

FINAL GIRL

THE **USS KONRAD**
-**-

GRUESOME DEATHS

YOU HOLD IN YOUR HAND A BOOK OF GRUESOME DEATHS FOR USE WITH THE USS KONRAD. 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.

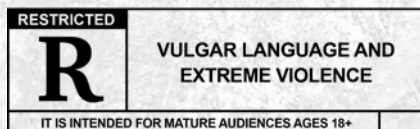
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THE FOLLOWING HAS BEEN RATED



THE USS KONRAD

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GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL INCINERATOR DEATH



Rishi was done! He had seen too much death today and decided he wasn't going out like the others. He set the timer and lowered himself into the Incinerator. He knew how hot it got in there and figured his death would be pretty instant. Unfortunately, Rishi was wrong and endured more pain than many of the others who died today.

GENERAL INCINERATOR DEATH



Amber turned the corner and ran into the Furnace. She decided to hide in the Incinerator and turned the maintenance safeties on so that it wouldn't accidentally trigger while she was there. From where she hid she heard the door open. She held her breath and froze in fear. Whoever, or whatever was in the room was there for a while, but they eventually left. Amber let out a sigh of relief...but it was short-lived. The clicks of the Incinerator told Amber that the safeties had been turned off and that she had 2 seconds to take her last breath.

GENERAL INCINERATOR DEATH



It was apparent that a battle had taken place at the Furnace. There were bodies scattered on the floor and the Incinerator was badly damaged, with one wall smashed in, revealing the burners inside. As Mark stared and wondered what could have done this, the Incinerator came to life and flames filled the room as the damaged wall no longer contained the intense discharge of fire and heat.

GENERAL CRUSHER DEATH



Several crew members turned the corner and made their way inside the Trash Compactor. But there were very few places to hide, and the Crusher had started its cycle so no chance of jumping in there. Realizing this wasn't a good place to stay, they all scrambled back to the door. That's when John got bumped off the platform and into the Crusher. Jennifer stayed back to try and help John out but the Crusher pressed against his hips and the pops of cracking bones could be heard over the noise of the Crusher. Jennifer couldn't watch the horror and left John alone to die.

GENERAL CRUSHER DEATH



Julie slid into the Crusher and went towards the corner. She hid herself well under piles of refuse and hoped that she'd be safe here. She got startled as the lights started flashing indicating the Crusher was about to start its cycle. She rose to get up but something snagged on her overalls, pinning her in a seated position. As the walls started closing, she was jabbed by other debris further preventing her from getting up. The more the walls closed, the harder it became for Julie to get herself upright. Her life would end the same way it began...in a fetal position.

GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL CRUSHER DEATH



Jayne was planning a trap. She was rigging the Crusher so that its walls would close at 10 times the normal speed. She was going to lure that monster into the Crusher and then activate it... the accelerated speed would ensure it couldn't get out. She had to lower herself into the Crusher to reach the panel to adjust the hydraulic rate. She had never tried this before but she was sure it was work. Well it did work...unfortunately she managed to trigger it while she was still making some adjustment but sure enough, it closed in on her at 10 times its normal speed.

GENERAL AIRLOCK DEATH



You exit the Hangar and feel relief as the door hisses shut and locks. Through the porthole, you see Amy run up to the door, pleading with you to open it. You're torn on what to do. You've been planning this trap for a while and lured that monster into the Hanger... you had no idea anyone would be hiding there. You mouth "I'm sorry" to Amy and open the Airlock. Amy was gone but her visage will torment you forever.

GENERAL AIRLOCK DEATH



You and Mimi ran towards the Airlock controls. The killer wasn't far behind so you didn't have much time to enter the override code so that you can activate it from within the Hangar. You open the Airlock and grab hold of a nearby pipe as the air begins to escape. Mimi was a slow to react but grabs onto your ankle. You tighten your grip as you feel the extra weight pulling on your arms. You steal a glance back to look for the killer...it's barely hanging on but still in the Hangar. "Hold on a little longer!" you yell at Mimi. She sees the pain in your face as your grip starts to slip. A tear trickles down her cheek, "Remember me...I love you!" and she lets go. She's immediately pulled towards the Airlock opening. As she's passing near the killer, she reaches out her leg and kicks it, sending it hurtling into space along side her. You reach up to the controls and close the Airlock. There's only silence as you kneel on the Hanger floor and catch your breath. After a few moments the only sound to be heard is your gentle sobbing as you think about how much you're going to miss Mimi.

GENERAL AIRLOCK DEATH



The trap worked and that monstrosity went into the Hangar. You quickly seal the door behind you. You know there are others in the Hanger but none of that matters now. Your survival instincts are driving your actions and you don't hesitate for a second as you open the Airlock and sentence everyone in the Hanger to their deaths. Sometimes you have to be a killer to deal with a killer.



USS KONRAD EVENTS

FAULTY WIRING (FURNACE)

Karen chucked another load of refuse into the Incinerator. Keeping the Konrad clean took a lot of work, but at least the Incinerator made it easier to keep the mess at bay—when it worked properly. As she hefted the last pile in, Karen overbalanced and fell into the Incinerator. Grumbling as she brushed herself clean, she made to clamber out—and heard a click as the Incinerator’s nozzles lit. Karen had a mere moment to scream before she was obliterated in myriad gouts of flame, melting her down to a runny tallow along with the refuse she’d thrown in.

FAULTY WIRING (TRASH COMPACTOR)

Engineer Hadley sighed as he stooped down to enter the Crusher. It had been malfunctioning lately, and the only way to diagnose the problem was from within. He removed the access panel and began inspecting the wiring. A sharp shock hit his fingers, and the smell of acrid smoke filled the air. The doors slammed shut, and Hadley began to scream as the walls closed slowly in on him. He pounded at the diminishing entrance as the space grew smaller and smaller. His ragged screams continued at a frantic pace, evolved from terror to agony, and were finally cut off altogether as the walls of the Crusher slowly rendered Hadley, with a sickening series of snaps and crunches, into a pink paste.



USS KONRAD ITEM

FLAMETHROWER

The time has come to show this evil thing who's in charge around here. You heft the flamethrower as the Evomorph hisses menacingly and depress the trigger, sweeping the room with a smooth arc of destructive flame. The creature gives a sharp squeal of pain, and an acrid smell fills the air as it begins to fry under the onslaught. Unfortunately, the screams of your crewmates fill the air as well, as your arc of indiscriminating flame chars, then melts their features. The room has become a raging inferno, consumed by flames that none within can escape.



USS KONRAD TERROR

GAS LEAK

Navigator Lambo hummed to herself as she conducted a routine life-support check. In her distracted state, she didn't hear the gentle hiss from the maintenance shaft next to her monitor. Stifling a yawn, she thought distractedly how nice a nap would be after her systematic inspection. Lying down on the unyielding metal floor, Lambo closed her eyes and drifted off, thinking about the other systems she'd need to check that day. Sometime later, Lambo's now-cold body was disturbed a final time as the Evomorph's heavy, clawed foot came decisively down upon Lambo's skull, crushing it like a particularly fragile egg.

CATASTROPHIC HULL BREACH

Alice whipped her head toward the hull as a low whistling sound denoted every spacefarer's worst-case scenario. A breach! She'd have to think fast. She grabbed onto a length of pipe running up the wall as the low whistle rose in volume and became a dull roar. As the room's air pressure left the ship in a rush, Alice was lifted off the floor along with just about everything else. A metal grate struck her elbow on its way to the breach, causing her to lose her grip. She screamed as she flew towards the hole, which was now covered by the grate. Alice struck the grate and, like gelatin through a cheese grater, was sucked out the other side in grisly streamers of blood and gristle.

GARBAGE DAY

Rook ran without a sense of direction. He just knew he had to get somewhere, anywhere safe. As he fled through the Trash Compactor, he slammed into the Crusher's control panel, sending a throbbing wave surging through his hip. That was it—the Crusher! No one would find him in there! Too late, he realized his painful contact with the control panel had activated the Crusher. The door slammed shut, and the walls began to constrict. Rook screamed, but to no avail. The pressure of the shrinking room increased to shearing agony as he was slowly crushed into a neat cube of compacted bone and meat that had once been a man.

USS KONRAD TERROR

INCINERATOR MALFUNCTION

Justin fled mindlessly. To stay was to die. He ran into the Furnace and, in his haste, tripped and fell into the dormant Incinerator. He took a few deep breaths, calming himself, then got up, preparing to climb back out. Just then, he heard the sharp CH-KUNK! of the Incinerator's activation button. "Hey, I'm in here!" he cried, but it was too late. With a roar, the Incinerator's many nozzles ignited and shot out searing jets of flame. Justin screamed as his skin was flayed from his bones under the blistering heat, and fell to the ground once more in a charred and smoking heap.

SOLAR INTERFERENCE

Hughes made her way through the ship, flamethrower in hand. She'd seen what the Evomorph was capable of and, with the help of Radio Operator Biggs, was taking the fight straight to the thing. "Take your next left", Biggs' voice instructed. A display panel fuzzed, then cleared as Hughes entered the room. "Hughes...signal's breaking...interference from...KZHKKKT!" The radio broke off with a sharp squawk. "Say again, Biggs, I did not copy," Hughes sent back. "Move!...behind...closing quick!" Hughes heard a hollow clang from behind. Turning to examine it, she suddenly felt the sharp pierce of claws at the sides of her temple, heard a sickening crunch from the top of her skull, then mercifully felt nothing at all.

"LET'S TEST THE MAINTENANCE SHAFTS."

Austin crab-walked through the claustrophobic confines of Shaft 426. Checking the maintenance shafts to see if the creature was utilizing them to move around the ship had been his idea, but that didn't mean he enjoyed having to be the one to clamber into them to check it out. He made his way through the next junction, then paused to check some sort of viscous discharge smeared along the wall. As Austin examined the glutinous slime, he heard a low hiss from behind. He whipped around just in time for a front row seat to his own demise as the Evomorph wrapped its jaws around his face.



GENERAL DEATHS (HATCHLING)

GENERAL KILL



Abel pulled another ration bar from his pack and ate it in three quick bites. He felt like he'd been starving ever since that mishap at the freighter. He began to cough as a bite went down the wrong pipe, but couldn't seem to clear his airway. Suddenly, a sharp pain accompanied his racking coughs, and he knew something was very wrong. The pain traveled up his esophagus as he doubled over, throat bulging grotesquely, spraying blood with each braying hack. The last thing Abel saw was a horrific, insectoid creature burst forth from his own throat, spraying gore and undigested food all over the wall before scurrying away.

