

# FINAL GIRL

CREECH MANOR

**GRUESOME DEATHS**

**YOU HOLD IN YOUR HAND A BOOK OF GRUESOME DEATHS FOR USE WITH CREECH MANOR. 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!

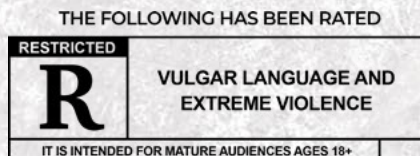
We'd like to thank the talented Elisabeth Boyd and Ryan Jorjorian for contributing their writing talents to this project. The work was many times greater than we expected and we could not have completed this in a reasonable amount of time without their help.

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# CREECH MANOR

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## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

The wooden floors creaked as Teresa walked through the house. There was no one there but Teresa and the faded portraits of the Creech family. She had an uneasy feeling, as though someone was watching her intently. She figured it was just the unsettling portraits that surrounded her. She looked down a dark hallway past the foyer and noticed the shape of a man there. Then with a grunt, he was running at her, his boots slamming into the old floor. She found herself frozen in fear as he swung a wide sledgehammer from the floor into her face. The force of the impact killed her and flung her body across the room, crashing into the wall behind her.

### GENERAL KILL

2

Fighting for his life, Xavier dropped to the floor as a hammer came through the old drywall. He hopped back up and dashed from the room into the hallway. As he passed through the doorway, Hans met his speed with his hammer and caved in his chest. For a few moments Xavier's lungs tried to grab for air, then fell still.

### GENERAL KILL

3

There were ten more stairs to go, but Stacy had her foot cut off by Hans' cleaver. Viscous blood trickled down the stairs as she crawled, leaving a trail for him to find her. As she rounded the last step a boot stepped on her hand, crushing the bones and tendons underneath. Hans stood with his hammer in the striking position and Stacy closed her eyes as the blunt end of the hammer went through her head.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL



Thunder rang through the old manor. Tara could barely hear her own thoughts through the sound of the torrential storm. Between thunder claps she heard distant footsteps. She put on her costume, ready to scare whoever came down the hall. After some waiting she began to feel uneasy nobody had come down the hall. Then a flash of lightning revealed that she hadn't been waiting alone. He held a hammer and swung it at her

### GENERAL KILL



Finding Helen Creech's diadem was Wesley's dream. Not because of any fascination with history or antiques, but because of its value. Money was his motivation. He had gotten this job at the haunted house in the hopes of finding it tucked away in that godforsaken mansion. Wesley left the mold-caked basement with a full heart. He clasped the jeweled headpiece in his hand. He opened the basement door and found himself staring up at a pig mask. The man wearing it gave him a heavy shove, and Wesley fell back, snapping his neck as he landed on the floor at the bottom of the steps. The diadem landed on his head, adorning the lifeless look on his face.

### GENERAL KILL



Selena stood ready to scream and scare her next victim. Tonight they put her in The Banshee's Room and she was thrilled. Suddenly she felt a presence in the room. Behind her stood Hans, someone she had only heard rumors about. His mask frightened her and seemed to be smiling. He was close enough to touch her. He reached for the cleaver on his belt and in a flash, cut her throat. Blood poured across the floor, leaving Selena choking on her blood. The next person she'd scare would be the person who discovers her dead body.



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### THE TREES ARE ALIVE!

Becca stood guard on the back patio. There was a tall willow tree there. Becca admired its old shaggy branches and the long wavy strands of leaves that skirted the ground. She walked over to it and touched the strands. She felt something grip her leg and found one of the strands wrapped around her. Then another wrapped itself around her torso and in minutes she was completely tangled in the mass of the tree. It gripped her so hard that blood drew and she kicked and wriggled to get free. Someone approached through the yard, a burly man in a pig mask. The sight of him sent Becca to tears. He removed a massive cleaver from his belt and placed it at her belly. He cut from one end to the other and spilled her innards onto the ground. The tree let her go as she died, laying her cold body on the ground.

### VOICES... I HEAR VOICES

Daniel had come to the haunted house for candy and babes, but now he ran through the house covering his ears. The voices penetrated every fiber of his being, and his sanity was leaving his mind. Then he saw someone he knew to be a killer. A butcher, standing in the kitchen, dressed in a pig mask. This man can end my torment, he thought. He knelt down before him and pleaded for him to kill him. The butcher gripped his sledgehammer from his side and aimed it on Daniel's forehead. He lifted it and swung downward, eviscerating Daniel's cranium in a splash of crimson. The voices stopped and Daniel was free.

### IT'S COMING, IT'S COMING!

Kristy ran into the room and hid behind Kevin, "Someone is after me, what do we do?"

"What do you mean? We're all actors at this 'haunted house'! There's nobody here who would actually hurt you," Kevin said.

"He's coming, Kevin! Please believe me! We have to get out of here."

Kevin walked towards the doorway half laughing, then a hammer greeted him in the face. The swing was exceptionally strong and crushed his head into oblivion. Kristy screamed in terror, tears streaming down her face as she watched Kevin's nearly headless body fall lifelessly to the floor.



## **CREECH MANOR TERROR**

### **SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (ATTIC)**

The attic was meticulously crafted to look like a torture chamber and Greg got to be the torturer that night. He loved acting and he especially loved scaring people. The first group of people came through and he gave them quite the scare by yelling at them and banging on the cages. Someone else entered the room, dressed similarly to his torturer's costume, save for the pig mask.

"Hey man, I'm the only torturer on shift tonight, bug off!"

The man took his sledgehammer and without a word, swung it toward Greg. Greg winced as the hammer made contact with his head. He fell to the floor, and the pig man placed his foot on Greg's neck to remove the lodged hammer.

### **SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (BALLROOM)**

The ballroom was the focal point of the haunted mansion. A maze had been built of plywood to resemble a dark dungeon. Jason was the chainsaw guy, it was his favorite role. He stood at the end of the maze, contemplating what the best angle is to scare someone with the ear-ringing chainsaw. Someone was on their way through the maze towards him so he readied himself in a dark corner. When they came into view he charged at them with the saw, but they didn't move. Instead they stood there, in a pig mask, and after a moment Jason stopped. From behind, the man pulled what appeared to be a hammer in the strobe lights. He swung the hammer into Jason's leg and as Jason fell to the floor he turned the hammer, plowing it into his skull.

### **SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (CLOSET)**

Hans opened the closet to find two of the costumed workers making out. It didn't mean much to him. He just grabbed his cleaver and started hacking away. The girl ran past Hans with a few scrapes, leaving the boy to take the end of his blade. When he was finished there with finely diced chunks of flesh piled in the closet, Hans was satisfied with his work.





## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### IT'S A FAKE

The ghost hunters were the comedy of the event. It was a break in the terror with dance music and colorful lights. Their silly ghost hunter costumes had vacuums attached to "suck up ghosts." One of the ghost hunters took an early break in the green room. Alone and sitting on the couch, a knock echoed from the door. He opened the door, vacuum ready as a joke. A man in a metal pig mask stood in front of him, and the blood on his apron looked so real. "Woah man, nice costume!" The man had a cleaver in his hand and chopped deep into the ghost hunter's chest. He wailed in agony, matching the screams of the haunted house, and bled out on the floor.

### SOMETHING IS COMING THROUGH THE WALL!

Kim locked herself in the bathroom and barricaded the door with a chair. The chair was old and she was afraid it wouldn't hold the door. It wouldn't matter, though, because Hans chose to come straight through the wall. He made it through in three swings. Kim took her chances, smashing through the window behind her, but fell to her death.

### NO ONE COMES BACK

Everyone told Trey that the attic was the scariest part. They said people actually died there, but Trey didn't believe them. As he and his group turned to leave, he snuck up into the attic. He found a tall man standing there dressed as a butcher in a pig mask. He ran at Trey who waited for him to stop, thinking it was all part of the show. Then the hammer was flying through the air and it made impact on his head, and his vision went black.





## CREECH MANOR EVENT

### PUSHED TO THE EDGE

Jimmy was terrified of clowns, and his friends decided to take the hallway leading to the fun-house. His heart was beating like a worn out drum, the sight of the white powder caked around a red nose was just too much for him. He crawled into a corner without his friends noticing. After an hour of hyperventilating, Jimmy saw an actor in a pig mask come into the room. He stood up, "S-s-sir can you show me the way out?"

The man pulled the cleaver off his belt and pointed to an open window. ""But we must be two or three stories up?"" he chuckled not remembering how many stairs they'd climbed. He started for the door when Hans raised the cleaver. Realizing an attack was coming Jimmy saw only one option, he sprinted towards and threw himself out the window. The autopsy would show Jimmy suffered from trauma similar to what might be found from a skydiving accident. Another unexplained phenomenon at Creech Manor.

## CREECH MANOR ITEMS

### CM ITEM - RITUAL DAGGER

The dagger pulsed in your hand. You knew it had an evil power to it. You could practically sense its need to kill. You felt like it was pulling you towards the scared man that was following you. While terrified and remorseful for what you did, it was very clear that killing the man, who probably was going to die anyway, had an impact on the man in the pig mask. Perhaps that action you will have to live with for the rest of your life (which very well could be over soon), might end up saving the lives of many others.



## HANS TERROR

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

Hans burst through the back door and started swinging. As a handful of people ran, some took his hammer in the back while others on the head. Nate had recently broken his leg and was on crutches. As he hobbled away from the maniac, Hans threw his hammer with perfect technique and landed the head of the hammer at the base of Nate's neck. A massive crack rang out as his spine snapped, and Nate dropped to the floor, crutches and all.

### HE JUST KEEPS COMING!

Jaden sprinted through the haunted house, pushing over props and lights in the path of Hans. The barricades had little effect, Hans used his strength to shove them out of the way or smash them entirely with his hammer. Moments later Hans was on her, splintering her bones with his hammer, leaving her a pile of flesh and broken bones.

### HE WANTS FRESH BLOOD!

Ben was young and full of life. His friends had excitedly invited him to the haunted house and he was thrilled. The group trekked their way through the house laughing and screaming together. Eventually, they came to a dark room and Ben got lost. He was completely disoriented and felt somewhat helpless. In his confusion, he ran straight into someone. A man in a pig mask turned to him and grabbed him. His gloved hands wrapped around Ben's neck and his eyes bulged out. In minutes Ben suffocated and the man threw him into a closet.



