it dodged his blow with an impossibly graceful leap in the air. Finally, after so many failures, his attack connected and for a moment, Peter felt enthralled. But then he saw the thing had seized his axe in both the hands sprouting out of its back. With a fierce tug, it pulled the weapon out of his grasp. Then in the blink of an eye, it threw a swing of its own and sank the axe's blade into Peter's guts.



GENERAL DEATHS (FAST ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



How many people had it killed and assimilated into itself? The huntsman did not know, but even if he couldn't free them, he'd avenge them all the same. Starting by killing the thing that just burst out of the trees! He fired his rifle once, twice, three times! And once, twice, thrice did the Organism leap out of the way. Undeterred, the huntsman squeezed the trigger again...and heard the hollow click of a completely empty magazine. He had no time to curse before the Organism leaped again, raking a talon across his stomach as it passed, and sending him sprawling to the ground with a splash into his own intestines.

GENERAL KILL



Catherine couldn't do this, not anymore. She couldn't bear the thought of being slain and...absorbed by the terrible abominations stalking this forest. So she was going to end things on her terms. She braced herself as she held the knife up to her wrist, ready to cut her veins to ribbons...only to be seized by the head by a horror that by all rights shouldn't exist.

"NO!" Catherine screamed as she was dragged into the woods, the Organism's claws digging painfully into her scalp. "SOMEBODY, HELP MEEEEEE!"

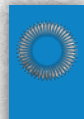
If anyone heard her, they did not comply. Catherine and the Organism vanished into the forest, and she was never seen again.

GENERAL KILL



Richard Whittington peeled back the shrubs to reveal his previously lost cat. "There you are, Puss," he said. "C'mon, let's go home." However, as he reached out to pick up his pet, the feline reared back and hissed viciously. "Puss, what's with you?" he asked incredulously. Suddenly, he felt something wet, warm, and slimy drip upon his shoulder. Looking up, he gasped when he saw a repulsive, six-limbed thing clambering above him on a tree trunk while drooling copiously from its mouth. "What on—"

He didn't have time to finish that thought before the Organism pounced on him and tore the skin off his face with its teeth.



GENERAL DEATHS (STRONG ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

Teenaged Jack Horner

Sat by the corner

Eating his (out-of-season) Christmas pie.

He stuck in his thumb,

Pulled out a plumb

And...was seized by his head by a disgusting monstrosity, and with a hand connected to an arm where dozens of bloodshot eyes glared ravenously down its whole length. For a moment, he felt searing pain as his head was crushed. Then he felt burning pain as his brain was pulled from the ruins of his skull and into the Organism's biomass. Jack tried to scream, but his lungs would not work. So he screamed from out of the beast's two slavering mouths instead, alongside the voices of the other souls absorbed forever into its being.

GENERAL KILL

2

Clara thought she would be safe in this house. She thought she would be protected within these brick walls and behind this thick, barricaded door. She thought that she was as secure here as a pig from a wolf. But the Organism was no wolf. It did not huff and it did not puff to seek its prey. It simply hammered upon the door with fists as hard as steel! With one blow, it threw Clara to the ground. With another, it broke the door off its hinges. And as it stood over the girl, flesh pulsating everywhere, it rained a final blow, crushing her into a fine paste.

GENERAL KILL

3

They called him Jack the Giant Killer for his ability to challenge opponents that were much bigger than he was and win. Man or beast, he could take them all down. But this particular giant was too much even for Jack. Especially when it grabbed his head, lifted him up into the air, took hold of his legs, and pulled him apart like an unwanted toy. The sound of his bones cracking and splintering would have been enough to make Jack vomit if his organs hadn't already splattered messily upon the ground.



GENERAL DEATHS (STRONG ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



Hamlet sat on a stump playing sweet music on his pipe. He loved to practice here; for reasons he couldn't explain, his music just seemed to draw woodland animals to him. Unfortunately, he would draw the attention of another "animal" today. The Organism approached Hamlet from behind, clenching and unclenching its hand almost in rhythm with the music. But Hamlet was so focused on his tune that he failed to notice the encroaching danger until it was upon him. The Organism raised its fist and in one decisive blow, reduced the piper to a puddle of blood, viscera, and shattered bone. It, apparently, did not appreciate his music.

GENERAL KILL

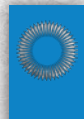


Goldilocks wasn't feeling too good. That hot porridge gave her one hell of a headache and that near-death encounter with those bears nearly gave her a heart attack. The young lady would need to take a really long nap to recover from the excitement of this day. Unfortunately, she was about to experience a nap longer than she ever intended when a two-headed behemoth suddenly burst out of the woods. Goldilocks only had enough time to let out a yelp before it stretched out its massive hands and clapped them around her head. Blood and brain matter splattered everywhere as Goldilocks' lifeless torso crumpled to the ground.

GENERAL KILL



It was big, ugly, and had two faces that appeared to have split apart from a single head. That was all Giles could say about it. Otherwise, he didn't know what had hit him and sent him flying through the air. And after he landed upon that broken tree branch that went straight through his stomach and out his back, he never would.



GENERAL DEATHS (TOUGH ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

The shambling mass of flesh let out a roar unlike anything Will ever heard before. It did not roar with the voice of a single beast, but with the cries of dozens, hundreds, possibly thousands of lives that it assimilated over the course of its entire wretched existence. And all Will could do as he heard that horrifying wail was sink to his knees in pure terror. He watched as the unholy thing's maw grew bigger and bigger while its roar deepened. Then he realized its maw wasn't widening; it was closing in. The Organism had seized him and was drawing him closer to that hellish pit! Soon, Will's voice would join the cacophony of the Organism's unearthly bellow.

GENERAL KILL

2

"Come out and FIGHT me already! I can take you!"

Big Billy Gruff was a tough one. He always itched for a fight, never backed down from one, and never lost one. So when he heard from his brothers that there was a new tough son-of-a-bitch in these woods, he stomped across the bridge into them with a trip-trap, ready for anything.

"HURRK!"

Anything, that is, aside from the large, fleshy tentacle that thrust itself into his back and was now sticking out of his chest dripping with his blood. Billy Gruff learned too late that there were indeed tougher organisms than him.

