

# Road Trip of the Undead

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# Part I: The Road Trip

# Author's Note

I ask of you to read this before you read the book itself. Even if you picked it up just too waste time in class (even though it probably shouldn't be in a classroom, especially an elementary school one) or actually want to read it. Once you do so, I think you will have a better understanding of the book than those who don't.

First of all, I would like to personally thank you for purchasing/reading this piece of writing. It is rather interesting in my opinion as well as one of my close friends, but we'll get to that in a few paragraphs. If you enjoy horror/action/adventure/zombie books then you will probably like this book.

I started it at the age of twelve by handwriting. I got the idea from a six page Halloween story I wrote. I continued it on and off until the age of thirteen when I got my laptop. I made plenty of progress, but then it broke due to several factors. I had to wait several months until I got a new one. I kept writing the book on this computer and finished it right after I turned fifteen. That's pretty much all the background information you need for the process.

Second of all, I would like to dedicate this book to many people. The first one being my close friends Frankie (from my school but I had absolutely no idea on how she made it here or this far), otherwise known as Frank. I would like to thank her for all the time she put into reading this book and inspiring me to write more. If it wasn't for her, it probably would have taken a few more months. She was the first person I sent a text message to at exactly 2:59 a.m. when I completed Part 4. She was asleep at the time, but she probably was excited the moment she woke up.

The last, and main, person this book gets dedicated to is Bubba. Yes, Bubba is real. He was with me from my first year of life until I was thirteen. His death, among the things that have been listed, are what inspired me to write Part 2, 3, and 4. He, as made out to be in this book, was the most important thing in the world to me. Even though I have lost him, his spirit shall live on through this book. I miss and think about him every day. He was the best dog who ever lived in so many ways. He was my companion, and best friend.

# Chapter 1: Apocalypse Life

“Crap Tim, looks like we probably won’t make it,” I told my friend. “How much ammo you got left?”

“I got two shells,” Tim replied. He looked at Kegan.

“I’m empty, only got my blade,” Kegan said trying to sound hardcore.

“Well, I have a clip of my Desert Eagle,” I told them. *This could be it...* I thought.

Wait, I’m sorry! Let me explain what is going on from the start. So buckle up and let’s put this thing in high gear! (I hope you enjoyed the word play.)

This is about zombies. No, it’s not like the dead returned but it’s more of a disease. It is extremely contagious. It kills the host, and then depending upon the number bites/scratches, you return, usually anywhere from five to ten minutes. If you know zombies then you know that the only way to kill them is to destroy the brain or decapitate them. These zombies do walk, but for some reason every other kind of animal infected still has the ability to run. It’s weird really and I don’t know the science behind it.

Our location was one of two safe havens, or as far as we knew. We were at the Eastern. And the other was the Western.

Our story starts when I was just getting home. My mom, my sister Kenzie, my friends Tim, Lane, Cody, Kegan, and my best friend Bubba lived with me. My “friend” Morgan lived next door. My friends and I were anywhere from fifteen to sixteen. The youngest being fifteen and the oldest sixteen.

Tim had a dirty blonde tint to his hair, and it was about to his shoulders. He was the strongest and the tallest. Tim was very intelligent and had an artistic side to him. He was one of the closest to me. He spent a lot of his time drawing or working out.

Lane had light brown hair with green eyes. He was the oldest out of me and my friends. He was also tall and skinny. He was the one I had known the longest and had the most background with, but we’d began to grow apart.

Cody wore small glasses with his blonde hair. His eyes were a dark brown. He had it in a bowl cut and smiled a lot. I hadn’t known him that long when things started to go bad, but he was with Kegan when we found them.

Kegan was a scrawny guy. He always wore a tan with his dark hair and brown eyes. I knew he wasn’t that smart, but he was rather good with technology. He had a small serious side to him that rarely shined through.

My sister was about three years older than me. She was short and had an attitude. We weren’t very close.

My mom would probably have strangled me if I revealed her age. She liked to be in control of things, but barely ever was. She was shorter than me too. She had long hair that was curly and blonde.

Bubba was about eight, maybe nine and was a full blooded Labrador retriever. He had always been there for me as long as I could remember. We both relied on each other and were best friends. He had a white comet that went down the center of his head. The tail headed towards his tail, and the top headed towards his snout. He had a big head and a mean tail that was always swinging violently. He had a deep voice when he barked. His fur was soft; the softest part though was always his ears. His favorite part to be scratched at

was his chest. He would always sit down in front of you, waiting for you to realize that he wanted to be scratched. His underside was white, all the way from the top of his chest to the bottom of that long tail. He loved swimming and being in the wilderness. Here's a fun fact about Labradors for you, they actually have webbed feet. The webbed feet help them swim, so much in fact that they can actually out swim ducks.

The last person I am about to describe is yours truly, or me. I was somewhere above five feet and eight inches. I was a runner and liked mini marathons if that helps you realize how much I liked running. I had blue eyes that people liked to complement me on, even though I thought they looked like every other color of blue eyes. I was a person that made people laugh, but could turn around and be completely serious. I didn't really take anything seriously. I put Bubba's needs ahead of mine, that's because I owed him a life debt. He saved my life when I was young. Now then, let's return to the main story...

The reason my friends lived with me was because we believed their parents were at the Western Safe Point. It was in California and ours Indiana. The Eastern was much, much smaller than the Western... or so we'd heard. We didn't hear much from them and rarely traded.

It had been almost four months after the first person became infected and life wasn't too bad at the Safe Point. The place was located in the city of Franklin, Indiana. It covered some of the city, but not a lot. It beat facing the undead out in the ruined world though....

My friends and I were at the table waiting for lunch one day. Bubba was on the couch sleeping. My mom was cooking something that smelled pretty good.

"Must be a big horde if they're firing off rounds, you know how they are about their ammo conserving," Cody said.

"Yeah," I said. "So mom, what exactly are you making?"

"Spaghetti," she replied. "If your sister doesn't return soon you need to go find her, you know how many creepy people there are here."

She was right, a lot of people had gone these four months without any type of accepted advancement from people they were attracted to, and there had been a spike in rapes and murders. They believed it was all from the same guy, but I didn't really know. I just tried to keep my weapons close at night because this camp was always low on supplies, and I'm actually surprised we had the meat to make spaghetti.

That's when Kenzie sprinted in out of breath, and sweating. Her expression was wild and her breathing was erratic.

She was struggling for breath as my mom asked shocked, "Kenzie, what's wrong?"

Kenzie leaned up just catching her breath with her petrified eyes I will never forget what she said, "They've broken through the Outside Walls."

There were two sets of walls, the Outer and the Inner. We knew it was bad since there were *way* more guards on the Outer than the Inner. The Outer Walls were made of wood and the Inner were made of a tall fence with barb-wire at the top. The place was thrown together as quickly as possible, and they had made it better over time by adding towers and such. The guards had anything to simple .22 hunting rifles to M4s that they had scavenged on runs. I was planning to become a guard or a scout once I was old enough. I thought since I had exceptional shooting skills and they were low on people they would let me in a little early. Then maybe I'd become a scout after a while.

A lot of guards became scouts over time because scouts got higher pay and better

weapons. Most didn't know how to handle themselves outside though or weren't trained well enough so they died off sooner than they should have.

Anyway, so that's how we knew that if we didn't get out we would die. We all got up and ran to our rooms. All of us knew the drill. The group had practiced it many times, even though they assured us that we'd be safe, but that's what the government told us during the beginning. We grabbed our weapons we saved that we had when we got there.

I got my left-handed cavalry sword, Mom got a double-barrel, Tim got his machete, Kegan got a crowbar, Cody got a baseball bat, Lane got a cleaver, and Kenzie got a 9mm. pistol. We ran to what we called our Emergency RV. When we got near panic was everywhere. Some people carried guns, some carried children, some carried supplies, and some were just panicking altogether. I even saw someone try to get into someone else's house. They were beating on the door and started kicking it too. I saw one guy steal a woman's car. She ended up stabbing him before she climbed in herself. She ended up just getting in a wreck with a truck. She didn't stop at a stop sign, so he ended up hitting her on the left side. She died on impact. The place was just in pandemonium.

I went to get Morgan. I ran in her house and she looked at me. She jumped to her feet and gave me a tight hug. "Morgan, come on!" I told her.

"I can't," She replied. "My parents were on guard duty today!"

I looked in her fragile eyes. "They'll be okay." Surprisingly, she believed me! I grabbed her hand and put her in the RV. I went and got Bubba.

When we all were in the silver and black bullet proof RV we took off. It had plenty of room, it would be crowded if we had four more people. A guy who called himself a "prepper" became infected that we were with and left it to us since the rest of his family was dead by that point.

The guards opened the back gates so people could try to escape. Soon zombies went to the back. We ran over a few as we escaped. The civilians cowered behind the guards as they shot down as many as they could, they knew it was hopeless. There was one guy who stood out to me though; he had two machetes that curved at the end. He had a bandana around his face and sunglasses on. He was an exceptional fighter, but he was surrounded. I saw that he had two handguns at his hips and several other guns in pairs on his body.

We drove out as fast as possible. All we saw were zombies and one other car. The driver lost control from all the zombies blocking his view. He went off the road and crashed into a tree. The zombies flew off as more ran over and broke his window. Then the zombies tried pulling him out as he screamed and fought. We just kept driving.

It took over forty-five minutes to get out of Indiana. "Where are we going?" I asked.

"To the Western Safe Point," my mom said. I then knew this was going to be a while.

I looked up and saw the state sign: Illinois. It *was* an okay state, I remember when I took a trip there and spent the day. The traffic was bad but the place was fun. Before the outbreaks that is....

## Chapter 2: Illinois

We stopped in a small town for gas called Landfurt or something like that, I didn't really pay attention. We were in a rural area. My Mom pumped gas while Tim and I went to get supplies. I got 2 liters of soda, barbeque chips, bottles of water, fruits that weren't bad, a map of the U.S.A, and some Cd's. The fruit were probably bad, or were about too but they were still food. I filled the bag and handed it to Tim. He took it to the RV. I got a shopping bag and filled it with energy drinks and jawbreakers.

I walked out and we took off. About ten minutes later we stopped in a small town with a mall because Morgan and Kenzie wanted to shop! SHOP! In a zombie apocalypse! I went in with the women. We entered a store where all the clothes looked the same as all the other stores, but the only different thing was the little label. We saw a zombie walking with a shirt in its hands. I ran at it and stabbed it right in its forehead. We continued to walk around. "Uh... Mom, I *love* this shirt!" Kenzie told her.

"Yeah it's nice," my mom said. My sister grabbed one.

"I'll check out the dressing room," I said.

"Okay be careful," Morgan and my Mom said at the same time. It got awkward so I went ahead to check.

I guess now would be a good time to describe Morgan. She was the tallest girl in our group but was still shorter than me. She was a few months younger than me and had light brown eyes. Like Kegan, she always had a tan.

I kicked open the first, nothing, then the second, same. Next, I opened the third, nada. I looked at the last. I pushed open the fourth with my sword. I saw out of a crack of the door opened and I raised my sword. I kicked it and ran in. There was a boy holding a small pocket knife.

"Holy Crap dude chill!" I yelled. He lowered it.

"You're human!" He cheered. Then the boy walked up to me.

"Come on," I said.

He followed me to the main part of the store. When we arrived there everyone was in there. "Hey Mom I found a person," I showed her as everyone eyed him.

"Hi, I'm Johnny," He waved.

"Hey Johnny, I'm Andrew, this is Kenzie, my mom, Morgan, Tim, Cody, Lane, and Kegan," I introduced. About 30 minutes later we went back to the RV. It was late; it had been a long day for everyone. The next day Johnny leaned against the window. I went to check on him.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"That zombie in there was my Mother. It's alright, I mean it wasn't *really* her anymore," He calmly said.

"Hey Andrew get back here!" Kegan yelled at me smiling.

"Yeah don't make us have to come get you!" Cody backed Kegan up.

"Okay," I gave in. I walked back and we began playing video games. Tim was drawing like usual. He always put my drawings to shame. Kenzie was in the passenger seat talking to my mom about stupid crap. Morgan was watching me dominate them.

I finished the game and started talking with Morgan. Kegan and Cody got the drill

and went to chill with Tim and Johnny who finally started talking to the group. “Andrew, do you think my parents are okay?” She asked.

*Ah crap!* I thought. *She gave me the hard question.* I had to be careful with my answer. “We can only hope,” I said. She hugged me and walked off. Bubba walked over with his tail wagging. I started petting him. He jumped on the bed I was sitting on and I started scratching his stomach. We passed the state line into Missouri sometime while I was doing that.



## Chapter 3: Missouri

When we got into the state we saw wrecked cars blocking the road. We drove on the grass and kept going. I was down to one energy drink. All my jawbreakers, 2 liters, and barbeque chips were gone. So, we stopped. Cody came in with me while my Mom pumped gas.

We walked in. Cody got a trash bag and followed me. I put in some two liters, canned foods, bottles of water, and batteries. Cody went near the register looking for good candy when a zombie stumbled to its feet. "Get down!" I yelled. He stood there frozen in place. The zombie lunged and ripped a chunk of flesh out of his shoulder. I threw Cody aside and slayed the zombie. I looked at Cody. He looked me in the eyes. "Cody," I whimpered. Cody dug out a one shot pistol. He stuck it to his temple and made his demise come even earlier. The limp carcass fell to the cold tiled floor. Blood leaked out of the wound onto the tiles. Kenzie ran in.

"No... not Cody!" She cried.

A few minutes later we buried my friend. I went back in and got a smaller bag and put in some energy drinks, gum, jawbreakers, and emptied the cash register into the bag. I have no idea why I just felt like taking the money. I knew it was useless in this world but I still did. Now thinking back to it I'm glad I did.

When I returned we drove off. Without Cody it seemed quieter. No one spoke until we passed Jefferson City. I took a nap. When I awoke everybody was looking at the map.

I stretched and walked over there still slightly dazed. "We can't go through Colorado," Johnny told my Mom.

"Why?" My Mom asked.

"There was a huge military base where thousands of people became zombies. Everything is a wreck. Trees cover the roads, stores were torched, and zombies roaming everywhere," Johnny explained.

"Oh," My Mom said. They kept planning ahead while Tim, Kegan, Kenzie, and I sat down. Thirty minutes later we finally took off. I kept wondering what happened in Indiana. I wondered if anyone survived, and if they did, how?

We had to stay on the highway for a while. I still wondered if my friend Joe survived. He was my only living friend that didn't live with me. Well, him and his brother Jeff.

They were a year younger than me. The boys were also twins. The boys were taller for their age with blond neatly cut hair with only a bit of a brown tint. They had green eyes. Joe was more brave and fun. Jeff was shy but once you knew him, he was annoying.

Their mom was killed during the original invasion. She had to die so her children could live. Their father became depressed and eventually ended it. They lived with their aunt in the safe zone. She was a kind, gentle, and loving woman. They had a horrible childhood, but so did the other surviving children.

I suddenly awoke to Morgan lightly shaking me. Apparently, without even realizing it I had dozed off. We were in the state of Kansas. It was a wreck.

## Chapter 4: Kansas

Lane got up and went to the fridge. He came back with a can of soda. I went and got an energy drink. “Anyway do you guys want to watch some movie?” Morgan asked us.

“No,” Tim replied not looking up from his notebook.

“Sure,” Kegan agreed.

“There’s nothing else to do,” Lane told her.

“Yeah,” Johnny said.

“I’m good,” I rejected.

“You’re loss,” Morgan said as they walked to the back and turned on the TV. So, there I was just relaxing, slurping my energy drink. I went to the front and sat next to my mom.

“Hey,” I said.

“Hi Andrew,” Mom replied.

“How long do we have Mom?” I asked her.

“I don’t know since that delay,” she explained. Suddenly Bubba ran up.

“Oh my Bubbush,” I baby talked to him. He turned to me smiling with his perfect yellow Labrador retriever coat with his white little streak down his forehead. No other Lab I’ve ever seen has that. It’s his unique difference that I love. I started petting him and baby talking him more. I rubbed his long ears which were the softest part of him. When I started petting him head-to-tail I started petting his unusually long tail. It was hysterical how much damage he could cause with that thing. I love him so much. He was the greatest dog I have ever met. I could consider him my brother since he has been part of my family since I was one. (Not biological of course!)

I then had him lay down next to me. I started watching the road again. I got bored around five minutes afterwards. (So did Bubba.) I looked back and saw Kenzie on the couch. The others were watching a new movie with even Tim back there. It was supposed to be horror but to me and Tim it was funnier than scary.

I got up and went to the back where the TV and the DVD player were. After spending hours of watching movies I went to the front. It was midnight. The RV was swaying. “Hey Mom are you alright?” I asked. She was passed out. We were in some small town area. We crashed into a shipping truck that was transporting lead pipes! I hit the windshield... then, black. Pain... glass, and blood was everywhere. “Mom,” was the first word I was able to get out of my mouth.

2:00 A.M. was the time. I managed to stumble to my feet. My mom was gone.

“Mom, is anyone there?” I asked.

“Sh, they’ll hear you!” Kenzie snapped. I moaned. I got up and went back there to where I heard the voice. Everyone crowded around the couch. I shoved them aside and when I was in front of the couch I realized that Morgan was on the couch. One of the pipes was piercing through her and was dripping blood. The puddle was slowly growing.

“Morgan,” I called quietly. She slowly looked at me, she was already gone.

“Andrew,” she said. She coughed out a little blood. “I want you guys to go on. I, well, we thought of a plan. I’ll attract zombies. You guys will go in a building and hide.

Then, when they all get in I'll throw a lit match on the gasoline you guys will pour as you leave. We'll die while you get away without any trouble, or at least in this town," Morgan explained.

"Okay, fine," I reluctantly agreed.

"Alright I got the drinks and food. Get your weapons and let's go," My mom said. When they left I knelt down next to Morgan.

"Goodbye Morgan," I told her.

"Goodbye Andrew," Morgan said to me. "Come here, I need to tell you something important." I leaned in. She kissed my cheek. "I love you," she whispered in my ear.

I stood up. "I-I love you too," I replied with the same phrase. I slowly walked down the steps. I ran to the building everyone else was in. My mom took out the keys and activated the RV's alarm. It was annoying but soon zombies got curious and started walking towards the RV. As more and more got to it I could see them stumbling up the steps. Then I saw a flicker of light. Then the entire RV was engulfed by the flames. It exploded when the fire reached the gas tank.

We ran until we found an unlocked car. Luckily the keys were still in it. We got in the nice quality car. Kegan didn't get in. "Kegan, dude come on," I commanded.

"No, I'm staying. This place is safe! It's big and empty!" He responded.

"Kegan wait, I'm coming with you," Johnny yelled and got out. "You can't stay here alone." Kegan and Johnny walked off to a one story building. We drove off.

The group was down to six; Mom, Kenzie, Tim, Bubba, Lane, and I. After an hour we weren't in Kansas anymore!

## Chapter 5: Nebraska

We were in the new Nebraska. The place was almost completely flooded with the undead. It was 2:30 when we got back on the highway, not that time mattered anymore.

We would stop only if we were forced to. So we kept driving to a rural area with only a gas station. My mom pumped gas, Kenzie walked Bubba, Lane was guarding, Tim sat in the car, and I ventured inside the store. I got a garbage bag and filled it with canned drinks.

There was enough food. The only other thing I got was dog food for Bub. When everyone piled in we drove back on the highway and I just sat and relaxed. Nobody talked for a while, since we hadn't done anything and since we had just recently lost Morgan.

I felt so empty; the main idea of this trip was to survive, but ironically so many of us had died, and the weird thing was that only one of them became infected! Only one! It was just plain ironic. I suddenly was completely overcome with an emotion I have faced many times before, rage. I blacked out. When I awoke the world was upside down. I realized the car had crashed, and apparently flipped. "What happened?" I asked no one.

"What? You went insane and grabbed the wheel!" Kenzie told me meaning to yell but she was in too much pain. I saw everyone sprawled across the ground passed out with some glass here and there. I took another look at Lane... my closest friend; sliced, stabbed, and leaking so much blood in so many places. Shards of glass were coated in blood; so much blood. If the cuts didn't kill him, then the bleeding did. My closest friend since we were three was now dead because of ME. I couldn't think or breathe. I began coughing and gasping for air. Tim groaned and stood. He saw me and ran to my aide.

"Andrew!" He exclaimed. Tim ran up and patted me on the back. I turned away and vomited. My throat burned. "What's wrong?" Tim asked. I pointed to my deceased friend. Then I vomited in the same pile. My throat burned horribly. When everyone awoke we buried one of my best friends. I put Bubba on his leash. We started heading in the direction we were heading. Just us tired, weak, carless, and weaponless five in a zombie world. When we reached what used to be a hick town we found a gun shop. *Finally, no longer restricted to blades*, I thought. I greedily grabbed a Glock, Bowie Knife, a holster, clips, ammo, and a Mac 10. Kenzie just got a rifle with some ammo. Tim got a revolver and a machete. My mom got a rifle and shotgun. Then we headed out and found an SUV.

I saw a group of zombies and rolled down my window. I then tested my Mac 10. Their brains splattered and their bodies smacked the road. I stuck my arm back in the window and rolled it back up.

I still felt empty. (No, I didn't black out again!) I just felt so dark and empty. I just wanted to end it. I looked up and saw the sign for Wyoming.

## Chapter 6: Wyoming

Just three more states! We tried to avoid Cheyenne just like we did with all big cities. It would be suicide.

I was *so* tired, all this crap was exhausting. I laid down my head and went to sleep. I was out for a while. We were stopped when I awoke.

Kenzie was walking Bubba, my mom pumped gas, and Tim went to a corner of the building where I suspecting he was using the bathroom. We were in a town called Greaten. We were at an old gas station. Well, it looked old but who *really* freakin' knows in a world we lived in. I got out of the car. I stretched a little. I heard rattling and saw a can roll towards me. I got my Glock and walked towards where the can originated. "Squeak!" just a mouse.

"Rah!" *that* was a zombie. Pop! Right through the eyes! I walked back and saw Tim, he walked up to me.

"I think we should go," Tim said to me.

"Why?" I asked. He pointed to the left of us. "Ah crap." Around fifty zombies came stumbling towards us! We ran to the car and floored it. We barely escaped.

"That was to close," Kenzie said.

"I know," my mom said in agreement. "For now on we check *then* pump." My mom turned in her seat and watched us as we nodded in agreement.

We kept driving. There was only half a tank left. "Holy crap," I said. We all stared in awe. We found a mansion! The gates were open so we pulled in and closed the gate. The gates were strong but they could be broken after enough force. After searching, we found no zombies. I took Bubba to my chosen room. The bed was *ridiculously* soft.

I cuddled up to Bubba and instantly went to sleep. It was nice to sleep in a nice bed. It was the first time any of us had since; probably before the Eastern point was destroyed. I yawned and let Bubba go out back. The entire land was surrounded by a brick fence. I went exploring and found dog treats with a tennis ball. *Huh, they must have had a dog.* I thought. I made some coffee.

"Hey Tim, want some?" I offered. I took a sip out of my cup.

"No," Tim simply said. I heard Bubba scratch at the door and let him in. Kenzie stumbled in barely awake and grabbed a cup of coffee. She took a drink.

"Nice coffee," Kenzie complimented.

"Thanks," I replied. Bubba lied down on the tile floor. I threw him a treat and he caught it and crunched it. I patted him on the head and finished my coffee. I went and took my first hot shower in weeks. The nice warm water against my skin was fantastic.

My mom finally woke up. We got our supplies then we took off. We were almost half way through the state. After thirty minutes we stopped for gas. Bubba started licking my face, so I started petting him. I got out and walked around back. I was getting ready to use the bathroom when six zombies came at me! I grabbed my Glock and fired off three rounds! Then came the clicking, I realized that I was screwed!

"Crap," I said. I took off and slid out my clip while being chased. I stumbled to slide in the new one. When I did I cocked my weapon and shot the remaining four undead. I walked around to the front of the station.

“Are you okay?” My mother asked me concerned.

“I AM NOW!” I yelled. I got in the car and slammed the door. I checked my ammo. I was on my Glock’s last clip. My Mac 10 still had a remaining clip. We were all low on ammo. Everyone could sense it without even talking.

We just kept driving. We were lucky enough to see a gun shop. “Let’s try it,” I said. Everyone nodded. Checking a gun shop was always a gamble, you could never be sure if there was even a bullet left! I cocked one in the chamber.

We exited our car and ran in the shop. “Sweet,” I cried. I put my guns on the counter. I grabbed one of my favorite pistols of all times, the Desert Eagle. I got an extra clip. Another thing I grabbed was a full auto Uzi with a *lot* of extra clips. I also took a double barrel with some extra shells. The others kept their guns only grabbing ammo. We ran back to the car and got out of there.

Bubba stood up and licked me. I kissed my Bub on his big head. (He needed a bath, *bad.*) I gave him a treat. He happily ate it and went to sleep. We were finally in Utah.

## Chapter 7: Utah

Ah, Utah. The capital *was* Salt Lake City. Next state on our route was Arizona. Anyway, we stopped for gas (again). I walked Bubba in the store and got supplies. I took Bubba back to the car and put him in.

I went back to the store. I found their bathroom and searched all the stalls. Afterwards, I took the cash register's money. I left the place and got in the car, Tim was already in there. My mom finished pumping gas and got in. Kenzie got in with my mom.

No zombies yet. Like we always have we kept heading west. We were about twenty miles away from the gas station when we heard gun shots. There was a person on top of a car shooting down zombies! We slammed on the brakes. I got out. I drew my Uzi and opened fire, trying to miss the person. There were fourteen zombies. I walked slowly towards the person as the number of undead decreased. Finally we killed them all again. I walked up to the survivor. "Kegan?" I asked confused.

"Andrew?" my friend responded. "Dude, nice shooting! I only had one bullet left," he complimented on my killing skill and confessed.

"I thought you and Johnny were going to live in that one town?" I asked him. I waited for a response. Finally he gave me one.

"Nope, zombies came. They got Johnny too," He answered. Kegan also answered my other question.

"Well, let's go," I told him. Kegan immediately nodded in agreement. We all talked for a moment then we all got back in the car and left.

Finally, someone new, well kinda new... While driving we continued reminiscing. Kegan then told us some important knowledge. "Nevada is run over worse than Colorado."

At 10 p.m. we had to stop. We found an abandoned farmhouse. Bubba and I cuddled up and went to sleep. In the morning I realized they had no hot water as I was in the shower. When I got out I got dressed and fed Bubba. After he devoured his food I let him outside. I watched Bubba to make sure he was safe. I looked to my left and saw that everyone was awake. Bubba walked back to the door so I let him in. When they were ready we gathered supplies and left.

I started watching Tim draw. As usual, he made me promise not to tell *anyone* what it was. We had an eighth of a tank so we stopped and refueled. While we stopped I sparked up a conversation with Tim while everyone continued their usual routine. We left the raided location. We continued to avoid the capital.

I got bored and started petting Bubba. I gave him a treat and he lied down. Next, I started looking at all the scenery, all the wonderful scenery of crashed and demolished vehicles, the occasional body, and sometimes feasting zombies. We killed them of course, we were still *partly* human.

While trying to become safe we had become selfish with survival. Still, at least we still saved others. Did we *really* deserve to survive? We would abandon our friends and family just to live in a zombie filled world for another hour. Then, I didn't know or even pay attention to it. Now I know the true facts. Life sucks! Especially a world where you can't even go to sleep knowing whether or not if you would survive the night! And not knowing it you would ever see any of your family again! Anyway, our journey

continued...

About fifteen minutes later we stopped. We were on the edge of the state. We could probably see the state line with binoculars! Kegan got out with me. Kenzie walked Bub while Tim, was passed out. My mom pumped gas. Kegan and I entered the gas station. I got my Uzi out. I started checking for the undead. "Rah!" I instantly unloaded eight rounds into the creature's nasty face!

One hissed at me. I turned and shot another six rounds through the zombies head. I checked my ammo in the clip. Fifteen rounds with one in the chamber. I slid the clip back in.

"It's clear," I told Kegan. Kegan nodded understanding. We got the usual and left. We walked towards the car. "*Don't worry, we're okay, we weren't attacked by the undead or anything,*" I said sarcastically.

"Hm, what did you say?" Tim asked still dazed. Everyone got back in the car and we drove passed the border to Arizona.



## Chapter 8: Arizona

Arizona was an easy state; ironically we had little trouble there since Nevada had been ridiculously overrun. Arizona was a hot state. It was a contradictory state, with the freezing mountain tops but still having the scorching deserts.

Bubba was low on food. That was the one thing I forgot. We drove to a pet store. It was empty so we easily got all the cans. If he licked the cans clean it would be easier than dumping the food on the floor.

We realized that Arizona was a contradictory state when we ran empty on gas in the desert...

“*NO, NO, NO!*” My mom yelled as she slammed her fists on the steering wheel. We exited the car. We discussed our options and decided to take off walking. It was Kegan, Tim, Bubba, Mom, Kenz, and I burning in the heat, set off. Due to the lack of life in the desert and all the mountains, zombies (if they were able to) could barely survive there.

We stopped at the Grand Cannon. “Dude, it’s so big,” Kegan said stating the obvious and the most stupid way while we all just stood there in awe. Then Bubba peed so we left.

“*RAH!*” Screamed a zombie. I pulled out my Desert Eagle and shot it in between the eyes. About forty miles away we saw a gun shop. I got a M1 Carbine while still keeping my Desert Eagle, Kegan got a Glock with a Bowie Knife, my mom got a vertical double barrel and a revolver, Tim only got a 12 Gauge with a machete, and Kenzie got a M1911. I also grabbed a holster and a few extra clips.

We became lucky that day and found an SUV with a built in DVD player. It was the usual black. It even had a full tank! We weren’t stupid, so we took it! We put Bubba in the back. He soon went to sleep as we drove through the desert. We all did after we pulled over. Now we had elbowroom!

So, here we were, just a small group of zombie apocalypse survivors on a trip for around six days in hope of survival. Anyway, since that had nothing to do with the story, I will continue. When we woke up we realized that we left the car running and that there was a fourth of a tank left. “Oh, crap. Not again,” My mom said angered.

“What should we do?” Kenzie asked what was on all of our minds. We all looked at each other. After a minute I answered the question.

“Well, Tim and I can go get us gas,” I said with everyone’s eyes on me. “We can find something to put it in and bring it back.”

“Okay,” Tim responded. He looked at me and nodded. I smiled and we high-fived.

“I’ll go too,” Kegan added hoping to be part of the group. I nodded in agreement to his statement.

“No,” my mom said flatly. She looked at us sternly. “I will *not* put my son and two other boys out there!”

“Mom, they *have to*, otherwise we will be screwed! We have to watch the car and Bubba, we might be in the desert but there *are* other people,” Kenzie spoke up. My mom took a deep breath. After a few minutes my mom nodded ‘yes’.

I loaded my guns. Kegan loaded his Glock. Tim cleaned his machete and loaded his 12 Gauge. I kissed Bubba and we got out. Then Kegan, Tim, and I looked at each other and

took off.

We had about another three miles of desert until we would reach *any* type of town; we each had brought a bottle of water in our pocket. In my left pocket were clips. I had a holster next to my left pocket; (because I'm left handed) my Desert Eagle was in that holster. I had my M1 Carbine strapped to my back. I got my bottle of water out and took a small drink. Knowing that it was my only source of liquid, I tried to conserve it. "So, anybody know any good jokes?" Kegan asked interrupting out silence.

"Yeah, here's one: There was this boy, and he wouldn't shut up so Tim and Andrew beat the crap out of him," I responded. Tim chuckled.

"Wait, I don't get it," Kegan said confused. Tim and I looked at him.

"Kegan," Tim started. "Shut up." Kegan sadly obeyed. I laughed. After two and a half miles of silence we stopped walking and sat down.

"Hey, we have no idea how invaded this place could be, so we need to just keep low and quiet," I planned.

"Yeah, and if we start to get chased we could trip Kegan," Tim joked. We all laughed. Usually Tim was fun but he rarely told jokes.

"Wait, WHAT!?" Kegan yelled after we quit laughing. Then Tim and I burst out laughing. We stood back up and got our stuff.

I looked at the sky then my watch. "Alright, we have probably five hours before sunset," I said. Tim stood up while Kegan sat there staring at me blankly. "That means we should go bye-bye!" I baby talked to my incompetent friend.

"Oh," Kegan said finally understanding. He stood up and we set out. "So, who will carry all the gas?" Kegan asked.

"Well, we will probably all carry some," I said. Tim nodded. After about fifteen minutes of walking down the road we saw the town. I saw groups of roaming zombies. "Hey, since I have a Carbine how about I take down about a clips worth?" I considered.

"Sure," Tim shrugged. Kegan sat down on a rock. I lied down and reached for my rifle. I drew it and aimed down the sights.

*Eight shots I've gotta make eight dead.* I thought. I held my breath, and after a second I took my shot. The bullet went through the creature's skull and it instantly fell. The other zombies looked around for the sound's cause then they continued shuffling along. I aimed the sights down again. I held my breath squeezed the trigger. I barely hit the zombie's brain. After repeating the process six more times I killed them. There were still more, I just lowered our problem. I stood up and slid out the clip. It hit the asphalt and I slid in the new clip. I put one in the chamber.

"Come on," I said. My friends stood up. We crouched and jogged into the town. We went to the side of a building. "Okay, we have to be vigilant. So, Kegan watch our six. Tim, watch out three and nine. I have our twelve. Now come on." I whispered.

We went to the back of the building, avoiding the main street. The gas station was only two blocks away. I looked around. After seeing nothing I signaled my friends to follow. We followed a road to a stop sign. We leaned against a house wall. I peeked around our right, nothing. "Let's go," I said. We ran across the street to a small building. We leaned on the front wall. I looked to the right and saw a group of around ten heading our way, they hadn't seen us yet. "Crap, come on, inside!" I quietly exclaimed.

We kicked in the door (even though it was unlocked) and ran in. We closed the doors behind us. We crouched behind the windows. We watched as they started to pass.

Then, Kegan coughed. Just as they got to his window which just so happen to be the last. They looked and one started hitting the window, then the rest joined in. Kegan stood up. He panicked and pulled out his Glock.

“KEGAN NO!” Tim and I yelled together. Unfortunately, Kegan didn’t care. He fired five bullets. It shattered the glass. I stood up and pushed one of the small bookshelf like things that the items were held on against the broken window.

“Tim, Kegan help me!” I yelled. Then they started pushing them with me. We heard the undead start screaming, moaning, and groaning calling their other undead pals to help them get in and join their feast. We finally blocked the entire window. I glanced to my right and saw the window burst. “NO!” I yelled.

I reached for my Desert Eagle. When I aimed down the sights the first few zombies began crawling in. I blew the first one’s head off. After the recoil I aimed the sights back down. The second zombie’s brains splattered on the wall and on the other zombies. Kegan grabbed his Glock and helped me destroy them. Tim went and grabbed a bookshelf. He started pushing it as we killed the rest. Kegan and I moved the bodies as Tim put the bookshelf against the window.

“Hurry, I need help!” Tim yelled. Kegan and I got other bookshelves and shoved them against the same window. We reinforced the windows with more of the shelves then we ran to the counter and slid down in front of it.

“Okay, we need to think of something,” Kegan said. We sat there for a minute.

“Well, maybe we should... Go through a back door,” Tim thought of.

“Alright, let’s try to find one. Kegan stay here, we’ll call for you when we find it,” I said. Tim and I jumped to our feet. We ran to the backroom. We began searching. “Tim! I found one!” I yelled.

“I’m coming,” He said. He immediately sprinted to my location.

“It’s blocked, help me move this crap,” I told him. He began moving all the objects with me. When we finished I opened the door.

As soon as I did zombie began flooding in! “Come on Andrew!” Tim yelled and he pulled me back. As he pulled me to the store I emptied the rest of my clip into the charging dead! When he opened the door he flung me in then he ran in. He slammed the door behind him. “Kegan get that chair!” Tim commanded. Kegan jumped to his feet and went behind the counter to find a chair he dragged it to Tim. Tim stuck it under the doorknob.

I stood up. I flung out my Desert Eagle’s clip and slid in its last mag. I put it back in its holster and drew my M1 Carbine. My friends gathered around me. “Okay, now look; we need to find a way out of here. Guys lets-” I was cut off by zombies breaking through the front door. *The one thing!* I thought. We instantly turned. I aimed my Carbine while Tim drew his 12 Gauge and aimed it. Kegan got his Glock and joined us. We all opened fire. Kegan; forgot to reload earlier so he ran out quick and stumbled to put in his one extra clip. When he did he cocked his pistol and opened fire. Tim quickly emptied his shotgun. I ran out next. I slid in my last clip.

I opened fire while Tim put in his last shell. He pumped it and joined us. Kegan shot his last bullet then threw his pistol at a zombie. (Kegan only angered the zombie!) He then dove behind the counter. Tim and I started walking forward as we shot our last bullets Tim ran empty and flung his gun to the side. He then grabbed his machete. He sliced their heads off as I heard the click of my Carbine.

“Force them back! Kegan, push a bookshelf with us,” I yelled. I began hitting the

zombies with my rifle. Once we reached the door I gave one last shove then Tim and I slammed the double glass doors shut. I slid my Carbine in between the handles. "Never mind Kegan," I said as I realized he was still hiding. Tim and I walked back to Kegan and we sat down. Then Kegan stopped being such a wuss.

"Crap Tim, looks like we probably won't make it," I said to my friend. "How much ammo you got left?"

"I got two shells," Tim replied then he looked at Kegan.

"I'm empty, only got my blade," Kegan said trying to sound hardcore.

"Well, I have a clip on my Desert Eagle," I told them. *This could be it...* I thought. Well, this is what you were waiting for, now you know where that intro came from! Let's continue the story...

Tim ran over to his 12 Gauge. He grabbed it and loaded the last two rounds. "Okay, let's see what those pieces of crap got," I told my friends. Tim looked at me and nodded. Kegan did the same. Kegan got out his Bowie Knife, I pulled back the hammer of my Desert Eagle, and Tim pumped his shotgun.

"It's been fun," Kegan smiled.

"It sure was," I smiled back not out of happiness, but out of sheer love for my friends, knowing we were so close but yet so far. I realized we had made farther than most. A tear ran down Kegan's face. So we watched as the zombies broke their way into the store that we didn't even know the name of! The first bookshelf toppled over, then more and more. The zombies started climbing in. Tim completely destroyed the zombie's head. The brains splattered over Tim's next victim. When he killed the second one he threw his gun at the other zombies. I began to join the rampage as Tim drew his machete and signaled Kegan to join him. Kegan sprang up and ran to his friend's side. I took down the seven I could then I flung my gun at the living dead. I bent down and drew the Bowie Knife I had saved.

Then the three of us charged. Tim easily hacked their heads off. Kegan and I just stabbed them in their foreheads. I stabbed one. My knife got jammed in. I kicked the limp body off my knife. "We can't keep this up much longer!" I yelled. Then we heard gun shots! Bullets started flying! I saw a flash and instantly tackled Kegan. I looked back and pulled Tim to the ground. Then I looked at us on the ground, *completely* covered in blood with bits and pieces of brains! We smelled *horrible*! When the fire ceased we stood to our feet shoving some carcasses off of us. I looked through the demolished window. I focused on the gun wielding friend of mine. His name was Cameron. He was on a dirt bike with aviator sunglasses and a MP5K that was empty at his right hip. He held onto it with one hand as another gripped the handle of the bike. There was a strap that helped keep the MP5K at his side. He took off the strap and threw the empty gun to his left side and got off the dirt bike.

"Cameron! Dude, about time we see you!" I laughed. "What happened to you?"

"Well, first when the apocalypse started I was at the Eastern with you guys. You already know that, but when I left I started heading west. I stopped here for a while; the zombies arrived about two days ago. I'm still heading for the West," Cameron explained. "You can come with me if you want."

"Actually, we already have a ride. You can come with us. We need to take showers first," I laughed as I told the last part. "Anyway, joking aside we need fuel. My mom and Kenz are at the car with Bubba. They are probably getting worried."

Cameron nodded. “Okay, I can take you guys to where I have been the water is kinda cold but still. Then we can take the owner’s four-wheelers,” he told us.

“Won’t the owners mind?” Kegan stupidly asked a question we all already knew the answer to.

“Oh, no they won’t care... They’re dead,” Cameron said blankly. “Well, they were *undead*; *then* they were dead.” So we gathered our weapons and followed my old friend. He took us another two blocks. We went in the house with him.

It was a well decorated and well-furnished home. I looked at my watch and saw we had three hours before dark. I took the cool shower first. Cameron gave us clothes, they luckily fit. “Here’s the gun room if you guys need new guns or ammo. Don’t ask how they got them because it was more than likely illegally,” Cameron told us as he took us to a secret room. He turned a switch on and we saw the walls *completely* covered guns!

I looked at my M1 Carbine. “Sorry buddy, but it’s time for an upgrade,” I said sadly and put the gun up against a wall. I grabbed a M4A1 that was full auto! I grabbed some clips. I put them in my pocket. I slid one in my gun. I cocked one in the chamber and put it on safety. I grabbed clips for my Desert Eagle and loaded it with one.

“Thanks Cameron,” I truly said. He looked at me and shrugged. Tim slid his 12 Gauge away and instead got an Uzi with a few extra clips. Kegan threw his Glock and upgraded to a P99 with a couple extra clips. After they thanked him we went to the garage.

“Sweet dude,” Kegan said. There in front of us were four different colored four-wheelers! I jumped on the navy blue one. Kegan got on the black one. Tim boarded the red one. While Cameron chose the darker green one. We started our vehicles and Cameron opened the garage. I quickly remembered and grabbed a few gasoline canisters. I jumped back on and we quickly drove to the gas station. Everyone covered me as I filled the canisters. Cameron had a M82A1 sniper rifle. As his side weapon he had a .44 Magnum.

Once the canisters were full we got back on and drove off. We continued on the familiar road. I checked my watch. *Crap, we only have twenty minutes!* I thought. So I went faster. The others realized why I was going faster and joined me in my pursuit. To my left the Sun began to set. When we arrived my mom and Kenzie aimed their guns. When we stopped they saw us and put their guns away. My mom ran to me. She nearly tackled me as she hugged me.

“God Andrew, you had me so worried! What took you so long?”

She asked me.

“Mom, you could not *possibly* understand what happened today, so let’s just put the gas in and go,” I said unloading the canisters. Tim, Kegan, and Cameron helped.

“Who’s that?” my mom and Kenzie asked together as they looked at Cameron.

“Mom, Kenzie, this is my friend Cameron,” I said as I introduced them. They greeted while I refueled the car. When I finished I yelled for everyone and we all got in. “We should have just enough gas to get into town if you want to get more gas,” I told my mom.

“Alright,” she said. She started the car and we drove past the four-wheelers. We drove through town killing every zombie on sight. Once we reached the gas station my mom began pumping gas. We sat in the car guarding her. I mainly petted Bubba though. After we got a full tank we got back on the road. We stayed on the same road until we reached the interstate. We kept driving until we passed the state line.



## Chapter 9: California

We passed the state line into our destination, California! We celebrated when we passed the line then we kept going. Sacramento was the capital. The state was *long*. We were stuck at the bottom too! That sucked. The Western point was right outside of Sacramento.

“Hey, you guys hungry?” I asked. Everyone nodded ‘no.’ So, I shrugged and started devouring barbeque chips.

Cameron had gotten along well with everyone. Bubba liked him but rarely noticed him. I usually talked to him, since there was barely anything else to do. Otherwise I talked to Tim or pet Bubba. Kegan, he was just too weird.

For now on if we stopped at gun shops it would be for ammo and clips. We all loved our guns. I would *never* trade my Desert Eagle. Just like Cameron would *never* trade his M82A1, those were just our signature weapons. Those are what made us unique.

We continued straight through most of the state. We stopped for gas once. My mom pumped gas, Kenzie walked Bubba, Kegan guarded with Tim (Tim we knew was *way* more reliable), while Cameron and I went inside the store. Cameron got out his .44. I grabbed a trash bag, taking only necessary items such as soda, chips, bottled water, and granola bars. Cameron searched the store not finding any undead. I also grabbed some jawbreakers, my favorite candy. Then I stuffed in some popular movies.

“Come on Cam,” I said. He nodded and put away his pistol. We walked out and got in the car. I put the bag down next to me. Kenzie put Bubba in the back while Kegan got in. Kenzie then joined us in the car. Tim followed. My mom filled the tank and got in our car. She started it and we got back on the road.

“We should only have about fifty miles left,” my mom told us. We all cheered for a moment then settled back down.

“I got some movies,” I said digging them out of the bag. “Anybody want to watch?”

“Sure,” Cameron and Kegan simultaneously responded. Tim nodded ‘no.’

We put on the head phones and watched as the opening credits started. After the movie ended I realized we *still* had about twenty miles... my mom miscalculated.

I looked back to Bubba. He was on the floor snoring. I smiled and turned back. “Hey, undead at nine o’clock,” Cameron said. I rolled down my window and stuck the barrel of my M4A1 out the window. I got the zombie’s heads in my sights and opened fire. I soon dropped the group of five. I stuck my gun back in and rolled up the window. I looked back and Bubba licked my face.

It was slimy with spit! I turned back and everyone laughed. My mom turned back. “Look, it’s the walls!” She pointed to the spot of the walls.

“They’re open,” I added. The gates were opened as if they willingly opened them.

“Everyone needs get ready just in case,” my mom said. We all grabbed our firearms. We drove through and saw just an airport...

“What?” We all questioned ourselves. *This can’t possibly be it.* I thought to myself.

“Let’s go to the flight tower,” Cameron suggested. My mom shrugged and headed to the flight tower. Kenzie sat in the car to watch Bubba. I charged in first. Tim followed, then Cameron, Kegan, and last my mom. I lead the group to the top. What I saw was

unbelievable...



## Chapter 10: Lies

I looked at the window. It was covered in blood. The chairs were empty. On a desk I saw a letter, it read:

Dear Luke,

I'm sorry, but we are going to the Eastern Safe Point in China. It is safe there, you should join us. I know though that you have to follow your orders. Please, at least go to the Western Safe Point in Indiana. I love you. Janet misses you. She's only six Luke. Please be safe. Your daughter needs you. All my family is going, I will try to mail you letter though I doubt that mail is still given out. Those things took Maurice! I miss him. Again I love you, please be safe.

Your loving wife,

Kara

I realized that if that letter was right then we were going the entire wrong way. "Mom, we need a plane," I told her and gave her the letter. I then looked next to the letter and found a map.

It gave the exact route they were taking and where they were stopping. We know realized all the lies we were told. No one ever guessed that *we* were the Western Safe Point. "Okay, we need a pilot," my mom said.

"I know how to fly," Cameron spoke up. We directed our attention to him. "I have my pilot's license."

"Okay that's great, but we need to fly across the ocean. So we need a professional pilot," my mom answered.

"Well, let's go find one in the airport, that's the only place I know to search," I said.

"Alright, I'll go tell Kenzie then we'll find a plane. We will regroup in five minutes," my mom told me. "Kegan come with me."

We split up. I took Cameron and Tim. We went into the airport itself. "Cameron stick with your .44, it shoots faster. Tim get out your Uzi and I got my M4A1," I told them. They didn't contradict so we continued. I ran as quietly as possible to avoid any undead. We continued to the main boarding area. Through the huge window we didn't see anything except the SUV. I looked back.

"I see something out there!" Cameron yelled. He put away his .44 Magnum and got out his M82A1. He looked down his scope. "Andrew you should take this," he said. I looked down the scope. "Look a little to the left." I did as he asked.

I saw a man running. He was being chased by a horde that wasn't letting up! I looked at Cameron. "Can I use your gun?" I asked. He nodded. I looked back down the scope. I held my breath and took my first shot. The bullet left no pieces of the zombie's head! "Hey, we need to help him. He has a pilot's uniform, that guy could be useful," I proposed.

"Alright, let's go," Tim said. "Follow me, I have an idea." Cameron and I followed Tim and he took us to a boarding dock where he jumped to the ground from. I went next.

"Come on Cam, its safe!" I yelled as Tim and I began chasing down the man. I continued running as I aimed my M4A1. I slowed as I began shooting. Tim aimed his Uzi and hit about five, only killing three. I hit a zombie in the knee. It stumbled then kept walking towards its prey. I hit the zombie again, this time killing it. Cameron was by then just catching up. He had his M82A1. He crouched and began shooting. He successfully killed every target he aimed at.

We stood up and began pursuing the man who only had one zombie chasing him now. I

began to shoot, but I heard the clicking. I slid out my mag and put in a fresh one. I cocked a bullet into the chamber and began shooting at the last of the creatures. I successfully killed it after firing off three rounds.

The man looked back and stopped running. He looked at Cameron, Tim, and I. He began sprinting towards us. I aimed my gun, unsure of him. He stopped once he saw my gun. He threw his arms in the air. "I'm human!" He yelled. I put my gun away and started walking towards him.

When we met face-to-face we greeted. "Hello, I'm Andrew. This is Tim and Cameron," I introduced.

"Hi, I'm Luke," he told us. I looked at his pilot's uniform and saw his nametag.

"Are you a pilot?" I asked. "You have the uniform and the nametag."

"Yeah, I am," Luke concurred to my acquisition of him. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, we need a pilot; we need to get to China. My friend here Cameron is also a pilot. We are hoping to get to the Safe Point. You would be safe too," I told Luke.

"Okay, I'll help. If when we get there you help me find my wife," he proposed.

"Sure Luke. I'm just wondering, is your wife Kara? Are you the Luke from the letter in the control tower?" I asked.

"Yes, I am," Luke replied. He took off his pilot's hat for a second to scratch his head. He had dirty-blond hair which made me catch his light brown eyes.

"Okay, just wanted to know. So, if you don't mind can we go find a plane?" I asked Luke and pointed towards the car. He shrugged.

## Chapter 11: To the Airport!

So we started walking towards one of the big dome-like things that the planes stayed in. They were large silver things that looked like someone cut a can in half and turned it sideways, with doors. I saw three of them. Tim take left, Cameron you got right, and Luke and I got the center one,” I said.

“Okay Andrew, so I have *no* weapons. Should I have one?” Luke asked me holding out his hand.

“Noooo, you should kill them with your imagination... you freakin’ idiot. Here you should take my Bowie,” I said sarcastically and bent over and grabbed the knife from its place. I handed it to him. He examined it and pretended to stab something. Then he looked at me and nodded.

“Good, you’re happy, now if you don’t mind let’s go find a plane.”

“Alright,” he replied. He prepped his blade for any enemy he could encounter. I raised my M4A1. I had two clips left. My Desert Eagle had four. I opened the door to enter the dome.

We looked around and saw nothing. “Crap, let’s go check on Tim and Cameron,” I said. As I turned back I heard a rattle. I did a 180° and aimed my rifle. “We’re okay.”

“Look!” Luke exclaimed pointing to my right. “Zombies!” I squeezed my trigger and out flew the bullets right towards the undead mass. They kept walking as the rest fell to the ground with holes drilled clean through their head. There were three when I ran empty. I grabbed my Desert Eagle as I pushed my M4A1 to the side leaving it dangling on its strap only being held by my shoulder. *One, two, and three dead.* I thought as I killed them.

“Good job Luke,” I thanked as I put my gun in its place. I reloaded my M4A1. One clip left. “We’ll get you a gun later, okay?” I asked and patted him on his back.

“Actually, I’ve never fired a gun,” he confessed. “I think a knife is all I need.”

“Okay then,” I said and shrugged. We walked out of the compound. I took a right heading for Tim. “You can also help us just by pointing them out, you know?”

“Yeah, I know,” Luke replied. We walked into Tim’s compound. He was chopping some freshly dead bodies apart with his machete.

“Is it a bad time?” I asked Tim awkwardly. He looked back and stood. I looked around. Seeing no aircraft, we left. “I wonder if Cam found one.”

We entered the compound Cameron entered. We saw the plane. Cameron was trying to open the huge door. “Need help?” Tim asked him seeing how he had no chance alone.

Cameron looked at each of us and nodded. We walked over. Luke however, just leaned on a wall. He accidentally hit a button and the door began to open. We looked at him confused. “I guess laziness pays off,” He said and grinned.

“Look I think Cameron and Luke should get the plane ready while Tim and I get Kenz, Bubba, and my mom,” I thought up. No one contradicted so we followed the plan. My mom, Kenzie, and Bubba were walking around aimlessly. I walked up to them. “We got a plane.”

“Good, we’ll get the stuff. Then we will be there,” my mom said. I got Bubba and we walked back to the flying device. When we got back Luke looked at Bubba.

“You have a *dog*?” He asked me. He pet Bubba head once and scratched behind his ear for a second. Then he turned back. My mom and Kenzie soon came. “We might have enough to make it to Portugal at most,” Luke told us. “I say we get a little more gas.”

## Chapter 12: Pit Stop

We stopped at one of the boarding places. Cameron and I got out. He figured out where the gas went he put the hose in. “Dude, I see zombies,” Cameron said.

I grabbed my M4A1. I saw them too. I got one’s head in my sights and began firing. I quickly aimed to a new target. I shot it, then another and another. The process continued four or five time until they were all dead again. “Only another minute at most,” my friend told me.

“Good,” I replied simply. “I hope we can trust Luke,” I confessed to Cameron.

“Well, he does have a wife and he seems pretty nice,” Cameron confirmed. I nodded in agreement to his statement. He looked up at our plane. “She’s full.” He pulled out the fuel line and closed the gas hatch. We then went back inside.

Right before we took off we heard beating. We slowly and cautious opened the door. It was Kegan! We had almost left him! He didn’t say anything he just sat down and put on his seatbelt.

“Let’s go,” Luke said as Cameron sat next to him. Cameron looked at him and nodded. We took off down the runway. We began gaining more speed. We exited the runway and took off.

Cameron came on the intercom. “Hello passengers this is you pilot speaking. This flight is going to take a freakin’ while so get over it,” he said jokingly. We all laughed. After a while we were able to take off our seatbelts. I looked down and saw Bubba lying down. I crawled on the seat avoiding stepping on Bubba. When I escaped I walked up to Tim who was sitting next to Kegan.

“Dude, I’m sorry you just need to speak up,” I said. He looked at me and smiled.

“You guys actually thought I was mad? I know I’m not the most memorable person. So I don’t really care,” He laughed.

*Wow, he is really forgiving.* I thought as Tim and I joined him in his laughter. “So, what do you guys want to do?” I asked.

“Well, if we’re careful we could play tag,” Kegan suggested. Tim shrugged. I agreed to play. Tim started out it. He gave us ten seconds as Kegan and I took off. I tripped Kegan and kept running and started laughing.

“Are you that selfish Andrew?” He yelled playing. I looked back at him as he stood back up using a seat as support.

“Obviously,” I replied and took off. I passed the curtain that separated first class and entered the normal seating area. I continued sprinting and ran across to the other row of seats. I slid under one row. I saw Kegan. He didn’t see me. He continued running. I sat there waiting for Tim.

When he did pass he went slowly. He was on patrol. I kept my eyes on him as he passed me. Kegan was back where they keep the pets and other crap. Tim entered that area and I remained hiding. I heard Kegan scream playfully and saw him run back through passing me at full speed. We all knew Tim was the fastest in the group and he quickly caught his pathetic prey. (I.e. Kegan.)

Kegan wasn’t nearly as fast as Tim and his obstacle maneuvering skills. I slid out my foot and Kegan clumsily tripped again. I slid completely out and took off in the opposite direction of Tim. Kegan quickly choose me. I did a U-turn at the curtain and went back towards the pet holding place. I led Kegan towards Tim and I hid under some new seats. After twenty minutes of repeating our process of tag we got tired and went back to sitting down. I had Bubba jump in the

seat next to me as I looked out the window. I pet him as I saw the clouds and the land below. There were small moving dots I could barely see. I later identified them as zombies. I soon saw the water of the Atlantic Ocean.

## Chapter 13: Atlantic

The reason we took this way is because the map said to, the other people planned to take it. We knew it would take longer. Plus, the pilots were out of practice. If we were gonna crash, I'd rather crash on the land. So let's continue...

There wasn't much to do up in the sky. I soon went to sleep. When I awoke it was only about an hour later. I went and checked on Cameron and Luke. "You guys want anything?" I asked them.

"Yeah, I'll take a glass of orange juice," Cameron said. I nodded accepting his order.

"Um, no I'm okay right now. Maybe later," Luke told me. I walked out and filled a glass with orange juice. Then took I him the glass of orange juice to my friend. I took a drink and put it in a cup holder.

*Huh, planes have cup holders?* I thought. I walked out of the cockpit and went back to sitting down. Tim came up and sat where Bubba was sitting before. "Hey Tim," I greeted.

"Hey, Andrew. What are you doing?" He asked me trying to spark up a conversation.

"Nothing, just took Cam a drink," I replied to my friend. "What about you?"

"Just breathing and talking to you," he said. We chuckled. I sat back.

"Dude, I hope we get there quick," I said to Tim. He nodded. I bent down and kissed my Bubba on his head. "You know Europe and Asia are usually just referred to as Eurasia?"

## Chapter 14: Portugal

I turned and saw land. We weren't in Portugal yet but we were close. "Tim," I said. He looked at me. "I'm gonna go check on Cameron and Luke okay?"

"Alright, have fun," Tim replied. I stood up and slid out of the seats. Bubba followed me to the cockpit.

"Hey Cameron, Luke you guys need anything?" I asked. Luke didn't take his eyes off his task and shook his head in disagreement.

"Nah dude I'm good," Cameron replied looking at me. He looked back. "Go tell them to put on their seatbelts and that we will be landing soon to refuel."

I walked out and informed everyone. They just stared at me for a second. "What's up with you guys?" I asked. Then they looked down as they fastened their seatbelts. I walked back to Bubba and fastened mine. Bubba looked up at me. That face made me giggle. He stood up and licked me with his HUGE tongue. As I was covered in his saliva he stood waiting for his reward. I began scratching his head on the white stripe; it looked kinda like a comet, the tail of the comet pointing towards Bubba's tail. It was about two inches long and an inch wide. I pet him from his big head to his long tail. He licked me again and sat down again. "Love you Bub," I told him.

Cameron came back on the intercom. "Yeah, um we're about to land in Portugal. So get your guns ready, Luke get your knife. We should land in about five minutes."

He went back out. Put my Desert Eagle back in its holster. Then I put all of my clips to both guns in my left pocket. My M4A1 was under my seat. *I'll get it when we land.* I told myself in my head.

We began to touch down on a runway only inhabited by a rotting carcass which we hit. Some blood splattered on the windshield but was quickly gone due to the speed wiping it from the location I looked out my window and saw the blood fly past. Some of his/her organs flew into one of the engines shooting out blood, covering my window.

When we finally came to a complete stop I unfastened my seat belt. I slid my hand under the seat and grabbed my rifle. I cocked one into the chamber. Everyone else was doing the same. We all exited together, Luke first. (We did that just due to the fact that he could deal with the close dead first; NOT because we hated him that much.)

There were no close ones. "Okay, maybe Luke should deal with the gas while the rest of us guard him, blowing of the heads of the dead," I proposed.

"Sure, I trust you guys," Luke shrugged. "But, don't think I'll *die* for you guys. I'm not *that* stupid."

"Okay," Kegan replied after a moment of silence. So we go our guns ready for anything. We set up a small perimeter around the plane. It wasn't that great since we just all took on random angles. If any came towards us at least we had a chance, unlike the carcass; which I had just thought of. It made me shiver. I ignored the image of the remains, forcing it to the back of my mind with the rest of my horrid memories since the genocidal invasion.

I looked around. "See anything anyone?" I asked. No one replied. *Wait for the scream or gunshot.* I thought. I focused back on my location, the rest was on them. And I was okay with that. Then my response came.

"Got five of something coming this way!" Tim yelled. He jumped up pointing in the direction. Cameron ran up first.

“I can’t see what they are clearly, let me get my M82A1,” Cameron told us. He quickly came back. He crouched down. He looked in his scope. “Five, they are three women and two men. I can’t tell if they’re alive or not. Hold on,” Cameron said, He paused. “I’ll just fire off a warning shot.” We waited as he stood up. He fired in the air. They kept walking.

“Dead,” I said. Cameron got back down. He aimed his rifle and took them down. After that scare we went back to our posts.

“Come on, we can go now,” Luke told us after a while of silence. We boarded the plane again. I returned to my seat. I strapped in. Everyone else did the same. I tried looking out the window, but all I saw was chunks of shredded flesh and blood; that was the view I would have. So, I went a row back and strapped back in. After a few minutes we got on the runway and took off, continuing our journey to China.



## Chapter 15: Iran

We left the land of Portugal. We planned to make one more stop before our final destination, and it would be Iran. After that we would have just enough gas to make it to the Eastern Safe Point; if that wasn't enough we would be screwed. China was already the last place we could retreat to. Although, I had always wanted to go to Australia, even though that would more than likely never be fulfilled...

Anyway, this time in the air was different. Kegan slept the entire time. Tim drew while my mom and Kenzie talked about pointless things. So I spent the entire time with my favorite canine in the world. I pet him as he happily did a growl, a more playful than angry. Even his whines were low, they even sounded like a growl! He was the largest Lab I had ever seen.

I would never let anything harm him, he was my Bubbush. The one and only, there was none like him. I began to scratch his chest as he sat down, that was his favorite place to be scratched; you could tell. He began to lie down.

He huffed and went to sleep as I kept petting him. I began to get tired too. I yawned and got back in my seat. I strapped back in and went to sleep with my head against the window looking down at the ground below. I woke up some time later to being shackled. "Go away or get capped," I said to the unknown person and went back to sleep.

"Andrew, we have to go help we're in Iran or some place. So, wake up," Tim said and shoved me again.

"God, give me a second Tim," I said. I unfastened myself and stumbled to my feet. I yawned and stretched. Then I grabbed my guns and clips. Bubba was already out there.

"So what are we doing this time?" Luke asked when we all gathered outside.

"Let's just do the same thing," I said. Luke shrugged. Then everyone else got to a place where they could shot the undead if they needed to. I had my M4A1 out like usual. We waited for an onslaught of the dead. It came too...

At least twenty zombies came for me! Ten went for Kegan, seven headed for Kenzie, eighteen charged Tim, fifteen went towards my mom, and Cameron had nine. I stood and aimed my assault rifle. I opened fire!

Soon the rest joined. It was like an orchestra of screams (from both sides), shooting, shells hitting the ground, and bodies hitting the ground. Luke soon ran over to check what the noise was. "Hold them off for about thirty seconds, that's all I need," Luke yelled over the firing.

I looked at him. "Hurry," I cried. He ran back to the pump. One of the zombies lunged for me. I smashed its face with my gun, then a bullet. I watched as everyone else struggled. "Tim, behind you," I screamed. He turned and shot the zombie. Kegan was struggling with one; the only thing separating them was Kegan's arms. I aimed... *click*.