## **HANS TERROR**

### **HORRIFIC HAMMER RUSH**

Lacy bobbed under Hans' swing. He redirected his momentum and came at her from underneath. She bent backwards but he still grazed her chin. The pain was severe, but she pressed on. She ducked again, narrowly missing another swing that landed in the wall. Hans twisted the hammer, dislodging it and struck her with the handle. The blow slammed her into the wall, knocking the wind out of her. The next blow crushed her face and she slid down the wall, blood streaking the floral wallpaper.

### **TAKING SOUVENIRS**

Hans gripped Lisa by the leg, dragging her into a back room. Using his cleaver he removed her left foot, and as she screamed in pain he wrapped the foot onto a short rope full of feet. The blood caked souvenirs frightened Lisa and she began to cry. As the hot tears streamed down her cheeks, Hans slit her throat.

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

Hans' eyes lock in on you. He never flinches as he strides closer despite distractions all around including the frantic screaming of the scared ghost hunter in the room. The hunter thought they could sneak by Hans, but without taking his eyes off of you he slashed the hunter's throat with his cleaver leaving their head partially decapitated. He continues toward you...



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

The roar of the thunderstorm filled the room as Jenny cowered in the corner. She was shaking from fright as much as she was from the vibrations of the house with each booming thunder. She could have sworn the shadows were moving around her, so she closed her eyes put her head in her knees and began praying. Probably for the best, otherwise she would have seen the ghost of Helen Creech slowly floating across the room towards her. She began to lose her ability to speak as the poltergeist got closer and the prayer became disjointed words. Until finally the words began to choke her as she tried to pray. Even still she didn't think to stop praying, and eventually lost consciousness. She would never be heard from again, another victim of the poltergeist of Creech Manor.

### GENERAL KILL

2

Robbie had tried to leave several times but the doors just kept slamming shut and locking themselves. The windows seem to have a mind of their own and wouldn't budge no matter how much strength he put into trying. So he decided to try to find something, anything, that might help him survive. But how do you fight a ghost? Robbie would soon learn that you can't.

When the ghost of Helen Creech approached him, he ran at her swinging the broom he'd found at her head. Of course, it went right through her visage. His momentum resulted in him stumbling towards the stone fireplace, slamming his head against the corner, which cracked his skull and killed him instantly.

### GENERAL KILL

3

Lil B'bad was a rapper trying to catch his big break. He thought coming and rapping about a haunted house would be something that no one had done before. He didn't expect the haunted house to be real though. He rapped about victims meeting untimely deaths due to paranormal events. He thought he heard screams from elsewhere in the house as he spit lyrics, but surely it was just his imagination. His final verse told of a man frozen by fear that was consumed by the shadows. As he finished the song, the last verse became true and shadows overcame him. When he realized what was happening he let out a terrible shriek, but along with his life, it soon faded away.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL



There are many ways to die in Creech Manor, but none so awful as hearing Helen Creech's scream. It is enough to make a banshee cry. And if she's really angry, her victim's head will explode, which to be honest is a merciful way to die in Creech Manor. Had Rory been able to give his opinion on it, he would have agreed.

### GENERAL KILL



Some thrill seekers come to Creech Manor due to the stories they've heard. Particularly about the attic, which based on urban legends is the deadliest room in the house. Many times the ghost of the house will let some thrill seekers come and go, so that the legend can live with them. Others, however, aren't so lucky.

Jamison was making his way through the house trying to find the attic. It wasn't until skeletal arms grabbed his legs from underneath the stairs that he realized he'd made a terrible mistake. Bony tendrils of fingers dug into his skin scratching it off of his ankles until only the bone remained. He fell from the pain alone and tumbled down the stairs where skeletal dogs tore into him for their long overdue meal."

### GENERAL KILL



Gabriela didn't even want to be here, but when she heard some girl crying for help, she couldn't ignore it. She'd been searching for an hour, and although she had heard the little girl crying from time to time, she hadn't laid eyes on her once. Not only that, she kept getting lost. This house was like a maze and nothing made sense.

Finally, while in one of the bedrooms, she spotted the girl's legs poking out from underneath the bed. She leaned down and slid under the bed to about her waist to ask the girl if she was okay, but was horrified when she noticed the legs had been severed and there was nothing above the waist. She scrambled to back out from under the bed, but before she could move she heard the sound of singing metal severing her at the waist. As she bled out from under the bed, she noticed a small clown doll on the floor lapping up her blood.



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### THE TREES ARE ALIVE!

Windows began to shatter and tendril-like branches swarmed the room. They latched onto anything they could find. The poor teenager's hiding spot under the bed was useless and one of the branches wrapped around his ankles like a vine. Flailing him around, it then began dragging him towards the window. Fortunately for the boy, he was knocked unconscious when his head smashed against the wall. Had he been conscious for what happened next, what essentially amounts to a quartering, he would have felt a lot more pain... however brief it might have been.

### VOICES... I HEAR VOICES

"Let's go up there! It could be a ghost!" Leslie exclaimed excitedly.

The rest weren't so eager and were starting to doubt if they should be in this old house at all. But the whispers beckoned for Leslie. She felt compelled. Eventually, she found what she was looking for... the ghost of Helen Creech. Helen beckoned Leslie closer and began singing in a sweet voice. As the song went on, each line became slightly less sweet and slightly more demonic. When the song was half way done, Leslie began to panic but realized she couldn't move. As Helen sang the final verse, blood was pouring from Leslie's ears and at the sound of the last words, her head exploded.

### IT'S COMING, IT'S COMING!

It kept happening. An unseen force kept moving swiftly through the rooms, destroying things as it went. Where there was once a clean and organized decor there was now a virtual junkyard of broken items and furniture. Under some of the furniture and items, bloody arms and legs could be found. The victims of the Poltergeist's tirades.



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (ATTIC)

When they found her body in the attic the next day, Prissy was covered in ancient symbols that had been carved into her flesh. What was strange was that there was no blood on the floor below the altar where she lay. Nor was she bleeding as the wounds had all scabbed over.

Several years later a team of internet puzzle-solving geeks deciphered a code from the symbols using an old 18th century book of witchcraft. The message was haunting: "From blood I came through blood I remain."

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (BALLROOM)

Sometimes the Poltergeist plays with them like they are toys. Jenny spun into the ballroom doing her best phantom waltz. She closed her eyes and could practically feel a partner's hand in hers and the other around her waste. She turned and turned getting lost in the music. This was the best high she had ever experienced! Suddenly, a magnificent dress found its way to her and slid over her head and arms, forming itself to her as if by magic. She continued to dance and thought her image in the mirrors that now surrounded the room was breath taking. She found herself wishing the dress was just a little tighter to accent her breasts and almost before she could get the thought out, she felt the strings on the back of the dress tighten. She looked in the mirror again... tighter, she thought, and once again the strings tightened. Again this happened and when the dress tightened this time, she felt one of her ribs crack. Her breathing became labored, but she looked at herself again and needed it even tighter. The pain... she could take it. The dress was tightened over and over until eventually, her ribs shattered and her lungs collapsed from the pressure. Jenny had had her last dance.

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (CLOSET)

Imagine for a moment being trapped in a closet with a terrifying killer. Now imagine it was a killer you could not see. Noah didn't have to imagine it. He lived it. As symbols began to glow on the walls providing a small amount of light into an otherwise dark closet, he knew he was in trouble. He shook the knob of the door but it wouldn't budge. The symbols began to glow brighter and he could now feel heat around him. He pulled with all his might and yelled for help. His skin began to bubble and hiss as the enclosed space got hotter and hotter. The skin began to melt off and his body began smoking. The heat became so intense that Noah could no longer stand. He collapsed on the floor of the closet until he eventually melted into a pile of goo and bones.



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### IT'S A FAKE

"I'm getting major levels of ectoplasm in here!" Gabe exclaimed to his ghost hunting partners who he thought were in the next room. "Seriously guys, get in here!"

He turned to go back, but was suddenly lifted up into the air as if some giant had him by the collar. He slowly floated against his will toward the staircase. He was held briefly at the top of the stairs and when he realized what was about to happen he began kicking and screaming. The invisible force flung him down the stairs and he tumbled before landing, alive but battered and bruised. "Haha you stupid fuck! I survived!"

As he turned to run, he was summarily carried back up the stairs and once again flung down them. Each time, he had more choice words for the spectre, but after the fourth or fifth time, his face was so swollen that he couldn't form words. He was probably already dead the last couple of times he went down, but Helen Creech enjoyed watching his beaten and battered body bouncing down the stairs.

### SOMETHING IS COMING THROUGH THE WALL!

Jane was panicking. There were countless hands and faces appearing in the walls. The wall was morphing as if made of latex with the appendages were trying to push through. She slowly backed away and then jumped slightly when she bumped into the wall behind her. It had a window, which she opened and considered jumping out of, to escape. As she looked down she decided it was just too far and that she'd probably not survive the fall. She turned around to think of something else but at that moment the ghostly face of Helen Creech jumped out. Jane got so scared that she jumped backwards and tumbled out of the window. To her credit, she was right about not being able to survive the fall.





## EVENTS

### NO ONE COMES BACK

There was nothing but darkness up the ladder into the attic. But upward he went, sure that he could hide up there or maybe find a weapon. Like so many before him, he was immediately swallowed by the blackness and would never return.

### PUSHED TO THE EDGE

The fear had taken hold. Johnny truly believed there were only two options. One was to stay here and die, who knows how. The other, well... he dashed for the window and threw himself out of it.

## ITEMS

### RITUAL DAGGER

This dagger has power and if you can harness it, then maybe you can save Carolyn and find a way out. Sometimes sacrifices have to be made. You sneak up behind the scared victim and plunge the dagger in an upward arch along their spinal cord. Through tear filled eyes you hold tight as the body goes limp. The wail of the Poltergeist echoes throughout the house and your sacrifice seems to have successfully weakened her.



## **POLTERGEIST TERROR**

### **EVERYTHING WAS FLYING AROUND!**

Ryan couldn't see Helen Creech's ghastly visage as she swooped around the room picking up books, candlesticks, and even large pieces of furniture, hurling them across the room. To Ryan, it was just some unseen force. He panicked and tried to escape, but when the flying debris began pelting him over and over again, he crumbled to the floor in the fetal position, trying to shield himself.

Helen picked up a grand piano, like Yoda levitating the X-wing, and slowly moved it over to where Ryan was curled up in a ball. Then she dropped it resulting in a chaotic symphony of piano notes and broken bones.

### **UNSTOPPABLE EVIL**

The victim had never felt such evil. How can it be described? You know when you get goosebumps? Sort of like that, but imagine if they were the most painful blisters you ever had. And then imagine they were inside your body instead of on your skin. That is what unstoppable evil feels like... an unending pain.

