**The Outbreak**

**April 2016**

**Atlanta Georgia Outskirts**

**Journal Entry #175**

My name is Leon Kennedy, I have been a survivor of this zombie infested wasteland for far too long. I have seen good people, innocent people die at the hands of these, these savage beasts. The outbreak happened roughly six and a half months ago. First sightings began up on the northern boarders of Washington DC, men and women, who acted like rabid dogs attacked civilians camping in the woods. The President shook it off as another mugging, but the reports suggested that the victims had been eaten. It didn’t take long for people to start questioning these so called random attacks, as they became more frequent outside of DC – a family of six, including the dog, had been attacked and eaten inside their own home, and when the investigators arrived at the scene, every dead body in that house rose to their feet and attacked. The CDC (Centres for Disease Control) had been working on finding out what caused this the very instant the first sightings were reported. As much as they tried, they just couldn’t find a cure – all hope for humanity was gone.

My story begins in the small town of Blue Ridge, roughly seventy-seven miles outside of Atlanta. I was out hunting with five of my good friends; Out in the fields was Heath, who had a drinking problem, Daryl, he was a stereotypical redneck and an Irish guy who called himself Big Damo, he’s a big fan of hurling, carries that stick around with him everywhere. Back in the cabin, my best friend Sherry and her little brother Liam, they weren’t very big on hunting but enjoyed the idea of escaping reality every once in a blue moon. I had just shot a deer with my crossbow when we heard Heath yell at the top of his lungs. Daryl and I immediately ran to his aid, only to find a man ripping Heath’s intestines inside out and…eating them.

“Son of a bitch!” Daryl yelled as he leaped onto the creature. He battered that thing with the butt of his shotgun until its brains had been splattered all over a nearby tree.

“Holy shi-“ Before I could finish my sentence, about twenty more of those things came stumbling out of the woods, and the thing I couldn’t believe, Heath turned into one of them.

“We gotta go!” Daryl said calmly as he ran to the cabin.

When we got back to the cabin, we saw Big Damo beating one of those things to death with his hurl as Sherry and Liam looked on in horror. It didn’t take long for them to surround the cabin. We had no choice but to fight our way out. Big Damo kicked down the back door and ran into the crowds screaming, blood on his face, guts on his hurl, he just started swinging. Daryl followed behind, and that’s when they broke through the windows. The zombie-like creatures had invaded the cabin, and before the rest of us could escape, they tackled Liam to the ground and ate him alive. Tears streaming down Sherry’s face as I tried, I tried to get her out of there, but she just couldn’t move, and then it happened. Like her brother, they piled on top of her and began ripping her body apart right in front of my eyes. Just like that, my best friend, gone, in the blink of an eye.

We set out to find safe haven, but we’ve had no luck. We just wander the streets, attempting to avoid any conflict with the undead. We have encountered many other groups of survivors, and just like with the cabin, they didn’t last – it’s an endless cycle. It’s been six months since Sherry’s death, and with every new member of our group who meets this, this horrible faith, it’s like that day is replaying in my mind over and over again.

There are only seven of us right now; myself, Big Damo, Daryl, Amanda, Charles, Eve and Renee. I have taken on the leadership role of this make-shift group, I didn’t want to, it just kind of happened. We’re currently held up in a small shoe store, just on the outskirts of Atlanta, at least, I think we’re in Atlanta. It won’t be long before the dead come knocking once again, places like this don’t last long. The room is dead silent, mainly to keep the attention of the zombies away from us, but we’ve recently lost another member of the group, a young woman…I can’t even remember her name, I try not to get close to any of these people in order to avoid what happened with Sherry. She was just out collecting water during the rain, Daryl got worried when she didn’t return after dawn, so he went to look for her – all he found was her corpse walking the street, he had no choice but to put her down.

“We got company!” Big Damo hollers.

“How many we lookin’ at?” Daryl responds quickly.

“I count about forty, maybe fifty, it’s hard to tell with the rain.”

“Leon man, what’s the play?”

This will probably be my last journal entry. If you’re reading this, then it’s probably all over now. Just know that my group and I went down swinging with every last breath we had. I hope you find what you’re looking for out there in this plagued world, we have yet to find that one place we can call home. Until we meet again…