**The Day We All Die**

 ***By Max Ickes***

It’s been two weeks since the first outbreak. New York City and the rest of the world have gone dark with death and poison. It is 2045 and the technology that we had to keep us safe has doomed us. My name is Tyrone, and I better go before “they” get to us.

“Ok Tyrone; Thanks for letting me join your zombie killing group but you don’t need to tell me all about this zombie apocalypse. Now let’s get going; I want to kill these zombies for points,” said a guy named Joe.

 “This isn’t a game Joe; this is real life, nor is it a video game on a TV. Take it seriously,” I said.

 “Well I’m going to get way more points than all you because I’m the best zombie killer in the world.”

 “Shut up stupid, gosh I hate people sometimes,” I said as a got up.

 Next to me was Misty, a girl who always smiled with rosy cheeks and never talked. On the other side of me was Sam, a paranoid freak who always held a gun up to his head. The last one of our group was Lori, who had a creepy grin all the time and always told how good she was at everything. Together we are the craziest bunch of people that ever existed. It was amazing that we survived this long without killing each other. We are like eating eggs in the morning and drinking alcohol at the same time; they just don’t go together. We were in the middle of Manhattan, and we needed to get out of the city before the zombies over ran us.

Then out of the blue, Joe turns and shoots a zombie behind us and says “Point one for me.” Then we heard a terrible roar. Eighty zombies came running down the street to our position. Lori started running at the zombies and screaming at the top of her lungs; like a spider monkey hipped up on mountain dew. We all started running after her and shooting. Blood flew on everyone; it was like taking a blood shower.

We soon killed all the zombies that ran at us. “We need to head out of the city before we get eaten alive,” I said, as Sam started crying right in my ear. We started walking for what seemed like a hundred years. Sadly, our calm walk was disturbed by a crazy loud roar that the whole world could hear. As we looked around the corner, we saw a monster that looked as if its face went through a wood shredder. It was twelve feet tall and was very muscular. Blood ran down its bulky form and it had arms bigger than its whole body and walked like a gorilla with no fur. We stopped and lay motionless, and then Joe pulled out his gun and shot it in the right shoulder. We looked at him with the look that could make a dog feel guilty. The beast turned and looked straight towards us and made another loud roar; then started charging. “Thirty points for this one.” Joe said. We all started shooting at the beast. It was like a tank that could run; it would not die. The shots alerted other zombies in the area and they were soon upon us. The beast kept running while making the ground shake beneath us. It was so close that it was in arms reach. It swung its arms hitting me in the gut. I flew forty feet into a flower shop window.

The rest of my gang started running and shooting at the big beast. I couldn’t move for a second and I thought I was paralyzed forever. I got the feeling back in my legs, then my arms, I realized I had to get up quickly and follow them. My gang was still shooting at the beast. They were running through buildings and into alley ways trying to get away from it. Soon, they got too far for the beast to catch up to them so it turned towards me and charged! I aimed my gun down the street to shoot at the beast when a zombie grabbed me from behind. I turned and shot before it could take a big bite into my flesh.

I looked up and saw more zombies running towards my position. All I could do was to try to run, but there was no place to go. I was trapped! My only option was to just shoot tell I was swarmed with zombies. The zombies got to close so I tried to punch them. I was covered in blood. I couldn’t see with all the blood in my face I thought I was doomed. Just then, my partners snuck past the beast and they joined in and helped me fight off the rest of the zombies. After all those zombies were killed, we turned to shot at the beast still running down the street. Finally, after putting one thousand bullets into the beast, it finally died.

We stopped to take a break and to absorb what just happened. For the first time ever I saw Misty frown in disgust. But I could not pay attention to her. I had to make a plan to get out of the city. I regret not tending to her needs because she wasn’t herself after that. She never smiled again.

My new plan was to make it to the country side were there wasn’t as many zombies as in New York City. Joe was finally not talking of how good he is at killing zombies. We had to keep any sort of weapon away from Sam, it was very sad to see them all like this. But it was nice to not hear Joe and Lori not talk for a while. The person that I was the most worried about was Misty. She never smiled anymore. She would randomly stop and fall to the ground and pass out for a while. No one knew what was wrong. We were too caught up in the apocalypse that we didn’t realize that Misty had been infected by one of the zombies.

After a while Joe could finally talk again. “Why are you so serious about this whole thing Tyrone?”

“Are you kidding me Joe? We are in a real life situation you fool. We need to get to a safe spot before we all die,” I yelled.

“Lighten up man don’t be a hater,” Joe said as he backed away from me.

“You need to enter reality,” I said!

Then, I swung my bloody fist and punched Joe in the face, making him fly into the air and onto the ground. He looked up at me with a puppy dog face as he held his hurt cheek. Everyone looked at me. “Daayyyyuuum Tyrone” Lori said as she went to help Joe.

It brought me back to when I was in 7th grade; when this little 6th grader took my juicy juice away from me. I was so mad that my face turned red and my fist flew at the kids face with no control. I hit him straight in the face and made his nose bleed. Everyone turned to see the crime scene, with my fist still up like I was paused in time. Everyone gave me a death stare. It was like I committed a murder and it looked like it to. With the blood on the floor and me caught in the act. I knew they wouldn’t let me live it down for years.

I soon entered reality as Joe got up and kept walking. My face showed no expression, no regret. I was the jerk, the bully that no one liked but was scared to stand up to me. Everyone wouldn’t look at me, not even Misty, the happiest girl in the world.

I couldn’t talk to anyone for a long time which felt like an eternity. Joe held his bruised, bloody cheek. He walked on quietly in front of everyone. We soon came upon a hotel. It looked like it hasn’t had any customers for years. It had mold on the walls and paint chipping off them too. Overall it was the worst place to be, but we were too tired to care. We stayed there to sleep for the night. When we were in our deep sleep, we were disturbed by a yell that could wake everyone in a small town. We scatted to our feet and got ready for the fight of our life. We turned to wake Misty up but she was gone.