### **THE SHADOWS ARE CLOSING IN**

Light does not follow universal truths in Creech Manor. Shadows appear where they shouldn't be and aren't where they should be. Light plays tricks on people in the forsaken house.

Torie let herself be surrounded by the shadows, and before she knew what was happening, it was too late. She had become a shadow herself. She was unaware of it until she tried to leave and the invisible forces of the house prevented it, sucking her soul back inside, where it now belonged with the other shadows.



## POLTERGEIST TERROR

### THE GROUND IS SHAKING

Linda knew what an earthquake felt like. She grew up in California and had been through several of them. Were this a natural earthquake, she wouldn't have been scared at all, but when the wooden floor beneath her feet started splintering and snapping, she gasped in fear. Shortly after, there was nowhere to move as she balanced on a single floor joist. She looked down and there was only darkness below. The shaking stopped momentarily, but then resumed with a force no Richter scale could measure. The beam cracked and Linda fell into the darkness.

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

The storm outside was raging. Normally, Virgil wouldn't want to leave the comfort of indoors during a thunderstorm, but after what he'd seen this night, getting out was all he wanted to do. He hustled from room to room as supernatural lightning pierced through the ceiling and blew a hole in the floor. He dodged his way around the hole and other items between him and the exit. He was going to make it! He threw the door open and was immediately pushed back by 100 mph winds. He slammed against the opposite wall. When the haze left his eyes, he saw the ghostly figure of Helen Creech. She smiled an evil smile, and then lightning ripped through the ceiling and eviscerated Virgil's body.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

The room had a wide open ceiling, and in the darkness the faint outline of the rafters gave the impression of an even larger room. Gill felt vulnerable in such a large room, especially after what had happened. He looked around him in the vast room, eying every dark corner for an unseen assailant. That's when he noticed a beam across the ceiling that appeared to be misshapen. He squinted his blue eyes to get a better view. Beads of sweat formed on his brow when he realized what he was looking at. A man was crouched on the beam above him, cloaked in the inky black darkness. The man stood and flung himself from the ceiling onto Gill. His body wracked painfully as the man's weight plowed into him. He slammed into the ground as blades pierced every part of his torso. His eyes fell dead as he lay in a dark pool of his own blood.

### GENERAL KILL

2

Stacy found her way up to the top floor of the old manor. She figured up here in this creepy, cobwebbed attic, that she could get the best view of the town. Nobody would bother her up here. She sat down in front of the small dusty window, admiring the town below.

A creak on the floorboards behind her cut through the silence. She looked back, frightened. Her eyes lay on a small mouse, nibbling on something. She let out a breath of relief and got up to look at the mouse. She bent down to pet the mouse since he didn't seem to care that she was there. It scurried off after a moment and she stood up, and now she was face to face with a man in a wild mask. "H-hi", she let out. He lifted a blade from behind his back, and in an instant her throat was cut. She collapsed, choking on the dusty floor.

### GENERAL KILL

3

Jeremy had always been intrigued by old homes, wondering what stories they could tell. Tonight he found himself in the manor walking the long narrow hallways. The Creech family portraits seemed to be watching him, and starting to freak him out. Add to that the cobwebs and lightning flashes, and he was ready to leave. But he had to know what happened here, so he kept walking.

A pale lightning flash illuminated a man standing just in front of him. Startled, he dropped his light. The beam went wild as it fell to the floor and defined the features of who stood there. Before he could react a muscled hand grabbed his throat, choking him. He flailed his arms and fought, but to no avail. His face turned purple and his eyes slumped as his life left his body.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL



He heard someone behind him, but every time Jarron glanced to look, he saw no one. He kept on walking through the house, his flashlight beam piercing through cobwebs. The footsteps followed his through every room of the old house. This time he turned around and threw his flashlight down that hallway, "Show yourself, asshole!" he yelled. It was dark now, save for the timid light beam at the end of the hall. Slow footsteps encircled him. His eyes darted around trying to find this predator in the darkness. Then, a blade sliced deep into his calf. The footsteps stopped as he hit the floor. A hand grabbed his head and pulled it back, a smooth blade cut through his throat and dropped him onto the floor. As he lay dying, he made out a man, strangely masked, glaring at him through the darkness.

### GENERAL KILL



Gary's dog was always getting away from him. As he opened the creaky doors to the manor to look for his dog, he questioned whether this dog was even worth finding. But, he could hear its little bells calling to him and he couldn't help but find him. He followed the sound of the bells into the grand dining hall and into another side room. After a while he found that the bells never got any closer. Then they stopped. "Winston, come here boy," Gary called out.

A moment later, a bell rang in the doorway just behind him. Gary ran through the door as an arm seized him, throwing him to the ground. A man dressed in hides stood over him. He turned over in fear and was met with Winston's pale dead eyes. Gary screamed as two knives scraped down his spine.

### GENERAL KILL



Milton was told there was a priceless artifact hidden in the old manor. Only a few hours after hearing this, he found himself in the massive library of the hilltop mansion. Payday was near, and as Milton moved to the end of the last bookshelf, he found a wall of antique items. There was certainly one here that would set him up for life, he grinned at the thought of it. The moonlight shone through the window onto a carved idol of African origin. It was one of the oldest artifacts in the collection by its worn and tarnished surface. Milton picked it up, his mouth watering as he thought of its worth. As he slid it into his bag, a book slid across the floor of the room to his feet. "Hello" he said. He squinted, trying to focus on what looked like a shadow standing in the gloom. Then, from the darkness, a slender dagger flew into his chest. He fell to his knees, watching the blood spread across his shirt.



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### THE TREES ARE ALIVE!

The trees looked so strange to Hank. The way they moved was unnatural, almost angry. Hank had come onto the property to survey the land, and his curiosity had gotten the better of him. The cellar doors were wide open and he thought he could just take a peek down those creepy stairs. He stepped down to the last step and turned his hand light on. The illuminated cellar revealed mottled jars of unknown fruits and vegetables. The jars covered shelves being overtaken by the roots of the strange trees outside. Hank reached out to grab one of the jars. One of the tangled roots reached out and wrapped around his wrist. His hand began to turn purple as the roots continued to tighten. He could hear someone coming down the stairs and he thought they would help. Then he felt a hand grasp his mouth and throat. They were the hands of a tribal figure whose mask filled him with dread. His breath began to leave his body as he thrashed to escape. The man released him as he died, and the roots took him.

### VOICES... I HEAR VOICES

"Makayla I'm telling you, there is something in my head," Jason said through static.

"Jason, where are you? Come home now," she said.

"It told me to come here, they told me to. I can't get them out of my head." Jason moved the phone down from his ear, Makayla's muffled voice filled the room. He stood in the gloom of the foyer. "I understand now," he said, as he stared, wide-eyed at a tall muscular man. "I'm here for you, they have led me to you!"

The man, holding two slick knives, motioned for Jason to come forward. "They are gods aren't they? Their rage is astounding, and you are their conduit!" Jason kneeled before the man as the voices told him and with great ease the haunting man lopped off Jason's head, and the voices went silent."

### IT'S COMING, IT'S COMING

It would be quite the party. James and Nathan managed to get all of the old lights on and now James and Nathan waited for their friends to arrive. Nathan went into the kitchen to see if the old appliances worked... maybe they could keep the beer cold in the fridge! Most of the appliances were rusting and a fine layer of dust covered everything else. Nathan opened the fridge and, 'eureka'.. it was on. He also noticed that standing from the fridge, he could see all the way down the hall into a few other rooms. Suddenly, the lights in the last room went out. "James?" Nathan said.

One by one the lights flickered out, and faint footsteps accompanied them, coming closer to him. Nathan knew something was coming, but fear kept him from moving. Then the lights in the kitchen went out. The outline of a man with knives stepped into the kitchen, illuminated by the light from the fridge. Then the fridge cut off, and the last noise Nathan heard was metal cutting air, and into his throat.



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (ATTIC)

As Christoff ascended the attic staircase, he could smell the stench of death. When he reached the top of the stairs, he knelt down in horror at the scene. With his flashlight, he could see piles of mangled body parts. All of them were centered around a massive shrine composed of bones and talismans. The shrine was bound with twine into a small bone-clad monolith. On the opposite side, he paused his flashlight on a huge man in a silver mask who worked on one of the bodies, preparing it for the grotesque display. Whatever happened here was a blasphemy against the universe, and as the man approached Christoff, he knew he would become a part of it.

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (BALLROOM)

The ballroom was cold and empty, but Sasha couldn't help but feel like dancing. She loved being alone, and here in this ballroom she felt like she could be herself. She slowly edged her way from the center of the room outward in a delicate waltz. Then she noticed something on the floor, what appeared to be symbols in some ancient language. She stopped to look down at them and realized they were scattered all across the ballroom floor, and they appeared to be written in blood. Sasha felt a lump form in her throat and suddenly felt like she was being watched. She looked over at the balcony, and set her eyes on a beast of a man. His silver mask shined at her menacingly. She knew she wouldn't be able to escape him, and that she may end up as another symbol on that empty floor.

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (CLOSET)

Ashley opened the closet door and jumped inside. She knew there was no way he would find her here. The closet was large enough to fit a few people and it smelled terrible. Ashley turned her phone light on, trying to stay quiet. As her phone illuminated the closet she was shocked at what she saw. Skulls wrapped together by hair that still clung to it, hung like crude wind chimes in the closet. Etched into the pale bone were strange symbols, and looking at them filled Ashley with dread. As she tried to avoid them in the closet she pushed backward into the door, opening it and falling on her back. As she lay there in horror, she could hear someone standing above her. She shined her phone upwards onto the silver mask of that terrifying man who followed her here. He revealed a knife from behind his body, striking down on her as she screamed.



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### IT'S A FAKE

Billy's Ghost Adventure Club wasn't the "professional" group that Mr. Windrow had in mind, but no one else would work Creech Manor. The group consisted of two middle aged guys who seemed like they could scare themselves to sleep without a night light. Gill, the leader of the two, hesitantly crept down the staircase with a video camera. "Alright guys stay quiet, we're gonna listen for disembodied voices."

The two adventurers and Mr. Windrow stood in silence for some time. Gill shouted excitedly, "Guys I got something... I'm picking up some breathing!" Gill's eyes widened as he turned the camera and screen toward himself. There was a dark figure behind him, and a knife at his throat. "Guys?" he cried, falling to the ground, gurgling through his throat.