GENERAL KILL

3

"No, don't kill me!" Monika cried as the abomination stepped closer to her. She didn't know if it could be bargained with, but she had to try. "I'll give you anything. You can have my ring!" She slipped the wedding band off her finger and tossed it to the Organism. It took no notice. "You can have my necklace!" She tore the gold chain off her neck and threw it at the monster. It ignored that too. "TAKE MY SON!" she screamed, pointing towards the village. It wasn't interested. "PLEASE!" And the Organism seized Monika's head with its many tongues and crushed it within its mighty jaws. She screamed no more.



GENERAL DEATHS (TOUGH ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



Briar needed to...she needed to get out of these woods. But her narcolepsy was making it difficult. Worse, sleep paralysis had just overcome her. To the world, she looked like she was slumbering peacefully, but in truth, she was wide awake and completely unable to move.

Panic struck Briar at the sound of inhuman growling. She tried to force her muscles to move through sheer force of will, and with great effort, she successfully pried her eyelids open. But it was too late; the Organism's flesh had already enveloped her lower face and all she could do was stare into its gaping maw.

Briar wanted to shriek, but her lips were already fused with the Organism and its tendrils were working their way down her throat. She had no mouth and she had to scream!

GENERAL KILL



"Baaah! Baaah!"

Little Bo-Peep jumped in pleasant surprise at the noise. At last, after searching for so many hours, she finally found her lost sheep! She couldn't see them yet, but she could hear them.

"Baaah! Baaah!"

She passed by a row of trees and approached a boulder. Their vocalizations were growing louder. Surely they were just around this rock?

"Baaah! Baaah!"

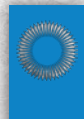
Oh, they were behind her now. Bo-Peep spun around...and fell backward at what she saw: a vaguely humanoid creature with a massive distended mouth. "Baaah! Baaah!" Sheep vocalizations emanated from the fleshy cavern. Bo-Peep could only stare in wide-eyed terror, which made it easy for the Organism to thrust its tentacles straight into her sockets.

GENERAL KILL



"Damn kids, absolutely no manners at all," grumbled Holle. The old woman remembered when Storybook Woods had been a place of quiet tranquility, but they seemed to have gotten a lot noisier lately. People were screaming bloody murder everywhere now like they owned the place. "If one of them comes my way, I'll give them something to scream about."

She got her chance when she heard something stomp loudly behind her. Holle spun on her heel and gave the intruder a good whack with her cane. Unfortunately, it had no effect, for it wasn't a person she had smacked, but a...thing with bubbling flesh, waving tentacles, and a massive, hideously distended mouth. And it used all three of those to gobble the old woman up.



ORGANISM TERROR

“ARE WE ALONE?”

As you stare in horror at the results of the test, you realize too late you didn't think your cunning plan through enough. The person before you begins to emit a terrible, inhuman hiss before ripping itself apart and mutating into a hideous, fleshy thing with eyes and tentacles sprouting seemingly everywhere. Emitting an unearthly roar, it thrusts one of its arms forward. You just barely dodge out of the way. But Han, who was right behind you, isn't so lucky. The Organism's hand slams into his face and the flesh appears to melt all over it, covering every inch of his head. He gasps and gags for breath, but it's no use. The Organism, in its rage, compresses its flesh and crushes Han's head with a sickening crunch.



ORGANISM TERROR

“IT MUST BE YOU!”

“YOU WON’T TAKE ME!” Crystal roared before she plunged the knife directly into Anna’s chest. This thing before her...it looked like Anna, sounded like Anna. But it was not Anna! It was a horrible, indescribable Organism wearing her face like a skin-suit! That she just absolutely knew! So she stabbed Anna again and again, ignoring her friend’s pleas for mercy. It was only a matter of time before the thing dropped the act and reverted to its hideous true form, and Crystal was determined to kill it before it had a chance to retaliate.

Only...it didn’t retaliate. Anna didn’t change at all. She was not a monster. She was human. And Crystal had murdered her. Staring in horror at her hands, now drenched in the blood of her friend, Crystal couldn’t help but giggle as a cold madness descended upon her. There were vicious killers in these woods...and she was now one of them.



THE STORYBOOK WOODS TERROR

GETTING TREATS FOR GRANDMOTHER

It seethes, it thirsts, and it hungers, but it doesn't want just any prey anymore. No, it wants you! Your blood, your bones, your flesh, your voice... it wants everything. And it will have them! The Organism slithers towards you, its many eyes locked upon your own with ravenous greed. But you're far, too far, and prey keeps getting IN THE WAY! So it furiously lashes out and hooks the first person its unholy appendage makes contact with. The unfortunate soul screams in agony as his form gruesomely melts into the Organism's mass, but the thing pays him no mind. Even as it feeds, you continue to hold its rapt attention.

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - CLEARING

They had come to the clearing, no doubt drawn to the sugary delights of the Gingerbread House. But just like in the old human stories, all they would find in the Gingerbread House was a superior being waiting to devour them! And the Organism would indeed devour them all right now! It rushed out into the clearing, tendrils erupting from its form and impaling every human present. Some died immediately as vital organs were penetrated, others howled in pain as their skin was pierced and their arteries were sliced, and all were pulled in close so that they would provide the Organism with the sustenance it so deeply craved.

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - MEADOW

More...more... it needs MORE BIOMASS! And there is just so much of it right here! Seeing all the prey gathered together in this meadow illuminated under the light of the full moon causes the many tentacles sprouting from the Organism's flesh to flutter more intensely, as if each one was a tongue licking the air with greedy hunger. Feeling a surge of power, the Organism shoots its tentacles out in all conceivable directions, spearing every person present! Then one by one, it pulls them into its body, absorbs their twitching forms into its flesh, and ignores their cries and pleas for mercy.



THE STORYBOOK WOODS TERROR

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - GLEN

As the full moon glowed in the sky, bathing the glen in its ethereal silver light, the Organism unleashed a booming, unholy roar that echoed all across the forest. Jill knew she had to run, but that din was so terrifying that she couldn't find the wherewithal to move. All she could do was cover her ears in hope of blocking it out. A jolt of pain in her abdomen blew the air out of her lungs. Jill gasped desperately for breath, but it was too late; the tentacle that speared her stomach was slowly dragging her to the Organism, along with all the other victims it had just caught.