We all freaked out and ran out of the hotel, while we were running, Sam tripped over something by the door. He turned to see what it was but it started growling and grabbed him by the leg. He freaked out and ran into a hotel room. The figure got up and looked at us with a menacing look that could scare a grown man. We then realized that it was Misty! She had turned into a zombie.

We hurried and shot her before she could charge. When she was dead we circled her body and said our good byes. We all fell apart and started yelling at each other. Joe almost shot me in the face and Lori almost killed Sam.

All this noise and the commotion attracted every zombie in the area. We realized what we had done and we ran out of there as fast as we could. We were falling apart, we couldn’t focus, we couldn’t trust each other, and we finally went insane. We would turn and shoot at nothing, making zombies run towards us.

It wasn’t long before we reached a small town. It seemed like a great place to defend and kill zombies. All the buildings were on fire and falling apart. There was a big patch of fire and rubble in the middle of the town with gas from the cars flowing into it. Ash fell from the sky as we walked through it. We each chose to defend for ourselves. I chose to hide on the top of a school. This was the only building that wasn’t on fire but looked very unstable. I barricaded myself with all sorts of junk. Joe was being an idiot and was shooting bottles on the side of the road. I would yell at him about how stupid he was but he might have shot me if I did. Sam and Lori were actually friends again and hid in a grocery store.

It wasn’t long before Joe gave our safety away and soon zombies littered the streets and ran towards Joe, I was so mad at him that I didn’t even help him. They swarmed him and ate him like he was a fresh batch of cookies on the table. When they were done they headed for Sam and Lori. I just looked away as I heard the screams and all the bones and the windows break. Then I heard one gun shot. I knew that was Sam; shooting himself in the head before the zombies could eat him alive.

 I didn’t think they saw me at first. Then the unthinkable happened. The building started to collapse. I fell under the ruble what felt like a thousand pound elephant fell on top of me. The zombies pulled off the ruble and reached for me. It so happened that my gun was right by me. I took the gun started shooting at the zombies towering above me.

I got up and ran as fast as I could down the street. The zombies kept chasing me until I hit a dead end. I was so scared that I pissed my pants. I shot zombies until they got to close. They pulled me on the ground. I could not see the light anymore. I knew I was going to die. If only we all would of stuck together and have been friends; none of this would have happened. Then, shots came out of no were; killing all the zombies in front of me. It was Sam! He helped me up as fast as he could.

“How did you survive? I heard a gunshot,” I said to him grabbing my gun off the ground.

“That wasn’t me; that was Lori. She killed herself after I ran and locked myself in a freezer.”

“How did you get out in time,” I asked.

“Simple, I just shot the hinges until the door fell to the ground.”

I couldn’t believe it; Sam was brave enough to save me from the zombies. We headed out of the city. With Joe and Lori gone; we were really focused and we could kill anything that stood in our way. Sam was the only person that I was nice to in my life. I regret being mean to everyone else but it was too late for that. It wasn’t long before all of that changed.

 My new plan to survive was to go into a thick forest and stay there for a while, but Sam had a different idea that he was keeping secret. I should of seen what he was doing; gosh why, why did I stay with him! I shouldn’t have trusted him. Now I’m dead; walking the sky as a spirit; watching my dead mangled body walk the dead earth because of him. There was no one to comfort me, but betrayal and hatred. Oh… sorry, let me finish up my story and talk about that no good Sam.

 We were heading for the woods. Sam was behind me with an evil look on his face. I realized that he looked different, almost like Joe, he hasn’t been the same since the death of our friends. We soon reached another small town right outside the woods; we stopped to rest for a little bit and think of our game plan. After about a half an hour I decided that we should get going. Then as I got up to get my gun, I got a blow to the head that could make an elephant cry; I then blacked out.

 I woke up, dazed and confused. After one minute, I could finally see clearly; I looked up and saw I was tied down to a chair. Looked around and started yelling for Sam. Sam eventually showed up with a bat in his hand.

 “What happened Sam, why am I tied down in this chair,” I asked.

 “It is your time to die Tyrone,” Sam said as he grabbed my gun.

 “What is this, what’s going on?”

 Just then Sam grabbed his chin and started pulling on his skin. It came off like a bandage. I couldn’t believe what I just saw. It was Joe!

 “How, you were supposed to be dead,” I yelled.

 “You fool, do you really think Sam was that smart. When we all were at the small town I took Sam and held him hostage and made him sit in the middle of the street while you went to go on top of that building were you hung out. I then made myself look exactly like Sam by using the new technology to copy his face and put it on like a mask. I then went into the grocery store with Lori,” Joe said.

 “Why, why would you do this to us Joe?”

 “Because of you Tyrone. You made me look like a fool in front of everyone when you punched me. I need to get revenge and this is the only way.”

 “No you can’t do this.”

 “But I can,” Joe stared at me mincingly.

 Just then, he walked over to a locked gate and broke the lock. Zombies started pouring out of the gate like a group of shoppers on black Friday. “You must feel my pain,” Joe said. The zombies ran towards me as fast as they could. They bit into my flesh like it was a chewy cookie. They were tearing and biting at my flesh. In the attack, some zombies managed to loosen the ropes holding me down. I wasn’t going to die and let him get away with this. I got up and ran towards Joe with my blood spilling on the floor as I ran. I didn’t have the strength to fight him so I grabbed him and held him under me as the zombies caught up. The zombies ripped us apart to satisfy their hunger for our flesh and blood. They chewed on us until they reached the bone. We got up but not as living people, but as ZOMBIES!