

A.E. CROW

Scare Yourself!

**IT'S A HORROR STORY...
AND THE MAIN CHARACTER IS YOU!**



**MORE
THAN 20
DIFFERENT
ENDINGS!**

INTO THE HIVE

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STOP!
DO NOT READ THIS
BOOK FROM
BEGINNING TO END!

The Looking Glass House is an expansive estate with its own history and secrets. You've just woken up inside of it with no memory of how and why you're there.

It's not long before you're introduced to the menagerie of monsters that call this mansion home. Once human, they are now ravenous bioweapons that wander the halls in search of flesh.

Lucky for you, you won't be escaping from this nightmare alone. Should you side with the police officers investigating the mansion, or the soldiers that want to venture deeper into the darkness... down into the Hive?

Start on *PAGE 1*. Then follow the instructions at the bottom of each page. Every decision is up to you. Choose well and you'll live to tell the tale. Choose wrong and you'll learn the true meaning of fear...

THE SCARES DON'T END HERE!

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Scare Yourself

INTO THE HIVE

A
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PAPERBACK

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Fun Fact:

It's estimated that one American dies every day from an injury in either the bathtub or shower.

You don't remember where you heard that fact, but you can't help but fixate on it as you wake up to the stinging sensation of cold marble on your skin.

There doesn't seem to be a drop of water anywhere, not even the showerhead above you. You must've blacked out before you could turn it on.

You get to your feet – not easy, considering your legs threaten to buckle at any second. You've had headaches before, but not like this – like every hangover you've ever had, rioting inside your skull.

You step out into an ornate bathroom, the kind you would step into inside a five-star hotel or an expensive estate.

A mirror draws your attention. You slowly approach it with eyes fixated on the reflection that stares back. The features are delicate, beautiful even.

But you're not sure they're yours.

You take in more of your naked body. You notice the muscles that took time to cultivate – the bumps, bruises, and scars that blemish your immaculate skin.

You're tough, but you take pride in your appearance. You wonder whether it offers insight into your mysterious past, but nothing comes. You're not going to regain your memory inside this bathroom.

Still, you can't march out in your birthday suit and demand answers from the stunned bystanders, assuming there are people out there in the first place.

Luckily, clothes sit in a folded pile on a nearby basin. They might be a bit flashy for your tastes, but you can't help but appreciate the red silk as it hugs your body. You wonder where you planned to go wearing such an outfit. Is it date night?

The bathroom is an ensuite, leading to a bedroom the size of a house. You're inside a mansion, after all.

You've been in this room before. You've even slept in this bed before. Do you live in this mansion?

Next to the bed is a large dresser that houses a shrine to your past life — photos of people you don't recognize alongside sentimental trinkets.

Your first impulse is to open the drawers, one after the other. The clothes inside are featureless — clear white, pressed to perfection. It's puzzling. Given your current appearance, you thought you'd have more style.

Then, you hear a click, and a compartment slides out to reveal perfectly tuned, sleek black guns. You recognize them on sight: two Heckler & Koch MP5Ks with SEF Plastic Trigger Packs and Walther scopes.

So, whoever you are, you do know your weapons.

You would inspect them further, but you're separated by a thick pane of glass that has been meticulously cleaned — not a fingerprint or smear in sight. Adorning its surface is a tiny keypad next to a digital label that reads *'locked.'*

If only you could remember the combination.

Then again, what exactly are you supposed to be armed against? Is this a necessary precaution? What kind of enemies do you have?

Could they be in the mansion with you?

Your eyes drift to an object that you previously overlooked. Atop the dresser is a small legal pad.

Upon closer inspection, two details stand out. The first is a corporate logo in the top right corner: a red and white octagon divided into triangles, its edges concave. Underneath this shape is the phrase *'Umbrella Corporation: Our business is life itself.'*

It's what's written on the legal pad that piques your curiosity.

'Today, all your dreams come true.'

Is this your handwriting? You snatch a nearby pen and rewrite the sentence underneath. No match. Someone must live in this mansion with you.

Yet another mystery to solve.

Time to prioritize. There's a reason why you woke up in the shower, struggling to recall even the slightest detail about your past.

The question is, is that reason worth finding out?

If you want to get the hell out of here, go to PAGE 81.

If you want to investigate this mansion further, go to PAGE 89.

You're shaking. No, you're shivering.

Kaplan wants to believe that it's the cold. But then you wouldn't be so fixated on the gun in your hand.

You blink to find yourself holding Rain at gunpoint. Her eyes flutter closed.

"Stop!" Kaplan cries out, "You don't need to do this! There's a cure! We can save her!"

You lash out, reminding him you won't get to the cure if the Red Queen doesn't let you leave. By the time you open the door on your own, Rain will probably turn anyway – precisely what she *doesn't* want!

It might not look like it, but you're doing the right thing.

As your finger tenses around the trigger, you feel a sudden weight bearing on you, followed by a burst of pain that causes you to cry out. You turn to see the head of a fire axe embedded deep in your shoulder.

It's pulled out by a trembling Kaplan, wordlessly begging you to understand that you've forced his hand. He can't let you kill his remaining teammate.

Before you can turn on him, he brings the axe back down, this time cleaving your head in half.

YOU ARE DEAD

You fire at the creature's engorged brain. It stumbles backward, but all you've done is piss it off.

It breaks into a quadrupedal sprint, fangs bared. The speed is too quick to fathom, bowling you over. You slam against the concrete wall, your shoulder popping out of its socket with an explosion of pain.

This hunter is on you instantly, mouth open as it prepares for the killing blow. You impulsively stick your gun into its mouth.

Like a bear trap, its jaw closes around your hand, snapping the bone in twain. But, you don't relent, pulling the trigger. The monster loses all animation as the bullet severs its spine.

You fight the urge to look at the mutilated, dripping remains of your crushed hand as it limply hangs from the exposed tendons, fingers lightly brushing the floor. You call out for Rain, only to get no response.

Then, you hear the raspy breaths behind you. You don't want to turn around but can't stop yourself. Under soggy strands of matted hair, Rain snarls at you; the life drained from her face. The last thing you see are her thumbnails as they enter your eye sockets.

YOU ARE DEAD

Jill and Leon aren't idiots. There's no sense in trying to lie to them. You explain that you were married as you ran the Looking Glass House's security team.

Leon stares incredulously, "You were *married* to that thing?"

Isaacs is flustered. He assumed you were going to play dumb. He mumbles, "Well, our intel suggests that your late partner may have been responsible for breaking the virus out of containment."

Jill's brow furrows as she asks, "Is that so?"

You put all your cards on the table. Isaacs deflates as you explain your complicated relationship with Spence. At first, you're improvising. But, as you go, details start to come from memory.

You explain that your marriage was initially just a cover. You were actors performing a role. But, the longer you stayed in the mansion together, the more the lines blurred.

But, no matter how you two felt for each other, you know there would never be a scenario where you are okay with any of this. You value human life. That's why you joined the Umbrella Corporation. Their business is life itself.

See what Jill and Leon think on PAGE 8.

Your words resonate with the police officers. They can't prove it but think you're telling the truth.

Isaacs scoffs.

“Quite a likely story. You two were so close — quite literally inseparable, and yet you happen to disagree on this one fundamental thing? You'll have to excuse my skepticism—“

“And you'll have to excuse mine,” Jill snaps back, “You're throwing quite the accusation there without any proof.”

“Yeah!” Leon steps forward, “And, on top of that, there are no signs of this cure you're talking about. You said we were close. I don't see a lab or anything.”

“Bugger off!” Isaacs jabs at the duo, “You're the ones that broke in and started snooping around. I don't owe either of you anything!”

Jill raises her gun at him. “Give me ten minutes at the station. You'll give me everything I need.”

It's Isaacs' turn to snicker as he lowers his head, eager to dispense with the pleasantries.

Find out Isaacs' response on PAGE 9.

“Look at you; the Sheriff and her pathetic little deputy. You certainly talk tough, but I know how the law works in this wretched little city. I know your cowardly loser of a police chief, wouldn’t send you here lest he lose his share of the take. So, why are you pursuing this extrajudicial activity?”

Jill’s smirk dissipates, “Because I’m not on the take, and I’m not going to leave these disappearances alone just because they took place near an Umbrella facility.”

Then, she nods to Leon, “Neither is my partner here.”

“Ah, so it’s hubris, then. You saw an opportunity for an easy promotion, Officer Valentine. Let me tell you that you couldn’t be more wrong. In the unlikely event that you leave this building, you can say a heartfelt goodbye to your career in law enforcement.”

He turns to Leon.

“And you — You’ve proved that you’re too dumb for the Raccoon Police Department, and *that’s* saying something! You let her con you into this? What is it, your first night on the force?”

“It is, actually. And I regret nothing.”

Find out how this ends on PAGE 10.

Issacs is about to respond when Spence's booming footsteps return. These aren't the slow, rhythmic stomps of before. They're storming toward you.

Everyone's eyes widen as Jill whips her head around, pointing her gun away from Isaacs.

"Everyone, get down!"

Crash! Spence shoulders through the mansion wall. The impact sends Isaacs to the floor.

Jill and Leon fire, but Spence shrugs off the bullets, leaning down and wrapping a gigantic hand around one of Isaac's legs.

"No!" He gasps.

Spence drags Isaacs down the hallway, ignoring the kicking, screaming, and blubbering cries for help.

"What do we do?" Leon asks his superior officer.

"I don't know," Jill replies. "Part of me thinks we should, the other thinks he's already dead."

"Whether we go back for him, or we keep moving, we have to do something."

Leon's right. Now is your opportunity to speak up and suggest what to do next.

*Leave him and move on to PAGE 33.
Try and save Isaacs on PAGE 37.*

You can't believe this is even up for debate. Of course, you won't fight this horde head-on.

Dr. Isaacs is unhappy to hear your answer but knows he's on thin ice from his earlier outburst. He gets up with a shrug.

"Fine. I see I can't sway your opinion."

Before leaving, you snatch a letter opener off a nearby table, observing the nine-inch blade. It's good to be armed, just in case.

You can't help but miss the zombies as you and your group traverse the eerie mansion corridors that feel inexplicably longer than usual.

It's the silence getting to you – that feeling that anything could jump out from the many nooks and crannies around this old haunted homestead.

Despite the detour, Isaacs is no less deterred. You'd think he wasn't afraid of the monsters with how brazenly he marches forward despite being the only non-armed party member.

"We're close," Isaacs murmurs. "I can feel it."

Now, what's *that* supposed to mean? You're anticipating the answer, expecting the worst-case scenario.

Your grip tightens around the handle of that letter opener, and you wish that you had gone back for the submachine guns in your clothes drawer. Maybe the four-digit code would've been nice and straightforward.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Either something massive is heading your way, or somebody is firing a cannon upstairs. With each successive hit, the walls shake more vigorously. Glass shatters, and wall adornments crash to the floor.

“What the hell is that?” Leon yells at Isaacs.

“How the bloody hell am I supposed to know?”

Before Leon can respond, the ceiling bursts inches from you, filling the room with dust. You can't see or smell, you can barely breathe, and your hearing is filled with a deep, guttural, earth-shattering roar.

You keep your head down, hoping that whatever dropped in on you will go away just as quickly. As the dust settles, you can see the creature's silhouette. It's humanoid with bulbous, distended muscles and an asymmetrical appearance, as though it was crudely constructed out of clay.

Get a closer look on PAGE 13.

Then, details start to fill the space. You recognize the clothes as they tear apart at the seams. You recall the face as it is half buried in a mound of mutated flesh on this monster's engorged shoulder, where a massive eyeball swirls in place.

Its name was Spence. The two of you were co-workers.

Forget that. The two of you were *married*.

It seems that, whatever Spence is now, they still recognize you. The sight of you has paused their rampage.

You test the waters by calling out the creature's old name.

It recoils, bringing forth a gust of decayed breath with a furious bellowing like you've snapped it out of an intense daydream.

Blam! Blam! Blam! Bullet holes are forming on its body, pushing it back. At first, it seems unbothered, but then a stray shot hits its giant shoulder eye.

It uses its inhuman legs to propel itself upward, disappearing through the hole it made in the ceiling. You can hear its gargantuan footsteps recede, returning you to silence.

"Spence?"

Respond to this on PAGE 14.

Gulp. You turn to see Leon and Jill eyeing you, not with the suspicion of earlier, but with curiosity. It's probably a good idea to keep it that way.

However, there's a problem. Isaacs has that shit-eating grin on his face. He knows your connection, which means potential leverage he could use against you.

It would be so convenient, wouldn't it? He could throw you under the bus and shed all the current suspicion on him. While the two police officers are occupied with you, he could sneak off and complete his plan. He's so close, after all.

Then again, he could be bluffing. He can tell that Jill and Leon are more likely to believe you. They barely trust him as it is. Trying to start another in-fight might not end in his favor.

"Hey, stay with me," Jill snaps, "Who the hell is Spence?"

This is it. One would call it the moment of truth, provided you're prepared to see how far your comrades' trust *really* goes.

Tell the truth on PAGE 7.

Play dumb on PAGE 21.

Dobermans are powerful dogs. They can effortlessly run 3-5 miles and reach 25-30 miles per hour on average. Even in their zombified form, you will not outrun these creatures.

As the dogs bound toward you, you scan the room for weapons, settling on a pipe fastened to the wall. You wriggle it free and make short work of the first dog unfortunate enough to reach you, scrambling its brains against the floor. From there, it's not too difficult to hold your own.

But these creatures are more intelligent than you thought. They dart back and forth, trying to force you to create an opening where they can jump in for the kill.

You're growing frustrated very quickly. Then, you make a mistake. A clumsy swing leads one of the dogs to catch your weapon in its open maw, plucking it from your grip with its powerful jaws and tossing it aside.

As you recoil, another dog pounces, knocking you to the floor. You hold it at bay, kicking out at the others as they try to join in. You can't keep this up forever. Then, in your periphery, you spot something.

Find out what you see on PAGE 16.

A mound of dead flesh lies in one of the cages next to you. Its tattered uniform suggests it used to be a security guard before it became a chew toy.

That doesn't matter, though. What does is that a firearm still sits in what you presume used to be their hand.

You drag the weapon toward you, jabbing it into the dog's eye and pulling the trigger. *Bang!* The dog goes down instantly.

Once you're back on your feet, you have no trouble incapacitating your beastly adversaries. You've handled a gun before, and you're quite the shot.

