

FINAL GIRL

CARNIVAL OF BLOOD

GRUESOME DEATHS

YOU HOLD IN YOUR HAND A BOOK OF GRUESOME DEATHS FOR USE WITH CARNIVAL OF BLOOD. 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!

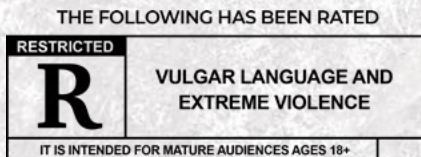
We'd like to thank the talented Elisabeth Boyd and Ryan Jorjorian for contributing their writing talents to this project. The work was many times greater than we expected and we could not have completed this in a reasonable amount of time without their help.

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CARNIVAL OF BLOOD

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GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

Vince was sick of waiting in line and decided to leave. He figured he could watch the rest of the show online. As he left the venue, he couldn't find his car. Vince reached into his pocket and hit the panic button, hoping to hear his car horn. He heard a horn in the distance and went towards it. Moments later, it stopped. He pressed the button again and now the horn went off in another direction. Confused, he continued searching for his car. The horns were coming from everywhere it seemed, each time he pressed the button. He found himself at the back of the dark parking lot. Out from behind a car came a man in a polished pig mask. Vince was panic stricken and tried to scream for help. The sound of his voice was cut off between words as a hammer came crashing into his skull.

GENERAL KILL

2

The monkey grasped Paul's shirt and pulled him close to the cage. Paul was horrified and was afraid the monkey would tear his arm off. He heard someone come into the room. "Help! Please help, he's got me!" Paul shouted.

His cries were answered with a hard blow to his back. The monkey screamed as he fell to the ground. He pushed his hands onto the ground to try and get up, but the pain was too intense. He rolled himself over and momentarily saw his attacker. A butcher, who swung a hammer down onto Paul's face, and everything went black.

GENERAL KILL

3

Sasha practiced her skills on a low trapeze. She moved fluidly with the swing and filled the air with twirls and flips. She hung upside down, getting a better view of the practice room through her moves. She came back from a high spin and noticed someone standing just under the trapeze. As she made a lunge in the other direction, her body made contact with a hammer swing and she flew from the trapeze, snapping her neck on the cold floor.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



Benny was late to the ticket booth, and the carnival was shutting down. He screamed, "Get me a ticket! I had a flat, who can help that?"

The lady at the counter placed a closed sign on the window and flipped the lights off. Benny walked back to the parking lot, frustrated, kicking rocks as he went. He stood alone, smoking a cigarette next to his car. Out of nowhere a man came at him, wielding a meat cleaver. He dodged the first few swings, but the lunatic landed a blow across his face, and he lay sprawled over the hood of his car. The man wore a pig mask, and as Benny lay there helplessly, he cut him open and left him lying there, across the hood.

GENERAL KILL



Tori ran between the tents, leaving a trail of blood behind her. She could feel Hans behind her, his vicious presence keeping her moving. She got lost in her panic and found herself cornered between the carnival tents. Hans came around the corner and hacked at her with his cleaver. She jumped to the side, then slipped and fell into the dirt. Hans slogged his cleaver into her flesh and chopped until her screaming stopped.

GENERAL KILL



The smell of buttered popcorn coated the night air. Nathaniel worked on the popcorn machines, and found the bulky device he worked on troublesome. He had his hands inside the belly of the machine and occasionally grabbed a tool to help. It was dark by the time he finished and the carnival goers were at one of the shows further down the row. Heavy boots hit the gravel next to him. Thinking it was his boss he said, "Look Tom I know this one took a while, bu-" His sentence was interrupted by a heavy cleaver entering his chest. His body erupted with pain and he collapsed, choking on his blood.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

HOW CAN THERE BE SO MANY TRAPS?

Vicki wasn't sure if this was for show or if someone intended to put all these deadly traps, either way, she had to get through them. She ducked underneath a massive saw, then jumped over a pit full of venomous snakes. Sweat ran down her face as she bobbed side to side past blades coming out of the walls. When she got to the end, the man she had been running from, Hans, stood waiting for her. Before she could react, he had his hammer flying through the air toward her head, and she died in a shower of blood and bone.

HOW DID THE TIGER GET LOOSE?

Hal was on his back, fending off a fierce tiger. It clawed and bit at him, tearing at his fragile skin. He was almost dead, the tiger had his neck in its jaws, and for a moment he noticed Hans, knelt down beside the scene. In a flash, he realized Hans had let the tiger loose on him, and with a deep crunch, he left through the tiger's jaw.

WELCOME TO THE GREATEST SHOW

The crowd cheered as the strong men lifted massive dumbbells and the clowns rode around in tiny cars. The ring leader stepped out across the stage and the lights dimmed. All was dark except a spotlight honed in on the showman. Dramatically the leader said, "Tonight we have a very special surprise for all of you, the world's tallest man!" The curtains behind him opened to the tapping of the drums. The spotlight shone on the opening curtain to reveal a gargantuan man, taller than ten feet, lying on the ground with a cleaver protruding from his skull. The audience erupted in a frenzy of screams, "Uh, that's just a joke everyone, please!" The lights turned off and the screaming continued.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

ROPE TRAP

Trent stepped quietly behind the stage, hoping to escape unseen. Suddenly, he found himself hanging in the air by his leg, dangling in the dark room. A thick rope, wrapped around his ankle, held him tightly to the ceiling. He fiddled with the knot, then noticed Hans standing by the rope anchor on the ground. Though he was masked, he felt a sense of glee shining at him from Hans. Hans took out his cleaver, and in a grandiose display of power, chopped the rope in half. Trent's body shattered on the floor in a grotesque scene of gore, and Hans let out a little chuckle.

SPINNING FLOOR BLADE TRAP

Sasha was faced with a decision, jump over the spinning blades, or face the savagery of Hans. Hans stepped closer to her, egging her on. Sasha decided to take fate into her own hands, she jumped. Narrowly missing the other ledge, she toppled over into the spinning blades.

ACID PITFALL TRAP

Jane figured she had lost him hiding behind the curtain. She stepped out onto the stage, scanning the seats for Hans. A spotlight shined down overhead, blinding her. She scanned the rows again, and near the back wall, there was Hans. Without pause, he pulled a lever on the wall and the floor dropped beneath Jane's feet. Her body dissolved instantly in a roiling pit of acid underneath the floor, leaving bones floating in between the bubbles.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

IS THIS A PROP?

Terese crawled across the floor to what he hoped would be his salvation. A sword. There was a chance it was real, and he was betting on it. Hans stood above him as he reached for the sword, bringing his hammer into striking distance. The moment Terese touched the sword, he felt like crying, it was rubber. His sorrow was short lived, as Hans broke open his head with his sledgehammer, his sobbing ceased.

MISTY AMBUSH

Hans crept through the fog. His victim was unaware of him and he walked for a moment just behind them, to see how long they wouldn't notice. This was boring to Hans, so he sliced their legs open with his cleaver. As they flopped onto the wood floor, Hans took his cleaver to their throat and chopped off their head. He kicked the head and watched it bounce through the rolling smoke.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD EVENTS

MIRRORS EVERYWHERE

The only thing in Kelly's vision was Hans. The beast of a man terrified her. After what she had seen him do, his mask only reminded her of slaughter. Now she stood face to face with a million images of him, taunting her from the mirrors. She ran from image to image, baffled at the complexity of the maze. She approached one of the images in her search for escape, and felt hot air blowing through the pig's nostrils. A hammer greeted her like a handshake, flinging her into a mirror, shattering it along with her head.

CLOWNS EVERYWHERE

Kim turned on the lights in the old shed and was greeted with her greatest fear. Thousands of clown heads and masks, decorations of a by-gone era, littered her new hiding place. She muscled up her spirit and crept down next to a bundle of clown masks. She could hear Hans's heavy boots approaching the shed and she muffled her whimpers. He opened the door and scanned the room. At that moment Kim looked into the eyes of one of the clowns and let out a loud cry. Hans tore through the room after her and grabbed her by the neck. He squeezed until her windpipe flattened and threw her to the clowns.

ANIMAL PANIC

A gorilla crashed into the rows of seats and the crowd panicked. It beat its chest and roared at the tamers trying to capture it. In the chaos, Hans found an opportunity. As the audience rushed out the door, Hans grabbed one of them and shoved them into the bleachers. He took his cleaver to their gut and carved up, spilling blood and sinew and bone. When he was done no one noticed and he slipped into the panicking crowd.

IT'S NOT REAL!

Jordan was sure this was a dream. So sure of it, that he stopped as a monster chased him through the forest. "Come and get me!" he called out. The monster, whatever it was, slammed into Jordan who exploded, littering the sky with blood, brains, and bone.

FULL MOON

Mist rose above the light of the full moon, and the world's hairiest man could feel the change coming. He stood across the desolate fairground from Jorge, feeling his teeth starting to come in. After a moment of crippling agony, he'd become a massive, fur-coated beast. He snarled and growled at Jorge, who didn't move. He charged, and like a matador, Jorge side-stepped his first attack, but the werewolf was much faster than Jorge. It turned back so quickly that by the time Jorge was able to react, he felt his nose touching the werewolf's tonsils for the briefest moment before everything went black and his head was wholly consumed by the beast.



HANS TERROR

HE KEPT SWINGING HIS HAMMER AND KILLING AND KILLING

Hans walked through the crowd shoving people aside with his hammer to get to Kassie. Kassie fell over someone's foot into the dust and watched in horror as Hans swung his hammer into her chest, breaking a hole open into her heart.

HE JUST KEEPS COMING!

Brandon had been a lion tamer for ten years and his lions loved him. Hans had killed the other tamers and now he stood with him in the lion pen. He commanded the massive lion after him and Hans readied himself. The lion jumped in the air and Hans finished it with a well placed hammer blow to the head. There was nothing left after but the mane. Then he came after Brandon and in a single motion with his cleaver, decapitated him.

HE WANTS FRESH BLOOD!

Hans had Emily by the foot and he ran his cleaver down the back of her leg. She screamed in pain and clawed at the ground to get away. The colorful lights of the fun house painted Hans's mask in morbid fashion, like a joke that wasn't funny. He had her pinned and slowly began to peel her skin with his cleaver, stopping momentarily to admire the blood.



