

THE "Z" DAY

I REMEMBER THE HELL ALL THE WAY FROM THE BEGINNING. FROM THE FIRST ATTACK, TO THE LAST FALL. THOSE YEARS I SPENT HOLDING MY RIFLE TIGHTLY WHEN I SLEPT, WERE TOO MUCH TO HANDLE. EVEN NOW, I STILL LOOK OVER MY SHOULDER WHENEVER I WALK. WONDERING, IF ONE WILL BE LIMPING TOWARD ME. WONDERING, IF THE ZOMBIES WILL COME BACK FOR US. REMEMBER THE ONLY RULE; DON'T GET BITTEN, BY THE ZOMBIES. JACOB MARIAN IS ON AN INTERESTING JOURNEY, FIRST HIS HOUSE GETS ROBBED, AND NEXT ZOMBIES ROAM THE WORLD. HE TEAMS UP WITH HIS FRIEND AND THEY SURVIVE, AND HUNT. WHAT WILL HE DO TO SURVIVE?

BY: MARTIN HENDLER



Chapter 1 – First Blood

I was sitting by my window in room as usual. Normally I would be outside playing in the sun with my dog. But today I had just gotten an iPhone and was scrolling through the apps. This was a birthday present from my mom and dad. I was going to go hunting in a few hours so I decided to go downstairs and read a book. Most kids my age don't read books, but I do. I love books; they make my imagination wide and strong. I was currently immersed into a book about some Greek hero when my mom asked me to vacuum the carpet. Now, I'm not much of a complainer, but I absolutely HATE vacuuming the carpet. The only time I don't mind it is if I spilled something on it. I went to the basement, got the vacuum, and went upstairs. I plugged it in and started cleaning. My dog usually freaks out whenever I turn the vacuum cleaner on. He starts barking and growling and starts to paw at it, "Down boy, go into the other room." He obediently walks to the other room and sits down. Although he's in the other room, I can still hear him barking.

After I turn the vacuum off and put it in the basement I go to my room and clean it up. I'm putting away all my pencils and underwear when I hear a thumping sound beneath me. I don't know what it is so I decide to investigate. Me, Jacob Marian, the most curious man in the world, I joke to myself. As I walk into the living room I see some glass broken and the coffee table overturned. I see my mom sitting on the couch her hands covering up her face. "Mom, what the crap happened here?" I say as I walk up to her. She says in a shaky voice, "I man dressed in black with a gun jumped through the back door and stole a bunch of china plates and also broke something's." Great, we got robbed. Wait, is that a black guy climbing through a window? I call 911, and tell them, "We got robbed and the man is trying to climb through the window in the house next to us." "Ok, were heading to your location" Then I hear a click. In about two minutes I hear police sirens, I guess the guy also hears them and jumps out the window and start running. The police catch him easily. There's one exciting time of day. I can't wait until school tomorrow.



I wake up at six and turn the TV onto CNN. I don't know why, but worldwide news really interests me. I sit eating some cereal as the CNN people talk about the most stolen car in the country when suddenly the screen goes blank and turns a weird blue color. This is weird. I hear one of those tornado sirens outside and stare at the TV, it says on screen, "A SERIES OF HOMICIDES HAS OCCURRED IN YOUR AREA. PLEASE BE ADVISED OF THIS MAN" Then they show a photo of, surprisingly, a nice looking guy who probably works in an office building. Either way, that's not good. The sirens end and I don't think about anymore and continue watching CNN.

As I walk onto the bus, I can't help notice the dark skies and thunder in the distance. I sit down next to my friend who sometimes comes hunting with me and tell him about the broadcast. He says, "Yah, it was on every channel people had access to. I don't know what this thing is, but I wouldn't worry about much. The media will die down about and our lives will continue as usual." This is why I like my friend, Matt. He's always optimistic, though serious if the time needs him to be serious. So the week would go on as usual. Except some unusual occurrences.

When I got to school I normally went to my locker which is next to this group of girls who giggle and whisper when I'm around. But I had to go to the office for my schedule. School had started for a few days now and I forgot my schedule at home so I had to go to the office for one. I'm about to open the door when I hear inside, "Do you think we should tell the kids about the disease?" "No! If we tell them we will have people crying and fainting and possibly running away!" I open the door abruptly and the principal and secretary jump up, "I need my schedule." "Ok, I'll get you that, what's your name?"

This day has gone pretty weird. All of the teachers looked a little edgy, there fidgeting a lot more than usual. I still don't know what this means though. I hope when I get home it will be better. I got home and I just wanted to take a walk in the woods. It had just rained so everything had a tiny sparkle to it. As I was walking through the woods I noticed the green leaves with tiny droplets of clear water on them. This was my area to relax and just walk. I was walking when I heard a rustling in a bush. I chose to investigate. I walked up to and the rustling stopped. Then suddenly, a squirrel jumped out at me and made me fall on the ground! I stood up, laughed then went serious again. Great, my brand new coat is covered in mud, leaves, and twigs. I walk back home in frustration and stop outside the door. I ring the doorbell and my mom answers, "Hello honey, why don't you step inside and..." she never finished her sentence. My mom took one look at that coat and suddenly yelled at me, "JACOB MARIAN, HOW ON EARTH DID YOU GET YOUR COAT THAT DIRTY!" I start to say something then she yells, "YOUR GROUNDED FOR ONE WEEK!" "Are you kidding me mom!?!? Matt is coming over tomorrow for a sleepover!!!" I yelled back. "Well then I guess you better call him now" she said.

