

A.E. CROW

Scare Yourself!

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



**MORE
THAN 20
DIFFERENT
ENDINGS!**

LAST NIGHT AT CAMP BLOOD

7830 PRESS



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

Camp Forest Green has a long and harrowing history involving death and murder. But you're blissfully unaware as you, a camp counselor, approach the last day of Summer.

However, you can't escape the camp's legacy, and you will find yourself on the run from a ruthless killer eager to dispense a twisted form of bloody vengeance.

Will you side with your fellow counselors, who are as scared and unprepared as you, or will you take your chances with the eccentric who has tried to warn you of your fate? How will you spend the last night at Camp Blood?

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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A.E. CROW

Scare Yourself

LAST NIGHT AT CAMP BLOOD

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PAPERBACK

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It's been one hell of a Summer.

You weren't really sure what to expect when you signed up to work as a counselor at Camp Forest Green. Looking back, you wonder who has been harder to wrangle—the excited, energetic kids, or your weed-smoking, lust-crazed peers. With kids, you had to pack up activities, put band-aids on scrapes, assure them that cooties wasn't real—that sort of thing.

With counselors, you had to confiscate the alcohol they left lying around before the kids found it, you had to cover for them when they couldn't make it because they were sporting an injury or a hangover, and... well... let's just say that, if you had a nickel for every time you caught a couple making purple somewhere on the campground, you could buy that car you've been saving up for all Summer. Forget cooties, you worry about the genuine STDs that are probably running rampant. They've probably discovered new ones that don't even have a name yet.

Still, you made it. It's the last night of summer camp. Tomorrow morning, you'll be up at the crack of dawn for a three-hour bus ride home.

Spend the final night on PAGE 2.

As it's the final night, it's up to the counselors to pack everything up before leaving. And, in typical fashion, the bulk of it has been left to you. Still, at least the night's pleasant. You're getting a nice breeze in your crop top and short shorts. It's like the weather decided to grant you a small mercy after weeks of trying to drown you in your own sweat.

Plus, you've been *really* active. Sure, you'll probably go back to late nights with beer, pizza, Nintendo, and monster movies once you start college in the Fall. But, running around a summer camp has burned some of that stubborn fat and left you looking pretty toned.

So, all-in-all, you're pretty content. Your summer vacation might not make for the most interesting speech, but you won't look back on it with regret.

Now, you've just gotta finish packing up so you can go to bed—

“Hey...”

Oh no.

It's *them*.

You turn to see them smiling at you, and all of those feelings you thought you were too mature for come flooding back.

Experience those feelings on PAGE 3.

Your knees weaken, your heart skips a beat, you can feel yourself swoon as your cheeks redden. You hope you don't look as daft as you feel, but you can't help it. They've had that effect on you since you met at the start of the summer.

"I just wanted to tell you that we're having a party in G1. Y'know, to celebrate the end of Summer..."

Maybe you're reading too much into how they're standing there. But is it you, or are they coming off a little shy, too?

Sure, you've interacted with them a few times before, but not for long, and not with this much eye contact.

"... and I think it would be really cool if you came."

Holy shit.

The way they smile when you tell them you'll think about it is something you'll never forget. The way they practically skip away makes you feel like you just made their whole night.

And why not? They just made yours. You've been kicking yourself all summer for not having the courage to ask them out. What if the universe is doing you a solid?

Get back to work on PAGE 4.

You return to your work with a whole new verve. All you have to do is finish up here, and then you can go and...

This is taking too long.

Yeah, this sucks. Now that you have something to look forward to besides your shitty camp bed, it suddenly feels agonizing to pick up discarded sports equipment off the greens and cart it to the shed, moving back and forth like a robot.

Still, you know that if you leave this job behind, it won't get done. You've completed all of your other chores. Why leave this one unfinished?

If only you could ignore the thoughts of your crush and just focus on finishing the task at hand. Maybe you could still make the party with enough time to spare.

*Head straight to the party on PAGE 132.
Finish your chores on PAGE 88.*

“Heeeeeeeeeeeelp!”

Let’s face it, you’re a bit of a softy, perhaps even to a fault. You’re not about to leave someone behind, especially when they’re so passionately asking for help.

You can hear Ralph and Adam yelling after you as you turn and take off. You call out over your shoulder that you’ll be back, and you hope that there’s truth to that.

By the time you reach Ronny, she’s lying there, twitching and shaking in a pool of her own blood. You kneel down, trying to find a way to help her, but you know that’s out of the question. There are too many wounds to try and apply pressure to, and you have no way to get her first aid in time.

You clasp her hand. At least she won’t need to be alone in her final hour. Her eyes flicker toward you.

“B-B-B—”

You ask her what she’s trying to say, only to be met with more blood as she coughs at you. As you wipe your face, she makes another attempt to speak.

“B-B-B... behind you...”

YOU ARE DEAD

“Hey! Where the hell d’ya think you’re goin’?”

That’s the last thing you hear from Crazy Ralph as you take off, sprinting across the campground as fast as your legs will allow.

Ultimately, not that fast.

In time, you’re forced to stop and catch your breath. But that’s fine. Ralph’s an old coot. There’s no way he’s catching up to—

“There’s nowhere fer you ta go, ya idiot!”

What the *fuck*?

You don’t wait for him to reach you. If he’s the killer, you’re not going to make it easy. You spot the road that leads into town. It might take a while, but you’ll find some help eventually.

As your shoes hit the dirt road, you feel a sense of relief. It won’t be long before this nightmare’s over.

“Hey, look out!”

You hazard a look behind you, where Ralph is calling out, eyes bugging from his skull.

Look out for what?

SPLAT!

Look out for the passing car that just turned you into a pulpy red pancake.

YOU ARE DEAD

Let's see how you fare as a detective.

So far, as you lean down to inspect the corpse on the ground, you're not doing great. You wonder how Holmes and Poirot do it, as you struggle to choke down the sickening vomit that's rising in your throat so you can actually do some deduction.

You wrench the late man's wallet from his pocket, swiping maggots away as you open it up to reveal a stack of cash and a driver's license.

Nothing interesting.

Maybe you need to look in his back pockets.

You move your arms over the body, preparing to flip it over when you suddenly fall back.

There's a sharp stinging sensation in your hand.

You take a closer look.

Puncture marks.

You hear the intense vibration of a rattlesnake. You'd see it slithering across the grass if your vision wasn't so blurry. You try to call for help, but you can't breathe.

Hopefully someone'll stumble upon you soon.

Realistically though, probably not.

YOU ARE DEAD

As you approach the archery range, you can already tell that something is wrong. Perhaps it's the dark playing tricks on you, but there doesn't seem to be anybody here.

You call out again, still getting no response.

Great. It's your last night here and you're spending it on the receiving end of some stupid prank. As you get closer to the targets, you make a horrifying discovery.

Someone removed the covers.

Goddamn it!

That took like half an hour to do, and now you've got to do it *again*? When you find the sonofabitch that did this, and you get your hands on them, you'll—

BAM!

A floodlight fills your vision. You can feel the moisture sap from your eyes, your eyelids feeling like sandpaper as your head needles with pain.

Before you can call out again, you feel a sharp pain in your hand as it embeds into the target behind you. As you realize what is happening, more arrows slam into you, your other hand, your chest, your neck, your eye...

YOU ARE DEAD

You've seen Sean's car multiple times. It's an impressive beast of a jeep. If you play your cards right, you'll put a massive distance between you and Jason. Hopefully, that distance will be large enough that he will never be your problem again.

You rush to Sean's car, hoping that he either left the keys on the dash, or you have an inherent knack for hotwiring cars that you could only realize under intense duress.

The good news is that you never have to worry about either of those things.

The bad news is that the car is not a viable option for getting out of this situation.

It looks like Jason got to it first. Hell, it looks like a nuclear bomb got to it first. You are looking at an ignited pile of mangled steel and jagged glass. It's surprising that you didn't notice the fire until now, frankly.

Oh well. Time to think of another plan—

KABOOM!

Never mind.

YOU ARE DEAD

It *is* a backup machete!

Time slows down as Pamela leaps from the overturned boat, machete raised over her head, her mouth so wide that you're surprised her jaw hasn't snapped.

Okay. Try to remember what little about shooting you know—feet shoulder-width apart, use two hands, eye down the sight, deep breath, gently squeeze the—

BLAM!

Wow. You're... uh... you're kind of a shit shot.

If you were hoping to kill Pamela at point blank with Elias' gun, you were setting your expectations a bit high. Perhaps, when all of this is over, you can put in some hours at the range.

Still, Pamela flicks her hand upward. The machete is lying several feet away, a dent in its side.

Not a direct hit by a long stretch, but it'll do.

Before Pamela can rush you, you point the gun at her. Your hand's trembling, but she doesn't look too confident either. Without a weapon, even she knows that she's outmatched.

She falls to her knees, tears sliding from her beady eyes and sliding down her checks.

Find out where this is going on PAGE 11.

“I’m sorry... I’m so sorry...”

What?

“Have mercy. Please!”

Is she serious?

“I thought I was doing it right. I was so sure it would work!”

After *everything* she put you through, she’s asking *you* for forgiveness. The hubris! The gall! The nerve!

“Jason... Jason, my darling! Please forgive me!”

Oh.

Never mind.

Here comes that pity all over again. Part of you wishes you could just shoot her in the head and walk away.

But this is a person, flesh and blood, weeping for her dead son. You have every reason to put her down, but that doesn’t mean the prospect makes you feel good.

You take a deep breath, reminding yourself that you’re doing this woman a favor. Her eyelids close as you fasten your finger around the trigger.

CLICK!

No!

Try again on PAGE 12.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

Son of a bitch!

This piece of shit gun has jammed! Could it have picked a worse time?

You continue to pull the trigger as you notice Pamela's frown slowly invert as her eyelids slide open.

"What's that, Jason? You've delivered Mommy a little gift from the other side? Oh. Thank you, honey. Thank you so much!"

As she stands back up, you try to order her back down. Perhaps it's your voice cracking, or the supposed trance she seems to be caught in, but she does not comply with your order.

"You want Mommy to kill them, don't you honey? No mercy. Just like the others!"

Oh shit. There's no way this can be good.

"That's right, Mommy. Kill 'em. Kill 'em all. Kill 'em, Mommy!"

You keep trying to fire that damn gun, but it's as dead as its former owner. So, you toss it to the ground.

Fuck it.

You and Pamela charge each other, and you launch yourself at her. No more playing defensive.

You tackle her to the dirt, and you slam your fist into her face. It's a damn good punch! You feel her teeth smash into her lips. She's going to bleed. You don't stop there, though, you keep smashing and smashing.

One for everybody she and her ex-husband have killed tonight.

Fuck it. *Two* for everybody she and her ex-husband have killed tonight.

And then, just a little extra for all the shit she's put you through.

But then it hits you. You don't want to just keep hitting her forever. As you told the late Tom that night he ate those damn enchiladas, 'time to shit or get off the pot.'

You can try to kill Pamela yourself, or you can leave her to die. But then, where will you go? Could you make a run for the road, or take advantage of the vast lake in front of you?

You're almost at the end of this nightmare. You can feel it. Don't mess up now!

Flee to the woods on PAGE 121.

Escape to the lake on PAGE 74.

Put Pamela out of her misery on PAGE 14.

You can't believe you ever entertained the possibility of letting Pamela live. She's far too dangerous. You fasten your hands around her neck, pressing against her windpipe as hard as you can.

She lets out a long, inhuman wheeze as she kicks and struggles against you. But you're stronger than she is, and you both know she's not going to last long.

Eventually, you feel the life sap from her as her eyes close and she lets out one final gasp.

You've done it.

You've killed Pamela Voorhees.

You've survived.

You get to your feet, watching her lifeless form as your tired body refuses to move. Maybe it's worth sitting down and taking a breather. God knows you need some sleep.

You wonder if there's still food in the mess hall. Surely there would be. Your mouth waters at the thought of some canned pork and beans right about now.

You start to walk back toward the camp—

"DIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIE!"

You turn to see Pamela rushing toward you, having recovered her machete.

You raise your arms only for her to slice off two of your fingers. This is going to hurt like a motherfucker once the sudden adrenaline surge wears off.

With your free hand, you send another punch to Pamela's jaw. You can feel it dislocate from the impact. Her machete frees itself from her hands, clattering on the ground.

The world is starting to spin, but you don't waste time as you dive for the weapon. Pamela has the same idea, but you're faster. You pluck it from the ground, even as you skin your knuckles in the process.

Pamela screams as you slam the blade into her neck. Her look of shock is forever captured on her severed head as it spins through the air.

Her body crumples against the dirt, only for her head to bounce nearby a second later.

You toss the machete aside and cup your bleeding finger stubs, cursing yourself for taking off your shirt.

You try to step away. If you can just get to first aid, maybe you can...

You've lost too much blood. You can't stand straight. Your body tumbles to the ground, and your consciousness soon follows.

It takes time, but you eventually come to consciousness. At first, you think the barrage of white light is an indication that you've crossed over to Heaven. But eventually, you realize that you're staring up at a ceiling light atop a hospital bed.

Someone must have found you and given you medical attention.

Awesome.

Slowly, you allow yourself to sit up, trying to spot any signs of your pursuer.

Nothing.

Not even the slightest peep.

You fought Pamela and her crazy ex all night, and you've made it out on top.

On the other side of the room is a severed head. It's Pamela's, but it isn't Pamela's. It's too swollen and decayed. You'd have to have been asleep for years for this to make sense.

The head's eyes flick open as Pamela's grating voice floods the room like an air-raid siren.

You jolt awake with a scream, scaring the absolute shit out of the poor nurse as they have the unfortunate task of checking up on you.

Calm yourself down on PAGE 17.

As they rush to your aid, you raise your arms—your fight-or-flight instincts still in full swing. Then, it hits you that you’ve made it.

No Pamela.

No severed heads.

Nothing can hurt you now.