GENERAL KILL



Larry sighed. Evaluating systems performance was boring enough, but with this damn acid indigestion he'd been feeling, it was nearly intolerable. A fresh wave of stomach pain led to an agonized howl as Larry grabbed his stomach. He pulled his hands away and was shocked to see them covered in blood. Larry lifted his shirt for a better look, and saw a grotesque bulging, as if he were pregnant, and what's inside wanted out—now. He tried to call for help, but Larry's "delivery" was nigh. An alien thing burst out of his stomach, blowing bits of intestine outward, gave a garbled cry, and scurried off into the shadows.

GENERAL KILL



Ethan leaned in with rapt excitement. His book was really getting good, and he couldn't wait to see what happened. A moderate twinge from behind made him wince; he'd been experiencing significant back pain since the freighter excursion. As he turned another page, his back spasmed, making him drop his book and fall to the floor in agony. His hands darted to the small of his back, only to find his spine curving outward, pressing against his skin. The Hatchling burst through the hole it had chewed in Ethan's back, blowing bits of spine across the room, sending one circular chunk to rest neatly atop Ethan's still open book, marking his place with grim finality.

GENERAL DEATHS (YOUNGLING)

GENERAL KILL



Adam peered into the crawlspace running below the corridor. He knew that thing was hiding somewhere on the Konrad, and he was damned if it got a free ride on him. Maybe he'd have better luck in the crew lockers. He opened the first—empty. As he popped the second locker door open, Adam had a brief glance of an elongated, insectoid form in the darkness when before a scythe-like claw slashed out. With a single swipe, the Youngling tore Adam open in a neat line from throat to groin, spilling his intestines out with a plop before the gleaming row of lockers.

GENERAL KILL



The Youngling waited. It had found a dark, secluded space where it could grow undisturbed. Suddenly, it sensed another lifeform drawing near. "Ali? You in here?" an alien voice called out. As footsteps approached the Youngling's hiding spot, it dashed forth with lightning speed, climbed the looming form of the strange being, and buried its teeth where it could sense a warm, pulsing organ that would provide ample sustenance. The creature let out a gargled cry as the Youngling tore the red, pulsing organ from its chest and dropped to the floor as the Youngling retreated to the shadows to wait—and become.

GENERAL KILL



Rebecca made her way through the crawlspace under the deck. She had learned how to stay safe. The little ones could get inside of you if you weren't careful, and the big ones could get you anywhere they found you. The trick was to stay hidden. She heard a delicate scrabbling from up ahead and froze, ear cocked. The sound didn't recur, so she continued more carefully now. The last thing Rebecca saw was a cruel, slashing claw slice out from the darkness before her, separating her head from her body. It struck the floor with a thump as the Youngling retreated further into the crawlspace.



GENERAL DEATHS (ADULT)

GENERAL KILL



Although working as an engineer on the Konrad didn't pay quite as much—blame those tightwads at Weygar-Yustarry for that—Driver liked it just fine. He didn't have to risk his neck as often as the others, like that recent mission to the freighter. Tinkering around in the Konrad's underbelly was simpler. Safer. Driver heard a loud clang that probably didn't bode well for the cooling assembly he'd just tuned up. As he approached the cluster of crystal-covered pipes, a clawed hand suddenly shot out, disemboweling Driver at a stroke. As he tried to pack his intestines back in with fumbling fingers, Driver glimpsed a scaled nightmare emerge from behind a pipe, then fell to the ground with a wet thud.

GENERAL KILL



David performed yet another check of his makeshift weapons. He'd cobbled together quite the assembly from around the Konrad, and it was now time to hunt this creature in earnest. He strapped his motley arsenal to his body, made one last check, and prepared to leave. As he approached the door, a dark, segmented form dropped from overhead. Almost as if it had been...waiting for him. He swung his flamethrower up a moment too late. The Evomorph grabbed David and disappeared into the darkness overhead. Now there was only silence—save for a gentle pattering as droplets of David's blood rained onto the floor.

GENERAL KILL



"This is it," Merino thought to herself as she checked her remaining ammo. A few potshots as she'd fled the creature's advance had left her with only two remaining rounds. She'd make her stand here, regardless of the outcome. The Evomorph advanced towards her cautiously, slime falling from its parted jaws. Merino let out a desperate cry as she took aim, and fired—twice. Both shots went wide. The creature almost seemed to grin as it approached her. Its jaws darted out, Merino felt a dull crunch at the top of her head, and then she was drowning in a river of pain.

GENERAL DEATHS (AMBUSH)

GENERAL KILL

1

-

2

Jackson was in a hurry. He needed to gather life-support supplies and get the hell off the Konrad. As he busied himself collecting O2 canisters, he thought only of his overarching goal—the escape pods. If he could make it to the pods, he'd be okay. Arms full of canisters, Jackson turned to leave. With a suddenness that left no room for response, the Evomorph dropped from the ceiling with a thump, and darted in with feline grace to tear Jackson's throat out in one swift motion. As Jackson's lifeblood gurgled from his torn and ragged throat, the canisters fell from his arms, clanging noisily to the ground.

GENERAL KILL

3

-

4

So far, Amanda had played it safe, managing to utilize the maintenance shafts, lockers, and crawlspaces of the ship to stay out of sight. As another bloodcurdling scream echoed across the ship, signaling the end of another crewmate's life, she left the dark corner she'd been crouched in. As she did, she caught movement out of the corner of her eye. From the maintenance shaft just opposite, the Evomorph sprang at Amanda, swiping a clawed hand across her midsection and disappearing back into the shaft. As she lay in a widening pool of her own blood and viscera, her last thoughts were of the creature, which had beaten her at her own game.

GENERAL KILL

★

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★

5

6

Science Officer Sulaco examined the footage with a critical eye. The Konrad had recorded plenty of data regarding the creature he'd dubbed an "Evomorph" at this point—enough for Sulaco to be certain. He'd identified a potential weakness the crew could use to keep themselves safe and get off this ship! He nearly leapt off his chair in his hurry to find and tell the others. As he ran across the room, a looming shape emerged from the maintenance shaft next to the door. He held up his hands in a warding gesture, but to no avail. The remarkable specimen before him raked Sulaco's torso with its razor tail, spilling Sulaco's steaming insides onto the cold floor.



EVOMORPH (ADULT) TERROR

“IT CAME OUT OF THE SHADOWS!”

“It came out of the shadows! It came out of the shadows!” Hooper repeated as he backed frantically toward the center of the room. He had been inspecting the ducts when the creature had done exactly that. Hooper had barely managed to spring away in time to avoid a killing blow. Now he nervously scanned the room, repeating his gibbering mantra, as he waited for it to come again. When it did, it came from behind, slashing Hooper viciously before fastening its sharp teeth atop Hooper’s head. With a dull crunch, it bit through Hooper’s skull, ending the nightmare along with his life.

SKULL BURSTER

Brent had followed that dang cat all over the Konrad, hoping to crate her up so the crew could perform a proper sweep for their murderous “stowaway”. “Here, Jonas!” Brent called as he poked his head into the shadowed corners of yet another room. He was so preoccupied with his search, he didn’t hear the Evomorph descend from above. A sudden noise made him whip his head around. Witnessing the alien creature hulking over him, Brent was paralyzed with terror. It slowly opened its maw and shot out at Brent, bursting through his skull, and sending a spray of bone, brain, and blood through the room.

ACID SPRAY

“He’s right on top of you!” Biggs’ voice called out through the radio as Parks entered the room. He saw nothing, but Biggs’ insistence that the dreaded Evomorph was mere meters away gave him pause. “I don’t see anything, are you sure your reading’s right?” he asked Biggs. A metallic clang drew his eyes towards the maintenance shaft, where he saw the alien, insectoid sheen of the Evomorph coiled in wait. The creature sprayed Parks with a green substance, obliterating all further thought along with his features. As Parks’ eye ran down his cheek like a runny egg, he slumped to the floor, his face sizzling.

EVOMORPH (ADULT) TERROR

“GAME OVER, MAN! GAME OVER!”

Hudgins was running out of time. He needed to get off the ship. That thing was unstoppable, and he didn't want to be next. He made his way through the Konrad, hoping like hell he'd make it to an escape pod before whatever that thing was made its way to him. Hudgins almost ran into the locked door that signaled his defeat. “That's it”, he sobbed as he slid to a seated position against the door, “Game over, man! Game over!” He wasn't even surprised as the Evomorph approached him from the next room. He continued to sob as it slowly, almost casually lowered its jaws to Hudgins' head and obliterated Hudgins' sorrow with a single, bone-crunching chomp.

MINOR DARK POWER: SIDESWIPE

Velasquez smirked to herself as she entered the room and hefted her flamethrower. She had herded the thing through the Konrad and gotten it right where she wanted it. In that moment she almost felt sorry for it—almost. She approached the creature, ready to torch it into oblivion. Just before her finger depressed the trigger, the Evomorph moved with startling speed past Velasquez to the maintenance shaft behind her. As she whirled to face it, the Evomorph lashed out with a single clawed hand, and ripped Velasquez's face off her skull. She fell to the ground, quite dead, as it disappeared into the shaft.

EVOMORPH DARK POWER

EPIC DARK POWER: RAZOR TAIL

“We've got it where we want it!” Corporal Hanks called to his crewmates as they circled the Evomorph, weapons ready. “There's nowhere for it to run! Fire on my command! Ready! Aim!” At that, the Evomorph lashed out at the circle with its deadly tail, disemboweling the stunned crewmates in a single arc. A burst of stray gunfire cut Corporal Hanks in half, hastening his demise, as a fellow crewmate spasmed in physical shock. The Evomorph hissed menacingly at the crew as they fell to the floor, one by one, each with an almost comic expression of shocked horror frozen on their dying faces.



GENERAL DEATHS (FAST ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

How in the world did Travis get a rock in his shoe on a spaceship? He felt it with every step, but when he took his shoes off and shook them out, he found nothing. He took his next step and felt it again, sharp and painful. As he bent over to take another look, a creature sprinting on all fours turned the corner and dove at him. His head was devoured before he even registered the pain enough to scream.

GENERAL KILL

2

"I know exactly who it is," Jeff declared.

"How do you know?"

"It's obvious. Who took charge as soon as the first bodies were discovered? Who's been dictating every move of our strategy?"

"Do you mean the XO?"

"Exactly. Probably killed the captain herself to control the plan. But I'm way too smart for her." Jeff turned to the door to see if anyone was in the hallway.

"You are really smart," they said. "You're so smart, you let yourself be alone with me."

Jeff laughed. Then he realized what they'd said. He was dissected from head to toe before he could even turn around.

