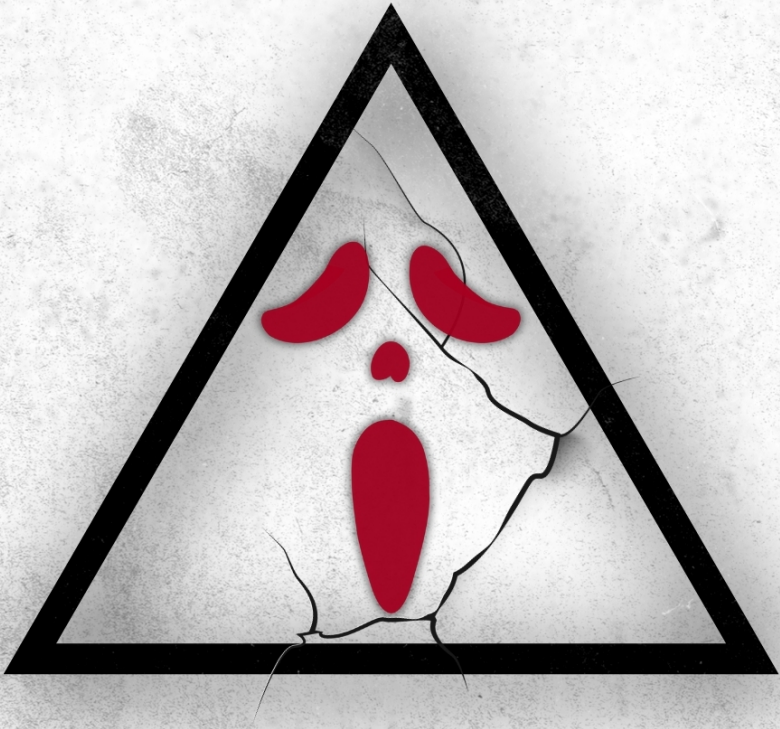


GUIDE TO SURVIVING SLASHER MOVIES **ARCHIVE BONUS CONTENT**



G.A.

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LEAKED_FILE_

THE ARCHIVE Δ

HEY, BABES!

Welcome to this week's edition of "The Archive," where we roll out the welcome mat, pour you a tall glass of sweet tea, and invite you to savor some exclusive bonus material cooked up just for the faithful readers. So, settle in, enjoy this exclusive treat, and keep your eyes peeled for even sweeter surprises coming your way in the next editions A little mischief makes life interesting.

LOTS OF LOVE & A LITTLE SPITE,

S.G

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File No. 012

THE GATEKEEPER'S GUIDE TO SURVIVING SLASHER MOVIES

ADRIAN

1 1996 *SCREAM* PLAYS FROM the television, the room lit in stuttering flashes that made everyone look a little more haunted than they were.

Rosalie pressed closer to the screen, eyes bright with a hunger that never quite settled. "Honestly," she said, "I feel like Ghostface, and I would be besties. We share the same chaotic energy." She curled tighter She curled tighter against Elius, as if proximity could outpace consequence. Pointing a finger at the screen with disdain, she added, "He's not chasing any of us for long in those shoes. He's going to twist an ankle."

Elius groaned in an overly dramatic, affected tone. "Are you really, truly going to sit there and critique a serial killer's footwear while wearing those?"

He pointed at the rather... interesting house shoes she seemed to love.

"I'd just volunteer to die," Lynn cut in, her voice flat as she stared at the popcorn bowl. "Just to get it over with. I don't have the cardio for a third-act chase scene, and the suspense is giving me anxiety."

"Don't worry, baby. I'll be your cardio," Landry said, and the room broke out in a mixture of fake gags and "boos."

The room broke into noise, voices tangling together, survival theories devolving into something wild and pointless.

Each new idea chipped away at what little sense remained.

Theories overlapped, each one more ridiculous, and our collective IQ sank lower by the minute.

I leaned back, nursed my drink, and just watched everyone unravel over a B-list slasher.

"I'd just join the killer," I say calmly during a brief lull.

Everyone looks at me expectantly, waiting for an explanation.

“Let’s be honest: there’s less paperwork if you’re not the victim, and the wardrobe is definitely an upgrade.”

Gaston scoffed, puffing out his chest confidently. “I’d totally take down the killer. One round, and that mask would be a permanent fixture in his hospital room.” He struck a boxing stance, almost knocking over a glass of water on the coffee table.

“Stop posing, Gaston. You aren’t the main character of a slasher franchise; you’re the guy who dies in the first ten minutes to show the audience the killer is serious. You’re literally the warning label on a pack of cigarettes, loud, unnecessary, and ultimately ignored,” Elius drawled, his gaze never leaving the screen.

“None of you would survive,” Elius interjected, giving a long blink before focusing on the movie. “You’re all so impulsive. You’d trip over your own egos, and probably the coffee table, before you even found the front door. Also, none of you see the front door as the trap, which is wild, because it’s basically radiating with ‘bad idea’ energy. I’d bet five bucks you’d all go out in a single file line, not a blaze of glory.”

