

An  
Explosive  
Beginning!

# TEDDY'S HEAD™

Magazine



1 FREE



TEDDY'S  
HEAD™

[www.teddysheadgames.com](http://www.teddysheadgames.com)

FIRST DATE

TENEBRIS LIBER: INTRODUCTION



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## **INTRODUCTION**

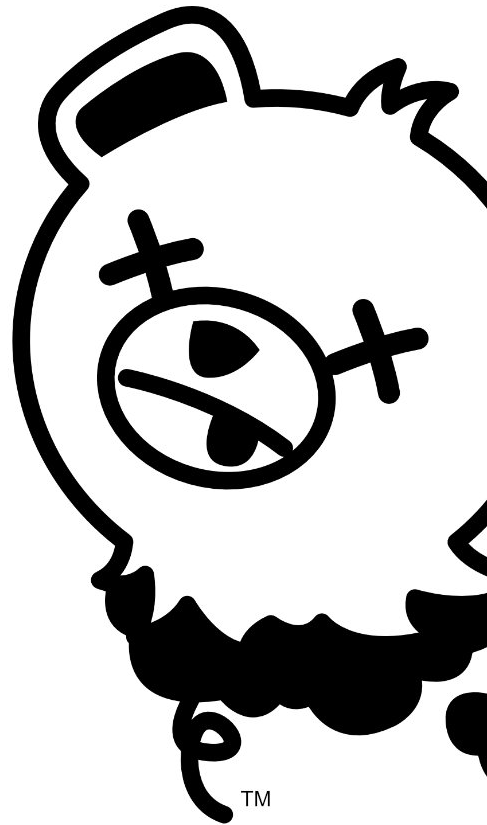
# KABOOOOOOOM!!!

Did you like that explosion? Of course you did, we know you nerds love explosions.

What you have in your hands is the first Magazine from **Teddy's Head**, your friendly neighborhood production house. Inside you'll find a marvelous comic, which tells about the first encounter between the shady characters that you can see on the cover. (To stay on topic, we could describe it as an "Explosive Beginning"). Furthermore, between these pages you will discover some of the games we are working on: from the irreverent Party Game **A Sick Card Game** you will pass into the dark horror of **Tenebris Liber**, an ominous gamebook that'll give you the chills, if you're brave enough to read it's introduction.

And if you want to learn even more, you will find convenient QR Codes to reach our website **teddysheadgames.com** where you will find pages dedicated to these games and a lot other.

'Til the next explosion!





# ONCE UPON A TIME...

Here at **Teddy's Head** we like to indulge ourselves in the brainstorming phases. The only rule we have while inventing our games is to create something **unique** and **fun**. From the beginning, however, we felt that something more was needed, something that would amuse you even when you're not playing. The two characters whose story you will read by turning the page were born from this.

## BEFORE YOU START READING

This is only the first chapter of the **bizarre** story that you'll read through each publication of this Magazine. Moreover, you'll find these crazy characters again in our social media pages, they will never cease to amaze you.

We invite you to follow us on the **teddysheadgames.com** website and on social networks to stay up to date and not miss a single episode. Soon Teddy David and Teddy Lisa will have to deal with threats worthy of the best battle shonen!





**TEDDY'S HEAD™**  
*Library*



**FIRST DATE**

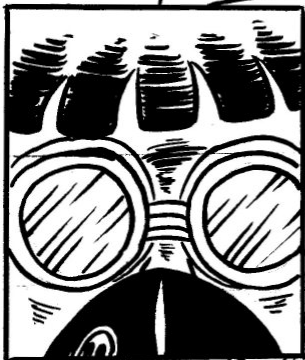
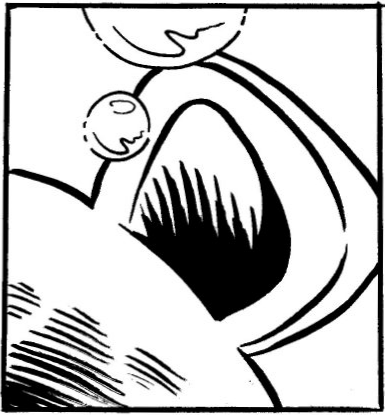


I CAME TO KNOW ABOUT A SCIENTIST WHO WAS DEVELOPING A SECRET PROJECT FOR AN INFAMOUS WARLORD.