You turn to see an unconscious Jamie lying on the bed next to you. She must have gotten you help while you battled Ms. Voorhees.

It looks like it all worked out.

With a big, hearty sigh, you sink back onto the bed, allowing the poor nurse to tend to you. After the night you’ve had, you’ll be surprised if you ever have a good night’s sleep again.

But that’s a problem for later.

For now, you let yourself relax.

You try your best not to draw attention as you slink away from the stoic Jason. It's not that hard, but each step reminds you that, as soon as he is ready, he will pursue you relentlessly.

You continue down the road, trying to flag down one of the few passing cars with your extended thumb. The problem is you look like an absolute maniac. You're covered in blood from head-to-toe, and you're screaming at the top of your lungs.

If the cops assumed you were a serial killer, why did you think that passing drivers wouldn't?

But you refuse to give up. Your body yearns for sleep, and your stomach cries in hunger. The thought of Jason on your tail keeps you motivated.

Time passes. You're barely conscious. You've been reduced to a limp. Your insides feel like they're made of chalk. Your limbs can barely move. You're so... so cold!

But you can see the outskirts of the town in the distance.

Hopefully you can finally eat, and you can sleep. Just don't pass—

YOU ARE DEAD

With a shrug, you sit down next to Adam, who offers you a beer in one hand, and a joint in the other. You wave them off. You need to stay sober and on guard.

“Okay, say you’re right,” Adam says, stifling a laugh. “Say there’s a killer on the campground. There’s four of us, plus you two. You’re gonna be fine, so you might as well lighten up.”

You try to nod in agreement, but you can feel the frown on your face. Adam slaps you on the chest before turning back to his friends. Ronny is fast asleep, reclined on the log in a way that looks incredibly uncomfortable to you. Marcus is hovering his fingers over the fire, withdrawing with a wince, only to place them back a second later. Jamie has gotten bored of slicing up her clothes and is now touching herself as she stares absent-mindedly into the trees.

You find yourself asking Adam how long he and his friends have been lounging out here.

“We come out here most nights. Pigs hate this place because it’s hard to patrol. Well, it’s not *that* hard, but cops are a bunch of dead fucks, y’know? They hate running around trees.”

Think about that on PAGE 20.

Great. Cops aren't gonna save you tonight.
Good to know.

“Plus, we make absolute bank off your friends—weed, booze, rubbers, porno mags...”

You turn to Ralph, who snaps out of his fugue state as you give him an incredulous eyebrow raise.

You ask him what you're both doing here. Before he can answer, Adam cuts in.

“That's a good question. If a killer's chasing you, why'd you run down to the woods? Sounds like an easy way to get lost, stalked, and stuck.”

Ralph explains that you're heading to the shack at the end of the forest, where you'll find a way to stop the killer.

On the inside, you groan. You're expecting Adam to let out another derisive laugh. Frankly, you're getting impatient. The longer you stay here, the more time you waste. The killer could be on your tail, if they're not closing in on the other counselors.

They could be carving up your crush as you sit here, shooting the shit with these burnouts.

But Adam doesn't laugh. In fact, he nods.

“Shit, I always wanted to know what was inside the Voorhees shack. We'll come too.”

Watch him get up on PAGE 21.

He gets up from the log, dusting himself off as the others groan, groggily rising to their feet. You wait a second, fixating on that name.

Voorhees.

But Ralph is standing now, and you can see he's waiting on you. So, you join him, eager to continue your mission.

You look around to find that one of them isn't moving. It's Marcus. He's sitting there, head between his thighs, hand dunked in the open flame before him.

"Marcus!" Jamie calls out. "What the fuck?"

The smell of burning meat fills the air. You try not to gag as you watch the flesh sizzle and bubble, exposing the bones underneath. You wonder why he hasn't woken up. He must be in unimaginable pain!

Then, it hits you.

His throat has been slit.

His body keels too the side, and you're rushed from the trees. Ronny raises her arm, only for a machete to cleave her hand in half, right down to the wrist. Her blood splatters across your face, flecks dotting your eyes.

Ralph leads you away. You can hear Adam and Jamie beside you, shouting expletives.

Keep running on PAGE 22.

“Heeeeeeeelp!”

It’s Ronny’s voice. It’s the first time she has spoken tonight, and it’s to call for help. Her voice is high-pitched, you’d even call it shrill if you didn’t feel sorry for her right this second.

“Help me, pleeeeeeease!”

A pit has formed in your stomach. Do you really want to leave her there to slowly bleed out amidst the searing pain from her various deep cuts? You’d have to be pretty damn cold to do that.

You stop running, and Adam and Jamie waste no time in calling you a fucking idiot and ordering you to move.

“Please! Help meeeeeee!”

This is their friend, for chrissake!

Do you risk going back to help Ronny out, or do you leave her to die?

*Go back to save Ronny on PAGE 5.
Keep moving onward to PAGE 93.*

The closer you get to the sound, the more you can discern what it actually is...

Music.

It's not the kind of music you'd listen to—it's metal, lots of electric guitar, aggressive drums, a high-pitched shriek you're assuming came from a guy with long hair.

There's a flickering light threading through the trees. It's the glow of a bonfire, broken by the shadows of large humanoid blobs.

Could be the killer. Could be help.

Time to decide—

“Watch where you're going, you old shit!”

Damn.

You nervously step into the fray, arms raised defensively. Ralph is backed up against a nearby tree, staring down at a switchblade that's being waved in his face.

Hanging around the campfire is a quartet of punks—differing levels of androgyny, leather, metal spikes and piercings—they look like they could kick your ass.

The leader (who you assume is the leader because he's the tallest—although his large red mohawk and platformed boots are probably helping him out a bit) is holding Ralph hostage.

You call out to get his attention. Well, you don't call out so much as you pathetically cough, but it does the trick.

“You with this old pervert?”

You try to calmly explain that, while he might be a little eccentric, he's not a pervert, surely!

“He was watching me change my shirt!” One of the women snaps. Then, as if to confirm her own story, she flashes you her big, pierced boobs. Sadly, they can't distract you from the precariousness of the situation, so you simply stare like a deer in headlights until her gusto evaporates, and she awkwardly slots the distressed white cotton back over her chest.

“What's the matter, you not interested or something?”

You ignore the question, turning back to the leader as you ask him to forgive Ralph and let the two of you leave.

“Why should I, dork?”

Well, it's worth a shot. Maybe he's reasonable.

You explain that the two of you are fleeing from a killer who's stalking the campgrounds. You add that Ralph knows how to stop them, and that's where you're heading.

See his reaction on PAGE 25.

Are you surprised when the leader throws his head back and guffaws so loud that each cackle bounces off the trees? Well, not really. You'd have a hard time believing it yourself if you weren't thrown in the middle of it.

"Shit, man!" He giggles as he wipes away tears. "Don't tell me Crazy Ralph's got you hooked on his stupid campfire stories too!"

You didn't think it was *that* funny, but it doesn't matter. At least the tension's gone. The punks have taken their seat on the logs that surround the fire, where they continue drinking and smoking, picking up butts and bottles from the overturned wood.

At first, you stare at the punks like they're the subject of a nature documentary you flipped onto at three in the morning. You listen in on their conversations. You even learn their names.

The leader is Adam, and as you'd expect, he quickly takes charge of the conversation. He certainly has the largest personality of the four.

Sitting next to him is Jamie, the woman with stupendous tits. She fidgets with his switchblade, slicing the blade through the fabric of her clothes.

See the rest of them on PAGE 26.

Marcus sits opposite them, barely engaging with the conversation beyond grunts and snorts. He's short, but his stocky body is packed with muscle and resentment.

Reclined next to him is Ronny, who is sucking on her cigarette for dear life, only stopping to cough her thoughts through a mouthful of smoke.

Ralph is sitting next to them, trying to recruit them to the cause. You're not quite sure what a group of crusty punks could do to help you, but maybe there's strength in numbers.

Or, maybe this is all a waste of time, and you need to keep moving.

Adam indicates to you to stop being such a weirdo and sit down.

Do you?

Do what Adam says on PAGE 19.

Head off to the shack alone on PAGE 68.

You return to the camp and make a beeline for the lake. It makes sense in your head. There are so many ways the other methods could go wrong, while there are so many ways the lake could help you.

If you can take a boat onto the lake, you can have a rest, surrounded by water where Jason can't reach you. Then, when you're ready, you can sail to the other side and escape.

Perhaps it's the fatigue, but it makes sense when you think about it. Jason almost drowned as a kid. What if that has manifested as a residual fear of water in his subconscious mind?

Okay, that's a bit of a stretch.

Still, you know he can't swim. Even if he's an impervious zombie, he'll have a hard time navigating a lake with a depth of 150 ft.

Yep, this is a great plan.

The process of dragging the boat out to the lake's edge is about as fun as pulling teeth. You know this because, as you do it, you chip yours.

Oh well. If you make it out of this alive, you can treat yourself to some fine dentistry as you look back on this whole terrifying ordeal.

You start paddling out into the night—smooth sailing so far. Literally.

Start paddling on PAGE 28.

As you traverse the lake, your body slowly realizes that it is out of immediate danger. You can feel your consciousness slowly ebb from you as you rest your head against the wooden seat. Under any other circumstances, it would be the most uncomfortable position you could put yourself in.

But, you're far too tired to complain now.

The little boat travels across the lake, slowly bobbing you to sleep.

Your dreams are vivid and weird—so sensational that you won't remember them the second you wake up, but overwhelming in the moment.

Eventually, your eyes slowly open, you allow yourself to blink away the sunlight that pours into your eyelids, welcoming you back to reality.

Your neck feels like you slammed it into the edge of a table, but you are rested. Slowly, you allow yourself to sit up, trying to spot any signs of your pursuer.

Nothing. Not even the slightest peep.

You've made it.

You fought Jason all night, and you've made it out on top.

Take a breather on PAGE 29.

SPLOOOOOSH!

A figure bursts out of the lake, right next to your boat—a silhouette shrouded in gigantic foamy waves, its arms raised in the air.

Hands slam onto the side of your boat. From the dispersing water emerges Jason's mask.

Before you can utter a single word, Jason wraps an arm around your neck and pulls you over. You splash into the warm water, kicking as bubbles stream from your screaming mouth.

It's not supposed to end like this, damn it! You made it! You survived! This isn't fair! It's not fair at all!

Jason does not relent, continuing to hold you in place as the two of you sink further down to the lake's floor.

The last dreg of oxygen your lungs will ever carry disappears, leaving your chest to heave as it fills with carbon dioxide. Your heart slams against your chest. Your brain thuds in your skull. Your eyes fill with red wisps of blood from the burst vessels.

You are being consigned to a watery grave.

You launch forward, gasping and coughing, only to find that you're sitting on the floor of the boat.

Find out what's going on at PAGE 30.

Your clothes are reduced to a disgusting cotton sludge from the high saturation of dried blood and the deluge of sweat. You're slightly sunburnt, you're feeling delirious, and you're so fucking hungry.

But you're alive.

You scan the water for any signs that your dream is about to become a terrifying reality. But the waters are perfectly calm. If Jason was coming for you, you would know.

Who knows where he is?

Who cares?

He's not here.

You're safe.

You're actually, finally, safe.

Your heart beats in your chest, but not from fear. You're excited as you continue your journey to the other side of the lake. It's going to be a long, tiring journey. But, once it's done, you're going to go home and never look back.

You don't care if Joey's story sounds strange to the others. You saw Jason with your own eyes. You saw as the kind of barbaric violence he's capable of. You believe him.

Now, Joey might be one hell of a tough guy, but he's outnumbered, and you can sense everybody in the room turning on him. Nothing announces 'I'm a danger to all of you' quite like leaving your fellow man fighting for his life on the floor.

Sean and Steph take charge, grabbing Joey and pinning him down. He thrashes, but they're older and stronger than him, so they're barely breaking a sweat.

But damn it, this isn't right. Joey doesn't deserve this. He was provoked by Tom, after all.

You rush over to Sean and shove him over, ordering him to leave Joey alone. You rise to your feet, confident that the angry mob is no longer fixated on Joey.

The problem is that now, they're fixated on you.

You blink as Steph smashes an empty beer bottle against the back of your head.

Then, the *real* beatdown begins.

YOU ARE DEAD

So, Pamela murdered all your friends. She only could because she had the element of surprise, and an accomplice, right?

Now that it's just you, mano a mano, you can lay this old wrinkly bitch right the fuck out.

You radiate bravery as you order Jamie to go and get help. Now that her neck has been wrapped, she has no qualms grabbing your face with her bloodstained hands and planting a kiss on your lips.

Fuck, you're so cool!

You can still feel a tingle as she sets off into the forest. Time to take this energy and use it to beat the shit out of a crazy septuagenarian.

Suddenly, the air shifts around you.

THUNK!

You barely dodge out of the way as Pamela slams her machete into the floor with an ear-piercing shriek. Say what you want about her, she sure has a powerful set of lungs.

Instinctively, you ball your hand into a fist and slam it into Pamela's chin, throwing her onto her back. She raises her head, trying to give you an intimidating glare, but you can tell that you've dazed her.

Figure out your next move on PAGE 33.

It's time to make another decision; do you stay and continue the fight, or do you run for—
“GRAAAAAAAAAARRRRGH!”

Pamela is back on her feet, ditching her machete and throwing herself at you like a wild jungle cat. As you land on the floor, she alternates between trying to strangle you and trying to gouge out your eyes.

As you struggle, Pamela leans in, her face inches from yours. Her breath has a sickeningly strong smell of peppermint that makes your eyes water.

“You took my family from me!” She howls.
“And you just refuse to die!”

You snap back at her. You tell her that she's a crazy bitch, and that, if her son really mattered all that much to her, she would've put even the slightest bit of effort into supervising him properly.

Yes, it's *her* fault!

If her family is looking up at her from hell, they're feeling nothing but disappointment!

Pamela pauses, retreating from you. She looks more dazed than she did when you socked her in the jaw.