Boudreaux, however, remained unmoved by the escalating bickering. He stared at the screen with mild, scholarly interest. “I just want to know what made the guy start in the first place,” he wondered aloud.

Silence crawled in as the movie shifted, heavy and expectant. Even the air felt like it was holding its breath.

Ghostface emerged from the shadows, the mask stark under the low light. Rosalie squinted at the screen. “Can we talk about the mask? It’s giving a last-minute costume party at a gas station. If I’m getting murdered, I need the killer to at least respect the sanctity of a good cheekbone. That flat white plastic? It’s just... offensive. He looks like a paper plate that gave up on life.”

On screen, Tatum drifted toward the garage for more beer. Everyone’s shouting warnings she couldn’t hear, tension winding tighter as she neared the pet door.

We all knew what was coming, and we watched anyway. And for a moment, we were united, eyes fixed and breath caught, as the garage door began its slow climb.

Boudreaux raised his beer and pointed it toward the TV with a slow, knowing nod. “Yeah,” he murmured. “That’d probably be how I went out. If I need a beer, I’m getting a beer.” He took a long, unbothered drink as the garage door hit the top.

I tipped my glass, letting the last of the whiskey burn its way down. "Fair enough," I said, doing my best impression of someone mysterious and brooding.

Gaston erupted in a bark of incredulous laughter, nearly sending his drink cascading onto the rug. "A garage door? Seriously, Boudreaux? That's your grand exit strategy?"

"Goodness gracious," he wheezed, "I'm being squashed by a metal wall, I guess I'll just die here?"

He shook his head, his lips curling into a grin so wide it was almost comical. "If that's the play, you're officially the first casualty on the roster. I'd at least go out with a bang and a terrible pun, probably tripping over the coffee table on my way to heroism."

Still glued to the screen, Rosalie pointed, her fingers busy dusting off a stray popcorn kernel. "You can't kick Ghostface in the nuts. He's like Spirit Halloween's most determined employee, so you'd just look like an idiot trying to catch him." She paused, "Now, the shins? I'd be all over that. Shins are a weak point for everyone, Ghostdaddy included, plus, his robe gets him every time."

She grins wider. "Side note, though, if you put on the Ghostface mask first, does that make you safe? Like a reverse Uno card."

Lynn snorted, a sharp, cynical sound that punctured Gaston's posturing. "You'd attempt a shin-kick, Rosalie, and you'd have your head detached before your foot even cleared the floor." She snatched the popcorn bowl back from Landry, who hovered near her shoulder like a dedicated bodyguard shielding a head of state from a mild breeze.

"Don't let them agitate you," Landry murmured, his voice a low, protective rumble that was entirely superfluous given that Lynn was currently the most armed person in the room. He shot a look at Gaston that suggested that if the bravado continued, Gaston might find himself forcibly relocated to the driveway.

On screen, the victim scrambled toward the staircase. Elius let out a sharp, dismissive laugh. "Oh, they're running up the stairs. How truly innovative. Gaston, darling, if you ever think running up the stairs is a tactical retreat, just know I will personally laugh while you're being harvested. It's not an escape route; it's a death wish with a decorative handrail."

"None of you are listening," Elius interjected, not taking his eyes off the movie. "You're arguing about combat tactics while the killer is out there winning at hide-and-seek"

I watch the ice knock against the glass. “He’s not wrong. You’re all chasing some big hero moment, but survival is usually just, like, not tripping over the rug and remembering to lock the door. Most times, you don’t even realize you’re doing it, because you’re too busy arguing about dinner, or where the tupperware is.”

Gaston scoffed, throwing his hands up in a theatrical display. “Preservation? Adrian, you just declared you’d join the man! Where’s the preservation in being the killer’s intern?”

“It’s not an internship, Gaston. It’s a career shift,” I reply, my voice dry as a bone. “It’s just safer to be on the winning team. Plus, I bet the killer offers decent health insurance and a non-disclosure agreement. You know, benefits.”

Boudreaux didn’t bother to answer. He just watched the screen, unmoved, as if he’d already mapped out every possible ending and none of them mattered. He drank, slow and steady, the silence stretching thin around him.

“I still think I could take him,” Gaston muttered, though his confidence had slipped just a fraction into the realm of ‘drunken delusion.’

“You’d trip over your own ego,” I say, setting my glass down. “And I’d be the first to point and laugh.”

“Whatever happened to attorney-client privilege, dick?” Gaston muttered.

“Landry’s a loophole.”

“Loophole?” Gaston sputtered, looking genuinely affronted. “That’s not even a legal defense, that’s just—that’s lazy, Adrian! You’re supposed to be the guy with the degree, use it for something other than being an insufferable dick.”

