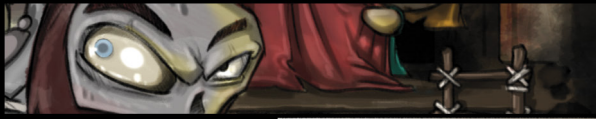


The House of Rath



1



I can't be positive,
but I'm pretty sure
two of the things on
this plate are you.

2



That house changes people.
Whatever it did to you,
you haven't laughed,
smiled, or spoken since.
And never will again.

3



That thing you've
always feared the
most? It happened.
Run faster next
time, okay?

4



The good news: You
don't get captured!
The bad: You miss
a step and break
your neck.

5



Bruised. Scratched.
Bleeding. Panicked.
But hey, you
got away!
For now...

6



These aren't "My
First Scissors," but
they're the first
ones you've used to
bludgeon someone.



Go Time

'bout 9:50
rooms go shitty
gears get going, blowing smoke.

orphans waking
locks start breaking
then a breathy, deathly croak

first the silence—
then the violence!
kiddies sneaking, peeking out.

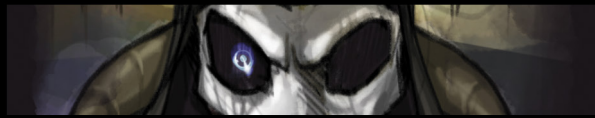
one child sneezes,
gasps, then freezes
then a mangled, strangled shout.

all now scatter
there's no chatter
only munching, crunching sounds.

there's no mourning—
not till morning
ends his spiteful frightful rounds.



Beware the Cultist



1



You're mine now.
You'll think like me.
Act like me. And one
day, you'll grow up
to become me.

2



Now that you've
found your friends,
you probably wish
you hadn't. Time to
join them.

3



Most children would
be crying for their
mommy right about
now. Then again, most
children have one.

4



Some things are
meant to be locked
away. Anxiety...fear...
despair...and you.

5



You can run as
fast as your little
body allows, but
it's MY house. I live
here. I will find you.
Move to the
Room of Mourning.

6



Apparently someone
cared enough to
offer protection,
so you're safe!
For now...

It Sucks to Be a Kid Here

It sucks to be a kid here—
There's a simple reason why:
See, all the bedtime stories
are 'bout how we're gonna die.

It sucks to be a kid here—
we get hunted down like prey.
Tomorrow isn't scary
when you won't live through today.

It sucks to be a kid here—
there's a simple reason why
'cause all the bedtime stories
are 'bout how we re gonna die.

It sucks to be a kid here,
but I keep it to myself.
I'd tell the other children
but I can't—I'm all that's left.

Condyle Cove



1



"Why does a house need gears?" you ask. They respond by slowly grinding the life out of you.

2



He lured you out with words like "safety" and "comfort." You don't know what they mean. Neither does he.

3



You can't outrun him, and you're done hiding. You've always wanted to fly, and now you can. Once.

4



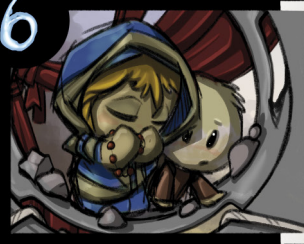
Their calls can lead you to freedom. If only you could figure out where they're coming from...
Roll Again!

5



There's always a glimmer of light in the darkness. And sometimes it's meant just for you.

6



Some prayers are met with silence. This time, though, your deliverance is nothing less than divine.



The Condyle House

The house was built
on ashen stilts.
The wood looked just like bone.

High loomed its walls—
nine stories tall—
its occupants long gone.

On poisoned ground,
its structure sound,
against gray skies it stood.

And if inclined
to look, you'd find
those stilts, in fact, weren't wood.

Rocks in the Grass

The backyard's made of gravestones
and the front yard's just the same.
What's worse is every stone in
sight has one of my friends' names.

Well, all of them but that one
underneath the balding pine.
It showed up just this morning
and the name on it is mine.



Rooms of Rath



1

TERRORARIUM



It's difficult to hide in a room full of things that want to kill you. Difficult, but not impossible.

2

BLACKNESS



Darkness is your enemy. But it also serves as camouflage if you know what you're doing.