OUT OF THE WOODS

The prey flees the woods in droves, thinking they will be safe in the village. No matter. You are what the Organism hungers for now. That much is obvious as you watch it charge your way, saliva pouring out of the many opening orifices in its body that you can only assume are its mouths. You grit your teeth as you prepare to fight... only for some clumsy civilian to accidentally and idiotically crash headfirst into the Lovecraftian horror! Roaring in anger, it sweeps a clawed hand at the unfortunate man and tears his internal organs out of the hole in his stomach.



GENERAL DEATHS (TRISH)

GENERAL KILL

1

"For we must all appear before the judgement seat of God, so that each one may receive what is due for what they have done in the body, whether good or evil," Trish said as she poured hot wax over the body of Justin. Justin screamed as loud as possible and Trish said, "Hush sweet child, I must prepare you to meet the Lord."

GENERAL KILL

2

"I will bring distress to mankind, so that they shall walk like the blind, because they have sinned against the Lord," Trish said as she finished carving out the eye sockets of Lucy. "Go forth my child. Think about what you have done on your journey," Trish said as she watched Lucy stumble into the forest, only to fall into a gaping hole after just a few steps. You could physically hear her bones crack when she hit the bottom and Trish left her, knowing she would be there for the rest of her life.

GENERAL KILL

3

"As I hear, I judge, and my judgement is just, because I seek not my own will but the will of him who sent me," Trish said as she used the claw of a hammer to pull Josie's kneecaps off of her body. "Who sent you?!" Josie said. "God!" Trish responded as she slammed the face of the hammer into Josie's nose, breaking it, and knocking her unconscious. Then Trish continued, "Next time, don't try to run away from me."



GENERAL DEATHS (TRISH)

GENERAL KILL



"For by fire will the Lord enter into judgement, and by his sword, with all flesh; and those slain by the Lord shall be many," Trish said as she lit the match. In front of her stood a pyre which she had strapped Tom to at the center. He was beaten and bruised, completely unknowing of what was about to happen. Trish threw the match on the pyre and watched as Tom burned alive. After a few moments, Tom woke from his slumber and began to scream, praying for help from God. Trish then sent a sword through Tom's chest, answering his prayers.

GENERAL KILL



"To fear the Lord is to hate evil, I hate pride and arrogance, evil behavior and perverse speech," Trish said as Robert trembled before her. She had him tied and gagged at her feet as she paced back and forth. She had caught Robert stealing from her bag of treats. He must be taught a lesson, she thought. She proceeded to grab a piece of broken glass from nearby and slowly lodged it straight into his neck. She watched as his eyes boiled to a bright red before she rushed the glass across his neck to finish the job. Trish continued to stare into his eyes and said, "You shall not steal".

GENERAL KILL



Trish stared through a cottage window at a man and wife making love. She then watched that man go next door and do the same. When this man went to retrieve firewood in the forest he was met by Trish with a rock to his temple. "The Lord utters his voice before his army, for his camp is exceedingly great; he who executes his word is powerful," Trish said as she straddled the man lying on the ground convulsing. She picked up a much larger rock and slammed it down on the man's head. She picked it up and did it again. Again. And again.



GENERAL DEATHS (BAGHEAD)

GENERAL KILL

1

Ryan was walking through the woods when he heard a noise off in the distance. He paused for a second, then kept walking. At that moment, the noise rung out again. He decided to proceed towards the sound. The noise continued to get louder and louder until he finally saw something. A large figure was slamming a hammer down on top of nothingness. There was once something there, but now all that remained was oatmeal. At that moment when the next hammer fell, a small object shot out from the mush and hit Ryan in the face. When he pealed it off he realized it was an eyeball. He let out a loud scream and got up to run, but as he did a hammer slammed down on his head. Curiosity killed the cat.

GENERAL KILL

2

Baghead was walking through the woods when his foot got caught in a beartrap. He was puzzled and looked down to analyze the contraption. A hunter emerged from a distant bush. "Oh my gosh, I am so sorry! I didn't think anything besides animals were out here!" the hunter said. At that moment Baghead reached down, wrapped his hands around both sides of the trap, and popped it open with ease. The hunter froze, looking on in shock and fear at what he just witnessed. Baghead looked up at the hunter and screamed. The hunter began to run away. Baghead picked up the bear trap by the chain and proceeded to swing it. Once he released it, the center of the trap hit the hunter perfectly in the back of his head, closing on him as he fell to the ground.

GENERAL KILL

3

Jeff managed to catch Baghead by surprise, slamming a rock into the side of his head. The rock just broke into pieces once it hit him. Jeff didn't let that phase him. He continued to throw punch after punch into the monster, eventually pushing him back far enough to where he tripped over a fallen tree branch and fell to the ground. "Come on!" Jeff said. "Get up! I'm not done with you yet," Jeff continued. The beast rose from the ground and picked up the branch that he tripped over. In one fell swoop, Baghead swung the branch into Jeff's body like a bat to a baseball. His body flew directly onto a distant tree. Homerun.



GENERAL DEATHS (BAGHEAD)

GENERAL KILL



Luke was sleeping peacefully on the ground when Baghead found him. He just stood there and watched him sleep, slightly tilting his head, wondering what he could be dreaming about. Over time, Baghead grew angry. He hated dreams. He only had nightmares. He walked over to Luke and raised his right leg. As he went to lower it, Luke woke up just in time to see the boot crash into his face. Baghead kept pushing until he heard no more popping sound. Then he twisted a few times and left.

GENERAL KILL



Jessica was sitting in her cottage reading a book. She heard this whistling behind her and it spooked her. She got up and headed toward the sound. The whistling got louder and Jessica raised her book in her hand, prepared to swing. She jumped into the room to hit the intruder, but no one was there. The window had blown open and the wind was playing a trick on her. She returned to her chair and chuckled at herself. But before she could sit down, a hulking beast of a man crashed through the side of her house with a pipe in his hand and began beating her senseless until her grin was no more.

GENERAL KILL



Lamar was having a picnic outside. While eating his sandwich, he began to choke. He began grasping for air when a large man appeared to try and help him. It was Baghead and he picked Lamar up by the throat in an attempt to get the food out. Lamar only began to choke more so Baghead began to squeeze to see if that would work. Badhead became mad that it wasn't working and clamped down harder. Lamar tried stopping Baghead, but he just lost more air until eventually he went silent. Baghead threw Lamar to the ground like a ragdoll, upset that he was unsuccessful in helping; and he walked away.



