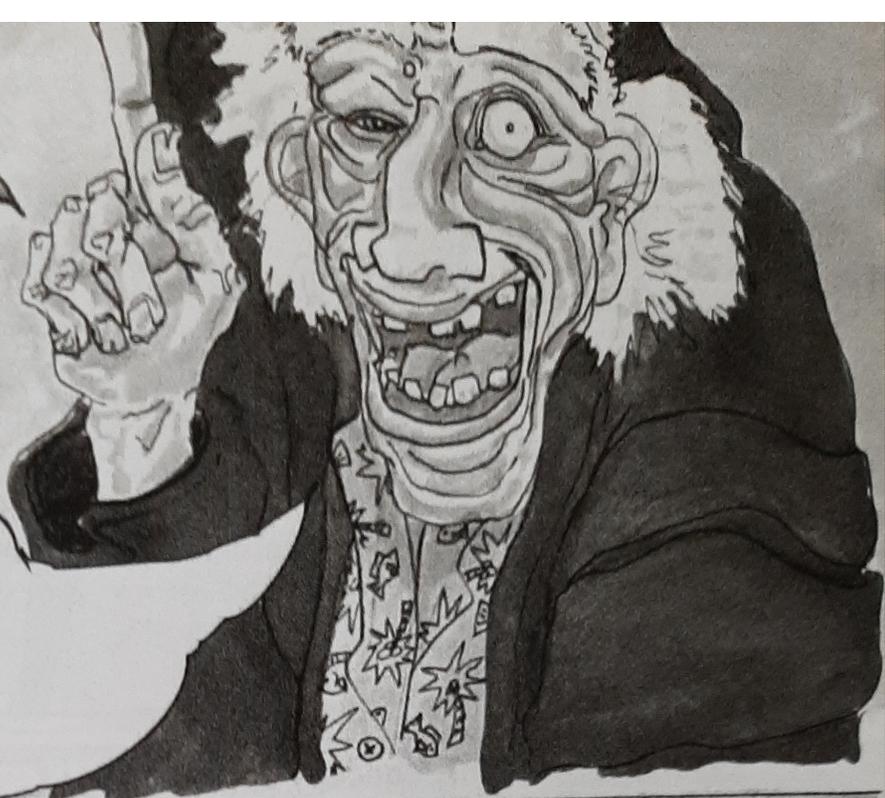
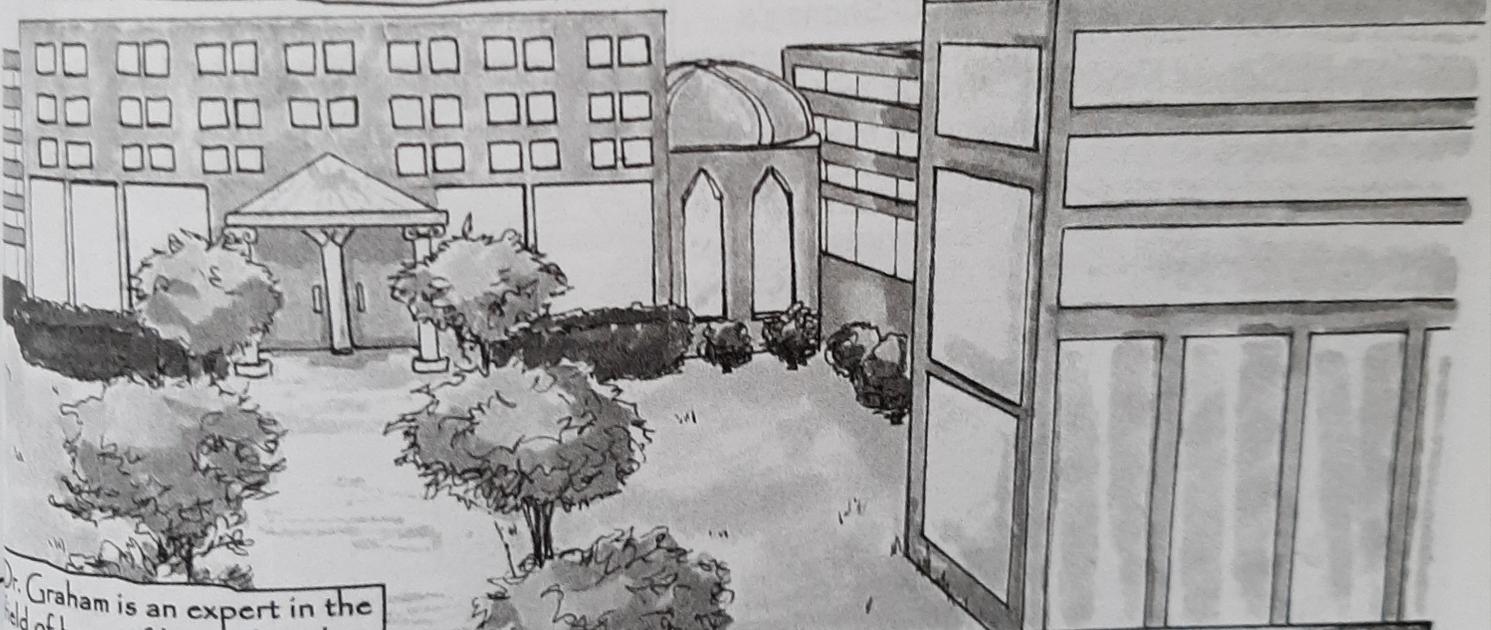