Click, click, click. You're out of ammo. You peer up from the gun to see canine corpses lying in a pool of infected blood.

But, the dog keeper remains, limping towards you, a thin line of drool emanating from his tilted head. You brace yourself for the oncoming fight.

Blam! The dog keeper's head bursts like a watermelon, and he sinks to the floor.

You turn to see Kaplan, his gun outstretched in front of him.

"I knew you'd be screwed without me!"

Tell Kaplan what's happening on PAGE 17.

You try to explain the situation – that Rain is pretty intent on killing you, as she thinks you're responsible for the outbreak. You gauge Kaplan's reaction, hoping he doesn't come to the same conclusion.

Instead, he nods, lifting his gauntlet and keying some buttons.

“We'll have to show her this, then.”

Footage plays on the small monitor. It's a graveyard on a fall morning. The landscape is lifeless, the tombstones melding with the overcast skies.

You stand at the center of this melancholic cavalcade in conversation with somebody off-screen. You explain that you can provide access to security codes, surveillance — everything they need. You want them to infiltrate the company and find evidence they can use to bring it to its knees.

When your conversation stops, the camera spins around to reveal Spence's face before shutting off a second later.

All your dreams come true.

What if that's what Spence meant? You wanted Umbrella out of the picture. He made it happen.

Draw your conclusion on PAGE 18.

Whatever the specifics, you were not working with Spence.

“Now that we’ve cleared that up,” Kaplan announces, “I recommend we grab Rain and get out of here.”

As you nod in agreement, he holds up the remote for the EMP.

“I’ve been thinking. We’re not going to last much longer with all of those zombies out there, right? If only there was a way to contain them so we could leave. I think we need to consider deactivating the EMP.”

He wants to bring back the Red Queen! You protest immediately.

“Hear me out!” He fidgets with the EMP remote. “We have leverage. If she doesn’t let us out, I fry the bitch and we try our luck on our own.”

Shit. He has a point. To survive, you must use everything at your disposal. Of course, if you’re wrong, you could expedite your death — or worse.

So, ask yourself, do you need the Red Queen to get out of here?

We don’t need the Red Queen on PAGE 43.

We need to threaten her on PAGE 44.

We need to negotiate with her on PAGE 66.

It sounds like the setup to a joke, doesn't it? An amnesiac, two police officers, and a businessman walk into a mansion.

You can't keep your eyes off Dr. Isaacs. You two have some history – if only you knew what it was.

There's only one way to find out.

As Jill and Leon scope out one of the rooms, you pull Dr. Isaacs aside and confront him. At first, he's taken aback. Yet, the longer you speak, the more you remember.

He's impressed.

"I didn't think you'd figure it out so soon."

Uh-oh.

"I admire your enthusiasm. But, it sounds to me like your work here is finished."

Ouch! A needle jabs you in the thigh.

"Here's your reward," he hisses in your ear. It's a new strain — infinitely more aggressive."

With that, he shoves you toward the confused cops. As you try to speak to them, the virus works overtime on your organs, rotting you from the inside out.

It's not long before all your worries disappear, replaced only by an insatiable hunger for flesh.

YOU ARE (UN)DEAD

You've gotten to know Kaplan the most in the short time you've been with these soldiers. That has to count for something.

If only you could find him. You nervously call out his name. As your voice echoes across the dark hallways, you await the response.

It comes in a bloodcurdling scream that rockets toward you, only to cut short with a *snap*.

You duck as you feel a hand swipe at you, fingers brushing your hair.

You curse yourself. Kaplan is a tech guy, not a fighter. There was no way he would get you out of here himself.

The further you run from the pursuers on your tail, the more limited your visibility gets.

Suddenly, you slip, and your body is in free fall. Since you can't see your destination, you can't anticipate the moment when you hit the solid ground, your bones snapping and punching through your skin. As you lie on the cold floor in agony, you can only hope that you will bleed to death before whatever killed Kaplan and JD finds you too.

YOU ARE DEAD

This kind of drama won't get you closer to stopping Umbrella. You play up your amnesia, claiming you don't know who Spence is beyond their name.

"Really? That's interesting. You were Umbrella's very own power couple," Isaacs cheerily chimes in, "I understand that you have amnesia, but forgetting *that-*"

"Wait!" Leon interrupts, "You were *married* to that thing?"

"It's curious," Isaacs continues, "our intel suggests that Spence broke the virus out of containment. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you?"

It's not long before this devolves into a shouting match where you're forced to justify your lying and prove that you weren't involved.

The argument eventually stops as claws punch through your chest. Spence has returned, and they're now dragging your impaled body into the dark, leaving a pulpy blood trail in your wake.

You spend your last moments hoping it was bloody worth it.

YOU ARE DEAD

You take a seat next to Kaplan and look at the security terminal, noting how it looks familiar.

Everyone jumps as the door to the hallway slams shut. Your only view inside is a small window where flashes of chaos occur. Suddenly, One plants his face against the glass, eyes wide with uncharacteristic panic.

“Kaplan! Get the door open!”

Blinking through beads of sweat, Kaplan begins furiously typing at the keyboard. You can hear the screams of One and his men, accompanied by burning flesh.

You order Kaplan to let you take over, and you start to work your magic. The more you type, the more familiar you become with how this system works. It’s not long before you can hear the hallway power down, followed by the click of opening doors.

As One re-enters the room, you can feel the mood shift amongst the team. You’re a hero!

Unfortunately, you don’t have the heart to tell them that the Red Queen initiated the self-destruct sequence, and you don’t remember the override code.

Oh well. In seconds, it won’t matter anyway.

YOU ARE DEAD

Call it paranoia, delusion, or whatever you like – you’re not convinced that this Spence-Monster is all that dead. So, you give its still body a thorough once over. Who knows? Maybe these things play possum.

A detail catches your eye. Veins of reformed genetic material seem to be weaving through each other, filling the chasm left by Spence’s burst eye.

You point this out to Jill, who lets out a frustrated groan as she jabs her gun under the creature’s mucilaginous chin, the barrel pointing towards the brain nestled in its skull.

“Just...”

Blam!

“... Fucking...”

Blam!

“... Die...”

Blam!

“... Already!”

Blam!

Spence’s head tilts back, revealing four smoking bullet holes. Then its body slumps backward, any semblance of the afterlife stripped away.

Jill turns to you.

Hear what Jill says on PAGE 24.

“Surely, it’s dead now-”

The monster stirs, a stilted attempt at a roar gurgling in its throat. Before either of you can respond, a section of the ceiling falls, landing square on its head, separating it from its beastly body.

You stare blankly for a second, only for Jill to return to you.

“*Surely*, it’s dead now!”

You barely register the toe-curling chill as you burst through the front door and practically leap over the steps.

The two of you skid to a halt, feet dragging through the dirt as you swivel around to witness the dying gasps of the Looking Glass House.

You barely have time to savor the moment before Jill marches away, following the dirt path.

“There’s no time to waste. I’ve gotta get you to the station so we can present the evidence and get a search party for Leon.”

You obediently follow her to her squad car, parked near the neighboring Raccoon Forest. The two of you climb in, and as Jill turns on the ignition and the car roars to life.

The drive to Raccoon City does not grant you the respite you hoped for. Jill spends the entire trip talking.

She debriefs you on your experience, asks you questions that could help you recover your lost identity, and posits ways Leon could have survived his fall — all essential subjects, but is it worth discussing now? Why not wait until you're both back at the station? After all, that's when you're going to present your evidence-

Wait a minute.

Where's the evidence?

You search every part of your clothing. Then, when that returns nothing, you start rummaging through Jill's car.

"What's wrong?" She asks, eyebrow cocked.

Shit. She can already tell, can't she?

"You're kidding me!" She blurts out before you can respond. "That is the *one* thing we need! You're telling me that you don't have it?"

She pulls the car over.

"Okay. No need to panic. We can retrace our steps, right? It must have fallen out when we were outside of the mansion, right?"

You squeak back that you don't know. It could've been while you were facing off against Spence. You stop yourself before you can elaborate, but it's too late. Jill has already deduced that the evidence is likely buried with the rest of the mansion.

You expect her to kick you out. Instead, she launches a series of punches and expletives at her steering wheel.

Her tirade finished, Jill hangs her head, drawing deep, defeated breaths. She then calmly starts the ignition, and you're moving again.

"Here's what's going to happen. We're going to go to the station and demand to see the Chief. I'm gonna tell him the bare minimum — enough that we don't sound crazy. You're going to corroborate my story, and *only* my story, okay?"

You nod, only to remember that she's not looking at you. So, you croak affirmatively.

"We can fix this. It's gonna be a helluva lot harder without that damn evidence, but we can still fix this."

You sink back into the leather seat as you can spot the looming Raccoon Police Department building, where your night's only getting started.

You wouldn't make it two steps before one of these amped-up marines perforated you into red mist. So, you stay seated, cursing as the uncomfortable train seat causes your back to ache. Did Umbrella's employees deal with this every day? They needed to unionize.

One is briefing his team. You try to listen in, but he uses terminology you don't understand.

He is interrupted by the crackle of static that fills an overhead monitor. You all turn to see the grimace of what you presume is the Red Queen.

She doesn't speak. A devilish grin crawls across her young face. She has you right where she wants you.

The train dramatically picks up speed. The carriage erupts into chaos. The ensuing din completely drowns out One's attempt to yell coherent orders at his panicking comrades. Gravity and momentum are working their magic, tossing everyone around like ragdolls – everyone, that is, except you.

You remain seated, fingernails digging into your thighs as you stare forward, trying not to imagine how it'll feel when the impacted walls of this train pulverize your body into a meaty sludge.

YOU ARE DEAD

You snatch the phone from its cradle and redial Isaacs. With every trill of the dial tone, doubts seep in about whether he will even respond. However, you cling to the logic that a man like Isaacs won't pass up an opportunity to gloat.

Click!

“Shouldn't you be running?”

You offer him a deal through gritted teeth — information on all the activists and freedom fighters plotting to take Umbrella down. You know their identities, the locations where they gather, their plans, and all the company dirt they have. It is all Isaac's if he agrees to call off the self-destruct.

Hopefully, he doesn't realize this is all one giant bluff.

“Hmm, you've certainly piqued my curiosity. Perhaps we can make a deal, after all.”

Yes! Don't mess this up.

Wait, never mind. A large chunk of the ceiling has broken off, landing right where you're standing. Jill and Leon recoil as they're splattered in whatever parts of you weren't ground into the floor.

YOU ARE DEAD

Your head hurts – not because of the whole amnesia issue, but because you’ve been utterly info-dumped by your new companions.

To recap, you are surrounded by members of the Umbrella Sanitation Team. Their leader operates by the callsign of One, but there is also a techie named Kaplan, a pair of soldiers called JD and Rain, a medic, and two more commandos whose names you might have remembered if they weren’t the blandest-looking humans you’ve ever seen.

As if that wasn’t enough, you’re currently seated in a rocking train, hurtling at full speed toward an unknown fate.

At least you’re not bored, as One has some of the answers you desperately seek.

For starters, your entire life is a sham! You are a security officer working for the Umbrella Corporation, and your job involves protecting the entrance to the Hive, an underground laboratory where Umbrella’s real work gets done.

Your amnesia? You can thank the mansion’s built-in defenses, such as an incredibly potent nerve gas. The jury is still out on how long it will take for your memories to return.

Ponder this further on PAGE 30.

That leaves the question as to why. Did you fail at your job? Was the mansion punishing you for your insolence?

One smirks.

“Not exactly.”

He continues his briefing. Five hours ago, there was an incident. The Red Queen, the artificial intelligence that controls the workings of the Hive, went homicidal. In minutes, Umbrella’s many employees were utterly wiped out.

The Sanitation Team is here to figure out why, and you’re here to help them. They need you in case you can recall even the slightest detail that can conclude the mission as soon as possible.

You’re not sure if it’s the burst dam of information sloshing around your densely packed skull or the erratic movements of this train, but your world is spinning.

Perhaps it’s the implication that your destination is an underground office building where a psychopathic computer has murdered everyone inside.

Kaplan extends an arm towards you, displaying a screen on his wrist keyboard.

Watch what he’s showing you on PAGE 31.

The images are harrowing – a corporate techno-snuff film. A fully populated elevator plunges to the ground, its occupants crying and screaming as gravity mashes them together into a bloody paste. A team of scientists tries to axe their way out of a laboratory flooded by water from the overhead fire sprinklers. People – perfectly ordinary, everyday people, are trampling each other to try and reach the exit before a gas dispenses from the ceiling and chokes the life out of them.

You fight the lump in your throat to ask One what he and his team plan to do once they reach the Hive.

“Our primary objective is to determine what caused the Red Queen’s massacre. We will confront her, negotiate, and, if necessary, terminate her.”

Terminate her? Is she still operational?

“Don’t worry,” One reassures you, “Not only are you a highly capable security expert, but we have been extensively trained as well.”

Rain, a muscular woman with a jaw that could cut glass, gives you a flex.

“These guns ain’t just for show!”

Your eyes drift over One's boisterous subordinates. You want to go along with their bravado but can't will yourself. It's easy to believe that these are trained professionals. One, with his calm, workmanlike demeanor, indeed projects that. But your instincts tell you this crew doesn't know what they're stepping into. Perhaps those instincts are worth listening to.

Maybe it's a better idea to let the Hive keep its secrets. Let it be an overpriced mausoleum for the unfortunate souls of corporate America. Let the Umbrella Corporation eat the cost and learn a valuable lesson about OSHA compliance.

As the train speeds toward the destination, you spot the emergency brake at the front of the carriage. It's a small lever, and the team probably won't appreciate you pulling it. But if you can stop this train carriage, you might have a chance to escape before you're forced to go toe-to-toe with an advanced, sadistic machine hell-bent on your death.

"We have an ETA of about ten minutes," One announces. "If you have any last-minute preparations, now's the time to make them."

*Stay seated and accept your fate on PAGE 27.
Stop the train on PAGE 120.*

Going after Isaacs now would be a fool's errand. You need to keep moving. Jill and Leon agree with this sentiment, and the three of you set off.

"You work in security," Jill asserts, "There has to be a checkpoint or an office you could lead us to — somewhere we can find intel, access codes, maybe even some building schematics—"

"And guns," Leon chimes in, "Don't forget guns."

You concentrate as hard as possible to remember where such a place could be. There are brief flashes, like afterimages that linger when you blink.

You might know where to go next.

It takes some time, but you eventually lead the two police officers to the security station. Once you're inside, you remember how it all works.

