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45:36. Or 21:36pm for normal people.

A single dim light shines upon a stack of paper work, thousands of applicants to...
join the fog.

Sitting on an old velvet chair, The Entity takes a deep breath and begins writing on the
paper. Crossing out illegible targets and ticking the legible ones, deeper and deeper
into the night.

“ ... ”

Her job just feels miserable now. Even with all the power in the world and living for
millions of centuries, all she can ever do nowadays is... cross or tick.

“Who the hell thought bringing Elliot Spencer back would be a good thing?”

Crumbling up the applicant and tossing it aside to a large pile of other rubbished
applicants, she leans back and tries to focus again.

“I swore I told them why I got rid of him.”

...Nothing eventful happens in the following twenty minutes. More of the same deal,
cross or tick.

Eventually, someone knocks on the wooden door next to her.

“Oh, Christ... come in, please be quick.”

The person walks in.

“Helllooooo?”

“...Tryks.”

“Mrs Entity.”

This... more party looking woman sits down on the desk, much to the distress of the Entity.

“Sooooo, I managed to actually find someone that might suit your fancy.”

“I find that hard to believe. I’ve sorted through a hundred applicants at this point.”

“Yeah, okay, but you know they’re from weirdos in some other dimension. Like, who even IS Jason Vorhees? Sounds too generic.”

“We... haven’t gotten his request yet.”

“Well anyway, here you go. Just a person I thought you’d like.”

“Thank you...”

She checks over the applicant. The survivor suggestion is nothing much, some drummer named Vee.

But the killer?

“...A Krasue.”

“Mhm, they can like... detach their head from their body and do cool stuff.”

“Uhuh... Burong Sukapat. I’ll look into her more then, see if she’s fitting enough.”

“Neato~”

Tryks exits the room, leaving the old lady all alone yet again.

“...Sure. Burong Sukapat. The Krasue.”

...

A couple days later, they did a testing ground (so the ptb you numb skulls) for Burong. While she seemed to work decently well within the trials, it was also evident that the new tools that survivors were given by the Entity were clearly too much.

So shortly after receiving the criticism and changing that, she announced and unleashed the Krasue into the trials.

One small issue. Though.

“...Oh god.”

“Yo, Mrs Entity!”

“ ... ”

“...Mrs, you good?”

“Uh... Yes, I’m alright. Question, but did you notice something different in Burong Sukapat between the test and these current trials?”

“Oh, her. Uhh...”

“Like... any changes, Tryks.”

“Well, I *did*, but they weren’t anything major?”

“ ... ”

“N-Nothing major-“

In a burst of anger, the Entity grabs onto Tryks and pulls her closer.

“Have you lost your fucking mind? We... I was meant to ship her out without any changes. And you went behind my back just for... whatever tricks you wanted to do.”

“Look, look! I got a bit bored since The Ghoul was constantly bringing negativity to himself and not suffering from survivors! Mostly because they kept leaving before he got the chance to-!”

“You don’t fix that by making the Krasue even stronger. That’s like trying to fix a metal pipe by replacing it with a wooden one.”

She lets go of the young woman, sitting back in her chair. Stressed.

“...I’m going to work on another refresh. Just to make sure she can actually make them suffer without making them feel hopeless.”

“...Okay. Sure. I... I understand.”

“And please, Tryks. We already went through a lot when I brought Rick and Michelle into the trials, I don’t need my only break from this stress to be a fucking British bunny.”

“Wh- Hey, don’t diss Afton like that. What did he ever do to you?”

“Nothing.”

“Damn right.”

“But still. Don’t do it again. Please.”

“S-Sure, won’t do it again. And I guess you also want me to revert the changes I gave to Myers?”

“Let it stay for a month or so, see how he gets along with it. DON’T make changes without me.”

“Mhm...?”

“...Good. You’re excused.”

“Thanks, Mrs.”

...

Alone. Yet again. All she can do now is wait until she needs to do another refresh for the trials or the paperwork comes flooding in again.

All she can do now... is wait.

“ ... ”

“...Eh. Maybe I could neuter Count Vlad a little.”