### SOMETHING IS COMING THROUGH THE WALL!

Roger slammed the bathroom door behind him. His fear crippled him and clawed out through his heavy panting. Someone was after him, a wild man, and Roger couldn't imagine what savagery that man was capable of. He backed up against the wall and wrapped his arms around himself, quietly sobbing. He heard a crack in the wall behind him. The wall erupted and around him grasped two rippling arms. They grabbed his head but he resisted, pushing hard against what's left of the wall to prevent himself from being pulled towards his assailant. The hands suddenly let go and his body lurched away from the wall, stumbling right through the window in the opposite wall. Roger landed in the garden pond below but unfortunately it had dried up many years ago and didn't break his fall.





## CREECH MANOR EVENTS

### NO ONE COMES BACK

"Don't touch anything in the attic, or you won't come back" they told him. But Harold didn't listen. He was too fascinated with the artifact he found. He had to touch it. The old bones wrapped in ancient skin called to him. They were from some place far away, a dark place of ancient memories. He held it in his hands and went for the hatch. The hatch was blocked by a man whose presence felt similar to the strange talisman. Before he could react, the stranger swung his long blades at him, cutting deep trenches into his skin. Harold fell onto the floor of the attic lifeless, and the stranger crouched down, prying the artifact from his cold hands.

### PUSHED TO THE EDGE

Terese had been shuffling through the odds and ends in the study. It was dark, and before long she realized he was in the hall just outside the room. She could feel his rage permeate the entire room as he prepared to enter. It was awful and terrifying, and Terese gave into it so quickly. She collapsed to the ground behind the bed, staring at the floorboards hoping he had not seen her. A shadow moved into the room and then his legs came into view from under the bed. She closed her eyes wishing him away. When she opened them his legs were gone and all was quiet. About 30 seconds passed and she'd convinced herself it was ok. When she stood, there was Inkanyamba standing on the bed. Terese was frightened so badly she stumbled backwards smashing through the window of the study and falling to her death.

## CREECH MANOR ITEMS

### RITUAL DAGGER

You can feel the power the obsidian dagger holds. You could possibly end this, but not without making a sacrifice. You're a survivor and survivors have to make impossible choices. You place the knife across the boy's throat and cut deep into him, blood streaming down his pulsing body. Inkanyamba was watching from the shadows, and as the boy's body hit the floor, Inkanyamba howled in anger. He was more enraged than he'd ever been. He knew the dagger had the power to defeat him.





## INKANYAMBA TERROR

### WRATH OF DEATH

Death entered the home. It was angry and it didn't matter why. Inkanyamba was to carry out its wishes. He silently approached one of the intruders, following close behind them through every old and dusty room. Finally, in the kitchen, this young girl was alone and cornered. She couldn't see him, she was preoccupied with something in one of the cabinets. He stuck his blades near her kidneys, and she screamed in pain. He twisted his blades and then plunged them once more into her chest. Death was pleased, and Inkanyamba lay waiting for his next holy task.

### WRATH OF HORROR

There was nothing quite like fear, it is the most primal of the ancient gods, and it was Inkanyamba's favorite. He watched as the old man shivered his way through the darkness. It seemed brave, Inkanyamba thought, but he could smell the man's fear in the air like the exhaust of an ancient engine. He grabbed the weak intruder by the ankle, slamming his body on the floor. He dragged him to the entryway balcony and tossed him like a feather over the rail. He splattered on the floor as a testament to true fear for anyone else "brave" enough to intrude.

### WRATH OF OPPORTUNITY

Inkanyamba stalked through the halls, waiting for the perfect opportunity. It pervaded his being, and he could feel his next victim getting closer. He turned the corner and he was face to face with a horrified man. He showed the man his blades, taunting him with his fate. He removed his head in one clean cut with his blade. He mounted his head on the coat rack in the mud room, like a mounted trophy from a wild hunt.



## INKANYAMBA TERROR

### WRATH OF DEFILERS

The ravagers were here again. The surveyor stood in the entryway. He held a blueprint of a shiny new shopping mall in his hands and because of him, this land would be defiled. Defilement can be a sacred act, but one only belonging to the gods. Inkanyamba was told to perform that sacred act, and he would carry it out gleefully. He rushed the surveyor ripping at his fat torso with his blades. Blood and viscera repainted the entryway. Inkanyamba reached inside the man, displaying his organs as the man's desecration called for. The rage of those gods was paramount to the whims of these sick people. For now the gods were appeased, but they would not stay that way.

### WRATH OF BLOOD

Inkanyamba sought blood for the primal ones that he served. Blood is life, purified in liquid form. Their hunger for it drove Inkanyamba to deep and heavy work, finding the most efficient ways to offer it to them. An offering approached him in the dark room. They had no light to guide them and were unaware of his presence. He grabbed them, as they kicked and screamed, he cut from neck to stomach, spilling as much blood as possible. He could feel the blood essence filling up the room and rising to that sacred abode of the gods.





## INKANYAMBA TERROR

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

Gavin crawled across the tiled kitchen floor. One of his legs had been chopped off, and dragged himself to get to one of the old knives on the counter, doing his best to hurry as he heard Inkanyamba's footsteps getting closer. He wasn't sure what he had done, but he was certain he would die regardless. He was right. He got to within a few feet of the counter when Inkanyamba flew into the room and began chopping with his blades. Intense rage accompanied the blows and Gavin was now a pile of flesh and carnage.

### FICKLE TEMPER

Inkanyamba stood next to the door, he knew the gods would rage if a single foot crossed that barrier. A few moments later, a foot came through the door, and Inkanyamba's blade went through their head. The gods had such a fickle temper.



## INKANYAMBA TERROR

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

Danny turned the handle of the door, half knowing what waited for him behind it. Inkanyamba stood there in the cold gloom. Danny sprinted through the house, pushing his body to free him from this terrible man. Inkanyamba trailed behind him with ease, waiting for Danny to misstep. Exhausted, Danny made one last decision, and threw himself through one of the windows. He plummeted to the ground, caking it in red spray. Inkanyamba stood at the window, discontented that he himself had not pleased his spiritual masters.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

 1

This old house creaks, but to Morgan the creaks seem abnormally loud as she walks around looking for a place to hide. A few feet away she sees something sitting. A doll perhaps? What kind of sick joke is this? She approaches it swiftly and grabs it in the dim lighting to see it's not a doll...but more like a puppet. She throws its weight around as she examines it, and before she can toss it aside, the puppet comes alive, stabbing her in the eye with its trusty stake. It laughs as she screams, and then both drop to the floor. One dead. One just playing dead.

### GENERAL KILL

 2

Vanity is a cruel game. Nicole tried to make herself presentable even with cuts and scrapes all over her frail body. As she rearranged her hair, she heard a noise behind her and immediately turned to see nothing. "Weird..." she thought before turning back to the mirror. To her shock, the mirror's reflection revealed a figure standing behind her. Nicole didn't even have time to scream as the tall figure grabbed her head and sliced her throat before popping her head clean off.

### GENERAL KILL

 3

It's an open room, so you would think nothing would be able to hide, but poor Angie was wrong. Dead wrong. The wood groaned with each of her steps as she listened out for that terrifying lunatic and his minions of puppets. She kept looking around but unfortunately, not up as a puppet landed on top of her and stabbed her over and over again, riding her down as she fell to the floor. Her pool of blood spread throughout and the puppet chuckled to itself.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL



The music was too loud for Tim to even hear the screams coming from around him. He just thought it was part of the song when from the corner of his eyes, he saw something move. He turned, but saw nothing. He went back to jamming out before it happened again. He finally turned down his music, walked towards the corner of the room and found... nothing. "Weird..." he thought before turning back around and feeling a harsh slicing motion against his calf. He looked down... a fucking dummy!?! He reached out to grab it, but the puppet cut off his hands with scissors. Tim fell to the ground, crying out for help as scissors were stabbed throughout his body, but nobody heard him either. Guess everybody was listening to loud music too.

### GENERAL KILL



Kelsey tried to be alert because, well, those puppets could literally come from anywhere. Running into the puppet master was even worse. When she turned the corner, a broken wooden beam slammed into her face, breaking her nose. Kelsey took a step back and cried while holding her bloody nose. This gave those little puppets time to overpower her and push her down onto the floor. One sliced her throat, drowning out her cries. Even with her vigilance, Kelsey could not avoid her demise at the hands of these little minions.

### GENERAL KILL



This is bad. This is very, very bad! But it's not like Milton has time to think of a more thorough plan as he runs away from the small army of puppets chasing him down. They started the chase after that circus ringleader freak yelled, "Retrieve him!" Milton had no idea for what purpose, but wasn't planning on finding out.

He looked around in a panic as he ran, trying to find somewhere to either hide or escape, out a window or something. Unfortunately, while Milton was busy panicking, he didn't noticed his shoelaces had become untied until he tripped on them and landed face first onto the floor. Behind him, he heard the legions of puppets still chasing him, but also laughing at his misfortune as they climbed on top of him and used their weight to keep him down on the ground. With their trusty pairs of scissors and knives, they stabbed through his back and spine. Poor Milton never stood a chance."



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### THE TREES ARE ALIVE!

It's not very windy, but still the trees shake as if a tornado is passing through. Monica tries her damndest to stay away from the trees. Her gut tells her to run, but for some reason, she cannot move from her spot. She can only stare as the giant cedar tree's branches bounce within the darkness, when suddenly, 2 puppets jump out from the dark and tackle Monica to the ground. They're heavy, but she's scrappy as the three of them fight one another before the side of a sharp pair of scissors rips at her shirt. She immediately grabs a puppet's throat and tosses it away. It gives the other one enough time to stab her right under her ribs as it laughs. Monica curses as she pushes it off of her, but it's a useless endeavor as the other one comes right back to stab her. For Monica, it felt like an eternity... a recurring cycle of stab, scream, push away. Monica finally gave up... the pain was too much. The blood continued to gush out of her when her body went limp and the puppets gave her a final punch to the chest for fun.

### CM - VOICES... I HEAR VOICES

Angela heard the giggles of young girls as if they were gossiping. The power was out and her flashlight was dead, so the best she could do was call out a 'hello'. The voices only got louder when a booming laugh joined in. Angela felt a chill down her spine, and honestly almost peed herself as her bottom lip quivered. She was still walking towards the voices when out of the darkness came a tall, dark stranger with sharp and pointy sticks.

"Oh, shit..." she muttered to herself, getting ready to run when Geppetto threw his sticks at her, aiming for her throat and they penetrated straight through. Angela didn't even know what hit her as she reached to touch the pointy tips. She was now unable to breathe and fell to her knees, giving Geppetto's children the opportunity to strike and finish her off in the dark.