# TERROR 101

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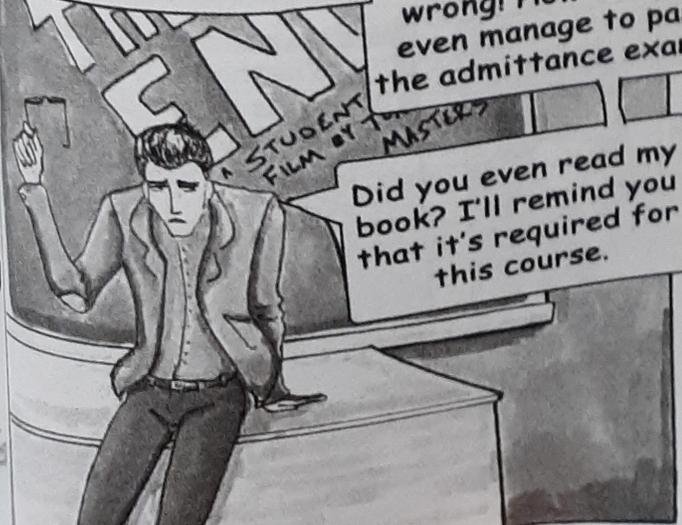
We begin in the hallowed halls of Adams University, in the class of Professor Bolivar Graham. He is lecturing his film students on the nature of scary movies, something your loving uncle knows a little something about...



Dr. Graham is an expert in the field of horror film studies, but his desk-side manner leaves something to be desired...

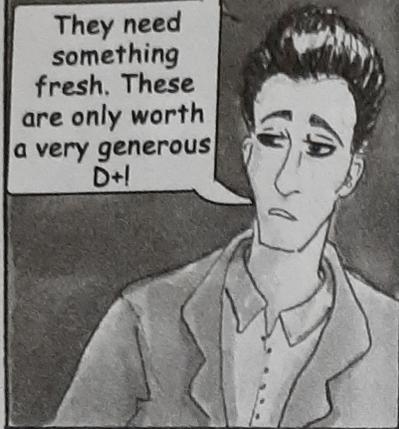
Well, now you're just wrong! How did you even manage to pass the admittance exams?

Did you even read my book? I'll remind you that it's required for this course.



It outlines the ineffectiveness of these ridiculous old horror tropes. If you want to scare a modern audience, your films need to be better.