I slid the clip out and put in the new one. I put one in the chamber and aimed again. Kegan saw and his eyes became wide. I took the shot.

The corpse fell as Kegan tried to reload his P99. Tim had a chance and reloaded his Uzi. I was on my last mag for the M4A1. My Desert Eagle was okay on ammo. I could tell Kegan would run out soon. Cameron was ready and brought a *lot* of ammo.

I finished off my opponents and went to help. I put away my M4A1 and drew my Desert Eagle. I began helping the weakest person on the team, Kegan. He still had five. I shot down four and left him one. I shot the last three for Kenzie. I slid in a new clip and let the old one hit the

ground along with all the shells, other clips, and bodies. My mom, Tim and Cameron handled their problem.

We then ran back to the plane before more arrived. Luke soon joined us. We quickly got back on the runway and took off. *That was the closest call we have ever had!* I thought.

Bubba was lying down. I pet him lightly with my barefoot as I looked down on the country we just left. “Hey, we have about another six hours or some crap like that,” Cameron said on the intercom.

## Chapter 16: China

Yes, I know how Cameron said six more hours until China but still, that just seemed like a good stopping point for Iran. I got up and walked over to Kegan. “Sup?” I asked.

“Nothing,” he replied. Tim walked over to join our little group conversation. “What do you guys want to do?”

“Well, how about we beat the crap out of you,” I half-joked and smiled. Tim did the same while Kegan just looked at me like I was completely serious. “Let’s just chill for a while... then beat the crap out of you.”

“Okay,” Tim said. Kegan whined and got the seat closest to the window. After sitting around for an hour or two Bubba walked up to me. I patted him on the head and stood up. I walked to the cockpit.

“Hey Cameron, hey Luke,” I greeted. They looked up at me. “You guys want anything?”

“No,” Cameron said and shook his head. He looked back at the sky. I looked at Luke.

He looked back. “I’m okay,” he replied and went back to flying. I shrugged and left. I sat back in my seat.

We had about three hours then. When we checked the map we saw the Eastern Safe Point was somewhere near Hong Kong. When there, we would have to find a landing place, and get permission to land so we wouldn’t get shot down.

Eventually Bubba came up to me, expecting to be scratched. I fulfilled his wish and began petting and scratching behind his ears. He soon went to sleep. I took a nap.

When I awoke I figured out that we had only thirty minutes left. So, I just chatted with my mom. After fifteen minutes I went up to Tim and Kegan. “Hey you guys what’s up?” I asked.

“Same as usual,” Kegan replied without even taking his eyes away from the window. Tim got up and signaled me to follow.

When we were alone he began to talk. “Andrew, we just realized that if our parents aren’t here than they’re probably dead,” he told me.

“Tim, look even if they *aren’t* there they could still be alive. They may be someplace enjoying themselves, missing you of course,” I told him.

“Thanks, Andrew,” he replied. He seemed mostly cheered up, but I could still tell he was still depressed. No matter how good he covered it up, I could always tell. It was like I could almost sense it. “Hey, Kegan want to do anything?” Tim asked our friend.

“Fine,” he said after a minute. “What do you guys have in mind?” He looked at us both.

Tim and I looked at each other. Right as I came up with a brilliant idea I was interrupted. “Hey you guys, we are about to make contact with the Safe Point,” Cameron interrupted. He went off. We sat anxiously wanting to know the news. After two minutes he came back on. “Yeah, we have just talked to them. We are going to land. We screamed in excitement. Then he came back on.

“There’s one catch,” Cameron paused. “We need to give them *all* our supplies. We can keep our guns as long as we keep them in our home. There’s another problem too. We need some money.”

## Chapter 17: Safety

Everyone looked at each other. “We have no money! What are we going to do?” My mom yelled and put her head in her hands.

“I-I have money, I took it from cash registers along the way. I didn’t know why ‘til now. I think I have about four hundred, may be more. I have to check,” I confessed and dug into the bag I had kept it in.

“That’s amazing Andrew! We’re saved!” My mom paused. “If that’s enough, they might want more.”

I ran to the cockpit. “Hey Cameron, How much do they want?” I asked.

“Well, I think they want five hundred,” Cameron said. He looked up at me. “Why?”

“You’ll see,” I said. I smacked the back of his seat and ran back to the bag. I opened it. I began counting the legal tender. *Two hundred, two fifty, three hundred, three fifty, four hundred, four fifty, and five hundred!* I thought as I counted. I still had an extra \$50! I jumped from my seat. “Five hundred,” I yelled.

I ran to Cameron. “Tell them we have the money,” I told him. He nodded and I left. “We are going to land!” I told the waiting mob. They started cheering me.

Cameron came on again. “Okay, we’re going in for a landing in a few, so sit down and buckle up.”

We did as the pilot told. Bubba was awoken from his nap by all the commotion. I pet him. *I hope they like dogs.* I thought. We began to land. When we came to a stop we got out. We were greeted by an almost white blonde haired man in a suit. He wore a white suit with some sunglasses. He was about five eleven. (Even though the sun was just setting he wore them.)

“Hello, I am the Leader of the Eastern Safe Point. Can I please have the money now?” He asked. I handed him the money.

“Do you guys accept dogs?” I asked. Bubba then walked down. He walked next to me.

“Is it vicious?” He asked. I nodded in disagreement. “Okay good, but it will cost an additional fifty dollars.” I pulled out the money and put it in the already large pile in his hand. “Now then, welcome to the Eastern Safe Point. I am as you already know the leader, but my name is Chang. Here soon we will take you to the Welcoming Center. Then the person we call the Locater will show you to your home.”

“Okay that’s great,” my mom said. We followed Chang to the Welcoming Center. He pushed open the door for us. He waited for all of us to gather in there to walk in.

“We *will* need a blood sample,” Chang told us. “They are for safety measures only.”

“That’s okay,” Luke said. “Oh! By the way my wife, Kara is already here. Can you show me where she is after this?”

“Yes, of course,” Chang smiled. We continued to walk into another, smaller room. There were chairs and two operating tables. The room was *very* clean. “Please sit, the nurses and doctors will be out in a moment.”

We did as he asked. He walked out of the room, using a different door than we had. When the door closed behind her I looked at my mom. “Hey, I just don’t fell right about that dude,” I told her.

“Me either,” Kenzie said. My mom looked at her. “Seriously, he wears a white suit, black fancy shoes, *with* his white hair, *and* sunglasses when the sun is going down. His fashion says it

all.”

“I know, and it’s *not* his fashion,” my mom replied. “I just, don’t know *exactly* what it is.”

Then Chang walked back in. A doctor and two nurses followed. “Like I told you, we need to take a blood sample,” he told. The doctor then stabbed a needle into Luke.

“Ouch! God, can’t you do that any softer?” He asked. The doctor drew the needle back out. Luke rubbed his arm.

The doctor then walked up to Kegan. “Okay just please do it-” he was interrupted by the needle being jabbed into him.

Next, Tim. Tim just watched as his blood went into the needle. He shrugged when it was out.

The order continued. They didn’t check Bubba, a dog either dies when infected or it will immediately become a zombies. I was after Kenzie, and last was my Mom. After that the Locater dude showed us to our home. It had only three rooms! “Do you have anything bigger?” My mom asked.

“Nope, unfortunately not,” he told us. “I wish we do, truly. If something opens up I’ll tell you.”

After that the Locater took Luke. We never saw him after that. The rooms were: My mom and Kenzie in one, Kegan and Cameron in one, and Tim, Bubba, and I in the largest.

“This will work,” I nodded. “For now anyway,” I looked at Tim. The beds in each room were bunk beds. They had two dressers and an average closet. There were two bathrooms. The outside matched all the other ones.

“I guess,” Tim shrugged. “What do you want to do?” he asked me. I looked at him. Then at Bubba who was already on the bottom bunk asleep.

“Same as Bubba, you can have top bunk,” I said and got under the thin cover that came on every bed. I went to sleep soon after. The next day I took a *warm* shower. Then I fed Bubba. (They let us keep the dog food.) Afterwards, I checked the fridge. There were just eggs, milk, bottled water, chicken, beef, orange juice, and apple juice. I let Bubba out to the backyard. The back was fenced in. For entertainment we had a TV with a DVD player. I still had all my movies from the RV. Other people had to purchase them from the Safe Point’s store. What the leaders would do is they would have a team go out when they were low on supplies and get more. The leaders paid them like \$1,000 for *one* trip, mainly due to the danger.

Everyone had a duty that was over eighteen. There was a school. We were only required to go if we had the time to or if we were under twelve. We could still go if we wanted to but we were not required to. Everyone from thirteen to seventeen was taught to do certain jobs. Tim, Cameron, Kegan, Kenzie, and I were not required to yet. After two weeks we would. The Western worked almost the same.

I sat on the couch. I was about to watch a movie, but someone knocked on the door. I let Bubba in and answered the door. It was some security guard in a gray uniform. “Hello, are you Andrew?” He politely asked.

“Um, yes I am,” I replied. “Why would you like to know?” I asked him.

“The Leader Chang has requested you,” he said. He paused. “Oh, yes, I’m Goren.”

“Okay Goren,” I replied. “Do you know what he wants with me?” I asked him after.

“I’m not sure exactly,” Goren said. “Please just come with me; it will only take a few minutes.”

“One moment,” I said. I went and wrote a note telling my mom where I went. Then I put my Bowie Knife in its holster on my leg. (Luke had given it back before he left.)

I walked back out and closed the door behind me. He took me to a police car. I got in the passenger seat. He took me to the tallest building in the Safe Point.

## Chapter 18: Bystraya Smert

We walked in the building. The lobby had another person in the same uniform behind a desk and a few more scattered around the lobby. We walked to one of four elevators. We walked in after waiting for a minute. He pressed the top button. The doors closed and we were quickly lifted to the top floor. The doors reopened. He walked out and I followed. We walked down a long corridor and walked in the furthest door. In there was the Chang. He was in a large rolling chair. Behind him was a large window that looked down onto the Safe Point. He looked at Goren.

“Please leave,” he said. “I need to speak to him alone.” The guard walked out without saying a word. After the doors closed he directed his attention to yours truly. I took off his sunglasses. One of his eyes had a scar running through it. When he blinked the rest of the scar showed. He had dark, dark eyes.

“Andrew, do you *know* how the infection started?” He asked me. I thought.

“Well, no not really,” I said. “Why do you ask?” Then he spun his chair to face the window.

“Well, I am going to tell you,” he replied, not fully answering the question. “The disease can be traced back to the ‘40s. It started as a research for a new, more effective bioweapon. In Russia, there was a scientist who no one knows the name of was the guy on the job. He made the first version of the disease. It was barely effective. It only killed people with twenty doses or more. The project cost them too much, so they abandoned it. When the Germans invaded they took the base, stealing the research. They upgraded it. It still wasn’t very effective. It only took five doses though to kill. It was abandoned too. In the ‘80s Americans took up the project. It ended during the ‘90s. Russia took everything back. They continued research until they found the disease now active. They called it the Bystraya Smert, or in English: the Quick Death. America soon realized information about the virus. They soon got it. They took it too two military bases in Colorado and Nevada. That’s why those states were worst infected. Some country, most likely Russia sent infiltrators to all the bases that contained the virus not too long ago. Soon chaos broke loose. Then everything became, this.”

“Okay, what does that have to do with anything?” I asked. “Can you please tell me what you wanted or was this it?”

“Yes,” he said. Again he didn’t answer all my questions. “Also, if you guys are thinking of leaving just know this one thing: we won’t let you. Once you’re here you *never* leave. Got that?” I was speechless. I nodded in agreement. “Now get out,” he said.

I went ahead and left the office and the building. I walked back to my home as I thought of what had just happened. *We can’t stay here. Only bad things will happen if we do.* I thought.

## Chapter 19: Escape

I sprinted home. I burst in exhausted and sweaty. I slammed the door behind me. My mom, Kegan, Kenzie, Tim, and Cameron were on the couch. Bubba was sitting in front of them. They all looked at wide-eyed. I began to explain everything to them. “We need to get out of here,” my mom summarized afterwards.

“Yes Mom, I was getting to that,” I said. “As I said, they won’t let us. That is, without a fight.”

“Andrew, we can’t just go cappin’ every dude we see. It’s not that easy. Anyway, even if we did it would be like going Kamikaze,” Cameron said.

“I know we need a plan,” I said. “When we leave we need to do it at night, silently, carefully, and well thought out. We can use silent weapons, and shot only when forced to. Unless, Cameron has a silencer,” I looked at my friend.

He looked back at me. “Yeah, I do. It’s in the plane though,” he told.

“Okay then, how about tonight we sneak out just us two and get it from the plane,” I told Cameron.

“Uh, sure I guess,” he replied after he thought for a minute and shrugged.

My mom started to talk. I looked at her. “Yes Mom, I am and what I did in Arizona was just as dangerous as this will be,” I interrupted before she could start. “So, don’t start. Cameron, we’ll go at about midnight.”

“Alright, just get me when you’re ready,” he said and went back to his room.

“I don’t care if you go, as long as you re careful,” my mom replied and stood up. Kenzie and she went back to their rooms.

“Tim, Kegan, you guys could go if it wasn’t such a dangerous and careful operation,” I said.

“We know,” Kegan said. Tim and he went back to each of their rooms. Only Bubba was there left.

“And *you* can’t go boy,” I said. I grabbed his head and kissed him on it. I got him in a headlock and he struggled to escape and playfully growled at me. “No, Bubbush you will *never* escape!” I said in a deep playful voice playing with him. He growled more. I growled back. He looked up and licked my face. Covered in dog drool, I let go and wiped my face off.

“Uh, Bubba no fair,” I laughed. He ran in to me knocking me to the ground. He lied on my chest and wouldn’t let me up. I tried to escape and he growled. “Fine, just for a few minutes,” I gave in. He exhaled loudly. We stayed down for about five minutes and then he let me go. Finally when it was 11:59 we got our weapons ready. I only took my M4A1 and my Bowie Knife. Cameron got his M82A1.

“Alright, let’s go,” I said. We opened the door. I looked out. There were no guards yet. I signaled Cameron. We sprinted out. My mom closed the door behind me.

We reached the next house. I peeked around the corner. There was a patrol. “Go around the back,” I said. We ran behind the house and ducked behind a window. We saw the flashlight pass, then the soldiers. I nodded at Cameron we continued. We ran against the last house. We went to the right wall. Then I thought of something. “Do you know where it is?” I asked him.

“Yeah, it’s hidden. Exactly where I kept my other guns,” her replied. Then I looked both ways, nothing. We ran down the road. There was a fence where the airport started. It was about



ten feet high with barb-wire. I jumped and quickly scaled the fence. I reached the top and got out my knife. I cut through the barb-wire. It took a while. I finally got through.

“Come on, hurry up,” I said. He climbed up, a little slower than me. Cameron slid through and climbed down. When he reached the bottom I did the same. After we got down we searched the airport. After an hour we finally found the plane. We entered. I waited outside as a watchman as he went and got the silencer. He exited minutes later. He applied the silencer to the end of his gun. We ran home.

The next morning we began planning. We agreed the first step would be to save to go to the market and steal all the needed supplies when it closed. Then, that night we would get into the airport with our weapons and supplies. We would get back to our plane and get as far away as possible with a full tank. Then we would find a car and *go far* into the country wherever we ended up and we would find a house and start our new lives. We planned to go south.

Three nights later we sprang into action. Kenzie, my mom, and Kegan went to get the supplies. Tim, Cameron, Bubba, and I went to the airport. It was 2:00 A.M. so the patrols were already home asleep.

I climbed over the already cut place and dropped down. I went to the gate controls and opened them. Bubba, Tim, and Cameron ran past. We secured the plane and fueled it up. My mom, Kenzie, and Kegan soon arrived with supplies. I began to close the gate back. It jammed! Then a siren went off. Soon soldiers began coming for us! “Come on! We need to go! Here they come!” I screamed. Everyone looked at me and sprinted on the plane! The soldiers aimed at us! I sprinted at the plane!

I continued to go and the soldiers opened fire on me! They missed my feet by centimeters! I jumped in the plane.

“Let’s go!” I screamed and we took off! One of the soldiers shot out one of the engines!

I ran to Cameron. He didn’t even look at me. “We can still go, but we will barely reach Australia. We’re lucky,” he confessed.

## Chapter 20: Australia

Maybe I could achieve my dream of going to Australia. Anyway, we took off. Soon we were only above water. I went and sat down. Cameron came on the speaker. “This will take a while; an engine was blown when we escaped. So, just relax,” he told everyone.

I was in the seat I was in the last time we flew on the plane. I could tell the plane had been used because there was a strange scratch on the armrest and a drop, just a drop of smeared blood. *Hum, that’s strange.* I thought. I stood up and walked over to Tim.

“Tim, hey there is a weird smear of blood on my armrest. Let’s go checkout the plane,” I told him.

“Okay,” he shrugged. We got our guns and walked to the back. Tim had out his Uzi and I had out my M4A1. We kept aiming. We soon reached the back. I kicked open the door to the storage room.

We stampeded into the room. I closed the door behind us and we searched around. I looked. Zombies began charging at us! “Tim! Shoot!” I screamed. He turned. We both opened fire. There were originally twenty. I shot five! Tim took down two! I shot nine! Tim shot the last three, and then I high-fived him.

*What were they doing with this plane?* I thought. *I’m not sure what they were doing with it, and I hope I never learn the answer.*

We walked back to our seats. No one noticed anything, I realized the back must be sound canceling or something along that line since dogs and other pets would normally be back there. Like, they were *completely* unaware of the rampage that had gone down.

I sat down and patted Bubba on the head. He licked my hand and sat up right in front of me. He put his paw on my knee. I scratched his chest and went towards his ears. As I scratched his ears he began growling happily. His leg began kicking crazily! He couldn’t even control it. I laughed at him and kissed his head.

We had been flying for hours when Cameron finally came on. “Hey we just got above land. We are going to look for the first landing place available,” he said. We all cheered. Then we resumed our previous tasks. We kept looking for about thirty minutes.

When we found a place it was about forty miles from any rural areas. I saw a house in the nearest one. It was white, large, had a fence, a lake, a barn, and had a large backyard. The plane touched down.

“Hey Cameron, Kegan, Tim, and Andrew go get a car,” my mom said. “Get some type of SUV.”

“Okay Mom, just get all of the crap out of the plane,” I said. We walked away from the airport.

We went to the parking lot. There was only about ten SUV. The rest were just trucks and average cars. I saw the keys from the window and I opened the door. Kegan opened the front passenger seat.

“Rah!” the undead monster ripped away flesh on Kegan’s right arm! He pulled his P99 and popped it!

“Oh crap, oh God no, I can’t do this!” Kegan screamed! He put the gun in his mouth. Tim tackled it and snatched it away. “Why?”

I threw the corpse out of the car and got in. “Hurry up, let’s go!” I yelled and signed.

“What’s the point?” Kegan screamed. He sprinted off, crying. “God, help me!”

I started to chase him. Tim grabbed my shoulder. “No, as much as I liked him, we need to let him go. It’s easier this way than to have to kill him.” Cameron aimed his M82A1. I knocked it away.

“What’s wrong with you? He isn’t even dead yet Cameron!” I said. “Jesus... let’s just go.”

Soon we got in the car and returned to my mom. When we got back they had everything out. We parked the SUV so the back hatch faced the supplies. My mom opened the hatch and I got out of the SUV. We all put things in the back. Then we got back in. Bubba sat next to me.

My mom looked back towards everyone. “Do any of you guys have any idea *where* we are going?” She asked.

“Yeah, there’s a house not so far from here in the woods. It’s pretty big. We could all probably live there. I didn’t see anyone,” I said.

“Okay then,” she said. “I hope we can get there in half of a tank.”

## Chapter 21: New House

The house took nearly an hour to reach. When we did finally reach it I had to scale the fence with help from the car. The fence was brick and larger than I thought it would be.

I jumped over and I walked over to where I could open it. It could only open from one side. The other side's opening controls were destroyed. I pushed the only button. I heard a click and it opened. My mom drove in. I pushed the button once they were in. The gate closed back. The gate was some type of metal and was the typical type design that richer people had.

"Let's see if that door is unlocked," I said. I ran to the door. I grabbed the knob and twisted it. Luckily, the door was unlocked. "Hey, it's unlocked!" I announced.

"Alright, let's check the place out *then* get everything in there," my mom commanded. I drew my Desert Eagle. I walked in. It had three floors. Tim and I took the first, Cameron took the second, and my mom and Kenzie took the third. Bubba stayed in the car.

"Tim, take the right. I got left," I said. He nodded. He walked off to the right. The inside of the house was white with wooden stairs. They were at least ten years old.

I walked around checking every corner of every room. I opened every closed door. I entered the kitchen where Tim and I met. We saw a door next to us. I opened it. It was a basement. I turned on the lights. Tim entered behind me, closing the door.

We stampeded down the stairs. It was a small basement. It was completely empty, except for one freezer. I soon got up to it. I opened it. There was only frozen vegetables. I moved them to find only ice. "Come on Tim," I said. "There's no one here."

We walked up stairs. I turned off the lights and closed the door behind me.

We went and sat on the couch. About five minutes later everyone joined. "Anything?" My mom asked everyone. Everyone nodded in disagreement. "Okay good. Now let's go get everything."

"Hey, there's a freezer in the basement and a fridge in the kitchen," I said after everything including Bubba was in the house.

"Good, go put all the frozen things away and all the other things leave out for me," my mom replied. I nodded and ran off. Bubba followed me.

After all the food was put away I went to the second floor and chose my room.

I got a room which a boy used to live in. The people had left. Only leaving their bed and what they couldn't bring with them.

The paint was obviously a boy's, or a tomboy's. It was a navy blue. There was a wooden dresser. Not an old one; that was the theme of the room. The bedframe was wooden. The window looked down upon the barn and the backyard.

*This is where we will start our real new life.* I thought, and I was right.

## Chapter 22: New Life

I sat on the bed. It would do. Bubba could jump up there. It was dark.

I decided to lie down. I was exhausted. Bubba jumped up and laid his head on my chest. I sat there for a while and pet him. After a few hours I went to sleep.

The next morning Bubba and I went into the barn. There was an older black truck.

There was a gas canister in the back. Probably from about ten years before. I checked and the keys were in it. There was a gas pump in there too. I didn't know how much gas it had. I started the truck. It had a fourth of a tank. So, I filled it up.

"Bubba, you want to go explore?" I asked in the sweet voice I mainly used with him. He barked and wagged. I let him in the two door truck. I drove to the gate. It was open. I went into the house. "Hey Mom, I'm going to town. I found a truck. Bubba is going with me," I yelled.

"Okay, be safe," she said. I ran to my room and got my guns. I walked back to the truck. Bubba was waiting for me. I got in and we backed out. We took off down the dirt road. We soon reached a real road and got on it. I kept driving.

About five minutes later we found a town. I kept driving. We reached a gas station. I hopped out and filled the gas canister. Then I filled up the truck.

Afterwards, I kept driving through the town. It was an older town. I saw a market. It was being assaulted by zombies. None had broken through, like there was a barricade behind the windows. I stopped. "Stay here Bubba," I said.

I jumped out with my M4A1 aimed. One was familiar, Kegan. I opened fire on the undead. Most kept beating while some realized I was there. I shot them down first. I kept shooting. I ran empty after killing fifteen. I reloaded. I aimed again. I continued my violence. There were soon only five, then four, three, two, and finally Kegan. I aimed as he faced me. "Goodbye my friend," I whispered to myself. I shot one last bullet. I watched as my friend, Kegan stood as the bullet drilled through his head and flew out the back, causing blood and brain remains to scatter a tear rolled down my face. The body fell to the ground. I thought of all the times we spent together: before the trip how he, Tim, Cameron, and I would chat and find things to waste time, how he came with me on the way to the Western Safe Point, the ride to the fake Safe Point, The first plane ride with the fun game of tag, the little time in the Eastern Safe Point, the second plane ride, and the little time he spent alive in Australia, the place I had always dreamed to go to. Then I snapped back to reality.

I then sprinted to the doors. I knocked. "Hello, is anyone in there?" I yelled. I listened. Then I heard a girl around my age spoke up.

"Yes, it's just me," she replied. "I'm going to open the door. My name is Sam."

She opened it. She was beautiful. I could already tell we would date, just like I felt about Morgan. She was a brunet with light blue eyes. Sam was just two inches shorter than me.

"H-hello, I'm Andrew," I said. I stuck out my hand.

"You know mine," she laughed. I joined in the laughter. She shook my hand.

"Sam, you know if you are alone you can come live with me, we have plenty of extra rooms," I said.

"Uh, okay, If you don't care I will," Sam accepted my offer. She looked around me. "I see you have a Labrador retriever. They are my favorite breed of dog. What's his name?"

"He's named is Bubba; I named him when I was one. That's all I could say. I love him.

They are my favorite breed too! He's twelve. I maybe young but I can still drive," I said. "You can ride with us to my house with me. You can get all your stuff then meet me back here if you want."

"Okay, don't go anywhere... Handsome," she giggled and walked away. She soon returned.

*Wow, I wonder if that was serious or just a joke. Better test it.* I thought. "Hey, if you want I can show you around when we get there," I flirted.

"Hmm, okay," she replied. I put her things in the back for her and my M4A1. I started my truck. We drove off. About fifteen minutes later we got back on the dirt road.

We soon got back to the farm. We walked in. Everyone was gathered in the living room. "Hey everybody, this is my friend Sam," I said.

They introduced each other. Afterwards we went upstairs. Sam chose the room next to mine. It was the only left (luckily). It was painted a light green. Sam put her things away. I walked into her room. "Now how about I show you around," I said.

"Okay, if you want," she replied. We went outside. I took her to the barn. I looked at her. "Here's the barn," I said. "There is no one here." She looked around.

"Nice place," she said. "I want you to know I don't want us to move to fast."

"Oh, I'm sorry I don't either," I said. "I was just moving this fast because I thought you wanted to," I laughed. I told her the complete truth.

She laughed too. "That's okay," Sam said back. After that we went back inside. I was *so* glad we got through that. I didn't want to get stuck in a relationship that fast, even if she *was* the only girl my age left in the world!

A few days later we managed to establish jobs. My mom did dishes and cooked, Kenzie did laundry, Tim and I fished, Cameron hunted, and Sam had to dust, mop, and broom. Bubba would just alert us of any intruders of any sort. He mainly stayed near me, of course.

The weather in Australia was usually warm, and moist. The wildlife was extravagant. Most animals were poisonous.

Some days Bubba and I (occasionally Sam or some other friends of mine) went exploring. Every day I found a new animal or plant. Days that we didn't we just relaxed after doing our job. Sometimes, Tim and I would work on a project. Our biggest was a pontoon for the lake. Cameron had joined us on our job. Kegan though, if he was alive would have been too clumsy so he would just get us more supplies we told him we needed.

The day the pontoon was finished, Tim, Bubba, and I all went and sat on it. We fished from there. After we took it back to shore, we put it on land so it would not float away. After the day it was completed we never fished from shore again. The pontoon was the best thing we had built. I was very happy with it. Bubba liked getting on it. Some days we all jumped off and took a swim. I would occasionally throw a stick into the water. Bubba would instinctively chase it down. He would *never* return it. I had to wrestle him down then steal it back. Then Bubba would chase after me, wanting it back.

I continued to grow my relationship with my friends and Sam. Bubba and I found a girl Lab in town one day. The girl was just walking down the street swiftly. I had to make sure she was nice, and non-zombified. She wasn't infected with the disease, and she was extremely nice. So, she came home with me. She was black, we named her Jessie. They had five puppies together. There were three girls and two boys. Two girls were chocolate, one was black, one boy was yellow, and one also chocolate.

I named a yellow boy Sarge. He and Bubba both got along. The rest became guard dogs.

We wouldn't release them on zombies, but only on human enemies.

## Chapter 23: The End

You know, a great man once told me, and you have probably heard this from someone else, but I really do not care. “Hope for the best, but prepare for the worst.” I just wanted to put that in here...

So, to recap the survivors were: Bubba, Sarge, and Jessie, the other dogs, Kenzie, Sam, Cameron, Tim, my mom, and me Andrew.

I hope you have enjoyed the trip as much as I have. The trip was deadly, but enjoyable. We continued our lives, growing, living, and luckily, waking up... alive hopefully.

As our lives continued zombies occasionally showed up. We shot them. We buried all the bodies. They mainly shuffled up alone. Only a few times did they show up in groups. No huge hordes, just little groups of undead humans. Anthropophagus or flesh eating, zombies were all they were.

I think we *all* could have predicted Kegan’s demise, but still he was entertainingly stupid. And, I enjoyed his company.

I loved my duty of fishing. Though, we all felt a place missing without Kegan. I’m glad I got closure, but I wish I wouldn’t have been the one to pull the trigger. He was always one of my top 5 friends, not that I made lists of them all...

I remember one day when my mom told me, “I miss our lives, the vacations, the fun, and everything else.”

“Well Mom, that’s not our lives anymore. All we can do is to continue to move forward,” I replied to her. After that day, I vowed to myself I would allow us to have access to the beach (without zombies), even if it were just once.

And, that came true four weeks later. It was the most enjoyable time we had during, or after the trip. Bubba, Sarge, and Jessie went swimming, I joined, and Tim and Cameron ran around doing random crap, while my mom, Sam, and Kenzie tanned.

We all knew (from experience) Kegan, would have been the one building sand castles like a four year old. Lane would have joined me, no matter my choice. He was always there. Johnny would have been Kegan’s companion, helping build the castles. Morgan would have tanned. Cody would have followed Tim.

Bubba, without him with me, I would have lost it. Same if anything happened to him without me. What can I say? I mean he’s my life, I love him, and he’s my Bubbush! For anything to reach him, it would have to get through me first, even if I had to die to protect my Bub.

So, on to something slightly brighter; the Road Trip was over, and our lives finally took a turn for the good. But could we *really* live well in an undead world? No one else had succeeded to. What would make us so lucky as to survive? Could we survive? Or was that just another one of my distant hopes?

What I do know is this. Without going what we had, not just the traveling, and all the killing, but the parts where we came together and saved each other, we couldn’t have done it on our own. We needed each other during the whole ride.



# Part II: Relocation

# Chapter 1: Australian Life

So, you've made it to part two. This part is going to be gorier, in depth, more death, and more killing. This part takes approximately three months after the first part one ended. You know the survivors and our weapons, if not go back to around Chapter 16 and then come back after reading that and past, just for a refresher if you need it. It has been almost nine months since crap went bad just in case you're wondering, I'm pretty sure the apocalypse rolled around during March, and there had been little snow everywhere that year except for a few days. It only made it easier for the zombies to move through the areas. I guess everything was in place when the virus broke out. Now then, onto the story...

I was driving into town in my old truck. I had gotten a brilliant idea. I was heading for one of the hardware stores. The town was named Greentown. *Pretty generic name for a town...* I thought the first time I read the sign. Bubba was in the truck with me as he always was. Tim and Cameron were sitting in the bed. They wanted to sit there for some reason. Maybe they were talking or something.

I looked and saw Bubba leaning his head out the window with his huge tongue out with his ears flying back. I smiled and looked back at the road. There was a zombie on it! I floored it and smashed the zombie against my truck! The undead beast screamed and flew under my truck.

"Hm," I laughed. Bubba walked over to me and licked my face. "Bub, hold on, I'm driving!" I laughed and lightly pushed him away.

He licked me one last time and went back to his spot. I looked in the rearview mirror and saw Tim. He now had his Uzi out and ready. Cameron was just chilling out.

"Good boy," I said. I leaned with one hand still on the wheel and patted his head gently then continued driving with both hands. I let out a light sigh.

I entered the city limits and soon found the hardware store. I looked around and then jumped out. "Stay!" I said to Bubba. He jumped on the floor and hid. "Good."

I grabbed my M4A1 and my Desert Eagle was already at my side. I had my M4A1 loaded and entered the store. I looked and my gun followed. Tim and Cameron stayed on guard outside.

I saw no undead, so I continued. I found them, the reason we had come here, the swing sets! I loved swings. I smiled and ran back outside. "Hey, I found them!" I said happily.

"What'd you find?" Tim asked. I hadn't told them why we had come to town yet. They were probably a little upset about that, but I didn't really care.

"Swing sets!" I said. They looked confused. "Oh, come on! I freakin' love swing sets! It has like four swings!"

They walked into the store with me. We soon found the swing set I was talking about. "Lift on three," I said. "One... Two... Three!" We all lifted. "Come on this way!" We soon found our way to the bed of the truck. Luckily, Tim and Cameron left it down.

We lowered it and slid it in. I closed the hatch. "Okay you guys ride up front with me," I said. They nodded and we got in.

Bubba rode on the floor, Tim rode on the outside, Cameron rode in the middle, and I drove of course. We took off. The hardware store wasn't too far into town so I soon reached the city limits. There waiting for us, was a horde of nearly fifty! "Andrew, you

might want to find another way home!” Tim exclaimed.

“Ha, trust me; the old girl can handle ‘em!” I said and laughed. I floored it and flattened fifteen! They were crushed and their body fluid splattered on the road! I looked back at him. “Told you, ha, they were owned!”

I laughed and Cameron joined me. Tim interrupted us. “That’s not the problem, if we keep using this road then the zombies will notice us then start taking the path in pursuit of us!” he said.

“I-I guess you’re right. Sorry Tim, I’ll start listening to you more,” I said ashamed. *Tim owned me!* I thought and continued driving. “If they follow us just shot them for me. We’ll find a new road tomorrow.” When we got home Sam rushed out to see me.

“Hey Andrew,” she said. She then looked in the back. “What’s that?” she pointed to the swing set.

“It’s a swing set with four swings,” I said. I walked back to the truck and let Bubba out.

Next I walked up to the back hatch. We got the swing set out and put it near the lake. It was still kind of early, so we got to work and began setting up the swing set. When the task was complete the sun was setting.

“Tomorrow, we can find a new road,” I said to my friends. I went inside where we ate dinner. Next I went to the bathroom and took a shower. I then went to my room, got dressed, and went to sleep with Bubba at my side.

## Chapter 2: The New Road

The next day I got dressed and brushed my teeth. I refueled my truck while others ate breakfast. (I don't usually don't eat when I first wake up.) When they came outside we got in the truck.

Bubba stayed home, while we spent our day searching for a road that didn't exist.

When we returned, my mom sent Tim and me on a new task. We had to go find plant seeds. She wanted to plant a garden so we would have a wider variety of food.

Afterwards Tim and I planned on checking a nearby military base for new weapons and ammo. For seeds we needed to return to the hardware store.

So off we went. Soon we reached the hardware store. We got out.

"Tim, get a *lot* of bags. We're taking *all* the seeds!" I said. He nodded and grabbed nearly all the bags. He held it open and I slid all the little bags of seeds the shopping bag could hold. He put that bag down and we continued the process many times. Then we each grabbed the full bags and put them in the back of the truck. Then we got back in the truck. "Good job, now to the military base!"

I drove us nearly forty miles where the base was. There was a huge fence blocking us from whatever was behind it. "Tim, get the bags and get out for a second," I said. He shrugged and got out, grabbed the bags, and took a few steps back. Then I took a deep breath.

I floored it and crashed into the fence. Well, I crashed *through* it. I stopped once I was on the other side. I looked in the rearview mirror and saw Tim cracking up. Then I joined him in the laughter. I leaned out my window.

"Come on!" I said and got out. I looked at the damage that was done to my truck. The truck was damaged, but not too badly. We walked to a building that had a sign that read: **Armory**. The door was locked. I shot at the hinges on the door. The door fell to the ground and we walked in.

I saw few guns. I saw full clips for M4A1s and grabbed them. Tim looked and then tapped my shoulder. I turned and saw it. What I saw was a M60! "T-Tim, grab that... I have an idea," I said. I looked to my left and saw four frag grenades! I grabbed them and one of the belts they went on. I put on the belt and put the grenades into their places. Tim dropped his Uzi and found an AK-47. I was surprised to see that gun since guns like the M16, M4, and M4A1 (variation of the M4) had been proven to be more effective, but Tim went ahead with that gun. Tim then grabbed extra magazines. I saw more chains of ammo for the M60, so I grabbed them. We then walked back to my truck. I looked into my truck and saw it was almost empty on gasoline! I then remembered my canister in the back that was full of fuel. I refueled the truck and off we went. As soon as we got home Tim and I got out.

"What's your plan?" He asked and turned to face me. I looked at him.

"We're mounting the gun on the truck," I said and smiled. Then I grabbed the gun and put it on top of the cab. I looked at the sky. "It's too late now. Meet me here tomorrow after we go fishing."

The next day we fished for only three hours instead of the usual four or five. We went to the truck and got to work. By the time the sun set, the gun was securely mounted and could spin a complete 360°! I fired it several times to test it, and it was fun. Tim got

on it while I drove to test it.

By the time he finished it was dark so I pulled over. We began to walk back to the house. I looked to my left and saw two figures talking. "Tim, I'll catch up with you later," I said and began to head towards the figures. I crouched and ran as quietly as possible. I hid behind a nearby tree.

"Here, take the pictures and recordings, next week just meet me at the hardware store you dropped me at. I will start the plan the week after next," said one. I knew it was Sam.

"Okay, here take what all you requested. I'll see you next week. Anything else Agent Shadow?" asked a voice I recognized.

"Yeah, next week I want some C4 so I can start the plan. The week after next I want you to pick me up," said Shadow. "I will make sure there won't be any survivors."

"Good... Good," said the other person. "I'll bring you some flares also so you can have us pick you up anywhere. Goodbye." I ran back to the house and devised a plan.

## Chapter 3: Shadow

I planned to go to Agent Shadow and the other person's meeting. Until then, I planned to act as if I know nothing about it.

I awoke the morning after the meeting and headed to get in the shower. After my shower I brushed my teeth and got dressed. Then I went down stairs. I walked outside with Bubba at my side. Sarge was with Tim.

I went to my truck. When I put the key in the ignition, I realized who the person who Shadow met with was. It was the Leader from the Eastern Safe Point! I remembered that he wanted my family, friends, and I dead! The Leader was the one who told me about the history of the disease known as Bystraya Smert.

I remembered that the truck was low on gas, so I refilled it. Then I started the truck and backed out of the barn.

I noticed Sam was walking around all sides of the house with a large bag. I quickly pulled back in before she saw me. I turned off my truck and looked at Bubba. "Wait here," I said and quietly got out of my truck.

I got in front of my truck and jumped down. Then I climbed under my truck. I watched Sam from under the truck. She was placing C4 all around the house. I would need to find all them when she went to sleep.

She began to walk behind the barn. She was planting that crap thoroughly! I got in my truck and backed out. By the time I pulled out I couldn't remember where I was going! So, I just went into town.

I visited the hardware store. There, I set traps for Shadow and the Leader. All I needed was the C4 to arm them. I made the lines barely visible, so they would think they were trying to kill each other, than maybe, a fight would break out. Then I wouldn't have to kill both of them, but by the end of all this, they would be dead.

I'm not one for killing humans except for self-defense, or hunting unless it is completely necessary and you use the entire body, but all the things they plan on doing, I didn't care.

After I set the traps I went home and spent time at the lake with Cameron and Tim. Sam was there so I acted normal, I was fighting the urge to bust a cap into her face, and well actually, I wanted to shoot an entire clip into that chick, but I didn't.

When everyone went to sleep, I went to work. I searched the barn and found two places she planted C4 and one under my truck. Then I searched everywhere on the inside and outside of the house and found a total of sixteen places. I checked our SUV and found one under it. I loaded all the C4 into my truck and went into town. I placed all the C4 in the hardware store where I had previously wanted them to go.

Then I went home and I went to sleep. For the rest of the week I just fished and wasted time with Bubba and my friends. On the night of the meeting, I told Cameron everything. He told Tim so all three of us went to the hardware store. I had Cameron in the back, ready to use the M60, just in case we needed heavy fire power. He would mainly aim for helicopters, jeeps, large groups of soldiers, and things in that category while Tim and I aimed for Shadow and the Leader. I told Tim I wanted Shadow, he could have the Leader.

When we were there, I realized they weren't going in. I pulled up a little ways away with my headlights off.

I got out and got in the back. “Hey Cameron, I’m gonna use you’re M82A1 okay?” I asked. He just nodded in agreement. I wanted to snipe the Leader, but I wanted Sam to know that I was aware of her decision to betray me and my family. I aimed for the Leader’s forehead. It was dark, and I could barely see but I heard the gun shot. And it wasn’t mine. They knew about my plan. I ran back into the cab and I reached into the glove box and I pulled out a switch. I pushed the button and blew up the hardware store. Sam and the Leader went flying. I rolled down my window.

“Cameron! Open fire!” I yelled and floored it. Tim rolled down his window and leaned out it with his AK-47. I aimed to hit them if my friends couldn’t shoot them. The Leader had security. That was who shot at us.

Goren, the person who took me to meet the Leader was among them. By that time zombies soon arrived and Goren was turned into a midnight snack along with other guards. It was a three sided battle between the undead, the Eastern Safe Point Army (A.K.A. E.S.P.A.), and my team. I aimed to hit anyone I could be it a zombie, or one of those shooting at me. Cameron sprayed and preyed while Tim precisely aimed for headshots. More and more bodies hit the ground while some stood back up, for nearly twenty minutes. Then Cameron quit firing. I looked at Tim.

“Go check on Cameron, and take the chains,” I said. Tim took the chains and went to give them to Cameron. Cameron had just ran empty Tim later told me. After Tim got back in the truck I finally hit the Leader. Then, I backed over him, twice. Sam had already fled.

ESPA was down to five soldiers and there were twelve zombies when a helicopter arrived. It had a spot light and dropped lines which the soldiers attached them to. Cameron instantly opened fire on the helicopter. He shot the lines and kept aiming for the pilot. The helicopter had a person with a M16 start shooting at us on semi-auto. Tim kept shooting the people on the ground. Soon Cameron hit the pilot and the helicopter crashed onto the people and zombies.

I leaned out the window. “Good job Cam,” I told him. I leaned back in and drove us home. When we got home my mom, Kenzie, Bubba, Sarge, and Jessie were waiting for us.

My mom stood up and waited by the barn for me. When I got out she looked mad, but concerned. “Where were you guys? Where’s Sam?” She asked.

“Sam was a spy, sent by the Safe Point,” I told. “She met with him. I knew so I had Tim and Cameron come with me. Sam got away, the Leader called backup but we took care of them with help from the infected, and let’s just say we don’t have to worry about the Leader anymore. Okay, any questions?”

My mom didn’t reply. “Good, now I’m freakin’ starvin’ so, if you don’t mind I’m gonna go eat,” I said and walked off. Everyone followed. I fixed a pizza and went to my room with Bubba. I brushed my teeth and went to sleep, huddled up with my Bubba.

## Chapter 4: First Signs

I awoke the next morning by being shoved off the bed by Bubba. I stood. I looked at Bubba. He was still asleep. I left the door cracked for him and went to take a shower. When I got out Bubba was still in bed. I got dressed and brushed my teeth. When I returned to my room to get my guns, I looked out the window. I saw something coming towards the house slowly.

“Oh crap,” I said. I sprinted down the stairs. I ran outside. I saw a semi. It had a large trailer in which livestock would be put in. I shot once in the air, as a signal to stop, also to alert everyone. Moments later, Cameron came out. Next was Tim, then Kenzie, and my mom was last. Cameron and Tim were the only ones armed.

“There’s a semi coming up pretty fast. Mom, Kenzie, get back in the house. Tim, Cameron, and I have got this,” I said. “Come on you guys. Cam, you got the gun.” My mom and Kenzie went back inside. We sprinted to the truck. I started it. I backed out of the barn and headed to the road from which the semi was coming from. Cameron shot a few times in the air. Still, the truck refused to stop. “Tim, tell him to blow out the tires,” I said. Tim did as I asked and returned.

Cameron began to shoot the tires, one by one. The semi flipped on its side! The trailer door opened and out flooded bodies, except they weren’t dead... they were undead. Cameron turned his attention to the zombies they began to scatter. Most zombies began heading for the house, some towards the lake, and some towards the woods. Cameron knew to kill the ones heading for the house, then the ones heading to the lake, and then the ones heading for the woods. Tim leaned out and began to join the rampage. I saw the driver climb out. He was from the Safe Point, he was a suicide. I got my Desert Eagle and shot him in the face.

I put my gun away and kept driving. Tim killed the ones going to the lake and Cameron killed the ones going for the house. They both killed the random ones heading for the forest. We were lucky.

The Eastern Safe Point was aware where we were and weren’t going to stop until we were dead. We needed to get far, far away. How about America far?



## Chapter 5: Bye to Australia

When we cleaned up and returned home it was dark. We had to have a discussion. I sat at the dinner table with Tim, Cameron, Kenzie, and my mom. “Mom, we need to get far, far away from here,” I said. “It’s not safe. There are various places we can go. For example we can go to Japan, America, west of here, or India.”

“Okay, let’s go to America. We know how to get through there,” she replied.

“I agree, but when we go to the airport we will need a new plane, not the last one we used,” I told her.

“Let’s go tomorrow, that way we can get everything in the SUV,” my mom said.

“I can lead since I have the M60 on it,” I said. “You will have to take extra but I can take three people.”

“Alright,” my mom said and nodded. “We need to leave bright and early.”

“Okay, I’ll see you tomorrow morning,” I said and took Bubba to my room. I got in bed and went to sleep.

The next morning we packed up the car. Kenzie, my mom, Sarge, and Jessie rode in the SUV. Tim, Cameron, and I took the truck. I saw all the guard dogs. “Hey Mom, what should we do with them? We can’t take them?” I said.

“Let them go free, let them have some life,” she said and continued.

“Okay,” I said. I walked up to the cage and let them out. “Goodbye puppies. Too bad we can’t take you.” They ran off and I went back to the truck. Cameron was already sitting in the back, Tim was on the outside, and Bubba was in the middle. I got in the driver seat and started it. My mom waited for me to pull away before she left.

We drove down the road until we reached the town. Cameron shot down some zombies before I had a chance to hit them. We continued through the town to the airport. We saw the planes. I saw the one we had rode in and three others. I drove to the nearest one. I parked and got out. I let Bubba out and Tim stepped out. Cameron hopped down.

My mom arrived soon after. She, Kenzie, Sarge, and Jessie got out of the car. We regrouped. “Okay, let’s search the plane, make sure there is enough fuel, and no zombies,” I said. “Start unloading the stuff.”

Cameron, Tim, and I walked off into the plane. Cameron went to the cockpit. Tim walked to the very back and I checked all the seats. Cameron soon came back.

“Hey, the plane has plenty of fuel. We can probably make it to Japan,” Cameron said. “Do you want to refuel?”

“Na, we’ll be okay,” I said. “Let’s go back outside and help them.”

Tim soon joined us and we went outside. The car was unloaded. Tim, Cameron, and I put the boxes of things in the plane. My mom and Kenzie took Sarge, Jessie, and Bubba onto the plane. Once she, our mom, and Bubba were on they began to take Jessie and Sarge. That’s when they heard something. The dogs began barking and sprinted away towards the town. “No!” I shouted. But they were gone and we couldn’t get them back.

Once everything was on the plane, Cameron started it. We all sat down and fastened our seatbelts. He got it on the runway. We started going faster. Soon, we were no longer on the ground.

Nearly five minutes later we were no longer in Australia. Below me, all I saw was water.

## Chapter 6: Oceania

We were now in the place known as Oceania. Occasionally I saw islands of which I didn't know the name of. We didn't stop at any of the islands.

The plane ride was very boring until I went to talk to Tim. He was still in his seat, drawing. "Hey, Tim," I said. He looked up at me. "What do you want to do?"

"I don't know," You want to go... look around and try to find something to do?"

"Sure, beats sitting around here. Just let me go get Bubba real quick."

"Okay, I'll be here. Just try not to take too long. Okay?" He smiled. I looked in his eyes. They showed a different emotion, fear.

I returned the smile. "Alright, don't worry I'll be right back." I walked back to my seat.

Then I stood there thinking. *Wait, Tim never acts like that. Something must be wrong.* I got Bubba and walked back to Tim.

"Hey, let's go to the back and look around. There might be something cool back there," he said.

"Okay, let's go," I said. He stood and we walked to the back. I saw a body with its brains splattered behind it. "You were bit weren't you?" He looked at the ground. "When?"

"When I checked back here," he said. "I don't know why it's taking so long to affect me, until now that it is. I just now got symptoms."

"Oh, oh my god," I said. "What should we do?" I looked at him.

"You're my best friend Andrew, so I want you to be the one to take-" I cut him off.

"NO!" I screamed. "I won't kill you Tim." My eyes began to fill with tears.

"I won't kill myself and I don't want to kill any of you," he said. Tears formed in his eyes. Tim has never cried in front of me.

I thought for a second. "Tim, okay." I said finally. "How should I do it?"

"Use your Desert Eagle," he said. "I want to go in style. Just put it to my temple, and pull the trigger... It's been fun."

"Yeah... it has Tim," I said. I pulled my pistol. He got ready. I pulled back the hammer. I put it to the side of his head. "Goodbye." I pulled the trigger. *Click!* I was empty! I searched my pockets.

"Tim, that was my last mag," I told him. I actually had one strapped to my ankle. That was my reserve mag. Even Tim had no idea I had that.

"Use your M4A1," he said. I sighed. I chambered my rifle. I put it to Tim's temple. I reluctantly pulled the trigger. This time, it shot. My friend fell to the ground of the plane dead. I dropped my gun and looked at what I had done. I dropped to my knees. Kenzie, my mom, and Bubba (I made him stay outside.) rushed in.

"What happened?" Kenzie asked shocked, we all were. I looked up at her.

"He was infected," I said. "He wanted me to do it... I-I had to." I looked up at them. We were now a group of five.

## Chapter 7: Japan

We left Tim where he was, unsure of what to do with the body. I told Cameron and he told me we would land in Japan soon. I got my mom and Kenzie ready to land. Bubba was already at my seat sitting down waiting for me. I sat in my seat and buckled it. Then I looked at my dog he now had his left paw on my right knee. I put my hand on his paw. “I love you Bubba,” I said and patted his head.

He went to sleep on the floor. Nearly thirty minutes later we landed. We all piled out. “Cam, refuel the plane. Mom, guard the plane with Kenzie, and I’ll guard Cameron,” I said. We all nodded and went to do our jobs.

I had my M4A1 out. Cameron put the hose in the plane. “Cameron, I need ammo bad, what about you?” I asked.

“I have one clip for my Barrett and a bullet for my .44.” Cameron looked to his right to where the women were.

“They are probably completely out and don’t know it. We need to get ammo before leaving Japan.”

“Japan is, *was* a highly populated place. We’ll need to be quiet and careful.”

“Yeah, the women can stay and we can grab them new guns and lots of ammo.”

“Okay, sounds good,” Cameron replied. We stood there for several minutes without talking. Then Cameron finally broke the ice. “The plane should be full.”

We then took out the hose and went to the women. I told them the plan and Cameron and I went to the parking lot in search of a car.

We finally found a suitable one and continued on our journey. We drove to a police station. I walked in with Cameron watching my back. We walked through it with no problem. We reached the armory fairly quickly. There was a sign on the door. I later decoded it and it read: **Armory**. I reached for the door knob and twisted it open. I flung open the door with my M4A1 ready. There were no undead but there were plenty of guns. There was also some blood here and there.

*There was a fight here.* I thought. I checked my clips. I had a total of two left. I put my M4A1 down. I saw a MP5. I took it and some clips. I sadly looked at my Desert Eagle. “Goodbye old pal,” I said sadly. I put it away also. I traded it for a P99.

I would like to take a minute to tell you about my guns if you don’t mind... The MP5 is a submachine gun that has a thirty bullet clip. It can fire single, three round burst, or automatic. It first was made in 1991. Now I would like to talk about the P99... The P99 is a pistol that has a sixteen bullet clip. It fires semi auto and was first made in 1996.

So now that you know a little background on my guns, let’s continue... Cameron put his Barrett and got an AA-12 and an USP.

The AA-12 is a shotgun. It has a drum that on average holds thirty-two rounds. It fires in full auto only. The USP is a pistol that holds twelve rounds in its clip. It fires only in semi auto and was first made in 1993.

I grabbed a large bag of the other guns. I threw in random guns I saw and a lot of the ammo there. We then exited the police station and got back to the car without a problem. I put the bag of weapons in the back. I drove us back to the airport where the women and Bubba were waiting. They were sitting on the steps of the plane. I got out and dropped the bag in front of them. They dove in. My mom settled on a Winchester 1894 and a M1911.

The Winchester is a lever action rifle and holds six rounds. It (obviously) was first produced in 1894. The M1911 is a semi auto pistol that holds seven rounds per clip. It was first produced in (also obvious) 1911. It is a *very* popular pistol.

Kenzie chose a M60. I looked at her. “Kenzie, you are *not* getting an M60. I don’t know why that was in a police station, along with half these guns!” I said. So, she instead chose an AK-47 and Glock.

The Glock is a pistol that was first made in 1982. It holds on average seventeen bullets per clip. It fires auto, burst, or semi auto. (This one was semi auto only.) The AK-47 is an assault rifle that has a clip of thirty rounds. It was originally produced in 1949. It fires semi auto, burst, or auto.

We all had four clips per gun oddly enough. We got back in the plane and soon began take off. We were soon only above the ocean. I was checking out my gun, same as everyone else. (Except Cameron and Bubba because one was flying and one was a dog...)

Last thing I remember I was looking through the sights. Then, I awoke. We were in California. Back to the good old United States of America, or what it used to be...

## Chapter 8: California

We soon left the plane. We were even at the same old airport! Everything was back to normalish... (Except for the people, guns, and direction.)

I was happy to be home. We knew how to get everywhere here. Also where to avoid. We also didn't have to worry about learning a new language to read the signs.

We found an SUV and took it. It was more than probably our old one for all we knew. All we took was fuel, little food and drinks, dog food, ammo, and our guns. We were prepared for anything, but I hoped we wouldn't have to face a single opponent.

If anything, I hoped to find more people, which of course many would hope to. But, that would come at a terrible cost. We would just use up supplies faster, and faster. All the way until North and maybe South America were picked clean. Then we would need planes or boats (and enough supplies to get there.).

Or maybe we could settle down and build a farm. Then expand, building fences to keep away the undead. But, then again, wasn't that the same as a Safe Point?

We knew we would eventually be forced to enter the dangerous states of Nebraska and Colorado where the disease originated. But first, why not go north? There were many choices and many solutions. They all lead to different lives, different routines, and most importantly different us.

By the time I settled that crisis though, we were entering the state of Oregon.

## Chapter 9: Oregon

Oregon, the state that contains volcanic mountains, deserts, and the coast of the Pacific Ocean on the west. I think it is an acceptable state to live in, just not for my taste. Well, it looked like it was a nice state...

We no longer required guns so gun shops were not a place that we needed to go to. I missed my old guns, but my new ones had benefits. Like the Desert Eagle was *huge* and had horrible recoils. It also had a small clip. The P99 has a larger clip, is smaller, and is easier to fire with one hand. The M4A1 was rather large for small places, but the MP5 is smaller, lighter, and more portable. Although, my old guns did deal more damage...

We had no main plan, but we did want to go somewhere where it was small, secluded, and easy to guard. So probably a coast, island, or something along those lines would have been nice. We thought we were just going anywhere at the time.

We were on a road in a smaller town called Ashford going down the main street when we saw a boarded up place nearly a thousand feet away with undead surrounding it. We saw movement on the inside and heard gunshots. We stopped the SUV. I jumped out. *It's time to test these guns.* I thought. I raised my MP5.

I looked through the sights and found a target. I opened fire. I took it down with two shots. As Cameron, Kenzie, and my mom opened fire more hit the ground, some realized we were there, and the others continued their tasks. We continued our slaughter with help of the person inside. There were originally fifty. (There were more bodies on the ground.)

Now there were thirty undead. We were on our pistols. (We still had ammo we just didn't want to waste it.) I loved my guns. I saved more clips on my P99 and my MP5 was quicker to reload.

By the time the undead were dead our primary guns needed to be reloaded and my pistol needed a new clip.

The door to the place slowly opened as we approached. I raised my P99. The others were behind me. I saw a boot. Then I saw another. I looked up and saw a familiar face. "A.J. is that you?" I asked confused. He had slightly ripped clothes and had dirt on him. He had a Raging Bull and a FN P90.

The FN P90 is a submachine gun. It was made in 1990. It has a fifty bullet clip. It fires in semi auto, auto, or burst. The Raging Bull is a rather large revolver with a bad kick. It holds (like most) six bullets. It fires (obviously) semi auto only.

"Yeah, it's me," he said. "What are you guys doing here? I thought you guys had died."

"Psh, nope, we got away in our RV. You're looking at the only survivors, though. Well, Bubba is in the car," I told him. "You can come with us if you want. We have no exact destination though."

"Alright, I know Tommy is in Nevada," he replied. "Well, the last time I heard he was in Nevada."

"Yeah, that was supposed to be a pretty dangerous place for the first months, but now they have probably spread to other states," I said back. "We can pick him up too. What city is he in?"

"Last time I checked, Reno," A.J. told me. "That place is pretty heavily populated."

"Yep, so we'll have to be extra careful," I told him the obvious. Just then Bubba

barked. I walked to the car and let him out. After he used the restroom several times, got acquainted with A.J., and got some food and water we left. Once on the road, we had no plan to stop until Reno. (Except to use the bathroom, get gas, and eat.)

A.J. and I spent most the time catching up. Cameron joined in occasionally but mainly everyone kept quiet. We talked about how he (and occasionally other survivors) had starved every town of its resources in Oregon and had even started going into the neighboring states. It only took six months for an entire state to be drained of resources. He had been stocking up. He planned to stay there, permanently until they surrounded the house.

We knew in Nevada we would have to face deserts, probably road blocks from the military, and undead...

## Chapter 10: Nevada

Did you know that Nevada was the thirty-sixth state and it was acquired on October 31, 1864? In 2008 they had approximately 2,600,167. That is why we needed to avoid that state... I'm being sarcastic because that's not much....

I had just saw the sign and I could already saw demolished buildings, flipped, crashed, and burning cars, bodies, roaming undead, and plenty of fires, but no people.

We continued southwest. Once we reached city limits of Reno I had still seen no people. It was starting to get dark by then. We headed towards the suburb area. That's the place Tommy would go for. We kept going until we reached a house that was boarded up and had a car outside. "Stay here, I'll go see if he's there," I told them.

I got out. I headed to the house with my MP5 raised and ready to kill. I walked up past the mailbox and past the black car. I walked up to the door.

I leaned on the wall. I listened and heard walking inside. I tried the doorknob. It was locked. I backed away. I looked at the hinges. I aimed at them. Then I pulled the trigger. Seconds later, the door fell back. I rushed in and saw Tommy crouching down aiming a XD9 and on the ground near him was a few bullets and clips He was loading the clips. I lowered my gun. He still aimed. "Tommy! It's me don't shoot!" I shouted. He lowered his pistol.

The XD9 is a pistol that fires semi auto only and has a clip of sixteen. It was first produced in 1999.

"Hey, what are you doing here, and why did you destroy my door?" He asked.

"Well, it was locked, and A.J. told us you would be here. So, we came to get you, to join our group," I said.

"Uh," he said then thought. "Well, I have to get a new door or just travel with you guys. I think I'll go with you. I hate Reno. It's too populated. It's impossible to get food here without using half your ammo!" We walked back to the car and got in.

Everyone looked at him then me. "I got him, but we need to find another car," I said. We looked at Tommy.

"We can't use mine, it's out of gas," he said. We all sighed. Up the road I saw a truck. It was newer than my old one in Australia.

"Truck!" I shouted and pointed. I got out and ran to it. The window was down and I found the keys. I motioned for them to drive up. They did. I walked up to my mom who now had her window down. "You and Kenzie can take the truck. We'll take this," I said and tapped the door.

"Alright, how much gas is in it?" She asked. "I hope it has at least half a tank."

"Yes Mom, it has a full tank," I said. She and Kenzie got out and I got in. "Let's go to the nearest hardware store or somethin'. We need walkie-talkies." They walked to the truck.

"Who rides shotgun?" Tommy asked. We all looked at him. Then, at each other.

"Tommy, it's Bubba," I said then got Bubba up front with me. Tommy's jaw dropped. "Shut up Tommy, Bubba's awesome." Then I took off. The hardware store was pretty close. A.J. and I walked in while Cameron and Tommy "guarded" the car.

A.J. and I had flashlights out to see in the dark. If the electricity still worked, it would only draw undead. I searched isles for the walkie-talkies. I reached the last isle. I



walked into it with my P99 and flashlight ready like I had for all the others. I looked at items they were at the end farthest from me. I finally saw them. There were four total left. The walkie-talkies were larger and black with a small, hard antenna. Then I grabbed the batteries it required. Then A.J. and I exited.

When we walked out we heard woman's scream, then a gunshot. We ran towards the sounds. Kenzie was on the ground with her Glock out. In front of her was a body of a zombie. Her shoulder was now bleeding.

She stood, leaning on the truck. Everyone soon joined A.J. and I standing there. We looked at her wound. "I'm fine," she said then got in the truck. My mom joined her in the truck. They talked as we silently walked back to the SUV. We got in and drove behind them. Then Kenzie yelled something and jumped out of the truck. She sprinted off into the darkness. My mom got out and ran after her.

"No!" I yelled then I began to follow, but I tripped. By the time I was back to my feet, they were gone.

"Where did they go?" I screamed to my friends. They had no answers. "Well?" Then I saw them gasp. I started to see blood. I looked where I had fallen. It was onto a rock huge rock. I had bashed open my head. I stumbled towards where A.J., Tommy, and Cameron were. I started to feel the pain and blood filled my field of vision. Then I looked back to my friends. Next, I hit the ground again and blacked out.

I awoke briefly in the car. It was a blur and extremely brief. Cameron was driving while A.J., Tommy, and Bubba surrounded me. The humans were yelling while Bubba whined and licked me. I couldn't understand them, except for a few words like 'help', 'we're going to lose him', 'lots of blood', 'drive faster', and 'her house'. I got an extreme headache as everything got black again.

I then awoke again in a dark room only lit by a lamp and some candles which were there for the scent not for light. Near the lamp were three chairs. In them were Cameron, A.J., and Tommy below them I saw Bubba all sleeping. I heard footsteps and turned. "You're awake," she said. I recognized the voice, but I couldn't see her. Then she took a step into the light. It was a girl I knew, KC.

"WH-where am I?" I asked. "How did I get here and where is my family?" She listened closely and after I finished took a second to reply.

"You're at my house, it's in Carson City," she replied. "Cameron drove you. We don't know where your Mom or sister is, but where ever they are, I know they're safe." I however doubted that. I didn't want to get emotional in front of her.

"Who did all the medical crap?" I asked. "Was it you or one of them?" I leaned my head to my sleeping friends.

