

# FINAL GIRL

CAMP HAPPY TRAILS

GRUESOME DEATHS

**YOU HOLD IN YOUR HAND A BOOK OF GRUESOME DEATHS FOR USE WITH CAMP HAPPY TRAILS. 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 Season 1 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!

Sometimes there will be "General Kills" that aren't tied to a specific card. Usually, these will come from the Killer's standard Killer Action (during the Killer Phase before the Terror Card is drawn). When this occurs, roll a die to determine which passage to read. Since this can happen multiple times during a game, we've included 6 different passages. Feel free to re-roll if you get the same passage a second time.

Finally, a few cards might have various locations (like "Fire!" for example). We've included a different passage for each location, 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 the talented Elisabeth Boyd and Ryan Jorjorian for contributing their writing talents to this project. The work was many times greater than we expected and we could not have completed this in a reasonable amount of time without their help.

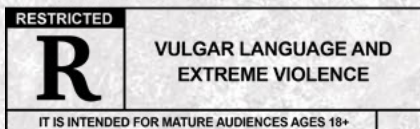
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THE FOLLOWING HAS BEEN RATED





# CAMP HAPPY TRAILS

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## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

The hapless victim screams or tries to, as Hans lifts him up into the air. The teen grabs Hans' wrist to no avail. Hans drops his hammer momentarily to grab the handle of his cleaver, pulling it from its clutch. With a wide swing, he slams it into the teen's side, cracking ribs and slashing partway into the base of the lung. A river of blood flows from the gash and the teen gargles blood trying to scream, still unable to do so. Hans drops the cleaver and reaches into the cavity. He grasps the lung and pulling with maximum force, removes it from the now lifeless body of the victim. Hans raises his mask slightly and takes a bite... snack time.

### GENERAL KILL

2

Bobby was sad that no one wanted to sit by the fire with him. It was his favorite part of camp, listening to the ghost stories and chatting with the other campers. But after the death in the camp the other day, nobody but Bobby wanted to be out at night. He stood next to the fire, poking it with a thin stick. He heard a twig snap behind him, and he turned around with a big smile. Who he had hoped to be a camp mate turned out to be Hans. His pig mask glinted menacingly in the firelight, and he lifted his hammer into his other hand. Bobby was frozen in place with fear and his breathing grew quiet. Without hesitation Hans swung his hammer through the air, contacting Bobby's head on its right side. Brain and blood dribbled down into the fire from the hit, sizzling as Hans walked off into the woods.

### GENERAL KILL

3

It was late and Greg decided that he deserved a hot shower after a long day. He stood in the warm water, letting his mind go blank. His thoughts were interrupted by the creaky bathhouse door swaying on its hinges. "Hello?" he said. He was answered by the sound of heavy boot steps and the scraping of something metal dragging across the floor. He opened the shower curtain to reveal a stocky man in a pig mask. Greg's eyes widened as a sledgehammer swung straight for his head. A splash of red caked the sudsy shower tiles, and pooled in the drain like the killing floor of a slaughterhouse.





## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL



Simon volunteered to get more firewood. He trampled through the underbrush searching for dry tinder. Finally found some in a dark patch of woods, far from the camp. As he stacked the wood in his arms he noticed a figure approaching him. The figure was moving fast and soon he could make out the defined ridges of a steel pig mask. He stepped backward in a panic and tripped, falling onto his back, dropping the wood. Before he could get up, the pig man was on him now and wielding a sledgehammer. He lifted the sledgehammer over his head with grace, landing the hammer on Simon's chest, crushing it into the ground in a spray of viscera.

### GENERAL KILL



They were talking about their favorite slasher movies on the porch of the cabin, and Jane couldn't handle it anymore. She didn't like feeling scared, and also thought slasher movies were too gross. She went down to the lake shore and skipped rocks to pass the time. There was someone else down there too, standing just out of sight. She skipped another rock and watched it plop after a few skips. She looked over at her unknown friend, and found him standing next to her, garnished in a terrifying pig mask. She screamed and cried for help, but her screams stopped the moment the man's sledgehammer made contact with her chest. A meaty crunch resounded across the lake as the force of the sledgehammer threw her body into the calm waters, never to resurface.

### GENERAL KILL



"Everyone knows about Hans," Shannon said.

"Yeah but that's just made up to keep us in our cabins at night," said Nick as he shined the flashlight down the trail.

"All I'm saying is we need to be careful," Shannon continued.

Nick trekked on, determined to get to Makeout Point. After a few minutes he realized Shannon had stopped talking. He turned around to her but instead saw the legendary Hans, in the flesh. "Where's Shannon?" were his last words as that gruesome hammer swung into his side. His ribs cracked from the impact and he hit the ground. His pain ridden eyes saw the gleam of the last hammer blow as it crushed his skull!"



## CAMP TERROR

### WHAT'S THAT NOISE? LET'S GO SEE!

A young counselor with jet black hair hears a twig crack and rather than trusting her instinct to flee, moves toward the sound to investigate. She maneuvers around trees and suddenly trips on what she believed to be a stray root from an enormous oak. She turns to look and notices it was no root at all, but the size 14 boot of Hans. Her eyes rise slowly and go wide as she sees Hans' hammer reach the apex of the swing he brings down on her head. The hammer crushes her skull so cleanly, that Hans ponders for a moment, using it as a bowl for his next meal. Curiosity killed the counselor.

### YOU CAN'T SAVE US! NO ONE CAN!

"Nancy turns to you, "You saw what he did! There's no way anyone can save us, not even you." There were resounding nods from the other campers.

"Let's get out of here guys. We have to make it to the main road on our own," someone else said and they all left the cabin.

You stand at the cabin doorway, watching the others leave into the night, and then spot some movement. Just behind a tree that a male camper in the lead was about to pass. A short croak of warning starts to come out of your mouth, but it is too late. Hans steps out from behind the tree mid swing, eviscerating the boy's torso. The other campers scream and run in all directions. Hans fixes his eyes on you."

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

The campers ran around hysterically trying to avoid Hans. Hans focused his attention on Jared, and the chase began. Jared sprinted down the trail and ran from Hans for what felt like a long time, but Hans never broke pace. Jared knew he couldn't keep going much longer. Jared stopped, picking up a large rock, and prepared to attack Hans. As Hans trotted forward, Jared hurled the rock at him with all his might. It bounced off of Hans' shoulder, barely changing his stride. Hans swung his sledgehammer upward into Jared's jaw, snapping his neck back, and nearly picking him up with the force of the blow. Hans looked briefly at Jared's lifeless body before leaving to find another victim.





## CAMP TERROR

### FIRE AT THE CABINS

Noxious fumes filled the nostrils of the campers and woke them. Rubbing the sleep from their eyes, they turned their lanterns on, illuminated the room. They saw shining pools of what smelled like gasoline covering the floor of the cabin. Everyone began to stir, hoping this wasn't what they thought it was. The moment their feet touched the slick floor, someone opened the door. A match was lit in the doorway, illuminating a mask shaped like a pig. The figure tossed the match in, engulfing the campers in a brilliant orange flame.

### FIRE AT THE UTILITY SHED

Hans dragged Isaac into the old Utility shed. His legs had been crushed with Hans' hammer. He was in so much pain that he was barely conscious. Hans laid Isaac in the middle of the shed and found a rusty gasoline can, pouring the contents over the boy. Isaac spit up the liquid and tried to crawl away. Hans seized him by the leg. Isaac howled in pain as he was dragged backward, deeper into the shed. Hans poured a line of gasoline out the door and threw the can into the shed, before locking it. Isaac laid there in horror, watching the door as it began to glow. It wasn't long before it got hot enough to roast him alive.

### FIRE AT THE DOCK

Bailey was at the edge of the wooden dock, tying off her canoe. Her attention was drawn to the nearby dock house where she heard screaming and loud banging. She stood up to get a better view of the old building. In a moment it was in flames, and a screaming camper opened the door. He ran at her, flames curling around his body, melting his clothes and flesh. He collapsed in front of her, trying to pat the fire out. His strained eyes locked with hers as he perished. She looked over at the building to see if anyone was left, instead she saw Hans, standing proudly in front of his bonfire of carnage.

## EVENTS

### DARK WATERS

It was dark, and a few campers snuck out of their cabins to go for a late swim. They undressed and ran excitedly into the cool water. Moments later, a man stood up in the waist deep water. In his hands he wielded a crude hammer and cleaver. He charged at one of the campers, cleaving off her hand as she tried to push him away. Then he brought his hammer down into her chest. As the camper sank in front of the mysterious man, she noticed that he was wearing a pig mask.



## HANS TERROR

### HE KEPT SWINGING HIS HAMMER AND KILLING AND KILLING

The bodies were stacking up around Hans as he swung his hammer. Cracked skulls and ruptured organs lay scattered about him. Though his face wasn't showing, Hailey thought he looked content with his work. She couldn't do anything, and she knew it. So she got down on her knees and prayed. Hans approached her and raised his hammer in the air, and brought it down on her bowed head.

### HE JUST KEEPS COMING!

Hans was making his way after Harry, who stood at the end of the trail. Harry held a revolver up and warned the man, "If you take one more step I'll shoot!" Hans continued walking, now gripping his sledgehammer with two hands. Harry fired, grazing Hans on the shoulder. He fired again and hit Hans on the side of his arm, but Hans kept walking. Harry clicked the trigger again and it was empty. "Only two bullets?" He said as Hans swung his hammer into his jaw.

### HE WANTS FRESH BLOOD!

Four campers sat around the fire, listening to one of them on the guitar. The night was clear and the fire wrote crackling notes into the music. The boy on the guitar stopped playing and pointed at the camper across from him, as everyone gasped. "What is it guys?" Hans stood just behind the boy with a long butcher's cleaver in his hand. He chopped into the boy's neck, spraying blood across the grass. As his head toppled onto the ground, Hans kicked his body over and the other campers fled.





## **HANS TERROR**

### **HORRIFIC HAMMER RUSH**

Kat watched in horror as Carl tried to fend off Hans. He was no match for him. Hans swung his hammer into Carl's leg and she heard a piercing crack. Carl screamed and in a flash Hans took the hammer to his neck, crushing his windpipe. Hans now turned his attention to Kat.

