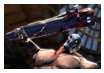

It takes a lot for me to stay up for 24 hours straight. I love my sleep, and very few things—short of maybe Comic-Con or a 24-hour TWILIGHT ZONE marathon—will keep me from it. Well…those and the opportunity to be one of the first civilians to play the new SPLATTERHOUSE video game!

I have very fond memories of playing SPLATTERHOUSE as a kid. The original debuted in 1988, and was perfect for my warped little 11-year-old horror-loving brain, as I played Rick, a masked student-turned-hero who had to fight his way through a monster mansion to save his girlfriend. I loved it: the grisly creatures, the scary scenes! This was the first game ever to receive a “parental advisory warning” for violence and gore, which guaranteed I spent countless hours beating down zombies and mutant fetuses. Sure, it was two-dimensional, and the tongue monster looked more like a gyrating pink blob, but SPLATTERHOUSE ruled!

When Namco Bandai announced they were creating an all-new SPLATTERHOUSE game, due out in fall of 2010, FANGORIA game reviewer Doug Norris and I were immediately on the phone with the company, getting the scoop. Several months later, with the release just around the corner, Doug and I were dispatched to New York City to try the game out first-hand and meet Daniel Tovar, one of the game’s producers, for coverage in FANGORIA #295 (on sale in June; see the details and the splatteriffic cover here).

Now, back to the 24-hours-without-sleep thing. Check out that day’s itinerary:

2 a.m.: Pick up Doug and drive to Washington, D.C. Spend entire ride “dork chatting” about video games.

3 a.m.: Arrive in DC and catch train to New York. Try to sleep on train, but soon discover everyone around us is having loud conversations about the most mundane topics, ranging from “tax law” to how to find a good dentist in New Jersey. Contemplate killing each other to end the suffering, but instead resort to quietly making fun of everyone around us.

5:30 a.m.: Arrive in New York City and get breakfast. Moonstruck Diner on 9th Avenue—eggs, toast and a shitload of coffee.

11 a.m.: Meet with Namco Bandai and play SPLATTERHOUSE. The first thing that stands out is a major Lovecraftian influence. Additionally, the house and creatures are very raw, oozing and meaty (far more so than the originals), and at one point Tovar even says, “We wanted to keep the screen really wet.” And wet it is, as each scene presents new and innovative ways to keep the blood squirting and body parts flying. The update follows the original story and has plenty of allusions to the old game, you can beat zombies to death with their own arms and it kicks total ass. Pick up Fango #295 for all the details, plus exclusive pics.

3 p.m.: Hang with our fellow FANGORIA staffers at the Times Square office. Plus, THE EARLY SHOW drops by to do an interview on the new NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET (but we’re not sure it ever aired).

5-8 p.m.: Wander through NYC, swinging by some of our favorite locations, including Billy’s Props and Antiques, St. Mark’s Place, Forbidden Planet and Pinkberry!

9 p.m.: Catch train back to DC. More inane chatter from surrounding people while we try to get some sleep. We spend most of the time discussing horror movies and debating which of us could kill more zombies. P.S.: It would totally be me, with my tactical knowledge of undead wars. Much more important than Doug’s ability to bash ghoul heads hard with assorted objects.

11:30 p.m.: Arrive in D.C. and drive home. Did you know there are no bathrooms in D.C. train station? Yup. And Starbucks closes at 8 p.m.

12:30 a.m.: Get speeding ticket on I-95. Delayed by 30 minutes. The kicker was that Doug had just warned me about how fast I was going, and I told him to shut up. Not two minutes later, the red and blue lights were flashing. Doug will probably be laughing for years. Shut up, Doug.

1 a.m.: Delayed even more by insane amount of traffic on I-95 at 1 a.m. on a Friday.

2 a.m.: Arrive back home. Hungry, have to use bathroom, smell like Amtrak train car and can’t get that damn “I Made a Game with Zombies In It” song out of my head because Doug hummed it all friggin’ day long.

24 hours—but it was so worth it!

{jcomments on}