"Well, it was mainly me, but Cameron helped," she told me. I nodded. She laughed. "I'm kidding, we just assisted and watched. It was this guy I know, he's far gone now. He sometimes comes here, you guys got lucky."

I looked down and my guns were gone. "Where are my guns?" I asked slightly frustrated.

"They're over here," She walked over to the door. She reached into a dresser that had a candle on it. She pulled out my holster, guns, ammo, and MP5 strap. She brought them to me and handed me them. I put on my holster and put my ammo in my dirty jeans pockets. I leaned up and put my MP5 on its strap then on my back.

I looked up at her. "How long was I out?" I asked. She thought for a few moments.

“Only like, three or four hours,” KC answered. “It’s still dark out.”

“Okay,” I said and slid off the table. “What should we do about those four?”

“Let’s just let them sleep,” she said. “We need to catch up; we haven’t seen each other for like six months.”

I followed her out of the room into the living room. After that I saw the kitchen then a hallway with five doors. One door was a closet, two were bathrooms, and the rest were bedrooms. We sat in the living room on her couch. “Okay, let’s talk,” I said. “I want to start by saying you should come with us. We have no real destination, but it’s better than sitting here alone isn’t it?”

“I guess. I can leave a note for what’s his name,” she said. She stood and went to the kitchen where there was a notepad and pen. She wrote him a note about her leaving and she wouldn’t be back. Then she returned. “Okay, now what?” Then Bubba walked in along with the other three.

“About time you wake up!” I exclaimed. They were still tired. They popped down on the couch. “We’re heading out in the morning, okay?” Then we all went to sleep, scattered around the house. When I awoke we immediately left. Bubba rode in the back, I drove, Tommy, Cameron, and A.J. sat in the back, and KC had shotgun. By the way, she had a SPAS-12 and a M1911.

You already know about the M1911. The SPAS-12 is a shotgun that shoots by pump or semi auto (KC’s shot in pump only.). It was made in 1979 and holds eight shells.

We were going east, far away from California. We soon entered the state once called Utah.

# Chapter 11: Utah

Utah, the capital was Salt Lake City. It was the forty-fifth state that joined America on January 4, 1896. In 2008 the population was around 2,736,424. There was a war in Utah called the Utah War in 1857 that ended in 1858. If anything, this state would be more dangerous than Nevada! Its population was about a hundred *thousand* more!

This state was not a fun one. It was the first state without my family. We were lost. I was now in charge of five lives, not including mine. If I made a mistake, we could all die.

We continued east towards Indiana. That was our new destination. We knew that state better than any other, and why not go back to where we started it all? We knew this would be a treacherous path, but faster than the first, for the first we had avoided Nevada and Colorado. Now though, we didn't care what happened.

"Hey, I want to say that I want you guys to kill any undead you see, if you can't kill it with one shot don't fire again! We'll need that ammo," I told everyone. "We protect each other and don't leave anyone behind. If you're infected, then you're not our problem anymore, sorry but that's how it has to be. Everyone understand?" They nodded, and I continued driving.

The sun had begun to rise as we entered a town called Riverton. It was fairly small, probably a population of a thousand or two at max. There were about five roads in the town. It was old and there were three restaurants, two businesses, a park, one gas station, and a grocery store.

I stayed on the main road that took us downtown. I could see the end of the town and there was the gas station. That's when I heard the *ding*, which signaled that we were low on fuel. I drove into the gas station. I had Tommy and A.J. check the gas pumps. All were empty except for one. I pulled up. I pumped gas while they covered me, but I could pump and shoot a few at the same time.

I started to think about something as the gas pumped when Tommy yelled, "Here they come!"

They all raised their guns and took aim. There were no human zombies, but there were twelve undead dogs. They had no bites, so they must have eaten infected flesh. Tommy was in front of the car, he was their easy target. He shot his XD9 at them as many times as he could they kept closing in as everyone struggled to get a shot. By the time the pack was twelve feet away there were still eight.

Tommy kept firing, even after he heard the click. Two attacked his knees, two for his arms, one went for his chest, and the rest went for anything. Everyone ran around the car to help, but he was dead. The dogs continued eating as my friends shot them.

The car was full so I ran around. I looked at the carnage; his face was half missing along with four fingers, several chunks throughout his body, and his right ear. I looked at my friends they knew they could take part of the blame, but Tommy had been in front of the SUV and didn't run at all. It could have been prevented.

I knew he would return soon. I pulled out my P99. He had only been with us for a while, and he wasn't the greatest survivor. It was going to happen sooner or later. I cocked one in the chamber, and then I shot him.

After we got back in the car and drove away from that town. We knew if we had already lost two to three already. Then, how we would be able to truthfully say we

wouldn't be next?

I just hoped I wasn't the next to die. If I had to protect any of the people with us it would be Bubba and KC. Mainly because I love Bubba and KC was a girl (not to be sexist). A.J. and Cameron could take care of themselves.

We drove away from the small town. We kept aiming east for Indiana, our home state. We had a long way to go, a total of four more states... if we survived.

We may have to make some changes according to roads, populations, and things like that. At least four states, possibly more until we reached Indiana. We soon reached the state border.

## Chapter 12: Colorado

With a population of approximately 4,939,456 in 2008 Colorado can be considered a small state. The capital was Denver; it got statehood on August 1, 1876 and was the thirty-eighth state.

Now that you know some background on the state, let's continue...

Once in Colorado we continued east for Indiana. I still missed my family, but I needed to survive and help the others survive. I was now their leader. I was probably their only hope also.

It was around noon as we entered a town called Jonesville. The population was around probably four thousand I'd say, but I have no idea. There were several stores and a couple of gas stations here and there. I saw three restaurants one Mexican and the other some type of Asian food. The other was American. We stopped at a grocery store for some food and water.

A.J. and I went inside while the others stayed outside. As I walked in I could smell the expired food. It was horrible I covered my nose with my wrist and held back the need to vomit. A.J. looked at me. "Ugh, what's that smell?" He asked.

"The nasty expired food that's been here for months," I replied. The vegetables and fruit were mostly black and moldy. Flies were swarming them. "This is freakin' nasty. Let's grab the crap we need and get the eff outta here!"

"Alright, I got the cans you can get water," he said. I nodded in agreement while still covering my nose. I went to the freezers. They smelled worse with the sour milk and other crap. I saw the most expensive water and grabbed as much as I could. Then I saw some bags and put the water in. There were around twenty bottles that were the average size. A.J. had two bags full of random cans he had almost *all* the cans in the store. I looked at the bags then at him.

A.J. started looking behind me and began to point. That's when I heard some growling and turned around. I dropped the bag and drew my P99. I got on a knee. In front of me were eight undead. A.J. put his bags down nicely so not to dent the cans and got out his FN P90. I fired first then A.J. started. I quickly took three down with four bullets. One dove on me! I backhanded it and it fell off. "Dat's what I thought!" I exclaimed. I shot it in the face as it looked up at me. A.J. had taken down the other four.

I stood up and checked my clip. I had three bullets and the one in the chamber. I put the clip back in and looked at him. "Good job, now let's go," I said and huffed. We picked up our bags and started to walk out as KC and Cameron walked in. Before they could start I told them what happened. We returned to the car and continued on our way. We got gas and left the town. I looked in my rearview mirror and saw undead start to fill the streets. I chuckled. *Good thing we got out when we did.* I thought.

Once out of the now filled of undead town we continued our journey. A.J. started searching through the cans. "Uh, these are all dented already. They may have some type of disease in them. Let's stop somewhere," he said.

I sighed. "Alright, we can stop in the next town," I replied and went a little faster.

About thirty miles later I found a suitable town where there were only a few roaming undead. I saw some flipped cars on fire and some buildings burnt to the ground and some that soon would be. Soon though I saw more that were untouched by disaster, but

still zombies were around. This time only I went in the store for the food. Inside this store it also smelled horrible. I grabbed a basket and continued. I covered my nose with my wrist again since my P99 was in my hand. I looked at the aisle titles and went to aisle seven. I saw a zombie that was feeding. "Clean up in aisle seven," I said to myself, laughed, and shot. I sent the contents of his head all over the tile floor. I shot the other body also, for safety measures. Then I searched for the cans while humming. I saw them and before putting those in I checked for any dents, openings, or anything that looked odd.

I put in canned fruits, canned spaghetti, and some canned vegetables. Then I left and went back to the SUV. As I exited I saw KC, Cameron, and A.J. shooting at a horde of probably twenty which looked as if it was originally thirty-five or thirty-six. I shot at them also. After three shots I ran dry. I slid out my clip and put in one of the last two. *Crap, I'm low.* I thought and kept firing.

"Come on! Get in the car; we need to go now before we waste all our ammo!" I shouted over the shooting. They ran back to the car and I got in also. When I climbed in I realized the car smelled horrible. I looked towards the back at Bubba. "Boy, did you fart?" I asked. We all then cracked our windows then I drove off.

Once the awful smell was gone we rolled up our windows. "I think I should let Bubba out. I'll do it when we're out of this town," I said. Several minutes later we were out of the town. We were on the highway. I stopped and let him out. He jumped down and ran up to a tree. He used the bathroom then went in a bush and did something similar.

Once done he returned with his tail wagging. "You proud of yourself or somethin'?" I asked. He barked. Bubba was panting so I poured some water in a bowl for him. He immediately engulfed it. Same with his dog food. Then I put him back in the back. I went back to the front and got behind the wheel. I started it and continued to drive east. We soon reached the edge of Colorado.

## Chapter 13: Kansas

Finally, regular territory, Kansas. We had been here during the last trip. During the year 2008 they had a population around 2,802,134. The capital of this state was Topeka. It got statehood on January 29, 1861 and was the thirty-fourth state.

Only a few states away from home, a total of three. We knew all the towns in Indiana, well most so we should know where to go and where to avoid. It would be *way* easier to survive, and we could figure out if any people escaped from the Eastern Safe Point. I knew A.J., Tommy, Cameron, and KC had so maybe others had escaped. Although, I doubted more than three or four had escaped. The horde that had attacked was *massive*, maybe a hundred or two large! The poorly trained guards had no chance. If I remember correctly there were only four or five real soldiers, and they had just completed basic training! My friends and I could have probably been better guards. I've been told I'm a good shot.

We knew Kansas well enough that there would either be a lot of undead or barely any in a town. I checked my ammo. I had three MP5 clips and two P99 clips remaining. I might have a chance of not running out as long as I had 100% accuracy, which I did not.

We continued on the interstate, only getting off for gas. When we did I pumped, Cameron and A.J. guarded, and KC walked Bubba for me. There were only the occasional zombie or two, nothing major. That was until we were in a town with an unknown name to me or my friends. We had not stopped for a while and were on E.

When we stopped we did the usual. As I pumped I could see a zombie in the corner of my eye. When I looked I already had my P99 for a quick shot. When I had aimed down my sights I realized there were at least eighty! "Crap," I said. I put away my P99 and got out my MP5. "Cam, A.J. you guys, come help me!" I yelled. I opened fire while they quickly scrambled over and got out their guns. By that time I had switched clips and had taken down fifteen. Before I knew it KC had put Bubba up and was helping us slay our undead zombie foes. I shot one seven times before killing it.

Cameron shot two with a few shots. I had reloaded two times by the time there were four left. I was on my last clip so I switched to my P99 and shot them. I reloaded my P99 and realized the car was full of gas. I then got in the car and waited for the others. Next, we took off again. I was on my last clips. We had to stop for ammo.

Fifty miles down the road I told my friends we had to find ammo. They told me that they were completely empty.

We searched a few towns until finding a large gun shop that wasn't completely empty. When we entered, I realized this looked more like a military armory than a gun shop!

I found a great assault rifle that I liked. It was called the HK416. Also I got a pistol known as the 90-Two.

The HK416 is an assault rifle that holds thirty rounds in one clip. It fires semi auto and auto. It was first made in 2005. The 90-Two is a pistol that holds seventeen bullets and was produced 2006. It fires semi auto only.

Cameron chose the M1 Carbine. He also wanted a pistol named the P226.

The M1 Carbine is a rifle that holds thirty rounds and fires semi auto. It was made in 1941. The P226 is a semi auto pistol made first in 1984 and holds twelve bullets per clip.

KC only wanted one gun. KC chose the Px4 Storm is a small pistol that holds thirteen bullets per clip. It is only in semi auto and was first made in 2004.

A.J. chose the M200 Intervention and the LCR. The M200 is a sniper rifle and the LCR is a light compact revolver. The M200 holds seven bullets, is bolt-action, and was first made in 2001. The LCR holds five bullets and was first made in 2009.

We got some ammo too. I had four extra clips for each. Then we continued on our way for home.

After we left it had gotten dark. We found a small motel. Each of us got our own rooms. I got a shower and went to sleep with Bubba next to me.

I awoke to beating and some gunshots. I grabbed my 90-Two and ran to the window. There was KC and A.J. There were zombies quickly closing in. I let them in and closed the door. I locked it back. "Where's Cameron and what's going on?" I asked them.

"They got him first! I awoke to him screaming and there were two gunshots. A.J. and I met outside and saw them crawling into his window!" KC said. "A.J. peeked in. Cameron shot one and himself. A.J. got bit!"

I sat on my bed. *Oh God, what do I do!* I thought. Then I huffed and stood up. "A.J. you're one of my closest friends, but you're infected and you have to leave, or I shot you," I said. "I'm sorry A.J., but it has to be this way. Let's take care of it in the bathroom."

KC looked shocked and A.J. had mixed emotions. "Fine," was all she said. We walked in the bathroom while KC sat on the bed. I cocked my 90-Two. "Goodbye," I said sadly. I slowly pulled the trigger. Then when I walked out my window burst and KC was instantly grabbed. She screamed.

"No!" I shouted. Bubba sprinted up to me. I shoved him behind me. I ran towards the blinds as hands dragged her through the blinds. I didn't want to shot her, so I didn't take the shot. She kept screaming. I could see the fear in her eyes. I ran up to her as fast as I could. I then heard her scream, but this time in pain. I grabbed her hand and pulled as hard as I could.

"Let me go," she said. "I'm infected." I nodded in disagreement and continued the hopeless attempt to save her. "Andrew, let me go," she repeated.

"No," I said. I kept struggling as Bubba barked, the zombies pulled on the other end and begun to eat, and her telling me to do the impossible, let another person go. Then, the force got to strong.

"KC, no!" I screamed as I fell to the ground and she was pulled through the window. I stood up and knocked down blinds. I saw them feeding. I grabbed my HK416. I shot at the zombies while screaming. I ran empty and got my 90-Two and threw my HK416 at them. I emptied my clip into them. Then I flung the gun at them. By then, KC was now undead too. She stood among them as I came to my senses. Now, I had to take care of Bubba and me. I turned and saw a door that connected the rooms. I grabbed my key and unlocked it. When I opened it, there was another one! I kicked the door until it broke open. I ran in with Bubba behind me. I was in KC's room. I ran over to where her bed was. I slammed it up right where the door had previously been. I found her Px4 Storm and clips. I ran out the door with Bubba. When we were out I realized we were surrounded. When I tried to run back in I realized the undead had easily gotten through the door and continued into the room. I began to shoot. I took down eight before reloading. I ran into the bathroom with Bubba. I locked the door and sat in the bathtub with him. I looked at him. He was quietly whining.



“Well boy, this is where it ends,” I said. I stroked the top of his head and looked at his side. He had a bite. I began to cry instantly. He began to get disoriented. I pulled back the hammer of the Px4 Storm. He licked my face, and fell onto me dead. I had my gun ready. He didn’t return. I stroked the top of his head one last time. I kissed the top of his head for the last time. Then I whispered into his ear quietly, “Goodbye, boy.”

Then I put the gun to the side of my head, realizing there was no other way of survival. I then shot myself.

I heard beating. I awoke screaming, sweating, and grasping for air. I heard my friends outside shouting and banging on the door. I looked around. Bubba was whining. I kissed him and ran to the door. “You okay?” They all asked me.

“Yeah, just had a nightmare,” I said. “We should probably get out of here. Just let me get a shower.”

I got a shower and we left. I still remembered the dream as if it was real. I kept reliving it over and over. “Andrew, are you okay?” KC asked as I had reached the part where she was killed.

“Oh, yeah I’m fine,” I said. “I’m just a little tired. Don’t worry about it.”

She sighed. “Okay then,” she replied and went back to what the others were doing, being bored and staring at the road or scenery.

I was exhausted. I began to yawn. “Do you want me to drive?” Cameron asked.

I shook my head ‘no’ and yawned. “I’m alright,” I replied and kept driving. “Just keep your seatbelts on.” They then applied their seatbelts.

We had plenty more to travel for that day, and I was the only one who knew the map. We had lost the map a few towns back when we got overrun and had to face a lot. Then we get new guns and ammo. I began to get sleepy and slowly began to swerve. My eyes got heavy. Then, I passed out. “Andrew! Wake up!” KC shouted, but by the time I was awake it was too late. We hit a tree. Bubba flew up to the second row of seats and yelped. A.J. hit his head on the back of my seat. Cameron smashed his through the windshield and hit the tree face first, since he was the only one who didn’t have his seatbelt on. KC hit her face on the dashboard and I hit the wheel. The next thing I saw was darkness.

When I awoke my head was on the wheel and the horn was going off. No airbags had deployed. I leaned my head back against the seat and huffed. Up front I saw the windshield smashed and a tree that had Cameron’s blood on it. My head was pounding and my vision was blurry. KC was laying her head on the dashboard, still passed out. I looked back. A.J. was already awake. Bubba was also. Bubba licked my face. I looked at A.J. “You alright?” I asked. He nodded with his head still in his hands.

I shook KC. “KC, KC, wake up,” I said. She looked at me disoriented.

“What happened?” She asked and looked around. “Is everyone okay?”

“We crashed. I think we all are,” I said. “Except for Cameron, I don’t know if he survived. I’ll check on him though.” I stumbled out. I walked up to him. I took my index and middle finger and pressed them against his neck. I waited, but I felt nothing. I flipped him over to give him CPR. But I realized he was already dead, and there was nothing I could do. His head was bashed open. I turned away and puked.

“Ugh, oh my God,” I said and wiped my mouth. I looked at KC. “He’s gone. There’s nothing we can do. We need to get out of here. A.J. let’s go. Just let me get Bubba.”

After I got Bubba we buried Cameron and left. We kept walking east, away from the now setting sun. We had to find a safe place to stay for the night, or else we would be

out in the open and blind for the undead to attack.

We kept walking until we saw a dirt road. I stopped. "This probably leads to a house, which may have a car," I said. "If it's too far though, we could get trapped in the dark. It's gonna be democratic. So, who wants to take the chance and go for the house? And who wants to keep walking until we find who knows what?"

"I'll take the dirt road," A.J. said. We looked at KC who was pondering on her decision.

"I guess we can take the dirt road," she said. Then we took off again.

"Does everyone have a flashlight?" I asked. They nodded and we continued. We continued on the path until we reached two roads that split. We looked to the left which lead deeper into the woods. The right continued to a hill which looked like it had something on it. "Let's take the right path." We continued towards the houses.

We had probably two miles until we reached the houses, and maybe our new car. Nearly a mile later we were up the hill and the first house was in sight. "I can see the house!" I exclaimed. "We're gettin' close!" I smiled and looked at them. I looked down at Bubba and patted him on his head.

"Good boy," I said and continued walking. I heard my stomach growl. I clenched my stomach. "Ugh, I hope they have food."

"Me too," A.J. said and we looked at each other and nodded. We looked at KC and waited for her opinion on the matter.

"I'm pretty hungry too," she replied. I looked at her and nodded at her statement. Then I looked forward, towards our destination.

As we got closer to the house I realized that it had been a battle scene. There were at least twenty bodies, if not more.

"I think the only foods they have are human remains," I said.

I got my HK416 out and got ready to kill. I took off the safety and chambered it. As we closed in I realized the sight was pretty fresh. The smell was barely noticeable, so they hadn't been decaying for long.

"Hey, let's just go to the next house," I said. After I listened to them agree, we kept walking down the road. The next house was a little further, but I could see already that they had an SUV of some type. And as far as I could tell, no bodies.

After walking the fourth of a mile, we were there. I was correct, no bodies and a dark SUV with tented windows.

"Let's check out the house," I said and pointed my HK416 towards the house. They nodded and we walked up, ready to open fire. A.J. had his LCR out and KC had out the Px4. I had out the HK416 of course. I looked at them with my hand on the doorknob and nodded. I flung open the door and went in with my gun raised, they followed. I looked around. To the left there was a staircase. To the right was a hallway. In front was the living room then another hallway. "A.J., you take up stairs. KC, take the right. Me and Bubba will go this way. We meet here in five minutes," I said and we took our paths.

I walked down the hallway. At the end there was a kitchen. I approached the first door on my left. I put my HK416 away and pulled out my 90-Two. I flung the door open and looked around with my pistol ready to open fire. I was in the bathroom. I walked out and closed the door behind me. I walked a few feet and leaned against the door. It was on the right side. I listened for any sounds. I heard nothing so I barged in and raised my 90-Two. I looked around. It had been a young child's room. I didn't see anything. I

checked the closet, nothing in there either. I walked back out and saw Bubba waiting in the doorway for me sitting down. I patted his head and stepped out, closing the door behind me. I kept walking down the hallway to the last door. It was on the left. I opened it. It was only a closet. I closed it back and casually walked into the kitchen I saw a fridge, then a stove, sink, dishwasher, and then a table. I saw something behind the table hunched over. I got on a knee right next to Bubba. "Stay," I said. He sat and stayed as I asked. I was ready to shoot my 90-Two. I cocked it and cautiously walked towards the thing. I peeked around the chair that was blocking us. I couldn't see well enough. I could tell it was a human.

"Hey, you okay?" I asked. I approached more cautiously than before. I moved the chair and walked up to them. I put my 90-Two away and drew my HK416. I poked them in the back with the barrel. It spun its head.

"RAHHHHH!" It screamed. It was a woman. She had been eating a male. It toppled me over. My HK416 slid away. She reached in for a bite, but I held her head too far away.

"I'm not supposed to hit chicks, but I think it's okay in this situation," I said and punched her and she fell off. I drew my 90-Two, but before I could get a shot, she toppled me over again. My 90-Two also slid away, hitting my HK416. I punched her repeatedly with my right hand. Then I hit her with my left hand, causing her to fall off again. This time I reached for my Bowie Knife. "Now you've made me mad," I said and walked up to her. She jumped up with blood and flesh coming out of her mouth from her meal she had just eaten, screaming. I stabbed her in the nose before she could attack again. I saw a towel on the sink. I grabbed it and cleaned my knife. I put it away and grabbed my guns. I walked up to the guy with my 90-Two out. I shot him once in the head and walked back to the living room and sat on their couch. I sighed. Soon KC and A.J. came running into the living room also.

"What was that shot?" A.J. asked. I looked at him and at KC, then back at him.

"What do ya think?" I asked. "If you guys are done checking it out, maybe you wanna help me get rid of these bodies." We walked into the kitchen. A.J. helped me grab the guy. KC looked confused.

"Um, I thought you said there were *bodies*. I only see one," she said.

"Yeah, this one and a chick," I said. I looked over to where KC was.

"Well, she's gone," KC said. "I see some blood over here, but that's it."

I dropped the guy. "What?" I asked and walked over to her. "Oh crap, where did that psychopath go?" I got my 90-Two out. *I must not have destroyed her brain.* I thought.

"We need to find her," A.J. said. I nodded in agreement. I looked at the path of blood.

It went to the backdoor which was also located in the kitchen. It was open. I followed the path outside. It led to the back porch. I looked up and saw that in the backyard (which was fenced in) there were undead humans roaming it, probably about thirty, among them was the woman. I walked back in and closed the door. "There are some zombies back there," I said. "We need to take care of them before doing anything else."

They nodded. I got my HK416 out and they followed. They both had their pistols drawn. When I opened the door I immediately found my first target and killed it. They also began shooting. A.J. took down three before reloading. KC took down eight then reloaded. I took down twelve then reloaded. A.J. shot four and KC shot the last two. Then they reloaded.

We then went back inside. "A.J.," I said and he looked at me. "Come help me with

this body.” We picked it up and carried it outside. Next we put it down nicely on the porch. Then we went back inside.

“Hey, do you guys know how many bedrooms are here?” A.J. asked. “There’s one upstairs.”

“I have one in the hallway I searched,” I said. We looked at KC, waiting for her answer.

“I found two where I checked,” she said. “So, we each get one or what?”

“Yeah,” I said. “So, I guess I’ll see you guys later. I’m gonna get a shower then go to bed.” I got a shower, with cold water of course and went to bed as I told them I would. I didn’t have a dream that night.

I awoke early. In fact I was first awake. On the dresser in the room I found car keys. *Huh, must be for the car out front.* I thought.

Then I took Bubba into the kitchen with me in search of food. This caused me to remember, I hadn’t eaten yesterday! I found some pancake mix that hadn’t expired and made me two. I found Bubba some canned dog food, I never found their dog. It had not expired also. The smell of the pancakes caused A.J. and KC to awaken. “You guys should find food then we’ll leave,” I said. After Bubba ate I went to get him some water. I got a bowl and reached into the freezer for ice (like I always do), but of course without power it was all water. Bubba ran up to me, trying to smell and was planning on eating the ice like it was food.

“Bubba, it’s ice,” I told him and laughed. I filled the bowl with water from bottles. Then I put the bowl on the ground for him. He immediately began slurping it up. “Dang boy, you are thirsty.”

I looked at my friends who were sitting at the table. “I’m going to find some bags so we can take the cans and drinks,” I told them. “Well, mainly all the crap that isn’t expired and won’t for a while.”

I found a gym bag to put all the things in. I took bottled water, canned food, can opener, batteries for our flashlights, tooth brushes (they weren’t opened and ours were pretty old), canned drinks (soda can be good years after the expiration date.), and some tooth paste. Then we got in the SUV. When I started it I realized there was about a fourth of a tank. “Ah crap,” I said. “We only have a fourth of a tank. I hope we can find a gas station, and soon.”

I backed out of their driveway and drove on. We soon reached the intersection. I took a left and kept going. After we got off the dirt road, I took a right, going away from the crash site. Many miles later I had an eight of a tank and we had just entered a large town. At the edge of the town was a gas station. I pulled in and we got out. I began to pump the gas and I looked at them.

“A.J., try to snipe them and tell us when you see them. Only snipe them if they are coming towards us,” I told him. “No need for extra attention.”

He nodded and put his M200 on the car. I kept pumping while A.J. searched for zombies.

“KC, watch our back,” I told her. “Remember to tell us if you see any and to only fire if they are coming for us.”

“Uh huh,” she said. She got her Px4 Storm out and was ready to open fire.

“Hey, I think I see one,” A.J. said. “Wait, there’s a lot more. They’re coming for us!” He opened fire on one (as far as I could tell). Every time he shot he had to remember it

was bolt-action. KC went over to where he was to back him up.

Moments later she shouted, "Hey! I can see them!" I looked and I saw fifteen. By the time they were within range for KC there were nine. A.J. put his M200 away and got out his LCR. He joined her in shooting. I figured the car was full and pulled out the hose. I dropped it and got my HK416 out to help. I shot the remaining five and we got back in the car.

I started it and we drove away. The town wasn't as big as I thought. We were out in about a minute. I continued driving on their main road until I reached the highway. We continued on that until we reached a crash site.

There were two semis sprawled across both lanes and behind them was a passenger jet. It had an opening that I went for. As I drove into it, we looked at the inside of the plane. There were carts, chairs, and bodies thrown around everywhere. I saw one of the bodies on the left stand up. It turned and looked at us. It took off limping rather fast and screaming. I rolled down my window and shot it with my 90-Two. The shot echoed out as its brains splattered out behind it and it fell to the ground. The bullet shell hit the ground. We sat for a second. That's when I heard shuffling everywhere. I rolled up my window.

"We're going now," I said. I looked ahead of us and saw a horde of at least seventeen. "Crap."

Bubba whined and we chambered our guns. I put it and reverse and looked behind me. I floored it and heard the undead scream and charge at us.

"When I stop we get out and shoot!" I screamed. "No hesitations! Take cover behind the car. I'll get Bubba. I will back up as much as possible, but for now, just SHOOT!"

They leaned out their windows and opened fire, being on opposite sides. They got it down to seven before they reloaded and I stopped. I jumped out and got my 90-two. I opened fire, and emptied my clip. I eradicated them all with that clip and we left. I checked my ammo. I had two clips remaining in my pistol and one for my HK416; those included the one that was in the guns.

I went back through the plane, crushing many bodies along the way and kept going.

"Okay," KC began. "Now that we're through that, what next?"

"Well," I said. "How about finding a place to stay the night?"

"Sounds good," A.J. agreed.

"Okay," KC replied. "Where do you want to stay at?"

"The next hotel or house we see," I said. "Then tomorrow we will find a town and get some ammo, or at least new guns. I'm itchin' to get an AR15 or 16. I owned one before this started, an AR16, but I left it at home when we headed out. I panicked and couldn't find the key to the case, so I left it. I also had some swords, and plenty of knives."

"So when we reach Indiana we're set," A.J. said. "That is what you're telling us, right?"

"Well," I said. "I'll get my AR16, and my favorite knife, as long as the place wasn't raided. We did live in the country though. I don't know. You guys can have a sword and/or a knife."

"Alright," KC replied. "That sounds good to me."

"We're getting closer you guys," I said. "It'll just be a few days, unless you want to drive more."

"Na," A.J. answered. "It's okay. I hate being in the car as long as we have been

anyway.”

“I agree,” KC said and stretched a little.

After a few miles we arrived to a small motel. The sun was setting behind us. There were several cars and a wall made of wood. When I saw the wall I stopped.

“A.J.,” I said. “Get out and use your sniper. Don’t shoot, just tell me what you see. I’m low on ammo and don’t want to draw attention to the place. If there are people, we’ll go. I’ll have to leave you here though, with Bubba. You’ll be our sniper. You see anyone about to pull the trigger, you light them up. Be sure you see their finger pullin’ the trigger though. Can you handle that?”

“Yeah,” he said and got out. He put the gun on the hood and looked into the scope. After looking around he signaled me to get out of the car. I walked over to where he was. “They see us. They are human, and have a small whiteboard. They told me they saw us and said they were friendly.”

“Okay,” I said. “I still want you to stay. If everything goes smoothly, I’ll be back for you and we’ll go in for the night.”

He nodded and climbed a tree that we were near. I got in the car and told KC what we were doing. She accepted the plan and got her gun ready. She chambered it with it next to her knee.

We arrived to the gate. Two grown men opened the gate and let us in. I saw an RV, two women who were packin’ pistols, A.J.’s sniper friend on the roof, and a familiar face.

We parked and the men closed the gate. KC and I exited; I left Bubba in the car. KC had her hand in the pocket her gun was in. I had my HK416 out, it wasn’t shouldered though, although it was chambered and off safety. The men walked up to KC and I.

“Hello,” the larger one said. “I’m Brett, and my friend here is Thomas.”

“Hi,” I said and smiled. “I’m Andrew, this is KC, and my friend out there is A.J. Is it okay if we stay here tonight?”

“Well sure!” Brett exclaimed and smiled. “We’d be happy to have you. You guys can have room 104 and 105. We’d open the middle door. 104 has two beds, while 105 has one.”

“That’s great,” I said. “We’ll go pick up A.J. real quick and then we’ll go to our rooms.”

We picked up A.J. and began to drive back. “How are they?” A.J. asked.

“Okay I guess,” I said. “Just, don’t let your guard down. By the way, someone we know is there.”

“Who is it?” A.J. asked.

“You’ll see,” I said. “You’ll see...”

Once we arrived to the camp Brett and Thomas let us back in. I drove in front of our rooms and got out. We grabbed our crap and went in. KC took 105, and A.J. and I took 104. We left our crap and Bubba in our rooms and joined the group.

They were having a bonfire; they had made a make-shift place for it with bricks. They had lawn chairs surrounded it. They left three open for us. We sat down and Thomas was playing the guitar. I looked at the girls.

“Hey,” I smiled and waved. “I’m Andrew, these are A.J. and KC.”

One rolled their eyes. The other smiled at me and blushed a little.

“Hello,” the nice one replied. “I’m Sasha, and my friend here is Britney.”

Next I looked towards the familiar face. It was a guy, and he had noticed me a little.

He had gone to my school. I guess he had thought I died though because he seemed not to remember me, even though we used to be close friends. His name was Josh. We hung out occasionally and played games online together. It seemed like he was alone here.

“Aye, Josh,” I said and slightly looked up, gaining his attention. “You remember me?”

He squinted at me for a second before his jaw dropped. “Andrew?” He asked. I nodded while smiling. “Dude, where have you guys been? I knew you were heading to the Eastern Safe Point. I heard the rumors for the Western, and went for it, you know because I was in New Mexico at the time. I realized it wasn’t real and didn’t feel like heading for China. That’s when I headed for the Eastern. I went there, but it was wrecked. I thought everyone had died, so I traveled the country before ending up here. Kyle and Darian were with me, but they left last week. They were heading east, towards the coast. I have no idea what they were planning on doing. We just got a huge supply of food and water! Even some whiskey and some Champaign! We used them for Molotov Cocktails and drunk some. It helps ease the stress of all this crap.”

“Wow,” I said. “We were at the Eastern when it fell. We headed west. We realized it was a hoax and headed to China. Unfortunately we lost people when going to Cali. China was crazy, so we escaped and went to Australia. We lost some people there and headed to America. We’re going to Indiana. I know somewhere to stay at, and plus we know the terrain. You can come if you would like. We’re heading out bright and early. Oh yeah, and we have Bubba.”

“I don’t know,” he said and shrugged his shoulders. “I guess I could. It’s better than sitting here and waiting to die. There’s been raiders and undead around. We’re running low on ammo and have lost four people. The RV is mine, we can take it.”

“Good for you guys,” Thomas said. He had a bottle of whiskey in his hand. He chugged a lot and then almost fell into the fire. “Ya-you guys are better off leaving anyway. This place is almost done. It won’t last much longer, but I can’t leave. I’ve put too much work into it. I-I’m gonna, I’m gonna go back to ma room.”

Thomas stood up and stumbled back to his room. Britney left with Brett. I guess they were dating because Brett had his arm around her. Sasha, Josh, KC, A.J., and I stayed. I stared into the fire, watching it crackle and pop. The heat was nice to have. I looked up to see Sasha looking at me. She winked and stood up. She had drunk a little. She walked to room 123. Before walking in she looked back at me and smiled flirtatiously. KC yawned.

“I’m going to bed,” she said and walked to her room.

“Me too,” A.J. said and stood up. He stretched and walked to the room.

I decided to go see Sasha. When I opened the door she was on her bed.

“Hello,” she said. She stood up and walked to me. She closed the door and stood before me. I could tell that she wasn’t drunk, but she was a little tipsy. “I wanna go with you guys.”

She took her finger tips and slightly touched my chest, and she pushed me onto the door, which I then locked and began kissing me. I began kissing back and wrapped my arms around her. She moaned a little as I kissed her neck. I moved back to her lips and she flipped us and pushed me onto the bed. Sasha jumped atop me and began kissing me again. She removed my shirt and began to unbutton her shirt. That’s when I snapped to my senses. I got her off me and slid my shirt back on.

“What are you doing?” She asked.

“I just met you and this is crazy,” I said. “If this was the old world, I would give you my number, but it’s not. You’ve been drinking and I won’t take advantage of you when you’re drunk. You can still come with us if you want, but I’m not ready for that yet. I don’t even know how old you are!”

“I’m sixteen!” She yelled. “I definitely know you’re not above twenty!”

“You’re right!” I exclaimed. “I just don’t want this right now. I have too much to worry about! I have three other lives in my hands for Christ’s sake!”

“Fine,” she sadly said. “I still want to go. I guess I’ll see you tomorrow.”

I sighed and went back to my room where I went to sleep, cuddling with Bubba.

When I awoke, I heard a gun hammer cock and Bubba growl. I instinctively reached for my pistol and opened my eyes to see Brett.

“Get up,” he said. He was pointing his pistol at me. It was a six cylinder revolver.

“Screw you,” I said and aimed my 90-two from under the covers.

“Get up or your friends, your dog, and you die,” he calmly said. “A.J., KC, Josh, and even Sasha are out there. They’re tied up and ready to be executed.”

“Well,” I began. “I have my 90-two aimed at you. Unless you make a headshot I’ll go down shooting. I also hope you can kill Bubba and I in one shot, ‘cause otherwise he’ll rip you’re throat out or I’ll blow your brains out.”

He eerily smiled. “Pull the trigger,” he said, and I did. Instead of him dying I heard a click. That’s when I slowly reached for my knife. It was gone! “Now, what’s going to happen is that we will take all your food, water, and ammo and throw you guys outside.”

“Or,” I said. “This.” I threw the covers onto his face and bashed him in the face with my gun. He shot and I heard KC scream. Bubba barked and he shot again. This time Sasha screamed. I repeatedly pistol whipped him until he released his weapon and the covers were soaked with blood. I also waited for him to quit fighting. When I removed the cover, I saw I broke his nose. He was unconscious. I grabbed his revolver. I also grabbed my knife from his belt.

I quickly drug my knife across his throat. He began bleeding, and tried to scream but I covered his mouth. He bled to death quickly, I was sure to sever the jugular. I know it sounds outrageous, especially for me, but he threatened my life. Even worse, he threatened Bubba’s and my friends. I looked out the blinds.

“Bubba stay,” I said, he quietly woofed what I took as ‘yes’. I looked out the blinds again to see KC spit in Britney’s face. Britney wiped her face and punched KC. She fell back and Britney kicked her. I saw that the sniper was guarding the prisoners as well. Thomas was sitting in a chair. He was holding his head and looked unarmed.

I slightly opened the door and walked out already aiming down the sights, and aimed straight at the sniper who was starting to look into his scope. I shot straight through his neck. He fell to the ground, covering his wound. He shot on his way down, which just so happened to hit Thomas in the ankle. Britney began to turn and had her Glock 24 aimed at my face. I shot and scraped her left arm. She dropped it and began aiming with her good arm. She didn’t even aim well. She just shot five rounds at me and took cover behind my SUV. I sprinted behind the RV. I lied down, and saw her feet. I took the shot and hit her. She screamed and fell. She grabbed her wounded foot and her gun slid out of her range. I had one bullet left and aimed for her head. I shot and saw her brains splattered all over the black paint.

That’s when Thomas flipped me over. He had a busted bottle of whiskey in his



hand and put it to my throat. I grabbed my knife, which was in my right hand. I stabbed him in his right side. I removed the knife as he flew off screaming.

The bottle flew away and shattered. He stood as I did. I switched hands with the knife and gun. I flung the revolver straight at his face. He dodged it and ran into me. He shoved me into the RV. We both grunted. I almost dropped the knife! I flipped the knife into stabbing position as he punched me in my ribs. I brought the knife down into his left shoulder. He screamed and dropped me. I bashed my head on the concrete and shakily stood. Thomas removed the knife and evilly smiled. He screamed a war cry and ran at me, slicing the air. He slightly nicked me. I began bleeding. He brought the knife in to stab, but I dodged it.

While he was recovering he bent over. He was getting ready to attack again when I kicked him in the temple. He dropped the knife. I picked it up. He grabbed my ankle. I stomped his face with my free leg until he released me.

I walked to Britney's body and grabbed the Glock. I put my knife in my holster. I chambered the gun and a bullet flew out. It hit the ground.

I stumbled to Thomas who was unsuccessfully trying to stand. Once he did, he used the RV for support. We were both breathing heavily. His face was bleeding. He was standing on his good foot and holding his first stab wound with his free hand. I had the Glock at my hip. We met eyes, and we both knew what had to be done.

"Go ahead," he said. "Do it, before I gain the strength to kill you and your friends. Shoot me. *SHOOT ME!*"

I shot once and the bullet hit him in the stomach. He took a deep breath and fell to the ground. There was a thud and he grunted. He coughed up blood and rolled back and forth a little. I aimed down the sights, and shot him in between the eyes. His now lifeless eyes met mine, and I just stood there for a second before I snapped back to reality.

I went to my friends and cut them free. I also got Bubba and found my HK416. It was still loaded. I took it and met them in the RV. They had gathered their weapons and supplies. We barged through the gate. I was driving, and Josh was in shotgun. Sasha was standing in the walkway for whatever reason.

Suddenly, a bullet crashed through the windshield and took down Sasha. Whoever did it had a silencer. A.J. grabbed his pistol. I slammed on the brakes. A.J. tried taking the shot, but as he did he stumbled. Another bullet went through the windshield. A.J. fell to the ground. He looked at me and exhaled, as he did I could almost see the life slip out of him. His eyes closed. I took his pistol and stood up I started shooting into the woods. Until I finally heard someone scream, and their last shot hit one of our tires! I shot where I heard the scream come from until I heard the *click*.

I dropped the gun. A.J. had no pulse, and I didn't even check Sasha, the bullet went straight through her head and kept going... I spun and saw KC holding her side.

"KC!" I screamed and ran to her.

"I-I'm okay," she said. "It just scraped me; truthfully we should be worried about you're cut."

"Are you *sure* you're okay?" I asked. She nodded. I looked at my wound to see that it was starting to scab, but still I poured alcohol onto it. It burnt, but it kept me from getting infected. KC did the same.

"What now?" Josh asked me.

"I guess we use my SUV," I said. We switched vehicles and drove out of there,

after burying our dead.

I noticed that Josh had a pistol. I'm unsure what the name was, but it was a 9mm. He apparently had six extra clips, and extra bullets to reload those clips. He was saving the hollow points for a special occasion. KC just took the Glock, she had lost her guns. It only had nine bullets left though, and then she was down to her hands. The gas light came on and I found a gas station that didn't look to overrun. I had KC walk Bubba and Josh guarded her while I pumped gas.

We were going to have to find a gun shop, and soon. Otherwise we would have to learn martial arts! I expected there to be one nearby, this town looked like it was a prime destination for hunters. After we finished up at the gas station, we searched the town. We eventually *did* find a gun shop, unfortunately though, it had about twenty zombies roaming in, and around it. We decided to go for it. We pulled in, and I smashed ones head under my tire. We jumped out, opening fire on the undead. They were coming at us.

KC shot four down before running empty, I got the rest going for her and some coming for me before I ran empty, and Josh killed six. We entered the shop and Josh reloaded I stabbed one in the eye repeatedly until it died while Josh killed the others. Once they were dead, shopping time began!

I found the AR16 I had been wanting, and it had a red dot sight. It also had a laser on one side and a flashlight on the other. It even had forest camo! I found a strap for it.

There were four there, so I took all their clips, three had thirty round clips, but the last only had a ten round magazine. I loaded them all with steel jacket hollow points (if you don't understand bullet/gun talk, just look it up) and brought some with me. I also took a M9, there were several so I took all their fifteen round clips and loaded them with hollow points as well, still bringing some with me for back up.

The AR16 is pretty much just a semi-auto version of the M16, and it took different bullets. The M9 is a pistol, one that the military kept switching in and out with the Glock. They couldn't decide which to use.

Josh kept his pistol, and KC kept hers. They just got ammo and loaded their clips, as I did.

We headed out and got back on the road. We approached the state boarder. We entered Missouri!

## Chapter 14: Missouri

Just two states west of Indiana, was Missouri. It was ranked eighteenth in population in the U.S. It was two hundred forty miles wide and three hundred miles long. It was sixty-nine thousand seven hundred four square miles. Capital was Jefferson City. If you lived there you were a Missourian. It was admitted to the Union on August 10, 1821 and it was the twenty-fourth state. It had forests, mountains, rivers, and plenty of wildlife. That's enough history and facts for now.

Most forests were victim to wildfires, or Bystraya Smert. Bystraya Smert was more deadly than the Bubonic Plague! Then again, it did spread quicker and with so much interaction with countries everywhere, it almost instantaneously appeared! It was crazy, people eating each other, then the dead came back, and it just spread and spread! The perfect bioweapon...

We headed northeast, towards Indiana of course. I drove us into a town with a small market. I had KC walk Bubba, while Josh watched the car. I was going to get us some food and drinks!

Once inside I pulled out my M9. I chambered it and removed the safety. I had my finger ready to pull the trigger. I took isle one for snack foods. I brought a cart along with me. I found barbecue chips that wouldn't expire for two months! I took six bags of those. I found my way to drinks. There was some soda that would expire soon, but soda is good years after its expiration date, just not as fresh. I took some cans of soda and lots of bottled water. I almost forgot to grab canned food, so I grabbed plenty. Then I hurried back outside.

I had KC put Bubba in the back seat with her. I put the supplies in the back, but brought a can of soda and a small bag of chips with me.

I sat up front I opened the soda and put it in the cup holder after taking a drink. I ate the chips, and drove out of the parking lot.

"So," Josh started. "What's your plan once you reach Indiana? You do have a plan right?"

"Duh," I said. "We go to my place in the country, and stay there."

"Staying at a farmhouse in the zombie apocalypse," Josh stated. "Sounds familiar..."

"Well technically it isn't a farmhouse," I said. "It isn't on a farm, just in the country."

"Whatever," he replied. We stopped around thirty minutes later so we could all use the bathroom. I took Bubba around the rest stop while Josh inspected the place. KC guarded the car. I had my M9 in the hand opposite of the one holding the leash. We reached a tree with shrubs around it. Bubba sniffed and hiked up his leg. After ten seconds of him urinating we found our way back to the car. I let KC go to the restroom first while I took the guard shift. Josh soon came back so I could go.

I ran straight to the urinal, about to explode. Afterwards, I found the car and KC was there also. I opened my door and went to climb in. As soon as I started to close the door, something stopped my hand. The zombie tried to pull me out, but I shot him, two times to get him off, and a third to finish him. I closed my door and we left. I buckled my seatbelt, as Josh and KC did.

After nearly two hours, I began hearing a loud sound. I hadn't heard it for almost six months. I immediately stopped the car and got out. I looked to the sky to see a helicopter. It was going the same way as us. I jumped back in the car and floored it.

"Andrew," KC said scared. "Slow down! What's wrong?"

"Didn't you see that helicopter?" I asked.

"No," she replied. "Are you sure you saw one?"

"Yes," I said. "Josh, didn't you see it?"

"I heard one," he said. "I think I did at least."

"Well," I said. "I'm chasing it down. That was a military issue helicopter. That means they have weapons, supplies, and safety. Screw Indiana!"

"What if they just stole it?" KC asked. "Or, or what if they are low on supplies. What if it's like you said China was like?"

"How would they learn to fly it?" I asked. "If they are, we move on. We scope them out for a while, and then make our move."

"Fine," she agreed, a little upset. "But you just remember what happened last time we tried to make friends with new people..."

I sped up to eighty-five. They were a little ahead, but were still clearly visible, unfortunately though, not for much longer. Soon, trees would get in our way. They looked as if they were stopping. I floored it and they landed. I took a sharp left onto a dirt road. I heard the rocks fly up behind us with the cloud of dust. We bumped up and down as I went sixty down the road. I took another left and could see a tall fence with barbwire on top. The fence was made of wood. There would be no recon. I could see four strategically placed guard towers with two guards in each. One guard was armed with an assault rifle, the other a sniper. Two snipers noticed us. Soon it seemed as if twenty guns were locked onto our heads.

"Get ready for a shootout, if needed," I said. I chambered my M9 and kept it out of the sniper's view. They did the same with their guns. I drove slowly up the road to where a man slid open the gate. I drove in and he closed it behind us. There were almost fifty people there. There were small houses everywhere and in the middle, a market. Off towards the right there was a large building. It was probably where the leader lived. I saw plenty of dogs, and the occasional cat. I stopped and three men approached. Two, armed with M4A1s. They formed a triangle. The front one had a Desert Eagle at his side. They all had a shaggy beard. The back two were wearing sunglasses. The front had a scar running from his left ear to his top lip. Other than that, he looked perfectly normal. He was slightly smiling, making the scar move a little.

I got out and walked up to him. I had my hand on my M9. It was in its holster.

"Hello," I said. The front man stuck his hand out so I firmly shook it. "I'm Andrew. My friends are Josh and KC. My dog is Bubba. What is this place?"

"This," he began and looked around. "This is the Central Safe Point. I am the leader of this place. My name is George. You may stay here if you wish. We have scavengers, they use the helicopter. That is how you found us after all, right? We are aware that the Eastern and Western fell. No one knew of this place until around two months ago. We only were in contact with the Western or to us the Eastern."

“Wow,” I said amazed. I signaled the others to exit the car. I walked back to them.

“Well,” KC said. “Can we stay here?”

“Yeah,” I said. “This is the Central Safe Point, and it’s our new home.”

We walked back to George. “Where will we stay?” I asked.

“I’ll take you to your new home,” he said. We followed him to a one story home.

When we entered there was a TV with a DVD player and couch in the living room. In the kitchen, there was a stove, fridge, table, microwave, and trashcan, and each bedroom had a bed, dresser, and closet. There were two full bathrooms.

I took a bedroom that had a gun rack in it, while KC took one with a large mirror on the dresser, and Josh took the slightly larger room.

## Chapter 15: Central Safe Point

I put my AR16 in the gun rack. I left the clips loaded but unloaded the gun. I put the clips and bullets on a rack above where the guns go. I kept my M9 on me. I also kept my knife. I had to stay armed. I couldn't take the chances, or at least not until I learned more about this place. I drove the car in front of the house and parked it. After all that George came back. We all meet with him.

"There *is* hot water, and electricity here all we ask is that you go easy on them," he said. "To get food here you must do work. There are really only four choices. Scavenging, guarding, working at the market but only if they hire you, or build houses and other needed buildings. I'll let you chose. If you want the first two, come to my home. It is the large one by itself; if you want the third go see one of the market owners. The market is open until sun down. For the fourth, come see me also. You can take tonight to get settled in. You can go find a job tomorrow. Your backyard is fenced in for your dog and there is a doggy door."

"Sounds great!" I exclaimed and clapped my hands together. "What's going on with the currency?"

"Normal American money," he replied. "If you're a scavenger, then you get to keep the money you find, and any unneeded supplies, and they're almost always needed. We will though let you sell or keep a percentage too. If you find bullets or guns we will allow you to keep half of each, and you chose the guns unless we need certain guns. Any more questions?"

"Um," I started. "I think we're good. I actually think that I'll be a scavenger if I can choose now."

"Of course!" he said. "What about for you two?"

"I think I'll look for a job at the market," KC said.

"I'm going to be a guard I guess," Josh said.

George nodded for a few seconds then looked at us. "Okay, well Andrew and Josh, come to my house first thing in the morning," he stated. "When you arrive and the guards stop you just tell them you're there for briefing."

"Sure thing," I said. "Uh, I don't mean to be rude but are we done here I know Bubba must be getting hungry and I'm freakin' starving."

"Yes we are," George replied. "We'll talk about you're pay tomorrow, and KC just because you're a girl doesn't mean that you can't do any of the other three job choices. Oh! By the way, on your beds, there should be a pamphlet explaining the rules and regulations."

I nodded and we walked back inside the house. I fed Bubba and fixed a pizza. It was homemade, but frozen so that it could be cooked. It was pepperoni.

After eating, Bubba and I retreated to bed as the others had. It was getting dark and I sat on my bed with the lights on. I found the pamphlet. I began to look through it. The rules were numbered, and there were a few:

1. No violence will be allowed unless in self-defense.
2. No theft.
3. No firing of guns or other loud weapons unless you have permission.
4. If an infected is spotted stay away and contact the guards.
5. If infected turn yourself into the guards for safety of the group.

6. You may only carry one gun on your person at a time unless given permission.
7. Everyone ages 16 and up must have an occupation.
8. Everyone ages 15 and down must attend school.
9. To leave the Safe Point you must notify the leader.
10. If attacked by an infected kill it on sight preferably silently, avoid being bitten or scratched, and notify the guards.
11. If you see anyone violating the rules notify the guards immediately or suffer the same punishment as the violator.
12. Curfew is sundown unless given permission by the leader or by the Chief Guard.

Those were the main ones. There were more of course but I fell asleep after number twelve. In the morning, I awoke with Bubba curled up next to me and with his muzzle under my armpit. I kissed him on his forehead and he groaned and rolled onto his back. He huffed and continued his slumber with his legs sticking in the air. I shook him awake and put him out back. I left him a bowl of water. I took a shower and got ready to go meet with George. I brought my M9. After Josh was ready we headed out. KC had already headed to the market.

We walked to George's house in silence. Once there, the guards blocked our path. They were packing M14s and a pistol. I couldn't see the pistol well enough to judge what it was though.

"We're here for briefing," I said. The larger one on the left looked at me.

"Go in," he said and they moved. We went in. There, we were in a living room. There were doors everywhere and when I spotted the stairs I saw George walk down them. The floor was marble and the house, was just beautiful.

He motioned with his hand for us to follow him so we did. We walked up the stairs and followed him into a room. Once we were in, he closed the door. We sat down at a table. I saw that he had a revolver on the table. It took 4.10 shotgun shells I noticed. My grandfather had one; I never got the chance to shoot it though.

"You will make \$150 per shift and the money you find Andrew due to the risks involved," George said. "Josh, you will make \$75 a shift, and the more you work after about a month you'll be making \$120. The Chief Guard makes \$150 a shift. Andrew, the Chief Scavenger makes \$200 a shift. To become Chief you must be the hardest worker and do the most. Josh, you will be required to guard four times a week for eight hours each time. Andrew, you will be required to do one scavenge a week; any more you will get paid \$175 and take 50% of your findings. Any other time, you will get 25% of your findings."

"With those pays," Josh said. "I'd rather be a scavenger. I'll go when Andrew goes."

"Okay," George replied. "If you wish so. As you know, we have no idea what day or month it is, so we will mainly come to your house two days before you are required to work. Scavengers go out mainly at dawn or noon. You will get your pay when you arrive back. You can take your car or ride in the helicopter. We will give you the lists of what is needed. If you don't meet the quota then you will get marked down \$10 per item on your pay for the day, and that does rhyme. You won't get marked down though if you have items

not on the list to replace them.”

“Okay,” I said. “By the way, is there like a farm or something here? I ate a pepperoni pizza last night and was wondering where everything came from.”

“We are friends with a farmer who lives a little ways from us,” George said. “He trades us some meat and such for protection. As scavengers, you may occasionally have to go there for us.”

“Ooh,” I replied. “So Josh, what do you think?”

“Well,” he started. “It seems the best option out of the other three jobs.”

“Okay then,” George said and smiled. “So you will start training tomorrow. You will go, if you pass, the day after tomorrow. KC can probably watch your dog or leave him out back. I advise you clean your guns tonight and load your clips, because unfortunately we need you to go to Jefferson City. You’ll take the helicopter with three others, including the pilots. They of course will guard the helicopter. You guys will land on a skyscraper or some other building and you will have to take the stairs to the ground. Then you will find your way to a grocery store. After that, you’ll gather the supplies and get back to the helicopter. If you run into trouble, Henry, the other person going will help you guys out. He and his groups have occasionally run into some tight situations so don’t worry. He *always* brings his group back.”

“Alright,” I said after a minute of silence. “I guess we’ll go home and get ready.” We stood up and walked home. Once there, I let Bubba in and sat on the couch where Josh was. Bubba walked up to me so I started petting him.

“So,” Josh said. “What do you think?”

“Of what?” I replied, still petting Bubba.

“Of this place, the job, and George. Don’t forget that we’re trusting three strangers with our lives.”

“Oh I know we are. I’m willing to take the chances. This place is safe. Nothing is getting in here easily.”

“That’s what they said about the Eastern Safe Point.”

“I guess so, but why waste gas and take our chances out there when we can be safer in here?”

“Yeah I guess you’re right. I know what you mean and everything. We should at least use this place to chill as long as we can.”

“Definitely.”

“Yep.”

After that it just got quiet and awkward for a while until I stood up and walked to my room with Bubba. I closed my door behind me. *I dodged a bullet there!* I thought. I walked over to my gun case and grabbed everything from it. I also found a drawer in the gun case. It had all the utensils needed to clean a firearm. I went to the bathroom and grabbed a small rag. I also went to the kitchen and grabbed a paper towel.

I returned to my room and got to work. I first cleaned my AR16, followed by my M9, and I even cleaned my knife. By the time I finished, three hours had passed and I smelled something delightful coming from the kitchen. When I went in there, I saw KC cooking something and smiling. I walked up to her.

“Whatcha cookin’?” I asked. “And what’s with the slightly creepy smile?”

“Chili, I learned how from a cookbook I found here,” she answered I saw it next to



her. “My smile isn’t creepy, and I got the job! I’m starting tomorrow. All I have to do is watch the store.”

“Great,” I said sounding as enthusiastic as possible, but really I was focused on the chili. “Josh and I are scavengers now. Tell me when that’s done, okay?”

“Sure,” she replied as I walked back to my room. I took a short nap until KC came and knocked on my door. I went into the kitchen and washed my hands. I got a bowl of chili and sat at the table. We pretty much just ate in silence, loving the home cooked meal (No matter how bad it was.) I ate three bowls, Josh ate two, and KC ate four.

Afterwards I retreated to the cave known as my room again where I fed Bubba. I looked out my window. I saw that the sun was setting and the guards were changing shifts. I also saw them let a large semi in. It drove to a warehouse. I guessed that it was the livestock.

I soon fell asleep with Bubba at my side and my M9 on my nightstand, fully loaded and on safety.

## Chapter 15: The Warning

The thing that awoke me was the screams and shouting. I grabbed my M9. I found an extra clip. I slid on my pants and walked into the hallway, aiming. Josh sprinted out from his room, and almost took a bullet to the face. I nodded for him to follow me, but he was unarmed.

Once we reached the kitchen, I still found nothing. I put on my shoes and walked outside.

“I’ll go check on KC,” Josh said as I walked away. I just nodded and headed towards the market. I heard a man shout, followed by another man shouting. Then, one screamed. I could see the market. It was what used to be downtown of this place. I took cover on the first building. I leaned out to see two guards armed with handguns walk into a building. They told a man to come out and drop his weapon. He didn’t.

They opened fire and I ducked. After five shots, I ran to the scene. I saw a dead man in a pool of blood and the guards standing there. They turned and looked at me.

“Go home,” one said. “This doesn’t concern you.” That’s when I noticed that they weren’t wearing the same outfits as the other guards.

“Who are you?” I asked. I removed my M9’s safety. “What’s going on?”

“I said this doesn’t concern you,” he repeated. He reached for his pistol while the other was bent over the body.

I slightly raised my pistol to the point where I could shoot him in the knee. He looked at my gun and I punched him in the jaw with my right hand.

I grabbed him and turned him around to use as a human shield. I was inches taller than him so it worked out. The other stood and looked at us. I noticed the first’s pistol had slid away.

“Drop the gun!” I shouted.

He stood and pointed directly at his partner. “I’ll just shoot through him,” he said and smirked. “The Group doesn’t need him anymore.”

“WHAT?” The first exclaimed. “Just aim for the head!”

“Okay,” the other replied. He shot my shield in the head. His brains and blood splattered all over me. I dropped with my shield. The last one began to run away. I managed to get an aim, and with assistance from the moon I spotted him. I took the shot and took out his right leg. He stumbled and fell. I ran to him still aiming. I noticed that he was talking into a microphone that was on his shirt, the headphone was in his ear.

“Mission failed,” he said. “Arnold is dead and this is Walter. I’ve been shot in the knee. We’re compromised, but the target is dead. I’m going to make them kill me so no traces of the Group will remain.”

I walked up to him and kicked away his gun. I kicked him over. I stood over him, aiming at his face.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“I’m someone who isn’t supposed to exist,” he said.

“Explain.”

“Since I’m dead anyway, I work for the Group. They’re a secret organization, like the Illuminati, but real. They existed before the world we now know. They have existed for a while now. They sold the grandfather disease strands of Bystraya Smert to the Nazis.

They were interested in money, also in getting rid of America and Russia. Then they wanted to take over the earth, like Hitler, Napoleon, and many before them. But like always, they failed. They remained in secrecy, unknown. They remerged and attacked the bases in Nevada and Colorado. They set the virus free and pinned it on terrorists. They plan on making a new world, a utopia, and killing anyone who gets in their way. Like that guy back there. He planned on making lies about the place to stop them. They are going to eliminate the Safe Point in China first, realizing that it is the most powerful, and then this one. I advise that you get out of here, and quick.”

“Where can I find them?”

“They’ve locked down the capital of Washington.”

“How can I trust you?”

“Who can you trust?”

“Where will the utopia be at?”

“Probably on an island, more than likely it’ll be on a Hawaiian island.”

“How quickly should I get out of here?”

“Five days from now at the most. The troops will be deployed tomorrow.”

“What do I do about you?”

“Whatever you want to do.”

“Okay, then since you have helped me, I’m going to let you narrowly escape after I shot at you and barely scraped your leg. I lost you while chasing after you and hope you don’t come back.”

“Great,” Walter said and limped off. After I got back to the shop I saw that the man was one of the guards outside of George’s house that passed day.

That’s when more guards came running up to the scene, with M4s ready to blow my head off. “Drop the gun!” One shouted.

I looked down and realized that my M9 was still out. I put it back in the holster. I put my hands in the air.

“He ran that way,” I said and pointed down the road.

One approached me and began to remove my holster. “What are you doing?” I shouted and pushed him away.

He raised his rifle. “You’re under arrest,” he said flatly.

“*What?*” I yelled. “I’ve killed no one! Check the bullet differences if you don’t believe me!”

“We will,” the other said. “For now though, we’re taking you to George to see what he wants done with you.”

“Fine,” I said. “But you’re gonna feel stupid once you realize it wasn’t me.”

They said nothing, but one removed my holster. They put some handcuffs on me and walked me to George’s house. Only one light was on. I could see a figure with its arms crossed. They opened the door. One stayed outside and the other took me to George.

“Andrew,” George said. He was sitting at his desk now. The guard pushed me down. He gave George my gun and holster. The guard then took off the handcuffs and walked out. He closed the door behind him. “So, did you kill them?”

“Why would I?” I asked. I put my hands on the desk. George slid my holster onto his lap. “Check the bullets, different shells. Also, look at the angles they were shot from and the blood splatters on me.”

“I believe you,” George said. He walked to the window I saw him from, leaving my

gun in his chair. I was tempted to blow his brains out if he didn't let me go. "Unfortunately though, the guards want vengeance when they're own is killed. They're searching for him. If they don't find him in four days, they'll come for you. They'll kill you too. I've seen it before. They'll burn down your house. If you escape, kill everyone you know until they tell where you are. Then, they'll send the Chief Guard to hunt you down. I know China has been chasing you. You escaped them, but you can't escape these guys. He was an assassin before this world, and he can shoot. Just be prepared."

"Okay."

"I recommend that after you get back from you're scavenging that you get out of here. I'll give you the pass necessary. Otherwise they'll make you stay. I know of the assault. They'll be distracted by that so you'll get more time to run."

"Okay," I repeated.

"Now get home," George said. He handed me my holster. I put it back on.