### IT'S COMING, IT'S COMING!

They heard the giggles coming from every direction, and Geppetto taunting them with carnival lullabies. Shawn was more concerned with the puppets than with their father as he heard harsh steps on the wood floor coming towards them. The house was dark, and their flashlights could only do so much. From nearby, Shawn and his friends heard "Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Moe" and suddenly Shawn lost his head. His friends screamed as his head rolled towards them and Geppetto revealed himself. They ran, but it was no use... Geppetto was going to get them too.





## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (ATTIC)

Sarah was always told that the attic wasn't safe, but she just thought it was Trent being dramatic and stupid again. As Matt pulled her into the hot and humid attic, she realized she was wrong as the faded and horrific drawings and writings made her stomach turn. Matt held her hand tightly before looking at her. "We should probably go..." he told her, and she agreed.

They immediately turned to vacate the attic when they saw several mutilated puppets climb up the last step and prepare their weapons. Matt let go of Sarah's hand to kick one of them, but two others sliced his heels and he cried out in pain. Sarah panicked and ran towards the small window in the attic, opening it up to escape. Just as half of her body was out, she felt a large hand grab her face and squeeze it hard. Geppetto laughed before ts-ing and shaking his head at her. "My dear," he said "don't you know it's rude to leave the party early?"

As Sarah screamed, Geppetto broke her neck, feeling her head fall more into his hand. He chuckled, looking past Sarah's lifeless body at his children, who continued to cut Matt to pieces. These two will make adorable additions to the family.

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (BALLROOM)

The ballroom is rarely used. They didn't entertain guests that much anymore. Not since, well, the accident. As Luanne ran into the room, chased by a puppet threatening her life, the room looked foreign to her. She had lost herself for a moment, unsure where to go next. The only thing she could think of was to hide under the piano. She was quiet, staying still when she saw the tiny wooden feet of the puppet enter the ballroom and stop. It grumbled to itself before climbing onto the seat in front of the piano, and began to play a lovely melody. Even Luanne had to admit that it sounded beautiful. She covered her mouth to remain silent as she watched the puppet perform to an empty room. But what she didn't notice, however, was another puppet sneaking under the piano from behind and sitting next to her, humming along to the tune. Luanne couldn't stop herself from screaming, only to get a mouthful of scissors that went through her skull as the other puppet continued to play. Luanne went silent quickly. After all, it is rude to interrupt a performance.

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (CLOSET)

There's something unholy in the closet...yeah, Jacob's tongue down Margaret's throat could be considered unholy by some. The closet that was used for a game of Seven Minutes of Heaven and the two love birds wasted no time getting down to business when three minutes in, a loud scream interrupted them. Margaret was adamant about checking it out, but Jacob just figured somebody was getting frisky outside of the closet and tried to get back down to it. Margaret continued to insist as she pushed Jacob away and opened the door to find a pool of blood running towards them. Jacob elected to panic. Margaret just stood there when a small figure hurried towards her, jumped as high as it could, and then shoved a knife through Margaret's neck and out the back of her head.



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### IT'S A FAKE

If there's a ghost in your house, you call a ghost hunter. But if you have a deranged Circus Ringleader and his army of children after you...well, it's worth a shot!

The group watched from afar as the representative sent from who-knows-where called out for Geppetto and his children, asking them nicely to leave. The faint noise of footsteps answered the call and tapped its way into the light. One of Geppetto's many children approached, handing a piece of paper to the older gentlemen, who took it nervously and opened it.

"What does it say?" one of them asked. But before he could even answer, a long, sharp needle penetrated through one ear and out the other before he fell to the floor.

Geppetto chuckled as he entered the light, looking down at his handiwork and then up at the group. "It says no." he growled before laughing again. Well, maybe it wasn't worth a shot...

### SOMETHING IS COMING THROUGH THE WALL!

It started as a pounding, and Mickey froze as he watched the wall's vibrations knock family pictures off the wall. He swallowed hard as the pounding got harder and harder when a hole opened and a puppet's face pushed through. "HERE'S...I forgot the reference. Whatever!" his little voice said before pulling away and throwing his shear scissors at Mickey, penetrating his left eye. Mickey ran around in a panic, pulling the scissors out of his eye. He failed to notice the open window as he stumbled around, and fell out. Still holding the scissors, they went through his heart when he landed. That's why you shouldn't run with scissors.

## CREECH MANOR EVENTS

### NO ONE COMES BACK

Her friends said they would go up to check out the upstairs and come right back. That was two hours ago. What were they doing up there? She couldn't take being alone any longer and decided to go up and look for them.

She couldn't find anyone and eventually made her way up to the attic. There, she just sat in the dark, alone, sniffing to herself wondering if her friends abandoned her there. She was really sad. From behind her in the darkness, she felt something cold and sharp against her spine. She thought nothing of it really, when the blade of the knife pushed through her sweater and into her back. She bled out on the floor of the attic, in the darkness, alone, and quiet-like.

### PUSHED TO THE EDGE

Monica knew it was no use as Geppetto approached her calmly, his children behind chuckling. Her fate was sealed. She glared up at Geppetto, his tall and lanky figure towering over her as he smirked at her. "I'm not going to give you the satisfaction!" she exclaimed. And with that she threw herself at the window and plummeted to her death.

## ITEMS

### RITUAL DAGGER

Sam lay before you in agony. The teenager begged you not to do it, that they didn't want to die. You pulled them towards you and plunged the knife into their stomach. Sam quickly succumbed to the wound, and you could sense the power of the dagger had affected Geppetto. You wipe away your tears and stare ahead. You know what you have to do.



## GEPPETTO TERROR

### THERE IS NO ESCAPE

The windows were too heavy to lift by himself, and the front and back doors were locked. There was little hope for Liam as he looked for an escape route. Geppetto's children cornered him, approaching with knives, machetes, and scissors. Liam refused to let this be the end. He kicked each away as they drew near, but wave after wave kept coming. In the end, his strength gave out and they stabbed him all over, chuckling to themselves as he fell to the floor, blood pooling on the cherry wood floor.

### THEY HAVE US COMPLETELY SURROUNDED!

Mateo and Jax had been doing well so far, but as the puppets surrounded them from every other room in the house, they began to lose hope. "Well, this could be it bro!" They continued to fight as best they could with their makeshift weapons, but the puppets were stronger than they appeared and were well armed. Jax went down first, a carving knife thrown at him struck him right in the neck, severing his artery. Mateo watched his friend helplessly, letting the puppets just overtake him. They were friends since they were three, and they both agreed: live together, die together.

### REPLACEMENT PARTS

Michael was a bully at school, picking on smaller kids and insulting those that were different. When he first saw the little puppet, he pointed and laughed, making fun of it. But he stopped laughing as more came out to join their buddy, and slowly surrounded the jock. Michael cried out in agony as they attacked. The puppets were careful not to damage his strong arms and legs. Some will say that Michael got what he deserved, but the puppets didn't care whether he deserved it or not... they just wanted Michael for some good parts.



## GEPPETTO TERROR

### BOXED IN WITH NOWHERE TO GO

It was tiny room, with only one door and two walls full of old single pane windows that wouldn't budge. Evan realized that it may have been a bad idea to run in here to escape, but it's too late now. He kept quiet as he listened out for Geppetto and his tiny minions. Evan held on tightly to his shovel and waited for the door to open... but it never did, and he never heard any footsteps. Unfortunately, it was too late for Evan but he didn't know yet.

Moments later, sharp objects catapulted in through the windows from several directions, glass shattering everywhere. Multiple objects hit their mark, going through Evan and turning him into minced meat, as he fell to the floor. Geppetto smirked at the destruction as he walked in to find the remains "Good work, my children..".he said, and they all chuckled.

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

Shelby wasn't very good at a lot of things.... this was a fact. But Geppetto saw potential in her as his children surrounded her. The circle around her closing in tighter as she cried pathetically. There was no one coming to save her, no chance of escape, nothing. It was over for her as Geppetto watched his children carve strategically into her skin, draining her of all of her blood. She will make a nice addition to the family and be used to her maximum potential.



## GEPPETTO TERROR

### RAZOR PUPPET STRINGS

"It's an oldie but a goodie as the children set up a trap for the screaming and running Ross who would turn the corner at any moment now and lose his head. Literally.

Ross ran from a puppet who was chasing him through the house with a sharp knife, ready to shank the teenager to a satisfying demise. As Ross turned the corner, his throat caught on the thin steel line, slicing halfway through his neck before getting caught. The puppet chasing him jumped and slammed into his back, causing enough force to push Ross through the line to finish decapitating his head."

### MAKE OR BREAK

It's go time! Or is it? Those still remaining kept low to the ground so as to not be spotted. From there, they all collaborated together on their escape plan. They decided that the only way out was through the front door, but they'd have to get through a lot of puppets to get to it. Makeshift weapons and shields were created with items from around the house. On the count of three, the teens stormed down the hall, knocking puppets off with their shields or slamming their little bodies hard with their weapons. They were making good progress towards the door... except for poor Owen, who tripped on his own damn shoelace. The puppets wasted no time getting to him, pinning him down with their collective weight while stabbing him with scissors, shanks, and knives. He was not going to make it to the front door, and neither were several of the others.

## GEPPETTO TERROR

### MASTER SHOWMAN

Like a slasher flick on its 5th sequel, it got bad. Jerry and Matthew turned the corner to see Geppetto sitting with one of his puppets, having a rather joyful conversation when they both turned to see the two teens. The two boys knew they were in trouble and turned to leave, but Geppetto was faster and managed to lasso Matthew's ankles, pulling him to the ground. Jerry left poor Matthew behind as the puppet sitting with Geppetto jumped and stuck his knife into Matthew's back, as deep as it would go. They waited for Matthew's last breath before going after Jerry.

### BRING HER TO ME

When Geppetto came face to face with Dottie, he thought she'd be the perfect addition to the family. He would decorate her with such lovely dresses and a bow...and a sharp machete to match. Dottie didn't appreciate the gesture and hit Geppetto with an iron skillet before getting away from him and his children. She drew blood, and Geppetto was not impressed. Geppetto looked down at his blood before looking up to see Dottie running for her life. He growled and yelled at his children to stop her. He watched his children fling themselves onto Dottie and tackle her down so that he could catch up with her. He stood over her and pierced her neck slowly, watching her suffer before gasping her last breath.