HANS TERROR

HORRIFIC HAMMER RUSH

Winston was the groundskeeper and he spent most of his time on the golf cart making sure the customers were behaving. On his break, he sat back by the tree line on his golf cart smoking. He heard a twig snap near him and caught a glimpse of a man with a hammer. He revved the golf cart and tried to take off, but in a flash, the man was on Winston and drove a hammer through the windshield, lodging it in his brain.

TAKING SOUVENIRS

Dave had been hit over the head and dragged into an old concession booth. He regained consciousness as a blade came cutting through his left arm. Feeling an inferno of pain, he made eye contact with the masked maniac and began to scream. The butcher tossed his left arm into a pile of other arms. Dave noticed for a moment the pile contained only left arms. Then the butcher came at his jugular with the cleaver and he was gone.

HE WANTS ME. HE'S ALWAYS WANTED ME.

Hans walking towards you with tents and balloons behind him was a surreal sight. You snap yourself out of the momentary daze and look around for anything that might be able to help stop the pig masked killer. "Over here!" cries a teenage boy hiding behind the counter of one of those impossible-to-beat carnival games.

You dive behind the counter with him and ask "Is he still following me?"

The kid slowly looks up over the top of the counter and you here a crack, like the sound of a major league player hitting a home run. The boy slumps to the ground with a large cleaver buried right in the middle of his forehead.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

Trisha walked through the carnival on lighter feet. She was enamored by the smells and flashing lights, the stilt walkers that greeted her with mystical faces, and the joy present everywhere. But for the exciting time that it was, she had a constant feeling of being watched. There was someone following her, she knew it, but she could never find who it was. She went off alone, intent on having her cowardly stalker cornered. She made her way to the outskirts of the fairgrounds, but nobody followed her. "Come out," she shouted, "I know you're here."

At her request, an apparition appeared in front of her. A ghost with a wide demonic grin gripped her by the neck, and pulled her up into the air. She couldn't breathe in, and in seconds the phantom dropped her, dead and purple on the dusty ground.

GENERAL KILL

2

Valorie had to park at the very end of the parking lot, far away from the carnival entrance. As she walked, she felt something strange in the air, it swirled around her, taking all of her attention. She walked alone between rows of cars that faced her, and suddenly they turned on. Light after light turned on as she walked, painting her with a white glow. She stopped, afraid of the feeling and the impossibility of the moment. Then a driverless truck shifted from its place. At full speed, it tore into her, flattening her into the gravel parking lot.

GENERAL KILL

3

Ashley practiced her work in the greenroom. She didn't come out for an hour in the lineup, so she honed her craft for the time being. She wriggled herself down into a small box, shifting joints and stretching muscles to form the perfect shape. Sitting comfortably in a two foot space, she began to free herself. Then she felt cold hands press against her. She shifted her neck to peer out of the box, and screamed at a gruesome face glaring back at her. It was the face of a long dead woman, her eyes collapsing into their sockets. The woman waved her hands at Ashley, collapsing the box around her. Through the sound of crunching bones, Ashley was no more, and the box was left flat across the floor.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



The fortune teller's booth sat in the far corner of the carnival. It was a large tent, with a conical top and a long slender entryway of purple velvet. Anthony wasn't superstitious but he had had enough beers to make him more than wary of his fate. Anthony stepped into the tent to find an old woman at a small table in the center of the dark room. Anthony sat down at the candle lit table and passed the woman a twenty dollar bill. With a grunt, the woman laid out a deck of slender cards, gesturing for him to pick one. Anthony thought for a moment, then slipped a card from the stack. It read DEATH and depicted a skeleton holding its own head, laughing. Anthony, in a drunken stupor, ran for the entryway. As he did, the tent fell into utter blackness, swallowing Anthony into its deadly embrace.

GENERAL KILL



The fire dancer twirled in mesmerizing circles, enticing Henry with her imminent gaze. The orange light swirled around the intoxicating woman, leaving Henry with flushed cheeks. Then the night grew darker, and the dancer seemed overcome by something. Henry was now the only one watching her and he heard a voice. "DO IT!" the sound crept across the air. Then the flames around the dancer turned a cold blue, and she shoved one of the torches down her throat, for good.

GENERAL KILL



Freddie was compelled by something. It was a vision, or an image wracking his mind. It was a woman, beautiful, yet nearly ancient. She held out her hand to him and led him by his mind through the wild carnival. Soon he found himself inside a large, dark tent. There were sounds in here that he couldn't make out, but he felt the need to follow the woman regardless. She stopped him suddenly, then the lights flickered on. He stood inside of a wide cage, filled with bloodthirsty lions. The cage closed with a clammer, and Freddie watched the apparition of the woman decay, her soft skin curling into her bones. Then the lions came onto him, filling their stomachs with hot blood and marrow.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

HOW CAN THERE BE SO MANY TRAPS?

Helen Creech marveled at the stupidity of the carnival planners. They had given her so many options for eviscerating her victims. She hovered behind a brawny worker who lugged a heavy box of tools. She waited for him to make his way across the stage where a litany of obstacles rested underneath the trapdoors. She glided over to the various levers and waited for him to decide his fate. He took a can of oil out of his box and strided over three trapdoors. He chose the hinges of the largest one, then Helen pulled the lever. The wide mouthed doors released the man into a pool of frothing sharks. There was no time for him to scream as the sharks' serrated teeth demolished his body.

HOW DID THE TIGER GET LOOSE?

Manny locked the tiger cage and went to put his costume in an old trunk. A light, but chilling breeze passed him. He followed its direction with his eyes, and was shocked as an ephemeral hand hovered over the lock on the tiger cage. Suddenly the lock fell off and the cage burst open. Manny's face became desperate, I haven't fed him yet, he thought. The massive tiger pounced on him, its muscles rippling as it tore him apart.

WELCOME TO THE GREATEST SHOW

The ring leader stood tall and proud at the front of the stage. He waved a baton as parading lions, elephants and tigers strode past. The temperature suddenly dropped underneath the expansive tent, and the animals became erratic, roaring and hissing uncontrollably. All eyes were on the ring leader to stop the disturbance. Then the huge spotlight over the ringleader detached itself, plummeting into this body. The audience screamed as his body exploded from the impact, showering them in crimson.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

ROPE TRAP

Callie was nearly out of breath. She was running from a demon, or a ghost, she didn't know. Whatever it was, it had run her into a dead end. She tried to get out the way she had come, when out of the distant shadows, the ends of several ropes came slithering towards her. They outpaced her, wrapping their rough ends up her legs. They tied themselves into knots around her legs, like Chinese finger traps. The ropes lifted her into the air, hovering over the dirt floor. She felt the ghost enter the space now. Her writhing, chilling energy gave Callie intense chills. Then her sunken face appeared before Callie, wrapping her thin, cold hands around her neck. The ghost squeezed, crushing her esophagus and Callie's body went cold, suspended in the air like a hung criminal.

SPINNING FLOOR BLADE TRAP

Kevin ran into a showroom, thinking he might find something to use against the poltergeist. As he ran across the wooden show platform, the vile apparition of the woman appeared before him. She waved her arms, starting a strange contraption from the floor beneath him. A multitude of spinning blades protruded from the floor around him. They rotated around him, keeping him trapped in the center. "What? Are we just gonna stand here all day?" Kevin taunted. The ghost gleaned an icy smile from her lips and thrust her arms forward. A wall of energy moved towards Kevin and he braced himself. It hit him with tremendous force and he flew into the spinning blades behind him. Instantly, he was shredded into hundreds of pieces, as if he had been thrown into a wood chipper. The ghost laughed at the sight, filling the air with her eerie cackling.

ACID PITFALL TRAP

Shelly darted through the maze, the ghost before her waved her arms, and the floor opened up. Shelly teetered on the edge of a wide vat of acid, managing to hold her balance. "Hah! Try again!" She yelled. Then the ghost let out a piercing shriek, and the acid bubbled up into a gushing wave. It flooded the room, pulling Shelly into its caustic wake. Shelly's bones floated to the top of the burning liquid, bits of skin still desperately clinging to the bone.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

IS THIS A PROP?

Carl was a bit of a dreamer, he figured the only way to stop this devilish entity would be with magic. Carl spotted the fortune teller's tent, peeling back the velvet curtains, he found an ancient trunk. He opened the wooden chest, its hinges squeaking, and found a long gnarled staff. The end of the staff held a thin black gemstone that appeared to have grown into the twisted wood. The ghost hovered into the room. Carl took a deep breath, he gripped the staff and waved it at the ghost, "Take this!" He roared. The staff pulsed with dark energy. Tendrils of shadow crept down the staff, enveloping Carl's arm. As it did, his body began to shrivel. The power of the ancient artifact overcame him, turning him into a smoldering heap of bones before the phantom.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

MISTY AMBUSH

Edgar walked through the rows of seats, placing paper programs on each one. He was eager to get the show started and see all the shining faces of the audience. As he placed a program on a far seat, he noticed the air grow thick. He looked around himself, the doors were overflowing with fog. It billowed across the floor, filling up the room. He held out his hand, finding that he couldn't see it in front of him. Panic fluttered from his uneasy breath and he heard a voice. At first barely audible, then a haunting scream, "NO ESCAPE." Suddenly he felt something grip him and his body was sucked upward into the roiling mist. The mist subsided, and Edgar was gone.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD EVENTS

MIRRORS EVERYWHERE

Emily ran from mirror to mirror, nearly evading the wraith with every step. Her name was Helen, she knew, but not why Helen wanted her. She stopped between hundreds of mirrors, all with the grisly face of the long dead Helen. "What do you want from me?" Emily screamed.

Suddenly the mirrors shattered, shards of spinning glass hovered around Emily. "YOUR SOUL," Helen shrieked. Then every shard pierced Emily's skin, as the last shard cut into her body Emily crashed to the floor. Her pool of dark blood, mirroring the face of Helen.

CLOWNS EVERYWHERE

Andy was horrified by clowns. Their unnaturally large noses, powdery makeup, and colorful wigs made for something so strange he couldn't pin it down. He came to the carnival with his family, and only for them. As he walked through the crowd with them he noticed a pale lady in regal attire hover out of sight. That moment the clowns came. First he saw one a distance away, then another close by. Soon, hundreds of clowns entered his vision. Their squeaky shoes and tiny cars parading around his mind. He started to scream and writhe in agony. He curled into a ball as his family watched. "Go away, go away, GO AWAY," he shouted. He took his hands to his eyes and clawed at them. Pulling them from their sockets, the people watching screamed. The blood gushing from his eyes turned him instantly pale, "They're all gone," he whispered, letting out a final breath.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD EVENTS

ANIMAL PANIC

The animals had been set free, trampling through the carnival. Timothy locked eyes with a silvery gorilla, and it started after him. He started off in a sprint, but it grabbed him in a flash. It stood over him for a moment, and Timothy noticed an icy glow within its eyes. It opened its mouth, and a woman's voice came out, "THIS WILL BE FUN," it croaked. Timothy closed his eyes as the gorilla beat him into the ground. Crushing bone with ease, and when it was done Timothy was level with the ground.