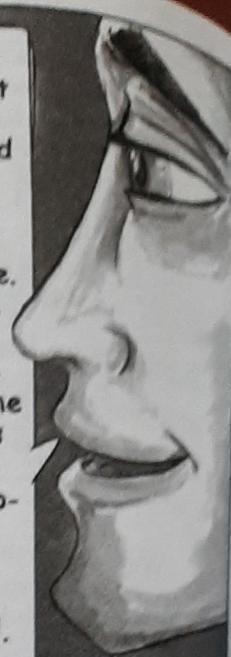
They need something fresh. These are only worth a very generous D+



And with finals almost here, that means a lot of you - a lot! - are in real danger of failing.

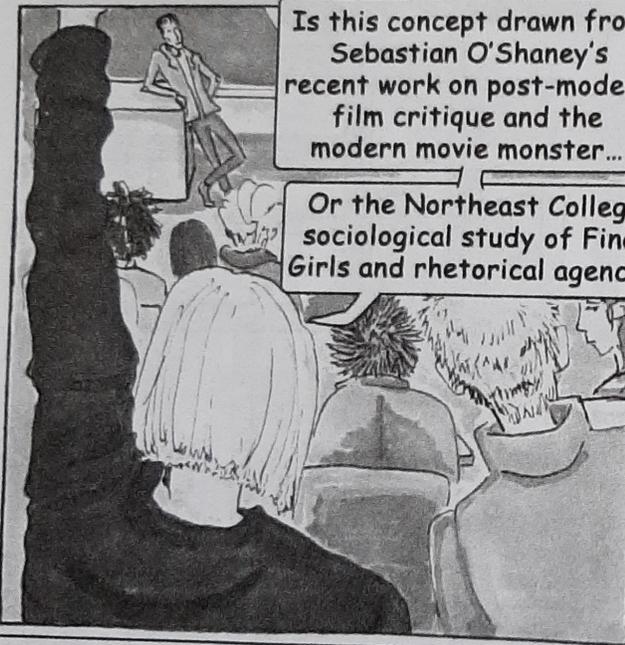


There's always next semester. You all need to accept that your ideas are tired. Stale. Worn out. What you have here are the same old scares using the same old approaches. They will never be successful.

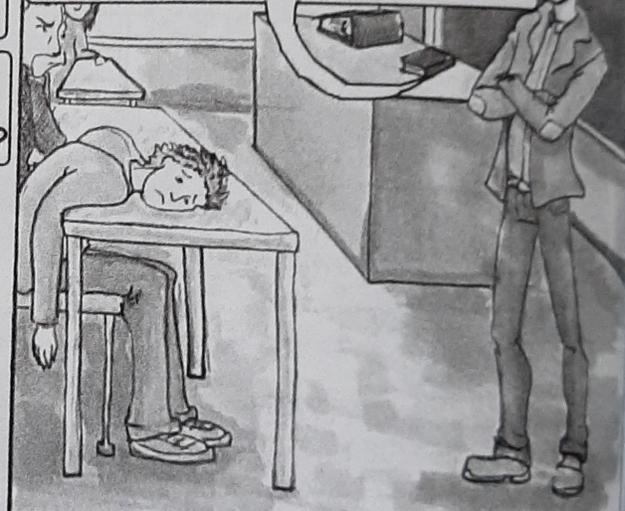


Is this concept drawn from Sebastian O'Shaney's recent work on post-modern film critique and the modern movie monster...

Or the Northeast College sociological study of Final Girls and rhetorical agency?



No. And seeing that there are no other straws at which to grasp, class dismissed. You all have a lot of work to do.



After class in the student union, Steve, Thom, and Mac make plans for an outside-the-box group project.