Your first order of business is to pull up the surveillance footage from earlier today. You want to eliminate any possibility that you're responsible for any of this.

You watch Spence roll out of the bed you share, shoving their clothes on, scribbling the fateful note, and kissing your forehead before leaving.

Once he's gone, you slot a robe over your bare body and leave the bed, opening your bedside drawer to reveal a cell phone that you use make a call.

You would usually be appalled to know that Umbrella was listening to your conversations. However, as you tell the person on the other end of the line about your plan to betray Spence and take down Umbrella, you feel relief.

With that, you lead Leon and Jill to the gun safe, opening it to reveal that, in the wake of the outbreak, your colleagues pilfered it and left very little for you.

Still, you can equip your comrades with some finely tuned hardware.

A ringing phone slices through the silence, startling you. You answer it on speaker, only for a modulated voice on the other end to make your skin crawl.

"I foresaw you dying a lot sooner. Serves me right for underestimating you. You always were a lot smarter than your late partner."

It's Isaacs. He's watching you. You demand to know what happened to Spence.

"Oh, they're fine — sedated, but fine."

Wait a second, sedated?

“Of course! I couldn’t have them awake while I made the extraction. Now that I have a DNA sample, I can work on a whole new strain of virus — one that will make the T-virus obsolete!”

So, was Isaacs the one that infected Spence?

“That’s the best part, I didn’t need to! They were in such a hurry to leave the lab they didn’t observe the stringent safety protocols that we put in place for this exact reason. Once they reached the surface, it wasn’t long before they succumbed to the virus and infected the grounds staff. But it seems your ex-partner has some truly advanced genetics. Their response to the T-virus was like nothing I’d ever seen before-”

“You psycho!” Jill interrupts, “We’re going to find the cure and put an end to this-”

Isaacs cuts her off with a cold cackle.

“You dumb bitch. Do you know where the cure is? It’s buried deep underground in an extremely fortified laboratory you’ll never reach. Not even your amnesiac friend can get you there, especially not in time.”

“In time for what?”

“Oh, that’s right, I didn’t tell you! Now that I’ve acquired the DNA sample, I have no use for this junkyard full of walking corpses. This building will come down on your heads in a matter of minutes.”

“What?” Leon gasps.

With that, Isaacs ends the call.

You weigh up your options. Running might not be your best move, given that you’d be in an unstable building with monsters lurking around every corner. There is a high risk of dodging some debris to charge into the open arms of a waiting zombie.

If you could access the computer terminal, you could try shutting it off yourself, even though such an action is a little outside your expertise.

You could even call Isaacs back. If you can appeal to his greed or ego, you can convince him that you’re an ally worth saving.

You’d better decide quickly, though. The room is starting to rumble, and pieces of the ceiling are breaking away.

The countdown has already begun.

Try and stop it yourself on PAGE 42.

Try and change Isaacs’ mind on PAGE 28.

Get a bloody move on to PAGE 53.

You must do something. Amidst shocked grunts from the rest of your team, you take off after the still-screaming Isaacs. Who knows how long until Spence turns him into the next meal?

You scramble through the maze of corridors, guided by the eerie wailing, the miasma of inhuman sweat glands, and the trail of viscous goo from Spence's mutated body.

Eventually, the trail stops at a dead end — at least, that's how it would appear to the untrained eye. You spot a console with three buttons, one of which has to open a secret door that will lead you to Spence. But which one?

There's no time. You press the first one that comes to mind.

A compartment slides open on the ceiling above your head. As you plan your way up, a swarm of glossy black feathers descends with a cacophony of cawing.

With a snap of your optic nerves, your eyes are plucked from your head, followed by your tongue and everything else.

You feel every second of it.

YOU ARE DEAD

Jill and Leon are so absorbed with their crime scene that you have no trouble slinking away.

Time to find a way out of here that doesn't involve a tango with the hellhound running around outside. There's gotta be another way out.

You hear footsteps dragging across the carpet. You're not alone. Whoever it is, they sound injured. Maybe they're part of the Mansion's staff. You might know them. They could even help you.

Jill is *pissed*.

She's practically dragging Leon by the ear as she goes on a warpath to find you, kicking herself for letting you get away.

The last image your brain will ever register is the look of sheer horror on their face when they find you.

Then, with a gnashing of teeth, your head separates from your neck and shoulders, falling to the floor, immortalizing your shock when the person you calmly approached turned you into their dinner.

That's the only thing about you that's immortal, though.

YOU ARE DEAD

How dead does Spence need to be? It's time to get out of here.

On any other night, you'd curse the foul weather as it tightens your skin and chatters your teeth. Not tonight, though, as you take in lungfuls of fresh air.

The mansion continues its protracted death as more breaks away and falls to the earth below. Both you and Jill turn to the remains.

"My car's not too far from here," Jill announces. "I'll drive us to the station. Be ready to back me up."

After this? Talking to some cops will be a walk in the park. Although, as you follow Jill to her squad car and she climbs in, you can't help but feel like something is wrong.

Before you can voice your concerns, the car is flattened, crushing Jill in the driver's seat. The newly healed Spence-Monster lifts you off the ground by both of your arms and tears you in half, tossing each side to the grass. As you bleed to death, you watch Spence step over your twitching other half into Raccoon Forest. It won't be long before they reach the city.

It's going to be a massacre.

YOU ARE DEAD

You let Jill lead the way as you move down. The mansion's elusiveness slowly erodes as more of the building crumbles away.

You lose track of time, but you reach the point where, hypothetically, you should be able to find Leon. You and Jill stand at the edge of a steel catwalk overlooking a swirling mass of thrashing water.

The bad news is that there is no sign of Leon. The good news is that means he could still be alive. It's slim, but you must believe he's tough enough to make it.

Jill mutters, "This water has to connect somewhere. If we can get back to the station, I can find out where, and start a search party—"

You don't see what causes the catwalk to buckle and throw you off, but you feel your body seize as the waves envelope you and drag you away. Hopefully, it will lead you to Leon, and Jill won't be too far behind.

Then, you are shoved into a helictite that spears through your stomach, shattering your ribs and exposing your organs to the powerful current. As your innards are torn out and paraded like ribbons, you hope Jill and Leon are doing better than you.

YOU ARE DEAD

You can make it. At least, that's what you tell yourself as you make a beeline for the exit.

Enough is enough. You don't need to know what secrets are contained in this mansion's walls anymore. Your identity? That doesn't matter. You can always start anew. You'll figure it out.

You duck your head amidst a hail of yelling and gunfire and turn a sharp corner, slamming against a nearby wall.

You hear a gruff female voice in the distance as you collect your thoughts.

"I'm glad they ran. Been itchin' to shoot something ever since we left HQ."

It hits you how much trouble you're having breathing. Usually, you'd chalk this up to anxiety or exhaustion, but this is different – way more intense.

Now that you mention it, your chest hurts.

Your chest *really* hurts, actually.

You look down, noticing the pool of blood forming at your feet. The freshly formed bullet holes in your chest that you overlooked thanks to adrenaline probably had something to do with that.

YOU ARE DEAD

You leap to a nearby computer terminal, your fingers hovering over the keys as you try to remember your login details. Come on, you've used this hardware before!

"Shouldn't we start running?" Leon asks, motioning toward the door. You shush him as you start typing. In a matter of seconds, you're logged in.

You must admit that the Umbrella Corporation's software is incredibly user-friendly for a company that hates humanity. You easily navigate the settings and find the countdown for the self-destruct sequence. You must input a series of codes generated by an authenticator app on your desktop to stop it.

So, you start inputting the codes, Leon and Jill hovering over your shoulder, watching every key press.

The final code isn't from the authenticator. A text box tells you to contact security. You're supposed to remember it.

You strain every muscle in your body as you try to force the memories of the final code to surface. But they never come.

You were so close. But you should've run.

YOU ARE DEAD

You shut Kaplan down, asserting that you will never bring back the Red Queen. You'd rather tango with mindless zombie drones than a hyperintelligent murderbot that has complete control over the building.

Kaplan radiates anxiety as you lead him to the exit. You try to give him a reassuring glance. You've made it this far; you can find a way out without her.

Well, at the very least, you gave it a red hot go. That fact is little consolation given your current condition, but it has to count for something.

You think of the scientists you saw in that surveillance footage, struggling as the Red Queen flooded their lab with the fire sprinklers. You wonder if they felt the same way you do now.

It's a long story. You were running from an impenetrable mob of zombies, only to slip and fall into a pool of collected water. This wouldn't be an issue had you not severely injured your leg from the fall.

All you can do now is watch the murky shapes hovering above the water's surface as the oxygen slowly and agonizingly ebbs from your imploding lungs.

YOU ARE DEAD

You don't even wait for the Red Queen to appear before you start lobbing threats. Is it possible to catch an artificial intelligence off guard? You feel like this is the closest you're ever going to get.

She reminds you, "If you were to reactivate your EMP, you risk trapping yourselves down here. Certainly not an enviable position."

So, you counter by alerting the Red Queen that if Umbrella doesn't hear from any of you, they will send more soldiers to the Hive.

Then, it hits you. You've been thinking about this all wrong. The Red Queen didn't go homicidal during the outbreak. She went homicidal *because* of it! She was trying to contain the T-virus by killing everyone before they could reach the surface.

You inform the Red Queen that Umbrella will likely send more people if they don't not hear from their sanitation team. If she's not there to deter them, they will open the doors and risk the zombies getting out.

She can't risk being shut off if she wants to complete her primary objective!

See the Red Queen's response on PAGE 45.

Her stature doesn't change as she processes this new information.

"You make a good point. Perhaps we can help each other out, after all."

It's not long before you and Kaplan find Rain. She looks only a small degree of separation from the zombies she's still trying to fight.

Upon seeing you, her burgundy eyes widen, emblazoned on her ghostly face behind a thick layer of sweat and pus.

"You've got some nerve!" She growls. But, before she can lunge at you, Kaplan steps in between, loudly expositing the situation as quickly as he can.

The second Rain realizes the truth, the fight leaves her body, and you and Kaplan need to keep her upright.

You assure her that you're all going to get out of here.

The Red Queen stays true to her word, and your path to the exit comes with no resistance. Your heart flutters as you see the door, sensing salvation on the other side.

"Hold it!"

The Red Queen appears in front of you.

“This was not the deal. I agreed to help you escape. You did not say anything about harboring an infected person.”

“I’m right here, bitch,” Rain coughs.

“I am not going to let a compromised individual leave the Hive. That goes against both my programming and common sense.”

You try to negotiate, explaining that you could find help on the surface.

“There is only one cure for the T-virus. It was stolen by your partner when they started the outbreak in the first place.”

Spence! You ask her where they are. If they have the cure, you could retrieve it from them.

“You’ll find them just beyond this door. They almost escaped, so I had to enact — well, let’s just say that desperate times called for desperate measures.”

Kaplan chimes in, “If the cure is on the other side of this door, why can’t we just use it?”

“It has a small success rate as is, particularly on someone as infected as your friend. I cannot allow for such a risk.”

This is ridiculous! You can’t just leave her here, not when there’s a chance that she could be saved.

“We have deliberated on this long enough,” the Red Queen jabs at you, “I am not going to grant you an exit if you are unprepared to honor your end of the deal.”

You ask what that’s supposed to mean.

“She is infected,” the Red Queen reiterates, “You need to kill her now. It is the only way I’ll ever let you out of here.”

“That’s bullshit!” Kaplan exclaims.

“She’s right,” Rain croaks as she pulls away from you and Kaplan. “I’m a liability. You two don’t deserve to die because of me.”

Damn it, the cure is right on the other side!

“Besides... I don’t — I don’t wanna end up like one of those things, walking around without a soul.”

“Kill her! The longer you wait, the higher the likelihood that she will turn! Her body can only hold out for so long against the effects of the T-virus!”

That’s one thing you and the Red Queen can agree on. Time is of the essence. You need to make a decision, and you need to make it now.

Sorry, but Rain has to die on PAGE 5.

No! There is another way on PAGE 116.

Ultimately, you decide that helping these two with their investigation is your best chance of leaving here alive.

You explain that you know where to find more powerful weapons than standard-issue police sidearms. However, you can't blame Jill and Leon for their skepticism since you've already made a failed escape attempt. You're going to have to earn their trust first.

Jill instructs Leon as the investigation continues. She has established a DNA trail. Whomever this blood belonged to, their body was going through the ringer. Notable saliva stains, tufts of hair, handprints – they lead the three of you from the dining room and deeper into the mansion.

The further you venture, the less familiar it feels – not the best feeling when you know that danger could be around any corner.

Bump!

A struggle. Somebody's in trouble. The three of you crowd around the door.

Jill and Leon nod to each other, guns at the ready.

Investigate the struggle on PAGE 49.

As you would expect, Jill takes point. She kicks the door open, her boot threatening to launch it off its hinges. The two officers rush inside, pointing their guns at a scuffle that has broken out between two men.

One of them looks like the typical inhabitant of a mansion, his extensively groomed appearance accentuated by a perfectly tailored dark suit. He holds off his opponent — a grimy, ravenous figure in dirty work clothes.

“Both of you, freeze!” Jill orders the two men.

“With all due respect,” the suit bleats back in a British accent, turning his face away from the snapping body above him, “I don’t think this is the kind of situation you can de-escalate!”

Leon takes a shot, hitting the aggressor right between the eyes and throwing him to the floor. As Leon moves to inspect his kill, Jill helps the suit to his feet. As you look closer at this man, you realize you remember his name. He is Dr. Alexander Isaacs, and you’ve encountered him before. Unfortunately, you can’t remember the specifics of this encounter.

“My God!” Leon exclaims, “Look at this guy! His skin is rotting off. He’s like some kind of zombie!”

Uhh, zombies? Head to PAGE 50.

“Not ‘like’,” Issacs interjects, brushing himself off from the encounter. “This man *is* a zombie.”

Leon runs a hand through his hair.

“What the hell is going on around here?”

“You’re at the epicenter of a biological outbreak that appears to have turned normal people into decaying cannibals.”

“Why here? Why this mansion?”

“Do you know who owns this building? You’re in one of the many facilities of the Umbrella Corporation. It appears that this is one of their experiments gone wrong.”

You ask why he’s talking like that — as if he doesn’t work for Umbrella.

He nods, “You’re right. I do. I have culpability in all of this. That’s why I’m here. This viral outbreak has a cure. If I can find it, I can set everything right.”

