

The Beginning of The End

I was lying upon the floor unconscious. I awoke with a crowd of people on top of me but they looked different in a way although their body was normal, their faces were bloody and their flesh was peeling away. I could feel one of them bite my arm and that is when I jumped to my feet pushing all of them off of me and took off running as fast as I could. It was obvious that they were chasing me from the snarling and growling from behind me. As a result, I just ran faster until I came upon a dead end. I started panicking as they approached me quickly.

One lunged at me and I grabbed a nearby metal pole and stabbed it through the side of its grotesque head. I looked around and noticed a ladder and dashed towards it barely grasping it and through the fatigue pulled myself up it. I quickly climbed up and before I fully got up one of the things below grabbed my leg. I screamed as its nails dug into my ankle and shook it off finally climbing up the ladder fully. Upon my arrival to the roof I sat down and caught my breath and analyzed my wounds. I noticed about ten bites on my arms and legs and as I thought about them I began experiencing excruciating pain.. I searched around the roof for an entrance although there was no door but I did notice an air vent and climbed in.

As I crawled through the vent I heard several groans and growls coming to an estimate of about three creatures below. I came across an exit from the vent and looked out and to my surprise there were none of the creatures from before below me. I kicked it open and it landed with a loud bang and I followed it down. When I landed I instantly fell over and just layed there observing my surroundings. Come to find out I was in a hospital. "Lucky me." I said to myself. And began to make my way towards a cabinet and opened it. The contents of the cabinet was a first aid kit so I grabbed it and tended to my wounds carefully. Between my screams of pain I heard a whimpering along with the sound of a shush so I got up and hobbled over to the sounds. "Hello, is anyone there?" I called out barely over a whisper, but no response was received. I reached the place where I had heard the noise and pulled a table away so that I could see what the source was. Sitting there terrified was a father and his son. Before I knew what was going on the son's father shoved me over and the son ran as his father pinned me down. "What the-?" I screamed before the man knocked me out.

I woke up in an unfamiliar place which looked to be a home. As I was observing this new place I realized that my arms and legs were tied to the bed I laid upon. There were quiet murmurs in the next room over. I said "Where am I?!" The son's father said one last thing to the son and entered the room cautiously. "Are you turned?" The man asked. "What?" I replied. "Obviously not." The man murmured to himself quietly. "Who are you?" I asked. There was no response except for a disapproving glare. I laid there silently as he untied me and his son peaked his head into the room and looked at me wearily. "What were those things that attacked me?" I asked. He replied with, "I will tell you later, you must rest for now." I replied, "Okay." He then proceeded to exit the room and I drifted off to sleep.

I awoke to a sudden bang and jumped up off the bed. I heard gunshots in the distance and explosions here and there. There were car alarms going off and audible screams from outside. I

crept down stairs and saw the door blown off the hinges and the man and boy were gone. I looked around the vacated house and found a 1911 pistol, it was an older model with one and had only one magazine with 5 shots. I silently exited the abandoned building pushing past rubble until I saw it. It was a massive horde of those creatures rushing straight towards me. I froze in place for a minute or so but then came to my senses and started running in the opposite direction. Many people were unfortunately too slow and got caught and devoured by the beasts but I fortunately outran them. In the chaos I noticed the son and father from earlier and caught up to them. "What are those things chasing us?!" I yelled at them. The son's father looked at me and hesitated, still running. "The Turned" he said, I was clearly confused but remained silent. "I found this gun in your house, shall you want it?" I asked. He shook his head and his son looked at him shocked. "You hate weapons dad!" The son said. "I know I only had it if I needed to protect us." He responded. The son was clearly disappointed and we approached a place to escape. We all climbed up to a roof and sat peering down on the streets below and catching our breath.

"So you said those things are called the Turned?" I asked, exhausted. The man did nothing except nod while the son just looked at me wearily. "You don't need to fear me." I said to the boy reassuringly. He nodded slightly and relaxed slightly and I smiled at him trying to calm him further. The next thing I knew I was thrown across the roof and went unconscious. I awoke with a massive piece of debris on me and I heard shuffling footsteps and yelling. I felt the debris shift above me as light began peaking through the cracks. I pushed up against the debris to help free myself until I heard a nasty snarl and a scream. The debris cracked as it fell on top of me again, I heard running and another blood curdling scream. I figured it would be best to lay there for a while until those things are gone. I finally didn't hear anything and it was dead silent so I gave the debris one final push and was finally free. I got up cautiously knowing that those Turned, or whatever could still be around. I began walking towards the edge of the roof but stopped abruptly when I heard a crunch under my feet. I looked down to see the fresh corpse of the man under my feet. I had the sudden urge to throw up and I quickly continued my way to the edge of the roof. I quickly descended the ladder to the bottom of the building and came face to face with one of the Turned, I panicked and punched it and ran. It was right behind me and quickly catching up to me so I pulled out the pistol I had obtained earlier tonight and shot it directly between the eyes. Blood sprayed on my shirt and I could see The Turned's brain. I gagged as this happened and threw up. I wiped off the blood and continued walking through the alleyway.

I heard a faint whimper in a nearby dumpster and decided to investigate it further. I approached the dumpster cautiously aiming my gun at it wearily. I quickly opened the dumpster and found a german shepard cowering inside of it.

To be Continued.