

# FINAL GIRL

SACRED GROVES

GRUESOME DEATHS

**YOU HOLD IN YOUR HAND A BOOK OF GRUESOME DEATHS FOR USE WITH SACRED GROVES. 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.

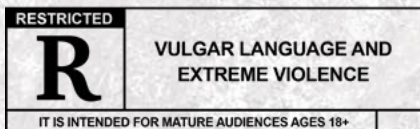
## **CREDITS**

**Writers:** A.J. Porfirio, Elisabeth Boyd, and Ryan Jorjorian

**Editing:** Mike Martins

**Graphic Design and Layout:** Scott Beavers

THE FOLLOWING HAS BEEN RATED



# SACRED GROVES

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

Hans.....	4-9
Poltergeist.....	10-15
Inkanyamba.....	16-21
Geppetto.....	22-29
Dr. Fright.....	30-35
Birds.....	36-43

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

All content within this Gruesome Death Book is ©2021 Van Ryder Games. All Rights Reserved. The Final Girl board game is not affiliated with any movie, book, comic, or other media of any kind of the same name or otherwise. This game and its associated content is a work of fiction. Any similarity to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events, is purely coincidental.

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

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

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

## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

There was nothing like walking around in an ancient jungle. This was Henry's fifth time to this part of the world, but he had never been to this sacred grove. He soaked in the history and the amazing views as he stood on a cliff overlooking the area. He pulled out his map to figure out where he wanted to go next. A drop of blood hit his map, then another. He felt his nose, it was dry, then he felt the top of his head and found a large meat cleaver resting in his skull. He panicked and crashed to the ground. As his vision faded he saw the image of a pig pulling the cleaver out of his head.

### GENERAL KILL

2

The outhouse made Vicki want to vomit. So she decided to instead use the outdoors as her restroom. She hiked up a hill until the facilities below were far out of view. She handled her business and stood there for a moment looking out over the grove. A twig snapped behind her and she turned her head into the blunt end of a hammer. She tumbled down the tall hill and landed on the road at the bottom, her face unrecognizable.

### GENERAL KILL

3

Harold was getting into his service truck to make his rounds. He noticed the truck tilted to one side. He went over to inspect it and found both tires on that side completely sliced up. Suddenly he was struck by searing pain in his neck and felt the cold steel of a sharp blade. He crumbled to the ground, face in the dirt and bleeding out, when a boot crushed his face.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL



Gavin sat in front of one of the ancient tombstones, making a grave rubbing. He spotted another grave of interest and made his way to it. Out from behind the stone came a large man, equipped with the gear of a butcher. He hit Gavin in the chest with his sledgehammer, which toppled him over another grave. He lay across the grave and before he could do anything, the butcher cut through his neck with a cleaver and his head rolled through the tall grass.

### GENERAL KILL



Bob sipped his coffee on top of one of the ancient religious structures. There was someone else up there with him enjoying the view. Without looking behind him he said, "Beautiful place isn't it?"

Then he felt a cold jab into his side. He felt his ribs and found an eight inch cleaver protruding from his side. The pain was intense, and now his attacker was in front of him. A butcher, dressed in a pig mask and a bloody apron, removed the cleaver from his side and put it to his throat. He cut deep and quick, and then threw Bob over the ledge.

### GENERAL KILL



Kelly walked down the trail around the sacred site with her earphones in. She closed her eyes and soaked in the sun and the music. She was hardly paying attention and then ran straight into someone. She opened her eyes to see the snout of a long steel pig mask in her face. The masked man grabbed her by the face and squeezed. She tried to punch and kick, but her beating fell flat. He squeezed harder until he crushed her head with brute strength alone.



## SACRED GROVE TERROR

### RAGE OF THE GODS

Hans could feel the primal energy surging through this wild place. There were gods here which no one had seen for centuries, and he knew they preferred to stay that way. There was an attendant in the area named Kevin... Hans knew that from his name tag. When he dropped the hammer on the man's rib cage, he could feel these archaic gods smile in their underworld homes.

### TOURIST TRAP

There was a place where two ancient walls formed a sort of tunnel in the hillside. Hans decided this was a perfect place to trap whoever came through. He waited until one of the tourists approached, marveling at the architecture. They stopped to take a picture of the ornate wall and Hans dropped a boulder on them from above. The resulting crunch sound was enough to make Hans smile underneath his metal mask.

### PUNISHMENT OF THE GODS

A great storm formed overhead, and Hans felt the power of this place in the air. He climbed over one of the ruined structures and found a lone tourist in a Hawaiian shirt taking pictures. Hans was camera shy, so he approached him from behind, slicing the man's ankles with his cleaver. As the man groveled and begged for his life, Hans focused on his technique. He gripped the hilt of the hammer from a long worn part of the wood. He angled his body properly, then busted the man's head open like a watermelon. Hans was proud.



## **HANS TERROR**

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

There were mused and mangled body parts littering the ground, but Vivian had little time to find horror in it. She watched Hans run his hammer through someone, and then he swung it at her. As it impacted her body, she could feel her bones shatter. She crawled across the ground wheezing, hoping to get somewhere safe. Hans placed his foot on her leg, and ended her suffering with his hammer.

### **HE JUST KEEPS COMING!**

Johnny revved the engine at Hans, who walked slowly towards him down the dirt road. Hans continued his approach, so Johnny drove at him as fast as he could, slamming into Hans and rolling him onto the hood. Hans gripped onto part of the shattered windshield and reached into the car with his cleaver, cutting long gashes into Johnny's face. Johnny turned the wheel, driving the car into a tree. Hans slid off the hood just before the car crashed into the tree. Johnny was thrown through the windshield, landing head first against a tree, dead eyes staring at Hans.

### **HE WANTS FRESH BLOOD!**

Jesse ran into the gift shop and hid behind the counter. She wasn't sure where Hans was, but moments ago he had cut a deep gash into her leg. She couldn't help panting, and her gasping made it easy to find her. Hans walked in and went straight for the noise. He smashed his hammer into the counter, splintering wood all over Jesse. Then he grabbed her by the hair and cut her throat in one swift motion. He ran his hands through the pouring blood and chuckled quietly.



## HANS TERROR

### HORRIFIC HAMMER RUSH

The stalls were Carter's last hope and she tried to stay quiet, perched on top of the toilet. Then the door to the bathroom opened. She saw Hans' boots walking slowly past the stalls, stopping at hers. A hammer came through the door and he rushed in faster than she could react. He ran the hammer straight into her chest, knocking her off the toilet and then drew the hammer back for another swing. In moments she was beaten into nothingness.

### TAKING SOUVENIRS

Hans had James in a choke hold. He held him there with one arm, giving him just enough air to suffer. He took his cleaver to James' scalp and peeled back a few layers of skin. James fainted from the pain. Hans took the moment to place the piece of scalp in the front pocket of his apron, along with a collection of others. James lay there unconscious, while Hans beat him into the ground with his hammer until his breathing ceased.





