

Sunday, December 25, 2013

“Merry Christmas everyone and welcome to nightly news with Karen Jackson. Our top story tonight, scientists in Washington DC have created a new cancer treatment that kills cancer cells. It is the N4 virus. This virus, mainly found in the human brain, has been genetically altered to only affect cancer cells. This virus is FDA approved and is safe.”

“Thank you Karen, now for you Doctor Victor.”

“Sank you Dave, This virus is a mutated cancer cerr which attacks ozer cancer cerrs and eliminates dem.”

“Yes Doctor Victor, back to you Karen.”

Sunday, January 1, 2014

“Please stay tuned for this emergency announcement: The N4 virus has not done us any good. My name is Karen Jackson and I have important news. If anyone in your family has used the N4 virus or someone you know, please report them to the nearest quarantine area. This virus has not attacked the cancer cells but mutates them so you die much faster. Then the virus re-animates the body to an attacking monster. Please stay inside and take our caution seriously. This is Karen Jackson on a Sunday night, goodnight Fairview.

Can't remember anymore, 2014

Here is the whole story, zombies. The N4 virus mutated healthy people into flesh eating zombies. They destroyed the economy and the human race. There are some survivors in Fairview; they live at Nestea's Holdout, Doggs Stockade, Precinct 13, and Fort Pastor. Nastayas is for the survivors that were family members looking for shelter, the danger is low. Doggs Stockade is harder than Nastayas and has a medium danger level. Precinct 13 is high danger, but has many guards around it. Fort Pastor is the

Hardest of them all. Its for the hardcore survivors which fight zombies that are so mutated, you cant tell they are zombies anymore.

Here is my story: It begins with a bunch of mayo. My work day had started with a BLT and a lot of mayo. The news was talking about some virus infecting people and making them almost cannibalistic. Didn't really pay attention as I tuned the radio to my favorite radio station. My day went very wrong at the police station. I was the crime assessment officer. My job is to observe the crime scene and jot down notes about what I saw, not that fun of a job, but the pay is great.

After about like 20 people came in reporting dog bites or something, I went home. The police can deal with all those copycats. On my way home, I stopped for gas and noticed a man limping near a car. When he saw a guy inside, he went crazy. He banged on the window and broke the rear view mirror off. The guy inside was screaming and moving away from the guy.

I run over and ask, "What's your problem?"

He looked at me with milky white eyes and lets out a low grunt. He started to limp to me.

"Hey man, you don't want to do that!" I say in an angry voice. He disregards all my warnings and tried to bite me. I smack him with a window washer in the window-washing box. He falls over and I see he has half a face.

The horror of his face would give me chills for the next few days until I got used to seeing half eaten faces and people.

I got home to my dog Rufus. He is a beagle. I turn on the television and open a beer.

"Hello Fairview, Karen is being hospitalized for a dog bite, so I am taking over for her tonight. My name is Joseph Berry. Our top story tonight, a stream of dog bites is becoming a huge problem in Fairview. The symptoms of these dog bites are fever, nausea, amnesia, rash, and eventually death if not treated immediately. Doctor Victor has been missing for the past few hours so we have no report from h-"

Immediately after that, a crazed doctor Victor leaped on Joseph and started to bite him and chew his fingers off! I could not believe my eyes! Something was going on here, where the hell is the government? We need help, and fast. `

Sometime around 6:00 pm on the 27 of January, 2014

A group of military men came to Fairview from Fort Pastor. They went to every apartment and knocked on every door. When they got to mine, I stayed quiet; I didn't want to go with them. My neighbors went with them like peanut butter and jelly. I was scared. When they left, I saw a dead soldier in the hallway. I didn't know how he got there, He was holding a sheet of paper, and on it was a list of the infected, not names of people, but the monsters they would become.