MY INFORMANT (PEACE BE UPON HIS SOUL) TOLD ME IT WAS WEAPONS.



NOT THE WEAPONS THAT I WOULD'VE EXPECTED.



SOMETHING UNCONVENTIONAL, EVEN FOR PEOPLE LIKE US.



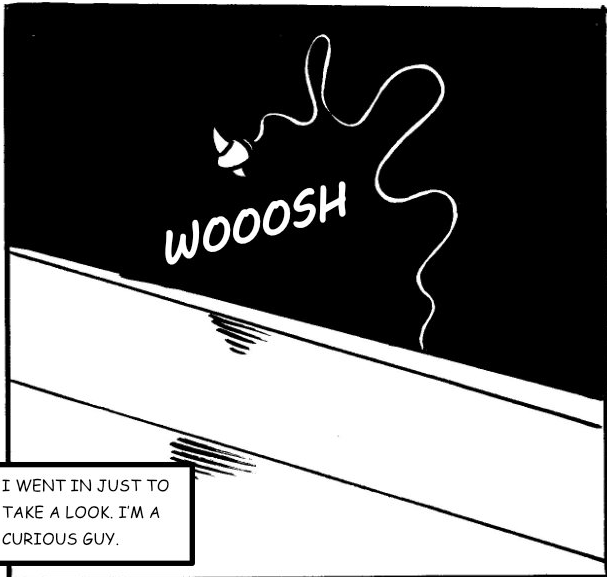


FINDING THE  
LAB WAS  
EASY WORK.

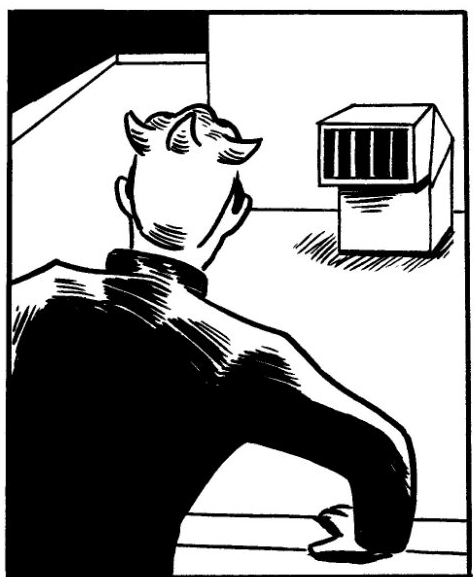


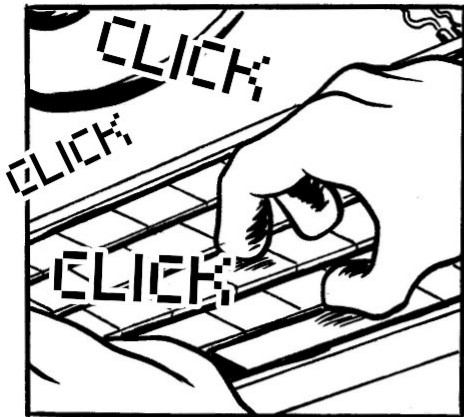
THE SECURITY  
WASN'T GREAT.

IT'S DIFFICULT TO FIND SERIOUS  
INVESTORS TO DEVELOP MASS  
DESTRUCTION WEAPONS.



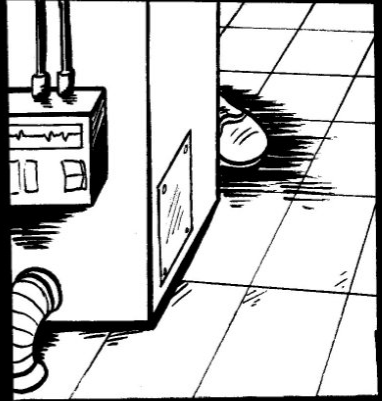
I WENT IN JUST TO  
TAKE A LOOK. I'M A  
CURIOUS GUY.