### **TAKING SOUVENIRS**

Tiffany had been bound and tossed into a dark cabin. She had tried to escape for hours but to no avail. Rain began to trickle onto the tin roof, and Hans opened the thin door. Tiffany screamed as he approached her. He flipped her over and revealed a shining cleaver. He pierced her back with it, cutting a long thin piece of her skin off. She screamed as the warm blood trickled down her back. She watched as he took her skin and placed it onto a collection of small hooks hanging from his belt. There were other pieces of skin, some much drier than the others. He took the cleaver and laid it for precision on her neck, and with a clean chop, he separated her head from her body.

### **HE WANTS ME. HE'S ALWAYS WANTED ME.**

You and Jakob were searching through drawers and cabinets to find anything they could use against Hans. Suddenly, the door opened behind them and there stood Hans, sledgehammer in hand. He rushed at you but Jakob intervened, attempting to tackle Hans. "No! He wants me!", you screamed. Hans reached out and grabbed Jakob by the neck, crushing his throat. Jakob fell limp minutes later, and Hans threw him aside.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

With little warning, a candle seemed to come into view in the distance. "Hello?" Gabe called as the candle began to brighten. Gabe, a high schooler dared by his friends to leave the safety of the cabins, was wandering the grounds looking for a weapon when he saw the candle. It appeared to be getting closer. "Who's there?" he called. His eyes locked on the light and were transfixed... it was so beautiful.

He stared as the light grew brighter and brighter, until his entire field of view was white. Suddenly he came out of the trance and turned away. Everything was still white... he couldn't see anything. He started to scream. He heard a child's laughter. What was happening? Suddenly something rushed by and slammed into his legs. Again and again it happened until he fell to the ground. Unseen forces continued to pummel Gabe until he eventually lost consciousness. The last life left his bruised and battered body as he lay still, his white eyes staring blankly into the night."

### GENERAL KILL

2

Shelly was scared. Terrified actually. She closed her eyes hoping it would go away. The moment her eyelids closed, she was greeted with the image of a woman tumbling out of an upstairs window of an old manor. Just before the body hit the ground, she snapped her eyes open. Directly in front of her were the ghostly eyes of Helen Creech. She turned and ran, but no matter which direction she went, there the Poltergeist was, waiting for her. Icy fingers closed themselves around Shelly's neck. She choked and began gasping for air. As she lost consciousness, she saw the image of the woman from before slam into the ground, bones breaking. It was the last image her mind would ever have.

### GENERAL KILL

3

Garrett didn't believe in ghosts. Someone in this camp was playing tricks, and he was determined to find out who. He went around the camp searching for evidence and hoping to catch someone in the act. He thought he'd found them when he heard giggling in one of the cabins, but it just turned out to be two oblivious counselors going to second base for the first time.

He spent another 30 minutes roaming around outside, when the wind unexpectedly picked up... the wind was blowing against him so hard, he couldn't make any ground. He turned to walk in another direction, and yet the wind still blew in his face, preventing him from moving. He did a 180, but the same thing... he began to panic, trying to run but ultimately not moving. Eventually, the wind became so fierce that his clothes were ripped away, and began to burn his skin. He screamed in agony. The wind found its way into his open mouth and the force was so tremendous that it prevented him from breathing. He died in the next moments and his lifeless windburned body fell to the ground, as the wind completely stopped.





## GENERAL DEATHS

## GENERAL KILL



The screams were horrible to hear. Someone said that people were really dying. Then they heard a different kind of scream... that was no human scream. The camper noticed an apparition appear in the clearing. The apparition threw her hands down and back, and thrusting her head forward, let out a tremendous howl. It pierced the camper's ears and exploded the eardrums. Blood poured first from the ears and then from the nose as the apparition's howl continued. The camper's eyes rolled back in their sockets as the howl caused them to suffer a massive stroke.

## GENERAL KILL



Eddie walked through the wooded area, oblivious to what was going on. His headlamp was on as the sun had just set and the cover of the trees made it a bit too dark without it. He kicked twigs and leaves as he walked, focusing the headlamp on the ground in front of him so that he wouldn't trip. His shoulder hit something as he walked and it gave way. Eddie looked up and gasped as he realized he just hit the dangling feet of someone hanging from the tree. He turned and froze in fear as he noticed countless other victims hanging in the trees. He panicked and ran, or at least tried to. He suddenly felt a rope around his neck and was lifted into the air. He grabbed at the rope with both hands but it was no use. His head slumped forward, and he joined the other restless spirits stuck in the purgatory like forest, destined to remain as hanging apparitions that appeared during the full moon.

## GENERAL KILL



Allie stumbled through the camp. "Where is my daughter?" she thought. She had come back to Happy Trails to pick up her daughter after receiving concerning letters. Some 'Helen Creech' was sending her daughter letters. Death threats to be more exact. Whatever practical joke this was and whatever camper was responsible was of lesser importance and would be dealt with later. Right now she just needed to find her daughter, and leave.

Then she heard her daughter's voice, "Mommy, go home!" but only in her head. "Mommy, you have to leave," she heard the voice of her daughter in her head. "She'll get you too, she'll get you too, she'll get you too..." the voice kept repeating over and over in her head. Allie was distraught and began moving and searching erratically. All the while "She'll get you too" was all she could hear like a broken record in her head. And then it happened, she got her too.



## CAMP TERROR

### WHAT'S THAT NOISE? LET'S GO SEE!

Jason had been investigating the paranormal for a few months. It was all a bunch of bullshit as far as he was concerned, but it was the only job he could find being an ex-con newly granted freedom from the pen.

He had no doubt the noise was Carolyn, the girl pranking everyone in this stupid camp. Sure enough, he sees the little girl in the shadows and goes over to her, reaching out his hand for her to take. "Come on, you little bitch," he says as his hand crosses into the shadows. In a flash, his arm is gone. Severed clean at the shoulder. A hulking grizzly raises up on two legs and, an instant later, Jason's body is on the ground minus one arm and a head.

### YOU CAN'T SAVE US! NO ONE CAN!

"Chaos. This is chaos," thought Gina. Tears fell from her eyes as she rushed away. Terry and Michael told her there was a girl that knows how to stop this... well chaos. They all tried to find the girl to see if they could help. But now Gina was alone and Terry and Michael had... disappeared. Gina just ran but didn't know where she was going, nor did she care. She just had to get out of here.

After running for what seemed like an hour, she stopped to catch her breath, hands on her knees gasping for air. In an instant, a hand burst through the dirt and grabbed her ankle. She screamed in fright. She broke free pulling her leg violently away and began to run. But more and more arms and hands emerged. She dodged a few but then tripped and this time she would not get up. Countless arms and hands grabbed her prone body and pulled her into the ground, burying her alive.

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

Campers and counselors were running around like chickens with their heads cut off. Not literally, because the ones with their heads cut off were no longer running. There was an evil spirit in this camp, no doubt about it.

Chris was not going to be a victim. At least that is what he told himself. He was faster than the others and smarter. At the first sign of trouble he would take cover. Minutes later, after hearing a scream, he ran to the nearby tree line and crouched at the base of one of the pines. He peered out into the darkness of the camp but couldn't see anything. Then, from behind he heard a thunderous noise... "What on earth?" He turned around, eyes going wide at the sight of a wave of trees falling in his direction. He turned to run, but the loud splinter of the trees in the final line reached his ears just moments before a 70 foot pine completely crushed him.





## CAMP TERROR

### FIRE AT THE CABINS

They ran into the cabins and shut the door. Most campers prefer candles and lanterns to electricity, so they lit the candles but placed them in the corner to avoid lights being seen outside. They didn't know the enemy wasn't human. They peeked over the window sill to see what they could see. They did not notice behind them as the bedsheets were slowly pulled from the bed and moving to the center of the room as if on their own. A candle floated slowly from the corner of the room and remained a few feet above the sheets for a moment. They turned just as it dropped on the sheets and a flame immediately erupted. They gasped and ran for the door trying to open it to no avail. Soon after, their screams echoed throughout the camp as their skin boiled and melted away from their bones.

### FIRE AT THE UTILITY SHED

Dotson and Craig surveyed the items in the Utility shed. What could they use? What could possibly even hurt it? Was there anything that could help them get away?

Dotson gasped and grabbed for something. He turned around and held it up for Craig to see. "Dude!" exclaimed Craig, "M-80!"

Grabbing one of the grounds keeper's cigarettes from the workbench nearby, Craig shuffled around in his pocket, pulled out a lighter and lit the cigarette, taking a drag. He held out his hand to Dotson saying, "Gimme that."

Dotson hesitated, but then gave it over to him. Craig lit the fuse and muttered "cool" under his breath while he watched the fuse burn down.

"You're crazy!" yelled Dotson as he ran for the door.

Craig went to pinch the fuse before the M-80 exploded, but got distracted by the contents of the shed... there were gas cans and oil barrels everywhere! No tools, no benches... just fuel. "But how... they weren't there before?" was Craig's last thought as the shed exploded, completely eviscerating him and everything inside.

### FIRE AT THE DOCK

Alisha couldn't even remember whose idea it was to hide in the dock house. It was cramped and cold. She was considering leaving the building, but then heard something. Sounded like a boat motor getting closer and closer. She propped open the door, just enough to peek out.

There was a motorboat speeding directly at her and the dock house. And, was that?... Surely she must have been hallucinating, but it appeared as if a clown doll was driving the boat, an evil grin on its face. She slammed the door shut and crouched down in fear.

Moments later the boat slammed through the dock and into the dock house. The dock house exploded into a ball of fire and while her body was burned and reduced to ashes, Alisha was actually killed in the moments before when the boat slammed into her through the wall, crushing every bone in her body.



## EVENTS

### DARK WATERS

Nothing wrong with a late night dip in the lake... clothing optional! Rachel and Ellie had been getting close over the past few weeks at camp. Their late night swims were a big part of that. They laughed, gossiped about the boys at camp, and sometimes even ended up doing some innocent flirting with each other. However on this night, after a raucous splash fight, Ellie drew Rachel in and held her tight as she looked into her eyes.

"I don't know," Rachel said shyly looking away.

"Look at me," Ellie said softly using her hand to gently turn Rachel's face back towards her. She leaned in, and just as their lips touched, Rachel pulled away... "Race ya!" she said.

Ellie watched Rachel swimming a perfect freestyle back to the dock, not sure of what it all meant. When she finally decided to chase after her, she noticed some black goo in the water. She yelped and began to thrash wildly as a stinging sensation was felt where the black goo was attaching itself to her body. "Help!" She yelled out, hoping Rachel would hear her. But it was the last word she ever said as the goo pulled her beneath the surface of the lake.

