

A family with two kids fell victim to their own kindness!

A speed camera caught the Lane family car pulling over to the side of the highway where two men were hitchhiking. One of the men pulled out a knife and threatened the driver before both of them got inside the car. It quickly drove off heading south on the highway.



My name is Casey Lane. My family was held hostage after we picked up two hitchhikers on the side of a highway. One of them had a nasty looking knife. He told dad to step on the gas or his wife and kids would get it. We sped along the empty road when suddenly a rift opened up in the ground in front of us. Dad slammed the breaks but we were going too fast...

I don't remember exactly what happened. When I came to, I was lying on the ground. Dad was sitting next to me and one of the criminals was standing nearby, looking around confused. Mom, Bryan and the other bandit were on the other side of the strange rift, far too wide for a person to get to the other side on their own.

A1

Open A2



— Kurt, keep movin' along the rift, we can meet at the start! — yelled one of the criminals from across the rift.

— Rick, one of mine is injured, it's gonna take him a while... — our criminal replied.

— Leave him then! — Rick snapped — You, get a move on! — he said to mom and Bryan.

They disappeared in the forest. Kurt looked at us and nodded:

— Come on.

Dad's pants were ripped up on one leg and it was covered in blood. He could barely walk, straining himself. By nightfall we ended up on the outskirts of a strange quiet little town. Only one building had the lights on — the one with a big wooden swordfish above the front door.

A2



We stepped outside. Rain clouds covered the stars, it got colder, a thunderstorm kept lighting up the sky in the distance. Kurt frowned and gestured for us to keep walking. I felt my body shake from the cold and hunger but I kept moving my feet. When I stumbled for the third time and the first few raindrops hit the ground, Kurt finally considered looking for shelter.

— Well...

He stopped near an old abandoned car with no wheels and looked at a cabin next to it.

A3

Open A4



The cabin looked lived in. On the off-chance that it wasn't locked Kurt tried pushing

the door — it opened with a quiet creak. There was a chair right next to the entrance. Dad sighed as he plopped onto it, stretching out his injured leg.

— I'll go look for something to eat, — said Kurt — if I hear the door creaking, I will chase you down and...

Kurt didn't finish his sentence and he didn't need to. We knew nothing good would come out of that so when he looked at me I nodded showing I understood. Not even thinking about escaping.

A4

Open A5



The hallway was spacious, dark and dusty. The only piece of furniture I noticed was a large wardrobe standing against the back wall. Two doors covered in chipping paint lead into the house. Everything was quiet behind the door Kurt entered and I decided against trying the other door — I didn't want to leave dad alone, still thinking about that bartender's eerie grin: what if he is not the only lunatic in this town? The uncertainty didn't linger for long, I heard rumbling and then Kurt popped out from behind the door. His eyes were full of terror. He was looking back over his shoulder and yelling something illegible. I couldn't see anything myself but his yells made me feel uneasy...

A5

Open A6



Kurt ran past us to the street waving a knife around almost as if he was trying to hit an invisible enemy.

— Get out of there! Run! That thing at the doorstep will devour you! — he yelled looking crazier than ever.

That thing at the doorstep? The front door is open and there is nothing at the doorstep... I froze in confusion while Kurt was rambling about how we had to escape, specifically through the window. What could have scared an armed bandit this badly? I wasn't about to find out, especially not now when I'm responsible for both my and my dad's lives.

A6



Meanwhile the rain turned heavier and heavier. Water was squelching in my boots while my soaking wet clothes kept sticking to my body. But at least seeing us Kurt managed to settle down: he stopped waving his knife around and yelling about a creature. Lightnings were lighting up the street: we were surrounded by identical dark buildings. We didn't know where to go next. The three of us were standing there, looking around, confused until we heard a heart-wrenching dog bark.

A7

Open A8



A huge rottweiler jumped out from behind a corner of the nearest house. The animal was stopped abruptly by the tensed chain attached to its collar. The dog toppled over, wheezing, then jumped up and tried to lunge at us again.

— The chain won't hold any more of those lunges! Kurt yelled frantically.

Me and dad hurried into the next alley over as fast as we could. I caught a glimpse of doubt in Kurt's face: he looked at his knife, then the dog, at us, thinking of what to do: run or fight the dog.

A8

Run A9
Fight A10



Discard cards A10, A11

The barking stopped. Did the dog fly off the leash or did it just calm down? I didn't want to find out. We ran along the streets randomly turning from time to time. Dad was leaning on walls, trying to keep up the pace but his limping was getting worse.

Another turn led us to a dead end. There were houses with boarded up windows to our left and right and a chainlink fence in front of us. Dad stopped and buckled down, trying to catch his breath. Clearly he is in no state to climb the fence right now, even with my help.

A flash of lightning lit up a figure which made me scream. Oh, that's just Kurt...

A9

Open A12



Discard cards A9, A12

We ran into a nearby alleyway. As soon as we turned the corner dad stopped and leaned on the wall, buckled down trying to catch his breath. Clearly he cannot continue at this pace. I peeked out into the street trying to determine how close danger was. It was as if the flashes of lightning were taking pictures of my surroundings: Kurt is standing there with his knife ready, a dog with a piece of broken chain attached to its collar lunges at him, Kurt lifts his knife, the dog kicks him to the ground.

A10

Open A11



— Dad, we have to go, — I whimpered. — Lean onto me.

— Alright, Casey...

He leaned onto me and we kept moving forward, taking random turns. I was hoping that the wet footsteps I kept hearing behind us were just my imagination.

Another alleyway led us to a dead end. The way was blocked by a chainlink fence. It was clearly to me that dad is in no state to climb the fence right now, even with my help.

The footsteps ended up real. A flash of lightning lit up a figure which made me scream. Oh, that's just Kurt...

A11

Get 1 Terror
Open A13



Kurt didn't say anything, he quickly and quietly hoisted my dad up, helping him over the fence. Then, just as quietly, he lifted me up, keeping me from falling back down when my fingers slipped on the wet metal. Finally, he climbed over the bars himself. And just as he hopped down beside us, the dog jumped at the fence. Fortunately, it couldn't break through it..

