

FINAL GIRL

WOLFE ASYLUM

GRUESOME DEATHS

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

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

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

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

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

STORY COHESION

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

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

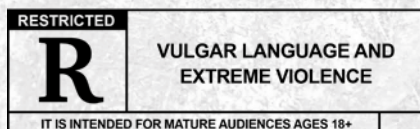
CREDITS

Writers: Julie Ahern, Michael MacDuff, Zander Panopoulos, A.J. Porfirio, Robert K. Starr, Christiaan Williams

Editing: Mike Martins

Graphic Design and Layout: Scott Beavers

THE FOLLOWING HAS BEEN RATED



WOLFE ASYLUM

TABLE OF CONTENTS

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

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

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

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

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

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

WOLFE ASYLUM EVENTS

DR. DEATH



Dr. Death used “questionable” methods. His latest idea was a compound that could be injected to enhance a person’s blood to coagulate immediately upon exposure to air. So wounds would instantly close themselves. As you can imagine, the Dr. needed LOTS of subjects for testing. Ike was the latest of those, and the compound seemed to have worked on the small incisions that the Dr. made, so he increased them. Ike helped discover that the compound did not work for any wound that was big enough to need stitches. But it was at the cost of his life.

DR. DEATH



Dr. Death tried patching harvested body parts onto patients that had lost limbs. It did not go well. He’d never tried eyes though. He was curious at the prospect. Waiting for a patient to fall ill and die could take days or even weeks, so as he often did, he decided to take matters into his own hands. He welcomed Arnold into his office and gave him the luxurious surf and turf meal that he had promised. Dr. Death smiled when Arnold’s eyes lit up. Yes, those will do nicely, he thought to himself. The poison took hold and Arnold fell and drowned in his own vomit.

DR. DEATH



Dr. Death didn’t advertise it publicly, but he offered euthanasia services to the asylum’s residents. The board of directors knew it was happening, but they turned a blind eye to it, as they did with many of the happenings at the asylum. So when Marcy wandered in and asked for “the overnight special”, Dr. Death knew just what she wanted. “Oral or injection?” he asked. “Injection,” she responded. “Please lie down and make yourself comfortable,” Dr. Death said before preparing to administer the shot.

WOLFE ASYLUM EVENTS

HANNIBAL THE CANNIBAL



Hannibal unchained was a monster in the truest sense of the word. So when Amy wandered into the room with him, she barely had a moment to react before he tore at her throat with his teeth and began eating her alive. The scene was the definition of savage.

HANNIBAL THE CANNIBAL



Arthur fought for his life against Hannibal. Even getting the upper hand for a time. But when you are a good person you don't always fight as if it was life and death. And Hannibal was willing to use methods that wouldn't be considered "fair". Arthur soon lay dead, his mouth split from "fish hooks" and his eyes gouged to an unrecognizable state. Hannibal after catching his breath, prepared for his next meal.

HANNIBAL THE CANNIBAL



Jodie ran through the halls and rooms trying to escape, but Hannibal followed behind her, unwilling to let his prey go. He laughed maniacally as she screamed terrified. He was gaining on her. She burst through a door into the next room and dared a glance back, but when she did, he was there and knocked her out with a vicious head butt. Jodie was unconscious, but not yet dead when Hannibal began his meal. She ultimately died of shock when she woke briefly and discovered him feasting on her entrails.

GENERAL DEATHS (HATCHLING)

GENERAL KILL



Ben's throat was so sore he couldn't speak. The paper gowns the asylum dressed the patients in weighed heavily, he felt drained of vitality. His curly hair had grayed overnight. He stood swaying back and forth unable to muster the strength to take a step. If one believed in monsters they might presume him to be a zombie. He started convulsing and digging at his throat with his fingers. His face turned blue as his throat swelled. The top of his skull erupted, leaving only the lower jaw. A Hatchling emerged. It leapt and skittered away as Ben's body stood rigid like a gruesome blossoming flower.

GENERAL KILL



Frank sat leaning against the grimy wall of the asylum cradling his distended belly. He moaned in agony. His stomach churned violently and he screamed as something pressed outward stretching his skin like a balloon. The skin began to crack open, a gory fault line across his stomach, with blood pouring out like a waterfall. Insect like legs wriggled out of the wound, and a Hatchling emerged. Frank ceased screaming as the horror of it overtook him, shock and disbelief remained on his face as the light faded from his eyes and the Hatchling finished emerging from its makeshift womb.

GENERAL KILL



"It's gnawing on my spine!" Jill shrieked. "Gnawing my spine!" It was almost a mantra now, over and over, louder and more panicked with each repetition. Jill began to thrash, jerking as if she were a marionette, puppeteered by a madman. She threw her arms over her shoulder trying to reach her back. She scratched violently, tearing her paper gown. "Gnawing!!" she screamed a final time and collapsed to the dirty floor. Her body began to shake and make popping sounds as the Hatchling crunched bone chewing its way out of her back. The body went limp as it bit through the spine and arose from her corpse.

GENERAL DEATHS (YOUNGLING)

GENERAL KILL

1

-

2

The patient heard something beneath the dilapidated old bed. They approached cautiously, the smell of the mildewed mattress engulfing their senses as they peeked beneath. The Youngling lurched forward hungrily snapping its jaws. The patient dodged backwards avoiding the bite. They fled. The Youngling scuttled out from the bed. The patient began to stumble over the detritus scattered about. The Youngling leapt to the wall and scampered along the vertical surface unhindered by obstacles. It jumped toward the patient and curled, crashing into them with the force of a cannonball, the razor edges of its carapace lacerating flesh and the force of the impact pulverizing bone.

GENERAL KILL



-



The Youngling crawled along the ceiling stalking an unaware patient who was dawdling about. The Youngling pounced and landed on the patient's back, mounting itself like a backpack full of torture. The patient screamed and twirled, desperate to shake the assailant loose, but to no avail. The Youngling began to dig into their back, claws raking down rib bones like a xylophone. The patient bounced off the walls like a pinball, the armor of the Youngling cleaving gashes into the wood. Even in this juvenile state the strength of the creature was too much. The patient fell, the creature fed.

GENERAL KILL



-



The patient passed the vent paying no mind to the broken cover. They were lost in their own world, following the voices to fields of flowers, the pleasant smells of daisies as real to them as the thick dust they ran their fingers through. Their hallucinations had landed them in the asylum, but had also protected them from its horrors. The Youngling scraped out of the vent as they passed. The patient looked and where you would have seen terror personified, their mind showed them a friendly new pet. They reached out to pet it. The Youngling seized them at the femoral artery. The screams lingered for far too long...



GENERAL DEATHS (ADULT)

GENERAL KILL



The Evomorph stood before him. It was a sculpture of a nightmare that would frighten the devil himself. The fear was so intense he could not flee. The creature was so alien, so impossibly terrifying the victim could not even think. It grabbed them and pulled them close, sharp edges of its exoskeleton drawing blood as the hug tightened. It was impossibly strong, bones began to snap and pop as it squeezed harder. Its lips curled back, a mouth full of knives behind. Flesh, muscle, sinew, and bone were annihilated as if it were nothing, which was the same regard the alien gave its victims, cattle to be culled and devoured.

GENERAL KILL



The Evomorph flicked its tail slamming it into the chest of its victim. The impact tumbled the victim to the ground. The Evomorph pounced, its slender arms reaching down, long coils of muscle flexing as it grabbed the victim by the shoulders. It hoisted them upwards above its head. The Evomorph raised its jaws to meet them and ravenously burrowed into their gut. The victim shrieked, their kicks against the armor of the monster useless. As it finished feeding it wrenched both the victim's arms from their sockets and flung them away, letting the remaining lifeless torso tumble to the ground in a heap of entrails and gore.

GENERAL KILL



The Evomorph kicked the patient in the chest like a kangaroo. The clawed foot exploded straight through the victim as if they were made of tissue paper. If you hadn't seen the kick and the emerging claw you would have thought someone had shot them with a shotgun. Bloody chunks of lungs and broken bits of rib bone exploded outward painting the walls a viscous lumpy red. The Evomorph withdrew its leg from the cavity it had created and let the victim's body fall. It stood victorious over the carcass and let out an alien shriek that pierced the ears. It could only be interpreted as a battle cry.

GENERAL DEATHS (AMBUSH)

AMBUSH -

The patient stood facing the wall repeatedly knocking their forehead against it. Thump, thump, thump. Over and over, like a dull and broken dinner bell. Abruptly the Evomorph tore a hole in the wall waist high and snatched the patient through. As they were yanked in, they were folded in half with all the violence of a bear trap snapping shut. Their screaming emanated from the jagged, black, abyss in the wall for only moments before the sounds were replaced by the horrid crunching noise of the alien's jaws breaking wet, broken bone. Then silence. The fissure in the wall is their final tomb.