Rachel climbed up on the dock and looked back to see how far behind Ellie was, but she only saw the black sheen of the water on a calm lake. Where was Ellie?

## POLTERGEIST TERROR

### EVERYTHING WAS FLYING AROUND!

Tornadoes were never something the residents of Happy Trails had to worry about. They just didn't happen in the region. So when the twister ripped through the woods over near Makeout Point, it was a surprise to everyone. Well, everyone except Carolyn. Broken limbs, rocks, leaves and other debris were swirling in the hellish winds. People were running in all directions. Suddenly, a fat little camper the kids all called "Chuckles" was sucked up into the swirling tornado. Everyone was too busy running for their lives, but one of the cameras on a nearby building caught the awful sight of his severed body parts going around and around in the tornado. They had been ripped apart by the rocks and other debris.





## POLTERGEIST TERROR

### UNSTOPPABLE EVIL

Have you ever felt pure, unadulterated evil in the air? That was the feeling at Camp Happy Trails at this moment. The Poltergeist, a being of such immense evil, stopped the breathing of at least one individual and it is likely there could be more. Imagine a fear so profound that you are unable to think about anything else, even basic motor functions. That was this evil. Their brain shut down and they forgot how to breathe. The one bright side is that they didn't feel any pain. But that might not be much consolation for such a horrific death.

### THE SHADOWS ARE CLOSING IN

Shadows thrive at campgrounds. Flickering fires, flashlights, and other lights are very much the minority at night. Some weak willed campers are scared of harmless shadows. But even the strongest among them would be afraid of these, living shadows.

Shadows aren't supposed to be able to chase you, to surround you, to envelop you in complete darkness... but that is exactly what happened to Samantha, a first year camp counselor. Unable to see and feeling as if she was in a complete void, she ran right off of a nearby ledge and plummeted to her death.

The coroner couldn't explain why her eyes, even the whites, were completely black. The family refused to have an open casket at the funeral because the frozen look on her face was so disturbing.

### THE GROUND IS SHAKING

Small tremors were not uncommon in Happy Trails. It was on the fringes of a decent sized fault line after all. But that knowledge is of no comfort to Harry Loomis, the boy that the earth swallowed whole. The path he was walking on literally split in two opening a 10 foot wide chasm, but as quickly as it opened up, the earth slammed back together launching a splatter of blood into the air. That was what happened to poor Harry Loomis.

Jenny Thompson, the only witness who saw it, wasn't sure if she'd live long enough to tell anyone about it. And even if she did, who would believe her?

### WHERE THE HELL DID THIS STORM COME FROM?

Without the other strange things that had been happening, the campers may have thought the storm was just like any other they'd experienced. This one was supernatural though. The concentration of lightning in the area was uncharacteristically heavy. Had any of the campers been a soldier in a past life, they might have found it similar to running through a battleground as mortars fell all around them.

Sadly, as in war, the devastating force sometimes hits its mark. The remainder of Kelly's body was something you would have to see to believe. The lightning literally split him in two. But the skin and organs were completely cauterized in the process, leaving a bloodless, but smoking, human body in two pieces lying on the ground.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

Jacob was awoken by a threatening movement. He rubbed his eyes and as his vision focused, he saw a masked man staring at him through the window. He glanced at the other bunks. Everyone else was asleep. He flashed his gaze back at the window. The stranger was gone. His heart pounded as he hopped from his bunk, grabbing his flashlight on the way. He went to the cabin door and opened it. In the thick darkness of night he saw only the mask and from it, two curved blades pierced his chest.

### GENERAL KILL

2

Amanda was lost. She had been trying to find her way back to her cabin for hours. It was getting darker as the last warmth of light left the sky. She panted as she trudged through the thick brush. Her heavy heartbeats filled her head and they turned into a dull drumming. She heard something behind her and she began to run. She ran as fast as she possibly could until her muscles felt like they could burst. She stopped and took a moment to breathe in the darkness. Out of the corner of her eye a light beckoned to her. She followed it and soon found herself standing before a campfire. As she stood there she felt breathing over her ear. She turned and found a tall man standing behind her. His curved blades glistening in the light. Before she could react he grabbed her and into the lapping flames she went.

### GENERAL KILL

3

Jared carried old gray sticks gleefully down the nighttime trail. His only thoughts were of the S'mores and ghost stories that awaited him around the campfire. The trail was long, lit only by his light and the firefly denizens of the night. Lost in thought, Jared tripped across a long jagged root that jutted from the center of the path, dropping his firewood in the fall. He pushed himself up out of the dirt and went for his light. As he reached for it, he noticed the beam illuminated a foot standing in the trail. He moved the beam upwards, revealing a strange man adorned with pelts. His vision closed with fear. The savage revealed two shining blades, thrusting them down into his neck. Blood flew through the light beam, glowing red alongside the fireflies.





## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL



Tiffany cast her fishing line far out into the shimmering lake. The thick summer heat waited with her on the bank. The golden sun was setting across the water. As she watched it, her attention was pulled toward a tug on the line. It was a big one. She reeled the line in, fighting for the prize. She saw a shape in the water and reeled faster. A dark figure emerged from the water holding the hook in his hand. He tossed the hook into the water. The evening sun reflected off his mask as he leapt across the water at her. She stumbled and sprinted down the sand choked bank screaming for help. She didn't run for long. In a flash she felt a hand grip her shoulder and watched as a blade bore through her stomach.

### GENERAL KILL



Quincy found himself walking back to his cabin alone. He had fallen asleep by the fire and nobody had woken him. The moon gave him no company, hiding intently behind thick clouds. The cold night air bristled against his skin, standing his hairs on end. As he walked disappointedly back to his cabin, he was alerted to a sound beside the trail. He stopped walking. The sound halted. Blood rushed to his cheeks as he continued walking. A few moments later he stopped again, this time two footfalls trailed off next to him. He waited only a heartbeat before those footsteps took off at him. He tried to run, but a foot tripped him and he crashed to the ground. Over him stood the silhouette of some native, and the man held his knives up ceremoniously in the moonlight, before driving them into his skull.

### GENERAL KILL



Adam loved sitting amongst the trees sketching his favorite camp-mates. Today he sat under a tall pine tree and sketched Timothy, his new friend. Timothy sat still on a log, he was a good distance from Adam, but he could see that his friend held a whittling knife and stick. He pulled out his sketching supplies and started drawing. He scraped against the page with his pencil, shading in key areas.

He had been sketching for half an hour before he realized Timothy had never started whittling. He approached his friend through the trees. Upon closer inspection Timothy's skin was pale and a stream of blood trickled from a long gash on his throat. Adam screamed and looked up, realizing that the camp rumors had been true. Inkanyamba the savage man, was barreling down towards him and skewered his face with his cold knives.



## CAMP TERROR

### WHAT'S THAT NOISE? LET'S GO SEE!

Lindsay was terrified. Something was happening and there was nothing Happy about this camp or these trails. What was that? She heard a noise to her left, but turned and nothing was there. She yelped, hearing something else on the right, it sounded like something whooshing by. She began to spin as she walked, trying to keep an eye on all directions at once. But Inkanyamba came from the one direction she wasn't considering. Above. His blades opened her throat as he pounced on her. Lindsay would be one of the lucky ones, the other deaths would not be so quick.

### YOU CAN'T SAVE US! NO ONE CAN!

Jade left in a panic with the others, as they left that one girl by herself at the fire. She had a feeling she could have saved them, but it was too late for that. She said his name was Inkanyamba and that he had come here to kill them. No one believed her, but then they saw him. Clothed in fur and adorned with some sacred mask, he stood silently in the darkness. He was watching them, waiting.

Jade ran the moment they all saw him. As she panted through the twilight forest, she knew she messed up. She could hear his feet gliding over the forest floor behind her. She ran harder and looked back, but there was no one there. She slowed to a stop. Squinting to see in the dim light, she saw no signs that anyone had ever been there. She heard a rush of air above her, and saw Inkanyamba plummeting down onto her, his knives piercing her soft skin.

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

Everyone just started running, but for some reason Henry felt he was being targeted. A primordial panic raced through his body. He felt he was being watched. Somewhere through the trees, the eyes of some seething predator tracked him. He ran so hard his feet began to bleed and his lungs dragged the air through them. He was sure he was being watched, and he knew that he could run until he died, and they would still be watching. He screamed with exhaustion as his knees hit the forest floor. He looked up, tears streaming down his face. A man emerged from the trees and he held two long daggers like the sleek teeth of some great beast. The man roared as he charged him and raised his blades towards his head. Henry's head hit the ground with a dull thud, littering the clearing with velvet fluid.





## CAMP TERROR

### FIRE AT THE CABINS

Their friends had all died outside, but none of them knew how they died. As they peeked out, they were sure they had seen a shadow move between the twisted and blood drenched bodies. There was someone after them. Together they moved the heavy wood bunks up against the cabin door and put whatever they could find over the windows. There wasn't any way someone could get inside. They stood in a circle comforting one another and waiting out this onslaught of death.

In the tear-soaked silence they heard something on the roof. Footsteps quietly placed between their heavy breaths. Someone was on the roof. They looked up and watched as a single shingle had been removed and a long torch, covered in oil, was dropped through the roof, engulfing the floor between them in swirling orange flames. The fire grew around them, they ran to the door and tried to move the heavy bunks, but they had trapped themselves. The smoke gripped their lungs, draining them of willpower. The flames overtook them, drawing in scathing air as their skin peeled off their bodies."

### FIRE AT THE UTILITY SHED

Placing a board between the grooves of the shed door, Kelly shook it to ensure she was safe. The shed was dark save for a lone bulb dangling from a rusty chain. She shuffled through the piles of dust caked tools searching for a good weapon. There wasn't much worth looting in the front of the shed so she shuffled between the racks to get to the back.

She tripped over something in the darkness, tumbling forward onto her side. She turned over to push herself up. As her hand touched the ground, she noticed it was wet. She smelled gasoline and immediately realized she'd knocked over a gas can. Annoyed, she looked for a rag or something to clean it up. That's when the bulb flickered out.

Kelly, who'd started smoking a few weeks ago, pulled her lighter out oblivious to the consequences of what she was about to do. She lit it not knowing how close her hand was to the gasoline. Her death was a quick, but painful, as the shed went up in flames.