“How noble,” Jill sarcastically barbs.

“Fine. Don’t believe me. Arrest me. Take me back to the station. I promise I won’t resist. However, you’re here because of the disappearances, right? They won’t stop for due process.”

Leon turns to his superior officer.

Find out what he wants on PAGE 51.

“Officer Valentine, I — I think he might have a point. If there’s a cure for this, maybe we should help him find it.”

Jill turns from Leon to Isaacs. With a frustrated sigh, she nods.

“I think you’re right. Good call, rookie.”

Leon can’t help but grin. You feel happy for him, but then Jill turns to you.

“What about you, amnesiac? Do you work for Umbrella too?”

“They do,” Isaacs answers, “in security, which would explain the amnesia.”

You ask what he means by that.

“In the event of a crisis like this, Umbrella has measures it employs to prevent information getting out. This includes nerve gas with... well... side effects.”

As you ponder these answers, he shifts his attention to Jill and Leon.

“I hope I’ve answered enough of your questions. We really need to get moving.”

Unease permeates throughout the room. Based on your limited information, what do you want to do about Dr. Alexander Isaacs?

Confront Isaacs with everyone on PAGE 65.

Let’s keep moving to PAGE 112.

Confront Isaacs one-to-one on PAGE 19.

A small panel with a red light is next to the elevator door. As you examine it closely, you remember that you oversaw its installation.

It has two modes of opening. Anybody can activate it with a keycard. However, being state-of-the-art tech, it also contains a biometric scanner that responds to the security staff.

So, you press your thumb against the scanner. In seconds, you can hear the elevator begin its descent.

You turn to Rain, who can't help but smile.

Then, there's a *ding*, and you hear the elevator doors open. Rain's smile disappears as you feel a wall of hands reach out and grab every part of your body.

You land on your back inside the cramped elevator space to a sea of dark, vacant eyes.

Then, all you can feel are nails and teeth digging into your skin, ripping your flesh away, tearing the meat from your bones. Rain can only watch in horror as your body is picked completely clean.

At least, in your final moments, you can live with the knowledge that, after your imminent death, there won't be enough left for you to come back.

YOU ARE DEAD

You wrench open a nearby desk drawer, procure a thumb drive with the Umbrella logo printed on its side, and jab it into one of the terminal's ports.

"Hey, now's not the time!" Jill blurts out.

Except, she's wrong. Now is precisely the time. You're never going to get this opportunity again. You navigate the all-too-familiar Umbrella operating system, downloading a sea of folders to the small storage device.

As soon as the download is done, you pocket the device. Now that you have evidence of Umbrella's misdeeds, you can leave this building to die.

You're a rat in a maze, hoping an exit will present itself. This mansion has many doors, yet none seem to lead to the open.

Adding to the frustration, the meteor shower does little to deter the zombies. They're still trying to grab at you and your cohorts as you rush past them.

You stop at an intersection of corridors, catching your breath as you select which way to go.

“How’re you finding your first night, rookie?”
Jill pants at Leon.

“They didn’t teach any of this in basic training,” He responds between gasps of air before adding, “How am I doing?”.

“Once we get that evidence back to the station, I’ll promote you myself.”

“You can do that?”

“If we survive this, I reckon we can do anything.”

They share a light chuckle as you impulsively charge through the first door.

This mansion’s Escher-esque layout is exhausting. Each door leads to ten more. You wish you had a map so you weren’t just running in disorienting art deco-fueled circles.

Crash!

Both you and Jill turn to the space Leon previously stood in, which is now empty. In his place is a hole in the floor made from a large chunk of the ceiling.

You peer inside, calling out Leon’s name. He’s dangling precariously below, a hand wrapped around some exposed rebar. Below him is a void threatening to swallow him whole the second he lets go.

Try and save him on PAGE 55.

“Leon!” Jill cries out, arm outstretched, desperately reaching for her partner. It’s no use. He’s too far away.

You yell to Leon that he needs to try to climb up. You can both reach and pull him out if he can get closer, even just a little.

Your heart races as he extends an arm, feeling for a handhold. His contorted face and whimpering breaths tell you the toll that this is taking on his body. Between that and the missiles falling around him, he has only seconds.

You encourage him to keep going. He’s making progress; if he keeps it up, he might reach you in time.

You join Jill on the edge, stretching your arm as far as possible, trying not to get vertigo as you gaze into the abyss. Luckily, you have Leon to distract you as he clasps your hand in his. He stares desperately into your eyes as you brace yourself, pulling him upward.

Jill grabs his other hand, helping you pull him up. You’re both so preoccupied you don’t notice the wooden cabinet from an upper floor until it sails down and collides with Leon, whacking him out of your grasp.

In an instant, he's gone.

You're left with a sustained scream that grows fainter as he disappears into the darkness.

Jill shakes with rage.

"We have to go down there! We need to find him! I can't leave him, not till I know for sure that he's dead!"

What you need is to find an exit. However, since you've been running around in circles, maybe going down is the answer after all.

Should you go back for Leon?

*Jill's right; we need to go back for Leon on
PAGE 40.*

*Leon's likely dead, and we need to keep
moving to PAGE 77.*

You might not remember everything about how the Umbrella Corporation operates, but it doesn't take a genius to figure out that you're likely looking at a trap.

You tell the others that you're leaving the gun behind. You expect to have to argue the reason, but Leon and Jill nod in agreement. Even Isaacs remains quiet.

You ask Isaacs where he expects to find the T-virus cure. He tries to handwave the question, but you press further. If you can trip him up, you could coerce him into revealing what he's really up to.

He's playing dumb. You can tell because Isaacs is the type of person who detests playing dumb, gritting his teeth as he replies that he doesn't know where the cure could be and is winging it just like you. If you're noticing his behavior, it's only a matter of time before somebody as intuitive as Jill notices, too.

Before you can press Isaacs further, Leon approaches a door, cautiously wrapping a hand around the doorknob.

He leaps back as hands punch through the flimsy wood, opening to reveal rotten fingers with jagged nails.

Leon scrambles as the door is torn apart, releasing a tidal wave of zombies that slams into him. You can see him struggling under the pile of flailing arms. As he bats them aside, he takes a deep breath, like a diver breaking the water's surface for air.

“Officer Val– Jill! Help!”

He doesn't realize that Jill is already firing at the zombies atop him. It's up to you to help him out. The second Jill stops to reload, you lunge at him, digging your hands inside and pulling him out. The snarling mass stumbles as you drag him away and help him up.

He looks you in the eye, and even though the moment is brief, you can tell you have finally earned his trust. Then, he rejoins his partner, and the two continue their defense against the oncoming enemy.

“Officer Valen-”

“Damn it, Leon, just Jill!”

“Jill, there's too many of them!”

“Agreed!”

Once the four of you are accounted for, Jill slams the door and bolts it shut. You all try to catch your breath.

Discuss your next move on PAGE 59.

“They’re not going to stop, are they?” Leon heaves between dry coughs, “They’ll just keep coming until we’re dead!”

“We’ve gotta keep it together!” Jill asserts.

“Easy for you to say, you weren’t trapped under a mountain of ‘em!”

You used to know those zombies. They are the mansion’s staff, responsible for the upkeep while the workers toiled below.

Disparate memories flash in your subconscious of brief interactions you had in your time as a resident of this mansion, and it’s a stark reminder that the monsters clawing at the door used to be human.

“We need a plan,” Jill announces, “We can’t just wait for those things to take down the door and kill us.”

“We don’t have the ammo to kill them all on our own, do we?”

Isaacs sinks into a small armchair.

“Do you?”

Now, all eyes in the room are on him.

“Let’s look at what we know about zombies. They might be relentless, ravenous creatures. But they are also slow, stupid, and not at all impervious if you can hit them in the head.”

Consider this information on PAGE 60.

“Say we miss, though,” Leon interjects. If they get close enough, we’re done!”

“For God’s sake, you’re a cop, aren’t you? Where’s all our taxpayer money going if not making sure you know how to handle a gun?”

Leon keeps his eyes on Isaacs as he mutters, “This guy is really starting to get on my nerves.” Then, he turns to Jill, “I say we run for it. Pick another hallway in this giant hellhole.”

“I agree,” Jill responds as she advances toward Isaac, “and I’m curious as to why you’re so keen on another firefight.”

“I need that cure,” Isaacs snaps back, “The quickest way to it is past those zombies”

“Too bad!” Jill fires, “Majority rules!”

Isaacs chuckles softly.

“But you don’t have a majority, do you?”

He then turns to you.

“Not yet, at least.”

He’s got a point. There are four of you, and you have yet to weigh in on the situation.

There is no sense in being a bystander. Tell the group how you feel.

If Isaacs is correct, head to PAGE 101.

If Jill and Leon are correct, go to PAGE 11.

This is the longest night of your life. Forget the mansion with all its monsters; the Raccoon City Police Station has its fair share of equally hungry ferals.

Upon hearing that Officer Jill Valentine went against orders to conduct an investigation that may have resulted in the death of a fellow officer, the Police Chief flew into a rage that would've been welcomed among the rabid legions of the undead.

Your attempts to corroborate this story are met with an equally unhinged temperament. You can't help but feel that the Chief suspects you of something — possibly even Leon's death. What other reason would he have for foaming at the mouth like this?

Other police officers cast aspersions in your direction with furtive glances. The only one to show any kind of courtesy affably introduces himself as Peyton Wells. He also seems to be the only one who trusts Jill as she talks about the mansion and the potential dangers that lurk inside.

Eventually, the grilling stops, and you're free to go, only to remember that your home was blown up just hours ago.

Figure out what to do on PAGE 62.

Luckily for you, Jill begrudgingly lets you sleep on her couch until you can sort your insurmountable shit out.

Time passes.

As Jill's superiors try to decide what to do with her, she is forced to reveal more and more about the night's events until she is left talking about the Umbrella Corporation and their unethical human and animal experimentation.

From there, it all goes to shit. Jill is suspended from the force, and no Leon is declared dead without any attempt at a search party. It makes you wonder whether Isaacs was telling the truth about the city's corrupt foundation.

Jill takes it about as well as you'd expect. For extended periods, you have the apartment all to yourself, as Jill works tirelessly on the streets to try and find some sense of direction — not to revive her flatlined career, but to try and see even the smallest amount of justice.

Umbrella is operating as strong as ever. You may not know all the financial jargon, but a significant portion of the twenty-four-hour news cycle is dedicated to how well they're doing.

How can you fight back on PAGE 63?

You want to do something — to start the movement that will bring about Umbrella’s downfall. Unfortunately, you missed your chance when you lost your only proof. Now, what are you supposed to do? Start a boycott movement against one of the largest corporate entities/medical monopolies in the world?

“Hey, everyone! Let’s avoid taking medicine so we can hopefully hurt Umbrella’s bottom line. Natural remedies for everyone!”

Then, reports of a viral infection begin to surface. Patients become feverish and experience a significant depletion in their energy levels. This virus is highly contagious, and it’s not long before entire blocks of Raccoon City are quarantined.

Then, the first deaths start to occur. Patients’ immune systems simply cannot handle this aggressive new virus, and the body shuts down.

Umbrella announces that they are aiding the quarantine by walling off the city.

Then, one summer night, all hell breaks loose.

The first reanimation occurs as a patient who had been declared dead minutes ago rises from the examination table and bites a nurse’s fingers off.

From there, keeping track of the infected becomes impossible as the transmission rate skyrockets.

Riots break out. The RPD is spread thin, trying to contain both the rebelling masses and the cannibal hordes. Their numbers are thinned, and it's not long before zombies in riot armor join the commotion.

As you watch through a window on the top floor, you conclude that you will have to leave soon. Fleeing the city will be difficult, with Umbrella's notoriously well-armed security checkpoints, but you won't survive if you stay.

Not because of the zombies, though. They have overtaken the city, but they are down below.

However, the United States Government won't ignore a situation like this. They will do anything to keep this infection from spreading to other cities, including razing the city to the ground if needed. It's only a matter of time before everything is liquefied in atomic hellfire.

So, you continue to watch the chaos unfolding on the streets below, making observations and plotting your escape.

However, that's a story for another time.

Go to PAGE 135.

You point an accusatory finger at Dr. Isaacs, announcing that he's hiding something from the group. You're unsure what, but you suspect he'll cave if you keep pressing.

You accuse him of being responsible for everything, including the virus, the outbreak, the deaths, the zombies — anything you can pin on him.

His response is simple.

“And you're not?”

Wait, no.

“Don't forget, you're still an Umbrella employee. If Umbrella wants to contain this outbreak, why would they knock you out? Perhaps you're pointing fingers because you're hiding something too. Why don't you tell the group what you stand to gain from this virus?”

You panic. This is not going how you expected. Then you get an idea. Maybe, if you can retreat to the bedroom, there's evidence that can exonerate you.

So, you make a second attempt to run from Jill and Leon. But, this time, they're wise to you.

And that Leon Kennedy is one helluva shot.

YOU ARE DEAD

The Red Queen materializes in the center of the room.

“Your heart rate, your blood pressure and flow, your breathing — the cortisol and adrenaline surging through your body; you’re both terrified.”

You ignore the comment and immediately start negotiations, proposing that the Red Queen lets you live, and you won’t blast her circuits beyond repair.

“Uhh, guys?”

Both you and the Red Queen turn to Kaplan, who is still struggling against the door.

“The — uh, the door’s not opening.”

The Red Queen lets out a bratty little giggle. Kaplan twitches with rage, and suddenly, you understand what she’s trying to do.

You yell for Kaplan to stop as he activates the EMP, instantly wiping out the Red Queen.

The satisfied smirk quickly disappears from Kaplan’s face as he realizes he’s just eliminated the only one who could open the door for you.

Get comfortable. You two are trapped in here. Forever.

YOU ARE DEAD

Even if you could figure out how to open the elevator, it probably wouldn't be safe. You remember the footage that One showed you. The Red Queen might not be around, but an elevator full of infected is still a possibility.

Then, you tap into another memory. Specifically, you recall the emergency procedures during a fire in the Hive.

You blurt out that there's a fire escape.

"Then what the hell are we doing here?" Rain replies, "Lead the way, already!"

The stairs lead upward, and you end up shouldering through a door into a dark room, barely illuminated by the dim bulbs of emergency lighting. The place looks like a graveyard, with gray office cubicles serving as mausoleums for the rat race. Everything is in complete disarray — documents are strewn about the room, computers are smashed in, splotches of blood haphazardly dot the desks, walls, and carpet, and corpses line the floor, their heads brutally bashed in.