GENERAL KILL

3

Dean couldn't believe she'd agreed to have dinner with him. The risks were huge, seeing as they'd be forced to still work together with nothing but the vacuum of space for an escape. But she'd said yes with an adorably beautiful smile. Dean's door chirped and he quickly glanced at his reflection to straighten his hair. With a deep breath, he opened the door to let her in. She smiled as she stepped inside, but once the door was closed and she turned again to face him, that beautiful smile became a twisted and grotesque cavern of teeth and flesh. Dean knew the risks were huge, but not how huge.

GENERAL DEATHS (FAST ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



"Wait! Stop!" Mark yelled, but Asia kept going on instinct. Finally, Asia had reached a place where she felt safe to catch her breath. She turned to Mark who had caught up to her, "He was covered in so much blood."

"We have to warn the others." Mark said, "Do you have your comm?"

"No, dropped it."

Mark smirked. "Perfect." He gripped her by the throat as his head began to contort and his skin began to bubble. He had her chin dislodged and her left ear peeled off before she fell unconscious.

GENERAL KILL



Blake had barely escaped with his life. Once that thing, whatever it was, had finally started to change, he had barely a second to react before it might have taken him apart. There were two kinds of people in this world: victims and survivors. Blake was determined to survive. He poked his head around the corner to the hallway, finding nothing but steel plates and rivets. When he turned the other way, he found something else. As his body was eviscerated by a swift and excruciating force, he found the hard truth that there are two kinds of people in the world and he was the wrong kind.

GENERAL KILL



Reese could barely see without his retinal discs. Technology had advanced enough to cure blindness with a pill but couldn't account for people allergic to the medication, so retinal discs to the rescue. He finished washing his face and looked into the mirror with his fuzzy perception. "Man, I must be tired. Vision's so bad I'm seeing double." He gripped the discs that were resting on the basin and positioned them in each eye. But when he looked back at the mirror, he was still seeing double—just much more clearly. A figure behind him, one that imitated him perfectly, was waiting with a slivering tongue and rows of long, sharp teeth.



GENERAL DEATHS (STRONG ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

She quickly turned the shower off and reached for her towel. She could have sworn she heard the unmistakable chirp of the door. But protocol insisted that showers be respected, since there were more crew than facilities. "Anybody there?" Nothing. Maybe she was hearing things. She secured the towel and stepped forward anyway. "Oh!" she yelped as she saw who it was who had entered. "You scared me! Didn't you see that it was occupied?" But the person before her had already begun to transform. She had nowhere to run. She had nothing to shield herself. It went first for her head, which crinkled like a cheap soda can.

GENERAL KILL

2

Ethan was a gamer, and a good one. He'd spent so much time with games, his choices were all dice rolls in his head. But this time, he'd come up snake eyes. Before him was a gelatinous monster that had once been his friend. He knew it'd be game over soon. So—one last time—he decided he'd roll the dice. Charge the beast? Or turn and run? Mentally, he kissed the dice for luck and visualized a lucky seven. Seizing the shard of metal on the floor beside him he lunged for the creature. As it tore open his chest, he thought, "The house always wins."

GENERAL KILL

3

Jenn would give anything for an apple. A single, red, delicious apple. She sat trying to choke down more of the synthesized protein the replicators had generated. It was supposed to look and taste like spaghetti, but it wasn't even close. She continued to fantasize about how juicy and sweet an apple would be. She took her next bite and felt a tough, globular extract. She reached into her mouth to pull it away and saw it was... a worm? It was long and extended into her plate. She had no time to feel disgusted before she realized it didn't end at her plate but continued off the edge of the table, around the corner. The creature's end expanded to reveal rows of sharp protrusions. It lunged for her face, surrounding her chin and mouth, pulling away her flesh and bone. She'd wanted the apple, but not the worm.

GENERAL DEATHS (STRONG ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



Rick had left them all behind. Forget valor; ignore heroism. He'd prefer living with regret to dying with anything. He turned sharply to the left, desperate to remember how to get to the escape pod. Moving twenty feet further down the hall, he clicked open the door with a swoosh. But no sooner had he looked up than a swift, piercing thing rammed into his face and splintered out, splitting his skull open in at least a dozen places. As his body twitched with dying nerves, his brain's final thought was that he'd never considered you could die with regret too.

GENERAL KILL



Brad inched closer to the vent while Stacy stayed behind him. He would protect her if he could, by any means necessary. Whatever was thumping against the vent wall, he'd be ready. He gripped the metal pipe and raised it beside his head. "Careful now", Stacy said, as he quickly threw open the shaft. He felt his grip on the pipe loosen as terror clutched his throat. Inside the vent, thumping as the air swirled past it, was Stacy's severed head. Brad turned around to whatever it was that was standing behind him as "not-Stacy" clenched his wrist and ripped his arm away with unbelievable force.

GENERAL KILL



As Megan turned to run, her foot snagged on a loose panel in the floor. She slammed her face against the floor's cold steel with a devastating thud. Trying to shake it off, she pulled her leg under her and attempted to stand, but her foot was still stuck on that panel. When she looked back at it, she was horrified to see a misshapen, gruesome hand clutching at her heel. She tried to slip out of her shoe when another hand burst through the floor and grabbed her at the ankle. It yanked her down through the cold, sharp steel, shredding her flesh as it pulled her into oblivion.



GENERAL DEATHS (TOUGH ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

The intercom clicked twice, and the red light illuminated. Nathan pressed the receiver, "Yes?"

"Is Terry in there with you?"

He couldn't quite place the voice. "No."

"Is anyone in there with you?"

There was an odd flavor to the question, almost a gleefulness. "No, I'm finishing the filter desaturation."

He waited as the soft buzz of static lingered. Then the soft reply, "You're already finished."

Confused, he went to press the button again to ask what that meant when he heard a wet, gloppy sound behind him. Something sharp and firm ripped through his spine and burst through his belly with a squelch.

GENERAL KILL

2

Christine had managed to lock it in a dangerous materials storage compartment and was trying to flood the room with different gases to kill it. This sucker was as resilient as a cockroach. She then depleted the room of all air. This seemed to work—the creature collapsed to the ground and lay there motionless for several minutes. Christine pressed her face up against the window to get a closer look. That's when the glass came shattering back at her face, hurling shards into her eyes and ripping her flesh. She flailed in agony as the creature's arm extended towards her.

GENERAL KILL

3

It moved toward Erica with a slow, calculated precision. Behind her was nothing but a five foot steel hull and the unforgiving void of outer space. The creature extended its cylindrical arms to clutch the walls on either side, allowing its malleable form to coat the wall in a kind of fleshy paint. She panicked, and with a forceful yell, she plunged her right foot into the monstrosity's middle. Her foot lodged there and she lost her balance, tumbling awkwardly as pain seared her leg. Her bones crumbled like paper and she wailed against the irresistible pull of the fleshy mulch that began to devour her.

GENERAL DEATHS (TOUGH ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



The choice was simple, live or die. And living meant that John had to lose the hand that was trapped when the lockdown door slammed shut. Grabbing the scalpel he'd lifted from sickbay; he clenched his teeth and began to cut. He'd find a torch as soon as he was free to cauterize the wound. He did his best to choke down his screams and the blinding pain. When the tissue and nerves were finally severed, he yanked hard at the bone to crack it loose. As he stood, light-headed and profusely bleeding, the opposite exit door suddenly wrenched free, revealing the creature on the other side. After all the pain he'd just suffered, he was almost relieved to see it.

GENERAL KILL



Connor had forced her to stay with him, since the first body was discovered. She had always been like a little sister to him. But when she'd started to change, he'd locked her in that room and appointed himself the lone guard. Now, she had completely transformed and had thrown herself against the door so many times the casing was buckled. He knew it was only a matter of time before she crashed through. As the plexiglass splintered and the seal finally gave way, he hoped he'd bought them enough time to get the real her to an escape pod. He felt the pain start at his ribs and quietly prayed it would be quick.

GENERAL KILL



"I don't want to die." Will begged. "Please just let me go."

"I can't do that Will. You'll always be trying to escape, or always looking for a way to kill me."

Will began to sob. "No, please, I promise. I'll leave you alone."

"Yessss..." the thing hissed, "You will...Will..." It reached up its hands and clutched him by his face. He felt unspeakable pressure begin to squeeze at his temples as his vision began to darken at the edges. When his face finally collapsed, it was as if someone, somewhere, had finally flipped a light switch and cast him to darkness.



ORGANISM TERROR

“ARE WE ALONE?”

“You as scared as I am?” Vera asked. You can’t answer. You can’t admit the truth.

“Let’s just get this over with.” Leann grunted.

The test wasn’t painful, but it tested every inch of their nerves. You have never felt so terrified as you do the moment right before you touch the blood with the probe. The tests worked, they all knew. You ask yourself what you’ll do if the test reveals one of them, knowing it will not hesitate to lunge at each of you with its freshly bursting claws and teeth. You hold your breath, clench your teeth, and begin...

“IT MUST BE YOU!”

“Don’t move a muscle.” Harrison demanded, holding Roger at bay with his plasma torch.

“Think about this, Harrison. Don’t be crazy.” Roger begged.

“Oh, I have thought about it. You may have fooled the others, but you won’t fool me.”

“I know you’re scared. We’re all tired and it’s hard to trust each other. But you can trust me.”

Harrison squinted, “Prove it.”

Roger’s face went blank. Perhaps trying to find proof, perhaps trying to buy time. Well Harrison had decided that Roger’s time was up. He aimed for that stiff, blank expression and squeezed the trigger.

USS KONRAD EVENTS

FAULTY WIRING (FURNACE)

These things, whatever they were, didn't like fire. Fire was the ultimate equalizer; and so Jess had determined she would stay close to the Furnace. She had calculated that the nasty monstrosities would stay as far away from the heat as possible. The heat was testing her resolve as well, though. She might need to move to the hallway for a few moments of relief. As she gripped the door latch, a clicking noise seized her attention. As she turned towards it, she barely had a second before the flames exploded towards her as the Incinerator's wiring failed. Fire was, indeed, the ultimate equalizer.

FAULTY WIRING (TRASH COMPACTOR)

"I can't take this smell man." Aiden complained to Mark.

They'd been in the trash compactor for nearly an hour trying to discover the clog. Annoyed, Aiden hauled his foot back and smashed it into a wad of soaked fabric. It hit the opposite wall with a disgusting SPLAT! Suddenly, the compactor began to move.

"Hey! You did it!" Mark yelled.

"Guess it's my lucky day. Stop the hydraulics."