"Thanks George," I thanked. I then firmly shook his hand and walked home. Once home I realized that that must have been why no one else was investigating.

I explained everything to KC and Josh. They understood and we all went back to bed. I was cuddled up to Bubba and my M9 on my nightstand. It was chambered, and off safety.

## Chapter 16: Scavenger

Josh woke me up. I yawned and stretched, waking Bubba. He did the same, except he went back to sleep. I took a shower and got ready. Then Josh and I went to George's house to see where to go for training or whatever he called it. We brought our guns in case if we needed them for the training.

He showed us to his backyard where a shooting range was. There also was an obstacle course. It had a ten foot fence surrounding it. George had the Chief Scavenger come. He surveyed us. He was a middle aged man. His hair was grey and his skin dark, not that I cared. He wore a black suit. He had a revolver called the Raging Bull at his side. To shoot that thing, you'd have to be strong to stop the gun from whacking you in the face. He saw me look at the gun.

"You two will do," the Chief Scavenger said. "I want to see how you shoot though. Aim for the head of course. Avoid shooting the humans. Who would like to go first?"

"I will," I said.

"And who are you?" He questioned and walked up to me.

"I'm Andrew," I said and stuck out my hand. He shook it.

"I see you're a fan of the ARs."

"Yes, sir," I smiled and showed him it. He took it and examined it. He aimed down the sights and such.

"I hope you're a good shot. I need one. You're going scavenging with my daughter. She knows what she's doing. If something happens to her though, my Raging Bull's going up your anus and the bullets coming out your mouth."

"Alright, but can I shoot now?"

"Of course," he said. He handed me back my AR16. I walked up to the wall separating us from the shooting range. I put my mags and M9 on the counter. I slid the ten round mag into my gun and chambered it. I took off the safety.

I saw the first target come up. I locked my sights onto the head and fired. It hit and made a *dung* type sound. It fell and another rose. It was moving left and right. I took my shot and hit where the nose would be on a human. It fell just as the previous did. This time three rose. I shot the first twice, one hit where the mouth would be and the other the right eye. I switched to the next. It was moving again, but this time towards me. I shot three times. One hit in the chest, the next in the neck, and the last in the nose. For the third I shot it once and it fell. The clip had two bullets left, but four rose up. I took out the one moving in front of two standing still. I saw one was a human. I shot the target to its left. I placed down my AR16 and picked up my M9. I chambered it.

I saw the last target moving in for the human and took it down. The human went down after a few seconds.

Then five came up. Three were humans. They were moving away from standing still targets. I shot the two zombies and all five went down. Then, nine zombies came up. They were all moving in different ways. In the center of them was a human. I shot the closest target and it fell with the *dung*. I shot the second closest one. I shot at the third closest twice. I took out the fourth and fifth with one bullet each. The sixth and seventh were a little trouble. They were moving the fastest.

The eight is where I missed my first shot. It landed in the ground inches away

causing a little bit of dirt to fly up. I took my shot again and killed the target. The last one was two feet away from the human target. I shot twice and hit it. The last shot landed behind it after it fell. The slide flew back after the last shot was fired. No more targets came up.

“Excellent shooting, Andrew!” George yelled and clapped.

“Thanks,” I said and smiled.

“That *was* pretty good,” the Chief said. “I think you’re good enough of a shot to defend my little girl.”

Josh went after me. He missed about six shots unlike my one, or technically two. I didn’t count the second because I had finished before the shot was fired.

“Not too bad,” the Chief said. “Josh, you said your name was?”

“Yeah,” Josh said and nodded.

“Okay,” the Chief responded. “You guys need to listen to my daughter. Her name is Raya. She scouted the city the other day in the helicopter. She knows what paths to take and avoid. She also knows that she is bringing some newbies with her. She’ll come to your house tomorrow when it’s time to leave.”

So, then we decided to go ahead and go home after telling the Chief we understood his death threats and were still willing to take the job.

When we arrived home, I saw a foot in the living room; the leg went into the hallway. I ran to the sight. It was KC. She was sprawled across the ground and unconscious. I immediately checked her pulse. She was alive.

“Go check the house for people,” I whispered to Josh. He drew his pistol and nodded. He took off down the hallway.

“KC,” I said and shook her. She didn’t respond. “KC, wake up. *KC COME ON!*” I continued shaking her. Then I heard her moan.

“KC?” I asked confused. She moaned again. I lightly tapped her face with my palm. She groaned and opened her eyes.

“Andrew, wha-what’s going on?” She said confused. “What happened?”

“You were unconscious.”

“I, I don’t remember why though.”

“I don’t either. Josh is searching the house just in case.”

“Okay.”

“You okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” she said and held her head. She stood up and walked over to the couch, where she plopped down.

“You don’t remember anything?”

“Not really. All I remember is walking down the hall. I heard footsteps. I started to turn, and *whack*. That’s it.”

“Okay, well I’m going to let Bubba in,” I said. I could see him through the glass backdoor.

I slid it open. He immediately sprinted to my room. When I arrived he was on my bed, looking at me. His tail was beating the bed at a slow pace. It sped up as I got closer. When I sat on the bed, he sprung up and began licking me. He pinned me down. I laughed and began petting him, until I noticed a note on the bed.

I scratched his head and lightly pushed him off. He lied down at the end of the bed while I grabbed the note. It read:

We know what you've done. We're coming for you Andrew. Don't try to leave, we'll find you. No matter where you go or what you do.

I crumpled it up and threw it on the ground. I lay down. Bubba crawled up to me and cuddled up to my arm. I lifted my arm and he climbed into where my arm was.

That night we had hamburgers. Afterwards, I tried to sleep, and unsuccessfully if I may add.

## Chapter 17: The Scavenge

The next morning someone knocked on our door. I awoke first and answered it.

At the door was a dark skinned female. She had dark skin and blue eyes. She looked twenty-two, twenty-three at most, and she looked kinda hot. She looked me up and down. I noticed that she had an AK-47 and a Glock for her sidearm. She also had a rather large knife in her boot that I saw. She had a belt that held her pistol. On the same side of it were clips for it. On the other side, were clips for her AK-47. I guess this must've been the infamous Raya.

"Hello," I said.

"Hi," she quickly replied.

"I'm Andrew," I introduced.

"I'm Raya," she responded. "You and Josh have twenty minutes to get ready. If you aren't ready, then I'll take it as a sign that you don't want to go."

"Okay," I said and closed the door. I took a shower, got dressed, and awoke Josh. After we were ready, I put Bubba in the back and told KC to keep her gun on her.

Josh and I sat on the couch until Raya returned. Once she did, she took us to the roof of George's house where the helicopter was. We boarded. We greeted the pilots. One was named John and the other Eddie. Eddie had a shaggy beard and constantly wore aviators. He had been a pilot for fourteen years. John was a dirty blonde. He had only just learned how to fly. Eddie had taught him.

It took us about thirty minutes to reach the city. On the ride, Raya showed us the list of items that we needed. They were listed in importance:

1. Canned food (400)
2. Bottled water (600)
3. Sodas (60)
4. First-aid kits (16)
5. Bottles of alcohol (10)
6. Bottles of aspirin (20)
7. Pain pills (20 bottles)
8. Any other unspoiled foods (As much as possible)
9. Gasoline (As much as possible)

Any more would be considered extra. We decided to split the excess. Below, I could see road blocks, car crashes, huge hordes of undead, and barely saw bodies.

We landed on a shorter office building. Raya handed Josh and I large back packs to put the supplies in. We then exited the helicopter. Raya sat her backpack she brought down near the edge of the roof. She drew a huge rope. She managed to find something to tie it to. It was tied firm. She gave us gloves. She slid down the rope first. Once down she drew her AK-47 and looked around.

After she realized the coast was clear she signaled for me to slide down the rope. I grabbed onto the rope and wrapped my legs around the rope as she had. I went sliding almost immediately. I flew down it and landed hard. I let go of the rope and Josh followed down the rope.



Josh and I followed Raya down the alley we were in. I had my M9 drawn and Josh had his pistol out as well. I was in the middle and Josh took up the rear.

We stealthily walked up the alley. Once we reached the road, we leaned on a wall. Raya looked around it. She then looked the other way.

“Come on,” she said quietly. We sprinted across the road to the alley across from us. We followed her through three more alleys. Then we saw a door that was marked with a red X. She kicked it in and signaled for me to run in. I did, with my M9 ready to open fire.

I saw a figure in the shadows of the dim room. I waited for it to walk forward. I saw it had something in its hands. When it emerged, it was a guy around my age. He shielded his eyes with his hand from the beams of light flowing in and squinted. He had dark hair and went to my high school. His name was Kyle, we had been friends. We hung out occasionally and such. I lowered my gun.

“Hey Andrew,” he said.

“Hi Kyle.”

“Whatcha doin’ here?”

“Scavenging, you?”

“Eh, just made myself a home here I guess.”

“So, do you know Raya?” I asked as she walked in.

“Yeah, I met him a week ago,” she began. “I saved him. He decided to stay here and guard the food and supplies that we couldn’t take. It’s been two trips, Kyle you should be able to come back with us. We’ll clear the place out.”

“Good,” Kyle said. “I’m starting to get tired of the dark. Oh, and hi Josh.”

“Hey,” Josh said. He was leaning on the door watching our back with his 9 mm. I signaled him to walk in. The door slammed behind him. Raya pulled out metal flashlights and handed us all one each.

I turned mine on. I saw a sleeping bag and next to it I saw a box of cereal open. Also, I saw a few bottles filled with a yellow liquid. I looked to my right next and saw some cans of food to which I walked over to and collected. I looked back to see the others gathering food.

I saw Kyle though packing up his belongings. For a weapon all he had was a baseball bat. I looked back to the shelves and began collecting bottles of water. I had to collect at least a few hundred, and I saw the others collecting some also.

On the bottom row I saw sodas. I opened the packages. Some spilled before me unto the floor. I picked twelve of each kind which equaled up to seventy.

I walked behind the counter and saw the alcohol. One bottle was already open and sitting on the counter. I took seven bottles of whiskey, nine bottles of vodka, and I took nine bottles of wine. Then, I walked to another isle. I saw some granola bars. I took twenty-four of them. I saw Kyle was done packing up and was leaning on the wall next to the door, waiting on us. I walked over to him and leaned on the wall next to him.

“So how long have you been here?” I asked.

“Two weeks probably,” he said and shrugged. “I’m not completely sure. They just had me stay here so that no one would take anything.”

“So they left you with just a bat?”

“I know right,” he sighed. “I was hoping for at least Raya’s Glock. If the Vultures didn’t reach me, I’m sure the undead would’ve found me soon. If they did, I’d be screwed if there were more than two of them.”

“Vultures, like the birds?”

“No, they’re a group. They go around the country and kill people and take their crap. Their mark is just a V. They engrave it into your body after you die so people know to stay away from the area. They usually send three or four at once, then five, and then a group of six. They’re pretty dumb and usually can barely use their guns. They prefer to use machetes and lever-actions from what I’ve seen. They’ve been spotted around here so we need to leave here quickly if you came in the helicopter. They will usually come on motorcycles unless their seriously ready to go to war. Then, they’ll take their trucks. They are mounted with .50 cal’s but they can’t aim worth a crap. It’s best to just let them waste their ammo then take them out.”

“Great, with the way things usually work out we’ll run into their camp.”

“I know right! They’re just the main scavenger group though. There are others. Like one we don’t know their name. We just call them the Sharpshooters. They only shoot when they can kill. They’ll always send a single sniper first. Then, he’ll take some out and disappear like a ghost. Then, they’ll send in a team of six to take the rest out if they’re not too big of a group.”

“Wow. Any others that I should know about?”

“Not really, but the Vultures and Sharpshooters battle it out a lot. Vultures usually get the crap beaten out of them, unless they capture the Sharpshooter. If we don’t hurry, both will be here. The Sharpshooter’s may send a team. This is their territory. They’ll have snipers on *every* building in five minutes. Then, when the Vultures arrive it’ll be an all-out war. What sucks the most though is that we’ll be stuck in the middle.”

“Yeah I know. Or, we could use the Vultures as a distraction and sneak past through another alley.”

“That’d work I guess. If a Sharpshooter spots us, then we’re screwed!”

“Correct, that’s why they won’t. Even if they did, who would you try to kill? You’re rivals who are shooting at you or the random by-standers who are just trying to pass through?”

Before he could answer Raya walked up with one hand on her backpack. All of ours were filled up. Kyle opened the door and we all walked out. We turned off and gave our flashlights to Raya. Josh was in front. He looked down and pressed the button. It clicked off and he looked up and handed the flashlight to Raya. Then, he pointed behind us. I was at the back of the group. We all turned and saw undead spilling into the alley, almost overflowing it.

“Crap,” I said quietly. The undead and our group met eyes, the front one almost looked like he was smiling. We took off sprinting, and the flood stumbled after us as fast as they could. I drew my M9 and held it in my left hand. I chambered it and pointed it behind me. I saw the undead closing in. I started shooting.

I took down twelve before the slide flew back but, didn’t retreat. I slid out my clip. One zombie tripped over it. All behind him trampled him. I barely managed to slide in my clip after hitting the side of my gun repeatedly. I pressed the slide forward and chambered it.

I looked back and saw the undead only ten feet from the barrel. I shot repeatedly. Instead of flesh, the front one ate lead. After that, the other front fourteen followed.

I pressed my slide forward and put my pistol back in its holster. We had been through a few alleys and were closing in on the building.

“We need to go into the building and find our way to the roof. We can’t all climb the rope in time!” I screamed over the war cries of the undead and all the footsteps.

“I know,” replied Raya. Once we reached the building, Josh flung open one of the doors. We all followed and went through the second set of doors. They slammed through the glass. We ran up some steps.

“Anyoneknowthisplacewellenoughtogettotheroof?” I asked. I pretty much said it so fast that all the words were one, so that’s why I put no spaces.

“Me,” Raya replied and took lead. Good thing to, because the zombies were almost all the way up the steps. I reloaded my M9 as we ran and put it away.

I can’t remember the exact route, but we eventually reached the roof after a few flights of stairs. Raya shoved the door open. We saw the helicopter, but the pilots had their heads leaning back, and their throats slit. There were no culprits left, but I saw a building near us with a man on it looking down the scope of an M82A1. In case you don’t know, that is a .50 cal (also known as .50 BMG) sniper and a .50 cal will destroy you.

He took a shot. It didn’t hit us, but made a zombie’s head explode. “What do we do?” Josh screamed.

I drew my AR16 and chambered it. They looked at me as the undead spilled in. “We fight... until they’re all dead, or we are.” I raised my rifle and began shooting. They followed me, except for Kyle. He covered us as we reloaded. I took out at least twenty before sliding out my mag, Josh took out nine, and Raya moved down twenty-two. I pulled out my M9 after spilling out my second clip on twelve. I took out nine and reloaded. I saw that Raya’s AK jammed. She bashed a zombie in the head and removed the round. Then, she kept shooting. Kyle finished the one she hit. Josh was struggling with his accuracy; he only managed an average of six per clip. The Sharpshooter was killing five every twenty seconds.

I loaded my M9 its last clip before putting it away. Then, I switched to my AR16 and popped in a fresh mag. Before I could chamber it, a zombie tackled me. The only thing that separated us was my AR. I was using it as support. It snapped its jaws on air and drooled blood on my shirt.

“I liked this shirt you douchebag!” I said. Then, the body grew heavier, but quit fighting. Kyle helped it off me. I saw though, that there was a valley running down the back half of its head, and that a zombie had the leg below its knee missing. I stood and nodded to the Sharpshooter. I chambered my gun and continued my rampage.

I shot my last bullet of my AR and looked for more clips, unsuccessfully, and dropped it. I drew my M9 again and aimed. Before I could shoot the last zombie fell, but I still heard growling. I saw the crawler and bent down as it neared. I reached for my knife, but Kyle bashed its skull in.

I stood and put my clips in my bag. We turned our backs to the door and looked at the Sharpshooter. He stood. He reached into a backpack he had. He drew from it a long rope with a clip at the end at the other end had the same thing. He threw the end with the hook over. Before it could fall, Josh dove and grabbed it. The Sharpshooter pointed to the helicopter’s tail. Josh tilted his head.

“Give me that,” Raya commanded. She yanked it out of his hands. She wrapped the rope across the tail and clipped it on. He wrapped his end around some pipes and clipped it. He waved at us and pointed. I looked behind us and saw undead filling the roof.

Raya wrapped her arms around the rope, slid off, and wrapped her legs around it.

She managed her way across the rope to the other roof. That's when Kyle went. Josh was shooting at the zombies. I went and tapped Josh's shoulder. Halfway across, I looked down to see the alley 100% full of infected.

I finished the path across. Josh looked back and did the same. As he did, zombies passed the helicopter. After about six feet, zombies began falling off the roof. When he passed the halfway point, the door closed. Three feet later, the door opened again. This time though, with people. They began shooting zombies with their lever actions. There were four of them. When Josh climbed up, the zombies were dead and the people were shooting at us.

The Sharpshooter shot one. "No," I said. "Save yourself some bullets." I pointed to the gas tank on the helicopter. After a few seconds he took his shot, and so did a Vulture. The Sharpshooter's shot caused the helicopter to explode. The explosion forced the Vulture's back and caught them on fire. They slammed against a wall and blood led to their bodies on the ground. The Vulture's shot hit Kyle in the foot.

He screamed in pain and fell to the ground. We looked at him. "Come on," said the Sharpshooter. "Bring him down stairs. We have a small camp in this building.

"Okay," I said. Josh and I picked him up. Raya had her AK out, but it wasn't shouldered. I guess that was just because we couldn't really trust the Sharpshooters yet, even if they did save our lives...

We carried Kyle down to the floor below. Once there, the Sharpshooter opened the door and walked in. Raya held the door open for us. There were tents in the building. I could see because of the light flowing in from the windows. There were about thirty people here. We followed the Sharpshooter to a clear table and placed Kyle on it. He raised a finger and walked over to a woman. He talked to her for a second before she walked over to her tent. She came back out with a box. They walked over to us. She put the box on the table next to Kyle's head. He was groaning and gritting his teeth. He was also losing a lot of blood. The woman opened the box and pulled out a rag.

"Get me water!" she commanded. The guy ran off and returned with a bottle of water. He handed it to her. She took a sip, and then dispensed the rest onto the rag. She put the rag on his leg and had Raya hold the rag there. "We have to stop the bleeding first. Then, I'll remove the bullet, and sew up the wound. Okay?"

"Sure," Kyle said without looking at her. His eyes were shut closed, until he popped them open and looked at her, almost through her and said: "Just stop... the pain."

"Of course dear," she said and smiled. She stroked his hair, and as fast as she had blinked, she punched Kyle in the nose. He became unconscious.

We all understood her reason why, there was no anesthetics in her little first-aid box. Plus, it was better for him to be asleep for this. After she stopped the bleeding, she grabbed a pair of tweezers. Before she could put them into the wound, we heard a *BOOM!* The earth shook and I looked back.

"Come on you guys," said the Sharpshooter I knew. "Raya, Josh, Andrew, we have to defend this place while Rosie heals your friend. It's either Vultures or undead. Let's go!"

"Josh," I began. "Stay here with Rosie and Kyle."

He nodded and we ran to the door from which we came. We followed the Sharpshooter down some stairs to the ground floor. Along the way down, we heard more booms.

"What are those?" I asked the Sharpshooter.

“They’re some home-made mines we made to defend the camp,” he said. “By the way, my name is Bill.”

Once down the stairs, Bill shoved open a door. That’s when we saw an unbelievable site, on the outside of the buildings, were semis, backed up and had their trailers open. Flowing from them, were zombies. They were setting off explosions and were eating Sharpshooters. Some Sharpshooters were back and shooting down some zombies. Unfortunately they only had their pistols. They couldn’t use their snipers that close of course.

There were only four Sharpshooters and at least fifty zombies. They kept shooting. The zombies overwhelmed the humans. One of them managed to escape, but he was shot from someone in the semi. By the time I realized it, Raya and Bill were shooting. I drew my M9, but was only going to shoot if I was forced to. Once all the zombies were dead, I realized that this was an office building. I also saw that there weren’t any mines left. Then I saw the semis’ doors open. One came from each, so a total of four. They each had Uzis or some type of submachine gun. We took cover behind desks while they opened fire. Bill put his hand over the counter and shot his revolver without even having the slightest clue where he was aiming. He did manage to distract them, which gave me the opportunity to take aim. I saw one, and shot for his face. I managed to hit him, but in the throat. He fell back, with a hole through his throat. While he was falling back I saw blood flowing out of his wound. I could hear him coughing up blood and suffocating. Then, one of them finished him for me.

“*NO!*” one screamed. “*YOU KILLED MY BROTHER!*”

He started shooting randomly towards me. None hit me, but they were close! I heard Raya start shooting at them. The one shooting at me screamed and fell back. The other two apparently didn’t care. They just kept shooting, now towards Raya. I took my shot and managed to kill one by shooting him in the face.

Bill shot the last person and we stood back up. I walked over to the dead bodies. I saw that my M9 was empty and put its slide back forward and put it in its holster. Then, I walked over to the bodies. I took one of their Uzis and two clips. I slid out the old one. I didn’t know how, but one of the bodies looked familiar.

I just planned on keeping it until we arrived back at the Safe Point, then I would just reload my AR and M9 clips and probably give the Uzi to KC or Josh. We returned upstairs where I saw Rosie finishing up Kyle’s stitches.

“Is he going to be okay?” I asked.

“Of course,” Rosie replied. “It wasn’t that bad. He needs to take it easy for a few days, but after that he should be okay.”

“I think we have some crutches that he can use,” said Bill.

“So,” I began. “What do we do now? Are you guys coming back with us?”

“I can’t,” said Rosie. “I’m the only doctor at this camp. Bill may.”

“I will,” he said. “I would like to talk to your leader about forming a truce and working together to get rid of the Vultures.”

“Okay,” Raya said. “You can come. Do you have a ride? Ours kinda exploded.”

“Yeah,” Bill said. “We can go once Kyle wakes up.”

Rosie smacked Kyle, so hard that he sat upright immediately. *Abusive*. I thought.

“Good,” Josh said. We followed Bill to the back of the building. There, we saw a sports car.

“Hop in,” Bill said. He climbed in. I took shot gun while the others sat in the back. Kyle was stuck in the middle.

Raya told him the directions back to the Safe Point. Once we arrived, the guards opened the gates. Raya took Bill to George. Josh, Kyle, and I went back to my house. We decided to let Kyle sleep on the couch. I wanted him close so he could come with us when we decided to escape. Raya took the supplied from us, or at least what she thought was all. I kept some water, cans, granola bars, and three bottles of vodka for Molotov Cocktails.

I gave Kyle the Uzi so he could have a gun. At the house, I let Bubba in the house, pet him, ate, cleaned my guns, and loaded my clips. I realized that we had two days left until the invasion. We would leave a while before the invasion, probably forcefully. Too bad, because they’ll need that ammo and supplies to fight the Group. I just hoped that they’d still be at Washington when we arrived. It was a long ways away from Missouri...

## Chapter 18: Hope, Help, and Death

The next day went by in a flash. During that day, I explained the plan for escape to everyone, and the reasons why to Kyle. At some time near three a.m. we packed up the car. KC, Kyle, and Bubba sat in the back. Just in case if I needed Josh to do some shooting. He was borrowing Kyle's Uzi.

I turned on the car. It purred to life. I drove up to a point of where I could see the guards without being seen and turned off my headlights. I scouted them for a while with some binoculars I took from the pack Raya let me use. I also took a lighter, and a rope from the pack. Too bad Raya would probably die here...

I saw that most were asleep. Only two were awake, and barely. I got close to the gate and hid the car behind a house. KC and Josh went ahead and opened the gate. One of the guards noticed and raised his gun. Josh did the same.

"No," I said under my breath. Josh took the shot. I floored it and stopped at the gate. All the guards were awake and were taking aim as Josh and KC climbed in. I floored it out of there as we were being shot at. One took out our left tail light, but did no real damage.

Then, I heard a sniper's shot. I heard glass bust and screams. We all ducked. I looked up and swerved back onto the road, narrowly missing a tree. There was one last sniper shot. This time I felt warm blood splattered onto my neck. I continued driving until I no longer heard shooting. I stopped and looked back. I saw KC holding her neck. It scraped her, but hit enough so that she would bleed to death.

"KC!" I screamed. She looked at me, but with her eyes barely open. "*KC, don't you die on me!*" She coughed, a trickle of blood flowed from her mouth and onto her shirt. Her head fell back. Josh and Kyle looked at me. I reached back and shook her.

"KC!" I screamed again. This time, tears flowed from my eyes. "*Come on KC. Don't die on me... PLEASE, KC, don't die...*"

I checked her pulse... nothing. I waited... *dum, dum.*

"*SHE'S ALIVE!*"

I turned back around. "Kyle," I started. "Put pressure on her wound. I *won't* lose her!"

I floored it, not even buckling my seatbelt. I drove down the dirt road, back to the highway. I drove west, towards Washington. I knew we couldn't reach it in time, but still I just hoped for some help. I hoped to maybe, find a settlement of people who would have a nurse. That's when I realized there already was one near-by. I stomped on the brakes and did a U-turn. I sped towards Jefferson City.

I thought about the Sharpshooters and Rosie. I remembered the exact building. I drove as fast as the SUV would go. I was about to reach 100 mph. Once I did, I took a second to see how KC was doing. I looked into her eyes which were still barely open, almost slits, and I guess it was almost a telepathic message. And in that message... I said, "I won't let you die."

I spun my head back and continued driving. Josh was holding on for dear life. Kyle was still keeping the blood from flowing, and I saw that it was only slightly working. He was beginning to panic. I could barely see KC's chest going up and down. It was almost nothing. Bubba was looking at KC, whining, wanting to help in some way. I saw a sign after a few minutes that said:

**Jefferson City, 20 miles**

We would make it in time, if I kept up the speed. That's when I saw that I had barely over half a tank left. This SUV had good mileage; I would make it... with a fourth of a tank. If I was lucky...

Once we were in view of the city, I began to hear KC coughing again. She wasn't going to live much longer. Once we entered the city, I rammed through some undead and found the building. I didn't go in, fearing the mines.

So, I honked. After a few minutes, no one came. I honked again. That's when some Sharpshooters appeared, almost out of nowhere. They had all kinds of lever action and bolt action rifles aimed at us. I raised my hands and smiled uncontrollably.

"I need Rosie!" I screamed from my window. "Please, my friend is dying..."

That's when Rosie appeared. "Put your guns down!" she yelled. She walked towards the car, and knocked down one Sharpshooter's rifle. "What do you need Andrew?"

"My friend," I began. By then she was next to the window. "She's been shot."

"Bring her on in," Rosie said. I got out and carried KC up the stairs and onto the table Kyle once laid on.

"Da-Andrew," KC said and felt my face as I put her down. She had the smoothest hands. That's when I noticed her necklace. It was... different. I remember her telling me about it before the apocalypse. It was her grandmother's. It was just a chain with a ruby on it.

"KC," I said. "My friend Rosie is going to help you."

Rosie suddenly appeared with her tool kit again. "Andrew," Rosie said. "I'll need your help."

I nodded. "Put pressure on the wound while I give her pain pills," she said and drew pills. I did as she said and looked at my dying friend. One last tear fell into a small pool of blood forming. She had KC swallow the pills. Next, we switched places. I handed her tools she needed. I looked at KC. I was unsure what her fate would be. What I did know is that I wasn't going to let her die easily.

After what seemed like hours, Rosie sewed up the wound successfully. She looked pale. She had lost a lot of blood. Rosie and I walked away from the group.

"Will she live?" I asked the question I didn't want to know the answer to, no matter which it was.

"I'm not sure Andrew," she said grimly and sighed. "We'll have to watch her and hope everything goes well. It'll take a few weeks for her to heal up at least."

"Oh, Okay," I said. "Please, just try your hardest Rosie."

"Of course," she said. "You know I will."

After that we returned to the group. I saw Kyle leaning on one of his crutches. He had his Uzi strapped onto his back. Josh was pacing back and forth. Bubba ran up to me and leaned against my leg. I patted him. He sat at my leg when I stopped walking. He whined once and I looked at him. I scratched his head and looked back at the group that was formed.

We decided to stay the night there. We were given a tent each and we already had our own food and water, so we used that. I went to sleep that night curled up next to Bubba.

When I woke up I went to Rosie. She was taking care of KC. "how's she doin'?" I asked.

"Okay I guess," Rosie said. "For a girl who just got shot in the neck..." I sighed. KC was unconscious. I looked at her for a minute and back at Rosie.



“I’m not one hundred percent sure if she’ll make it,” Rose began. “But, I want you to know that I’m doing everything I can. If she dies, I’ll blame myself for it. I’ve only lost one patient...”

I looked Rosie in the eyes and opened my mouth to speak, but nothing came out. I closed my mouth and walked away. *I hope we’ll make it to Washington in time...* I thought. I walked back to the tent and went to sleep.

## Chapter 19: No Chance

We stayed at the camp for two weeks, two terrible weeks. Even if it wasn't for KC, we smelled horrible. There were no showers. Even worse, we ate over half of our food!

Within those two weeks, KC had only gotten worse. Her wound was infected, she wouldn't wake up, and she had momentarily died when I changed her wound. Rosie had to give her CPR. It worked, luckily. Over those few weeks, I began to realize more and more, reluctantly at first, that she wouldn't get out of here alive.

I awoke on the fourteenth day with Bubba. I kissed him on the head and let him sleep. I walked out of the tent and walked over to KC. I waved to Kyle to show him that he could leave. Someone always had to be next to her, just in case if anything happened. I sat next to her. When I was sure I was alone, I took her hand in mine.

"KC," I whispered. "Can you hear me?"

She answered me with silence. I checked her pulse, just to be safe. *Dum... dum.*

It was faint and far spread, but she was alive. I tapped her. "KC, wake up," I said and shook her slightly. "KC, don't you die on me..."

This time, I saw her eye twitch. "If you can hear me, squeeze my hand," I whispered to her. At first I felt nothing, and then the grip was so slight I could barely notice the change. I gasped. "KC?" Now, the grip was stronger.

I just sat in awe, and stared at my friend. Then, the grip began to hurt my hand. She began twitching and shaking around. "Rosie!" I screamed. In a matter of moments, I saw her emerge from her tent with her tools.

She didn't even ask. She knew what was going on, even though I didn't. I looked away. After a few seconds, I looked back to see KC quit. Rosie checked her pulse. After ten seconds, she began the CPR process. The first time, nothing. Second try, still nothing. She looked at me. Then, she began one last time. After that, she quit and looked at me. We stared at each other for a moment.

To break it, Josh and Kyle appeared. They looked at the body, then at me. I grabbed KC's gun and necklace and I looked at her.

I just looked for a minute. Then I walked away. Kyle and Josh got their things and followed me to the SUV. Bubba hopped up front. I closed my door and put my hands on the wheel and my head in my hands.

After I collected myself, I looked up and started the car. I drove west. After an hour, I found my way out of the city, and past the Central Safe Point. I could see smoke coming from where it was. The fires must have just gone out... We kept driving in silence.

Bubba began panting and I rolled down his window. He stuck his head out. His ears flew back in the wind and he stuck his tongue out. I smiled at him. I looked back at the road. I looked in my rear view mirror and saw trees. That's all I saw actually. Except for the road, and the sun in the direct middle of the sky. We had a fourth of a tank when we left the state.

## Chapter 20: Kansas... Again

The ride through the state was pretty similar to the previous one. I already told you crap about it so you're out of luck if you want more. In fact, why not use the beautiful invention called the Internet to help you? Lazy...

We stopped twenty miles into the state for gas. The gas station was boarded up. It had a sign written with something that looked like blood:

**No gas. Dead inside.**

"Read the sign," said Josh.

"Read my Glock," I said.

"You have a Berretta..."

"You're about to have a bullet wound."

I got out and chambered my AR. I put it back on my back and began pumping gas. I signaled Kyle. He got out.

"Watch the car," I said. I walked up to the gas station. I pulled out my M9. I kicked the boarded up doors. Nothing happened. Josh walked up and pulled the door open.

"Fail," he said.

"Die," I said in a deep voice. We busted out laughing and walked in, aiming our pistols.

The place was dark. The only light that entered was from the holes in the boards. We searched around. We found a few unopened bottles of water and a candy bar that was half eaten and infested with ants. We met in the middle of the store.

"See?" I said. "There is *nothing* we can't handle here..."

"*REAH!*" Josh was tackled by a female psychopathic flesh eater. I drew my knife. I grabbed her hair and pulled her back. She looked at me and tried jumping onto me, so I let her jump... onto my sneaker. She must have not liked it because then she went to the ground.

She seemed more like a human-eating frog because she jumped at me *again*. This time she landed on the barrel of my M9. I pulled the trigger and out flew a bullet that forcefully tore her brain apart and forced some of it, along with part of her skull, out of the back of her head. She hit the ground and I helped Josh up.

"It's kinda sad that they warned us about her," Josh said.

"Yeah," I said. "Still, stay here while I got to the bathroom."

"K."

I walked to the back and opened the door. Inside, I saw thirty zombies huddled up.

"Really?!" I asked myself. "C'mon, can't a guy take a crap in this world?"

The zombies were nice enough to let me finish my sentence before coming at me. I ran back out the door. Josh yelled an obscenity and flung open the door. I ran out after him. Kyle saw us and did the same as Josh, and entered the car. (It was full of fuel by then.) I slid over the hood and got in. I turned it on and barely made it away, hitting at least twelve in the process.

"Whew," I said. The others sat in silence. Bubba licked me and I patted him on the head.

We continued on the road for a few hours before stopping for the night at a hotel. We each took a room next to each other's and opened the door so we could be connected. They

were closed for privacy, but could still be accessed.

I took a cold shower, it was so weird. Although, I would get used to it again soon. I took some mouthwash afterward and spit it down the sink. I got dressed and laid down next to Bubba. On my other side was KC's Glock, and on it was her necklace. I slept for maybe an hour that night. When I did, it was horrible, horrible dreams.

Bubba woke me up by shoving me off the bed. I looked at him. "Bub!" I said. He grunted. I looked out the window to see it was still morning. I got dressed. I woke the others up and we got on our way. I guess this state was more boring now since we had experienced it before. Like a rollercoaster really...

We exited the state that day.

## Chapter 21: Wyoming

We did go through Colorado, but it was really short so I don't see the point in putting it in. It would have been a chapter that was about half a page at most. So that's why we went to Wyoming, because it was after Colorado. Anyway, this state wasn't the most exciting state, like Arizona or Missouri, but it still had its moments...

We were no longer on the interstate. We were actually now just on a dirt road in the country. It took us to an intersection that took us back onto a paved road. That led us into a town. This town was larger, I guess you could say. It had plenty of homes and some shops. It had a restaurant in the middle of the town. On the edge was a diner. It had a small park on the west end. I didn't see much of it though. The diner was on the east.

We entered the town sometime late in the afternoon. It was going to get dark soon and we had to find a safe house to use as shelter. We found that, well, a house. It was surrounded by undead. In it rang out flashes and gun shots. Every few shots, a zombie would fall.

There had to be at least two people inside from the flashes of the guns. There were two, and in the same room. They were in a pattern that one gun couldn't do. We drove up to it. Kyle and I got out. Luckily, he no longer required crutches. He fired his Uzi as I shot my AR16.

We took down twenty zombies by the time we got ten feet away from the house. There were still a few. I was down to three bullets on my M9's clip that was in. My AR ran out on its clip after the ninth zombie. I had taken down twelve of the twenty; Kyle took down the other eight. We continued to the door. I took down the last three and reloaded both of my guns. I let Kyle reload his and we leaned against the walls surrounding the cheap looking wooden door. It had no window on it so I couldn't see inside, and I avoided the real windows so they wouldn't shoot me.

I knocked on the door. "Hello?" I asked. "Let us in. We're human."

There was no response, except for a gun chambering. It sounded like a pistol. "We don't mean to cause any harm," I said. "I just want to know whose life we saved." There was a chuckle behind the door.

"We're coming in," I said. I grabbed the door knob and tried twisting it. It was locked. I rattled the door knob. It was a little cold from the wind, and it was somewhere around September. "Look, just let us in!"

Still no answer... I pushed on the door with my shoulder. I heard another pistol chamber. *Must be the other one.* I thought. I shoved it again. Then, I backed up. I ran at the door and kicked the door knob. The door flung open and the door knob hit the ground. I saw a stair case first, and next to it a door that probably led to a closet. To the left I saw a leather couch and a flipped coffee table.

I walked in, aiming my M9. I saw a busted TV. Then, from behind the table appeared a USP. They shot blind and I ran up a few steps and took cover behind the wall. They were duel wielding with a Glock 17 in the other hand. (Mine was a 24.)

I saw that they were shielding their head with their hands. "Stand up and put down the guns!" I yelled. "I have a clear shot at you and don't want to have to take it!"

He rose up after putting down his guns. I looked at him and noticed that it was Darian; the Darian Josh had talked about.

“What are you doing here Darian?”  
 “This has been my home since, well you know, happened.”  
 “Okay. Since I destroyed your door, would you rather just come with us?”  
 “That depends. Where are you going?”  
 “Washington.”  
 “The state or D.C.?”  
 “State.”  
 “Why?”  
 “There should be a boat or plane there that is going to an island. To set up a new Safe Point.”

“Another? It has to be the fourth one!”  
 “Yeah, another one,” I repeated the incorrect word. “It should be on a Hawaiian island if they’ve already left. If not, we’re going with ‘em.”  
 “Okay, that doesn’t sound too bad.”  
 “So, you in?”

“Well, that or I stay here with a busted door. So yeah, I’m in.”

Darian gathered all of his crap. We walked back to the car. We piled in and Josh sat in the middle. I pointed the car east, and hopped to find a place to stay for the night.

Instead of a hotel, we found a larger house. It had a seven foot wooden fence surrounding it. We searched the house and found nothing. I took a cold shower and lied down in the master bedroom’s bed. When I did, Bubba followed. I stayed up for a while. For the first time in a while, I heard rain outside. Even the occasional thunder and saw the occasional flash of lightning. I went to sleep with Bubba in my arms. I kept my M9 at my side.

I woke up from a bang, and it wasn’t lightning. It was the usual, gun fire. I jumped out of bed and in the process, drew my M9. Bubba stood on the bed and I flung up an open palm, like saying ‘stay’ without saying it. He immediately went back to lying, but not sleeping. I walked out. It was dark. I forgot my flashlight too...

I walked down the hallway in the dark. The only light was lightning flashing in occasionally from windows. As I found my way down the stairs (nearly falling twice) I could see the gun flashes. They showed figures coming towards one figure. I finished getting down the stairs and found my way to the dining room where it was coming from. I saw Josh shooting zombies. They had broken in from a window. After a few seconds I began shooting also.

Wind was forcing rain into the house. I took down fourteen before I had to reload.

Kyle and Darian arrived downstairs as well. We all ran back upstairs, shooting, to my room and shut the door. We pushed the dresser against it and sat on the bed.

“You guys have your guns?” Kyle asked.

“Yep,” I said. I looked at Josh.

“Duh, I was the first one shooting!” He said.

“I got my USP,” Darian said. “I don’t need my Glock I guess.”

“Okay,” Kyle began. “I’ve got my Uzi.”

“Let’s go out the window,” Josh said.

“What about Bubba?” I asked.

“I-I don’t know!” he shrugged.

“You can,” I said.

“What’ll you do?” Darian asked.

I grabbed my AR and chambered it. “Fight,” I replied. “He is *not* dying here unless I go down with ‘em.”

“I’m staying,” Darian replied.

“Me too,” Kyle agreed. We all looked towards Josh.

“Do I have much of a choice?” He asked.

“Guess not,” I said. I began reloading empty clips. I also unloaded my guns and began cleaning them. “Better do it now, while you can.”

Once we were all done, we sat and waited. I put Bubba in the closet so he would stay out of the fight. We set up a small barricade. It would block them for a while after they broke through the door. It took a few hours for them to, or at least it felt that way. We got in our positions. Kyle was in front so he could mow them down with his Uzi, Josh and Darian next with their pistols, and I was in the back with my AR16 out. They broke a hole through the door, then through the dresser. One pushed down the dresser. They bashed through the door and climbed the dresser. There were about a hundred. They over flowed the hallway and went down the stairs. That was all I was able to see.

Kyle began destroying their bodies and faces with his Uzi. Blood, skull fragments, and brains flew everywhere. Josh and Darian began shooting while he reloaded. As more began to spill in, I joined them. I was using my trigger-finger and barely aiming. I began shooting from the hip. We were taking them down constantly, and we sometimes just hit them in the chest. Some bullets managed to take two zombies down.

We continued the fight for nearly six minutes, but it felt like six days, before I had to switch to my pistol. I kept shooting. As we began to deplete on ammo, more zombies kept charging in.

“We have to find something to block the door!” I screamed above the firefight.

“The bed?!” Josh asked.

“Sure, just keep shooting Kyle!” I yelled. “We’ll get that freakin’ huge bed!”

He nodded while Josh, Darian, and I found our way to the bed. We scooted it on the hardwood floor, scratching it to death in the process, closer to the door. I managed to close the door. They flipped the huge bed on its side to block the door. We all leaned on it, after climbing a lot of corpses.

“How much ammo you got left?” I asked.

“I got half a clip for my Uzi,” Kyle said.

“My 9mm. only has a clip left,” Josh said.

“My M9 is all that’s left,” I said. “And it has six bullets...”

“I’m down to my fists,” said Darian, trying to sound hardcore.

Remember this from somewhere? I guess history repeats itself... Then, I remembered something from Australia that I took. The grenades! I ran over to my bag. I searched through it, flinging things about, while the others asked me what I was doing. I found them I grabbed two.

“Where. Did. You. Get. Those?” Kyle asked.

“Australia, mate!” I exclaimed in my best Australian accent and smiled. I had them move the bed. I pulled the pins and threw them through the door.

From then on, everything was in slowmo. I covered my head and dived. I think one even went in a zombie’s mouth! We all hit the ground. The explosion caused the door to fly off its hinges. It landed on Josh. Zombie parts flew in and so did plenty of blood that coated

everyone. I saw a board flying towards me. It bashed my face. The explosion destroyed the floor, causing them to fall. I was on the edge. I rolled helplessly off and joined them in the kitchen. Now we had light, it was fire...

I looked up. I saw darkness, contrary to the fire.

I blinked, but couldn't open my eyes again, they were too heavy... maybe just accepting lying there would be better than running... I was tired of running, and tired of fighting a losing battle, and just tired of life...



# Part III: Humanity

# Chapter 1: The Explosion

I awoke from the explosion that almost killed us. Maybe it should have... I saw that the fires were still going on. Through a small hole in the ceiling, I could see orange.

*The sun's rising...* I thought. I looked to my right. I saw Josh. The door had bashed his head open, only slightly. He would live.

Darian was on top of the kitchen counter somehow. Kyle was on top of the table. It was small and I guess he must have broken it when he hit it because it was broke below him. He was being eaten by half a zombie. Its intestines were hanging out and I knew that the food it ate would just fall out in a while. I stood, wearily. I coughed from the smoke in the air.

The Earth was swaying. I managed to grab my knife. I stumbled over to my dying friend. He was alive, and shaking his head. He coughed up blood and I fell, digging the knife into the back of the zombie's head. I barely managed to get to a sitting up position.

I looked at Kyle, he would die soon. I had to find my M9; I couldn't do it with a blade... I felt my Glock on my side and managed to pull it from its place in my pocket. I barely chambered it and looked at him. I placed the gun under his jaw. A bit of blood ran down the slide of my gun from his mouth and collided with my thumb on the handle.

"I'm sorry Kyle," I said.

"No," he coughed. He reached for my gun, but fell short. I shot him. The bullet went through his jaw and out of the top of his head. Brain matter and blood followed. His eyes rolled back. I rose up. I looked around. I saw that the door was still on Josh. I found my way to him and pushed it off. He looked at me.

"Andrew?" He asked.

"Yeah?" I replied hoarsely. I helped him to his feet. After that, we woke up Darian (if the gunshot didn't) and walked upstairs after Bubba. In the hallway was body after body and body part after body part. There was also a hole in the floor so we had to make our way around it to return to the master bedroom.

I opened the closet to see him. He whined and tackled me and licked me uncontrollably. I finally got him off of me. After that, we gathered our crap, loaded our clips, and went out on the street. Before that though, I gave Josh a bandage for his face and Darian a Band-Aid for a boo-boo he got on his elbow.

I had a small fragment of the wood stuck in my left arm. We removed it and also put a bandage on it. We saw the SUV, but decided to take the home owners; it wasn't destroyed by sniper bullets. We also took any supplies left in our SUV and some bottled water in the house.

We took off going east again. We were all still tired. I was drowsy. I kept going in and out of consciousness. We stopped at a gas station. I walked in. I had Darian pump the gas. Josh was just guarding the car. I found six energy drinks. They were taped together with duct tape. It had a message written on it that read:

**Drink up. You'll need it if you want to reach Washington in time...**

I huffed and checked for any openings. I wanted to be sure that we wouldn't be rufied. *They're still there...* I thought.

I cracked one open and took a big gulp. They hadn't been there long; they were cold. I walked back to the car. I tossed Darian an energy drink and handed Josh one. We got

back in the car and drove off. It woke me up for sure. I drove straight through the rest of Washington (stopping to pee once) and into the next state...

## Chapter 2: Nebraska

I couldn't remember at the time if we'd driven through that state, but I had the feeling that we did... you tell me. You read it! Didn't you? If you skipped here just to see how the book would end then shame on you! Now go back and check Part 1! Now! Yes, now....

After ten miles we were forced to stop at a rest stop (again) so we could all empty the second energy drink we drunk. We were going to have a bad crash in a few hours...

We had a urinal between each other. I put Bubba in a stall for then. After we washed our hands, I walked Bubba and let him do his thing (after sniffing around for nearly five minutes like a freakin' drug dog) and returned to the car. I happily drove off. This state was better than the last I guess; at least I didn't nearly blow us up. Something else did happen though...

We were two hours into the state when we began to feel the energy drinks wear off, it was slightly past noon by then. We were driving when I saw a semi. Not wrecked or tipped over, just sitting there. Its doors were closed and its tail lights were blinking. I stopped about ten feet behind it. I got out. I had Darian cover me because he took Kyle's Uzi. Josh was going to watch the car again. We approached it.

"Check the trailer," I whispered. "But don't open it."

"Uh huh," Darian replied. He split off as I approached the cab. I climbed up to where I could get a good view inside of it. Inside, there was only a marked map and something that had a trigger. I opened the door and grabbed the map. I looked at the item with the trigger. The map ended at Washington, where the camp was supposed to be. *It's rigged...* I thought.

"**DARIAN!**" I screamed and ran to him.

He looked at me wide eyed. I grabbed him by the arm and ran back to the SUV. Once inside I realized I still had the trigger.

"What's wrong?!" He asked, shocked.

"This," I said. I backed up the SUV farther and stopped. Then, I pulled the trigger. The semi exploded, and caused a small crater to form where it once was. We shielded our eyes. The cab flipped and flew a few hundred feet forward and scraped against the ground. It stopped and we looked at what had just happened. "Now, I wonder who did this."

"Him maybe?" Darian asked and pointed in his rear-view mirror. (HE was in front. Bubba was in the very back.)

Just by looking, I could tell it was a Sharpshooter. "Stay here," I said. I got out and had my AR16 at my side. He was wearing a hood and a bandana. He raised his revolver at me. I aimed my AR. "Look, we're cool. I'm friends with Rosie and Bill."

"Really?" He asked. "Good." He lowered his gun, as did I. He signaled towards some bushes and trees. Out came Bill.

"Bill?" I asked astounded to see him. "You escaped the Central Safe Point?"

"Yep," he replied smiling. "I was the only one, except Raya. She stayed a town or two back. So, what are you doing?"

"Nothing," I said. "Was that your semi?" I asked and pointed at the wreckage.

"Yeah," he answered. "It was our plan to take out the Group or whatever they're called. They plan on starting another Safe Point as you know, but what you don't know is

that they want to rule humanity. Also, they plan on experimenting with the undead. Trying to make them a deadlier weapon than what they are now.”

“Wow, where are the others?”

“They plan on joining us a few towns up. It’s not too far. Think you can give us a ride?”

“Sure, after all, I did destroy your car...”

I explained to my friends what we were doing. No one objected, so I went ahead with the plan. It only took nearly thirty minutes until we got off the next exit to the next town. I’m not quite sure of what the name was.

We ran into a small camp they had formed. It was an SUV, a car, truck, and a van in a square shape. It was a smart formation. I also saw that they had a school bus that was about forty feet away. Next to it was another car. They were in an L formation. All the vehicles had a shield of some sort on them. Mainly, it was just a large sheet of metal, large and thick enough to stop bullets. The windows had fences on them. These cars were for war... They had formed a militia of some sort.

We walked up from our car to towards the van. They pushed open the back doors. It revealed a person sitting in a chair, before them was a mounted light machine gun. There was also another mounted machine gun on the truck. He took the LMG and pushed it away. They had made a way to slide it out of the way. Probably so people could get out that way.

We used the van to get into the middle. There were two large tents. Out of one came Rosie.

“Andrew,” she said and nodded.

“Rosie,” I said and nodded. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m the nurse,” she replied. “Remember? There’s going to be a lot of us getting shot...”

“Oh, how do you guys plan on winning when they have assault rifles? You guys only have snipers and pistols.”

“We’re raiding every military base on the way. By the time we arrive to Washington new should have enough guns and everything else we need.”

“Sounds like a good plan. But, what if you don’t run into enough bases?”

“Already thought of it, we’ve figured out where they all are along the way. There are at least three. We would like for you to help us. We’ll need someone like you.”

“Someone like me? And did you leave me the drinks at the gas station?”

“I-I don’t know what you’re talking about, and yes like you. We need someone who has leadership, someone who can shoot pretty well, someone who is smart, and also can do things that others can’t.”

“Okay, but what do you mean do things that others can’t?”

“You have killed more than most here. And you seem pretty unaffected by it. You know how to take down people in ways that most don’t. You’re pretty stealthy, and you’re cunning as well.”

“Why thank you, and the killing I’ve done was required. This isn’t, but I’m still in. I just want to kill the douche that’s behind all of this so I can get on with my life if you don’t mind.”

“Fine, if you find them. If not it’ll probably be another general such as General Bill over here,” Rosie said and pointed towards Bill.

“Wait, he’s a general? I thought he lead you guys or something.”

“No, that’s Jacob.”

“When will I meet Commander Jacob? And so I’m a general is what you’re telling me?”

“Yep, and you’ll meet him during our planning stage. You’ll probably be on reconnaissance. You may be allowed to take Josh and Darian. Probably just one though.”

“Me,” Josh butted in and raised his hand. “I’ve sat out for long enough!”

“Alright,” I said.

“If,” Rosie began. “You’re able to find a silencer for your gun or a silencer for a gun at a military base. Remember, this is recon.”

“Okay,” Josh said.

“So, where exactly will we meet up with him?” I asked.

“A few states from here,” Rosie replied. “Idaho to be exact.”

Darian and Bill giggled at that. We all looked at them and they stopped. I looked back to Rosie.

“So,” I said. “We both may need to get new guns. If so, we’ll need a while to try them out.”

“Okay,” she agreed. “He’ll probably agree to give you guys a day or two.”

“Good,” I said and nodded. “So, when are we heading out? Also, my friends and I like to sleep indoors. So if it’s okay with you guys, we can stop at motels or hotels if you prefer.”

“Sure,” Rosie said. “I prefer it too. I’m not sure why anyone would prefer to stay outside, especially when it looks like it’ll rain tonight, it may even be snowing in Washington for all we know! We’re prepping for that now too. We know what we’re doing, Andrew. We even have some *real* soldiers.”

“Good. So, are we leaving now or tomorrow?”

“Eager, I like it. We are leaving when the tents are packed up and everyone is ready.”

“Cool, how long do we have until they leave to attack?”

“We have someone on the inside. They sabotaged some of the gasoline, they didn’t waste it though. They gave us it and used an excuse. I’d say at least three more days. We should arrive tomorrow to the main base we’ve set up, the second day will be prepping and recon, and the last day will be the attack. They won’t be able to leave, even if we don’t finish them that day. We’ll be sure to cripple them. We plan on letting the civilians live, or at least as many that can escape and get to the buses we’ll have before the bomb goes off.”

“What bomb?”

“The bomb you’ll plant during recon. Well, there are actually five.”

“Five?! And me?!”

“One of our bomb experts will probably be sent to plant them. The first two, are the break their first line of defenses, the third is for their electricity. The fourth is for their vehicles, and the last is to destroy the buildings which will blow up anything we don’t destroy that’s left.”

“Okay, how many buses will there be?”

“As many as our soldiers need to get there. We also will bring a few extra vans suited up like ours to cover the soldiers while they get out and move in.”

“But my friends and I are getting in how?”

“You’ll be part of the rushers.”

“Okay, if that’s okay with them.”

“I probably can’t do that,” said Josh. “My head is still a little messed up.” He rubbed the bandage.

“I’ll check that out later,” said Rosie. “Any other injuries I need to look at?”

“My arm,” said Darian. I smacked him in the back of the head.

“My arm has a hole in it,” I said. Rosie nodded, and we parted ways for then.

We went back to the car and waited for them to pack up. Once they did, we all had to refuel. It went down without any trouble. They fueled up some gas canisters also. They even got some bottles filled up for Molotov Cocktails, just as I did with our alcohol bottles.

We drove for three hours before stopping, and I think that the convoy was driving a little slow. Not only that, but we also got off at a wrong exit and had to wrap back around to the right road. We stopped at a motel. We opened up the middle doors. We agreed to head out in the morning. I had to share a room with Darian, Josh, and Bubba. Bub and I slept in a bed, while they slept in the other.

Before sleeping, Rosie patched up our wounds for us and gave us each a painkiller. In the morning, we headed out bright and early. We sped through the rest of Nebraska that day.

## Chapter 3: Wyoming

We sped through this state as well. The only reason I include it is to share something important that happens. Don't worry; you'll reach that point in a few...

Rosie had given each vehicle a walkie-talkie. She even gave us extra batteries!

"Anyone got some cigs?" The driver of the car asked.

"No," I replied.

"Nope," said the pick-up truck driver.

"I ran out, when was it?" The bus driver replied. "Oh, I ran out in the state where we ran into the Vultures a lot."

"I don't smoke," said Rosie.

"Ain't got jack," said the van driver. He had a southern accent.

"Christ," said the driver of the car.

"Anyone got some booze?" Bill asked. He was in Rosie's car.

"No," said the driver of the van.

"Nada," said the bus driver.

"Na man," said the pick-up truck driver.

"If I did I wouldn't be the one driving right now," said the driver of the car.

"I think we have some vodka," I said. "If we didn't replace it with gas that is..."

"Great!" Exclaimed Bill. "We'll pull over at the next gas station so that you can check, and if you didn't I'll take it and let you refill the bottle with somethin'."

"Alright," I said. After ten minutes we found that gas station. I found whiskey, but he still accepted it. He put it in a water bottle. The brown liquid filled the bottle with no room left. I put gas in the bottle.

When we began to leave, out of the gas station came a woman. Everyone looked at the ragged old woman. She was practically wearing rags, rags that barely covered her. She held out her hands. She had her mouth open that showed no teeth. Her brown hair was going every which way. She walked up to one of the Sharpshooters that was out of his car, smoking.

"Can I have one?!" She asked madly.

"No," he said.

"Please?!" She pursued.

"I said *no*," he exclaimed. He drew a sawed off 12 gauge. He put it to her forehead. He almost pulled the trigger but Rosie pushed the gun aside and drew the cigarette from his mouth and handed it to the hag. She stuck out her tongue to the man and scurried back inside. She came back out a second later.

"Oh yeah," she said, smiling. The burning cigarette was in one corner of her mouth. "I forgot this!" From her rags drew two Mac-10s. She began shooting and out came two men behind her. One had a lever action rifle; the other had a pump shotgun. I drew my M9 and took cover behind my car. I poked my head out, and began shooting. I scraped the hag's left leg. She screamed and kept shooting. She shot the man who refused her a cig in his mouth. He fell. His gun landed in his lap.

Everyone was shooting, or taking cover. They were clearly Vultures. I shot the Vulture with the pump-action. He fell, and shot one last shot. It missed everyone. The other was killed by Bill. We all gave the hag a few rounds.



We checked the gas station to find nothing once they were dead. We packed up and took everything off of the car driver. No one needed the car, so we scavenged everything we needed from it and set it on fire, at the gas station with all the bodies inside. We lost another person other than the smoker.

It was the other person who rode in the car. They were hit by the bullet that went through the driver. It hit them in the right temple.

We drove off after the Sharpshooters said a few words. The rest of this state was mainly talking, and running over a few zombies. Next, was Idaho, where the Sharpshooter leader was...

## Chapter 4: Idaho

We had to travel northwest throughout this state. It was a little bit more difficult than Wyoming in my opinion. You'll see why too...

Once past the state border, we began to decrease speed. It was before noon still and all we had to do was reach the tip of the state. We saw some fields beside us. I realized that they were probably potato fields, since that's what Idaho grew mostly.

This state was colder. I noticed it more and more as we went north. The others seemed to notice, as the air conditioner turned over to heat. It was a slow process though. I didn't expect snow, but it did get chilly.

The convoy stopped at a rest stop so everyone could use the restroom. I walked Bubba the entire time though. I sat down on a bench once he was done. He sat before me with the leash falling limp. I patted his head. He licked my face. I smiled and shielded myself. I began to scratch his head.

I noticed the thing I was always drawn to, the figure on the top of his head. It was a white streak; it almost looked like a comet I suppose.

Josh, Darian, Billy, Rosie and the others soon came out. That's when I noticed that Rosie was one of two women in our convoy. The other was apparently married to the guy who drove the truck. His name was Rick and hers was Sandra. She was a good shot, or so I heard. She would mount the gun if needed.

We left a few minutes after they came out. They wanted to raid the vending machines and take all the maps. Once they did, we hit the road. We had about two hours until sun down so we sped back up to an average of seventy miles per hours.

We found the camp after about an hour. It was poorly set up if I do say so myself. It had some fences and tents. We saw that they had armed guards everywhere, but now with M4s. The place had quickly set up fences surrounding it. They had camo on and most were training with their new weapons.

They took us to the center tent. Only Rosie, Bill, Darian, Josh, Bubba, and I went in. I saw a man in a chair. Before him was a map. It had lines surrounding it going very which way. They ended with Xs. One was blue, one was red, and the last one was yellow. The man had sunglasses on. He had short, trimmed, and brown hair. He had his hands put together on the desk and had his head close to them.

"Hello," he said in a cool, slick voice. "As you should know I'm Jacob, leader of the Sharpshooters."

"I'm Andrew," I began. "This is Josh, Darian, and Bubba."

"I know who you are," he said. "Rosie has probably told you most of the plan. Bill will tell you the rest, as he's going with you on recon. We have your weapons chosen. One extra of you may go, other than Andrew and Bill."

"It'll be Josh," I said. "I'd like to see the pieces we're going in with."

"I like you," he smiled. "Come." He took us past the shooting range to another tent. Inside this one were plenty of guns.

He put two M4s, two Glockes, two M9s, two MP5s, and two P99s on the table. "Take whatever you like," Jacob said.

I took an M4 and a MP5. Then I told him about my M9 and Glock. He gave me a silencer for each. Josh took a M4 and I gave him my Glock. Bill took a MP5 as well and a

P99. We all got our silencers.

Next, we went out to the range. By then we were the only ones left. We tried the guns silenced and unsilenced. I decided to keep mine, as did the others.

We were to head out the next night. So the next day was spent loading all of our clips and cleaning our guns. We were given six clips per gun each. Darian planned on staying behind and watching Bubba. They were also planning the first attack. Before we left, He told us that he would probably man a mounted LMG in one of the vans or trucks.

We packed up, and got on the road to Washington. I guess now I could call myself a spy...

## Chapter 5: Recon

We left at sun down. We were wide awake. Bill was carrying the explosives, Josh had a camera to take pictures of anything suspicious, and I was just there. Bill drove us. It took about thirty minutes to find our way to it.

It had huge, metal walls to guard from intruders. And we were going to need those explosives, if not more! We had to walk the last half mile to avoid as much detection as possible. It wasn't too bad; all we had to do was avoid spot lights. Oh yeah, did I mention that they had a mine field? Because they did... We placed some C4 in the mine field for safety.

We were forced through those obstacles but finally found the entrance, a tunnel. It was for those who were higher up to leave in case of an emergency. We walked into it and pulled out flashlights.

"I have to plant some extra explosives here," said Bill. "Just to be sure that no leaders escape."

"Okay," I said. "Just be quick." I watched as he dropped his bag carefully to the cement floor. He drew out a small, brown block. He placed it on top of the circle and pushed a button on with his thumb. It beeped. He picked up the bag and we kept walking.

We made our way into the fortress. After a few hundred feet, we were blocked by a wall. Bill walked up to it and removed a block. Then, he pushed it aside. We followed him in. He closed the door and replaced the block. We were in some barely lit room, but enough to turn off our flashlights.

This room took us to a hallway. The hallway took us to another. The process continued for a while until we reached the sewers. It smelled, literally, like crap. It was lit by the occasional lantern. We took the sewers for a while, but stopped when we heard voices.

"Do you think we'll leave the day after tomorrow?" One asked.

"I'm not sure," said the other. "I sure hope. This place sucks. Hawaii though, will be sweet."

"You said it!" The first one exclaimed.

"We have to take them down," said Bill. We looked at him. Josh looked shocked, but I agreed. "Andrew?" I nodded and we crawled until we saw an intersection. They were on our left, and sounded close.

"Ready?" I asked.

"Yep," said Bill. I turned out and began shooting with my MP5; Bill rolled out and began shooting with his P99.

They were caught off guard, and were easily killed. We threw their bodies into the current of crap. They went with it and left our sight.

Josh and I followed Bill for a while. Occasionally he would place C4 on the walls.

We eventually reached an elevator. It took us to the roof of a building where a sniper was. He turned.

Bill shot him with his P99 before the guard could react. We followed Bill to the edge of the building. There, we saw that we were on a skyscraper! Around us were ten other illuminated skyscrapers, each with its own occupants. After that, the fence closed everything in.

They had a pretty open power generator. There were actually about ten per building all in a square. We probably could have sniped them from there, but we had to follow the plan. We could also see two separate garages. They were on different sides of the fortress. We would take out the vehicles first, followed by the electricity, next we would plant them in certain buildings, and lastly were the defenses.

Bill had Josh take pictures of the buildings, also of the power generators. The last pictures Josh took were of the walls. In the streets were bands of troops patrolling the city. They looked like floods. There were around fifteen soldiers in each patrol.

The walls were amazingly well built. They were around twenty feet tall and six feet thick. They were all metal too. A downfall though was that they only had one gate. They could easily get cornered. Another downfall was that it was their only line of defense. Also, the troops were poorly trained.