At least it looks like nobody's getting up.

Rain limps into the room. She's not looking good.

She's still human, though — at least, for now.

You follow her as she's drawn to one of the computers, its monitor glowing brightly.

She grips the mouse, clicking at different parts of the screen.

"Do you reckon you could help me out here? There's gotta be a way to check the security feed, and... well... you work security."

Your fingers fly across the keys, tapping away as you enter commands and passwords.

A series of camera feeds fill the screen, representing a simpler time when you were a humble security officer in a perfectly normal mansion owned by a pharmaceutical company.

Your bedroom encompasses the frame, the curtains opening automatically, and the sun pouring in to reveal your shifting body in your bed. As your past self gets up and leaves the frame, you notice someone else lying there. They step out, stretching and yawning.

"Who the hell is this?" Rain asks.

Spence. Their name is Spence.

The camera cuts from feed to feed as you follow Spence through their morning routine, which includes the note you found in your room.

'Today, all your dreams come true.'

You ponder its meaning as Spence sets off, joining all the worker drones on the train to the Hive.

Eventually, you watch Spence extract a small blue vial from a white chamber. Maybe it's your amnesia, but you don't remember this being in the scope of your job description.

Spence tosses the vial to the floor, barging out of the room as it shatters.

The commotion starts — the frenzied workers, the homicidal Red Queen, the zombies...

Spence was the one who started the outbreak.

You hear a *click* as a heavy chill hits that spot where your spine meets your brain.

“You have one chance to tell me who you really are. If I don't like what I hear, your brains become part of the decor.”

You don't say anything. What can you say in a situation like this? Rain's cold, clammy hand grips the back of your head, slamming your face against the desk.

“I can't believe we fell for it. Amnesia? Really? We let this goddamn shithole eat us alive when the answer was right in front of us the whole time.”

Try to convince her otherwise on PAGE 70.

You try to explain that this isn't what it looks like, even though, deep down, you're not entirely sure what it is anyway.

"You're in bed with the one who started all this shit! What did they write? All your dreams come true? It sounds like you were waiting for today to happen!"

She averts her unblinking gaze, coughing up specks of blood and phlegm.

The situation looks dire. For all you know, Rain could be correct. Perhaps the old you planned for today. Maybe you worked with Spence to kill all of these people. You would've gotten away with it, too, had the Red Queen not gassed you in the shower.

If that's the case, you have changed your mind. You don't want this. You want to stop Spence and the outbreak and ensure that Umbrella and their virus don't hurt anybody else.

Can you convince Rain of that, though?

"I can't reach Rain," then go to PAGE 93.

"I can reach Rain!" then go to PAGE 103.

Kaplan is a friendly tech whiz, but those aren't qualities that will get you out of here. Logic says you should go with Rain.

"Huh. You're still here?"

She's not exactly pleased.

"Whatever. Just don't get in my way."

It's a solid trade-off. You might remember the way out of here, and she could help you get there unscathed. You both turn a corner to find a woman in wearing a lab coat, standing with her back to you. Her body is drenched, blonde hair plastered to her shoulders.

"A survivor!" Rain announces as she lowers her weapon, approaching them.

Then the scientist turns around, snarling at Rain with vacant eyes, before sinking its teeth into her exposed hand. She cries out in pain.

Her look of shock turns to vindictive rage. With a grunt, teeth gritted, she raises the barrel of her gun and jams it into the scientist's chin, pulling the trigger and spraying its brains against the ceiling.

As the lobotomized scientist limply flops to the floor, visceral puree spilling out of its shattered cranium, Rain surveys the ragged bite marks lining her hand.

You examine the corpse as it twitches in its death throes. Seeing its degraded form, manipulated by rigor mortis-infused tics, unlocks a memory for you.

You are looking at a zombie.

The Umbrella Corporation created zombies.

Rain is starting to get the picture as well. As she wraps her bleeding hand, you're both startled by a cacophony of distant groans.

"The doors," Rain gasps, "When we shut down the Red Queen, we unlocked all the doors."

Her fearful eyes meet yours.

"We let them out."

As if on cue, the zombies pile into the cramped space, crawling over each other to see if the sound of a gunshot heralds a potential source of food. Rain snaps into action, firing her rifle with scary precision, knocking the zombies down, one after the other.

You're not doing so well. Without a firearm, you're forced to duck and weave as the shambling hordes of undead attempt to grab at you. But you're starting to tire, and these monsters have strength in numbers.

Get a weapon on PAGE 73.

You dive by Rain, snatching the sidearm holstered to her thigh. She flinches, but when you headshot an oncoming creature that was mid-lunge at her, all seems to be forgiven.

Despite your debilitating amnesia, you haven't forgotten how to handle a gun.

You and Rain make quite the team as the two of you take turns mowing down the unrelenting horde. It's like you trained with the sanitation team, seamlessly responding to all her callouts and coordinating your movements with hers.

But you're not delusional. You can tell that the mob isn't thinning. The Umbrella Corporation is vast, with many employees on the payroll worldwide, let alone in the Hive.

Like a hydra, every kill is replaced by two more of its ilk. You've run out of ammo.

You need an exit strategy.

Lucky for you, Rain is on the same wavelength. She concentrates her fire on the surrounding industrial equipment — pipes burst with steam jets, sparks fly, and debris sprays outward. These won't kill the zombies, but it's effectively deterring them. Rain has bought the two of you a few precious minutes.

You keep pace with Rain as she breaks into a sprint. Neither of you knows where you're going, but at least you're getting away from here.

You have reached a dead end.

Well, not exactly. You're at an elevator but can't see the button to call it. You strain, trying to force yourself to remember how the elevators work in this damned place.

The zombies signal their slow approach with a chorus of groans.

"Goddamn it!" Rain exclaims, "You work here! What the hell do we do?"

Good question.

It's time to figure out the answer.

*Find an alternative on PAGE 67.
Use the elevator on PAGE 52.*

You might have gotten lucky with that first fight. However, multiple zombified dogs at once could be challenging, especially without a weapon.

You turn and flee from the charging canines. Suddenly, you notice how far from the entrance you are. Is it just you or is that door farther than before?

You pump your arms and legs, muscles tensing as breathing becomes more difficult than expected. Shit, it feels like the night's events are starting to get to you.

But you reach the door! You're about to close it when a dog slams into you. You can feel your knee dislodge as your leg bends backward, the shattered bone piercing your skin.

Before you can hit the floor, mouthfuls of razor-sharp teeth clamp down all over your body, tearing the skin, breaking the bones, and mulching the viscera. In a matter of minutes, you're reduced to a wriggling puddle of gore being lapped up off the floor by eager tongues.

As your dying body lets out its last twitches, the dog keeper joins in on the feast, too.

Bon appetite.

YOU ARE DEAD

Screw standing around. You want to be where the action is. You step into the corridor with One, the medic, and the two commandos whose names you can't remember.

One is the first to reach the other side of the hallway, where a large metal door stands between you and the Red Queen's chamber.

There's a shrill aluminum shriek followed by an ear-piercing *slam!*

A low hum fills the room as a beam of light materializes. It speeds from one end to the other, causing the soldiers to duck and leap in all directions.

Then a sharp stinging juts at your waist. Amidst the unbearable pain, you realize that you can't feel your legs.

As you fall to the floor, you can see your bottom half, as well as the charred meat atop your severed legs. The laser was considerate enough to cauterize your wound so your intestines wouldn't spill out all over the floor.

How considerate.

YOU ARE DEAD

At first, Jill's resistant. Of course, she would be. She doesn't want to accept the fact that her partner likely died on his first night under her watch.

Jill might be stubborn, but she's also pragmatic. She knows that the best way to find him, regardless of whether he's alive or not, is to get out of here first.

Luckily, the self-destruct made that easier. You don't have to worry about locked doors when the walls around them break down.

The two of you rush through the crumbling mansion, sidestepping the larger pieces of falling debris as the smaller fragments cut through your skin. You chew through your lip, fighting the pain. Your chest begs you to stop and catch your breath, but you don't dare. Not now. Stopping means death, and you can't die until you get the evidence to the authorities. You need to take Umbrella down. Then, you can do whatever you want.

A sign of hope emerges from the thick plumes of dust. Your eyes might sting, but seeing the main hall through the thickened tears makes it all worth it. If you can just reach the front door, all this will be over.

Get to the front door on PAGE 78.

Jill gets there first, when a sound stops you both in your tracks — a thunderous roar drowns out the clamor around you. You can almost hear the pain, anguish, and unbridled fury as the vocal cords threaten to tear themselves apart.

You turn to Jill, who raises her gun.

A hulking behemoth shoulders its way into the room, taking gigantic steps toward you. A viridescent exoskeleton has overtaken their flesh, which now sports extra limbs and bony protrusions. The enormous eye on its shoulder is its only ocular apparatus, as the eye sockets on its head appear vacant.

As it towers over you, you make the terrifying realization.

This is Spence. This is what used to be Spence.

There's no point in trying to appeal to whatever memories it might have buried deep underneath all that walking biohazard waste. You're not even sure it recognizes you. It only sees two potential sources of food.

And, right now, all you see is the one thing stopping you from walking out that front door.

Spence begins their attack, lumbering towards you and flailing its deadly limbs.

You leap out of the way as a hail of bullets bounces off its reinforced skin, save for one that grazes its pronounced eye. As you wipe the gelatinous eyeball fluids from your body, Spence growls, lifting a gnarled hand with knotted fingers and cradling its glaring weak spot.

We can hurt it!

But Spence realizes that too, turning their attention to Jill, who reloads her pistol in anticipation. You focus on the room around you. If you can find a weapon, you can help her finish this.

Spence bounds toward Jill, adding arrhythmic jolts to the already convulsing room. You can hear the retaliatory gunshots as you scramble between furnishings, looking for the ideal decor to improvise into an instrument of death.

Then, you remember the letter opener you kept on your person and spot a coat rack by the door. A plan starts to form, and you tear a strip of red silk from your clothing.

It isn't going well for Jill. She is held off the floor in one of Spence's mighty hands. If you're going to do something, now is the time.

With all the strength your muscles have left, you thrust your makeshift spear. The blade fails to penetrate for a split second, and you feel like it's all over. Then, the stainless steel breaks through its mutated cornea, spearing through to the vitreous chamber.

The effects are instantaneous. Spence drops Jill to the floor and doubles back. After an excruciating display of warped sobs, the creature falls, its contorted limbs flailing in all directions.

You help Jill to her feet and survey the walking bioweapon before you.

“What are we waiting for?” Jill snatches your wrist, “Let's go!”

And yet, you're not sure that's the best idea. You need to know that Spence is dead. They might look like it now, but there's still room for doubt. These creatures have a habit of defying death, after all.

“What are you waiting for?” She shouts more aggressively this time.

As the mansion continues to fall, you must make one more decision before leaving.

Run while you still can to PAGE 39.

Make sure Spence is really dead on PAGE 23.

It makes sense that you wouldn't want to stick around in a place where you woke up on the floor, naked and with no memory.

Your journey takes a while as you're re-experiencing this opulent labyrinth for the first time. But you eventually reach the main hall, your boots echoing off the tiled floor.

At first, you're not sure why you don't just march through the front door. It's practically begging you to.

Maybe that's why you're hesitating, though. Everything about this feels too easy — like you're walking into a trap.

When you decide to throw caution to the wind and head outside, you are jolted by a loud knock at the door.

“This is the police! Open up!”

It's a woman's voice, pointed and full of presence — not someone you'd want to mess with under the best circumstances, let alone now. You freeze in place, hoping she will move on.

“I know you're in there!”

Shit.

“Open up this goddamn door, or I'll break it down!”

Might as well do what she says on PAGE 82.

You open the door to find that, sure enough, she is a police officer, the kind of woman you underestimate at your peril. You'd be in awe of her if she wasn't in your way.

Her name tag reads *'Jill Valentine.'*

As she joins you in the main hall, she is accompanied by her partner, a fresh-faced young man whose attempts to appear assertive are undone somewhat by his unkempt uniform and greasy boyband hair. His name tag reads *'Leon Kennedy.'*

They neglect to close the door, allowing a draft to crawl through the space.

You ask the two what they're doing here. Jill responds, "We're investigating a series of disappearances in the surrounding mountains. Since your little mansion is right in the center of it, you can probably understand why I'd want to check it out."

You try to explain your situation to Jill, but you can tell that she's struggling to buy your story. Do you not make for a convincing amnesiac? Even Leon can't help but look at you incredulously.

Jill stops you mid-sentence.

Find out what she says on PAGE 83.

“Right. Here is how this will work: As of right now, you’re in our custody. I’m going to trust my partner to keep you in line as we take a look around. I’m sure you won’t mind.”

Jill orders the two of you to stay put while determining which door to go through. You turn to Leon, who stands unnaturally stiff as he watches your every move.

You clear your throat, hoping to make some small talk. However, the ample, hollow space amplifies the ensuing sound, causing Leon to jump. Great. You’ve barely met him, and you’ve put him on edge.

It’s time to salvage the situation. You ask Leon how long he’s been a cop. He averts his eyes from you, clearly pretending not to have heard the question. Curious, you ask him again.

He replies, “This is my first night.”

Interesting. You press further.

“Yeah. I’m — uh, I’m fresh out of the academy, actually. I would’ve been working the beat if Jill — I mean, Officer Valentine, didn’t ask me to join her in this investigation. How could I turn her down?”

That detail sticks out to you. Perhaps this investigation isn’t so on the level after all.

“It’s different, y’know?” Leon continues, “I graduated top of my class. I assumed that I’d be perfectly cool on the field. But I dunno. It just... feels different.”

He stops himself and awkwardly looks away, trying to hide the slight embarrassment. You can’t help but give him a good-natured smile. He seems to be a good guy.

The moment is interrupted by the return of Jill, who wastes no time in pointing her gun at your face with a scowl.

“Hands in the air, right now!”

Despite being taken aback, you comply.

“When were you going to tell me about the body, huh?”

Body? What body? You try to argue that you don’t know what she’s talking about. You haven’t seen a body at all tonight.

“Argue all you want. You’re still under arrest!”

So, now there’s a dead body involved — more proof that this mansion probably isn’t somewhere you want to be. It’s a shame that, even with the door wide open, Jill probably won’t let you leave.

Make a run for it to PAGE 85.

Let Jill arrest you and go to PAGE 124.