Mark's face began to distort as he repeatedly pushed the stop button... but the walls continued to close in on them. The persistent steel walls were louder than their screams, and the squishy crunch of their shattered bones.

USS KONRAD ITEM

FLAMETHROWER

You have no options left. There's no time for blood tests or interrogations. It's possible that thing isn't alone in there and using the flamethrower in such a confined area will certainly backdraft on you as well. You could be killing your colleagues. You could be killing yourself. But you'll most certainly be blasting that abomination to kingdom come. "Forgive me." you whisper, and gripping the undercarriage, you point the shaft towards the opening and squeeze the trigger. The area is immediately saturated with a hellfire and crimson fury. You grit your teeth and hold tightly as the pain and the noise swirl around you and you pray it'll be enough...



USS KONRAD TERROR

GAS LEAK

David had never slept well. His mind would be so focused on the day's incomplete tasks or the countless hidden risks to ever let him settle. Every night he battled his stubborn brain while it tried to keep him concentrated on a million different problems. And it never let him sleep. So why was he feeling so drowsy now? His eyelids kept closing and he could feel himself drifting away. It made no sense to him unless—and that's when he smelled it. How had he missed it? A gas leak. Thick and unmistakable. He'd been so focused on solving his drowsiness that he'd missed it. And now it was too late. As he drifted into oblivion, he thought one last time, "My stupid brain..."

CATASTROPHIC HULL BREACH

Cathy sighed in profound relief as she reached the escape pod. Hurrying to the control panel, she feverishly input the detachment sequence. As the pod door began to close, she fastened herself in and began to cry. She'd really made it. The door, two feet from sealing, suddenly paused its descent. Cathy turned and saw someone standing on the other side. Was that who she thought it was? Before she could react, something massive burst through the gap in the door and pierced the opposite wall of the pod. In a blink, the vacuum of space shredded the outer hull and viciously sucked Cathy through the opening, leaving nothing but her detached torso safely secured to the seat.

GARBAGE DAY

As the chaos erupted, the noise was impossible to decipher. Were they screams coming from the center of the Crusher, where he could have sworn he saw Ernie fall in? Or was it just the echoes from down the hall where he'd watched Cathy and Sonya dash away? Maybe it was only the grinding of the gears as the Crusher finished its business. But as Justin turned to make his own escape, he saw it. Whatever it used to be, it was now only squelching, swirling flesh, morphing into a shape which swiftly impaled him with countless tentacles that were... impossible to decipher.

USS KONRAD TERROR

INCINERATOR MALFUNCTION

Shawn and Vanessa went to meet Jess at the Furnace. It seemed these inhuman things were averse to fire. But as they approached the entry, they felt an immense heat and saw a tableau of orange and crimson as a wave of flames consumed what looked like at least two, possibly three bodies. They couldn't be sure how many, if any, of their colleagues might be in the midst of it. Vanessa turned and Shawn was long gone, racing away from the carnage. Yet, somehow, she didn't feel alone. She turned back to face the flames and discovered, painfully and completely, that she indeed was not.

SOLAR INTERFERENCE

Ian kept his eyes glued to the thermal scanner, inching his way down the corridor, ready to shift directions should any moving image with the red and green color swirl emerge. Suddenly, his own body's thermal image vanished from the display. He banged his palm against the side, cursing under his breath as the error warning "SOLAR DISTORTION" flashed along the top. He looked up, feeling an ominous dread in every shadow he saw. His scanner beeped twice. He looked down and sighed relief at seeing his body's thermal scan reappear. But there was a second figure on the screen now. Right behind him...

"LET'S TEST THE MAINTENANCE SHAFTS."

"All systems clear," Kent read, "But something is blocking the third maintenance shaft."

"Let's test it then," Reese advised.

Kent replied, "We can't from here."

"Duh, genius," Reese sneered.

With a huff, Kent left Reese and made his way to the small anterior shaft opening. He had to crawl on his back to see under it. Clicking his radio, he said, "There's a bit of mildew or something under the rim, but no obstruction." Reese didn't respond. "Reese, you copy that?" No answer. That's when he noticed the viscous substance under the rim began to pulse. Kent's eyes grew wide and he had no time to scream.



GENERAL DEATHS (TRISH)

GENERAL KILL

1

Trish never understood why they ran. It could not be because they thought they could escape. The trail of blood always led her to her lost little lamb. Her coming, their salvation, was unavoidable. Perhaps it was fear that drove them to flight. Fear of the greatness to come, the glory that she would show them. The one cowering on the floor in front of her certainly seemed afraid.

"Hush now, little one," Trish cooed as she stroked Victor's hair. "Soon you shall feel no fear." Trish brought the axe down into Victor's skull. "The dead feel nothing."

GENERAL KILL

2

Alondra struggled to rise from her position on the ground, but her severed Achilles' tendons made that difficult. She slumped back to her knees as the Intruder with the wolfish mask slowly circled her, an almost holy reverence in her step, like those of one completing a ritual.

"Oh what wonderful sights you will see!" a female voice crooned, as she plucked out one of Alondra's eyes with a knife. "How lucky you are this day!"

Alondra gritted her teeth as she grasped the woman's bloody hand. "I've had enough," she said with determination as she drove the knife deep into her brain.

Trish regarded the dead body with disdain. To deny her gift of death was sacrilege. Trish would not allow that to happen a second time.

GENERAL KILL

3

Ting! Ting! An axe tapped against metal walls, high pitched rings emanating from the point of contact. Ting! Ting! The sharp sound reverberated down the long corridor.

Siobhan looked one way, then another, desperately trying to determine where it was coming from. Ting! Ting! She sobbed as she ran haphazardly from the relentless din, bouncing off walls and careening around corners. It was almost a relief when she ran face to mask with Trish. The tinging stopped, replaced by a swish and a thunk as the axe was buried into Siobhan's skull.



GENERAL DEATHS (TRISH)

GENERAL KILL



"Please don't come any closer!" Bartholomew begged as Trish slowly circled him. Her movements were smooth, almost cat-like as she kept herself between her prey and the door. Bartholomew lunged for the door but Trish was ready. Catching his arm in a vice-like grip, she pressed him against the plasti-steel window. The nearby star shone brightly in her black eyes. She gripped Bartholomew's eyelids, forcing them open as she lowered the protective UV shield and bringing the full force of the star's light to bear. He screamed as his corneas bubbled under the full intensity of the ultraviolet assault. His eyes burst with a small pop, and Trish slammed his face into the glass. She had once again brought sight to the blind.

GENERAL KILL



Red warning lights flashed as Trish advanced menacingly toward the terrified woman. "Intruder alert! Intruder alert!" the robotic voice blared.

"No shit!" Raven spat with what she hoped was bravado. It was not.

Trish reached toward an open panel on the wall and wrenched a long piece of electrical cord free from its resting place, causing sparks to cascade across the intermittent darkness. Raven tried to flee, but Trish flung the cord around her neck as she tried to run past. Bright spots filled Raven's vision as her brain became starved for oxygen, and both she and Trish found it beautiful.

GENERAL KILL



Samson struggled mightily with the woman in the wolf mask over the ax. With one final twist he pulled it away from her, throwing her into the lockers that lined the edge of the room. She made no move toward him, and Samson welcomed the brief respite, resting his arms on the handle of the ax. He did not notice as Trish opened the locker and removed its contents: a submachine gun meant for use against hostile alien forces. Bullets tore through Samson and he collapsed to the floor.

"So uncivilized," Trish chided as she tossed the gun away, recovering her precious axe.



GENERAL DEATHS (BAGHEAD)

GENERAL KILL

1

The large silhouette filled the entire doorway. Alexis cowered on the floor though the figure made no movement toward her. He simply stood there with a quiet menace. Her eyes scanned the walls, the floor, for something, anything that she could use as a weapon. When she turned back, the figure was no longer in the doorway, but had moved impossibly quickly and quietly to be right in front of her. She opened her mouth to scream but a hand gripped her from chin to the crown of her head, stifling any sound. A single squeeze and Alexis' skull cracked like an egg.

GENERAL KILL

2

Conrad beat at the arm that held him, but he may as well have been striking a tree. The giant would not release him. In fact, all he got for his struggles was feeling the grip tighten as he was dragged along beside this mountain of a man. Suddenly Baghead stopped and glanced down at the man trying futilely to wrench his arm from his grasp, as if seeing him for the first time. Then he flung the man into the steel wall next to him, his body erupting in a spray of blood and viscera.

GENERAL KILL

3

The woman was escaping. Baghead knew he would not be able to catch up to her. He was strong and surprisingly agile for his size, but sprinting was not his forte. She would escape... and the woman in the wolf mask would be angry. Baghead felt bad when she was angry.

He quickly scanned the various pipes that zigzagged across the ceiling, carrying various gases and liquids to other parts of the ship. Finding a suitable one, he wrenched it free, sending a jet of burning water vapor pouring over him. Baghead paid it no mind, taking careful aim and throwing his makeshift javelin toward his target. It entered her back and pinned her to the wall nearby. Baghead nodded with satisfaction. He would not get in trouble this time.



GENERAL DEATHS (BAGHEAD)

GENERAL KILL



Ziggy ran down the hallway, knocking over stacks of crates as they went to hinder the behemoth's progress. Surely they would at least slow him down. A quick glance behind them showed that to be false, as Baghead tossed the metal crates aside like they were made of paper. With Ziggy's attention elsewhere, they failed to notice the lip of the door in front of them and tripped, falling flat on the floor. They whimpered in fear as Baghead advanced, holding one of the crates on his shoulders as easily as a sack of flour. Ziggy found out just how heavy it was when Baghead dropped it on their face.

GENERAL KILL



The closet door slid shut with an audible hiss. Rahmi hoped the noise had escaped the notice of the Intruder with the bag on his head. She peeked through the small window in the door, exposing as little of herself as possible. When there was no movement outside for some time, Rahmi opened the door hesitantly and poked her head out for a better look. And there it was...the giant, as silent as a stone, waiting patiently. Rahmi attempted to retreat back into the closet but Baghead closed the door while she was halfway through, pinning her in place. But he did not stop there. Instead he continued to push the sliding door, harder and harder, until Rahmi was split quite messily in two.

GENERAL KILL



Collapsing with exhaustion against the metal railing, Hector welcomed the support. But he did not have much time to rest as two gigantic arms clasped his shoulders tightly and lifted him up into the air. He kicked at the massive barrel shaped chest in front of him, but the man did not flinch. Instead, he hurled Hector over the railing and he shrieked as he fell three floors to shatter his body on the metal deck below.



