

FINAL GIRL

WINGARD COTTAGE

GRUESOME DEATHS

YOU HOLD IN YOUR HAND A BOOK OF GRUESOME DEATHS FOR USE WITH WINGARD COTTAGE. 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.

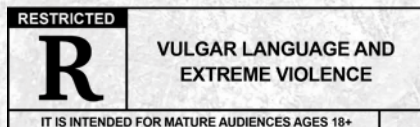
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THE FOLLOWING HAS BEEN RATED



WINGARD COTTAGE

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GENERAL DEATHS (HATCHLING)

GENERAL KILL



Robby sighed. He had argued with his parents about coming out here but, as always, they didn't listen to him. Internet access was hard to come by in these woods, and you could pretty much forget about plopping in front of the TV all day—his mother and father were insistent that he spend some time “connecting with nature”—whatever that meant. To top it off, he'd had a funny lump in his throat ever since waking. A sudden, sharp pain where the lump was made him cry out, then begin to scream as the pain blossomed. He fell to his knees, sharp teeth tearing his throat apart from the inside, as the Hatchling burrowed out of Robby's throat, shrieked, then scampered off to the surrounding woods.

GENERAL KILL



Lacey was ravenous. She'd eaten through an impressive chunk of the Cottage's food stores, which was probably the source of her indigestion. Her stomach had been burbling away all day. She clutched at her abdomen, feeling her digestive pain worsen. No, it was more than that. Something was very wrong. She raised her shirt to see her stomach bulging, distending, as if something inside wanted out. She watched in mute horror as a ragged hole bloomed violently in her belly and, with her last moments of life, watched the gore-soaked insectoid Hatchling scuttle away.

GENERAL KILL



Aaron wasn't feeling great. Actually, that was an understatement. Aaron thought he was having a heart attack. Here, in the middle of nowhere, with help miles away. He clutched his chest as the agony intensified. It felt like his heart was beating out of his chest. He tore his shirt up to discover it appeared to be doing just that. A dull crunch sounded as his sternum gave way and his ribs snapped like kindling. Blood fountained out in waves as a strange, insectoid creature finished punching its way out of Aaron, gave a single infantile cry, and scurried off into the darkness.



GENERAL DEATHS (YOUNGLING)

GENERAL KILL



Lisa was starting to lose her cool. This marked the third squirrel she'd found, and it was no better than the others. It had been eviscerated in brutal fashion, as if something had raggedly and hurriedly torn its way through to the poor thing's vulnerable insides. What's worse was the fact that all the internal organs of each squirrel had been absent, as if whoever or whatever had done this had taken them as a sick trophy—or a snack. A sudden skittering noise made Lisa gasp. She slowly approached the dark corner, thinking squirrel number four might be lying there, suffering. As she neared, a bizarre insectoid creature launched itself at Lisa, and as it tore and ate its way through her abdomen to the sustenance within, Lisa's last thought was one of sudden understanding.

GENERAL KILL



The wind whispered softly through the trees. Erik paused, letting the soothing sound fill him. He'd always loved it out here, surrounded by nature without a soul to disturb his calm. A minute scabbling noise gave him pause. It sounded too big to be a chipmunk, and too small for anything else. It came again—closer now, growing in volume. Erik turned to see what his confused brain initially took for a toddler-sized beetle, letting out a frenzied bellow as it launched itself at his neck. It tore into Erik's throat, cutting off his scream mid-note as it burrowed in search of grisly provender. The wind whispered softly through the trees.

GENERAL KILL



There it was again. A kind of scratching noise. Hannah didn't know how better to describe it. It was almost maddening at this point, and as she poked around to locate its source, she finally pinpointed the dark corner from which it originated. She edged toward it, broom at the ready to swat the creature that had been driving her crazy. As she approached, some sort of nightmare creature—much bigger than the rat she'd been expecting—burst from the shadows, landing on her chest, and burrowed its way into Hannah in search of its bloody repast.



GENERAL DEATHS (ADULT)

GENERAL KILL



Kristin pounded another nail into her plank. It wasn't pretty, but it would have to do. Surely, she'd be able to hurt that thing if she could just land a blow. She finished not a moment too soon, as a low growl announced its arrival. She swung the nail-studded plank at the thing and was rewarded with a shriek as the nails punched home. Moments later, Kristin began to scream as the creature's blood ran down and began to sizzle and smoke its way into her skin. Mercifully, her suffering was cut short as the Evomorph ripped Kristin's throat out with a powerful crunch of its jaws.

GENERAL KILL



"That thing wasn't no bear," Buford thought to himself as he ran. He'd been poaching in the woods near Wingard Cottage when random chance led to him spying that monster in the branches overhead. Watching him. When it took two bellyfuls of buckshot without batting an eye—or whatever it was that damn thing saw with—Buford took off running. Now, he'd probably covered enough ground to catch his breath. As he doubled over, panting, a sinister hiss sounded from overhead. Buford had just enough time for a single "Huh?" before a whip of the Evomorph's tail neatly separated Buford's head from his shoulders. As Buford would say, it was a clean kill.

GENERAL KILL



Darcy wished she'd never come to these woods. The Cottage's history alone should have been enough to keep her sensibly home, but now it turned out the woods were home to that—that thing. She'd survived this long, but this was the end of the line. With a menacing hiss, the creature approached her, exuding an air of deadly menace. She let out one final whimper as it reached its hands out and grabbed the sides of her head in a gruesome caress. It then lowered its jaws and bit into her skull with a dull crunch that put an end to her night of terror.



GENERAL DEATHS (AMBUSH)

AMBUSH -

Jared took a deep breath, filling his lungs. That forest air really did work wonders! He took a moment to marvel at the beauty of this remote location. Listening for the ambient sounds of nature, he was surprised to find that the characteristic susurrant of woodland wildlife had gone oddly silent, as if everything were holding its breath. Hearing a soft scrape from behind, Jared turned. A dark, unnatural form leapt from above, pinning him with its weight. As Jared drew in breath to scream, a handful of sharp, merciless claws flashed, tearing Jared's throat out, leaving a widening pool of his blood to mingle with the ground.

AMBUSH -

Jesse sighed contentedly and turned a page. He was never quite at peace as he was out in the woods with a quality book on hand. He grabbed his mug of piping hot coffee and took a sip as a bird chirped happily somewhere in the near distance. Seeing sudden motion out of the corner of his eye, Jesse turned. A cruel, clawed hand swiped out, separating the top half of Jesse's head from his body. Blood spurted from his shortened form as it slumped over in his chair, the top half of his head thumping to rest in a steaming puddle of spilled coffee.

AMBUSH -

Zoe hefted her weapon warily. She'd managed to slap it together using odds and ends she'd found around the Cottage. When that thing came, she'd be ready. She kept her head on a swivel, watching any possible point the creature could come at her. Unfortunately, she forgot to look up. The creature's deadly tail lashed out of the shadows, piercing through the top of Zoe's skull, and reducing her brain to porridge. With a heavy thump, Zoe fell to the floor as the Evomorph left in search of new prey.



EVOMORPH (ADULT) TERROR

“IT CAME OUT OF THE SHADOWS!”

When Stephen ran into the Cottage, screaming “It came out of the shadows!” he sounded like a raving lunatic. But Stephen knew what he saw. It was as if a pitch-black patch of shadow had detached itself from the rest, slinking silently past the bush where he had crouched, terrified. Now that he had a camcorder they’d have to believe him. He swept the viewfinder around just in time to see yet another shadow separate and approach. Stephen cowered as the loathsome creature reached a clawed hand out, tearing Stephen’s face from his skull like a Halloween mask. As his body fell and blood pooled, his camcorder continued to record with perfect clarity.