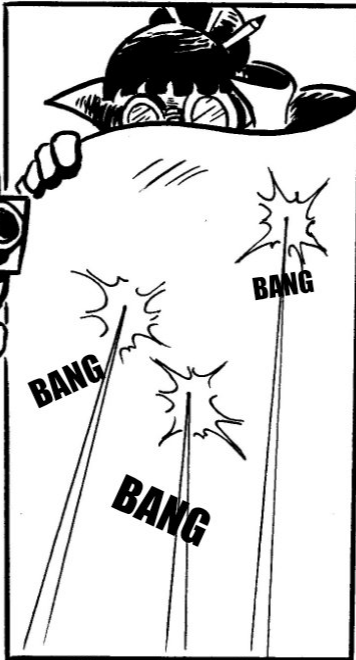
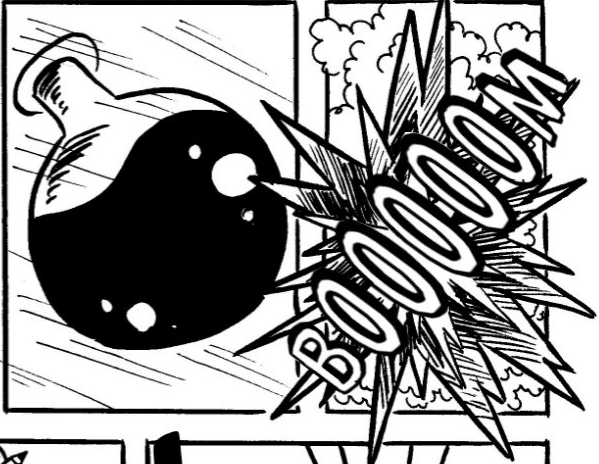




SOMETIMES I GET CAUGHT UP  
AND I DON'T PAY ATTENTION  
AS I SHOULD.



IN MY DEFENSE, SHE GOT  
STRAIGHT TO THE POINT.







BUT I LIKE WOMEN WHO ARE COMMITTED TO THEIR GOALS.



DON'T JUDGE ME, SHE STARTED IT.



I HAVE TO SAY THAT IF I DIDN'T TRY TO BLOW UP HER FACE, MAYBE WE WOULDN'T HAVE ENDED UP LIKE THIS.



WHEN OUR EYES MET, I FELT SOMETHING...



I THINK IT CAN BE DEFINED AS LOVE AT FIRST "ATTEMPTED MURDER".

THE END



# WHAT THE F\*\*K IS TEDDY'S HEAD?

Great question! The answer is simple: We are game designers who decided to create irreverent, terrifying and politically incorrect games. Being together with your friends and having fun with a great game is one of the most wonderful emotions that you can feel, so we decided to create games that are able to do all this... with an extra pinch of malice.



**TEDDY'S HEAD**™



↓  
"Do I seriously have to explain why Teddy's Head is so cool?"

## MEET THE CREATORS

You admired them on the cover and saw how they met in the comic that you've read in the previous pages, they're the mad creators of **Teddy's Head** and they want to make your life a playful hell.

A goal we have set is for you to have fun even when you're not playing. Teddy David and Teddy Lisa are the two weird and crazy characters you can know better by continuing to follow us on the site **teddysheadgames.com**. We will make you laugh, cry, pee your pants, and all the other emotions that soap operas are unable to make you feel!

Follow us on our bizarre adventures and you'll be thrown into a world full of bizarre, dynamic and, above all, fun games..



## WHAT GAMES YOU SHOULD EXPECT

We put a lot of emphasis on easy learning. We often get pissed off when we try a new game and it takes us an hour just to read the rules. But, in addition to the ease of learning, we also devote great attention to creating games that are original, new and unique, following ideas not yet seen around. The next few pages have some very interesting examples.

The first is a card game, a **Party Game** that jokes about diseases and lets you play quick matches with your friends and family. The game system is fully original and will allow you to enjoy 10-15 minutes rounds. It's ideal for those who have little time and want to take advantage of a break, or for those who want to have a game night and don't want to leave any boxes on the shelf.

The second is a **gamebook**, a forerunner of video games. It should be read like a book, but the reader (maybe it's better to say player...) will have to make choices that will lead him or her to different situations based on how they decide to act. It will be up to you to live your story. But be careful, only one wrong choice can lead you on paths that you never wanted to take!

The story is completely original, we've created a unique narrative background that you can experience between the pages of this gamebook, and who knows...it might be just the beginning of something even more terrible and frightening.

*“Play at your own risk, we take no responsibility.”*



# A Sick (card)™

# GAME



## GAME EXAMPLE



> Mark played the **Alien Disease** card, to infect Paolo. The latter, however, played the card **Space Ambulance** that allowed him to protect himself from the effects of the Disease.