## GEPPETTO TERROR

### THEY'RE COMING FROM EVERYWHERE!

It's raining puppets! No seriously, they were coming down from the ceiling in droves and attempting to get any stragglers.

Jesse's ego unfortunately got the best of him as he thought he was too fast to be caught by one of Geppetto's puppets. He dodged their attempts at his flesh. But didn't expect one landing on top of him, giving him a slight concussion as he fell to the floor. The puppet counted out loud the number of stabs to his chest and neck. Jesse drifted off as the puppet was still counting, and died.

### ENDLESS MADDENING LAUGHTER

It was adorable really, little Mickey telling Geppetto he wasn't afraid of him. The booming laugh that came out of that maniacal puppet master echoed through the house. It stopped everybody in their tracks. Mickey stood his ground while Geppetto approached, still trying to remain firm. But while Mickey's attention was on Geppetto, a child of Geppetto's came up behind Mickey and jumped on his back before slicing his throat. Geppetto kept laughing at silly Mickey, laughing until his ribs hurt while Mickey was hacked into tiny pieces.

### DEAR LORD, ARE THOSE OUR FRIENDS?

Andy knew the Laura he once loved was gone, but it still hurt to see her approaching him as a deformed puppet with a knife in hand and an evil smirk on her face. He was backed into a wall and watched in horror as Laura continued to walk towards him, with her knife held high. She proceeded to stab poor Andy to death... he didn't even resist.





## GEPPETTO TERROR

### THEY'RE GAINING ON ME

Tie your damn shoe laces! It's not that hard of a fucking concept, kids!

Veronica was alternating between running and tripping over her Converse laces. A small army of puppets was gaining on her and it seemed like another puppet joined the mix every time she tripped. By her 5th tumble onto the hardwood flooring, it was too late and the puppets caught up to her. They stabbed her joints just to keep her down before stabbing her upper torso and letting her bleed out. Another member joins the family. Hopefully she'll learn to keep her damn laces tied up!

### DANCE PUPPET!

Oh no. This is not good! A little song comes on in your mind and all of a sudden you are being controlled by Geppetto. You dance beautifully to the music despite your best efforts to make yourself stop. Rita wanted to help, to stop you from hurting yourself or doing something stupid. She steps in front of you, waving her hands, trying to get you to snap out of it, but it's no use.

You watch in horror as you see your hand pick up a wooden stake off the floor in a graceful move, as if choreographed with the music. Then after a twirl, you drive the wooden stake through Rita's ribs. At that moment, you regain control. Rita looks at you in disbelief as you quickly pull out the stake, dropping it on the ground. You hold Rita tightly in her last moments, until you feel her body go limp.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

She screamed.... running through the house. The lightning from outside creating a strobe effect. With each flash walls turned into pipes and then back again. The furniture turned into piles of goo and back to furniture again. With each additional strike, the boiler room scenery remained a bit longer until, finally, that is all there was. She turned the corner and slammed into something. Dr. Fright howled as she fell to the floor. "Sweet nightmares little one!" he said before jamming the pitchfork into her over and over again just like the Smalley's had once done to him.

### GENERAL KILL

2

The pictures on the wall always seem like they are looking at you. Regina shivered as it gave her goosebumps. She was beginning to regret even being in the manor. She decided she was going to leave. Her eyes suddenly got very heavy, however. And the queen sized bed in front of her was so appealing. "Just a little rest first," she muttered and lay down on the bed.

Moments later the mattress began to sag in the middle and she awoke startled. She began to scream as the bed consumed her like a quicksand pit. Soon she was completely gone and a fountain of red blood erupted from the center of the mattress.

### GENERAL KILL

3

"I'm not scared of you!" the kid yelled as Dr. Fright approached him from the other end of the boiler room hallway. The kid imagined himself with a bazooka and before the thought was finished, one materialized in his hands. Dr. Fright's eyes went wide as the kid screamed "Die! Asshole!" and pulled the trigger. The rocket shot from the bazooka streaming smoke behind it. Fright smiled and his body suddenly became flexible and when the rocket hit him, his body gave with it until the inertia of the rocket was absorbed. The rocket bounced back in the other direction as if from a trampoline and before he even had time to move, the rocket hit the kid and exploded. Bits of blood and bone splattered in all directions.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL



The manor was like a playground to Dr. Fright. He was intent on becoming a horrifying part of the home's history. As Julie traversed the halls, she couldn't help but notice the same grotesque man appeared in all of the paintings adorning the walls. Curiosity transitioned to terror and she started to think she was going crazy. Then she saw a full sized painting she was standing in front of, but she didn't know how it was possible. It was a lifelike picture of her with the grotesque man standing right behind her. When she leaned in to look at the details the girl in the painting leaned towards her too. That's when she realized it was no painting she was looking at, but a mirror. It is also when Dr. Fright's pitchfork slammed into her lifting her up. Blood gargled out of her mouth and dripped on the floor, and then Dr. Fright slammed her into the mirror shattering it and ending Julie's life.

### GENERAL KILL



Jamison never thought he'd be ducking and dodging an endless barrage of pitchforks being thrown at him. He dodged one after the other until he let his mind wander for the briefest moment to ponder how the pockmarked devil was able to get so many to throw. The lapse in concentration allowed the next pitchfork to clip his shoulder swinging him around to face his assailant. The next one hit home slamming into the left side of his chest with the middle prong piercing his heart.

### GENERAL KILL



The autopsy of George Medina would show that he died from trauma sustained from falling from a great height. What it didn't show was that he was so terrified of facing Dr. Fright that he ran to the window and jumped. Fear had gripped him completely and the risk of staying in the house was greater than the risk of not surviving the fall. It was the right decision, but unfortunately for George, the impact from his collision with the ground was too much.



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### THE TREES ARE ALIVE!

The black tendrils extended towards the window. Robert found himself in a trance, unable to move. He wasn't too sure if the tendrils were from the tree or from the black cloud or whatever the hell it was that filled the sky. When they reached him and wrapped themselves around his body, neck, arms and legs, he got his answer. His horror and all other thoughts left him when the tree snapped him in half as someone might snap a twig.

### VOICES... I HEAR VOICES

Dr. Fright's voice had that calming, soothing tone that you might expect from a therapist. But as a voice echoing through the halls of Creech Manor, it was terrifying and creepy. Ominous, one might say.

Gloria was lost and couldn't get the voice out of her head. Eventually it drove her to madness, which actually helped keep her out of Fright's boiler room. It did not, however, save her from the fall she suffered from diving out of the window and landing on the exposed end of a rake the grounds keeper had forgotten in the yard.

### IT'S COMING, IT'S COMING!

Jill ran. Every few minutes she turned, and he was always there, coming at her through the hall of the boiler room. There were no turns, no bends. Only a straight and narrow pipe-lined hallway featuring valves and steam exhausts that hissed every few moments. She started to wonder if she was moving at all, or was it the walls that were actually moving? She stopped and turned around, but then it just seemed like she was moving backwards. The walls WERE moving! It was all an illusion. "Wake up!" she yelled at herself. She reached out her arm, burning it on one of the pipes and suddenly, she snapped awake.

She looked down at the burn and before her very eyes her skin began to melt away until she was looking at the bone of her own arm. As the rest of her melted away, she lost consciousness and died soon after, leaving only her bones crumpled in the bed.



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (ATTIC)

Of all of the things one could encounter in the attic, Dr. Fright had to be among the worst. The unspeakable acts he perpetrated on the poor victim cannot be put into words. Whatever you are thinking, it is a thousand times worse than that. Some deaths should not be described.

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (BALLROOM)

Johanna hurried through the ballroom in a panic. Body bags filled with bloody bodies were moving around the room, in a dream-like dance. Without her glasses on, which she'd lost after escaping that terrifying clown doll, she couldn't even tell that the dancers were all dead. She just knew she needed to get out of there. The dancing body bags began to surround her, and she found herself bumping into them, trying to escape, screaming the whole time. Then she hurled herself in the opposite direction straight into an unzipped and opened body bag. The evil in the room immediately zipped up the bag and after several minutes, Johanna's muffled screams from inside the bag could no longer be heard. Then her bag began to dance, just like the rest.

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (CLOSET)

Hiding in the closet wasn't a bad idea. Well, at least not until Jared fell asleep using a jacket he found on the floor as a pillow. Once in the boiler room, Dr. Fright was in total control. There are no closets in the boiler room. After a short chase Jared was stuck between Dr. Fright and the furnace. He looked at the furnace and then back at Dr. Fright who shrugged as if to say, "Your choice." Jared hesitated briefly and then threw himself into the furnace. Dr. Fright breathed in the smell of rotting flesh as Jared burned alive.



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### IT'S A FAKE

Dr. Fright chased Hunter throughout the entire house. Of course, he had the unfair advantage of entering and exiting the dream world to make escape for Hunter impossible. Eventually, Hunter collapsed from exhaustion and Dr. Fright slowly walked up to and stepped over him so that Hunter lay between his legs looking up at the killer. Exhausted, Hunter could only watch as Dr. Fright slammed the pitchfork into him, just as had been done to him by the Smalley woman.

### SOMETHING IS COMING THROUGH THE WALL!

The black ooze began to seep through the pores of the walls. Kelly reached out and touched it to find it was a sticky substance. She put it to her nose. "Gross!" she exclaimed as it smelled like sewage and blood.

Before she could react, the walls, floor, and ceiling were covered in the substance. She began vomiting uncontrollably with the smell. She opened the window, hoping some fresh air would help, but it didn't. She doubled over, head on the window sill, paralyzed from the convulsions. As the ooze surrounded her, she vomited again. The vomit filled her mouth and she began choking on it, unable to get it out of her throat. Kelly drowned on her own vomit and her body slipped out the open window just as she lost consciousness.



## CREECH MANOR EVENTS

### NO ONE COMES BACK

You have to be very scared to think that going in the attic is a good idea. Jose was indeed very scared. He quickly climbed up and shut the hatch behind him. It was pitch black and he couldn't see anything. Suddenly candles began to light all around the room, one by one. It appeared there were a circle of cult members in the room and they began chanting... "Rotcod Thgirk" over and over. Jose was terrified. The chanting grew louder and louder and then suddenly the lights all went out. Jose fumbled around and then someone pulled the string to the bulb light in the attic. It was Dr. Fright. He hurled the pitchfork so hard, that it decapitated Jose, whose head rolled back and dropped down the hatch of the attic and into the hallway below.