AMBUSH -

Death stalked the halls of the asylum and could strike anyone at any time. Wes was standing there one second, then he was gone. He was mid rant about how gravity would soon fail and everyone would plunge skyward when his assassin swooped in from out of nowhere. The Evomorph careened into him like a rocket, slamming him into the ceiling and hauling him away in an instant. The only evidence he was ever there were the jagged bloody claw marks in the wall where Wes had tried to hold on as he was dragged away. They were a mosaic in tribute to his desire and failure to live.

AMBUSH -

The Evomorph appeared behind them as quickly as lightning strikes from the sky. It was not there and then it was. It made one arcing, rapid, and savage lash of its tail, slicing through the victim from groin to crown. They split in half resembling a peeled banana, long sagging tendrils of viscera and gore acting as bridges between the two halves of their body. As blood fountained out of the bodily cavities the Evomorph used the red mist as cover for its hasty retreat to find a new spot to lurk and await another opportunity to claim another victim.



EVOMORPH (ADULT) TERROR

“IT CAME OUT OF THE SHADOWS!”

A place with dark secrets creates dark shadows. Some of the shadows in the asylum were as black as midnight. How fortunate for the Evomorph whose origins in the cold depths of space guided it to darkness. It sat deep in the shadow of a corner, patient as time itself. When the opportunity arose it stealthily emerged, unfurling like a sword being drawn from a scabbard. It killed quickly, efficient as a timepiece, no movement wasted, no hesitation, no mercy, and no survivors. It withdrew back to the shadows, a pile of severed limbs a grim placard of its presence here.

SKULL BURSTER

The Evomorph clapped both of its hands on the sides of their skull. The force of the impact ruptured both eardrums, they could no longer hear themselves howling in agony. The lack of hearing did not deter them. The screams reverberated through the halls torturing the ears and minds of all who heard them. The jaws of the Evomorph began gnawing at the face of the victim. The screaming took on a gargling quality as blood filled the throat of the victim. The Evomorph squeezed the victim's skull harder until the head was crushed beneath the force, the brain matter spilling out as if it were a pulverized watermelon.

ACID SPRAY

The Evomorph and patient turned in tandem, slowly circling, a cruel waltz resembling the hands of a clock counting down to the victim's doom. A ruthless hiss exhaled from its mouth. Unseen, a gland began to swell. Acidic bile building pressure. The Evomorph launched the excretion across the room landing squarely on the victim's face. Flesh began to sizzle as the fluid bored through the epidermal layers. The victim clawed at their face trying to pull the phlegm off. Their effort was rewarded with fingers melted to the bone. The face began to ooze like a lava flow of blood sliding off their skull.



EVOMORPH (ADULT) TERROR

“GAME OVER, MAN! GAME OVER!”

“The game is over, the game is over!” The patient sang in a playful voice. They abruptly switched their tone vehemently shouting “Game over! Game over!” Anyone hearing the anguished exaltation would grieve because they knew it was correct. It was game over, doom had arrived, death was stalking, and its harbinger was unstoppable. The Evomorph would claim them all in due time, some sooner, some later, some right now. The furious bellows of “Game over!” ceased and you could hear from somewhere in the asylum the reverberations of the Evomorph undertaking its task, death was being delivered and hope was dying with each victim.

MINOR DARK POWER: SIDESWIPE

The Evomorph was retreating. Its motivation for doing so foreign to you, but relief still filled the room. A sense of hope began to rise, maybe it had given up, maybe it was tired, perhaps it had satiated its need to kill. Whatever the reason, a moment to catch your breath was coming. It slinked away, disappearing around a corner. Suddenly its tail whipped back into view. It cracked like a whip, striking one of the patients, popping off their head like a child flicking a dandelion. The body geysered blood while the head rolled across the floor, its expression of shock and horror matching your own. The Evomorph was gone.

EVOMORPH DARK POWER

EPIC DARK POWER: RAZOR TAIL

The room was crowded. Safety in numbers, or the proverbial fish in a barrel? The mob caught the attention of the Evomorph. It scuttled into the room skirting through the patients, knocking some asunder. It rose in the center of the room, towering over the throng. It shrieked and lashed out with every limb: claws, tail, fang, each rending flesh, muscle, and bone. A tempest of terror. Ferocious violence filled the room with a red foam whirlwind. When it settled, the beast stood atop a mountain of gore, severed limbs sticking out at odd angles, and the occasional face peering up in agony from the pile, dead eyes gazing upon the dripping red exoskeleton of the Evomorph.



WOLFE ASYLUM TERROR

“WHAT IS THIS PLACE DOING TO ME?”

Paranoia hits differently when you are actually being hunted. Every shadow cradles death, every creak of the floorboards signals impending doom, every doorway a maw ready to devour. It was as if the old asylum had allied itself with the Evomorph and transformed its corridors into a slaughterhouse of madness. You hear screaming again! Or did you? It was so brief, maybe it was just imagination, anxiety manifesting itself as hallucinations. Nothing seems certain, you feel detached from reality, swimming in a sea of hysteria. More screams! The sound of another victim being claimed or another step on the road to insanity? “What is this place doing to me?”

FUELED BY MADNESS

The Evomorph listened. The senseless gibbering of patients, the thumping of a head repeatedly knocking into a wall in frustration, the howls of madness, and more, promised a buffet of possible quarry. The lips of the Evomorph curled back in what you could not call a smile, but perhaps an abhorrent display of pleasure. Caustic saliva began to pool around the fearsome fangs behind the lips. It soon spilled over and dripped to the floor with a sizzle. The lips pulled further back, baring fangs as the Evomorph made its choice. It stalked off to claim a prize, wailing red death soon followed.

“GIVE US OUR MEDS!”

The patients began to surge towards you. One mistook you for a nurse and like a contagion the idea spread. Urgently demanding their medicines they crushed in, some striking you with fists. The weight of the crowd was making it hard to breathe. “I’m not your nurse!” you protested, but they were deaf to your reasoning. The cacophony caught the attention of the Evomorph. It enters the room in a flash. “No!” you shout. As quickly as it appeared it vanished, light glinting off its slick carapace, dragging a patient away from the back of the pile. Their screams echo throughout the asylum, casting a sobering spell over the mob.



WOLFE ASYLUM TERROR

“ALL HAIL THE NEW MASTER!”

The Evomorph hung from the ceiling like Satan's centerpiece chandelier. Beneath stood Peter, their gown decorated in occult symbols, head and arms raised in a perverse parody of worship. "All hail the new master!" they chanted. Other patients nearby began to gather. "He has come to release us! Accept him. Be free!" the patient shouted. The Evomorph stirred. Its tail lowered from its perch until the hooked end was level with the patient's face. "Take me master!" Peter pleaded. The beast shot its tail through the worshiper's skull like a fisherman setting the hook pulling them upwards towards tooth and claw. Blood fell like crimson rain from a violent storm cloud.

“I FOUND SOME CANDY!”

"I found some candy!" the patient cackled while scrambling across the filthy floor like a demented crab. "Candy makes the nightmares go away!" they gibber in a sing-song voice. "I hate nightmares!" They begin to strike themselves in the head and rock back and forth. "Eat the candy the nightmare ends, eat the candy and we wake up, eat the candy!" They pop the pill and swallow hard repeating "eat the candy", but quieter each moment. They begin to stop rocking and curl into the fetal position. They whisper one last refrain as the spittle begins to foam around their mouth and then they release their last rattle of a breath.

WOLFE ASYLUM EVENTS

HOSPITAL GURNEY

"My Gurney!" Kirk yelled. "No mine!" Rich retorted. You look on in disbelief as the two patients argue over a rusty broken down gurney as if they were toddlers. Your disbelief turns to horror as the Evomorph emerges from the shadows. "Run!" you scream at the patients, but they pay no attention. The creature slides towards them, its vile movements conveying its malevolent intents. Desperate you run and dropkick the gurney. It rolls forward, a broken edge miraculously piercing the carapace of the monster. It shrieks and picks up the gurney and proceeds to swing it like a baseball bat, bashing the two patients to death.



GENERAL DEATHS (FAST ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

It began to snarl, slowly creeping out of the shadows, drooling from the mouth. Jessie was stuck, the only way out was directly past the Organism, who now stood in the middle of the room, its fleshy outer layer glistening in the moonlight. Backed up against the wall she planted her foot and pushed off, propelling herself upwards. The Organism rocked back onto its hind legs and launched up, wrapping one set of arms around Jessie's chest, and digging the other set into the roof. Jessie was powerless as the Organism plunged its fangs deep into her skull, ripping her orbital sockets out of her face.