You raise your arms in compliance, prompting Jill to nod to Leon.

With a frown, he moves toward you, procuring handcuffs from his belt. You close your eyes and take a deep breath, hoping the element of surprise will be enough for what happens next.

The second you feel Leon's hand clasp your wrist, you turn your body and cold cock him right in his nose. You then grab him by the lapel, throwing him in the direction of his partner. As she catches him, you run straight for the front door.

As you reach the doorway, you spot a dark figure sprinting on all fours across the windy courtyard, and it's heading right for you. It opens its broad snout to reveal razor-sharp fangs as you question whether you can fight it off.

You decide to take your chances with the pissed-off cops as you slam the door shut, leaving your outside aggressor to growl and bark as it claws at the wood.

"Wha was tha-thing?" Leon blurts out as he holds a handkerchief to his bleeding nose. Jill points her gun at you.

"That's a damn good question."

You try to make your case again, explaining that you're scared and have no idea what's happening.

Sure enough, Jill lowers her gun.

"Fine. I believe you. But if I get the slightest hint that you're going to screw us, I'll use you as beef jerky for our friend outside."

It's a fair proposal that you're more than happy to accept. You suggest Jill show you the body she discovered, as seeing it could jog your memory.

Jill leads you and Leon into a dining room, where your footsteps on the marble floor sync up perfectly with the ticking of a vintage grandfather clock.

Your journey ends on the other side of an elongated table you don't remember eating at. Maybe your previous self found it as tacky as you do now.

Questions about the body start to pile up. Was it somebody you knew? Will seeing them give you an idea of who you might be? Will you recognize the cause of death?

Jill stands over a pile of crusty, dried blood, unable to hide her confusion. She turns to you, gesturing as though she expects an explanation.

You shrug in response.

“The — the body was here, I swear!”

Leon steps forward, pocketing his bloody handkerchief with a snuffle as he scans the room. He must have finally gotten the outpour under control.

“Are you sure it was here, Officer? This is a pretty big room. Maybe it was a different corner.”

“I know it was here.”

“It must have been moved.”

“By who?” Jill gestures at you, “Our friend here was in our custody.”

Leon turns to you, brow furrowed.

“You can’t be the only person here. Who could have moved the body?”

You start to feel like a broken record as you repeat that you are currently experiencing amnesia. Leon might be taking it surprisingly well that you punched him in the face, but you can tell he’s starting to lose patience with you.

And the feeling is mutual. These two might be stellar police officers under normal circumstances, but they are clearly out of their depth here.

The investigation continues. As Jill and Leon scour the room for clues, bickering about the mysterious disappearing body, you notice they're not paying attention to you. It's the perfect opportunity to hang back and reflect on the situation.

You need to get out of this mansion, but there is a rabid monster guarding the front door that you don't feel like scrapping with — at least, not without adequate firepower.

These cops are doing little to assuage your concerns. You suspect they might hold you back at best and risk your life at worst.

Luckily, you know where you can find some pretty powerful guns. You can give these two the slip, head back to your bedroom, and figure out the combination to your gun safe.

That is, of course, provided you don't find resistance along the way. Maybe Jill and Leon could be of service after all.

You'd better decide while Jill and Leon are still distracted.

Stay with the cops on PAGE 48.

Sneak out and go to PAGE 38.

Just walk out to PAGE 125.

Nobody would blame you for wanting to know more about your situation. At least, that's what you tell yourself as you carefully make your way through the mansion's winding halls, trying to decide which of the myriad of doors will get you any closer to the much-needed truth.

With every step, you're confident you're being watched. You're not sure by whom or how, but you can feel eyes baring down on you, observing your every move.

However, you know you can handle a fight. With every new room that you enter, you find yourself instinctively planning. Your synapses fire, identifying objects you can fashion into weapons and avenues for a quick escape.

Eventually, you reach the dining room, and you can't help but be blown away by its scale. You wonder if you had the same reaction in your previous life.

You find the first sign of life – a fireplace that hosts a bright, crackling flame that must have been tended to recently. The closer you get to it, the warmer and safer this space feels. It makes sense when you think about it: if there was imminent danger, who would take the time to tend to the fireplace?

A loud crash plows through the ambiance, and you have to raise your arms to shield yourself from the raining glass shards.

Figures in jet-black military garb descend from the ceiling, their boots crunching the shrapnel below. You thought the guns in your arsenal were impressive. They are packing G36K rifles with AG36 Grenade Launcher attachments.

The tallest member of this squad marches toward you, clasping gloved hands on your shoulders. A deep voice booms from their gas mask, and a pair of eyes stare at you through dark translucent lenses.

“Report!”

Report what? Hello, I’m an amnesiac chilling in my multi-million-dollar mansion. I own guns, and I know kung fu. My taste in clothes vacillates between incredibly decadent and disturbingly plain.

They shake you violently.

“I want your report now, soldier!”

“Sir!”

Another voice joins the fray, and this one is less aggressive.

See who’s talking on PAGE 91.

It belongs to a squad member who has lowered their rifle and is thumbing a small keyboard on their forearm.

“The building’s primary defenses have been activated.”

A finger is pointed at you.

“They may still be experiencing the side-effects.”

So, the building’s defenses were employed against you. That changes things. Perhaps this isn’t your mansion after all.

You count seven soldiers as they bark back and forth at each other. You ignore what they say until they begin sliding off their gas masks. You look closer at the rest of their uniforms. They would be utterly unremarkable without the small Umbrella Corporation logo patch.

You might not remember much, but you know who the Umbrella Corporation is. After all, they’re one of the largest business conglomerates in the world. Their pursuits in the pharmaceutical industry have revolutionized the field of medical science.

It appears they own this mansion, these soldiers, and you.

“You know what this means,” the team leader asserts sternly to the others.

His more soft-spoken subordinate presses more keys on his forearm. A low rumble fills the room as that fireplace you were so fixated on earlier splits in half, sliding away to reveal a passage that extends infinitely into a pool of darkness.

“We are entering the Hive.”

The leader grabs you by the forearm.

“And you’re coming with us.”

You try and protest, but it’s pointless. The leader pulls you toward the beckoning entryway.

You might not know what the Hive is, but; if it brings a chill to a squad of well-armed soldiers, you’re probably not in for a great time.

Entering the Hive might not be the best idea, but neither is getting on the wrong side of the people with guns.

It's time to pick the lesser of two evils.

If you’re going to take your chances with the soldiers, go to PAGE 29.

If there’s no way you’re going into the Hive, go to PAGE 41.

You were never going to convince Rain of your innocence. No sane person would blame you for turning and running.

It seems fate agrees with you, too, as a sudden coughing fit forces Rain to lower her gun, giving you the perfect opportunity to flee.

Congratulations, you are alone as you move through more of the Hive. A few hours ago, you would've appreciated the freedom to find a way out of here without Umbrella soldiers breathing down your neck.

Now, not so much. Every sound, every sensation, every intrusive thought makes you jump. Your fight-or-flight system is in overdrive despite having nobody to fight and nowhere to run.

But memories are working their way back. This time, Spence, your mysterious work colleague, is the center of these revelations.

You reflect on your relationship with them. The marriage might have been a sham — an elaborate facade concocted by Umbrella as your cover, but your feelings for each other became genuine.

The two of you went through all the steps, from keeping things entirely professional to purely physical to opening the emotional floodgates. Did Umbrella foresee this? Was it part of the plan?

You wish you could remember what drove Spence to this desperate act. What led him to wake up one morning, write you a note, and then condemn hundreds of people to a violent and painful death?

Finally, you reach a space in the Hive that is actually well-lit, the light blue neon hues reflecting off the chrome walls. That should come with a sense of relief, but the sight you're greeted with brings the opposite effect.

The walls are lined with cages, which in and of itself wouldn't be cause for concern. However, the doors hang limply with damaged hinges; the wireframe grills are all bent and warped out of shape. Whatever was in these cages *really* wanted out.

You try to recall your time in the Hive, investigating what could have occupied these cages. You feel like the answer should be obvious, yet you just can't put your finger on it.

Bark! Bark! Bark!

Turn to your new furry friend on PAGE 95.

You turn to see a Doberman aggressively snapping its jowls at you, stepping over the chunks of flesh and fur that have melted from its body. With each bark, its exposed ribs rattle like the twines of a tuning fork.

It launches itself at you, and instinct kicks in. It knocks you to the floor, or so it thinks, as you use the momentum to roll backward, throwing the creature off you.

Instantly, you're both back on your feet, staring each other down.

It hurls more barking at you, an attempt at intimidation that it might recall from when it wasn't decaying into the floor. Then, it lunges at you, aiming for exposed flesh to sink its teeth into.

This time, you're ready as you attempt a roundhouse kick. The technique is scarily perfect, as though this is something that you've practiced in your previous life.

Your boot contacts the canine's snout, sending it into a nearby wall. On impact, its neck snaps, and it crumples on the floor.

But, before you can move on, you hear a scampering of tiny feet and the clacking of untrimmed nails against the hard floor.

You turn to see several beady jet-black eyes on you, at least the ones still in sockets. They're not aggressive yet, as though someone is holding them back.

That someone stumbles into view — a disheveled man in a worker's jumpsuit. The entire bottom half of his face is matted with blood and saliva, and his gaunt face accentuates his cheekbones and jaw.

He raises his arm, trying to point a dislocated finger at you, before crying havoc and letting slip the dogs of war.

The pack of ravenous hellhounds bound toward you, clearing the corridor's distance, even as their entrails drag behind them. You're not sure, but you think you can see a demented grin on this zombified dog wrangler's face,

As the dogs advance, eager for their nighttime feed, you note the sheer number of them. Instinct is not getting you out of this one. It's time to make a choice.

Haul ass from these mutts on PAGE 75.

Stand your ground and fight on PAGE 15.

You barge into the mansion, Rain close behind you. The two of you race to the front door, only for the entrance to fly open, knocking you over. A barrage of white assails your eyes.

Obsidian pillars slice through the blinding display, shapes forming to reveal a faceless horde with reflective bodies. Are you dead?

A divine body approaches you, you realize that you are looking at an industrial hazmat suit.

Umbrella isn't done with you yet.

Before you can let out the slightest ounce of struggle, a needle pierces your neck. You can feel the liquid running through your veins, the anesthetic sieving your consciousness.

You catch a voice more profound than any you've heard tonight, with an erudite cadence.

"I want them quarantined... close observation and a full series of blood tests... let's see if they're infected... take them to the Raccoon City facility... then assemble the team. We're reopening the Hive. I want to know what went on down there."

Wait, *what?*

You try to scream in protest. You want to warn these people of the danger they plan on marching into.

Your body is no longer under your control. These thoughts remain in your head. Your eyelids become too heavy, sliding shut and taking the rest of the world with you.

The scream you held in for all of that time finally erupts from your lungs as a jolt cracks through you like a whip. How long has it been? You don't know for sure.

Your body is sore in too many ways to fathom: from the cold air lapping at your naked skin to the needle pricks dotting your body to your atrophied muscles trying to support you, to the cracking of your back as you clumsily step off the perfectly flat examination table, to the dull ache rattling around your skull like a pair of dice.

The nightmares don't stop just because you're awake. The visions that populated your chemically induced sleep are still vivid now. If Umbrella wasn't feeding you to their expansive bestiary, they were cutting you open and examining your innards.

Of course, these were just dreams, right?

You approach a large mirror on the other side of the room, not because you wish to reflect but because you suspect it might be two-way.

You smack your hands against the glass, calling out for anybody on the other side. You need to know that you're not the only person here.

Yet, no response comes.

With nobody to stop you, you waste no time escaping this facility and step out onto a street in downtown Raccoon City. The bustling metropolis you expected has been replaced with an unnerving quiet.

As you stroll in a daze across the empty road, your hospital gown waving behind you, you look for any signs of life. Yet, all you see are abandoned cars, looted storefronts, and vandalized infrastructure. You want to tell yourself that this was some sort of riot, but you know what caused this.

The T-virus got out.

A newspaper slaps the nearby pavement, being carried by the wind. Its headline, so bold that it leaves no room for misinterpretation, reads:

'THE DEAD WALK!'

So, Raccoon City has been reduced to a version of The Hive, all while you were sound asleep. You hear the crackle of a police radio, but ignore the words that come out. Whatever this police officer needs, you can't help them. At this point, you need to look out for yourself.

You follow the distorted radio voice, leading to a squad car idling in the street. Its windows have been smashed in, dried blood lining the insides. You shudder to think about what might have happened here.

Instead, you maneuver your bare feet around the broken glass and lean in through the window, where a police-issue shotgun rests, practically begging you to take it. The poor bastard who owned it must have died before he could grab it.

You'll be sure to put it to good use.

Once you've loaded the shotgun, you step back from the car, cradling it. Unlike the pistol you had in the Hive, this weapon feels like it packs a punch.

Let that be a lesson for roaming zombies who try to mess with you. You've handled them before. And now that you're adequately armed, you'll make it out of the city.

Isaacs is right. You don't have a lot of time. You snatch a nearby letter opener. It's not the ideal weapon, but a blade is a blade.

Leon and Jill think you're insane for siding with Isaacs. But they are both still cops, and they're not going to leave two unarmed civilians to fend for themselves in a mansion crawling with death.

So, the Raccoon Police Department's best and brightest lead the way as you march toward the mass of lurching zombies that stand between you and ending this nightmare.

Amidst a hail of gunfire, you leap into the fray, frantically jabbing at any squishy weak spots.

Leon's the first to go down. It's only his first night as a cop, and an unlucky miss leads to him being overwhelmed. Jill is next, as her concern for her partner leaves her open to attack.

Your letter opener breaks, and you're tackled to the floor. You search for Isaacs, only to spot him sneaking away. So, that's why he wanted you to fight so badly.

You were the distraction, and now...

YOU ARE DEAD

No more overthinking. You place your hands onto the shotgun, eyes closed as you brace for impact. Nothing comes. You lift the gun from the statue and are now the best-armed person in the room.

The angel statue lowers its arms so they're at its side, fingers pointing at the floor. With a loud *click*, the room begins to tremble.

"Look!" Leon points at the ceiling, which is now slowly descending toward you.

Jill assaults the nearby door, throwing kicks at its thick wooden surface and wrenching the doorknob. The second Jill is clear; you blast the door with your Remington. Splinters of wood fly away to reveal its reinforced metal interior.

You are not leaving this room.

By the time the ceiling has reached your head, you dive to the floor and bury your head in your arms.