## **HANS TERROR**

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

Tourists run in all directions, but Hans' focus stays solely on you. He raises his hammer and takes a swing, arcing it down towards your head. Lucky for you a rushing tourist saw the attack coming and dove to push you out of the way. The tourist saved your life with their own, their face utterly unrecognizable after the blow from the hammer.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

Garrett rubbed his eyes in disbelief. Across the jungle floor, a woman glared at him. She floated above the ground and drifted toward him. He stood in disbelief as her spectral visage flew at him, plowing through his body with immense energy. His body was drained, and soon his eyes fell heavy, and he slumped over dead.

### GENERAL KILL

2

Sunlight beamed through the windshield onto Phil's map. He was never much of an outdoorsman, so he found the zig-zagging lines confusing. The car was off and the sun was making him sweat. He pulled the handle to get out, when the door locked itself. He hit the unlock button but the door locked itself again. A mild panic set across his face as he kept trying the button. Then the engine roared to life and the car started moving forward, driving itself off the cliff. Phil was crunched into its metal frame when it hit the ground. At that moment the door unlocked.

### GENERAL KILL

3

Water lapped at Henry's feet as he skirted the edge of the lake. The sacred grove across the dark water made him uneasy, but his wife insisted on meeting him there after the kids had their nap. Henry felt something like a touch on his ankle and reached down to see what it was. A soggy hand gripped around his wrist, pulling him down into the shallow water. He wrestled with it as innumerable hands reached from below the surface and grabbed him in multiple places. As he fought, they inched him deeper into the blackness of the lake. Air raced from his mouth below the surface, and still more hands came from the inky blackness, pulling him deeper. There wasn't any air left in Henry's lungs and as his eyes closed, he saw a spectral woman, her hollow eyes peering at him through the depths.



## GENERAL DEATHS

## GENERAL KILL



Jill lost her favorite bracelet yesterday, and now that the lost and found was finally open, she headed there hoping someone returned it. She decided to take a shortcut between the dusty trails, and soon found herself lost. Thunderclouds loomed overhead and Jill felt fear creeping into her mind. She trudged through the undergrowth as the rain began to pour. She slogged through the mud, soaked and confused.

Then she saw a woman. She was facing away from Jill, pointing her pale finger in another direction. Soaking up her fear, Jill figured this was one of those strange moments in life, where the dead help the living. She followed the direction of her finger and looked back to find the woman gone. The ground beneath her felt soft. With her next step, the earth under her feet fell and Jill splattered at the bottom of a giant sinkhole.

## GENERAL KILL



Nate didn't want to be here. His family had dragged him from Nebraska to this pile of rubble place, for what? Useless history of some extinct people from long ago? Nate pulled up his hoodie as he walked behind his parents and siblings. After a while he decided the blunt in his pocket would be more fun.

He snuck off behind one of the ancient ruins and lit up his sacred herb. Pulling the thick air through his lungs, he found joy for a moment. Then he felt a tug at his clothes. Confused, he looked around, and realized he was slowly floating upwards. He surrendered to the force, deciding it must be the weed. Then it dropped him. As Nate's body shattered on the hard earth, he realized it wasn't the weed.

## GENERAL KILL



The mountain face frightened Lisa. It hung over the groves like a stalking panther, ready to kill. She waited on a boulder beneath the yawning rock, hoping the tour bus would hurry. The hair stood up on her arms suddenly and an uneasy feeling clouded her mind. She looked up toward the dark crags above. A phantom of a woman hovered above her. In her hands she held a large rock. Tears filled Lisa's eyes, and the apparition dropped the rock. The tour bus rolled up moments later to the grisly sight of a rock protruding from Lisa's skull.



## SACRED GROVES TERROR

### RAGE OF THE GODS

Throughout this strange land, Helen felt a powerful energy ripple through her phantasmal body. She watched from behind the veil, a kid, scratching his name into the stone face of an ancient shrine. From the shrine, dark energy quaked and the ground shook. She approached the boy and lifted a sharp branch nearby. The branch cut through the air and into the boy's chest. The vengeful energy subsided and Helen felt that she knew this place a little more.

### TOURIST TRAP

The last visitor had bumbled down the steps of the tour bus. Steve found a decent place to park, opening his lunch box for his break. He kicked his feet back and dove into his towering ham and cheese sandwich. A large gulp resounded through the bus as he downed his first bite. As he went for the second, a loud crack came from the engine. It turned on, sputtering black smoke into the cab. Steve tried the door lever, but it wouldn't budge. He went for a window and as he pulled it down, it flew back up. Shadowy black smoke clouded Steve's vision and charred his lungs. The shape of a woman formed in the smoke, her cold hands wrapped around his throat and Steve's face turned a dark purple. The engine turned off and Steve lay lifeless in the swirling smoke.



**SACRED GROVES TERROR****PUNISHMENT OF THE GODS**

Jared picked up a piece of ancient stone. He ran his fingers over it in his hand, feeling the sharp edges, contemplating its eons of formation. He dropped it in his jean pocket to display on his desk later. As it fell to the bottom of the cloth pocket, a thunderclap boomed right over his head. The air was electrified, and across the wilderness Jared spotted an ethereal woman. She was pale and around her, a searing aura of energy lashed at the thick air. She swarmed him, flying across the ground. Momentarily coming into form, she sliced at his neck, leaving a bleeding hole where her long nails were.



## POLTERGEIST TERROR

### EVERYTHING WAS FLYING AROUND!

The inventory of the gift shop was up in the air, swirling around Carlos. He was terrified! Peering through the wild cloud of toys and souvenirs, he tried to find the phone. As he reached for the phone to call for help, three large snow globes flew into his head and neck, one after the other, over and over. At one point, a piece of glass protruding from a shattered snow globe sliced into an artery. He dropped to the floor, bleeding over the telephone.

### UNSTOPPABLE EVIL

How can you defeat an evil you cannot see? Arfa was invaded by the ghost of Helen Creech and she was showing him her own horrific memories. At first he felt pity for her, but as the memories continued it eventually drove him insane. As the memories flooded his brain he looked around and found a sharp rock. He slammed the rock into his face and neck over and over with each new memory. Eventually, everything went black and Arfa's body lay still on the hallowed ground.

### THE SHADOWS ARE CLOSING IN

Brandon raced down the long stone corridor, his feet barely escaping the inky black darkness engulfing the floor behind him. Tendrils from the enigmatic shadow latched onto his ankles, pulling him to the ground. Like the maw of a giant beast, the shadow swallowed him. As the shadow subsided, only the haunted cackling of a woman remained.