GENERAL KILL

2

She managed to dodge the Organism as it lunged at her, vaulting over a gurney to create separation. Running down the hall, Jess could hear it as it dug its claws into the tiles, tearing them up with every stride. Feeling the Organism snapping at her heels, she turned left, looking behind as it slid into the wall. As she turned back around, she ran directly into a set of security doors, breaking her nose from the impact. Dazed, she fell to the floor, looking through a clouded lens of tears as the Organism grabbed her ankles, digging its claws deep into her skin.

GENERAL KILL

3

Austin had just finished his last sweep before heading off for the night. Taking one final look behind him, he noticed something odd forming on the floor. As he leant over to investigate this strange pool of liquid, something charged at him from the shadows. Frozen with fear, he couldn't move as the Organism lunged at him, burying its gangly claws deep into his chest. Stuck under its weight, all Austin could feel was the tearing of his flesh as the Organism clawed at his face, leaving nothing behind for his family to identify him by.



GENERAL DEATHS (FAST ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



Jason had gone through his escape plan many times in his head. It was quiet as he snuck out of his room. Sneaking through the asylum, he was careful to stick to the shadows and out of sight of the cameras. Rounding the final corner, he collided with a guard, knocking him to the ground. Jason had one foot out the door when he felt it pierce through his body, his intestines piling onto the floor beneath him as he faded into the dark.

GENERAL KILL

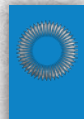


She plunged the needle between its arms, piercing its torso. The Organism screeched before passing out, collapsing on top of Sam. She tried to push it off but kept slipping on its slimy skin. She managed to get her legs free, using them to carefully scooch down its body. She could feel the pressure get tighter and tighter as she got closer to freedom. With her arms free, all she had left to do was get her head free. Placing her hands on its hips she began to push, until it kicked back to life, crawling backwards until she was trapped under it once again.

GENERAL KILL



Gareth had stumbled across the scrawls, horrifying visions staining the walls. Searching for something to wipe it off with, he came across a single shoe, size 8 laying on its side. He leant over, picking it up and checking for a name when something warm and sticky landed on the back of his neck. Turning around, there was nothing but the endless sea of bleached tiles. Suddenly, something grabbed him by the head, pressing his ears into his skull as it lifted him, his body dangling as he struggled. Gareth managed to pry the claws from his face, but the Organism caught him, reaching into his mouth, and ripping out his jaw.



GENERAL DEATHS (STRONG ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

Gwen took Dem's hand and led him away from the group. In her head she had it all planned out; get some candles, profess her love, and live out the rest of their lives together. With every step she could feel him squeezing tighter, sending shivers up her arm. As they rounded the corner, Gwen was overcome by a new sensation; the tearing of flesh as her arm was brutally ripped from her body. Falling forward she could feel the cold hand of death as it grabbed her by the neck, its claws tearing out her trachea.

GENERAL KILL

2

It roared at Devon as he ran down the hall, slipping on the freshly mopped floor. He tried to push himself to his feet but something was wrong, every step sent a shooting pain from his ankle through his body. The Organism caught up with him, burying its claws into his back, and pushing him to the ground. It buried its fangs into his neck, feeding on his blood until it drained him completely, his withered corpse left lying in the middle of the floor.

GENERAL KILL

3

It grabbed him by the waist, its massive hand lifting Tom like an action figure. The Organism held him up to its faces, watching him struggle with curious eyes. Realising how close he was, Tom swung his feet, landing a blow on the fleshy bridge between its heads. His brief glimmer of hope was snuffed out as the Organism wrapped its other hand around Tom's upper body, twisting clockwise until his spinal cord succumbed to the pressure. Tom's lifeless body slid out of the Organism's hand as it walked away, his shift was nearly over.

GENERAL DEATHS (STRONG ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



They had never noticed how low the ceilings truly were inside the asylum, the endless white stretching across the sky, giving patients a false sense of hope. There were many unanswered questions regarding what truly goes on in the darkest corners of Wolfe Asylum, which is how Nandi ended up there. She was a reporter sent undercover to disprove the many conceptions this place had. She was so close to finding the truth as well, right before the Organism revealed itself to her, raising her high above its head and throwing her down onto its knee, crushing her spine as it dragged her away from the sunlight.

GENERAL KILL

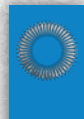


He started to shake uncontrollably as they loosened his restraints. The board would start asking questions if there was yet another unexplained disappearance. Briony administered morphine, stopping the shaking. She put her fingers on his wrist, checking for his pulse, but felt nothing. She slid her fingers up to the bottom of his jaw, probing for a pulse. Turning away to check the time, a warm rush came over her like she had dipped her hands in warm water. She turned back to find herself elbow-deep in the Organism, sinking further in as its tendrils wrapped around her, consuming her whole.

GENERAL KILL



She turned towards her and pulled Laurie in, slowly backing up against the plastered brick. She knew it wasn't the most romantic setting. In her head, it was more candlelight and less fluorescent light tubes in a creepy asylum. She tilted her head to the side and closed her eyes, slowly moving her head forward, searching for Laurie's pursed lips. She tried to scream but her mouth wouldn't open, she opened her eyes as the Organism violently pulled both of its heads away from each other, its submerged fangs ripping through Laurie's mouth, tearing her face apart.



GENERAL DEATHS (TOUGH ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL

1

Maddy was covered in blood that wasn't hers. She had bumped into Jake, spilling hot coffee all over his shirt. As the hot liquid trickled down onto his skin, he started to shake violently, blood pouring from his pores as his skin bubbled and his face began to split open from his mouth. Maddy recoiled in disgust as the Organism emerged from where Jake's body once had been, shooting tendrils from its mouth. Maddy was helpless as it latched around her leg, pulling her shin apart from her knee, and crushing it in its mouth.

GENERAL KILL

2

The Organism held its prey in its arms, raising it to its mouth. Angus couldn't feel a thing, The Organism had crushed his backbone, reaching through a gaping hole in his stomach to paralyze him with one squeeze. His head was now encased in the creature's tongue as it began to swallow, each contraction of the esophagus pulverizing his bones. Inside its stomach, the acid licked at his skin, burning through the tissue and dissolving his bones. Content, the Organism composed itself before transforming into Angus, blending in with a group of orderlies responding to a distress call.

GENERAL KILL

3

Zach let out a bellowing roar as his arms started to grow, causing panic to ensue. Those that didn't run away were at a loss for words and in extreme danger. Zach pushed himself off the padded floor as tendrils spewed from his mouth. Stepping into the hall, the onlookers covered in fear, turning pale at the sight of the Organism fully transformed. It didn't take long for it to take its first victim, wrapping its tongue around Harrison, violently hurling him through the office door, his head collapsing into his neck from the impact.

GENERAL DEATHS (TOUGH ORGANISM)

GENERAL KILL



It growled as the scalpel bounced off its arm, not leaving a scratch as it scattered across the floor. Laurie had exhausted all her options as she burst out of the room, locking the door from the outside. The handle started to rattle as the Organism tried to leave the room. Laurie cupped her hand around the door handle, using all her might to keep it in there. A sudden silence came over her as the rattling stopped. Overcome with relief, she let go of the handle. The last thing she heard was the shattering of glass as something wrapped itself around her neck, dragging her back into the darkness.

GENERAL KILL

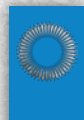


Lauren had been running around the asylum looking for Louie ever since the commotion began, he had never been alone for this long before. Passing through the common room she heard a noise and doubled back, following the muffled sobbing until she found him, curled in a ball under a table. She extended her hand, slowly reaching for his shoulder, being careful not to startle him. As he looked up something was different about his eyes, something sinister. Before fully realizing what was going on, Louie's chest burst open, a flurry of tentacles wrapping around Lauren, crushing her as it dragged her into its stomach.

GENERAL KILL



James barricaded the door with whatever he could find, frantically rearranging the furniture trying to buy as much time as possible. The only way out was through a 2-metre drop via the window, protected by a set of corroding iron bars—it wasn't impossible, but time was not on his side. The Organism burst through the door, shattering it to smithereens. James swung at it with a chair, breaking it over its head. The Organism, unphased, grabbed Doug, thrusting its claws through his body and tearing out his stomach, his corpse slumping to the floor.



ORGANISM TERROR

“ARE WE ALONE?”

