

happy birthday, little fears

the original game of childhood terror

based on the game *little fears* by

jason l blair

compiled, edited, and updated by jason l blair

cover and interior illustrations by grumbleputty

original little fears edited by seth ben-ezra and nathan treves

additional material credits

dear diary and *dragon hunting* by seth ben-ezra

believing is seeing by greg oliver

hide and go seek and *when the monsters came* by f scott blair

truth or dare and *the carnival* by shelby mallow

thank you to all the fans of the original *little fears* for a decade of support. i never imagined so many people would enjoy my little game about kids fighting werewolves. you are exceptional.

for news and updates, visit
www.littlefears.com

text copyright 2001 and 2011 jason l blair. all rights reserved.

illustrations copyright 2011 grumbleputty. all rights reserved.

published by funsizedgames

happy birthday, little fears is a game of terror

it is also a work of fiction. some scenes, ideas, and references may be too harsh for the sensitive. while i would recommend an age minimum for purchase, i realize that age is not an accurate gauge of maturity and/or sensibility. those who find the idea of violence toward or from children particularly disturbing are urged not to read this book. i do not condone any acts of violence, especially toward children or the infirm, and no approval nor encouragement of such action should be inferred. the key to horror is extremity as well as subtlety. cracking taboos and exposing people to unsettling ideas is integral to maintaining a horrific setting. treasure your children and keep them safe; there are worse bogeymen to be found down your street than in these pages.

Little FEARs.

tenth anniversary special edition of
the original game of childhood terror

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

there's no such thing as monsters 9

Dear Diary 10

The World of Little Fears 24

CHAPTER ONE

to be young again 29

Tell Me About Yourself 31

Things I like about me 36

Things I don't like about me 39

Tests & Quizzes 43

Push Comes To Shove 44

Sticks And Stones 45

Playing With Fire 46

It Hurts, Mommy... 46

Feeling Better 47

Gettin' Scared 47

CHAPTER TWO

the virtues of childhood 49

Losing Soul 51

Regaining Soul 51

The Darkening 52

Losing Innocence 54

The Blindness 56

The Vestal 56

The Tainted 57

Gaining Fear 57

Losing Fear 57

Madness 58

A System of Belief 60

The Downside 61

A Final Note On Belief Magic 62

CHAPTER THREE

keeping the kids in line 63

Once Upon a Time 66

Know Your Players 68

Setting The Mood 68

The Questionnaire 70

The Family Way	72
Rationale	74
Rules for Grown-Ups	74
Man's Best Friend	77
hand-me-downs	77

CHAPTER FOUR

behind the door

79

How They Get Here	81
Crossing the Darkness	84
And Back Again...	86
Looking Around	86
The Demagogue	87
Branxis the enslaver	88
The Seven Kings	88
Children of Pain & Suffering	104
Rule for Monsters	106
the Closet Monster	107
Body Thieves	108
Everyday Monsters	110

CHAPTER FIVE

spooky stories

113

Believing is Seeing	115
Truth or Dare	122
Hide and Go Seek	124
The Carnival	126

APPENDIX

goodies & extras

127

The Rusted Swing	129
Needles & Chocolate	131
Santa Claws	133
Cry Havoc	135
Dragon Hunting	147
When the Monsters Came	152
How a Bogy Became a Real Boy	163

NOTE FROM THE TEACHER

169

CHEAT SHEET

170

CHARACTER SHEET

171

oh happy happy birthday
today's your special time
oh happy happy birthday
we wrote you this special rhyme

oh happy happy birthday
we're so glad you're alive
oh happy happy birthday
we'll see if you survive

hooray!