A12

Open A13



Kurt took over helping dad, so we were moving pretty fast.

— Whoa,— our companion said suddenly, looking ahead.

I looked up and saw two crashed cars. The lighter mail truck had flipped over, and magazines and newspapers were spilling out into the mud, all wet. Inside the truck was a mailbox. The pickup truck was still on its wheels, though it was badly damaged: crumpled hood, broken headlights. And no sign of people...

A13

Open A14



— I see a light, — dad said suddenly, pointing ahead. A window of a small house was indeed lit up. As we approached, the door swung open. An old woman stood in the strip of light.

— Come in, — she said warmly, as if she had been waiting for us all along. — My name is Dariana. I'll look for towels and dry clothes, and you can have some stew on the stove. There's plenty of clean water in the barrel in the kitchen. Don't be shy.

I felt a combination of surprise and suspicion. Could Dariana be trusted after everything that happened to us? And what was wrong with this strange town? But all those thoughts faded when I heard about the clean water. We have to clean dad's wound!

A14

Open A15



I sat dad down on a stool and washed and bandaged the wound as gently as I could. Just as I turned back to the stove, with the thought of dinner on my mind, Kurt's face changed dramatically and he scrambled into a corner, knocking over a shelf of dishes.

— The creature's here, — he mumbled, holding the knife out in front of himself again. — It's looking at me. Stay back!

The knife was striking the air.

— Kurt, calm down, there's no one here,— dad tried to reason with him.

But Kurt didn't hear us, continuing to fight off the invisible creature. I grabbed the kettle from the table, scooped water from the barrel, and splashed it in Kurt's face, hoping to bring him to his senses at least enough to convince him to give us the knife.

A15



— You have no power in my house!

Dariana's commanding voice came just in time: Kurt jumped to his feet and turned towards me. But he didn't have time to mistake me for the creature and attack — Dariana raised a chain with a triangular amulet clutched in her fingers and the amulet started glowing. Kurt froze, staring wildly at the knife in his hand.

— A house spirit, — Dariana explained. — It's strong in any space where the haunted person enters and stays for more than a few minutes. It's a tormenting spirit. The longer it haunts you, the stronger and more intense it is.

A16

Open A17



Kurt chuckled crankily and asked for a towel.

— I only brought one, for the girl. Take the other one in the bathroom. — Dariana put the amulet away. — The door next to the attic stairs.

Kurt left, giving me a strange look. Dad and I turned away from each other to change, and I dried my hair as best I could. Dariana, meanwhile, was setting the plates for dinner. When I'd finished half of it, something unusual happened outside the window: a flare rocket lit up the sky red. That's when Kurt came back.

— Where did it come from? — he asked.

A17

Open A18



— The docks are next to the water tower, — Dariana explained. — North from here.

— Rick shot that flare. That's where we'll go, — Kurt uttered while chowing down on his stew.

I was tying my shoelaces when I heard Dariana warn Kurt about avoiding being indoors at all costs. He asked about the amulet but Dariana explained that it only has power in her hands. I almost felt for Kurt.

We quickly walked to the docks feeling surprisingly cheerful. But our hope faded quickly as we saw three people in dark hooded cloaks walk out of the nearest alleyway.

A18



— Ok, let's go, — Kurt said.

Dad winced and nodded. I was tired too but there was nowhere to rest. Houses on both sides of the road did not look safe and I was afraid of going anywhere without Kurt.

The string of houses ended and a junkyard came into view. There was a rusty yellow bus with no doors or wheels. I ran inside, looked around and saw several undamaged seats. And then I had a realization.

— Guys, this isn't a house, right? So there can be no house spirit here.

Kurt nodded in agreement and walked towards me. I took a deep breath, happy that I was able to help our little team.

A19



The rest was most welcome but it was time to move ahead. I was hoping that we might find mom and Bryan where that flare was shot from. Of course Rick would also be there but I had hope for help — or at least the neutrality — of Kurt. Dad was limping and I was helping him walk. Kurt and I would take turns helping him. The rain stopped. Soon we reached the docks.

Dad sat down onto a rusty barrel next to a fence and I sat next to him. Kurt looked at the open gate and furrowed his eyebrows. He began walking along the fence and staring into the dark looking for traces of other people.

A20

Open A21



Kurt made up his mind and headed for the gate. He glanced back at us, placing his finger in front of his mouth and gesturing for us to stay where we are. I gulped watching him go in. I wasn't as scared since I wasn't alone.

Soon we heard a woman screaming from the premises. I flinched recognising the voice.

It's mom...

— Casey, — dad whispered trying to stop me. — Wait a second, Casey!

But I was already bolting after Kurt. Thankfully Kurt had walked slowly so his footprints were deep and easily distinguishable.

A21

Open A22



The road led me to the warehouse. I made my way between the shelves trying to knock over the piles stacked on them: flasks, spools of fishing line, fishing nets, crates.

I saw a boat warehouse ahead. Lights were flickering, silhouettes moving around inside. My initial thought was to run inside but I decided to look around first and hid behind a tree stump nearby a boat motor. I soon realized I wouldn't be able to see anything from there so I ran behind a shed full of oars.

A22

Open A23



Someone ran out of the warehouse and bolted for the gates, tripping over junk lying around and slipping on the mud. I stood up and looked closely at the runner before I recognised Bryan. I didn't dare call for him knowing I would attract unwanted attention. One of the cloaked strangers soon ran out as well. He looked around, spotted Bryan and chased after him. I hesitated, deciding what I should do next: my brother had a considerable headstart; on the other hand wouldn't it be better to go save mom together afterwards?

A23

Quietly neutralize the persecutor A24
Sneak into the warehouse A25



Discard card A25

I bolted for Bryan's persecutor. Boat parts and logs were scattered around, boards sticking out from the ground. It was hard to run without tripping but worry for my brother drew me forward. The stranger was also hesitant to run at full force in the dark, where he could not see where he was stepping so I caught up to him quickly. I have to attack before he turns back and spots me.