An uneasy silence fell over the group as Andrew gathered the last of the blood samples and put them in front of you. You lit a match and held it to the first sample. Nothing. You grabbed the next one and were met with the same result. As you dipped the flame into the following sample, it lunged at you, crawling around your face. You managed to flick it off, sending it into a nearby wall before turning to the rest of the group. The Organism revealed itself, sending chunks of flesh flying across the room as it jumped on the ceiling, ready to pounce on its prey.



ORGANISM TERROR

“IT MUST BE YOU!”

A grey cloud of smoke moved into the hallway as the putrid stench of burnt flesh assaulted the senses of those who had stayed behind. Sean closed the lid of his lighter, burying it deep into his pocket with the memory of what he'd done. “It was him, it must've been,” he said, scanning the group with pleading eyes, begging for any form of affirmation. A growl from down the hall grabbed their attention as the group shifted away from Sean, watching him fall to his knees, a single tear falling from his eyes. “What have I done?” he muttered.



WOLFE ASYLUM TERROR

“WHAT IS THIS PLACE DOING TO ME?”

The Organism snapped David's neck, dropping him into a pool of his own blood. The splash brought the pool to life, the thick crimson tide turning the white halls red. Tim looked out of his ward, staring through the slit in the door, and saw as it approached. Panicked, he tried prying the door open but it wouldn't budge. Blood started to trickle in from underneath the door, flowing through the gaps in the tiles. Tim jumped onto his bed, fighting for air as it swallowed him completely. He awoke in a cold sweat.

FUELED BY MADNESS

Every week there seemed to be a new kind of evil lurking in the shadows according to the patients, something that only they could see with the most sinister of plans. We had learnt to ignore these claims, but this time it came from one of you. Cal burst into the room covered in blood, mumbling about some kind of monster. Some of the orderlies were concerned while others dismissed him. “You don't believe me?” he said before tendrils shot out from his abdomen. You watched in horror as the Organism revealed itself, dragging its victims into its fleshy skin. You made a break for the door, vaulting over it as it buried its face into Barbara's abdomen. You only had one thing on your mind...survival.

“GIVE US OUR MEDS!”

There was an uneasy tension as the patients surrounded you. Looking into their bloodshot eyes, you could see their paranoia, mumbling about the horrors they'd seen. “We just want to sleep,” one of them said, holding out their hand. Other members of the crowd followed suit, backing you into a wall as they begged for their meds. You heard a few of them claiming that you were keeping them for yourself, as someone reached their hands deep into your pockets. You tried pushing them away but they all seemed to pile in, overpowering you as your head connected with the hard floor.



WOLFE ASYLUM TERROR

“ALL HAIL THE NEW MASTER!”

A crowd gathered before the priest, his promises of salvation echoing throughout the asylum. Lisa was the first to accept the priest's hand, instantly dropping to her knees. She let out a scream, tearing away at the sleeves of her uniform, exposing her left arm and something mysterious slithering under her skin. The priest looked deep into Lisa's eyes before lifting her, holding her above his head as if she would shield him from the rain. Tendrils shot out of his mouth, piercing her skin and wrapping themselves around her body, giving her no reprieve from the whirlpool of razor-sharp teeth that awaited her.

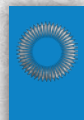
“I FOUND SOME CANDY!”

The screams of patients echoed throughout the asylum as Maria tiptoed towards safety. “How did it escalate to this?” she said. Reaching for the door, it opened suddenly. Four patients burst out, knocking her to the ground. Realising what just happened, Nick turned around offering his hand and pulling Maria to her feet. A loud thud drew their attention past a crowd of patients. Someone hit the floor, their body violently jerking as they choked on their saliva, struggling for air. By the time Maria managed to push through the crowd, it was too late.

WOLFE ASYLUM EVENTS

HOSPITAL GURNEY

You could feel its breath on your neck. As you burst into the corridor narrowly avoiding its claws, you are overcome with a sense of dread; is this how your story ends? Sprinting through the halls, the Organism follows closely, leaving a trail of darkness behind it. Up ahead you see Carter pushing a patient. Reaching him, you drag him over the gurney, pushing it towards the Organism, who just brushes it off sending it into the wall, leaving a red stain as the patient dropped to the ground. Carter froze, coming to grips with what was happening. You hear the crunching of his bones as you round the corner, it was everyone for themselves.



GENERAL DEATHS (TRISH)

GENERAL KILL

1

Desiree was running as fast as she could, but Trish was faster and was slowly gaining on her victim. Desiree tried throwing obstacles in her way, but they barely slowed Trish down. She heard the maniacal laugh behind her and she started crying from fear. Suddenly she tripped on something. Trish had swept her axe under Desiree's feet, tripping her face first on the floor, she didn't have a moment to react before Trish brought the axe down over Desiree's skull, splitting it in half.

GENERAL KILL

2

There they were, the helpless lambs in their hollow prison. How she craved releasing them from this cage. Trish looked at the patients and the people working in the asylum. Who would she free first? She was in the shadows, watching as people passed by. Then she saw him, what a tortured soul, she could feel it emanating from him, how he yearned to be free from this place. "Let me out of here!" he screamed. She was happy to oblige. She walked towards him, his screams turned to confusion as he saw her. "I will be happy to free you," she said. His eyes widened as he saw the axe she held in her hand, she swung the axe into his neck, freeing his head from his body.

GENERAL KILL

3

Kailey was on the phone and walking down the hall, talking to her partner. She was having a long day at work and needed some encouragement for getting through the rest of her day. "Don't worry," her partner said. "It's not as if anyone's dying." She was in slightly higher spirits for only a moment before she felt the axe plunge into her belly. She looked straight into the masked face of Trish before she fell to the ground. Trish knelt over her and pulled her guts from her body, leaving them lying on the ground next to her.



GENERAL DEATHS (TRISH)

GENERAL KILL



Devon knew the monsters were real, everyone always laughed at him when he talked about them. The creatures that come from the shadows to kill. Now they were here, killing the people who doubted him. He wished they had heeded his warnings, then maybe they would still be alive. He knew how to stay alive. Keep out of the shadows, in the light. He saw one of the creatures approaching him, luckily she couldn't reach him because of the light he was in. He laughed before he realized she wasn't stopping before the light. His shock turned to horror as he watched the masked woman raise her axe above her head and bring it down, splitting his skull in half.

GENERAL KILL



"No, please!" Sarah screamed as the masked woman walked towards her. "I'm here to help you," Trish said. "Let me free you from your prison." Trish slowly walked over to Sarah, axe in hand. Sarah's screams echoed through the building as Trish hacked each limb off of her victim. She enjoyed freeing these poor souls from their mortal prison. The sounds of the screams were joyous to her, but she knew they needed to end. "Be at peace," she said, as she slit her victims throat. She watched as Sarah's lifeless body lay there, limbless and bleeding.

GENERAL KILL



Trish came walking through the hall, searching for her next victim. Blaine was crouched in the shadows, hiding from the masked woman. His breathing was silent, and he didn't let the panic get to him. Trish walked along the room, not seeing Blaine in the corner. Blaine breathed a sigh of relief as she headed towards the door to leave. A little too loud, as Trish swung around and looked straight at him, she ran towards him and swung her axe straight into his leg. He fell to the ground bleeding. She twisted her axe around to the blunt end and slammed it into his head over and over until he was unrecognizable.



GENERAL DEATHS (BAGHEAD)

GENERAL KILL

1

Frank was walking down the hall, heading to his next patient. It was a long shift, and he was ready to go home. He heard a loud scraping behind him and he turned around to view a giant man dragging a chair. Frank didn't recognize the man, was he a new patient? He finally saw the bag over his head and his eyes widened as he saw the blood splattered on Baghead's clothes. Too late, Baghead threw the chair, knocking him in the head, and he fell to the ground dazed. When he finally got his bearings, he looked up to see Baghead holding the chair above his head. He screamed for a moment before the chair came down, caving his skull in.

GENERAL KILL

2

"Breathe, just breathe," Cheryl told herself. The panic attacks were getting worse, she couldn't move and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't call for help. She felt like she might not make it through this one, her heart was racing so fast. It kept pounding, until finally, she felt relief. It was over, at least until the next one came. She was relieved for only a short moment as she turned around to see a terrifyingly large man with a bag over his head. "Who are you?" she asked. The man said nothing. She stared at him for a moment until she saw the bloody pipe in his hand. Before she could react, Baghead swung the pipe striking her chin and snapping her neck.

GENERAL KILL

3

"Get away from me!" Francois yelled as he ran from the giant man. Baghead was right behind him, barreling towards him like a bulldozer. He kept running until he realized the giant man was no longer behind him. Francois looked around, trying to find where the monster was, when suddenly Baghead came out of the shadows, grabbing his head and lifting him off the ground. He banged him over and over into the wall until the squirming stopped and left Francois' lifeless body on the floor.



