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The ground was bloody, everything painted crimson red, the broken body of a kid, eighteen maybe, lay on the ground still holding a silenced pistol right hand, half smoked cigarette and a picture in his left and a bullet hole through his head. The picture flapped in his dead grip, it was a picture of an eleven year old girl, long flowing blond hair and a beaming smile with eyes as blue as the ocean. This was no longer a land of the living and eventually everyone will, one way or another, submit to the rule of the undead… but I’m getting too far ahead of myself.

Let’s start from the beginning

The year was 2017 when ‘the bomb’ dropped; the bomb was a lethal virus that infected, killed, and reanimated anything that came in contact with it over the course of 15 days. The reanimated bodies, be they human or animal, had an unquenchable hunger for flesh. It soon had taken over the world, and those who survived by some great miracle now lived in the ruins of civilization fighting for their very lives. Places like New York or Washington D.C. where overgrown with plant life, as the forest slowly retook the land. It was here in the overgrown ruins of New York City that our story begins.

Devin walked down the empty streets of New York his shotgun resting on his shoulder his footfalls echoing in the deserted streets, for the day had been unusually quiet as the setting sun enveloped the entire city in a golden light. Devin knew that soon it would be night and he needed to get inside, the silence was nerve wracking. It had been eight years since ‘the bomb’ Devin was only ten when it happened and in an instant his family was torn apart. His dad had been at ground zero, the bio-chemical lab where he worked, he was one of the first exposed. After seven days he was pronounced dead and was buried after another eight days, him, along with any and all others that he had come in contact with, reanimated and risen from the grave. Devin was eighteen now, and living alone in this god forsaken place.

He opened the door to a small apartment building with the windows boarded up closing and locking it once inside, he moved to stairs walking all the way to the top. He opened the door of the top floor apartment, closing and locking it again. Throwing his shot gun on the couch and he walked into the kitchen taking off his backpack and dumping the contents out onto the counter.

The heap of food and water went everywhere, so he dropped his backpack on the ground and began going through the pile taking out canned and boxed foods organizing them in the cupboards, he tried to make everything seem just as if he was living alone with no zombies outside. He grabbed his pack from off the floor rummaging through it grabbing a box of cigarettes taking one out and lighting it, smoking had become a bad habit of his to cope with the undead wails that were said to drive one insane.

The sun had finally set and outside the apartment the dead began to walk, filling the street searching for flesh. Among them where humans as well as animals cats, dogs, even guinea pigs anything that was once a living thing was zombie. Devin walked out onto the balcony of the apartment watching the sea of undead below “one day” he said “one day I will escape this place.” If only he knew how right he was.

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The sun rose once more over the ruined city the wails and moans dying down as the sun rose. Devin awoke in his room clutching his katana to his chest, he had dreamed of Sam, his best friend. He pulled the picture off the night stand looking at the blond haired girl, he sighed stretching. Jumping out of bed he grabbed a tight shirt and a pair of jeans from the night stand throwing them on he walked into the living room grabbing his shotgun and strap from under the couch and slinging it over his shoulder. He then grabbing his backpack and a breakfast bar and walked out into the hall closing the door and locking it.

The hall, like it always, was empty as Devin walked to the stair well going down his shotgun in hand his finger on the trigger. Down in the lobby everything was quiet as the sunlight streamed in, dust rising from the old furniture. Devin sighed lowering his gun seeing that there was no threat, he looked out through a crack in the boarded windows into the open street. There was nothing. *Something is not right* he thought *where are they.* The questions streamed down like a water fall, it had been a particularly strange few weeks it had seemed like the number of undead was decreasing, or maybe he was going crazy.

Devin unlocked the door and walked out into the cool dawn air. The day was still and quiet something this city hadn’t seen in years. Devin walked down the empty streets humming a tune from a song whose name has been long forgotten, singing the parts he could remember.

“I’m an angel with a shotgun, get out your guns the wars begun are you a saint or a sinner if I fight I shall die with my heart on a trig—” a sound form behind made him stop in his tracks it was a cold sound almost like a low moan, a dead moan. He turned his shotgun up his finger on the trigger. His emerald green eyes flashed with surprise, behind him there was nothing, he looked around franticly trying to pinpoint the origin of the noise, but everywhere he looked there was nothing.

Devin lowered his shotgun breathing slowly trying to hold on to any sliver of sanity he had left.

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He stumbled back into the apartment slightly disoriented and forgot to lock the door leaving it wide open to the night. He dragged himself up the stairs the old floor boards creaking. Finally making it up the stairs he opened the door and closed locking it again rested against the door breathing heavily as sweat rolled down his face, he clutched his shotgun to his chest. He had stayed outside after dark and the undead had come he fought his way out losing six of his eight shots. He sat there for what seemed like hours, time clicking by slowly. Finally at 8:00 he got himself under control as he walked into his bedroom dropping his shotgun and falling on the bed slipping into sleep instantly.

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Devin woke with a start; a sound was heard right outside his door. He got up slowly grabbing his shotgun from off his floor bringing it up pointing at the door as he slowly moved to the living room as he heard the sound more clearly he realized, last night he forgot to lock the down stairs door. Backing up into the kitchen and grabbing his pack filling it with all the food and water he could fit, never taking his eyes off the door. Moving back into his room and picking up his katana that he had saved for the time that he would have to leave this home. Peering through the peephole seeing that there was a zombie just outside the door he pulled out the blade and slammed it through the door, the steel slicing through the zombie like a warm knife in butter.

Pulling out the sword hearing a muffled thump as the undead horror fell to the ground it was not enough to kill it but now he could get out. He sheathed the sword and unlocked the door pulling out a silenced pistol shooting the zombie in the head, blood splattering all over the floor.

He walked quickly down the hall to the stairs on the lower levels he could hear the undead moans. He lit a cigarette puffing out a jet of smoke before continuing down stairs. The seventh floor was a mess of undead, Devin pulled the katana as the undead spotted him the closest rushing him as he slashed through them taking off limbs sticky crimson going everywhere, taking heads if he was lucky. He wasn’t trying to kill them all, just to get out.

He finally made it to the lobby he ran out of the still open door undead filled the streets. Pulling out his pistol he duel wielded the katana in his left hand pistol in the right.

He hacked and shot and hacked his way to Eighth Street. The buildings here hung with vines, and plants where everywhere choking the streets and buildings. Devin ran to the first one he saw opening the vine covered door of building 88 running to up the stairs and to the roof. That’s when he noticed, things had come full circle. This was the same building that he was on when ‘the bomb’ dropped, the same building he had watched it unfold with his mom and best friend Sam, the same building where it would all end. The undead had followed him up the stairs and where banging on the large metal door, he had blocked it with an old chair pushed against the handle; he put way his katana as the chair broke.

Zombies streamed out of the opened door way, Devin stood on the edge of the roof crying, his pistol in his mouth his finger on the trigger “I’m sorry” he said around the gun staring at the picture of the girl “I’m sorry I couldn’t protect you” and pulled the trigger.

“By the moon as I sit to seek your glory,

The white roses I see creates a new story,

Seasons are many their reasons are few,

What remains is that I will always love you”

THE END