

 **DEAD BY DAYLIGHT**™

FALSE CODE

A Concept Chapter by Baden Forson

EVOLUTION TOME

SURVIVOR MEMORY FRAGMENTS

TOME - EVOLUTION

Survivor: *Rowan Ilderton*

Memory Fragments: *7 Written, 3 Image*

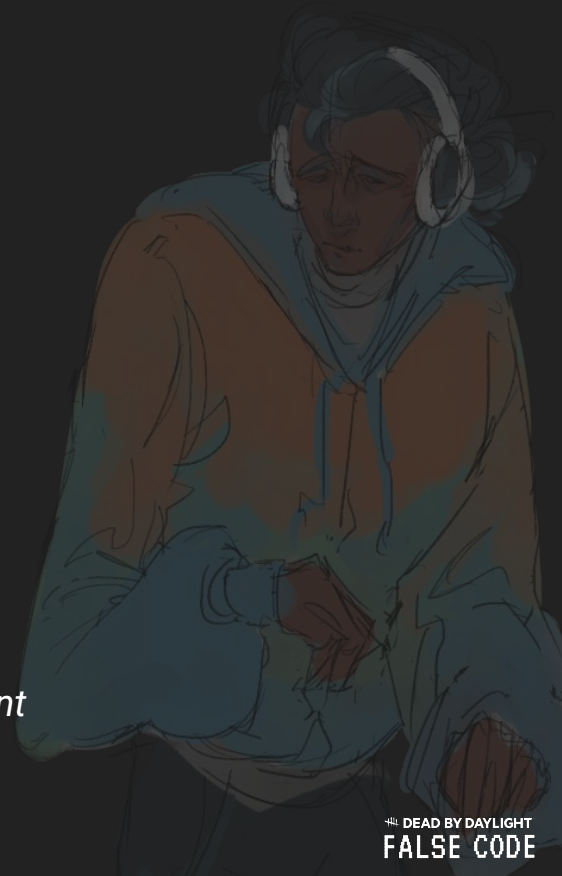
Written Memories: *Memory 895, Memory 1036, Memory 1079, Memory 2574, Memory 2595, Memory 3127, Memory 3461*

Image Memories: *Memory 893, Memory 2589, Memory 3462*

Overview:

Rowan's memories are taken from moments across their life, and the strange creature that seems to hunt them in their dreams.

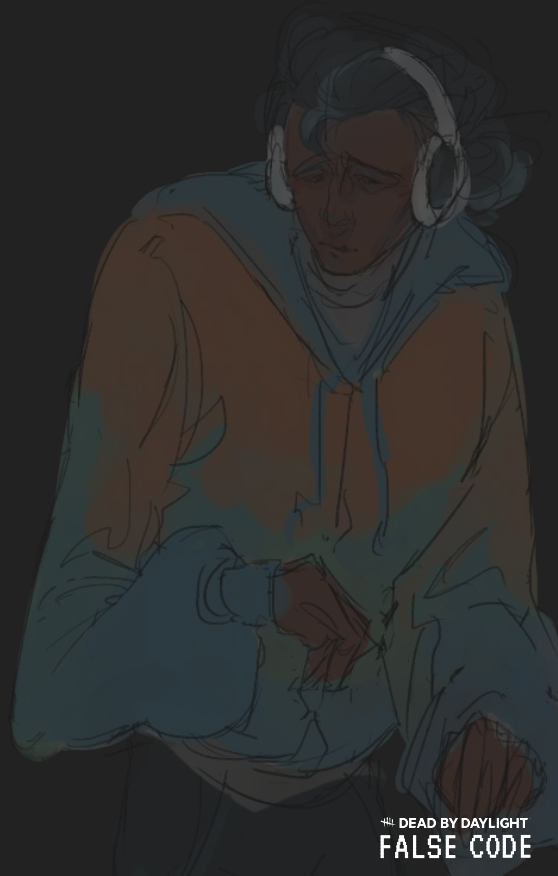
Upon completing all challenges, a video will unlock, showing viewers the moment that Rowan was taken by The Entity.



MEMORY 893

IMAGE MEMORY CONCEPT:

A young Rowan stands in the centre of the page, their face one of nervous awe. They are dressed in pajamas, with slippers on their feet. All around them, fog blankets the landscape. A hard to make out figure stands in the distance, watching them.