GENERAL DEATHS (BAGHEAD)

GENERAL KILL



"What the fuck did I get myself into?" Michelle thought. All she wanted was to get the truth about Wolfe Asylum and the way they mistreat their patients. She thought a visit to a "friend" would help her get the inside scoop on the place. Now there are some maniacs running around killing people—she just saw a masked woman hacking apart a patient. "I need to get out of here—" her thought was cut short as a giant man with a bag over his head jumped out from the darkness and smashed her skull in.

GENERAL KILL



Simone whimpered as she hid behind a desk. She darted behind it as soon as she heard the heavy footsteps coming towards her. She tried to control her breathing, but she was panicked. She heard the screams and squelching coming from the other rooms. The footsteps faded away, and she breathed a sigh of relief. She peeked over the table and came eye to eye with Baghead. She screamed as Baghead grabbed the desk and shoved it towards the wall, she was caught between it and the wall, unable to breathe. With a final mighty push, Baghead crushed her between the desk and the wall.

GENERAL KILL



Bree was walking down the hall, on her way to get her daily rations. This place sucked, but at least the food was edible. She stopped as she saw a masked figure further down the room. Weird, he didn't look like a patient she recognized. He walked closer and she saw he had a bag over his head. Her eyes widened as she remembered the news stories about the masked murderers. She was too late to react as Baghead swung his pipe, crushing her kneecaps. He bashed her legs until they were unrecognizable, and then continued to crush her arms. He left her there, screaming and bleeding to death.



GENERAL DEATHS (ZEKE)

GENERAL KILL

1

Paula was elated, last day before retirement, and it could not end soon enough. She was walking down the hall when she saw a man with a mask standing further down. How did a patient get such a creepy mask? She started approaching him until she saw the blade held in his hand. She tried to back away, but Zeke threw a knife right through her calf, she screamed and fell to the ground. Zeke walked slowly towards her, machete in hand. Paula tried crawling away, but she wasn't fast enough, Zeke plunged his blade into her neck and watched as the life drained from her eyes.

GENERAL KILL

2

Evan was fed up with his family. Sticking him in a place like this was crossing a line—he wouldn't forgive them for it. Not only that, but they don't even visit him. "They just wanted to get rid of me," he said to himself. He continued talking to himself as he walked down the hall, not noticing the figure approaching him from behind. He felt a tap on his shoulder and swung around to look straight into a mask with a devilish smile. He didn't have a chance to react as the masked man pulled out a knife and slit his throat. He fell down writhing in pain as the man knelt down next to him and started flaying his flesh from his body.

GENERAL KILL

3

Jimmy was laying in bed when he heard the screams from outside his room. Just another day in paradise. He didn't know how it was legal for them to treat patients the way they do, but at least he was normally one of the neglected patients. He heard his door creak open and looked over. That's odd, no one was there. Probably one of the tricks they use to get patients to "break the rules". Better to just stay put, a second later he came to regret his decision as a machete jabbed up from his bed and started sawing through his body.



GENERAL DEATHS (ZEKE)

GENERAL KILL



Courtney was starting to regret coming here to visit her sister. This place creeped her out, it had this eerie feeling of despair. She was walking down the hall when she heard a clatter behind her. She turned around to see what it was from, but nothing was there. “Strange,” she thought. She walked towards the noise, trying to find what caused it. Suddenly she felt something dripping down her face, she touched it to find that it was blood and had a brief moment of realization before she dropped to the floor, knife in her skull.

GENERAL KILL



“This is the worst fucking day,” Florence said. It was non-stop problems and now there was screaming coming from across the building. “Not my problem,” she said. She decided to take a well-earned break and sit down on a nearby chair. She didn’t see Zeke, behind the chair, waiting for his prey. She heard a rustling behind her and turned around to see two blades before they plunged deep into her eye sockets. Zeke continued his work, flaying the woman’s face off of her skull.

GENERAL KILL



Liana struggled against her restraints. The doctor rolling the gurney had tightened them way too much. A second later the screaming started—the doctor looked concerned, and she ran off leaving Liana there, tied to the gurney. Fear flashed in Liana’s eyes—what were those screams from? They sounded more panicked than the usual screams heard around here. She heard a shuffling behind her and looked around as best she could—all she saw was a shadow approaching her. Then she noticed a blade that glinted in the light, and saw the smiling mask of Zeke. She froze in terror until Zeke started flaying her alive. Her gagged screams could barely be heard as Zeke slowly peeled the skin from her flesh, she died from shock long before his job was done.



WOLFE ASYLUM TERROR

“WHAT IS THIS PLACE DOING TO ME?”

“I felt totally fine before they stuck me here.” Vivienne said to herself. “This place is making me feel crazy, they said it would ‘help me.” She kept seeing things, everywhere she looked there were apparitions and monsters. She heard screaming behind her, then the sound of something metal scraping the floor. She swung around and saw someone in a mask approaching her. She screamed as the attacker raised their weapon in the air and brought it down over her head.

FUELED BY MADNESS

This was getting overwhelming, so many screams and shouts coming from every direction. Julian couldn’t take it anymore, he sat on the floor, hands over his ears sobbing. “Stop, please stop,” he muttered to himself. He looked around, hands still over his ears and saw a figure barreling towards him. They looked to be empowered by the screams. He tried to get up, but the attacker was too quick. They knocked him onto his back and stood over him for a moment before bringing their foot up and crushing his head into the ground.

“GIVE US OUR MEDS!”

“Where are they?” Holly muttered. “I need my meds.” She was feeling out of it, she didn’t know what to do, she heard other patients screaming for their meds and attacking anything that moved. She looked down the hall and saw a figure. “Give me my meds!” she screamed as she ran towards them. She didn’t see the blade in her stupor and ran straight into the weapon the Intruder was holding.



WOLFE ASYLUM TERROR

“ALL HAIL THE NEW MASTER!”

“There they are!” Maddie said to Connor, gesturing toward the masked figure. “They’re glorious!” They approached the Intruder in awe. “Please let us serve you.” they said, mesmerized by their power. The Intruder looked at them curiously and approached them. Looking at each of them, the patients both began bowing to the Intruder. They smiled under their mask and brought out 2 blades. They plunged the first into Connor’s eye. He screamed in pain. Maddie laughed, “Yes, we will gladly sacrifice our lives for you!” she said right before the Intruder stabbed their other blade into her throat.

“I FOUND SOME CANDY!”

Gary was starving. He felt like they hadn’t fed the patients for days. He walked down the hall when he came across a pill. “Candy!” he yelled and quickly grabbed it. He shoved it in his mouth and chewed. “This is the worst tasting candy ever,” he said in disgust. He swallowed and quickly regretted it as his stomach started to burn. He became hot and felt like he was burning alive. “What’s happening to me!” he screamed. He choked as blood filled his throat, his vision blurred and he dropped to the floor, foaming at the mouth, blood coming out of his ears and eyes.

WOLFE ASYLUM EVENTS

HOSPITAL GURNEY

Roxanne was strapped to a gurney. She screamed for help as she heard the yelling from the other patients. She saw a woman approach her. “Please help!” she said. The woman looked down the hall to a masked Intruder. “I’m sorry” The woman said as she grabbed a hold of the gurney and started running with it in front of her. “Please don’t!” Roxanne screamed. The woman let the gurney go, barreling towards the Intruder. It hit them hard, the sound of bones crunching could be heard as Roxanne’s body was twisted and crushed between the gurney and the Intruder.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

Horvath raced from one end of his room to the other, but it didn't matter. The walls stayed in place, except for the one where the Big Bad Wolf clawed its way through. "I don't see you!" he screamed. It caught his ankle in its jaws, its red eyes looking into his soul. He heard the crunch and screamed. He tried to crawl away, but it pulled him closer, tearing flesh as it did.

GENERAL KILL

2

The Big Bad Wolf sniffed the air. Most of this place smelled of disinfectant and desperation, so it was hard to find prey. It walked slowly, trying to pinpoint the scent. It had almost passed the janitor's closet when it heard a tiny gasp. It nudged the door open and Enoch sat curled in a ball by the mop bucket.

GENERAL KILL

3

When Randolph saw the Big Bad Wolf, he jumped up from the table and ran. Startled, the others turned around and were already too late. It bit into each one faster than a real animal would attack, waiting for a final kill to disable them all first. He used his time to sprint down the hall, but within moments he felt it bite into his side. Falling to the ground he reached up, trying to claw its eyes but only getting his hands bitten off. "I wasn't the only monster in here," he thought to himself smugly before dying.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



Hildred was here for the third time. Her family insisted it was for the best. They did not want to admit she was simply an inconvenience. The hospital declared her healed within a few months after every incident. She knew it was just that they could not stand her either. When the Big Bad Wolf appeared, causing her fellow patients to scatter, she stood and faced it with joy. "Finally," she said, running to meet her doom, "Escape."