You wonder if this is you making progress.

Will she introspect enough to realize that this Sisyphean attempt at violent revenge will never bring her son back? Will it occur to her that the only way forward is to move on?

Maybe she'll leave you alone, and you can go home!

Yeah. Sure.

Keep dreaming, asshole.

Pamela's smile says everything. Whatever effect your harsh words might have had, she has stuffed them deep down, and her sole focus is on killing you.

Pamela is blocking the exit, so you return to the room you just left. Elias and what's left of Adam are still lying there, blood and guts seeping into the dusty carpet.

You can hear Pamela's rushing footsteps slamming towards you. She has no doubt picked up that machete from the floor, and intends to bury its blade between your ribs.

You need a weapon too.

Both Adam and Elias have weapons, but they're little knives. How are they going to fare against a big-ass machete?

Luckily, you spot another weapon that'll probably be more effective.

Examine the weapon on PAGE 35.

There's a gun in Elias' waistband.

You don't know much about guns, but this thing feels like it packs a punch, like Elias stole it right out of a Charles Bronson movie.

You whip around, pointing the gun at Pamela as she barges into the open doorway. Her eyes widen more than you thought possible, and it suddenly hits you.

You're the one in control.

You want nothing more than to shoot her in her bewildered face. But, you're not sure. You don't know much about guns, after all. What if you miss? You'll be pretty much giving her an open invitation.

Maybe you can use her fear to your advantage.

Maybe you're just overthinking this.

What do you think?

You spot a waving flashlight beam in the distance. It has to be Joey, heading for the Hunter's lodge.

You call out his name, taking off after him. He doesn't respond. You're an obstacle to him. You're only going to slow him down. But you don't stop. Whether he wants to or not, he's going to help you out of this nightmare.

Eventually, Joey slows down—and thank god for that. You both double over, leaning against trees as you catch your breath.

“So,” Joey asks between gasps. “You’re sticking with me?”

You nod in between painful breaths. After a brief pause, Joey stands upright.

“Fine. But I want to establish some ground rules—I’m talking non-negotiables.”

You assure him that you’re more than happy to play ball if he can help you survive.

“Alright. Rule number one; whatever this guy tells you to do, you do it. He might seem a bit eccentric, but he knows his shit more than you ever will.”

You nod.

Let this guy take the wheel. Makes sense.

Hear the rest of the rules on PAGE 37.

“Second; this guy’s armed to the teeth, but don’t touch anything unless he tells you to. His weapons aren’t for rookies. I can’t protect you from Jason if you accidentally blow your face off.”

Shit. Okay.

“Number three; you’re going to see a whole bunch of stuff that’s gonna make you want to ask questions. Don’t! Fight that urge, because that’s the last thing we need.”

Isn’t he just a hunter? What’s with all the rules?

“Finally, and most importantly; stay with us. Okay? It’s gonna be tempting to run once Jason shows up. But, if you want us to help you, you stick with the group.”

You have no problems with any of that... at least, not for now.

Once you agree, though, you see Joey take a deep breath, like a weight has been lifted from his shoulders. It looks like he was expecting you to be more of a problem.

Considering the mess back at the cabin, you can’t really blame him.

He leads you down a winding dirt path to a small lodging that appears fairly run down and deserted. Is this where your saviour is supposed to be shackled up?

You remember not to ask questions as Joey approaches the door and knocks.

“Hey, buddy, open up!”

No response. Joey knocks again.

“It’s Joey! Don’t tell me you bailed, man! You said you’d be here if—”

“He’s killing me!”

The two of you jump. That was a voice, but it does *not* belong to a badass monster hunter.

“He’s killing meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!”

Joey kicks the door open, and the two of you step inside, and those questions that Joey warned you about start to flood your head. The walls are plastered with newspaper articles and photographs, all detailing the killings and disappearances surrounding Camp Crystal Lake.

Then, there’s the *weirder* shit. Whoever this guy is, he has a strong grasp of the supernatural. We’re talking tomes of the occult, jars of mystical organs, parchment with symbols, etc.

And, of course, there are all the guns, lying scattered on the floor near your hunter friend. Jason has planted a mighty foot on his lower back. His upper back is spilling arcs of blood like a water feature, courtesy of the machete that Jason planted like a flag.

As the hunter screams, Jason yanks the machete out, taking slow steps toward you, like he knows he has you cornered. You scan the room for something to help you. The weapons are too far away, and Joey's shell shocked.

Your foot brushes up against a small, fluorescent object, but you're too busy reading one of the clippings that have caught your eye.

It's about Pamela Voorhees. Seeing her face reminds you of what Joey said at the cabin.

He's been wandering the camp ever since, trying to find his Mom...

You're certain you can't beat Jason in a fight, but you suspect that he's also not that bright.

Whatever your next move, you'd better come up with it quickly. Jason has a machete with your name on it.

Go for brains on PAGE 116.

Go for brawn on PAGE 50.

You are forced to your knees by one of the officers. At first, you think he's being a bit rough. Then you remember that he suspects you of a pretty heinous crime. Still, whatever happened to 'innocent until proven guilty?'

Hey, you never know! Maybe you'll get a decent lawyer who can look at this whole clusterfuck and prove that you obviously couldn't have done all of this. You could write a book about your experiences and retire in your early twenties!

You're brought out of your little fantasy as the officer clicks handcuffs around one of your wrists. He grabs your other arm, about to fasten the other end of the cuffs when he pauses.

"What... the fuck?"

You follow his eyeline, staring out into the distance. A giant fireball appears to make its way across the countryside, speeding away from the campsite.

As it gets closer, you realize what it is.

It's Jason.

It's a *blazing* Jason!

And he's heading right for you!

Don't just sit there! Go to PAGE 41.

You spring to your feet, yelling at the police officers that he's the real killer! They all need to take him down as soon as possible or you're all dead!

You don't need to tell them twice. They raise their weapons and immediately fire, causing a cascade of ripples across Jason's jet-black, leathery flesh as pieces are blasted away.

Surely a death by firing squad will be adequate!

But he just keeps coming. The cops might as well be throwing handfuls of pebbles.

You try to avert your eyes as the blazing Jason reaches the first officer, but the sound is something you'll never forget. It's a shrill scream, accompanied by a sickening cross between a snap and a scrape that shouldn't come from any body.

When you decide that looking away isn't going to help, you turn to see that all hell has broken loose. Jason has become a macabre knight, using a torn squad car door as a shield while brandishing a torn off arm as his trusty steel.

The police are scrambling, trying to reload their weapons and refrain from pissing their pants as he charges toward them.

It's a bloodbath. Forest Green County's finest are being tossed around like ragdolls, and those are the *lucky* ones.

The ones that Jason doesn't toss aside are beaten, broken, torn apart—one is decapitated with his own squad car door, one has his nightstick shoved down his throat until he suffocates, several are slammed through the glass windshields shredding their arteries to ribbons, one has his head caved in with the butt of his own weapon—does Jason know how to use guns? Maybe he doesn't like gun deaths after all—

BOOM!

Never mind. Jason just used an officer as a human shield, his head blasting apart like a watermelon.

But, as much as Jason is clearly reveling in the carnage, he's slowing down. There are holes in his zombified body, and the flames are still raging away.

Think about what this means on PAGE 43.

His body needs a chance to heal up. Maybe that's when you can give him the slip!

God, look at that mess. It looks like somebody let off a nuclear bomb inside the world's largest jar of pasta sauce.

Jason is standing at the centre of this pointillist masterpiece, perfectly still. His eyes are trained on the ground. Whatever's going on in his barely functioning head doesn't matter. You now have your chance.

And, you've got options! Your instincts tell you to follow the road. If you can flag a car, you're finally home free. But, what if you can't? Jason won't have a problem catching up to you.

What if the solution is back inside the camp? Joey defeated Jason in Forest Green, so maybe there's a solution you overlooked.

Then again, what if the solution is something even more obvious? Maybe there's a weapon amongst this puddle of human slurry that you can use to finish Jason off.

Decisions, decisions...

Hitch-hike back to town on PAGE 18.

Return to the campgrounds on PAGE 27.

Finish Jason off on PAGE 131.

You really choked, didn't you?

That's all you think about as you stare at the frothy, carbonated beer as it swishes back-and-forth inside the bottle. You should probably drink it, but you've been staring at it for so long that it's probably gone flat.

Your crush has moved on, and is making no effort to hide their jubilation as the sounds of their loud, aggressive sex echoes throughout the cabin—lots of thudding, lots of dirty talk, and is that an orgasm?

Shit. You really choked.

You gulp down the rest of the beer with a grimace. It's as bitter and tasteless as you expected. Even the alcoholic buzz feels dulled.

Still, there's no sense in writing off tonight just yet. Sean has put away his guitar and he and Steph are now grinding in a way that suggests they'll be heading for a room soon.

Dani and Tom are seated by the fireplace, in the middle of a conversation as Joey watches intently. Maybe you can join in and distract yourself until you're feeling sleepy enough to turn in for the night.

Approach the group on PAGE 45.

“You seriously don’t know this camp’s history? Come on, are you living under a rock?”

“Don’t be a jerk, Tom.”

“Fine. Let me tell you the story.”

He takes a deep breath, affecting a serious demeanor. Guy thinks he’s a regular Vincent Price or something.

“The year was 1957. This camp was only a couple years old, and it was thriving. Picture it; a warm, sunny day filled with annoying little shits running around, wiping their boogers everywhere.”

“Tom!” Dani whines. “Stop being so crude!”

“The counselors were just like us—young, dumb, and full of cum.”

You turn to Dani to see her squirm as Tom continues.

“Whenever the kids weren’t around, these counselors would be smoking dope and screwing, all around the camp. The camp’s owner turned a blind eye to all of it. After all, it was adults having fun. That’s what camp’s all about, right? Having a bit of fun? But one of the workers didn’t share his attitude.”

He turns his head with an air of drama that makes your eyes roll. You could be in bed right now, and you're instead watching this guy.

"She was the cook, and she was a real bitch—crazy fundie type, not too big on the sin of fornication. Still, she bites her tongue. She needs the work. That's until one fateful day. Her son was eleven years old, and a bit slow in the head. He needed constant supervision."

"Jason."

The three of you turn to Joey, who awkwardly shifts in his seat.

"His name was Jason."

"Well," Tom continues, "a couple of counselors didn't get the memo, and decided to go and bump uglies while Jason had his eyes on the lake. Shame the little guy couldn't swim."

Dani gasps. It's not hard to put two and two together.

"They never found his body, and his mother took that really hard. I mean, who wouldn't? She demanded that the camp close down, and they told her to eat shit."

"That's awful," Dani interjects.

You agree. That's messed up.

Hear the rest of the story on PAGE 47.

“Then, one morning, the owner returns to the campground to find it quiet... too quiet. He looks around, and all that greets him is a sea of corpses, all hacked and slashed up all bloody.”

You ask Tom if his dumb story’s done so you can go back to your cabin.

“No, the story’s not done. Camp Crystal Lake might have closed down. But, since it reopened as Camp Forest Green, people have wondered whether the killer will come back.”

CRASH!

Dani screams. All eyes are on the hallway leading to the bedroom that your crush is inside. You feel your heartbeat in your throat as you realize that you’re not hearing sex sounds.

This is the sound of a struggle.

A violent struggle.

Your crush is clearly in trouble.

You have to do something.

But don’t take too long to think about it. Who knows how much time they have?

*If you want a weapon first, go to PAGE 114.
If there’s not enough time, go to PAGE 117.*

Joey continues to tell his story, but you don't need to hear the rest. He just said that he murdered the man that you watched hack your crush to death. Insane.

So, you move around the cabin, trying to find an exit where the killer isn't waiting on the other side.

"Hey, where are you going?"

It's Dani. She's following you.

"Aren't you going to listen to Joey?"

You explain to her that, if he wants to tell creepy campfire stories, that's fine. But, you're getting out.

"Stop!"

In spite of yourself, something about the sudden confidence in her voice makes you want to hear her out.

"Don't you get it? We have to work togeth—"

CRASH!

A beefy arm wraps around your neck and pulls you backward. You feel the skin on your back tear away against the broken glass.

That's what you get for stopping next to a window.

YOU ARE DEAD

This is taking way too long.

You drop Jamie and take off into the woods, grateful that her stabbed throat means she can't yell after you. Now, you just have to find a way back to camp.

Of course, without anyone to guide you through the dark, you take much longer than you'd expect. Time passes pretty quickly, and the growl of your stomach announces that you need something in your belly if you want to keep moving.

Nature is basically the Earth's pantry! You're bound to find something.

You snap some berries off a nearby plant. What's the rule with berries? How do you know if they're poisonous or not?

Ahh whatever, they're probably fine.

Thirty minutes later, you're twitching and writhing in the grass, your crimson skin glazed in sweat, a pile of crusted vomit on one side and a puddle of diarrhea on the other.

Well, this is just embarrassing.

YOU ARE DEAD

On second thought, what was that at your feet?

There's no way you're going to appeal to Jason by evoking his mother. That's an absurd idea. So, you dive to the floor and scoop up the mystery object in your hands, hoping that it will prove to be somewhat formidable.

As you raise it to your eyes, a rush of adrenaline fills you up.

It's a fucking flare gun!

You look up to alert Joey of your findings, only to find him standing perfectly still, his eyes unblinking as he looks at Jason.

You beg him to snap out of it. You remind him that, even though the hunter is dead, the two of you can still get out of this if you work together!

At first, you think Joey is nodding, even if the movement seems a bit unnatural. The guy must have a weird nod or something.

Then, you realize what his head is actually doing. It's sliding off his shoulders.

SPLAT!

Joey's headless body slumps down, and it hits you that you're the last one standing.

Well, technically, you're still on the ground.

You roll out of the way as Jason attempts an overhead swing. Once the machete is embedded in the floor, you stand up, gripping the flare gun tightly.

You try to aim, but Jason is fast, and you're forced to keep ducking for your life.