A24

If you've acquired CHAIN WITH HOOK, open If not, open FINALE 3



Discard card A24

Bryan is a fast runner and he will see dad when he reaches the gates. Together they will be able to fight off that guy wearing a cloak. I better go search for mom, I definitely heard her voice therefore she must be in danger. She must be held in this warehouse.

I tried to get to the door as quickly and quietly as I could.

A25

Open A26



A monotonous chant sounded throughout the warehouse. I looked around. Mom is here! She was lying on one of the docks tied up with a man who was standing over her and reciting an illegible spell from a large book that made the water at the pier rise higher and higher.

A26

Open



How could I forget that there were three of the cloaked strangers... I noticed a shadow beside me before someone grabbed my arm, turned me around and forcefully pushed my back and head against a crate. Next I felt cold fingers squeezing my throat. I dug my fingers into my attacker's forearm, the lack of air making colorful circles float in front of my eyes. I had to do something immediately.

A27

If you've acquired CHAIN WITH HOOK, open 
If not, open 



If A2 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

We went inside. The place reminded me of a medieval tavern. A bartender was standing behind the bar, looking at us indifferently and mumbling something to himself.

— Good evening. We are lost. — Kurt went up to the bar. — Would you please tell us where we are?

The bartender didn't seem to hear anything. Kurt furrowed his eyebrows and snapped his fingers in front of the bartender's face. With a sudden movement the bartender rose his palm in front of himself and blew on it. A powder flew right into Kurt's face.

— You little... — Kurt desperately rubbed his face with his hands backing away to the exit.

The bartender smiled ominously which made a shiver go down my spine. I dragged dad to the exit behind Kurt — that strange man seemed more dangerous than Kurt.



Open A3



If A3 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

— Search the car, young lady, — Kurt commanded. — No funny stuff, I have your father, remember?

The only useful thing I found was a crowbar.

— Give it to me, — Kurt said.

CROWBAR

This item may be useful later on.



Keep this card and go back to A3



If A5 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

I decided to search the wardrobe while Kurt wasn't here. The only thing on the shelves was a layer of dust. I tried my luck and swept my hand across one and found a paper clip.

PAPER CLIP

This item may be useful later on.



Keep this card and go back to A5



If A6 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

I looked around searching for the source of danger: Kurt's voice was full of genuine terror.

— Run! — he screamed. — Climb out the window!

— We better go, Casey, — dad said quietly. — We don't know what might be hiding in this house...

We left the house through the front door ignoring Kurt's screams.

— You... — Kurt stopped screaming. — How did you... You walked right through it! Through the thing!

I looked back quickly but the house was empty and quiet.



Open A7




If A13 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table


Kurt pulled out a crate and flipped it over. Something inside rolled around with a knock. I curiously looked closer realizing that the container is nailed shut and we wouldn't be able to open it with bare hands.

— We need a tool, — Kurt said as if he could read my mind.



If you've acquired CROWBAR, open 
If not, then go back to A13



If  wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

Kurt remembered the crowbar we found in the pickup truck, pulled it out and started fiddling with the crate. The metal was barely budging, Kurt hissed but kept going. He finally managed to tear away the side. I looked inside and wondered: who would hide a first-aid kit in here?

FIRST-AID KIT

You can discard this card at any moment to discard 1 Terror



Keep this card and go back to A13



If A15 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

Dariana ran into the kitchen, almost dropping the clothes she was holding. I grabbed the pile of clothes from her hands and hastily explained that this is not the first time our companion saw some creature that neither me nor my dad can see.

— You were in the Swordfish tavern, — Dariana nodded knowingly. — The owner does this to people all the time.

Kurt started mumbling something again, waving his knife around at his hallucination.



Open A16



If A17 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

Kurt glanced to the kitchen, making sure no one was paying attention to him, climbed up to the attic and looked around at the old junk lying around. A crate got his attention.

OLD REVOLVER

This item may be useful later on.



Keep this card and go back to A17



If A18 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

Kurt took a step forward:

— Um... Hello? We aren't from here and we need help. Do you know the fastest way to the docks?

People in cloaks were walking toward us silently, not slowing down. One of them came so close that the edges of his hood touched Kurt's forehead. Kurt reached for his knife nervously. I backed away not knowing what to do: keep quiet and let Kurt use his knife or speak and try to avoid an altercation.



Let Kurt attack
Speak



If wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.
If it was, discard

— Should we ask someone else for directions? — I said, hoping my voice wasn't cracking.

Kurt nodded and slowly backed away. But the strangers weren't going to let us go so easily: one of them jumped in front of me and grabbed my hair. I saw a blade shine with light from the lightning.



If you've acquired OLD REVOLVER, open
If not, open FINALE 4



If wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.
If it was, discard

The mood was getting more and more dismal: the strangers were not going to give up or talk to us. Kurt decided to not wait to see what happens next, jumped away from the stranger and kicked him in the knee, making him buckle. Two of his friends immediately lunged at Kurt.

— Run, — I whispered to dad.

We quickly ran behind the house. I looked around thinking where to go next.

— I thought I told you not to run, — a voice from behind uttered wearily. — Or is Mr. Lane's injury healed up enough for this kind of exercise?



If you've acquired OLD REVOLVER, then discard it
If not, **get 1 Terror**
Open A19



If A19 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

Kurt was calm inside the bus so it was safe to assume nothing was haunting him in here. We sighed in relief. I looked around: a dusty steering wheel, dashboard with a locked glove box and a scratched rear-view mirror.

Kurt took off his shirt, shook it out and started checking his body for injuries. I noticed a prison tattoo on his shoulder and could not hold back my curiosity.

— So you've escaped prison?

Kurt nodded.

— Were you there for murder?

— No, for property fraud.

Well, at least he's not a murderer. I was hoping Rick who stayed with mom and Bryan was just a con man too, but couldn't bring myself to ask Kurt.



Open A20



If wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

The lock on the glove box was flimsy and could definitely be opened with something like a lockpick or a thin wire. Stuff like this would happen to my school locker so I learned how to open it with a bobby pin. Unfortunately I didn't have one on me.