## ***POLTERGEIST TERROR***

### **THE GROUND IS SHAKING**

Abigail scrambled across the ground from the wraith that hunted her. Exhausted from the chase, she stopped to face the maniacal phantom. It stopped its chase just feet from her, its soulless eyes prodding at Abigail's mind. Suddenly the apparition vanished and the ground began to tremble. Fighting for good footing, Abigail planted her feet firmly on the ground. Then a crack sprang open beneath her feet. As the tremors strengthened, the crack opened into a yawning crevasse and she plummeted into the heart of the groves.

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

Gavin stood beside an ancient shrine, admiring its careful construction. A black cloud drew his attention to the sky, and he opened his pack to get his raincoat. Within moments the width of the sky darkened and sharp winds hit him from every direction. He hunkered down beside a tall tree, attempting to stay calm. Inside the wall of rain Gavin felt a presence. A face appeared in the formless drops, revealing a menacing grin. A flash of lightning momentarily filled his vision, barreling down the sky at him. In moments his body fried from within and his smoldering corpse toppled over into the mud.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

A maze of ancient tombs was said to exist beneath the ground Jeremy walked on. He crept over one of the tall mounds of dirt, below which there is supposedly a shrine built of solid granite. As he stepped down the other side of the mound, he clipped a sign that read "Off Path Travel Prohibited"; he quickly jumped off the mound and back onto the path.

As he turned the corner of another mound, he came face to face with a relic of that ancient time. Inkanyamba stood before him, depictions of him had littered other places at the site. Jeremy started to tremble and a trickle of urine ran down his leg. Inkanyamba laid his swords into Jeremy's sides, nearly cutting him in two. Jeremy fell to the ground screaming. Inkanyamba tucked his sword into Jeremy's head, and now the burial grounds were silent.

### GENERAL KILL

2

Sherryl felt something strange while underneath one of the ancient trees. Out of curiosity she snapped a picture of that tree. Looking down at the camera, she made out the silhouette of a man standing on one of the branches. She looked up in disbelief, and there he was, this time standing just a few feet away from her. His ancient mask looked angry and he clutched two blades in his hands. A moment passed and she tried to run, but one of his blades hacked off her foot. Crawling as she bled, he threw the other blade into her back and she fell limp.

### GENERAL KILL

3

Winston plopped a piece of stone from one of the monuments in his pocket. He fumbled around with it as he walked. He took his hand out of his pocket to check his phone and took a few pictures, sending them to his friends back at home. He slipped his hand back into his pocket, searching for the rock, but it was gone. He looked around thinking he had dropped it. Up ahead of him, he saw a man dressed in the ritual garb of this place, and the man held the stone out towards Winston. Winston approached, and as he did the man grabbed him and shoved the stone into his face, lodging it in his forehead. Winston was gone instantly, and then the man returned the stone to its idol.





## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL



Stanley gave the tour guide a look of disgust. He had read all of this stuff on the plane and felt stupid for having paid for this tour. When no one was looking, he left the group and crossed the ropes into the jungle. He finally found something interesting, a giant tree that stood next to a clear spring of water. It had symbols carved into its trunk, and they were clearly ancient. He picked up a rock and chucked it into the spring. From high up above another rock splashed into the clear water. He looked up and gasped at the sight of a man jumping from the tree onto him. His ribs broke as they hit the ground together and his heart burst with the serrated edge of the man's blade.

### GENERAL KILL



Kacey ran through the jungle like yolk from a cracked egg. Her legs vibrated with adrenaline as she fled her pursuer. Behind her raced Inkanyamba, seething with rage. He took three large strides and jumped off of a granite slab, sailing through the air and landing his knives into Kacey's shoulders. He licked the blades and held them up for the gods to see.

### GENERAL KILL



Being a tour guide here was easy work, the place was so beautiful and ancient that it sold itself. Fred was walking and pointing at things for a while, until he realized he had lost the group. He figured he would be fired for it, so he decided to take a break. He sat down on one of the old twisted tree trunks in the jungle. He took in the sights for a while and soon realized he was way off the path, in one of the more sacred areas of the grove. Suddenly he felt a searing pain in his neck, and felt it in shock. A blade sat on his neck, barely slicing his skin. He looked up at another blade coming down on his face. His blood covered face gurgled words no tour guide hoped to say... "Inkanyamba."



## SACRED GROVES TERROR

### RAGE OF THE GODS

Inkanyamba stood on top of the tour bus. The night was falling fast over the grove, and it was the perfect time to enact his vengeance. He spotted a tourist coming towards the bus. As she approached the bus he jumped down on top of her. As she lay squirming on the ground he dismembered her, splaying her body out in gruesome fashion. He could feel the gods raging in his actions and once he was finished they insisted, as always, on more blood from these trespassers.

### TOURIST TRAP

The gift shop was simply that for Inkanyamba, a gift. The narrow spaces between shelves and the odd corners made the building into a slaughterhouse.

Inkanyamba waited in the corner behind the stuffed snakes and birds. A young man walked past the shelf and Inkanyamba grabbed him, sliding his blade across his throat. He shoved the boy between the stuffed animals, letting the fur soak up his blood while he slipped out just as the shop closed for the evening.

### PUNISHMENT OF THE GODS

Inkanyamba missed as he swung his blades at Tiffany. She slid under them through the mud and looked back up at him through the pouring rain. Between them a bolt of lightning struck, electrifying the air and illuminating Inkanyamba's silver mask. He jumped through the crackling air, tackling Tiffany. Her eyes adjusted from the flash and fixed themselves on Inkanyamba's blades that were cutting through her stomach. He yelled with rage, and held his bloody hands up to the sky in homage to his holy masters.



## INKANYAMBA TERROR

### WRATH OF DEATH

Death crept into the grove like a sickening wind. It chilled the ground and told Inkanyamba to pile the skulls high. He scanned the horizon and found a jeep rolling down the hill. He sat above the road on a small cliff, rain pouring over his mask. As the jeep reached the bend he leapt onto its top with a thud. The driver stopped and as he opened the door, Inkanyamba reached in and grabbed him by the throat. He pummeled the man on top of the jeep until he bled. Wincing in agony, the man closed his eyes as Inkanyamba stabbed his heart and twisted the blades in a savage rage.

### WRATH OF HORROR

Inkanyamba carried the skull of an old kill with him. It reminded him of his horrific purpose. He found yet another ignorant trespasser on this sacred land. He roared at them, getting their attention through the brush. He charged them, and before they could react, he smashed their skull with the one he clenched. He pummeled them until nothing was left but a pink puddle. He held up the cracked and bloody skull to the dark sky, and he felt appeasement fall from the heavens.

### WRATH OF OPPORTUNITY

There was never an opportunity like now to give sacrifice to the gods. Inkanyamba stalked behind a group of tourists as they trekked through the jungle. There was a straggler in the group, a middle aged man with a cast around his leg. He was at the back and struggling to keep up. The man, perspiring, stopped for a short break. The group kept on, without notice. Inkanyamba pounced on the man, severing his head from his body and tossing it down the trail to his neglectful friends. As Inkanyamba skulked back into the shadows, he could hear the horrified screams of the other desecrators and smiled.