### FIRE AT THE DOCK

Cool water surrounded the dock and it made Henry more excited to go canoeing. He grew impatient with his friend, who took too much time putting on their life jacket in the dock house. He raced over to the stack of canoes and began untying one. Through the sound of water lapping against the dock, Henry could hear footsteps just behind him. He turned and saw someone in a mask hurl a torch into the dock house. The masked man then hurled a second item, it looked like a small sack, into the dock house and the place exploded. It was enough to knock Henry off the canoe and when he rose to the surface the masked man was gone and he knew his friend was probably dead.



## EVENTS

### DARK WATERS

Water swam past the kayak as James paddled through the lake. He skirted the banks of the still lake on his way to surprise his friends at the swimming hole. Further ahead, James could see vultures circling over a shady patch of water. He pushed his paddle deeper, cutting swiftly through the water to see what it was.

The water in this area was significantly darker, James thought as he put his hand in the water. Where the light broke the surface, red streams of liquid passed through his fingers. A vulture swooped down across the gentle waves. James tracked it with his eyes and saw a bloated husk floating in the water. It was a bloody and beaten body. Fear forced itself into James' veins and then he noticed his hand was still in the water. He looked down. A mask looked back at him through the depths. A hand grabbed his, and pulled him beneath, capsizing his kayak. In the current and sloshing bubbles, he felt hands wrap around his throat. Pressure built through his head and with his vision fading, he saw a shifting face of rage penetrating his sight.





## INKANYAMBA TERROR

### WRATH OF DEATH

They had tread where they should not have. They had transgressed against the god of Death. Inkanyamba could feel him, the god's icy decay crawling into his bones. He is angry and Inkanyamba must appease his rage. He unsheathed his knives and looked down into the forest. The warm light of a cabin greeted his eyes and he raged at the thought of their unholy transgressions. It appeared that only one of these forsaken ones occupied the cabin. His mind was clouded with the lingering feeling of death. It was a god unlike most and through Inkanyamba it was coming for this man.

Inkanyamba came to the door of the cabin. It was unlocked. He pushed it open. A young man stood facing away from him, unaware of his presence. Filled with rage, Inkanyamba flew onto him, his knives dancing in a flurry of rage across the man's body. Blood caked Inkanyamba when he was done. Before he displayed the mangled body across the floor, an offering to that sacred god, Death.

### WRATH OF HORROR

Mad fear rushed into Inkanyamba's heart as he watched a female camper trample through the woods. This fear which gripped him was so holy. A righteous fear that could only be purged with blood. Her blood. He gripped his blades in agony, for it hurt to watch the gods in such torment. He leapt from the branch he was perched on, descending onto her like some rampaging spirit. Her head left her body with ease, blood spurted from her neck, pleasing the ground it flowed upon. Inkanyamba's heart quit racing, and the gods sat back in their holy thrones.

### WRATH OF OPPORTUNITY

When a hunter meets its prey there are no missed opportunities. It is a primal exchange of life that cannot be avoided. Inkanyamba had such an opportunity calling out to him in a savage rage. He could see the top of a camper's head bobbing up and down above the undergrowth. He could hear the primal songs of the old gods singing to him what had to be done. He crouched low and stalked through the brush. Between the leaves of branches and tall stumps, he could not be seen by his prey. The trail twisted around a bend, where Inkanyamba lay waiting. Inkanyamba dashed at the camper. His holy rage was focused and clean, and made quick work of her now lifeless body. Only a footprint was left in the dust to tell that his work had been finished.

### WRATH OF BLOOD

There was no wrath like what the gods bestowed upon Inkanyamba. Their vengeance would reign amongst the mangled corpses of the desecrators. One of them laid before him now, lounging by the lake, soaking in the sun. She knew nothing of her transgressions, but she would know her punishment. Inkanyamba looked up at the blazing sun, and pronounced his offering to the gods. His daggers darted downward toward the girl's stomach, tearing her innards out in a display of the wrath for the gods, a declaration made in blood.



## INKANYAMBA TERROR

### I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT I'VE ANGERED HIM.

When I came to Camp Happy Trails I never expected to walk into an endless nightmare. This nightmare began silently. In fact, I have no clue how it started. Did we do something bad? Why is he so angry with us? I don't know, I think, as I walked cautiously down the trail. That's when I first noticed it, a puddle of blood decorating the middle of the trail... the blood of some recent victim, no doubt brutally killed. It seems to have been spilled there deliberately, for me. Through the trees I can feel him, his dark silhouette watching me. Maybe I hadn't angered him yet, but I knew if I didn't stop him he would come for me like the others.

### FICKLE TEMPER

Jaden walked briskly through the clearing, she had seen wildflowers growing there and decided to pick them. She reached for one of their stringy stalks and plucked it. It was a brilliant yellow flower and it shone with vibrant beauty. As she went for another she noticed a breath, deep as if someone was angry.

She looked ahead and saw a man standing in the tree line, his chest rising and falling rapidly. "Are you okay sir?", she asked. Sweat glistened off his skin and he began walking toward her. "It's just a flower, do you want me to put it back," she said as he approached.

He stood above her now, her breath quickened as he revealed a long steel blade. She screamed, "It's just a flower, don't be upset please!" He swung the blade across her face, cutting deep into her skull. He left her there barely breathing. The gurgling could be heard in the flower field for a while after, and it fell silent as the man walked away.





## INKANYAMBA TERROR

### HE'S COMING AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!

"Please come with me, we all need to leave! He's going to kill us all," Callie pleaded.

The other campers in the cabin were unconvinced. "Look Callie, this is our camp. We're not going to sit here and let some lunatic think he owns the place," Jared said.

Callie started to cry, "Fine, I'm leaving without you, but believe me when I say there's nothing you can do."

Callie turned the knob on the door. A dark silhouette stood in the night air. Callie screamed through her tears. She looked back at the other campers as a long blade slid into her chest. Blood poured from the wound and Callie slumped to the floor, "There's nothing you can do," she said through a bloody cough. The man pulled the blade from her body, and stepped through the door.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

Mandy didn't even notice the Jack in the Box before she trips over it. A light scream echoes from it. She looks down and picks up the tiny box, examining it to see where the noise came from. There's nothing remarkable about it, it's just a simple red box. She smirks to herself, ready to drop it, when the handle begin to turn on its own to the happy tune of 'Pop Goes the Weasel!' The handle starts going faster and the tune gets more intense when POP. Nothing comes out. She chuckles to herself when she looks up to see Geppetto in front of her. No time to scream as he stabs her directly on the top of her head with the sharpest pair of scissors you've ever seen.

### GENERAL KILL

2

He didn't know where the strings were coming from, but Lars didn't even have time to find out as the twine got tighter and tighter around his body. Cocooning him with all the thin and sharp twine the world could bring, he lost consciousness as it dig into his neck when something, or someone, tugged on the strings against his neck and decapitated him.

### GENERAL KILL

3

When you're alone in the dark, your mind tends to play tricks on you. At least, that's what Terry tells himself as he swears he sees something move in the darkness around him. A moment later, he definitely hears something behind him and turns around in the darkness. He calls out to 'whoever is out there.' 'Whoever' responds in kind as Terry feels a sharp pain in the back of his knee, and he kneels to the ground when another sharp pain takes out his other knee. He then feels something climb up his back, followed by a deep slice across his neck as he spends his final moments of life in complete darkness.





## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL



It was a terrible idea! Breaking off into small groups was a terrible idea. But did anybody listen to Bobby? No, no they did not! And now, poor Bobby, who just wanted to go to the bathroom, is being strategically torn apart by a deranged lunatic, just to be put back together with strings attached. Way to go everybody!

### GENERAL KILL



In the faint distance, Dave heard what could only be described as carnival music. As it got louder, there was still no hint as to where it was coming from in the forest. But it was too late for poor Dave to find out, as he was suddenly impaled in the back by a thin wooden stake. He could feel something, or rather someone, tilt him back and raise him from the ground, twisting it until it poked out of his chest, making Dave a human shish kabob.

### GENERAL KILL



Bethany and Betty would never leave each other's sides. The identical twins went everywhere together, and so Geppetto decided he would take them together as he lured them away from the rest of the gang.

Betty pleaded with her sister that she wanted to go back with their friends, but Bethany had never been one to shy away from a challenge, and so they continued on. Much to both of their dismay, as soon as they lost their way back, they suddenly found their necks identically pierced with the same sharp and obscenely large needle. Geppetto pulled the needle out and watched both of the twins bleed out on the ground while laughing over them. The twins will make beautiful additions to the family.



## CAMP TERROR

### WHAT'S THAT NOISE? LET'S GO SEE!

Brock was convinced. The only way he would get out of Camp "Hell" Trails would be to fight back. So when he heard a noise he went to investigate, aluminum bat at the ready.

He laughed as he noticed the small puppet moving toward him in a robotic way as if controlled by invisible strings from the heavens. This would be easy. He was the star baseball player at his high school after all... 3 swings later he felt like he was playing whack-a-mole, but he was sure he'd eventually connect. 30 later and he was beginning to tire, his swings were slowing and were still not connecting. His ankles bled from multiple slashes he'd sustained and suddenly his legs gave out. He tried to move, but the last thing he would ever see were the puppet's hands removing his eyeballs from their sockets."

### YOU CAN'T SAVE US! NO ONE CAN!

Campers began running towards them, yelling that 'she wasn't there!' and that was when Harry began to panic. That girl was their last hope, and now she's not where she told them to meet. He cursed, turning around to see where he could run or go, and as he thought of a plan, he heard high pitched chuckling coming from the woods nearby. He couldn't help but freeze as the chuckling got closer and the branches on the trees moved. Before he knew it, he saw puppets throwing themselves off of the branches and towards the campers. One by one, they went down, and Harry immediately ran for it, blocking every puppet when one finally sideswiped him and he landed in the dirt. For small little things, they were rather heavy and strong. Before Harry knew it, he was being stabbed with scissors over and over again. Then another climbed onto him, stabbing him as well, and then another. Harry lost count of the repeated piercings as his body went numb and he lost consciousness, never to awaken.