GENERAL DEATHS (ZEKE)

GENERAL KILL

1

As Brandon was walking, a pungent odor hit him in the face. He covered his nose with his shirt and proceeded towards the smell to investigate. A deer lay slain, with two long gashes in its side. "Oh my God!" Brandon said as he turned to run back to the trail; but when he did, he was met with a knife straight into his stomach. The knife was slowly moved from his left side to his right side in a curved motion, as blood spewed from Brandon's mouth. When the body fell to the ground a smile could be seen on Brandon's stomach matching perfectly with the eyes that were carved in the deer.

GENERAL KILL

2

One day while Zeke was wandering through the forest, he saw Belle. Her beauty caught him by surprise and he knew he must have her. So he strapped her down and began to doll her up. Unfortunately he didn't have any makeup so he had to improvise. He decided to pull off every one of her fingernails. "Yes! I knew the natural nail polish would look good. It matches your lipstick," Zeke said as blood dripped from her mouth. Zeke continued, "Alright! Time to do the toes. You'll be ready for our date in no time!"

GENERAL KILL

3

Zeke decided to put a nail into Liam's left hand. He stepped back to see his work in full view. "Dang, now it's uneven," Zeke uttered. He then proceeded to put a nail in Liam's right hand. Liam could barely speak, but he managed to ask "Why are you doing this?" To which Zeke replied "Well, you've heard of death by a thousand cuts? That's so last century. I want to do death by a thousand nails!" Liam, who had already lost a lot of blood from the other nails, faded back out of consciousness as Zeke proceeded to add the next nail to his clavicle.



GENERAL DEATHS (ZEKE)

GENERAL KILL



Zeke had been following Brock for days, learning his routine. Every day in the morning, he travels to the local watering hole to hunt for fish for his family. This was Zeke's perfect time to strike. Using a man-made spear, Zeke hit Brock right in his chest. Brock fell to his knees and went to pull the spear out, but in that moment, Zeke leaped onto Brock throwing him back into the water. Zeke held his head underwater, staring deep into his eyes as his soul left his body. When Brock finally stopped resisting, Zeke had a smile on his face from ear-to-ear.

GENERAL KILL



Matthew was walking through the woods when he heard some rustling. He got so scared that he began to run. In his haste, he tripped over a log and fell to the ground. His head got caught in a rope trap that pulled him up the second he tried to get up. He hung there, swinging back and forth, trying to break free as he sees a person emerge from behind a tree. "Help me!" Matthew wheezed. Zeke responded, "How did you get your neck caught in the trap? It was supposed to be your foot! Oh well, I can still have fun with you." Zeke pulled a bat out from his little bag of tricks and proceeded to hit Matthew like he was a pinata, laughing the entire time.

GENERAL KILL



When Zeke woke up this morning, he took a breath of fresh air and set out to make today the day he would make his magnum opus. He had the perfect victim, Maddy, tied up out back, ready for the wonders that filled his mind. He took out his favorite hunting knife and made sure it was clean and fresh for the art he was about to create. He went out back to see Maddy, gagged and scared. He loved the fear. He went up to her, thanked her for giving him such feelings of joy, and proceeded to carve a thin layer of skin off her cheek. He looked at her and said "I will be doing this on every inch of your body. It will be beautiful."



THE STORYBOOK WOODS TERROR

GETTING TREATS FOR GRANDMOTHER

All Grandma wanted to do was watch her television. First, the remote was out of batteries. Next, she couldn't get the rabbit ears in the right position. Then, her pillows were too flat, and the headboard started squeaking. She was so frustrated. Gertrude went to make Grandma some tea to calm her down. While she waited for the water to boil, she turned to look at the big, beautiful stained-glass window. She saw a smudge and decided to move closer. She wasn't sure if her glasses were deceiving her. She just kept getting closer and closer until a giant axe came crashing through the window straight into her head. She fell to the ground as her tea kettle came to a boil.

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - CLEARING

Out of the corner of her eye, Jamie sees something move. When she turns to look though, nothing is there. "Must've been a leaf," Jamie thought as she kept walking through the woods. A few moments later she catches another movement. Again nothing is there when she looks. "My mind is just playing tricks on me," Jamie thought as she kept walking. More seconds pass and she hears a stick break. She breaks out running at top speed. She sees a light ahead. She hears the sound of footsteps behind, but she refuses to turn around. She is only focused on that light. The footsteps get louder as she is trying with all her might to run faster. Just as the footsteps sound like they are right behind her, she reaches the clearing. She turns around and nothing is there. She lets out a deep sigh of relief. As she backs up to begin walking again, she bumps into something. Before she gets a chance to turn around, hands clasp her face and twist her head 180 degrees. Now only her corpse can gaze upon what was chasing her.

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - MEADOW

As Chad searched for a place to propose to Bethany, he stumbled upon a beautiful meadow. The flowers blew in the wind making it look like a sea of colors. Chad then notices an uneven spot of flowers. It looks as though something is lying on top, but the flowers are so tall that Chad can't make anything out. He begins to walk towards it, but hears an animal cry out in the distance. Startled, he turns to look behind him. A figure rises from the flowers. When Chad turns to resume his investigation, a knife slashes his throat, sending blood across the flowers, staining all the pretty colors.



THE STORYBOOK WOODS TERROR

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - GLEN

Raymond had found the perfect spot in the glen to lay up and look at the stars. He felt peace and tranquility. He felt a cool breeze against his skin as the trees were ruffling their leaves, creating the most therapeutic moment in the world. It was as if time had stopped and Raymond was gifted the chance to experience heaven. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath... Then a long, sharp piece of wood was plunged directly into his chest. His eyes shot open only to see the stars begin to dim.

OUT OF THE WOODS

Martha woke from her slumber to the smell of something good—almost like barbecue chicken. She went to the window and saw smoke emanating from her neighbor's house. "It's 3 am in the morning," she thought. "Why would Chrystal be cooking at this hour?"

She went next door to check things out, but when she knocked on the door, it was already open. She continued inside very cautiously and screamed in terror. Chrystal and her husband were being cooked in their giant wood burning stove as smoke filled the room.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

He had been hunting all day. It was getting later in the fall and the last of the big game would be gone soon. As a self-proclaimed master hunter, it was his responsibility to provide the butcher all but the choicest cuts. He sat in the blind near the salt lick most of the morning until the buck came by. It was massive and would feed his family and many others for weeks. He slowly raised his crossbow, and then the deer raised its head looking right at him, got startled and ran. It was then he heard the snarl behind him. He had become the prey.

