Chem Adventure Backstory

In the late Autumn of some time in the not-to-distant future, a lone <Job> named <Name> sits <Activity> in <his/her> chair at around 2pm in the afternoon. They are so focused on their work that they don’t even realize that they left the TV on in another room. Suddenly, on the TV, an emergency broadcast appears informing people that they need to evacuate due to a leak of an unknown gas from a nearby lab. Afterward, the TV switches back to the news channel and the news reports that all attempts to identify it have failed as Hazmat suits seem to offer no protection. Also, when it leaked, it quickly knocked all the scientists in the lab unconscious and then very shortly thereafter, killed them. Due to this, nobody has any idea what this new chemical is. Everybody that has come in contact with it has died.

Unfortunately, <Name> has the TV muted and their phone turned off, so they don’t see any of this. They continue working late into the night.

When they finally finish up for the night (probably around midnight, though they don’t look at the clock, so we can’t be sure), they are so tired that they go straight upstairs to go to bed and still forget about the TV. They are so tired in fact, that they even leave their phone downstairs and forget to turn off the light’s downstairs. Unbeknownst to <Name>, by this time, the emergency broadcast has changed. Now, it is warning that, although scientists have been able to contain this mysterious gas, now identified as the experimental bioweapon XD-69, the disaster is only just beginning. It turns out that XD-69 contains an airborne parasite that has the ability to latch onto the brains of recently dead bodies and then take control of them, while slowly feeding on the surrounding tissue. The end result of this is that now, all the people killed by XD-69 are standing back up, coming “back to life” and shambling around with only 1 goal: to spread the parasite. Of course, <Name> is still asleep, so they miss all this as well.

Sometime later, probably at around 3am, <Name> wakes up to screaming and a pounding on their door. They run downstairs to see what is going on and, as soon as they open the door, a wild-eyed man with a bandage on his arm barges into the room and slams the door behind him. In an insane frenzy, the man starts grabbing furniture and slamming it up against the door. <Name> quickly grabs ahold of this man and gets him to calm down a little, though he is still struggling to break free. <Name> realizes that the man is mumbling some kind of nonsense about zombies and gas. After assuring the man that he is safe here and barricading the rest of the house in an attempt to convince the man he is safe, <he/she> finally manages to calm him down enough to talk to him. He sits down on <Name>s couch and starts crying. <Name> goes and gets him some tissues and a glass of water, and, after regaining his composure, he tells <him/her> that he is an ex-soldier named Jeff and he explains what has happened in the city (about the gas leak) and tells (through bouts of sobbing and heavy breathing) of an extremely traumatizing first-hand experience with the results:

Jeffs house is about a mile away from <Name>s house. The previous evening, he was eating dinner alone as his wife had died years ago and his daughter, Nicole, (who was 19) was out on a date. He heard the news on the TV (Before the gas was contained) and decided that he needed to get ahold of his daughter and get her to come home so they could evacuate. He called her and did his best to explain about the gas leak and the need to evacuate. (The effect of the parasite had not been discovered yet). Unfortunately, he never was very good at explaining things and she refused to look at the news, as she was on a date. Despite her being quite upset at him interrupting her date, he urgently asked her to come home. She angerly told him she would be home in a little bit after she finished her date. He tried to give more detail in an attempt to get her to come home now, but she hung up. Worried, he called her 3 more times, but she just ignored his calls. Giving up, he went and packed up evac supplies for both of them so that they could evacuate as soon as she got home.

About an hour and a half later, as he was finishing packing up supplies, his phone buzzed. Its his daughter!! She sent him a message telling him that she was only about 4 miles away from home but had gotten stuck in some bizarre, stand-still traffic. The traffic hadn’t moved at all in over 20 minutes. Her boyfriend was going to get out of the car and walk further up the line to see what was going on. Upon reading this, Jeff tried to call his daughter was unable to get ahold of her. About 20 minutes later, he got a call from her. She said that her boyfriend had never returned, even though he had promised to be gone no longer than 10 minutes and she was getting worried. Now, there were people walking in a strange manner past her car. She presumed that they were walking up to the front just like her boyfriend had been doing. She said that she wanted to go look for him. Jeff very strongly urged her not to do that, but Nicole had always been a very independent young woman and wouldn’t heed his warning. He did manage to convince her to take his service pistol from the cars glove box and a couple of spare magazines with her, just in case.