## INKANYAMBA TERROR

### WRATH OF DEFILERS

A hefty man stepped down the trail and leaned across the overlook. The ancient site was beautiful, he thought, then wistfully threw his styrofoam cup over the edge. The moment he did, a hand reached up from under the ledge and hurled him down onto that sacred ground. Inkanyamba looked down at the splattered body with glee, his work was coming to completion and the gods would hold their reign here indefinitely.

### WRATH OF BLOOD

Billy walked around with a can of spray paint, fixing up the ancient sites with his display of urban art. The bright red paint dripped down the stone carvings and religious idols, leaving behind a scene of industrial beauty. Inkanyamba approached Billy from the shadows and, with the help of his holy wrath, repainted Billy's art with his matching colored blood.

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

Joel dropped his pants and pulled a roll of toilet paper out of his pack. He squatted down and finished his business. He walked back to the trail and found that he had lost his group. In a slight panic he hurried up the trail. A huge tree sat in the center of the trail and as he made his way around it, two hands grabbed him from one of the limbs and hoisted him up. He was confused and frightened as he gazed at the mask of his stalker. He wasn't sure what he had done to anger the man. A sharpened branch stuck out from the tree and he screamed as his unknown assailant shoved him into it face first. With a crunch, the blood trickled down his surprised face to the end of his limbs.



## INKANYAMBA TERROR

### FICKLE TEMPER

Inkanyamba sat motionless, waiting for a transgression. It didn't take much to anger the gods, but this tourist hadn't done anything yet. A few moments later the tourist decided to touch one of the carvings. Inkanyamba could feel the pull of the gods' incessant rage and he charged at the man. He ran his long blades through his chest and hung him up on the wall. With one arm he held him there while reaching into the screaming man's chest, removing his beating heart. He grasped the heart and showed it to the man, the blood and fear being an offering to the gods' fickle temper.

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

One by one they had all been taken. First Fred, then Valerie, and now he was coming for Harry. Harry sat down and cried at the base of a tree. He had given up and began to sob loudly. Inkanyamba appeared through his watery eyes and the blood began to flow. Inkanyamba diced Harry into pieces with his blades, and there was nothing he could do to stop him.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

If the bugs don't get him first, then the puppets certainly will.

Marcus slapped at every mosquito that came into contact with him as he fled from what can only be described as... puppets. What the fuck are puppets doing here? This was supposed to be a vacation, not a sideshow attraction. But here he is, running from something ungodly when he tripped on his flip flop and fell face first into some kind of dung. Before he could even groan at the misfortune, Marcus felt a stabbing motion in his back and something piercing his lungs. There was a low gurgle as the puppet on top of him pushed him back into the dung, while mosquitoes feasted on his fallen body.

### GENERAL KILL

2

She separated from her friends in the rush of running away from creepy fucking dolls. Layla stopped and turned around to find herself alone, with just the noise of rustling leaves and chirping bugs. She called out for them, "Mike... Sarah... Willow," but heard no response.

Her stomach dropped but she knew she had to keep going. As she started moving again, she came face to face with one of those dolls. It chuckled to itself as it sliced into her neck with a machete, attempting to chop her head clean off, but it got stuck halfway. Layla suffered worse than her friends as the puppet continued to hack away at her neck for a while.

### GENERAL KILL

3

Cherry kept hearing so many things about 'the gods' at this place, but what she actually found was a murderous carnival ring leader and his stab happy 'children' of puppets. What the fuck were they doing here?

She hid behind whatever she could as Geppetto's long strides moved quickly through the underbrush. Geppetto motioned for his children to spread out and find her. She wanted to stay quiet, but her allergies had other plans. She tried to hold back a sneeze, only to fail, bringing a small gathering of puppets towards her. She didn't last long, as they sliced and diced her into practically nothing and giggled to themselves while they did it.

## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL



At first, Chris thought that the trail of blood that he saw on his hike was from animal killings, but it didn't take him long to realize that no beast did this... a wooden creature did this, with his deranged father by his side. Chris ran as fast as he could but had to slow down to maneuver around some rocks that fell from the cliff above. That's all that Geppetto and Buddy The Puppet needed to catch up, tackling Chris down onto the rocks that cut up his face. Buddy slammed Chris' face multiple times into the rocks and his face became mush. So much for that beautiful hike.

### GENERAL KILL



Monica was too busy being plugged into her headphones that were blasting funk pop to even notice she was being stalked by two individuals. She looked up at the beautiful scenery only to immediately feel a sharp sensation coming from the back of her knees. She turned around but didn't see anything. A moment later, she felt another sharp pain coming from her knees and she fell to the ground. Blood mixed with dirt as Monica felt something climb onto her back and grabbed her neck before slicing her throat with the thinnest machete she had ever seen. Well, at least she was listening to her favorite song.

### GENERAL KILL



This is some bullshit. Murderous puppets or not, Ian wasn't going to let this ruin his vacation. He had too many hikes to go on, too many self-indulgent selfies to take, and too many pretty girls to hit on, to let some assholes ruin his good time.

As time went on, his friends went missing and he soon came face to face with Geppetto himself. Ian wasn't going down without a fight, punching the ringleader right in his jaw. All Geppetto did was laugh at the futile attempt before snapping his fingers. Several puppets came out of nowhere and stabbed Ian until he fell to the ground.



## SACRED GROVES TERROR

### RAGE OF THE GODS

Look, Geppetto might be a sadistic fucker, but he respects the land he's on. And if the gods of this land say that so-and-so has been disrespectful, Geppetto will oblige.

Karen was using the land as her own personal photo shoot landscape. She would be dealt with quickly as Geppetto watched her from the shadows before snapping his fingers and sending his best children to handle her. They first sliced off her hands and her screams brought joy to not only Geppetto, but the gods as well. The children then began hacking away at all of her limbs. To say it was satisfying for Geppetto would be an understatement.

### TOURIST TRAP

The monument on the top of the hill is always appealing to tourists, and Geppetto would use that to his advantage as he planted his children throughout the land. They all waited, hidden in the brush.

Tina and Josh were on their way up the hill, when they felt cuts on their legs and heels. As they paused to look down, they were ambushed by what looked like puppets. The couple was tackled to the ground and stabbed with various objects. It was all so fast. The couple bled out onto the dirt, never completely sure what had actually hit them.

### PUNISHMENT OF THE GODS

The storm came out of nowhere, and while Geppetto assured his children that no harm would come to them, it didn't keep the puppets' worries at bay.