If you've acquired PAPERCLIP, open . If not, open



If wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

I remembered the paper clip I found and pulled it out of my pocket. The metal was quite thick but it will do for this lock just as well as a bobby pin. I bent it out of shape and shoved it into the lock, turning and shifting it slightly, pulled on it (Kurt quietly grunted in approval) and the lock opened. There was a band-aid inside.

BAND-AID

You can discard this card at any moment to discard 1 Terror



Keep this card and go back to



If A22 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

I felt a chain with a hook lying on the ground next to the tree stump. The metal wasn't rusty, might come in handy. Not quite sure how but you can expect anything in a weird town like this one. You can tie someone up with a chain or hit someone on the head with the hook. I hooked the chain on my waist.

CHAIN WITH HOOK

This item may be useful later on.



Keep this card and go back to A22



If A22 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

I opened the shed full of oars, not knowing what for exactly. Suddenly a dozen oars fell out onto me with a loud rattle. I froze and stared at the warehouse: will anyone look out to see what the noise is about? Yes, they will: a silhouette showed up next to the warehouse.



Get 1 Terror
Go back to A22



If or wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

While I was trying to cut the ropes around my moms with a shard of glass to no avail, Kurt came out of the warehouse. He waved his knife a couple times and the ropes fell in pieces.

— There, — he said — Now leave.

— But what about you? — I blurted out.

Kurt chuckled.

— I'm not the most pleasant companion with this curse of mine. Besides, leaving Rick behind wouldn't be a decent thing to do. So hurry along now, ladies.

Mom nodded and without saying a word, grabbed my hand and pulled me away. Fortunately the sun came up so we could run as fast and as far as we could with no fear of stumbling on something or spraining an ankle.



Open



If A24 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

Just in time for the stranger to slow down before an oncoming obstacle, I took the chain off my waist and threw it at the cloaked figure. I had to make him fall and then... I would figure out the rest.

The chain wrapped around his feet. The figure swayed, fell over an old boat engine and... disappeared. I ran towards the pit he fell into and gulped: the guy hit his head right on the edge of a wooden board. I did not want to check if he was alive or not. He wasn't moving and that was enough for me. I turned around and ran towards the warehouse.



Discard CHAIN WITH HOOK
Open A26



If A27 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.
If it was, discard

I gathered my strength and shoved my finger into his eye. The "cloak" shrieked and loosened his grip, while I jumped to the side but ended up slipping and falling. The attacker swayed in pain, tripped over my foot and fell into the water from the dock. The water splashing made Kurt snap out of his trance and turned around. The shaman holding a book kept chanting. Kurt pushed him towards Rick, picked mom up by the armpits and dragged her towards me.



Get 1 Terror
Open



If A27 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.
If it was, discard

I felt the chain on my waist, grabbed it near the hook and hit my attacker on the head with it. He swayed, taking a couple steps to the side and shaking his head, then he took another step. The dock ended and the "cloak" stepped right off into the water. I dropped the chain. The rattle made Kurt snap out of his trance and turn around. The shaman holding a book kept chanting. Kurt pushed him towards Rick, picked mom up by the armpits and dragged her towards me.



Open



If A20 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

When dad sat down on the barrel, it wobbled a bit and something heavy that was resting against it fell down with a thud.

— A sledgehammer, — Kurt said, almost cheerfully, picking it up. — I'll keep it if you don't mind? Mr. Lane? Miss Lane?

Both of us nodded silently.

SLEDGEHAMMER

This item may be useful later on.



Keep this card and go back to A20



If wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.
If it was, discard

My gaze landed on the sledgehammer, the one we found next to the barrel. Kurt must have dropped it when he was entranced. I grabbed the sledgehammer and placed it into Kurt's hands. Then I took my mom's hand and started pulling her towards the exit walking backwards, watching Kurt raise the sledgehammer above the shaman and striking him in the jaw. Water splashed once again. Mom gasped in shock.



Open



If wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.
If it was, discard

I took mom over from Kurt and started dragging her to the exit. Mom was trying to help pushing herself with her feet. We were both watching as Kurt pulled out his knife waiting for the shaman to come closer.

— Don't look, Casey, — mom said. — Look at me, okay, dear?

There was a noise of a book falling. Then the rumble of bodies falling onto the ground. Grunting, heavy breathing, someone's shriek. I was looking at mom like she asked me to. I was scared to raise my eyes — what if Kurt died?



Get 1 Terror
Open



If wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

I heard a deafening shot. I flinched, swayed and fell to the ground as I was suddenly let go.

— Do not move! The next shot will not be a warning one and will hit one of you! — Kurt yelled pointing the revolver with one hand and helping me up with another.

The "cloaks" backed away to the closest house and disappeared behind the door. We hastily ran into an alleyway and listened. It seemed that Kurt scared them enough not to chase us.



Open A19



If or wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

Stumbling into Rick made the shaman lose balance and fall back onto the boards. The book fell out of his hands. The shaman jumped onto his feet and without wasting a second, kept chanting from memory: "...ursula lamor...". He simultaneously was taking big strides towards mom. I ran towards them hoping to stop him from... whatever he was about to do!



If you've acquired SLEDGEHAMMER, open . If not, open



If wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

When we made it out of the gate I saw Bryan — he was trying to sharpen a stick with a rock. Dad was sitting beside him with a gloomy face, watching the gate anxiously. He shrieked as he saw us.

— We are saved...

I fell to the ground, my legs refusing to hold me up any longer. When everything was behind us, emotion came over me and I started sobbing.

— Everything is alright, Casey.

My mom was hugging me from one side and my dad from another, while Bryan snuggled up to us. At that moment I knew everything would be okay.

All we had to do was return home.



If you've acquired 3 or 4 Terrors, open FINALE 2
If you've acquired 2 or fewer Terrors, open FINALE 1

If A26 wasn't your last card, get 1 Terror and return this card to the table

I recognised the man, it was the shaman from the tavern, the one that blew powder into Kurt's face. Kurt himself was standing near the shaman, staring into nothing and swaying from side to side. Rick was standing next to him in the same state. I snuck into the gates and ducked behind a toolbox thinking of what to do.