We managed to get to the street. There were some, but few people other than the troops. We blended into the groups. They had no guns, so we hid ours. We walked among them until we neared the vehicles. It was guarded by one guard at a toll both. He had an AK-47 strapped to his back and a Glock (as usual) to his hip. Bill walked up to him. We followed.

“Hello,” said Bill. “Uh, I need past.” He pointed towards the cars.

The guard laughed. “You got an ID?” He asked.

“No.”

“Then no entrance! Get out of here before I have to report you...”

We walked away. “Here’s the plan,” said Bill. “I’ll get him away to talk. You guys act like you walk away also in a different direction. Once we’re gone, plant the explosive on the bottom of the center car. We need as much destruction as possible.”

“How do we get out?” Asked Josh.

“You’ll get five minutes,” Bill said flatly.

“Okay,” I said. I waved so the guard could see and began to walk away. Bill walked up to him again. They began talking. He took Bill to the back of the building.

Josh and I sprinted for the booth. I hopped the fence thing, while Josh slid under it. We crouched and began jogging in that position. After we got a ways in, I saw two more guards. They (like idiots) were facing the cars. I got twelve feet away.

“Take the one on the right,” I said. Josh nodded.

I drew my knife and walked up behind the left guard. Josh stuck the silencer into the other’s back and covered his mouth. Josh took three shots. I covered mine’s mouth and stabbed him in the left part of his neck. I tried not to sever the jugular, as to avoid as much blood as possible. The knife went in deep and smooth after the first few centimeters. I knew this method sounded horrible, but we needed no blood to be left behind.

We managed to drag their large bodies to the cars. We slid them under. I slid under the center car. I pulled out the C4 I was given. I placed it on the bottom of the car. It stuck. I pushed the button Bill had and it beeped. I slid out. I looked at Josh. We ran for the exit.

After three minutes of waiting, Bill returned. The guard was apparently now in a garbage can with three bullet holes in his face. I told Bill what happened. He nodded. Next we went for the power.

We managed to get there. The only problem was that it had a fence surrounding it with barb wire on top. There were five guards inside with M4s in their hands. There were spot lights on the power generators. This one was going to be difficult...

“How’s this goin’ down?” I asked.

“A: we go in shootin’, B: we take them down one by one, or C: we get them away long enough for the bombs to be planted,” Bill said.

“I’ll distract them,” said Josh. “I’ll tell them that some guards have been murdered. I’ll take them to the garage. They’ll see the blood, yada, yada, yada, and the bombs are planted.”

“Okay,” Bill said.

“Cool,” I said and nodded.

Josh ran up to them, out of breathe. He began pointing and yelling madly. Three ran off with him. The other two remained on high alert. They had their guns shouldered.

“Take ‘em down,” I whispered. I pulled out my MP5 and Bill pulled out his P99. I took out the right one and Bill killed the one on the left. We hid the bodies. Bill planted the explosives and we met Josh at the garage. Before leaving that area, we placed some C4 in the empty buildings walls, just enough to take them down though.

We went to the second garage. We did the same thing. This time though, there were no guards on the inside.

After he did that, we found our way back to the outside world. We snuck past the spotlights and got close to the gate.

We placed our bodies against the smooth, cool metal wall to stay out of view. Bill placed two C4s on each side of the gate. I didn’t even know that he had that many! Seriously, where did they get all of this crap?!

We snuck away and got back to the car. After a few hours, we arrived back to the camp.

## Chapter 6: War

The next day was all planning and last minute prepping. Everyone cleaned guns, reloaded clips, packed up, helped plan, and did some target shooting. I decided to bring a bag of some essential things. It consisted of my clips, the last two grenades, a flashlight, bottled water, two cans of food, bottles full of gas, matches, a lighter, a walkie-talkie (Rosie and Jacob had the others) and the silencers for my guns.

I was on a team with Darian, Josh, and Bill. We were going to sneak in and get to a roof top. We would supervise the battle; even snipe a little bit if necessary. We would be the last out, so really we were taking a huge risk. If we weren't out in time, they would go ahead and take out the buildings. That would trigger explosions all over the city, not just the fenced in area, if it was methane or propane or some explosive gas like that.

We would tell them when to detonate most. Well other than the fence and electricity. They would detonate the vehicles on our command, as well as our passage in.

We went to work the next morning, at five in the morning sharp. I was in our SUV. The busses and vans would go in on our command, as well as the trucks.

We took the same route to the roof. We arrived without a hitch. I grabbed the dead sniper's rifle. Darian, Josh, and Bill brought their own. I was already carrying too many weapons...

I surveyed the city. We all spotted and locked onto other snipers. I put the walkie-talkie down next to me. I pressed the button.

"Move in on our mark," I said.

"Roger that," said Rosie.

"Got it," said Jacob.

"Shoot in three," I said. They chambered their bolt-action rifles. "Two... One... Shoot!"

I took my shot. Three others echoed along with it. My sniper took the shot to the nose. After that, we found the other snipers. After they were dead, we moved onto guards at the fence. Next thing I knew, five explosions went off! Buildings went dark and up came the busses.

The gate exploded open. I saw that there were four busses. Between every two was a van with a machine gunner. Out of the vans came rushing the troops. The trucks rushed into the gate. They went down the roads, shooting all the guards. As they shot, one of the drivers were shot. They swayed and crashed over some of the troops.

I saw that more guards were going for the cars. "Take out the cars," I said. The buildings exploded and caved in.

From four buildings came a hundred armed guards. They began fighting ours. We sniped as many as we could without taking out our guys. From atop a building, I saw something I didn't expect. It was a helicopter! It was from the military. Arming the mini gun was one of their troops. He rained fire onto our cars!

Most exploded while only two managed to retreat. I aimed, and shoot for the pilot. I missed! It hit the windshield, but missed him by a dime. I shot again, but this was even worse. I hit the blades, which was still good I guess. It went down, crashing into a building.

Debris crashed down onto soldiers of all sides. Civilians ran out. They ran for the busses as a few troops herded them.

They climbed into a few busses. They only filled a total of two; the few troops that were surviving wouldn't fill the other two. The guards were pushed back to one building. There were snipers in the windows. We aimed for them, but mine ran empty. I had no extra clips so I just dropped it.

I stood up and drew my M4. "Come on you guys," I said. "This is almost over. We need to get out of here!"

They stood. They dropped their snipers over the roof. As I reached for the walkie-talkie, a sniper bullet destroyed it! I jumped down.

"*GET DOWN!*" I screamed. I kicked out Josh's leg and tripped Darian. Bill looked from where it came. As he began to get down, another bullet came. It whizzed by his ear, and even scraped it! He grabbed his ear and fell. He screamed in pain. We crawled into the building. We took the stairs (no electricity, no elevators) to the ground. We went to enter the sewers, but they blew the exit! We were going to have to go out fighting!

We found the front, glass doors. We opened them and went onto the war-torn streets. On them was blood sprayed, bodies, debris, glass, bullet shells, and even some abandoned body parts occasionally. We ran down them, taking as much cover as possible. After we got near, another sniper began paying attention to us.

He started shooting. We dodged them successfully and escaped his view. We could see the battle from our position. "Should we help them?" Darian asked.

Bill grabbed his wound. "You can," he said skeptically. "I'm gonna have Rosie check this out!"

He ran for the gate. "I'll help you help them," I said.

"Me too," said Josh. With that, we went to the battle. Our guys were taking cover behind destroyed cars. The enemies though, even had two LMGs in the lower windows. The bullets sprayed through the metal, killing most and injuring most of the others. We approached. I took cover on the building closest, Josh took cover behind a car, and Darian took cover behind a huge cement chunk of debris from the helicopter crash.

We began shooting. The enemies began advancing out of the building. We also advanced, or well I did. I slid up to one soldier who was behind a truck, it was destroyed. I slid into cover as I was shot at. My back slammed into the truck.

"Hey," I said.

"What's up?" He asked.

"Eh," I began. "Just the usual I guess. Except these enemies are shooting back." He chuckled at that.

"You hit?" I asked.

"Nope," he said and shook his head.

"Got any ammo?" I asked.

"Nada," she shrugged.

"Here," I said and handed him two M4 clips. "Just give them back when you're done." I winked.

We leaned out and started shooting. I hit five and he hit three. We took cover again as they took their shots. That's when Josh and Darian started shooting. I looked under the truck to see that about thirty were closing in. I pulled a grenade out. I pulled the pin and threw it under the truck. I covered my head.

"*GET DOWN!*" I screamed again. The soldier did, but because a sniper bullet shoved him to the ground. It hit him in the right eye. His body was looking at me. The



grenade exploded and I heard screams. Blood rained down with shrapnel and other debris.

Josh and Darian came up to me. We began shooting. The snipers and people on the LMGs were now coming out, but with their hands in the air. When they did, we kept our guard up. Jacob came up in a car. He got out and walked up to them with a Desert Eagle. He shot all of them and went into the building.

“Stay here,” I said and went running in with my MP5 out. I walked in and saw that he was reloading. He slid in the clip and chambered it. He walked to the stairs. We headed up them, along the way we encountered (and shot) around ten more guards. After ten minutes, we reached the second to top floor. Jacob got on one side of the door. I got on the other. We reloaded.

He kicked in the door. There waiting for us were four guards. They had MP5s also. They were taken down. Behind them was another door. We reloaded and leaned on it again. I pulled out my M9 this time. I opened it. Jacob went in after me.

In here, was a man sitting at a glass desk. Behind him was a window. Through this window, we could see the streets that the battle had taken place. Jacob shot one of the windows out.

“Andrew,” he said. “Come help me...” We pushed back the chair and tilted him over the ground. It was twelve stories below.

The man looked indifferent. He looked at Jacob, then over to me. “This ends here,” he said.

“With your death,” said Jacob.

“No,” said the man. “Mine will start it. Yours will end it.”

I rushed six guards. They had AKs and were spraying at us. We dropped the chair. Jacob grabbed the man and threw him before me. I grabbed him and used him to shield me.

I saw Jacob. He aimed his Desert Eagle with one hand. He shot twice before they lit him up. He had to take at least twenty shots before falling out the window. He went down to the ground, shooting. They shot my shield. He got so heavy that I dropped him. I began shooting with my MP5 again. They were reloading. I hip sprayed and slaughtered them. I kept shooting until I heard the *click*.

I found my way back to the ground after that. Along the way, I reloaded all my guns. I saw that my friends were around Jacob’s splattered body. Rosie, Bill, Josh, Darian, Bubba, and even Rick and Sandra were there. We walked away from the sight. We walked towards the gate. Once at the last intersection, we spotted a huge horde of undead! We drew our guns. The fight wasn’t over I guess...

I ran out on my M4 and switched to my MP5 as they neared. They were coming in at a slow, but steady pace. I saw that Rick shielded Sandra. He had a M1911. He took shots with one hand as he held Sandra near with the other. Rosie only had an LCR, which if you remember only holds five rounds and is a revolver. Josh, Darian, Bill, and I were shooting. I held Bubba back. He was barking and growling.

I ran empty on the MP5, but I reloaded it. A zombie grabbed Rick, Sandra pulled him as a zombie ripped flesh from his right wrist. More zombies kilt her as she tried to help him. I shot everything in that bloody pile of flesh and focused back to the ones in front of me.

There were fourteen left when I finally just went to my M9. We finished them and mourned Sandra and Rick for a moment.

Afterwards, we continued on our merry way. There had been a total of twelve

surviving troops. Fifty had gone.

Once far outside the city limits, we blew up the last bomb. It caused a smaller explosion than I expected, but still one good enough to kill anything left.

I still had a few unanswered questions... who gave us the drinks? And what now?

I got the answer to one of them a few hours later, and it was surprising to say the least...

## Chapter 7: What Was Next

We went back to the camp from which we had come. We went back to our tents and went to sleep. The next day we went to meet the new leader of the Sharpshooters, Bill.

He had Jacob's supplies and soldiers at his disposal. I was wary about that. Was he really ready? What if he just ran out on them again when things got tough, as he did in Washington?

We went to his tent to see him. He snuck a kiss that only I saw to Rosie. Darian, Josh, and Bubba were with me. We stood before him.

He stood. "Andrew," he said. "I'd like you to be my second in command. I trust you enough for that job. Would you like to accept the job?"

"Sure," I said and shrugged.

"Good," he smiled. "Follow me, only you. Bubba may come if you wish." I followed him out to the east edge of the camp.

There was a wall covered in blood. It had bullet holes in it. There were people tied to it. They were gagged. They struggled for freedom. I could see fear in their eyes.

"What is this?!" I asked.

"These are traitors," Bill said. "They don't believe in our cause, but refused to leave."

"And?"

"And you chose their fate. You can chose to have them executed, or be thrown out with no supplies."

"What if I won't?"

"They die, and you and your friends join them. Even Bubba."

I grabbed him by the throat. I slammed him to the ground. He choked and I grabbed my M9. I chambered it and put it to his temple. He actually had the nerve to chuckle.

"*You think this is a game?!*"

"Kill me. Do it and the outcome will be the same."

"Maybe, but I'll be sure to take you out with me, you coward."

"Coward? There's a difference between courage and ignorance. People like you can't tell the difference."

"Well I can tell the difference of good and evil. And evil's about to have its brains splattered all over the ground."

He chuckled. I heard sprinting. I looked back to see guards. I grabbed Bill. I held him as a shield.

"Let him go!" One yelled. There were three.

"Shoot through me!" Bill screamed. "*Kill the traitors!*"

I heard more running. I saw Darian and Josh turn the corner. All eyes were on them. They drew their guns. I shot the guards while they took aim at my friends.

"You're coming with us," I said.

I dragged Bill back to our tent. We gathered our crap. We ran to the SUV. I put Bubba in the back. Bill sat in the middle. My friends had their pistols aimed for his face.

I drove out of the camp. I got on the interstate. "Where are we going?" Darian asked.

"Back to the original plan," I said. "Indiana."

“What do we do with him?” Asked Josh and smacked Bill.

“Kill him,” I said. “Or leave him in a city with no supplies. It’s his choice...”

“I’ll take my chances in the city,” he said.

“Okay,” I said. What he didn’t realize was that the place would be over run, and he would be stuck in the middle of it...

We drove for a while in silence until we stopped for gas. I had Josh and Darian put him up against the gas station wall while I pumped the gas. After I finished, we took off again. But before we did, I had them tie his hands and feet together with some rope that I had.

We soon found the place I was looking for. It was a town, a rather large town. This city was filled with undead! They were literally everywhere!

I drove to the center of town. “Hurry!” I yelled. I handed them my knife. They dropped him outside and cut his hands loose. He struggled to untie his feet we drove away, and zombies closed in on him. They were decomposing and forever hungry, which was bad for Bill. What shocked me most was that they just walked. As if they knew that he deserved every bit, if not more, of this. As he escaped my vision, so did any hope I had left for humanity...

What would we become if we kill each other in our time of need the most for the stupidest reasons? People like Bill and the Leader destroyed any thought I thought that we may rise from the ashes (and bodies) to rebuild. Truthfully, we probably would have survived if we hadn’t would have been so selfish. If we all would have pulled together and took care of them instead of just thinking of our survival we would have saved billions of lives. Please, don’t make the same mistake we made. When the time comes, make sure that this *stays* a fiction. Rather it is zombies or any other worldwide disaster. Just be sure to work together, didn’t they teach you that in kindergarten?

To get to Indiana, we would have to overcome a total of six states. I doubted that we all would make it, but we would go down fighting. I also expected to find more people, good or bad.

What was the difference between the items we call ‘good’ and ‘bad’ or ‘evil?’ Truthfully, the words are merely opinions. They can’t truly describe a word. They can in your eyes, but maybe not mine, for your definition of evil may be opposing to mine.

What is the *true* definition to the words then you may ask? There is no one answer. Every definition will be different from every source. Most have similar definitions and examples though, like Hitler or Napoleon. Or for good like Gandhi or Martin Luther King Junior, or maybe even George Washington or Abraham Lincoln.

Mine, is those who are evil or bad, are those whose sole purpose are to cause harm or pain to others, those who want to rule over others, those who just care for their own interest and will kill anyone or anything that gets in their way, and those who will kill to get what they want...

My definition for good: someone who gives and gives ‘till they have no more to give, someone who helps others in their time of need, someone who would lay down their lives for a friend or a family member, so someone who is selfless and kind mainly.

I could almost hear his screams as we headed east where I had heard screams just alike there. Deep down, I knew it wouldn’t get better there. I just knew that maybe, maybe, I would be able to settle down... for a while.

We drove in silence for a while before exiting that state and entering the next,

Montana.

## Chapter 8: Montana

We were all getting tired, even though it was just passed sun down. I knew I wouldn't sleep but we stopped anyway. It was a motel again. We opened the doors like usual. I followed my usual procedure of taking a shower, getting dressed, and taking some mouth wash before laying down for bed.

I fell asleep late into the night, maybe around two in the morning with the alcohol-mint taste still in my mouth and Bubba's warm fur against me.

I awoke from my short slumber from beating on my outside door. I went to answer it, still drowsy. I had my pistol at my hip, and chambered. It didn't stop and sounded like it was trying to be beat in, but they gave little effort.

When I finally arrived, I yawned and grabbed for the locks. I unlocked them and grabbed the cold, silver knob. I opened it. Came spilling in were undead. I woke up immediately. I began shooting them. As more of them fell, more rushed in. They trampled the bodies without notice. I grabbed my M4, the keys to the car, and Bubba's collar and ran. Everything else was in the car or would become the zombie's. I ran to the next room which happened to belong to Josh. I slammed the door behind me. I locked it and leaned on the door. It was hollow, want to know how I knew? Because I could see when a zombie Falcon Punched his way through it...

Josh was gone, so were his belongings. His bed was unmade and even his shoes were gone. I ran to Darian's room. I closed (and locked) both doors behind me as I went. I saw them taking cover, guns drawn. Darian was behind his bed and Josh was behind a flipped table. They dropped their weapons.

"Yo, hoes," I said. "Let's go!" They listened to my friendly insult and we booked it out of the door and to the car; I had Bubba ride shotgun.

Darian and Josh covered me as I backed out. We narrowly avoided being victims of the munchies as the undead flooded out of the building just as blood had flooded from their brethren's redead bodies. As we made our getaway, and I saw that the sun had just finished rising over the horizon.

I drove, during that, we were all panting. Bubba though had his tongue out, as to cool himself down (In case you don't know, dogs don't sweat... there's you're fact of the day!).

"That was interesting," I said. Darian chuckled and Josh just continued panting. "Huh, Bub?" He licked my face and I rolled down his window. He licked the wind now as I noticed that the gas light came on, it was followed by a *ding*.

"Crap," I said. There was a sign that said:

**Food 12 miles**

**Hotel 13 miles**

**Death 10 miles**

**Gas 15 miles**

The rest were blurred by bullet holes. "Be sure your guns are loaded," I said. "And watch for people."

"Oh," Josh said. "Thanks for that. My clip had four bullets left!"

"I'm good," said Darian.

I checked my M9, it had a full clip. I slid it back in and chambered it. I put in my lap and looked back to the road. Bubba stuck his head back in the car because of the rolling up window that was triggered by my hand on the button; he also closed his mouth.

I slowed to forty miles per hour. We continued for the next eleven miles without seeing anything out of the norm. At the twelfth mile mark, was a diner with a few parked cars. One had a semi ramming it into the diner. I could see a head leaning on the steering wheel behind it was blood on the white wall that still remained. The cars left a hole that let me see a barrel of a gun. A bullet flew from it; behind it was a blast of fire and gun powder. From instinct, I dove down and brought Bubba with me. Good thing because the bullet rushed in his and out of Josh's.

He had also ducked, so he lived. The car spun out and bashed into a tree. Glass from the windshield flooded in and flew everywhere. My, along with everyone else's, bodies flew forward. I felt Josh's head bash into the seat as the airbag smacked me. I kept Bubba from flying out and jumped out of the car. My leg was killing me, but I ignored the pain and kept limping. I had my M9 aimed before me. I had it aimed with one hand as my other hand gripped my leg. I saw that the others were unconscious as I went around the back of the car.

I looked for the person who shot the gun but found no one. I still saw the gun barrel. It was pointing towards the sky and that it was abandoned. I looked into the hole, but only saw a destroyed booth. I walked towards the door. I entered it and looked inside. I still only saw booths, except for the bar and the spin-able, mounted stools.

I looked to my left to see the same, except for the crashed car. I also saw an open window.

"No," I whispered. I heard two gunshots. I sprinted (despite the excruciating pain) to the car, gun still aimed. I looked at the sight.

Against the tree that I crashed into, was a man holding his stomach. Josh was on the ground. He was holding his gun, and his chest. I ran over to Josh. "You okay?" I asked and picked him up. He looked at me.

"Yeah," he said. "He ripped me out of the car and punched me. I shot him twice, but missed his head." The man groaned. I walked over to him.

I kicked him in the face. "What are you doing here?" I asked. He wasn't bleeding, so I pushed his hands aside and ripped open his shirt to see a bullet proof vest. "Why do you have that? Did someone send you here?"

"I can't tell you that," he said. "What I can tell you is that you got a big bounty on your head." He chuckled.

"What?" I asked.

"There's going to be more," he got serious. "A lot more. So watch your back, all y'all if ya stay 'round him." He had a slight southern accent that shined through. It wasn't too thick though.

"Who... sent... you...?" I chambered my M9. A round hit the ground and the gun went up to his forehead.

"She called herself Shadow. Never meet with her in person though. She always sent this guy. He was called Snake. Perty generic codenames to me... He had a snake tattoo running from his neck down to I don't know where, not that I want to. He was pretty buff too. He had a 'shaved' head, although I would consider it bald. Snake had a 'thing' with her apparently. He always had one gun with him. It was a sawed-off lever action. It had some stuff inscribed into it, designs and words. They were a weird language to, I think he was

Spanish. No, I remember, he was Italian!”

“Well aren’t you a racist,” I said. “Thanks for the info. Now why shouldn’t I shoot you?”

“Because... I can... help you?”

“Help me how?”

“Help you track her down?”

“Fine, but you give us your weapons.”

“Sure,” he said. He pulled out an AK-47, except that the stock was removed. It was followed by a Desert Eagle, a machete, three frag grenades, the sniper rifle inside, a P90, and a Glock.

“She supply these?” I asked with an eyebrow raised.

“Yep,” he said and smiled. “She said I’d need it, and that you guys were fighters. She said there’d be more of you though, and two girls.”

“Oh,” I said and nodded. “Where do you think they are?”

“Canada,” he replied. “They were going there. They knew you would return here, but didn’t want to be too close to you guys.”

“Great,” I said sarcastically. “Where were you planning to meet next?”

“In Indiana,” he said. “Franklin, Indiana; where the Western Safe Point used to be.”

“Cool. That’s where we’re going.”

“She thought so, so if I didn’t kill you she was going to kill me and send the rest of that Chinese army.”

“Where’s your car?”

“Why?”

“Because your bullet destroyed mine...”

“Ah, it’s around back. It has the rest of my crap in the back. Like the mines, the RPG, the M60, my knife, my food, my water, and the rope.” He forgot to mention the AA-12.

“That’ll be useful...” Darian got the car while I guarded the assassin. Josh put our crap in the car and I put the assassin in as well. Bubba rode shotgun while the assassin rode in the middle. The car was actually a pick-up truck with four doors. All the things were in the bed of the truck that belonged to the assassin.

The ride was silent until the assassin broke it by talking, “My name is Robert. What’s yours? Well, Andrew I know yours and Bubba’s. Wait, are you Tim?”

“No,” Darian said. “I’m Darian and that’s Josh. I think Shadow lied. By the way, why does she want you dead anyway, Andrew?”

“Let’s just say I used to know her. What’s she paying you with anyway?”

“Cold hard cash.”

“Why?”

“Because I love money!”

“When will you spend it?”

He paused. He opened his mouth to talk, but closed it. I continued driving and stopped at the gas station, his car was low too.

“So, uh... why did you write that thing on the sign?” I asked Robert while pumping gas.

“It was actually the people before me,” he replied. “They were taking shelter there. I tried to get them to leave, but I had to kill them. I tried reasoning with them but they just



wanted to fight. They called themselves the Vultures or something stupid like that. I just had to shoot them all, and they fought back. They were terrible shots. One almost sliced me open though. She called herself Rosie I think, or just Rose. Either way, she was with the rest around back, burnin'."

"Oh," I said. *How did she get there that fast? I thought. Was she going to kill me as well or was it just a coincidence? Then again, it could be someone totally different...*

Once I finished pumping gas, we walked around for a while. I had Bubba on a leash and Josh and Darian keeping him away from Robert; Bubba hated him. After we finished our stroll, we returned to the truck and got on our way. We drove for a while in silence, until Robert turned on the radio. Some country music began playing. He began to hum along. I removed the disk.

"Hey," he said offended. "Why'd you do that?"

I rolled down my window and flung the disk out. "Country sucks," I said.

He pressed for the next disk... and it was also country. I threw it out the window as well. We repeated the process four more times until there were no CDs left. Robert huffed, defeated. I smirked and began thinking...

## Chapter 8: Thoughts

*What's happened to me? This world has begun to take its toll on me I guess... I put up a good fight, how long was it? Eight months? Nine?*

*How long can I fool myself that it hasn't? How long can I fool them? I can't let them down, especially Bubba, if only Bubba. He's all I have left...*

*What are we going to do?! What if Shadow, has backup? What if she's ready for us? Even if we do manage to get rid of her, where do we go? How do I even know my house is still there? What if it's not?*

*Come on Andrew, you can do this. If not for yourself, do it for them. I'm obviously the leader of this thing we call a group. We can't really trust anyone else, especially Robert. After all, he was sent to kill me.*

*I know what I have to do. I have to get rid of everyone. I can't risk this anymore. They're putting their lives in my hands, and I'm putting ours in the assassin's. Oh, that's good. I should write that down...*

*Bubba, he's the only one I can manage to protect. I hope they know by now that his survival is the top of my priority list, even above mine. Why do they trust me? Would they if they heard my thoughts? Can they trust me?*

*Am I just like Bill, or the leader of the Eastern Safe Point, or even the leader of the Group? Am I better than Shadow or the assassin sitting behind me? Should I just kill us now? Just stop the truck, grab a grenade, lock the doors, and pull the pin?*

*What's the point of living anymore? What was the original point? Even before this? Why keep fighting? Others have given up or died trying! Should I join them? What is my point of being here? Everyone that I knew is either dead, missing, or in this truck. Why should I keep fighting? I should just pull over (grab a grenade) and blow my brains out, right here.*

*Not wait for the flesh-eaters to get me. No, they won't get me. Even if they do, I'll be sure I shoot them and blow my brains out with the last bullet. What's the point in living anymore? Bubba.*

*Bubba. He's all that's left. The only thing left fighting for, the last bit of purity in this world of sin. Not that I'm religious. Why am I telling myself that? Am I seriously so crazy that I tell myself things about myself in my brain? Who'll answer that? Or that? Or this?*

*I've gone crazy... that's it! That's the only rational explanation...*

***Never mind that, Me. What's the plan?***

*Get to Indiana.*

***No, after that.***

*Kill Shadow?*

***After that?***

*Get a house.*

***Good, then?***

*Get it fortified?*

***And after that?***

*Set up a permanent settlement?*

***What about right now?***

*(blow my brains out)*  
*Get to Indiana.*  
***Good. Seems like a good plan, Me.***  
*Why, thank you Me! I put a lot of effort into it!*  
***Oh, I can tell! You're so smart!***  
*Thank you and you too!*  
***Thank you, Me. Now then, how about returning to the real world? We just entered South Dakota...***

## Chapter 9: South Dakota

I returned to the real world, just as Me had requested. My friends were in silence, apparently not hearing my discussion with Me...

I looked to my right, to see Bubba panting. He had his big, pink tongue sticking out. That's when I decided I would (*blow my brains out*) keep up the fight, for now, for him...

I looked in my mirror to see that my friends were actually asleep, including Robert. He was slightly snoring. I patted Bubba on his head and rolled down his window. He immediately stuck out his head, like it was his fix. He's tongue flew back in the breeze, along with his ears. I slowed down for him to about forty-five miles an hour.

This continued for about an hour. It ended when I began to realize how cold it was. I rolled up his window. It was still a little cold, so I turned on the truck's heat. It warmed me up quickly. I realized that winter was on its way, and I only had tee-shirts and jeans! We had to go shopping...

I pulled off at the next intersection, hoping to find a store or two. I luckily pulled off at an exit where there was a mall. I woke the others up as we pulled in. I grabbed my MP5, my M9, and my AR16 which I guess I grabbed when cleaning out the SUV. We all checked and loaded our clips. I gave Robert his machete, seeing that he had to have *some* way to defend himself.

The parking lot was clear of infected, bodies on the other hand... we had to jump over them at some spots! This place had been the sight of a battle that looked like we had just missed. Some bodies were still bleeding, and looked like they hadn't been infected. They looked like they were leaving the mall, probably the previous inhabitants of this deserted place.

The glass doors were busted, so we just walked on in. I had my AR aimed, just as Josh did his M4. Darian lost his guns during the crash so he took Robert's Desert Eagle and AA-12. Darian only had two thirty-two round drums for the AA-12, which in case if you don't know is a shotgun. His Desert Eagle had five mags.

I could see stores which had been broken into, and walls had blood graphitized on them. Below the blood splatters were bodies. All limp and deceased, some beginning to decay. I saw that this was a smaller, one story mall. It still had plenty of stores though, which is why we split into teams to search for clothes. Robert, Josh, and Darian split away from Bubba and me for the quest for clothes. We all had flashlights to search this dark place. The only light was seeping in through some glass on the ceiling in the middle of the mall.

I walked into the first store. Its logo looked like some bird and advertised that it was American. I first saw the women's section to the left. I took to the right, which took me to the men's section. As I found my way to the hoodies, I saw some figurines that I almost lit up. I didn't though, luckily. Not only would it waste bullets but it would probably attract some undead.

I found some hoodies that I liked and fit along with jeans and tees. I also found some socks and unmentionables. I put them in a bag and flung them over my shoulder and exited the store, looking like a Santa that was packin' heat and giving clothes to children. So I guess a ghetto Santa would be the appropriate term.

I found another store that had a checkmark looking logo and found some new shoes,

for my old ones were falling apart. I grabbed running shoes, seeing that I had to run a lot. They were the right size and had good cushioning. I walked around the store to break them in.

I left their box and put them in the bag with my clothes. Next, I found my way to another unknown store where I found some boots that I liked. I treated them the same as I did the shoes.

I heard some mumbling and could see some flashlights. I found four hooded figures. One had a crowbar, one had a machete, one had a shotgun, and one had a pistol. They were facing the other way, looking for something.

I took cover behind the checkmark store's wall. I turned off my flashlight and peered around the corner to see them still walking. I reentered cover to see Bubba sitting behind me. I looked out again, now they were walking this way. I still couldn't see their faces. They stopped in their tracks and looked at me.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"We could ask you the same," replied the one with a pistol. "What's your name?"

"I'm Andrew," I said. "Why?"

"Because I want to know the name of the person I'm killin'!" the one with the shotgun said. He pumped it.

I sighed. I leaned around the corner, MP5 at my hip. "Whatever," I said. I started firing. I hit the one with the crowbar. The one with the machete was next. The pistol-wielder dove behind a map sign, but he was hit in the chest. The shotgun holder shot at the ceiling and fell with at least five bullet wounds. His shot hit the glass and sent it flying to the ground, shattering and flying every-which-way. I slowly walked towards the one who was in cover, now aiming down the sights. I approached it cautiously. I could hear him moaning. I quickly turned the corner to see him holding his wound. His pistol had slid a few feet away; behind it was a streak of blood.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Why?" He replied.

"Because I want to know who I'm killing," I answered.

I looked him in his now wide eyes. I took my shot. Good thing I shot him in the face because it was that clip's last bullet.

I switched it out and went back to Bubba. A few seconds later came running the others in my group. "What was that?" Asked Darian.

"A slaughter," I said and walked past them, avoiding the glass. Bubba followed me to the truck. While waiting for the others, I put on my new shoes. I threw the old ones onto the street. I also changed clothes and threw my old ones out like I did the shoes. I waited until they came out in some new swag that they had found in the stores they had searched.

Once they were all in the car, I got back on the road. I found my way back to the highway and got on it until the sun started to set. Once that happened, we found a hotel to stay at.

There were three rooms. I shared with Bubba, Darian stayed with Robert, and Josh stayed alone. We tied Robert firmly to the bed. He was barely allowed to struggle, but he understood why. He hadn't completely gained our trust and he knew it.

The night was silent and peaceful, without even a cricket chirping. When I leaned to my left, that's when I noticed it. There was a large, white blob staring at me from the window. It was a full moon...

When I woke up, the others were also awake. I took a shower, put on fresh clothes, and gargled some mouthwash. I had Darian untie Robert and we left.

When we exited, we saw them. There were about fifteen people standing near our truck. All had either P90s or Uzis. They were peering inside of the truck, and one was even looking at our guns. The men (and one woman) were wearing matching uniforms. They had odd looking helmets and gas masks. It looked like they had teargas or something on their chest. Then, I saw the biohazard sign... they had made *Bystraya Smert* a gas. That meant at any moment the gas could be released and we wouldn't even know it... They put the guns back though once they heard our guns chamber.

They aimed their weapons at us back. "Who are you?" I asked from behind the sights of my MP5.

"We're here to get Robert," a deep voiced man said and stepped forward. "We're with E.S.P.A. We've been sent by the leader."

"Leader?" I asked hysterically. "I killed him! What leader, and isn't the Eastern Safe Point history?"

"Yes it is," he said. "We plan on recolonizing America. And the *new* leader, not that old pathetic one..."

"*REALLY?!*" I screamed. "*Another* Safe Point? It's getting old... who's this new leader?"

"Yes, another," he said calmly. "The new leader goes by Shadow, but her name is Sam. Just give us Robert and we won't have to kill you."

"Kill me?!" I laughed. "Please, it'd be a *favor* for you to kill me! Take Robert, if you tell me where Shadow is..."

"I can't do that."

"Fine, then go ahead and 'kill me.'"

We stood there for a moment motionless, and then Josh took the first shot. I followed and Darian shot last.

We all dove for cover, and I dragged Bubba to it. I saw my room's door and shoved him in and closed it. I dove back behind the semi I was using for cover.

"Andrew," Darian said over the shooting. "Now's be a good time for one of dem grenades!"

I searched but remembered that they were all in the back of the truck! "Can't," I said. "They're in the truck!"

"Of course..."

I turned from my cover and shot an approaching soldier. He hit the ground with a thud and a grunt. I returned to cover. E.S.P.A. were controlling the battle until Robert slid over to me.

"Give me a gun," he pleaded.

"Sure," I said sarcastically. I turned out of cover and claimed another life, this time a female in their group.

"Come on, I'll help you guys! They want to kill me too!"

"Fine," I said and handed him my MP5. I gave him the one extra clip I had and pulled out my AR16. Robert exited cover from the left and hid behind an overturned SUV.

I saw Josh pop out of cover and shoot three of them before returning to cover. I planned to help Robert flank but saw the big man with the deep voice standing over me. I went to aim my AR, but he smacked it away. He grabbed the barrel and pressed the clip

out. I shot, but he dodged just in time. We struggled for it for about thirty seconds until he smoked me right in the face with the stock. He grabbed it from me as I fell and flung it to the side.

I reached for my M9, but he kicked it away. He pulled out a very sharp, curved knife. He brought it down at me. I grabbed his arm to stop him with one hand. He shoved it, but I forced it back up. There was something that could help me, but I couldn't think over the gun fire and blade in my face...

*Wait my knife!* I thought. I switched hands and put my left hand towards my leg. I could feel the knife, but only with my fingertips. If he wasn't sitting on me, I could have reached it. He brought down the knife more, I could see the desire to kill me in his eyes through his mask.

What can I say? My left hand is the strong one... I brushed the knife again, but this time I knocked it out of the holster. It fell and I used my top knuckles to slide it up to the point where I could grab it. I felt the cold steel of his knife brush and slice my right cheek as warm blood flowed from the wound. I kneed him in the abdomen. He fell off and I brought my knife down, just as he had. But I managed to stab him right in the jugular.

He spewed blood all over my new clothes. He tried to cover the wound, but kept bleeding. I drew my knife out. I cleaned it with his shirt and put it back in its place. I walked over to my AR16 and picked it up. He was still coughing and fidgeting as I reloaded it and got my M9. I put my M9 in its holster after shooting him with my AR. I snuck my way to where Robert was at.

Luckily, he hadn't revealed himself yet. I walked over to him. "Get your shot, and then take it," I said. "We won't have the element of surprise for long, so use it wisely."

He nodded and I went to the back of the SUV where I spotted two of three left. I locked onto one's head as the other was shot and fell.

I shot. The bullet traveled from my gun to his head where it entered through the right temple and exited out of his left ear. Robert (sloppily) finished the other. Once that was done, we met up with the others. They reloaded while I got Bubba. Once we were all reloaded (and I changed my shirt) we hit the road.

I decided to let Robert keep the MP5, but he abandoned it for his AK-47. He also took his Glock (his was a 24, Josh's was a 17) back. We continued on the road for a matter of seven minutes until 'I have to pee' came from Darian's mouth. I pulled over (*grabbed a grenade*) at a field and let him take care of the problem. Once he was in the car he opened a new bottle of water and I continued driving.

We were nearing Iowa once it was around noon. It was a little before I guess, but close enough. We still had about ten miles until we reached the state boarder when I stopped for gas... this truck was bad on it!

I pumped, I had Josh walk Bubba, and Darian and Robert went looking for crap in the gas station. They approached the door with their pistols out. They leaned against it.

"Can I have my Deagle back?" Robert asked. "I'll trade you for my Glock!"

"Fine," Darian said. They swapped weapons. It looked better that way since Darian worked way better with the low-kick Glock.

They went in. It was okay, for a few seconds. After that, I saw flashes and heard gunshots. Josh had just returned with Bubba and climbed in the car when the other two came out walking. Darian had a carton of water and was wide-eyed. Following him was Robert duel wielding the Glock and Desert Eagle. He was shooting at the raging undead

that were chasing them. Darian threw the water in the back and jumped in. Robert dove in the back, still shooting. His Desert Eagle ran empty and he just used the Glock.

*“DRIVE, DRIVE, DRIVE!”* Darian screamed. I took off squealing tires. Robert continued shooting his AK while I drove off. We stopped soon after the zombies were dead or lost us. Robert climbed back up front and we left. He returned Darian’s Glock to him and reloaded his guns, as Darian did.

“That was exciting,” I said.



## Chapter 10: Iowa

We entered the state Iowa safely. Want some more facts about states? Well here you go, for old time's sake!

The capital was Des Moines and the state was located in northern-central America. It was bought in the Louisiana Purchase in 1803. It didn't acquire statehood though until December 28, 1846 which made it the twenty-ninth state. How about we go back to the story, huh?

I drove through most of this state until sun down. We found a large farmhouse in the woods to stay at. Once we entered it we checked it. There were three bedrooms and a basement. I looked at Josh once we were sure it was clear.

"Hey Robert," I said. "Darian, will you guys carry in *all* the guns? I kinda have a bad feeling." They agreed to and disappeared out the door. I looked back towards Josh.

"It's kind of weird right?" I asked him. "You know? Some people in an abandoned farm house for the night in a zombie apocalypse? Seem familiar?"

"Yeah," he responded. "But there's no chick."

"Darian," I said and smiled. We laughed and he walked up to me.

"What?" He asked.

"Nothin'," I responded between the laughs. He shrugged and walked off. Once I finished laughing I walked up stairs to my room.

I did my usual crap and lied down next to Bubba. I woke up when I heard them shooting. I tied my boots on, knowing that this was going to be a fight. I grabbed my flashlight and my crap. "Come on Bubba. You know the drill..."

He woofed and hopped out of bed. I walked down the stairs aiming my M9 from the hip and a flashlight in my freehand.

I looked to see zombies flooding in through the front door. My friends were being over whelmed. They pushed back towards the kitchen while I pulled out a grenade. I casually tossed it into the middle of the group and walked up the stairs before it exploded with a *boom*. I walked back down to see a crater in the floor and fragments of wood, metal, and flesh everywhere. I got my friends up and we walked out to see about a hundred zombies heading towards the house.

"Good thing we carried in the guns," I said.

"Yeah," Darian said. "But there's no front door left..."

"Crap," I said.

"Yup," Robert agreed.

"Uh huh," Josh said.

We sprinted to the guns. I grabbed the RPG and the remaining grenades. I put the RPG on my back and put the grenades in my bag. I even grabbed Robert's P90 just in case if I needed it.

The zombies were far enough away for me to see them just because the rising sun gave them away. We put the fridge in front of the back door sideways and nailed a few boards up on the windows. In front of the front door went the couch. I had Darian mount the M60 on the couch. I went onto the roof with my RPG. Once the undead could see us, they began to walk faster. I looked into the largest group and barely managed to aim the RPG. I shot and it nearly forced me to the ground. The missile hit the middle zombie in the

face. The explosion killed that group and made a crawler.

I chambered my AR16 and began shooting. I then noticed that the others were shooting. Josh his M4 out of a second-story window, Robert his AK-47 out the back door, and Darian the M60. I noticed that we were surrounded. This group was nearly the size of the one that took down the Western Safe Point!

I kept shooting as they closed in. Darian sprayed some down as I precisely shot some of the more distant ones. Josh just shot any we missed. Robert was busy with the ones around the back. I had Bubba in the room that I used to get to the roof. More zombies kept coming and more bullets kept spraying. I shot the last bullet of my AR's clip. It had one extra clip left so I switched to my P90. The sights were new to me, but I quickly adjusted and started spraying zombies on the left and right sides of the house. Darian suddenly quit shooting. I dived in to the open window. I patted Bubba's head as I ran out the door. I slammed it behind me. I saw Darian frantically trying to reload the M60.

"Screw it!" He screamed. He grabbed his AA-12. He chambered it and lit up the nearest zombies. He dropped it once he was safe and continued reloading the M60. A rouge zombie lunged at Darian with a growl. I shot it in the face with the last bullets of my P90's clip. I changed it and put it away. Darian looked at me.

"I got this," I said. I slung my P90 back over my back. I picked up Darian's AA-12. "Where's the other drum?"

He handed it to me. I put it in my bag and hopped the couch. I walked out and put the AA-12's strap on my opposite shoulder. It was now next to my hip. "*COME ON!*" I screamed. "*COME GET IT!*"

I blasted off the head of an incoming zombie. They started coming for me after I cried that out. I shot at two that were coming for me. One went down with one shot, the other took two. I looked to my right to see one hurrying to fast to stop without tackling me. I bent over. It flew over me. I pinned it with my right boot and shot it in the face. I looked up to see one was only three feet away. I smacked it with the butt of my gun. It tripped and took a shot to the face, as the previous one did. There were two behind me. I shot one in the face and the other in the leg. Its leg was blown off and it started crawling at me. I shot, but was empty. I let go of the AA-12 and drew my M9. I shot a round into its head and kept walking towards the still rising sun.

I put my M9 away and reloaded the AA-12 and placed the old drum in my bag. I now aimed down its sights. Zombies kept rushing at me, and kept falling with their heads in pieces. I punched one approaching zombie and stuck the gun's barrel in a zombie's mouth on my opposite side. I pulled the trigger and pulled it away. I shot the one I punched. I took a second to see that Darian was now shooting the M60, but the house was about to be overwhelmed. I began to retreat, still taking down zombies on the way. I barged my way through zombies and jumped the couch again. I rolled in and dropped Darian's empty AA-12. I drew my M9 and shot at zombies that were filling in from Robert's door. He had retreated to the living room we were in. Once the M60 was empty, we retreated up the stairs to my room.

We put the dresser in front of the door. I saw that Josh was also in here. "What now?" He asked.

"I-I don't know," I said. "Let me think."

"We could jump," Darian presented warily.

"We could break our legs," Robert responded.

“Well I don’t see you thinking of anything!” Darian snapped back.

“Screw you!” Robert responded. They were now in each other’s faces.

“You wanna fight?” Darian screamed.

“Yeah!” Robert said. “Right here, right now!”

“Or we could get out of here alive,” I said. They dropped the fists they had raised.

“What?” They all asked.

“I have an idea,” I said. “Darian, Josh, help me with the mattress. Robert, watch the door.” We dragged the mattress of the bed and out onto the roof. It slid off.

“What now?” Darian asked.

“Jump,” I said. I pushed him. He screamed. He fell and bounced off of the mattress onto the ground. Josh jumped onto it as well. I got Bubba. I picked his heavy body up and jumped, with me below him. I hit the mattress hard, and the ground harder. Robert ran out of the roof and dove onto the mattress. Following him were the zombies. We stood and ran for the truck. We got in and I floored it out of there. The others covered me while I backed out.

I returned onto the highway a few minutes later. “That was close!” I exclaimed.

Robert chuckled. “I’m hungry,” Josh said.

“Me too,” Darian said.

“So am I,” I said. We pulled over next to a field and had a picnic of old soda and canned food. It was brief and contained little talking. Once we were done, we got back to driving.

I led us down the highway but got off the next exit to avoid going north. I had to go through an extremely small town. It took me to another road in the country. That road took me to a slightly larger town than the previous. While driving through it, I saw some people on top of a building shooting. They were surrounded and on the edge of it.

They were members of the E.S.P.A., I could tell just from their uniforms. Some of their fellow soldiers were also coming for them.

There were three left. One ran empty on their Uzi and switched to their pistol. They backed up to the edge and nearly fell. They looked behind them, and then back in front. He put the barrel of the gun next to his temple and shot. His brain matter flew all over a girl standing next to him. I noticed that she wasn’t in uniform like the others but she still had a Mac-10.

She freaked out and looked at him. Then, she kept shooting. The other soldier jumped in front of her.

He ran empty and hit a zombie with his gun. He drew a revolver and shot all six rounds at four zombies, and threw it also. He looked at the incoming zombies. Then, he grabbed the girl and jumped from the tall building. He put her above him and used his body as a shield. He splattered and she lived. She stood and looked at him. She screamed as zombies fell. They shared the same fate as the man. She spotted us and began sprinting towards us. I drove towards her. She saw the three in the back seat and jumped in the back.

She sat back there until I escaped the town and pulled over. When I did, I got out. She ran up to me and nearly tackled me when she embraced me. I felt her tears touch my neck. When she let go, she wiped her eyes and sniffled.

“Hi,” I said. “I’m Andrew. In the truck are Darian, Josh, Bubba, and Robert.”

“Wait,” she said. “Robert? You’re Andrew?”

“Yeah,” I responded warily.

“He was supposed to kill you!”

“Well, it nearly worked the other way around.”

“Who are you and why do you care?”

“I’m Janet. I’m one of the other assassins sent after you. Shadow wants us to come back to Indiana where they’re setting up the new place.”

“So that’s why I saw some E.S.P.A. earlier?”

“Yeah they were supposed to bring me back, at any cost.”

“Are you still going to kill me? ‘Cause if you want to the others will take you down almost immediately.”

“I guess not, after all you saved my life. Thanks for that by the way.”

“No problem Janet. By the way, why does Shadow want me dead so badly? Still mad that I dumped her?”

“No, she’s moved on from that. She’s dating Snake now I guess. He’s disgusting in my opinion. Anyway though, she knows that you’ve survived things that others wouldn’t have even tried to fight. She knows you’re the only ones left who can stop her. She also knows about the Sharpshooters, and you probably will need their assistance to take her and E.S.P.A. down. They know you’re coming and won’t hesitate to kill you. We all know who you are and what you look like. We also know that you’re coming back to Indiana. I recommend that you just get as far away from her as possible though.”

“No. I plan on finishing this. I know she’ll just be a dictator, like all the others. There can’t be any Safe Point. We just need to learn to fend for ourselves. The entire idea is stupid...”

“So you don’t want to go back to the way things used to be?”

“Not anymore. It’s been too long... and by the way, it didn’t seem like you were much of an assassin back there.”

“I’m really not. I just wanted to get away from Shadow. I know how to use a gun, so I guess that was enough for her!”

We laughed. “Hey, we should get back to the others,” I said. She agreed. I had her sit in the passenger seat and Bubba in between us. He licked her and went to sleep with his head in her lap. She laughed.

I saw that there was some blood matted in her long, black obsidian looking hair. There was some under her crystal blue eyes.

After everyone finished introducing each other I got back on the road and continued driving towards Indiana, my home and the place where I would confront my (hopefully) last enemy, Sam. If you don’t remember Sam, A.K.A. Shadow, A.K.A. Agent Shadow, go back to late part one and early part two. I even named a chapter after her!

*I should’ve killed her when I had the chance... I thought. I should’ve just killed her in her sleep and threw her body in the lake and said she left. Or even during the meeting. And killed the leader of the Eastern Safe Point too then, that way we wouldn’t of had to leave Australia... that place was amazing! I hate them both... at least one’s dead now. Shadow will join him soon. I hope it was worth it, I really do.*

I still couldn’t believe that I had two hired assassins that were trying to kill me in my car, fully armed. It was crazy. I knew for a fact that Robert wouldn’t, nor couldn’t kill me. Janet on the other hand, I was going to have to keep an eye on her. It was good having a chick around again though. I just hoped that she wouldn’t end up being a boner for use like some other people had been, and not just women. I’m mainly talking about people who got

injuries. A cut in this world was like getting shot in the foot. It was dangerous and could easily get you killed, but if managed and taken care of, you would live. Band-Aids were one of our best friends I guess. Besides our guns, no one could replace them...

I looked down at the gas gauge to see that we only had half a tank. I decided to stop and refuel just to be sure that we wouldn't run out in the middle of nowhere. When we pulled over we did the usual, besides Janet.

"Andrew," Darian said. "Can I borrow a flashlight?"

"Sure," I said. I reached into my bag. I not only handed him a flashlight, but I also gave him the extra drum for his AA-12 I shoved in there when we were at the farmhouse. He reloaded it and took the flashlight. Once he finished reloading he went into the gas station.

"Someone come help me real quick," I heard him yell. I looked in the truck to see Robert asleep. I could even hear him snoring. Josh was in a field letting Bubba take one of his monster craps. So I sent Janet in. They came out a few seconds later. Each had a carton of water bottles. Darian though had a bottle of Champaign in between his index and middle finger. He put the water in the back and put the Champaign in his hand. He handed it to me. I ripped out the cork and took a drink. It had a nice flavor to it, being gas station liquor. Anything (even gas) from gas stations couldn't be trusted. Like people in the apocalypse...

I handed it to him. He took a drink and gave it to Janet. She took a swig and handed to the returning Josh. "I'll be back," Darian said. He held up his index finger and ran back in. He returned with two more bottles. He put them in his seat.

"I'll be back also," said Janet. She ran in and returned a few seconds later. She had a box of 30-30 rounds and a bolt-action rifle. She put it in the truck and threw her Mac-10 to the pavement. It slid away and she climbed in. I finished pumping gas and off we went.

"Hey," Janet said a little later that day. "It's gonna get dark soon. We need to find a place to stay."

"I'm already on it," I said.

"Good," yawned Josh. "I'm exhausted."

"Me too," said Robert who stretched his body awake. Darian chuckled at him.

"Aye Darian," I said. I looked in my rear view mirror. We met eyes. "Hand me another bottle of that wine."

"How about no?" he responded.

"Gir," I said. "You ratchet! Now hand me a freakin' bottle before I bust a cap in you!"

"No," he said.

"Everyone have on your seatbelts?" I asked. They all nodded, except Darian. I tapped my brakes, hard. His head flew into the back of Janet's seat.

"Ow!" He exclaimed and grabbed his head. "Fine." He handed me a bottle and put on his seatbelt.

I popped off the cork out the window. *Pop!* It went. Fizz went down the truck door. Once it quit, I brought the bottle to my mouth.

"Andrew," Janet said cautiously. "Is that safe?" I shrugged.

"Not unless I'm drunk," I said

I looked forward again to see that I was about to run over a random zombie. *Klunk!* It went under my tires. I continued driving until we approached a motel. We each got a room this time. Josh's room was next to Janet's and Bubba's and mine. On our other side was

Robert's room. And his room was next to Darian's.

I took a shower and put on fresh clothes. Next, I lied down with the rest of the wine bottle and Bubba on the other side. I awoke to hear giggling and whispering; even the occasional kiss. I stood up and quietly crept towards the source, Josh's room. I saw him on the bed. Next to him was Janet.

"Quiet," he giggled.

"Okay," she smiled. She kissed him. I leaned in and tapped the door with the bottom of the now empty wine bottle. I smirked as Janet leaned up. She gasped. Janet got wide eyed while Josh just rolled his eyes and loudly exhaled.

She got off of the bed. I began laughing. "Nice," Josh said. Janet walked back to her room and closed both of the middle doors. "Thanks Andrew..."

"What?" I asked, still smiling from ear to ear uncontrollably. I even made the *bawk* sound like a roaster when I walked back to my room. I returned to sleep, still giggling. When I awoke, the wine bottle was on the floor along with a puddle left behind by Bubba. I got the others and we got on the road. Janet was apparently still mad at me.

"Guess what you guys?" I asked.

"Andrew," said Janet ominously. "It's not too late for me to kill you..."

"Okay... I was just going to tell Darian and Robert something interesting I saw last night is all..."

"No."

"Fine... I'll just tell Bubba! So, Bubba guess what? I saw Josh and Janet making-out last night!"

Robert and Darian absorbed the knowledge with grins on their faces while Bubba returned to slumber. "Andrew," Josh said. "You're gonna die..."

"Awww," Darian and Robert said in synchronization in baby talk. "I think Josh has a girlfriend!"

Josh and Janet stared daggers at me while Darian and Robert smiled at them. The next thirty miles were torture for the new couple as we made our way into Illinois.

# Chapter 11: Illinois

To the right of this state was Indiana, our objective. It also received statehood on December 3, 1818 and was the twenty-first state. The capital was Springfield.

A few miles into the state was when Darian and Robert finally left Josh and Janet alone about their romance. The state was more peaceful really; it was like the eye of the storm that was our lives...

We did stop a few miles into it though. It was at a market. We were scavenging for some food. The shelves were mostly picked clean though. All that was left was molding or was water. On our way out, we encountered a horde. There were around fifty that I could see.

"Get to the car," I said. I raised my P90. They were only a few yards away, and closing. I began firing. As they fell some tripped and were trampled. Others stumbled towards me. I continued shooting as I backed my way up towards the truck.

"Andrew," Robert called. "We're surrounded! Time for another fight I guess!"

He hopped up into the bed of the truck and began shooting his AK-47. Darian began shooting the closest zombies with his AA-12. Janet went back-to-back with Robert as they picked off some. I kept shooting my P90. Once its first clip ran empty, I switched to my AR16. As I looked behind me, I saw that there were too many to drive through.

I used my trigger-finger to take down twenty with my first clip of my AR. I switched out the mags, but before I could chamber it a zombie tackled me. I used my AR to block its bites and swipes. I managed to draw my M9. I shot it in the body twice before I blew its brains out. They rained down onto me and the carcass. I raised and aimed down my sights. I continued to shoot before I was even sure I would kill anything. Then again, there were so many that I had to hit something. My M9 ran empty. I clicked the slide up and put it away. I chambered my AR16 and aimed it. I continued the slaughter as I climbed onto the hood of the truck that Bubba was trapped in. He barked and growled at zombies.

I saw Darian narrowly miss a bite. He was still on the ground. I covered him as he climbed up onto the bed of the truck with the others. Josh was on the hood with me. We all kept shooting or reloading. There were still about forty when I ran completely empty on my AR16. I reloaded my P90 and began using it. I kept up the fight with the others as zombies began to climb aboard. We wacked them down with the butts of our guns or just shot them. The others were on their pistols as I put in the last clip to my P90. I chambered it and kicked off a zombie that was also trying to climb onto the truck. There were still at least twenty when I used the last few bullets of my P90 clip to mow a few infected down.

I switched to my pistol as the others had. As I reloaded it I could hear Robert whacking off some heads with his machete. I could also hear Darian stabbing some in the face. They were completely out I guess.

I heard Janet drop her pistol as she had her rifle. She began kicking down zombies and calling them out. Josh and I were the only ones left with our guns I guess. I know this is going to sound horrible, but I was actually smiling. Killing the undead was now enjoyable for me, it took long enough too!

I chambered the first bullet of my last clip as Josh put his away and began punching some. I helped him fight off some and turned to see Janet. She was being dragged down. I saved her as my ankles were grabbed. I slipped. I rolled over and shot my last three bullets.

I pistol-whipped a zombie and put my empty gun away. Just as the others had, I drew my blade. Now this smile was caused by the rage that flowed through my blood. That was the instinct that we all have buried inside of us somewhere, the instinct to kill.

I slashed and stabbed as the number of undead narrowed. There were still too many as my arms grew tired and my breath had escaped me. As I tried to capture it I bent down. I guess all that driving had made me a little weaker...

I saw something coming from the distance. It was a dirt bike. On it was a person with a bandana covering their mouth. They were also wearing sunglasses and in one hand was a sawed-off double barrel. It was a side-to-side and was in his left hand while they steered with the right hand. They shot their two rounds at a zombie but managed to kill three. They dismounted their vehicle after emptying their shotgun. They put it away and drew two curved swords. I don't know their official name, but I'd consider them machetes. They began slicing heads as the zombies turned their attention to the person. They round house kicked a zombie in the neck so hard that it snapped it! They continued decapitating zombies while we watched in awe. They put away the bladed weapons and drew to Uzis. They began firing in every direction. One bullet nearly took off Robert's left ear. I felt as if I had seen the guy before.

Once the gun ran empty they slid out the clips and kicked them away. The clips tripped two zombies who were stomped on. Their heads splattered like bugs under the masked figure's boots. They put the Uzis away again and pulled out two M1911s. Again, they began shooting every-which-way; each bullet precisely eliminating a threat by hitting it right in the forehead. They slid out the clips and put them away also. They drew the machetes again and continued the rampage. They continued slicing until there were no zombies left surrounding it. Two zombies came stumbling at them. They ran at them also, arms extended. They slid in between them, slicing them in half. The figure brought its blades down into the crawler's heads. One last zombie came walking. The figure effortlessly threw one of their weapons into the infected person's brain. The zombie fell. The figure walked over and took back their weapon. They cleaned off the blades and put them back.

They looked at me and nodded. Then, they returned to their dirt bike and rode off, heading east. We sat there, awestruck, trying to comprehend what had just happened.

Once we recovered, we got back in the truck silently. I loaded the last bullets I had into my gun's clips. Except the P90, I had no bullets for it so I threw it into the pile of bodies that remained. My M9 and AR16 were down to their hollow points... The zombies were gonna suffer now, if not by me then the masked figure who saved our lives then disappeared.

As we got back on the road Robert was first to ask about it. "Who was that?" he asked.

"I'm not sure," I said. "Do any of us?"

"I think I do," Darian said mysteriously. "While on my own I heard some stories from people. It was about a man, a man who was in the Navy Seals before this. He was even at Nevada when everything happened. He managed to escape on a dirt bike. He wore a bandana to protect himself from sand and sunglasses to keep the sun out of his eyes. He rode around during this helping people, as he did us, and then would disappear. He had only been seen by a few. He apparently could tell if people were worth saving, and if they were he would save them. If not, he would keep them from suffering and kill them himself.



He rides around the country looking for someone. The person is unknown but when he finds them, he is supposed to save them but stay. The person won't know him but he will find them. He will have been watching them for a while before meeting them. He won't talk anymore I guess unless it is the one he wants to find. No one knows his name and he has no nickname yet."

"That's interesting," I said.

"Yep," said Josh.

"Uh huh," said Robert.

"I wonder who he is," said Janet.

Bubba just huffed and returned to sleep. I continued driving and began to grow hungry.

"I want some barbeque chips," I said bluntly. "We have any?"

"Na," said Darian sadly. "I want some chips too."

"I think we all do," said Robert. "To bad all the chip companies went out of business due to the sharp increase of cannibalism..."

"Yeah," I said warily. "What you said..."

Even though there were four hours at least before the sun went down and we were closing in on the state boarder, we decided to find a place to stay. We wanted to be well rested when we entered Indiana, and confront you-know-who...

It was a large fenced in house. It was in the middle of nowhere and looked like it had just been recently abandoned. There were no cars, nor people on the scene. We each picked a room and stayed in it.

I spent the day cleaning my guns and getting prepped. Right before sun down, I had a brilliant idea! I went to the house's cellar and got some duct tape. What I did was I taped the three remaining grenades together to form a super-grenade! I was sure to leave the levers that kept it from exploding on the outside so all I had to do was (*lock the doors*) pull all their pins at once and throw, then *ka-boom*. Next, I did the same to three of five Molotov Cocktails and tied their rags together so they would go off together. The E.S.P.A. (or whatever they called themselves) were going to have a bad time...

After that, I took a shower and got dresser. Lastly, I gargled some mouthwash and went to sleep. The next morning I showed the group my inventions. They agreed that they were marvelous.

We go back on the road a little after dawn so we could arrive at Franklin at around noon if we sped, and that's exactly what I did. We passed the state boarder at what I would consider seven a.m.

## Chapter 12: Indiana

Being back in my home state brought me peace... and another feeling. Resent, I guess would be the appropriate word for the feeling. Here are your facts for the state:

Being the nineteenth state, Indiana gained statehood on December 11, 1816. It was first colonized by the French though in the early 1700s. Britain obtained it in 1763. America didn't gain it until 1783, from the Treaty of Paris. Lastly, the capital of Indiana was (who would've guessed) Indianapolis. Well, that's enough for now...

I guess we all felt the resentment I felt, all except the assassins. I could tell that everyone else felt it just by their expressions. Except for Bubba, he didn't care very much where we were; as long as we were together he was happy. We all had our weapons freshly cleaned and ready to get dirty again, and boy would they...

I first drove us to the town I grew up in. It went by the name Edinburgh. I eventually left the place after I realized how bad (for lack of a better term) it was. I moved as far away from there as I could. Still, it was my hometown...

We made our way through it, touring the place. It sure had changed, for example the gas station That I had once always gotten drinks form after school had exploded, the police station was burned down, there were cars and bodies everywhere, the streets that I had once walked with friends that probably in the piles of bodies were congested with car crashes, and (I have no idea how this happened) the water tower had fallen from its rightful throne on the highest hill in the town. The town library that had been there since the 1800s or something ridiculous had a car crashed into the side of it. It was showing its innards of books and a few bodies. We exited it and went to the country.

There, we found our way to a place that I knew of. It was a house that was rather large and easy to defend. It had seven bedrooms, four bathrooms, three living rooms, and a balcony to snipe from! It was surrounded by cornfields except for the back. When I walked in, memories came flooding back. I walked to the room that I had once slept in every night. Behind it were a few trees and that was mainly it. We could see from miles around and could easily pick off any enemies before they even saw us.