Allison was caught in the storm and running away from a puppet wielding an ancient dagger. The ground had become muddy and although she was struggling with her footing, she was able to pull away from the puppet thanks to her longer strides. The puppet, realizing it couldn't keep up, threw the dagger at Allison. It spun through the air and hit its mark, right in the middle of Allison's back. As she fell forward, down into the mud, a crack of lightning struck the dagger, electrocuting Allison. The gods have handed out their punishment as Allison was reduced to nothing more than a smoking heap charred skin and bones.



## GEPPETTO TERROR

### THERE IS NO ESCAPE

To say Bonnie was doomed would be absolutely correct as she saw a slew of puppets tackling and stabbing anyone they could get a hold of. Of course she was next as two puppets chased after her. She fell while attempting to jump over a stump and this gave the two puppets enough time to use their wooden weight to pin her down and stab her in her sides and back. She couldn't move and lay motionless as they cut her into pieces.

### THEY HAVE US COMPLETELY SURROUNDED!

Clint made it seem as if he had everything under control as he guided the group of five away from the mayhem, only to get turned around and lost as they passed the same tree three times. The group began to argue with one another when they heard movement a few feet away from them. They all fell silent, waiting to see if it was some jungle creature, or a fellow survivor. Unfortunately for them it was neither, as Geppetto's puppets jumped out and surrounded them with their machetes and knives ready, Geppetto could be seen in the shadows as he smirked before snapping his fingers. The puppets charged them. Clint, feeling responsible for getting the group lost, tried to keep them safe but he never stood a chance as a puppet sliced his calf and forced him to the ground while another jumped up on him and sliced his throat. Clint choked on his own blood, falling onto the ground, hearing his friends scream as he died.

### REPLACEMENT PARTS

Claire knew she was being followed by something, but she didn't know what. She was afraid to turn around to see who or what it was. As time went on, she would occasionally glance over her shoulder and noticed a single puppet following her. It looked innocent enough as she stopped and turned around to stare at it. It was an awkward few minutes as they both stared at each other when something from behind her cut her arm clean off. As she screamed, the puppet in front of her leaped forward and took her other arm. The two puppets laughed. Claire was a strong build, and these two puppets believed they'd last longer with her bulky body parts. They didn't even thank her as they butchered her.



## GEPPETTO TERROR

### BOXED IN WITH NOWHERE TO GO

Either jump off the cliff behind him, or be sliced and diced by puppets making bad jokes at him. Marty's options weren't looking that good as he watched the puppets and their father slowly approach. He quietly begged for his life, but it was no use as Geppetto shook his head and smirked. "Alright, children. ." he muttered before the army surrounding Marty attacked, devouring him like prey before his remains fell back off the cliff.

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

Sophie tried. She really did. She wasn't going to let some freakazoid kill her for giggles. She still had plans for her future... college... kiss Franklin... become a doctor. As Geppetto stood in front of her with three of his children, she was going to fight her damndest to get out of this sticky situation. Geppetto hummed as she threw objects at him, barely bruising him as he waited for her to run out of energy, and when she did, his laugh echoed through the space and the children readied their weapons.

"I shall call you...Peony." he proclaimed before his children lashed out and strategically cut Sophie to pieces. Geppetto had to hand it to her, she did give it her all before succumbing to his children. All the more reason to make her part of the family.

### RAZOR PUPPET STRINGS

He ran mindlessly, jumping over every rock and stump and drop kicking any puppet he came into contact with. Except Geppetto knew just how to stop dear Bernie as he tightened the string between two trees, and watched the teen ran straight into, and through, it. His head rolled on the ground like a ball and the children kicked it around to each other starting an impromptu match.

## GEPPETTO TERROR

### MAKE OR BREAK

"Just run!" Amber said to Little Greg as they fled the scene.

It was a now or never situation as they seized a brief opportunity to run away from Geppetto's murderous children. But they had no idea where they were going, running into denser parts of the jungle which started to slow them down. Being smaller, the puppets were able to still move quickly in the dense foliage, and caught up to the two of them, taking them to the ground. Geppetto almost felt sorry for them as he watched his children stab them in place, making sure that they didn't try to escape again.

### MASTER SHOWMAN

The small tour group had been tied up and struggled in vain to free themselves. At the same time, Geppetto and his children were putting on a show for his reluctant audience. Geppetto was a showman at heart, regardless of the scenery and mesmerized the scared teenagers with his many tricks and feats. When Geppetto felt he'd performed enough, his children dismissed the audience with their knives and machetes. None would be writing a review of the show.

### BRING HER TO ME

There's always that one, the one that Geppetto and his children underestimate. They still always get them though, sooner or later. This one seemed different. She was a different breed entirely as she jabbed Geppetto in the ribs and ran for her life. "GET HER!" he yelled.

She must have been a track star or something as his children struggled to keep up with her. Geppetto grumbled to himself, grabbing his handy razor strings and threw them at her. He watched as the strings penetrated her side but she kept going! "This one is incorrigible," he groaned, grabbing his end of the strings and pulling them towards him. She slowed briefly as he pulled but she managed to free herself. As he continued pulling the strings back, they snagged on a bystander who happened to be out for a stroll and came to see what all the commotion was about. Geppetto and his children settled for the bystander this time, knowing they'd sooner or later get that girl who got away.



## GEPPETTO TERROR

### THEY'RE COMING FROM EVERYWHERE!

The puppets were everywhere! Jonathan was so overwhelmed that he couldn't even move as he watched these murderous puppets kill his friends and other tourists. When he finally got the courage to try and escape, he turned around just in time to get a knife in his chest, puncturing his heart. He didn't know what to think or do as he slowly moved to the ground and looked at his shirt drenched in blood, with a knife still at the epicenter of the red stain.

### ENDLESS MADDENING LAUGHTER

Geppetto was drunk with power here. Maybe it was the land? The variety of victims? Because he saw sunlight? Who knows? But as his laughter boomed off of the hills and landscapes, it confused Bobby who heard it coming from everywhere. He stopped to figure out where he should run to next and that's when a puppet stabbed Bobby in the thigh. His leg gave out and he collapsed. The others were quick to surround him as they chopped off body parts for later use. Geppetto's laughter was a sign of trouble, and his children used it to their advantage.

### DEAR LORD, ARE THOSE OUR FRIENDS?

Violet and Morgan had gone missing a while ago. Peter was worried about them but also knew that they could hold their own. That is, until he saw them... or what was left of them as they looked more like puppets than people. They approached him eagerly, holding weapons, and telling him to join them. He didn't want to hurt his friends so he succumbed to their request and they stabbed him to death, watched him bleed out. He would be one of them soon.

## GEPPETTO TERROR

### THEY'RE GAINING ON ME

Strong wind plus heavy rain, and rocky terrain do not make for good running conditions. Lyle tried moving against it all as he raced away from the puppets. Their aerodynamic features gave them a boost against the strong wind. When they got close to Kyle, one of them clipped his heel with their knife and he tripped over and fell. He still tried to crawl away from them as they taunted him, but it was no use as they climbed on top of him, and plunged their knives into his back.