Open A27



A day after the family was taken hostage, a patrol car stumbled upon the Lane family car in the middle of an empty highway. There was no trace of the passengers but the police officers found Amanda Lane's notebook and the elder child Casey's tablet. These notes contained information on what had happened.

Open A1 or B1

My name is Amanda Lane. My family and I were taken hostage after picking up two hitchhikers on the side of the road.

— Now step on the gas, — said one of them to my husband showing off his knife.

John complied, we did have our kids in the car after all. At some point the road ahead of us cracked open and my husband didn't have time to bring the car to a stop. The car flipped over, then came a loud noise.

I came to when I was lying on the ground with Bryan in my hands. John and Casey and the other criminal were on the other side of the large rift. Fortunately they were alive. The criminals were apparently called Kurt and Rick were yelling to each other over the rift and then Rick abruptly pulled us onto our feet and made us walk.

B1 Open B2

I took Bryan's hand and we started walking towards the forest. Rick was walking behind us noisily, sniveling angrily.

— I'm scared, — Bryan said quietly.

— No talking, — Rick immediately cut him off from behind.

We continued walking silently. I could barely see the trail in the dark. It felt like we would never come out of this forest but the trees suddenly parted bringing a hillside and a small town into view. None of the houses had the lights on. I froze but Rick pushed us ahead to the closest stumpy building.

— You, sit there, — he told me nodding towards a rickety bench. — And you come with me.

He took Bryan by the collar and started dragging him inside the house.

B2

Adding insult to injury it started raining, drenching us. Rick shrugged and took off his shirt. His torso was covered in creepy tattoos which made me shiver. His body reminded me of a Ginger painting.

— I'm thirsty, — Bryan said quietly.

— You won't be soon enough, — Rick replied ominously.

The situation was getting out of hand but we had a bit of luck all of the sudden.

— A hotel. — I pointed at a sign nearby.

Rick turned his attention towards it and gestured for us to walk ahead. I quickened my pace: maybe we can find help inside. The hallway was empty and there was no one behind the reception desk. Rick walked up to it and hit the bell on the counter, then he hit it again and again.

B3

Discard card B7

Rick was growling and furiously smashing the counter in the dark. Judging by the noise the bell was smashed.

I slowly started backing away gesturing for my son to follow when I hit a stand with my hip. I caught it in time before it could fall and attract any attention. Meanwhile Rick went quiet almost as if he had left and then he yelled in a strange voice:

— Get out! — he sprinted past us to the exit, almost breaking the door.

I did not want to find out what could have scared him that much so I hurried to get Bryan out into the street.

B4 Open B5

Rick was walking fast, turning back sporadically. His face was contorted into a grimace of terror? I did not bring myself to ask him what had happened at the hotel. It was enough that Rick stopped waving a sledgehammer around and was now walking in a random direction.

Suddenly two yellow lights turned on at the beginning of the street and began to move towards us rapidly: a car was coming at us. Weirdly enough Rick didn't say anything. I turned to him to see him run into the closest alleyway.

— Mom, is the driver going to help us or should we run away? — Bryan asked.

That was a great question but I, unfortunately, did not have an answer.

B5 Follow Rick B6
Ask the driver for help B7

How does one choose between a driver who is seemingly trying to run us over and a mentally unstable criminal? I decided to go with a familiar evil. At least Rick only threatens us. We probably would not survive a van driving at us at full speed though. I pulled Bryan into the alleyway and just in time: the van drove right into the fence we were standing next to. Running away I managed to see the driver get out of the van — a tall figure with a long cloak on.

B6 Open

Discard card B6

I ran towards the approaching car waving my hands around.

— Wait! Stop! We need help!

The van started slowing down and screwed right in front of me, crashing into a fence of the house Rick hid behind. A tall cloaked figure crawled out of the driver's seat. Briefly hesitating, the giant ignored me and Bryan and started taking big strides towards where Rick was hiding.

He definitely was not going to rescue us and I decided to take the opportunity to escape from both Rick and the stranger.

B7 Open B8

Me and Bryan ran with full force. The sound of an engine roaring reached my ears through the noise of rain. The van came from around the corner once again, slowing down as if the driver wasn't sure which direction to drive in. Then it decisively swerved towards us. The headlights traced the silhouette of a stack of tires right in the way of the van. I bolted towards them, grabbed one tire at the base of the stack and pulled it. Bryan was helping by pushing them from the other side. I barely jumped to the side in time for the tires to scatter on the road. Well, this might block the way.

B8 Open B9

We started running again. I heard the tires screech as the van came to a stop, then a faint thud of the door closing: the driver came out to clear the way. But for how long will it stall him?

— Mom, there's a light, — Bryan got my attention.

Ahead of us, at the beginning of a street that went steeply upward, stood a two-story house with a pair of windows shining on the top floor. With what was left of our strength we climbed up there. I started banging at the door with all my might.

— Help! Let us in! Save us! — I yelled, my voice cracking at every word.

We saw headlights come on at the bottom of the street once again. Bryan grabbed a rock and chucked it into the window. The glass shattered and someone came to the window on the top floor. Meanwhile the van was approaching...

B9 Wait for the door to open B10
Run before the van catches up B11

Discard card B11

The person stepped away from the window, then came back holding something large. I clinged to the door holding my son next to me. At that moment a large old TV landed right next to us, breaking into pieces. If we hadn't stepped to the side it could've smashed out skulls... The answer was clear: the owner of that house was not going to help us. We started running again and soon found cover — a bunch of crates and boxes we decided to duck behind to catch a breath. This was when I finally noticed small cuts on my hands and on Bryan's face from the shards of the shattered TV.

B10 If you've acquired BAND-AID, open /
If not, open

Discard card B10

Hope for help from the house owner faded. I squeezed Bryan's hand and pulled him to follow me. We found a bunch of crates and boxes laying on top of each other ahead. Fortunately there was enough room for us to hide behind them.

— Mom, look...

I saw the van stop at that house. The driver came out, knocked on the door and it immediately opened. A man wearing a hooded cloak came out onto the doorstep, the two of them exchanged a few words before the driver returned to the van and disappeared in the abundance of alleyways.