As the furniture around you explodes, you feel the immense pressure against your back. Your bones creak and shatter, and your organs flatten and burst. It isn't long before you're nothing but a bloody pancake.

YOU ARE DEAD

Rain might not be of sound mind, given the virus ravaging her body, the trauma from her dead colleagues, the vagueness with which you're currently trying to explain yourself, and the pretty damning evidence the two of you were just presented.

She pulls the trigger. However, the gun doesn't go off. So, you turn to run. You only make it a step before the total weight of Rain's body slams you to the floor.

You roll over onto your back to see her straddling you with a wild look in her bloodshot eyes as she raises a nearby employee-of-the-month trophy over her head.

"This is for One!"

She brings the blunt object down onto your head, caving in your skull.

"This is for JD!"

Whack!

"And Kaplan!"

Whack!

She keeps going, but you don't hear the names or feel a thing besides your brains leaking out of your head and seeping into the carpet fibers below.

YOU ARE DEAD

Hanging back doesn't sound like the worst idea. You wouldn't want to risk your life without understanding the situation.

Suddenly, everyone jumps as the door to the hallway slams shut. Your only view inside is a small window where bodies are thrown in all directions amidst bursts of light. One plants his face against the glass, eyes wide with uncharacteristic panic.

"Kaplan! Get the door open!"

Blinking through beads of sweat, Kaplan begins furiously typing at the keyboard. As command lines fill the CRT screen, you can hear the screams of One and his men, accompanied by burning flesh.

You offer to help Kaplan.

"I don't need help!" He snaps, "I just need more time!"

"They don't have time!" Rain snaps back.

JD slams his weight against the door, trying to force it open. He might as well try to open it with balled-up tissue paper.

"I'm almost there!" Kaplan desperately wails.

The door swings open, revealing the corpses of One's squad, which have been sliced up, decapitated, and bisected, pieces lining the floor.

Check on One on PAGE 105.

One stands there, pale as a ghost, horrified, eyes wide open.

“Sir!” Kaplan blubbers, “Sir?”

One stays entirely still. You notice crosses forming along his body as intersecting lines — deep crimson in hue. They even run over his face, causing his eyes to liquefy and melt in their sockets, running down his cheeks like tears.

Then, the diamonds formed in his flesh separate from one another, and he crumbles right before your eyes, the pieces hitting the floor like building blocks lined with gore.

You can see the open door on the other side of the hallway, but you can tell that nobody wants to continue.

You certainly don’t blame them.

The rest of the journey feels like a funeral march as you silently enter the Queen’s chamber and watch the soldiers sullenly activate the EMP.

The second Kaplan presses a small remote, the room is plunged into darkness, only for the lights to reemerge as the backup power activates — enough to restore basic functionality to the building, not power a complex AI.

Keep moving to PAGE 106.

“There,” Kaplan sighs, “Now we can look around without that psycho watching our every move.”

Rain and JD don’t respond; instead, they check their weapons. You think about how they must feel, expecting enemies they could shoot and getting an evil computer with death traps instead.

The four of you push through the facility. You’ve gone from the ornate mansion to gray and nondescript corridors to industrial tunnels with corrugated steel for walls.

Rain and JD lead with their rifles forward. They say it’s to protect you and Kaplan, but you suspect it is also because they don’t like you two very much.

Hands burst from the shadows, wrapping around JD and pulling him inside. Rain and Kaplan fire into the darkness. Then, with a *chomp*, JD’s screams die off.

“What — what the hell is going on?” Kaplan belches through a lump in his throat.

“Oh no, Kaplan. You’re not getting soft on me now.” Rain warns him as she reloads her rifle.

“We just lost all our crew! Excuse me for taking it a little hard.”

“We gotta keep moving-”

“Forget it! We’ve gotta get the hell out of here and figure out a different strategy, or we’re next!”

“Damn it, Kaplan, we owe it to our teammates-”

”We owe it to them to survive. Whatever took JD — if we stay here, it’ll get us too. Then what? Our friends died in vain?”

“Only if we die too. I ain’t about to let that happen.”

The way Rain lifts her rifle to her shoulder like it weighs nothing convinces you that she plans to stay true to her word. Kaplan is the opposite, clearly on the verge of a breakdown. He clears his throat.

“Then, I guess we’re splitting up. You wanna die here, be my guest.”

Both Rain and Kaplan storm off in opposite directions, neither of them even acknowledging your presence.

You definitely won’t make it on your own. It’s time to decide which one to follow.

Follow Rain on PAGE 71.

Follow Kaplan on PAGE 20.

You want to sprint to the train, but you can't leave Rain behind. So, you move a finger to your lips and nod to the train. The hunter hasn't noticed you yet. If you move quietly enough, maybe you can keep it that way.

Both you and Rain tiptoe across the platform, step by careful step. You feel every bead of sweat running down your skin, hear every breath as you try to keep it regulated, and feel every heartbeat inside your chest. Anything that makes even the slightest sound could alert this killing machine to your presence.

You're so close. You can practically reach out and touch the carriage. Then, your heart plummets into your stomach as a wet cough behind you echoes through the station. You don't wait for the creature to respond, grabbing Rain and throwing her into the train carriage. She lands harshly, but you hope she'll understand. You leap aboard, turning to find that the screeching terror has cleared the distance between you in a single leap.

With a scream, you pull the metal door shut, hoping it will create enough of a barrier between you and this monster. Its claws leave a sizable dent in the surface, but it doesn't break.

Step away from the door to PAGE 109.

You waste no time rushing to the nearby control panel, flipping switches, and pressing buttons. It's not long before you're barreling toward the surface.

As Rain sits against the wall, staring as the dark tunnels fly past, you take the opportunity to venture through the carriages. If your hypothesis is correct, the cure should be close by.

You enter the carriage where Spence met their untimely end — then again, given that they were responsible for all of this carnage, maybe their end was timely after all.

Once you avert your eyes from the amorphous pile of gore and bones that used to be Spence, you spot an Umbrella-branded carry case lying on its side. You never thought you'd be happy to see that damn logo again.

You stare at the syringe as you inject the cure into Rain's arm. She remains stoic, even as the needle pierces her skin. Either her military training has kicked in, or she's resigned to her fate, whatever that may be.

You ask her to rest and let the cure do its thing as you stand up. She closes her eyes, letting the train rocking put her to sleep.

But wait. Do you hear something? A loud clicking is moving outside the train — like tapping nails against a hard surface.

Bang!

A dent forms on the opposite end of the carriage, followed by a few others in quick succession. The warped metal wails as it struggles to hold itself in place. The hunter reveals itself, batting the door away.

It hangs upside down with a triumphant shriek. It has you cornered and plans to savor your death.

You brandish your pistol, holding it in your trembling hands as you try to decide where to shoot this seemingly impervious creature.

The hunter opens its mouth, and its tongue whips out, tightening around your ankle. You're pulled off your feet, landing on your side. Your gun clatters away from your open hand.

You can feel its attempt to pull you towards its open jaws, and you struggle with all your might. But this isn't enough.

“Hey, fuckface!”

The creature pauses as a thick black combat boot slams the ground next to your head. It's Rain, and she's carrying your gun.

See what Rain plans to do on PAGE 111.

You could kiss that bitch!

She fires at the hunter's wrists and ankles. While its tongue maintains its grip, barbs firmly dug into your ankle, its arms and legs give out, and it falls. Its head clips the steel floor of the train as its body flops to the rails below.

You anticipate a sudden pull against your leg, but the tongue immediately loses all tension as the hunter's body hits the tracks. The train spears away before you can see the impact, but at this speed, you can imagine the monster's flesh being ground up and its bones shattering on impact.

That thing is deader than dead.

You kick its severed tongue to the side and turn to Rain. Her illness hasn't completely subsided, but some color has returned to her cheeks. You can feel the immense weight lifting from your shoulders as you limp to the nearby wall for support.

The nightmare is finally over.

Make no mistake; Dr. Alexander Isaacs is undeniably shady. But you're under-equipped to do anything about it right now.

So, you let him lead the group further into the mansion. As you step over the dusty furniture, you keep anticipating the sudden emergence of another zombie. Yet, they never come. Who needs the living dead when the silence is driving you mad on its own?

You ask Isaacs for more information on this virus that has made a mockery out of mortality.

"It's called the T-virus. It started as an attempt at curing all kinds of diseases--"

"How'd it finish?" Leon asks as he joins the conversation, "There are always rumblings about Umbrella. Everyone knows they're military darlings."

"Are you suggesting this virus could be some kind of biological weapon?"

"I'm suggesting a money-hungry corporation would see it that way."

"You're neglecting one important fact. The Umbrella Corporation is one of the largest companies in the whole world. They aren't exactly strapped for cash."

Leon shakes his head.

The conversation continues on PAGE 113.

“Every corporation is money-hungry. Especially the larger ones.”

Isaacs sighs, “If you’re so concerned about potential corruption, you might want to start with your own police department. I could tell you things about your chief that’d have you quit on the spot.”

That shuts Leon up. Whether he believes Isaacs or not, he’s done with this conversation. As he rejoins his partner, you can sense Isaacs sizing you up.

“You know this place had quite a history before Umbrella settled in. It first played home to an eccentric, reclusive billionaire with gauche taste in furniture. The rumor is that he went crazy and butchered his family – wife, kids, the help, even the dog, all hacked to pieces. After that, the place was abandoned. For decades, the sole occupant was dust.”

Where the hell is he going with this?

“I guess that made it perfect for a company with their fair share of secrets. They spared no expense in restoring its interior. Then, they built an entire network of tunnels underneath. That’s where the real work gets done — the hive where the worker bees all congregate.”

Find out how this story ends on PAGE 114.

He smiles wryly.

“I don’t know if you remember this, given your condition, but there was talk amongst Umbrella’s staff. They say that you can still hear the previous occupants. They wander the halls, shrieking for the life that was tragically taken from them.”

Great. He’s still messing with you.

“It looks like Umbrella married that macabre urban legend with cold hard fact. They made the dead walk.”

The words are superfluous, but Isaacs can’t hide how much he is reveling in the existence of these ghouls. If there’s a cure, he’s definitely not here for it.

”Look!”

Jill catches your attention as she’s standing underneath a bronze statue of an angel, its wings stretched out and its featureless eyes in a blank stare.

It cradles a Remington M870 pump-action shotgun in its hands as though this heavenly figure has taken pity on your daunting situation and is offering you a token of sympathy.

Take a closer look on PAGE 115.

Your first instinct is to take it, and it looks like Jill feels the same way.

“I don’t know about this one. It seems too easy, like they want us to pick it up,” Leon surmises.

“I don’t know,” Jill replies, “maybe there’s a scenario where we leave this room safely with a shotgun.”

As Leon continues to examine the statue, Jill shifts her attention toward you and Isaacs.

”You’re Umbrella’s best and brightest. You tell me; is this all just a trap?”

Isaacs shrugs before looking at the statue.

“On one hand, it would be certainly handy to have a shotgun at the ready if you suspect that a zombie outbreak is right around the corner. Then again, if the Umbrella Corporation is trying to hide its dealings from the outside world, a weapon would be an effective lure.”

“Yes or no?”

Isaacs points to you, “Ask them. I’m in corporate. I wouldn’t even be in this building if it wasn’t for the outbreak.”

Whether you like it or not, he just made it your decision.

Take the shotgun and head to PAGE 102.

Leave it alone and go to PAGE 57.

You march toward a nearby fire axe, yanking it off the wall with fiery determination. Kaplan leaps in front of you, begging you to stop, reasoning that you don't have to do this, pleading with you not to kill his remaining teammate.

You shove him aside as you slam the axe into the door. The metal buckles under the finely polished blade, leaving a dent.

"Holy shit," Kaplan exclaims with a wavering voice, "You're a genius!"

"I'm afraid I disagree."

Something about the voice, that juvenile pomp, it gets under your skin and boils your blood.

"Are you sure you've thought this through?" The Red Queen continues, "Do you think I would neglect to have a contingency in case of this?"

You tell her you can't wait to find out as several blows from the axe reveal the train station on the other side. You're so close. Just keep at it!

A few more swings and the door buckles, unleashing a tinnitus-esque ringing as it connects with the concrete floor.

Head through the opening to PAGE 117.

Your obstruction gone, you and Kaplan aid Rain forward. The train still rests where you left it, but you can't board it yet. You scan the environment for any signs of the cure.

"Congratulations, you've made it!" The Red Queen's snide voice fills the room, "I hope the temporary respite was worth giving up your only lifeline. In your last remaining moments, perhaps you could reflect on how short-sighted you were—"

Her voice fades with an electrical burst. You whip toward Kaplan, who sheepishly holds up the EMP remote.

"What? We don't need her anymore, right?"

He's right. Now, you can look for the cure without any distractions.

But something about the Red Queen's words sticks with you. She mentioned having a contingency in place.

"When I get outta here..." Rain croaks in her hoarse, thinning voice, "I'm gonna go get laid."

A burst of laughter escapes from the tightly wound Kaplan.

"You might need a shower first."

You grimace. Hopefully, her shower doesn't end up like yours.

It hits you. You were so preoccupied with the station. But what about the train? It was your transport to the Hive, but you were all crammed inside a single carriage. That still leaves several cars that could contain the cure... as well as whatever is left of Spence.

You call out Kaplan's name, wiping the smile from his face as crushing reality returns. You order him to help you search the rest of the train.

As expected, most of these doors yield nothing. As you approach the last carriage, though, you can feel your heart rate elevating.

With a grunt, you slide the door open. The stench of rotten flesh wafts into the room as your eyes settle on the floor. The top half of a body is splayed out, its torso caved in from the lack of innards. Its arms are stretched out, fingernails chipped and hanging from bloody cuticles as whoever this is tried to drag themselves across the floor. Large gashes divide their face into ragged thirds, but you can tell who this is based on the small details.

Say hello to Spence.

While you're preoccupied with the corpse of your late partner, Kaplan urges you to look up with a trembling finger.

Something is moving in the shadows above you. You don't notice the long, barbed tongue as it slowly coils around Kaplan's neck. You only realize when his body shoots upwards into the dark. His screams are cut short by the slicing of flesh, and his gurgling body is returned to the floor with a sickening *splat!*

You back away from the train, only for the monster to make its presence known as it falls onto the platform. It appears to have no skin, as moist red musculature wraps around its elongated limbs. Its bulbous brain-like head hosts dagger-like fangs, which it uses to feed on the dead Kaplan in front of you.