SKULL BURSTER

Heather sobbed. She knew it was all over for her. The creature had found her, despite all her efforts to stay hidden. Her improvised weapon clattered to the ground as the Evomorph lifted her towards its jaws, which opened menacingly, slime oozing from within. As they parted, a pointy, muscular, tongue-like appendage shot out, bursting through Heather’s skull and brain as if they were paper. The Evomorph dropped Heather’s lifeless body, gave a menacing snarl, then disappeared once more into the darkness.

ACID SPRAY

Terry thought again of the sizzle of bacon as his stomach gurgled. It had been hours since breakfast, and his hunger had returned with a vengeance. If only he could find a way out of these woods, away from that thing, he could have all the bacon he’d want. The snap of a twig in the darkness made him whip his head around. Nothing. Probably a badger in search of food. A sudden movement from his right made Terry whip his head again, just in time to catch a faceful of corrosive acid. With a sound like sizzling bacon, Terry’s face began to melt and liquefy.



EVOMORPH (ADULT) TERROR

“GAME OVER, MAN! GAME OVER!”

Grace had truly begun to panic. That thing was out there, and there was no way past it. There was certainly no way to kill it as far as she could see. Her options and time had truly run out. “Game over, man! Game over!” she began to mutter repeatedly as she stared wildly out into the night. When it came, it was indeed over all too quickly. A low hiss heralded the arrival of the beast, a casual swipe of its hand parted Grace’s skin, and a sickening wet plop announced the spill of her intestines onto the ground.

MINOR DARK POWER: SIDESWIPE

Carol’s palms were clammy with sweat as she gripped her improvised weapon. She was a jangle of nerves as she waited for the thing to approach. She steadied herself as its footfalls sounded, almost unheard despite her carefully attuned hearing. She broke cover as it neared, letting out a battle cry of sorts as she ran at it, weapon raised menacingly over her head. The Evomorph barely broke its stride as it reached out with a single clawed hand and ripped Carol’s abdomen open. It vanished into the night as Carol’s intestines spilled, steaming, onto the ground below.

EVOMORPH DARK POWER

EPIC DARK POWER: RAZOR TAIL

“It can’t get us if we all stick together!” At least that’s what Kyle had initially told the group. As the night wore on, and adrenaline was replaced with fatigue, Kyle wasn’t so sure they’d be ready—and indeed, they weren’t. With a low whistle, the creature’s tail whipped out of the shadows, and burst through Denny’s chest with a sickening splorch. Each was struck down in turn, impaled or disemboweled by the deadly tail. Kyle turned to run, but as he did so, a razor-sharp point burst through the back of his skull, spraying bone and brain in a gruesome jet, and ending the group’s desperate stand.



WINGARD COTTAGE TERROR

“THAT WASN’T A RANDOM ATTACK”

Liv had been to the basement. She’d seen the book. And now she knew. This wasn’t a random attack. This thing had been...called here somehow. She and her friends had intentionally been put in harm’s way. Been made to suffer and die. But no more. Within the pages of that book, surrounded by strange, alien characters, she had also discovered exactly how they could defeat this thing. She just had to tell the others. She heard a sudden noise from nearby and grew suddenly fearful. She turned and began to run. Unfortunately, it had been waiting. She ran directly into its extended razor tail, impaling herself. Her vision darkened to a point, then winked out as she looked down to see its segmented tail protruding from her bloody abdomen.

“OH MY GOD, WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US?”

From nearby came a wet squelching. Barb looked over just in time to see her husband being ripped open by the segmented tail of an incomprehensible nightmare creature. As she watched her husband’s lifeblood run out of him to pool on the ground below, Barb began to scream. “Oh my God, what is happening to us?” she cried as the dread thing approached Barb. She sank to the ground in a fit of sobbing as its cruel tail lashed out, opening her throat. Her sobs whistled out of her lacerated windpipe as she sank to the ground, joining her husband in death.



WINGARD COTTAGE EVENTS

BOOBY TRAPS

James had to get out. He knew that now. Screw the others and their meticulous preparations to keep that thing out. It had gotten inside, and none of it had meant anything. James sprinted towards the door and was filled with a moment's exultation as he allowed himself to think he might manage to get away. Unfortunately, the others' "meticulous preparations" had involved rigging an axe directly over the door in hopes it would swing down and end their night of horror. For James, that's exactly what it did. As he burst through the door, the axe ran its appointed course, whistling through the air in a smooth arc before burying itself with a meaty CHUNK in James' forehead.

MARKED FOR DEATH

George didn't know how or why, but he knew that alien thing didn't want him. At least not now. It had marked its prey, and was going after them with a single-minded resolve. Whatever the reason, George wasn't going to let that happen. As the creature moved towards its intended target, George stood, axe in hand, ready to face that monstrous thing. George almost didn't register as an obstacle to the Evomorph as it stalked its prey—almost. It reached out a clawed hand as it pursued its true target, opening George's throat with shocking ease. An arterial spray misted the air as George fell to his knees and the Evomorph continued in its pursuit of the one it had marked for death.

ESCAPE ATTEMPT

Amy had had enough of waiting. She knew she could make it out of the Cottage and to the driveway if she just ran quickly enough. After that, she'd be home free. She opened the door, making sure that thing wasn't out there. It wasn't until she was almost out that she remembered the traps they'd set—traps to try and keep that thing from getting inside. The razor wire strung across the doorway tore into Amy's throat, through her windpipe, and out the back of her spine. Her head sailed through the air, spraying gore into the night, and rolled to a rest in the driveway.



GENERAL DEATHS (FAST ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

Gwyn's twin brother Jaden was an excellent rock climber. He did it competitively. So when Gwyn saw Jaden hanging from the cottage wall, that was where her mind went. But then she saw the arms: each ending in a single massive scythe-like claw, punctured into the old wood. She made a run for it, tears streaming down her face. This wasn't Jaden. The creature that looked like her twin was fast. So fast. It was on her before she could get winded. The Jaden monster pierced her back and head from behind with its scythe arms, pinning her to the wall in a violent red splash.

GENERAL KILL

2

It was a buffet of blood. Wayne watched his adopted family try to run from it, but it easily chased them down, one after another. They looked liked they were running in slow motion compared to it. It had grown a bevy of extra arms to amplify its speed. A once-human head split in half at the mouth to reveal a heinous maw of fangs, which it used to bite the others' legs off two at a time.

Wayne knew he couldn't run from it. So he didn't. With his family all laying legless around him, their agonizing screams were the last thing he heard as the creature turned to him. Wayne closed his eyes as the mouth of the Organism opened one last time.

GENERAL KILL

3

Rex's severed head sprouted two nightmarishly syrupy wings and took flight. That settled it. Rex was not Rex, but was instead something else entirely. Austin watched the terrible thing flutter in the rafters of the cottage like a scared bird trapped indoors. But it wasn't scared. It was positioning itself. Austin turned and ran from the room, but Rex's head was much more nimble than he thought possible. It deftly navigated the twists and turns of the wooden hallways. It cornered Austin. From what would have been Rex's gaping neck wound an insect-like pincer extended. Austin's cry was cut short as the pincers carved out the front of his throat.



GENERAL DEATHS (FAST ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



There were not many places to go at Wingard Cottage. Nowhere to run. But Tyrese tried anyway. Through the cottage, toward the lake, toward the driveway, he knew it didn't matter. But "flight" was the order to his body from his brain, and his body obeyed. Behind him, it hideously transfigured the body of his mother, segmented legs exploding out of her sides, the head twisting 180 degrees. It ran him down with no effort at all, using the spindly legs to pierce through the backs of his knees. He fell forward, but before his head could touch the ground, tentacles began to engulf him.