GENERAL KILL



It was the fifth time Halpin had privileges removed since coming here a few months back. He knew the drill, and he really did feel badly most of the time, but he had his moments of rage. They said it was poor impulse control, and who was he to argue? The Big Bad Wolf glared at him from across the room and Halpin's fists balled up. He knew rage when he saw it, maybe this time he'd found someone who'd understand. Maybe he'd get bitten and turn and be able to show all these fancy doctors how stupid they really were. Maybe this—the Big Bad Wolf bit his head clean off before he could even ask to join the pack.

GENERAL KILL



Dr. Clarendon locked the door to her office and backed away. She tried pushing a filing cabinet in front of the door, but it was weighed down from all the patients' folders. She whimpered and backed towards her desk, fumbling for the letter opener. The Big Bad Wolf burst through the door and snatched her up just as her fingers clasped it. It dropped to the ground with a shower of blood as she screamed.



BIG BAD WOLF TERROR

THE JAWS THAT BITE

Nayland wheeled a patient down the hall. It had been a long shift and as soon as he got her into her room, and safely locked in, he was heading home for the weekend. When he opened the door and saw the Big Bad Wolf, he shouted in surprise. He tried to shove the door closed again but tripped over the chair in the way. The metal door slammed open again knocking him down and flipping the chair on its side. His last vision was of the Big Bad Wolf, as big as a bear tearing apart the wheelchair, then turning toward him.

THE CLAWS THAT SCRATCH

It chased Harold from the laundry room down the hall. He ran to the common room screaming, "Help! Please! This time it's real!" Harold was a compulsive liar, and no one believed him until the Big Bad Wolf ate him as its first course.

I'LL HUFF AND I'LL PUFF

Bartolomeo lay in his bed. Eyes closed tight. He'd done his routine. The bed frame was tapped in three set repetitions nine times. He'd tucked and untucked the sheets. He was safe. So the hot breath snuffling at his face, with the rank stench of rotted meat was not going to hurt him. He had protected himself. As long as he kept his eyes closed. He peeked them open and looked right into red eyes. "Now I have to start again!" he wailed before the Big Bad Wolf shredded his chest.

COME CLOSER, MY PRETTY

The bay window may have been covered in iron bars, but it let the silver light of the full moon envelop the room. The Big Bad Wolf stood in the middle and sang out. Gespard could not help himself, he knew the draw the moon had and needed to follow it as well. He stepped out of the shadows towards the light, and saw others doing the same.

ALL THE BETTER TO EAT YOU

Eli lifted his mattress and felt along the seam until he found the tear. He reached in and pulled out the fireworks and lighter smuggled in weeks ago. He was going to save it for an emergency, and this probably fit that description. He ran up and down the halls calling out to the monster. When he heard it coming he lit the lot of them, just as the Big Bad Wolf entered the room. "Come get me!" he cried and as it charged he threw them in the Big Bad Wolf's face. The flare and popping filled the room with smoke and he whooped in joy, until the Big Bad Wolf burst through the haze to rip him apart.



BIG BAD WOLF TERROR

“GOING FOR A WALK TODAY?”

Seneca stood at the front desk. “I need outdoor privileges,” she pleaded. “Not today,” the security guard said mildly, he was used to all kinds of threats and bribes at this point. “I don’t think you understand,” Seneca said, as the Big Bad Wolf attacked the guard from behind, “I really need to get out of here. It didn’t matter, she was talking to a lump of meat now, and there would be no escape.

IT SNARLED WITH RED GLOWING EYES

Ambrose usually liked her “episodes” as the doctor called them. They were usually about avoiding unpleasant thoughts and so her imaginary world was full of wonderful things. But this time the Big Bad Wolf stared at her, red eyes staring into her soul. She did not prefer this at all, and so she walked up to the beast to slap it and demand her trusty unicorn be returned. It was then that the monster chewed her forearm off and then gulped down the rest of her.

ON THE HUNT

Étienne ran as fast as he could. He raced from room to room, seeing the corpses laying about. “Help! Anyone! Please!” He cried out, but no one answered. He heard the beast behind him again, and realized it was toying with him. He cried as he ran, knowing each breath could be his last.

BIG BAD WOLF DARK POWER

RAVENOUS HUNGER

Asenath colored in the rec room. She refused to join in any of the social activities despite the doctor’s encouragement. She knew that if she showed signs of “socialization” she’d have to share her feelings next, and that was never going to happen. She kept her head down even when the screams started. It’s just drama she thought to herself. There’s always drama here. And so she didn’t see the Big Bad Wolf leap at her, making her evisceration mercifully brief.



WOLFE ASYLUM TERROR

“WHAT IS THIS PLACE DOING TO ME?”

Struggling against his bonds, George finally gave up, exhausted. They had thrown him in this padded cell an hour ago and while he hated every moment here, he knew the routine. In a few moments an orderly would show up, and humiliatingly drag him back to his room. The door opened and he looked up to see a giant wolf, standing on its back legs. He laughed and blinked, waiting for his vision to clear. “Dr Lanfer?” he said as the orderly reached down with his giant paws. “What big teeth you have,” he laughed hysterically as the claws began to shred his straight jacket, and then his arms and shoulders, painting the dingy white walls red.

FUELED BY MADNESS

Henry, Cyrus, and Obadiah sat in the corner playing checkers. Of course, they hadn’t been allowed pieces since “the unfortunate incident” so they played in their heads. “I jumped there...and there...so now you have to king me!” shouted Cyrus in glee while Henry laughed. “No!” screamed Obadiah. “Red always wins!” His anger turned into the electric bolt he sent at others with his mind. It usually took a few weeks to work, before they felt the effects of his mighty power, but this time it coalesced into a massive Big Bad Wolf behind the sneaky cheat. The Big Bad Wolf bit down into Cyrus’ shoulder and tore out a chunk of flesh. “YES!” Obiaiah said. “Red always wins! RED ALWAYS WINS!”

“GIVE US OUR MEDS!”

They had been locked in their room for over two days when a young girl unlocked the door. Zadok and Francis shoved past her down the hallway, desperate. “No,” she whispered, grabbing Francis’ arm, “this way.”

“NO! I need my meds!” he screeched pushing her away in desperation.

“What are you doing?” she cried.

“I SAID,” he yelled, grabbing a needle on the gurney abandoned in the hall next to the long dead Nurse Phillips and plunging it into her neck, “I NEED MY MEDS!!” She fell to the ground and scrambled back to look for a hiding place. It was too late; the Big Bad Wolf turned the corner, and seeing them struggle, charged.

WOLFE ASYLUM TERROR

“ALL HAIL THE NEW MASTER!”

Dr. Harin Armitage’s group therapy session sat in a circle. They heard the Big Bad Wolf howl and Winfield’s eyes looked up. “Calm down Winfield,” began Dr. Armitage, as she sighed, knowing this would be a setback. “Remember not to rise to provocation. Breathe in and out.” Winfield did breathe in and let loose a responding howl. Johannes joined in and then they were all howling, racing to the sound of the wild hunt.

“I FOUND SOME CANDY!”

Alijah watched the Big Bad Wolf kill everyone. Nurse Ward, Theodorus, the orderlies...and he had had enough. “I need to get better,” he said, grabbing the bottle still in the nurse’s severed hand. “I need to get better,” he opened it and began to swallow. “I need to get better, now.” The bottle was empty so he crawled to the turned over cart and found another. “I need...”

WOLFE ASYLUM EVENTS

HOSPITAL GURNEY

Professor Ashley Danforth wheeled his patients down the hall as quickly as he could. He heard the screams getting closer, and the growls from the unknown assailant. “This way everyone,” he said, trying to sound calm, but instead having the singing quality of an elementary school teacher at the end of their last day before winter break. The girl came flying down the hall, hitting him. She took the wind out of him as he landed, but she scrambled to her feet, wide eyed and oblivious to any pain she may be feeling. She grabbed the end of the gurney, looking down at Ludwig, who was belted down. “I’m sorry,” she whispered, then shoved him into the oncoming attack of a giant wolf.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

Amos heard singing "Oh child of madness, walk with me today. Into the madness, ne'er shall we sway. Oh child of madness, should you ever stray, oh child of madness, your death will come this day." Amos wasn't mad. Was he? What the fuck? Then his eyes went wide as the syringe was jammed into his side while the Ratchet Lady sang, "Your death will come this day."