IT'S NOT REAL!

It was not uncommon for people to hallucinate in the Forest of Horrors. Not realizing she had just climbed a very tall tree, she was envisioning herself as a star in the show. She walked out on a large branch, which in her mind was a tight rope. She felt hundreds of eyes on her, then suddenly, a cold chill touched her and the crowd was gone. Her vision went dark momentarily and she blinked. The ground of the forest below her had become beautiful. It sparkled with celestial majesty, enticing her with its sweet shapes. "It can't be real," she thought, but it was too glorious, too inviting, for her to ignore. Lacy jumped from the branch forty feet to the ground. She never found that heaven, but the visions continued as her skeleton crumbled against the ground.

FULL MOON

Mark's face morphed into a wide smirk. The full moon shone down on him and the ghostly woman. A thin cloud parted and the moonlight grew brighter. Mark's body convulsed, his joints popping and growing longer. Within a minute, he had transformed into a raging beast. With what control he had over his form, he charged at the dead woman. She hovered in the cool night air, waiting for him. He reared back his claws and scratched her ethereal form, swiping only at air. She moved in front of a terrified girl cowering on the ground, trying to play dead and hoping to go unnoticed. The next attack once again went through the apparition, but as she had planned, the claws found another mark and ripped into the flesh of the poor girl. The wolf instantly forgot about Creech's spirit and fed from the girl's body as blood gushed from her mouth.



POLTERGEIST TERROR

EVERYTHING WAS FLYING AROUND!

The strong man popped his muscles up for everyone to see. He lifted a dense weight over his head, and the crowd clapped in amazement. He dropped the weight and hurled a massive wooden mallet into the air, showing the immense distance he could throw it, but the hammer stopped mid air. He and the crowd were shocked. Then the hammer dropped on him, breaking through his skull, and obliterating the strong man. The crowd went scrambling for the exits.

UNSTOPPABLE EVIL

Carts and tents went flying down the gravel path. Chris braced himself as he walked towards the powerful spirit. He approached the base of her field of energy with a baseball bat. He swung the bat at her body, hitting nothing but air. She looked down at him and pulled a popcorn cart in his direction. He attempted to dodge it, but its speed was unbeatable. Both Chris and the cart splintered into fragments as it hit him, filling the powerful air with popcorn and body parts.

THE SHADOWS ARE CLOSING IN

Brian pranced through the haunted house, unafraid of the horrors anyone could cook up. He noticed movement behind him, turning around, he said, "Try your best, loser!"

Suddenly he was surrounded by dark forms. He expected their features to show as they got closer, but instead they stayed dark flat images. The strange silhouettes grabbed him, and dragged him away screaming. As he was pulled away into the darkness, his screams went silent and the sounds of the house of horrors started up again.



POLTERGEIST TERROR

THE GROUND IS SHAKING

Samantha watched as the luminous figure of a woman hovered high up in the air. She held her arms up in the night sky and the ground began to tremble. Samantha tried to get a firm footing, and once she did, she watched the ghost, scanning for signs of weakness. Her focus was broken as the tall pole of the largest tent slowly fell. It darkened the sky as it came down towards her, and in seconds, she was flattened into the earth.

WHERE THE HELL DID THIS STORM COME FROM?

Jameson hurled out orders, coordinating the spectacle of the night. He heard a clap of thunder, and then there was only static on his walkie. He stepped outside and his skin was pummeled with beating rain. He stood there for a moment, wondering what could cause a storm like this. A face appeared vaguely in the clouds, and it grinned at him. Another clap of thunder, and a bolt of sharp lightning cut through him like a hot knife through butter. Moments later the storm subsided, and Jameson lay smoldering in the wet mud.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

The flashing lights brought Bobby to tears, there was nothing like the carnival! He walked behind the tent after the show eating his popcorn, and tossed the bag on the ground when he was done. His mind was thinking about the wonders of the show, when he walked right into someone without noticing, and into their knife. He looked up at them in disbelief and was met by an emotionless mask. He glanced back at the area of searing pain, and watching his innards fall into the mud, his eyes fell flat.

GENERAL KILL

2

Cotton candy was Polly's favorite snack, it's what she lived for every year at the carnival. She found an obscure cotton candy stand behind some of the tents and there was no line. She jumped to the front of the stand but nobody was making the cotton candy. Then, the machine turned on, the hot air blowing throughout, waiting for sugar to form those candy clouds. Polly turned around to say something to the other person in line. It was a man in a ceremonial mask. She stepped back in horror but he grabbed her, shoving her head into the hot machine. As she screamed, the searing heat boiled her until she was still.

GENERAL KILL

3

"Good things come to those who wait," Sarah thought as she waited for the show to begin. There was nobody there, but then someone walked to the center of the stage. It was a dark figure and she couldn't make out its features, but it gestured for her to come on stage. She felt odd about the moment, but obliged. As she hopped onto the wooden stage, the spotlight turned on. She was greeted with a man dressed in tribal garb bearing two blades. He ran the blades into her, spilling hot blood over the stage. He left her there in the spotlight, ready for the show to begin.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



It was foggy behind the tents and Raul could barely see. He saw spotlights on one of the tents up ahead and figured that was where the show was. He rushed into the fog, ready to get a seat. Then he ran into something sharp. It went all the way through his stomach and out the other side. He felt the hilt of the blade and found a muscly hand. Through the shifting fog he traced out a silvery mask glaring at him. Then another blade entered his chest and his body collapsed into the thick fog.

GENERAL KILL



A large ball hit the target on the dunk tank and the clown fell into the cold water. That was the last round for the night, but Vik wanted another go. After everyone left he went behind the stand and reset the game. Suddenly someone rushed him from behind and threw his head into the tank. He couldn't see who it was, but they wore some kind of primitive clothing. He kicked and flailed as they held him under. They wouldn't let go, and he began to panic. He took in a breath of icy water and gave up. His eyes, thick with liquid, went dark and his body was thrown into the tank.

GENERAL KILL



Pedro chased his cat into the storage space. The orange cat jumped high up onto a crate in the dim light. Pedro tried to climb up the crates but felt someone grab his leg. They pulled him to the ground. It was a masked man and he revealed two daggers. He stabbed Pedro in the arm with one of them and he screamed in pain. Then, with the other, he cut Pedro's throat and left him choking on his blood.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

HOW CAN THERE BE SO MANY TRAPS?

Glenda pushed on past the never-ending stairs, and ducked under a swinging pendulum. "Who made this carnival?" she thought. The floor fell out from under her and she fell into a pit of tar. She was about to give up when a hand mercifully pulled her from the tar. It was a man in an African mask, and she knew he was not there to help her. He extended a long blade in his other hand and stuck it into her stomach, letting her insides fall into the tar.

HOW DID THE TIGER GET LOOSE?

Cindy limped into the dark animal house, trying to hide from Inkanyamba. She found a back room void of noisy animals. Hiding in the darkness she waited. As if he were all-powerful, the lights turned on and there Inkanyamba stood, in front of the cage of a very hungry tiger. He opened the latch on the cage and let the beast loose. The tiger pounced onto Cindy, ripping her apart in a spray of gore and viscera. Inkanyamba laughed.

WELCOME TO THE GREATEST SHOW

The freak show was over and now it was time for the tribal dance, and Karrie was awestruck by the ancient and wild dancing figures. They beckoned for her to come on stage. As she entered the circling of twirling figures she saw a tall man in a mask, who appeared enraged. He dashed between the dancers as Karrie tried to keep eyes on him. Then she felt a searing pain on her arm, then her legs and torso. He was stabbing her as he passed between the showmen. Then the show was over, and left behind was Karrie's body drenched in blood.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

ROPE TRAP

Ben was running so fast he hadn't seen the looped rope on the ground. He figured he would be hanging somewhere as it snapped around his leg. Instead, he found himself being pulled through the canvas wall of a tent. Once through, he was met by Inkanyamba pulling him in like a fish on a line. The enrapturing pain of Inkanyamba's blades was short lived but excruciating.

SPINNING FLOOR BLADE TRAP

He had to admit this trap was pretty creative, but a little overkill. He contemplated the effort it took to make the gyrating machine as Inkanyamba rushed at him, it was either those blades or Inkanyamba's, and he chose the former. Inkanyamba watched as Jeremiah jumped into the trap, flinging bits of himself all over the room and making Inkanyamba's job easier.

ACID PITFALL TRAP

This place was an ongoing party of murder and Ginny vowed to escape it. Inkanyamba chased her behind the curtains of the great showroom. He was almost onto her when the floor opened beneath her feet and she sank, stinging and flailing in a pit of caustic acid. As it reached her skull she made one last glance at Inkanyamba, happy to have avoided his fury.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

IS THIS A PROP?

Bobby grabbed a knife out of the costume trunk hoping it wasn't a prop. Inkanyamba ran into the room and Bobby stabbed him with the knife. As the knife hit his skin it bent over like bubblegum. "Shit, it's rubber," Bobby said. Then Inkanyamba grabbed him by the head and twisted his neck in a vicious snap.

MISTY AMBUSH

The stage fog was turned on, and Percy gripped a fire axe in his hand with white knuckles. Something dashed beside him through the mist and he swung, cutting through the air. A shadow dashed past him again, he aimed and missed again. Percy screamed, "Come get me then!" Then he felt a knife on his neck and seconds later was screaming through his open throat.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD EVENTS

MIRRORS EVERYWHERE

Amy climbed up the funhouse slide and into the hall of mirrors. She slammed into her own distortions trying to find her way through. Eventually she found the winding corridor and followed it with her hand. She came to a section surrounded by mirrors and saw Inkanyamba in every one of them. She screamed and Inkanyamba grabbed her head from behind, shattering the mirrors with her face until she died.

CLOWNS EVERYWHERE

Jackson was terrified of clowns, and he had no idea why he had decided to go to the carnival. He ran through the dark fairgrounds revealing every figure of that twisted image smiling at him. He screamed and cried, the red noses were too much for him. He lay down on his knees in a panic. Then he heard something behind him. Charging at him was a tall dark figure, his blades shining in the moonlight. Before he could react his head was off of his body, flying through the air past the grinning faces of the clowns.