> So Mark plays the **Fake News** card to prevent Paul from protecting himself from the **Alien Disease**. Paul has no more Heal cards and must suffer the effects of the Disease.

# Something terribly... fun!!!

We know everyone likes card games, ask someone who mortgaged the house to go to Vegas. In our game, you don't lose any money, but we definitely made sure to test your friendships!

This exuberant card game will force you to get your closest fellas sick (a little bit like what happened in the past few years). There are cures too, of course! But be aware of fake news, nowadays they're easy to spread.

*"Shock your friends with diseases and watch them hate you while you prevent them from healing"*



! Any player can use a **Fake News** card to cancel the effects of a Healing card. With the **Divine Placebo**, on the other hand, it's possible to erase the effects of any card, whether it's Illness, Cure, or Miscellaneous.





# UNLEASH YOUR CREATIVITY !!!

So far we have shown you our creativity, how about showing us yours? On the next page you can see the cover illustration, we left it black & white so you can colour it however you want! You can photocopy it or color it directly on it, the important thing is that you have fun.

## SHOW US WHAT YOU CAN DO

Don't forget to show us the result of your work. Share your colored drawing on social media and don't forget to tag us so we can see it. We're waiting to be amazed!







# TEDDY'S HEAD™

*Games*

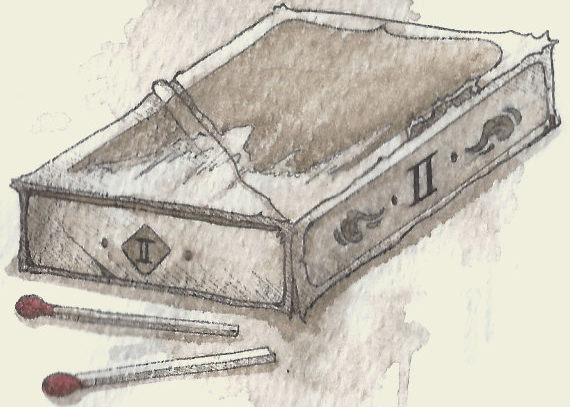


# Will you be able to survive?

We often say, while talking to our friends, how we would behave in a certain situation: "I would never have done this", "I would never go there", or "I would've never put my name in Goblet of Fire".

Thanks to **Tenebris Liber** you can put yourself to the test. Page after page you will give life to your own nightmare, you'll have to make important choices to survive and escape from the place where you're imprisoned.

In the next pages, you'll have the opportunity to try the Introduction of this terrifying story. You will soon discover whether or not you have the guts to go on...



"Has anyone ever told you that, when you're a guest, you have to behave in a certain way?"

# TENEBRIS LIBER™

## Horror Gamebook



Create your own nightmare  
a paragraph at a time.



TEDDY'S HEAD  
Library

# Welcome to your nightmare

We welcome you to Tenebris Liber: Horror Gamebook, a narrative adventure that will take you to face an unpredictable menace in an ancient mansion.

If you are at the first experience with gamebooks, do not worry, you will find a simple and addicting game system that will allow you to immerse yourself easily in the adventure.

After reading a paragraph you will have to make choices that will trigger events that will help you reach your goal or, on the contrary, will lead you to one breath away from death. Always take into consideration the unpredictable consequences of your choices!

*Teddy David & Teddy Lisa*



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# INTRODUCTION

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# 1

Often, when traveling by bus, it is difficult to stay awake. Certainly, the monotonous landscapes and the straight roads contribute to sleepiness, perhaps also the fact that the hour is late and the sun has already set long before. In this case, though, things don't add up. The mountain roads the bus is traveling on are not straight, and the forest looming over is menacing. Also, you absolutely cannot miss your stop in an unfamiliar place, as you would have to wait until the following morning to get back. Strangely enough, bus rides are few and far between, and they leave at bizarre times. Other than you, there are a few people on board. Shady figures, locked up in their coats and surrounded by a wall of silence. A skid, close to a hairpin bend, makes you crash into the window. The trees are too close this time. You fervently hope that the village is close, and the thought of putting your feet on firm ground calms you, letting you assume an almost comfortable position in the seat. You could almost fall asleep.