GENERAL KILL

2

"Auriel, stop being so foolish," her mother had scolded her as she dressed in the satin blue that brought out the jewel tones of her eyes. "You are wearing your nicest clothes to go out in the forest and they will get ruined." Her mother didn't understand the romance of it all. How amazing she'd look among the trees, her makeup flawless. As she walked along a babbling stream, pretending a prince would come by, the Big Bad Wolf slammed into her, grabbed her in its jaws and shook her like a dog with a bone. Her neck snapped before she could see her outfit was stained with blood.

GENERAL KILL

3

Gavin needed to practice if he was going to make the Xtreme Cycle team. All the regular spots were taken, but he knew the quarry near the river would be an awesome spot to practice. His bike was tricked out with full suspension and it was just the place to practice bunny hops over the rocks, as long as he didn't eat it too many times. As he pedaled the dirt path, he looked up to see a flock of birds rise from the trees, screeching and flying away. "Woah," he grinned and then went flying over his handlebars. He hadn't felt the bump of a rock, he thought in mid-air. Then he crunched onto the ground, rolling in the pine needles and coming to his feet. It wasn't his first emergency dismount. He looked up to see the wolfman holding his rear tire in its massive clawed hand, eyes trained on him. "Not cool man," he thought, before it charged.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



Loretta had been foraging her whole life, which was saying a lot now that there had been 84 years of it. She could tell you what barks made good politics, which mushrooms were poisonous, and what herbs would help with your joints if you brewed them in a tea. Not that anyone cared anymore. She trudged along to her favorite old stump, the perfect home for Lion's Mane mushrooms. It was near the swampy area where the river bend slowed the current and a haven for all kinds of fungus. She heard the crunch and snuffling breath behind her. She paused to bend down and grab the Jack O'Lantern mushroom next to her, then turned to face the growling snarling Big Bad Wolf. "Well maybe at least I can poison ya as I go down," she said as she shoved the toxic mushroom in her mouth. The giant Big Bad Wolf snarled and went in for the kill before she could swallow.

GENERAL KILL



Lucas washed his ATV at the end of every weekend. If Jerome wanted to sneak it out to ride so his older brother didn't know, he had a window early Sunday morning when Lucas was still asleep. He put it in neutral, wheeled it down the hill into the woods behind their house, and was riding as the sun came up. He never saw the Big Bad Wolf drop from the trees above him and tear his throat out. The ATV made it 5 more miles than Jerome before tipping over.

GENERAL KILL



There was something different about the woods today, thought Gwendolyn. A light mist covered the ground, and the birds seemed to sing rather than just make their repetitive calls. She walked along the river with her fishing pole in her hand. The light sparkled off the water and she saw something twinkle from the depths. She waded in and bent down to grab the shiny object, hoping for a new lure. She came up with a diamond ring, attached to a finger. She screamed, turned to run. Behind her was the biggest wolf she'd ever seen, crouched to pounce. Throwing the finger had no effect as it lunged for her.



BIG BAD WOLF TERROR

THE JAWS THAT BITE

Flavia lay on the ground hyperventilating. The Big Bad Wolf started at her feet, snuffing up the length of her body. Her gasp for air became small shrieks as it got to her face and the Big Bad Wolf growled. Low at first then growing louder as the saliva dripped on her cheek. It looked in her eyes, human and hateful, then tore her open from neck to stomach.

THE CLAWS THAT SCRATCH

Yancy had joked with his friends about reliving their junior scout days. Now, his legs broken, Hutch's back ripped to shreds, and David holding an empty eye socket where the Big Bad Wolf had scratched out his eyeball in one swipe, he wished they had just gone to the bar instead.

I'LL HUFF AND I'LL PUFF

Suho drew his hood around his face tighter and tucked his hands into his pockets. The wind tore through him as he raced through the cold. He tried to move faster, but the howling winds pushed him back, the wall of air slowing down every step. Then as if by magic he was pushed from behind. He was so grateful for the sudden progress at first that he didn't notice he couldn't breathe. His face landed on the ground, and as the Big Bad Wolf tore at his back his last thought was, "At least it's warmer now."

COME CLOSER, MY PRETTY

Her mother constantly teased her for reading "those silly trash fantasy books," but it didn't matter. Olivia had found friends to read with and talk about them, and tonight they had hit the jackpot. Coming out here on a full moon was perfect enough, but then they had found signs of a wolf. "Just like Rodolfo! He's so dreamy!" They had split up to find their misunderstood werewolf romance hero, and instead the Big Bad Wolf picked them off one by one.

ALL THE BETTER TO EAT YOU

Regina hated nature from her satin gown, down to her tailor-made riding boots. What made matters worse was that there was so much of it around here. She wished she could go back to the city. As she rode she saw an old woman waving on the side of the road. "Help! Take me with you!" the woman screamed. "What?" Regina asked as the wolf stepped onto the trail. Her horse reared up, dumping her on the ground and raced away. The old woman sobbed in despair and Regina stared at the snarling wolf in front of her. "I really hate nature," she said aloud as it attacked.



BIG BAD WOLF TERROR

“GOING FOR A WALK TODAY?”

Akasuki begrudgingly went out to humor her wife. Yes, she knew her doctor said more exercise would be better for her health, but truly it was only to make Kikuko happy. She swung her arms hoping to gain momentum when something jerked her left elbow. She looked down to see her arm missing and screamed. The Big Bad Wolf knocked her over, unaware of the irony of how much longer Akasuki would have lived if she hadn't listened.

IT SNARLED WITH RED GLOWING EYES

Shaun held tight to the log he'd found, his head swiveling frantically looking for the monster. He thought it might be a bear, not seeing it clearly, only having seconds before his friends were pulled into the underbrush. He turned again, and there it was, in the thicket, eyes glowing red, breath steaming from its nose. "You...you're not real. You're not REAL!" he bellowed, raising his weapon as it launched forward and eviscerated him.

ON THE HUNT

Marcus had been hiding from the Big Bad Wolf for hours. If he could make it across this open space, there was a cabin on the far side. Face streaked in tears and blood he took a breath and went at a dead sprint. Ten seconds, and he was running on pure adrenaline...20 seconds, his breath ragged, 30 seconds and he was halfway there. The Big Bad Wolf flew across the grass in an instant, knocking Marcus over, and ripping off his arm at the shoulder.

