



Logan tries to survive the zombie apocalypse: Fate

By Logan V.

I put down the medkit and opened it. It had bandages in it, alcohol, and two zombie vaccines. Project Cicada was proud of their discovery. He closed the medkit, took a sip from my water, and sat down with the others. It has been 3 months since the fall of Haventown. I looked at the rifle that Cicada gave to me. He was presumed dead after the Fall. 94% of the town's population died, with the other 6% surviving on fertile scraps and hunting animals, and the 20 civilians I had coming with me. We'd set up camp in a gas station with enough supplies to feed all of us. We still had power because of the dam. The music in the speakers was distorted, with a static sound in the background of the song. It was a stupid pop song from last year. I still couldn't get over the fact that this started as a flu, and then, to hell.

I woke up from a banging sound and a zombie, screeching. I checked out the window, and then it got in. I hit the zombie to the ground, but it quickly came back up. I looked at its face, and it seemed familiar. I examined the face closer, and then, it bit me. I was writhing in pain, so I took the vaccine. It restored me before it was too late. I chased the zombie around the store, tackled it, and stabbed it with the vaccine. It fell over and started to twitch, and died for a second, then came back to life. I looked at it, and I knew who it was. Lathem. He was following me all the way. How did I not know about it? Then, I realized. He was a Langan. No, he's way smarter than that. He opened the door. He can't be. No. He's the Silis. The ultimate zombie. There are only about 9 Silis zombies in North America, 7 in Europe, 4 in Australia, 12 in Asia, 1 in Antarctica, and 3 in Africa and South America. It was a rare occurrence to find one in my friend. We looked at each other, confused. Lathem's clothes were ripped, and he had a scar on his eye. Oh

yeah, he stunk like rotten flesh in a dumpster fire. We hugged each other, and I told him what happened while he was gone. I told him how I survived, told him about the fall of Haventown, and so on. Latham was really boney because he didn't get anything to eat, so we went to camp. I gave him some beans, because it was the only thing we had to eat. That night, I was wide awake. What if were zombies that followed him? I heard a slight growling sound and turned off my light. If that isn't somebody snoring, I thought. Then what i-... oh no, they're here. I peeked behind the door of the closet. It was...A dog? A dog, rummaging through the snacks in the store. I told him to come here, but it's attention was locked on the bag of chips. I told the dog to come, then I realized it's bloodred eyes. It was a zombie dog. My eyes widened and I rushed to our camping area in the staffroom. I ran inside, locked the door, and grabbed my rifle. Crap, that was close. I wiggled in my sleeping bag, and tried to sleep it off. In the morning, I told everybody we'll be heading off to a safe camp guarded by military soldiers. We were going to head there, but deep down in my heart, I knew they were dead. They couldn't have survived, though. But I did. We got in a big motor home we found in Oregon. We just sat there in silence, the whole way. No small talk. No talking about what the place was like. Just nothing. We eventually arrived and the gate opened. I looked around everywhere. I was mortified. Corpses were laid across. There were blood splatted on the windows. Me, Lathem, and another few volunteers went inside the building. The place looked like a prison. It wasn't good. Tables lay flipped over. People lying still over the blood stained checkered floors. We split up into twos. It was just collecting food and supplies until a volunteer came back bloody. He groaned and attacked us, but we got away. We booked it to the motor home, but the people who didn't go were dead. We looked around our surroundings and looked at eachother. It was time to accept our fate. We couldn't make it out.

I was alive. My arm is broken, but I managed to get through the hallucinations. I confronted my fears. I survived a zombie attack, but the others didn't make it. Last thing I knew I was crawling to a barn. Why did it have to be like this? Why am I still alive, I ask myself, why? And then I realize it. It's my will. My will to live. To have a good life, to make it out alive. But, it was taken. It's time. It's time to go to the ships. I got in a nearby rusty car and drove to the docks. It was a myth. But I knew it was time. The radio flipped on with a static. "Anybody out there?" the radio said. "Well, if you're still alive, you come to the ships. They're real." The voice was eager, and groaning sounds were in the background. "Anybody, please." I flicked on my transmitter. "Hello?" I said. Nothing but static, Until... "I read you," the voice sounded relived knowing that I was out there. "I am the Gateway's commanding officer. I know how to control the ship with my crew of the sixteen people I have with me." I was excited getting

off Earth, because it is long gone. “What is your location?” he asked. I just drove past the “welcome to California” sign, so I must be close to the launch pad. I told him the details and he told me that the launch pad was in an airforce base on the side of the ninety nine freeway. I immediately saw it and got out of the car and ran across the freeway in the middle of the LA desert. I climbed the fence, then threw a grenade to distract the zombies. The Gateway towered over me. It was beautiful. I don’t know how they got to building it during the apocalypse. I quickly signaled them to go to the ship, and I would follow. The Commander nodded and they bolted to the rocket. I threw a rock to distract them again, then, ran to the ship myself. They chased me all the way there, and I hastily closed the hatch. I climbed the ladder to the control room. There were 20 seats on the back of the room, and 1 captain’s chair to commandeer the ship. “Seatbelts on!” I fastened my seatbelts and prepared for a bumpy ride. We rode at the speed of light, and before I knew it, we were out of the atmosphere. “We see a inhabitable planet, sir,” one of the officers said. The commander revealed a smile. It was a planet that we could live and thrive on. “Charting course to AGU-5,” another one, said. We were going back into light speed, and I looked at earth once again. It was a dark greenish brown color. I sighed, and we made our way to the planet. I walked out with a space suit on, and looked to my surroundings. There were pink trees and pretty green grass. Their sun wasn’t that bright, so you could look at it. A blue sky with no clouds. Once the tests were done, the air was breathable. I ran around in circles smiling greatly. I survived the end of the world. And now it is time for a new era. We restarted history. It was time for a second chance. We made it. We will start the restoration era.

<5> The end

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