

Case 26-0627 - Westwood Orchard

2026-06-27 Westwood Orchard

Status:

Closed

Location:

Westwood Orchard

Investigators Involved:

[Todd](#)

[Sofia](#)

[Isabelle](#)

Monster(s):

Plague Echo

Description and Abilities

Kills it's victims by mimicking someone known to it's target. It can use auditory mimicry as well as taking on the physical appearance of someone known to it's victim to gain entrance or access to them.

Once the victim is killed, they are infected by a type of viral infection which reanimates the host and drives it to start taking it's own victims.

Victim(s):

Wayne (Farmer)

Lloyd (Westwood Orchard)

Survivor(s):

Amber (Westwood Orchard, Wife / Mother)

Tammie (Westwood Orchard / Daughter)

Shelby (Westwood Orchard / Daughter)

Notes:

Special Investigator [Todd](#) was forced to sever his left arm in order to stop the infectious spread of the Plague Echo after being bitten.

Session Intro

An old man wearing a red sweater vest sits in an old, worn leather sofa recliner. The old black and white TV is running in the background, some late night host is talking to some actress about an upcoming movie. On the man's lap is an old, open cigar box filled with trinkets and photos. A bracelet, a pair of earrings, a little lock of hair with a ribbon tied around it. In his hands is a black and white photo of two people; a much younger version of himself and a lovely looking lady on his arm - both at the beach, probably on vacation, smiling and joking for the camera.

Rain streaks down the windows outside as lightning cracks, brightening the room. A silhouette of a dark figure standing ominously is illuminated for a brief moment. A second lighting strike, closer this time and the window is again empty, only rain softly pattering against it's pane.

The man sniffs as he sits in the bittersweet memory of a time long gone. His chest hurts, but in a good way. A hurt from loss, sure, but loss from having had something precious to lose. He smiles at the picture as a few tears well up in the corners of his eyes. He lifts up the small glass of red sherry from the coffee table next to him, holding it up in the air, almost as if to toast the picture and saying "Happy Birthday love".

Before he can take a sip, the lightning crackles outside again. Louder this time, real close now, shaking the shingles on the roof and vibrating the very chair he's sitting in.

He puts the glass to his lips. A knock on the door.

A woman's voice

"Wayne, dear, it's me. It's cold out here and I'm getting all wet on my birthday"

The glass drops to the floor, the old man stands as quickly as his frail body will allow

"Mirranda? Love? I.. I..."

You see him hurry over to the front door, slippers dragging on the red rug carpet as he moves

He opens the door, another flash of lightning and....

In the room we see a couple of you are putting on your coats and grabbing umbrellas. It's well past midnight and the weather is awful. Thunder, lightning and rain just pissing down. It's hours past knock-off time and you are all finally over with the paperwork of this previous case. Time to go home, have a shower and a warm meal and a welll deserved sleep.

A manilla binder drops onto (HUNTER)'s desk. Camera pans up to see Captain (Vera) Lang, medium height, fairly muscular build, pixie cut black curly hair. No jacket, white button up shirt with sleeves rolled up as if she's been working just as long as you all. Gun chest holsters, fresh black coffee in one hand, the whole deal. "Don't get too comfortable, this just came in from up high. I have no idea how these fuckers get this type of intel, but I got it, so now it's your problem." as she keeps walking out of the room and back to her office.

Ralph (another guy from SI, normally works in the office pushing papers) downs his cold coffee, chuckles, sticks a cig in his mouth as he stands up from his desk and heads for the door; "Tough break kids, glad it's not me" *ding* goes the elevator and he steps in.

Revision #2

Created 2026-08-07 06:27:24 UTC by Admin

Updated 2026-08-07 08:34:47 UTC by Admin