ANIMAL PANIC

Jean could hear the cages opening one by one. She knew it was Inkanyamba opening them, but she was frozen in place. A gang of baboons, screaming and frothing at the mouth, came from nowhere. They ripped her apart and smacked their lips in glee for the fresh meat.

IT'S NOT REAL!

"This can't be happening, it's not real... no!" Nate screamed. He was huddled behind a bush in the forest, watching Inkanyamba approach him. Inkanyamba leapt over the bush and slashed at the crying man, giving him the gods' mercy. He cried and screamed as he bled to death. Inkanyamba knew the gods were pleased and he smiled.

FULL MOON

The fairground was blanketed in fog and the howl of a wolf echoed through the tents. Gina was beside herself as the howling came closer and the pounding of paws could be felt on the ground. The fog parted and the wolf paused momentarily, smelling the scent of the girl. The wolf growled and then pounced as Gina turned to run. The wolf leapt through the air and gored the girl, thrusting its sharp claws straight through her neck. Blood poured from the wound as the wolf continued its endless quest to feed its insatiable hunger.



INKANYAMBA TERROR

WRATH OF DEATH

There was nothing that satisfied the gods like death. Inkanyamba stalked the ride attendant through the bumper cars. As the attendant knelt down to clean one of the cars, Inkanyamba rushed him and sliced off his leg. Screaming ensued and Inkanyamba reached down for the man's leg. He took the leg and shoved it down the attendant's throat. He died quickly, suffocating on his own leg.

WRATH OF HORROR

It was easy to terrify his victims in this place. The Haunted Forest was an exceptional killing ground, full of hiding spots and fake ambushes to lead any victim astray. Inkanyamba stood waiting in the darkness. A moment later, he could hear the humorous screams of a lone carnival goer. The young man stepped into the larger part of the forest, fog curling up against his ankles. Instantly Inkanyamba dashed at the boy, thrusting his blade into his chest. The force of the blade pinned the boy into a fake tree branch. Inkanyamba left his grizzled body to add texture to the Haunted Forest.

WRATH OF OPPORTUNITY

Inkanyamba hung on the trapeze by his legs, imitating some primal beast of the jungle. It was long after the show when a stage worker made their way onto the stage for cleanup. She swept the dirt and grime from the stage floor and slowly made her way under the trapeze. Inkanyamba took advantage of the opportunity and dropped from the line. He angled his blades downward and skewered the girl into the floor, bouncing off of his blades in a magnificent landing.

WRATH OF DEFILERS

The workmen hammered massive tent poles into the ground as they erected the carnival grounds. Billy, a dense and brawny man, took his break by the tree line. He removed a sandwich from his bag and munched on it. After a moment, he heard someone approaching him from behind and readied himself. A voice spoke, "For desecrating these sacred grounds I shall dress them in your blood!"

He turned around, unprepared for what he encountered. A tall man, dressed in ceremonial garb, attacked him with blades that sang through the air. Before he could react the man had pierced his skin, ripping flesh in wide gashes. Before long he was dead and his body was flayed out on the grassy tree line.



INKANYAMBA TERROR

WRATH OF BLOOD

Inkanyamba watched as a painter marked his artistry on the fairground signs. He wondered if the artist was aware of the vibrant hue of his blood. Regardless, he would show him and the gods would be pleased.

The painter stood on a scaffold, which Inkanyamba managed to topple over. Bones snapped as the man hit the ground and he let out a wild scream. Inkanyamba approached him, cutting through his chest slowly and deliberately. As the last drop of blood spurted onto the ground, Inkanyamba could feel the satisfaction of his divine masters.

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

Dave spit his gum out onto the ground, making his way over to the concession stand. He took a shortcut behind the tents. In the darkness he tripped over one of the tent ropes and landed on his face. He began to pick himself up and felt the hands of someone helping. He looked up to thank them and saw only an expressionless mask. He muttered, "Than-". When the man shoved a blade into his sternum and twisted, grinding against his organs. He coughed up blood through his teeth and fell into the dust bleeding.

FICKLE TEMPER

Samantha held a container of buttered popcorn in her hand, eating some as she walked. Trying to get something from her purse, she dropped the popcorn everywhere. She reached down to pick up as much as she could when she was tackled. The man hit her with a thud and screamed, "Defiler!" as he pummeled her with his fists. She tried to block the hits, but the masked man was too strong. Her jaw broke from one of the blows and she lay there bleeding until her breathing stopped.

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

She had been running for hours through the carnival and Inkanyamba seemed to have never broken a sweat. He was wearing her down and she knew it. He was always just behind her keeping pace. Her heart felt like it could burst and she finally gave in, collapsing as she gasped for air. As she lay there weak and exhausted, he simply approached and pushed his hand against her throat, closing her windpipe. She tried to scream and kick at him, but she lacked the energy. Giving into the panic, a tear streamed down her face and her eyes darkened.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

Let us take a moment and admire the lights, they shine so bright in their reds, blues, and whites. They're almost blinding and Charlie was mesmerized by them, giving the puppets enough time to stab him along his spine and let his paralyzed body look up at the pretty lights while they butchered him to pieces.

GENERAL KILL

2

So many games to play, but so little time for little Maria who held her giant stuffed animal under her arm as she walked with her friends. But as they passed each kiosk, her friends began disappearing one by one until it was just her, all alone at last, just like the puppets had wanted as they jerked her stuffed animal away from her body, leaving her exposed. It was a little prick here, a tiny nick there until she fell to her knees, just where they wanted her.

GENERAL KILL

3

Karen hated carnivals, she despised loud noises, screaming children, and flashing lights, but she was here for Shawn, who hadn't been to the carnival in ages. They got separated after a mob of people ran past them screaming about something. Karen had fallen to the ground in the commotion and saw the deformed puppets as they hacked and slashed their way through the crowd. They spotted her and she was attacked before she even had a chance to crawl away. She truly hated carnivals.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



Tim had run from the puppets and found a tiny passage to hide under as he held his breath and watched the wooden feet scurry by. All except for one. The little puppet stood around, kicking a bit of dirt before finally catching up with his friends. Tim let out a gentle sigh of relief before crawling out from his safe spot. As he did, he felt something swipe his heel and he cried out as he fell to the ground. The puppets laughed amongst themselves while they surrounded him. Tim was unable to move from the pain, and watched in horrid agony as they approached him, getting ready to carve him up for their father.

GENERAL KILL



Geppetto had them all right where he wanted. He had turned off all the lights and rides, letting folks panic in the dark as they cried out to one another, and pulled out their phones to try and see. Geppetto continued to chuckle as he heard the slashing of his children's knives while the screaming got louder and people choked on their final words. They would all make new additions to the family.

GENERAL KILL



In the corner stood a fortune teller in a box. Not a real one but those fun little animatronic ones that spit out a card with an ominous fortune. Cameron didn't hesitate as he put a dollar in and smirked as the woman shifted jarringly, spewing some words before the card nearly flew out of its holder. Cameron read it, ""Your death will be swift but painful."" He frowned and checked the other side of the card but saw nothing. "What the fuck?" he asked before feeling someone grab the back of his head. They bashed his head against the fortune teller box, breaking the glass and getting shards in his eyes. He screamed out and dropped to his knees, unable to see his assailant. Then he felt a slash across his throat and fell limp onto the ground soon after.

Geppetto and his child left him there to be found, laughing to themselves at the fortune. "Swift but painful indeed."



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

HOW CAN THERE BE SO MANY TRAPS?

They're just sticks in the ground, right? Wrong. As Rachel bounces around the sticks, puppets shoot out from the dirt, and grab at the lone girl before one finally grabs her ankle and she falls to the ground. Rachel continues to scurry her way past the never-ending traps, and just when she thinks she's about to be free, a machete penetrates her spine. She is kept in place as the long piece of metal goes through her chest and pins her to the ground. She lasts longer than the others, but the puppets' sharp objects show her no mercy.

HOW DID THE TIGER GET LOOSE?

The large cat growled at Henry and his friends. It seemed bigger now that it was out of its cage, blocking the friends' path. While they focused on it, they knew that the puppets and Geppetto were coming. They needed to get around this tiger but any time someone approached it to try and pass, it swiped at them, causing them to back away. From behind them, Henry could hear the laughing of Geppetto's children.

He had to do something, and after all, it was just a big cat. What's the worst that could happen? Henry slowly approaches the tiger, and he was progressing well, making his way around it, until somebody behind him screamed and spooked not just Henry, but the tiger as well. It pounces on Henry and devours him.

WELCOME TO THE GREATEST SHOW

Within the tent is the greatest spectacle of all time. Geppetto could have been a legit Hollywood actor, but being a murderer seemed easier. He hypnotized Charlie with his flashing lights, giant animals, and glitter sparkles from somewhere, while Geppetto's children surrounded him in bated breath while Charlie finally came to and saw the horror now before him. Geppetto gave him two options: become a part of the family; or perish. Joining seemed better given the alternative, so Charlie went willingly while his new brothers and sisters carved him in place and prepared him for his new home and family.

ROPE TRAP

He didn't see it while running in the dark, he just felt something grab his ankle and flip him over as he dangled from a single tree branch. He tried so hard to get free, to either break the branch or untie the rope that held his ankle, but then Geppetto appeared in a bright light. The Carnival Master laughed while pushing on Aiden's body and watching as he swung around, before grabbing his leg to hold him in place. Geppetto called to his children, and they appeared swiftly, preparing their weapons. To say Aiden didn't stand a chance would be a low blow.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

SPINNING FLOOR BLADE TRAP

"This is fucking stupid!" Dave thought to himself, though he also probably yelled it out loud while jumping and maneuvering away from the blades. Just when he thought he had a handle on it, a knife barely missed his abdomen and he turned to see Geppetto's minions attempting to approach him, also avoiding the sharp blades that would surely turn them into saw dust. Dave huffed, trying to hurry out of the trap when he tripped over his own shoelace and fell face first into a blade, splitting his head in half. The puppets laughed and celebrated, but in their celebration they perished too. That trap was a terrible idea!