He hung up and sat there worrying and waiting. Multiple times he considered going after her, but decided that, since he was already over 60, he probably wouldn’t make it. So, he resolved to wait. About 2 hours later, right as he was about to go out and get her, he heard a pounding on his door. He got up, threw on a jacket in anticipation of leaving shortly thereafter, and ran over to open it. When he opened it he saw that it was his daughter. At first, he was overjoyed, until he realized something was wrong. She was nursing a bloody wound on her arm and was pale with blood loss. He was about to pull her inside and start wrapping the wound when she looked at him and whispered “It’s too late for me. Get out while you still can. I love you.” Then her eyes immediately glassed over, and she collapsed dead on the ground. It felt to him like somebody had stabbed a knife through his chest as he lay there sobbing.

After he had cried so much that he could cry no more, he got up and dragged her still-warm corpse into the house. He lay it on the floor of the living room and, exhausted from worry, fell asleep on the couch. The next thing he knew, he felt a searing pain in his side. At first, he thought it was his appendix, until he opened his eyes and saw his daughter, very much awake, had tried to take a bite out of his side. Thankfully, the bite had been stopped by his jacket he had forgotten to take off. Unfortunately, the bite had still broken the skin and now he was bleeding too. He shoved the glassy-eyed Nicole away from him, but she still shambled back toward him. Screaming at her, hoping she would stop, he kept backing away from her, but she just kept coming. He grabbed a light stand and, softly at first, but with increasing intensity started hitting her with it to try and stop her, but even as he shattered her ribcage and broke her arms, it didn’t seem to stop her. Then, he saw his service pistol laying on the ground where it had fallen out of his daughters’ pocket when he had dragged her inside. Grabbing it, he pointed it at his daughter and started screaming that if she came any closer, he was going to have to shoot. She didn’t stop. So, vision blurry with tears and sobbing uncontrollably, he had to shoot his own daughter. As he did, his military past overcame him for a second and caused him to shoot her in the head. This is probably what saved his life. Since the parasite latches onto a victim’s brain, destroying the victims head is really the only way to stop them. Afterward, as his now doubly dead daughter collapsed once more onto the ground, only this time with a hole neatly between her eyes, he sat down in a chair and sobbed. About 30 minutes later, as he was running out of tissues, he finally managed to regain some composure, and he slowly realized that he was the only member of his family still alive. As he sat there thinking, he began to feel a dull ache in his side, approximately where his appendix was. Looking down he saw a bloody, partial bite wound. As he slowly came to the realization that his daughter had managed to infect him, he was hit again with a wave of grief. After taking a deep breath, he realized that he should probably head to the hospital, which is where the news had said that anyone who suspected they might have been exposed should go. He slowly walked over to his daughters, now cold, corpse and reached down. After gently slapping her to ensure she really was dead this time, he removed her the necklace she was wearing. Looking at it, he realized that it was the necklace he had given her for her 18th birthday. Holding back his tears, he put the necklace in his pocket, gathered his things and set off for the hospital. He would have driven, but after hearing of the traffic from his daughter, he decided it would probably be faster to just walk. He took his daughters least favorite t-shirt, since she wouldn’t be needing it anymore, and ripped it into strips. He used those strips to wrap his wound as tightly as he could.

As he opened his front door and looked outside, he saw dozens of people, aimlessly wandering the street, some of his neighbors among them. Unfortunately, he never had gotten around to oiling his front door hinges so, as he opened the door, it let off a loud “SQUEEEELLL”. Every person in the street stopped what they were doing and looked straight at him. After a moment, they all started quickly shambling towards him and, scared for his life, he was forced to run. He was so terrified after what happened with his daughter, that, as he took off running, he completely forgot about the hospital and just tried to escape the monsters. While he was able to outrun most of them, more just kept coming from every street he passed. He didn’t even realize there had been this many people living in his city. As he was running, he happened to glance a flickering (as if from a TV) in a window of a house on his left. Thinking somebody alive might be home who could help him, he ran up and pounded on the door.

“…and that is how I ended up here.” he concluded.

[NOTE: May rewrite above 4 paragraphs in first-person from Jeff POV, as if he is speaking]

As Jeff sat on <Name>s couch, still crying (though not as much as before), <Name> tells him that he can just sleep on the couch for the rest of the night. <Name> goes to get him a blanket and when <he/she> comes back, <he/she> finds Jeff, still sitting on the couch, staring at the bandage wrapped around his midsection, and the blood that was soaking through it and the strange, black, tendril-like lines that were snaking out from under the bandage. As <Name> watched, Jeff slowly looked up at <him/her>. <He/She> saw that Jeff was extremely pale from blood-loss. Remembering Jeffs story, <Name> realizes what is happening. Jeff looks at <him/her> and, with a pleading his eyes, thanks <Name> for their hospitality, but tells <him/her> that he can feel it already happening. He says it feels like his blood is on fire. Suddenly, he starts spasming and twitching uncontrollably and starts begging <Name> to kill the parasite so he doesn’t become a monster too. <Name> thinks for a moment but quickly comes to the realization that there is no way to do that without also killing Jeff. <He/She> tells Jeff this and, between spasms, he screams that that is fine. He begs to kill him before it is too late. Unsure of <him/herself> but nevertheless seeing that Jeffs time is short, <Name> looks around for a way to end Jeffs suffering. As Jeff screams in agony, he reminds <him/her> that <he/she> must also kill the parasite. <Name> spots Jeffs service pistol laying on the ground near the door where he had dropped it on his way in. <Name> picked it up, and, after some hesitation, pointed it at Jeff. Jeff screams at them to shoot him already because it hurts so badly. Trembling, because <he/she> had never fired a gun in real life, <Name> took aim at Jeffs head, closed <his/her> eyes, and pulled the trigger.

