F. J. Bergmann - Self-Preservation

Zombies retain vestiges of self-preservation; they didn’t follow me when I leaped from the cliff as a last, desperate measure. *I’d rather die than become a zombie.* Badly injured by the fall, I could only crawl. Pain-filled hours later, a cabin came into view. Its windows glowed orange through the dusk; help was near! Muddy, bloody, but with renewed hope, I dragged myself to my feet and shambled along the fence. Through my smashed mouth, I called for help but could only moan indistinctly. The door opened. “Here comes one of ’em!” A gun muzzle poked out, became a zero.

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