B11 Open ☂

We carefully made our way down the planks wet from the rain when we heard a whistle and stopped. I cursed seeing Rick.

— Taking a walk? — he asked in a snarky way, approaching us. — Mind if I join you? Move it!

He shoved me from the back. Thankfully it wasn't too forceful of a shove. I'm guessing he wasn't planning on sending me cartwheeling down the hill until I reached the river. I noticed Rick's demeanor had changed: from a vicious monster he turned into an anxious yet unpleasant puppy. Unfortunately, an armed one still. We didn't have time to reach the river: we heard an engine roaring behind us and spotted the familiar yellow headlights at the top of the hill.

B12 Open B13

Discard card B15

— You won't take me alive, — Rick muttered. — Nah-nah... Hey, kid, you go stand right there next to the handrails and then jump to the side so that smart guy can go take a swim.

I objected:

— Bryan, run and hide, I'll set up the crash myself.

I walked down along the wet planks, miraculously staying on my feet the entire time. I turned my back to the handrails, feeling the freezing dampness coming from the water. I swallowed the lump in my throat and stared at the van — it was either speeding up going downhill or it lost control driving on the wet ground.

B13 If you've acquired SHEARS, open B14
If not, open B15

While the van was speeding down the hill I moved, feeling something in my pocket. Right, the shears. John once told me about tire pressure and how dangerously they explode at high speeds... Time slowed down for me. Vaguely surprised by my own actions I bolted forward, opened the shears and stuck them in between the planks, blades sticking up, then jumped out of the way. The van drove inches away from me. There was a popping sound — a tire made contact with the shears. The van tipped over on its side as if something invisible kicked it, and without slowing down it crashed through the flimsy fence and fell into the river.

B14 Open B16

Discard card B14

The van was going down at full speed. I barely had time to jump to the side when it drove right through the flimsy fence and fell into the river. It ripped out several planks out of the dock, they went flying and one of them hit me right in the ribs. Rick came up to me and yanked me up making pain pierce through my body.

— Bravo, lady, — Rick chuckled.

I looked around searching for Bryan — he is here and he is alright! Bryan ran up to me to hug me:

— I'm sorry, mom, I couldn't leave, I couldn't abandon you.

— That's enough, — Rick cut us off and knocked on the planks with the sledgehammer. — Let's go.

B15 Get 1 Terror
Open B16

Discard card B18

We continued on our way. Bryan was helping me walk, Rick was silent — seemingly a bit fizzled out too. I kept looking back searching for who knows what when I noticed a house with boarded up windows and an empty doorway. The roof was intact — therefore it had to be dry inside.

— Can't we take a break? — I asked hopelessly. Rick side-eyed me but headed for the house. He tested one of the stairs with his foot and it let out a concerning crack.

— Our last one, though, — he grunted, annoyed. I pressed the next step with the tip of my foot, it creaked too, and I stopped to think. On one hand, Rick didn't mind for us to rest, on the other — what if this house becomes our grave?

B16

Enter the house B17
Keep walking B18

B17

If you've acquired FIRE EXTINGUISHER, open . If not, open FINALE 5

Discard card B17

The stairs creaked and rattled while we were walking on them but they held up. It was dry inside. Rick found matches and lit an oil lamp hanging above the door. Me and Bryan found a bathroom with an old chipped bathtub. Maybe we could wait out this nightmare here. The house suddenly started creaking and settling. The wooden window sill cracked in half. The oil lamp tilted and fell to the floor. The glass shattered and a fire erupted. The exit was now blocked by flames.

After giving it some thought we decided not to risk it: the house didn't look safe. We turned our backs to the house about to continue on our way when we saw. No, it can't be! The giant was walking towards us, the one we thought we had defeated. How did he escape the sinking van?

— Run! — Rick yelled in an unexpected voice.

B18

Open B19

The rain stopped. The road we were running along ended before an open gate. The gate was topped with an arch which had a barely legible sign on it: "Sleep. Follow. Doors". The premises behind the gate reminded one a city junkyard: piles of trash, rickety shelves full of tangled fishing line and ropes, mounds of jerrycans. We barely made our way to the center of the junkyard, settling down in a way that allowed us to see the gate.

— We gotta get rid of him. Kill him, no ifs, ands or buts about it, or we're done for. — Rick muttered almost as if he was delirious.

Meanwhile I noticed a pick pole on the ground and weighed it in my hand. This might help.

B19

Open B20

Rick kept muttering:

— I saw a torture room in there. With a mounted camera and all kinds of tools. Scalpels, tongs.

— A torture room? Where did you see that? — I asked, concerned.

— At the hotel. I popped into that old man's room behind the reception desk. It was there. Looked just like my torture room. The camera. The tools. Just like mine.

I adjusted the pick pole in my hand, not sure who is more dangerous: the man following us or Rick, slowly losing his mind?

B20

Open B21



Time passed. The giant hasn't showed up in a while. This gave us some time to think over our plan.

— Should we set up a booby trap? — Bryan spoke up.

— Or attack all at once, — Rick chuckled. — Three on one, we should manage.

Both of them looked at me with the same expression on their faces, letting me choose our course of action. Apparently I'm the only sensible adult around here.

B21

If you've acquired JERRYCAN, open . If not, open 

If B2 wasn't your last card, get 1 **Terror** and return this card to the table

I wrapped my arms around myself trying to calm down and kept telling myself: "Do not panic, Amanda, they will come back, just breathe". And still it took an eternity before Bryan jumped out of the house. Rick was confidently walking behind him, carrying his new find on his shoulder — a sledgehammer.

— If something goes down I will blow someone's brain out, — he promised with a crooked smile full of anticipation. — Now get up and move, quickly.

B2

Open B3

If B3 wasn't your last card, get 1 **Terror** and return this card to the table

Hearing the bell ring, the receptionist, an old skinny man, appeared from behind a curtain.

— Checking in? — his voice was creaky. — Do you want a camera in your room? Do you have your own tools or do you need the hotel to provide some?

I was lost. Rick's reaction surprised me: he flinched, whined and swung his sledgehammer at the receptionist's head. Right at that moment the only light in the hallway went out and we were left in complete darkness.