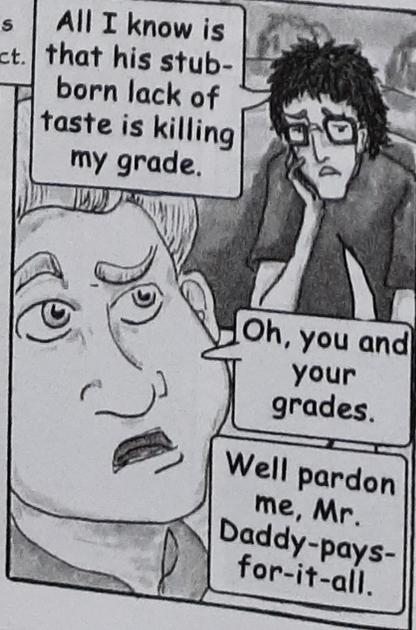
Ugh! That guy just ticks me off!

Who's he to say what works and what doesn't?



He hasn't made a movie in decades!

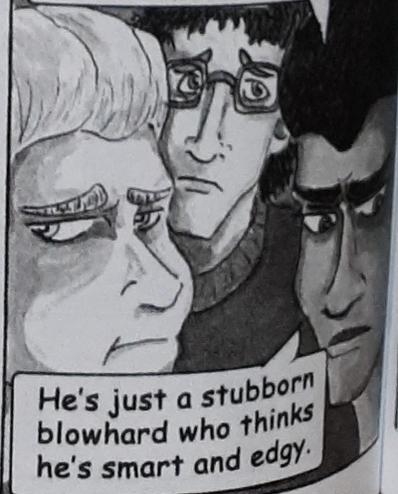
All I know is that his stubborn lack of taste is killing my grade.



Oh, you and your grades.

Well pardon me, Mr. Daddy-pays-for-it-all.

Whether it's about grades or art doesn't matter.



He's just a stubborn blowhard who thinks he's smart and edgy.

What him he

And the gotten

After p Thom,

There h comes your

With a qui from ye games,

What if we showed him he isn't all that smart?

What do you mean?

So just snatch him up? When?

Then it's a plan. Gather everything up. Meet back at C-lot before it gets dark.

And that his edge has gotten a bit...dull?

What if we used that old barn you've got, and force Graham to reevaluate his opinion of those old scares? I still have all the movie props, and a few more.

Tonight. Remember, there's a faculty meeting or something he complained about going to. That gives us a few hours to get ready.

And Thom, don't forget a burlap sack.

After preparing their haunted attraction for an audience of one, Steve, Thom, and Mac stake out their target. They don't need to wait long.

There he is. When he comes this way, pull your masks on.

Quick and quiet. We're lucky not many profs use this lot.

With a quickness learned from years of video games, they attack!

Wha--?!

They move with the coordination developed through countless group projects.

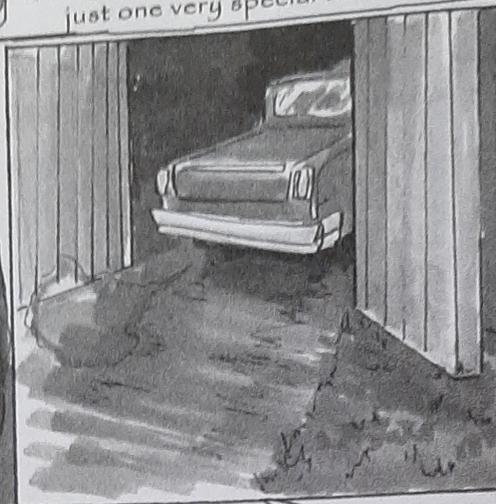
-Just follow the plan.