This must be the Red Queen's contingency. Desperate measures, indeed.

While it is occupied with its meal, your eyes drift back to the train. It's your only means of escaping the Hive. But can you reach it without this ferocious beast clawing your insides into soup? You may be armed, but will a pistol be enough for something this big?

*If you want to kill the monster first, go to
PAGE 6.*

*If you want to rush for the train, go to
PAGE 108.*

You can feel everybody's attention shift to you as you stand up. One is the only thing keeping you alive right now, as he awaits your next move.

Before anybody can do anything, an overhead monitor fills with static before revealing the piercing gaze of a young girl bathed in an ethereal red light. Presumably, this has to be the Red Queen.

As a devilish leer crawls across her young face, you realize that she has you right where she wants you.

You can feel the train pick up speed as you lunge for the emergency brake, your fingers feeling like they'll explode from the joints as they wrap around it.

As the forces of gravity work against you, you pull the lever, hoping against all hope that it won't rip your arm out of its socket. A flurry of sparks lights up the tunnel as the train slows with a metallic groan.

Eventually, you are thrown to the floor as your transport suddenly stops. With a bump, you have reached your destination. The soldiers spring to their feet, rushing back and forth as One co-ordinates them.

You're approaching your stop on PAGE 121.

Before you know it, the train doors have been forced open, and you are helped to your feet. One's team might not trust you completely, but they're grateful you saved their life. Stay on their good side if you can.

How much of Umbrella's budget goes to dark corridors? You've certainly had your fill as One leads you to yet another one that seems to stretch infinitely.

Before you can contemplate the kinds of skeletons the company has locked away in this proverbial closet, the Red Queen materializes, staring up at you.

"Get out! You can't be in here!" She announces in a sharp British accent. One pays her no mind, simply stepping through her holographic body.

The others follow him, save for Kaplan, who meets your confused gaze with a timid "Don't worry, it's just a piece of software modeled after the lead programmer's daughter."

You're surprised at how calm he is, given that she just tried to murder everyone. He shrugs.

"Hey, we're alive, aren't we? As long as we're alive, it's scared — at least, it's the closest a computer program can be to scared."

You ask why. Kaplan smiles,
“We know how to shut her down.”

“Kaplan!” Rain’s gruff voice echoes from the other side of the hallway, “fall in line!”

The smile fades from his face as he joins the others. You’d better join them if you don’t want to be left behind.

As you turn to follow, you hear the Red Queen’s penetrating voice.

“You’re all going to die down here...”

Your journey stops in a hexagonal room, where Kaplan sits in front of a security terminal.

“The Queen’s chamber is right ahead,” he helpfully explains, “once I get the door open, it’s lights out.”

A giant metal door slides open in a flurry of keypresses, revealing yet another hallway. Unlike the others, though, this one is bright, with a myriad of light panels behind its glass walls. That should be less foreboding, right? It doesn’t feel like it.

Maybe it’s the small cylindrical security camera hanging from the ceiling like a dormant vampire bat. At first, you’d suspect that a human security guard used it, but you can feel the Red Queen using it to size up your every move.

One moves to the center of the room.

“We’re splitting up.”

Uh-oh.

“Kaplan, you stay on tech. JD, Rain – you two stick with Kaplan. If the Red Queen tries anything funny, you have his back. Everyone else, come with me. We’re in charge of the EMP.”

As the group is about to disperse, you ask One how you can help.

“You’re not under my command. That’s your decision.”

What you do next could jog your memory – maybe even increase your chance of survival.

However, while it’s good that you’re eager to help, you might be a bit overzealous. It might pay to hold off on your decision until you can ascertain who needs your help the most.

After all, who knows what the Red Queen has in store for all of you?

Go hands-on with Kaplan on PAGE 22.

Hang back and wait on PAGE 104.

Hone your skills with One on PAGE 76.

It's probably not a good idea to mess with the law enforcement officer pointing a gun at you. You raise your arms in compliance, prompting Jill to nod to Leon.

With a frown, he moves toward you, handcuffing your wrists behind your back as Jill holsters her gun and reads you your Miranda rights. The words might as well be in another language, though, as all you can focus on is the chilling draft from the still-open front door.

Then, Jill stops, her mouth hanging open as sounds coming from outside. You hear them too — twisted, guttural snarls and a rhythmic thumping against the pavement.

A dark shape manifests, speeding toward you. Before anybody can react, it knocks you off your feet.

You think about how you could have fought back if only your hands were free, but this canine creature shows little sympathy as its teeth sink into your neck. Jill and Leon have their guns drawn, and you don't doubt they can put this creature down.

Still, it's a shame they couldn't have done so before it tore out a fist-sized chunk of meat from your throat.

YOU ARE DEAD

Your strategy is bold, but you roll with it as you stroll to the exit almost leisurely.

“Hey!” A bewildered Jill exclaims. “Where the hell do you think you’re going?”

You respond by slamming the door behind you. It won’t be long before she bursts through, ready to kick your ass and haul you back to the station.

However, she won’t find you – not because you’re well-versed in escaping the law, but because the last thing you remember is a sweet, ether-like taste and an abrasive dark cloth being pulled over your head.

You jolt upright to find that you’ve been bound to a chair. You know you’ve long left the Looking Glass House because this isn’t the seat you’d find in a mansion. You would use This kind of steel chair to club an enemy wrestler into unconsciousness.

As you struggle against the zip ties digging into your wrists, your eyes focus, taking the blurred images of your surroundings and combining them into a coherent picture. You’re inside a windowless room – probably a basement, based on the strong mildew smell.

These people could use a housekeeper. Maybe the mansion's staff could clear out the monsoon of clutter. Blueprints, new articles, schematics, and other miscellaneous documents cover every surface, from desks to corkboards to the floor.

You're so focused on the mess that you don't notice the person standing in the corner, watching you come to. He's plain-looking – like he would blend in amongst the workforce of a nondescript office building.

You ask him where you are.

“That doesn't matter. What matters is where you were.”

He leans in closer and your eyes meet.

“Care to tell me what you were doing in that mansion?”

You roll your eyes, mentally preparing to explain the story again. Before you can open your mouth, he thrusts a Polaroid under your nose, depicting a young woman bearing a slight resemblance to him – possibly familial.

“Do you recognize this woman?”

You're expecting not to. Yet, as you take in her features, you realize you know exactly who she is.

Identify her on PAGE 127.

Her name is Lisa Addison. She was one of Umbrella's office workers. As the head of security, you were supposed to grant her special access so that she could gather evidence that would disrupt the company's operations — from extensive environmental damage to biological weapons to anti-consumer practices to full-on human experimentation.

That must be why you woke up in the mansion without your memory. Umbrella must have been onto you — onto *both* of you. But now, you remember.

You explain this to your captor, who wastes no time cutting you free as he introduces himself as Matt, Lisa's sister.

“Sorry for the rough treatment. I thought I was going to have to interrogate you...”

He continues to talk, but the words warble and fade into the distance as you examine the collage of information around you.

Suddenly, you remember who you've been working with. It's an environmentalist organization known for protests, disruptions, and sabotage.

But they've also become known for acts of terrorism. Have there been casualties? No. But there have been injuries, and you're worried this could escalate.

That's why you were working with Lisa. Her idea was to infiltrate the company and dig up evidence, specifically to avoid something like this.

Matt pins the photo of his sister to the corkboard.

"I haven't heard from her since this morning. I need to know that she's okay."

You ask what will happen if you can't provide that information. You can already tell that Matt is assuming the worst, and you don't blame him. You suspect the same thing.

"Umbrella thinks everybody is expendable. That philosophy drives everything that they do. So, if all they care about is property, I'm gonna take it from 'em."

He nods toward makeshift explosives resting in the corner.

"So, are you gonna help me?"

If you want to help Matt hurt Umbrella, go to PAGE 131.

If you don't negotiate with terrorists, go to PAGE 130.

You swap one uncomfortable chair for another as you hunch over in the Raccoon City Police Department. You've been free to go for a while now, but after hours of questions, you need a moment to stretch the kinks out of your back.

Plus, it doesn't help that Jill and Leon are close by, and you need to keep your head down until you're sure they won't be able to see you.

"Looks like we finally nabbed him."

Out of the corner of your eye, you observe a pair of cops conversing over a bubbling water cooler.

"Any idea where he's heading?"

"Word is that he's Umbrella's property now. Chief handed him right over. Didn't even know he could do that."

"Shit, what're they gonna do with him?"

"Who knows? Maybe they'll grind his bones into aspirin and stick his organs in a cooler."

As the RPD officers gently sip from their plastic cups, your mouth fills with the taste of copper.

You peer down at your fingernails, which you have chewed all the way down to the cuticle.

THE END.

You stare at the floor as you announce that you can't help. You don't know where Lisa is, you're unsure how to find out, and you're not prepared to blow up a building in retribution.

You can't anticipate how Matt will react. After all, you've never met him before, amnesia or not.

He sighs, and you black out again.

Light pours in the second your eyelids snap open. Your view fills with a clear, azure sky. A pleasant warmth wraps around your body, fueled by the sun-drenched grass you're on.

You're lying in the middle of a field, presumably left there by Matt as an act of mercy with the caveat that you stay out of his way.

Well, that's a warning you're perfectly content to heed. Whatever is going on, it's beyond you. Let Umbrella and Matt take each other out while you start again and build a new life.

Until then, let's enjoy this beautiful field and this bright, sunny day just a little longer.

THE END.

You turn to Matt and nod in affirmation. His expression doesn't change, but you can feel the atmosphere in the room shift. For the first time tonight, you're feeling an air of hope.

The two of you start by recounting everything you can remember — about you, Umbrella, and Lisa. Before you know it, you've got a solid foundation in your head, and you're already formulating plans.

You remember the secret that the Looking Glass House is hiding, an office building buried deep underground known as the Hive. If Lisa is still alive, she'll be with the rest of the workers down there.

Once the two of you return to the Looking Glass House, your priority will be evacuation, starting with Leon and Jill, then the mansion's staff, then everybody in the Hive.

In the meantime, Matt will plant as many explosives as he can. You survey a detailed map of the building, not questioning how it came into his possession. With a marker, you circle weak spots — areas that, if blown up, will make it much easier to reduce this eyesore to rubble.

You're getting fired up. Why wouldn't you? Umbrella has had this coming for too damn long. You're going to make them pay for everything.

The doors split apart. Before you can respond, Matt wraps an arm around you. In his other hand is a pistol that he has outstretched in front of him.

His target is a squad of police officers, all sporting Kevlar vests of various colors and brandishing automatic weapons that they're now leveling at your dumbfounded body.

You recognize the uniforms. This is the Special Tactics and Rescue Squad, Raccoon City's very own special forces — the best of the best!

The leader steps forward, the lips under his bushy gray mustache sternly pursed.

"Let the hostage go!"

"No dice," Matt yells back as he presses the gun barrel against your temple. The cold sensation makes you flinch.

"If you don't let us walk out of here, I'll plug their head and leave you with a mountain of paperwork!"

The standoff continues on PAGE 132.

“Son, I guarantee that you will walk out of here. I just recommend you do it quietly.”

“I know Umbrella’s got you in their pocket. I’m not letting you take me in. So, let me go, or deal with blood on your hands.”

You try to swallow, but your throat feels full of grit. So much for your ultimate retribution against the Umbrella Corporation. Now, you’re trying to calculate the possibility that Matt is bluffing about using you as a hostage.

It appears that the S.T.A.R.S. leader isn’t experiencing the same uncertainty.

“Remember what I said at the station. Keep this sucker alive.”

One of the officers smirks.

“Got it, boss.”

A startling gunshot throws Matt’s arm back as a bullet rips a hole in his bicep. As he stumbles, dropping his weapon, the officers move, securing the both of you.

You’re going to the station.

The drive there is long and awkward. You can feel Matt’s eyes baring down on you. No words are exchanged, but he knows his time is running out. He wants you to continue the fight in his stead.

You will. Now that your memories are returning, you know where you stand in all of this. All you have to do is make it through the night, and then you can figure out how to enact your plan.

Your vehicle comes to a stop at a red light. Your eyes drift to the window, staring out at the empty street. You haven't been keeping track of the time, but it must be so late if there's nobody out at this hour.

Scratch that. There is somebody out at this hour.

Her name is Jill Valentine, and she's staring right at you. Judging by the shock plastered on her face, she wasn't expecting to see you. In her hands is a post-investigation pizza, presumably one she was planning to share with Leon to commemorate his first night as a police officer.

Who knows how she feels about you, given that you walked out of her investigation and embarrassed her in front of her rookie partner? Your gut tells you that you don't want to find out.

Before you can dwell on it any further, the light changes, and you're driven away.

Congratulations! You've survived.

You faced the unrelenting horrors nestled in the dark corners of the Umbrella Corporation, and you lived to tell the tale.

But you've caught Umbrella's eye. After seeing how deftly you handled their horrific underworld, they've decided you're too big a liability to ignore. They need something special to deal with you.

So, they've gathered their best scientists and their most sophisticated military-grade hardware to engineer a perfect bioweapon. This monster is indestructible and will not stop until its target has been effectively neutralized.

So, enjoy this victory while you can, and while you're at it, enjoy the feeling of safety.

Because once the chase begins, it's over. No matter where you run and no matter where you hide, this superhuman monstrosity will follow you. Now that it has your scent and its objective, it will follow you to the ends of the Earth. Your fate has been sealed.

Welcome to the Nemesis Project. You won't make it to dawn.

TO BE CONTINUED...

About A.E. Crow

Albert Ernestine Crow is an Australian author who started the *Scare Yourself* series as a love letter to horror cinema, as well as the many *Goosebumps* books by R.L. Stine that he collected as a kid. When he's not writing novels, he's spending time with his partner and cat, as well as consuming as much horror media as he can.

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THIS RESIDENCE IS EVIL!

You wake up in the shower on a dark, windy night. The good news is that you live in an incredible mansion. The bad news is that you don't remember who you are, and you can't shake the feeling that there is something watching you from the shadows.

If you stay on the current floor, you'll join a police investigation that uncovers a deadly conspiracy, pitting you against an evil scientist and your mysterious past.

Instead, you can choose to venture further and go down into the Hive, where a rogue artificial intelligence and the dark secrets that she protects threaten to swallow you whole.

The choice is yours in this SCARE YOURSELF adventure that's packed with over 20 deadly endings!

You're the one in control. Get ready to **Scare Yourself**



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