GENERAL DEATHS (ZEKE)

GENERAL KILL

1

Zeke watched the blood begin to pool around his latest victim. The helpless man, his arms and legs limp at his sides, was trying to writhe away like a pathetic worm. Zeke had cut him so many times it was amazing any blood yet remained in his body. It leaked onto the cool steel floor of the ship like spilled paint. When death finally arrived, Zeke sighed in disappointment. This one had only managed to crawl 2.5 meters. He made a mental note. Perhaps if he stabbed instead of cut, the next one would manage better.

GENERAL KILL

2

Benji ripped the locker door open and jammed himself inside, letting the door close behind him. Was that too loud? Had he given away his hiding place? He held his breath, the beating of his heart uncomfortably loud in the cramped metal confines of the locker. Had he escaped? He chanced a look through narrow air vents in the door. No, he had not escaped. He knew this because a knife slid through the vent and into his eyes, cleanly, precisely, as if it had been done a million times. Zeke strolled away whistling as blood began to seep through the bottom of the locker door.

GENERAL KILL

3

Zeke could see the trees and buildings of his hometown on the wall. They just needed some color. He dipped his brush into the deep crimson paint and drew great broad strokes across his canvas. He paid no mind to the horrified screams of those who witnessed his art, nor the one who was currently supplying his grisly pigment. Stabbing his "brush" into the paint once more the screams stopped, and Zeke continued bringing his art to life.

GENERAL DEATHS (ZEKE)

GENERAL KILL



Zeke loved an audience. Peeling another strip of flesh from his still screaming victim, he held it aloft to the adoration of his onlookers. Their applause sent shivers down his spine. Which reminded him... the spine...

Several minutes later Zeke held another grisly trophy out for his audience of three. The victim was no longer screaming. But the audience was screaming...with adulation! Zeke flourished his prize like a magician with a wand. One of the severed heads he had placed in the chairs flopped to the floor.

"Oh!" Zeke exclaimed. "A standing ovation!"

GENERAL KILL



This was utter insanity, Phoebe thought frantically as she fled down the walkway. The man behind her chased after on all fours, baying like a hound on the hunt. And she was the prey. Her breath grew ragged as she tired, but her pursuer seemed only to become more tenacious. Soon he pounced onto her back, wrapping his legs around her and causing her to fall. With a wild yell, he buried his teeth into her throat and tore a large chunk off. As blood spurted from her severed artery, Zeke lifted his head and howled in triumph.

GENERAL KILL



The canvas was squirming. Zeke considered the scene before him, wondered where to cut next. Perhaps a river running between the shoulder blades? Mountains across the pectoral muscles? No, he decided. An artistic heart directly above the true one. How symbolic. The canvas screamed as he began to cut the outline.

"Everybody's a critic," Zeke muttered as he continued with the work.



USS KONRAD EVENTS

FAULTY WIRING (FURNACE)

The flickering flames cast writhing shadows across the cold metal of the Incinerator. The heat was almost unbearable for Minsoo, but the safety the light provided was worth the suffering. At least in here he would not be ambushed by... whoever it was underneath those masks.

As Minsoo tried to disappear even further into the corner he heard a crisp popping sound, almost like someone chewing gum. The next sound he heard was the rending of metal as the Incinerator overheated, exploding outward in a flurry of fire and shrapnel that tore through his chest like paper.

FAULTY WIRING (TRASH COMPACTOR)

Pavati hurried down the hall, the footsteps of the masked Intruder echoing behind her. Rounding a corner, she found herself in the Trash Compactor. The smell was nearly enough to make her gag but she managed to stay silent. She needed a place to hide, and fast. Checking to make sure the safety lock was engaged, she climbed into the Crusher which should hide her from view. She failed, however, to notice the wire leading from the lock had been expertly snipped, which the masked Intruder took full advantage of. Pressing the large red button caused the safety gate to slam shut with Pavati still inside. The grinding of gears drowned out her screams until finally a solid cube of red stained metal and flesh was jettisoned into space.

USS KONRAD ITEM

FLAMETHROWER

Enough is enough. Ignoring the warning label that reads "Do not use in enclosed spaces" with a handwritten addendum "That means you, Juarez!", you twist the canister of flammable liquid into place and squeeze the trigger. The power of the sun bursts forth as you coat the room with dripping fire. Unfazed by the screaming of your fellow crewmates, the entirety of your wrath is directed at your foe. With satisfaction you smell charred flesh, see the burn marks on your enemy, and watch as singed bits of latex mask fall to the floor revealing a gruesome smile.



USS KONRAD TERROR

GAS LEAK

Sarah checked the readout again. The electrical short should be... ah, there it was. With steady, practiced keystrokes she rerouted power to close the leak... the leak to what? Too late, Sarah realized her mistake. Someone had vented the sewage system's methane...into the bloody maintenance shaft! She raced back to the door only to find it locked, a masked face staring calmly at her from the other side of the circular glass window. The masked intruder cocked one ear to the side, as if intrigued by the blue tinge in Sarah's face as she slowly asphyxiated.

CATASTROPHIC HULL BREACH

"Micrometeors incoming, collision imminent. Catastrophic hull breach likely," the robotic voice blared over the intercom. Seamus fought off two of his crewmates as he finished sealing the clamps on his spacesuit and tether. The tiny meteors, traveling at insane speeds, sliced through the hull. The air rushed out of the compartment, tearing the hole even larger, and the crew unfortunate enough to not be safely secured were sucked into the cold vastness of space. Though he too was tossed into space, his tether kept him close.

There was one other space suit he could see, and he waved for them to pull him in. He noticed with confusion that beneath the helmet, they wore a second mask. And then his tether was cut loose, and confused Seamus drifted away from the ship to die slowly in the vacuum of space.

GARBAGE DAY

Xiuling danced down the corridor, tossing plastic bags of trash into her anti-gravity hauler as her music blared through her headphones. That was the last one for the day! She pressed the recall button and the hauler began its return trek to the Trash Compactor.

Xiuling shimmied into the room, her music blinding her to the carnage currently going on. It was only when blood splattered her face that she was shaken from her musical revelry. She fled from the grisly paste that used to be her crewmates as the Compactor slammed into their bodies again and again.



USS KONRAD TERROR

INCINERATOR MALFUNCTION

Alarms blared and the automatic sprinkler system engaged, but that could not stop the relentless inferno that gushed out of the Incinerator. Two blackened corpses lay motionless while one poor soul forgot the first part of the old adage: "Stop, Drop, and Roll" fleeing through the open door, trailing bits of charred flesh behind them. The Intruder wiped a hand across a sign that read "Days since last accident: 7" and wrote "0" with a soot covered finger.

SOLAR INTERFERENCE

"Time to solar flare, 15 seconds," the robotic voice said over the intercom. Perfect timing, thought Siggs as they rushed down the hallway. They raised the communicator to continue the conversation.

"We've got three Intruders onboard!" the voice on the other end warned. "They are considered armed and extremely dangerous!"

Siggs skidded to a halt. "What are their locations?" Siggs questioned.

"Unc... be care... kssssss" the communicator buzzed and hissed. The solar radiation from the flare must be messing with the electronics, Siggs thought. That was the last thought they had as a piece of pipe slammed into the side of their head and their mind went blank.

"LET'S TEST THE MAINTENANCE SHAFTS."

The beep from the acid green monitor in Moss' hand told them someone was nearby. With each electronic chirp, the motion detector showed the entity drawing closer. But the readings were impossible. They seemed to be coming from all around! In front... behind...but there was no one there. Moss scanned their surroundings, the green dot seemingly right on top of them.

There was a screech of metal as the cover to the maintenance shaft peeled away from the wall and a hand reached out, covering Moss' mouth and preventing them from screaming. A second hand slowly worked its way around their neck before unceremoniously wrenching it sideways. The motion detector slowly beeped as a solitary dot wandered away.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

Tom sealed the door behind him. He heard the hiss of the cabin repressurizing and he turned to face the next door. The window was small, but he could see most of the room. It was cleared as far as he could see. Swiping the keycard he opened the next door. The Big Bad Wolf crouched just below the window, lying in wait to tear him apart.

GENERAL KILL

2

Veronica ran down the corridor, as fast as she could. Out of the shadows, the Big Bad Wolf sprang, knocking her to the ground, and speared her calf with its claws. She cried out swinging wildly with the metal pipe in her hand, clipping its ear. The Big Bad Wolf roared and pinned her arms down, then mauled her with its jaws.

GENERAL KILL

3

Ian stared at the floor. The body had been savaged, its ribs cracked apart, and its entrails strewn across the room. His soul screamed out at him but his analytical mind took over, assessing the horrifying images in front of him. Something had dragged the corpse a long way from where it was killed. It was here to finish the job. Just as his brain made that conclusion, the Big Bad Wolf rose up and attacked.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



Helen stared down the dark hallway, waiting, holding her breath. The attack came silent and swift. Faster than a blink, she ducked, barely avoiding the claw that reached for her eyes. A scream echoed through the ship, and she almost dropped the drill she'd found to cover her ears. "Come on then," she thought to herself, and tightened her grip on the drill handle. The Big Bad Wolf whipped around, teeth bared, she pressed down on the start button and heard the drill start up, then the battery fizzle out. "NO!" she screamed, but it was too late.

GENERAL KILL



The past five minutes could have been five days, or five years. Eddie's breath came fast and shallow as he tried to block the pain from the long gash in his left leg. He scanned the room, pipes burst and expelling toxic steam, blocking his view. The next attack came as silent as the first, hitting him from behind, and knocking him to the ground. This time he lost his gun. He rolled for it, reaching for where it had skittered under a hot pipe. The Big Bad Wolf saw its prey down and howled in delight, clawing Eddie's face.

GENERAL KILL



Ears ringing, and hand numb, Carrie tried to shake the fog of pain and hopelessness that threatened to drown her. With her left hand she pulled the wrench out from under her broken legs, fumbling to pry the wreckage out from under the door so it could close. She struggled to move it just an inch... when the paw of the Big Bad Wolf, claws extended, came down on her hand.



BIG BAD WOLF TERROR

THE JAWS THAT BITE

Paolo turned the corner to find Susan staring down at a gelatinous pile in front of her. "What is it?" her voice hoarse with terror. "That was Brad, it ate him." Paolo said, trying to pull her away. He turned to find himself staring into the Big Bad Wolf's enormous maw, and there was nowhere to run.

THE CLAWS THAT SCRATCH

Kiara couldn't shake the feeling that something was watching her. She didn't know if it was nerves or being on a ship for too long, but she was certain there was something else on this ship. She'd been working in the maintenance shaft for most of the day and the quiet must have gotten to her. She headed for the mess hall when the Big Bad Wolf began to chase her. She didn't know what was behind her but Kiara ran for her life, leading the beast directly for everyone on the ship, where its claws would rip them all to shreds.