Don't drive like an idiot, Thom. Normal, and remember-

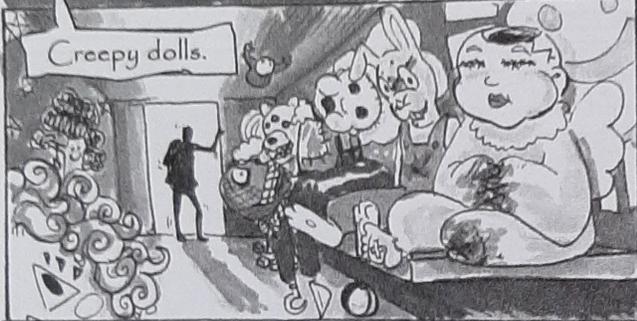
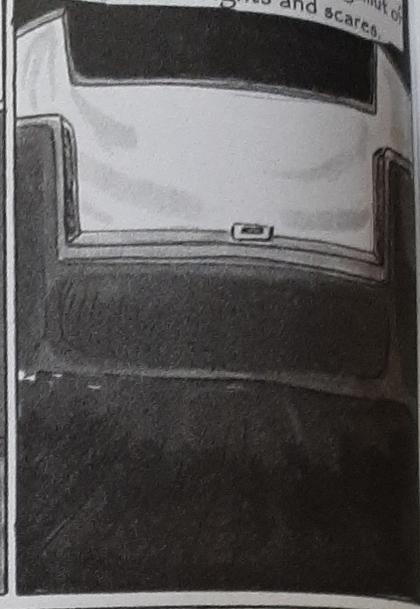


Outside of the city, Mac's family barn is a popular Halloween attraction for the student set.

Tonight it's a house of horrors with just one very special tenant...



And with a very deliberate floor plan. The rooms run the gamut of classic frights and scares.

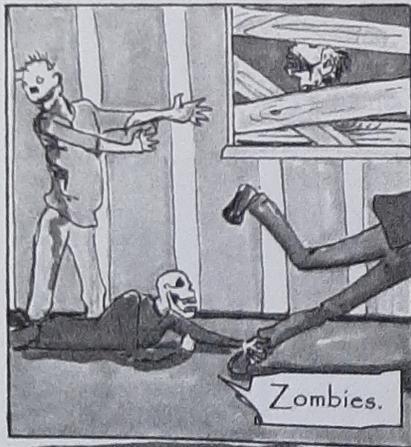


Creepy dolls.

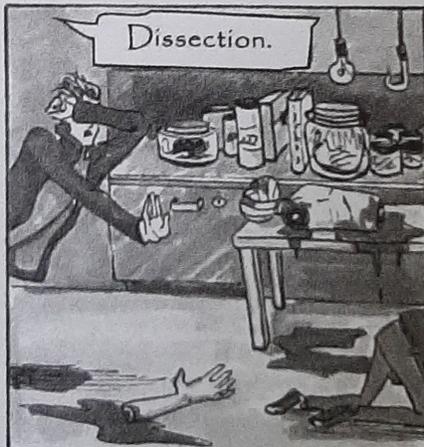


Shadowy hands.

Spiders.



Zombies.



Dissection.



Scary clowns.



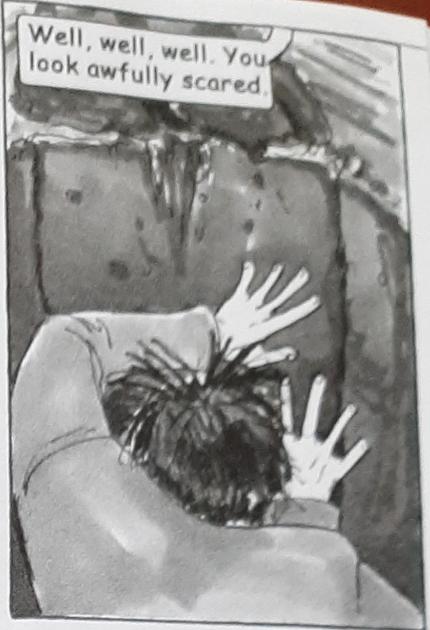
And Chainsaw Guy!



Help! He-



-lpl



Well, well, well. You look awfully scared.



Maybe you're not so smart after all.

But now it's time to fill in that grave!



NO!



GAH!



AHHH--!



