



# Logan tries to survive the zombie appocalypse

## By Logan V.

Oh hey there. I didn't actually you'd take the read this because, y'know, zombies. Well if you made it this far, I might as well tell you my story, knowing that there are a scarce number of you still there. I'm just barricaded in a basement, writing this while zombies are pounding on my door. I'm running out of food so might as well publish this to the Bookshelf, hoping that it still works. Well let me tell you how I got here.

It was a usual day, like any other day. I actually remembered the same exact date, January 26, 2020. That's exactly when the cases started. It first appeared as the flu, and then boom, everyone got sick and died. So, I was at Logan's house, playing video games, when it just stopped working. And so we checked to see what happened, and the whole house was out, even the phone. I checked the window, and then saw what appeared to be a man in hospital clothes, approaching to the house. I quickly closed the blinds, and open them up again. He, or it, was gone. Suddenly the doorknob starts rattling. I locked the door, and then only had one thought, zombies. The door started to open, even though I locked it. So i ran up to Logan's room, told him what's happening, then we quickly hid. Logan turned on the radio, and the first thing I heard was, "Special Report."

Corpses are rising from the dead and coming back to life. The police have advised to

lock your doors, board up your windows, and have a supply of food.” Logan turned off the radio, and the room fell silent. Until the so called “zombie” started banging on the door. “Hey, dude, you got a pool table set?” I laughed, villainously. I grabbed a pool stick and a couple of pool balls, and then Logan did the same. The door fell, and then we started pelting the zombie with some pool balls. He fell down and hit the wall. I slugged the rotten meatbag with a pool stick right in the head. I cheered, and then started to do a dance. But it didn’t last long, because Logan pulled me down the stairs, put me outside, then went to their ATVs. I held on tightly, knowing that my family could be gone. I recommended going to my house because I have many sharp tools like hatchets, machetes, and a chainsaw. We went inside my house, expecting my family to be... gone.

I went inside, but it was good knowing that my family have evacuated. We grabbed canned beans, some backpacks, and some water, lots of water. We went to Georgetown, hoping there will be survivors. I regret going there. There were hordes of zombies, and lots of cars. We thought it would be the last of us. It was pretty scary. We started drive away, but there was a problem, zombies were everywhere. Everywhere except the Liquor Store. And then I had the grand idea. And it involved fire and alcohol. So if you don’t know what a molotov is, well look it up. It’s a fire bomb. So I had the grand idea to make a flaming cocktail. Gladly, I watched plenty of zombie movies. And I know plenty of things. Double Tap, Aim for the Head, and Zombies are Scared of Fire. So I made one, and I made it proud. Before I threw one, I yelled, “WHAT’S UP, MEATBAGS!!!” Now that got their attention. They started running to us, until I threw a bomb. This scared them away, so we bolted for the gas station. We grabbed some oil, filled up the tank in the ATV, and took some along the way.

Our first stop was in a cabin in the middle of the woods. Sadly, this would be our last stop too. Logan was bitten, so I had to. The zombies got in, so I had to run into the basement. I found a laptop and am writing this now. The door is gone now, this is to any survivors, stay in packs. One came in ALWAYS REMEMBER DOUBLE TAP ZOMBIES ARE AFRAID OF FIRE AND AIM FOR THE HEAD ALWAYS AIM FOR THE HE-

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