GENERAL KILL

2

Laney was seeing colors all wrong. Blues looked red, yellows looked brown, just everything was mixed up. "This isn't right," she thought. It was very difficult to stay focused when everything you knew to be true wasn't. She remembered her pills. She dropped a pill in her mouth and closed her eyes and swallowed. The effects were almost immediate, and she watched as the colors swirled back to normal around her. The wicked nurse charged her as her vision became clear, she incapacitated Laney with several cuts of a scalpel and then began operating on her stomach. She tore through flesh and then the stomach itself until she found the pill. "This is MINE!" she yelled hatefully at the now dead corpse of Laney.

GENERAL KILL

3

The Ratchet Lady wanted to help Joseph, but he kept resisting. She wrapped him in bandages to hold him down. So much so, he looked like a mummy with only his eyes visible. She proceeded to show him all kinds of horrors in an attempt to bring him to the madness. But there was no madness in his eyes, only fear. Fear would not do. Fear was an enemy of madness. The Ratchet Lady had no use or desire for fear. She took more bandages and wrapped them around his face until his nose and mouth were so heavily layered, he suffocated. "Without madness, there can only be death," she declared.

GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



Erin had been trying to escape the asylum from the moment she was admitted. She'd tried almost everything but had never been successful. She could feel the pull of madness taking her, but she would not relent. The Ratchet Lady watched, smiling her wicked smile as she felt the madness around her having its effects on Erin. Before the last semblance of sanity left her, Erin charged the Ratchet Lady and ran into the scalpel she was holding. "I choose death," Erin declared and spit saliva mixed with blood in the Ratchet Lady's face.

GENERAL KILL



Helen just wanted to play Bingo. When was Bingo going to start? "B-I-N-G-O" she hummed to herself. Where was the orderly to take her to the common room? "B-I-N-G-O" Helen had recuperated long ago, but she gained an obsession for Bingo and continued to feign mental instability so that she could stay and play Bingo. The Ratchet Lady could not be fooled, and arriving in the room asked, "Are you ready for Bingo, Helen?" Helen responded "Yes!" with excitement. The Ratchet Lady took a Bingo ball and shoved it in Helen's mouth, "B-7" she said. She continued this calling out the name of the Bingo ball each time. By the fourth ball, Helen's throat became jammed and she couldn't breathe. After the fifth ball, she fell dead and the Ratchet Lady exclaimed, "BINGO!"

GENERAL KILL



The Ratchet Lady knew when madness was not viable in a subject. Some orderlies were too big of assholes, too full of themselves, to make the descent. Cliff was one of these. Always an answer or explanation for everything. To Mildred, people like him were just in the way. She enjoyed using some of Dr. Death's instruments to torture Cliff, who had the unfortunate experience of being toyed with and experimented on by the Ratchet Lady. She wondered if pain could beget madness, but if it could, it didn't in this case. Cliff yelled profanity laced threats at her as she carved him up. Eventually, he went quiet and then she just left.



RATCHET LADY TERROR

WHISPERS IN THE DARK

Joel had seen enough to know that if he didn't find a way out of the asylum, he was going to die. He frantically searched hallway after hallway for a way out. He'd been in solitary for so long. He'd done a bad thing, but he wasn't crazy. The system didn't care about him. He had to be close to finding a way out. But then a mob of patients rumbled in bouncing around and throwing furniture and whatever else they could find in all directions. When they noticed Joel wasn't doing the same it seemed to bother them, and they turned their chaos on him. Joel was overwhelmed. Before long he was battered and bruised. Lifeless. Beaten to death.

“DON'T WORRY, THIS WON'T HURT...”

Alice was constantly being cared for by someone new. At least it seemed that way. So when the Ratchet Lady came to “care” for her, she didn't think anything of it, despite her appearance. Her eyes were hollow and apathetic as the lady went on and on about madness and administering something, blah blah blah. “This won't hurt a bit,” she heard her say, but almost instantly her veins began to sting and her lungs began to burn. She writhed in pain feeling like she was being burned alive from the inside out. “Oops, wrong one,” the Ratchet Lady said before leaving the room.

“JOIN US OR DIE!”

The Ratchet Lady was happy when surrounded by those she'd helped. Madness was contagious. But when Erol resisted, she knew certain “measures” had to be taken. Her maniacs held Erol down and he shook with fear as the Ratchet Lady squeezed the syringe gently causing a bit of the liquid to spurt out. “This will either be your salvation and bring you into the madness, or be your death! Let's see which,” she said as she injected Erol in the thigh.

RATCHET LADY TERROR

“KEEP HER BUSY...”

Omar was fighting off the crazy patients that kept attacking him and some other girl in the room. As an orderly, he'd never seen things get this out of hand. He was impressed with the girl's skills and she really seemed to be holding her own. If he'd been focusing more on what he was doing, he might have noticed the Ratchet Lady before her scalpel blade sliced through his cheek and made his mouth a whole lot bigger. He immediately put his hand up to the wound and fell to the floor in pain. The maniacs took it from there.

“LET ME TEND TO YOUR WOUNDS...”

Grace knew that demon wasn't trying to help her. “Stay back,” she yelled at the Ratchet Lady. But the Ratchet Lady kept creeping closer. “I'm only trying to help you,” she said. Grace never gave in, and a fight ensued. With each slice of the scalpel the Ratchet Lady complained about another wound she'd have to tend to. But when the breath left Grace's body after all the wounds were too much, the Ratchet Lady turned away, “She's beyond help now.”

BLOODLETTING

“Thank you for agreeing to donate today,” a soothing voice said from behind Thomas. He was laying on a gurney and the syringe had just been placed in his arm. After the bag was full he asked, “All done?” The voice replied, “Oh not yet, we'll just be taking a little more. You can close your eyes and relax.” Thomas didn't think too much of it and did just that. His eyes would never open again as all of the blood was drained from his body.

“LEAVE HER TO ME!”

They were outnumbered and they knew it. The patients had all gone insane, like REALLY insane. The evil nurse seemed to have it out for that girl, but Reggie was trying to deal with the patients. “Now Miss Maisel, put that down!” He couldn't hit an old lady, but what choice did he have. Before he could decide the others overwhelmed him, biting and scratching. Reggie died a grizzly death from human teeth and nails.



WOLFE ASYLUM TERROR

“WHAT IS THIS PLACE DOING TO ME?”

Hank was seeing things. At least he thought he was. He slapped himself viciously and repeatedly to make them go away, as he was known to do. “Be still my child,” a soothing voice said. It was the Ratchet Lady and she’d come to take care of Hank. But Hank did not stop. He escalated. “This calls for special treatment,” Mildred remarked as she slid the needle into his thrashing neck. Hank became drowsy and was unable to slap himself anymore. When his eyes began to bleed the Ratchet Lady knew she had overdone it. She shrugged and left Hank’s lifeless body where it lied.

FUELED BY MADNESS

The Ratchet Lady could feel the madness all around her. She was energized and invigorated by the screams and hollers. The chaos. But somewhere in the madness she sensed sanity. This could not be allowed. She found the source and as it tried to escape, she snuffed it out with a slash to the throat. The sound of sanity gurgling its last breath filled the air. That was a maddening sound that pleased her.

“GIVE US OUR MEDS!”

“Give ‘em, give ‘em, give ‘em” they kept repeating over and over. Nurse Jackie knew they wanted pills, but she didn’t have any. “Orderly!” she yelled, but no one came. She was being overwhelmed by searching hands that began to pinch and scratch. She moved to escape, but as she did she came face to face with a bandaged face. “You flee salvation?” the unbandaged mouth said. She then knelt down and forced a black pill down Jackie’s throat. Moments later her eyes were black as night and her veins turned black.

WOLFE ASYLUM TERROR

“ALL HAIL THE NEW MASTER!”

The patients and orderlies were all drawn to her presence. Through the lens of their madness, she appeared as the most beautiful woman in the world. A perfect woman that possessed whatever features their mind saw as perfect. They were compelled to be with her. That meant different things depending on their sexual preference, but either friend or lover as their individual case may be. Total worship. But no mortal was worthy of her love. They only deserved her care. So the Ratchet Lady made an example of the first to reach out for her, as she had to do from time to time, and with a quick slash of a bone saw, removed the arm of the unfortunate orderly. He bled out in front of them all, and suddenly they saw her true visage and knew not to make the same mistake.

“I FOUND SOME CANDY!”

Mouse scurried around the asylum on all fours. He was particularly nimble and adept at finding dropped food, pills, or other items throughout the awful place. When he came across a green pill he squealed with delight. He perched knees bent and flipped the pill between his fingers admiring it. Then he suddenly popped it in his mouth and began a new search, waiting for the effects to kick in. Before long he was writhing in pain as his body involuntarily contorted in ways that were not natural. Bones cracked and muscles pulled as the pill's effects mutilated him from within. But for the shape and look of certain limbs, his dead body was no longer recognizable as human.