Spiders

Scary clowns

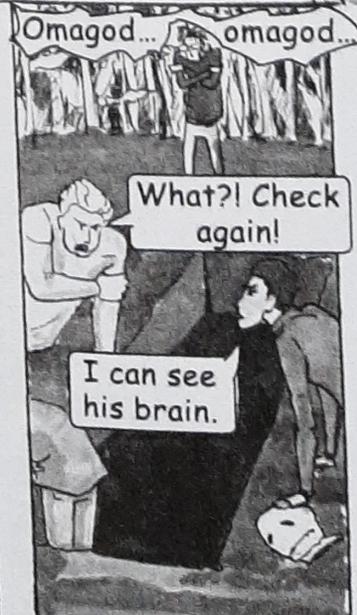


Omagod  
omagod  
omagod...

Check him!  
Check him!



He's  
dead!



Omagod... omagod...

What?! Check  
again!

I can see  
his brain.



Omagod... omagod...

What do  
we do  
now?

After fifteen dirty minutes later, Steve, Tom, and Mac contemplate the unexpected turn of their extra-curricular conspiracy.



Huh.

Yeah...

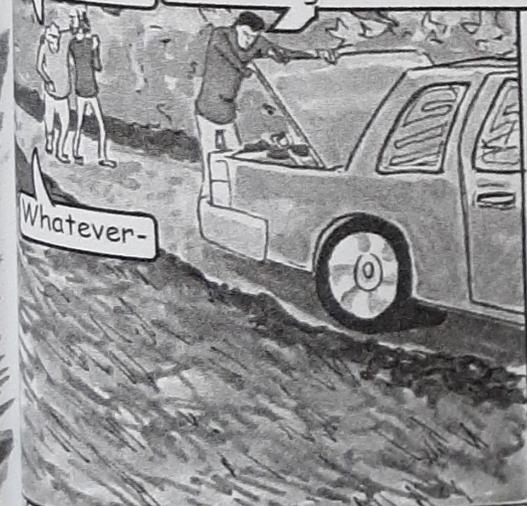
I guess that's that



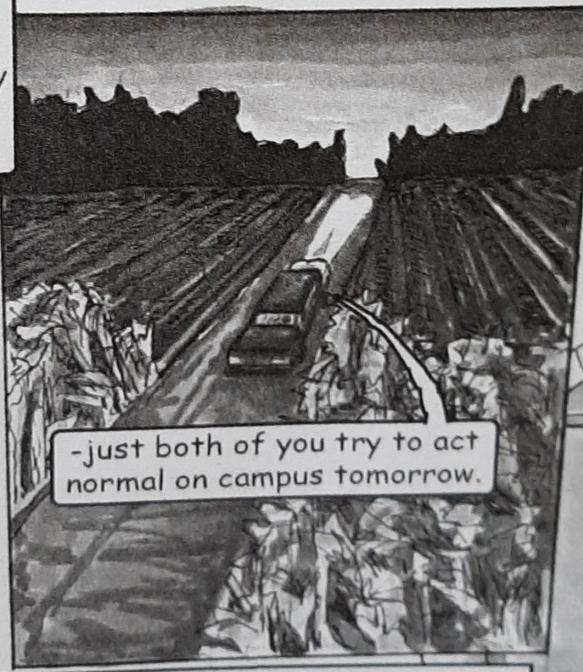
C'mon, we need to get moving. Grab everything and make sure we don't leave anything behind.

I need to find a dumpster or something new where for these shovels.

No, it'll be fine. I'll put them back in my garage, and if anyone asks I'll say I was working in the garden.



Whatever-



-just both of you try to act normal on campus tomorrow.

The next afternoon, our honor roll ruffians creep onto campus, trying to keep some semblance of composure.

Stop walking so guilty!

How else am I supposed to walk?

Some way other than that!