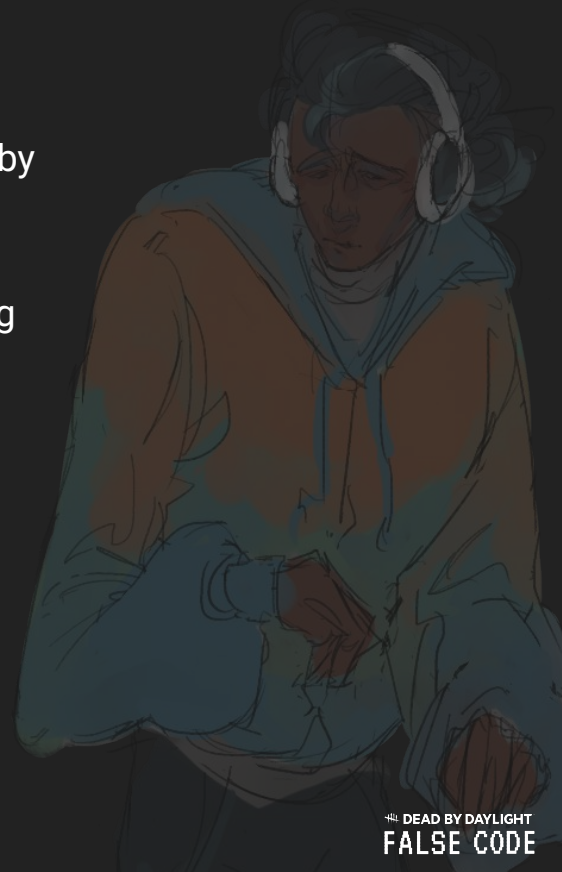


MEMORY 895

Rowan opens their eyes, body trembling, covered in sweat.

They let out a shaky laugh, hands fumbling to reach for the notebook that lay by their bed. Their therapist said they should write all they remember, but they're three books deep by now and there's no end in sight to the terror. Their hands shake as the pen scrawls across the page, a smear of ink blotting and staining into the shapes of letters and words.

They don't know why they do it. But they keep writing.

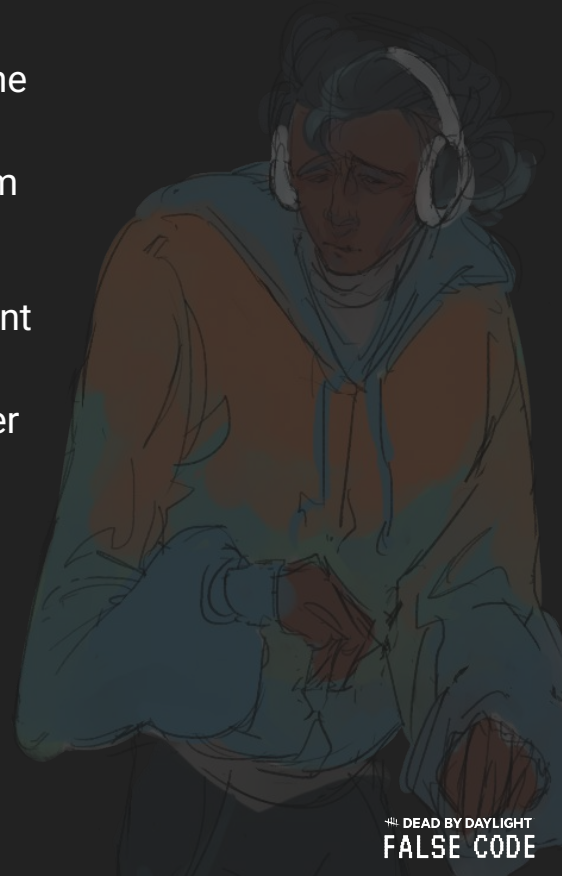


MEMORY 1036

Another night, another dream. They should be used to it by now, numbed by the endless horrors that await them each time their eyes draw to a close, but no - each time feels like the first, fear seeping slowly into their mind, grasping them with its tendrils, sinking its hooks in so they can never escape.

Rowan reaches for the notebook once again, feverishly recording each moment before it can slip away into the fuzzy crevices of their fearful brain. Their left hand idly rubs their chest, fingers grasping for a wound that isn't there, another reminder that it was just a dream.

Only a dream.