B3

Open B4

If B4 wasn't your last card, get 1 **Terror** and return this card to the table

The door of the stand opened on impact and I looked inside automatically, stuck my hand in and grabbed the item I saw. Anything can be useful now, even something so small.

BAND-AID

This item may be helpful later on.

B4

Keep this card and go back to B4

If B11 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

I started looking around, thinking of the way forward. The thunderstorm had an upside to it: the lightning struck so often that I could see a dark line in the distance. A river. That's good. A river means a boat or a path to another town, a friendlier one. But we would have to walk short distances at a time. First to the ice cream stand next to the streetlight, then down to the river along the planking.



If B6 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

I couldn't see the giant's face but something seemed off about him. He was clearly not going to rescue us. The giant kept moving towards us.
— Quickly, — I rushed Bryan.
There happened to be a trash can on our way and I knocked it over without slowing down.



Open B8

If B8 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

Shears were sticking out of one of the tires. I yanked it out and put it in my pocket. At least it's somewhat of a weapon.

SHEARS

This item may be helpful later on.



Keep this card and go back to B8

If B17 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

John taught me how to use a fire extinguisher at some point. Not wasting any time I pointed the stream of foam at the doorway, putting out the flames and all three of us made it out. It was still raining and we could clearly see the giant approaching us illuminated by the lightning. No, it can't be! How did he get out of the sinking van? Well, at least we got some rest, so we have the strength to run.



Discard the FIRE EXTINGUISHER
Open B19

If B21 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.
If it was, discard 🗑️

Rick was already searching and soon turned to us with a pleased expression on his face, holding a piece of rope in his hands.
— Let's burn the creep.
We soaked the rope in fuel, placed the jerrycan near the gate and laid our makeshift fuse to our hideout. I ran towards the gate to get the giant's attention and spotted him right away.
— Here I am! — I yelled.
The giant turned towards me and started slowly approaching.



Open 🗑️

If B10 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.
If it was, discard /

The cuts weren't deep but my hands were still sore and Bryan kept trying to touch his face. Fortunately, it was still raining and the cold dampness made the unpleasant sensations fade quickly. I made sure the van had left and the light in the window was out and started looking around. I managed to spot a dark streak of a river from atop the hill. There might be a boat there that would take us far away from this unfriendly town.



Get 1 Terror
Open B12

If B21 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.
If it was, discard 🕒

— Let's attack. — I was hoping my voice didn't sound too hopeless.
— The kid is going to jump at his feet and try to knock him down. You are going to scream and hit him over and over with something instead of your purse. And I'm going to sneak up on him with a sledgehammer. — Rick grinned — Sound like a plan?
I nodded, not wanting to comment that this sounds more like a plan of our slow and thoughtful suicide in front of Bryan.



If you've acquired FIRE EXTINGUISHER,
open 🗑️ If not, open 🪚

If 🗑️ wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.
If it was, discard 🪚

The giant appeared and we put our plan into action. Bryan jumped at the giant's feet but he immediately kicked my son away. My heart skipped a beat but my son gestured that he was alright so I grabbed the fire extinguisher and pointed a stream of foam right at the giant's face. He started wheezing and swaying when Rick started to bash him with the sledgehammer. While he was finishing him off I ran to Bryan and heard water splash — Rick pushed that monster's body into the water.



Discard the FIRE EXTINGUISHER
Open /

If B10 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.
If it was, discard /

I thought of the band-aid just in time. It was enough to cover the biggest cuts so I could stop worrying about Bryan's wounds getting infected. I looked around. Down in the distance I saw a dark stripe of a river. Maybe I was seeing things but I thought I saw boats there. Well, even if I'm wrong, the rules of survival state: find a river and move along it. Let's see if that helps us.



Open B12

If ☂ wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.

The ice cream stand, of course, was empty, neither the door nor the display case were locked. I lifted the lid of the display case and carefully looked in. A lonely waffle cone was lying inside. Not the most nutritious food, but anything will do in our situation.

WAFFLE CONE

You can discard this card at any moment to discard 1 Terror



Keep this card and go back to ☂

If 🏠 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.
If it was, discard 🏠

When the giant approached we all lunged at him, trying to act all together. But we weren't strong enough: he kicked Bryan away and I received a blow to the chest — just one but it was so powerful that my eyes went blank. When the pain subsided and I could see again, Rick was already pushing the giant's body into the water. Apparently he was strong enough to finish the big guy with his sledgehammer.



Get 2 Terrors
Open ↗

If 🔪, 🏠 or 📖 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

Rick grabbed a flare gun off of the nearest shelf and shot it into the air, making the sky glow red. I managed to catch my breath and calm Bryan down.

— Let's go to the warehouse, — Rick said ungrudgingly. — Kurt and your family definitely saw the flare, so they should be here soon.

We could barely catch our breath at the warehouse before we heard the sound of footsteps. I lifted a boat that was lying upside down and gestured for Bryan to hide. And I'm glad I did: the people wearing long dark cloaks that just entered the warehouse did not look peaceful. They jumped at me, tying my hands and feet and I didn't even have the strength to resist.



Open 🔑

If B17 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

I automatically began searching the room: looked in every corner, then opened the bathroom cabinet. Great!

FIRST-AID KIT

You can discard this card at any moment to discard 1 Terror



Keep this card and go back to B17

If ↙ wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

Rick lifted his sledgehammer but one of the "cloaks" threw a handful of colorful powder into his face. Rick dropped the sledgehammer, grasping his face and letting out a bloodcurdling scream. A moment passed and he suddenly went silent and stood behind the cloaked strangers. I screamed as soon as I saw his face: there were gaping holes where his eyes used to be. Then the cloaked strangers started chanting something unintelligible, putting me into a deep tenacious apathy.



Open 📖

If B19 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

We kept coming by jerrycans while moving through the piles of junk. Almost all of them were empty but when I kicked one over by accident, it fell with a guggle. Rick heard it too, immediately grabbing the jerrycan when our eyes met. You could see it in our eyes: "We better keep this".

JERRYCAN

This item may be helpful later on.