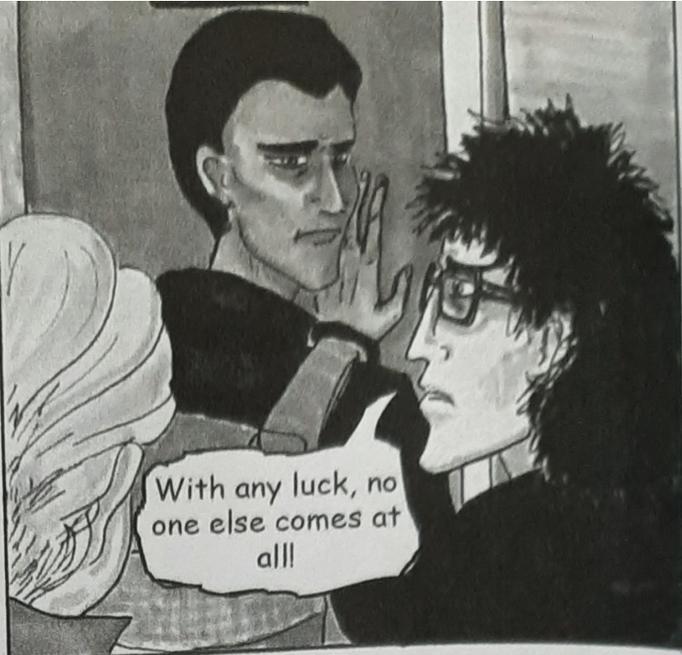


Remember, just sit and wait like everyone else.

With any luck, people will leave after fifteen minutes.

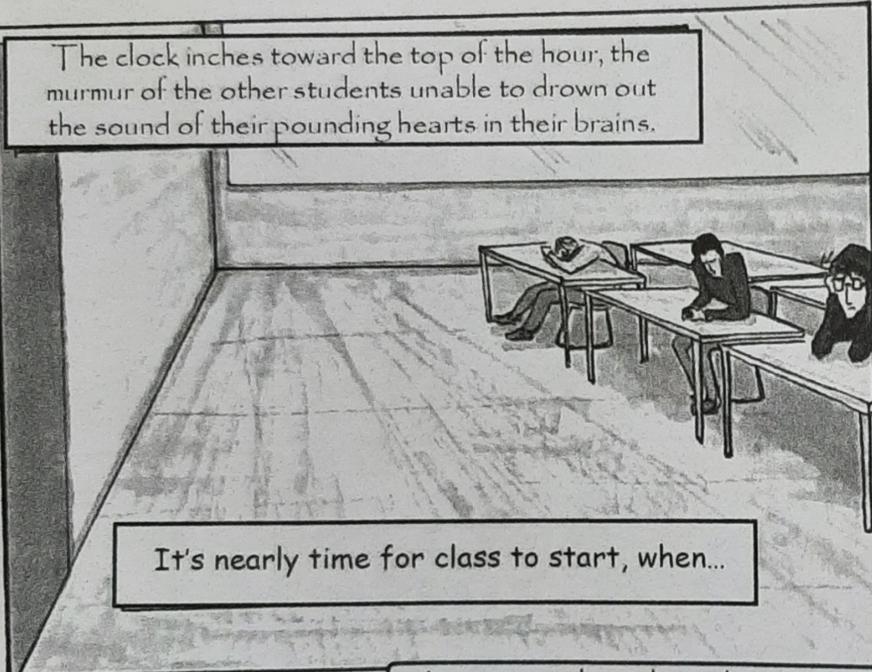


With any luck, no one else comes at all!



The clock inches toward the top of the hour, the murmur of the other students unable to drown out the sound of their pounding hearts in their brains.

It's nearly time for class to start, when...



Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen.



As you may have heard, my twin brother, Dr. Laurence Graham of our Philosophy Deptment, has been reported missing.

He'd want us to continue class, of course. He's even more dedicated to his students than me!

Well how about that, lads and lassies? It just goes to show that your math teacher from fifth grade was right: always check your work! And don't be afraid to dig deep for good grades! That's the end of my turn for today, but next time I promise to tell you a truly terrifying tale - the story of my student loan payments!

