

The Last of Me

By Porter S.

Fresh cut grass, beautiful houses, gleaming sun, these are all things I'll never see again. Kill or be killed is the first memo newbies get around here. The only memories I have of my kid are the day the dead walked again. My dog, Mackie, got her flesh ripped off her bonesright in front of me. The day I die will be the day those fiends return to their graves. They'll pay for tearing my life apart.

My palms sweated from holding the gun. "Hey, Gray you alright?" said my survival bubby, Liam. "Yah, just... tired." I replied. Suddenly, I spotted an old, torn down mall off in the distance.

"Rico, any Skullz?" shouted Liam. Rico was my friend and the scout. Skullz mean the dead because most of the time their skull was showing. "Why isn't he answering?" I wondered aloud in a hushed tone. "Probably got too far ahead." Liam reassured. Mist started to form around us. I strapped my gun to my back and took off after the mall.

As soon as I saw Rico my body was filled with pure dread. "Oh, god." I managed to sputter. Liam shortly joined me at the entrance of the abandoned mall. "What happened?" he exclaimed. Rico was sprawled out on the ground with his face frozen in horror. "Why didn't we hear him?" I whispered. "Huh?" Liam questioned. "When he died, why didn't we hear him?" I repeated. "Look, he's in perfect condition." I exclaimed. "Whatever it was must have been big." Liam added. We headed into the mall with weapons blazing. We took a detour and checked out a lamp store where all the lamps wee on. There was a picture of a monster on the wall.

"Hey Liam, come look at this." I said in a demanding voice. The picture showed a black abomination crawling on the walls. Slender arms and a crooked grin. "Liam?" I asked while turning around. Panic flooded inside of me as I stared at my lifeless friend on the ground.

I crouched down to feel his pulse. None. I sobbed as I slowly got up and walked away. "Run!" Liam's deceased body screamed. I staggered back in surprise. The creature from the drawing was crawling on the walls after me while I was stationary. I tried to scream, not a peep. Expecting pain to greet me the thing engulfed me.

"Dad, why do I have to die?" my son, John asked. "Son what made you think of this?" I replied. "Nothing." He said. Ring! Ring! Ring, the phone inside blurred. "I'll go answer it and you keep practicing for the big game." I said. I walked inside, picked up the phone, and answered it. It was another news broadcast about the infection. I put down the phone and opened the door. A decayed man was chasing John around the back yard. "John!" I called. He bolted my way with zombie two inches behind. "Daddy!" the five year old yelled. The thing would come inside with John I figured out. Bang! I slammed the door.

"You slaughtered me!" the monster raged. "What?" I asked. "All these years you blamed it on the dead." It continued. :J... John." I sputtered. "Accept it! You're the monster. You can't hide forever!" It boomed. Everything went black.

I dropped the phone, busted out the door, got John inside, and faced the zombie. I punched it over and over again. Then it bit my arm and stopped scratching me. I slowly walked back realizing that I was infected. Then I said, "I accept."