Come on, all you need is an opening!

Jason thrusts at you, aiming to slice through your head. You dodge, gasping as the blade slams into the wall next to you.

As you maneuver to the side, you expect Jason to be halfway through his next attack.

But, you turn to Jason to find him transfixed. In front of him, at the other end of the machete, is a magazine article that he has just speared with his blade. At the centre, taking the brunt of the weapon, is a large headshot of his mother, smiling with a deranged grin.

It's almost like Jason regrets this act of violence—like he feels as though defacing an image of his mother is tantamount to disrespecting his mother in real life.

Hey, Genius! Why are you psychoanalyzing him when you have a fucking flare gun?

Spotting your chance, you raise the gun and fire it at him.

At first, the sparking round bounces off Jason's already contused skin. For a split second, it feels like you've punched him with a fancy bean bag.

But, then the flare gets caught in Jason's clothes, and he immediately bursts into flames. You fall to the floor as the lodge fills with thick, black smoke. You can hear Jason as he drops to the floor, trying to roll away the fire as it threatens to subsume him whole.

Huh. Guess he's not so dumb after all.

But, you're not going to celebrate. Through the stinging and the tears, you spot a pistol that looks like it came right out of some big important war. You couldn't identify it for the life of you, but that doesn't matter.

You lunge for it, scraping yourself across the floor. As soon as you wrap your hand around it, you feel an incredible burst of pain, like you just tried to palm a pufferfish like a baseball.

You cry out. The gun has welded to your skin, boiling and sizzling the flesh down to the bone.

Impulsively, you slam your hand against the floor, and the gun tears away with a sickening *RIIIIIP!*

So, the guns are a no-go. That's a shame. There's so many of them.

But you still have some options, now that Jason is occupied with his own immolation.

You reach the front door, where the night stretches out ahead of you. Part of you wants to immediately take off and use the cover of darkness. But you suspect that, if Jason survives the fire, he will come at you with everything he's got. Are you ready for that?

Then again, there are lights in the distance that could signal some kind of safety. Maybe the cavalry has finally arrived.

Of course, do you want to try and trust other people with ending this? You're the only survivor up to this point. Maybe that's a sign that you need to do this yourself.

Run into the dark on PAGE 122.

Stay back on PAGE 110.

Run for the light on PAGE 126.

You throw yourself between the two screaming counselors... right in the path of an oncoming punch. But, that's okay. You've taken punches before.

Sean pauses, giving Joey time to breathe. You've now got the floor, so you plead your case with a passionate speech about how you all need to work together to overcome Jason, everybody has their role to play, you need to make it for your friends who couldn't, etc. etc. It's real from-the-heart type shit.

And you can see it affects everyone, as they mull it over in their heads. As you expect, Sean is the first to break the silence.

“Okay, so what's your plan? What do we do?”

Shit. Did you just volunteer to lead?

What *is* your plan?

You open your mouth to blurt out the first thing that comes to your mind when—

CRASH!

The window next to Dani bursts apart as a thick tree trunk of an arm bursts through, waving erratically as the gnarled, beefy hand at the end grabs violently at the air.

The flesh is waterlogged and grey, covered in fissures that exposed decayed muscle and bone.

Joey isn't lying to you.

Jason is dead.

Yet, here he is, trying to claw his way inside the cabin.

While you stand there, slack-jawed, Joey leads the screaming Dani away as Sean and Steph scramble to push a wooden cabinet in front of the window, blocking Jason's entry. You can hear his giant boots squelch as they stomp the ground outside. He's searching for another way in.

Once Sean steps away from the cabinet, he turns on you.

"Come on, man! You said you had a plan!"

You don't remember saying that, actually. But, there's no sense arguing the point. Sean doesn't look like he wants to debate.

So, you open your mouth, ready to explain your plan. Of course, you don't actually have a plan, but you've got common sense, and that should count for something—

"I have a plan!"

It's Joey, briefing you all like a drill sergeant.

"When I faced Jason, all those years ago, I wasn't alone. There was another—a hunter, who was convinced that he knew how to kill Jason. I might have dealt the final blow, but he softened the killer up for me. If we can reach him, we can kill Jason again!"

You ask him where this hunter is.

"He lives in a shack near Crystal Lake. It's a bit of a walk, but the guy's armed to the teeth, and he knows how Jason thinks."

"Or," Sean interrupts, "we could take my jeep and drive back to town. We can contact the Sheriff instead of recruiting some backwoods nutjob to take down our backwoods nutjob."

"No dice. The car is the worst option. Trust me, you'll only attract him with the sound and the lights."

"So?"

"And you need to choose who's going to join you in a giant, moving, metal coffin. Does that sound great to you?"

"It sounds better than being a sitting duck outside."

Continue the argument on PAGE 57.

“We’d have the cover of darkness, and the trees. Plus, we’d all be together, so we could keep an eye out and warn each other.”

“There’s one other option!”

It’s Tom. He’s reclined on the couch, cracking open another beer can and downing the contents in a series of foamy gulps.

“Why don’t we just hole up in here? If we barricade the doors and windows, we can wait for help to arrive.”

It’s worth considering, but Joey and Sean don’t care. They’re arguing their case with a fierceness reserved for the courtroom.

Does this mean you’re the leader now? Is it your responsibility to step in? By the time your group’s little hierarchy is figured out, you’ll all be turned into shish kabob by a zombie hulking with a hockey mask.

Ultimately, you don’t feel like waiting for Jason. You’ve got three plans in front of you. It’s time to pretend you had one of them in mind.

If Tom’s plan makes sense, go to PAGE 130.

If Joey or Sean are right, go to PAGE 58.

The more you think about Tom's idea, the more you realize that it sucks, and you wonder what you expected in the first place.

So, that leaves you with Joey and Sean, who are still arguing so fervently, you wonder if they'll write up papers on their ideas with citations and sources and all that jazz.

Sean has a good point. Whatever Jason is, he can't outrun a car. But packing everybody inside such a vulnerable position might be a bad idea. Alternatively, a hunter's lodge would carry weapons, and you could make sure Jason never follows you again.

Tom is asleep on the couch, but Steph and Dani are looking at you to step in again. Time to finally make your decision. How are you getting out of this cabin?

Then, a thought pushes its way to the front.

How is Tom sleeping during something like this?

You look back to find Tom on the couch, eyes wide open as ropes of sinew and caked blood are the only things connecting his head to his shoulders.

Jason drops Tom's head to the floor before marching toward you.

Dani screams, scrambling for the exit, but Jason lunges at her, clotheslining her to the floor. One of her eyes has gone bloodshot. You wonder if she can even see.

Jason doesn't care. He plants an oversized boot on her neck and presses down until it snaps with a sickening crunch, leaving a boot imprint where her throat used to be.

Sean leaps from behind with a roar, stabbing as much kitchenware as possible into Jason's back—knives, forks, even spoons.

But he might as well be prodding the man with his finger. Jason doesn't seem fazed. He doesn't even seem all that irritated. Maybe he thinks the stainless steel protrusions are a neat accessory.

Sean doesn't wait to find out. He races to Steph and grabs her, ready to lead her outside, presumably to the car.

Jason snatches her by the hair, pulling her away as she kicks and screams. Sean follows, attempting to free her, but it's no use.

You follow them to the kitchenette, where Jason's destination becomes clear. He holds Steph's head above the sink, which is full of soapy water. Then, he plunges it underneath.

You've seen Steph swim. You know she's got powerful lungs, but that's not the point, is it? This is torture. You watch her struggle, and you know she can feel the oxygen deplete from her lungs ever so slowly. Sean makes a last ditch effort to save her, only for Jason to bat him aside, knocking him out instantly.

You're about to jump in. But it's too late. Steph has gone completely limp. Her lifeless body slides from the sink to the floor.

Jason is already bounding towards Sean, who groggily stirs. His eyes widen as Jason cups both sides of his head. For a second, it almost looks nurturing.

Then, the behemoth applies pressure. Sean's legs kick out. His eyes swivel in their sockets, settling on you as you watch, aghast. His teeth grind each other into dust as drops of blood slide from his eyes and nose. His pupils slide inward as he lets out a chilling sigh.

Watch Sean's final moments on PAGE 61.

CRUNCH!

Sean's head collapses inward, one of his eyes shooting out, dangling from the still intact optic nerve. All that's left on his shoulders is a pulpy meat pile punctuated by broken shards of skull.

Jason takes a moment to revel in his handiwork, then he turns to you.

And, you're off.

You practically throw yourself through the front door, and the cabin is quickly disappearing on the horizon. But, you need direction. If you run aimlessly, you'll tire, and that's when Jason will catch up to you, and... well... best not to think about it.

Joey's probably heading to the hunter's lodge. Maybe you can regroup with him and figure out a way to put Jason down for good.

Or, there's always the option of Sean's car. You don't have to worry about transporting all of the other counselors—a macabre thought.

You'd better decide quickly though. You can't see Jason, but you know he's coming for you.

Head to the Hunter's lodge on PAGE 36.

Head to Sean's car on PAGE 9.

You declare that this is such bullshit!

The sudden outburst prompts the advancing Elias and Pamela to freeze. They were expecting you to tremble in fear or beg for mercy.

Instead, you launch into a long-winded speech about how you had nothing to do with Jason's death, as you weren't even alive when he drowned.

Not only do you sympathize with their loss, but you've lived the kind of life that they would approve of! You've never drank; you've never done drugs; you've never even had sex! You're a stone-cold virgin! If you were there that day, you would have supervised Jason so professionally, and none of this would have even happened.

Unfortunately, you get so passionate that you don't even realize that, while you were speaking, Elias stabbed you in the stomach with his blade. In a swift move, he frees your intestines, leaving them to pile up on the floor.

Still, it felt good to have opened up and spilled your guts.

Metaphorically, of course.

YOU ARE DEAD

You throw yourself to the floor, the air above you sliced by the crossing blades.

SPLAT!

A deafening shriek rattles the room. You get to your feet to find Pamela on her knees, crying as she cradles a twitching Elias. Her machete has planted in his face, leaving intermittent spurts of blood.

“Damn it, Elias! I already lost my boy. Don’t tell me I’m losing you too!”

Elias murmurs a response. You suspect it would have been a lot more articulate, had the speaking part of his brain not been forcibly separated by sharpened steel.

“I always knew you would die from not getting out of your own damn way!” Pamela cries.

There’s some pity as you watch them. These two have clearly been through a lot; what with the death of their son, their divorce, their reconnecting, killing campers together, and now this. You know family members that have gone crazier for less.

You slightly hunch over, trying as hard as you can to not make a sound as you tip-toe backward, toward the exit.

You throw whispered thank-yous like confetti as you escape. The front door is right in front of you, practically begging you to cross it into the camp.

“GAH!”

Eeeeeek, it's a zombie!

It lunges at you, arms outstretched as it touches you with cold, sweaty, pale hands. You close your eyes, expecting that it will tear into you at any moment.

“Thank god you're okay!”

The words are wheezed out from a mangled throat. It's Jamie, clinging to life with a death grip on where she was stuck a few minutes ago.

The two of you crouch low.

You ask Jamie if she's okay.

“What do you think?” She hisses back.

Yeah. Stupid question.

“While you had their attention, I tried to crawl out. But that's not so easy when you've only got one hand.”

Pamela's wailing continues in the background, letting you know that you've got some more time.

You and Jamie both turn to the front door—your salvation. It's right there!

Approach the front door on PAGE 65.

“This isn’t looking good,” Jamie mutters.

You ask her what she means.

“I don’t know if I’m going to make it out there. Either I’ll bleed out, or they’ll catch up to me.”

You tell her that you’ll help her.

“I’ll only slow you down.”

She has a point there. And it’s not like you’re above leaving people to die. You remember Ronny’s cries for help as you kept running to this very shack.

Maybe this time can be different, though.

You have an idea.

“What are you doing?” Jamie asks as you wrench your shirt off, tearing up the fabric—slow enough that Pamela won’t hear it over her hysterics. You then wrap your makeshift padded tourniquet around her neck. That way, she can control the bleeding while also having two hands free.

Okay. There’s that problem sorted.

You ask Jamie if she can walk.

“Not well,” She somberly answers. “I might need your help with that.”

So not *all* of your problems can be solved right now.

You help Jamie up, allowing her to use you for support. You try to move, but it's slow and difficult. If Pamela catches you both, you won't be able to put up much of a fight.

Can you will that part of you again—the one that left Ronny as she screamed for help? Can you put your survival first?

Then you remember that Elias is dead. There is only one crazy to deal with. Sure, said crazy is a woman with a machete who has already killed your friends, but she's old. Maybe you can take the fight to her.

You'd better decide which option works best for you, though. Both you and Jamie lock eyes as it hits you that the room has become deathly quiet.

Footsteps approach.

The newly widowed Ms. Voorhees is coming.

Stand and fight on PAGE 32.

Drop Jamie and run to PAGE 49.

Take Jamie and run to PAGE 125.

Maybe you disagree with the crassness that Tom expresses, but he does have a point. Joey's story is a bit suspect, to say the least.

Plus, if you don't stop him, he is going to absolutely obliterate Tom. You might dislike the guy, but he doesn't deserve this.

So, you throw yourself at Joey, trying to pull him away from the others. Perhaps you could have planned this better, though, because you can already tell that Joey perceives you as a threat.

He socks you right in the head, and you feel like it's about to detach from your shoulders. You'd see stars if you didn't feel like your eyes just exploded in their sockets.

You raise your arms in defense, trying to blurt out a half-assed peace treaty, but it's no use. Joey must think you're entering some kind of karate stance, because he gives you an uppercut that sends you flying back.

Even with his rage, Joey flinches in shock as your head slams against the wall, skull splitting on impact. You slide down to the floor, leaving a smear of blood and brain.

YOU ARE DEAD

You thank the group for their hospitality, but you announce that you're going to head off on your own, as you've got somewhere to be.