We dropped off most of our food and water. We had all learned better than leaving it all behind in case of theft or if we needed it on our travels. We went for the city (I think it was a city...) of Franklin. It was several miles away from the house, but we still arrived rather quickly. Surprisingly, I had remembered the route to the ruins of the Western Safe Point.

We scouted out the place with some rather weak binoculars. I mainly used them while studying the place for Shadow, Snake, and the E.S.P.A.

After a long while, I saw her. She had cut her hair to her shoulders and dyed it the same color as Janet's. I could see that she only had a few guards and Snake for protection. I saw that he was extremely tall, and extremely buff. I would hate to fistfight him...

"Let's go," I said.

"Should we just use the super-grenade?" Josh asked.

"No," I said. "This is personal. A bullet from my M9 is going to kill her. Anyone of you can have Snake. Who wants him?"

"Me," said Robert.

"Okay," I said. "Then Darian and Josh I'll need you to take care of the soldiers for

me. Janet, you'll pick off any that try to intervene."

None opposed so we went with that plan. Josh and Darian went in first. They flanked them from behind and popped out. Two guards died before the other four realized what was happening. Snake grabbed Shadow and ran, but Robert stopped him. They both threw down their guns and began to fight. It was really close (what I saw). I ran after Shadow who was taking cover in the rubble. I ran in between the brawl between Robert and Snake, narrowly missing a punch thrown by Snake. I chased after Shadow who now had her LCP (Light Compact Pistol) at her side.

"Hey," I yelled. She stopped dead in her tracks. "Come back here, Sam..."

She slowly turned to see me. Her brown eyes opened wide and her jaw dropped. She warily shot at me without aiming. She completely missed and wasted her entire clip. She slid it out and tried sliding in a new one. Sam was now walking backwards. After hitting the side of her gun a few times, she did. She unsuccessfully chambered it. After her failure, she managed to trip over a piece of wood. She grunted as she hit the ground. She scurried back as I approached. She even threw her gun at me!

I easily dodged it though and kept calmly approaching her. She stopped when she hit the side of a house. She jumped to her feet and cooled down. She met eyes with me.

"Andrew," her cool as ice voice said. I knew what she was about to say was a lie. "I-I'm sorry! I love you! I've always loved you! Please, don't do this!"

"You caused important people to me to die. You second to this world are the worst thing that ever happened to me. I knew I shouldn't have saved you... I only have one question. Why?"

"The Eastern Safe Point made me! You know that! You know I was under cover! Please, Andrew, don't do this to me! We have a future together!"

I pulled out my M9. I put a clip that contained my last non-hollow point bullet in my M9. I chambered it; Sam screamed. "Just know," I said. "I'm not sorry..." I put the gun to her forehead. Just as she did, I shut my eyes. I pulled the trigger. I heard her scream... *after* I shot...

*It was a blank!* I thought. She laughed and looked at me crazily. I slid in another clip and chambered it.

She immediately sobered up; Sam swallowed hard when the cold gun barrel returned to her forehead. We closed our eyes again. I shot once more, this time it wasn't a blank. I turned and opened my eyes. I walked back to the battle to see that Snake was atop of Robert strangling him. I put my gun to the back of his head. Robert slid away from him.

I indifferently shot Snake and looked back to see that my friends were actually losing their battle. I got within feet of the last two guards and shot them also. My friends stood, relieved that I had come to their aid.

We returned to the truck where Janet was fighting off some guards that were approaching. Bubba was actually asleep in my seat! I chuckled and nodded at him. I looked forward and realized that the guards were falling, even when Janet was chambering in a new round. I saw flashes from three different buildings.

"*Sharpshooters!*" I yelled.

## Chapter 13: The Sharpshooters Return

I dove down next to the truck. My friends finished processing what I said and also dove down, except for Janet. She continued shooting at the E.S.P.A., even as the Sharpshooters came up from behind us. I saw one of them and rose, aiming my M9. She put her hands up and removed her sunglasses. It was Rosie...

I lowered my gun. After Janet killed the last member of the E.S.P.A., I had her lower her gun. "What are you doing here?" I asked Rosie. "You guys aren't here to kill me too, are you?"

"No," Rosie chuckled. "We came for Shadow, but it seems you beat us to her. By the way, we found out why you killed Bill and completely support your decision."

"Thanks. Are you guys going to set up a Safe Point here too? Please don't, they're always bad news..."

"Oh, we know... we're just here to stop Shadow from doing it, like I said. Andrew, I'm glad we found you though. We don't want to make a Safe Point, also like I said. What we came here to do, with your help, is to set up a colony... a permanent one."

"I don't know. I want it to be a Republic. I want it to be fair and just. No dumb crap. I'll have to think about it still. You should set it up near my house. It's surrounded by fields of corn."

"Sounds tempting, we may. We doubt that there is anyone left on Earth other than the people who are here right now that will inhabit it."

The sad thing was, there was only a total of about fifty people there... "Are there any dogs? I don't want to see them go extinct."

"Yes, there are. One Lab like Bubba and three German Shepherds. We plan on letting them all breed to make as many puppies as possible!"

"Good. I like it. Give me a few days. You guys can come back to my place and check it out if you would like."

"Sounds good, we'll probably camp somewhere around there so we can stay nearby."

We all got in our cars. The Sharpshooters had a van, two cars, a truck, and a bus for their vehicles. I drove back to the house and showed them it. Before they left, I got the chance to speak to Rosie again.

"So you guys are leaving?" I asked.

"Yeah," she answered.

"Are you coming back?"

"Of course, in a few days at the most," she said. She pulled out one of the walkie-talkies we used when we were a convoy. "Here, take this." She handed it me.

"Just in case if we need to talk but we're not face to face. I just hope we'll stay in the radius of them."

"Okay. Rosie, be careful. The Eastern Safe Point Army could be anywhere, not to mention the Vultures. We don't even know what the E.S.P.A. is capable of. Who knows, they could even team up!"

"I will, you too, Andrew."

I nodded. She climbed back into her car and closed the door. We met eyes for a second before she looked forward. She started the car and it hummed to life. She put it in drive but didn't leave yet.

I walked back in the house to see Darian. He had all of his things in a bag and was standing around with the others.

“What’s going on?” I asked.

“I’m leaving,” he said.

“Why?”

“I want to find myself out there, even if it is alone. I just can’t stay here anymore. I’m leaving with the Sharpshooters. Once I find a working car I’m taking it. I hope you understand, plus I kinda have this thing with one of the chicks. We’ll probably just split off from the group together.”

“Well Darian, if you ever need us we’ll be here. Have fun, I guess and look out for E.S.P.A. and the Vultures. Always keep a gun, food, and water on you even when you leave the car.”

“I know, bro. You guys look out for the infected. They could be anywhere, but I guess you know that better than anyone. Huh?”

“Yeah, I guess so. You too, and I guess you better be leaving. You know how impatient women are.”

“Yep,” he said and nodded. He turned and walked to the car that wasn’t Rosie’s. And with that, my friend left. They rode down the desolate road and took a right and an immediate left. After that they were gone. I walked back into the house. My friends had dispersed, leaving me alone in the living room. Before returning to my room, I grabbed a bowl and filled it with bottled water for Bubba.

I walked up to my room with a little spillage on the way. After walking back into the living room, I took a right and walked up the stairs. Next I took one final right. It took me to my door which then I opened. I put down the bowl at the back of the room. Bubba began lapping it down almost immediately.

A few moments later I found myself sitting on my bed, thinking about something that we were missing. I couldn’t quite remember what it was, for I had lived without it for so long. I just decided to take a nap...

When I awoke, I found Bubba resting his head on my chest and almost shoving me against the wall on the twin-size bed. I petted him for a minute until I realized what it was... electricity.

I gathered Robert and Bubba. We got in the truck and went to the nearest hardware store. We searched it for nearly half an hour until we found a generator. We decided to get two, just in case and got on our way back home.

On the way, I stopped at a gas station to fill up the truck, and some canisters for the generators. While I was on the third out of five canisters we saw them. Behind us (and closing in) were two helicopters. They went slow and were spread out. There were three and looked as if they were searching for something.

I grabbed Robert and we hid underneath the place where you pump. We stayed there as the choppers passed. Once they were gone, I realized that they were heading for the house! I just hopped that Josh and Janet were indoors. Knowing that they were alone, they probably were.

I filled up the last canisters and we left. “What do you think they were looking for?” Robert asked.

“Us,” I said. “More than likely. Probably just me though. After all, I did kill their leader.”

“Yeah, you did, but we’re a team. And we’re in this together. If it wasn’t for you, I’d be dead. Same with Janet and probably Josh and Darian. I know Bubba would be. So, I owe you a life debt. I’m staying and fighting with you until the end. You’re our commander, dude. You probably led the show before this, too. Didn’t you?”

“I-I guess. I guess I’m just a natural-born leader. Thanks, by the way for stickin’ around.”

“No problem, and thanks for sparing my life!”

“We should be close to the house by now. I picked up some extension cords by the way so one of the generators could go out in the shed. The other will probably go in the trees out back. These should be the quiet ones. The boxes said so.”

We sat in silence for the rest of the ride. We arrived home a few minutes later. Robert helped me set up the generators and test them. They were a success!

We returned into the house, slamming the door to let the couple know we had returned. “Josh,” I yelled. “Janet?”

There was no response. I instinctively drew my M9 and raised it. I took it off safety and looked down the sights. Robert followed me with his machete out. I first took Bubba, after sweeping it, to my room. It was clear so I left him. I barged into Josh’s room to see nothing. Next, we checked Robert’s room. There was nothing either. Lastly, we checked Janet’s. Still, we found nothing. We checked all the closets and living rooms to find nothing. Robert and I sat on the couch in the first living room and thought. After several minutes, came the couple walking! They walked in the house smiling.

“We took a walk,” said Josh. I didn’t reply but shook my head in disagreement. I walked up to my room and turned on the fan. It was getting a little hot. I had Robert explain to them about the generators and conserving the energy. While I went to sleep for the night, slightly hungry.

## Chapter 14: The House

I woke up and fixed myself some canned crap. It was no longer the crap you didn't have to heat; this was the luxurious canned spaghetti...

After scarfing that down I walked outside and realized how open we were. So, I grabbed Robert and told him that we were starting a new project. We returned to the hardware store and got wood. After that, we got some white paint and two gates for our curved driveway. In case you haven't realized it, we were building a fence. The project began after the several trips of all that crap and returning to the truck. We returned home.

I decided to let Josh help set it up. After all, I was busy refilling the generators and feeding Bubba all day.

The project only took a week or two. On the last few days I helped them paint the fence. We all decided that our next project involved a department store. We all the Blu-ray players (they play DVDs). Next, (in a third cart) we gathered all the watchable movies that didn't suck; DVD and Blu-ray alike. In the final two carts, we gathered all the game stations and games for them. I even took the liberty of grabbing a few board games...

We took the entire crap home to Janet who was stuck holding down the fort for us. We put a Blu-ray and one of each game station in each room. We also put on of each movie and game in each room.

On our (Josh and mine) trip to the department store it consisted of getting canned and bagged dog food. After that, we took one last at the electronics section. There, I saw the laptop I had always wanted. I broke into its holding place and took all the necessary things for it. While I was doing that Josh got us some drinks and food. Josh rolled his eyes at the idea but I didn't care. We returned home with me only having to run over a few zombies along the way.

For the next few weeks, we enjoyed our lazy lives, until it began to get cold. Winter was fast approaching and we were forced to find a way to stay warm. While Janet and Josh focused on that, Robert and I focused on safety. We installed a steel door on top of the stairs and moved all of our rooms up there. We also (slowly) moved the kitchen up there in the living room that was up there.

Janet and Josh got a few artificial fireplaces. They put one in the living room, in each of our rooms, and even one on the balcony!

Speaking of the balcony, Robert and I got a rope-ladder and attached it to the balcony. After a few tries, worked! We also moved the generators to the house. They were in the loft that the house had.

To get to it, you would walk up the stairs. Next you would just walk forward passed the hallway that contained the bathroom and our rooms. It would take you into our make-shift kitchen/living room. You would take a right after entering it. You would walk up the stairs that were there, and you were in the loft. To the back of the living room/kitchen were the glass doors that took you to the balcony.

Our rooms were like this, mine was on the right to the stairs, and the one closest to the bathroom. Josh's was to the left (if you just walked up the stairs) to mine. On the opposite side were Robert's and Janet's. Robert's was closest to the stairs and Janet's was the one closest to the Kitchen Area, which was what we had finally decided to call it.

We also set up blinds for the rooms and personalized them. We all also had things

that we did in our free time. I spent mine playing video games, watching movies, with the others, or on my computer playing games.

Josh spent his time watching movies with Janet, spending time with the others, or playing video games.

Janet spent the majority of her time with Josh. When she wasn't with him, she was learning to cook from a cook book and doing the dishes and laundry. Josh though, would usually intervene and do one while she did the other of the last two. Unfortunately, we were stuck with the laundry room being on the first floor. In fact, it was the farthest room from the stairs!

Robert hung out with me or focused on improving the house. I would help him come up with ideas and he would consider them.

One day we decided to go the nearest military base for some weapons. We were searching for some snipers, so we could pick off anyone from a distance. Anything though would be useful.

We left Bubba with Janet and Josh since this would be a longer mission. I had instructed Josh on how to care for him while I was gone.

As we found our way to the place, I told Robert that I knew how the place was laid out since I had been here many times before. He was going to follow me as we found our way to an armory. It was a few miles from the town of Edinburgh. It took us a short while to reach the place.

Once there I rode through the booth and into the base. I rode around for a while passing barracks and other places until we found it. It had already been forced open before we arrived. Many though, assault rifles were missing. I found my way to the snipers. I found an M82A1 and an M200 Intervention. I'll just call it the Intervention for now on.

Robert agreed to put the M82A1 in his room. The gun held 50 cal. bullets which could almost destroy your entire body with one shot. It was semi-auto and held around five to ten bullets per clip. This place though only had five round mags though.

We were going to put the Intervention on the balcony. It would stay inside until it was needed though. The reason we put this one on the balcony was because it was more of a precise shot. It was bolt-action and held some rare .408 round. Its clips held seven rounds.

Before leaving, Robert showed me the last prize, a M249 SAW (SAW for now on). The SAW is a LMG that had a belt magazine. These ones held sixty rounds. We decided to put it in my room, so I could take down any enemies that made it passed the sniper or that went unnoticed.

I saw Robert slip a grenade in his pocket. He saw me do it. "What?" He asked. "We may need it."

We returned to the house at noon with our prizes. We put them in their places and saw something rare while putting up the M82A1, a car. Not just one car though; there was a van, a car, and a bus coming for the house. I looked down the scope. In the front car was someone I had completely forgotten about, Rosie...

I ran down stairs and let her in through the gate. They all pulled in, filling our driveway. In fact, I had to move the truck into the grass. She got out and looked at me.

She ran over and nearly tackled me from hugging me so hard. "Andrew," she said. She let go and took a small step back. "I never thought I'd see you again!"

"Why?" I questioned.

"We were attacked. The Vultures and E.S.P.A. have teamed up. They ambushed us.



They killed some of us. The ones you see here managed to escape. Darian and Nina luckily left the day before.” The previous fifty had withered down to nearly thirty.

“Did they follow you here?”

“No, they were too busy with some infected that had followed them. Oh, I’m so happy to see you, Andrew!” She exclaimed. She hugged me again. “We haven’t found a place to set up still unfortunately. Once we find a place I’ll come back and show you.”

“Sounds good.”

“Good bye, Andrew.”

“Good bye, Rosie,” I said slowly. We stood there for a moment. Then, a man came up and looked at her, blocking us from each other’s view. He was slightly taller than me and used that to his advantage. He had blonde, well-kept hair that stayed above his ears and far away from his emerald green eyes.

“We need to go ma’am,” he said firmly. She sighed and walked back to the car. He got in in the passenger seat. They left a moment later. I closed the gates back once they were gone. I went back to my room after that and set up the SAW.

While I did that, I found myself thinking of Rosie. I wondered when she would return, if she thought of me, if she was safe, and who that guy was to her. After I finished my task of screwing the SAW onto the seat that was next to my window, I took Bubba into the backyard.

The seat was more of a shelf. It was really like a block that was in front of my window and the height of it. I place the SAW on it so I could slide my window open and commence firing without destroying it.

In the backyard, Bubba and I played a weird form of fetch. I would throw the ball and he would chase it. Next, I would have to chase him down and wrestle the ball back from him. We would repeat the process until he got too tired to chase it down. Then we would go back up stairs and relax. We did that almost every day. It was his favorite game to play.

One day after we finished up and returned to my room, I saw something closing in from the window. It was in the distance, but I still saw it. I made sure it wasn’t just a speck on my window by opening it, and surely I still saw one lone zombie.

I went into Robert’s room and got behind the M82A1. I matched both ends of the scope up and saw that it was just stumbling around. I didn’t even shoot it, seeing it was no harm. Plus, we only had a total of six clips for it. The Intervention only had four clips. I managed to grab six belt-mags for the SAW as well. What I saw behind it wasn’t even shocking anymore.

## Chapter 15: Good Defenses

Got the suspense built up? I tried... anyway, what I saw was a horde of undead larger than any I had ever seen before. I told Robert and had him mount the sniper. I told him not to shoot unless they posed a threat. I told Josh and Janet to get prepped as well. They gathered their guns and loaded all their clips. I got on my SAW and opened my window. I looked down my sights to see the horde inclosing. Including the lone wolf zombie, there had to be around four or five hundred!

All our ammo couldn't take them down, even combined! If they realized that we were here, we were gonna have a fight on our hands! Josh and Janet locked up all the doors and windows on the lower form and returned up stairs. They locked the upstairs door as well and got to their places. Josh came to my room to back me up, and Janet went to assist Robert.

The closer they got, the itchier my trigger-finger got. I chambered the SAW and looked back down the sights. The lone zombie kept walking forward. Some of the group split off and went left at the intersection though. The rest, the rest decided to take a right... towards our house. We stared silently at the horde as it passed, and pass it did. Once they were too far to see we regrouped in the hallway.

"That was close," Janet said.

"Yeah," I agreed. "Too close..."

"This means they're coming out here," Robert pointed out. "We need to focus on our defense. After all, a good defense is a good offense!"

"Definitely," I said. "I think it's good already, and I don't know what to add. Do you?"

"Not really, but I think we should at least board up all windows on the first floor. That includes the glass on the front door."

"I agree. We can start on it tomorrow. I also think that we should have an escape route if needed. Like taking the rope down and getting to the car."

"That one sounds pretty good," Josh chimed in. "I'll help board up the windows."

"Well," I said. "You were going to anyway so thanks for doing it voluntarily."

The next day Josh and Robert went to the hardware store for nails and wood. When they returned they had something better. Wood, a new front door, and nail guns. Nail guns would be useful if we ran out of ammo I guess. We all spent the day nailing up windows. We even nailed up the doors to the rooms that had the windows that were boarded up.

It was completed within two days. The front door took the longest. This door was stronger than the second story door and had a peephole, unlike the second story. After we finished that task things returned to normal... ish.

We continued our lives as every few days I would see the occasional zombie wondering its way down the road or through the fields. It became more often. It even reached the point to where we would have to kill them. Until the inevitable happened...

## Chapter 16: Don't Stop Shooting

I awoke to a sharp and cold breeze. It chilled my feet that were below the thin sheets only. The cover was curled up around my upper body. I pushed it down from me and leaned up. I stretched my arms and silently yawned. I could see Bubba at my left next to the bed asleep. I put on some fresh clothes and exited my room.

I saw Robert's door was open. I heard him slide open his window and chamber the M82A1. Still drowsy, I stumbled into his room. "What are you doing?" I asked.

He dropped the gun and turned to face me. "Taking care of a problem," he replied. "What problem?" I questioned.

"That one," he said and pointed out the window. I walked over to see a pack as large as the first one that had appeared a few days before making its way towards the house.

"Crap," I said. "Go get Josh and Janet. We need to take them down. I'll snipe for a mag and return to my SAW and you can use it. Once they reach the intersection, through the Super Molotov Cocktail. When it's time, I'll have Josh bring you it. If they break through the fence, I'll use the Super Grenade." Robert nodded and ran off. I ran over to the sniper. I mounted the gun and matched the scope on a zombie's face.

I calculated for the distance, and I shot. The kick smashed against my shoulder as the bullet eradicated the zombie's face. It even went through and took down a second zombie. I rubbed my sore shoulder and recovered from the gunshot's roar. I looked down and matched up the scopes again. I could see that the zombies were going faster now. I shot again at the front female zombie.

I continued the process until the *click* came rollin' up. I slid out the clip and ran back to my room. I sprinted in and slammed the door behind me. Next, I slid open my window forcefully. I mounted the SAW and aligned the sights, waiting for the infected to get in range. Josh entered my room.

"Where's the Super Molotov Cocktail?" He asked. I got off of my gun. I got in my bug-out bag and drew the tri-bottle creation. I gave him it and my lighter.

"Take it to him on my command," I said. Josh nodded and I mounted my LMG. The zombies crossed through the field that was in front of the house. They were out of Robert's range but at the right distance, so I took my contraption back. I lit it and waited for a second. The rags continued to burn as they got closer. Once they were in range, I threw it. It flew and smashed against the very front zombie. Its face burst into flames and was covered with glass. The fire spread, like wild fire. After that I got back on my SAW.

I chambered it and started firing. I slaughtered undead as they also burned. I could see some more coming up from the right. I alerted Josh of it with my pointer finger and kept firing. He leaned out the window and started shooting his M4. The zombies that survived the fire approached the fence. They started beating on it. I aimed high to avoid taking down our own fence. I shot the road and zombies. A few random bullets made their way into the fence, leaving large holes.

As the sound of gunfire from Robert's room filled my ears, more bodies began to fall. I shot the last bullet of the belt and opened up the top of the gun. I put a bet in the appropriate place and closed the top back. I chambered it and continued the massacre. As more and more bodies took shots and fell, I could see something that I hadn't in a while... and I don't think it wanted to help...

"Go tell Robert to take it down!" I screamed to Josh.

Okay,” he yelled back. He ran off. He returned a moment later. “It’s not what you think...”

Incoming were one of the search helicopters. The other two weren’t in sight. I could see the chopper turn as it got closer. Josh was right! I saw Rosie with an M4A1 shooting down zombies with her gun in semi auto. The helicopter approached the ground and she switched to full auto. She kept shooting as she got out. She took on the horde.

“She’s blocking my shot!” I yelled to Josh over the gun fire.

“Throw the Super Grenade,” he said.

“Are you crazy?!”

“No, the shrapnel will be stopped by all the zombies. Just throw it behind them all a little.”

“Fine,” I agreed. I went to my bag and grabbed my other creation. I ripped all three pins free and threw it as far as I could. It bounced off of a zombie’s head and landed in the middle of the group where it exploded. It went blood, shrapnel, dirt, flesh, and grass flying everywhere. Rosie was forced back onto the ground. She went unconscious. I did the stupid thing. I jumped out of my window. Luckily, I slid down a bit of the roof so it wasn’t too bad. I flung open the gate and pulled out my M9. I shot at zombies that were closing in on the right. I also eliminated some crawlers closing in on her. The pilot was being eaten a little in front of us. I shot him and a few of the zombies eating him before running empty. I grabbed Rosie and flung her over my shoulder. She wasn’t too heavy.

I carried her back behind the fence. I closed and locked the gate back. I picked her back up and carried her inside. Josh let us in both doors. I carried Rosie up to my room and put her on my bed. Josh manned the SAW for me as even more zombies approached. I tapped her shoulder. She didn’t respond.

I did something I hated to do every time I was forced to do it, check her pulse. *She’s alive!* I thought.

I looked back to Josh, now that she was alive and safe. He was shooting without a care and taking down a few. We were now down to one extra belt mag. In the distance, I saw the other two choppers approaching.

“Back up?” Josh asked.

“I hope,” I said.

Janet barged in a few moments later. “It’s the E.S.P.A.!”

“I grabbed my AR16 and chambered it. I also reloaded my M9 and put it back in its holster. Lastly, I finally changed my dull knife for one of my unused, steel knives.

The handle was black and curved. It was smooth and the perfect size. The blade had a hole for your finger if you needed to stab. The blade was incredibly sharp and cool to the touch.

I slid it into the holster near my ankle. I stood to see Janet chamber her rifle. Josh put in the last belt as the helicopters landed. Out came some troops like what we had faced a few states back. I had Josh switch to them. From Robert’s room I could tell that he had quit using the sniper and was now on his AK-47. After Janet talked to Robert; we decided that Janet and I would focus on undead while the other two focused on troops.

I took cover from the incoming fire. I peered out and kilt an incoming zombie. I saw that some were going for the E.S.P.A. soldiers. There were nine of the troops, three came in each helicopter.

I peered out again to see that even *more* were coming in. Again, from the front.

There were also like ten that came from the left. I gave Janet my last Molotov Cocktails. She burned two of the five soldiers left. The rest were taken down quickly. Josh even managed to destroy all the helicopters! After that though, he was empty and there were still too many zombies. They stopped coming, but were stacking up on the fence. It would soon collapse unless we did something.

Unfortunately, even *more* did decide to come. It was really just ridiculous that almost all the zombies in Indiana found their way to here at the same time!

Rosie came too when I got down to three mags for my AR. I told her what was going on. She immediately got to her feet and began to help. She never explained what happened to the other Sharpshooters though.

As the last zombies piled up, the fence tilted. After a few slams it was on the ground! They charged thorough and went for the door. We all rushed down stairs, since they were out of our sight. As we fought, the zombies made progress.

Janet looked at me as I loaded my last mag into my AR. “Andrew,” she said. “Shadow had me leave you the energy drinks. I know you were probably wondering. She wanted me to poison them, but I couldn’t do it.”

“Okay,” I said. We all continued fighting. We created an orchestra of bullets being fired, shells hitting the floor, zombies moaning and growling, wood getting shot, clips hitting the floor, and death. A zombie broke through a window completely from behind. I noticed, but they were already flowing in.

“Retreat!” I said. “But whatever you do, don’t stop shooting...”

## Chapter 17: The Lone Wolf

We mounted the stairs and locked the door behind us. I could see Bubba waiting for me at my door. I ran up to him and kissed him on the head. "I love you Bub," I said tearfully. "Come on. Let's go to the room." I put him in my room and shut the door. I cleared out the fridge.

"Let's place the fridge against the door," I commanded. They all helped me slide it over. We tipped it and it hit the ground with a *slam!* For a second, I thought it was going to fall through! We pushed it against the door and retreated to my room. We closed and locked the door.

"How much ammo you got?" Janet asked.

"Half a clip for my AK," said Robert. "And nada for my Deagle."

"Just a clip on my USP," said Rosie. "I think I have a clip for my M4 too."

"One bullet on my Glock," said Josh.

"Save it," I said. "I have half a clip on my AR, and I got two full clips for my M9."

"Too bad Darian isn't here," said Robert.

"Yep," I said.

"Or that masked guy," said Josh.

"Oh yeah," I chuckled gloomily. "We could use him right about now."

"Once they're all in we should use the rope out back or climb out the window and go to the car," said Rosie.

"You guys can," I said.

"What?" They all asked.

"I can't leave Bubba," I said soberly. "He can't jump out the window or climb a rope. You guys take all the crap and go. I'll be fine. I always am, right?"

My left eye dropped on tear onto my M9. I chambered it. "Andrew," said Josh. "You can't be serious. There has to be another way..."

"No," I replied bitterly. "They'll follow you out unless there's still something up here."

"Why not Bubba?" Asked Janet.

"I should kill you now for even asking that," I threatened. "Now, there's no debate. If you have anything to tell me, tell me now."

They looked at each other, none saying a single word. Bubba, who was next to me on the bed stood up. He licked me and I got him in the headlock. Once we were done, no one said anything.

"No one?" I asked. "Okay, then I guess you guys better get out of here then."

"Thanks, Andrew," Robert said. He put his hand on my shoulder for a second before exiting. Janet and I met eyes before here departure.

I looked to Josh. "I wish it didn't have to be this way," he said. I nodded. He hugged me and left, closing the door behind him.

"Andrew," Rosie said. We met eyes. "This is your story. We all have our own story. You're choosing to make yours have a sad ending. It's not too late..."

I grabbed her. I hugged her tightly. I didn't kiss her as I did most other girls throughout the apocalypse. She was like a sister to me, like my replacement for Kenzie. She put her USP on the bed before standing and walked out without saying anything else.

She closed the door behind her softly. I looked at my M9 as I could hear them open the balcony doors. I also picked up the USP and chambered it. I put them each in one pocket and drew my AR16. I chambered it. They all walked out, one by one. Rosie closed it behind her. I watched as they looped around the house to the front.

Robert looked at me then the car. He held his hands open towards me. I realized that he wanted the keys. I threw them to him. He caught them. Robert ran back to the car. They all took a second to look at me before pulling away. Once they did I slid the window closed.

I looked at Bubba. He knew something was wrong. I walked over to him and kissed him on his head. "I love you boy," I whispered warily as ears rolled down my face and onto his fur. He whined in his deep voice and looked up. He licked me repeatedly. Once he quit I wiped my face clean and the tears away.

"I gotta go do something," I said and turned my back to him. He stood on the bed. "Stay, boy... I love you Bubba." He went back to lying there looking at me. I walked to my closet where I found a sword. It was like the one I had when the road trip began. I put it on my back. I closed my closet door and looked at Bubba. I ran back over to him and kissed him on his comet streak.

I walked out of my room, firmly closing the door behind me. *This is it...* I thought. I shoved the fridge away. I could hear moaning and beating behind the door. I had a new idea. I went to the balcony. I went down the rope. I went to the front door and opened it. Zombies turned and began to rush out. I backed up from the house. I looked at the window to see Bubba looking at me. He barked when I began shooting. I took down ten with my ten round mag. I flung my AR at them. I drew the pistols. I began shooting.

I kept shooting with my M9 in my left hand and the USP in my right hand. The USP ran out of ammo first I threw the gun at them and kept shooting with my last gun. It ran out a few bullets later and I did the same with it as I had the others. I drew the sword. I began slicing heads at approaching zombies.

I saw two zombies in a line. I stabbed one through the head, stabbing the other as well. I pulled it out. I sliced off ones leg as I stood. As it fell I sliced its head from jaw-up off.

More and more approached. I kept stabbing and slicing as my arms grew weaker. There had to be at least thirty left too! I could hear something coming up in the distance though, it was a motorcycle. I kept killing without looking at the driver. They stopped behind me. They shot a shotgun into the crowd of zombie's twice.

They put it away and drew two Uzis. I dove down as they started shooting. I had to look to be sure, and I was right. It was Him...

## Chapter 18: Him

He kept shooting until he ran empty. He roundhouse kicked a zombie and put away his submachine guns. He pulled out his M1911s and kept up the bloodbath. I put away my sword and crawled behind Him and stood up. He ran empty and put them away. He drew His machetes and started slicing-and-dicing the infected. He finished off the last zombie by decapitating it... with his bare hands...

I looked at the figure. "Who are you?" I asked.

"Chuck," he said and dropped his hood. "Just call me Chuck." His voice was as deep and his eyes as dark as obsidian. He had a darker skin complexion to match his coal-black hair. He had only one scar and it ran under his right eye. He stood somewhere slightly above six feet.

"Well hello, Chuck."

"Same to you, Andrew."

"Of course you know my name..."

"Yeah, I've been studying you for quiet some time now."

"How did we not notice you?"

"Well you did when I saved your group's lives."

"I knew your killing style looked familiar."

"Yeah, it's different."

"Well, would you like to come in?"

"Sure," he responded. We stepped through and over bodies to the back. We climbed the ladder to the second floor. I pulled it up and we walked inside. I closed the door behind us. I had him sit at one end of the table.

"Hungry?" I asked.

"Yeah," he answered. I got some bowls and some cans of microwaveable soup from one of our food baskets, and they were running low. I filled the cups with bottled water and put them in the microwave. I put the timer for three minutes and waited for them to get done.

Once they were, I poured them into bowls and slid one down to Chuck. I got us each a spoon and fork. I gave him his and sat. We both immediately began eating. I finished my noodles and drank the warm broth from the bowl, as did he.

When he finished his soup I said, "How long have you been following me?"

"I saw you at the first American Safe Point, but thought little of your potential. I saw you again at the Central Safe Point and saw your escape, for I was on guard duty. I was at the opposite end. I watched through binoculars. I escaped when it was attacked by some militia. Since then, I've been trying to find you. After I saved you, I rode off so I could watch you guys more."

"Why did you wait to come during this last time?"

"Truthfully, I had lost you. I managed to find you due to all the shooting. I was lucky to arrive when I did."

"Are you ex-military or something?"

"No, Special Forces, and I trained myself after that. I was at Colorado when it fell. I started training myself when I arrived at the Safe Point here in Indiana. You guys were lucky you set it up before too many infected arrived from the base in New York."



“There was a base in New York?”

“Yeah, it was a secret experimental base. I only knew because I was... for some reason... granted access to the files. I wasn’t even told where in New York it was... When the infected broke out, they went every-which-way I guess. That helped it spread up north to Canada and other northern states.”

“Wow. So Chuck, why did ya track me down in the first place?”

“I’ve been going around the country saving other people in danger other than you. I think you have the potential to gain the abilities that I have and could continue where I leave off. You see Andrew, I’m entering my early forties. I know I don’t look like it, but I am. I can’t keep this up. What you saw, I was lucky to do that. I probably won’t be able to do it again, either. I need you to take my place and save the human race from extinction. So, will you do it, Andrew?”

We sat there for a minute while I pondered the idea. “I’ll do the training,” I finally said. “But I won’t save humanity.”

“What?” He questioned. “Why?”

“Humanity, in my opinion, is disgusting. We destroy everything we are given: the Earth, our things, each other, and finally ourselves. Nature is finally beginning to take back its planet back. Earth is healing and I won’t stop it.”

“That’s deep, Andrew. I agree with you, but won’t you at least save your friends? And Bubba?”

“If you knew anything about me then you’d know that I’d do anything for him... and them...”

“That’s what I thought. So, will you save them?”

“Didn’t I just answer that?”

I walked to my room, leaving him at the table. On my way, I closed all the bedroom doors except for Josh’s. I closed my door behind me. Bubba almost tackled me as he ran at me. I grabbed him and hugged him.

“I’m not done yet, Bub,” I whispered in his ear. He turned his head and licked my face. I kissed him on the white streak on his head that I loved and stood from the knee that I found myself on. I walked to my bed and placed down the weapons I had found before returning to the house. All I had were my M9, AR16, and a dull knife. I tossed the knife out the window into the pile of bodies and found another.

All the guns were empty but I still had the clips. *Guess I gotta go scavenging.* I thought. *Just me this time.* It was just me now, unless you counted Bubba or Chuck. I didn’t expect Chuck to end up staying though. If I planned on surviving, or at least being able to socialize, I’d have to find my friends. After I got ammo.

Chuck could be trusted, even if he was new. He had saved my life twice after all. I requested him to watch Bubba while I went scavenging, which he agreed to.

I had to hotwire the neighbor’s abandoned car after disabling the security system. I got used to the feel of the two-door car and backed out of their drive-way. I went to the left, towards a city that had been known as Columbus, Indiana. I made my way past some corn fields and houses. After I did that, I got into the city. It was mostly deserted except for charred and/or decaying bodies and cars. I did see the occasional zombie though; I avoided it since I was down to a knife. I brought my AR16 since .22 rounds would be easier but harder to find.

They were the most common round but would probably have been taken already. I

decided to check a department store for them first. It did sell a few guns and some hunting equipment.

It was completely dark once you escaped the light the doors forced through. I drew my flashlight and put it close to my knife. I walked past cooking supplies and turned right before reaching the toys. I could see a dead employee back there. He had been shot several times in the chest, and once in the head. I was in the hunting isles now. I passed some pellet and BB guns. I walked to the end of the isle to find the gun racks emptied. The ammo had been raided and the glass had been broken to do so. Another employee lay dead behind the glass with a crossbow bolt in his head. The crossbow was a few feet behind me on the floor.

I snatched it and the few bolts that remained before walking back to the parking lot. There were some cars that had been abandoned and I searched a truck with open doors. It had the keys in it, so I took it and left the car that had been hotwired.

I drove to a pawn shop near-by. I searched it to only find thirteen rounds, and they wouldn't fit either gun. I returned to my car. I thought for a minute and thought of one last pawn shop to try, but it was on the other side of town. Before leaving the parking lot I loaded the crossbow and put it in the seat next to me.

It took me about fifteen minutes to reach the pawn shop that I had in mind. Once I arrived to it, I parked in the parking lot behind it and got out. I got my crossbow ready and entered through a glass door. The windows provided little, but enough light. I looked around to see only two guns remained. They were a pistol and a pump shotgun (which had no ammo).

I walked behind the counter and began searching for ammo. I found none so checked in the back of the store. I still didn't find any. On my way back home I remembered one last store that always had a lot of ammo in it when I visited it in the past.

I drove to it and got my knife and flashlight ready. I put my AR16 on my back in case if I found ammo. I broke through one of the locked glass doors with the butt of my AR. I climbed through it with the glass crunching below my feet. It kinda sounded like snow fellow my feet on a frosty winter day.

My boots easily got through it as I stood, using the chain on the door as support. My flashlight came to life with a *click!* I put my knife at my waist level with the blade pointing forward. I had the back of the metal flashlight pointed towards me and my arm helping it form an upside-down L incase if someone came up from my right. I scanned the place as I walked. I could hear tapping faintly. It was quick and lasted two seconds at most. There were three locations that it came from. The directions were directly in front of me, to my right, and lastly to my left.

They went from left to right. I got on edge and was ready to kill anything. I spent little time in-action these days, but my reflexes were still good. In the distance I saw what was making the tapping...

A human.

I pointed my flashlight up from their feet to see a bolt-action rifle and a ski mask. It was a rather tall male and had a flashlight under the hand that was holding up the barrel of the gun.

"Are you armed?" He asked.

"Who isn't these days?" I replied.

"What do you have on you?" He asked. I turned my knife and quietly closed it. I put it in my pocket and drew my AR16.

“This is it,” I asked. “Why?”

“Drop it.”

“Now why would I do that?”

“Because there are three of us and one of you.”

“As far as you know.”

“Yes, but I doubt only one of you would go in. So I’ll ask again. Put down the gun.”

“You first!”

“Why would I do that?”

“If there are three of you, they’ll be able to shot me, if need be.”

“Okay then.”

He put down the rifle.

“Come out you guys,” he said. Someone came up from behind and tried yanking away my gun from behind. I took my gun and wacked them in the face with it.

“No,” I said. I pointed my flashlight at them. They shielded their face as a trickle of blood rolled down their face from their nose. I looked back at the man who dropped his gun. “All I came here for were some .22s and some 9 mm. rounds. Got any?”

“Yeah,” he answered. “I’ll give you a full box for each. Then you get out of here.”

“I planned on it.”

I followed him to the back of the store. They had it lit up. They had three small twin size beds side-by-side and some rations. They had about sixty boxes of ammo. Each type in a different cart. They had signs taped on to them that listed the type.

“What kind of .22?” A new one of them asked me. They had a bandana around the bottom of their face and a cap on their head.

“Long Rifle,” I said. “I’d actually like two if it’s fifty per box. And one box hollow points for each type of round, please.”

“Okay,” she said and pointed at me. “But only because you said the magic word.”

She grabbed them and walked over to me. She handed me them. “Would you like a bag?” she asked smartly.

“Na, I think I’m fine,” I answered. “How long have you guys been here?” As she started to answer me I put the bottom of my gun on the floor and sat on one of the beds. I refilled my mag with normal rounds and loaded the AR.

Her jaw dropped, I could tell even from behind the bandana. “You were empty this whole time?” She questioned. I smiled sheepishly. “Well, we’ve been here from under a month. We’ve been together for about two months though. There’s four of us. The douchebag you hit, our leader who you bluffed out, me, and my child.”

“Ah,” I said and nodded. “Nice meeting you guys. I have to get going though. I have to find some of my friends.”

“Okay,” she said. “Nice meeting you.”

I shook the hand she stuck out softly and walked off. I saw the other two repairing the hole I made with a piece of wood. One opened the door for me and I walked out to my car.

“Good luck finding your friends,” I heard the woman say.

I found my way home to find Chuck stacking bodies in the front yard. I helped him get the last six and he doused them in fuel and burnt them. We also got rid of the fallen fence that day and added it to the growing flames. Afterwards, I returned to the top story of the house and refilled the generators who were almost empty.

I returned to my room and let Bubba out. He ran to the next door and frantically danced around as he waited for me to open it. He sprinted down the stairs as I followed him. I saw Chuck repairing windows as I let Bubba out. He ran out into the yard and squatted and took a large dump. Lastly, he jogged around the yard, peeing along the way.

Once he finished, I allowed him to walk around the house while I helped Chuck with the last of the windows. Once that was finished, we ate the rest of our rations.

“I’ll go look for food tomorrow,” I said.

“Or,” Chuck began. “I could go hunting. You can come if you want. I’ll even teach you how to skin them.”

“What’ll we do with Bubba?”

“Leave him with some food and water on the balcony. He’ll be safe there.”

“You think he will?”

“Yeah, as long as he isn’t a barker.”

“We’re good. He only barks when he plays and gets excited.”

“Alright. We’ll go at dawn. Bring your AR16. Other than my Model 770, it’s our only hunting weapon.”

“Where’s that weapon been?”

“In my bike, I save it for hunting purposes only.”

“Oh. By the way, I have a crossbow. I’ll bring it instead.”

“Why the crossbow?”

“It takes more skill to kill with that. Plus it’ll be silent.”

“So you finally realized that sound draws the infected.”

“It may sound stupid, but it did take me a while. I’ve known since the Eastern Safe Point fell but I just didn’t think about it that much.”

“Awesome. Well, I’m gonna get the 770 ready... so, I’ll see you later.”

“Okay,” I said and walked to my room. Bubba followed me around as I locked the downstairs and upstairs front doors. We walked to our room and I closed the door behind his swinging tail. I locked it also and went over to the twin size bed that Bubba inhabited. I joined him in laying in it, only I wasn’t curled up at the bottom like him.

After thirty minutes of thinking about it, I got out of bed and picked up my crossbow. I looked down the sights and thought about how much more distance calculating would go into shooting this than a gun. I would have to make each arrow count. At least I could reuse them though...

I had nineteen arrows total. The crossbow had a strap with it and looked as if had only been shot a few times at most. It had camo paint on it and was tough to load it. I hadn’t used it yet, but I could tell that it was gonna be a big help eventually.

I put the crossbow back down and loaded the clips of my M9. Half of the clips for both guns were hollow points and the others weren’t.

I decided to take a little bit to clean them before I went to sleep. I did the AR first and the M9 last. By the time that was finished, it was too dark to do anything outside.

“Bubba,” I said. He looked up at me from the paw he had been gnawing on with his ears perked up. “I’m gonna give you a bath... after we go hunting.”

He grunted and fell to his right. I heard him exhale loudly and he went to sleep. I patted him on the head and scratched his stomach before going to sleep.

Chuck knocked at my door close to dawn. I grunted and rubbed my eyes while Bubba growled. “Chill Bub,” I told him. He relaxed at what I said and followed me to the

door. When I opened it, Chuck was standing on the other side. He was wearing camo and had his 770 in his hands.

“Alright,” I told him. “Just let me get my crossbow and other crap.” I put my M9 in its holster and grabbed the crossbow. I put some arrows in the holster the crossbow had built-in. I put some more in my back pack along with two bottles of water and enough food to last us a day.

I gave Bubba some food and extra water. He slurped up some of the fresh water as I closed the bedroom door behind me. “He’s staying in there,” I told Chuck.

He only nodded and we went out to the vehicle I had taken the day before. “Know any hunting grounds near here?” Chuck asked.

“We can find some,” I told him. “I know where some forests are near here.”

“Sound good.”

“Alright, so you ready to go?”

“Yep.”

I drove out of the driveway and reached the intersection. I took a left and kept going for a while. After a few turns and new roads, we reached a place that I knew.

“You know who lived on these grounds?” Chuck questioned me as we parked at a house.

“Yeah,” I said. “Let’s just say it was a friend of mine.”

“Their name?”

“Ann.”

“I’m guessing she was your chick?”

I chuckled. “I guess you could say that...”

We walked into the woods on the property and the house and truck disappeared from our view as we got deeper into the woodland. Even without their branches, the trees managed to hide us. We walked slowly and quietly (the leaves on the ground didn’t help very much), always watching for our prey, and our predators...

I spotted a lone bird up in a tree that looked as if the lightest breeze would do it in.

“I got dis,” I told Chuck and put my hand on his chest to block him from taking the shot.

I grabbed for my crossbow and brought it to the shooting position. The bird looked around from its vantage point. It chirped as I slid my finger onto the trigger. The bird was large, black, and fat. It peered at me with its beady, yellow eye as I squeezed the trigger.

*Phew!*

The arrow went straight below the eye that stared at me before. It squawked and fell to the ground with a thud. “Nice,” Chuck said and nodded. He walked over to the body and picked it up. He removed the bloody arrow forcefully and handed it to me. I cleaned it with my dirty, old shirt and loaded it back into the crossbow.

Chuck put the body in an empty sack he had and flung it over his shoulder. “Think you can do that again?” Chuck asked.

“Sure,” I shrugged. “I can try.”

We walked more, with Chuck keeping his eyes in the trees. I was looking for larger game such as deer or maybe even a squirrel that came out of hibernation early.

My guess of the month was that it was February. There had been no snow so far. Although it was rare, late snowing had happened before. Then again, it could have been July as far as I knew.

“Chuck,” I began. “What month do you think it is?”

“Well,” he began. “I know you guys sometimes have warm winters. I guess that it’s late December.”

“Merry Christmas then,” I chuckled.

“Happy Honokaa.”

“You’re Jewish?”

“More or less so.”

“Ah.”

An awkward silence blew in with the cold breeze that hit us. It was beginning to get cloudy as it usually was that time of year. It looked as if it would rain soon and we’d already been out there for twenty minutes by the time the sky was completely darkened by the clouds.

“How much longer do you want to stay out here?” I broke the ice.

“We’ll leave after we find something else,” he replied. “One bird won’t feed both of us.”

I heard snapping of twigs ahead. Chuck and I both crouched and got behind trees. “What do you think it is?” I whispered.

He put his index finger to his lips. He peered around his tree to the left and pulled up his rifle. He looked down the scope. After a few seconds he came back around. “Look out!” He exclaimed.

I instinctively grabbed for my M9 as I spun. I dove back as I spotted the charging deer. It had a chunk out of its shoulder and limped as it charged us. It lowered its horns as we both opened fire. I emptied my clip towards its face as Chuck chambered in his third round. The buck went down as Chuck chambered the last round in. He walked up to it and shot off his last round into its head.

I stood and walked to the scene. “Think we can eat around the bite?” I joked.

Chuck reloaded his 770 without saying anything. I looked to see that a total of twelve rounds hit. Most hit the shoulder and I shot off one of the antlers. We continued the search to find a wild turkey.

I carried the turkey by the neck and tried to avoid the blood flowing from the hole where its eye once was. My arrow had gone in one and almost out the other.

“I didn’t know that these lived here,” Chuck said.

“Me either,” I said. We exited the forest and walked to the truck. I put the turkey in the back and Chuck put the other bird back there as well. I got behind the wheel and put the key in the ignition.

I started it and backed out of the driveway. I drove us back to the house where I turned the car off. We grabbed dinner and walked up the stairs. Chuck opened the second door as I carried the turkey and other bird.

“Think the fridge still works?” I asked.

“Only one way to find out,” Chuck replied. We turned it upright and plugged in into the wall. It started to make a weird noise, but quit after a few seconds. “Good. I’ll get the birds ready to be cooked. You should go let Bubba out.”

I walked to my room and let Bubba out of the house. He took a large crap next to a tree and peed on another small tree. He jogged back to the house panting. I let him in and took him upstairs. I gave him fresh water and plopped down onto my bed. “You have no idea what happened today Bub,” I said as he slurped up the water. He walked over to the

bed with water dripping from his lips. He jumped up when I made enough room for him. He made a ball at my feet and went to sleep.

I put my hands behind my head and went to sleep. When I awoke I went to the kitchen and looked at Chuck who was cooking the turkey.

“Know when it’ll be done?” I asked.

“No idea,” he replied.

“Try not to burn it,” I said and sighed.

“Will do,” he responded as I closed the bathroom door behind me. After I finished in there, I returned to my room and popped in a Blu-ray disc. I watched half of it before Chuck came knocking at my door.

I went to the table and ate the delicious meal. I gave Bubba the remaining meat and some of the not sharp bones. He happily ate every bite.

By then it was getting dark. I gave Bubba a bath and showered myself. I gargled the remaining fluoride I had before I went returned to sleep.

When I awoke I could still feel the presence of the minty freshness in my mouth along with the lack of liquid that I accidentally sustained. I walked out into the kitchen and chugged two bottles of water before I noticed Chuck frying some turkey bacon.

“Yum,” I told him.

“Yeah,” he said. “It will be. I don’t mess around when it comes to bacon.”

We chuckled. “Joking aside, I have to find my friends,” I said bluntly. “At least try before they get too far.”

“Why?” he questioned. “I thought you gave up on humanity.”

“Yeah, I did, but I at least want to die happy.”

I walked to my room where I gathered my things and got Bubba. I saw Chuck blocking the door as I put Bubba’s leash and collar on.

“Move,” I said, standing up. I put my AR16 on my back and my crossbow in my right hand, along with the leash that Bubba began chewing on. I slid my M9 in its holster as Chuck still refused to move.

As I got closer to the door, he fortified it more with his body. “I said, ‘move.’”

“No,” he said, almost silently. It was still powerful enough to almost cause me to trip, with Bubba’s leash being its culprit.

“What?” I questioned as I unbuttoned the holster to my M9.

“You gonna shoot me?” he questioned.

“If I have to, yes.”

“Come at me, bro.” I stopped dead in my tracks, almost ten feet away as we had a Western standoff. Even Bubba felt the tension and began to emit a low growl.

“This bullet will,” I said. I dropped the leash and cupped the other side of the gun that was now raised. I shot as Chuck tackled me. The bullet widely missed and hit the hallway wall. I grunted as he began repeatedly punching me in my stomach. Bubba barked viciously as he pounced on Chuck’s back. He bit into his left shoulder. Chuck screamed and flung my dog off.

He stood and watched my best friend hit the floor. He kicked Bubba. A high-pitched whine escaped his mouth as the foot hit his ribs. I stood, and drew my knife in my right hand.

“Hey douche,” I said to Chuck. “Don’t... touch... my... Bub...”

He turned.

I raised the gun and put my right hand under my left. I began shooting my remaining fourteen rounds as I stabbed him in the shoulder and tackled him. I shot thirteen into his lower abdomen. He laid before me, bleeding out and almost dead.

“Why?” I questioned.

“They’re dead,” he said.

“How do you know?” I questioned.

He winced at the pain as my sharp breaths became slower and more collected. “I made sure they were.”

I aimed my gun to the middle of his head and shot. The slide of my gun stayed back until I entered my next clip and clicked it forward. “Hoe,” I said as I stepped on his body. Bubba limped slightly until we got to the truck. The weapons I had on me were my AR, a large knife, and my M9. No crossbow this time.

I let him in and climbed in myself. I started the vehicle and took off towards town. “No way they’re dead,” I told myself.



# Chapter 19: The Hunt

We drove back into the town of Edinburgh. I saw no new sights except that some cars had been moved that originally blocked a house. The cars now cut off the roads to reach the house in the middle of the street. I saw an SUV with a broken driver's window and a busted headlight in the driveway. The vehicle had some scrapes and dents that were new since the last time I had seen it. I drove up to where the cars blocked the road.

I got out of my vehicle. After that I walked to Bubba's side and let him out. I made sure my weapons were loaded. I approached the house with my AR raised; it was chambered and off safety. My finger was next to the trigger but not on it. I walked up to the front wall and leaned on it. I looked into a window, but the blinds were closed. Next, I jogged to the door. Bubba was right behind me.

"Sit, boy," I told him. He sat as I told him. I grabbed the knob to the screen door and slowly turned it. I opened it. It squeaked as it went. I held it open with my body. I switched out my AR16 for my M9. I opened the real door with my right arm as I held my M9 at my hip. The door opened with ease. I pushed it slowly as I peaked in. It was dark, but it looked like there had recently been people here.

The living room that I entered was empty, so I made a clicking sound with the roof of my mouth and tongue so that Bubba would follow me. He walked into the house. The screen door closed behind me. I closed the other door too. I patted the couch. Bubba jumped onto it and lied down. I looked around. The only way further into the house was straight. There was a wall blocking most of the kitchen, but there was a hole in it for a bar it seemed. There was no one in there either. I walked into the room. Past that was a hallway with several doors. I looked down to see a trail of blood going from the front door to one of the doors.

I walked up to the first one. It was on the left side. I wrapped my hand around the door knob and opened it. It was only a closet.

I closed the door quietly before walking up to the next one on the right side. It opened as I pushed the door forward. It was the bathroom.

I walked away, leaving the door open. There were three more doors, two on the left and one on the right. As I approached the one on the left I could hear panting. The person let out a cry.

"Josh," I heard a woman say. "I think we're going to lose her!"

"No," a guy said. "She's survived this long we can't give up on her!"

I opened the door. On the bed was a person. She was unconscious with blood all over her, and the bed. I saw Josh bent down next to them; some blood was on him too. Rosie was standing over the person giving them CPR so I couldn't see who it was. Robert was leaned up against the wall, so he saw me first.

"Andrew?!" he asked. He walked up to me.

"What's going on?" I questioned.

"It's Janet. She's injured. Someone tried to take us out. I was driving. I could tell the shot was made for me, but it went through the windshield and hit Janet. I lost control and hit some stuff. I know who did it too... it was the masked guy you guys always talk about. He must have been hired by Sam before she died."

"No, I think I know what happened. He had been watching after me. He must have

known that you guys were hired by Sam to kill me and thought you guys still wanted to. He probably did it to make sure you wouldn't come back for me. He was psycho. I had to kill him before I came looking for you guys because he wouldn't let me leave. He was an exceptional fighter too... it's a shame really."

"So, it's your fault this happened?" Robert asked me ominously.

"Uh," I began with a hateful tone. "No. It's that dead guy on my floor's fault."

"Whatever," Robert said and walked back to the wall. I walked up to the bed. Rosie was still pumping and breathing down Janet's throat. She repeated the process one more time before she finally quit.

"Josh," Rosie said and put her hand on his shoulder. He brushed it off. He stood up and walked out of the room. Rosie's eyes followed him until they met mine.

"Andrew," she whimpered. Before I knew it, she had her arms wrapped around me tightly. I stood there shocked for a second before I wrapped my arms around her too. After a few seconds she let me go and looked at me.

"I thought you died," she said.

"Come on," I said. "I've survived worse." I smirked. She laughed, her eyes were watering. She wiped them and sniffled.

"As you can see," Rosie said and looked back. She turned back around. "We lost Janet. I don't know what to do anymore. I mean, where should we go Andrew? What should we do? I don't know if we can lose anyone else."

"I know," I said. "Let's stay here tonight. Tomorrow I'll go get all my crap and then we'll form a new plan. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Go run it by the others for me. I have to go check on Bubba."

"Alright."

She walked out of the room. I went back to the living room. Something was amiss... and it was Bubba... plus the front door was wide open.

Rosie walked up to me and asked confusedly, "Have you seen Robert?"

"No," I responded. "Have you seen Bubba?"

"No."

We looked at each other for a second as we pieced it together. We sprinted out the front door. The SUV was gone and the tire tracks showed that they went left.

## Chapter 20: The Chase

I took off sprinting to my truck. I got in it and started it. I put it in drive and went into someone's yard as to avoid the other cars. I floored it and passed Rosie, who had a worried look on her face. When I reached the next intersection I looked left and saw the SUV. I took off after it. I ran over a crawler on the way. Its head crushed beneath my tires. He took another left. I drifted the corner.

I could tell he knew I was following him because he started going faster. I too went faster. Unfortunately though, my truck was pretty slow. I was going a little over sixty and he was going seventy-five. We kept going straight through the rest of town. I looked in my rear-view mirror to see a convertible coming up behind us. The hood was down. I saw Rosie driving and Josh was in the passenger seat. They were still a little far back though.

I looked forward again. I saw the SUV dodge a fallen tree. I did too, but I was a little slow. Branches hit the side of the truck, busting one of the head lights. I saw Rosie coming up faster. I saw something else, too. There was a Humvee coming up behind them. I rolled down my window and pointed back. I looked in the rear-view mirror and saw Rosie look in hers. Josh spun around and drew a pistol. I couldn't tell what kind, but it looked like a Browning High-Power.

The Humvee came closer to them. No gun was mounted on top, but a man was standing up there with an M4. He opened fire on Rosie's car. They missed. Josh began returning fire. Rosie took a right and the Humvee followed.

I looked forward again. I saw the SUV was taking a left into the Industrial Park. A few seconds later I did too. He took a right, so did I. I was catching back up. We kept going for a little while before pulling into a parking lot for an outlet mall.

I was a few spots back. He parked sideways. I could hear shooting, and it was growing closer. It came in bursts, and then in single shots. I jumped out of the truck and drew my M9. I took off the safety as I swiftly approached the vehicle. The driver's door opened and I saw it close again with a slam. They ducked against the car. I stopped walking.

"Robert," I said. "Give me back Bubba and I'll let you get out of here alive."

"Sorry not sorry Andrew," he began. "I'm doing this because you took something of mine, and I will have entry to the base."

"What base, and what of yours did I take?"

"The one the people in the Humvee came from. I didn't want Josh and Rosie to get involved, but they put themselves in the place they are in now. And don't play stupid, you must know about Janet and me..."

"Well why do you have Bubba?"

"To get you to surrender. I know he's the only thing you'll do it for. I kill you and set him free. That simple. Or, you can fight. If you fight I will kill him, then you. My back up should be arriving shortly after Rosie and Josh are taken care of." I saw him open the back door and take Bubba out. He closed it. He walked in front of the SUV. He was holding Bubba's collar and had Josh's Glock. It only had one bullet...

"Put down your gun Andrew. I don't want to kill him, but I will." I lowered my gun.

That was until I looked close and saw that his gun was on safety. I swiftly aimed up and shot. It hit him somewhere on his body. Bubba bolted up to me. I knelt and held Bubba.

“I’m sorry boy,” I said. “I won’t let this ever happen to you again.”

We started walking back towards the truck. I did anyway. Bubba walked over to a pool to pee. I put my guns in the truck and walked to Bubba’s door. I waited for him. Bubba trotted up.

I heard a gun chamber. I looked to see that Robert had the Glock aimed at me. He was leaning against the SUV with a hole in his knee. He winced at the pain.

“Know I’m going to kill both of you!” He screamed. I could see the rage in his eyes.

“Robert,” I said. “You don’t have to do this!”

Several hundred feet behind him, I could barely make out a horde of zombies. They were walking towards us. “Yes I do,” he said frantically. His eyes were huge. “They don’t accept the wounded.”

Bubba was about ten feet to my right. “Look, you don’t have to go there. I can explain everything to Rosie if they make it and she can fix you up.”

“Ha, you’d just kill me in my sleep.”

“No, not as long as you promise to leave us alone.”

“You know if I show them you’re bodies they’ll probably let me in just because you’re wanted. Sam’s father runs this place believe it or not!”

“Who should get the first bullet, you or Bubba?”

“Me, Robert. Shoot me first!”

“No... I want you to suffer.”

He aimed for my companion. I sprinted towards my best friend. I bent down and shoved him out of the way. He rolled onto the black top as I took his place. Robert tugged on the trigger.

*Bang!*

# Part IV: The End

# Chapter 1: My Near Death Experience

## One and a Half Months Later

I leaned up, my stomach still hurt from the slightest movement. I groaned and grabbed my abdomen. I lifted up my shirt and looked at my scar. The bullet had entered right above my right leg. I couldn't really walk without support.

To my left was Bubba snoring. Rosie said I was lucky to be alive. I lost a lot of blood. I was still piecing together what happened after I hit the ground. That's when it hit me like the bullet. Another flashback...

*I could feel the pain of the bullet. I hit the ground with a groan. The world was growing dark. My arms wrapped around the wound. I felt the warm blood slide through my fingers and onto the ground. I could see Robert. He started limping towards me, but Bubba growled at him. Robert backed away. He turned and saw the horde. He aimed the Glock and noticed that the slide was still back. He threw it into the SUV and got in. He started it and drove off.*

*I watched as the horde approached. I could feel my demise coming. Moments later the convertible came up and blocked the horde. "Andrew!" Rosie yelled as she ran towards me. It sounded like she was a hundred miles away. Josh stood up in the convertible and started shooting an M4 at the horde. Rosie started dragging me but quit.*

*"Josh!" Rosie yelled. He quit firing. "Carry him the rest of the way. I'll give covering fire!" Josh tossed the M4 to her. She caught it and changed it to semi auto and started shooting. I looked up to the sky. It was grey. I took a slow blink.*

Rosie walked in the room and broke the trance. "How are you?" She questioned. "I've seen better days," I replied and let out a smile. She could tell I was in pain no matter how much I tried to cover it up.

"Here," she said and held out her hand. "They are just some ibuprofen, nothing strong. Sorry."

"Thank you," I said. "Anything is good." I dry swallowed them and looked at her.

"Need anything?"

"Will you feed Bubba and let him out? He needs some new water too, please."

"I'll get him the water when Josh gets back. He had to go scavenging again."

"Okay." I woke Bubba up. Rosie patted her leg. Bubba knew the drill and went with her. She closed the door behind her. I laid my head back down on my pillow and let out a sigh. I was back in my old room. Rosie cleaned it for me, but there were still blood stains on my white door.

I could almost walk alone. It hurt, but I powered through. It's like life hit the restart button and I had to learn to walk again.

My weapons were lost with my truck at the outlet mall. I missed being the scavenger, the provider. It made me feel weak to be dependent upon them. I was lucky to have such amazing friends that would take care of me like that.

We were still looking for Robert. They had no idea where he went, but when I recovered we planned on paying a visit to the military base. Josh had been doing a little recon occasionally. They had heavy artillery: M4A1s, RPGs, helicopters, Humvees, M82A1s, mounted S AWs around the base, and plenty of people to use those guns. Josh had seen the busted up SUV Robert drove in front of the base. We only had the M4 Josh got

from that Humvee, two M4A1s, and two Glocks. One of them lost their sidearm when they crashed. Josh shot the driver I guess or something like that. He also thought that he had seen Raya there, but that was unconfirmed. My guess was that he was wrong and that she was dead, but crazier things had happened.