### DANCE PUPPET!

The lands gave Geppetto new and interesting powers as he smirked at you before snapping his fingers. He danced you around before finding a poor, helpless Rue calling out for help. You move towards her, under Geppetto's control, and are given a weapon from one of his children. You glide your way towards sweet and innocent Rue, holding the knife in your hand. Rue begs you not to kill her but there's nothing you can do to stop yourself from stabbing her straight in the stomach. You both cry out in pain and Geppetto releases you from his control, letting you mourn the death that you are responsible for.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

Vince came around the utility shed with a monkey wrench in his hand. As he rounded the corner, he found a lean, middle aged man facing away from him into the dark jungle. The man mumbled something under his breath, as if he were talking to someone standing just beyond the dark tree line. Then Vince heard it, a low guttural speech protruding from the forest, instructing the stranger. Then the voices went silent and the thin man stood, staring into the darkness. Vince, uneasily said, "Hey, uh - need some help?"

Something came from behind him, cutting him on his back and throwing him to the ground. It was the man who stood by the tree line, now stabbing at him with a broken pitchfork. "How are there two of him?" he thought as the prongs of the rusty tool poked holes in his body.

### GENERAL KILL

2

Ronnie woke up in his tent and had to pee. He unzipped the tent door and stepped into the night. Stepping over gargantuan roots, he found a nice tree to do his business on. He felt something tap his leg and looked down. In the darkness, he made out long tendrils wrapping around his leg. He realized they were roots and began to pull them off of him. Before long he had been completely covered in the slithering roots, and they pulled him deeper into the earth. They kept him from moving, wrapping themselves around his face and mouth, he couldn't breathe. Just as his last breath left his body, he momentarily woke up in the tent. It had been a dream, but far too late to notice, his body was out of air. He gasped, and then his eyes grew empty and lifeless.

### GENERAL KILL

3

Danny stood behind the gift shop desk, counting down the time until his shift was over. He noticed the walls grow darker, into a vague rust color. As he blinked, the room turned into an old, rusty boiler room. He started sweating from the suffocating heat. Danny was terrified, but he knew it wasn't real. He must have fallen asleep at the counter. He pinched his arm but nothing changed. From a dark corner, a pitchfork flew into his chest. He stood there in shock, and fell onto the dirt covered floor, bleeding out.

## GENERAL DEATHS

## GENERAL KILL



One moment Garrett was camping by the sacred lake, the next he was trapped inside of an old boiler room. At the end of the grated walkway stood a lanky, disheveled man. The strange figure looked at Garrett with menace, and raised his gnarled hand at him. Then the man snapped his fingers, and the walkway beneath Garret opened up, dropping him into a pit of boiling water. Garret awoke with his skin blistering and melting off in his tent.

## GENERAL KILL



Eddie fell asleep in his stroller as his mom walked with the tour group. His eyes opened into a dark, scary place. He wanted his mom so bad, and suddenly, he could see her in his dream, pushing him in the stroller. He climbed out of the buggy, and placed his feet on cold, steel floors. There was immense darkness and heat in this place. Eddie looked around afraid and confused, only knowing his mother here, who walked in place. Then a man appeared out of the darkness, deep cuts covering his body, he motioned to Eddie with a finger to be quiet. Then the man grabbed his mother by the throat, holding her with his voracious grip. Eddie screamed at him to let her go, he ran to him and beat on his leg. The man dropped his mother to the floor, cold and stiff. Then he woke up in his stroller, crying, and the tour group was huddled around his mother, checking her pulse.

## GENERAL KILL



Dr. Fright prowled through the astral grounds of the sacred grove. He could feel the nocturnal essence of his victims sleeping. Their dreams overpowered his senses, and he made his way to the nearest one. They appeared in his boiler room, frightened, yet attempting bravery. It was a middle-aged man, and he seemed to have a sense that this wasn't a normal dream. "Welcome to my home," said the Doctor, as he rushed the man with his pitchfork. Before his victim could react, the prongs of his rusty tool went through his face, and Dr. Fright's work was done.



## SACRED GROVES TERROR

### RAGE OF THE GODS

Frank brought his dirt bike, hidden under a tarp on the back of his RV. When night-time came and most of the park staff were asleep, Frank broke it out. He tore through the jungle terrain with glee, ripping up sacred earth as he went. That night he slept great, tired from the late night racing. He awoke, inside an old boiler room, the churning smoke and steam filling his lungs. He sat up, rubbing his eyes in dismay. His breath grew heavier and he squinted, analyzing the dark industrial labyrinth before him. He noticed a mangled figure standing in front of him, likely there the whole time. Behind the man, there were numerous shadowy figures, as if they were spectating. Frank couldn't move, the horrifying man revealed a pitchfork and started stabbing at Frank's paralyzed body. His blood leaked across the rust-laden floor, and the spectators left satisfied.

### TOURIST TRAP

Deena passed out on the tour bus; the talk had been boring and the ride too slow. She sat at the back and no one noticed her as they spilled out at their last stop.

She now found herself alone in the bus, and pitch black outside. She stood up from her seat, disoriented, when suddenly the bus headlights turned on. In the bright lights, she saw an intelligent looking man wielding a pitchfork. He was covered in mutilated flesh and he bore a corrupted smile. He reached one hand out into the darkness beside him. At the same time, a hand flew through the window at Deena, grabbing her by the neck. The hand pulled her out into the darkness, and her screaming went silent.

### PUNISHMENT OF THE GODS

The paint splattered out, empty, and Valorie tossed the can over her shoulder. She reached into her bag and grabbed another fresh can of spray paint. It was her art form and she loved it. She backed away from the ancient statue, admiring her adjustments painted over it. Her piece read, "Cool", in round, colorful letters.

She went back to her campsite to wash the paint off her hands and take a nap. She lay down on her sleeping bag and the moment she closed her eyes, she found herself tucked away behind a large metal furnace. She poked her head out from behind it, trying to get her bearings. The metallic walls began to close in as she walked, finally pinning her against the other side. She struggled and tried to breath, then the walls clapped together, crushing her between them. A snarling cackle filled the ephemeral room, and Valorie never woke up.





## DR. FRIGHT TERROR

### BETTER LOCK THE DOOR

Callie went outside the staff houses to smoke, clueless, unaware that she was actually asleep. She lit the end of the paper roll and inhaled a deep breath. As she released the smoke, she was startled by a man, staring hungrily at her just a few yards away. She ran quickly inside, locking the door behind her. She put her ear against the door, hoping not to hear him come up the steps. She never heard a sound, but she felt a hand grab her, and pull her through the door seamlessly. He stood over her with a rusty pitchfork in his hand. She screamed as he stabbed her. After countless wounds, Callie died still holding her bloody cigarette.