BIG BAD WOLF DARK POWER

RAVENOUS HUNGER

The Big Bad Wolf raced through the woods searching, scenting for flesh to feast upon, bones to crack. And ahead, it heard the sounds of life. Not a herd of deer, no...people. Softer flesh to feast upon. His tongue lolled to the side as he ran faster to join the gathering.



THE STORYBOOK WOODS TERROR

GETTING TREATS FOR GRANDMOTHER

Hot cross buns, and fresh loaves of bread, the smell rising from the basket, is heavenly. It was worth the wait, hoping to make it in time, and that there would be enough. The Big Bad Wolf sniffs the air, clearer than a breadcrumb trail, and rushes at the basket holder. Sweets are nice, but there's something more satisfying, more viscerally pleasing about fresh meat.

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - CLEARING

Racing through the woods the Big Bad Wolf feels the tug of the moonlight. It calls, and the wolf wants to bathe in the glow. It gets to the clearing, and there he is. On the younger side, strong and tall, a gift. The Big Bad Wolf pauses to howl, hearing the terrified scream accompany his song, then rushes in for the kill.

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - MEADOW

Partick paced back and forth in the meadow, waiting for Bethany. He had left her a note to meet him after her parents fell asleep. He realized now that maybe they had seen it before she did, and their plan to leave this backwater place may be ruined. Not paying attention, he tripped and fell only to find himself staring into the eyes of his dead lover. Her face frozen in terror, her throat ripped open to the sternum. He opened his mouth to scream, and the Big Bad Wolf clamped down on his entire head, tearing it off instantly.



THE STORYBOOK WOODS TERROR

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - GLEN

The women formed the circle, their secret coven, knowing that their witchcraft would be shunned in the backwards village they came from. As they began to chant a giant Big Bad Wolf stepped out from the treeline, its lips forming a silent snarl. "Your blessing upon us," Laurelei intoned, stepping forward. The Big Bad Wolf pounced on her in an instant, its massive paws slamming her head onto a rock and crushing her skull. It spun to find the next witch ripping at her Achilles heel, so that she could try to hobble away, a toy for safekeeping. Within minutes the glen was silent, the moonlight casting a silvery glow over all the red.

OUT OF THE WOODS

It had been a magical day of hiking for the amateur birdwatching society. They had counted three species none had seen before, and each had been documented, and even photographed. As they headed back to the village Neville caught sight of a wolf. He called out a warning, "Don't worry, it's probably more scared of us than we are of—" and before he could finish, was sideswiped off the trail by a wolf three times bigger than anything they had ever seen. They heard his screaming cut off to gurgles, and began to scream themselves, running towards the village.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

Ella ran for her life. Everyone was going insane! She had to get away. In her rush she tripped over a large rock, shattering her glass shoes. Ella cried out in pain, clutching at her feet, now torn to bloody shreds by shards of glass. "Don't cry. I'm here to make it all better," a voice said behind her. Turning, Ella saw a woman with bandages over her eyes, clutching a bone saw. Ella tried to scramble away but the woman held her fast, sawing off both her feet at the ankle. "You'll find your way back to me," she whispered, leaving Ella to slowly bleed to death.

GENERAL KILL

2

"You want to be a real boy, don't you?" Jack heard the woman's voice before he saw her, but when he did, he wished he hadn't. She had the wooden boy strung up to a tree. Several bloody limbs had been used to replace his wooden ones. Jack gasped. The woman turned. "Perfect." Jack turned to run but the Ratchet Lady somehow managed to get in front of him, axe in hand. "You have the perfect head for my friend." SLASH! Jack's head fell to the ground.

GENERAL KILL

3

Silvermist awoke from underneath her toadstool. She had heard something. Was it screaming? Using her wings to launch her into the air, she looked around. The forest was dark and uninviting. A twig snapped behind her. "Who's there?" she cried out in fear. No answer. Retreating, she turned to go, flying straight into the awaiting hand of a gruesome nurse. "I wonder what effect someone like you might have on my patients," she whispered, squeezing tighter and tighter. Silvermist's eyes bulged. She struggled, every bone in her body breaking until finally, she lay still.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



Philip stalked through the forest, sword drawn. He had heard screams. Something was out there, and it was his job to stop it. Looking ahead his worst fears were realized. Rose was being held by a monstrous woman. The woman plunged her hand deep into Rose's chest, pulling out her heart. Philip cried out. The woman dropped his dear Rose and bolted into the forest. He ran to her, tears escaping from his eyes. In his grief he failed to notice the woman had returned. The last thing he ever felt was a cold blade slicing into his neck.

GENERAL KILL



"Storybook Woods has no idea what is coming for it. I'm going to summon an evil that will smite all my enemies," the old witch cackled as she hunched over a large, smoking cauldron. "It should be ready soon."

"What do you mean?" A voice called from right behind her, "I'm already here."

The witch turned in time to see a woman with bandages over her eyes. She leaped towards the witch, a medicinal needle piercing the witch's heart. Her eyes widened. "Something within you is unnatural," the woman said, plunging a second needle into her neck, "I will heal all the unnatural creatures in these woods." And dropped the witch to the ground, dead.

GENERAL KILL



The Doctor ran as fast as his dwarven feet would carry him. Firelight had warned him about a brutal attack on the road, but by the time he arrived, it was too late. Al was dead. The Doc examined Al's body looking for what might have killed him. A cold wind sent shivers down his spine. Turning he came face to face with a terrifying woman. He screamed as she shoved a needle into his eye. "You, healer, have failed this realm. Now I am their only hope," she hissed. Removing the needle she used all her force to drive it through his other eye and into his brain.



RATCHET LADY TERROR

WHISPERS IN THE DARK

Fifer ran with her brother Fiddler through the darkness. Whispers echoed all around, pressing in on her like the walls of her straw house. Fifer struggled to breathe. She had seen the demon's face. Watched her kill their brother. Now the voice was calling to her, its whispers growing louder. Fifer stopped, scratching at her face. "Get out of my head!" she screamed. Fiddler ran to her. He didn't understand. The whispers. They were everywhere. More frantic than before. Filling her head. Needing release. With a scream Fifer lunged at her brother, clawing at his face over and over until he was still.