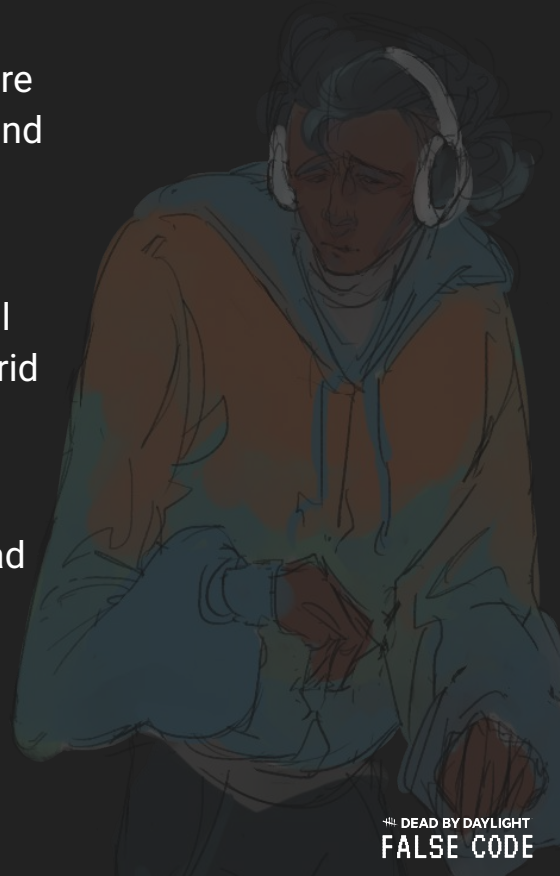


MEMORY 1079

The creature lunges at them from the fog, howling and screeching. Its limbs are elongated beyond what reality was capable of producing, its body contorted and snapped into unnatural angles.

Rowan scrambles backwards, desperately trying to avoid its claws as it flails about, reaching for them. It turns, jaw unhinging as it yowls, spittle spraying all over the ground. Where it touches, the earth starts to sizzle and boil, a foul acrid stench overwhelming Rowan's senses.

They cough, poison fog flooding into their lungs, thick and heavy. They choke, desperately clutching at their chest, clawing for air. The creature watches, dead hollow eyes regarding them, waiting for them to die.



MEMORY 2574

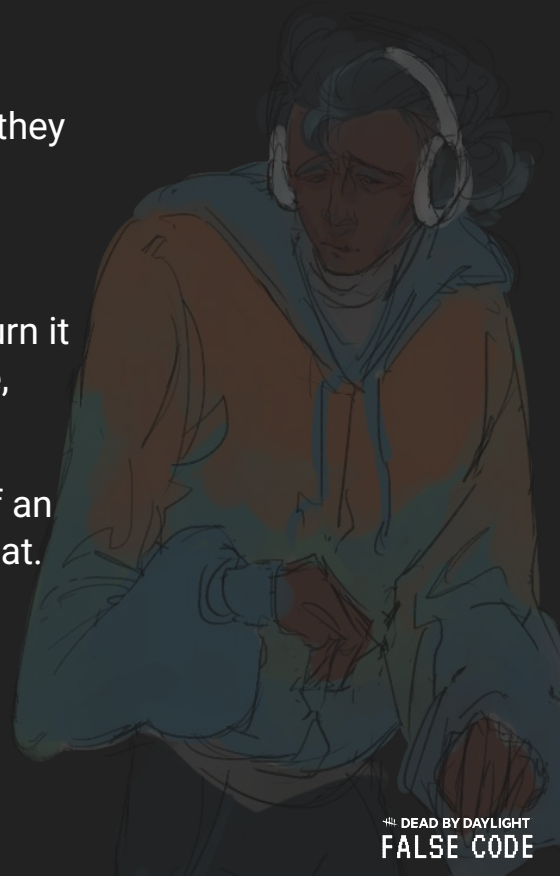
Rowan flicks through the twelfth notebook, scribbled words and countless images of death scratched in ink flashing past in a blur. They don't know why they kept them.

Fear perhaps? Desperation?

A small part of them wants to grab the box and put a lit match to the thing. Burn it all away in a cleansing fire. They could start anew, all trace of the terrors gone, just ash dancing on the wind.

Their hands stop their jittering, gripping the book, pages open on the image of an inhumanly proportioned creature, its jaws clamped tight around a figure's throat. Their throat. Their jaws. Both one and the same, aggressor and victim.

Rowan drops the notebook, desperately trying to ignore the rising panic.