Nothing happened, looking at the gun, <Name> finds the mechanism for releasing the magazine (for <he/she> had played a little bit of Call of Duty [NOTE: replace with non-copyrighted name] when they were younger). Looking in the magazine, they find there are still 3 bullets left, so that couldn’t be the issue. All the while, Jeff is wailing in agony and thrashing on the floor. Putting the magazine back in the gun, <he/she> starts looking at the gun, trying to figure out if it had jammed or something. Then they hear Jeff, in-between sobs, pant “safety”. Feeling like an idiot, <Name> looks at the sides of the gun until they find the safety switch. Sure enough, the safety was on. Turning it off, <he/she> once more points the gun down at Jeff, who is now on the ground, but arching his back in a quite unnatural manner, almost as if he was undergoing an exorcism. Closing <his/her> eyes, <he/she> pulls the trigger once more. There is a ear-splitting BANG! Unfortunately, the sounds of Jeffs moaning don’t cease. Cautiously opening <his/her> eyes, <he/she> sees that the bullet missed Jeff, who is now screaming “Again, shoot me again!!”, by about an inch to the left and left a hole in the carpet.

Lining up another shot, <Name> closes their eyes once more and pulled the trigger. Ready for it this time, the bang doesn’t seem quite as bad. The noise from Jeff decreases suddenly. Thinking that it was over, <he/she> opens their eyes again, but instead see that again, they missed Jeff on the other side. However, Jeffs screaming and spasming have subsided. Jeff pants “I can feel it. It is almost too late. Kill me. Please!!”

This time, <Name> places the barrel of the gun right up against Jeffs forehead, in between his eyes. Looking away, <he/she> pulls the trigger one last time. There is a Bang, and then <Name> feels something warm and wet splatter all over themselves. They quickly look at Jeff and see that there is a hole, neatly between his eyes. <Name> pulls the gun back in disgust and throws it as far away as they can.

Jeff slowly turns his head and, with his dying breath, says “You did it. Thank you. Please take care of my daughter.” As he says this, he slides his arm out and he clearly has something in his fist. After a moment, <Name> looks back at Jeff only to see that he is already dead. <Name> gently closes Jeffs eyes and then reaches down to pry open his fingers. Inside, he finds Jeffs daughters’ necklace. Clearly this had been what Jeff was referring to. Gently picking up the necklace, <Name> puts it in <his/her> pocket.

<He/She> stands up and takes a deep breath. They realize they need to do one last thing for Jeff, beside protecting the necklace. <Name> Drags Jeffs body out the back door of their house and around the side, to a partially wooded area and then walks to their garage. After digging for a moment, <he/she> finds a crowbar. Walking back to Jeff, <he/she> takes a deep breath, looks away, and swings the crowbar down. There is a loud thud and a splat. They take a quick glance and see that they have completely smashed Jeffs skull. There is no way he is coming back from that. Looking away quickly, <Name> walks back inside. Sitting on their couch for a moment, <he/she> realizes that now, all that is left to do is get out of this nightmare. Grabbing <his/her> backpack, <he/she> puts a couple cans of food (3), <his/her> last remaining box of cereal, some bottles of water (3), some survival equipment, <his/her> phone, and some cash (200) inside. Zipping it up, <he/she> sets it on the kitchen table and then goes upstairs. <He/She> quickly changes into some non-blood-covered clothes. <He/She> grab another set of clothes with the intent of also putting them in the backpack. However, when <he/she> tries, <he/she> finds that there is no more room. <He/She> decides that, since everything already in the bag is more important, <he/she> will just have to do without clothes and that maybe <he/she> can find some on the way if needed. As <he/she> is about to leave, <he/she> remembers Jeffs story. <He/She> walks out the back door of the house. <He/She> can’t bring themselves to go around the side of the house where Jeffs body is, so, looking around for a weapon, <he/she> finds an old wooden board. Deciding that that will have to do and that maybe <he/she> can scavenge something better later, <he/she> climbs over <his/her> back fence and walks off into the early morning.

* **--- GAME STARTS ---**