ACID PITFALL TRAP

Brad fell into it first, and once he disappeared from the acid it smelled of Peter's grandmother's farts. He turned back to leave, but the exit was blocked off by Geppetto, and Peter couldn't find an easy way to go around the pitfall that smelled horrible and seemed too big for him to just jump over. He had no choice though, as he hugged the wall and started to go around the pit. Geppetto inched closer with his army of puppets following closely behind, but he instructed his children to stand down as they all watched in amusement while Peter slowly inched his way around. He did it. Safely! They were all impressed, but Peter neglected to see the two puppets on the other side of the pit waiting for him. They pushed him into the acid, watching as he cried out in pain while dying.

IS THIS A PROP?

It was just a 6 inch tube. Molly shook it and listened but heard nothing. The slit on top didn't indicate that anything was inside. This had to be a prop as she went through all of Geppetto's belongings while trying to find something to use against the ringleader and his army of misfit wooden children. She held the prop, not sure what it was but still too stubborn to just let it go, when she heard a floorboard creak behind her. She turned to see Geppetto, gawking at her with intrigue before looking down at the prop in her hand. "Press the button... underneath," he enticed her.

Molly wasn't sure if she really should, but her curiosity got the better of her as she pressed it. A puff of white dust came out from the slit and she breathed it in. It smelled like cookies. It didn't take her long to succumb to the poison she inhaled as she fell to the floor and convulsed. Molly would make a wonderful addition, especially since her pieces and parts were still in such pristine condition.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

MISTY AMBUSH

Bob didn't know where all this fog came in from, but he lost sight of his little sister and his friends. He couldn't even see his own hand in front of him, the fog was so thick. He heard rustling around him and he called out for someone to answer, but all he got were vague laughs. As he walked, he tripped over something and fell to the ground. The fog lightened up near the ground and he saw a pair of wooden feet next to him. He reached out for them and grabbed the ankle when a knife went through his wrist. He screamed out in pain. The knife pulled out and the feet climbed over Bob's shoulders and onto his back where he was repeatedly stabbed until he could no longer breathe.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

MIRRORS EVERYWHERE

The funhouse was not so fun when you have puppets and a deranged lunatic chasing you around it. The mirrors began to warp Monica's vision and she began to become dizzy, running into a mirror and breaking it. Over time, she broke all of them as Geppetto and his children tried to confuse her with their reflected images. When she reached the last mirror, Monica broke it effortlessly and smirked to herself. She turned around and Geppetto himself stood in front of her. He gripped her throat and choked her while one of his children grabbed a long piece of broken glass and gave it to its father. Geppetto didn't hesitate as he stabbed her in her stomach, and watched as the light that glimmered in her eye faded.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD EVENTS

CLOWNS EVERYWHERE

One clown. Two clowns. Three clowns. Four. As if the puppets were going to be the creepiest thing Gloria and Louise were going to encounter tonight! The clowns laughed and danced and played with the girls as they stood back-to-back while trying to come up with a plan to escape this living hell. It was at the word 'ugly' that made the clowns stop with their smiles turning into frowns, and they mumbled to each other before one grabbed two bowling pins and approached the girls. They were confused, yet distraught when Louise watched as the clown bashed Gloria over the head with one and knocked her to the ground. It was a gory sight and Louise watched helpless as the clown beat Gloria to death before turning to her. She didn't realize that the other clowns circled around her.

ANIMAL PANIC

All it took was a gust of wind to pass by the cages and suddenly, Marcus was overcome with the screams from all the animals trying to get out of their restraints. He tried to remain calm, but when he saw the elephant charging at him, his fight or flight instinct kicked in and he darted out of the way, face planting into the monkey's cage as they gripped his face and scratched him to bits.

When he finally pulled away, he turned to run from the animals only to see the elephant standing in front of him, he could tell it was irritated and before he could even make a move, the giant animal charged at him. Marcus was thrown into the air, not sure where he was going, and was impaled on a tree branch. He stayed conscious for what felt like hours before finally succumbing to his wounds. Meanwhile, the puppets down below threw their weapons at him just to entertain themselves.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD EVENTS

IT'S NOT REAL!

The puppets danced some sort of ritual around Claire as she muttered to herself over and over again that none of this was real. But it didn't matter how much she proclaimed it, the puppets did not disappear from her view as they all tightened a circle around her while dancing to a sickly sweet tune. The puppets seemed to be infinite in number within the forest and all hope was basically lost. Claire whimpered as they overwhelmed her. The puppets tore her limb from limb and marched off to bring their master more "parts" to use.

FULL MOON

"Holy fuck! That guy just turned into a werewolf!" The guy had said that he was feeling weird, and Michael thought it was just the stress and adrenaline of running from that killer carnival overlord and his minions of puppet children. But nope, the moon came out and poof!... the guy became a hairy beast.

Michael was trapped with the beast as it ripped trees from the ground and knocked over a tent before it started clawing at Michael, ripping the sleeves of his hoodie as he shielded himself from the attacks. After a while, Michael grew tired of trying to defend himself. He backed away from the monster, but was stopped when he hit a tree, giving the wolfman just enough time to rip him to pieces as he screamed out in agony. R.I.P Michael.



GEPPETTO TERROR

THERE IS NO ESCAPE

There was so much chaos. People were flocking in droves towards the exits while animals ran loose. Nisha wasn't sure what to do. Every direction she turned seemed to have more chaos than the others. She couldn't see any way to quickly get out. In her indecisiveness, she didn't notice the elephant coming up behind her. It trampled her as it stormed past. Others watching nearby noticed a little puppet-like figure riding the elephant and steering it towards the masses.

THEY HAVE US COMPLETELY SURROUNDED!

All the exits were intentionally blocked off, it was every man (or woman) for themselves now as Peter looked for a way to maybe climb over the carnival walls and escape but it was no use as more puppets came out of the shadows and surrounded him. Their numbers were impressive and Peter knew he didn't have a chance in hell, but he wasn't going to go down without a fight as he ran towards one and punted it away. The other puppets gasped in fury, immediately tackling Peter to the ground before shanking him to death with their weapons. Nobody kicked one of their own and got away with it!

REPLACEMENT PARTS

Aubrey was already halfway dead, after being mauled by the Tiger before it scurried away from a loud noise. Though she would not be welcomed into the family for a multitude of reasons, the puppets that found her saw her useful parts that they could replace theirs with; and with a tinge of mercy, they sliced her to bits. Taking her good parts and fleeing with them to let the rest of the animals pick apart at Aubrey's remains.

BOXED IN WITH NOWHERE TO GO

The irony was not lost on Matthew as the circus tent had blown on top of him perfectly. The place he had run from found him, and he felt like he was back where he started. A few puppets had latched on and enjoyed the ride on the flying tent before jumping off to land in front of Matthew, who just stared at them in disbelief. He tripped over a rock as he backed away from the murderous puppets, who were taunting him. They pinned him while he was down, stabbing him repeatedly and laughing as the teenager cried out in pain. The tent blew away again, taking the puppets with it, but leaving Matthew alone and bleeding out onto the cold dirt.



GEPPETTO TERROR

YOU'LL MAKE A FUN NEW TOY...

Jen and Gil thought they had a chance, running as fast as they could towards the closest exit when out of nowhere a tall, thin figure walked out in front of them. They stopped, nearly colliding with the tall man. They looked up at Geppetto in terror. He laughed, looking down at both of them while playing Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Moe. His long finger stopped on Gil and he grabbed his arm quickly and pulled him closer. "You'll be my new favorite," Geppetto said before taking his sharp string and stabbed it through Gil's neck.

Jen didn't stay long enough to see what happened next, but Geppetto knew he'd see her very soon.

RAZOR PUPPET STRINGS

He knew he would see her soon, Geppetto and his children running after Jen. His children had already set it up, but it never stopped Geppetto from a good chase as they watched Jen trip over the practically invisible puppet strings that cut off her legs from the ankles down and she fell to the ground. She cried as she bled out, still managing to crawl away before they all caught up to her with taunting giggles. Geppetto looked down at her with his creepy smile "You'll be with your friend very soon," he said before snapping his fingers and watched as his children slashed her to bits.

MAKE OR BREAK

You either make the landing or you break your legs, there's no in-between for Liam as he prepared to jump off the tree branch and out of the carnival. He really had a chance, he did, but he lost his balance midway through his jump and he landed on three puppets below while one of their knives stabbed him in his abdomen. Nobody survived that encounter, and Geppetto was even more upset that he lost three children. Well, you win some, you lose some.

MASTER SHOWMAN

He's a fucking Carnival Ringleader--why is everybody so surprised by this? Geppetto can entertain you in one breath while slaughtering you and your entire family in the next--Varion had seen this first hand tried to keep Geppetto distracted in order for him to kill this lunatic and stop this whole ordeal once and for all; and while Geppetto was distracted entertaining him, his army of children always knew the plan. The stocky build lad was ready to kill Geppetto, but his children got to Varion first as they threw themselves on top of him and used their weight to keep him down before stabbing him to death. Geppetto was amused as he watched his children, always so proud of their hard work.



GEPPETTO TERROR

BRING HER TO ME

Geppetto thought the girl running away from him was that one who was messing up his plans and saving all those people. Unfortunately he was wrong as the puppets chased down the wrong girl, knocking her unconscious before dragging her back to their father. Geppetto was disappointed, but he wasn't going to let a case of mistaken identity go to waste as he grabbed the girl by her shirt and pulled her up to him, while preparing his thin, sharp needle. How could he have mistaken this one for her? Well, he couldn't dwell on it now as he shook her awake just so he could kill her quickly. Another one joins the family. He was still mad, though, that it wasn't the one he was hoping for.

THEY'RE COMING FROM EVERYWHERE!

It's raining puppets! No seriously, it was raining puppets as they came from... wherever killer puppets come from, I guess.

Marty watched as they latched on to his friends and stabbed various body parts before jumping to the next body and the next. Marty wasn't going to stick around to be the next one, but even when you think there were already enough puppets, even more showed up. Several chased him, slashing at his ankles but missing. He was just out of their reach. Then he heard a Rambo-sounding battle cry, and Marty looked up to see a puppet jump right onto his face. He lost his coordination, tripping over something and falling to the floor, knocking off the puppet that had been latched onto his face. The spill gave the others enough time to catch up and stab his legs. They didn't want him as a part of the family, but Marty would make for good spare parts.

ENDLESS MADDENING LAUGHTER

That meddling, good-for-nothing girl got him good. One hard punch, square on the nose and Geppetto reached up to see blood on his fingers. He was so surprised that he started to laugh. His laughter boomed throughout the carnival grounds, and it spooked the remaining patrons and the puppets as well. They'd never heard their father laugh like that before.