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

While the campers running around her were dropped like flies, Molly didn't give herself time to look around to see what was happening as she climbed through an open window and found herself in an empty cabin. As she hid under a bed, she heard the screams of her fellow campers but was distracted by a faint creaking of wood coming from just outside the room she was in. She held her breath, seeing the lanky feet of an unknown person walk into the room. They hummed and walked out just as quickly. Molly sighed with relief when from the corner of her eye she thought she saw something move. She turned to see a puppet laying there, lifelessly staring at her. "Was that there the whole time?" she thought. But before she could answer the puppet attacked, laughing maniacally as it stabbed her to death with a pair of scissors.





## CAMP TERROR

### FIRE AT THE CABINS

A game of Spin the Bottle is no joke, but Eager Krieger carelessly spun the bottle too hard and flung it into the wall. Luckily, it didn't break. As he went to go lean down to pick it up, he saw what he could only describe as a wooden dummy smiling at him with a creepy set of dead eyes underneath the dining table, and before he could even lean up to ask 'who brought the dummy,' he saw it strike a match and light itself on fire. The other campers cleared out, but Eager tripped and knocked himself unconscious. The flaming puppet walked over and started hopping up and down on the boy's back. Soon, the entire cabin and those around it had been engulfed in flame.

### FIRE AT THE UTILITY SHED

Spencer was supposed to meet George in the Utility shed. Only the groundskeeper ever went in there, and that was always during the daytime. So it really made for the perfect make-out spot, as opposed to Makeout Point which everyone knew about.

"George?" he called out as he entered the shed. There was no answer but moments later the door closed and Spencer heard a click. "Stop messing around George," Spencer quipped, "It's not funny."

Spencer was only half serious, he loved these little games, but when he noticed the smoke entering through the cracks in the wood he wasn't so sure it was a game anymore. He charged at the door and sure enough, it was locked. "Help me!" he yelled. But no one was coming, and George was nowhere to be found.

Before he burned alive, Spencer saw what looked like a group of kids with strings of some sort running away from the shed.

### FIRE AT THE DOCK

If you're quiet enough, you can hear unsettling giggles coming from the woods, and Becca definitely heard them. At least she thought she did. It was enough to send her flying into the dock house, terrified at what it might be.

Not long after, she thought she heard footsteps on the dock. She called out, "Hello? Who's there?" but no answer was given. Suddenly, smoke was pouring under the door and the flicker of a flame soon followed. She ran over trying to push it open to escape. It opened a crack and then slammed back closed as if someone or something was pushing back against it. Then she heard the giggles again. Desperate, she tried again and again, but the puppets on the other side held strong, giggling the whole time. The smoke inhalation became too much and Becca fell to the floor, never to wake up, and soon to be ashes as the fire spread.



## EVENT

### DARK WATERS

Several girls wanted a chance at Henning, the hot foreign exchange student from Germany, and he knew it. It was a rather cool night, but it didn't stop him from luring sweet Allison into the lake with him as they swam around and flirted in the dark.

His foot brushed against something. He originally thought nothing of it, it was probably a fish. As Henning and Allison got closer together in the water, Henning felt something almost wooden grab his ankle and pull him down into the water. Allison stayed planted, seeing air bubbles come to the surface. Dark blood slowly surrounded her as a single, lanky arm returned back up to the surface, followed by other limbs."





## GEPPETTO TERROR

### THERE IS NO ESCAPE

The exit is RIGHT THERE! It's never been so close, and Lilah's stupid twisted ankle was slowing her down...but she was so close! She could practically lick the 'Come Back Soon!' sign when the lankiest, tallest man moved in front of her and blocked the way. He looked down at her with the most disgusting, black and yellow smile she had ever seen. She knew it was over--there would be no running away or screaming for her. Lilah's fate was sealed as she looked up at him and sighed heavily. "Will you at least make me pretty?" she asked. Geppetto smiled brighter, and then snapped his fingers as his army of children latched on to her for dear life and stabbed her strategically to keep her face lovely.

### THEY HAVE US COMPLETELY SURROUNDED!

Karma...is a bitch. Courtney knew tripping Shannon so those 'ugly dolls' would kill her instead was a really crappy thing to do. Geppetto knew this as well.

She's not entirely sure how it happened so fast, but she just turned a corner and was suddenly surrounded by those 'ugly dolls' and their 'dad'. She fell to her knees and begged him. She'd be good. She would be nicer. She would stop calling Nicky a 'fat ass'... so many promises, but none of them were good enough as Geppetto frowned at her. She would not be a good fit for the family as she was ugly on the inside, so she would rot quickly on the outside.

Geppetto hummed to his children, nodding down at Courtney before walking away while the dolls tightened the circle around her. She would not make a good addition to the family...but her remains would feed the bobcat that lived in the woods very nicely.



## GEPPETTO TERROR

### REPLACEMENT PARTS

'The puppets' first run in with her didn't go so well, but they will return with a vengeance.

In the meantime, Brock was minding his own business when he tripped on a random rock on his way back to the cabin. He attempted to catch himself before face planting into the dirt. It was quiet, and nobody saw the embarrassing display...or so he thought. He felt a sharp pain coming from the back of his knee. He turned to inspect the damage the assumed rock had done, only to see the most deformed looking puppet half haphazardly cutting at his leg. He looked around to see more of them, all deformed in different ways, and a crazed lunatic laughing behind them. "Yes. This one will do."

### BOXED IN WITH NOWHERE TO GO

Round and around we go. When will they stop? Nobody knows. Michael doesn't know either as he kneels in place, waiting for a gap in between his fleeing friends and the crazy puppets that chase after them. 3...2...1...no! There is no safe place to run to as he looks frantically around, only to turn and see Big Tom hurtling into him with 4 of those puppets latched onto him like their little wooden lives depended on it. In a panic, Michael bolts away from big Tom only to come into contact with four little puppets of his own demise, latching on to him and beating him to death with their little sticks and pointy scissors.

### YOU'LL MAKE A FUN NEW TOY...

All alone, little miss Natalie was standing in front of the man himself. By his side, his minions of unsettling puppets just stared at her. Geppetto's long fingers stretched out to touch her face while he examined her parts as she quivered against the wall. "Yes," he muttered, "You will make a fine addition. ".his grating voice echoed out into the air before his family surrounded her with their sharp and pointy weapons at the ready. They closed around her and it was so tightly knit that nobody heard the blood hurtling scream that came from Natalie, as they stabbed her to death, her blood trailing out and pooling around her body.





## GEPPETTO TERROR

### RAZOR PUPPET STRINGS

Poor Roger didn't even see it coming. He was running too fast and breathing too hard that he fell right into Geppetto's trap as his head was sliced clean off. No warning. No pain. His head rolled down the hill and served as a warning to his fellow campers that danger was afoot in that direction. Well, at least his death had an impact.

### MAKE OR BREAK

The record player in Seamus' cabin had been on for the whole duration. He was hoping the sound of awful country oldies music would deter whoever was doing this from entering his cabin, but no such luck. Geppetto and his army of puppets stood before Seamus, and in his panic induced Fight or Flight decision, he did the only thing he could think of... he threw the record at Geppetto. It flew right into him, breaking on impact. The giant man that stood before him looked unimpressed.

"Well, it was worth a shot," he thought, as the puppets tear him to shreds with their scissors and knives as Geppetto looks on and laughs. "Foolish boy."

### MASTER SHOWMAN

His father told him to Kill, Kill, Kill, but this little puppet just wanted to Dance, Dance, Dance as the wooden legs of one puppet did their best to move to the beat of the music. Cameron was unfortunate enough to walk in at the wrong time, distracting the puppet from its moment as it turned to look at the teenager. Then it pulled a knife out from behind and chuckled. Cameron thought he could take it down, after all it was just one doll, right? Wrong. Two more puppets arrived out of nowhere, weapons out and ready to go as they tackled Cameron to the ground and stabbed him in the chest multiple times. They climbed off, looking at each other before going back to their dancing. What father doesn't know won't hurt him.



## GEPPETTO TERROR

### BRING HER TO ME

She got away! Jesse managed to fling the puppets off of her before making a mad dash away from them. Geppetto was furious as his puppets picked themselves up and stared at their father who pointed at her with his long, bony finger "GET HER!" he yelled, his booming voice echoed and the puppets shook.

They didn't need to be told twice, as they ran and jumped their way towards Jesse, tackling her down and dragging her back to Geppetto who glared down at her with such fury that his puppets could feel the heat against their wooden frames. He pressed a boot against her chest, keeping her in place as Geppetto smirked before snapping his fingers, and his children immediately began their work of slicing Jesse into pieces. She'll make a good addition to the family.

### THEY'RE COMING FROM EVERYWHERE!

Thomas had taken a good bonk to the head; so when the puppets surrounding him grew in numbers quickly, he just thought his vision was doubled and that was why he was seeing five. No seven! No...ten! HOW MANY ARE THERE!?

Thomas didn't even know where they were all coming from, but they surrounded him like buzzards preparing to have a good meal. He felt a sharp pain against his shins and he fell to the ground, giving the puppets enough height so they could devour him with their knives."

### ENDLESS MADDENING LAUGHTER

Look... everybody likes a good joke, and Geppetto was no exception. After one of his children told him a joke they had heard from a camper (before killing him), Geppetto's booming laugh alarmed the entire camp. It sounded as if it came from every corner of the campgrounds, confusing the campers as to where to avoid and where to run.

It was perfect for Geppetto's puppets. They had been chasing Monica, but she was proving to be too fast for the small army chasing her. But as Geppetto's laugh echoed in her neck of the woods, she stopped in a panic, allowing the puppets to collide into her, knocking her to the ground. There were so many of them that piled on top of her that they didn't even need to stab her as their collective weight crushed her beneath them.





## GEPPETTO TERROR

### DEAR LORD, ARE THOSE OUR FRIENDS?

Marcus and Shelby were trying to find an exit out, while mourning their friend, Carmen, who had fallen victim to Geppetto and his ugly display of children. Marcus had remembered hearing of an abandoned exit in the woods, and Shelby followed willingly because she thought there was no way those puppet things would be there.

Shelby heard something behind her and turned around to see three puppets following them. In fact, one of those puppets looked kind of familiar. "Carmen?" Shelby began to run but hit a thick tree branch, landing in the dirt as the puppets caught up to her. Marcus kept going. Shelby begged for them to let her live, but it fell on deaf wooden ears as a knife pierced through her neck.