- 1.) Regular male zombie, weak but strength in numbers.
- 2.) regular female zombie, weak, but strength in numbers.
- 3.) regular male fat zombie, stronger than the regular zombie, but still a problem.
- 4.) regular female fat zombie, stronger than the regular zombie, but still a problem.
- 5.) burnt male zombie, lots of health, but still weak.
- 6.) burnt female zombie, lots of health, but still weak.
- 7.) irritated male zombie, beyond fast, but extremely weak.
- 8.) irritated female zombie, beyond fast, but extremely weak.
- 9.) male puking zombie, puke is like acid and they are strong, watch your back.
- 10.) female puking zombie, puke is like acid and they are strong, watch your back.
- 11.) bloat, a fat zombie of no gender which explodes on contact.
- 12.) reaper, has a long sickle arm, huge amounts of armor.
- 13.) bone, is a huge downgraded titan that has a large amount of health.
- 14.) spider, a zombie with many arms that looks like a spider, it has no gender.
- 15.) tendril, a female zombie with mutated fingers which look like octopus tendrils.
- 16.) brute, a large...

The list ended there, the sheet of paper was ripped.

January 30, 2014

My television was nearly dead but had electricity in it. There was only 2 channels showing at the time. One showed re-runs of movies from the 50s, and the other had news on it about a new outpost, Kerry's market. It was a superstore that was mostly furniture and groceries.

My morning was alarming when I heard a hammer next door. I decided to investigate. The noise was coming from an apartment near mine. The elevator was out so I had no choice but to take the stairs. My way down was like hell. Imagine a dark staircase with a foul odor and a growling noise coming from all around; that's what it was like. When I reached the bottom, I realized that this was the first time I ventured out into the city since the N4 virus. People were on the street; most of them were wearing gas masks and had guns. I walked to the 7eleven down the road and witnessed the most awful thing I had ever seen. The 7eleven owner was hanging from the ceiling and everything was gone. I could tell what happened. A group of bandits entered the 7eleven looking for food, killed the owner, and took everything.

That was successful I think to myself. I decide to head to the new safe zone. Kerry's market was a fortress. There were armed guards on cement barriers over 12 feet tall. The only entrance was guarded by an overturned truck, and a ladder. You climbed up the ladder, on to the truck, and climbed into the safe zone. My luck was getting better every day.

I entered the fortress and saw piles of food. So many types of canned, packaged food, and MRE. I grabbed a shopping cart and filled it up to the top before a guard grabbed me and threw me down.

"What are you doing," yelled the guard "The food stays here!"

"Oh, I didn't know, I just arrived!" I squeak back, still winded from the fall.

"I'm warning you..."

Wow! I got no food and now I'm banned from the market for a week! My luck was beginning to get worse. On my way back though, I saw a helicopter crash in the middle of a parking lot. The parking lot had a lot of burning skeletons and dead bodies. I inspected the bodies and found an assault rifle, 2 pistols, and an automatic shotgun. I headed back to my house.

February 3, 2014

When I was leaving my room, one of those "things" was in the hallway. I had no time to react so I shot one of my pistols at its head. It spewed out everywhere and made a loud noise. Some time after the shot, I got a sinking feeling that something was going to happen. I peered out the window and saw my worst nightmare; millions of those "things" were overrunning Kerry's Market. The barriers were knocked over and the guards were being eaten like chicken wings. I couldn't watch. I hid in my attic and clutched my automatic shotgun, BLAAAAWH! I puked all over the attic. I wiped my face with my shirt and cried.

February 6, 2014.

I came out of my house for the first time in over a week. The market was a bloody mess. I got the courage to enter the market. The barriers were knocked over and the truck was burning. The door was trampled to the ground. I entered and saw the mess. There was a river of blood and a crap load of food for me to take. As I grabbed one, I was shoved over. I thought I was going to die when I saw whom it was. It was the guard that shoved me over.

"You are alive?" he said puzzled.

"Bye bye!" I tell him happily!

"Wha-"

BANG!

I shot him in the head and he fell over on top of a "thing" I had never seen before. It had a long sickle arm and was horribly mutated. I pulled out the crumpled sheet of

paper and classified it as a reaper. I thought to myself, hmm, that arm looks like it could do some damage! I picked up a cleaver stuck in its head and started hacking at its arm. It came off after about 3 hours, but it was so sharp. I tested it outside. I picked up the arm and sliced through the burning truck outside easier than a chainsaw sawing through butter.

The truck was leaking fuel and some liquid that was red. Something fell in the bathroom. I immediately picked up the assault rifle and kicked the bathroom door open. A scream followed, but not from me. A hobo was scared against the wall. He had ripped clothes, a small meal on a bucket, and a baseball bat covered in blood. He saw me and tried to attack. I punched him in the face and he fell over. He got up and passed out.