### GRAB YOUR CRUCIFIX

Father Allen led the church group around the site, telling them various historical facts that weren't exactly accurate, or even true in some cases. He was relieved to go back to the tents that evening. It was exhausting to act like you're interested in something when you're not.

He awoke to the starry sky, his tent and sleeping bag gone. His bare legs tingling at the touch of the cold grass. A man approached him from the empty darkness and an aura of malevolent energy surrounded him. Father Allen grabbed the crucifix around his neck, waving it in front of him. The stranger continued after him unphased. As Father Allen entered the man's aura, his skin burned and blistered. The man grabbed him, pulling him into his mangled face. Suddenly his aura exploded, and Father Allen along with it.

### BETTER STAY UP LATE

Freddie could hear the screams of the sleepers from the other tents. He warned them after he saw the signs, but they wouldn't listen. He tried to stay awake, but the weight of fatigue touched his eyes hard, and they fell like lead weights. He opened his eyes and what he saw was worse than expected. The bodies of countless victims, piled up before his eyes, bleeding and mangled in a grotesque pile of gore. He curled up into a ball, crying in the dream world. Dr. Fright approached him and crouched down beside him. "What's troubling you my boy?" he said. "Oh? Those people?"

He grabbed Freddie by the collar, and pierced his neck with his rusty pitchfork. Blood spurted out across the floor. "Well join them then!" the Doctor said, throwing him onto the pile.



## DR. FRIGHT TERROR

### SLASH HER

Dr. Fright chased the girl down narrow hallways, knowing full well that he had total control. She was sleeping after all, and his spirit maintained its power in this dream scape. Finally he was ready for his favorite part. He waved his arm, changing the layout of the boiler room before her. She began to cry, trapped between two large boilers. He rushed her, slashing her across the face with his jagged pitchfork. He smiled as the blood spattered on his face, satisfied with his power.

### BLURRED REALITY

Blake's eyes grew tired as he munched on his s'more. He took another bite of nothing, then opened his eyes in surprise. He was still sitting by the fire, but the moon shone on the empty chairs that once had his family. He stood up, surveying his surroundings. Suddenly a force pushed him into the flames and held him there. His skin peeled back to the bone, shriveling in the all consuming flames. As his mind went black, he saw a figure in the darkness, watching him perish in the flames.

### MARKED FOR DEATH

Dr. Fright had spotted her through the dream realm throughout her stay in the groves. She was special, desecrating various places in the grove. The gods who hired his services had marked her with a thin veil of death. She was perfectly asleep now, and he slipped into her dream. She was frightened in the boiler room, pacing back and forth, trying to wake herself up. Dr. Fright revealed himself, out of the boiler room steam, and placed a hand on her shoulder. She looked at him, horrified by his flayed face. He gripped her neck and cracked it in seconds, dropping her frightened body to the ground.

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

Martin was miraculously in an old boiler room. "What the hell? How is this possible?"

"It's possible because of me, Martin," said a man, stepping out from between the steel pipes.

Martin's body went cold, he had grown up on Maple Lane. "H-how, y-you're dead!"

"No Martin, you are," said Dr. Fright. Then the room began to shake, and Dr. Fright appeared behind Martin. He shoved his crude pitchfork into Martin's back, revealing the pointed tips to Martin. In agony, he bled out, and Dr. Fright let out a cold, creaking laugh.



## **DR. FRIGHT TERROR**

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

Nathan didn't know why everyone had gone to sleep so early, but he snuck right in beside their sleeping bags unnoticed. As he drifted off to sleep he had a strange feeling, but decided to ignore it. He wasn't sure how he had gotten there, but he found himself by the ancient shrine, surrounded by his sleeping friends. He tried to wake them, but upon closer examination, they were all riddled with bleeding holes. "Didn't you know they were already dead?" said a voice from behind him. Then cold steel punctured his lungs, and Nathan joined his bleeding friends.

## **DR. FRIGHT EPIC DARK POWER**

### **SHOCK FACTOR**

Clyde was completely aware that he was dreaming, and that this scarred man was going to kill him. "You'll have to give it your best shot," Clyde said to him.

"Oh, Clyde, you'll see," said Dr. Fright.

Clyde was sitting at the Thanksgiving table with his parents now, enjoying a happy meal. Then their faces began to melt, and blood poured out of his family's mouths. He was horrified and clambered backwards out of his seat.

Then he found himself in a dark cave, a noise filled the air, like teeth chattering together. A light appeared from above, illuminating the scene in front of him. A massive spider, its hairy body scintillating with joy as it devoured Clyde's body in front of him. Clyde ran back into the occluded safety of the dark cave, then the floor fell out from under him. He slammed into the metal grated floor of the boiler room, and Dr. Fright loomed over him. The metal floor twisted over his body, leaving him immobile. Dr. Fright said into his face, "Clyde, you'll die here, but I think I'll keep you for a while." Dr. Fright walked off into the darkness, and the visions began again.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL

1

It was a beautiful view and the birds flew around, having the time of their lives. Eddie looked on and smiled at the birds who seemed to be getting closer and closer... oh God! They were!

He dodged their dive-bombing, but the birds grew in numbers and circled around Eddie before pummeling him to death with their beaks and claws. Yes, the view was beautiful, it was a lovely place to die.

### GENERAL KILL

2

In the rain, it was hard to tell what the black cloud truly was as Teresa watched it from under the porch. She thought initially that it was just another cloud, but she noticed it moving differently. As it got closer, she heard noises emitting from it, and realized how much trouble she was truly in. The birds descended upon her quickly and engulfed her. By the time her friends went to look for her, there was nothing left, not even her glasses.

### GENERAL KILL

3

The birds seemed to be following Monica as they flew from tree to tree, keeping pace with her and singing as they flew. She eventually got tired of their chirping and tried to scare them off. They didn't move. She threw a rock but it bounced harmlessly off of a tree. This seemed to agitate the birds, however, and their chirping grew louder as other nearby birds joined them. Concerned now, Monica turned to walk away when a bird flew at her face, and then another. Soon the birds were taking turns swooping down from the trees and either stabbing her with their beaks or gouging her with their claws. Monica eventually died on the jungle floor from the wounds she suffered, all the while hearing that incessant chirping.



## GENERAL DEATHS

### GENERAL KILL



You shouldn't throw rocks at birds. It's not funny. When Joshua threw a rock at one of the larger birds in the flock, they had all had enough and lunged at him. As he backed up, he fell down a steep hill. Joshua rolled down, hitting every rock along the way. His face was cut and bruised but it was about to get worse as the birds caught up and started pecking at him. The family that later found him were horrified by the disfigured body that lay before them.

### GENERAL KILL



Leslie tried to hide from them in her room, but it didn't take them long to break through the windows and attack her with everything they had. The birds picked away at her skin, and gouged her eyes. She tried to escape through one of the broken windows but got caught and sliced one of her arteries on a shard of glass. The birds took pleasure in continuing to peck away at her while she bled out, stuck in the window.