You expect some pushback, particularly from Ralph, but even he doesn't seem to care. He's chatting with the punks, who seem to be enjoying his company.

Fine. You don't need him.

You take a few steps, only to trip.

CRASH!

Everybody leaps from their seat, staring at you like you're a dog who left a present on the carpet. At first, you wonder why.

Then, you realize that the music has stopped playing. At your feet lie the shattered pieces of Adam's boombox that you just bumped into.

His nostrils are flaring, his chest expanding with heavy, rage-filled breaths.

"You're paying for that!"

You try to back away, halfway through explaining that you don't have money on you right now, when his switchblade jams into your sternum.

YOU ARE DEAD

Pamela has the element of surprise. There's no way you're winning this fight.

So, you turn and flee, sprinting away from the lake toward the forest.

You've got it all figured out. You'll use the darkness and the trees as cover, then you'll ambush her once you've got the drop!

Right. Time to pick your hiding spot. Don't take too long, though. She could be on you at any moment—

Is it you, or does your stomach *really* hurt?

You look down to see her machete blade jutting out of your gut.

You audibly gasp, causing blood to spill from your mouth. Pamela pulls her weapon from you as you drop to the ground.

She raises her machete, the one coated in *your* blood, with a big, toothy grin.

Then, she slams the blade into you.

Then pulls it out.

Then hacks at you.

Again, and again, and again, and again...

YOU ARE DEAD

“I had his machete in my hand...”

Joey stares into space as everybody gathers around him. There’s no way he’s making this up. The pain that he appears to be recalling—nobody in *this* camp is that good of an actor.

“I was just slashing him, and slashing him, and slashing him... die... die... die... DIE!”

There’s a pause, as everyone is startled. Nobody wants to be the person to follow up that story.

Well, nobody except Tom.

“That’s fine and all, but your guy managed to come back, so you can’t have done *that* good of a job, right?”

Dani looks ready to scold Tom into next year, but Joey stops her.

“No, he’s got a point.”

Joey turns to Tom with an air of guilt.

“I thought I was sure. Jason Voorhees is dead. That’s what I told myself, again and again, every day at Pinehurst. But something told me that wasn’t true.”

“Joey,” Dani squeaks. “What did you do?”

Joey gulps.

“One night, I broke out of Pinehurst. I signed up to be a counselor at Forest Green. Then, when I got the chance, I dug up Jason’s body. I had to see it. It was the only way to know that he was absolutely dead.”

“What happened? Was his body there?” Steph asks, her arms folded.

Joey nods. “It was exactly where I buried it. But... there was lightning, and... well...”

“Oh, come on! You aren’t seriously buying this shit, right?”

All eyes are on Tom.

“I just remembered. You said you broke out of Pinehurst, right?”

Joey’s eyes bug out as Tom turns to Sean.

“Pinehurst is a fucking halfway house! This guy’s a total loon!”

“Alright Tom, take it easy—”

“No! I don’t believe you guys! There’s a murderer outside our cabin, and we’re talking to this crazy about how said murderer might be a goddamn Frankenstein?”

Tom turns his attention to Joey, practically cornering him with a jabbing finger.

“How do we know you’re not working with him, huh? How do we know you two weren’t butt-buddies at Pinehurst, and you escaped together? That sounds more logical to me than you being some kind of zombie slayer—”

“Fuck you, man!” Joey pushes back.

“Except, you’re not a zombie slayer, are you? In your bullshit story, you *made* the zombie!”

Tom turns back to all of you.

“He probably carved up his family. How else do you think he ended up at Pineh—”

THWACK!

Joey’s punch sends Tom to the floor, and a scuffle quickly breaks out between the two. Everybody leaps onto the two combatants, trying to pull them apart.

But Joey has a raging fire in his eyes. There is a scary determination to him as he throws a flurry of punches at Tom.

“Hey! HEY!”

Normally, Sean’s voice would be enough to make everybody stop on the spot. But, tonight is not a normal night. He’s screaming over the bedlam, but he might as well be miming.

Joey leaps to his feet, shrugging off everybody like he's the Hulk. Tom pulls himself up as well, wheezing through the ground beef that one might charitably call his face. You wonder if he can even see through all of the bruised swelling.

“Hhhhhhhnnngh...”

Sean is taking turns yelling at the two counselors, ordering them to calm down.

Tom mumbles something under his breath.

“What was that, pencil-dick?” Joey leans down, grabbing Tom by the lapel.

“I said...” Tom gasps. “... suck my balls, you fucking maniac—”

And the fight begins again. The rest of the counselors dive into the fray like it's the goddamn Royal Rumble.

And you're just standing there.

Time to take a side.

Or don't.

Detain Joey on PAGE 67.

Defend Joey on PAGE 31.

Dive into the fray on PAGE 54.

You don't have it in you to finish Pamela off. She looks like she won't make it anyway. So, you turn to the lake and rush to the boat, dragging it toward the water. The process is slow, and you slam your shins against the wood multiple times. Then, your feet plunge into the water, and your legs go numb from the chill.

As you hop in and start to paddle, Pamela is back on her feet. She hurls her machete at you. It misses completely, and you sigh in relief as you sail off into the night.

Time passes, and Pamela is just a speck on the horizon. But you can't help but feel like something is wrong. A puddle has formed at your feet, and at this point has submerged your toes.

Then, you realize where the machete landed. It damaged the boat!

It isn't long before you're in the middle of the 150 ft deep lake, stuck in freezing water as your broken boat sits on the bottom.

You paddle for as long as you can, but...

YOU ARE DEAD

Let's get the easy part out of the way.

You start the fire, jumping out of your skin as it immediately spreads across the decaying wood of the shack.

It's not long before you're overpowered by the smoke. You can't see. You can barely even breathe. But you still ready your pitchfork. Once you've taken care of Jason, you'll have the rest of your life to deal with the adverse effects of smoke inhalation.

Where is that son of a bitch—

Jason's hands shoot out from the smoke. You expect them to grapple your neck, or crush your head. But they simply plant on your shoulders.

You try to move, but Jason's strength is unmatched.

Then, it hits you.

He's holding you in place because you just did all his work for him.

As the fire engulfs the two of you, Jason doesn't react. He doesn't need to. He might be a bit crispy, but he will walk out of here soon.

You, on the other hand, won't.

YOU ARE DEAD

Yeah, no.

Fuck that.

There is no way in hell that you're inspecting that dead body. You're going to march your way back to camp and call for help.

So, you leave the corpse where you found it and try to return to civilization. It suddenly hits you how tired you are, as you trudge across the grass, a dull ache causing your calves and thighs to throb with each step.

“You're from Camp Blood, ain't ya?!”

The voice makes you jump. It's old, with a backwoods twang to it. You turn to the source of the noise to see a wiry man staring back at you, dressed like he's about to take a fishing trip—vest, bucket hat, and all. As he opens his withered, wrinkly mouth, you notice that he is missing most of his teeth.

“I tried to warn these damn kids. I tried to warn 'em all. Never come back again, it's got a death curse!”

You think you recognize this guy, actually. Every time you stopped in town, you saw him lingering around.

Identify this guy on PAGE 77.

A few times, he made it to the camp, where he would startle the children with his ramblings about this place's supposed horrifying past.

He's been removed by police from the campgrounds a few times. Apparently, he has a bit of a history of being a nuisance in public.

They call him Crazy Ralph.

Now, you're worried he might be the sanest person here.

You explain to him that there is a dead person nearby, and the two of you need to call for help.

"No point, Junior," He retorts. "If you've found a body, that means the killin's already started. Your friends are very likely dead. Goin' back fer them is a good way to end up dead too."

Well, shit. It sounds like he knows what's going on. Maybe he's worth listening to.

Or, think about it.

Maybe he's the killer.

He continues to babble on about how he's been trying to convince you all about your impending doom for the entire summer, but you brats think you're too smart.

You use this as an opportunity to eye him up and down. You search for a weapon, but there isn't one—not in his hand, not in his pockets, not anywhere.

But that doesn't prove anything. He could have just dumped it somewhere.

So, you look at his clothes. They appear distressed, but there are no signs of a struggle, such as rips or tears. There are no blood stains, which you'd assume there would be.

That also doesn't prove anything, though. He could have changed clothes at some point.

Okay, obvious question; if he's the killer, why aren't you dead? It would be so easy, wouldn't it? He had the drop on you. Yet, here you are, listening to him stumble through words.

Okay, but serial killers have an M.O., right? Maybe he's waiting to get you in the perfect place at the right time.

'Hey, I just need you to walk with me right over here... where I dropped my weapon!'

So, you focus your gaze on his face. Since you can't seem to find any evidence, you look for bad vibes.

That also doesn't really give you a sense of assurance. This guy oozes bad juju, but you can't really articulate why. Perhaps you're just biased.

Great. You're in a potential life-or-death situation, and you're having an impromptu bout of introspection.

He's started to notice that you're not paying attention to him, too. His mouth hangs open, his single tooth glinting in the moonlight.

"Have you listened to even one word I said?"

That startles you back to attention. You awkwardly clear your throat, and it becomes very clear to him that you haven't. He rolls his sunken eyes, sighing through his hairy nostrils.

"I'm only tryin' to tell ya what the hell's goin' on. If you wanna survive the night, you'd best start payin' attention, 'cos I hate repeatin' myself!"

You've done enough thinking. It's time for some action!

"So, kid, are ya gonna listen to me, or am I just wastin' my time?"

*If you trust Crazy Ralph, go to PAGE 105.
If he's the killer, go to PAGE 6.*

You ignore that scream. The night's already proving to be an absolute shitshow, why add to it by falling for what's likely to be a stupid prank?

Now that your eyes have adjusted to the darkness, it's a lot easier to set your bearings. You spot your cabin in the distance, a port in one hell of a storm.

As you stumble toward it, you picture sliding out of your sweaty summer clothes, taking a nice cold shower and climbing into bed. Even with the rigid mattress and the scratchy blanket, you just know that you're in for the best sleep of your life.

But something doesn't feel right. Perhaps it's because you're all alone in the middle of the empty campground at night, but you feel like you're being watched.

Not even the itchy mosquito bites and the mud caught in your socks can distract you from that unnerving sensation.

It was just a scream. Stop letting it get to you.

But, what if you're wrong? What if it wasn't a prank, and someone really needed help, and you just left them?

Maybe you should tell someone.

Have a look around on PAGE 81.

You scan your surroundings for any signs of life. There's no way everybody's at the party, right? Surely there's someone you can talk to.

It's not long before you find somebody, but something tells you they're not going to make for great conversation.

For starters, they're not responding when you try to call out to them. They're just lying there lifelessly, arms and legs splayed out. You try to convince yourself that they're just enjoying the breeze, the way you were doing so just a few minutes earlier.

But, if you believed that, your legs wouldn't be shaking so much, right?

The closer you get, the more you accept that you can't lie to yourself anymore.

This person is dead.

Eventually, you're standing over them, and there's no mistaking them for anything else. They're a corpse. Their eyes stare up at the night sky, their final moments captured as their mouth hangs open in a scream cut short.

Okay, so you've discovered a dead person—a townie, by the looks of it. They must have stumbled onto the campground and met their untimely fate. It's sad, but it happens.

Take a closer look on PAGE 82.

However, the multiple grisly stab wounds dotting their torso certainly doesn't sit right with you. This person isn't just dead. An accidental death would rattle you, but you could at least be a little calm about it.

However, this person isn't just dead. They were murdered.

Well, shit.

Now you've *really* gotta tell someone.

You're breathing so fast.

Why are you breathing so fast?

If the killer was nearby, they'd have gotten to you by now, wouldn't they? They can't be nearby. You might feel like you're being watched, but that's just your brain playing tricks on you—it's fear rooting you to the ground, a defense mechanism to keep you from running away and landing headfirst in danger.

If only you just went to the stupid party!

Fear's working, alright. For a while, you lose track of time as your limbs are rooted to the spot. You beg for this all to be a bad dream—that you will wake up, drenched in sweat atop the stuffy mattress, your bunkmates telling you to get the hell up so you don't miss the bus back to the suburbs.

Try to wake up on PAGE 83.

It's not happening, though. This isn't a dream. It's a real-life nightmare, and you need to do something about it.

You turn back to the dead body, where decay has rapidly set in. The skin appears to shift as it writhes with the feasting worms. You don't want to look closer. Your brain is screaming at you not to.

However, maybe there's a clue on this body that could help you survive. Perhaps they were targeted for a reason that might be worth figuring out.

Do you think you're up for it, Columbo? Or do you want to go and find help?

Don't take too long to decide. You're still potentially being watched.

Look for help on PAGE 76.

Inspect the body for clues on PAGE 7.

You can hear your internal monologue screaming at you to just shoot her!

But, you show restraint. You've survived up to now. There's no point in jeopardizing yourself by acting rash.

You try to pull the most menacing grimace you can as you keep your gun trained on her. You order her to drop her weapon.

"Or what, you'll shoot me?"

You repeat yourself, making sure that you growl it this time with all of the gristle you can muster. She jumps, the amusement draining from her face. Sure enough, she complies, placing her weapon on the floor and raising her hands in defence.

Great! You've disarmed the killer.

But, uhhh...

Now what?

It's occurred to you that you've actually never killed someone before, and you might not be prepared to change that fact now.

Strictly speaking, you don't need to *kill* her, do you? Bullets can incapacitate in a variety of ways.

Okay. It's settled. You're going to shoot her somewhere non-lethal and leave her to deal with it.

Then, you realize that, all this time, you've been too busy thinking to yourself to concentrate on your target in front of you.

Pamela might as well have left a dust cloud in her wake. The machete is still lying on the floor, but she is nowhere to be found.

Nice going.

Well, you might as well leave the shack. If you don't run into her, then you can make it back to town and find some help.

If you do... well... you have a gun.

It's eerie how empty the camp feels. There are no signs of activity anywhere, just the ambient sounds of nature and the absence of light.

