



**Atmospheric Horror Mod For  
GZDOOM**

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**Includes:  
FEARS 8-Level Demo  
Weapons and Monsters Mod**



Late December, 1932

I don't know if I will survive this ordeal, so I'm leaving this letter for the police when they inevitably find my body. I hope it helps explain what has happened here at Castle Tillinghast.

Crawford Tillinghast was my best and only friend during my years at Miskatonic University. I just shot him dead ten minutes ago. He lies only a few feet from where I'm writing this.

Crawford was an obsessive man of action who spoke tirelessly about his theory that we only perceive a small percentage of the universe around us. He believed that a resonance wave of the right frequency could allow us a glimpse into hidden realities. As his schoolmate, I indulged him, though I never took him seriously, nor did anyone else. However, the jaundiced ghoul that greeted me when I was summoned to Castle Tillinghast - that goliath fortress Crawford inherited after graduation - was a grotesque shadow of the man I once called my friend.

The castle foyer was horrifically dark, sparsely lit only by dim, inadequate emergency lights. As I reached for a light switch, Crawford's bony hand seized me and pulled me away.

"Leave them off," he said. "We don't dare turn them on."

He did not seem to care that I had brought my rifle into his home. The urgency of his call, and his mention of intruders in the castle, necessitated the weapon's presence.

Crawford had been very busy since we parted company so many years ago, when he cast me from his house for disbelieving his resonance wave ramblings. I cannot describe the loathsome, unnamable things lurking in the shadows of this dreadful castle - they kept to the dark corners whenever we came through, as if they feared to be seen by their master. He had been experimenting with many forbidden arts, including those detailed in the dreaded Necronomicon and other tomes in the restricted section of the Miskatonic library. This was how he had constructed the labor force his resonance wave engine required: a self-sustaining army of things neither dead nor alive, and most horrible of all, not of this earth. I asked what had happened to the human serving staff. His replies were dubious at best.

“They are gone,” was all he would say, sometimes with a chortle that made me uneasy.

It was in his gallery that he revealed the reason for the darkness: the resonance wave engine had been active since yesterday morning. He had indeed opened a window onto a coexisting reality, from whence countless cnidarian horrors had come. The things paid him little notice at first, so long as he kept the lights off, and he freely roamed among them as they explored his home. His fool of a maid had switched on the lights, not realizing the danger, and she and the rest of the serving staff were swiftly set upon by the creatures, devoured in ways even the demented Crawford refused to describe, though he seemed gleeful.

As he spoke, I couldn’t shake the sense that we weren’t alone in the gallery. He seemed to sense this with a hideous grin, and assured me the smaller creatures were only curious, and perfectly harmless. He then added that it was the larger specimens we must look out for.

As if to demonstrate, the bastard turned on the lights. He was looking past me, at something that even now I sensed over my shoulder.

As I turned around, I was met with a luminescent tentacle reaching toward me, attached to what I can only describe as a jellyfish of monstrous size. It swam in the air, illuminating the walls with a dull blue glow I had scarcely noticed until the thing was upon me.

Only my army training saved my life, as the thing disintegrated under my frantic fire. As I turned the rifle on him next, Crawford began to warn me about the resonance wave engine which still hummed in the upper levels of the castle, splitting the fabric between realities further and further.

I understood this much before I shot him.

The castle beasts know their master is dead. I can hear their furious wailing even now. I must shut them out, and make my way to that damned machine before it shatters the veil between worlds and reduces all existence to pandemonium. Please pray for my success, if not for my sanity and soul. God help me.

Henry Annesley



The original FEARS was a first person shooter developed for the Commodore Amiga AGA and CD32. This remake has been combined with TerminusEst13's "Harder Event" mod: the effects he created plunge the player into rank blackness with only a meager flashlight for illumination. The two mods turned out to be a swell pair, and gave me the inspiration I needed to see the project through.

The FEARS mod not only makes Doom more atmospheric, but increases the challenge exponentially.

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## WEAPONS

*"Facing the endless spawn of Crawford Tillinghast in this dark castle of seemingly infinite size, I feel woefully unprepared. Thankfully Crawford carelessly left a number of deadly weapons laying around with which a would-be victim may defend himself."*



I'm glad I brought my **RIFLE** along after all. It isn't the ideal tool when facing a horde of demons, but it will do for now.