### PUSHED TO THE EDGE

Larissa reached the end of the boiler room hall. It wasn't a wall that stopped her, but a black pit that seemed to have no bottom. It sort of reminded her of that scene in Star Wars where Luke and Leia are in the Death Star and end up swinging across the void. There were no storm troopers, but Dr. Fright was slowly pacing towards her knowing she had nowhere to run. Once he was just a few feet away, Larissa decided she wasn't going to give him the satisfaction. She flipped him the bird and jumped. Her body was found the next morning on the ground outside of Creech Manor, glass all around it from the window above.

## CREECH MANOR ITEMS

### RITUAL DAGGER

The dagger pulsed in your grip. You told Mark not to go to sleep, damn him. You slapped him a few times to no avail. Fright had him in the boiler room and would not let him go that easy. When he started to cough up blood and asking for his mommy, you knew it was too late for Mark. You looked down at the dagger and a thought crossed your mind you never would have considered 5 seconds ago. It was like the dagger was encouraging you. You could almost hear it whispering to you. It would be for the best, wouldn't it? You stabbed Mark until he stopped coughing and stopped breathing. You rose horrified at what you'd just done, but you knew who was to blame for all this and now you hated him with the fire of a thousand suns. "I'm going to kill you, you motherfucker!" you yell into the darkness.



## DR. FRIGHT TERROR

### BETTER LOCK THE DOOR

Gordon thought he was safe. He'd locked all the doors to the room. He could still hear the terrible sounds coming from elsewhere in the house. Screams, bangs, and other noises. Then, "click" and "clack" as the doors unlocked. They all opened and in each doorway stood Dr. Fright. How was that possible?

Gord grabbed a chair and tried to throw it at one of the Drs. It fell well short of the target and Fright simply ignored it, moving in on Gordon. He was surrounded and then the two that were illusions disappeared. The remaining and true Dr. Fright pinned Gordon to the floor with a pitchfork through his stomach, leaving him for the malicious spirits of the house to finish off.

### GRAB YOUR CRUCIFIX

A crucifix in Creech Manor is like an igloo at the beach. But Geraldine brought hers and it actually seemed to be warding off some of the evil that was present in the house. So when Dr. Fright appeared and lumbered toward her limping as if he'd twisted his ankle, she thrust the cross forward towards him. He writhed and screamed in pain trying to reach her, but couldn't. When she saw the effect it had on him Geraldine grew confident and moved forward with conviction. As she did, Frights screams seemed to get louder.

Then slowly, as she approached, the screams turned to laughter. She thrust the cross right in his face and he slowly stood, unflinching. "Whoopsssss." he hissed as a snake slithered out of his mouth and lunged at her face digging its venomous fangs into her cheek. She screamed, dropping the crucifix and grabbing her bleeding cheek. Within moments, her gray corpse was lying on the floor next to her crucifix.

### BETTER STAY UP LATE

Nina couldn't keep her eyes open. She knew the cost, but she was so tired. She was making her way sluggishly from room to room until she finally collapsed. Her heavy eyelids were impossible to keep open. When she woke up she was handcuffed to a pipe that ran its way down a long corridor. She pulled and pulled but could not get away. She tried for hours and her wrist was raw and bleeding. That's when HE appeared. He dropped his pitchfork in favor of a bone saw. Nina went to pieces... literally.





## DR. FRIGHT TERROR

### SLASH HER

Fright wants you the most, but when an unsuspecting victim gets in the way, they pay the price. That's what happened to the poor boy that just got in his way. His head was impaled by the pitchfork and Dr. Fright quickly removed it in order to continue his hunt for... you.

### BLURRED REALITY

Steam. There was steam everywhere. Michael couldn't see where he was going and kept running into pipes, rails, and even chains hanging down from the ceiling. He was bloodied and bruised, but any time he stopped for a break he heard footsteps and the awful screech of metal on metal. He kept going, but the steam just got thicker and thicker as he continued to run into things. The last time he ran into a pipe, he dropped to the ground and didn't get up. He'd basically bludgeoned himself to death without realizing it.

### MARKED FOR DEATH

Cory stretched as he awoke from a long sleep. He rubbed his eyes... where was he? He got up from the cot he'd been sleeping on but had no recollection of how he'd gotten there. He seemed to be in a small storage room or something. There was a sink and mirror in the corner, so he went over to wash his hands. When he looked in the mirror he discovered a horrifying site. He had pock marks all over his face and they were seeping puss. Some of them were opening and closing as if they were breathing. More and more of them kept appearing until he was covered in them. He panicked and fell to the floor now aware of them and the stinging he felt all over. Suddenly it was hard to breathe. He gasped, unable to breathe as he felt the blisters form in his throat. His last gasp was no gasp at all, as he was unable to get any oxygen into his lungs.

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

Amanda was shocked to see Billy in front of her as she rounded the corner in the steam filled maze she'd woken up in several minutes earlier. "I must have been dreaming... I saw you... die. Earlier in that creepy mansion," Amanda shouted as she ran to give Billy a hug.

Amanda fell to the ground as Billy disappeared in that moment, an illusion created by Dr. Fright. Fright emerged from the shadows and in the voice of Billy said, "Now it's your turn Amanda."

Amanda's eyes went wide when she realized that the being wasn't Billy at all. She tried to turn and run, but Dr. Fright thrust his pitchfork reaching full extension as the prongs buried themselves into Amanda's flesh. She screamed and fell. Fright jabbed her countless times continuing long after her final breath had left her body, as he often liked to do.



## DR. FRIGHT TERROR

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

Alex had no idea who was alive and who wasn't, or what was real and what wasn't. Dreams and reality had become interchangeable. He had no idea how he was going to survive his next run in with the pock scarred monster he'd just escaped from. He was starting to prefer the boiler room corridors to the darkness of the manor. At least here in the boiler room, he could see where he was going and his senses seemed to be more acute.

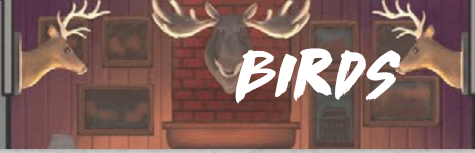
He heard a buzzing and looked over at a fly on the wall, or pipe rather. He had super hearing! Moments later he'd regret it. Pipes clanged and steam hissed. Each sound growing louder and louder to the point that it was painful to hear. Blood began trickling from his ears and his nose as the pressure mounted. Dr. Fright appeared and began slamming his pitchfork on the pipes. They'd either make a loud "clang" or break resulting in a hiss of steam. Alex tried to cover his ears and felt the warm blood pouring out of them. His ear drums burst and he collapsed to the ground lying in a pool of his own blood. Dr. Fright laughed at the sight. The oversensitive ones were always the most fun.

## DR. FRIGHT EPIC DARK POWER

### SHOCK FACTOR

There was literal panic throughout the house. People ran from room to room slamming doors closed or hurling them open as needed. They needed to hide... to escape... to do something to try to survive! Dr. Fright loves panic because it breeds exhaustion. The more they panicked, the more of them he could lure to his domain. One by one, they all passed out from exhaustion. And one by one, Dr. Fright ended their lives in the dreamworld leaving their soulless husks littered in and around Creech Manor.





## GENERAL KILLS

### GENERAL KILL

1

"One. Two. Three. Four. Look at all the birds, Carl! Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Oh damn, I wish they didn't decapitate." He didn't even have time to look at them all before they flew in one swift motion using their sharp beaks to cut his head clean off and cawed at one another to mock him as his head rolled around on the porch of the old manor.

### GENERAL KILL

2

They stayed in the trees, cawing at each other while waiting for somebody to leave the house, and finally Katie emerged. It was just supposed to be a quick walk to the gas station for snacks and Red Bull, but the birds in the trees had other ideas as they began to descend upon her, picking at her scalp and hands as she tried to shoo them away. She was so caught up in running and fighting the birds as they pecked away at her, that she didn't notice the car speeding down the road that she ran in front of.

### GENERAL KILL

3

It was just one bird, and Marcus thought nothing of it as it flew close by. And then it was another, and then another as they congregated on the window sill and stared at him through the window with their dead eyes. Marcus turned away, not even remotely intimidated when he heard a thud coming from the window. He turned to see a small crack in the window pane. The bird headbutted it and Marcus watched in awe as the birds cracked away before bursting through the window and attacking him, pecking out his eyes and at his skull while he fell to the ground, bleeding out while the birds managed to hit every vital artery he had.



## DR. FRIGHT TERROR

### GENERAL KILL



The bird just sat there. He wasn't sure where it came from since all the windows and doors were closed. But there it was, bouncing around and cawing at him, almost as if to warn him. Charlie shrugged it off, walking away to find another bird in front of him with the other following behind. He was confused. "How are these birds getting in here!?" he thought. Just as he tried to call out and ask someone, they attacked, distracting him with their wings while picking away at his skin. One of them stabbed him in the neck, and Charlie fell to his knees, bleeding out onto the wood floor as the birds flew in circles around him.

### GENERAL KILL



They came in through the fireplace. It was the most horrifying thing Monica had ever seen in her life as she began to run away from the blackness that chased after her through the house. When she turned the corner, she ran into a desk and fell to the ground, giving the birds enough time to attack as they picked away at her skin. In a matter of minutes, she was just a skeleton on the wooden floor.

### GENERAL KILL



Pedro faced what looked like a wall of birds. As he ran into it, the blackness took Pedro and the birds' feathers brushed against him as their beaks took his eyes and ripped his nose off. A pool of blood began to form underneath in the darkness. His friends watched in horror as the birds finished him quickly in the shadows of the old mansion, before flying away.



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### THE TREES ARE ALIVE!

They blended in with the leaves. Yvonne watched from the porch as an imaginary wind blew the trees while she took another puff of her cigarette. It only took a few blinks for her to realize that those weren't leaves...or even branches, as the birds took turns dive-bombing at her, digging their claws into her skin. The communal strength of the birds managed to pull Yvonne off of the porch and towards a sharp broken branch on a nearby tree. They forced her into it, impaling her and watching her gasp her last breath.

### VOICES... I HEAR VOICES

The house is empty, so Ian didn't know where the voices were coming from. They sounded faint, almost as if they were coming from the TV... but that was turned off. Ian huffed, unable to find the source of the noise, and assumed that he was going insane. He then heard a tapping at a window and turned to see a single bird perched on the sill. He couldn't help himself from opening the window. He looked at the bird and around the yard when the bird took its chance and pecked Ian in the throat. He broke the skin, but it wasn't so bad...until the bird did it again, and again, and again. While Ian was quick, the bird was quicker as it took every chance it could to stab Ian in the throat when it finally hit his trachea, and flapped its wings at Ian as he suffocated.