GENERAL KILL

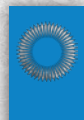


It didn't have to be fast because Tucker was slow. Sinewy, groping strands of red exploded out of a twisted and bubbly mask of skin imitating Tucker's sister Kate. He could not outpace the speed at which they extended. They seized him as the ambulating multi-limbed horror shifted its weight side to side. It pulled him in. Tucker screamed, clawing uselessly at the cottage floor. The Organism ate and fused in form with Tucker until its visage was a horribly mangled amalgam of he and his sister combined.

GENERAL KILL



The worst of it, thought Clint absently, was that it had taken his Huskey Rufus first. Clint loved that dog. Seeing a slime-covered and hairless version of Rufus finish off his son Justin left him in a state of shock. It was so much faster than Rufus. The creature that wasn't Rufus rounded on Clint, who only stared. Its canine snout split open with a sound akin to ripping wet leather, and it spewed a torrent of sticky goo on Clint. He fell to his knees, still in shock. Before blackness took him, tentacles launched like spears from the defiled dog's mouth, piercing Clint through the face and chest. It began to assimilate him, just as it had done to Rufus.



GENERAL DEATHS (STRONG ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

Beck knew that her Aunt Suze had always hated her, but this was ridiculous. Aunt Suze had a knee on her sternum, screaming at the rest of the family that she was a monster, a creature, a thing of which to be frightened. Suze did, of course, have a "sense for these sorts of things."

Thankfully, Beck's mom Adine stepped in to push Suze off of her daughter's body. "Thank you, mom," said Beck. Then, Beck's jaw unhinged to a sickening degree, revealing cascading rows of sharp fangs dripping with viscous ooze. Beck had been subsumed hours earlier. After a massive bite that ripped Adine's head and right shoulder from her body, so was Beck's mom.

GENERAL KILL

2

It was as good an idea as any. Antonio would make for the lake. The issue would be sneaking out past his family, some of which may be monsters. A tap on his shoulder shocked him out of his reverie. It was his dad, who gave him a knowing look, sharing the difficulty of the last few days. Dad went in for a hug, and Antonio obliged. By the time Antonio realized dad's mole was on the wrong side of his bald head, it was too late. His dad's grip was too strong. Dad's torso split open into a jagged, snapping mouth and broke all the bones it needed to in order to shove all of Antonio into the newly grown orifice.

GENERAL KILL

3

An embrace with your spouse should bring comfort and excitement. With the rest of the family asleep in the cottage, Murphy and Emily decided to blow off a little steam together. It was a strange but prevalent feeling that Murphy had. Did Emily seem different tonight? He brushed it aside to focus on his wife. It was a little dangerous out in the open like this; someone could easily walk in on them. But that was part of the fun. With his arms wrapped around her, he didn't have a chance to run when Emily's body was cloven in half from neck to pelvis. Thousands of sinewy fibers within frantically grasped out, and Murphy couldn't overpower their fierce grasp. There, exposed and vulnerable, the thing that wasn't Emily hungrily devoured Murphy's body.



GENERAL DEATHS (STRONG ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



Above the fireplace mantle was an old shotgun, which Sean had taken and loaded with two shells he found in the closet. Two identical figures knelt in front of him. Only one was actually Simon.

"You'll just have to kill us both to be sure," said one Simon.

"I agree," said the other. "Do it point blank so you can't miss."

Sean's eyes welled with tears. Neither Simon moved aggressively as he took a few steps closer, placing the barrel up to the head of the imposter...he hoped. "Love you, brother," he said. And Sean pulled the trigger. That Simon fell and didn't arise.

"Good choice," said the remaining one as it plunged its arm into Sean's chest and pulled his lungs out through his ribs.

GENERAL KILL



Grandma Whitney shoved Bobbi against the wall of the cottage with a surprisingly strong hand over her mouth.

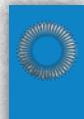
"Quiet," Grandma whispered harshly. "It could be listening."

Bobbi nodded her head as Grandma Whitney carefully checked left, then right. Then, her fingers morphed into small, invasive tendrils which slowly and painfully slid their way into Bobbi's nostrils and mouth, snaking themselves into her brain. Bobbi was still somehow conscious, though, as the creature shuffled away, dragging Bobbi's body, whose face was now partially assimilated into Grandma Whitney's arm.

GENERAL KILL



No one at the cottage trusted anyone. R.J. was heating up a fire poker in the fireplace. The others couldn't bring themselves to do what needed to be done and while they wasted time not exterminating the Organism, the Organism was picking them off one by one. R.J. had had enough. With his fire poker red-hot, he found the thing masquerading as his little 12-year-old nephew Joel. He plunged the glowing poker at the back of Joel's head, but Joel spun about and swatted the weapon away so forcefully that it embedded itself in the wood of the opposite wall. Little Joel then opened his mouth wide and with a screech like thousands of nails on dozens of chalkboards, it folded R.J. in half with incredible power, snapping his spine.



GENERAL DEATHS (TOUGH ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

Lindsay saw it: the lack of recognition in her father's face when she mentioned their trip to Arches National Park. The trip that a family emergency caused them to cancel.

"That was so much fun!" said her "father" dotingly.

Lindsay leveled the can of hairspray and the butane lighter at the thing pretending to be her dad. "You son of a bitch."

The fire engulfed the imposter, and immediately her dad's body exploded in writhing tentacles and appendages. The fire hurt it, but did not hinder it. Lindsay ducked under one appendage but could not avoid the next. It wrapped around her head and thrashed, putting three points of a mounted ten point buck's antlers through her face.

GENERAL KILL

2

Nataly had never been thankful for Uncle Dick before, but she was now. He was a bit of a gun nut. She opened fire with the loaded shotgun he had brought to the family reunion, fully emptying every shell into the convulsing humanoid form. To her horror, the shotgun slugs only served to slow it. As the thing ambulated like a colossal amoeba toward her, she let out a piercing shriek impossible to miss throughout the Wingard Cottage grounds, and was then melted until she resembled a gaping wax statue in a furnace.

GENERAL KILL

3

Billy shot it in the head. Billy shot it in the chest. Billy shot it in the stomach. Billy shot it over and over again. Each shot just seemed to remove a little more of the Organism's human aspects, but it kept coming. It now looked like a jumbled and improperly assembled version of Uncle Brandon. Billy was shocked that the squeal he heard was his own as the creature with Uncle Brandon's likeness leapt, burying two chest-grown claws into his stomach. It pulled, bathing the cottage walls in viscera.



GENERAL DEATHS (TOUGH ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



Lydia was being...eaten? Melted? Assimilated. Whatever was happening to her, she was gone, and the Organism was all that was left. Benji brought a knife down on Lydia's head to try and stop the process. The blade sunk in but appeared to have had no effect whatsoever. As if her body was being puppeteered, Lydia rose to the ceiling's rafters, her head sloughing to one side. The tentacular arms entangling her kept her aloft and wrenched the knife free from Benji's grip. It used Lydia's body like a club, striking her into her cousin over and over again until all that was left of Benji was pulp and fluid seeping through the floorboards.

GENERAL KILL

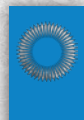


Groups of three; that was the rule. When it got you alone, it would kill you. So if you stayed in threes, it was harder to be caught unawares with an imposter. Blanche was grouped with two: whatshisname and theotherone. Take. Incorporate. Take. Incorporate. The two were acting suspiciously. They would try something, Blanche thought. And soon they did, resolving to use their combined strength to shove this body into the fireplace. Fire was painful. The imitation liquefied, and extremities burst forth, successfully perforating one through the stomach. Take. Incorporate. Blanche was, of course, not Blanche. Take. And now, it would no longer have to be Blanche, but this new one. Incorporate.