### THEY'RE GAINING ON ME

Running was just a temporary measure. You knew you couldn't outrun them. Not to mention you'd seen others try and fail, collapsing from exhaustion as their stamina couldn't keep up. Just moments ago you saw a boy, desperately holding onto his bucket of popcorn for some reason, fall to the ground completely out of breath. The vile things were on top of him instantly and all that came afterwards was a violent mixture of blood and popcorn flying through the air.

### DANCE PUPPET!

Something was amiss. You had come head-to-head with Geppetto, but had somehow lost control of your body. With a flick of his wrist, your body shifts entirely. You struggle to stop yourself as you step towards your friend. A horrified look appears on your friend's face as you pick up a long and sharp stick. You scream hysterically, and apologize profusely as the stick penetrates his chest and out through his spine. Your friend knew it wasn't your fault. It was Geppetto that did this to him, and he assured you of that as he gasped his last breath and fell to the ground.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

When Dr. Fright comes for you there really isn't anything to do but die. Most victims are so stuck in shock and fear that they freeze. Paco didn't though. His upbringing on the streets of New York taught him to be prepared and to always watch his back. What he didn't anticipate was that Dr. Fright's ability to manipulate the dream far surpassed his own. So even when Paco materialized a shield into his hand to block the Dr.'s jabbing pitchfork, it wasn't enough to prevent the Dr.'s other arm from stretching to an unrealistic length, grabbing Paco by the neck and slowly choking him to death.

Any campers nearby that witnessed Paco seemingly choke on his own tongue in the middle of the campground, quickly scattered to get away or run for help, uncertain of what they just witnessed.

### GENERAL KILL

2

Betsy would fall prey to one of Dr. Fright's favorite tricks. Of course she found herself in the boiler room, unsure of how she got there. It was scary enough on its own accord, the steam and loud noises echoing through the lair. But what happened next was enough to terrify and literally scare Betsy to death...

One by one, small holes began to open in the pipes spewing forth, not steam, but thick red blood. Hole after hole opened up covering Betsy with the spray of Dr. Fright's previous victims. She held her hands to her face and screamed as she was drenched in blood from the spray. When she became blinded by pure red and unable to even move, she fainted and ultimately drowned in the congealed pool of endless blood. The next time the blood sprayed, Betsy's would be among it.

### GENERAL KILL

3

Jeremy had no idea what was real anymore. It may be tough to imagine, but imagine that your dreams were actually reality, and what you thought was real was only a dream. This is what the influence of Dr. Fright does to a person. So when the hellish man began chasing him carrying a pitchfork that was impossibly big, Jeremy knew he had to run. And run he did... it felt like he was blinking between a campground and a boiler room as he ran, but this was his new reality. When he glanced back, the Dr. was gone and no longer giving chase. Jeremy slowed down, still looking back to make sure it was clear. As he turned again to look ahead, the enlarged prong of a pitchfork slammed through his face and out the back of his skull killing him instantly. Dr. Fright pulled the weapon back leaving a large face sized hole for him to peer through before the body slumped to the ground. A faint but evil laugh escaped from his lips as Dr. Fright began the pursuit of his next victim.





## GENERAL DEATHS

## GENERAL KILL



Sometimes Dr. Fright likes to traverse the boiler room as nothing more than a snake like creature with his own human head at the end of it. It always freaks his victims out! On this occasion he decided to play the part and as he slithered toward the hapless camper, he bared fangs like you would see in a cobra. The camper tried to escape, but the Dr. wrapped his snake like body around the kid, coiling over and over. He squeezed and took pleasure in the cracking of bones breaking inside the kid's body as the breath and the life left it. Because Dr. Fright has gone completely insane, he enlarged his head to a point where he could swallow the kid whole. And he ate him. Much like a python or a constrictor would.

## GENERAL KILL



Jeanine was out of breath. She'd been alternating between running and screaming for what seemed like eternity. She'd survived until now mostly due to luck. Dr. Fright had her in his boiler room, but got distracted by something and she was able to come out of the dream unscathed.

She knew if she fell asleep again she'd be killed, so Jeanine kept on the move. Unfortunately for her, she did not anticipate the trap a few of here fellow campers had set up. A heavy paint can on a string swung at her face and like a scene from a movie, she went flying through the air when it hit her.

Unconscious from the blow, the familiar whistles and gasps of steam became audible as the haze in her eyes cleared. Fear gripped her as she began her second trek through the boiler room. It would not last long. Pipes ripped themselves from the walls and started to wrap around her. Dr. Fright rounded the corner to watch with amusement as her face turned blue from being squeezed to death.

## GENERAL KILL



"Don't kill me! I'll do whatever you want. Just don't kill me!"

Dr. Fright considered if he could use the boy in some way, but only for the briefest of moments. "You are worth far more to me dead," he said cackling. He raised his pitchfork and stabbed the boy straight through the neck. When he pulled the pitchfork back there was a strange sound as the boy tried to breathe through the hole in his neck as both air and blood fought to be the one that left his body. It was almost like a gurgling sound.

Dr. Fright laughed at the thought of the makeshift tracheotomy he'd just performed. Well, more of a reverse tracheotomy he thought, amused with himself.



## CAMP TERROR

### WHAT'S THAT NOISE? LET'S GO SEE!

"Where am I?" thought Charlie. The last thing he remembered was laying down in his bunk for a nap. He seemed to be in some strange room with pipes lining the walls. It was dank and sort of felt like a maze. Charlie heard a tapping. "Who's there?" he cried out. It was just around the corner and, since no one answered, he went to go see. As he turned the corner, he felt the three prongs of the pitchfork go into his gut and out of his back at about a sixty degree angle. He was lifted up and his chin fell against his chest where he found his eyes looking at the horribly disfigured face of the man wielding the pitchfork.

Back at the camp, Charlie's body convulsed and three holes opened up in his stomach and his life, along with a copious amount of blood, left his body.

### YOU CAN'T SAVE US! NO ONE CAN!

Camp was supposed to be safe! Now everyone was dying. A counselor had been told to stay awake at all costs. She was blasting music in her headphones and trying to find a way out. During the day, the camp was easy to navigate, but at night it wasn't so easy. Despite the music, her eyelids grew heavy. She snapped them open, refusing to go to sleep, not realizing that she just had.

A couple of campers ran up to her, grabbing her hands. "Come on, this way!" they said, their voices echoing. Everything was blurry. They led her through some trees and into the nearby woods. When she looked closer she noticed the tree trunks were pipes, the ground was cement and that there were puddles. All facets of the woods were completely gone. The kids pulled her forward, but she was scared. She braced herself to stop yelling "No!" The arms of the kids pulled away from their sockets and the kids continued ahead, bloody wounds at the shoulder where their arms should have been. Realizing what happened, the counselor yelped and dropped the arms to the ground. Then suddenly the pipes started bursting and blood was spewing into the room. One after the other they burst. Where there had just been exits there were now none. The blood began to fill the room. Soon, she was neck deep and realized there was no escape. Moments later, she was awash in red and the first trickles of blood slipped down her throat. She blew out, creating bubbles in the blood, but it was no use. The thick substance continued to overwhelm her and shortly after, she died, unable to draw breath.

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

"Run?!? Where?" Jack asked as he and Samantha found themselves in what seemed to be an endless maze of trees.

"Come on. This way," Samantha said. She took two steps and to Jack's eyes seemed to have just disappeared between two trees. It was pitch black between the trees and it was as if an eternal darkness had swallowed her whole. Jack moved toward the gap hoping her form would come into view as he got closer. He inched forward, his face an inch from the blackness. It was almost hypnotizing...

Just then, the prongs of a pitchfork exited the blackness and entered Jack's belly. The prongs went in first and then up such that they exited Jack's back just below his shoulder blades. Blood trickled from Jack's mouth as he took his last gurgled breaths. Then the pitchfork pulled itself out and disappeared back into the blackness.





## **CAMP TERROR**

### **FIRE AT THE CABINS**

Suze had been having nightmares. Each night they seemed to be getting worse.

Last night she dreamed that she had created an improvised explosive device and left it in the cabin. It was so strange but felt so real. Of course she had no idea how to make an IED, but in the dream some deformed doctor was teaching a lesson on how to make one and she simply followed along.

She sat scared in her bunk as the chaos of everything going on outside was too much to bare. Then she remembered... in the dream she had stuffed the IED under her bed behind her suitcase. But it was just a dream she thought...

Suze got down on the floor and bent down to look under the bed. It was crazy, but she had to check. There was her suitcase, one of the flowery design kinds, she was a girly girl after all. She moved the suitcase to the side and to her horror, right there, was a makeshift pipe bomb. The light flashed a few times and then... BOOM! The bomb eviscerated Suze and the cabin exploded into a ball of fire.

### **FIRE AT THE UTILITY SHED**

The Utility shed, or the "shock shed" as they called it, was always an accident waiting to happen. The groundskeeper loved making makeshift tools to help him do odd jobs around the camp. Of course when the killing started, he thought of nothing but getting to his shed so he could use one of his tools as a weapon. He had the perfect one in mind. When he got to the shed, he ran inside and found it... the leaf blower turned flamethrower!

He had fastened a 5-gallon gas can to the leaf blower and rigged it so that it would spray gasoline when the button was pressed. He mounted a pilot light along the neck of the leaf blower and ta-da! Flamethrower!

He got outside and turned it on. He pressed the button and gas started to spray. He grinned an evil grin and said "Where are you, you cocksucker?" as he lit the pilot light. The gas ignited and the flames spewed forth. At least for a few seconds before the fire made its way back into the machine towards the gas can. The explosion knocked him back into the shed and he lay unconscious and badly burned. The "shock shed" would be his grave.

### **FIRE AT THE DOCK**

Dr. Fright's influence over the camp was spreading. He began appearing in the sky with black tentacle like smoke stretching out over the camp. Everyone ran inside and ducked for cover. One kid ran into the dock house for safety. Dr. Fright rared his head back and spit a fireball towards the dock house. The poor kid had no chance.



## EVENT

### DARK WATERS

Dr. Fright has infected the water with his black dream essence, the cloudy tendrils with eyes that emit from his body. Now the entire lake is a veritable quicksand of blackness. Only a seasoned dream warrior could hope to enter the lake and come out alive, and this victim succumbed quite easily.