February 7, 2014

Heck, he was the first non-enemy I had seen in so long. I took him in and laid him on my plaid couch in my living room. About 5 minutes later, he woke and yelled at me,

“Who are you? Please don’t kill me!” he cried out to me in the most pathetic voice ever.

“Don’t worry, I will not kill you. So, What’s your name?”

“Bernie.” He replies.

“Ok Bernie, lets talk...”

After nearly 4 hours of talking and arguing and drinking, we came to an agreement that we would be a team. My judgment said that there was a good place to go for shelter from the bandits and zombies. Fort pastor was only 3 blocks down, but I decided to go there alone. My friend Bernie was in the kitchen sleeping. He was passed out with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth. I immediately put it out and threw it out the window. My luck was beginning to change once I got out. I saw some survivors across the street. I ran over to them and they said hi like nothing had ever happened.

“The names Sergeant Leonardo. Nice to meet you, never seen you around the fort, so I think you’re a new comer.”

“Yes, I am from the precinct 7, is anyone alive there?”

“I’m sorry to say, but all the precincts are gone except precinct 13.”

“Oh no...” I moan out.

February 7, 2014

Sergeant Leonardo led me back to base and gave me a mission. Something big was 3 blocks down from Fort Pastor. I saw men praying and arming their guns. I ran down with some other guys and looked around. The roads were quiet, too quiet. Not a single dead was on the street. I was so scared. Suddenly, a random car flew into an apartment building.

“What the hell is that, there is no zombie with that strength!” Said a soldier clutching his gun with much fear.

“What ever it is, we are all going to be dead by morning if we don’t get reinforcements.” Said another soldier.

Suddenly, we saw the zombie of nightmares, the creature from hell, it was the legendary black titan, a fabled zombie over 30 feet tall with skin stronger than stone. It was as black as night and was rushing at us faster than a train. We immediately shot everything at it and it did almost a little or no impact on it. We dove for cover behind cars. One guy threw a grenade at it. It harmlessly bounced off and made a huge explosion. We cheered as we saw the smoke cloud blow away, no sign of life. We started to party and have fun when out of nowhere, the black titan runs and steps on a man. He was flatter than a pancake. We fired more shots at it while soldiers were requesting reinforcements fast. A horde of soldiers and even a tank came to the rescue. The tank was imposing to us, but still two times as small as the black titan. It fired a round at it and it exploded in a mass cloud of sonic booms and mini explosions.

The black titan's arm had blown off and it was furious. It picked up the tank with one hand, crushed it smaller than a hybrid car, and it exploded in his hand with no harm done.

We all watched in awe as the black titan crushed the tank so small, it could fit in a closet. It then chucked it at a group of men, killing them on impact. The fight began again and the GAU-19s were firing at it. I had the best idea; I pulled the reaper arm off my back and swung at its leg. The arm struck the titan's leg at tremendous force and strength. It shattered into pieces and impaled my arm with reaper arm shards. I screamed in pain and ran to an abandoned ambulance and found some morphine and bandages. I injected three vials of morphine and bandaged my arm up. Something hit the side of the truck. I peered around the door of the ambulance and saw a dead woman holding the head of the black titan. For the first time in months, I felt happy. I had accomplished the mission and went back to the fight area. To my surprise, the black titan was still alive. A pile of men surrounding it as well as pieces of black titan. It had one arm still attached and was missing a couple fingers and toes. I pulled out my AA-12 and let it rip. The shotgun shells impaled its leg and it lost balance.

It fell on a burning SUV and went back to hell. The titan was dead. A cheer erupted from the crowd and someone spotted a backpack on the titan's back. We all scurried over to the backpack and found lots of money, guns, armor, and titanium blades.

We limped back to Fort Pastor, and most of us partied out and slept. Those of us who had survived became living legends, and yet, no one knew who we were.

February 8, 2014

The next day wasn't fun. My hobo friend Bernie had turned into a zombie and Sergeant Leonardo shot him in the head with a .45 cal pistol. A doctor at Fort gave me some medication for the reaper shards in my arm. I am currently in the infirmary and eating rice and pasta. I am doing better than usual, the reaper shards in my arm have been removed and I am not infected. My story ends here my friend, another success story about a hardcore survivor. And always remember; keep those you care about close.