GENERAL KILL



Dion was huge. A football lineman. Dedicated to strength training. This also gave him a false sense of competence occasionally. So when the group determined that Rodney was the pretender, Dion lunged into action bare handed. He held Rodney down with powerful arms, choking him. But then Rodney peeled himself into two halves. Dion held one half at bay and viciously kicked the other. This thing seemed impossible to kill. The Organism poured into Dion, filling his mouth and eyes and nose, popping his face from the pressure within like a zit on prom night.



ORGANISM TERROR

“ARE WE ALONE?”

You know that Isabelle's dad is a brilliant geneticist. But it was Isabelle who figured out how to test blood samples for the Organism. You don't fully understand it. Something to do with salt and heat. Human blood doesn't react. Just a little sizzle. The Organism's blood, though, should have a different reaction. She teaches you and others how to perform the test. Everyone at the reunion here at Wingard agrees to be tested. Everyone thought they were ready with makeshift torches, but when the sample is tested, a high-pitched squeal and a black splash from the sample identifies who is not who they appear to be. The resulting chaos is violent and bloody and there is nothing you can do to stop it.



ORGANISM TERROR

“IT MUST BE YOU!”

The family reunion has now become a family massacre. Siblings, mothers, daughters, sons, fathers, uncles, aunts, cousins; they have all been pushed to the breaking point. They accuse, pointing with improvised weapons. They say things like, “You’re one of them!” and “I know my own son, and you’re...that thing!” You hear sounds that will haunt you echoing around the cottage as your loved ones turn on one another. The desperate screams. The bald hatred. The overpowering terror. In an attempt to survive another few hours, they slaughter their own siblings, mothers, daughters, sons, fathers, uncles, aunts, cousins. You tried, but you couldn’t convince them. No one here has been assimilated.



WINGARD COTTAGE TERROR

“THAT WASN’T A RANDOM ATTACK”

There are more than one, Patrick concluded to himself. They are taking us, one by one. He sat alone, hoping to be forgotten by the others here at the cottage. Maybe the creatures would forget about him too. But then, he heard the sounds. Screaming. Crunching. Slurping. With eyes shut tight, he said a prayer to a god he didn’t believe in. When he opened his eyes, his cousin Mary was standing outside the window, eerily still. But he knew it wasn’t his cousin. Her chest exploded in thin red tendrils, shattering the window inward. As the glass rended Patrick’s skin, he kept his eyes closed for what came next.

“OH MY GOD, WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US?”

Brennan had watched his brother’s head bitten off in a single, gruesome bite. He watched his cousin ripped in half down the middle like a torn fruit roll-up. He watched his family—young and old alike—torn apart and enveloped by something that seemed only interested in bringing pain to his family. The walls of Wingard Cottage were painted in their entrails. The things were hungry. And they were hunting.



WINGARD COTTAGE EVENTS

BOOBY TRAPS

"We can't stay in here" Uncle Finn screams. "We're easy pickings!"

He's working everyone into a panic after having stumbled upon the mostly digested body of your cousin Trevor, covered in a slime. You know this is the wrong move. Staying together is your best option, but your uncle won't listen to reason. You see the fear in your other family members' eyes as they are swayed. Despite your warnings, they begin to flee from the cottage. The Organism is waiting for them in the form of a spiderlike creature with groping proboscises, thrusting tubular mouths into their skulls like thirsty straws.

MARKED FOR DEATH

It is not dead after you kill part of it. You have to kill all of it. But it can sub-divide. Multiply. Reunite. And it knows who the threats are, and one of those threats is Grandpa Archie. It was Grandpa who figured out it hated fire, and killed it—or at least killed part of it—when it was impersonating Grandma Marjorie. And it sees him. You can almost read the reprisal on its face: currently the monstrously mutated face of your Aunt Ida. It speeds toward Grandpa Archie, and no one else will stand in its way.

ESCAPE ATTEMPT

You hear a skittering sound. A snicker-snack like a parrot eating a pistachio. It is nearby, but you and your cousin Mitch can't see it. You catch Mitch's panicked eye. He is going to do something stupid. You shake your head as a silent warning, but Mitch has always been an ass. He bolts for the driveway. To his credit, he did almost reach it before tripping in a steaming pool of pale blue and white goo, which lets his pursuer catch him almost immediately. Even from here you can hear his skin sizzling from the goo and his bones cracking as the thing that used to be your cousin Peter eats in a mass of writhing tendrils and teeth.



GENERAL DEATHS (TRISH)

GENERAL KILL

1

Ana ran down the dirt path, stumbling on rocks and roots as she went. Trish moved to chase after her. She caught Ana's hair and pulled her back. "This lamb is a gift sent by God," Trish thought and slit Ana's throat as a sacrificial offering.

GENERAL KILL

2

The woman stalked closer, her mask stained with blood. Her axe dragged on the ground, filling the room with a low grinding noise. Tracy sobbed in fear. "Please, why are you doing this to us?" Tracy wailed, tears streaming down her face.

"Just close your eyes love," the woman said, her voice soft and kind. She raised the axe into the air. "This is for your own good," she said, and the axe came crashing down.

GENERAL KILL

3

Trish's axe cleaved through the lamb's skull, soaking her in an explosion of gore. She could hear more screaming in the house and set off to investigate. There were more souls to free.



GENERAL DEATHS (TRISH)

GENERAL KILL



"I'm telling you, I saw a group of masked figures while I was out jogging. They were carrying weapons and one of them was like, 8 ft tall!" Marcy exclaimed, her face dripping with sweat from the sprint back to the cottage.

Jack regarded her with a mixture of amusement and annoyance. "We're in the middle of nowhere," he said.

"But I—" Marcy started, but was cut off by the doorbell ringing. "Don't answer the door," she shouted.

However, Jack got up to answer it regardless. "You're overreacting dear, there's no strangers in these woods, much less ones with weapons, you probably just saw another guest," he said as he pulled open the door.

Marcy let out a shriek but it was already too late for Jack. A female wearing the skull of a deer split his head open with an axe before turning her attention to Marcy. "Don't be afraid little lamb, your suffering will soon be over," the woman said.

GENERAL KILL



Blood caked the walls...corpses lined the hallways. The remaining survivors hid in their corners and crags, terrified. They heard the masked women's voice echo throughout the house, "You see us as killers, as maniacs. We are no such thing...we are angels, here to free you from your frail flesh. Do not run lost lambs, we are your salvation." She spotted Michele cowering under a table and brought the axe down hard, shattering the table and splitting her skull. The survivors knew that the worst was yet to come.

GENERAL KILL



Trish could not help but feel pity for the lost lamb cowering by her feet. It's wails of anguish and sorrow made her heart ache with love and sadness. "It's all going to be ok," she whispered to it soothingly as she brought her axe up and swiftly down through the lamb's head. Blood and gore squirted out of its broken skull, and Trish's heart was filled with joy at the sight. Another soul had been saved.



GENERAL DEATHS (BAGHEAD)

GENERAL KILL

1

When Trish thought of Baghead the first words that came to her mind were efficient and brutal. She wasn't exactly sure what words went through its mind, if any. But watching Baghead releasing lost souls with such a passion-filled vigor made her feel a surge of pride for the brutal reaper she created.