You could, if only a loud bang, followed by a sharp jolt didn't get you up into an alert position. The driver tries to stabilize the vehicle, which seems to have lost all control. The bus swerves aimlessly, crashing into the iron guard rail that runs along the road. Once on your feet, you reach the driver only to find him with one hand pressed to his forehead, in an attempt to stop a trickle of blood that gushes from a cut below his hairline. After helping him, you ask him if he has a phone to call for help. Despite the situation and the adrenaline that still flows in your body, you can't get rid of this annoying feeling of sleepiness that grips your limbs. When the driver gets up, he's firm enough on his legs and no longer needs your help. He explains that a wheel appears to be punctured, so he'll go down to check. You take out your cell phone, but when you see that there is no reception and you can't use the internet, your agitation increases. It was supposed to be a simple and straightforward journey. You can no longer hear the driver, who's probably walking around the vehicle to check for other damage.

- *Continue by foot (Par.10)*

- *Stay on the bus and wait for help (Par.6)*

# 2

After opening the door, get off the bus to look for the driver. You can't leave him alone in such a situation. You go around the vehicle, using your phone flashlight to see where you put your feet. You whirl around when you hear an echo coming from the forest. It doesn't seem distant, maybe it's the driver. You hurry in the direction the noise is coming from.

You keep walking without looking back.

- **(Par.3)**

### 3

Walking around the forest is the worst thing you could do. The metallic noise now seems louder, and as much as the idea makes you shiver, you have to follow it. It seems that the noise itself guides you, as you step uncertainly between the roots still wondering about the reason behind the latest events. Little by little, a faint glow begins to appear in the trees, a dim light that sways slowly. Why are you advancing despite being a bad idea? This thought distracts you, causing you to trip and make a loud noise. The little flickering light stops. Despite the fall, you get up, forcing yourself to ignore the pain and cold to move on. It now seems to be coming towards you, that hateful noise gets louder and louder. Your body clashes with your will and you paralyze on the spot, you find it hard to believe what's in front of you.

The light and noise that tormented you come from an ancient lantern, carried by an old man. The hand holding the creaking light is shriveled and skeletal, shaken by a strong tremor. You cannot make out the features of his face, as he is heavily dressed and has a cap dropped low on his forehead. His eyes shine, and they scrutinize you meticulously. His voice is hoarse, ancient. He speaks a few words, but you can't understand anything because the sound that reaches you is muffled. It could be panic, maybe the blood running hard in your ears. Maybe you are still on the bus, and this is all a bad dream. Noticing your lack of reaction, the old man repeats his words. He doesn't introduce himself or explain his presence there, all he does is ask you if you're okay and if you need help.

- *Accept his help (Par.8)*

- *Turn around and walk away (Par.5)*

### 4

Everything that has happened so far makes no sense. The landscape repeats itself, all the trees that surround you look the same, and there are no reference points that help you understand how to go back. Close your eyes, rubbing them with your fingers to chase away the numbness that still doesn't leave you alone. You hear a noise in the distance, it seems to be in every corner of this cursed forest. The minutes pass slowly until they become hours. The cold that had taken your hands and feet is fastly spreading throughout your body. Perhaps it would be better to resign and wait for the inevitable, fall asleep and never wake up.

The noise that still echoes in the woods is the only thing you hear. It seems almost rhythmic, cadenced. You find yourself counting the echoes, and your mind slowly sinks into oblivion while you continue to count. Your body won't stop shaking. It doesn't matter now, your sleep is more than deep.

- **(Par.11)**



## 5

That old man is creepy. The situation is so surreal that it seems ironic as if it was a bad joke concocted by some disturbed mind. You shake your head and tell him you don't need help. His expression doesn't change, but you get the feeling he didn't like the rejection at all. You try to get away slowly, without turning your back on him. As soon as you decide to be far enough from that mysterious figure, you're about to turn around and start running but, for no apparent reason, violent dizziness makes you stagger.

You can only take a couple of steps before you fall through the foliage, inert. Turning around wasn't a good idea at all.

-(Par.11)



## 6

Getting off the bus would get you nowhere. You decide to stay on board and wait for news from the driver who gets back in after a couple of minutes. When he comes back, he explains that the left front tire has big gashes, probably caused by some stones or perhaps from a broken branch that was on the road. Everyone on board is gone. Quite odd, adding that to the fact that phones don't pick up. The driver tells you about that road, which is known not only for the dangerousness of the curves but also for the frequent accidents that happen there, events not new to the local people. The silence is so absolute and clear, that you seem to have lost your mind when you start to hear a slight rhythmic and metallic noise. You and the driver look at each other as if to confirm that you are not dreaming. You see him holding a big flashlight and going out to check.