Keep this card and go back to B19

If 🪣 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

The giant came close to us when I froze in fear, seeing his face. It reminded me of a chunk of wax with grooves instead of eyes and a slit where the mouth should be. I heard a spark go off with a hiss and barely managed to jump to the side. The flame followed the rope to the jerrycan and after a soft bang, fire engulfed the giant. And he started melting. He grew smaller and smaller before turning into a small pile of smoldering clothes, which I kicked as far away as I could.



Open ↗

If 📖 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.
If it was, discard 📖

— Bryan, run! — I screamed with everything I had left in me.

Bryan slipped out from underneath the boat and ran off with no hesitation. One of the bad guys followed him. I could only look at them as they both ran out. If only Bryan could escape him. Another cult man came up to me and with no mercy kicked me in the temple, making my vision blurry. I could barely hear snippets of singing — the cultists were chanting something from the book. The book looked odd. The water was splashing on beat with the chanting. How can this be? Then I caught a glimpse of a silhouette outside the window.

Casey? At around that moment I lost consciousness.





If 🔑 wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

Suddenly I saw a familiar man at the entrance to the warehouse. That's Kurt, Rick's partner in crime, the one Casey and John stayed with! Does that mean... they are here too? If so then Bryan could escape, the three of them could run away. What should I do: shout for him to run away or hope that the cultists don't suddenly start searching the warehouse?



Shout for Bryan to run 🗣️
Keep silent 🤫


If  wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table.
If it was, discard 

I decided the hiding spot was safer. What I didn't consider is that I was being watched. I stared at the boat for quite a while, thinking, and that got the attention of the cultists. One of them came up to the boat, lifted it and dragged Bryan out.

— No! — I whispered to myself.

The cultist threw Bryan into the water, paying no attention to me. A sound of water splashing followed. I looked at the water in horror, waiting for Bryan to come to the surface since he is such a good swimmer. There was another splash, the water was moving as if something enormous was raging underneath, then a string of bubbles came to the surface. The water became still.

 Open FINALE 6


If  wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table


Screams. Splashes. The feeling of being dragged somewhere along bumpy wooden planks. Casey's voice. Casey? I opened my eyes, blinking, restoring my ability to see and hear. Casey was talking to Kurt about something. He shook his head, turned around and entered the warehouse.

— Mom?

— I'm okay, — I responded.

We managed to reach the gate of the docks. John was sitting on a barrel, Bryan was fumbling with reinforcement bars. I let out a sigh of relief and spread my hands, feeling the intoxicating freedom. We're saved!

 If you've acquired 3 or 4 Terrors, open FINALE 2
If you've acquired 2 or fewer Terrors, open FINALE 1


If  wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

A small fire extinguisher rolled out of the toppled barrel and to my feet. I grabbed it.

FIRE EXTINGUISHER

This item may be helpful later on.

 Keep this card and go back to 

If  wasn't your last card, **get 1 Terror** and return this card to the table

The adrenaline going through the roof was the only thing keeping us on our feet. Bryan was trying to be brave. He kept smiling and trying to convince me this was a cool adventure, cooler than the movies. I was trying to hold on too. It was cold near the river and that helped soothe the pain from the cuts. We had to keep going, sooner or later we would find a place to rest and then escape somewhere where we could find help.

 Open B12



From John Lane's personal diary

We are back home.

Fortunately, Bryan and Casey don't have nightmares. Amanda seems to have recovered from our misadventure as well. But that town doesn't sit right with me. I studied all the maps of the surrounding area and couldn't find it anywhere. Talking to the locals didn't help either. That place does not exist.

But where did we go then?



Breaking news

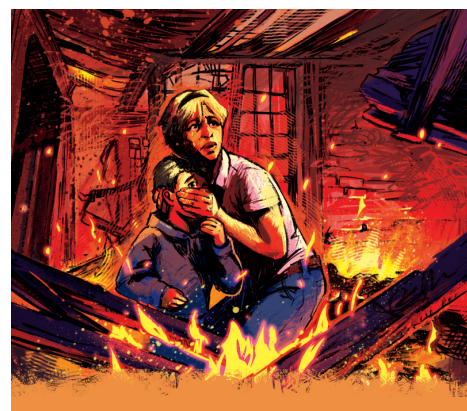
A farmer discovered the missing Lane family near his property. The father passed away from blood loss caused, supposedly, by injuries he sustained during the car crash. His wife insists that some individuals from a nearby town are at fault but neither the officers nor the locals were familiar with it. The investigation is ongoing, the mother and children are under the care of doctors in a hospital.



The girl's got courage, gotta give her that, but she's got foolishness. Well, she took a risk and she lost, and her family will become great sacrifices for the ritual.



I froze, still hoping that Kurt or dad would save me. I think I heard their voices the entire time the knife was coming down on me. I thought: "That's weird, why does the knife hurt less than my hair being pulled?" And then all the voices, and then the world, disappeared.



The oil from the broken lamp spilled all over the floor and got on the walls. When the flames reached the spilled oil, the dry wood immediately caught on fire, obstructing the way out. I could've pushed Bryan out but a burnt bean cracked above my head before falling down, followed by burning trash and the roof. There was no chance to save ourselves anymore.



The surface of the water stayed still for a minute, then another minute... I waited for maybe fifteen minutes, maybe half an hour, maybe an eternity, but Bryan never appeared above the water. This is all my fault, my poor boy, I ruined everything. I don't know if I will ever be able to forgive myself...



Kurt turned his head as if about to say something, then he just left, without saying a word, disappearing among the streets.

— He is not coming back, — I mumbled, feeling my tears burn my cheeks. — He abandoned us here.

— It's okay, Casey. Come here. — Dad hugged me.

My eyes fluttered shut on their own. A weak concern popped into my head: "I must not fall asleep". But I couldn't fight it. I was finally warm.



Rick looked at me with hatred in his eyes. I saw his eyes widen and his top lip twitch, showing his teeth. He yelled something I couldn't make out in a raspy voice and bolted forward. All I managed to do was step to the side to shield Bryan, trying to protect him. Then everything went dark.



This is the bottom of the deck. Do not look through or shuffle the cards before you read the rules.