introduction

there's

no

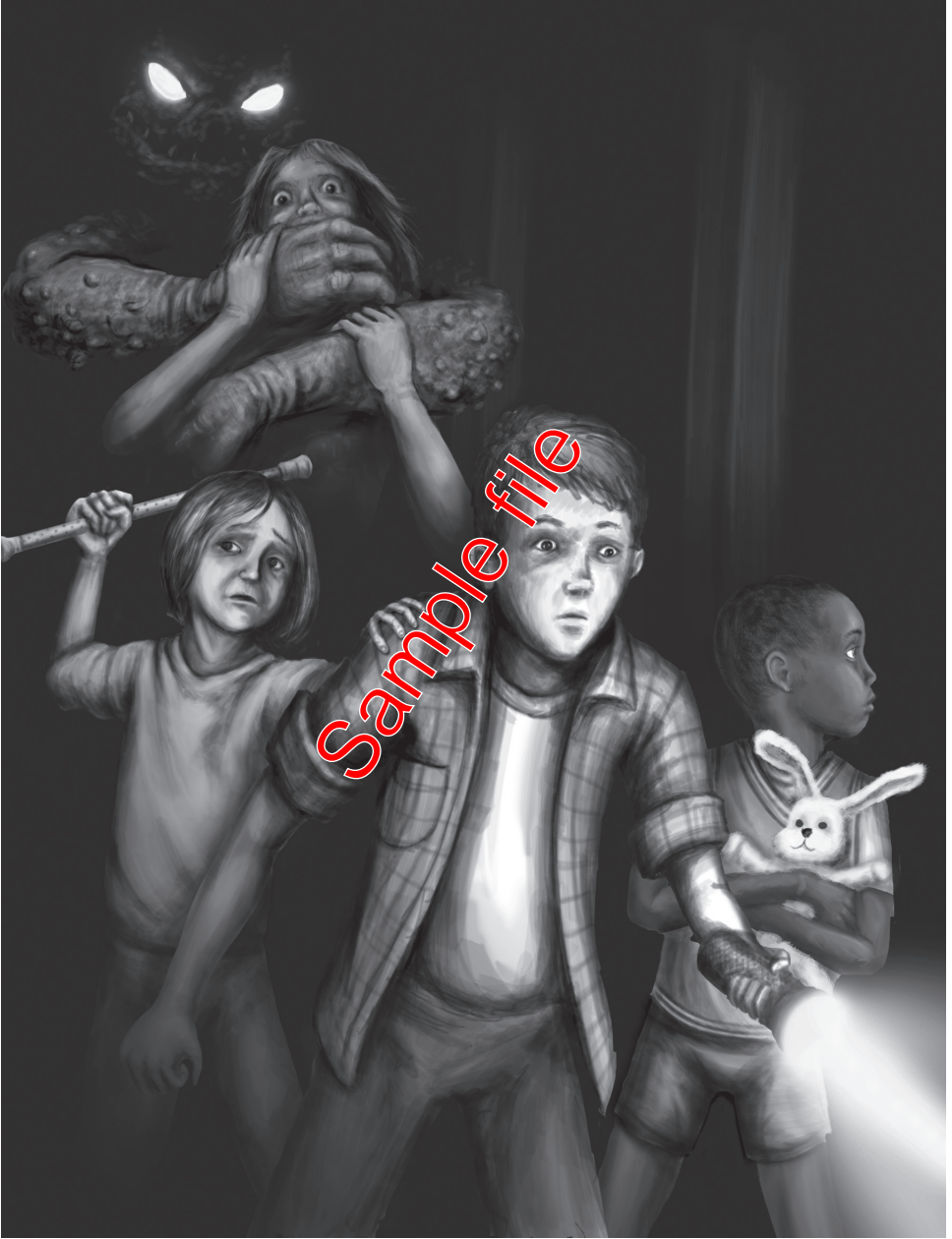
such

thing

as

monsters

Sample file



there's no such thing as monsters

Somewhere, stowed in the far recesses of your mind, are all the memories of your youth. The first day you walked into school, your first birthday party, running around at recess and climbing the monkey bars, your first crush, memories of when you used to play out in the woods or in that abandoned building down the block. But deeper, in the furthest corners of your mind, are other memories. Memories that aren't so happy. They're buried deep, but if you try really hard you may just glimpse them. Memories of other things. Things that used to keep you up all night with your blanket over your head. Things that used to scratch-scratch at your window and call you up from your bed. Things that used to make you cover your face with your pillow or yell for your mother or father to come rescue you.

Look hard, you'll find them.

Dear Diary



there's no such thing as monsters

My First Diary

March 3

Dear Diary,

Wow! I've never had a diary before. This is pretty neat! Can I call you Sarah? I've always wanted a friend named Sarah. Let's see. I should tell you my name, too. My name is Jenna, and this is my friend Bunny. Today is my birthday! Let me tell you about it.