You let out a yawn as you wander across the grounds. You want to stay alert, but you've been through a lot, and you need sleep.

You just have to make it to the road. Then, you can get back to town, find some help, and then sleep for as long as it takes—assuming the nightmares don't keep you up.

You reach the lake, which looks beautiful as ripples of moonlight slide along the black lustrous water. It brings back memories of swimming in that lake, and how you'd go to bed that night and feel the same weightlessness, and it'd guide you to sleep alongside thoughts of your crush.

There's one particular memory, in which the two of you had gotten up early to prepare the canoes for the day's activities. The two of you were lost in conversation, and you completed the set-up in no time at all.

So, you decided to take an early morning swim together. What better way to kill time until breakfast?

It felt almost heavenly. The sun was high, bathing you in warmth and creating a shimmer in the surrounding aquamarine.

And your crush—the way they looked at you.
The way they *smiled* at you.

The two of you, wading close together, your skin touching—you could have kissed them in that moment. You imagined their lips pressing against yours. Your heart raced in your chest!

Keep dreaming on PAGE 87.

Then, you were called to the mess hall, and you never brought it up again.

But the memory lingered. Every night, you'd lie in that uncomfortable bed, letting that bliss gently rock you to a calm, satisfying, sleep...

No! You need to stay awake.

You notice an object nearby. It's difficult to discern from here, but your brain tells you it's out of place.

Gun raised, you carefully make your approach. It's one of the small wooden canoes. However, it's turned on its side.

You can probably guess where this is going.

You don't even flinch as Pamela throws herself at you from behind the boat, mouth hanging open as she cackles at you.

Wait.

What's that in her hand?

Is that...

... is that a fucking *back-up machete*?

Turn and run to PAGE 69.

Just shoot her already on PAGE 10.

Screw it.

You can finish this task soon, can't you? Better to get it done now, than ditch it and spend the whole night worrying about it.

Besides, you're probably reading too much into the whole thing anyway. You thought they were flirting with you, but people see what they want to see, right? Nobody wants to be the creepazoid who thinks someone's flirting with them when they're just being nice.

Whatever. Stop overthinking and get back to work. Maybe you can find out when sports paraphernalia doesn't line the ground, ready for somebody to trip over, break a limb, and then blame you for it when the medical bill comes. As you continue to pack, you wish the others were there to help you. Then this wouldn't be taking so long.

The sun slowly shifts down toward the horizon, bathing the sky in a swirling mass of wispy orange and pink.

You'd better pick up the pace. When night comes, you're still here, staring into space as your body seems to have given up.

Examine your situation to PAGE 89.

It's too dark to even see the field anymore. You know there are still some balls, tarps, and pegs that need to get picked up, but how are you going to find them?

Part of you curses yourself for not thinking to bring a flashlight. The rest of you retorts that there was no way you could have guessed that this was going to happen.

Well, now what?

It's not like this task is going to get any easier without any light. Besides, you're kinda tired. Maybe it's time to head back to your cabin and hit the hay.

Or, you could even go and see if the party's still going. Maybe your crush is waiting for you.

Yeah, and maybe they'll tear their clothes off, jump you on sight, and do you right there on the G1 Cabin floor.

With a sigh, you turn around and start walking. It's eerily quiet. Even the mosquitos that were bothering you all Summer have decided to take a break. Maybe they went to the party, and are now doing keg stands on stoners, drinking their dope-laced blood.

Keep walking to PAGE 90.

A few more steps and you have a startling realization.

You're lost.

Because it's so damn dark, you can't actually recognize any landmarks. You have no idea where you are.

It's an odd sensation. You've spent so long at this camp, you felt like you could navigate its 140 acres blindfolded. Yet, now that you have an opportunity to test that out, you're suddenly not so sure.

You hold your breath, shutting your eyes and focusing on your auditory senses. You know these counselors. Even if they didn't have free reign over the camp, you know they'd make zero effort to be quiet.

And yet, you can't hear a thing.

So, you sit down on the grass. It's warm and dry, welcoming your sore body. Maybe you can rest for a second—give your eyes time to adjust. Eventually, you lean back, staring up at the sky, which is dotted with a spectacular display of interstellar magnificence.

You wish you could share it with someone.

You sigh. Your crush is probably hooking up with someone at that party, and you're lying here in the middle of nowhere.

“AAAAAAIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!”

You leap to your feet. What the hell was that? It sounds like somebody's in trouble.

You scan the area, noticing that your eyes have started to adjust. It looks like the sound might have come from the archery range.

After a nervous gulp, you call out, asking if they're okay.

No response.

Do you go check it out?

If you want to play it safe, go to PAGE 80.

If you want to investigate, go to PAGE 8.

You don't trust the cops to find the evidence. If they take you in, you're as good as dead.

As one of the police officers approaches you, ready to slap the cuffs on your wrist, you keep your eyes on his service weapon, as if it's talking to you—*begging* you to free it from its leathery prison of a holster.

Right. All you have to do is time this just right—

BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM
BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM

What the fuck?

You barely even twitched and they filled you with enough lead to take down a charging rhino. You should sue!

Hell, you should sue this entire police department!

Well, you *would* do that if you weren't just perforated into red mist. You feel yourself stiffen as you fall onto the warm asphalt in a pool of your own blood.

At least, if Jason killed you, it would've been cool.

This is just sad.

YOU ARE DEAD

You expect a deep sense of self-hatred as you keep running in the opposite direction of Ronny's screams. But, deep down, you know there's nothing you can do.

You can see the shack emerge on the horizon—a small brick building that you imagine at one point was a humble homestead until dust and decay made it look like the troll cave it is now. You never could've imagined that people once lived in it, but apparently it belonged to the Voorhees family.

Why does that name sound so familiar?

Adam takes charge, kicking the door open. Ralph gasps as the four of you pile inside, slamming the door closed behind you.

You each huddle together, surrounded by the dark. You hear the scraping of flint. After a series of flicks, Jamie lifts a lit cigarette lighter to her face. She's trembling, but the light's steady enough that you can see glimpses of the room around you. Whoever Elias Voorhees is, he's living in squalor.

Every inch of this place looks like it hasn't been cleaned in decades.

Keep looking on PAGE 94.

Layers of grime cake the furniture, as well as the children's toys that are scattered on the floor. Even the crucifix that hangs on the wall is covered in cobwebs.

“What a boring dump!” Adam groans. “I was hoping for more weird shit.”

Your eyes settle on a small shrine on a nearby table. Melted candles are arranged under a framed photo of a young boy, his hairless head engorged and malformed. Underneath the picture is a metal lunchbox. Amidst the rust on its surface is a single word in colorful, faded letters.

JASON

Of course! Jason Voorhees!

An ear-piercing creak threads through your ears as the door opens to reveal a silhouette, slight in stature.

“His name was Jason. He was my son. Today is his birthday.”

The voice is a woman's, but raspy, hardened by grief and anger. She flicks a light switch, filling the room with a dim, migraine-inducing green light.

See who this is on PAGE 95.

She steps forward, greeting the four of you with a deranged smile. Your eyes drift from her short, blond hair, to her withered turquoise sweater, to the blood-soaked machete in her hand.

The story comes back. You remember hearing about Pamela Voorhees, the Crystal Lake cook whose son drowned because the counselors weren't watching him. You always assumed it was an urban legend, yet here she is.

“Is this your shithole of a house?” Adam grunts. “I’d go crazy too if I had to spend a day in here.”

“Mind your tongue, boy!” Pamela hisses. “Or I’ll carve it off and mount it to my wall!”

Adam draws his switchblade, flicking it open and pointing it in front of him like a fencer readying for a skirmish.

“Lady, I feel bad about your fucking kid, believe me. But, you killed my friends. You think I’m just gonna let that slide?”

Pamela tilts her head like a matador toying with a bull.

Jamie cries out. You both turn to find her staring forward, eyes wide and mouth agape.

A hunting knife is stuck in her neck.

“Jamie!” Adam cries out.

While he’s distracted, Pamela lunges at him, hacking him to pieces with her blade. Adam and Jamie lie at your feet.

Pamela and Ralph are brandishing their weapons, slowly advancing on you. You whimper, which prompts a snarl from Ralph.

“What’re you cryin’ for? You and your friends killed my goddamn son!”

Of course. Elias Voorhees has been leading you here all night. You ask him why, and Pamela butts in.

“The last kill is always at home, with all of the family together. We gotta make sure that Jason can see it, after all!”

You turn back to the shrine. Sure enough, it does feel like one of Jason’s misshapen eyes is fixated on you.

You have to do something, though. Elias and Pamela are on the verge of completing their son’s birthday by cutting you like you’re the cake.

Use your words on PAGE 62.

DUCK! on PAGE 63.

Don't you want to know more?

You press your hand against the small console, watching as it scans your palm with a burst of green light.

“Welcome!”

The doors slide apart with a deep, hydraulic hiss, revealing an all-encompassing plume of dense smoke that consumes you before you can set your bearings. You shield your eyes and take small, manageable breaths as you move forward, hoping it will lead you back to the exit.

The further you go, the more you realize that you are *not* heading anywhere near an exit. In fact, there are sounds of a struggle nearby. It's a woman's voice, grunting and yelling as she throws what sounds like punches and kicks.

Are they filming right now?

Holy shit!

You continue powering through the smoke, hoping you don't accidentally stumble into the shot and ruin the take for everyone.

What if they like the cut of your jib, and you end up being an extra? They could even give you a line! Yeah. Sure. Why not?

Keep going to PAGE 98.

Suddenly, your foot catches on a pipe that juts out of the floor. You fall over, landing with a grunt. You're not in too much pain, but clumsiness never really feels great, does it?

"Is someone there?"

It's the woman! She heard you!

It sounds like she's been knocked aside, but the fight continues. As you get closer, you can hear a rotating fan in the ceiling. It's probably dispersing the smoke. You'll finally be able to see what's going on!

You shove your way through into what appears to be a control room of sorts—lots of buttons and lights, office chairs from some kind of cyberpunk dystopia, more consoles than tables—you get the idea.

Standing in the centre is a brunette with a bob, wearing some kind of leather fetish suit that presses against her breasts and looks really uncomfortable. She also happens to be carrying a pair of machine guns.

What kind of movie is this?

"What are you doing here?" She asks you with unsettling urgency.

You ask her the same question.

“I’m fighting for my life here!”

You’re about to ask her what she’s fighting, but then the answer rises up behind her.

It’s a hulking beast, standing seven feet tall, absolutely packed with muscle. Half of its body appears to be some kind of dark threaded material. The other half is an impressively shiny chrome armor, like the surface of the ship.

On its square head is a hockey mask that appears to have been fortified with some kind of otherworldly metal. It raises a jagged machete and lops the woman’s head off in front of you, slicing through her neck like a warmed knife through butter.

You watch as it rolls to your feet, expecting to see blood, yet none appears.

“Hey, can you pick me up?”

You jump. Did that severed head just talk?

“Don’t zone out on me, sport! I’m barely holding him off as it is.”

You pluck her off the floor like you would a basketball. You meet her gaze as she regards you with a smile.

What the fuck? Go to PAGE 100.

“Try not to freak out, okay? This is actually good for us.”

Are those *wires*? Are you talking to a freaking robot?

“My body can keep him busy while we get the hell out of here!”

The cyborg’s body raises the machine guns and sprays at this interstellar slasher, causing him to stumble backward.

You watch, holding the cyborg head under your armpit, when the room shudders violently. Flashing lights bombard your vision and your ears are warped by deafening noise as you’re thrown to the floor.

The head rolls away from you, screaming as the world tilts, sending you flying. More machine gun fire causes the glass window to spider-web with cracks.

CRASH!

The glass shatters, pulling the futuristic combatants out into the darkness as you hold on for dear life....

This isn’t a movie set. This is a spaceship.
You’re on an *actual* fucking spaceship!

Go to *PAGE 124*.

Right. Pitchfork first. Then fire.

You drop the jerry can and stuff the lighter into your pocket. Then, you brandish your pitchfork, aiming squarely for Jason's torso.

He's starting to come to his senses, standing tall and staring you down with his remaining eye. It's now or never.

You let out a shrill battle cry as you launch yourself forward, thrusting the pitchfork like an Ancient Greek hoplite. It spears Jason's chest, shoving him backwards.

You don't stop, not even as your shoulders threaten to dislocate and shoot across the lodge—not until Jason is pinned to the wall behind him. Only then do you relent.

Jason doesn't waste time trying to pay you back for your attack. His hands alternate between trying to pull out the pitchfork, and swiping at you.

You can't waste any time either.

You recover the jerry can and unscrew the lid with your shaking hands—both from the adrenaline and the fear.

As you pour the can's contents onto Jason, you see him struggle to maintain his grip on the pitchfork's handle.

Stick to the plan on PAGE 102.

Once you are absolutely sure that there isn't a single drop of liquid left in the jerry can, you snatch the lighter and give it a flick.

The flame slithers along the trail of gasoline, engulfing Jason and climbing up the wall behind him. You're almost overcome with awe as the flames dance across the ceiling and fill the lodge, only to remember that this is a lodge you're still standing in.

Parts of the ceiling are breaking away, threatening to pin you to the floor as you raise your arms and run. You don't stop. You can't stop. Not when you're so close.

You throw yourself out of the building and into the chilling embrace of the night as you thud against the harsh dirt ground.

You don't stand immediately. You're not even sure you can. You turn yourself around and look as the lodge has reduced to a pile of debris, the fire you created reaching out toward the sky.

There are no signs of Jason anywhere.

You slowly rise to your feet. When you're sure that Jason isn't going to burst out at any moment, you allow yourself to turn away from the burning lodge, limping into the forest and beyond.

You don't know how long it takes, but you come to your senses to find that you've reached the road that leads back to town. Dawn approaches, giving way to a beautiful purple sky, the rim of the distant sun poking from behind the clouds.

You allow yourself to take a deep breath and un-tense your shoulders. Jason might not be dead. Hell, you might have done nothing to stop him. It doesn't matter, though.