WOLFE ASYLUM EVENTS

HOSPITAL GURNEY

You pushed the gurney full force and ran straight at the Ratchet Lady. If her face could have been seen she would have looked surprised as the gurney and the people on top of it slammed into her. One of them was unfortunate enough to have impaled themselves on the long torture device she was holding. The other slammed into the Ratchet Lady and then into the wall behind her and lay on the ground, either dead or unconscious. What happened next, no one saw coming...



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

Joanne ran towards the main entrance as the horde of former patients trotted down the hall towards her. She kicked off her heels to run faster. When she reached the door, she pushed hard to release the security bar, but she got a shock from the metal as she pushed. Even with the power out, there was still enough left from the generator to keep the perimeter safe. The zombies crowded her, pushing her up against the hot metal, frying her and themselves in the process.

GENERAL KILL

2

Everyone else was fleeing the building, but not Dr. Wolfe. He'd been with the institute for over 40 years, since he started practicing. If this was the end for Wolfe Asylum, then it had better take him with it. As the door to his office crashed to the ground and the undead flooded in, he realized he'd gotten his wish.

GENERAL KILL

3

Kathryn recognized the patient wandering down the halls, hunched over and wearing his gown.

"Okay, Mr. Richards," she said. "Let's get you back to your room." He'd had a habit of getting out in the middle of the night. This wasn't uncommon, it was just a standard case of somnambulism.

Yet, as she walked closer, she felt a sudden tinge of fear in her stomach. Like something wasn't right. She'd never felt this way before, but it was unprofessional to fear your patients, especially if they've never presented a danger to others or themselves. She fought through the fear and put her arm around him, at which point he grabbed onto her and bit out her eye, then chewed it like a piece of gum.

GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



No one at the precinct liked going anywhere near Wolfe Asylum, especially at night, and this time Officer Barrett drew the short straw. When he arrived, nobody was at the desk to greet him. And the doors, normally locked and secured by keycard access panels, were wide open. Between the alarms going off and the blood on the walls, he knew that whatever happened here, he was going to need back up. He pressed the talk button on his radio, but he should have drawn his gun first. The door beside him opened and two foul smelling creatures emerged, tearing their fingers into Barrett's uniform and through his skin, aiming straight for his succulent kidneys.

GENERAL KILL



It was one week ago when Beth's family dragged her kicking and screaming into Wolfe Asylum. She knew she didn't want to be here. And now, with all hell breaking loose, she knew she definitely didn't belong here. Trapped in her room, she could lie on her bed with the knowledge she was safe, though the screams from outside didn't reassure her. She heard the click of the door unlocking and sat up. Was it somebody to rescue her? The door opened and a figure came into the room. One look at his ashen face made one thing clear: he was not here to rescue her.

GENERAL KILL



It was so easy to get lost in this labyrinth. Harriet was looking for her niece's room, but the darkened lights made it difficult for her to read the numbers. She wasn't even sure she was on the right floor. A janitor stood in the corner, mopping the same spot in a herky-jerky fashion. Maybe he'd be able to help.

She approached him, "Excuse me, sir?" The man turned around. He had no lips or a nose and his face was completely pale. Like a corpse. It sent a chill down Harriet's spine. When he bit into her jugular, the blood gave his pallid features some much needed color, though he remained just as eerie as before.



ZOMBIES TERROR

“THEY’RE COMING TO GET YOU!”

All the patients feared Nurse Spenser. He had absolutely no bedside manner and delighted in any opportunity to restrain someone. The patients who underwent the change made a beeline for him. And while there was no visible delight on their faces as they held him down and tore him limb from limb, spilling his innards all over the hospital floor, there had to be a little piece of them still hidden somewhere inside those undead brains that appreciated the poetic justice in their post-mortem revenge.

“THERE’S DEAD PEOPLE EVERYWHERE!”

When Victor finally made it out of solitary, something he’d been waiting the better part of a week for, he saw the floors were covered in corpses. And there were walking corpses, like something out of those nightmares that had sent him to Wolfe in the first place. He contemplated going back into solitary confinement, but after what he’d endured, he’d prefer to take his chances with the zombies rather than return to the inside of that torture room.

ZOMBIES TERROR

“DON'T FORGET... DOUBLE TAP!”

This wasn't what Doug had signed up for when he joined the security team at Wolfe Asylum. Even from twenty paces away, he could smell that ungodly odor emanating from the zombie. He took a shot at it. It lay still so he went in for a closer look. As he leaned down to inspect it, the eyes opened back up and it grabbed him. Doug fired off several more shots, but none managed to hit anywhere above the neck. And then he remembered what you had told him: “Don't forget...double tap.”

“I'M THE MEAT IN A ZOMBIE SANDWICH!”

There were just too many of them and when they got too close, Mary didn't have the range around her to swing the baseball bat. She did manage to knock off the jaws of the two that were closest to her, though. Unfortunately, the lack of a jaw wasn't enough to stop them. They kept on walking towards her, squeezing her between them. Mary was sandwiched and couldn't move as they dug into her with their upper teeth.



WOLFE ASYLUM TERROR

“WHAT IS THIS PLACE DOING TO ME?”

The old woman, with her dead expression, approached. She couldn't have been a day younger than 90. Her arms lay limp beside her, extensions of her body which she had little to no control of. With a twist of her torso, she flung one of the arms toward Henry, connecting with his face. Instinctively, he reached out and punched her back. He looked at his shaking fist and wondered, “What is this place doing to me?” He was preparing to apologize when she retaliated and dug into his skin with her dull nails only to then begin biting into his chest. He realized he should have punched harder. Much harder.

FUELED BY MADNESS

A zombie's face had rotted away, revealing tendons by its cheek and a glimmer of his skull on the forehead. It wore a straitjacket and struggled to free itself, twisting and turning, bouncing from wall to wall like a pinball with the mind of its own. Wendy watched in fascination at the morbid ballet act being performed. Judging by its actions, it was getting frustrated, but she'd never know from its unchanging expression. With a particular hard jerk to the left, its arm separated from its body with a large pop as the shoulder area pooled with a blackish liquid. As Wendy stared to see what would happen next, it lunged forward locking its teeth into her and refusing to let go. She was now a participant in this morbid ballet.

“GIVE US OUR MEDS!”

The man approached you with fire in his eyes. He hadn't become one of them yet, but it was only a matter of time.

“Look around you,” he said. “It's only going to get worse unless you give us our meds.”

You turn to move away but he swings at you, hitting you in the nose and sending you to the floor.

“Give me my meds!” he yelled!

An undead hand reached out from behind and pulled him by the hair. The man arched back in pain and came face to face with a open jaw that tore into his nose. Looks like he's going to get a taste of his own medicine.

WOLFE ASYLUM TERROR

“ALL HAIL THE NEW MASTER!”

The man had clearly lost it. He was screaming in gibberish and foaming at the mouth, resembling a rabid dog more than a human being. But there was protocol for this. The guards surrounded him, waiting for the right moment to pin him down and administer the sedative. They inched closer, carefully and, for a brief moment, the man calmed. So, too, did the guards, hoping that they wouldn't need to sedate this man after all. Maybe he'd even return willingly to his cell.

He didn't. In the blink of an eye, he reached out each arm and pulled two guards towards him with unhuman strength, smashing their heads together, taking their consciousness away from them. Blood poured out of their skulls onto the white, linoleum floor.

“I FOUND SOME CANDY!”

The pill cabinet burst open and sent the medication all over the floor. Moaning, the patients approached the pills, weak and shaking. Perhaps the medicine would help them. Maybe it would keep them from turning into those...whatever those things were. You watched as a patient pulled a random blue tablet from the ground with no concern for the dosage or even the medication. He put it in his mouth and dry swallowed it. He immediately calmed and smiled. Perhaps it worked. Maybe this was the end of the nightmare. His eyes closed and his body, stiff as a board, fell to the side. This man was dead. The only question was whether he'd come back as one of them.

WOLFE ASYLUM EVENTS

HOSPITAL GURNEY

The horde was approaching down the narrow hallway. You looked around for something that you could use to defend yourself, hoping for a fire extinguisher or, better yet, some kind of heavy projectile. All you found was a gurney with two patients on it. They weren't long for this world anyway, you told yourself. You grabbed the gurney and pushed it forward towards the creatures, knocking the front row of them back in a domino rally-esque cascade. You turned and ran, not just to save yourself from the monsters, but from having to see them eat the two poor souls who deserved better.