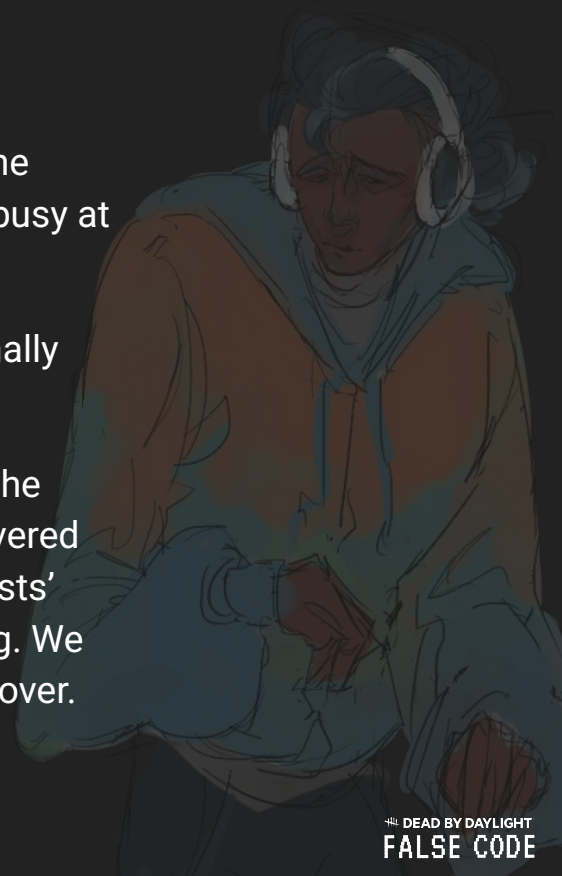
MEMORY 2589

IMAGE MEMORY CONCEPT:

In the first panel Rowan sits hunched at a computer screen, angled towards the viewer, gaze focused on the unseen screen. Several more panels show them busy at work - writing code, designing monsters, and writing ideas down.

Each panel shows them getting progressively more exhausted, before they finally fall asleep.

The final panel is the first time we see their screen and the wall behind it. On the screen is a rough sketch of a farm harvester, and the walls are completely covered with sketches and drawings and pages ripped from notebooks. It's a mad artists' shine to their muse. Rowan's muse. The world of their dreams. The land of fog. We see wisps of fog throughout the image, and claw-like imagery is scattered all over.



MEMORY 2595

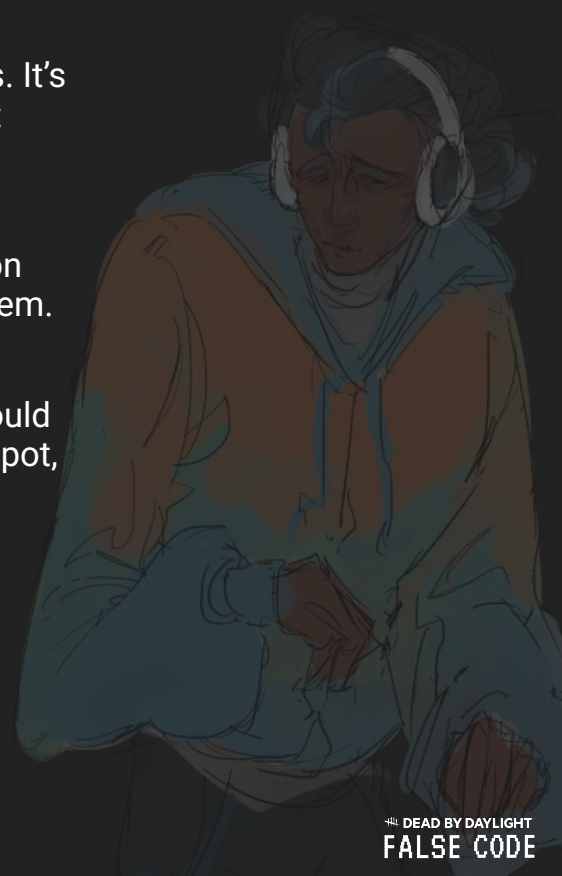
They find themselves standing in the fog again, wind whistling through unseen trees. It's cold, snow melting under their bare feet. Their soles throb, a burning numbness that brings fresh pain with each step.

Rowan trudges onwards, eyes scanning their surroundings for any signs of shelter. Nothing greets them, just the silhouettes of a forest that stays maddeningly close, on the edges of their periphery, as if the very trees themselves were moving to avoid them.