Hopefully I won't have to rely on my **MACHETE** except in the direst of circumstances.



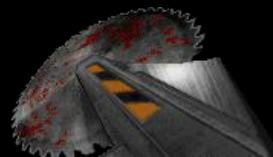
Fortunately I can easily get my hands on a **SHOTGUN** in Crawford's lair. The lesser creatures roaming the castle fall easily to a direct hit every time.



I don't know how Crawford came to possess a military grade **JACKHAMMER** machine gun, but I'm grateful in any case.



Crawford used the **BOOMSTICK** to dig castle expansions out of the mountain. It digs holes through demonic regiments as well, though it has one hell of a kick.



The **BONESAW** my former friend used to create his abominations can just as easily destroy them piece by piece.



The **RESONANCE BLASTER** is right out of the sci-fi pulps I read as a youth. Most of my foes can't take more than a few shots.



The **DOOMSDAY BEAM** is aptly named, as anything that stands in its path ceases to exist. I'd rather not think about the materials used to create this loathsome weapon.

## MONSTERS

*"The castle is infested with the stuff of nightmares. Crawford's own monstrous labor force seems at odds with the alien entities of the Otherworld. Would that I could wake up from this living nightmare and banish them all from reality. I've produced sketches of the fiends during my ordeal, and hope to study them further if I return to earth."*



The Homunculus is a disgusting creature home-grown in my former friend's laboratory. It numbers in the hundreds and lurks on every level of the castle, though physically it is weak and pathetic...or would be were it not armed with a shotgun.



More terrible still is the Biodead that serves as the castle guard. Their numbers are indeed endless, as I've watched the monsters rebuild their slain brethren and bring them back to horrid life. They easily kill intruders with a terrifying armament on the left shoulder.



The castle labor force is comprised of lumbering beastmen that enjoy inflicting pain on anyone smaller or weaker than them. Their speed is frightening, and I'd rather stay out of arm's reach of their mammoth hands.



My God, what are these flying, grinning abominations? A blasphemous marriage of man and demon? I don't want to know. To see their horrid faces emerge from the shadows is enough to drive any man mad.



Through the veil between worlds slithers this hideous mass of groping tentacles. One took to the air and tried to worm its way into my mouth and down my throat! They always announce their presence with a bloodcurdling slither-slurping. At least they are corporeal enough to die when shot.



I sometimes see bizarre jellyfish-like entities flicker in and out of reality from the other side. I wish they would exist in one place long enough to shoot: the larger ones are voracious predators and pursue their prey like hounds.

## MONSTERS CONT'D



In the upper levels of the castle, the Homunculus Gunner seems to replace his weaker, pinker brethren almost entirely. They appear to be smarter and more resourceful, wearing re-purposed armor from the Great War and peppering intruders with Jackhammer machine guns.



I've seen the brutish Beastmen being herded by larger, more grotesque behemoths sporting two heads and just as many spiked clubs. Their weapons can bash brains up close and from afar, making it impossible to escape them.



Those unspeakable tentacled horrors I previously mentioned appear to have the ability to form living hives that spew the things at will and en masse. Splattering them is not unlike smashing a hornet's nest from the furthest reaches of hell.



Crawford has constructed nightmarish automatons of machine and flesh to hunt and wrangle the cnidarian entities infesting the castle. They seem to have added me to their list of dissectable specimens.



My god, what unholy rites has Crawford practiced in this castle? He has joined human and jellyfish entity in hideous matrimony, spawning these abominable bloodsucking fiends! The Tillinghast Vampire seems to live in the veil between worlds, and only reveals its presence with a foul spectral mist.



Am I going mad in this hellish place? Or have I actually seen the spectre of my dead colleague Crawford Tillinghast roaming the halls? It seems death has been perverted by the resonance engine, and I fear what sort of spectral shadow I shall become if I should die in Crawford's manor.



## CREDITS

**Based on FEARS for the Amiga**  
By Bomb Software

**Story and Design**  
Impie

**HUD & Atmospheric Effects**  
TerminusEst13  
(Harder Event mod)

**Sounds**  
**System Shock 1 & 2**  
**Gloom**  
**Quake 1 & 2**

**Additional Assets & Code**  
Freedom    GAA1992  
Xim        Osjclatchford  
bKcafys    TorridGristle