GENERAL KILL

2

Karl stared into the monster's blazing eyes. He could feel its hands pressed against either side of his face, slowly compressing his skull. Was it even human? Its eyes shone with a fire behind that bag, an all consuming fury that would devour everything in it's path. He heard a cracking sound and tried to scream, but it was already too late.

GENERAL KILL

3

Baghead gazed down at the decapitated victim—his head had been smashed in by Baghead's pipe, until it separated from the neck. Zeke had told him that killing was artform, but Baghead had no idea what that meant. Baghead remained silent and just stared, wondering if Zeke would consider this kill "art". Then he heard something shatter and a loud cry of pain from a nearby room. He trudged off—there were more souls to free.



GENERAL DEATHS (BAGHEAD)

GENERAL KILL



"Leave her alone!" Bobby shouted. He didn't know who this bag-wearing freak was, but he sure as hell wasn't going to let it touch his girlfriend. The thing turned to gaze at Bobby. It was massive and built like a brick house, but Bobby wasn't scared. Full of bravado, he strolled up to it and slammed his fist into its bag-covered face. Unfortunately for Bobby, it didn't even flinch and instead struck back with a thunderous blow that sent Bobby's shocked face flying across the room, without the rest of his body attached.

GENERAL KILL



How was it so goddamn fast?! Henry thought to himself as the creature's pipe slammed into his ribs, caving them in and forcing all the air out of his lungs. Henry could taste a distinct metallic taste in his mouth and felt something sharp poking out of his sides. He thought he was going to die—after the next hit he stopped thinking all together.

GENERAL KILL



Through the gap in the dresser doors Monica could see the strange creature shamble around the bedroom. With each step the dresser shuttered and shook. It was looking for something, or someone... it suddenly turned its head towards the dresser, and Monica could only watch in horror as it stalked closer and closer. She held her breath and prayed, for God, or anyone to save her. But no one came.



GENERAL KILLS (ZEKE)

GENERAL KILL

1

Zeke sliced open the man's stomach, a burst of red droplets squirted out painting Zeke's mask and clothes a beautiful hue of red. The man let out a piercing scream, Zeke could feel the urge growing, he needed to see more. He plunged his knife into the man, letting loose another spray of red mist. Zeke was feeling this one, he was going to make a masterpiece.

GENERAL KILL

2

Zeke has been honing his craft for a long time. A knife turns into a delicate brush in his hands. He effortlessly separates flesh from bone and reveals the art inside each and every one of his victims. His latest catch was a naughty lamb, who had been trying to escape its pen. Zeke could see the fear in its eyes and felt his mouth twist into a wicked smile. This was going to be fun.

GENERAL KILL

3

Beth screamed until her lungs gave out, she couldn't help it. She felt blood and brains drip down her face and her clothes were already soaked in it. Matthew's head rolled slowly on the floor spilling more of its crimson juice as it went. The masked man focused his attention on her. His gore-stained mask a sadistic smile. The world swam before her eyes, please God let it be quick and painless she prayed. But unfortunately for her, it wasn't.



GENERAL KILLS (ZEKE)

GENERAL KILL



Dan vomited. He couldn't help himself, there was just so much blood everywhere. It was like the carpet had been painted red and the bodies... their chests had been completely ripped open and their organs lay strewn around their mutilated bodies. Dan felt cold steel pressing against his throat. "Beautiful, aren't they?" the masked man asked. "I just love watching the blood ooze from their body as I play with them." Dan could feel blood beginning to pour from his neck, he tried to let out a scream, but only a strange gurgling sound came out.

GENERAL KILL



This was Zeke's favorite part of the killing. He slipped his knife deep into the flesh of the lamb's belly and sliced downwards. He then began picking through the organs, delicately removing each one from the body. Zeke's concentration was interrupted by a loud scream. He felt a white-hot fury wash over him—how dare these dirty lambs get in the way of his art! Wrenching his knife out of his canvas' gut he stalked over towards the offending lamb. He was going to take his time with this one.

GENERAL KILL



Zeke sat; his clothes stained with a splash of vibrant paint from his latest canvas. He had made so much art today and judging from the screams he still heard ringing throughout the house, there were still a few more masterpieces to be made. He just needed a little break and was admiring the beautiful view the pristine lake, and the trees along the lake's edge—this would be his inspiration for his next piece of art, which sounded like it was heading his way right now. Break's over...back to work.



WINGARD COTTAGE TERROR

“THAT WASN’T A RANDOM ATTACK”

John had never been more afraid. Coming to this cottage was a mistake and hopefully, one that wouldn't cost him his life. He was safe for now, but he couldn't shake the feeling that this wasn't a random attack...someone must have planned this!

John had barricaded the front door to keep them out, but he heard them trying. Each thud against the door sent tremors through John's body; the barricade had to hold, it had to! Suddenly, the banging stopped. John listened closely for any sounds of movement; nothing, all was quiet. At least until the window exploded into a thousand pieces. He wouldn't have much more time to contemplate whether this was a random attack, or not.

“OH MY GOD, WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US?”

The killers stalked through the house, slaughtering all that they found. Like the lions of the coliseums they tore apart their helpless victims and left a bloodbath in their wake.



WINGARD COTTAGE EVENTS

BOOBY TRAPS

Molly had to get out. She couldn't handle it anymore. The screams were too loud. Ever since the masked maniacs arrived her life had become a living nightmare. She felt lightheaded, her sweat felt like ice on her skin; she had to get out. Her eyes darted around the room frantically, then she saw it, the window. Without another thought Molly sprinted to the window and leapt through it. She felt bright bursts of pain from where the glass had cut into her exposed arms. But she was ok, she was alive. She rushed around the side of the house, if she could reach the driveway this horrible nightmare would end. But unfortunately for Molly, the pit trap had other ideas and with her mind so focused on reaching the driveway, she didn't even notice she was falling, or that there was a sea of spikes rising up to meet her.

MARKED FOR DEATH

Martin didn't know what those masked creeps wanted with him, or why they had been following him. But he sure as hell wasn't going to find out, he thought he'd be safe here, in this cottage in the middle of nowhere. But no, they had tracked him down once again. He could hear some poor soul screaming in another room, another death he was responsible for. They were after him, and they weren't going to let anything or anyone, get in their way.

ESCAPE ATTEMPT

Poor old Scott, he was too young to die, he had his whole life ahead of him! He was a star running back, a winner on and off the field. But Scott made a silly mistake; he thought he could escape his fate. How he must have felt sprinting down the driveway. The hope, the exhilaration, he's broken away, the enemy team can't keep up, there's nothing between him and a touchdown, or so he thinks. But there is one last defender and he sprints right into it; the razor wire lacerates his legs...and he's down! He's trying so hard, crawling and grasping, his car is right there! But the razor wire has him tight and the more he struggles the deeper it cuts. You should have seen him, legs skinned from the wire, raw flesh and bone exposed. All hope had drained from his eyes and soon after, so had his life.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

Sitterson whittled his stick down to a narrow point. He needed a weapon. If he could get enough of these done before the wolf found him, maybe he could set it up in front of him, hidden by leaves. They were sharp enough that the wolf might be hurt badly. He quietly placed it down and reached for the next stick, only to find a furry paw that raised up and clawed his face away.

GENERAL KILL

2

If Hadley had any sense he would have stayed at home. Instead, he was out here running for his life, and the thought pissed him off. He opened his mouth to say as much when the Big Bad Wolf grabbed his neck in its massive paw from behind. It pulled him close in a gruesome hug, dragging its claws from either side so that his torso looked ribboned. He dropped without making a sound.

