



Logan tries to survive the zombie apocalypse: Evolved By Logan V.

The question I have been asking myself until I got to Haventown was how did I survive.

Well, lemme give you some context. Last time you heard from me was when I was trapped. But here's how I managed to survive. I found an oxygen tank in a hospital when I was headed to Haventown. But I was chased into the stupid shack. But, the basement had a hatch leading up to outside, so I quickly ran out and hid in the freezer. I took a weighted blanket with me and went into the icebox. With the oxygen tank, I flipped it on, and went into a thing called Cryosleep. I thought it was fiction, but it actually worked! I slept for months, dreaming about happy things, about my friend, Logan, even though he was long gone. And then I was woken by a nightmare. I totally forgot I was in a freezer. I was panting so hard. I thought I was dead. I kicked open the door and I was nearly blinded by daylight. I never realized that I wasn't asleep for one night, I was asleep for months...

When I was asleep, They zombies evolved, they were faster, smarter, and just more adapted to things. I call them Langans. It was cold. Like, really cold. I found a radio and picked it up quickly. "Dang it, it's out of batteries." I searched every cabinet there was in the shack, and I eventually found some. I put the batteries in, and turned it on. It said: "To any survivors out there, we have colonized a city in Oregon named Haventown, come there, and you will have shelter, food, and water." That disappointed me a little. It was in another state! And then I realized, I live in California. Then, I heard a helicopter. "HEY, OVER HERE! HELP ME, I'M JUST A KID!" They came down, and pulled me up, onto the helicopter. It was a police helicopter. "What's your name,

kid?” I responded with my name. “So, Logan, how long have you been out here.” “I don’t know, what’s the date, officer?” I responded. I was surprised. It was November. “Uh, officer?” I asked, weasily. “Yeah, kid?” I took a deep breath, then said, “Th-this might sound weird, officer, but, you’d believe it if you were there, I put myself into a freezer, with an air tank, and froze myself.” It was an awkward ride, until we saw a group of bandits. They were shooting down the helicopter! “Quick! Grab a gun, kid!” “But I’ve never used a g-” “You ever play Halo?” “Y-yes.” “Then you know how to use one!” he yelled over the propeller. “Cannady! Are you oka-” KABOOM!

Last thing I knew, I was falling.

Good news. The so called “bandits,” were not bandits at all! They were a group of survivors who were trying to save me from the real bandits. “Who are you guys?” Their name was Project Cicada, a group of people that pick up people and start a colony.

They were associated with Haventown, because the leader knew the mayor of Haventown. “The leader wants a talk with you...” The code name of the leader was D-D, named after the Dog Day Cicada. Me and the Cicada people walked to their base, with me in cuffs. When we arrived, there was a person with a hockey mask. “Take the cuffs off.” He or she looked like a bad guy. I couldn't tell because their voice was so high pitched. Their leader was also short. When they took off their mask, my jaw dropped. It was my friend, Wiley Brown. “Wiley!” I ran over to him and squeezed him so hard, because I haven't seen any people I know in months...

“Where have you been? Are you headed to Haventown too? I asked these questions frequently. “Yeah, we’re headed to Haventown. You got a weapon?” Luckily, I grabbed a gun. “Now I do.” After some target practice, We met in the planning room. “Ok, so we have enough supplies to get to the Circus, a refill station.” I spoke up. “How do we know it’s safe?” “They have sturdy walls there.” He responded. We got into the SUV, and drove off. Me and Project Cicada talked, and the car ride. We stopped, set up camp for the night, and headed off to sleep. I woke up in the car, because the brute of the group, Axel, must have put me in the car. Once we arrived at the Circus, it looked like the guard was asleep, but he was dead. It woke me up, and I realized it was a Langan. It alerted his buddies, and a horde of zombies bursted through the gate. And at that moment we knew, it was a bloodbath. We drove through the zombies and crashed through the wall on the other side of the Circus. But, they were fast, they were chasing the car!

“Who has guns?” I asked, desperately. We stuck the top halves of ourselves out of the sunroof, and we started firing our guns. “GRENADE!” one of the people yelled. We finished off the last of the zombies. And we felt relieved, knowing that stress is off our shoulders. We made it to Haventown, and here I am now, I am alive and healthy. It’s good to know that we made it out, and I hope we live the rest of our days without killing zombies every day.

<5> The end

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