## DR. FRIGHT TERROR

### BETTER LOCK THE DOOR

Happy Trails had restrooms all around the camp and when Timothy, a young camper, saw Dr. Fright kill his best friend in gruesome fashion, he ran into the nearby restroom to hide. It was pretty much just an outhouse and it had one of those locks with a metal eyelet and a dangling hook you attach. He locked it, but that hook and eyelet was never meant to keep out a violent threat. Not that it would have mattered in the case of Dr. Fright anyway.

Timothy sat quietly hoping his fears would go away. Just make it all go away. Then... BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Someone was knocking on the door. He heard a sinister voice... "Little kid, little kid, let me in!"

Timothy stayed quiet. Despite sitting on the toilet, he shit his pants. He didn't dare move. Then he heard the voice again... "Don't you know how to flush?" it asked. And then, suddenly, sticky black sewage erupted from the toilet and wrapped itself around Timothy's waste. He began to scream as it pulled him down, into the toilet. His back snapped as the force pulled him down, his feet upside down and the tips of his LeBron's were eye level. That would be the last thing he saw as his body was forcefully ground into mush and slowly pulled down the small hole in the toilet.

"Thank you," said the voice.

### GRAB YOUR CRUCIFIX

Eva panicked. She kept mumbling under her breath, "I'm going to die, I'm going to die..." as she searched frantically for a crucifix. The rumor was going around that a crucifix might stop him, it, whatever the fuck that thing was. Of course, this was largely fueled by the campers' basic knowledge of horror films and nothing more. But to Eva it was as real as anything.

She closed her eyes... "Think Eva!" she said out loud. She opened her eyes and the camp was gone. She was in an underground factory or something. Pipes lined the walls and the air was filled with steam. She ran as fast as she could and eventually reached the end of a hall. It opened up into what appeared to be one of the cabins, except the walls were completely lined with crosses. "Yes!" Eva yelled.

She ran up to the wall and grabbed one of them. It immediately seared her hand like a cattle brand would. She yelped and dropped it to the floor. That's when she heard a laugh and saw the outline of Dr. Fright coming toward her from the boiler room corridor. She frantically grabbed for the next crucifix and again it burned her hands. She grabbed and dropped several over the next few minutes and when Dr. Fright got close, she dropped to her knees and held the last one she grabbed, even though it was melting the skin off of her hands. Smoke started emerging from all of her orifices and though she lost consciousness, her hands remained on the cursed cross until there was nothing left but her bony body and her skeletal hands with the cross in it.



## DR. FRIGHT TERROR

### BETTER STAY UP LATE

Some scenes are too gruesome to describe. Some tales of death should not be told. This is the case with Brandon Baxter. You see, his biggest fear is the same as yours... that thing you are afraid of? Imagine the worst case scenario. Then imagine something far, far worse. That is what happened to poor Brandon Baxter.

### SLASH HER

Dr. Fright was yelling at the victims, "Where is she?"

"Tell me now and I will kill you quickly," he yelled. He was clearly after someone specific. And he was killing anyone who got in his way. Cookie worked in the mess hall and wouldn't hurt a fly. He definitely wasn't going to help this killer. So when Dr. Fright posed the question, Cookie did the first thing that he thought of and spit in Dr. Fright's face. To his horror and delight the spit reacted to the skin like acid and the pock marks on Dr. Fright's face sizzled and oozed pus. Dr. Fright screamed bloody murder, but after a few moments he ended the facade and his screams turned to a maniacal laughter. Alien like worms began emerging from the sizzling pores and attached themselves to Cookie's face. Cookie's screams were real and they only ended when the worms had burrowed their way all the way into his brain."

### BLURRED REALITY

Dom had survived when others had not. Truth be told it had taken every ounce of energy he had. And now he was utterly exhausted. He'd found a good hiding place and figured he'd stay there and wait out the situation. He unfortunately didn't realize how dangerous sleep was and it exposed him to Dr. Fright. As when he was conscious, he eluded Dr. Fright in the dreamworld, at least until exhaustion set in once again... if he only knew how to control the dream he would have realized in a dream he never had to become exhausted. But how can we expect him to understand dream physics?

And so Dom's story ends at the tip of a pitchfork. And Dr. Fright claims yet another trophy.

### MARKED FOR DEATH

That girl! That is who he wanted. Janice thought to herself, "I'm getting the fuck away from her." She ran to anywhere else, but because she did not know where Dr. Fright was, she'd inadvertently put herself right between him and his target. And because she was nothing but a bump in Dr. Fright's road, he ended her swiftly with a well driven jab of his pitchfork that pierced her heart. Not all victims can claim a memorable death unfortunately. And Janice's, was sadly a bit unremarkable.





## DR. FRIGHT TERROR

### BUT YOU CAN'T BE HERE... YOU'RE DEAD!

Landry had just witnessed the murder of his best friend. So when Jonesie emerged from the shadows thirty minutes later and approached him, Landry was confused to say the least. "How...? But you're...? How are you here Jonesie?"

But Jonesie didn't answer, he just beckoned Landry to follow him. Landry wasn't sure, but confusedly followed after Jonesie.

At one point, Landry lost sight of his friend and after jogging to catch up he came to the edge of the lake. He noticed Jonesie was 30 ft from the shore and was struggling to stay above water. Instinct took over and Landry dove in and swam frantically to his drowning friend. Jonesie went down just before Landry was able to reach him, so Landry dove beneath the surface. He found his friend and grabbed his arm to pull him up to the surface, but it felt like a ton of bricks and he couldn't pull him up. He turned to see his friend, but it was Dr. Fright's eyes that looked back at him, and he nodded to a chain that disappeared to somewhere far below. A chain that Landry just realized his wrist was now shackled to. Muted laughter in the form of bubbles left Dr. Fright's lips as he watched Landry fail to swim back to the surface. The lake would forever be his grave.

### DIDN'T YOU KNOW THEY WERE ALREADY DEAD?

Veronica found herself in the boiler room. It was an endless maze and she was beginning to sweat and really fear for her life. She turned the corner and gasped as she noticed a body bag on the floor. She was going to just tiptoe around it, but then she realized that it was moving. She reached down slowly and unzipped it. Inside was another camper she had flirted with a few times. Veronica was confused because she thought she'd seen him flee the campground at the behest of some girl who, at the time she thought was crazy. "I thought you escaped!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

The teen sat up, the lower half of his body still in the bag. He held out his arms to hug her and said "I'm scared."

Veronica replied, "Me too," and leaned in to hug him. His toned arms felt comforting around her and as she lay her head on his shoulder and momentarily forgot about the hell she was in. As her senses returned, she began to pull out of the hug, but what's-his-name wouldn't let go. She started to panic as he maintained the "hug" and started pulling her into the body bag with him. Her panic became all out screams, but there was nothing she could do as she heard the sound of the zipper closing behind her. Her breathing waned as the vice grip of the dead boy's arms relieved her of her final breaths.



## DR. FRIGHT EPIC DARK POWER

### SHOCK FACTOR

To the campers, Dr. Fright seemed to get more powerful every time he killed a new victim. If it was panic before, now it was all out chaos. The line between murder and suicide became really blurred and it was unclear if Dr. Fright was doing the killing or if people were taking their own lives. Mrs. Chambers didn't know what to think, but she knew that Happy Trails was finished and her reign as Chairwoman was over. So she, like the others, went into a state of shock. "One last bonfire. That's what we need," she said in a state of delirium. And so she began walking to the bonfire pit. Her silhouette like a scene in a movie where there is chaos all around, but the hero simply calmly walks through it, unphased and seemingly unaware of it. When she reached the clearing, the most glorious bonfire she'd ever seen came into view.

"May I have this dance?" came a voice. Mrs. Chambers turned and a man in a sweater vest held out his hand to her.

She took it and they began to waltz around the raging fire. So odd was the scene that a few nearby campers momentarily came out of their panic at the sight of a woman, arm outstretched, dancing around the fire with... no one?

"And now, it is time to really turn up the heat," her imaginary partner said. She blushed with excitement and only when she smelled her own flesh burning, did she realize that she had danced her way right into the middle of the bonfire.





DR. FRIGHT

CAMP HAPPY TRAILS



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

The birds overwhelmed Mitch before he even knew what hit him. The speed with which they felled him and began to feast was mind boggling. As was the horrifying site of them flying off with pieces of him in their beaks or talons. Intestines, fingers, and other limbs each took their own separate flight. Would it satiate the birds for more than a moment? Or would they soon be back for more?

### GENERAL KILL

2

Gordon was a master thief. A burglar that never got caught. But this day he'd stolen something that was cursed. An item that came from a mysterious cave in South America. The hunters looking for the item were not human. So as he ran as fast as he could and looked over his shoulder to see the flock closing in on him, he realized that he wasn't going to make it this time. Unfortunately for him, there would be no charges filed and no trial. The sentence would be carried out immediately. And the sentence was death.

### GENERAL KILL

3

Peck one, peck two, peck three, peck four. Now there's a victim lying dead on the floor!





## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL



You know those movies where a unit of archers launches arrows towards the opposing army and they show the arrows flying over head from the view of the ground? Well that is what it looked like when the birds flew and then dived toward the victim and speared him at high speeds.

### GENERAL KILL



Ron had been told if you walked slowly and quietly enough, that the birds would leave you alone. So he tiptoed through the camp, and watched closely. The birds were just being birds. Ruffling feathers, cawing occasionally, but harmless as you would expect normal birds would be. As he traveled around the camp he became more convinced of this tactic and his confidence grew. But a moment of carelessness would cost him his life. As he tiptoed through a sea of birds, he accidentally almost stepped on one causing it to fly into the air. The rest followed and Ron disappeared into the mass of birds. No, literally. He was gone. As if he never existed. Why there were no bones left, we'll never know.

### GENERAL KILL



One tactic the birds would use would be to fly near the victim's head in order to get them to swat at them. This would allow the other birds the ability to peck away at the victim's lower extremities. This victim was prey to this tactic and they were swatting at the birds so vigorously, they didn't realize the birds had pecked away at their ankles, all the way down to the bone. Needless to say the victim soon fell, immobile, and was eaten alive by the nasty creatures.



## CAMP TERROR

### WHAT'S THAT NOISE? LET'S GO SEE!

"What was that?" Jessica said in a fearful voice. There wasn't anyone else around. Jessica was talking to herself. She'd been real careful since the masses of birds started arriving. She just heard what sounded like a car door slamming shut and against her better judgment, decided to go and check it out. She ran to the next clearing and noticed that even more birds were circling the area. Where the hell was that car? The sky grew black, filled with more and more birds. With no car in sight, she decided to just find whatever cover she could. The birds began to dive, one at first, and then another, and another. Jessica screamed and dove to the ground, instinctively rolling and flailing about. She succeeded in smashing a few of them with her body, but after several agonizing minutes her body went limp. Unlike pack animals, these birds were not there to eat. They were hunting for sport.