He's no longer your problem.

"Don't move!"

It's a loud voice, warbled and crackled, obviously coming from a speaker of some kind.

You turn to see multiple police cars. The officers are hiding behind the open doors, each of them brandishing guns that are all pointed directly at you.

"Put your hands on your head and get on your knees! You are under arrest!"

You comply. After all, what else can you do?

You're not an idiot. You know exactly how this looks. You're wandering in a daze, covered from head to toe in dried blood. These cops probably saw what was left of your friends, and now they think you're responsible.

What do you even do in a situation like this? If you burned away all the evidence of Jason, you're going to have a hard time telling anybody that this wasn't all your fault.

They're gonna give you the chair.

Imagine going through all of this, just to become a capital punishment statistic. It's not fair. It's bullshit!

Is there a way to escape? It doesn't look like it. Then again, it didn't look like it when you were facing Jason, and you managed to escape him.

You just need to think.

Think, damn it!

Cooperate with the cops on PAGE 40.

Make your escape to PAGE 92.

You've decided that Crazy Ralph might not be the most aesthetically pleasing guy around, but you trust him enough.

You apologize for not paying attention, asking Ralph to repeat himself as the two of you start walking. To where? You're not sure. But Ralph seems to know, so you're happy to follow.

"Y'ever heard about the legend of Camp Crystal Lake?"

You shake your head.

"Well, lemme cut to the chase. If there are any of your friends that might still be alive, there's a way I reckon' we can save 'em."

Okay, that's certainly a good start.

"D'ya know that shack on the edge'a the woods? The one that you kids keep smokin' and porkin' at?"

You do. You've caught your fellow counselors there many times.

"It belongs to a man named Elias," Ralph continues. "He used'ta live there with his wife, Pamela. She was a gorgeous young thing, but they were the kinda couple that were big on the whole Jesus thing, y'know? Not a lot of bumpin' and grindin' like you jumped up little freaks."

You subtly try to suggest that he get to the point, which he doesn't take kindly to.

“Shaddup. Don'tcha know the Devil's in the details? Anyway, imagine their shock when they have a son, and he turns out a lil' funny, if ya know what I mean. Just not right in the head.”

You ask Ralph what this has to do with the killer.

“I swear, y'all kids have no appreciation fer the art of storytelling! The point is that the deformed-ass kid grew up to be a deformed ass killer, and that shack probably holds the key to calming his deformed ass down!”

Great. Imagine telling this story to your friends back home. ‘Wait till you hear what I did on my Summer Vacation!’

In theory, you know where the shack is. It's on the other side of the forest. But, without natural light to guide you, it might as well be on the other side of the country. You can see the trees that stretch out immediately in front of you, but all the landmarks you would have used to set your bearing have practically disappeared.

You're lucky that Ralph seems to know his way around.

His confident stride doesn't break for a second as you make your way through, brushing off cobwebs and trying not to cry out as you stub your toes and bump your shins on the surrounding landscape.

Slight sensations hit your senses. The more irritating of the two is a buzzing in your ear. It's not coming from the bugs that hang in the thick summer air. It's distant, and seemingly rhythmic.

It's too faint to tell what it is right now. Maybe if you got closer to it, you'd know for sure.

The other sensation is one that has settled in your periphery—a slight sliver of light that has managed to poke through the cascading trees.

So, lights on one side, sounds on the other.

You'd think this would make you feel self-assured, but all it really means is that you have more chances to mess this up.

If you just stick with Ralph, you should be okay. He seems to know what he's doing.

But what if he doesn't?

Sure, you've decided that he's not an immediate threat, but that doesn't mean following him is the best option, either.

“We shouldn’t be too far off, now,” Ralph announces. You want to believe him, but you can’t see the shack. You can’t even see an oncoming clearing.

Light. Sounds.

You tell Ralph that you’ll scout ahead.

“I wouldn’t recommend it, but whatever. It’s yer funeral. I tried to tell you damn kids. Been tryna tell you all damn Summer. Just make sure you don’t go too far, I guess...”

Okay, you’ve moved away from Ralph, and you’ve got some space to figure out where you’ll go next.

So, where is that?

Follow the sound to PAGE 23.

Follow the light to PAGE 126.

Follow the same path to PAGE 136.

You descend the steps, taking in the fresh air of Camp Forest Green. That was certainly an interesting trip, but you have a more pressing matter to attend to.

You look out into the forest for any signs of danger. It looks like your pursuer has forgotten you exist. Time to flee the camp and get help!

You're about to do just that when you hear a sound behind you—a fleshy sort of wriggling. You stare, transfixed as a small entity slides its way through the entrance and down the steps. It looks like a snake with a bulbous, segmented body. It regards you with its glowing eyes as it slithers into the tall grass, where it disappears, leaving behind a trail of mucous.

What the *fuck* was that?

A high-pitched scream fills the distance before being cut off by the impact of steel against flesh.

Right. That's where the killer is. Time to run in the opposite direction.

You run, you survive, and you wonder about that snake for the rest of your life.

THE END

You don't want to leave it to chance. If you're going to survive the night, you need to make sure that Jason is deadier than dead.

The fire hasn't killed him, but it's done some damage, even after it's completely dissipated. He's moving sluggishly, thanks to his singed, rotten flesh. Every attack has been reduced to a clumsy swipe that you can easily avoid. If you just keep aware of your surroundings, you can surely find a weapon to finish the job.

Unfortunately, you remember your experience with the guns. How could you not? Your hand looks like a fist-sized sewer rat just tried to eat through it. You'd better make sure you get some iodine for it once you escape, or you might have to lob it off at the wrist.

But being a hunter implies being a survivalist, so your late friend whom you've never met outside of the words 'he's killing me' must have had many resources you can use. You've just got to figure out how!

You run through the small space, trying to keep an eye out for what can deliver the coup de grace, but nothing jumps out at you.

The closest you get is when you reach the pantry, which has been loaded with canned food.

Is this all that the hunter ate for years? No wonder Jason got the jump on him so easily. The guy's body was probably 50% salt and 50% syrup.

You hold a can of beans, feeling its weight. This thing is like a brick! You hurl it at Jason's head as he emerges in the doorway. It bounces off him, knocking him back. He's even stunned for a split second. You imagine it would knock out a normal person.

Of course, Jason is not a normal person, so you use the few seconds you have to slink past him before he can snatch you.

This isn't working. There aren't any obvious weapons. And, even if you weren't being chased by an undead pile of sentient roid-raging smoked meat, you'd still struggle to MacGyver some shit together.

There must be somewhere else to look— somewhere that has what you're looking for.

You return to the entrance, feeling the cool wind rush against you as you scan around the lodge.

Keep your eyes peeled on PAGE 112.

Yes!

You've found a shed!

You practically kick the worn wooden door down, splinters flying at you as you take in the contents—rusty tools, spider webs and other weird trinkets.

But none of that is particularly useful to you. What is, though, is a small red jerry can resting next to a pitchfork.

Your plan forms quickly. You snatch both items and make your way back to the lodge, hoping Jason didn't leave while you were gone.

Yet, when you enter the cramped building, you can't find him. If he left a trail, you can't see it under all the mess.

Your next stop is the kitchenette, where a tiny camping stove is tucked into the corner. You pick it up, and a small cigarette lighter falls from one of its compartments.

Perfect.

You now have all the tools you need.

As you step over Joey's headless corpse, you call out Jason's name, something you never saw yourself doing tonight. Maybe this is stupid. Perhaps you should just get out while the going's hot—

Find out why you can't on PAGE 113.

You can't breathe. You can't even stand. A muscular arm is wrapped around you, the bicep crushing your trachea. You're being lifted off the floor.

You struggle as much as you can, but Jason isn't relenting. How did he even sneak up behind you in the first place? Can this motherfucker *teleport*?

You desperately raise the pitchfork, and you're set free, falling onto your knees and desperately gasping for air.

You've successfully gouged out one of Jason's eyes. It now sits on the edge of your pitchfork.

With the jerry can, you can burn the lodge down while Jason's inside. With the pitchfork, you can pin Jason in place, giving the fire a chance to finish what the flare started.

But the question remains; what's the right order to do this? Get it wrong, and you risk Jason getting away with a new weapon and one hell of a temper.

Your window of opportunity is running out, so you'd better do something.

Pitchfork then fire on PAGE 101.

Fire then pitchfork on PAGE 75.

With the bedlam that's going on in that bedroom, there is no way in hell you're going inside without a weapon. Unfortunately, you're in a cabin at a children's camp, so your options are limited.

You shove your way past the confused counselors and wrap your hands around the neck of Sean's guitar. You raise it off the floor, feeling how weighty it is—perfect for smashing in an intruder's head.

Come to think of it, you're surprised that Sean isn't yelling at you to put down his pride and joy. In fact, nobody's really responding to you at all.

It's almost like they're not even here.

Before you can ruminate on this any further, you feel the slick hardwood slide through your fingers as the guitar is lifted from your hands.

Before you can turn around, you feel your skull cave in as the guitar slams down on your head, shattering the wood and slicing your scalp as the steel strings snap.

Maybe, next time, you won't dawdle so much. Shame you won't have a next time...

YOU ARE DEAD

As your gun is pointed squarely at Pamela's head, you squeeze the trigger, bracing yourself for the inevitable kickback.

CLICK.

What?

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Seriously?.

Pamela's laughing at you. You're glad she finds this so amusing. The bullets are right there! You can see them in the cylindrical loader thing!

The gun must be jammed. You peer down the chamber.

KA-BLAM!

Rule #1 of gun safety; don't point at something you don't intend to shoot. Rule #2; keep your finger off the trigger until you intend to shoot.

This information would have been helpful a minute ago. Now? It'll at least distract you as your remaining functional eye stares at your jawbone as it hangs by threads of bloody, pulpy meat.

How long until your exposed brain dies?

YOU ARE DEAD

You nervously clear your gunk-filled throat. It's hard, almost like your body is trying to tell you that this is a terrible idea.

But desperate times and all that...

You order Jason to listen to you, mustering every ounce of authority in your body. You tell him that you are speaking on behalf of his mother, and she's got something to say!

You give Joey a side-glance. His eyes are as wide as dinner plates as he mouths to you.

What the fuck are you doing?!

Sure enough, Jason stops his rampage, lowering the machete and tilting his head.

Shit, maybe this is actually working...

You tell Jason that his mother is pleased with him, but it's time to stop the rampage, as she is tired and she wants to see him—

Your monologue is cut short as Jason's machete cleaves your head down the middle, only stopping when the blade reaches the tip of your nose.

That'll teach you to mess with Jason Voorhees.

YOU ARE DEAD

You throw yourself at the door, only to feel your shoulder jerk outward, the joint threatening to burst from its socket.

So, you decide to open the door like a normal person, and hey, would you look at that?

You aren't prepared for what's inside. Atop the bed is a pool of blood, where your crush is cradling Joan. It's not hard to guess where the blood is coming from, but it is hard to fathom how two human bodies could have so many slash wounds and still maintain some kind of structural integrity.

Then, you notice the dark mass hunched over them. He's almost seven feet tall, covered in crumpled, damp clothes that drape over his hulking frame, dripping water into a puddle at the heavy boots on his feet.

His only defining feature is a weathered hockey mask that hides his no-doubt deformed face. There are slivers of his head behind it—misshapen teeth, tumorous clay-like flesh, wisps of white hair.

Then you see the bloody machete he brandishes in his oversized hand.

You squeal as he raises it over his head, very much telegraphing that it's meant for you.

Arms wrap around you, pulling you out of the room as the door slams in front of you.

SHHNK!

The machete blade slams through the door, becoming embedded in the wood as it pokes out. Before you can react, you spot Sean and Steph trying to push a large cabinet against the door. You scramble to your feet and help them, and it's not long before the door has been successfully barricaded.

As the attacker throws himself at the door, you regroup with the rest of the counselors.

"What the fuck is going on?" Tom exclaims. His jokey attitude has completely vanished. He's as terrified as the rest of you.

"Any idea who that was?" Sean asks you. For a second, you're grateful that Sean sounds somewhat calm. He's ready to take the role of leader, even in a situation like this.

Before you can answer, a response comes from one of the others.

"That was Jason."

Joey steps forward. He's shaking, his eyes open wide in unblinking terror.

"What?"

"Jason—the man behind the mask. He's back."

"What, from drowning?" Tom barks, not trying to hide the incredulousness in his voice.

"He never drowned," Joey answers. "He just disappeared. He's been wandering the camp ever since, trying to find his Mom, killing anybody that gets in his way—"

"You're talking about him like you know him personally," Tom advances toward Joey, and you're not sure you like his accusatory tone.

"I kinda do," Joey replies. "Five years ago, I moved into the area with my mom and sister. It was supposed to be a fresh start, y'know? And, for a while, it kinda was. Mom enjoyed ditching the city for some nature, Sis was making new friends in town, and I was getting ready to make a monster movie."

"Is this a long story?"

"Shut up, Tom!" Dani yells. "He's right," Sean announces. "We don't have a lot of time."

See where this goes on PAGE 120.

“Fine! Jason found us,” Joey emotionally exclaims. “He slashed up my sister and mauled my Mom and then... and then I killed him!”

“Wait!”

It’s Steph. She’s slowly approaching the bedroom door. Just as you realize why, she turns to all of you.

“It’s quiet. I think he’s moved on.”

You’re not stupid. You know what that means. Whoever this is, assuming it is Jason, they’re not done with you. They’ll find another way in.

Joey’s clearing his throat. He has more to say. Perhaps he’s about to explain what the hell he meant when he said he killed the man in the next room.

But maybe Sean has a point. Perhaps the time for talk isn’t when you’re being stalked by a violent slasher.

It’s your call.

Don’t listen to Joey on PAGE 48.

If Joey has answers, go to PAGE 70.

You don't have it in you to finish Pamela off. She looks like she won't make it anyway. So, you stand up and turn to the trees. They'll give you the cover you need until you can escape the campgrounds.