Landry didn’t look up from where he was obsessively trying to maneuver Lynn’s head onto his shoulder, nudging her gently every few seconds as if determined to achieve perfect alignment. “I’m not a loophole,” he rumbled, his voice possessing all the warmth of a glacier. “I’m a perimeter. And right now, the perimeter is requesting you shut the hell up so we can hear the dialogue.”

Lynn snapped, slapping his hand away without even looking at him. Landry, undeterred, muttered, “Just give me some fuckin’ love.”

“He’s a dramatic little shit, though,” Rosalie piped up, completely unbothered by the sudden shift to Landry’s needy behavior. She reached over and poked Elius in the side, her smile bright and dangerous. “He makes a lot of noise. If he came after us, he’d trip over Boudreaux’s

discarded beer cans and reveal his position instantly. We have a unique tactical advantage: collectively, we are a nightmare to manage.”

Boudreaux, who had been staring at the screen with the intensity of a man trying to reverse-engineer a bomb, finally spoke. “It’s about the reach,” he noted, his voice gravel-dry and focused entirely on the mechanics of the kill. “He’s got a solid grip, sure, but his stance is wide. Gives him stability, but limits his maneuverability in tight hallways. I’d just shove him into a wall. Pin him. Then he’s stuck.”

“Thank you!” Gaston beamed, pointing a finger at Boudreaux as he’d just discovered fire. “Finally, someone with an actual plan. Pin the ghost. Then we have a ghost sandwich. It’s perfect. It’s foolproof.”

I press my fingers to my temples, the ache behind my eyes pulsing in time with the noise. The whiskey isn’t to blame. Not tonight.

“We’re not pinning Ghostface to the wall, Gaston. We’re arguing about movie physics in a room full of people who are, by any measure, more dangerous than the villain. If Ghostface walked in, he’d take one look and leave. We’re the real hazard.”

“It’s the boyfriend,” Gaston announced with the authority of someone who hadn’t realized he was watching a cultural touchstone he could have Googled in five seconds. “Look at him. He’s sweating like a guilty politician. That’s an ‘I-just-stabbed-someone’ sweat. I recognize the posture.”

“That’s literally the whole genre, Gaston,” Elius said, his voice as dry as a popcorn kernel. “Predictability is the currency of the horror movie. You aren’t playing poker; you’re just pointing at the most obvious suspect because your attention span is currently dangling by a thread.”

“It’s the nerd,” Rosalie countered, pointing a popcorn-crusting finger at the screen with the intensity of an investigator presenting evidence to a grand jury. “He’s too quiet. He’s plotting something. He’s got that ‘I-could-hide-a-body-in-the-basement’ look, and trust me, I have a professional eye for that kind of thing.”

“It’s a two-man job,” Boudreaux said, leaning forward, his eyes narrowed as if he were analyzing a crime scene. “Look at the movements. The movement changes between scenes. Different weight distribution. You see the limp on the first kill? Gone on the second. Whoever is under that cheap polyester is struggling with an unstable ankle.”

“You’re all missing the point,” I say, swirling the last of my glass. “It’s really about how messed up the whole town is. The killer isn’t a ‘who,’ he’s a ‘why.’ It’s everyone’s problem showing up in a discount Halloween mask.”

“Or,” Lynn cut in, her head resting on Landry’s shoulder, her eyes fixed on the ceiling with profound disinterest, “it’s a guy in a mask who needs a hobby. Can we please skip to the part where he trips and dies so I can stop listening to Gaston’s theories on ‘guilty sweat’?”

“I bet it’s the cat,” Rosalie added, ignoring Lynn entirely. “The cat knows. Look at its eyes. That is the look of a witness who has been bribed with top-shelf tuna.”

“The cat is a supporting actor, Rosalie,” Elius sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “It lacks the motive, the thumb dexterity, and the agency to orchestrate a homicide.”

“Doesn’t mean it didn’t outsource,” she shot back, a grin spreading across her face.

“I’m with Rosalie,” Gaston said, pointing at her.

“The cat is definitely the mastermind. I’ve seen that look in my own house. The cat’s looking at us like we’re next.”

This isn’t survival. It’s just friends making noise, so nobody has to hear about Gaston’s ego alone.

But still, I’d side with Billy and Stu.

Sometimes spite is the only thing that keeps you moving.

At least they kept the whole murder thing in-house, like a really deadly group project.

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S.G. writes psychological thrillers and dark romance where Southern grit meets Gothic mystery.

With a firm belief that healing often begins in the darkest places, she crafts high-stakes stories that explore trauma, resilience, and the quiet strength it takes to reclaim your life.

For S.G., writing is more than storytelling, it's transformation, creating a space where even the most fractured souls can find a place that feels like home.

In her stories, you will always find:

Found Family: Because loyalty is the ultimate anchor.

Wicked Banter: Because sometimes survival comes with a smirk.

Unflinching Truth: A refusal to look away from the hard things, and a belief that the light is always worth fighting for.

When she isn't crafting her next high-stakes universe, S.G. is busy reminding herself (and her readers) that being "*too much*" was never the problem.

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