### GENERAL KILL



He didn't even want to go on this stupid vacation. Sherman would have rather stayed home and played video games. Now, he was running for his life. His siblings had already been attacked, and as he ran away from the flock, he thought he saw a little store where he can take refuge, off in the distance. He finally reached it, but the door was locked. He banged and yelled for somebody to let him in, but nobody did. He became horrified as the birds caught up to him and pelted him with their beaks, stabbing him and cutting him until he fell to the ground. Sherman didn't last long after that. The birds were ruthless in their attack, leaving a picked apart body to be found by the other tourists.



## SACRED GROVES TERROR

### RAGE OF THE GODS

Occasionally, the gods would use the birds for their own bidding. Robert had to go, but he didn't want to walk all the way back to his room, so he relieved himself on a rock and the gods refused to let this desecration slide. The birds hurried around him swiftly, trapping him inside their cyclone as he suffocated, before the birds devoured his flesh and left a carcass to be found later.

### TOURIST TRAP

They blend in with the statues, and look mostly harmless just perched there... but they're not! Georgie reached out to touch one and immediately lost a finger. He screamed out as the blood gushed from the stub. He was too distracted to notice the other birds approaching, surrounding him as they nipped at his ankles. He tried to run, but didn't get far as he tripped over his own shoe. The birds pecked incessantly until he quit screaming and moving.



**SACRED GROVES TERROR****PUNISHMENT OF THE GODS**

It was starting to become clear that if you disrespect the land, the birds will come for your head. Shelly thought nothing of climbing one of the ancient burial ruins, clawing and kicking at the stones as she climbed up. Once she got to the top, several birds flew at her, knocking her off balance and causing her to topple off the structure. When she finally came to, the birds had been clawing and pecking at her neck such that her head was already partially decapitated. She couldn't move and could only try to scream as the birds finished her off, removing her head slowly and painfully from the rest of her body.



## BIRD ATTACKS

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!

1

Now is not the time to become one with nature! Molly and John found that out the hard way as a bird flew right through John leaving a massive, bloody hole in his chest. Molly panicked and began to run. The birds chased and made her fall to the ground. They pecked at her face and neck, and nipped at her fingers as she tried to fight them. There were just too many of them. Others nearby watched in horror as Molly was pecked to death.

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!

2

When the birds descended on the groves, nobody was safe anymore. Trent was running from them. He wanted to get off of the hilltop and down to lower ground, where there were more places to hide. The flock caught up and blinded him with their wings, causing him to trip. He rolled down the steep hill, picking up speed as he tumbled head over heels, until he collided with a large boulder. He lost consciousness and went limp. It was probably for the best as only a few birds picked away at him and it took him hours to finally die.

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!

3

Fall to your death on the rocks or take your chances with the birds? That was the choice Kay was faced with. She tried to imagine which death was less painful. One would think that facing the birds would be the better choice since she had a chance to live, but she had witnessed her friends being mutilated beyond recognition, and it appeared to be an extremely painful way to go.

Before she could decide, it was decided for her. The birds surrounded her, a cyclone tightening around her as their beaks sliced into her skin. Kay was reduced to a carcass by the time the cyclone diminished. She should definitely have picked the rocks.





## BIRD ATTACKS

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!



The birds sat quietly in the trees at first, while Brandon and Matt walked along the path. Out of nowhere, a bird hit Matt on the side of his head before flying off. And then another. Brandon turned to see the flock following them. The two boys ran as fast as they could while the flock chased after them, grabbing at their shirts and hair when they met the edge of a cliff, stopping abruptly. The birds didn't stop and knocked the both of them off of the cliff, falling to their deaths on the rocks below.

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!



It was late at night and Parker tried to find his way back. His phone and flashlight had died, so the darkness surrounded him as he made his way through the jungle paths. He felt alone but little did he know that the birds were all around and watching him in the dark, their silence giving him a false sense of security. When they finally struck him, the blow to the head was so severe that Parker lost consciousness, before the birds feasted on his flesh.

### THE BIRDS ARE ATTACKING!



Simon knew he was fucked the second he left the safety and security of the home he was staying at. The birds above wasted no time dive-bombing at him and pecking at his skin while he ran. He tried to fight back against the birds but lost that battle, as they pecked and clawed at him for what felt like an eternity before he finally fell down. The life faded from his eyes as he watched his family and friends suffer the same fate as him before it finally all went black.



## BIRDS DARK POWER

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

1

She's a track star! No, really, she's a track star, and that's the only thing saving her as she flees from the murderous flock of birds. "They can't actually be birds," she contemplates as she runs, "they are much too violent to be birds." Distracted by her own thoughts she trips up, crashing into a tree branch and falling to the ground. This gave the flock enough time to catch up and peck her eyes out, eventually picking at her brain.

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

2

One would think birds would be rather chill in this environment, but Carol was proven wrong as she ran helplessly away from a flock of birds that desperately wanted her head. She had jumped over every rock and had used every tree to her advantage, but it only took one misstep to seal her fate. As she tripped on a rock and fell face first into the dirt, the flock pummeled her chest with their sharp beaks and claws. The birds didn't chill even after she was dead, as they looked for their next victim.

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

3

There should be something more sinister chasing Carlos, but there isn't. The birds had been chasing him for what felt like an eternity, and he had already seen what happens to people that feel the wrath of these birds.

When he reached the edge of the cliff, he had to stop. Refusing to end his own life by jumping, he turned to face the birds. He'd later regret this decision as the flock mercilessly devoured him alive. From the top of the cliff, his screams carried into the valley below.



## BIRDS DARK POWER

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



Trevor was running away from the flock. After a while he realized there was silence behind him. He stopped and looked behind to see that the birds were gone. Trevor sighed with relief when something fell on his shoulder... a bird dropping. He looked up, barely noticing the birds as they had the sun behind them, blinding him. They were diving straight down in a line and the birds' beaks went through his skull and out his stomach. Trevor's body was practically split in half as either side of him fell to the floor while the birds cawed as they flew away.

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



They were tapping at the door, splintering the wood with their beaks. Roger watched in fear. It didn't matter how much his brain told him to run, he couldn't. So he stood in place and watched in terror as the birds continued to break down the door. After a while, they did, flooding into the room and attacking Roger, their beaks penetrating his skin until they hit bone. It didn't take them long to devour Roger as his remains were left on the ground while the birds fled.

### RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



This is stupid! This is so fucking stupid! 'Death by birds' wasn't the way that Marianne wanted to go and she'd be damned if she didn't fight until the last minute to prevent such a stupid death. Unfortunately, while she tried, Marianne did not succeed. They swarmed her and ripped through her belly, feasting on her innards. The birds wore her blood like a trophy and didn't think this way of dying was stupid at all.