I'LL HUFF AND I'LL PUFF

Bill whimpered and crawled back further into the lockers. He wanted to be home. He wanted to be mining on a moon. He wanted to be anywhere but here. He heard something getting knocked over around the corner and covered his mouth. A tear ran down his cheek. The ship's cat came out staring at him quizzically. "Howdy," he whispered, then the Big Bad Wolf crashed through the room and gobbled him whole.

COME CLOSER, MY PRETTY

Hàoyu dragged himself towards the air shaft. Linette and Trey grabbed him under each arm and carried him along. "Last shot, we can lure him here, and blast him into space," Trey said. Linette swiped the keycard to open the door so they could place the bait... Hàoyu knew his wounds made him a goner, it was a sacrifice he was willing to make. The door opened, and the Big Bad Wolf was there to attack all of them.

ALL THE BETTER TO EAT YOU

Colette let out a horrible shriek, as the Big Bad Wolf grabbed her head in one claw and twisted it off, like a jar of pickles, then threw it thudding to the floor. It snatched up her body in its jaws, turned, and bounded down the hall. "Her legs were still moving," Lang said. "She was still trying to run."



BIG BAD WOLF TERROR

“GOING FOR A WALK TODAY?”

Raequan had to go outside. If he got in the suit and made his way across the ship, he could get more systems up and running and possibly lure the Big Bad Wolf to an airlock. He fitted on his helmet and stepped outside. Slowly he dragged and locked one foot after the other across the outer hull. He had reached the door on the other side when he watched it open as if by itself. The creature was there. “How,” he said. “How did you get on a space suit?” The massive wolf did not answer, but dragged him off of the hull and pushed him out into darkness.

IT SNARLED WITH RED GLOWING EYES

Ricco and Anita walked down the corridor. Blood dripped from his nose, and his black eye was swollen shut. She touched his shoulder as they approached the room, pitch black. “It’s behind us,” he said emotionlessly. She could tell he was going into shock. They stood in silence staring at the darkness. Then the Big Bad Wolf jumped out and clawed her across the face while bringing Ricco in close with its other arm biting down on his neck.

ON THE HUNT

Aoi pressed the buttons on the panel frantically. She needed to close the doors, all of them. She knew that meant someone might be trapped in with that... monster... but she had no choice. Frannie was running towards her, yelling for her to wait, but it was too late. She closed the door shutting Frannie off to her fate. It was only as the door locked shut that she registered what the mechanic had yelled, “The wolf is in there WITH YOU!”

BIG BAD WOLF DARK POWER

RAVENOUS HUNGER

Marques was in charge of security on this ship, and he wasn’t going down without a fight. He handed a weapon to each person, his inner strength keeping him calm, giving them advice. He touched Alvarez’s shoulder when he started to get worried, and hugged Lin briefly. Then they went into the mess hall, ready for war. The Big Bad Wolf dropped from the ceiling and all plans were for nothing.



USS KONRAD EVENTS

FAULTY WIRING (FURNACE)

Rivaan dragged the waste behind him, cursing as he went. Someone had trashed the common area, and then disappeared. It was up to him to clean up this mess because the rest of his colleagues on this bucket of rust were lazy and self absorbed. It's not like there was a janitor to keep the ship in a manner in which he was accustomed to, and of course no one else offered. He kept muttering how ungrateful they were while tossing the torn papers, and containers into the Incinerator. Suddenly he felt someone shove him from behind. He was so surprised he tumbled in and heard the door slam shut. "What the—" he said before realizing he was inside the Incinerator. He turned and started to push the door back open when he met the glowing red eyes of the Big Bad Wolf on the other side of the door. With deliberate movement the giant beast reached over and turned it on. Frantically pulling the emergency shutoff lever Rivaan scrambled as close to the door as he could. It didn't work. The woosh of the fire engulfed him and then all was pain.

FAULTY WIRING (TRASH COMPACTOR)

Su-Ho ran down the corridor looking for a place to hide. She stumbled to her knees slamming them into the metal below. The pain caused her vision to narrow, and she struggled to keep from blacking out. She wasn't sure she could run after that fall and testing her legs to get back up proved her right as pain shot up from her knees. What was nearby? She looked around and she was at the Trash Compactor. She dragged herself closer and opened the door. The smell of garbage washed over her, and she struggled not to gag as she climbed into the Crusher. Struggling to make it inside, she flailed her legs over and accidentally kicked the button to start the Crusher. Her arms were pinned before she could react.



USS KONRAD ITEM

FLAMETHROWER

Jenette's eyes lock onto the Big Bad Wolf. It stares at her, mouth frozen in a snarl. She couldn't move, it was as if she were encased in a cement block of terror. You come running in, flamethrower in hand. "GET OUT OF THE WAY!" you scream. That got the monster's attention and it runs at you both, but Jenette was still rooted to the spot. You scream again, and flame shoots out of the nozzle. It catches Jenette's side, burning her to a crisp and partially blocking the attack on the monster. One paw was burned raw, but the other...that one nearly gets you as you dart away.



USS KONRAD TERROR

GAS LEAK

Adhira backed up into the corner of the room, facing the snarling monster in front of her. She crouched slowly feeling for the grate to the maintenance shaft behind her. Blood roared in her ears, and the sharp snarls made it impossible to tell if she had succeeded in closing off the leak. Her fingers fumbled along the wall until she felt the metal grate. She twisted the bolts at each of the corners, her shaky hands moving impossibly slow. A part of her wondered why the Big Bad Wolf hadn't attacked yet, but the panic and adrenaline left no room for anything but the task at hand. Finally the grate clattered to the floor, and she backed her way into the dark corridor, only to realize the hissing sound she'd failed to hear was the gas leak she'd hoped to stop.

CATASTROPHIC HULL BREACH

"Don't get attacked when mining an asteroid field," Geon thought to himself as he tried to make his way back to the bridge when he saw the hulk of frozen silicate coming towards them. Its path appeared deceptively slow, almost lazily rotating through space, but he knew if they hit it, it would destroy them all, even the Big Bad Wolf who had appeared out of nowhere to attack them. He looked over his shoulder expecting to see it. It was amazing how the fear of one kind of death could lessen the effect of another, even an inexplicable predator. The gravity dampeners meant he could not feel the ship change course, but someone must have been able to change coordinates as the rock veered away from him. It wasn't enough, Geon grabbed a duct running the length of the wall as a smaller asteroid slammed into the side and tore open a hole in the hull. He heard a scream as Hiro was pulled from around the corner along with the Big Bad Wolf. The wolf grabbed the duct alongside him and swiped at Geon. Startled, he let go and was pulled out into space.

GARBAGE DAY

Musa quietly let his team into the waste management area. It was disgusting, but also would mask their smell. He believed the wolf must be able to track them that way, and this was a better chance of staying hidden. Aarti glared at him, "I'm not going in there," she hissed. Mikah grabbed her wrist from inside, "I'm not happy either, but better to shower later than die now." Musa smiled at his friend who started to smile back when his face froze. Musa turned around to see the Big Bad Wolf and gasped. "No!" he shrieked. "How did you find us?" He backed up as if he could run, and slammed into the Crusher controls instead, hitting the On button. "Turn it off!" Mikah yelled, but Musa paid no attention, trying instead to run away. There was nowhere to run, and soon all were screaming.



USS KONRAD TERROR

INCINERATOR MALFUNCTION

Femi circled the Big Bad Wolf. She had drawn this monster from her nightmares here to trap and burn it. If she could coax it a little closer, she may have a chance. Alice ran into the Furnace room, eyes wide from fear, gasping. "There's a —" she saw the Big Bad Wolf, and started to scream again, hands clawing at her face, knees giving out so she sank to the floor. The wolf lunged at Femi, and she pulled it in, hoping to at least pull it into the Incinerator with her, but the button didn't work as she pressed it. "Turn it on!" she yelled through her pain, but Alice just sat and screamed and screamed.

SOLAR INTERFERENCE

Twill watched the blip on the screen move away from them. They breathed a sigh of relief. Their hiding spot was still safe. Suddenly Twill's screen turned to static. They panicked smacking the stupid machine. Then they realized the increase in magnetism from the solar interference was messing with their readings. Twill waited a moment for it to clear. When it did, the blip was right in front of them and the Big Bad Wolf tore through the boxes and into them.

"LET'S TEST THE MAINTENANCE SHAFTS."

Cynthia hoped she could flush out the Big Bad Wolf. It was huge, but in such tight quarters it couldn't use its massive size against her. With the flamethrower she headed into the maintenance shaft. She listened to her team give her directions on the two-way, moving cautiously as she went. The Big Bad Wolf took its time, trying to circle around her, but finally she positioned herself ready to drive it into her team's waiting arms. Then she discovered how fast it could truly move, when it circled behind her before she could find a cross space to turn, and dragged her into the void.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

Peyton pushed back her chair and stretched. A long day of monitoring the Konrad's life support systems was at an end. She fiddled with her favorite antique letter opener on the desk for a moment until she felt hands on her shoulders.

"Hey, Mateo," she said without turning to look. "Ready for tonight?"

It was then that Peyton noticed it wasn't hands on her shoulder; it was only one hand on her shoulder. She sprang to her feet just in time to come face-to-face with the bloody, bandaged face of a woman dressed as a nurse. The nurse released a horrible shriek and rammed Peyton's letter opener into her ear canal, through to her brain. She would not die quickly. The internal bleeding took its time.

GENERAL KILL

2

The Ratchet Lady's pained moaning reverberated through the sterile halls of the ship. In response, Mwandi heard her followers wail their own mournful replies. There were so many. Former crew, now mad and murderous. Mwandi locked the door and barred it shut with a table and chairs. Then, a low chortle of laughter from inside the room with him. Helmsman Allen was there, bloody hands clutching a sonic drill. Mwandi rushed to unbuild his barricade, but he had only removed the first chair before the drill rammed into the back of his head. Allen pulled the trigger and scrambled the inside of Mwandi's skull like a blender full of cherries.

GENERAL KILL

3

Liam had shot the nurse with the bandaged eyes three times with his blaster. She was down. Unmoving. He cautiously approached, carefully nudging her corpse with his boot. Nothing. Satisfied, Liam allowed himself a moment of relief as he slumped onto the ground beside his felled foe. With his head in his hands, he didn't see the one in-tact hand flinch. The good hand seized Liam's lightknife from his boot sheathe, lit it, and dragged its laser-like blade from his groin up to his chin, he was dead before he could realize he had failed to save the ship or indeed, himself.





GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



Private Abramov had killed some of her maniacs. Some of his friends. When the Ratchet Lady took your mind, there was nothing left of who you used to be. Somewhere, the nurse screeched, "I will care for you. I will heal you." The men and women he once called "friends" howled all throughout the Konrad. And suddenly, it became clear to Abramov. He was surprised to find he felt no hesitation nor fear. All but one of the old-world rounds in his antique firearm were spent. As the sounds of the maniacs and the nurse drew nearer, he placed the old handgun to his temple and ensured that the Ratchet Lady could not corrupt him as she had the others.

GENERAL KILL



She tried to fight at first, but Chanda's psychotic former crewmates rushed her all at once. She mortally wounded one or two, but she was extremely outnumbered. A hyper scalpel to the inner arm severed a ligament there, causing Chanda to drop her rifle. A cell separator plunged into her clavicle slowly and painfully began to deconstruct her. A bronchoscope ironically pierced into the side of her neck. A dynaprobe forced into her stomach, which did its job and began expanding. Before her consciousness fully fell to black, she saw the Ratchet Lady approach. The monstrous woman held Chanda. "I'll take care of you," she said in a harsh voice, slowly pushing the tips of a pair of autoneuroforceps into her skull through her wide-open eye socket.

GENERAL KILL



G.I.L., the Konrad's A.I., continually announced the deaths. One after the other, announcements about when another crewmember's life signs were no longer detected. G.I.L. couldn't tell you when a crewmember had lost their mind thanks to the nurse, but he could announce when they took another life. Gunnery Sergeant Naomi Redd listened to the A.I. perform its macabre counting duty as she stared into the face of evil. The Ratchet Lady stood in the doorway. Just breathing. With her blastrifle now dead, Naomi drew a pair of lightknives and charged the dreadful creature. Faster than Naomi thought possible, the nurse made a single deft evasive maneuver, and thrust a simple metal scalpel in through Naomi's screaming mouth and into the base of her brain.



RATCHET LADY TERROR

WHISPERS IN THE DARK

She begins to remove the bandages from her eyes, but just before revealing whatever ghastly thing is beneath them, she turns defiantly away from you, almost as a challenge. Her gaze falls upon Westin, the young apprentice navigator. His eyes go wild as he looks into the Ratchet Lady's face. She whispers something that only he can hear. The yowling of the others driven mad by similar encounters with her echo through the corridors and Westin soon joins them in heinous chorus. He seizes a nearby laser welder and uses it to fuse his own eye shut for no discernible reason, screaming all the while. Madness is coming for you.

“DON'T WORRY, THIS WON'T HURT...”

How is she that fast with a limp? She never rushes, and yet she's always just around the corner, always hovering just out of your field of vision. You can hear the uneven gait as she walks echoing off the walls of the ship. She wants you in a different way than she wants the rest of the Konrad's crew. It is your resistance that draws her, your strength. As if reading your thoughts, you hear her whisper, “You will let me undo your mind. Or you will die. And it will not... be... quick.” She leaves a trail of entrails on her path toward you.

“JOIN US OR DIE!”

The crew is going mad. Their minds descended into an unknowable state of hysteria and barbaric ecstasy. Midshipman Keller resisted and you were proud. But then the maniacs used their knives and axes and tools to rip him apart piece by bloody piece. Swaim, the master-at-arms, was one of them in moments, tittering with laughter even as he clawed deep grooves into his own skin with his fingernails. When a crewmember would break like Swaim, they would join the other maniacs roaming the Konrad, hunting for others to break in like kind. If they resisted like Keller, they were killed. Death or delirium. This was what the Ratchet Lady wanted.

“KEEP HER BUSY...”

Between you and Doctor Keyes is a sea of crazed former crewmembers of the Konrad. But there is nothing you can do to stop Ratchet Lady as she advances on the good doctor, who stands frozen in fear. She commands her mad apostles to go for you while she works, and they oblige. You cry out in vain as Ratchet Lady raises a fistful of hypodermic needles and thrusts their tips into Doctor Keyes' face. His scream is somehow more haunting than those of the maniacs.





RATCHET LADY TERROR

“LET ME TEND TO YOUR WOUNDS...”

The blighted nurse moved through the Konrad with no fear of reprisal whatsoever. The terror she instilled into the ship's crew was complete. Upon hearing her voice and beholding her twisted features, most could do nothing but whimper. She was an unholy plague with a seemingly unquenchable lust for violence. She used a fibrospanner to split open Third Officer Blechley's skull at the nose. Lead Electric Engineer Drash had his windpipe crushed against his spine with a bionisplint. Each life she took filled her with renewed ardor, but it was more than that. The wounds given to her by the crew of the Konrad began to seal as she killed. There was no stopping evil like that.

BLOODLETTING

The Ratchet Lady held a kitchen knife in her one and only hand. And that was all she needed. She swept through the ship unopposed. The crew she encountered, in beholding her twisted and gruesome face, would fight the madness attempting to take hold of their minds. And her blade would flash in these moments. Slit throats mostly, leaving behind pools of red flowing beneath airlocked doors. Each murder fueled the next. Her madness was bizarre: inflict the lethal wound, then demand the “patient” give in to the mania. If not, she saw her grim task to completion.

“LEAVE HER TO ME!”

She limps toward you silently. The wails of the mad that flank her are haunting and baleful, and immediately cease as Ratchet Lady opens her mouth to quietly speak. “Take the others,” she hisses. Her bandaged eyes search the cramped spaces of the Konrad, probing via supernatural means until her gaze—if you can call it that—falls on you. “But you will leave this one to me.” The maniacs shriek in response and scatter while the woman clad in a blood-caked nurse's uniform makes for you. A sustained, single-toned wowl forms in the back of her throat. She is coming.



USS KONRAD EVENTS

FAULTY WIRING (FURNACE)

Chief Security Officer Briggs watched in horror as two of his privates reached their bare hands into the inner workings of the Incinerator's maintenance panel, ripping free great handfuls of wiring. He ordered them to stop, but their minds were gone; taken by the Ratchet Lady. As Private Love's and Private Kang's skin sizzled and popped from the self-inflicted fatal electrocution, Briggs closed his eyes to accept his fate. The Incinerator's core overheated. A critical failure. It blanketed anyone nearby in superheated flame, obliterating them in seconds.

FAULTY WIRING (TRASH COMPACTOR)

Asashi Sato was just a Financial Auditor. She wasn't cut out for this. That was how she justified not being able to save her friend and supervisor Renee, who had been macerated by the Crusher. In a numb daze, she held Renee's now-severed arms as they gushed what blood they contained onto her white pants. The Crusher had programmed safeties against accidents like these, Asashi thought. How could this happen? As if to answer her silent question, a data scientist she recognized emerged from behind the Crusher with a wild smile, mirthlessly laughing. He held an activated pyrodriver. It was him. He had sabotaged the Crusher. And had he pushed Renee into it? "Come heal with us," he called to her.





USS KONRAD ITEM

FLAMETHROWER

You can hear the hiss of the pilot light as you raise the blazing nozzle of the flamethrower. It is not recklessness, because you know the consequences of your actions. It is not cold heartedness because yours aches with the pain you're about to cause. It is simply what must be done. The bloody nurse and her minions cannot remain on the Konrad. It has to be done. The flames consume all in their path. An inferno of your own making melts skin and muscle like styrofoam. Down to the bone; that's the way it has to be. It devours all unfortunate enough to be in its dispassionate path...maybe even you, if you're not careful.



USS KONRAD TERROR

GAS LEAK

Many of the Konrad's hardworking crew had been reduced to stark raving lunatics. Their hysterical cries could be heard throughout the ship's corridors and cabins. In their wild flailings, one of them had struck a gas main. The scent was unmistakable, but noticed far too late. Vomiting, headaches, and weakness...symptoms that most attributed to finding their friends' and co-workers' mutilated corpses throughout the ship, was in fact something else entirely. It was no longer just the Ratchet Lady or her maniac followers who claimed the lives of men and women on the Konrad.

CATASTROPHIC HULL BREACH

The sound of the alarm is deafening. Everyone knows what it means, though nobody wants to believe it. The Konrad has a hull breach. You cycle through security cameras until you find the room spilling its contents into the void of space. How many were there when the hull ripped apart? You consider what they must have gone through. Asphyxiation. Helplessness. If they held their breath on reflex, their lung tissue would have abruptly ruptured as the air expanded into their chest cavity. You break free of these lurid contemplations as you hear the mad whooping of the crazed crew turned to madness by the Ratchet Lady. The herd of the insane are coming.

GARBAGE DAY

Latif was a custodian. Taking the trash and tossing it into the Crusher was commonplace. What was not commonplace was the mangled remnants of human bodies that greeted him when he opened the device. He screamed incoherently, eventually managing to get out, "Th-There's been an accident!"

The others working at the compactor flew into a panic and ran. Others ran into the room. Those that did were zealous and wrong-headed. They moaned and clawed at their former comrades, forcing former friends into the waiting jaws of the deadly piece of machinery. Latif could hear the crunching of human bone and the squelching of flesh and tissue even over the screams.



USS KONRAD TERROR

INCINERATOR MALFUNCTION

There was a struggle at the Furnace. They say that Mr. Hollis, the revenue manager, was off his rocker. He assaulted one of the mechanical engineers, shouting at him to "Join us" and that "She only wants to care for us!" It ended with Hollis pushing the mechanical engineer into the Incinerator. Then all hell broke loose. Friends carving out one another's eyes with omnichisels, severing appendages with isosaws. They called it a malfunction, but you know better. It's the Ratchet Lady. She is pitting the crew against itself, scouring the ship for weak minds to control and strong minds to eliminate. The battle at the Furnace won't be the last.

SOLAR INTERFERENCE

Your communications systems are temporarily offline. Dr. Bard the astrophysicist said something about it relating to the gravitational pull of an uncharted and superdense sun the Konrad was passing near. With the systems down, you can no longer warn the rest of crew where to go to avoid the bloodied nurse or the crewmembers she had driven insane. You simply pray they don't find you and go off to find somewhere to hide. As you round a corner, you find the headless bodies of three of the crew slumped there, their hearts still pumping blood up through their neck stumps. Danger is nearby!

"LET'S TEST THE MAINTENANCE SHAFTS."