GENERAL KILL

3

Truman breathed in the cold night air. It was crisp with the scent of bonfires, the mineral scent of the lake, the pine trees and the underlying smell of rot that comes from the underbrush of the forest. But there was more tonight. He could smell pennies, like a rain was coming, but there wasn't a cloud in the sky. He looked up as the blood dripped on his forehead. It drooled down from the Big Bad Wolf's muzzle as it lunged down to bite.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



Lin ran, the stitch in her side screaming at her to stop. She ignored it and kept going until her muscles convulsed and she slowed down, bent over breathing as hard as she could. She listened for any sound of the killer and heard nothing. As her lungs quieted she began to sprint, and the Big Bad Wolf came out of the woods, silently and faster than she could have ever run, to rip her apart.

GENERAL KILL



At first Mordecai thought he was looking at a dog, "Here boy," he called out hopefully. It stopped and he suddenly worried it was a black bear. He started to back away when it turned its red eyes towards him. "Not a dog. Not a dog. Ohhhhhno. Hey. That's OK, I have jerky in my backpack," he babbled as the Big Bad Wolf snarled and attacked.

GENERAL KILL



Ronald was thrown back but kept his grip on the bat he'd been carrying all night. He swung wildly and felt contact. "Yeah! Take that!" He called out. The response was a low growl that grew into a snarl, and as he raised the bat again, the Big Bad Wolf smacked it out of his hands and bit him savagely.



BIG BAD WOLF TERROR

THE JAWS THAT BITE

The Big Bad Wolf crept up on the man, its paws making no sound over the dried leaves. Matthew stood next to a tree, flattened against it, peering around it to watch out for danger, never seeing it run up and attack from in front of him until it was too late.

THE CLAWS THAT SCRATCH

Patience was so sick of her friends telling her what to do. It was time to take over. "If you want to live, you're gonna have to follow me," she said as she stormed off. It was a shame that they took that moment to mistake her confidence for real ability, as the Big Bad Wolf rose up from behind some shrubs and raced towards them.

I'LL HUFF AND I'LL PUFF

Judah knew he should stay hidden in the house. He had been hiding all night, and knew that was the only reason he was still alive. But all the screams had quieted down and he really needed that cigarette. He peered out from the closet and headed for the porch, fingers twitching to light up. The Big Bad Wolf attacked him from behind, and his fingers were still twitching when it left him for dead.

COME CLOSER, MY PRETTY

Luke started the fire because it was so dang cold out. Plus, whatever wild animal was out there had to be afraid of fire. He had hunted his whole life in these woods, and there should be no reason to be afraid. He was right with the Almighty, and that kept him safe. "What are you doing?" said a voice behind him. Carl came out of the woods, with Ted and Stanley following. "Get out of here?" Luke started to laugh at their sad weak faces when the Big Bad Wolf jumped over the fire at them.

ALL THE BETTER TO EAT YOU

Dom knew he was doing the Lord's work, and he waited for his brethren to join him before they purged the wicked from their land. It was past time for them to arrive and he wondered what would keep them. He turned to go inside and find out when the Big Bad Wolf caught him. Biting huge chunks from his body and eating them whole.



BIG BAD WOLF TERROR

“GOING FOR A WALK TODAY?”

Hutch walked through the woods, his backyard since childhood and for the first time, something felt wrong. He believed it was ordained that this land was his and his brothers and sisters, so it was his duty to protect it. He searched to find the wrongness, and when he met up with the Big Bad Wolf, he knew his time on this earthly plane was done. He went swinging, but who can defeat a demon?

IT SNARLED WITH RED GLOWING EYES

When Phil saw the Big Bad Wolf he dropped to his knees and beseeched the Almighty to intervene. Some folks don't know when their time is up.

ON THE HUNT

Gayle walked along, a sickle in her hand. Once it had been used for harvesting wheat, now it dripped with blood. The smell attracted the Big Bad Wolf. She tried to cut it down, but the dull blade skittered off its fur and it held down her hand with its massive paw as it feasted on her.

BIG BAD WOLF DARK POWER

RAVENOUS HUNGER

Sara and Robert had been hoping for a fun getaway. You know, a little time off to relax away from the kids. Whatever this was, they were not having it. They were tax paying citizens and they didn't have to tolerate this nonsense. As Robert grabbed the car keys, he turned to Sara and said, "What about the luggage?" That was when the Big Bad Wolf slammed into her and dragged her away. Moments later, Robert was next.



WINGARD COTTAGE TERROR

“THAT WASN’T A RANDOM ATTACK”

The Big Bad Wolf was hungry; insatiable, inevitable. The wolf ran through the woods, past the lake until it saw the woman. Dana stood up from tying her shoe, to be slammed back to the ground. She shrieked for only a moment before it broke her neck in its jaws, filling its mouth with the iron taste of her blood. She would not be the last to go tonight.

“OH MY GOD, WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US?”

Curt dragged his mutilated body across the ground. His throat welling up with blood from his lungs. He tried to call out to warn the others that death was coming, a great evil, but it was too late. His head dropped down and darkness overtook him. The Big Bad Wolf moved on.



WINGARD COTTAGE EVENTS

BOOBY TRAPS

Holden and Doug should never have started drinking tonight. They thought this was going to be a fun weekend, and it had seemed like a good idea at the time. When they heard the Big Bad Wolf howl from outside, it was all too much. They bolted for the back door away from the noise and the shotgun blast took them both out at the same time. A shame it was so well done and useless against the Big Bad Wolf now that it was triggered.

MARKED FOR DEATH

Marty had been chased all night. He didn't know how he hadn't been caught yet by the backwood nutters here, but now here he was surrounded by witnesses. "HELP ME!" He screamed as they looked on. The Big Bad Wolf jumped on the hooded figure, and mauled them before turning to him. The rest screamed in surprise, thinking they were the only predators out here. He laughed and started moving to get as many of them between him and the Big Bad Wolf. "I'm not going down alone!" he yelled as the Big Bad Wolf charged.

ESCAPE ATTEMPT

Jia paced back and forth across the braided rug. She couldn't stop thinking about the creature that was coming for them all. She knew they had said going to the car was too dangerous, but she could make it. She'd run track for goodness sake. She grabbed the keys. "Who's with me?" She said as she charged out the door, and that's when the nail riddled boards slammed into her.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

The minions surrounded Grant, an evil glee decorating their faces as they crept ever closer. Each carried a pair of surgical scissors, opening and closing them with a malevolent snik-snak. The scissors were like the maws of hungry baby birds. They closed in on the victims, the birds satiating their hunger. The snik-snak of the scissors increasing in tempo. Grant went from screaming to quiet as a grave as death took him. The maniacs departed leaving behind what was best described as a human jigsaw puzzle, the contents of the puzzle box dumped carelessly across the floor, jagged edges of dermis weeping red.

GENERAL KILL

2

In the darkness you detect a strange mass laying in a heap. A lump grows in your throat as you approach. It begins to make sense to your vision. It is a corpse, laying face down in the fetal position, the face a grimace of pain and horror. The body is perforated by hundreds of syringes making them look like some vile parody of a hedgehog. You hear her voice, "The medicine just wasn't working, so I had to keep trying different ones, but nothing seemed to work." She unleashed a cackle more abhorrent than any witch as the blood from the body began to pool around your feet.

GENERAL KILL

3

Ratchet Lady pinned Jennifer to the ground, "I'm not sick!" she pleaded.

"I disagree, I detect an infection, right here." Ratchet Lady twirled her cold, slender finger and landed it on Jennifer's forehead. "Trephination should fix you right up."