### YOU CAN'T SAVE US! NO ONE CAN!

They'd tried to convince him to go with them... saying they were off to find HER. "What made her so special?" he thought. He'd practically offered her the world to try to get her attention. A lot of good that did... she had not interest in him.

He wasn't going to look for her. He'd just as soon get killed rather than ask for her help. They were just birds anyway. He didn't even understand why everyone was freaking out. He was heading for the camp exit nearby but stopped for a break. He unscrewed the lid of his canteen and then put it to his mouth, closing his eyes as he took a sip. He felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned to see a crow perched there. "Cool!" he thought, as the bird shuffled around harmlessly on his shoulder. He looked at the bird, smiling and it turned to face him. He began to say something in that baby talk voice people use to talk to their pet, when suddenly out of nowhere, the bird pecked him right in the eye. His lid closed fast enough that the beak didn't go directly into his eyeball, but the thin skin of the eyelid was not enough to stop the razor sharp beak from going through. Blood spewed forth as he flailed at the bird knocking it off of his shoulder. He covered his bleeding eye with his hand and began screaming for help. In unison, countless birds in the area began cawing, mocking his cries. No one would hear him as a rush of birds swarmed in to finish the job.





## CAMP TERROR

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

The birds had been accumulating for hours. Everyone stared and pointed, wondering what was going on. When they started gathering in such mass that the counselors began to look concerned, that's when Eric knew something wasn't right.

"Campers!" yelled the main counselor into a microphone from the camp stage, "Remain calm and..."

Suddenly, in mid sentence a loud squeal of feedback erupted from the sound system. As if they were summoned, hundreds of birds swarmed the counselor, engulfing him in a black cloud. Frozen, Eric watched as they swirled around the counselor. His jaw dropped when the flock spiraled away like a swarm of bees leaving only the counselor's bones, which appeared to momentarily float in place where his body used to be before dropping into a pile on the stage. The others had already panicked when Eric's voice bellowed out, "Run for your life!"



## CAMP TERROR

### FIRE AT THE CABINS

There were a few things that Happy Trails did to embrace camping and wilderness living from times long past. Gas lamps were one of those traditions. The lamps lit up from cabin to cabin as dusk settled on the camp.

A freckled face girl named Lara put the lamp in the window and cracked the window to let in some of the air. The smell of pine wafted in as the girls began to discuss the activities of the day. The girls were so enchanted by Lara's account of the day's archery lesson, that they never noticed the bird land on the window sill and knock over the lamp. The remaining oil from the lamp spread across the floor and when it flared rapidly, the girls screamed. All of the girls ran to escape, but Lara was terrified of the trouble she would get into for being careless with the lamp. She rushed to smother the flames with a blanket, but she was unable to contain the blaze. She hadn't realized how much smoke she had inhaled. Her lungs were on fire. She realized the mistake she had made and began to head for the door, but her normally invisible breath had been replaced by black smoke billowing out of her lungs. She collapsed to the ground and died from smoke inhalation long before the fire melted the skin from her body.

### FIRE AT THE UTILITY SHED

Someone suggested hiding in the nearby Utility shed. Greg didn't see any reason to argue at the time. Had he known how many birds would surround it, he never would have agreed to that plan. The birds flew around the building as if surveying the building.

After several hours of this with no end in sight, Greg's bunkmate John began looking for something they might be able to use to escape. He snapped a broom handle in half and wrapped some rags around the end of it. Greg, seeing what he was doing, grabbed a gas can from the corner. They doused the rags in gasoline and John pulled out his lighter. He lit the torch and it sprang to life. He handed the torch to Greg and pulled a cigarette out of the box in his pocket. He lit it and took a drag, "Ok, we go for it, and if the birds come after us just swing the torch in wide arcs to keep them away."

Greg nodded and turned for the door. As he did, a portion of the poorly wrapped and burning rags fell from the torch and landed directly on the gas can they had left at their feet. The bunkmates looked at each other before diving away as the can exploded. The shed went up in flames almost instantly.

Greg somehow escaped half crying from the smoke, and half crying from the guilt of leaving John shrieking from the unbearable pain of being burned alive. Greg's guilt wouldn't last long as the birds engulfed him.





## CAMP TERROR

### FIRE AT THE DOCK

Bob Grady loved flying his crop duster over Camp Happy Trails. When he was done dusting the crops, he'd always fly over and look at the kids running around the camp. Today started no differently than any of the others, but as he circled the eastern edge of the camp to turn around and head back to the farm, a thousand birds at once rose from the trees like a wave. In an instant, Bob and his plane were engulfed in a storm of birds. Bob struggled to keep control, the bombardment of birds being too much.

The plane was going down. He aimed for the lake, but the birds got so thick that he couldn't see anything in front of the plane. It slammed into the dock and exploded, instantly killing a camper that only saw the black "cloud" of birds part ways from the plane moments before it slammed into him and the dock. "

## EVENT

### DARK WATERS

When the attacks first started, they thought they'd be safe in the water. Doris was a lifeguard at the lake, so naturally when the birds began diving at them, she swam as far out into the lake as she could.

At first, it seemed like the water would provide safety, but no one expected what happened next. The birds in a coordinated fashion, began flying in unison in lines across the surface of the lake. Doris dove and avoided the first line, but the birds kept coming, line after line. Doris held her breath for over a minute, but then was forced to surface. When she did, the line of bird ripped straight through her neck, decapitating her.



## BIRD ATTACKS

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING

1

Imagine the most birds you've ever seen in the sky at one time. Now double it, and double it again. Now imagine they were all on the ground. Waiting, just waiting for... something. That something turned out to be Luther. He tiptoed slowly by the birds thinking that he might be able to escape if he didn't disturb them. It's too bad no one told old Buster in the mess hall. He belted out his daily bugle call signaling chow time. The birds lifted into the air and swarmed Luther, fighting over access to his flesh. Many of the birds came out red and covered in blood due to how violently he was torn apart.

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING

2

Sebastian ran as fast as his legs would carry him, but the pecking at his head and neck continued as the birds attacked him relentlessly. He screamed in terror as he fell to the ground and they overwhelmed him. His shirt was ripped to shreds and his body mutilated by the attacking birds. By the end of it, his body was nothing more than a bloody pulp of flesh and bone.

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING

3

They went for the weakest one they could find. They called her "shorty" around the camp due to her small stature. Her size actually helped her survive as she could quickly take cover in a variety of places. Unfortunately, at this moment, she was out in the open and unable to hide. She turned her head to look behind and saw a mass of flying birds heading toward her. She whipped her head around and screamed, just as a bird was flying directly at her face. It's speed carried it straight into her open mouth and tore through the mucous membrane in the back of her throat. In an instant, blood was rushing down her esophagus and her breathing was cut off by the bird that was now completely lodged in her windpipe. An awful, awful way to go.





## BIRD ATTACKS

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING



The birds seemed to be learning new tactics. They had figured out that if they flew as a group into a camper's legs, low and hard, that they could trip them up. They got this one in that manner, first tripping the camper, and then performing an impressive loop, like an upside down roller coaster, to invert into a deadly dive of beaks that pierced the stomach and lungs. If you could imagine being stabbed by ten knives all at the same time, that would be similar to how it felt, until the heart stopped beating from the loss of blood.

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING



Tony actually killed a few of the birds before they finally took him down. He was incredibly fast and had good reflexes. He was literally catching birds in his bare hands and squeezing them, crushing them to death. It was a war of attrition however, and Tony's stamina could only hold out for so long. Eventually, he was overwhelmed and the birds did not stop attacking until long after he stopped moving.

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING



Stacy's death might have been the most horrendous one of all. It wasn't a tactic they typically needed, but the birds swarmed her and use their combined force to lift her up off the ground. She thrashed making some let go, but where one released its grip, two came to replace it. Eventually she was 200 feet in the air. It was only then that one bird after another started letting go. As her weight became too much to hold, the remaining birds let go and Stacy plummeted to her death. Her back broke immediately upon impact and the sight of her contorted limbs was truly gruesome.



## BIRDS DARK POWER

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE

1

The birds were everywhere! Rebecca ran and dared not look back. But there was no running from the birds. She ran directly into a group of them and basically became a human pin cushion for the birds. They were hitting her so hard and fast that even after she'd died, the force of them spearing into her kept her on her feet.

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE

2

The only hope was to run. And run they did. They tried to find shelter, something that would keep the evil spawn out. But there was none. Eventually, the birds overwhelmed them. They were beaten to death, by the blunt force and trauma of a continuous assault from above.

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE

3

Jeff ran the other way. There didn't appear to be any birds in that direction. At least not until he realized they were camouflaged by the surrounding terrain. These birds weren't black like most of the others, but brown hues that made them almost invisible against the shadows in the trees. Amazingly, after soaking themselves in Jeff's blood, they flew towards the lake to dip in and wash the blood off before heading back to the trees for the next ambush.





## BIRDS DARK POWER

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE



"Scatter!" yelled Lewis. All the kids ran in different directions. At first the birds spread out and were in numbers too weak to cause harm to any of them, but then they broke off and amassed into larger groups. One such group flew towards Lewis. He fought hard and tried to distract them for as long as possible for the others to escape, but eventually he was pecked to death leaving a large pool of blood on the path.

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Heather decided she would just walk. She figured the others running would attract the birds more. She was right, but eventually the others had all either been killed or had escaped their wrath. That left Heather alone. Well not totally alone. A few hundred crows, ravens, gulls, and many other birds were left to give chase when she decided that running might suddenly be a good idea. The chase did not last long, nor did the feast. After just a few minutes only her bones were left.

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Eva ran. She dove into a pile of nearby leaves and the birds seemingly did not notice. In a terrible stroke of bad luck however, the copperhead she landed on didn't care. It thrust its fangs into her leg injecting a lethal dose of venom into her. Eva staggered to her feet and began limping off. The birds were back on her in an instant. The venom worked fast, but not as fast as the birds, a few of which unknowingly ingested the snake venom. Caveat emptor.