Daddy came home drunk today, so I made myself a birthday party. Bunny and I ate peanut butter and jelly sandwiches in the kitchen. I wore a party hat, but Bunny told me he didn't want to. Then we got out the ice cream and made a little ice cream cake in a bowl. Bunny put a candle on it and we both sang "Happy Birthday." I think that Bunny sang too loud, because Daddy yelled at us to Shut Up. I don't like when he's drunk. He never used to get drunk when Mommy was still alive, but when she died, he's been getting drunk a lot. A lot of times I'm at home all by myself. Well, except for Bunny. He takes care of me. And now I have you, Sarah! I'm so happy that you will be my friend.

Love,
Jenna

March 5

Dear Sarah,

Something really spooky happened last night. I was lying in bed with Bunny trying to go to sleep. Daddy still hadn't come home yet. Suddenly, I heard someone calling my name! It wasn't a very nice voice, though. It was all evil and dead. It gave me chills just hearing it. I got so scared, I hid under the covers and started yelling at it to go away. It started laughing at me. Then it started talking to me. I heard it say, "I will have you, Jenna." I couldn't take it anymore. I grabbed Bunny and ran out of my room. I tried to block my bedroom door with a chair but I don't know if it worked. I tried to stay up but I fell asleep on the sofa. Daddy didn't come home all night, but at least Bunny protected me. I'm scared, Sarah. I don't think that it was just a bad dream. I think that something is living in my closet and it doesn't like me at all.

there's no such thing as monsters

My First Diary



Dear Sarah,

March 9

Today I made a new friend! I was playing outside with Bunny when a girl stopped to talk to me. She was really nice. She said that her name was Jessica and that her family had just moved in to a house down the street. I was so happy! We ran around and played on the swing set behind the school. I'm kinda jealous of her, though. Her mommy and daddy are happy and take good care of her. I wish that my daddy would come home more often and not be drunk all the time. He would know how to take care of that nasty monster in my closet. Bunny says that he will protect me, but he's kinda small to be fighting a monster. Don't tell him I said that. His feelings might get hurt.

I'm too scared to sleep in my room tonight, because of the monster, so I'm going to get my blanket and sleep on the sofa. Daddy won't care. I don't even think that he's coming home tonight. I'm so glad that I can tell you this, Sarah. You are my best friend.

My First Diary

Dear Sarah,

March 11

I hate my life! I hate it hate it hate it! I'm hiding out here under the slide at the playground so that Daddy and the Monster won't find me. It's raining and I'm cold and I'm hungry and I'm scared, but I'm more scared to go home. They're at home. If I go home, they'll get me.

Daddy came home last night with a woman. They were both drunk. He was real mad to see me in the living room. He started yelling about how I always got in the way of how all he wanted was just to go to bed (whatever that means) and he couldn't now, because I was in there. He started yelling and screaming and throwing things and I got scared, so I ran into my room and slammed the door. Then I remembered that Bunny was still in the living room. So I decided to sneak out really quiet, so that Daddy wouldn't see me and be angry. So I tiptoed out of my room and crawled along the floor towards Bunny. Then I saw Daddy and the woman on the sofa. It was pretty yucky. They didn't have any clothes on and they were touching each other and stuff. Yuck! Then Daddy saw me. He was really really mad. He slapped me across the face and yelled at

there's no such thing as monsters

My First Diary

me for being out of my room. Bunny tried to stop him, but that only made him madder. He picked me and Bunny up and threw us into my bedroom. Then he locked me in.

I started crying. Bunny told me that it would be okay, but he got all torn up by Daddy and his insides were coming out. That only made me cry more. Then I heard a noise behind me. When I saw it, I started screaming. A monster was breaking my dollhouse into lots of little pieces! It looked at me and smiled. Then it started throwing my dolls at me. It ripped the legs off the mommy doll. Then it said, "I got your mommy, Jenna. I got your daddy. Now I'll get you." It picked up the rest of the dollhouse and dragged it into the closet. It said, "I will have you, Jenna." Then it shut the closet door.

I was so scared that I started crying. I was crying even more when I realized that I had had an accident. Big girls don't have accidents! I grabbed my blanket and Bunny and I climbed out the window. And that's why I'm here now, under the slide. I want my Mommy, Sarah! She could fix this. I know she could! Mommy wouldn't lock me in my bedroom.