Although the minutes pass quickly, the man does not reappear. The noise from before continues in an almost mocking way. You no longer see the light of the flashlight, it almost seems to have disappeared into thin air. You approach the door of the bus, you are next to the bus control panel.

- *Get off the bus and look for the driver (Par.2)*
- *Stay warm (Par.9)*

## 7

Staying still makes no sense, it's better to figure out how to get back. At this point it seems like a curse hit you, or that a mysterious force is doing everything to get you out. Cussing, you move on in the forest and take the direction that seems to be right. You hear a metallic echo reverberating through the trees, but it feels distant and muffled. You try to ignore it and continue on your way, but that noise seems to follow you.

You look around, trying to determine where exactly that creepy creak is coming from. As soon as you figure out which direction it's coming from, you start walking again.

- **(Par.3)**



That old man is creepy. Your sixth sense tells you to run away, but the late hour and tiredness push you to accept his help. He could be a villager who heard the noise caused by the accident and went down to see what happened. Not that it's a good idea to go out late at night and roam the mountains, but who knows what goes on in older people's minds. He surely can't be a threat. Curved and stunted as he is, it would be a joke to put him out if he turns out to be an attacker. The mysterious old man gives out a benevolent smile and invites you to follow him. He turns and starts walking, following a path that only he seems to see. You decide to stay behind him, keeping as much distance as possible as you walk carefully and silently.

The lantern light is the only thing that gives you a bit of security. How did you manage to get deep into the forest without even realizing it? The trees are gradually becoming more sparse, and after a while, you finally see the road you had abandoned. Your guide watches you in amusement as you thank him for the help he gave you. You explain to him that now you can do it without his help, that you have a way to go. He replies that you will never make it by foot, that there are faster ways to get to your destination. He raises the lantern with a trembling hand, waving it above his head. It seems like a signal, and you panic when you think there must be someone or something to receive it.

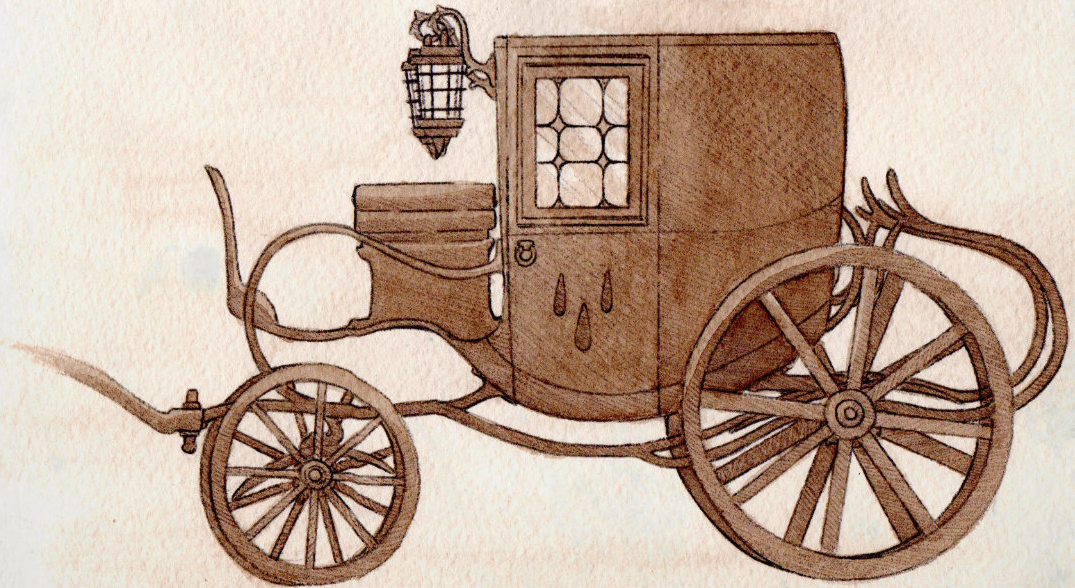
Shortly after a dismal black carriage appears, pulled by a horse of the same color and adorned with lanterns similar to the one the old man's holding. The elder turns calmly and approaches the vehicle. You notice that there isn't anyone driving. The carriage door opens as soon as the old man approaches as if inviting him to enter. He gets on, and soon his voice comes from within the carriage, asking why you're not on board yet. The thoughts in your head are way too many right now. Your body seems to have a will of its own, and you start to move awkwardly. Your vision becomes blurred and you go on without resisting. Why should you stay in the cold when you can rest in a safe shelter? After climbing the few steps that separate the belly of the carriage from the ground, you sit meekly on the padded seat. There is a comforting, pleasant warmth inside. Once the door is closed, your eyes do the same.