Once I was in my room I threw my clothes around the room and slammed the wall. *I got attacked by a squirrel and I'm grounded for it!* I didn't know what to do so I went and took a shower. I let the shower wash away all my anger. I decided to lather myself because of what happened. I normally take five minute showers, but this time it was half-an hour. I got out and dried my wet body off. Then I went back to my room to continue reading the Greek book. Before I knew it I was sound asleep and was having a dream. *I was running through a field knowing something bad was chasing, just not knowing what it was. I heard gunshots and people crying. There were blood stains on the ground. I trip and fall. For some reason I can't get back up. Suddenly a growling silhouette appeared over me and said, "Jacob! Wake up its time for dinner!"* I jolt back up and my mom is standing over me. Phew I'm glad it wasn't what I saw in my dream.

We had chicken and mashed potatoes that night. Don't get me wrong, because I love chicken and mashed potatoes. Its just because I was still angry at my mom. I still remember that day.

The next few days went on as usual. I went to school, did homework, played video games in my spare time. I hear my mom coming down the stairs and I immediately know it's something bad. "Jacob, how long has it been since you cleaned your room?" she asked smiling though pissed. "I don't know. Maybe a month. What's the deal?" She runs up to the TV and takes the remote and turns it off. "What the crap mom, I was just unlocking level 56!?!?!?" "Well, level 56 can wait until after you clean your room." "But..." "No buts clean your room. Now." I obediently walk upstairs. I start to put my clothes away when I see some limping figures outside. Its around 8:30, so it's kind of weird for people to be walking outside. I try to count but there's too many of them. Hmmm, that's weird. They kind of look like... Oh God. "MOM!!!!!!" "WHAT!!!" I hear her pounding up the stairs. "What honey!?!?" "Mom, look outside" She takes a peek outside. "Its just your friends playing a joke on you" "Umm, mom. I don't think thirty of my friends could coordinate that!" "Just calm down and I'll go talk to them" That was the last time I saw my mom.

Let me explain the gory details. She walked outside and went under a streetlight shouting about how they should get in trouble. Then, they all close in on her. She just stood there. The, gulp, first zombie walks up and gives a nice big bite in her neck spewing blood all over the ground. Then they closed in on her as a big group of people. It's not nice to see your mom getting torn limb from limb. I see them literally pulling off her arms with blood spraying everywhere. When the zombies spread out again. All that was left was bit of skin, gore, hair, and lots of blood. I screamed. I yelled for my dad although he had not come from work yet. I ran to the basement and tried to remember the code for the gun safe. I twisted the thing around a couple times, click, YES! I took out the rifle (single shot) and ran towards the front door. I opened it and aimed down the sight. I took a shot and completely missed! I think it had to do with how nervous I was. I aimed again and fired. This time the bullet penetrated into the closest zombies brain, making organ bits and blood fly out the back of it. I didn't know how much ammo I had so I ran downstairs to reload. I had just finished putting in fifteen bullets when I heard a load crack and moans. Then suddenly I heard a loud 'bang' and heard the door fall down.

I stayed quiet while I stood next to the basement door. I heard some shuffling feet and more moans. What I did next was something I never should have done. I decided to take a peek through the door. I peeked around and was petrified with fear because of what I saw.

The zombies that were outside were now all in my house, moaning and stumbling over things. I went back down the stairs and decided I should stay there. We have a small window in our basement that you can see over the lawn. I looked up at that to see a decaying face staring back at me hitting its hands on the window, moaning. I had had enough of this! I ran upstairs and all the zombies heard me and stumbled toward me. I took shots at the zombie closest to me. I hit its head and brain and blood squirted out the back I did this for the other zombies also. Suddenly I was grasped from behind and saw that face moaning and about to bite my shoulder. I kicked it and knocked it down the stairs. I shot it in the head three times. Once I was done, there was no head to see.

I went over to the kitchen and got a wastebasket. I started filling this wastebasket with food, water, and other edibles that could help me survive. Once I had all the food packed into the bag I brought it upstairs to my room and set it down. Then I went to the basement to retrieve all the guns and ammo. I didn't think about the already broken down door I was standing behind of. I turned only to see even more zombies down the street walking toward me. This was a nightmare. I closed my eyes and opened them. Nope, the zombies were still there stumbling toward me. God damnit, the devils mother. What was I supposed to do?

I crouched down with my dad's military rifle he got from the army, and took shots at the zombies. You see, my dads gun is a .50 caliber sniper rifle. Every time I hit a zombie, the head would literally explode. If I was watching myself in a movie, it would be an un-rated movie.