### IT'S COMING, IT'S COMING!

The black wall of birds forced everyone back into the house while Lizzie slammed the front door and locked it, not that that was going to save them. The glass from the windows exploded as the birds flooded in like a storm. Lizzie stood with her back to the door and watched as the birds attacked her friends, sucking them up in their tiny cyclones before turning them into nothing but bones. She kneeled to make herself small, hoping they wouldn't notice her, but they still did. The birds all came together and suffocated her in their tight wall while picking away at her skin.



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (ATTIC)

Michelle went into the attic to find an old board game that she missed playing. She noticed bird droppings everywhere, and even the carcass of a dead bird or two. The small window had been broken for some time and birds must have gotten in. Michelle grabbed the game and hummed to herself as she turned away to leave, when she heard fluttering behind her. She glanced back and didn't see anything, but the fluttering continued. She put the game to the side and went to investigate. Around the corner, near some old furniture she saw a bird hopping around while stretching its wings, almost as if trying to reach out for Michelle. While the one bird was distracting her, the flock came out from their hiding places behind her. In a coordinated attack, they pushed her off balance and she hit the corner of an old coffee table. The birds finished the job as they pecked at her skin and eventually her organs while she cried out in agony.

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (BALLROOM)

Nobody used this ballroom. Why they even had it was a mystery to George as he walked around to make sure no birds could get into the house. It was all looking good and secure when he heard noises from the piano. George knew he should not go near it...to just close the door and walk away, but as the noise got louder, he couldn't stop himself from getting closer. He opened the lid and saw a family of birds pulling at the strings before attacking him. He tried to drop the lid and trap them back in, but their claws dug into his hair and pulled his head into the opening as the lid crashed down and crushed his windpipe. The weight of the lid was too much as he suffocated, his feet slipping across the polished wooden floor.

### SOMETHING UNHOLY HAPPENED IN THE... (CLOSET)

She looked in the closet, trying to find something to fight the birds off with... an umbrella, a coat hanger. She'd even take a just coat to hide under while fleeing the house. The birds descended on her quickly though, as they pulled at her hair and dragged her to the ground, away from the closet. Occasionally, a bird would dive-bomb at her and she managed to punch one, but that only seemed to anger them. The birds attacked more ferociously and devoured her flesh as she cried out in agony. They left her half eaten, letting her suffer on the ground. Even birds can be petty sometimes.



## CREECH MANOR TERROR

### IT'S A FAKE

Moses knew the birds were trouble, so when he saw one just standing there in the middle of the hallway, he was skeptical as fuck and grabbed a baseball bat from a closet before approaching it. It didn't move or make a sound and Moses couldn't stop himself from poking it... nothing. He poked it again, and it fell to the floor. It was just an old Halloween decoration! He sighed to himself, chuckling even, when something popped him in the back of his head. He turned around to see an actual bird. He swung his bat, missing and breaking a window, letting in a whole slew of them into the house. He tried to fight them off, but as a few birds caught the bat and pulled it out of his grasp, he knew he was in trouble. He ran but tripped and fell to the floor. The birds finished him quickly with their beaks before moving on to his friend.

### SOMETHING IS COMING THROUGH THE WALL!

Tara heard fluttering from within the walls and it was driving her crazy. She needed to know what it was. She took a hammer to the wall and put her eye up to the hole trying to take a look. She was immediately pecked in the eye by a black bird before it shimmied its way out of the wall. Several more followed. Tara was blinded by the attack but kept swinging the hammer around, while the birds took turns poking at her. She was shielding her face, not looking at where she was going when she tripped out a window and landed face first into the claw of the hammer.





## CREECH MANOR EVENTS

### NO ONE COMES BACK

The house was not safe, but neither was outside. Going outside means that the birds get you and Trevor saw that time and time again as his friends would leave to 'go get help' and then never return because the birds would get to them before they even made it to the driveway or sidewalk. He was at a loss though... no cell phone, no parents, no BB gun to shoot at the birds. Rather than take a chance outside, he decided to take his chances inside and hide in the attic. He felt like this would be safer. Trevor started to climb the ladder only for his hand to be swiped by a bird, and then his legs, and then his arms. He attempted another step when a bird swiped behind his knees and he fell to the floor. He crawled, now attempting to get into another room. Endless swarms of birds flew out of the opening in the attic and Trevor was easy pickings.

### PUSHED TO THE EDGE

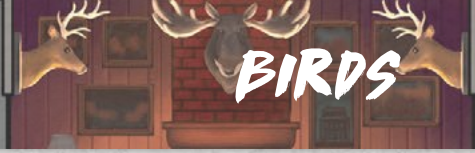
Opie was tired of all of this! He just wanted to go home and sleep. He grabbed a bird and just chucked it at the flock that was coming after him. Everyone was confused at that point, but it didn't stop the birds from coming after him. He screamed, opening the first window he could find. He was going to jump... didn't matter how high up or what was beneath him. But just as he jumped, a bird nipped at the bottom of his jeans, rotating him slowly as he fell. Opie landed on his neck, snapping it instantly. At least it was quick.

## CREECH MANOR ITEMS

### RITUAL DAGGER

The bird flew down and snatched your dagger before you had a chance to react. A scared girl named Jennifer dodged as the bird flew by her with the dagger gripped tightly in its beak. She was able to avoid it the first few times, but then the bird spun around quickly before releasing the dagger, cawing as it hit Jennifer directly in her chest. You ran over and pulled it out, making the damage worse as she fell to her knees pleading not with her words, but with her eyes as the birds began to peck at her entire body. You aimed where you thought her heart would be, which was tough to tell since she was covered by birds, and slammed the dagger down sending the birds scattering and the sharp blade into Jennifer's heart. Mercy comes in all forms.





## BIRD ATTACKS

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!

1

Just because you fed the birds, doesn't mean they won't kill you! They'll just kill you last.

Henry thought he stood a chance because he gave them bread and seeds, and all those tasty treats that birds like. But these birds were only truly after one thing... vengeance. Henry watched the birds flock to him with their menacing caws and he begged them to not hurt him. His pleas fell on deaf ears as they began to dive-bomb at him, their caws sounding like laughter. Henry tried to shield himself from their attacks, but it was no use as their claws and beaks turned him into nothing more than another snack for them to eat.

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!

2

This ain't no Hitchcock scene--this is real, and Sean better get his act together or he's going to be their next victim. Oh wait, too late!

As he ate a bag of pretzels, he would occasionally toss one at a bird as if just to annoy it more than feed it. He would laugh to himself because he thought birds were stupid and, for some sick reason, was getting a kick out of seeing his friends panicking over these dumb birds. Though, he wasn't laughing for long as a bird collided with him, knocking him to the ground, spilling the pretzels all over. A gathering of birds came and chomped on the salty snack before flapping their wings at Sean who tried to get up, but couldn't as several of the heavier stock perched on his back. They pecked at him for hours, making sure he suffered a slow death.

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!

3

They flew out of the fireplace like it was nothing, an army of birds came out looking like smoke while surrounding poor, sweet Deliah whose anxiety was already high because of everything going on. The birds could feel it, and she had to be dealt with, just like the rest! Hers was a quick death though, as the birds collectively swooped down on her and cut her in just the right spots. There was no pain, just a hundred quick slices as she fell to the ground.



## BIRD ATTACKS

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!



The birds spun as they flew towards Abby, and it didn't matter how fast she ran, they were faster. In one swoop, they penetrated her through her spine and out through her chest while the entire flock flew through. Abby stood for a moment as her brain processed what had just occurred before she fell to the ground with a giant hole through her.

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!



There's no such thing as hiding from these birds. They'll find you, and they will be ruthless when they do.

Ben thought he was so clever hiding under a desk while the birds flew by, but it only took one to land on the floor for his cover to be blown. The flock turned and knocked the desk out of the way. They pecked poor Ben's flesh before the pain became too much and he let his wounds take him. If they didn't have someone else to find at that moment, he would have made a deliciously meaty snack.

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!



Helen picked the birds out of the sky with her brother's BB gun and felt so accomplished. But she underestimated the willpower of the birds as a slew of them knocked the gun out of her hand causing her to lose her balance. While she was off-balance, the birds used their own flight power to push her into the antlers of the deer statue behind her. It impaled her in multiple places, and the birds pushed her in further before leaving her dead body to be found.



## BIRDS DARK POWER

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

1

Elliott jumped over every piece of furniture to get away, his athletic reflexes helped him out while the birds cawed and got closer. In a fit of desperation, he jumped out the closest window, breaking the glass but getting stuck on the jagged edges. The birds pecked at him while the glass dug further into his skin before Elliott finally pulled himself free from the window. One of the shards had severed an artery and although Elliott continued to run, dodge, and jump, he eventually just collapsed and bled out as the birds pecked at him.

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

2

It was too late. Cal had backed himself into a corner and pushed himself even further against it as a wall of black feathers lunged at him. Their sharp beaks impacted his skin. One took an eye out while the others just stabbed at him until he moved no longer. One of the birds took a finger as a memento before flying off to torture his remaining friends.

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

3

When Paul said he wanted to go for a run, he didn't mean this as he ran down every hallway and up and down the stairs. This was a nightmare and not a good time in the slightest. At one point, he felt the claws of a bird grip onto his hair and pull him backwards, causing him to lose his balance and fall onto his back. The pain up his spine was nothing compared to the pain from the birds who pecked and clawed at him until he moved no longer.



## BIRDS DARK POWER

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



The door was stuck, and the birds were moving way too fast as Gemma tried to remove herself from this nightmare situation. The birds' depth perception must have been off as they didn't stop and flew right into Gemma, impaling her against the door and getting stuck themselves as their beaks penetrated the wood. It was an absolute mess!

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



The birds flew above Madison and Drew, their droppings hitting their heads and clothes as they curled in disgust. They were trying to figure out how to escape Creech Manor but after a while they just started to run. The house always seemed so big to them, but now, it wasn't big enough as the two split up to comb out the flock. Drew ran down a hallway, looking behind him to see that there was no flock following him. While he was distracted, he crashed into a black wall of feathers and beaks that suffocated him with their joint cyclone and left him there to go finish Madison.

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



She ran into the record player, and as the needle scratched across the record, the birds screeched out in agony. Their wings flapped even harder and faster as they grabbed the back of Madison's shirt and hair to stop her from moving. Their strength was too much for even a grown girl like Madison's so she could not escape the god-awful torture she was about to endure, as one of the birds took their claws to her neck, scratching across her throat... much like the scratching of the vinyl record she had done earlier.