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

Hidden amongst the foliage of the trees, you try to catch your breath. Not that hiding will do any good. She can sense your presence. She will find you. To your horror, you see a young villager coming down the path, unaware of the danger. As if on cue, the Ratchet Lady appears. Her menacing appearance makes villager pause. "Don't worry," she hisses, "this won't hurt a bit." And proceeds to sink a cleaver deep into their skull.

"JOIN US OR DIE!"

Humpty trembles in fear. Around him his old friends laugh and gnash their teeth, driven insane by the Ratchet Lady. The Lady herself sweeps over to him, stroking his shell. "Do not resist. You will join us, or you will die." A cheer from the group as dark whispers press in all around. Disturbing images flash through Humpty's mind. It would be so easy to give in... "Never!" Humpty shouts out after a long pause. The Ratchet Lady straightens at his response. Then she reaches over, grabs a rock and smashes him to pieces.



RATCHET LADY TERROR

“KEEP HER BUSY...”

You arrive just in time. King Cole has been cornered by the Ratchet Lady. She acknowledges you with a shrieking cackle: “Keep her busy!” Seemingly from everywhere, her maniacs flood from the forest towards you. You watch in despair as she stabs her needle into the king, filling his veins with air. He falls to the ground twitching and writhing. You do the only thing you can: run for your life.

“LET ME TEND TO YOUR WOUNDS...”

Trisha Muffet moved along the path. She hated being out at night, but Tom had promised to meet her here. Rounding the corner, she saw Tom held by the throat by a terrifying woman in bandages. She watched as the life was sucked out of Tom. He fell to the ground, shriveled and dead. Trisha screamed. The Lady turned to her and was on her in an instant. Trisha’s struggles weakened as the life left her body, finally stopping altogether.

BLOODLETTING

Wendy hung from the tree upside down. The last thing she remembered, she and Peter had been...it all came back to her in a rush. The Ratchet Lady! Wendy looked around to see Peter hanging nearby. Wendy’s cries for help soon turned into screams as the Ratchet Lady appeared. The Lady grabbed her, taking a surgical knife and carving up her forearms. Wendy’s eyes began to droop as she felt the blood leaving her body. “She will pay,” she heard the Ratchet Lady hiss. With a terrible shriek the lady cut into Peter as well. “She will pay!” Wendy’s eyes closed, never to be opened again.

“LEAVE HER TO ME!”

The woods burn around you and your friends as you see the Ratchet Lady emerge from the trees with her maniacs. Having rallied the survivors, you know a similar scene is happening all over Storybook Woods. This is it. “Leave the girl to me...” you hear the Ratchet Lady hiss. The maniacs charge towards your friends. Several flee in terror and those that remain to fight are mercilessly slaughtered. Amidst all the chaos, the Ratchet Lady saunters towards you, a sick smile on her lips. Now it’s your turn to decide if you’re going to fight or flee.



THE STORYBOOK WOODS TERROR

GETTING TREATS FOR GRANDMOTHER

Gingy cowered behind a nearby tree. A fresh wave of laughter and screams tore through the night air. He couldn't resist. Peeking out he saw her. The Ratchet Lady. Leading her followers after that girl. He hardly recognized his friends anymore, driven mad by the Ratchet Lady's torture. He needed to go. Needed to find help. Gingy turned to run, plowing headfirst into someone's leg. It was Hansel...or what was left of him. He looked down at Gingy, drool trickling from his mouth, eyes distant. Deranged. Gingy's scream was cut short as Hansel swept him into his mouth leaving nothing but gingerbread crumbs behind.

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - CLEARING

Goldilocks sat huddled by the fire in the clearing with several others who had sought shelter here. She looked at the full moon shining down on them. They all knew how dangerous a full moon could be, but tonight nowhere was safe. There was something evil terrorizing Storybook Woods. Goldilocks had seen it, driving a family of bears insane until they had torn each other apart. Shaking the memory from her head, her eyes returned to the clearing and widened in horror. Her friends lay massacred. Goldilocks' scream was silenced by a surgical knife slashing across her throat. Goldilocks sank to her knees, her assailant's voice ushering in the darkness. "Some things cannot be fixed."

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - MEADOW

Little Bo Peep gazed at her sheep grazing under the full moon. Something had disturbed their sleep, so she had taken them to the meadow to graze and calm them. Bo Peep's eyes drooped carrying her off into sleep. Waking to a sharp pain, she opened her eyes. A terrifying woman stood above her, discarding a medical syringe. Bo Peep fought against the drugs, struggling to sit up. Bodies covering the grass beside her. Some were missing limbs. Others had been surgically opened. All were dead. Unable to move anymore, she fell back, now at the mercy of the Ratchet Lady. It was a long time before her screams faded.



THE STORYBOOK WOODS TERROR

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - GLEN

Ferdinand stopped the group, motioning for them to rest here awhile. Snow moved to him and grabbed his hand lovingly before moving to help the others. Ferdinand studied the trails under the glow of the full moon. If the village wasn't safe, where would be? A scream interrupted his thoughts. Drawing his sword, Ferdinand rushed to their aid, but it was too late. The Ratchet Lady darted from victim to victim, slashing their throats and leaving them for dead, until only he remained. He charged at her only to have his arm cleaved from his body. His head followed shortly after.

OUT OF THE WOODS

You sprint from the forest, bringing as many people as you can with you. Behind you, you can hear the laughter and growling of the Ratchet Lady's followers. They're getting closer. Chancing a look back you see them pouring from the woods after you. You watch in horror as the horde overtakes Tiana, tearing her to pieces. You put on an extra burst of speed, now solely focused on the Village looming up ahead. If they catch you, you're as good as dead.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

The zombies approached from all directions and Ronald saw his only chance of escape: a tall tree. The undead could barely walk, it seemed very unlikely they'd be able to climb up after him. As he made his way to the top, he looked down and saw them all meander past the base of the tree, none of them even noticing that there was a fresh meal right above their heads. He let out a sigh of relief, knowing he could now just wait them out.

That was when he noticed the scrape he'd gotten across his leg and the blood flowing out of it, onto the branch he'd situated himself on. It pooled up then trickled down onto the heads of the zombies below him, who stopped in their tracks to look up. And then the branch snapped off the tree. At least the soft, decaying creatures broke his fall, before proceeding to tear him apart.