3

POOL



He'll wait, watching for bubbles longer than most kids can hold their breath. But you're not "most kids."

4

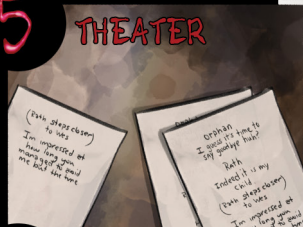
BASEMENT



You're not the only one in the basement. You're just the only one still breathing. Ever...so...quietly.

5

THEATER



Your fear of heights makes hiding in the rigging less than ideal. But it sure beats the alternative.

6

BEDROOM



Turns out the rumors about the loose floorboard are true. You just hope Rath hasn't heard them too.



You're in a room without a door.
You're sure you've been in there before.
But these rooms slide
and shift inside
and out, from ceiling to the floor.

Some say this house holds secrets, but
who knows? Right now, deep in your gut,
you feel him near.
Soon he'll be here.
But once he captures you...then what?

One time, you heard this one kid say,
"There's LOTS of secret passageways!"
They found that sprout
turned inside-out
two hours later that same day.

You check the cupboard...shelf...bookcase...
For secrets you search every space.
Your hope, not dead,
hangs by a thread.

You've heard Rath's missing half his face.
To get in here, you took some stairs.
But now instead of steps are chairs.

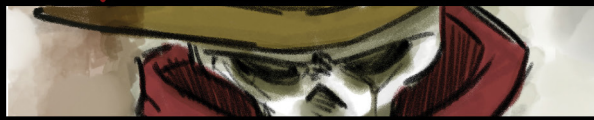
You hear a groan—
death-dry like bone—
a thin, hoarse whisper "Who goes there?"



enDANGERed

ORPHANS

Orphans of the Corn



1



When you saw it,
When you saw the
signs.
You knew it was
over. And it was.

2



You couldn't stop
hearing them. But
they weren't leading
you out, they were
leading you to him.

3



Don't look so
confused.
You always knew
you were his
favorite.

4



It's not death, but
it's not much better.
The player to your
right moves you to
another room.

5



This is not where
you wanted to be.
Move your orphan
to an adjacent
room.

6



You've always been
able to read the signs
better than those
around you.
Place your orphan
in any room.

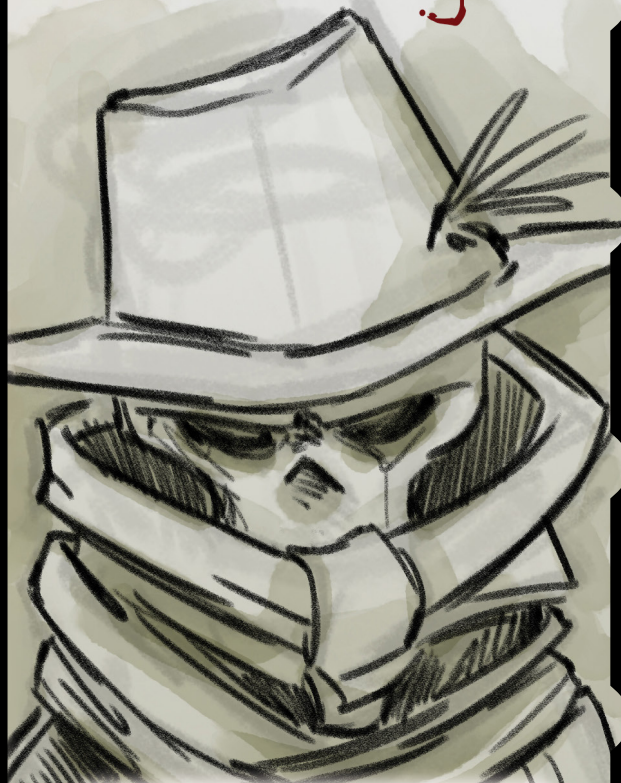
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ORPHANS

The House of Rath

They called him

Mr. Lolly



They say he kept a pocket full of
lollipops. Always giving them out
to the children.

When he was around, he was
surrounded by so many smiles
and so much laughter.

He told them, there was much
more candy hidden in the cornfields.

For him...there was.