She produced a manual drill and began to work on Jennifer's skull, the burning acrid smell of grinding bone filling the air. Deeper she bored while Jennifer began to convulse. "Oops! Too Deep!" Ratchet chortled as the patient began to still and let out a last rattle filled breath before dying.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



Ratchet Lady buried the knife into Yves chest pinning them aloft against the wall. Groans emanated from their throat, soon followed by a burble of blood. "Oh no, looks like you have something stuck in your throat!" Ratchet mocked, "Let me remove it for you." She forced the stub of her arm into their mouth and down their throat visibly expanding the esophagus and cutting off all air. Their face began to bulge and turn purple as she went deeper, spelunking their airway. "Got it!" she exclaimed at the moment they perished, as if she had been fishing their soul out of the body.

GENERAL KILL



The maniacs cornered their prey and pounced. Within seconds they were carving into their victim with their surgical implements. Flesh peeled back, bones separated from muscle, and organs divorced from their systems. One held aloft a kidney and admired the glint of light off the coat of moist blood. "Mistress says we always need more organ donors, it saves lives!" quipped the maniac, delirious with joy. They returned to their work slicing into viscera and continuing the harvest, adding more and more organs to the meat pile, each one an abominable trophy of their devotion to Ratchet Lady.

GENERAL KILL



Ratchet Lady makes a heroic leap and mounts Neil piggyback. While grasping Neil with one hand the other begins to pummel him with a meat cleaver. Neil spins spastically, screaming and striking out trying to knock her off. It was as if a cowboy was butchering a bull while riding it in a rodeo. Long streams of blood flung about with each twist and turn coating everything in a ghastly red gloss. Neil slipped and the pair careened into the floor. Ratchet Lady raised and lowered the cleaver again and again striking at Neil's neck. When finished, she stood raising aloft the decapitated head of her patient. "There was a serious illness here that required immediate amputation."



RATCHET LADY TERROR

WHISPERS IN THE DARK

Rachet Lady began to whisper softly, speaking truths that were lies, lies that were true. Telling of pain so powerful it was pleasure and pleasure so great it was pain. The tone of her voice was not human, something diabolical and abrasive, but the longer she spoke the more comforting it became. Soon it seemed her voice was all that was, the tone soothing against the contradictory incantations it whispered. The victim gave in, pledged themselves to her, anything to keep hearing those soothing sounds. Her commands were their desires, a bloodlust overtook them as they began to hunt you, the Final Girl.

“DON’T WORRY, THIS WON’T HURT...”

Rachet Lady grinned a sinister grin and raised a hypodermic needle. “Don’t worry this won’t hurt,” she sneers in an eldritch tone. The victims try to flee but are so terrified they stumble over each other. Rachet Lady pounced, raising and plunging the needle over and over gaining speed with each strike until she was moving unnaturally fast. The needle pin cushioned the victims, a sewing machine of doom, running at full speed. Their flesh was soon a red sheen of oozing needle pricks, their bodies writhing in agony as Rachet Lady towered over them, cackling maniacally. Her ululations were soon met with laughter from all of her minions.

“JOIN US OR DIE!”

The maniacs held Rachel down, her struggling futile. Rachet Lady approached slowly shaking pills out of a medicine bottle. “Time to take your medicine!” she hissed. She pushed the pills past the Rachel’s lips, her slender hand closing over their nostrils and mouth. The hand was cold as ice. Rachel tried to spit the pills out, but succumbed to Rachet Lady’s will and swallowed. A hypodermic needle appeared and Rachet Lady used it to draw disgusting bile from her own flesh. “Now you will join us or die!” she cackled while plunging the syringe into Rachel’s arm.



RATCHET LADY TERROR

“KEEP HER BUSY...”

“Keep her busy!” Ratchet Lady orders her minions. They rush you and attack, fingernails clawing at your skin, spittle speckling your face. You fend them off as best as possible. While you are occupied Ratchet Lady grabs Julia. “No!” you shout. She wraps a soiled bandage around Julia’s throat. Her eyes bulge while her face turns blue. Julia tries to kick back, but Ratchet Lady doesn’t even notice. Ratchet Lady continues wrapping the bandage around Julia’s head until she resembles a mummy. Her futile struggle continues for a few moments and then she goes still. With a herculean effort you push the maniacs away and break free of their attack, but it’s too late to save Julia.

“LET ME TEND TO YOUR WOUNDS...”

“Let me tend to your wounds!” Ratchet Lady screeched while producing a stitching needle and surgical thread. She clasped her patient by the arm, her eyes burning with evil. She plunged the needle into their skin violently dragging the thread through. “I can fix it, make it better!” she gleefully sang, seeming to grow stronger with each stitch she made. She held her patient down and continued her work. When she was done the victim lay still covered in haggard stitching, a human quilt, sanguine liquid welling at each suture. Ratchet Lady admired her work, rejuvenated at the sight of it.

BLOODLETTING

Ratchet Lady held Brian by the neck pinning him against the wall. His feet kicked in the air. “Your humors are out of balance. Draining blood should bring about homeostasis,” Ratchet Lady laughed. She produced a scalpel and made excruciatingly slow vertical cuts in both sides of Brian’s neck. Blood bubbled forth like a water fountain, its splatter on the floor evoking Pollock. Ratchet Lady grew more vibrant and more empowered with each drop that dripped upon the ground. She craved more. She cast Brian down into his own puddle and went in search of a fresh well to tap.

“LEAVE HER TO ME!”

You fight against the vice-like grip of the maniacs. Despair begins to win as their surgical implements slowly pierce your skin. “Leave her to me!” Ratchet Lady commands. The fiends release you and you see her appear. The horrid sight of her demonic visage makes you wish the maniacs had finished their work and killed you. Gazing upon her makes death seem a comfort. The minions cackle gleefully as they pursue other victims. The resulting screams jolt you out of your shock. You desperately flee knowing that even if you escape, the memory of her presence will haunt you until you enter the grave and perhaps beyond.



WINGARD COTTAGE TERROR

“THAT WASN’T A RANDOM ATTACK”

A sense of pervasive dread fills the cottage. A tingle of terror crawls up your spine and the hairs on the back of your neck stand on end. Something terrible is coming. A windowpane breaks followed by horrified screams, the sounds of a struggle, and then silence. Your pupils dilate as the adrenaline hits your system. Deep in your bones you feel some ancient instinct awaken. You know that was no random attack, something evil has made you its quarry. So often we take our survival from moment to moment for granted. You are now painfully aware that your survival is no longer guaranteed.

“OH MY GOD, WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US?”

Ratchet Lady screams. To you the wail sounds like nothing but madness vocalized, but to her minions it is a clear directive. They spring to action rampaging through the cottage and the grounds, reaping victims along the way as easily as the harvester reaps corn. They strike out at any they find, plunging needles full of vile administrations concocted by the nurse, surgical saws lopping off limbs with ease, blood sprays decorating the rooms of the cottage as if they were deranged surgical labs. You here the cries of one victim, “Oh my God, what is happening to us?!?!”



WINGARD COTTAGE EVENTS

BOOBY TRAPS

They were leaving. Nothing was going to keep them in this cursed cottage. They leapt out a window, landing feet first on an upturned rake, the force raising the handle with severe velocity. As it sped towards their face, they saw with horror two large hypodermic needles attached to the end of the handle with dirty bandages. The syringes were as large as an index finger. They plunged into their eye sockets knocking the skull backwards. The eyes came out with a pop, skewered by the needles. The victim screamed and clawed at the vacant sockets as they fell to the ground.