You are about to take off when you feel a vice grip around your ankle. The ground tumbles out from beneath you, and you feel your nose crunch against it. Your two front teeth have evacuated your mouth.

Dazed, you turn to see Pamela straddling you, her pin prick eyes drilling into you from her bright-red, blood-covered face. You raise your arms, but it's no use. She has a rock raised over her head.

Your skull caves in as she brings it down on you with a roar. Your vision goes lopsided as your eyeball dangles from its socket. You can feel the air around your exposed brain.

You mumble, using your dwindling brain power to beg Pamela to put you out of your misery. You're not even sure she hears you.

But, with another swing, she does it anyway.

YOU ARE DEAD

In this situation, darkness might be your ally. So, you burst through the black cloud and sprint as fast as your legs will carry you.

The journey is clumsy and perilous—you bump into plenty of trees, their branches scratching at your skin, and you even fall over a few times into the dirt.

But you manage to put some major distance between you and the late hunter's lodge. You're so close to the camp. Once you're there, you can take cover and figure out a new plan.

Suddenly, you slam into an incredible weight that throws you to the ground. Was that another damn tree? Maybe you should actually look where you're going.

Never mind. It's not a tree.

It's Jason.

You get to your feet as he looms over you. You want to turn and run, but you're a bit dazed from the crash.

He launches an uppercut at you, and the last thing you remember is your severed head as it spins through the air like a ball.

At least the view's nice.

YOU ARE DEAD

In a matter of seconds, you're both naked and making the bed loudly squeak as you have the kind of wild, intense and unprotected sex that you could only dream of as early as a few hours ago.

Unfortunately, you're also done in a matter of seconds as well.

Still, you don't mind as you hold your crush close, your sweat covered bodies glinting in the moonlight that sways through the open curtains. This was everything you'd hoped it would be.

You embrace the serenity of the situation as you stare up at the ceiling, wondering if you'll stay in contact once tomorrow comes. Maybe this is the start of a beautiful relationship.

Then the bed shifts under you.

Before you can react, an arrow thrusts upwards into view, covered in dark red blood. Your crush fills your ears with a terrified wail as you realize that this arrow has punched its way through your neck.

It must have hit an artery too, as the blood flow isn't showing any signs of stopping.

YOU ARE DEAD

You have no idea how long it has been since the spaceship took off. There's no way to tell without the onboard computer's help, and you're struggling to get it to work.

The cyborg head has disappeared, which is a shame, since she probably knows how this all works. Looking for her has become one of the many ways you keep yourself occupied on this enormous vessel.

Unfortunately, all you've found are the corpses of the crew in various states of disarray. What the hell happened here? This ship is like Camp Forest Green in the sky. You wonder if there's a space version of you—a lone survivor stuck on Earth, both of you trying to figure out how you'll get back home.

At least you know the killer's gone.

It's a reassuring fact. You might be stuck on a spaceship in the middle of nowhere, but you've got so much time. You'll figure it out eventually.

Who knows, maybe you'll even sail the stars.

THE END

You tell Jamie that you're both getting out together as you help her to her feet and give her support once again. You don't care what happens, you're not leaving another person to die.

You swell with pride for doing the right thing. So, why does your stomach hurt the way it would when you're guilty?

You look down to see that Jamie has stuck you with a switchblade of her own. As you bleed out, she lays you flat on the ground, pity in her eyes. She's not enjoying this.

"If I leave you here for Pamela, I can slow her down," She explains through tears. "If she's busy with you, I might have enough time to get away!"

What a bitch!

Before you can call her out, she disappears into the forest, leaving you to await your fate. You try to crawl after her, but every movement brings incredible pain—so much so, that you almost don't even feel it when Pamela grabs you by the legs and drags you back inside.

YOU ARE DEAD

Those lights are pretty mesmerizing, aren't they?

You stumble toward them, hoping that they lead to some people that can help you out. The closer you get, the more apparent it is that they're at the top of some kind of tall structure. You know there's a fire tower in Camp Forest Green, but you're pretty damn sure that it's not supposed to be here.

The closer you get, the less you understand what you're approaching. Are they shooting the next *Star Wars* at Forest Green? It looks like you've stumbled on one of the new sets. This building's chrome, angular surface looks like something literally out of this world. You could imagine it housing aliens more than you could anything associated with this camp.

You were there for the first screening of *The Empire Strikes Back*, and it was breathtaking! Maybe you could ask about this next one, if there's someone from the crew lingering around.

Wait, did you forget that you were supposed to be running for your life? It's one thing to be starstruck, it's another entirely to be so starstruck that you forget there's a murderer hot on your tail.

Keep moving to PAGE 127.

You follow the walls of this mysterious vessel, looking for somewhere to hide. But, you're shit out of luck. This is a slick piece of futuristic construction. It's not supposed to house confused and terrified camp counselors.

You're about to walk away from the impressive craftsmanship when a deep rumble catches your attention.

Is it a stampede? Have you somehow attracted wildebeests to Camp Forest Green?

You spot three cracks forming on the surface of the vessel, forming a rectangle of light parallel to the ground.

With a massive exhalation, an entryway loosens from the surface of the wall, sliding down to form steps that lead inside.

But where exactly is inside?

Right now, it looks like the lobby to a starship. The walls are covered in a strange kind of pseudo-technical art deco hodgepodge that probably makes sense to some Herbert-reading dopehead that isn't you.

Curiously, you step inside. The whole atmosphere feels artificial, like it was constructed and then recirculated for thousands upon thousands of years.

Check more of it out at PAGE 128.

If this is a movie set, they *really* went all out. The elaborate mechanisms that line the walls and the ceilings just scream ‘out-of-this-world.’ You feel like you could cause everything around you to explode even with the slightest press.

Also, holy shit, is it cold in here or what?

You venture further down the dimly lit hallways, able to see your breath as you cup your triceps and hunch over with chattering teeth. What is moving you further, your fear of what’s outside, or your curiosity?

Regardless of the answer, you keep moving, further and further through the ship.

You jump, startled by a sickening *SPLAT!*

You’re not sure where it came from, but suddenly, a corpse is lying at your feet. It looks like it has been here a while, with the bare minimum of what constitutes meat clinging to its rotten bones. Its discoloured eyes stare up at you, almost like it’s crying at you.

You hate to sound like a broken record, but if this is supposed to be a prop, they’ve done a damn good job making it. It’s going to look so real on the screen! Special effects really have come a long way. Is this that CGI you’ve heard about?

Keep exploring the ship on PAGE 129.

You've reached a large trapezoidal door lined with a thick caution-tape decal. A small console is positioned next to it. It's probably just for show, but how many normal people can say they touched a prop from a movie set?

This is getting ridiculous. You should probably go back outside and do something about the whole being-chased-by-a-vengeful-serial-killer thing. You wouldn't want to be cornered in this place, where it's all corridors and there's nowhere to hide.

And yet, it's hard not to feel curious. This place already feels so otherworldly, and you probably wouldn't get another opportunity to explore it further, even if you do survive the night.

Are you going to boldly go where no ordinary man has gone before, or are you going to return to reality, where more terror is waiting?

Keep exploring the ship on PAGE 97.

Go back the way you came to PAGE 109.

Tom has a point. Between the six of you, there's no reason why this cabin couldn't become a fortress.

Confident, you step forward and explain the plan. You'll all oversee your own section of the cabin. Each of you will fortify your area, then keep an eye on it to make sure that Jason hasn't breached your defences.

You're expecting dissent from the other counselors, but they're listening to you!

And why wouldn't they? You sound *good*. Maybe, when you get back home, you'll drop out of college and join the army. You'll be a drill sergeant in no time.

THUNK!

Screams erupt around you, though you're not sure why. You're busy trying to figure out why the vision in your left eye has disappeared, and why your brain has filled with fog.

You reach out, only to find a harpoon that has entered your eye-socket and pinned you to the wall. Still, you're alive! You're not even in that much pain. You just need to...

YOU ARE DEAD

Jason's on his last legs. You can feel it. If Joey could kill Jason by chopping him up with a machete, you can surely kill him with a point-blank-both-barrels-blast to the head, surely!

Jason turns to face you as you rush toward him, trying not to slip on the blood and meat that lines the ground. You scoop one of the officer's shotguns from their mulched hand, hoping it's loaded as you raise it to Jason's face.

He reaches out. You think it's for you, but his hand fastens around the gun. Is he holding it in front of his face?

Don't overthink it! Just shoot!

KA-BLAM!

His mask shatters and a fist-sized chunk of flesh tears from his head. His exposed brain is full of shrapnel like it's in a goth phase. This is the part where Jason's supposed to fall onto his back, finally dead!

But, he doesn't.

You've taken your shot.

Now, it's his turn.

YOU ARE DEAD

Screw it.

It's party time.

Normally, pangs of guilt would nibble at your gut. People call you a goodie-two-shoes for a reason. But you've weighed the pros and cons. Whatever guilt you might feel at leaving your chores unfinished will be nothing compared to the regret you'll feel when you look back on this time at camp and remember that you wasted the one opportunity you had with your crush. I mean, you saw the way they approached you, didn't you?

Even from several feet away, you can hear the commotion inside Cabin G1. Your fellow counselors are making no effort to be subtle. Why would they? They have full reign over the camp tonight. You just hope they don't leave too big a mess to clean up in the morning.

You open the door and the stench hits you immediately. It's like marijuana and tobacco are locked in mortal combat to see which one can overtake the other. You hold your breath, hoping you didn't just take a big lungful. You don't want to knock yourself out before you even close the door behind you.

Take a look inside on PAGE 133.

This is a double-storey log cabin, and everyone is piled on the ground floor in front of a raging fire.

The others are crowded in a circle, singing songs, drinking beer, and sharing joints.

Sean is the head counselor, and the oldest guy here. He finger picks at a classical guitar, leading the group in mirthful singsong, feigning obliviousness at the dreamy eyes he's getting.

Steph, his girlfriend, sits next to him, her head on his shoulder. She's the head lifeguard, and boy, does she look it. She has gone for a swim every day this Summer. You know because you've all watched.

Joey is the epitome of quiet and reserved, and it makes sense that he'd be fidgeting with the beer in his hands, staring at the translucent green glass. You wonder why he's even here. He hasn't tried to make a single friend all Summer.

Dani's glasses are fogged up from the room's humidity. But she doesn't care. She's the introverted dork who's yelling over everyone after a couple of beers. She signed up after her first boyfriend broke up with her on graduation. You suspect he did her a massive favor, since she's clearly not into the male counselors.

Meet the other counselors on PAGE 134.

Tom's a jackass, which was fun for about five minutes, until you realized that he was always like this, and it was going to quickly become everyone's problem. He's spilling beer everywhere, and you know he's not going to mop that shit up. He's also doing that thing where you intentionally sing the words wrong to trip everybody up.

Joan reckons her parents are hippies, and you believe her. She hasn't told you much about herself, but she says her parents were part of some nonsense called MKUltra. Now, she's staring into space. You can see the acid tab on her tongue.

Then, there's your crush. You take a moment to watch them sing. They have such a great voice. They do musical theatre back home and all. When they spot you, they give you that same smile they did on the green.

You're lucky they get up to greet you, because your legs go weak. They lead you back to the group, and before you know it, you're singing, drinking, and smoking with the rest of them. It's the first time you've really felt like a part of this group. You finally understand why you wanted to come here in the first place.

Whatever. Reflect on that later. Now, you're busy talking to your crush.

No, you're not talking.

You're *flirting*.

Time passes. Before you know it, they're leading you away from the group. You both share a nervous, excited energy, like a spark is ignited between you.

You burst into one of the cabin's small bedrooms, and they're leading you to one of the bunks.

They're taking their shirt off.

... *they're taking their pants off!*

Holy shit.

What do you do?

If you're not ready, go to PAGE 44.

If you wanna go all the way, go to PAGE 123.

Without Ralph babbling next to you, you can come to the decision that the light and the sounds are just distractions. If Ralph is right, then you need to focus on getting to the shack, which means you need to regroup with him.

Luckily for you, you can hear Ralph walking up ahead, so you just have to follow that sound and you'll be back with him in no—

SHNNK!

You cry out as a constrictive force slams into your shin, shattering the bone and pinning your leg in a deformed L shape. Blood pours from the artery caught between jagged metal teeth.

You look down to see that you're standing in a sprung bear trap, and you wonder who the hell just leaves one of those lying in the woods.

The killer, obviously.

You hope that Ralph heard you, and he'll come and help you out of this mess.

Unfortunately for you, you won't be conscious when you're found the following morning...

or alive, for that matter...

YOU ARE DEAD

Congratulations! You've survived.

You face the legend of Camp Crystal Lake, and you lived to tell the tale—something very few can attest to.

But the nightmares still plague you. Every night, you toss and turn, imagining that you'll wake up to find that the horrors of Forest Green have followed you home.

You return to the camp a year later to prove to yourself that there's nothing out there anymore. You wander the closed campsite, retracing your steps. The bodies are gone, but the aura of death never fades.

Still, there's nobody else here. You're alone.

Yet, you don't *feel* like you're alone.

You feel like somebody's watching you from afar. They're waiting for the right moment to grab you and finish what was started on that fateful night.

Your instincts have helped you survive up to this point. There's no reason to doubt them now, right?

You stare out into the forest and you steel yourself. This chase isn't over yet.

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.

**SOMETHING
HAS GOTTEN OUT...**



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It's your last night at Camp Forest Green, and you're packing up when you catch wind of a party being held at one of the cabins. But this camp has a dark past known to haunt those caught in its thrall, and you and your friends are no exception.

If you attend the party, you will join your fellow counselors as your cabin is attacked by a vengeful wraith who wants nothing more than to get its hands on you and tear you apart.

Instead, you can focus on packing up, where you will spend your last night at the fabled 'Camp Blood' fleeing from a killer as you attempt to uncover the secrets that will help you survive.

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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