In another tent, one puppet who heard it knew this wasn't Father's happy laugh, and that it sounded more like an angry laugh. This made the puppet even more determined to make sure this Vivian girl in front of it, wasn't going to get out alive. The puppet ran as fast as it could, jumping on a rock to give it more height as it leaped towards Vivian, who screamed just as the puppet's machete entered her mouth, penetrating her throat and coming out through the back of her head.



GEPPETTO TERROR

DEAR LORD, ARE THOSE OUR FRIENDS?

Gil and Jen made a comeback in their new forms, chasing their friend Dominic around the grounds when he finally got a good look at them and stopped in terror. His friends. Oh, God, what had they done to his friends? Dominic didn't want to hurt them, but he also didn't want to die at the carnival... it wasn't even his idea to come here, it was theirs! And now look at them!

In a panic, just as Jen was getting too close, Dominic punched her and pushed her wooden figure away, while Gil hit him in return with his knife, scraping his face. It turned into a bitch fest quickly as puppet Gil and Dominic smacked each other for at least 5 minutes out of sheer frustration, before Jen came up to Dominic and stabbed him in the neck. The two puppets watched him die and turned to each other. Perhaps Father will let him join the family?

THEY'RE GAINING ON ME

Justin was a running back, but these fucking puppets and their short little legs must have been made of magic or something, because they were catching up with him like it was nothing! They threw their weapons at them, but missed. Their little legs not only kept up with him, but one of the puppets started even passing him, before tripping Justin, who landed face first into a rock. The puppets laughed, each grabbing a wooden handful of Justin's hair and beating his face into the rock he landed on, laughing harder as his blood splattered onto them.

DANCE PUPPET!

Geppetto and his children laughed as they watched you dance on the makeshift stage. Having taken control of your body, the deranged psycho leader head of the carnival was just using you to simply entertain him and his children. As you spun, you saw the familiar face of Jonsie in the shadows, who looked at you in fear before glancing at Geppetto and his army of puppets with a plan brewing in his mind. Geppetto spotted him awhile ago, and when he realized that you had noticed him, he snapped his fingers and watched as you danced towards the hidden victim. Your hands grab the knife that was resting on a table. You shake your head as you spin towards him, effortlessly stabbing the poor guy in the stomach. Your dancing body pushes the knife further into him before finally pulling away, leaving the knife embedded in his body. Geppetto laughed while applauding the display.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

Janice wasn't able to sleep last night. She stirred a huge pot of steaming oil in front of her, watching the kernels pop into sweet kettle corn. Her eyes grew heavy, and her exhaustion overtook her. She was suddenly standing in a hot and dark mechanical room. There was a man there, standing just out of sight. She said, "Hello? Where am I?"

The man approached her, and from his wounded body and ancient pitchfork, she knew this was bad. She screamed and tried to get away, but found herself running in place. He shoved the pitchfork into her skull, and the dream ended, along with her life.

GENERAL KILL

2

Donnie lifted hollowed out dumbbells above his head and spun them around on the end of his finger. He finished up his practice for tomorrow's show and went to his trailer for the night. He hopped in bed and drifted off into a heavy sleep. He was running, from what, he wasn't sure. He didn't know how he had gotten there, but the ancient boiler room gave him the creeps. Something menacing was after him, scraping something metal against the old boilers. He ran into a dead end, pipes leading up to the ceiling blocked his way. Around the corner a professor type man stepped into view. His face and body were peeling away, like the layers of an onion. The wounds on the man's face throbbed as he smiled and said, "Donnie, why don't we play?"

Donnie charged him, and in a flash a pitchfork went straight into his jaw, three tips protruding from the top of his head. He woke up briefly and felt the top of his head. Three holes were right where the nightmare man had stabbed him, then he passed into unconsciousness.

GENERAL KILL

3

Meredith was horrified by the news. People dying violently in their sleep was a new nightmare she hadn't thought of. She tried to stay awake as long as she could in the staff trailer, but minutes later she was snoring in her cot. Her bunk mates were awoken by piercing screams coming from Meredith. Someone flicked on the lights, slash marks trailed across Meredith's face, and blood poured from her mouth like a geyser. Meredith fell out of her bed dead, blood painting the floor.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



After last night's sleep killing, Ron was on high alert. From his security post he scanned the audience, looking for anyone who might fall asleep. There were a few people not paying attention, but Ron was relieved to find nobody dozing off. "Hey Kyle, looks like we're all safe tonight," he leaned over to his partner. His partner replied with a snore.

Horrified, Ron shook Kyle hard, but to no avail. Ron turned to him in his sleep, and the skin on his face peeled off from top to bottom. Kyle woke up screaming in agony, grabbing Ron by the shoulders and looking at him wildly in the eyes. Then Kyle crashed to the floor, writhing and bleeding onto the dirt.

GENERAL KILL



Henry loved stilt walking so much that he dreamed about it. In this dream, his stilts took him across the carnival in a few steps and the lightness of his feet filled him with glee. Suddenly something grabbed his stilts from the bottom, he looked down from his towering height to see a horrific man pulling at his stilts. His strength was immense and Henry went toppling over, head first. He woke up with his head flattened and his brain splattered across his pillow.

GENERAL KILL



Luke crawled across the grated floor of the boiler room. Dr. Fright stood over him, aiming his pitchfork for another stab. "Just let me go, please!" Luke screamed. Dr. Fright chuckled and thrust his pitchfork into Luke's back, cracking his spine.

The Doctor stepped away for a moment, letting Luke soak in the pain. He came back with a long serrated blade. Grabbing Luke by his hair, he pulled his neck back and cut from ear to ear. Outside of the dreamworld, Luke's throat opened in a wide gash and he bled out onto his bed.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

HOW CAN THERE BE SO MANY TRAPS?

Chris had just fallen asleep, and now he dodged hot steam vents, and jagged metal blades. He ran across a long metal platform. He heard a creak to his left and looked to see a massive pendulum heading straight for him. He jumped forward, dodging the heavy metal blade. Below him in the darkness, something lit aflame. He rolled over, narrowly dodging a jet of flame that shot through the floor. Across the platform, Dr. Fright stood waiting for him. He got up, "Come get me then!" Dr. Fright snapped his fingers and the platform plummeted into the darkness. The screams of Chris echoed from the pit, filling the Doctor with joy.

HOW DID THE TIGER GET LOOSE?

Jamie chased Tim into the dark carnival. It was after hours, and Jamie was freaked out by the sleepwalking performer. "Tim, buddy! Let's go back to sleep, man," said Jamie through the night. Tim passed through the canvas entryway to the animal cages, and Jamie got really scared. He stopped for a moment, contemplating whether or not to help him, then his conscience told him to push onward. He walked into the massive tent to see Tim, opening the padlock to the Tiger cage. "Tim, wake up!" Jamie shouted. The cage swung open, and the masterful tiger leapt on him with grace. Jamie was shoved into the ground by its weight, and it took a swift bite from his neck, killing him with its sharp jaws.

WELCOME TO THE GREATEST SHOW

Sarah was unimpressed by the lights and dancing monkeys. She drifted off with the moving lights into sleep. She found herself right where she sat, in the middle of a huge circus tent. The rest of the audience was nowhere to be found, and she began to feel uneasy. There was a figure on the stage turned away from her. He wore a big top hat and a red striped suit. Then the lights and music flashed on and he began to dance. He moved toward the front of the stage to reveal a peeling face full of gashes and boils. Sarah was horrified and jumped up onto her feet. She felt a tap on her shoulder and glanced hopelessly. It was the showman, he cracked a wide smile and said, "Oh, darling! You don't want to miss the greatest show, you're part of it!" Then from nowhere he grabbed a broken pitchfork, and he thrust it into her stomach. Sarah woke instantly, collapsing onto the people in front of her, blood gushing out onto the floor.

ROPE TRAP

Jared ran through the boiler room, ducking under pipes and fitting himself between the giant valves. He felt it before it happened, a rope lay on the floor and as he stepped into it, he flew into the air. He dangled there in the darkness, waiting for his demise. Dr. Fright casually stepped in front of Jared, his grinning teeth shining through the holes in his face. Jared closed his eyes, and Dr. Fright took a saw to his neck, removing Jared's head.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

SPINNING FLOOR BLADE TRAP

Dashing over lead pipes, Bart thought he had gotten away from the burned doctor. Then the floor fell from under him, dropping him into a swirling bath of rusting blades. His body split apart instantly, shredding his skin and nerves into a pulp.

ACID PITFALL TRAP

Mindy contorted herself in the dreamworld like she did waking, pushing herself into a room far away from Dr. Fright. The floor of the room began to sink, creating a vast and dark pit. Mindy was horrified and tried to climb up the slick walls. After a time, Dr. Fright appeared over her, grasping a chain that hung from the ceiling. He waved goodbye to her and pulled the chain. Somewhere in the dark ceiling above, a vat of acid poured its contents onto Mindy, razing her body into hunks of sizzling meat.

IS THIS A PROP?

The sleep killings were unfortunate for Gary and his narcolepsy. Falling in and out of sleep, his waking mind was haunted by the images of Dr. Fright. He ran into the prop tent, shuffling through the fake weapons to find a gleaming sword. The sleep came on again and Gary prayed for the sword to come with him to the dream. Dr. Fright stood in front of him, and Gary was empty handed. "Too bad, it was a prop anyways," Dr. Fright laughed. The Doctor grabbed Gary by the shoulder and tore into him with his pitchfork, pushing the spikes into his ribs and through his heart.

MISTY AMBUSH

Gale was surrounded by high pressure gas, the screeching sound of which filled his head as it left the pipes. Dr. Fright was in there somewhere, watching him through the fog. The hot mist took the shape of the man, and moved at him. Gale punched the mist and found nothing within it. Then something sharp entered his neck from behind, and he bled out in the choking steam.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

MIRRORS EVERYWHERE

Ben fell asleep in the funhouse, and then was navigating the mirror maze. He wasn't sure if this was a dream or not, but found it fun regardless. The maze seemed longer than he remembered, and soon he started to feel scared. Out of the corner of his eye, he started seeing a figure. It grew closer as he went on, and finally he could make it out. A tall man with burnt flesh followed him. After seeing him, Ben decided this was a dream and tried to wake himself up. Then the mirrors filled with the man's grisly visage. A spiked pitchfork pierced his skin, tearing Ben's insides to shreds. A thousand images of Ben crashed to the floor, along with his life and the dream.