Docking Pilot Huang rushed to his post after Lead Pilot Schmidt was found dead with a bone saw in his eye. As the pilot made his way in a panic, he did not notice the vibrofuser in the frail and bloodstained hand of the Ratchet Lady extending from a maintenance shaft grill. It amputated his foot at the ankle, cauterizing the grievous wound instantaneously. As he fell to the corridor floor, Ratchet Lady crawled from her hiding spot. Huang screamed in mortal terror. The nurse said nothing. She activated the vibrofuser once more and passed it over the crown of Huang's head, cleanly removing the top half of his skull. She left the pilot twitching on the floor, soulless eyes staring at the ceiling.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

Hank was dead. Tyson slammed his fist into the wall looking down at the body of his best friend. Something had bitten Hank, and the resulting infection had claimed his life only moments before. Tyson slumped against the wall, losing track of time in his grief. A noise from Hank brought him back to his senses. He scrambled to his friend. "Hank?" In response Hank, eyes now glazed, grabbed him by the shoulders and sank his teeth into Tysons jaw, ripping it from his skull. Tyson screamed but the carnage continued until Tyson lay still.

GENERAL KILL

2

Kori had told her little sister, Jade, to meet her here. So where was she? Shuffling sounds behind her. Kori turned to see Jade limping towards her. She was hurt! Kori rushed over. "Jade. What happened to you?" A sharp pain in Kori's shoulder cut her short. Jade had bitten her! Kori screamed as Jade bit down harder, pulling the skin from Kori's body. Kori clutched her shoulder stumbling back. Jade looked back at her with dead eyes, blood dripping from her mouth. Tears poured down Kori's cheek. "Jade... what are you doing...?" Jade lunged at her, taking Kori to the ground and tearing at her flesh until Kori was dead.

GENERAL KILL

3

The coast was clear. Removing the false plating from the wall, Lyla moved her hidden stash into her sack. She'd wanted to swipe more from the cargo but with all the rumors onboard about some disease they'd picked up on Titan-6, Lyla knew it was time to bounce. She made her way carefully through the halls moving towards the escape pods. Rounding the corner, she crashed headlong into someone, bag tumbling from her hands. "Watch it, man!" Lyla said. The man groaned in response, pinning her to the wall. He sunk his teeth into her neck, tearing out her vocal cords before she could scream. Lyla wasn't going anywhere anymore.

GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



Harper ran for her life. She had just watched her husband turn into a ravenous zombie and was not about to share in his fate. She stopped as she saw a group of zombies block her path ahead. Turning she raced back the way she had come, only to see another group already in pursuit. She was trapped. Screaming and clawing as best as she could, it was only a matter of time before she was consumed by the horde, soon after rising to join the legions of the dead.

GENERAL KILL



Jeff tended to the wound on his arm. He was as good as dead. Bitten by one of those cursed creatures, he would soon succumb to the disease. There was no use running anymore. Jeff could hear more of the creatures outside the door. It was time. Rushing them with everything he had, Jeff rounded the corner, tackling the nearest zombie to the ground. He punched it again and again. The other zombies surrounded him, their teeth tearing into him. Jeff cried out in rage and pain, never ceasing his punches until he could punch no longer. Collapsing, the zombies descended on him like vultures, picking his bones clean.

GENERAL KILL



A horde of zombies limped torturously slow past Kathryn's hiding spot. This was supposed to be a routine cargo run! How had it all gone sideways so fast? A careless zombie bumped into her hiding place, causing Kathryn to cry out in fear. The horde stopped, changing directions towards her. She screamed as they pulled her from her hiding space. Kathryn felt rows of teeth biting into her all over. Heard the chunks of flesh splashing into the pooling blood beneath her. She thrashed, trying to escape, but it didn't matter. Soon she was dead, just like the rest of them.



ZOMBIES TERROR

“THEY’RE COMING TO GET YOU!”

Captain Arthur Houston walked to his death, head held high. This was all his fault, and it was time to pay the price. “They are coming for you!” the girl had said, “Somehow they’re drawn to you.” As long as he was alive, the zombies would group up. Overwhelm them. And the girl needed to succeed. She was reluctant. Arthur had been her only ally. She couldn’t do this without him. But the lives of his crew were at stake. The screams of his people echoed throughout the ship. Taunting him. A zombie stumbled into view. He clenched his fist, squaring up with it. “Come and get me,” he growled.

“THERE’S DEAD PEOPLE EVERYWHERE!”

You can’t believe your eyes. The holo-screen above you is being broadcast across the U.S.S. Konrad. You watch as a group of survivors attempt to hold off a horde of zombies, but they’re no match and you know it. You rush to kill the feed at the nearest terminal. This will send them into a panic, giving the zombies even more fuel for their hordes. The screen cuts off just as the survivors are overwhelmed. That’s when you hear the screaming. It seems to come from everywhere. You were too late. Soon there will be dead people everywhere...



ZOMBIES TERROR

“DON’T FORGET... DOUBLE TAP!”

Carl couldn't believe he was taking orders from a lower rank. He was Chief of Security! But he had to admit, her plan could work. He and the others just needed to buy her some time. Drawing his plasma pistol, Carl opened fire, dropping the zombie to the ground. He laughed, moving to examine what was left. That wasn't so hard. Yet something nagged at him. What had the girl said? "Don't forget... double tap?" The zombie stirred to life, pulling Carl to the ground and knocking the gun from his hand. Elsewhere, you hear the sound of the screams. Carl failed. Maybe the rest of them too. You're running out of time.

“I’M THE MEAT IN A ZOMBIE SANDWICH!”

You try to catch your breath, building up your courage. You know you can't stay here. Even now, the zombies are attacking everyone they find, swarming from all sides, like people are the meat in a zombie sandwich.



USS KONRAD EVENTS

FAULTY WIRING (FURNACE)

Melissa watched through the glass on the Incinerator door as the zombies swept through the room. Taylor. Jessica. Mike. She hardly recognized her friends' mangled faces anymore. Holding back tears, she cowered within the Incinerator. She had come here with several other crew members but there had only been enough room in the Incinerator for her. Were they even alive out there? CLICK. Melissa looked around. The Incinerator was on! Too late, she remembered Garret's warning about the faulty wiring. Too late, she reached for the door, as flames consumed her body. Too late, she opened the door releasing a torrent of flame into the room and fell... dead.

FAULTY WIRING (TRASH COMPACTOR)

Garret worked his way to the exit. He could see shapes moving towards him as he pushed forward. Zombies or not, everyone was a potential threat. Reaching the door, he tried to work the controls. Something was wrong. He pounded at it, kicking the Crusher to life. Garret tried to stop it, but the panel wouldn't respond! He could feel the walls closing in, the trash gathering up around him. He couldn't move. Couldn't think. Couldn't tell if that was him screaming or if it was someone else. He felt his bones snap, his body folding under the pressure until the darkness consumed him with a sickening CRUNCH!



USS KONRAD ITEM

FLAMETHROWER

"You sure this thing will work?" you ask, checking the flamethrower in your hands. "Y-yes. I think," Yolanda stammers. You look at her skeptically. She shrugs apologetically. BANG! You and the others turn towards the door. Looks like you're out of options anyway. You switch it on, sparking the flamethrower to life. Finally, something's going your way. You push the others aside standing at the ready. "Let 'em in," you say, smiling.



USS KONRAD TERROR

GAS LEAK

Conner stumbled into the room, eyes drooping. It had to be around here somewhere. A soft hissssss reached his ears, drawing his attention to the damaged pipe. If he couldn't repair the gas leak there was no telling how many people it would kill. A groan from outside the room sent him scrambling for cover. Not now! Conner could hear the zombie limping just outside. It was rhythmic. Soothing almost. His breathing slowed. He couldn't keep his eyes open. He needed to sleep. As he closed his eyes for the last time, he prayed that no one else was in the connected rooms or they would share his fate.

CATASTROPHIC HULL BREACH

Riley ran, clutching his side. They had come so far! The escape pod was just ahead! As if on cue, a group of zombies stumbled into the hallway ahead of them. But Riley wasn't about to let that stop him. He zipped through the zombies, leaving his friends to deal with them. Riley heard them struggling as he worked to open the escape pod door. An explosion from behind forced Riley to the floor. "Catastrophic Hull Breach. Sealing in progress," the Konrad's AI announced. The last thing Riley ever saw was the tear in the Konrad's hull as he was sucked out into the cold, vast void of space.

GARBAGE DAY

Terra fled for her life, sliding into the Crusher. The zombies had come out of nowhere! Screams echoed down to her from everywhere, but at least she was safe. Maybe she would find other survivors. Maybe they could escape together! A red alarm sounded above her. "Error. Crusher Malfunction. Please vacate the area." Terra's heart dropped as the Crusher began closing in. She tried to move, but the shifting garbage had trapped her leg! She pulled with all her strength, but it was no use. She screamed as the Crusher slowly, and painfully, closed in around her, leaving her blood to ooze onto the floor below.

USS KONRAD TERROR

INCINERATOR MALFUNCTION

Tiffany slammed the door shut. She could hear the screams of the friends she had left behind. BANG! Tiffany flinched. They were coming for her now. BANG! BANG! She turned, spotting the Incinerator. Maybe she could use it against the horde... BANG! BANG! BANG! Tiffany rushed over, not taking the time to glance around at who else might be in the room. This was her last chance. Throwing the Incinerator door open, she prepped the machine for the zombies' arrival. Something crackled within the machine. Sparks flew, sending Tiffany stumbling back just in time to receive the sudden rush of flames that consumed the room and everyone inside.

SOLAR INTERFERENCE

Lyle couldn't believe his eyes. He had been sure the solar deflectors would be enough... but data doesn't lie. The Solar Flare had changed everything. Now only he could prevent this disease from spreading. "Warning. Solar Flare detected. Impact imminent." Lyle looked at the Konrad's speakers. Another one would stir the horde, sending them into a frenzy! He braced himself as the ship shook from the collision. That's when the screaming began. Lyle made a break for the exit. Too late. A zombie stumbled into view, knocking him to the ground. Lyle screamed as the zombie bit into him, tearing the flesh from his body until his screams were silenced.

"LET'S TEST THE MAINTENANCE SHAFTS."

Emma sang to herself under her breath to keep herself calm. She needed to find Jack, but the zombies were everywhere! Moving would only put her in more danger. Unless... Her eyes fixated on the entrance to the maintenance shaft. Slowly, she crept towards the door. She needed to test her theory. Reaching the door, she opened it wide. She screamed as Jack toppled out, knocking her down. "Jack! Where...?" Emma stopped. Jack's face was bloodied and shredded, his eyes glazed over. He groaned, biting into her throat. Tears blurred her eyes as she twitched, the life draining from her and pooling around her in a thick crimson puddle.