GENERAL KILL

2

Matt heard a rustling in the leaves behind him and froze. As carefully and quietly as he could, he turned his head to look at what it was. Just a doe, standing there almost statuesque in her beauty. He approached the doe and was surprised that it she didn't move. She even took a step closer to him. It was then that he noticed that something seemed off. The doe kept on walking towards him then bared her rotted teeth and showed him her black tongue. And were her eyes glowing red? These were the thoughts going through Matt's head as the doe dove forward and tackled him, biting off his screaming face.

GENERAL KILL

3

Jessica saw the figure approaching her from behind one of the trees. She was scared, but relaxed when she saw who it was.

"You can't run off on me like that," Jessica said. She walked over to him. "From here on out, we stick together!" She grabbed his hand, which was moist and ice cold.

"William?" she asked. As the light shifted, she could see his face better, his jaw slightly agape and drool coming out the end of it. And his breath...it was like a large animal had died in his mouth. He pulled her closer, as if for a hug, and squeezed her so tightly she could barely breathe. Then he bit out her windpipe and she couldn't breathe at all.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



The horde was right behind Rick as he climbed the steep embankment, slipping through the mud and barely staying ahead of them. He finally made it to the top, where there was a clear path forward. That was when he tripped on a root and hit his head on a rock. As he was struggling to remain conscious, he felt his body sliding down to join the undead waiting for him below.

GENERAL KILL



It was Lauren's idea to break away from the rest of her party. She was sick of taking orders from everyone else so, when there was a fork in the road, she went the other way, refusing to listen to their pleas to stick together.

In the darkness, she soon found herself lost, though she assured herself that if she kept traveling in the same direction, she'd make it out eventually. Somehow, she did a full loop and landed right in the zombies' clutches. When the undead creatures grabbed her, she could hear the sound of her stomach tearing open as her organs oozed out of her. She had great hearing, but was a very bad listener.

GENERAL KILL



Zach approached the little girl, sitting on the log, playing with her doll. "Where are your parents?" he asked, concerned. She didn't respond. He figured she must be scared and maybe a little shy, so he sat down next to her. When her head lifted, he could see that wasn't a doll in her hands: it was a severed human foot and she was gnawing on it. Before he could get up, she took a bite out of his arm. A loose tooth fell out of her mouth and hit the dirt.



ZOMBIES TERROR

“THEY’RE COMING TO GET YOU!”

“Run,” Dana said.

She didn’t need to tell you twice. As you took off, you turned around to see her waving the torch in the air, attracting the attention of the zombies. They approached her and right when they were about to strike, she lit the dry pile of leaves on the ground. It erupted into flames, taking her in the process. You could smell the smoke as you continued on away from her, wiping sweat from your brow and tears from your eyes. Her distraction would kill a bunch of them for good and keep the rest of them busy for a while, but they’d soon be coming back after you.

“THERE’S DEAD PEOPLE EVERYWHERE!”

Laurie was cornered and had no weapons. The horde approached her and, with all the running she’d been doing, she resigned herself to skip through the Kubler-Ross stages and move straight to acceptance: Accept that this was it and she was going to die. Accept that a different zombie was pulling on each of her limbs. Accept that her body was now in five different pieces. And accept that her dying moments would be full of excruciating pain. At least they’d be brief.



ZOMBIES TERROR

“DON’T FORGET... DOUBLE TAP!”

Alan fired a shot at the approaching zombie, knocking off the top of its skull. It fell to the ground and he lowered his weapon, pausing to catch his breath. He emptied the used shells and pulled six bullets out of his pocket to rearm. That was when the zombie began to rise. Alan’s hands shook and, when he finally got the first bullet in, closed the chamber and pulled the trigger, the weapon responded with an empty click. He pulled again for another click. The third time he pulled, it did fire a bullet, but by then it was too late. The zombie had pushed his arm away and headed straight for his face. No amount of guns or bullets would save him now.

“I’M THE MEAT IN A ZOMBIE SANDWICH!”

Jenna found herself at a dead end, blocked by the stumps of trees. When she turned around, she saw the zombies in all directions. There was nowhere for her to go. She stood there as they approached and two reached her at the same time, making her the meat between two slices in this zombie sandwich.



THE STORYBOOK WOODS TERROR

GETTING TREATS FOR GRANDMOTHER

Stephen picked the berries just like grandma had told him to and placed them in the basket.

"We should go back," you said.

"Just a few more and we'll have enough."

He had a point. You could almost taste the delicious holiday pie that grandma would make with your collection. Stephen reached up for another berry and a decaying arm appeared from out of the bush and grabbed him, piercing its nails into his skin, dripping blood onto the ground. You dropped the basket, spilling the berries, and ran. Grandma's pie couldn't be further from your mind.

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - CLEARING

A group of druids stood in the clearing, holding hands and reciting their words of meditation. As the full moon emerged from behind the cloud cover, beings that were little more than flesh and skeleton crawled their way out from the edge of the woods, surrounding the druids, who were too focused in their meditation to notice. They'd notice soon enough, as they were devoured to bits by the undead.

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - MEADOW

Dazzled by the sprites in the air, the small crowd of people lay in the meadow together, smiling and appreciating the magic that this world offered them. In a better state of awareness, they might have heard the undead creatures approaching. They might have had the foresight to run away and escape. Or at least stood up to defend themselves instead of laying on the grass without a single care in the world. In any of those scenarios, they might have still ended the night with their intestines intact, resting comfortably within their bodies where they belonged. Alas, it was not to be.



THE STORYBOOK WOODS TERROR

THE FULL MOON IS OUT - GLEN

The stream at the bottom of the ravine would lead you and your friends out of this hellhole and back into civilization. You decide to scout ahead and leave the others waiting in the glen. From atop a small hill, see hordes approaching the glen from all sides. You go back to help but the moans grew louder and more ominous as you approach. You decide to wait at a distance and see if any of your friends emerge, but as you looked down at the stream, you could see the water darkening. There wasn't enough light to see what the color had become, but the diluted coppery odor gave you a strong idea of what it might be.

OUT OF THE WOODS

The village was within reach, just a few hundred feet away. With it came the promise of shelter and at least temporary safety. You followed right behind Pete, matching his stride, until his foot got caught under a branch and he fell face first to the ground. For a fraction of a second, you thought maybe you should stop to help him back up, but then you asked yourself, would he do the same for you? With that, you leapt over him and kept running, letting his screams die out in the distance behind you.