CLOWNS EVERYWHERE

Nate was afraid of clowns, but clowning paid the bills so he kept at it. It exhausted him being something he feared, and tonight he slept in his patchy makeup. Tonight his vision was full of clowns. The clowns laughed and sneered at him, pulling apart his mind like a crumbling cookie. The clowns let him go exhausted, and dropped him into a bleak, hot boiler room. Rushing at him from the edges of his vision was a gnarled man who stabbed him in the face with a pitchfork.

ANIMAL PANIC

The lion tamer, Vicki, fell asleep next to the animal cages. Then she was awake, right where she had fallen asleep, except for the presence of a man in the room. He smiled at her through his peeling flesh, and pointed to the cages. Vicki looked in that direction, there were no more cages, and the lions snarled at Vicki. She tried all of the tricks she knew, but they were on her in a flash, tearing chunks of flesh out of her. With a final gulp they downed her bloody carcass, and the man, and the dream vanished.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD EVENTS

IT'S NOT REAL!

he boiler room and that was where Cassidy found herself. Dr. Fright stood across from her like a waiting vulture. It was hot and the situation was void of all hope, but Cassidy decided this was a dream. "You're not real! Go away!" she screamed.

Then it melted away, the eerie room and demonic man shifted into the forest she was just in. She let out a long breath, relieved to be away from there. Then she felt his stare from somewhere in the darkness. He stepped out and grabbed her before she could react. She was back in the boiler room and right as Fright's pitchfork pierced her heart, she realized being back in the forest was all an illusion.

FULL MOON

Steve drank too much at the carnival and passed out in his car. He found himself suddenly trying to start his car, not remembering when he woke up. The starter ticked inside the engine, but never started. Frustrated, Steve got out of the car. The moonlight was bright and something about it enticed Steve. He stood, staring at the moon, unable to look away. A man approached him from the shadows, but he found himself staring at the moon. The wolf moved quickly slashing with its claws spilling blood from Steve's stomach. The searing pain wasn't enough for him to look away from the mesmerizing light he was entranced by. The next attack would leave him no choice as the wolf slammed him to the ground and began feasting on his entrails. Steve turned his head to the side as his life slipped away. Ah, there it was... the beautiful moon.



DR. FRIGHT TERROR

BETTER LOCK THE DOOR

There was a man with a pitchfork coming after Gavin. He got to the security trailer and locked himself in. He flipped the cameras on and watched them nervously. The man was nowhere in sight. He felt a tap on his shoulder, and looked back defeated. The horrific man shoved the pitchfork into his gut, ripping out his innards as he removed it. Gavin died holding his guts to his stomach and listening to the laughing of the evil man.

GRAB YOUR CRUCIFIX

Nancy scrambled away from the vile man approaching her. She backed up against a decrepit boiler, and held out her crucifix in defiance. "That won't help you here," he said menacingly. The dim lights cut off, and the screams of Nancy filled the dreamworld like a noxious gas.

BETTER STAY UP LATE

Bella had witnessed some of the sleep killings. Leaving the carnival was all she wanted to do, but she had nowhere else to go. She stayed awake, trying to sleep during the day when possible. Tonight was her third night without sleep and her body couldn't go any longer. She plunged deep into the dreamworld, and found herself standing in a dark room. A sullen furnace roared to life in front of her, illuminating a horrifying man just before her. He smiled at her, then reached for her with incredible strength. As she fought, he threw her into the furnace, shutting the wide door behind her melting body. He gleefully watched as her body was charred in the glowing flame.



DR. FRIGHT TERROR

SLASH HER

Dr. Fright skulked through the boiler room, circling his prey like a hungry wolf. She was tall and blonde, and he kept his distance for some time. She finally noticed him in the gloam of the metal room. He revealed himself to her, along with a crude and slender knife. He rushed her, grabbing her by the throat, he slashed her face across with the knife and then plunged it into her heart. She bled for a moment, then left the dreamworld to showcase Dr. Fright's incredible work to the carnival.

BLURRED REALITY

Blundering through the haunted house, Zack was drunk and about to pass out. He made his way to a softly lit door and pushed it open. It shut behind him with a bang, and now he stood in the center of a dark and decaying boiler room. Someone approached him from the sticky shadows with a long prodding pitchfork. He was confused and then the figure slashed him across the chest, leaving massive gashes as it went. He keeled to the floor in pain, then it ended when the spikes went into his throat, draining him of blood.

MARKED FOR DEATH

There was something about Matt that Dr. Fright hated. He had chosen him out of disgust on his arrival to the Carnival. He watched Matt in the boiler room as he filled his head with horrifying images. His favorite part was when Matt pulled his own face off, thinking there were spiders inside. Matt's death satisfied Dr. Fright momentarily, but he knew his hunger would never cease.



DR. FRIGHT TERROR

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

Kelly's parents had been victims that night on Maple Lane. When she saw Dr. Fright alive, in front of her, she knew he was here to kill her. The boiler room he had trapped her in was dense and hot. She didn't know what to do, so she got on her knees and begged. As she pleaded, he appeared from behind her and placed his hands around her head. He twisted once and snapped her neck, a quick death for showing him respect.

DIDN'T YOU KNOW THEY WERE ALREADY DEAD?

A stage light turned on, illuminating the trapeze strung with bodies. Samantha was tied to a chair, forced to stare at her acrobatic friend's. She sobbed, hoping this was a dream. "Do you like what I've done with your friends? They were all dead before I got you." A voice said from behind her. She felt its hot breath on her skin, then she felt the cold steel of a blade on her throat. "I can't wait for you to join them," it said. Then the blade cut deep into her throat, scraping against her spine.



DR. FRIGHT EPIC DARK POWER

SHOCK FACTOR

The ringleader, Jason, was a passionate circus freak. His dreams often included the shows he led, and tonight was no different. He stood on a tall, spiral colored pedestal, directing the show around him. Suddenly, the pedestal inverted itself and sank into a deep pit. He stood uneasily at the bottom, a small stream of light giving him vision from above. A hulking figure came out of the darkness of the pit. It was himself, disfigured and fanged, drool poured from its vacant mouth. He screamed in disgust and backed away. It charged him, and just before it touched him the room changed. He fell for a long time, then slammed into a deep body of black water. Something massive swam below him, skidding his feet as if it were toying with him. He swam as fast as he could, never avoiding the feeling of immense darkness below. The dream shifted into an old boiler room, and in front of him stood a charred and burned man. The man held him by the back of his neck and scraped along his body with a rusty pitchfork. The gashes were deep and crude. His flesh parted completely and he died in the burned stranger's arms.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL

1

Travis and his friends had come to enjoy the carnival. Instead they were fighting for their lives as the birds descended upon them and clawed at their clothes and skin with no mercy. They attempted to flee the scene but to no avail. The flock had latched on to them and before Travis knew it, he began to lose consciousness and finally fell to the ground, bleeding out from the several wounds that the birds had given him.

GENERAL KILL

2

Bruce and Matilda were holding hands as they walked, when Matilda noticed bird droppings on Bruce's shirt. They both looked around for a bird to curse at, and when they saw the bird perched on a wire above them, it wasted no time as it flew right at Bruce, penetrating his eye socket and flying out the other end of his skull. Matilda screamed at what she had seen as Bruce fell to the floor, his blood pooling in the dirt.

GENERAL KILL

3

The birds knew how to hide with the flashing lights as Marco looked around for the small flock that had been bumping against his head for the past several minutes. The loud music, and the screams of children, weren't helping. When another bird hit up against his head, he lost his balance and fell forward, landing straight onto a pipe that pierced through his chest. The birds cackled at his misery.



GENERAL DEATHS

GENERAL KILL



If you go to the carnival, you want to have a good time. Stephanie was not having a good time as the birds above dropped stones, sticks, and even their own poop onto her all night. When she finally grabbed a rock off the ground and threw it back at the birds, it was all the excuse they needed to dive-bomb at her until she fell onto the ground, busting her head open on a boulder. As she writhed in pain, blinded by the blood in her eyes, they finished her off. Some with their beaks, and others with stones that they repeatedly pelted her with until she moved no more.

GENERAL KILL



They hid in the shadows, perched up above the carnival below and watched the youthful faces eat their snacks, and play their games. The birds watched and waited until one lone girl drifted away from her group of friends to find the bathrooms, and that's when they attacked. They wasted no time as they pecked at her flesh and dug their claws into her face, blinding her as her screams fell on deaf ears. The poor girl wandered further away, tripping on her own feet and falling right onto a boulder, slamming her face and breaking her neck in the process.

GENERAL KILL



Margaret found a necklace on the ground. Nobody around her in the crowd seemed to notice as she smirked to herself and put it in her pocket. The birds did notice, however, and they did not approve, wings flapping before they began to encircle her. The other patrons were confused, trying to avoid the black abyss that surrounded poor Margaret as their sharp beaks cut her skin before one fatal blow through her neck left her bleeding in the dirt. The other patrons did not know what to do but the swarm vanished as quickly as it had arrived, taking the stolen necklace with them as they did.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

HOW CAN THERE BE SO MANY TRAPS?

It's a carnival, traps aren't supposed to be a thing! Unfortunately for Christie, she literally ran right into one as her face smacked into a faux door when the knob she gripped tightly to didn't turn in the slightest. Beyond the screams of patrons, she turned to see the slew of birds that had followed her to that literal dead end and flew into, pinning her into the door. The stuck birds used their claws to pull their beaks out of her chest and in unison cawed as she fell to the ground, while her blood pooled around her.

HOW DID THE TIGER GET LOOSE?

These birds are smart. Smart enough to unhinge the pin for the tiger and piss it off plenty so that it didn't take Marty the Tiger long to attack and devour poor Ernie, ripping the poor boy to pieces in front of his friends. The birds cawed as they cheered the tiger on before the large cat walked away, giving the birds their chance to pick apart at Ernie's remains.

WELCOME TO THE GREATEST SHOW

In the spotlight in the sky, Cindy and Martin watched as the obviously trained and totally not a threat or menace to society, army of birds danced in the sky. It was beautiful, and the birds clearly knew how to put on a show and mesmerize the carnival goers. It didn't last long as the birds finally broke from their trance and began to attack everyone. Martin tried to protect Cindy and punched away several birds as they fled, hiding under some random carnival tent. But the birds knew their game and ripped it to shreds before filing into the tent, trapping the lovebirds in a cyclone. The wind picked up from the cyclone, and the tent broke with the strong gusts that blew sweet Cindy and Martin away, never to be seen again.