There is nothing to worry about, all you have to do is sleep.

-(Par.11)

You decide to stay on board to wait for the driver. You sit on his seat, right in front of the heating vents. It would be crazy to venture out in the cold now, and as long as you stay on the bus you'll be safe. You curl up in the seat, settling into a comfortable position and looking out for a moment. The heavy sleepiness almost prevents you from thinking, and the heat radiated by the vents does not contribute to wakefulness. The previous noise has faded, you can hardly hear it anymore. Your eyelids close heavily and then rise in a feeble attempt to stay alert. You can't fall asleep, not here. The mysterious sound resembles a step, a walk. The driver perhaps? There are not only two feet to step on the asphalt though. Perhaps you are already dreaming when you hear the sound of clapping hooves on the road. The glow of old lanterns slides across the glass of the windshield, and a black carriage stops in front of the bus. The bus doors swing open, letting in a cold breeze that envelops you and sweeps away the heat. Everything around you becomes dark...

-(Par.11)



## 10

You get off the bus and set off. Even though tiredness and sleepiness won't abandon your limbs, you continue with determination. You look around briefly. The village must be close, or at least you hope so. Better not think about it and just focus on walking. Despite the cold and the absurd situation, sleepiness has not yet abandoned you. Like a heavy cloak, it locks you in a vice. Now that you think about it, a cape would be perfect in your condition. Or a warm and enveloping coat. Your steps slow down while your eyelids become heavy. Maybe you stop, maybe you keep walking. Fatigue engulfs you like a wave and drags you down, where everything is dark and muffled. You close your eyes for a moment, abandoning yourself to the sweet sensation of warmth.

When you open your eyes again, you're in the middle of the forest. Your hands are numb, your fingers stiff and bluish. You take the phone and immediately try to turn it on, without success. The cold probably froze the battery. You don't know where you are, you have to go back on the road and get to the village. You try to order your thoughts when a sudden awareness paralyzes you on the spot.

You never chose to go into the woods. You try to understand how, or why, but the only thing you remember is that you closed your eyes for a moment. Panic confuses you, the trees around you start spinning and your breathing quickens. It can't be real, such thing can't happen.

- *Wait for the sunrise (Par.4)*
- *Find a way out of the forest (Par.7)*



*A raging maelstrom drags you down, you can't stay afloat. You feel suffocated, that black slime that is sucking you in is trying to get into your nose and mouth, taking all the oxygen you were trying to breathe in. Dozens, hundreds of hands grab you and pull you into the abyss with them. You try to resist, to fight, hold your breath as long as you can.*