I sat in my bed and closed my eyes. I relaxed my body and became extremely calm. I waited for several minutes until Bubba returned. When he entered the room he immediately ran to the side of the bed, waiting for my approval. I patted the bed. He jumped up and lied next to me with his head on my chest. When he jumped it caused me to bounce which sent pain shooting up my spine. He could sense it. Bubba began whining and nuzzling my hand, licking it too. I brushed my hand across the top of his head. "I'm okay, boy," I told him. I looked towards Rosie. "Thanks."

"You're welcome," she replied. "Need anything else, for you?"

"No, I'm fine."

"Alright, just holler if you need anything." She faked a small smile and closed the door behind her. I drifted into my usual light and fitful sleep until Josh returned. Rosie brought Bubba and me water. We were both dying of thirst. After that, I ate some soup and went to sleep with Bubba at my side.

I was awakened sometime after noon. It was Rosie and Bubba who did it. She let him out and fed him. When she returned we did my daily exercises up and down a few stairs and some simple walking. I started walking down the middle of the hall with Rosie helping me. I finally told her, "Let me go."

"You sure?" Rosie asked. I nodded. She released her hands and backed away. I wobbled and gained my balance. I took a step. Then another. Then a third. Step after step until I reached the wall. I put my back against it. I looked up at Rosie. We both smiled. "I think I'm ready," I said.

## Chapter 2: Just Like Old Times

### Three Weeks Later

After three weeks of gaining my strength back (at an incredible rate), and target practicing at random locations (to avoid drawing attention to the house) I was finally ready to become myself again, you're regular hardcore zombie killer.

We planned on going to search for guns two days before we go. We each wanted a small pump shotgun, pistol, semi auto rifle, a lever action rifle, and two extra pistols. That was my list anyway. If we needed anything else, we could get it from the dead. Oh, and if you are wondering why not a bolt action, lever actions are actually more accurate.

The night before we began to put a duffle bag of things we would need together. "We need water for sure," I said.

"I can make some bombs," said Rosie. "All I need is a glass jar gasoline, rags, gun powder, nails, glass, and some shotgun shells."

"Josh," I said. "Get Rosie those supplies while we put the bag together. You will have to leave, check the neighbors' houses." Josh stood and went to get the supplies.

"You think we'll need food?" Rosie asked.

"Not if we eat before we leave," I answered.

After Josh returned with most of the list Rosie started making the bombs. After the bag was complete we went to a few pawn shops near the base. There were six total.

I got a AR15 with a spring stock (makes it full auto) with four thirty round magazines all of which were filled with steel jacket hollow points, a M1911 with two seven round clips, two Glock 24s with three twelve clips each, a scoped M14 EBR with two ten round clips, and lastly a sawed off Remington 870 with sixteen shells. (Instead of me explaining the guns how about you do some research? That should be fun...)

Josh grabbed an ACR with four thirty round clips and a LCR (Light Compact Revolver) with about fifteen extra shells since he would be carrying the duffel bag.

Rosie kept the M4 which had three thirty round clips and an M9 with two fifteen round clips. She planned on covering Josh the entire time.

After that we returned home and loaded our clips. We got used to the sights and handlings of the guns. All mine weighted me down, but I would need that many if I wanted to invade a military base. The day of the plan Rosie and I chose a truck to drive to the scene while Josh drove the convertible home. We picked him up and left, after I let Bubba out. I left him with two bowls of water and two bowls of food.

We approached the base in the truck at around one a.m. I was in the bed while Josh drove the back window was open so I could talk to them. The headlights were off and I had my M14 out. I was going to take out the sniper and SAW nests before we moved in. Then, I would use my AR15 to take down their militia as we moved in. After we got through the gate and into the base, we would get out of the truck and search the base for Robert and possibly Raya.

I knelt down to tell them, "Stop in about a hundred yards," I said. "Don't take off until I tell you to."

"Yeah," she replied. I stood back up and tapped the hood of the truck. I chambered the M14. After about ten seconds I tapped the hood of the truck again and we stopped.

"It's like old times you guys," I said and chuckled. "Now then, let's get to



business.” I stood up and matched up my scope. I could barely see the targets, but they were spread out so I would have a few extra seconds. The crosshairs looked onto his head. He was sitting in a chair, relaxing. I waited to feel the wind, and there was none. I aimed an inch above his head and shot. The bullet sent him flying backwards and out of his chair. I found the next sniper and took the shot. It hit him in the ribs. He fell over the back of the bird’s nest to his demise. People began to catch on, but we hadn’t been spotted yet. I shot the other six snipers with eight rounds. I reloaded and took out seven LMG gunners before I ran empty. I tossed my M14 over the side of the truck. I tapped the hood and pulled out my AR15. I chambered it and aimed down the iron sights. As we raced towards the fence, they spotted us. There were at least thirty armed with M4A1s on the front line. There were a few SAW gunners spread far and few in between.

I exchanged fire with the enemies. Several shots hit the truck, and one took out one of the side mirrors. I shot one in the neck who went down pulling the trigger. He killed six more for me. I continued the fight as more troops rallied together. My first clip ran empty. I ducked down and threw the empty clip into the cab. I chambered the gun after sliding in the clip.

“Hold on!” Josh yelled. I grabbed the truck as we crashed through the gates. I flew forwards then back. I almost fell off, but remained to stay on. I stood up again and continued shooting. They were down to about seven on the front lines at that time and the SAW gunners no longer had an angle on me so I took them out with ease. At the barracks I could see them make a blockade with their Humvees. We ran over one of the troops. I tapped the hood. We stopped. I grabbed the dead guy’s RPG and got back on.

We continued the mission as shots came at us from all directions. I was on my fourth clip by the time we reached the barricade. We got out of the truck and found things to use as cover. Josh had the bag and his ACR out. I slid him the RPG. He put it in the bag. I could tell the only things in there were the bombs, gasoline, a lighter, the RPG now, and a half drunken bottle of water.

I had him toss me a bomb. Then he tossed me the gasoline and the lighter. I poured some gas on the rag that stuck out of the bottle and lit it. I rolled it towards the Humvees. It rolled onto its side. I heard the soldiers yell and start to run, but it exploded. Shrapnel went flying along with body parts and blood. I gave Josh back the gasoline and lighter when we regrouped. There were five bombs left. We took cover behind the Humvees on the opposite side of the enemies that were once there. I heard a sound that struck me at my core. Helicopter blades ripping through the air.

“Hand me the RPG,” I told Josh. He handed it to me and I propped it up over the Humvees. The helicopter was looking for us. I took cover again and let it pass over us. After it passed, I shot the rocket. It flew straight towards it and hit it in the tail. The chopper spun out of control and hit one of the bird’s nests. It exploded. We shielded our eyes. “Let’s check the barracks.”

We went over the Humvees and into the barracks. There were flipped bunk beds that our enemies used for cover. We swapped fire as we found a place to take cover. I shot my AR15’s last round and tossed it at an enemy. He caught it and looked at me. I pumped and shot the first round of my 870. I took cover again. I popped up and blew the head off of another soldier. I ducked down and pumped the gun again. The firefight raged on until Josh threw another bomb. We barely survived it and I was down to four shells in my 870.

We entered the next barracks to find only five people. My first shell killed two. The

rest of my shells killed a person, except for one. I dropped the gun and drew my Glocks; I took them off safety and raised them. We entered the last building. Rosie killed seventeen out of twenty. Josh killed the rest. I didn't even get to shoot a single shell. We exited the building, not finding Robert and went to the H.Q. building next without a single encounter. There were three levels and an unknown amount of hostiles inside. I kicked in the door and Rosie threw in a bomb. It exploded and I heard several cries, a few of which were women's.

We ran into the building with our pistols raised. The first floor was clear except for a guy who was bleeding out on the floor. Josh finished him before we headed up the stairs. "Anyone have any ammo on something other than their pistol?" I asked. They nodded 'no.' I sighed. "Okay, let's do this."

I ran into the second story there were cubicles and plenty of other places to hide too. I spotted the first person. He got a bullet to the eye from my left Glock. I spotted another person. He got a bullet to the heart from my right Glock. Rosie and Josh were pretty much just covering me at this point because I was on another one of my famous rampages.

"Come on!" I screamed as I shot more people. "Is this it three people can overpower a militia? This is sad people." A girl popped out with her M4A1 at her hip she screamed furiously and before she could pull the trigger I shot her four times from each gun. I was empty at that point. I slid out my mags and put in new ones. I flicked the slides forward with my thumbs.

We progressed to the third floor where I heard footsteps. "Josh," I said.

"Yeah?" He questioned.

"Tie the rest of the bombs together and give them to me," I told him. He even poured gas on them for me. I lit them and tossed them inside. The explosion this time was huge. It left a crater in the middle of the floor the size of a twin bed. The shrapnel alone did so much damage. The place was on fire now. I walked up the steps. There were people waiting for me. I emptied my clips with my trigger finger in about six seconds. I put in the last mags and walked up the last stairs. We entered the third floor. My friends helped me now. Rosie went down the left hallway while I went straight and Josh went right. I shot off six rounds from each gun into a total of four people. I could hear my friends killing people too. I did the most as I dodged the crater. My guns ran empty. I slid one and a guy slid on it. I drew my knife and stabbed him in the throat as he hit the ground. I drew his M9 and my M1911. I put my knife back in its place as I continued walking. I shot all the rounds of my M9 at a group of six who refused to die until they got shots to the head.

I kicked in the door at the back of the hallway. I put my right wrist under my gun with my clip in it so I could reload faster. I saw a desk and a guy standing at the back of the room. It was Robert and he had a human shield. The human shield looked like a tall, older, and male version of Sam. I shot the shield a few times and took cover outside on the wall. I shot my last three rounds randomly into the room. I slid out my mag and put in another. I put the new round into the gun and peered around the corner. Robert was nowhere to be seen, and the window was open with a rope leading to the ground. One of the Humvees used in the blockade was gone and our truck had been hit by it.

"Crap," I said. I waited for Rosie and Josh to regroup with me. Rosie arrived first and we waited for Josh who arrived with none other than Raya. I stood up as she walked in. I hugged her. "How are you?"

"Good," she responded.

“What happened at the Central Safe Point after I left?” I questioned.

“It was attacked by some people,” she answered. “I escaped after I realized it was a hopeless battle. My father stayed though...”

“Oh,” I sadly responded.

“We should really get going if we want any chance at catching Robert,” Rosie said.

“I agree,” said Josh.

We walked down the stairs again through all the death we caused and back to the truck. It had a slight dent in it and that was pretty much it. Josh drove and Rosie and Raya sat up front. I rode in the back. I sat with my body to the left of the still open mirror. I was exhausted, and my stomach was hurting again. I gripped it and relaxed. Soon, we were home. Once there I let Bubba out and after a few minutes we went back inside.

We went upstairs and straight to sleep. In the morning I met up with Raya, Josh and Rosie in the kitchen. “So what do you guys want to do about Robert?” I questioned as we all sat at the table.

“I think we should let it be and leave here,” Raya said. “He won’t come for you again after what you put them through.”

“I disagree,” Rosie said. Her and Raya glanced at each other, and then back at me. “We *should* get out of here, once this is finished. I don’t want him alive after what he put you through, and he is a backstabber.”

“I agree with Rosie,” Josh said. “What do you think Andrew?”

“I don’t know,” I replied. “I want to take some time to think before doing anything.”

“Andrew,” Rosie began. “I’m surprised. I expected you to be the one *wanting* to kill him.”

“I know,” I told her and sighed. “I just think we should rationally think for a little bit before we do anything.”

“Okay then,” Rosie sighed. And with that, the crowd dispersed. Raya was staying in the room next to mine, Josh got Robert’s old one, and Rosie got Janet’s old one.

I went to the fridge and got a bottle of water. I took a large drink before grabbing a second one. I closed the fridge and walked back to my room. I poured Bub’s water into his bowl. He started lapping it up almost immediately. I lied in bed to just think for a minute.

If I chose to kill Robert, we would have to find him first. That would take time and a large risk. Or, we could just disappear and get out of Indiana. That took risk too, and where would we go? We could just do nothing, but then we would be at risk with Robert and any survivors of the attack. It was all just so complicated. After pondering these thoughts for a while, I ruled out staying all together. It was leave, but the question was ether or not if I should track down and kill Robert. I mean, should I? The answer to that question? Yes.

I took my M1911 and put it between my pants and boxers. It was off safety but unchambered. I walked into the kitchen. “Group meeting you guys!” I yelled and waited for them to join me. Once they did I looked at them all.

“Well?” Rosie asked.

“That hoe’s gonna die,” I said.

## Chapter 3: Hunters

“Do you have any idea where he would have gone?” I asked Raya.

“Yeah,” she responded. “He was talking about heading north.”

“How far north?” I questioned.

“Michigan north,” she answered.

“He had the journey planned out and said that if he was going he would go slow and take the scenic route. I don’t know exactly where he is going, but I know the general area. If we leave now, we can reach the state border by night fall.”

“Alright, get your crap and meet me downstairs. We’re taking the convertible.”

I got Bubba, my laptop, a knife that had a weird but amazing handle, and Bubba’s food. I went back in for the rest of the food and supplies. They met up with me a minute or two later. I let Rosie, Bubba, and Josh in the back then leaned my seat back again. Raya sat up front with me to navigate me. I got in and started the car. I took one last look at the house then drove out of there. We drove for a while in silence until I turned on the stereo. I checked the CDs. The only one was a Johnny Cash CD. We listened to it on full blast. After the CD was over, we rode in silence.

We reached the state border at sundown like we planned. We stayed at a two floor motel. We each got our own room and unlocked the middle doors. I went to sleep with sharp pains near where I was shot.

I awoke to gun shots. Raya was standing outside shooting at the largest horde I had ever seen. Her AK ran empty. She dropped it over the balcony and drew two USPs. She opened fire as they progressed towards us. The aggressive ones pushed their way through the crowd and climbed the stairs. One was almost on me by the time I dodged it. Raya looked a little too late and was tackled. He tried to block with her forearm, but it got locked in his jaws. She screamed as blood trickled out of her arm. She shot him in the head. He fell off. She took her USPs and put both below her head. She shot herself. I looked away. I saw another infected. It fell onto the barrel of my now chambered M1911 and it went into its mouth. I shot it. It fell off. I drew my knife and put it below my gun.

I shot the undead until I was empty. I dropped the gun and ran inside to see Rosie and Josh. They were dead. Their throats had been slit and Bubba was gone. I looked at my knife. It was bloody, and the weird part was that I couldn’t remember using it. I felt pain in my face.

I woke up for real this time. Rosie was standing over me. “Come on!” she screamed. She was obviously terrified.

“What’s going on?” I asked.

“Raya,” Rosie said. “She ratted us out to Robert. This was a trap. We have to go. Josh is gone.”

Bullets ripped through the window and narrowly missed Rosie. I got up. “How many are out there?” I asked.

“Five not including Raya and Robert.”

“Psh, I thought there was a real threat.”

“Andrew, these people were in the Special Forces with Chuck!”

“Crap.”

I drew my M1911 and chambered it. I put Bubba in the bathroom where he would

be safe. "How much ammo you got?" I asked.

"I still have my M4A1," Rosie answered. "I have a clip and a half."

"Get somewhere safe and draw the fire. I'll take the shots I can get, but I only have seven bullets."

"Okay."

I watched her go into her room as bullets ripped the place apart. She popped up and started shooting in semi auto. I opened my door and slid up to the fall guard thing for the balcony. I looked over it and saw Robert. He lit a cigar and put it in his mouth. He pulled out a revolver and shot our tires out. *Crap*. I thought.

I jumped up. Everything slowed down. My hands wrapped around my gun as I aimed at one of the guys. He was reloading. I shot him in the nose. He fell back. Robert spotted me and pointed at me. I shot at him, but hit the convertible. I aimed at one of the guys who were locking onto me. I shot him twice, once in the heart and again in the cheek. I spotted another and took him out. I took cover again. Everything returned to normal speed. I crawled to a better spot to shoot from. I popped up and gave Raya a bullet in the chest. I shot one of the last three Special Forces guys twice. The slide stayed back on my M1911. I took cover and dropped my gun.

I saw one of the guys coming towards me. He had a Bowie knife and began running. I drew my knife and blocked his as it came down towards me. I punched him in the stomach and kneed him. I gave him my blade in his left eye. I dropped him and took my knife back. I cleaned it and put it back to its place. I picked up the dead guy's MP7A1. It had a full clip and hadn't even been chambered yet. I did it, so it had forty rounds total.

I walked down the back stairs and aimed down the sights. I opened fire. I lit up one of the guys with about twelve rounds. Robert saw me and shot. It totally missed so he shot a few more times, but they missed too. He was scared now. I put the gun at my hip as I closed in on him. He kept backing up, and tripped over a concrete parking place thing. I saw Rosie shoot the last Special Forces guy four times throughout his body. He fell back, dead. I looked at Robert crawl back frantically. He hit the wall of the motel. I kept advancing. He stood up and opened the room's door. He closed it behind him and I heard him scurrying about in there. I shot it until it fell down. I saw him at the back of the room, loading his revolver. He raised it. I raised my MP7A1. One more shot rang out into the night.

## Chapter 4: Change

I walked out to see that Raya was still alive, but barely. She must know that her death is near. That must be worse than death itself; just waiting for death and knowing you can't do anything to live longer. "Why did you do this Raya?" I asked her.

"You abandoned me, my father, and all the other people when we needed you the most," Raya said. "I tried to keep you from going after Robert, but you just had to do it didn't you? Someone's going to get you one of these days Andrew, just wait."

"Yeah, probably," I said. "But I know I will die with a fulfilled life, plus I know I will die with an empty gun in my hand."

I walked away from her. "Kill me," she whispered. She coughed. "Just do it, I don't want to wait anymore."

I stopped. "Please," she said. "It'll make up for all the wrong you have done to me, if you just shoot me."

I turned and raised my MP7A1 at my hip. She smiled. Blood was on her bottom lip and in her teeth. "No," I said. "No more of this. No more anything. The only thing I'm killing is what I hunt, and the undead." I dropped the gun and walked away.

I broke into a car and used my knife to help me hotwire it. I unlocked Rosie's door and she got in. I drove to the stairs where I got out. I went back to my old room and let Bubba out. I stopped by the convertible and got the Johnny Cash CD we listened to on the way there. I put Bubba in the back seat and we left. We headed towards home for the last time.

After a few hours we arrived, and I went inside to see if we left anything of use. I went back outside and got in the car. "Anything?" Rosie asked.

I looked at her and said, "Exactly what this place has to offer us... nothing." I started the car and we left. I don't know where I was headed or why, I just drove.

We continued through the state of Indiana for a while just searching until we entered Kentucky after finding a bridge that wasn't messed up by cars or just destruction.

## Chapter 5: Kentucky

“Andrew,” Rosie said.

“What?” I asked.

“Can you find a place to stop?” She asked.

“Yeah,” I said. “Why?”

She didn’t respond so I just kept going until we reached a gas station. She got out and walked over to a car. She busted out the window and unlocked it. She got in and closed the door. She leaned her head down and that’s when I realized that she was hotwiring the car. I got out and walked over to the car. The car started as I got next to it.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“We have to split up,” she said.

“Wha-what do you mean, why?” I questioned.

“I, I just can’t do this anymore. All the violence, all the death, not knowing if I’m going to wake up... I just can’t do it anymore...”

“Rosie, I don’t want to fight anymore. I’m done. That life is over for me.”

“My brother said that once, right before he shipped out again.”

“You have a brother?”

“Had.”

“I’m sorry. Did he die in combat?”

“I guess you can say that, but this one wasn’t in the war.”

“What do you mean?”

“My brother was Chuck, Andrew!” She blurted out with her hands in the air. She smacked them on the steering wheel. I could see the tears in her eyes, she was fighting them but they would escape soon and she knew it. She didn’t want me to see her cry. I was speechless at this. “Goodbye, Andrew.” She drove off.

“Wait,” was all I could mutter. As she drove off I only stood there. I sat onto the concrete. My own eyes were now filling with tears. I knew I couldn’t stay there though.

I filled up the car with the little gasoline that place had. Bubba got up in the front and I looked at him. “At least I have you,” I said as the tears rolled down my cheeks. I kissed him on the head and drove off, the opposite direction of Rosie. Again, another person prematurely left my life. This time, it was my fault...

## Chapter 6: North Carolina... Maybe

### One Week Later

I drove up to another motel. I'd been staying at random ones for a few days now. I had picked up some guns along the way. I had a MP5 with six thirty rounds clips filled with steel hollow points and I didn't know the exact name of it, but I also had a .45 Ruger with four twelve round magazines also filled with hollow points. My .45 had some regular, cheap hollow points and not steel like my MP5 which also took .45s.

I picked the lock to the motel with an old credit card I found. Bubba ran in the room and I followed him. The room hadn't been used in a while. I could tell because there was a musty smell and the air was stale. I put my guns on the bed closest to the door and closed the door. I plopped onto the bed with Bubba for a while before I had to get up and get the rest of our crap. It wasn't much. We had enough water to last us another three days at most and enough food to last six days if we ate once a day. I couldn't go hunting until I found a permanent house because I would have nowhere to clean or put the meat, let alone cook it.

I had little contact with zombies anymore. When they were around they were slower than they used to be, and they were in large numbers. The last time I saw them that week was on the way to where I was now, I passed by them. They were busy attacking a house. Bullets were leaving the house every-which-way until the undead finally got access to the house through the back. I just kept driving, it was the only thing I could do. It was pointless to stop anyway; the people had lost that house and were trapped in.

Any who, let's get back to the story. I lied on the bed staring at the ceiling as Bubba ate some dry food. I huffed and got up. I checked the bathroom to see that the toilet hadn't been used. The plumbing probably didn't work anymore, so I only had one flush. I used the restroom and left the bathroom to see that Bubba was curled into a ball on the bed. The room was dark without electricity. It was getting dark so I got up and looked the door. I got my .45 and put it on the nightstand, ready to fire. I went to sleep about forty-five minutes later. The sleep was dreamless and light.

I left the minute I woke up. Bubba and I were still trying to adjust to the nomad lifestyle, but it wasn't that bad really. Definitely better than my old one; I could see the world and do whatever I wanted to without having to explain crap to anyone. I still missed things about it though, like my family and friends. I had to adapt though, I may appear in this book as one of those people who don't let anything phase me because of everything I've been through, but I was that way before this crap too, but secretly sensitive. I just am one of those people who can adapt to anything; I guess you could call me a human cockroach...

I drove for the next three hours before I stopped to get gas. Bubba and I both peed into a field before getting back on the road. This time, I rolled down the window. I stuck out my left arm and Bubba stuck out his head. I found that this car had some CDs in it. Luckily they were my favorite kind of music, rap... not any rap though it was all 90s. So some of the best rap there ever was pretty much.

I blasted those as we rode down the country roads. Bubba was having the time of his life, his tongue was hanging out the right side of his mouth and his ears were flying back. I laughed at him. He looked at me and some saliva flew from his mouth and onto my face.



“Ew,” I laughed and wiped it off. I looked forward again and saw a sideways car no farther than fifty yards away and I was going seventy-three. It was blocking our side of the road. I had two choices, stomp on the brakes which could kill Bubba, or I could try to maneuver around it which could also cause us to crash into it, also killing Bubba. The world was going in slowmo due to my brain’s increased functioning due to the adrenaline. I spun the wheel to the left as sharply as possible. Bubba flew into me as I did. I dodged the car and spun the wheel to the right this time. Bubba flew to the right and almost fell out the window, and he would of if I didn’t grab his collar with my right hand. I brought him back in and put my left hand out the window again as I steered with my right. I shook my head and let out a breath that made a *shew* sound.

“You alright?” I asked Bubba. He licked me and stuck his head out the window again. I smiled. Like I said, this life as a nomad in a wasteland wasn’t too bad. I looked around at the fields we passed by. We were close to the coast now, but I honestly have no idea which state. Maybe North Carolina? Somewhere around there anyways...

The road became bumpy as the last track to the CD came on. I turned it down as I saw something ahead. I began to grip my .45 with my left hand (it was in the compartment thing on the door) and slowed down. I rolled up Bubba’s window and opened the sunroof.

I saw a moving truck surrounded by undead. On top were two people. They were conserving their bullets, I could tell. The zombies kept hitting it until one figured out how to scale the front of it. More and more did. The two people opened fire. As I closed in one ran empty. He walked in a circle, but stopped when he saw me. He started waving his arms. I was close now, and could tell it was Josh.

“Hold on,” I told Bubba. I strapped his seatbelt and floored it. I pulled up to them, running over ten undead. The car could barely handle it. I looked out the sunroof at them. “Hop in!”

“Look out!” Josh screamed and pointed to my left. I looked and saw one zombie leaned into my window. I pulled up my Ruger and shot it in the face. It died instantly and fell out. I rolled up my window. The other guy jumped in first. He got in the back after he saw Bubba. Josh went to get in, but was tackled before he could make it to the edge. He pushed the zombie off the opposite side of us and tried to get up, but there were more. He squirmed out of it and gripped the edge, but his feet were grabbed. He kicked them off and fell, literally *fell* into the car. I sped off as a zombie fell onto the car. She poked her head in and I poked the barrel of my .45 into her mouth. I pulled the trigger. The sound was muffled thanks to her mouth; otherwise Bubba and I would have gone deaf. Her head nearly exploded and she slid off the back, almost taking the Ruger with her. I closed the sunroof after that.

“Well,” I said. “That was interesting.”

“Ha,” Josh’s friend said and looked out the window.

“So,” I said and looked at Josh through the rear view mirror. “Who is your friend?”

“Andrew,” he said. “This is Jacob. He went to our school. I don’t see how you don’t remember him.”

“Oh yeah,” I said. “Sup?” I nodded after saying the last part.

“Sup?” Jacob said and nodded.

“So you guys got anywhere you got to be?” I questioned.

“Not for the rest of my life,” Josh said and looked at Jacob. “How about you?”

He looked back at Josh and said, “Well, I actually need to be somewhere but I’ll be

alright.”

“Need me to drop you off somewhere?” I offered.

“Na,” he replied. “It’s fine.”

“Kkz,” I responded. I continued driving for a while before we reached another place where we could get gas. The first three were empty but the last one had some. I refilled it and we got going once everyone was ready.

“Where’s Rosie?” Josh asked.

“She wanted to be alone and left,” I answered. “Get this, Chuck was her brother.”

“Whoa,” Josh said. “So you killed her brother?”

“Yeah,” I nodded. “But you have to remember, she was in the car when he took the shot.”

“True... true.”

“Yeps.”

“Either of you guys know anywhere we can go? I want somewhere in the country that can produce its own crap that we can live off. It needs good security, electricity, and fresh water, too.”

“Na,” Jacob said and shrugged.

“I think I know of somewhere like that,” Josh responded. “It’s in Cali I think.”

“Ugh,” I said. “I’m getting tired of that state.”

“Well,” Josh responded. “I can’t confirm it.”

“Still,” I said. “We have nothing better to do and with you guys I’m down to like a day and a half worth of supplies. So, that means we’ll drive in shifts. I’ll drive until the next stop then you’ll go Josh. After Josh you can go Jacob. After Jacob takes his turn I’ll go... so on and so forth until we get there.”

“Sounds good to me,” said Josh.

“Me, too,” said Jacob. “Wait, what about Bubba?” He chuckled.

I looked at him in the rear view mirror with a ‘are you serious?’ kind of look.

“You’re not funny,” I said. He stopped chuckling at that and looked at the ground. “Hoe...”

We kept going for a while without anything interesting happening until we reached a town. Most of it was burnt to the ground or was in rubble. We looked as we saw bodies on the ground everywhere. Some were in piles, but most were just scattered. I saw one that was halfway hanging out a window. They were looking down towards a guy that was smashed by a car into a wall. They were alive, well undead. They had a chunk of their shoulder gone and were pawing the hood of the car in an effort to get loose. We kept going at about twenty. I looked to see a semi that was crashed into a car. It had a crater made into the car. The driver of the car was long time dead. The driver of the semi was gone and their door was open. I looked back to see that the zombie had ripped free, now only their abdomen and up was left. They crawled slowly towards us, but had no chance at reaching us. We continued through the town without any trouble but saw more and more bodies at every corner. There was a hole where part of the second story of a house used to be. We even saw some zombies ripping flesh off a decaying corpse.

Once we finally escaped that nightmare, we saw the state line for Tennessee. And I was headed straight for it.

## Chapter 7: Tennessee

We were on the east side of the state so it would take several hours to maneuver through the state, without stops and diversions. I looked over to see that Bubba was asleep in his seat. I pulled over and got out. I opened his and Josh's door. "Get up front," I told him. He did as I told him. I picked up my heavy dog and put him in the back where he sprawled out.

I closed the door and got back in the car. I restarted it and off we went. "Um," Josh said. "Isn't my turn to drive?"

I looked him deeply in the eyes and said, "Shut up." I looked forward again and saw that there was a squirrel in the road. I dodged it and saw that I was on a collision course with a person who had an AK aimed at me. They shot one round before they met the grill of the car. The shot hit my right headlight. I heard him grunt and some bones crack. He was riding on the hood until I stomped on the brakes. He slid off onto the ground. I backed up, and drove around him. *It has only been a week and I already broke my promise...* I thought. That was until I saw him get up. He limped back into the trees with his AK as a crutch. I looked forward again.

Out of the middle of nowhere Josh sneezed. I, out of reflex, chopped him in the throat when he drew his head back. I looked to see him holding his throat and coughing. "Sorry, bro," I told him. "You surprised me..."

I stopped the car at a gas station. I got out and filled it up. Josh got in the driver's seat still choking a little. I leaned against the vehicle. I closed my eyes. That's when I had another flashback:

*I woke up on the ride. Bubba was whining and licking my wound. "Bubba," Josh said. "Quit it."*

*"No," Rosie said. She was driving and Josh was in shotgun. "It can clean it of infection and speed up the healing process."*

*I raised my head half an inch. That was as far as I could go. I moved Bubba's head and grabbed my wound. My hand became warm so I lifted it to see blood on it.*

*"He's awake!" Josh exclaimed like it was a miracle.*

*"Don't let him fall asleep!" Rosie screamed.*

*My head fell back again. Rain began to fall onto me. I could see flashes from lightning. "Andrew!" Josh screamed. "Stay with me!" He reached back and grabbed my face. I went to blink, but my eyes were too heavy to reopen.*

*"Andrew," Josh said. "We're losing him!"*

I opened my eyes. I was back in the present. They were all in the car so I joined them. I got in the back seat with Bubba. It was weird to have someone else driving. I fell asleep almost instantly. Bubba woke me up when he put his head in my lap. I began slowly and gently stroking from the comet mark to his neck. He huffed and went to sleep.

Jacob was passed out and Josh was yawning. It was pitch black out. "Josh," I said and touched his shoulder. "Pull over at the next motel."

"Okay," he yawned again as he said it.

We approached the next motel about ten minutes later. I saw that the sign that used to advertise the motel was hit by a car and now was crashed into the ground. It had ripped through the balcony and hit the ground, blocking the door to a room and also making

another entrance to the second floor if you were good enough at parkour to maneuver it. There had been someone in the room when it happened. I could tell because the window was open, not broken or anything but slid open. We pulled into it and woke up Jacob by opening his door. He would of fallen out too if his seatbelt wasn't on. He snapped awake as his body slumped.

"Huh, what?" He asked panicky.

"We're staying here," I said. "Get out of the car and in your room before we get spotted."

"Okay," Jacob responded. We got all of our crap and moved into one room because the middle doors wouldn't open. I got the bed closest to the bathroom with Bubba and Josh got the one closest to the door. "Where do I sleep?" Jacob asked.

"In the bathtub," I said as I got under the blankets.

"Really?" He questioned.

"Hoe," I said. "Do as I say." He hung his head as he walked into the bathroom and locked the door behind him. After I put my .45 on the nightstand, (my MP5 was next to the TV stand. It was hidden from anyone who entered through the door) I went to sleep almost instantly after that.

I woke up to a cold blade to my neck. "Sh, sh, sh," said a voice. "Don't move or you all are going to die." I could still hear Bubba sleeping. This person was the true definition of a ninja.

I opened my eyes and saw that they were dressed in all black with a ski mask and black backpack. I whispered to them, "What do you want?"

"I was sent to kill you," they said.

I sighed casually, "Now who wants me dead?"

"That's not important, but what is, is that you will be dead soon. You have two choices; one, I do it by just killing you. Or two, you can be loud and make me kill them all."

"There's an option three though..."

"What is that?"

"This," I said as my knife went out of the covers through the side and entered his abdomen. I took his head and brought it to my knee that met him halfway. He stumbled back. As he came towards me with the blade swinging, I dragged the covers from under Bubba and threw them on him. As he struggled to get it off of him, I kicked him into the TV stand. He fell down in front of it. The big, old TV toppled onto his left shoulder. I saw it dislocate since it was sticking out from where he cut the blanket. He jumped to his feet and removed the blanket. I had my .45 in my hands by this point. I one handed it and as his eyes opened wide, my finger squeezed the trigger to the point of firing. The bullet hit his jugular. He fell down again, dead this time.

Bubba and Josh were standing by this point. Jacob came sprinting out of the bathroom with a piece of toilet paper on his foot. "Bro," I told him and pointed to his feet. He saw it and removed it.

"Dude," Josh said covering his ears. "My ears had *just* healed from our last indoors shootout. Who is this guy anyways?"

"I don't know," I said. "Just another assassin that doesn't realize how awesome I am. He probably didn't even know that everyone who wants me dead is dead themselves."

"I don't know about that..."

"What do you mean?"

“What about Rosie?”

“Na, I doubt it.”

“Whatever you say, I’m just sayin’.”

“Look, the sun is coming up. Maybe we should get on the road.”

“Alright, but check him for guns, Jacob.” Jacob sighed and patted the guy down. He found absolutely nothing, but I found my knife and ripped it forcefully out. Blood flew out onto the sheets of my empty bed. I wiped my knife on the guy’s clothes. We got our crap and decided to take the guy’s undamaged, four door luxury brand car.

“Uh, guys,” I said. They came and looked at the sight I was seeing too. Their eyes became wide too. I went to put our crap in the trunk, but found it was mostly full with weapons. There were two grenades, a machete, an AK-12 with five thirty round clips, a M16A3 with four thirty round clips it also had a grenade launcher attachment that had four grenades, an Intervention with two seven round clips, a RPG with two extra missiles, a Scorpion with three thirty round clips, a M9 with five fifteen round clips (which I decided to switch my .45 out with since my .45 was low on ammo anyway), a .500 S&W with only one cylinders worth (five shells), a M60 with two one hundred belts of ammunition, and a sawed-off over-and-under double barrel shotgun with eight shells. I not only took the M9, I also took the M16A3 and found a place to put the machete. Jacob got the Scorpion and was content with it. Josh on the other hand not only took the AK, but he also took the double barrel. We decided to put up the other guns and save them for a rainy day.

Josh and I were both jealous that Jacob got to drive the car first. The keys were already in the car so he just pushed the button to start it. It purred to life and he shifted it to **DRIVE**. He drove us out of there, but we had to stop after fifteen minutes due to his driving skills. I took over the wheel and drove us into Arkansas.

## Chapter 8: Arkansas

Once into the state we had no trouble as we went through it. It was mostly just us and the open road. We did see some deer on the way. There were three of them, two does and a buck to be exact.

Farther into the state, we spotted five semis blocking the road. They all had their trailers facing us and were vertical with the road. We had to get within RPG range and get out. I got it from the trunk and aimed it. "Take cover," I told them without taking my eyes off the target. I pulled the trigger. It forced me back as the rocket propelled itself into the semi. It collided with it, causing the trailer to explode. Metal shrapnel flew as the fireball extinguished. I could see undead piling out. Then out of nowhere the other trailers busted open, causing about fifty per trailer at least spill out. I dropped the RPG onto the ground and drew my M16A3. I aimed it after chambering it. I selected semi auto and started taking shots. My friends joined me after they caught on.

Jacob advanced so he could get a better shot with his submachine gun. Josh took single shots like me. I ran empty after taking out twenty-one. I reloaded and walked to the trunk. I got the Intervention and the extra clip. I pulled out its mounts and put it on the ground. I laid down and loaded it. I chambered the first shot and aimed.

I took my first shot. It hit the zombie in the neck. It decapitated it. I chambered the rifle again. I found my next target and shot. The shot hit it in the heart. I chambered the gun again and took another shot, this time it was a kill shot. I kept shooting until the first clip was empty. I slid it out and it hit the road. I put it back in the trunk and pulled out my M16A3. The zombies were only about thirty meters out now. I put the gun at my hip and put my front hand on the grenade launcher's trigger. I pulled it. It launched with a *thump!* The grenade hit a second row zombie in its open mouth. Its head exploded and the shrapnel took out the one in front of it. I reloaded the launcher and switched my assault rifle to full auto and began taking shots again. Jacob was backing up now as he emptied his second clip.

A zombie tripped on the first as Jacob chambered the first bullet of his last clip. He kept shooting as Josh emptied his third mag. I kept shooting like the rest. I ran empty after the fifteenth zombie. I loaded my next clip and chambered it. I shot another grenade. This one landed near the middle of the crowd that was continuously shortening. It killed about twenty. Bodies flew as I put in another grenade. I put the M16A3 away and chambered my M9. I aimed it as I advanced. Josh did too with his double barrel. He shot both rounds with one trigger pull. I covered him while he reloaded. I emptied my clip and put in a new one. My first round (which I shot one handed) went through two heads. The crowd was down to about sixty now. I emptied my second magazine and reloaded. The next thing I did was put it away and pull out my M16A3. I selected full auto and unloaded the clip from the hip. Six of the rounds hit the first zombie and the rest went into the crowd. I put in my last clip and chambered it. I put the rifle away and switched to my pistol.

I emptied another clip before announcing, "Retreat to the car!" We all sprinted back. Jacob was long-time empty now and his Scorpion was lost somewhere in the crowd. I drove around the horde the best I could, still hit a few, and went through the hole the RPG made for us. I floored it and reached eighty by the time we escaped.

"That was close," Josh said.

“Oh, Andrew,” Jacob said. “I picked up the RPG and threw it in the trunk. I remembered to close it since you left it open.”

“Thanks,” I said. I slowed down once I knew we were safe. “How’s Bubba?”

“How should I know?” Jacob said.

“He should be back there,” I said.

“Well he’s not.”

I stomped on the brakes and looked back to see Bubba asleep. I looked at Jacob who was snickering and said, “Really? You’re such a douchebag, dude.”

I turned around and pushed on the gas. I kept us at the speed of sixty to sixty-five. It was just a smooth ride from there until we reached the next gas station. Once we got there, I got out and walked Bubba. I let Josh pump gas and Jacob search the gas station for supplies. When Jacob returned with two large packages of water I was a little shocked. He put them in the back floor board on Bubba’s side.

Once we were ready to go, Josh got behind the wheel, Jacob got shotgun, and I rode in the back with Bubba. I feel asleep with Bubba and woke up randomly. We were somewhere close to the state line, but Josh couldn’t find the right road so we had to have him find it which took about half an hour alone. Once we got on the right road we reached the state line within twenty minutes.

## Chapter 9: Oklahoma

Once in the state, we pulled over so Josh and I could switch places as drivers. We had pretty much banned Jacob from the position since he was a terrible driver. Bubba remained in the backseat with Josh and Jacob sat up front with me as my scout, even though he was asleep most of the time.

I drove for a while on the highway until we reached an exit and was forced to take it because a semi had turned over on it and caused a huge collision of about seven or eight cars. I got out before we took the exit. I casually walked towards the wreckage with my hand casually placed on the grip of my Berretta (M9) with Josh. I looked into one of the cars to see a decapitated driver. The axe which was the culprit was stuck into the seat and had gone in through the driver's side window. I walked to the next car to see that the driver had died by hitting their face in the windshield and had cracked it with their head. There was blood splattered on it. The body was still there, and was decayed of course. The accident had probably happened a month and a half after the apocalypse began. That's when crap *really* started to go.

I walked back to the car after that and started it back up. Josh got in the back seat and off we went. I took the exit and kept heading towards California, again. That place was where we were always heading it seemed. Maybe it was the place I belonged after all the crap we had went through and all the sites we had visited the place I needed to be was the place I hadn't even batted an eye at... even, after all this time.

We stopped twenty minutes later when this gas guzzler was down to a fourth of a tank. Josh filled it up while I walked Bubba. I sent Jacob to go inside to check for anything we could take. I took Bubba back to the car and went to the field to use the restroom myself. That's when Jacob came running out the door backwards, shooting a pistol. I don't know where he got it or what kind. I looked at Josh and said, "Start the car!" He got in and did as I said. I got in shotgun and opened Jacob's door. He shot the last round of the pistol as twelve more zombies came out the store. He dropped the gun and fell into the car. Josh took off and the door hit the cement next to the gas pump which made it hit a zombie in the neck that was trying to climb in.

The zombie fell out with a, 'reah' kind of sound. Jacob grabbed and closed the door. He sat up.

"Phew," he said.

"Where'd you get the gun?" I asked.

"It was on the counter," he answered still catching his breath.

"Ah," I said.

"That was pretty close," Josh said. Jacob just nodded with his eyes wide open.

"Yep," I agreed.

Up ahead, we saw a convoy of a truck and two vans blocking the road. One was in front with a civilian version AK and there were five more behind the cars. "Stop the car at an angle," I told Josh. He did as I said. I jumped out and slid over the car and pulled out my M16A3 and aimed it over the hood. Josh got out and put his AK-12 out. Jacob took cover in the car.

The man didn't have his gun raised. He wore sunglasses and a smile, "Robert says, 'hi.'" He aimed the gun from the hip and began shooting, as did all the others. Josh took



cover while I launched a grenade. It went next to the guy farthest on the left and kept going before hitting the road. I took cover and put in its last grenade. Shots hit the windows and popped our tires. I popped out and shot the center guy from his waist to his head. He flew back onto a van, dead of course. Josh took out a guy and ran empty after shooting two more. I shot one with a single bullet in the head. I shot the rest of my rounds into one of the vans the last guy was hiding behind. I heard him scream. I dropped the M16A3 and drew my M9. I walked towards the van with the gun aimed. I was at a fast walking speed. I went around the van farthest to the left and peered around to see five dead bodies. I looked back at Josh.

“We’re clear,” I said.

“What about our car?” he asked.

“Let’s take the truck,” I said.

“We have four people and it doesn’t have an extended cab.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure.” I pointed towards the car with my M9. Josh looked back. Jacob walked towards us, stumbling with his right hand on his back. He fell back onto the asphalt. Josh sprinted over to him. There were four holes in his back like he took the shots for something, like Bubba. Josh flipped him over and held him in his arms.

“No,” he said. “No, no, no! Come on Jake! Don’t you die on me!” Jacob looked at him before his head fell back. I walked to the car and did the *tick, tick* thing for Bubba to get out. He did and walked over to Josh. Josh looked at him with tears in his eyes.

“What?” Josh asked. Bubba licked him, walked back, and looked up at me.

I scratched his head a little and whispered, “Good boy.” We walked to the truck after I got our supplies. I put them in the back of the truck. I searched the bodies for the keys and found them in the truck itself. I started it and waited for Josh to walk up to us and get in before taking off.

We kept going for about ten minutes before Josh broke out into tears. I stopped and looked at him. “Are you okay?” I asked.

“Man,” he said and huffed. “I don’t know how much of this I can take.”

“Once we find that place we’ll be okay.”

“What if it doesn’t exist or is gone?”

“Then we’ll make our own version of it.”

“I don’t know, Andrew.”

“Look, Josh, Jacob died covering Bubba because he knew otherwise they both would die. I can tell because of the way the bullets went in. He knew that Bubba was important to me. He was what I would call a hero. You should look it at that way.”

He sniffled and looked at me before saying, “Okay.” He wiped his nose and eyes. I took off again. I went an average fifty for a while before kicking it up to seventy. We entered Texas a few minutes later.

## Chapter 10: Texas

I looked around as we entered the state. I had never been through it before. I could tell we were going to have trouble as soon as we came up to Amarillo. I saw that there was undead standing on the outskirts. I pulled the truck over once we entered the range for the M60 and put the back of the bed facing the city. I dropped the hatch and climbed up, I made room and set up a place for me to lie down and aim down the sights of the M60. I loaded it. I chambered in the first round and looked down the sights.

I started shooting and the zombies started catching on. As I shot, the rounds ripped through their flesh. I shot one's arm off then pierced into its skull. The zombies kept closing in, even as more and more hit the ground. One fell to the ground because a stray round hit it in the thigh and ripped the leg off. There were plenty to be shot and still plenty of bullets to be fired. Josh had the Intervention on the ground next to the truck. He took down any that were on the ground or that weren't apart of the group. He only killed about five before he ran empty. I saw him grab and load the RPG out of the corner of my eye. He looked down the sights and shot it. It nearly flew out his hands before he could gain control of the recoil. The shot hit a zombie in the right knee towards the right side of the group. It sent bodies flying towards the sky and left a hole in the ground. The first chain ran empty so I put in another. The zombies were about ten meters away before Josh threw one of our hand grenades into the horde. I narrowed down the numbers with the M60 as Josh got in the truck, as I told him to do. I shot off the last few bullets before I also got in the truck after closing the hatch. I started it and took off, squealing tires. I did a 180° and drove into the small crowd. I went at about thirty miles an hour and hit about four before I broke through the crowd. We took off even faster as we escaped the horde.

We navigated through the city as we saw zombies around every corner. I took a left and went down the street. I reached a three-way intersection and saw that the left way was blocked with about fifty zombies so I took a right and went fast because another horde was behind me. I ran over two zombies before I took a right to avoid a car crash. I saw a live human with a baseball bat ahead who I narrowly missed. I took a left this time and went straight. I kept going through the city with many more obstacles like a crashed plane that I barely avoided and another car crash that the truck barely fit through. Once we got away from the city, I felt safer. I looked to my right to see Bubba sitting upright, and he was panting with one of those dog grins. I looked forwards again and focused on the road.

I kept driving without stopping until we reached a gas station that was located alone on the edge of a forest. I got out and left Bubba in the truck. I let Josh pump the gas while I searched the back for a new rifle. I found that I had put my MP5 back there and grabbed it. I loaded it and put the two extra mags in my right pocket and back pocket. I chambered it as I walked towards the store.

I entered it and a bell rang with a *ding!* The place was only lit by the light that entered through the door I had empty. The door slid closed as I moved further into the store. I looked around the desolate place. There was a smell of rotten meat and death. I looked around and spotted a pistol on the ground that had been slid away from something. There was blood on the grip and on the floor leading up to it. I walked over to it cautiously. I searched to see that the gun hadn't even been chambered yet. I put my MP5 away and began duel wielding the M9s after chambering the one in my right hand.

I walked down the aisle aiming the guns. I found that the place was ransacked and the supplies that remained had been contaminated with air and was spoiled. I did find a few cans so I put my guns away and picked up as many as I could. I made my way out and saw that Josh was on the ground. Bubba was barking and clawing at the window. On top of Josh was a zombie. I could see its ribs from where it hadn't eaten in a while. I walked up to the truck and put the cans in the back, and then I decapitated the zombie with my machete. With its head gone, I could see Josh, who was covered in blood. He pushed the corpse off him with my help. I helped him up and cleaned my machete. "Thanks," he said a little hatefully.

"No problem," I muttered as I put the machete away. I got in the right hand side seat and just chilled while Josh drove. We continued our journey and passed another wreck. This time, it was a plane that had crashed onto the road. It looked like a private jet and only three cars hit it. One almost missed it, but not quite. Josh took us in the grass to avoid it. I saw that there was one of the infected trapped inside. It was the pilot and he was stuck in his seat. The nose of the plane had come back so far that it crushed him in place. We picked up speed after getting passed it.

"Andrew," Josh said randomly.

"Yeah," I asked.

"Is that a helicopter behind us?" He asked hysterically. I looked in the rear view mirror.

"Yep," I said. "Yes it is. Keep driving. I'll be back." I rolled down my window and managed to do some parkour to the bed of the truck. I loaded the RPG's last missile as the helicopter closed in.

"Put down the weapon," a voice came from the helicopter from a speaker. "We aren't here to kill you but will if we have to!"

I opened the back window and leaned in. "You have no idea how many times I've heard that," I told Josh. "If they get any closer I'm gonna take them out." I aimed the RPG. I looked down to see a Humvee closing in on us too. I aimed at it as someone popped up and mounted the .50 cal.

I shot the RPG. The missile shot straight and hit the guy who was on the mounted gun. The explosion entered the vehicle and killed them all. It did a sharp turn and ended up flipping. The helicopter turned and revealed two people armed with M4A1s. I threw the RPG over the side of the truck and drew my MP5. I took off the safety and started shooting. They returned fire. I kept shooting at them but kept missing. So I thought out of the box and started shooting at the pilot. I hit him six times. The helicopter lost control and they crashed. I turned forward to see two more Humvees coming from the left and right roads. I leaned down again and said, "Speed up!"

Josh did as I said. We passed the intersection and the Humvee from the left followed in pursuit first. I turned and shot at it, but my MP5 ran empty. I slid out the clip and put in the one in my back right pocket. I chambered it and aimed down the sights. As I pulled the trigger the gun hit me in the shoulder once per bullet. I aimed down at the tires and shot out the front right one. The Humvee stomped on the brakes and quit pursuing us. The one who came from the right though did the opposite. It came speeding up. I gripped onto the truck right before it hit us in the back. I shot a few more rounds before I ran empty. I slid out the clip and loaded in the last clip. I put it away and drew my M9s. As the Humvee came for a second hit, I ran forward. It hit the truck as I landed on the hood. I aimed the

guns down the hatch. The driver looked up at me and got a bullet in each eye. I managed to jump before the Humvee went out of control. I landed on the hatch, barely. I held on for my life and managed to climb over. I looked back to see a truck that looked a lot like ours coming up. It had a LMG mounted on the back. A woman was manning it, ironically enough. I aimed my guns and we began trading bullets. I shot a guy who popped out the right window that was armed with a P99. I looked back at the woman and shot her in the right wrist. It almost completely removed her hand. She screamed out and flew into the air as the truck went into the grass and came up to our side. The woman fell down into the bed. I aimed down at the tire and shot it once with my right M9s last bullet. It popped and the truck went out of control. It began doing donuts until it toppled over. The woman was left on the ground as the truck left her there.

I threw the empty M9 over the side of the truck and reloaded the other one with the last clip. I put it away and looked on the bed of the truck for extra guns. They were empty except for something that I had stupidly ignored earlier. There was an Uzi with two thirty-two round clips. I picked it up and put the extra clip in my front right pocket. I loaded the Uzi and looked back to see *another* Humvee coming up. There was a person leaning out the front right and back left windows. I saw that they were both armed with AKs. I saw one person pop up from the hatch with an M16. I shot him first with a burst of the Uzi. The guy took one shot in the right shoulder, one in the neck, and one round in the nose. I aimed at the guy on the left and gave him a few rounds, but they all missed. They shot some rounds at me. The closest round whizzed past my left ear. I shot at the Humvee as they reloaded. I had to a few bullets later. I chambered the gun and looked on the ground to see the last hand grenade. I grabbed it, pulled the pin, and said, "Screw this!" I threw the grenade. It hit the edge of the hatch and rode the rim. It fell in and everyone looked at it.

It exploded and the Humvee quit pursuing us after that. I climbed back into the truck and sighed. "This state had been exciting," I told Josh.

"Yep," Josh replied. "I think I see the state line up there."

"Me too," I said. "Stop at the first gas station after it and we'll switch places."

"Alright," he said. We rode up to the sign at about forty-five. It was the state New Mexico that we entered.

# Chapter 11: New Mexico

We followed the plan and stopped at the first gas station we found in New Mexico. I pumped gas and let him walk Bubba. While it went in the tank, I chugged one of the bottles of water. It was empty after a second, so I threw it in the garbage.

We were down to a package or two, so about thirty. I drank a lot so that meant at five a day from me, at least, and about three from Josh that we'd be out in around three days if we were to conserve them. We were down to six cans. Two of the cans were mixed fruit, one was beans, two were corn, and one was green beans. If we ate three a day we'd be out in two days. I thought about it for a second. *We should reach California and find the place by then.* I thought.

The tank got full so I removed the hose and put it back. I looked to where Josh was and shouted, "Ready?"

He looked back at me and responded with, "Yeah." He came walking back and I saw three undead walking behind him. I got out the Uzi and aimed down the sights.

"Get down!" I yelled. Josh dropped and shielded Bubba. I aimed high and started shooting. The shots ripped through their bodies, and a few managed to be kill shots.

Josh looked up when I quit shooting and pointed behind me. He then screamed, "More of them!" I spun and raised my gun. The zombie was right on me though. They knocked the gun away and went in for a bite. I blocked its face by hitting it in the jaw with my right fist. I put it back on the gun and raised it. I started shooting from the hip. Bullets went up its body until one hit it in the brain. It fell back to reveal three more behind it. I shot them and by that time my Uzi was empty. I looked at it and dropped it. I looked up to see thirty more. I ran and got in the truck.

I started the truck and drove over to Josh. I opened the door and they climbed in, Bubba first. Josh closed the door and I took off immediately. We kept going for a while in silence. "We need to find a gun shop," Josh said.

"Tell me about it," I said. Our dreams came true thirty minutes or so later, but it was out of guns *and* ammunition. So we continued along our way until we came up to a pawn shop. We went inside, me first with my M9. I found the guns and left all mine. I managed to find a civilian version AK with a spring-stock so it was fully automatic. I took the clips from the other three and one that I found, so in total (including the one the gun had in it) I had five thirty round clips. I loaded them and got a Judge that took 4.10 shotgun shells as a secondary. It held five rounds. I loaded it and took a box of rounds, but I don't know the exact number because I just threw shells into it until it was completely full and closed it. I put my clips and shells in a small bag I found. I closed it and threw it over my back.

Josh threw away his previous weapons which were empty, and then found the only gun left that had plenty of ammo, a simple .22 pistol. It had two clips. He loaded them and took plenty of extra rounds.

We walked back to the truck where Bubba was. He was surrounded by four infected that were hitting the car with their fists. Josh raised his gun. I lowered it and drew my machete. I walked up to one and sliced off its head. Blood splattered onto the window. The one closest to my right noticed me and came for me. I turned and raised my machete high into the air. I dropped it down on the zombie's head. It went limp and fell onto the front tire. I pulled the machete out and went to the next zombie. Its arms were out and its jaw

dropped. I shoved the blade into its mouth and brought the blade up. It jammed itself into the head but the zombie was still alive. I ran around the zombie, blade still in it, and kicked out its legs. It fell to its knees. I brought back the machete as far as I could, but it was still alive. I stomped on the handle and the machete cut completely through its head and flew out into the third zombie's abdomen. It looked at the blade then at me. It started stumbling towards me. I grabbed the handle and kicked the zombie off it. I stabbed the zombie right above its nose. I turned my head to see the last zombie. I ran up to it and cut it in half, with plenty of resistance. The top half fell onto the ground as the bottom half took one more step before falling to its knees, then to the left. The top half wrapped its left hand around my covered ankle. I shrugged it off and sliced its head in half. I looked at Josh.

"Ready?" I asked.

"Yep," he replied, obviously impressed even though he didn't show it. We got in the car. I had to grip the door handle with part of a zombie's shirt to keep from getting blood on me. I got in and looked to see blood blocking my view. I rolled it down, and then back up. Most of the blood was gone by then. Bubba stayed in the middle and Josh drove.

I looked out the window which had a red tint now. I looked at Bubba who laid his head on my lap. I started petting his head slowly. He huffed and went to sleep. I continued petting him. I rolled down the window to get a clearer look at something I saw.

"Crap," I said.

"What?" Josh asked.

"More of the soldiers," I said.

"Ugh," He replied.

"I'll take them out when we get within range." I got my AK from under my seat and chambered it. I aimed down the sights and put my finger next to the trigger. They were closing into an intersection that we were also reaching. They hadn't spotted us yet because of how slow they were going.

"Josh, pull over here," I said. "We'll wait and if they come this way we'll take them out."

"You got it," Josh replied. He stopped the car at a forty-five degree angle and turned it off. The Humvee disappeared when it reached the intersection because of one of the houses in its way. It was on the edge of a town that we were maybe two hundred yards from. It took a right out of the town and started approaching us.

"Get down!" I exclaimed. I put my gun next to the glove box and lowered my head. Josh lowered his head, too. I grabbed Bubba and put his head down too. The Humvee slowly rode past us. I heard it stop. I let go of Bubba and my AK. I grabbed my Judge and flung my door open. I stood and aimed down the sights. I spotted the first one and locked onto him. He reached for his sidearm. I shot him before he even unsnapped the handle. The round hit him in the chest. The round sent him back and he flew against the front of the Humvee. Blood splattered from the wind shield onto the head lights. I found a guy who was hiding behind the front-right door. I shot his foot. It was gone after the first shot. He fell down and screamed. The recoil shot the gun up and I lowered it back down. I locked onto the guy's head and blew it away. I shot the driver twice, once in the face and once in the chest. I brought out the cylinder and emptied the rounds. I got into the bag and drew out five more shells. I loaded them and closed the cylinder.

I pulled back the hammer and approached the Humvee. I checked and found three dead. I looked to see the back-right door open. I saw a guy come out with an M16 aimed at

the hip.

“Are, are you Andrew?” He questioned.

“Yes,” I said with my gun aimed at his face.

“We weren’t here to kill you,” he said.

“Really?” I questioned with doubt obvious in my voice. “Then why did you come here?”

“To bring you to the Colony,” he said.

“The Colony?”

“Yeah, the place that was set up in California just a few weeks ago.”

“Huh. That’s funny because we were heading there. Who sent you?”

“Your mom.”

“That’s not funny, bro.”

“No, seriously. Your mom is there! So is Kenzie.”

“Kenzie?”

“Yeah, your sister.”

“No way. She was bit a few months ago.”

“You obviously haven’t heard the news... have you?”

“What news?”

“There is a cure being developed at the Colony. You’re mom and sister were found and taken there. You’re mom let them use Kenzie as a test monkey so that they could try to save her. She is about to test the new cure. Your mom wanted you there for it.”

A bullet ripped through the guy’s heart. I looked to see that Josh had shot the round. I gave him a questioning look.

“I thought you needed help,” he said.

“No,” I said. “I was actually about to get the directions to the Colony... you know, the place we’re heading to?”

“Ah,” Josh said. He reloaded his clip and we left. I was driving now. I put my AK in the bed along with the bag that had my shells and clips. We cleared out the empty guns and clips from the bed for extra room. After the town and a few more miles we entered Arizona.

## Chapter 12: Arizona

I continued into the state for another twenty miles before we had to pull over for gas. Josh pumped it while I let Bubba use the bathroom. After he did, I put him back in the truck.

I grabbed my Judge from the truck and walked into the store with the hammer pulled back. I looked in before entering. It looked clear. I entered and the door slammed behind me. I put my Judge at my side as I casually walked through the store. I looked to my right and picked up one of the things still on the shelf. It was some old gummy bears that had been opened. They were expired so I put them back. I looked on the floor to see a blood trail. I sighed and followed it behind the cash register. There on the ground was a decaying human. Their entrails had been removed and their head had been punctured by a pair of scissors that protruded from his left temple. I heard something fall. I spun around slowly with my Judge aimed from the hip.

There standing only a few feet away was a child. He had his right side of his jaw and most of his left ear missing. He had a bullet hole in his right hand. He began to walk swiftly towards me. I raised my Judge with only my left hand and aimed for his head. I slowly squeezed the trigger until the hammer swung completely up. My hand flew up after the pellets rushed out with a jerk. I brought it back down and walked out. My ears were ringing, but I'd be fine after a few days. Josh pointed behind me; I couldn't understand what he was screaming so I kept walking towards him. He reached into the cab of the truck and pulled out his .22 and aimed it. I dove out of the way and aimed behind me on the ground. I shot once the target was clear. It was the boy's mom, or what I believed to be his mom. Most of my pellets ripped through her right shoulder and the rest ripped through her face. She spun and flew back several feet to where she died.

I let out a heavy breath from my mouth and stood. I checked the cylinder to see that I had three unfired rounds. I pushed it back in and looked up to see a man emerge from the store. He had one of his arms gone from the elbow up. I aimed and shot. My first shot ripped off his right leg from the knee down. The second shot went off as the gun was still going up from the first shot's recoil. It ripped through his chest as he fell. He hit the ground and before I could fire off the third round, as another person came out of the store. It was another woman. Her small intestines were hanging out of her as she spotted me. I shot her in the head and ran to the truck. I got my bag and got in. I emptied my shells out the window and reloaded it. I tossed the bag back in the bed of the truck. I left my Judge in the truck as I stepped out. I put it on the dashboard. I reached for my machete. I got a few feet away from the crawler that was sliding his way towards me. He looked up at me with an open mouth. I shoved my machete in it and ripped through his head. He died. I used the back of his shirt to get all the brain matter, some of his skull, and blood off my blade. I put it away and walked to the truck. I climbed into the right side of the cab. Josh got in and we left. We kept going through a desert-like place.

We entered a familiar town, the one we found Cameron in and the place where Kegan, Tim, and I had made a last stand. I had Josh take us to Cameron's old house for extra guns. I left everything but my machete in the car, and that includes Bubba.

We went in the place where we found the guns and it was the way we had left it. I handed a gun that holds thirty-six rounds to a sub machinegun named the Vector. It had a



longer name, but that was the common name. I gave him the three clips that it came with it and the rounds it held. He took it to the bed of the truck and returned. I gave him a KSG, which is a pump shotgun that holds fourteen rounds. I gave him a box of shells and he took it all to the cab of the truck. When he returned I immediately put a MP7A1 in his hand with three forty round mags. I gave him more shells and off he went. When he returned this time, I handed him an AN-94, an assault rifle that held thirty rounds. This was not related to the AKs as most people believed. I handed him four clips and a box of shells. I handed him a Tacitus .45 handgun. I gave him five twelve round clips and a silencer there was with it along with some shells. He left and I took a .308 rifle with four five round mags along with a box of shells before leaving. I returned to the truck to see that Josh had loaded all the clips and put them in a duffel bag from the house. He even put the extra rounds in there. I had him load the .308 clips and he ended up taking the KSG as a primary weapon.

I got in the driver's seat after I let Bubba go pee. Josh got in shotgun, with his shotgun (puns) and off we went. I drove around the capital of the state and by that time the sun was setting. I found a place to spend the night. It was at a rather small house. I walked in with my Judge aimed. I searched the two bedrooms to find nothing. I checked the bathroom, kitchen, living room, and the laundry room to still find nothing. Josh brought in the guns. I brought in the ammo, supplies, and Bubba. Bubba and I stayed in the master bedroom while Josh stayed in the smaller bedroom. The night was peaceful, more peaceful than most. I woke up in the early morning, well rested. I ate one of the mixed fruit cans and gave Bubba some of the dry food he had. He had maybe a week left of food at most. Josh and I were down to four cans now. We had enough water to survive a day and a half at most without running out.