MARKED FOR DEATH

Ratchet Lady spied her target. She pointed menacingly and let out a shriek that would intimidate a banshee. The outsider panicked and began to flee. Ratchet Lady gave chase, determined to run down her quarry no matter what obstacles got in her way. Her shriek changed pitch and minions seemed to appear from nowhere leaping out and tackling anyone who stood in her path. Screams and the squishy sounds of surgical steel shredding flesh arose from where the maniacs landed with their victims. They were relentless, claiming anyone who got in the way of their master's pursuit of her chosen prey.

ESCAPE ATTEMPT

The car started! Luiz shouted with joy before guilt grabbed them. Could they leave the others behind? They pushed aside their hesitance, remembering all the indescribable horror that had harried them tonight. They pushed the pedal as deep as it would go and sped off. A curve awaited. The brake pedal was soft. Of course those vile maniacs would have cut the brake line. They tightened their grip on the wheel, knuckles going white. They could not maintain the course. The car careened into a tree. In their haste they forgot the seatbelt. They flew through the windshield and crumpled against the tree like an accordion made of meat.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

A zombie stood alone in the room. It ambled towards Matthew so slowly, it could hardly be considered a threat. Matthew stared at it in fascination, wondering if these things think and feel. He'd soon find out, as he failed to notice one approaching him from behind but felt it's teeth sink into his shoulder.

GENERAL KILL

2

It appeared to have calmed down outside. Angela opened the window for a closer look and inched her head through. Two decrepit hands reached out from below, grabbing onto her hair and refusing to let go. She struggled to escape its grasp, but it only pulled her down further. When her face reached its mouth and it bit into her ear, she let out a scream that could have been heard for miles, if there was anybody out there to hear. You watched as the life left her body and, along with it, the ear-piercing scream, leaving only an eerie silence behind.

GENERAL KILL

3

After being up all night, defending himself against the horde, Dalton had become delirious. His eyes struggled to focus, and his mind drifted into the clouds. He slapped his face, which resulted in a momentary return to attention, but what he really needed was a quick, re-energizing nap. The doors were locked and secured, plus these things were anything but subtle. If they tried coming in, surely they'd be loud enough to wake him. At least that's what he told himself as he closed his eyes. He never opened them again.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



The woman on the phone said help was on its way. Diane shivered in the corner, despite the three blankets covering her. Her skin was pale and sickly. You were worried she wasn't going to make it after their narrow escape from the room full of zombies. She suffered only a scratch, but it festered badly.

"Hang in there," you told her.

She couldn't do it. It was too much. Her eyes closed and her head went limp and turned to the side.

"Diane!" you shouted, shaking her body to wake her up.

Moments later her eyes opened, the irises now red and the whites turned to the color of tea-soaked paper. A guttural moan escaped her lips as her mouth leaned toward your arm for her first bite as an undead being. You yanked your arm away from her and jumped back to save yourself. It was too late to save her, but with any luck, you could still save yourself.

GENERAL KILL



"Is the door going to hold?" Susan asked.

Chuck laughed at her question. "It's made of solid cedar. Unless they've got a battering ram or a chain saw, they're not getting in here."

For a moment, we all breathed a sigh of relief. Those sighs turned to gasps as a zombie broke through the wall into the room. Then came another and another, tearing through those walls as though they were paper before tearing through Chuck with similar ease. But at least he was right: The door didn't budge at all.

GENERAL KILL



An elderly female zombie — she was probably someone's grandmother before she died — approached, dragging one of her legs behind her as she did. Simon held a knife up high, waiting for her to come in range: one quick blow to the head should do it. She was just a few feet away from striking distance when Simon felt the nails dig into his shoulder from behind. The zombie pushed him forward into the dirt — he couldn't even scream as it tore into his back and ate his viscera.



ZOMBIES TERROR

“THEY’RE COMING TO GET YOU!”

“The zombies were everywhere now. All seemed to be heading towards you.

“We need something to slow them down,” Brian said. “What if we—?” He didn’t get a chance to finish his sentence as a hand broke through the window and dragged Brian out. You use this momentary distraction to run off as the zombies tore him limb from limb.

“THERE’S DEAD PEOPLE EVERYWHERE!”

Jean walked into the foyer. The floor was covered in corpses but was otherwise quiet. Treading carefully, Jean walked around them towards the front door. A hand shot out from underneath one of the masses and grabbed her ankle. She tried to shake it off, but it refused to let go. The hand pulls at her leg, and the creature bites a large chunk out of her calf, sending her straight to the ground alongside all the other bodies. It kept biting off chunks of her leg. Jean eventually succumbed to her injuries, but she wouldn’t lie still for long.



ZOMBIES TERROR

“DON'T FORGET... DOUBLE TAP!”

The zombie approached Greg who pulled out the pea shooter he'd found under the desk. With his shaky hand, he fired off a bullet. It missed. The creature took another step forward and he fired again. Another miss. With a deep breath, he steadied himself and aimed carefully.

BANG!

The zombie's head shot backwards from the impact of the bullet and Greg lowered the gun.

"I got one!" Greg exclaimed. But the zombie hadn't fallen down. As it struck Greg, he remembered the piece of advice you'd given him: "Don't forget...double tap!"

“I'M THE MEAT IN A ZOMBIE SANDWICH!”

From both ends, zombies struck Cobey, each using his arms to pull themselves towards him. His struggling only seemed to aid them in bringing them closer to his face, where one bit off a piece of his cheek and another a chunk of his neck. The wound gushed blood down his shoulders as he quickly became dizzy. The zombies sandwiching Cobey continued to feast, long after he passed out.



WINGARD COTTAGE TERROR

“THAT WASN’T A RANDOM ATTACK”

Oscar approached the strange man with hardened blood covering his face and chest. “Are you okay, buddy?” Frozen in both fear and curiosity, you watched from a comfortable ten paces away as the man looked up at Oscar with those empty eyes and let out a hollow moan. “Buddy?” Oscar asked. The man swung his limp arm forward, the nails just missing Oscar’s face as he fell backwards onto the ground. Immediately, you realized that though this creature may have the rough form of a human, and may have even once been one, that was no longer the case. “Get back in the cottage,” Oscar said as the creature struck him with a fatal blow. You heeded his dying words and got the hell out of there.

“OH MY GOD, WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US?”

With a sudden bang, they broke through the wooden door of the cottage and the smell of the undead filled the room. There would be no stopping them now. They crawled over and around the couch you’d placed in the doorway to try to stop them, but it had done nothing to impair their movement towards you and the rest of the guests. Their arms were extended and their moans expressing a voracious hunger as their decaying flesh left a slime trail over the vintage sofa. When they attacked Ethan, sending blood everywhere, you saw exactly what they were capable of. When they immediately got Veronica next, you saw that they were also insatiable.



WINGARD COTTAGE EVENT

BOOBY TRAPS

The moans had gotten louder from outside the cottage.

"Fuck this," Tristan said, bolting forward, out of the room.

As he opened the door, Georgina shrieked out a "No!" but he wasn't going to listen. There wasn't enough time for her to explain the trip wire she'd put there. The one she'd rigged with the axe from the basement. It's possible Tristan heard the sound of the axe coming in the split second before it sliced off the top of his skull, but more than likely everything just went black. And for that, you envied him.

MARKED FOR DEATH

The undead horde continued forward towards Sheila, seemingly focused on getting to her specifically. Eddie tries to draw their attention but it was no use. They continued towards Sheila and overcame her, her scream soon drowned out by the unsettling moans.

ESCAPE ATTEMPT

Wayne looked through the open front door across the room at the driveway and saw his escape. If he could make it there safely, his marathon training would kick in and take him however far he needed to go for safety. Unfortunately, the training hadn't prepared him for the coffee table he tripped over, nor had it taught him how to bounce back up after a fall. The undead beings surrounded his fallen body and feasted.