As they walk, they hear a distant sound, one that haunted their nightmares so many times as a child. A screeching yowl, half pain half rage, made from a mouth that should not speak. Rowan's heartbeat quickens, thudding in their chest as they spin on the spot, desperately trying to figure out where the noise came from.

It shrieks out to them again, and this time they finally notice. Each time the noise becomes more human. Rowan finally understands.

It's calling out to them. It's calling their name. *Rowan.*



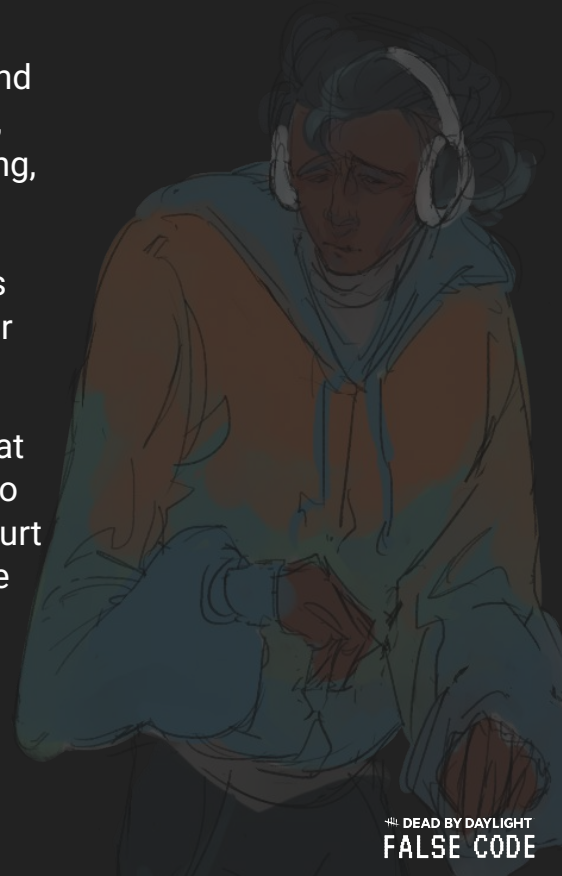
MEMORY 3127

The pixels flicker on the screen, the computer whirring away quietly in the background as the software loads, the only sound in the near silent room. Rowan leans in closer, loading up a new block carving away at it like a sculptor would clay, stretching, pulling, deforming.

Slowly, oh so slowly it begins to take form, first the head, jaw hanging limply from its face. Then the rest of the body, joints popped out of place, skin stretched tightly over too-long bones. It rests on all fours, bent into a crouch.

Rowan heart quickens, gaze darting between the creature on their screen and back at the sketch pinned to their wall. The creature that had haunted their nightmares for so many years now made flesh. Safe. Sanitised. Inside their screen it could no longer hurt them. They swallowed, mouse hovering. Perhaps they should just delete it, the same way they should've with those stupid notebooks all those years ago.

No. Not a good idea. Rowan let out a slow breath, and clicked save.



MEMORY 3461

The light of a distant campfire flickers, illuminating the fog with its warm orange glow. Rowan heads towards it, driven more by instinct than anything else. They know what it represents. Shelter, warmth, safety. Other people. And perhaps escape.

A figure crawls out of the fog before them, straightening up into a bipedal form. The creature looms before them, its dead stare meeting Rowan's. Its jaw stretches ever wider into a terrifying grimace as it leans forwards, gnarled fingers reaching down to caress their cheek.

A flash of pain. A splash of scarlet hits the earth.

Rowan bolts, feet thudding into the ground as they sprint towards the firelight. The creature lets them go. In this world they'll no longer be separated by the coming of dawn, in this world Rowan has nowhere to run. Not anymore.



MEMORY 3462

IMAGE MEMORY CONCEPT:

This page has three panels, two in the top corners, and one that covers the majority of the page.

In the left panel we see Rowan's face, fear and desperation etched into their features.

In the right panel, we see the creature's face. It is grinning widely, blood from a recent kill pooling in its mouth and dribbling down its chin. It's gaze is blank, but it can be insinuated they are watching Rowan.

In the main panel, Rowan flees from the creature and the viewer. Fog and bizarre architecture frame the scene's edges. In the distance, the rough shapes of a campfire with survivors can be seen.

Garbled cursive text at the bottom of the image can be be unscrambled to read "Goodbye old friend."