We left a few minutes after we were both ready and hit the road almost immediately. I looked at Bubba. He had lost a few pounds. Food was low, we all had really. We could still survive, but we probably wouldn't make it far on foot or in a hand-to-hand combat. I continued to stare at Bubba for a moment before I looked back at the road. I looked at the speedometer and saw that we were going sixty in a forty. We had half a tank. I planned on pulling over when we were down to around a fourth of a tank.

We pulled over at the edge of the next town. There, we refueled. The tanks were mostly empty but made due with the three fourths of a tank that we had. I walked Bubba and let him use the restroom. Josh and I made sure to go slow so we wouldn't have to stop for a while. I checked the store for supplies, but only found an old man who had hung himself and an old woman who was shot in the head most of it was gone though. There was also someone next to her with a gunshot to the head like the woman; most of their head was gone. The gun that had been used was a double barrel that lay next to the old man.

Josh drove us the rest of the way through Arizona. Next up was Nevada. We chose this route to save a few precious hours since we were low on supplies. Josh had a general idea of where the Colony was. It was supposedly near Eureka.

I bet he would have been off by several miles and that it was off on its own somewhere. He said it was the city itself though. I just let him believe that and we decided to head towards it. It was worth the hope that it gave him, well me too. Hope was better than waiting to die, even if that hope was a long shot...

## Chapter 13: Nevada

Josh got tired of driving so I took over for a while. I was tired too, but as the stronger one of the group, mentally and physically, I couldn't let them down. Josh and Bubba both relied on me, and I them... no matter how much we didn't want to admit it. Everyone I'd ever encountered knew what Bubba was to me, but neither Josh nor I wanted to admit how much we relied on each other for survival. I could live without him, but I would go insane without anyone to talk too... after all, humans are social creatures. I had Bubba, but he just couldn't talk back. Don't get me wrong, I loved my Bub. I mean, if you've been reading this you should know that by now...

I drove us through the hot desert with the windows down, and the warm breeze on my left hand as it hung out the window. It was about ninety degrees outside, and I enjoyed it. Bubba and Josh switched seats so Bubba could enjoy the open window too. We kept going for about twenty-five minutes before we stopped to eat at a gas station. We agreed to eat half of our total rations and save the rest for tomorrow. Bubba was down to maybe another bowl of food and then he would be out. After we ate we used the restroom. I let Josh pump the rest of their gas as I walked Bubba for a minute. He needed the exercise, and so did I. I was *really* cramped. I could tell that Bubba was, too.

We walked for a minute, and returned to the truck. We let Josh go walk for a while. I put Bubba in the truck and sat in the bed of the truck to keep watch. I had my AK on my lap. I relaxed as I waited for Josh to return. The warm sun pounded on my back and made me sleepy. I managed to stay awake though. I hopped out of the truck and walked over to some of the cars parked here. I saw an SUV that was unlocked. I opened the door after I looked in the back and very back. I looked for the keys but couldn't find them.

"Ready to go?" Josh asked.

"Not yet," I said. "I may have us a new car. Just watch Bubba for me."

"Okay," he replied.

I walked into the store to see a man laid up against the side of the thing that held the items. I walked up to him with my AK raised. I held it in my left hand only as I patted him down. I found some keys, but they had a different company logo written on them so I dropped them. I walked over to the next body that I saw and tapped her with the barrel of my gun. She didn't move so I searched her. I didn't find any keys so I moved on. There were three more bodies. I walked up to the next one and checked him. He had some keys so I looked at them to see the logo of a car that was crashed out front. I searched the next person and found keys that didn't match any of the cars there. I searched the last person. Their body was on top of the counter and the top half was almost cut off. I reached in their pockets and finally found the keys I'd been looking for. I let out a sigh of relief and turned around to leave. I put the keys in my pocket and walked out. Josh was nowhere to be seen and Bubba was whining and scratching at the window. I raised my AK and chambered it.

I had it ready to be aimed as I looked around for Josh. I swiftly walked to the car and let Bubba out. He jumped out. I walked him to the SUV and put him in the front seat. I put my AK in the SUV and walked to the car. I grabbed as many of the guns as I could (which includes Josh's KSG) and put them in the very back. I went back and put the rest in there, as long with the ammo. I got the food, then the water, and put all of it in as well. I closed the hatch and grabbed my AK before looking for Josh. I first looked to the side of

the truck I didn't look at. I didn't see him, but I did see his .22. I picked it up and put it behind the lining of my pants. I raised my AK as I walked behind the store. Again, I didn't see him. This time though, I did see a zombie. I put my AK away and walked back to the SUV. I put my AK in the back seat and looked at Bubba.

"Where did he go boy?" I asked. He let out one of his deep whines. "I'm sure we'll find him. This isn't the first time he's disappeared." I patted Bubba on the head. I put the key in the ignition and started it. The tank was half full so I refueled it and we left. I know how I said I needed Josh, but I can't risk my life searching for him. It's survival of the fittest out here. I can't waste my time and resources searching for him when he could be dead... or worse...

As I drove I found some sunglasses that I put on and a box of tooth picks. I popped one in my mouth. I kept going until I entered a town. I saw someone standing in the middle of the road as zombies approached them. They had a gun in their right hand that was empty. They spun around looking for a way out, but the undead were approaching from every side. It was a woman. She looked kind of familiar. I approached the scene with my right hand on the .22. I slowed as I got closer. There were about fourteen closing in on her. I stopped and went to the back. I pulled out Josh's KSG. I pulled the pump back and looked in. A shell entered the barrel. I slid it forward again. I went to close the hatch and Bubba's brown eyes met mine. "Stay," I said. I left my Judge so I could be a little lighter.

As I approached the woman got down and began to weep. I aimed the KSG as I got closer. I took my first shot and a zombie's head exploded. Everything grew quiet and all the infected looked at me. I took the KSG in my left hand and pumped it. I smile was drawn across my face and a tooth pick hung out the right side. I spit it out and put my gun in both of my hands. The zombies began to come at me as I took my next shot. I pumped it again and finished the zombie I had shot before, since I had just shot its right arm off. I pumped the gun again. More infected began to come as I kept killing. I managed to kill eight more before I ran out. I dropped the KSG and drew the .22 and the Tacitus. I began to take shots. Left gun, then the right gun, left gun, then the right gun. They were just extensions of my arms. I ran empty and switched out the clips. I put the Tacitus away and went single gun. I shot a zombie in the head, but it didn't die so I gave it another shot. It died that time.

I saw a zombie coming from my right so I punched it and put my foot on its lower ribs. I shot it in the head and looked forward to see the woman pushing through the infected. I lowered my gun, not wanting to shoot her. She managed to get through and ran behind me. I kept shooting until I ran out I threw the gun. I picked up the KSG and we ran back to the SUV. I put the KSG in the very back and got behind the wheel. I ran over a few and managed to get through the town after hitting a few more. I stopped after we escaped the town and looked at the woman.

"Hey, Frank," I said.

"Sup, Andrew?" She questioned. Her real name was Frankie, but I dropped the "IE" since I didn't like it and everyone started to call her Frank.

"How you been?" I asked.

"Surviving, what about you?"

I shot out a large breath through my nose and said, "Same here. Got a gun?"

"I used too, but I got a little trigger happy."

"Ah, well I got the perfect gun for you."

"What's that?"

I got out and opened the hatch at the back. I handed her the unloaded MP7A1 and said, “The MP7A1. Full auto and a forty round mag. I think we have about three clips too.” I even gave her the Tacitus too.

“Cool.”

“Yep.”

“So where are you going?”

“Cali.”

“Why?”

“Long story, bro.”

“I got time.”

I sighed and told her, “So I thought my mom and sister were dead, but it turns out they’re not. Well, my sister kinda is. There is a place called the Colony near Eureka where they are working on a cure and my sister is being used. Josh and I, you probably remember Josh, were looking for it when some people came looking for us. We shot them because we thought they were assassins and then we just kept heading for it. I lost Josh a little ways back there, but I left him a completely fueled truck but I took all the guns and supplies since he’s probably dead. He knows where to go through if he is still alive.”

“There are assassins after you?”

“Obvi.”

“Why?”

“Haters gonna hate.”

She nodded. “So where is the ammo to these guns?”

I handed her all the clips to the .45 I had on me and got her the MP7A1’s clips. I handed her the boxes of ammo too. I got back in the driver’s seat and started the SUV.

“Thanks,” she said.

“No problem,” I replied. I shifted the car to **Drive**. I pushed on the gas and off we went. As we went, I put on my seatbelt. Frank buckled hers too. I looked at Bubba and scratched his head a little. I looked forward and put my hand back on the wheel.

“So when do you think we’ll get there?” Frank asked.

“I plan on stopping tonight,” I began. “So probably tomorrow afternoon or evening.”

“Okay,” Frank said. It was late afternoon by then.

“Look Frank,” I said. “I’m starting to get tired. We should find somewhere to stay tonight and sleep there.”

“Alright,” Frank said.

I drove us another ten miles until I found a house. I opened the door with my knife. I walked in with my Judge raised. I had Frank watch my six, after I explained what a six is to her. She was such a noob...

I passed some stairs as we entered the house. The first room was a hallway. We walked down it and into the kitchen. At the back of it were two glass backdoors. I took a right and saw a door. I opened it. It led to a basement. I closed the door and blocked it with a chair after locking it too. We kept walking straight to see a dining room. We walked through it and into a living room. We took another right and we were back where we started. We opened a door and entered the master bedroom. At the back was a bathroom that led into the kitchen if you went right and into a garage if you went straight. The garage had a car in it. Next to the car was a dead and rotting carcass. I locked the garage door. We

went back to original hallway and up the stairs. We looked left, then right. There was nothing but closed doors. I opened the left door to find a bedroom. I walked in with Frank guarding the doorway. She had the KSG out, but I didn't even know if it was loaded. I checked the closet and still found nothing. I walked out and closed the door. I walked into the middle door and it was a bathroom. I checked it and there were no people. I closed the door. Frank and I walked into another room. It was a small bedroom. I checked the room and there was still nothing. I checked the last door, but it was just a closet.

"Alright," I said to Frank. "I'll take the big bedroom up here and you can have the small one. I'll get Bubba and the guns and you can just get the other supplies."

"Okay," she replied. We walked down the stairs and outside. Approaching the house were five zombies. They were out of Frank's range, but she aimed anyway. I slowly pushed her gun away and looked at her.

"They are out of your range," I said. "Plus the sound will draw more."

She walked to the SUV and started getting supplies. I started walking down the gravel drive way toward the infected. I grabbed my machete and got it ready to hack off some heads. I started gaining speed as I went. I ran up to the closest one and sliced off its head. It had plenty of resistance, but I made it go through. I stabbed the next one in the right eye, with the blade sideways. I removed it and spun. I raised the machete and stabbed the next one in the middle of the head. I felt a hand on my right shoulder. I shoved my elbow into the zombie's face and it let go as it stumbled back. I chopped it repeatedly in the left side of the head until it didn't get back up. The last one let out a growl as I approached it. I kicked it and it fell. It went to get up, but I shoved my blade into its head before it could stand. The blade protruded out of the other side of its head. Blood and parts of the inside of its head drooped off the blade.

I wiped the blade clean and walked back to the house. I got Bubba and went inside. I took him to my room and got him some water. As he lapped it up, I walked out and closed the door. I walked down the stairs and got the guns and ammo with the assistance of Frank.

"Thanks," I said.

"No problem," she replied. "I still owe you for saving my life."

"No," I said. "You don't. I am just glad you're alive. I always like having more than one traveling companion, so thank *you*."

She chuckled and said, "Well, you're welcome." I took half the guns to my room, and Frank took the other half to her room. I took the KSG and AN-94 to my room. Frank took the Vector and .308 with her.

I closed my door with my foot as I carried in the last of the supplies into my room. I put the crap down and locked it. I slid it all away and walked over to the mattress on the floor. I plopped down on it face first and flipped over. I looked at Bubba. He licked me and I shook his head with my right hand. He huffed.

"I love you so much," I told him. "I wish you could talk so bad." He licked me again, this time covering me with saliva. I wiped it away and threw my head on the pillow. Bubba nuzzled me and put his head under my armpit. I allowed it and got under the covers, still keeping my arm above so I wouldn't bother him. I went to sleep too.

I woke up to Frank banging on the door. I let her in and she said wide eyed, "There are people outside. They came up in a Humvee and have guns!"

I pumped the KSG that was in my arms and huffed before saying, "Really? Can I not have *one* good morning?! Come on..." I pushed through her and walked down the

stairs. I opened the door and saw the group of five. They were wearing black clothes and had M4A1s. The one that was coming up the stairs of the patio spotted me and aimed. He started to say something, but the buckshot to the chest cut him off. I pumped and aimed at a person who I couldn't tell if it was a manly chick or a girly male. They looked at their dead friend, then me. I shot them in the head. The top half of their head was one as they fell against the blacked-out Humvee. I spotted the next person. They aimed a pistol at me instead of their assault rifle. I pumped and shot off their left leg. They fell and didn't do anything. I pumped it again and shot the next person, and pumped. They decided to get back up so I gave them another shot, this one to the head. I pumped and aimed at the last person. They threw their arms up so as I pulled the trigger I swung the gun away and shot their vehicles front tire out. I aimed at him, but didn't shoot this time. I walked up to him.

"Who are you guys?" I asked. "You obviously aren't assassins."

"I can't tell you that," he said. "But what I can tell you is that you need to *stay away* from the Colony. It's all just a lie! I can't explain it, but the best thing to do is *stay away*. No matter what they told you, *stay away*."

"Heard you the first time," I calmly said. I pumped the shotgun, and shot him in the face. I pumped again and turned to see Frank. "Sup?"

"Why did you just kill them?" She asked.

"Why not?" I asked. "In case you haven't noticed, they were packing and planned on killing me."

"Not the last guy!" Frank argued.

"Yeah," I agreed. "But he would a just shot me in the back. Frank, this is the world we live in. Just deal with it. It is survival of the fittest out here and you better learn to live with it or you won't live much longer."

She dropped her head and nodded. She walked back in the house. I followed her and walked to my room. I reloaded the KSG and got all my crap. I took it to the car and went back for Bubba. I took him and put him in shotgun. "Yo Frank," I yelled up the stairs. "Lego!"

"Coming," Frank yelled. She got all the stuff from her room and we got in the SUV. I backed out of the driveway and got back on the main road. As we left, I saw hordes going for the house, but came after us after they saw us. I took a right and found my way to an interstate that could take me north.

I followed the road until the next exit. I got off there and found a gas station. I went to pump the gas, but all the pumps were empty so we went to the next gas station. There, we checked the first pump. It had a little gas so I took it and checked the next pump. I got the gas it had and got back on the high way. The road took us to the state border of Oregon.

I didn't go in the state, instead I went back a ways and entered the state of California, or at least I tried. The road was blocked by a few over turned semis. There was also a plane in front of them. I can't forget to mention all the bodies and debris sprawled across the place too. I found another road into the state and took it instead of the original.

## Chapter 14: Cali... Again

I drove into the state with a sense of déjà vu. Frank didn't understand why I had the weird feeling as we approached the Golden Coast though. How could I expect her to? She hadn't done the things we had... saw the things we had. The way things seemed she had had an easy year or so. That was probably until a few days ago anyway...

I drove us around for a while, searching for Eureka. I eventually found it, but it was burnt to the ground. I didn't think we'd find anything, but that was until we came over a hill.

Down below, I saw a wall. Within it were small buildings, except the center building and the one to its right. The center building was about four stories. The one next to it was about three stories. The place was in a circular formation and there were about fifteen buildings scattered around. There were two parking garages in the place. One on the east end and one on the western end. The weird thing was that it wasn't even that close to Eureka. I drove us down the valley and approached it slowly. I had my right hand behind my seat, gripping my AK. After all this time and the amount of times I'd been betrayed, you needed to be ready to shoot first... if needed...

I drove up close to the gate and stopped. I saw them open them, and it took four people. I saw those people gather around a center man. They all had different rifles. The center man had his arms crossed and a cigarette almost completely burnt down. I have absolutely no idea how or where he could have gotten tobacco. Maybe he had them before the apocalypse. He took it out of his mouth and dropped it on the ground. He stepped on it with his black boots. He had a short Mohawk and had a muscle shirt on. He had on camo shorts and a Glock 18 behind his belt.

I opened my door and quietly said, "Stay." Not only to Bubba, but to Frank too. I dragged my AK out with me. I chambered it as I stepped out. I let it hang down after I closed my door. The car was about twenty feet from the gate so we were within talking distance.

"Who are you?" The center man asked. He had a deep and rugged voice.

"I could ask you the same," I replied. "What is this place?"

"This is the Colony," he said. "Tell me who you are."

"I'm Andrew," I replied. "Some people wanted me to come here or something."

"Your mother is here, along with your sister. You're Josh's friend, right?"

"Yeah, why? Is he here?"

"No, but I'm his father. Where is he?"

"I don't know. I lost him in Nevada."

"Tell me where and I'll have a team sent after him."

"We can get to that later. In the meantime, where are my mom and Kenzie?"

"Your mother is at home, and your sister is at the research facility."

"Take me to them."

"In due time. Who is with you?"

"My friend Frankie, and Bubba."

"Have any weapons?"

I held up my AK and said, "Obviously."

He pointed to the SUV and said, "Get them."

I shouldered my AK, but didn't aim it and said, "No."

"Okay then," the man replied and nodded.

"What should I call you exactly?"

"Just call me the General. That's what most call me these days."

"Okay, General, are you the leader of this place or something?"

"Yep."

"So can we come in?"

"Of course."

I walked back to my SUV without taking my eye off them and climbed in. I started it and drove it past the gate. They closed it behind me.

"So what's going on?" Frank asked.

"Uh," I began with a sarcastic tone. "They are just gonna bring us in here to blow us up. You know, just the usual."

"Kkz," she said. I rolled my eyes and slowly followed the General. He was in a golf cart now. One of the guys was driving for him. I was only able to go about twelve miles per hour without crashing into him. He drove us to the three story building that was next to the one in the center. They stopped in front of it and turned the golf cart off.

I stopped the car and turned it off before I said to Frank, "Just bring your sidearm."

"Um," she said. "What's a sidearm?"

"Your Tacitus," I said.

"What is a Tacitus?" She questioned.

I sighed and said, "Your pistol..."

"Oh," she responded. I put my Judge in my pocket, but it nearly fell out so I put it behind the lining of my pants. Still, it nearly fell down them. I decided just to leave it. I put the AN-94 on my back since it had a strap. I loaded it but left it unchambered. It was off safety. I put a clip in each pocket.

Frank and I walked up to the General and the other guy. "Follow me," the General said. He looked at the other guy. "You're free to go, Will."

Will nodded and walked off. Frank and I followed the General into the building. On the inside, it was very clean and large. The floor was a marble and at the center of the room were two receptionists. They were both female. The General nodded at them and we all passed.

We went to an elevator and went to the top floor. On the outside of the elevator were two guards. They were armed with pump shotguns. We passed by them. As we walked down the hallway, I saw two more armed guards guarding the stairs. The General took us past several rooms.

The first room had about twelve zombies just slapping the windows. The windows were obviously reinforced. I looked in the next room to see scientists doing things like looking in microscopes, on computers, recording data, and other typical scientist crap. We followed the General to a doorway. Guarding it were two guards with assault rifles. They pushed it open for us and we walked in. As it closed behind us, I saw that it could only be opened from the outside.

I looked forward to see four glass rooms in the middle of the place. Each one held a different zombie. Each one was tied to a bed. One was dead, another was angrier than ever, one was docile, and one was the zombie version of my sister. They all had things hooked into their arms and heart monitors hooked up. They were all flat lined. I walked up to her



room. She looked at Frank, then the General, and then at me. When she looked at me her head turned. Her mouth moved. It looked like she was trying to say something. I got against the wall and put my ear against it.

What she said was, “Rah!” She tried to get free. She did what her instinct told her to do and no more.

“What is going on here?” I asked.

“We’re making a cure,” the General said. “Your sister is the most promising.”

“If she’s the one closest to being alive,” I paused and took a deep breath. “Then I feel sorry for the rest.”

“She’s promising,” the General said and looked at me sharply. “Not cured, but close. With maybe a month or more she’ll be back to normal.”

“What about her wounds?” I asked. “And the amount of decay that has already happened?”

“That will be dealt with,” the General said.

“I want to see my mother,” I said.

“Of course,” the General said. “But first I need to ask you something.”

“What would that be?” I asked.

“How would you like to be a test subject?”

“What?”

“We won’t turn you, but we’ll give you the antivirus.”

“By the looks of things, I’m gonna have to say, ‘no.’”

“I see. Well, if you agree I will exchange your mother’s place for yours.”

“Wait, what?”

I saw Frank put her hand on her Tacitus.

“It is either you or your mother. You should be a good contestant by how good your sister reacts, but your mother may not be. You could’ve gotten the immunity from your father’s side.”

“Look, neither of us are going to be your test monkeys. My sister, she’s already dead so if this is her best hope then fine. Not the living.”

“If neither of you do it you all three will be removed from the Colony.”

“How about I see my mother then we discuss it?”

“That seems fair. Come, let’s go to the hospital.”

“The hospital?!”

“Yes, the hospital.”

“What happened?”

“Apparently she has been sick for the last few weeks.”

“With what?”

“Pneumonia.”

“Oh crap, let’s go!”

He escorted us out of the building and into the hospital. Before we went inside, I got Bubba. The General took us to the second floor and to my mother’s room.

“I’ll wait out here,” the General said.

“Me too,” Frank said.

## Chapter 15: False Prophecies

I walked into the room with Bubba to see her lying on the bed. She looked worse than ever, but I couldn't tell her that of course.

"Mom?" I questioned.

She looked at me, smiling and said, "Andrew! Oh, I'm so happy to see you. I'd tell you to give me a hug but doctors say I'm contagious. Where have you been?"

I smiled sheepishly and said, "You know... everywhere." Bubba walked up to her.

"Hey," she said and looked at him. She put her hand on his head. He sat and stared at her. He licked her hand. "Hey Bubba boy, I haven't seen you in a while. Been taking care of Andrew?"

"Yep," I said. "He sure has."

My mom looked at me. "I heard you got shot," she said. "Let me see." I raised my shirt to show her the scar. She looked at it and her jaw dropped.

"Oh," she said. "Oh, Andrew... you need to be careful."

I nodded and said, "I saw Kenz..."

My mom took a heavy breath and looked out the window. "How is she?" she asked.

"Dead," I said.

My mom looked at me and signaled for me to come close. I did and leaned in close. She whispered and spoke fast to me, "This place is a lie. They infected me with this disease. All the people are slaves and they want you dead. I hate to ask this of you, but please take care of Kenzie. It's for the best. Then get out of here and get as far as you can. There is a person I know who can help you get in there. Go back in tomorrow night. She works the desk. Tell her your first name and she'll have them let you in. One of the guards will let you out afterwards. After that, some supplies should be arriving. They always arrive on Tuesdays. Be careful after you take care of her. The others will probably catch on and come after you. The General is a liar. Do not believe *anything* he says. Do you understand me?"

I leaned back out. "Yes," I said. "Where do I stay?"

"Have the General take you to my house," my mom said. My mom put the house key in my hand. "Take *everything*. Make sure they remember your name... now get out of here."

I leaned in again and gave her a hug. "I love you, Mom," I said. I knew it would be one of the last times I saw her. I walked out of the room, closing the door behind me.

"Take me to my mom's house," I told the General. He nodded and propelled himself off the wall. We walked out of the building. He drove the golf cart and I drove Frank, Bubba, and myself to the house. Once we arrived we got out of the car.

The outside was brick and it was one story. The door was a plain white. I walked up to the door and unlocked it. I let Bubba, the General, and Frank inside before I walked in. I closed the door behind me. They all stood in the living room that we were in and took a look around.

"Thanks General," I said. "I hate to kick you out, but we have to move our crap in."

"Of course," he said. He nodded and swiftly exited. Frank and I walked out after him. I helped Frank get the little food and water we had left. I had Frank help me with the guns and ammo.

I put the guns on the couch in the living room and sat down. I put the KSG on my lap and began feeding it shells. Frank looked at me curiously.

“Shouldn’t you be *unloading* it?” Frank questioned.

“No,” I said.

“Why?” she asked.

“We are gonna have a shootout tomorrow, that’s why.”

“What do you mean?”

“This is a lie. My mom and I both think we should just put Kenzie out. That’s what I’m gonna do. Then we’re gonna get all our crap and leave.”

“Okay. Is there going to be a shootout?”

“There always is when I’m involved,” I said. I let a smile shine through as I put in the last shell. I put the gun aside and made sure all clips were loaded. I had left the .308 in the car since I couldn’t really use it in close combat.

Frank smiled back and said, “What’s the plan exactly?”

“Break in,” I started. “Get to my sister, put her and the other zombies out, leave the room, shoot up the place as we leave, get back to the house and get Bubba, and leave this God forsaken place.”

“Sounds good,” Frank said and nodded. “Who gets what guns?”

“Keep your MP7A1,” I started. “Tacitus, AN-94, and the KSG. I’ll take my AK, Judge, and Vector.”

“Sounds like a solid plan.”

“Maybe, but something usually goes wrong. Either way, I just hope we can get out alive.”

“Me too.”

“This is your first operation, isn’t it?”

“Yep.”

“Well, just do as I say and you’ll survive.”

“Alright.”

I loaded my Judge, AK, and Vector. I taught Frank to load her guns after I loaded mine. That night, I stayed up putting food and water in the car. After I did that I went back to the house and locked the door.

The next morning I got dressed and taught Frank how to do several maneuvers. I even gave her my knife in case she came in for close fights. I left her with the guns and weapons as I went to play with Bubba in the backyard.

When I returned she handed me my AK. She smiled as she did. She had tapped a flashlight on the right side of the barrel and my knife on the left side. The only words I could say were, “Ghetto, but nice.”

We spent the day getting out guns ready. I took a shower, and the water was warm. It was nice, so I stayed in there for about thirty minutes. I used some shampoo that was already in there. I couldn’t smell myself, but if I could I would probably smell like crap. After all, it had been days, maybe *weeks* even since my last shower. When it came to night fall, I left Bubba with one bowl of water. I put on some dark clothes I had. Frank and I got in the car and went to leave when she said, “How do we sneak in with the guns?”

I looked at her and said, “Let’s go guns-a-blazin’.” I put my sunglasses on for effect and put a tooth pick in the right side of my mouth. I drove up to the place and we got out. I drew my AK before we even got close to the door and chambered it. I was sure to chamber

my Vector too. Frank chambered her guns and had her AN-94 out as we approached. We both went on one side of the door. I looked at her.

“Ready?” I asked. She nodded. “Cover me.” I took a deep breath and kicked in the door. I sprinted in and aimed at the first receptionist. I didn’t shoot her, but shot one of the guards. I aimed at the next and shot him. Frank ran in and that’s when the receptionists stood with Glocks. Frank gave them a few rounds each. I looked at her and nodded.

We continued to the elevator. I punched the **Up** button and it opened. We ran in and pressed the top button. It closed and I aimed from the hip as the doors opened. Only about fifteen feet away were six guards. I shot them until none of them moved. My AK-47 ran empty so I switched it out with my Vector.

Frank and I hopped over the bodies and took cover against the walls on opposite sides of the hallways. I peeked over and a bullet hit the wall. I took cover again. “Give me covering fire!” I yelled. Frank popped out and started shooting at them. I popped out to and started advancing. About ten feet from the next wall, a guy popped out. I shot a burst of three rounds into his chest. He fell down and I aimed at another person who had popped out from another wall. I shot him once in the neck. He flew back and didn’t move. Frank began to advance as more revealed themselves. She shot off fifteen rounds at them before she ran empty. She switched to the KSG. We leaned against the walls and peaked out to see the guys pop out from the cover they had. They had pump shotguns. One shot once and almost shot my ear off. I popped out as he went back into hiding. I shot one round and saw another guy. I dragged my gun over and shot him once in the knee and three times in the head. I aimed to the previous guy as he popped out. I shot him three times. I looked at Frank who was across the hallway. I saw people coming up from behind her.

“Get down!” I yelled. She dropped and I shot off the rest of my clip. I killed three of four. Frank spun around and shot her in the leg. It literally came off and she tripped. Frank shot her in the face after pumping the shotgun and pumped in her gun again.

I reloaded my AK-47 and Vector. I pulled out the AK and put the Vector away. We went toward the room Kenzie was being held in. I saw the two guards I shot one four times and the other six times. They fell back, opening the doors. I propped the door open with their bodies. I looked at Frank and said, “Watch the door.” She nodded and stayed put. I jogged into the room and looked into the glass rooms. The zombies were gone, except for Kenzie. I went to her box and the door was locked. I backed up and shot the door until it shattered. I ran in and looked at her. She looked angry and hungry. She kept lunging for me, but was restrained. I aimed my AK-47 for her forehead and pulled that trigger as slowly as I could.

Before it shot, I said, “Sorry sis.” It shot and killed her. I turned around to leave. That was the hardest trigger I’d ever had to pull. I saw the three zombies coming at me.

I put my gun up and it ran into my bayonet. I shot through its head and killed the one behind it. I pulled the knife out of its head and shot the next one with the last round in my clip. I switched it out and chambered the gun. I walked out to see that Frank was gone, but her guns were on the ground. I put my AK-47 away and picked up the KSG and Tacitus. I pumped it with my left hand. I could barely see so I threw my sunglasses onto the body of one of the guards.

I walked through where we had just come and nearly sprinted back to the elevator. Once I reached the place where I could get in it, I saw the General. He had Frank as a hostage and his Glock to her right temple.

“Andrew,” he said. “Put down the gun or she dies!”

“You kill her and you are out of a hostage,” I said. Before he could say anything the door to the elevator opened and they went in. I took off down the stairs when the door closed. I was behind them by about five seconds.

Once I got down there were soldiers of their militia waiting for me. The General threw Frank to the ground as he ran outside. She was disarmed and just sat there, covering her ears as I was shot at. I slid behind the desk. There were about fifteen and they had M4s. I could tell they were well trained. They shot bursts at my cover and communicated. One came around to my side of the desk. I shot him and he went flying back. I pumped my KSG.

“Man down!” I heard one yell. *About to be more than one...* I thought. I popped up and shot another. I took cover and pumped in a fresh round. Another one came around the side, but this time it was the left side. He pointed his rifle at me and I shot him. I pumped the gun, but no round entered the barrel. Frank must have been using more than I thought. I slid it away and drew my Vector. I peeked around the right side and began to shoot blindly. A bullet flew from an enemy’s gun and hit mine. The Vector flew from my hands and slid across the room. I drew the Tacitus and popped out. I shot the guy who shot my gun three times. He flew back, dead. I took cover again. I popped out again and saw more enemies rush in.

I shot the rest of the Tacitus’s rounds and dropped it. I pulled out my AK-47 and stood up. I started to take shots. The enemies were closing in at about ten feet. They stopped and began to return fire. I finished off my clip and took cover. I slid the clip out and looked for more but couldn’t find any. I looked as one of the soldiers came around. I put the AK-47 in my hand like a harpoon and threw it. It hit him in the face. He fell back and landed on a bench. I pulled out the Judge and pulled back the hammer.

*Things are starting to look bad again...* I thought. I looked to my left and shot a guy. His gun slid up to me. I picked it up and switched it to full auto. I jumped up and shot the rest of the clip randomly, sure to avoid Frank. I hit three but there were still six. I threw the gun and one caught it. I shot him with my Judge. I shot one twice and shot two with one shell before I ran empty. The last soldier smiled as the pistol let out a *click* as I went to shoot him. I brought my left hand back with the Judge in hand and threw it as hard as I could. It hit him in the jaw and he fell down. His M4 slid away. I walked up to him with my machete out. I looked to my right and spit my toothpick out. When I looked back we met eyes. Now he had a scared look on his face. He tried to grab his M9, but was dead before he could.

I looked at Frank and said, “Come on. Let’s get some guns and go!” I grabbed my empty guns and took a M4 off a dead guy. I reloaded it and got an extra clip. Frank picked up the last-guy-to-die’s M9. She chambered it and we ran out. We got in the SUV. I floored it and began to head for home. Once we got there, I jumped out with my M4 raised. I only found Bubba alone. I called him and put him in the back seat of the SUV. I got in the front again.

“Frank,” I said. “You better be ready to lean out that window and give us covering fire.” She rolled down her window and unbuckled her window. As we approached the gate, it let in a semi. I expected them to close it, but another semi came in. This time, it did begin to close. I floored it. The guards saw us coming and rushed.

“Take them out!” I yelled. Frank leaned out the window with my M4. She began to shoot in burst mode. The first three bursts missed, but the fourth managed to hit one guy in

the leg, one hit the wall, and another hit another guy in the arm. They dropped and we whizzed through. The gate was so close to being closed that I lost my right mirror... good thing Frank was back inside or she would have been dead.

I drove us down the road we had taken to get there. As I drove the only thing I could think about was that moment where I pulled the trigger on my sister. The sound of the single bullet going off kept running through my mind.

The thing that broke that trance was Frank. She had yelled, "They're coming!" I looked in the mirror I still had to see that Frank was correct. I looked at her.

"Get ready to shoot some more," I said. "But don't shoot until they're in range." She reloaded the M4 and out the empty clip on the floor. I watched as she rolled down the window and stuck the upper half of her body out the window.

They came up in two vehicles. One was a truck with three people. There was the driver, a person who was aiming a pistol out the window, and a person in the back who was stuck using a bolt action rifle. The next vehicle was an SUV. There was a person leaning out the passenger window and back left window. I thought that was it for their gunners, but then someone stood up through the sunroof. Frank shot the person in the passenger seat of the truck first, since they came up on our right. After that she shot out their right headlight and their right front tire. They lost control and ended up serving off the road. They almost hit the SUV, but the driver of it wasn't a novice.

As they came up, I could tell they were getting ready to hit me in the back tire and potentially cause me to wreck. "Frank," I said. I looked at her. She was back in the car. "Hold on!" She strapped on her seatbelt and I stomped on the brakes. I felt Bubba slam into the back of my seat. I saw the SUV go for their attack, but narrowly missed. They went off the road and slammed into one of the trees that made the small forest that was next to the road. The guy that was shooting from the sunroof flew out and smashed into a tree, dying on impact. I grabbed my M4 from Frank and got out of the car. I walked swiftly while still aiming down the sights. I heard Frank get out of the car.

She ran up to me and handed me the extra clip. I put it in my free hand and turned it sideways, propping up my gun as I walked. I saw the passenger door of the SUV open. A guy fell out and hit the ground. I shot him four times, after that the gun was empty. I reloaded and chambered the gun.

I went to the left side of the vehicle while Frank went to the right. I looked into the window and shot the guy that was lying in the seat. I went to the front seat and opened the door. The driver was none other than the General. I poked him with the barrel of my M4. His eyes opened. Before I could react, he pushed the gun barrel away with his left hand and went to stab me with a knife in his right hand. I dodged the knife and tried to pull my gun back, but he pulled the gun forward and smashed me in the nose with the butt of the gun. I could feel the blood pouring from it. He kned me and I fell on the ground. He threw the gun to the side. He kicked me in the ribs and sat on me, crushing my lungs. I gasped for air, but got none. He brought the knife down, but I managed to grab his arm before he could stab me. He took one hand off the knife to remove my hand, but that's when I took my free hand and punched him in the face. I did it again. Then, I punched him again. With his guard down, I threw him off me. I wiped my nose and looked down to see my clothes covered in blood. The General let out a scream and came at me. I dodged him and tripped him. I ran and grabbed the M4. I aimed it and he threw the knife. It sliced my left shoulder, causing me to drop the gun. I grabbed my wound with my right hand and looked at it. When I

looked back I saw the General coming for me.

He tackled me. I hit the ground hard. That's when I heard the familiar sound of a gun chamber. The General and I both looked to the left to see Frank standing there with her M9 in her hands. Locked in her sights was the General's chest. He lifted my head and smashed it on the ground. He got off me and gave me one good kick. I let out a cry. Frank locked eyes with him as I got in a fetal position. She shot. The bullet flew into the General. He stumbled back a little but didn't fall. Frank shot him again, this time in his right thigh. He finally fell down.

She ran over to me and flipped me over. "Are you okay?" She asked.

"I've been worse," I said and smiled. A little bit of blood leaked from my mouth. I heard the General groan. Frank aimed the gun one handed. I grabbed it and, with her help, got to my feet. I walked over to him.

"Andrew," he said. "Your mother lied."

"What?" I asked. "What do you mean?"

He managed to sit up. "I mean," he began. "I never wanted you dead. She lied. We had her under surveillance for a week or two because we had an informant tell us that she was giving the Vultures information about us."

"The Vultures?" I asked. "I thought they were gone."

"Ha, I wish."

"What kind of information exactly?"

"She was apparently telling them things about our militia and the food shortage we were experiencing. She was in head of our agricultural department."

"Wow. She said something about you guys making all the people slaves or something..."

He sighed. "No, what we do is we make people carry their own weight. If they can't do that then they're on their own. Simple as that. Your mom disagreed with that."

"Oh. Look, General, do you want me to leave you here or take you back, or what?"

"Just leave me. I'm happy where I am right now. Just do one thing for me."

"What's that?"

"Find Josh."

"What if he's dead, or infected?"

"If he's infected, take care of it. If he's dead, give him a burial."

"You got it." I turned around to leave and began to walk. After about five feet he said something that stopped me dead in my tracks.

He said, "Just watch your back."

"I have been since day one," I mumbled. I walked back to the SUV and got in. I saw Frank buckle her seat belt, so I did too. I reached back and rubbed Bubba's ear. He licked my hand I wiped it clean. The car started with a low purr after I turned the key. I shifted it to **Drive** and took off.

"What are we going to do now?" Frank asked.

"First, we need to find Josh," I said. "Next, we need to get to a livable place. Then, we need to fortify it. Lastly, we live out our lives."

"Sounds good to me," Frank replied. We stayed on the road or about an hour straight, heading south. We figured that if Josh was alive he would be heading this way.

Along the way I said to Frank, "I wonder why they called it the Colony. I mean, what is it a colony for?"

“I know right!” Frank exclaimed and chuckled. I laughed a little too. I continued to drive until I noticed we could go maybe another ten miles in this car before running out of fuel.

“Look for some exits,” I said to Frank without taking my eyes of the road.

“Alright,” she replied. After a few minutes, she found us one. I pulled over to it and refueled the car. After that was done I went to open Bubba’s door. As soon as I did open it, he busted out and ran into the field where he went to the restroom. When he finished, I let him back in the SUV.

“Need to do anything while we’re here?” I asked Frank.

“No,” she replied.

“You sure?” I asked.

“Yep,” she answered.

“Well I will be back out in a moment,” I said and patted the car. I reached inside it and grabbed my Judge.

I reloaded it and went up to the doors of the store. I went to open it with my guard down, but I heard rustling inside. I got my Judge to the point where I could shoot if I needed to. I tried to look into the glass doors, but they were too well blocked by the cardboard that had been placed against it. I pulled back the handle and it opened to light up the room. I saw nothing out of the ordinary (if that even exists) and walked in. I let the door slam behind me. I looked to my right. It went down one isle and then took you to the bathrooms. The left however let me see the cash register and the back of the store. I searched the door to find no one, but the back door was open. I turned around to sprint back to the SUV, but ran into a well-built guy. I grunted and stumbled back. He was about a foot taller than me and was shirtless to reveal his six pack and pecks. I backed up out of the store. I knew he wasn’t a zombie, but I was confused on why he hadn’t crushed me like a Popsicle stick... by his size it was kinda obvious he could. I mean, his arms were as round as my head!

I walked out into the sunlight and could feel the heat radiate on my back as I did so. He stepped out into the light and squinted. “Sup?” I asked and threw my head up. My gun was aimed at his waist line.

He threw his head up and said in a *really* deep voice, “Sup?”

“So what do you want?” I questioned.

“Just to see if you were one of them,” he answered.

“Well, as you can tell I’m not,” I responded with a little sarcastic tone.

He raised a finger at me and began to say something. I backed up and pulled back the hammer of my Judge. He looked at it and quit talking. Instead of what he originally intended on saying, all he could get out was, “Oh... look I don’t want any trouble. Think you can just leave, please?”

“Yeah, man,” I said and raised my right hand. He smacked it with his right hand. “I’ve killed enough people this week... we good?”

“Yeah.”

I walked around the store and saw that a Humvee was coming. “Crap,” I muttered. I ran to the SUV and opened Frank’s door. “Get the guns and the store!”

She got out and I let Bubba out. I walked to the back and found that Frank had the KSG, Vector, the M4, Tacitus, and M9. I got my AK and ammo. We ran into the store after the guy closed the hatch for us. We ran into the store and closed the door.



“Go close the back door,” I told the guy. He ran to the back and did as I asked. Frank was already sitting down and loading guns. She already had the Vector’s first clip loaded. I loaded the KSG and pumped a round into it. Then, I looked at Frank who had just finished loading the Vector and the Tacitus. I grabbed my AK-47 and loaded its first clip and put it in. I chambered it and loaded the second clip as Frank loaded the third clip. I had the guy load the fourth. After the fourth I was out of shells for it so I tossed the box away. I handed the guy the Tacitus and KSG.

“The pump has fourteen rounds and is already chambered,” I told him. “The handgun has a twelve round clip and is also chambered. Be careful with them because they’re ready to shoot.”

He stood up and pointed the KSG at me from the clip. “What are you doing?” I asked.

“I work for Robert,” he said.

“Robert’s been dead for weeks,” I said.

He lowered the gun and skeptically said, “He is?”

“Yeah,” I said. “And so are all the people he hired.”

“Not me,” he said.

“Not yet,” I said and drew my Judge. I shot him and he flew back. He hit a shelf and knocked it over. I picked up his KSG and Tacitus. Frank looked out the window and said, “Andrew, they know we’re here!” I slid out the warm shell that had been shot from my Judge and put in a new one. I closed the cylinder and put it on the ground. I picked up my AK.

“How many?” I asked.

“Six,” she said.

“Six?” I asked. “They came in a Humvee though.”

“No,” she said. “I was wrong. There are two Humvees and at least seven. One Humvee has a machine gun mounted on it and a guy is on it. The rest are coming at us with their guns aimed.”

“Frank,” I said. “Take out the machine gunner. I’ll sprint out there and take out as many as I can. After a few go down and it looks like I’m running empty, you come out too.”

“Okay,” she said. I looked as she positioned her M4 to a point to where she could shoot. She looked down the sights and grabbed onto the grip. She slowly pulled back the trigger. A bullet rushed through the glass and into the guy’s head. I kicked open the door and began to shoot. They returned fire, but I was moving at an angle and they missed. I ran up to the closest and stabbed him with my bayonet. I used him as a human shield and shot through him. Three were down now and I had shot twenty rounds. I shot the rest of the clip and grabbed the guy’s Glock that was at his hip. I chambered it and let go of my AK. It fell with the guy on it. I shot and skilled the fifth. The sixth got five rounds and the seventh managed to shoot as I shot him in the heart. He held down the trigger as he fell back. The gun shot the rest of its clip as he hit the ground. I had a sharp pain in my right arm. I looked at it and apparently one of the bullets had scraped my arms.

That’s when Frank came out. I looked at her with my arms up. “Sorry,” she said. She spotted my wound and ran up to me. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” I said. “I got sliced by that knife the General threw. I’m surprised you didn’t notice! I’m lucky it’s not infected.”

“Let me take a look at them both,” she said. We walked in the store. After she cleaned the wounds, we found some Band-Aids and she put about three on each. The Band-Aids were pink and had unicorns illustrated on them.

After that was done, we got the guns and ammo in the car. I made sure I got my AK-47 back from the dead guy. I got Bubba and put him in the backseat where he could spread out. Frank sat up front with me as I drove us south.

Thirty or so minutes later, we pulled over to have a meal. We had enough supplies to last five or six days each... tops. While we were eating I had to kill a few of the infected with my machete. When our small meal was complete, we got back on the road.

I drove us all the way to Las Angeles and that's when we decided to find a place to stop for the rest of the day. We hadn't slept yet, so we were pretty tired. I had nearly fallen asleep a few times. We went through the city, and then looked for the place to stay. I made sure I got us far from the city before I even stopped to get gas.

I pulled over. We had about half a tank, but I just felt like stretching my legs. I checked all the pumps; they only had a little combined. I took the gas from some of the cars and we left.

We found a house that was secluded. I stopped and Frank and I got out. We walked up to the door. I had my AK-47 out. It was chambered and ready to fire. We got against each side of the door. I switched to my Judge and Frank got her Tacitus.

I reached for the door knob and twisted it slowly. I nodded at Frank and charged in. As soon as I did, I bumped into someone. They looked at me with their jaw down. They were infected. I shoved him back and switched my Judge for my machete. I let him come up to me and I shoved the blade into his face. He fell and I slide the machete out. Straight forward, I could see several of the undead coming. I backed out of the house.

I heard Frank scream so I turned around. A zombie had her in its clutches. I ran up to them. I brought my machete down on the center of the zombie's head. I removed it and it toppled over. Frank aimed her Tacitus behind me as a zombie grabbed me. I felt its grip tighten as it brought me back. I felt it coming in for the bite. Frank shot it before it could sink its teeth into me. Blood got into my hair as it fell into the others. I turned around and saw that there were more than I expected. I punched the closest one and started to run towards the SUV.

I could see Frank right behind me. She was still turned around, taking shots. She lost her footing and tripped on the gravel. I stopped and grabbed her arm. I pulled her up as we got in the car. I could see more of the infected coming from the forest. I clipped on as we drove out of there. I looked to see Frank huffing and reloading her Tacitus clip. I looked forward again and had to dodge a large zombie that was in my way. I got out of the driveway and turned onto the main road again. I was so exhausted; I could tell Frank was too.

We continued down the road until I made sure we had lost the zombies that were chasing us, and then I started looking for another house. I drove us down a road to another house that was alone. It was surrounded by three fields. It was two stories and had a blue paint. Most of the first floor windows were boarded up, or at least the ones people could fit through. I got close to the place and stopped the car. I turned it off and we got out. I made sure Bubba was okay before I got out.

Frank and I walked up to the house. I had my machete out this time as I opened the door. We searched it, and it was clear. I brought the supplies and Bubba in as Frank

brought in the guns and ammunition. We stayed on the second floor and slept the entire night and most of the next day. We decided to stay there another day, to just relax for a while. I took a cold shower, and Frank did after me. I was in and out within ten minutes.

That day, I knocked on Frank's door. "Who is it?" She shouted.

"Bubba," I shouted back.

I could hear her laugh and she said, "Come in."

I opened the door and walked in. I took a deep breath and said, "If we find Josh, we can't tell him about the General."

"Why?" She questioned.

"You probably didn't hear him, but he told me he was Josh's father."

"Oh... okay. I won't."

"Thanks," I said. I walked back out, closing the door behind me. I leaned against the wall and put my head in my hands. I let out a 'ugh' sound and lightly tapped my head against the wall before I walked back to my room.

Bubba was waiting for me. I scratched his head and jumped on the bed. I let out a deep breath. Bubba came up and lied right next to me. When it came down to it, he was the only thing that was always by my side. I looked at him and said, "I wish you could understand how much I love you."

His answer to that was a groan and a sloppy lick that covered my face. I patted his head and wrapped my arms around it. I brought him in and kissed him right on the comet. He smelled worse than I expected. That's when I decided to give him a bath.

I took him to the bathroom, locking the door behind me. As soon as that happened, he knew what was happening. He plopped down and refused to move. I started the bath and looked him dead in the eyes. "We both know how this is gonna end, Bub," I told him. He let out a huff. I started the water and put the plug in. He still refused to move. I pulled back the curtain and picked the front half of him up. He let out one of his whines that sounded like growls.

I put him in the tub after I removed his collar. When he tried to get out I blocked him. He tried it again, but got blocked again. For a Labrador, he didn't like water. He liked to swim, but not bathe. The people had a dog apparently because there was dog shampoo in the bathtub.

I put the shampoo onto his body and rubbed it in. That's when he started to calm down. I found a cup and washed the shampoo off of him. I put on some more and washed him again. Some fleas were on the top of his coat so I picked them out. I scratched the top of Bubba's head and said, "See, it wasn't that bad. Was it?" He let out a huff and looked at me with a 'are you serious?' look.

I got him out of the tub and got his towel ready. Before he could shake, I blocked my body with the towel. He shook his body and sent water flying in every way. I remained dry and dropped the towel. "Ha, ha," I said. "Didn't get me this time Bub!"

I wrapped the towel around him and shook it dry. I put the collar back on his neck and we went back to the room. My foot closed the door behind us and I locked it myself. Bubba and I just decided to relax, that was until my stomach started growling. I made us some food and we chowed down. Frank joined us for the meal. After we ate, we decided to go to sleep even though it wasn't too late. I just wanted enough sleep and to be sure I would be well rested.

Frank and I awoke early. We left almost twenty minutes later. We had to pack up the supplies, guns, and ammo before we could go. We headed south again and we left the state a little later.

## Chapter 16: Decisions

I drove us into the state in our SUV that had bullet holes in it. Why we hadn't switched it out yet, I don't know. My guess is because we were so lazy. Plus why fix what's not (completely) broken.

We kept going for a while until we had to stop for our regular gas stops. I made Frank refuel it while I walked Bubba. Unfortunately for us, the place was completely out of gas and the cars had already been robbed of their gas. We had to leave the place, but we did get some bottled water and a can of beans.

I let Frank drive the car for once while I relaxed. She drove us about ten miles until we found the next gas station. This place had enough gas, including the cars that I raided, to get us almost a full tank.

When we finally left I drove us again. I got about twenty or thirty miles before anything exciting happened. The first exciting thing happened when we reached the edge of a town. I saw a Humvee parked. It had three men wearing matching uniforms and M4s surrounding a guy that had his hands raised. He was next to a truck. I pulled up to a range of where I would snipe. I got the .308 out and lied down outside the SUV on the ground with it. I chambered it. I had five rounds and there were three men that were in the uniforms. When I looked down the scope, I could get a better look at the men. I could tell they were from the Colony.

When I looked at the guy, it was Josh. The closest guy was a little ways away from him. He put his M4 away and got out a M1911 along with some handcuff-like things. Before he could get close to Josh, I took my shot. The bullet whizzed through his right shoulder before he heard the shot. He dropped to the ground, and the others started looking for the shooter. I chambered the rifle. I saw another one go for the Humvee, that's when I locked onto him. He put his back to me as he went to open the door. I shot him. The bullet hit him in the chest and blood splattered on the window. I shot at the next guy as I dragged the scope onto him. I missed by a lot.

I chambered it again and locked onto the last guy who had Josh as a hostage. I took aim onto the Humvee and shot out one of its tires. I chambered it for the last time. The guy panicked and threw Josh. He took off running towards the town. I calculated for the distance and shot. The bullet hit him in the back of the head.

I chambered out the shell and slid out the clip. I put the gun back in the very back and got in. "What was that about?" Frank asked.

"I just found Josh," I said.

"Why did you kill those people?" She questioned.

"They were soldiers from the Colony," I told her. "They would have just caused more trouble, plus they would have told him."

"Yeah," she sighed. "I guess. Let's go pick him up."

"Alright," I said. I drove up to where Josh was. He was on the ground, covering his head and shaking. I got out and opened the left back door. He looked up at me.

"Andrew?" He asked.

"What's up?" I asked.

"I'm glad to see you," he said. I stuck out my hand. I helped him stand up. He climbed in the back of the car. "So what was that about?"

“They were from the Colony,” I said. “The place in California. It was crazy... let’s just leave it at that. Get in the car and let’s go.”

Josh climbed into the SUV and I closed his door. I climbed in myself and off we went. It was mostly silence after Josh and Frank caught up on what their lives were like since the crap hit the fan if you know what I mean... that was until Josh asked me a question I wasn’t prepared to answer.

“Did you see my dad?” He asked. I was blindsided by the question.

“Uh,” was all I could get out. “Uh, no...”

“Oh,” he replied. “I thought he was there.”

“Yeah,” I said and took a deep breath. “He wasn’t though.”

That’s when Josh asked the million dollar question, “So, what’s the plan?”

“Plan?” I laughed. “Survive... that’s the plan.”

“Okay,” he said.

I drove through that town, which was way bigger than I expected, and stayed no particular path. We went to the edge of another town where we stopped to get Josh some guns. I gave him the .308 and Vector. He loaded the clips and the KSG itself.

Frank just had the KSG and Tacitus. She was okay with them since she needed a shotgun. She had terrible accuracy. Josh was better with his accuracy than Frank so what’s why he got the .308 and Vector.

After he got his guns we got back on the road. We had no particular place to be, and no time to be there. So, we decided to just go where the road took us. We each wanted to visit a certain place. I wanted to see Niagara Falls, Josh wanted to see the Statue of Liberty but we decided it couldn’t be safe, and Frank wanted to see Lake Michigan for some reason. So, we decided to head to Lake Michigan first, then to Niagara Falls. We decided to stop when we felt tired and to take our time since we weren’t really in a hurry.

A few towns over, we found a place to get some ammo. We went in and I found enough ammo for my AK to have four clips. My Judge had twenty shells total, but I didn’t find any new ones. Frank had twenty-eight shells for her KSG and couldn’t find any. She also found more ammo for her Tacitus. She now had three clips and enough ammo to load them. That was all though. Josh had enough ammo to reload his .308 clips if he had to and found no ammo of them. He even found a new clip for his Vector and loaded the fourth one.

Once we got our clips ready, zombies began to notice us. That’s when we decided to take our leave. I even had to slice a few of their heads off with my machete. We got in the SUV and left safely.

We even decided to find a new vehicle. We did that at the next gas station. We chose a blue SUV that was newer than our old one and had better mileage. I managed to fill it up while Josh and Frank walked Bubba. They were still catching up. I looked at them as they did so. Out of the middle they quit walking. Josh let go of Bubba’s leash and came walking at me at a fast pace. I put my weapons in the car and leaned against my closed door. As he got within feet of me, I propelled myself off the car.

“Sup?” I asked. Josh raised his fist and punched me in the face. I touched my cheek and looked to see that my left hand was in a fist it was shaking uncontrollably. Josh drew back his hand again. As it came at me, I blocked it and flung it out of the way. I threw my fist into his nose. I drew it back and hit him again, and again, and again, and

again. He stumbled backwards. I stuck my foot out behind him and he fell. “Josh, I didn’t kill your father.”

Josh wiped his bleeding face and said, “That’s not what Frank said. Not to mention Janet, and Robert. My best friend and girlfriend!” That’s when I looked at Frank. She shrugged. I just decided to take the fall, literally. Josh sprung up and tackled me. He pinned me down and began pounding me in the face. Left hand, then right hand, left hand, and then right hand again. I shoved him off me and got up. Josh was still on the ground. I kicked him in the right side of his ribs.

“Josh,” I said. “I have to tell you that I’m still trying to find out what’s going on. It’s crazy and complicated. It involves my mom, and the Vultures, and your father, and a whole bunch of other crap. Apparently you don’t know that Janet was cheating on you with Robert!”

He stood and said, “Sure they were. You still killed my father. You kill *everyone* it’s like an obsession with you! I’d like to see you go a *month* without even shooting someone. I can’t do this. I’ll take the old SUV, but I’m still leaving. Don’t come find me, and I don’t want to ever see you again or I *will* kill you. Do you understand me?”

Before I could respond, he got in the old SUV and slammed the door. He started it and took off, squealing tires. I looked at Frank with a ‘what did you do that for?!’ kind of look. She shrugged again. I sighed and shook my head. I got back in the car and waited for them. She put Bubba in the back seat and off we went again. I looked to the sky to see that it was getting cloudy and it would probably storm soon.

We sat in an awkward silence for a while until I huffed and said, “Why did you do it, Frank?”

“Because,” she said. “He knew his father was dead, but he wanted to know who killed him and I panicked... I’m sorry.”

I sighed and said, “I forgive you... but don’t do that to me ever again...”

“I promise you Andrew,” she began. “I will never do that to you again.” I just nodded and I continued driving after the stop sign that I had stopped at. I had to stop again so I could ask Frank another question.

“Do you think my mom lied?” I asked.

She looked at me puzzled, then responded with, “I, I don’t really know. I wish I did, but I really don’t. It’s so confusing.”

I looked forward to see someone I never thought I’d see again... Rosie. I gripped my Judge. She was within maybe ten feet of us, and she was covered in mud and blood. She had a revolver in one hand. Her hair was crazy and matted down. Her clothes had tears and were dirty. “Stay here,” I told Frank and Bubba.

I got out of the car. My Judge was quite obvious as I stood there. I walked up to about three feet from her and said, “Hey.”

She let out a grunt-like sound.

“What’s up?” I asked.

“I’m here to tell you something,” she said. Her grip on her revolver tightened.

“What would that be?” I asked.

“I need you to know that your mother was with the Vultures,” she told me. “She was an informant when she went to the Colony. In case you didn’t know, Josh’s father was a Sharpshooter. The General took the place over and he started the Sharpshooters back up. Your mom and the other Vultures were spread thin and they regrouped in the

state of Texas then went for the Colony. Your mom had the food sabotaged. The General figured out and fed her the food supply she sabotaged and that's how she got the disease she had when you went there. You need to know that your mom isn't bad though. She did what she had to do to survive. Please forgive her. She wanted me to tell you that. I had been to the Colony after you guys left. The General did what he had to do to survive, too. You were just caught in the middle. I don't want to join you guys again; I only had to tell you that. I am on my last leg. I've already been bitten and I only have a little time left."

"Thank you," I said. I hugged her, even though she was covered in blood and mud. I turned and began to walk back to the car. That's when I heard that revolver go off. I stopped and fought back the tears that built up.

I got next to the SUV and that's when I felt the grip on my leg tighten. Frank was too busy looking at the dead body to notice when I was pulled to the ground. I looked. It was a crawler. It must have been hanging on from under the SUV as we went. It pulled up my pant leg and I tried to bring my leg back. It growled and put its mouth around my leg I kicked it in the jaw. Its head hit the bottom of the SUV and fell back on me. It threw its bloody arm forward and scratched me. I began bleeding. I let out a cry and kicked it again. I could *see* its blood get into my leg. Its saliva dripped in too. I kicked it again and slid back. I gripped my Judge but realized that the shot would probably mess up my leg too. I pulled back my leg and grabbed my knife. The zombie crawled out and followed me. I stabbed it in the head. I pulled the knife out and shoved it in. And again. And again. Then I finally stomped it on the head.

I climbed into the SUV and went around the body of my old friend. We kept going. All I could think about was the fact that I was infected. After all of this... infected by a crawler. It was sad really. I'd survived so much just to be taken out this way. Well, that's life for you.

We entered a town that was filled with the infected. I had to go around so many that I accidentally hit a few, and not to mention all the cars I traded paint with. We got out of the town with the undead on our trail. They were maybe a hundred yards behind us when the SUV ran out of gas.

"Oh crap," I said. I looked at Frank. We hopped out of the car. I emptied the duffel bag that used to carry the ammo and put supplies in it. I put it over my back and got my guns and machete. I grabbed Bubba and clipped on his leash. I tossed Frank the supplies bag. She stumbled to catch it. She put it over her shoulder. I began to walk backwards. I aimed by AK-47 and started taking shots. There were so many, and we couldn't run forever. I was already starting to tire. I emptied my first clip and loaded it again.

"Andrew," Frank said. "What are we gonna do?"

"Just keep running!" I yelled over my gun fire. "We can find a car."

I kept shooting until I emptied my second clip. I loaded the gun again, and then chambered it. I put it away and turned forward. We kept going, but Frank was starting to get weighed down.

I looked at her and said, "Drop the supplies."

"What?" She said. She was breathing heavily.

"Just drop it," I said. "You are getting weighed down. Just grab a bottle of water or two and drop it." She did as I said and left the supplies. It killed me a little on the inside, but it was what had to be done. After all, we worked hard to get our stuff. The



closest car was about two hundred feet away. We were walking now and the undead were gaining. We weren't going to make it without some kind of help.

I grabbed Frank's arm and looked at her. I said, "Let's go! We have to run!"

"I can't!" She screamed. The moans and growls of the undead were growing every second. I jerked on her arm and that's when she finally started to run. That worked until we were about five feet away from the car and she fell. I backed up a few feet and shot out the window. I reached in and unlocked it. I slid the glass off the seat and got in. I found the keys and started it. I unlocked the other doors. I put Bubba in and Frank got in too. It had enough gas to get us maybe five miles, but it was enough. I started to go as I closed my door. That worked, until I ran over the glass I slid off my seat. The tire popped and we began riding on the rim almost immediately. I kept going anyway. We went about a mile (at least that's what it felt like) before I had to quit. We got out and saw that the zombies were still coming, but we were safe for a moment. I got Bubba out and clipped back on his leash. We took off on foot.

My foot went into a pothole and I twisted my ankle. Frank had to help me up. I was leaning on her and I knew she couldn't go much farther. With my foot in its condition, I probably could have taken five more steps on my own before I quit.

"I can't do this," Frank said. "Andrew, leave me." She quit walking and bent over.

I touched her shoulder. She leaned back up. I then said, "Go." I put Bubba's leash in her hand.

"What?" She questioned. "Absolutely not!"

"Frankie," I said. I looked deeply into her eyes, then past her, at the horde of the undead that were closing in every second. I closed the hand that had Bubba's leash.

"Please, go... it's your and Bubba's only hope. I *need* him to survive... plus I'm infected."

She looked in my eyes, then at Bubba. She sighed and said, "Okay. If you're sure." I hugged her. I bent down and looked in Bubba's big, brown eyes.

"I love you Bub," I said. I began to cry. "Frankie is going to take care of you now. I love you. Please Bubba, take care of her." I hugged him. He licked my face and whined. I kissed him on the comet on his head. I gave him another hug and stood.

"Go," I said.

Frankie nearly tackled me with her hug. "I love you, bro!" She exclaimed. I could tell she was crying. I was too.

"I love you, too," I said. I let go of her and looked into her eyes. Our eyes were both red. "I'll miss you both. Now... get outta here..."

She stared at me for a second before she walked around me. Bubba stood and whined. He didn't want to go with her. I managed to swallow the lump in my throat and screamed, "*GO BUBBA!*" He barked as they went. It was a bark of desperation, a kind of bark I'd never heard him make. He tugged at the leash, but Frankie managed to hold him. I turned and faced the crowd. My head dropped. The tears rushed down my face. Those infected with *Bystraya Smert* were maybe fifteen feet away now.

Everyone has their own story. I guess you can say I chose to end my story in a sad way. I wouldn't, I would consider it a sacrifice so that the others can get away. I did it for the thing that made me survive after all this time. If it wasn't for Bubba giving me purpose, I would have died within the first few months.

I cocked the hammer of my Judge. I looked at it and brought it up to my head. In front of me I heard the howls of the dead, and behind me I heard my best friend barking for me. I took a deep breath. I pulled the trigger.

A gunshot roared out into the night.

Then another.