Story-line:

* ~~Normale dag~~
* ~~Je wordt wakker~~
* ~~Je pakt je zaklamp~~
* ~~Je hebt dorst en je neemt een slok van je water die op je bureau staat~~
* ~~Je loopt terug naar bed en maakt je bed op~~
* ~~je loopt naar je gordijnen en opent de gordijnen~~
* ~~Je schrikt ziet dat de halve wereld vergaan is~~
* ~~Je loopt naar buiten~~
* ~~Je ziet een zombie die tussen twee auto’s is geklemd~~

You’re starting to wake up, you’re thirsty. It’s dark in your room, you grab the flashlight and walk to your desk to take a sip of your glass of water. You look at the clock and you see it’s already 10:11am, so you walk back to your bed to make up your bed. After you’ve done that you walk to the curtains to open them. The sun burns in your eyes, but then… You see that you’re whole hood got attacked by zombies. You run downstairs and open your front door. You’re walking slowly outside and you see a zombie that got smashed between two cars. You passed out.

A while later you wake up in a house you don’t know. You see some people walking around. Now you know it for sure, it isn’t a dream. You stand up and towards the people who are sitting around the table in the living room. You ask them what happened. First they’re not reacting, but then someone said; “You passed out”. You react to it and say; “I didn’t mean that, particularly. I mean what happened to the people, they all look like zombies out there.” A person says; “They’re not people… Anymore. They’re zombies. Zombies who want to kill any living thing.” You say you can’t believe it and that you want to go home now. A person says; “Go ahead, get yourself killed.” You’re slowly walking outside and you see a zombie straight ahead of you. You run to it and knock the zombie on his shoulder, it turns around and starts chasing you. You run back to the house and begs if you can go in. No one opens the door. You’re knocking harder on the door and say; “ALRIGHT YOU WIN, LET ME IN. PLEASE. I DON’T WANT TO DIE.” The door opens and you run inside. The same person who let him in said; “We told you so.” A random person asks you; “Can you handle a gun”. You answer; “No, I have never held a gun in my hands before”. “Well… Today is your lucky day mate, I’m going to teach you how to shoot. Walk with me to the basement, we’ve set up a little shooting range”. You walk with him to the basement, you see an old steel door. The person opens the door, but it took a little effort to open. “My name is Adam, what’s yours?”. He raises his hand to you, but you’re looking at the range. It isn’t a normal range, they are using zombies to shoot on. You’re struggling but you manage to say your name. “My… name.. is… Steve.” – “Alright Steve, here is a Glock-18. Try to get some hits off, but be careful you don’t have that much ammo. If you hit at least 5 zombies I owe you a beer.” (“Alright good job. I think I owe you a bear.”/”Next time better man, you can always come back for more training.”)