ROPE TRAP

Nathan thought if he used the spare rope, he could climb over the fence and out of the carnival where the ravenous wall of birds were following him around. Though it didn't work out too well as the birds caught up to him and Nathan managed to get caught in a trap of his own doing. He tried to break free but it was no use as the birds immediately dive-bombed him and picked him to pieces with their beaks.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD TERROR

SPINNING FLOOR BLADE TRAP

While getting away from the birds, Charlie ran right into some fucked up carnival game involving fucking floor blades. "What kind of sick joke is this?" Charlie thought, "Whoever ran this carnival should be in jail!"

Charlie knew he had to make this quick as he tried to carefully jump around the floor blades. The birds finally caught up to him, pecking him in the back of his head to throw him off-balance. He was concentrating hard, but a hard smack to the back of his head sent him face first into a blade that cut his head straight in half. Well, at least it was a swift death.

ACID PITFALL TRAP

What happened to poor Charlie with the floor blades couldn't possibly happen to anybody else, right? No, you are very wrong. Very, very wrong.

Samantha was running from the birds. She saw a large water tank and thought that jumping into the clear liquid might give her some relief from the birds, hopefully causing them to move on to someone else. Unfortunately that clear liquid was not water. She jumped right into a tank filled with acid, that had been left unattended. There wasn't even a sign! Unlike her friend Charlie, Samantha's death was horrifying as the acid ate her alive. At least she was right about the birds moving on to someone else.

IS THIS A PROP?

The bird was still, no movement, so Marco thought nothing of it as he flung it around while talking to his friends about a way to escape the carnival and the birds. Marco must have been a bit rough though, since the bird came alive and immediately attacked Marco, rightfully, for abusing it. It was the typical eye gouging, skin clawing attack, and the bird even managed to rip his sweater! Marco's friends looked on in horror as they watched a single bird completely destroy their friend before flying off.

MISTY AMBUSH

As nightfall overtook the town, so did the fog and mist as Veronica tried to slowly see her way out of the carnival after she lost her friends in that crazy show with the birds. She called out for somebody, but nobody answered, and so she kept walking along when out of nowhere a swarm of angry birds took advantage of Veronica's blindness and swept her up in one of their lovely cyclones. She screamed, before suffocating as the cyclone literally sucked all the air out of her. By the time her friends managed to find her within the fog, she looked like a dehydrated mummy.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD EVENTS

MIRRORS EVERYWHERE

The leftover mirrors from the fun house were stored in an open field, but it didn't stop them from being absolutely terrifying! Ryan tried to get around all the mirrors to escape the birds. But the birds flew around the mirrors, confusing Ryan until one dumb bird ran straight into a mirror and fucked up the whole facade! The rest of the flock didn't hesitate going after Ryan then, forcefully pushing him into the closest mirror, breaking it. And then another mirror, also breaking it. And then another before finally one tiny broken shard shanked him in the neck. The birds left him alone after that...letting him watch himself bleed out alone in the mirrors.

CLOWNS EVERYWHERE

Yvonne and Charlotte got caught up with the clowns, it was rough, but then again, it was probably better than facing the birds. Or so they thought.

Their loud obnoxious laughs and their horns would scare the birds away a few at a time, but over time, the birds got used to it and the biggest, baddest bird in the flock decided that it wasn't going to let a few face painted idiots ruin its dinner as it knocked Charlotte across the head before grabbing firmly to her hair. Yvonne tried to shoo the bird away, grabbing a clown's horn and squeezing it in the bird's face, but it just pissed the bird off more. All of a sudden, the flock appeared, and the clowns vanished. The flock blocked the lights, putting the two friends in the dark. The birds made quick work, and were gone when the clowns returned to find the bloody scene that covered the grass, trees, and tent.

ANIMAL PANIC

The birds riled the animals up before freeing them from their cages, releasing them out towards the unsuspecting carnival goers. Cheryl had gotten separated from her friends within the chaos and before she knew it, she came face to face with an angry lion that for some reason was being ridden by a snake. The lion grew angrier with every second, and when the birds swooped in to anger it even more, Cheryl knew she was in trouble. The growls from the lion echoed loudly as she backed away slowly before coming up against a tree. The animal had her trapped and the birds weren't helpful as they began to attack the young girl before the lion lunged and attacked her while the birds watched on. There wasn't anything left when the lion was done with Cheryl, having picked her bones clean before storming off.



CARNIVAL OF BLOOD EVENTS

IT'S NOT REAL!

While Mason was high as a kite, he knew as he looked up at the mass of birds in the trees above him, that it couldn't possibly be real. He even said so out loud, but nobody heard him. Mason laughed as the birds slowly descended upon him and tightened their cyclone around him. He slowly began to lose oxygen while the birds picked away at his skin, hitting random arteries and when they finally pulled away, he was gasping for life. His last pathetic words... "It's not real!"

FULL MOON

It was a lovely night, and Lyle just couldn't stop himself from admiring the full moon that shined above, thinking about all the spooky legends that it seems to have inspired. When he glanced up at the moon again, it was suddenly blocked by an ungodly amount of black birds that began to dive-bomb at him. Lyle laughed nervously as he was able to avoid any real damage at first, but his laughter stopped when he noticed that a much greater threat had appeared. "Was that a... werewolf?"

The birds fled to the safety of the sky, but Lyle had no such means of escape. The werewolf made quick work of the man and then bounded off in search of its next victim.



BIRD ATTACKS

THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!

1

While the jugglers entertained the patrons down below, the birds took the advantage and plummeted down from the trees and their perches to attack everyone enjoying themselves. Seamus was unfortunately no exception as two birds clawed through his skin and scraped away at his veins, cawing as they watched him bleed out on the dirt.

THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!

2

Now is not the time for debating corn dogs or cotton candy—the birds came out of nowhere and flew right through both food carts and the food went flying. Cher initially thought the birds were after the food, but she learned she was quickly wrong as she ran from the sharp beaks and claws of the black birds above. She ran as fast as she could, swatting away at birds as she did, though in her attempt to flee, she did not notice the sharp tree branch that she ran right into, stabbing her through the throat and out the base of her head.

THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!

3

Frank punched a few birds and his knuckles were bloody from the fight. But the birds kept coming and after a while Frank was losing steam. His loss of energy gave the birds enough time to give them momentum before a line of birds used their beaks to fly right through Frank. He lost count after ten, as well as lost consciousness, falling to the ground as the hole in his chest grew bigger with each bird.



BIRD ATTACKS

THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!



Hiding in a tent won't help, the birds can fly in or through—and so the birds did as Guy tried to tie the entrance closed, only to find that the thin material would not stop them from getting in. They all pecked away at him, several at a time before flying off to give other birds another chance at him; it was slow, and painful, and Guy didn't stand a chance against the birds as the flock grew in size quickly.

THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!



Quite bold of Raul to use a mallet to fight the birds, and it worked... for a while, before he threw it over his shoulder and the weight took him to the ground. The birds landed on his chest and poked at his face, breaking the flimsy bones before he couldn't breath anymore from the smothering. After a while, his face was gone as was his will to live.

THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!



He grabbed a bird, and then he threw that bird at the others. It was the only thing Matt could think of to defend his friends. Good for them, but bad for Matt as the angry swarm of birds divided and conquered the football player with a cyclone to separate him from his friends, and the other half nipping away at his flesh and veins. When they were finally done with him, he was just a bag of bloody organs in the dirt.



BIRDS DARK POWER

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

1

They were literally running in circles as they tried to flee from the birds, but Mallory wasn't going to give up quickly even though her legs definitely were. She grabbed rocks as she ran, throwing them over her shoulders and picking off birds one by one. But like always, she ran out of rocks and steam while the birds caught up. A few grabbed tightly to her hair to pull her back while a single bird used its beak to slice her throat. Her friends didn't even notice she was gone as she died alone while the birds laughed at her misery.

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

2

They were leaving! Whatever was going on at the carnival was not worth the price of admission as Henry and Liz rushed to the car, they got in and watched in terror as the birds overtook the carnival, but at least we're safe! If only! The birds knew of the fleeing couple, and using their strong beaks to pop the tires, left them stranded before bursting through the windows and flooding inside the car. Nobody knew which wounds were from the screaming couple or from the birds. All anybody knew was that when they were found, they both shared horrified looks on their faces.

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

3

Tim was here for a good time, but clearly not a long time as he ran into a porta-potty to hide from the army of birds that had been chasing him and his friends. The porta-potty was jerked back and forth before it was finally tipped over, spilling the... stuff, all over him. The birds pecked away at the thick plastic door, but after a while the smell became too much and Tim knew he had to make a break for it. He unlocked the door and it immediately burst open, flooding the confined space with blood thirsty birds as they picked away at him and left him dead with the smell of, well, death.



BIRDS DARK POWER

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



You can't zig-zag your way out of a flock of birds, they can do it better and faster!

Randall learned this the hard way as he ran in between every tent to try and hide, but it was no use as the birds always reached him. They finally had enough of this game of 'chase and dive-bomb Randall' and started pecking away at his head. While distracted by this, his foot got caught on rope that was holding up a tent. It became undone from the spike and pulled him into the air as part of the tent collapsed. While he dangled there, the birds beat him like a piñata until he quit screaming and moving. The flock was slightly disappointed that no rewards came out from him.

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The farm girl, Sarah, knew how to talk to birds, but that doesn't mean she knew what she was saying as she cawed back at the birds to beg and ask for her and her friends to be spared. But whatever she was saying, it wasn't working as the birds plummeted down and rushed Sarah, scratching and clawing through her flesh. She cried out in agony as they exposed her muscle and bone, before slumping onto the ground with blood pooling around her. Her friends fled screaming.

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Was that a storm coming in? Nope, just a bunch of black birds! The frightening sight made Marcus run for the hills as he tried to escape to some place with four walls and a door. But the carnival had no such thing so he jumped into a game booth and hid under the shelves. The birds showed no mercy to the booth attendant as they flew right through him. It rained wooden shards all throughout as the birds attacked from all sides. A splinter got into Marcus' eye as he closed them tight while groaning in pain. He was too busy trying to pull the splinter out, and this gave a few birds enough time to land in front of him in the dirt, before picking at his skin. Marcus, blinded by the splinter, didn't know up from down as the birds nipped away at him while the rest of the flock practically blew away the booth, causing it to cave in on itself, crushing Marcus in the process.