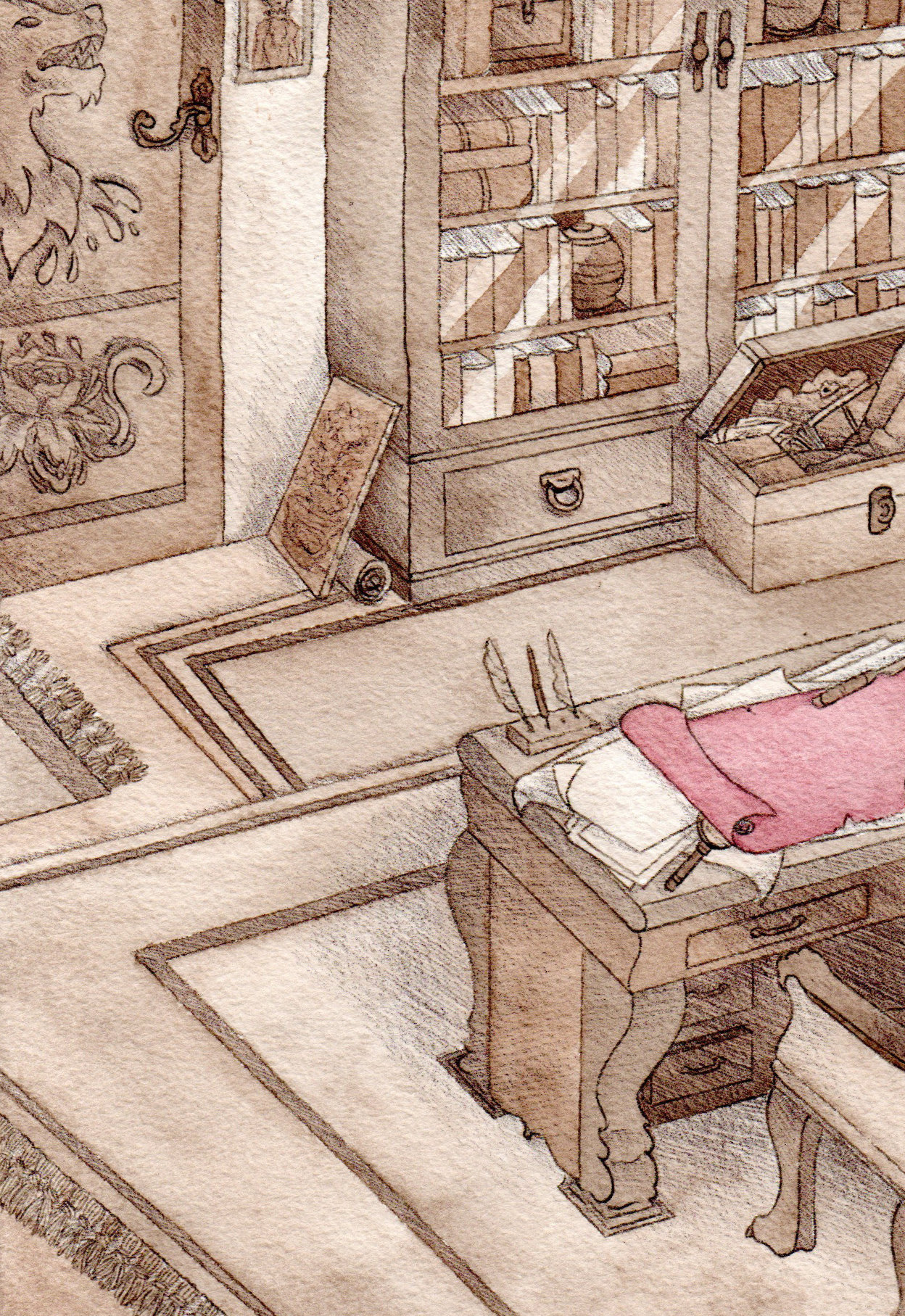
*The hands tug at you, they open your mouth and let the darkness in. You give up, and the moment you do that, you are no longer drowning. You're falling. You fall in the midst of black, thunderous clouds that announce a storm.*

*Lightning strikes you while you keep falling, and the wind plays with you like a rag doll. A giant mouth, bristling with fangs and dripping gooey saliva, snatches you away from the wind. You don't see anything anymore. You're immersed in darkness, still, you try to run. Although your legs are moving frantically, you can't advance still. Something chases you. In the dark there is something that wants to hurt you, you know, and you have to escape. It's behind you, you feel its breath on your neck. You fall, and the hands grab you again. They drag you towards what you know will hurt. You feel it bite, bite again at your legs, and scream for the pain but not a sound comes out of your mouth. His eyes are red and illuminated by a sinister light, he looks at you as his first meal after a lifetime gone hungry. You shout and shout again until your voice becomes a feeble breath. You sink into the dark, you no longer feel anything. You get up, and your legs are fine. You run, but you can't move. You sink in the dark as in quicksand. Your body is crushed by the darkness as you drop, no one can save you. Nobody hears you, your body doesn't move. You try to hold out a hand upwards, and someone grabs it. You know he won't save you, he just wants to eat. He keeps your forearm in an iron grip, he bites the wrist and drinks. He bites and bites again as if intoxicated by your fear and your blood. You can do nothing to stop him, so you let him do whatever he wants. He then lets you go, he disappears into the void. And you fall, you fall again, dragged by hands that take your body and won't let you go, choking you as the bites tear you apart.*

- (Continues...)



1776



**Our goal  
is to make  
you life a  
playfull hell!**



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