

## *Chapter One*

Maxx was trapped in the back of a van, with two assholes thinking she's unconscious. She had no idea what to do... This is all a lot bigger than those creeps she's with, so killing them won't help, besides if she moves a finger, they'll probably shoot her. She keeps still, waiting... Waiting for a chance to get away from them.

Think... a plan. How to solve this problem?

But who knows what she'll find out there. Maybe there's no survivors. Maybe the whole world went to shit already... Nonetheless, she needs to do something, she won't just sit around. The van suddenly came to a stop and someone yelled out "What the bloody hell is that?!" , The answer was the loud roar from some desperate creature...

Maxx felt the shock as the van suddenly backed up hitting something solid...

The driver was panicking. Desperately trying to drive out of there...

It was a small street, no way to turn the van around.

The van kept shaking, the wheels and brakes at full stress...

"Get us out of here, now!" A deep voice shouted. "I'm trying, I'm trying!" Came the panicked reply from the driver.

A few seconds of nerve wrecked waiting, followed by panic when Maxx heard the noise from the direction of her legs. Something sharp penetrated the door, then she felt the breeze, seconds later in the distance something hit the asphalt. The vehicle came to a stop... The driver yelled out in terror just before the sound of glass breaking was heard. The van's back crashed down on the asphalt...

Heavy breathing could be heard, for several long seconds... Maxx couldn't see because of the bag covering her head, with only one hole left for air. "Kill that bitch!", She hears one of the creeps yell to the other. Gunfire blasted out.

The powerful roar of an aka47 echoed through the streets. Twenty shots, then the sound of a clip dropping out, and the metallic click of another being shoved in the assault rifle. "Shit, the driver's infected. Try waking them up, if you can't then let's move out of here."

Maxx felt someone's hands grabbing her shoulders, and wildly shaking her screaming, "Wake up for Christ's sake! Wake up!"

Maxx pretended to be unconscious. She felt she was rolled onto her side and whatever kept her hands bound was now off of them. Something- she assumed was Brit- let out a small groan and dropped down to the van's floor.

"Screw them, let's move, more of them buggies up ahead." The owner of the deep voice was talking. "Maxx...damn, wake the fuck up, I need you!" Brit yelled at her while pulling the bag off of her head. Maxx suddenly grabbed her by the arm, Brit's face wore an expression of terror and surprise.

"Shhh...Let them go first, then we move.", Maxx advised Brit continuing to lay on the floor of the van.

"We can go then, they've escaped into the sunrise. The driver got infected, and the monster that got him is still nearby...", Brit states while taking a quick look around. "OK... Grab anything to fight with, and follow me." Maxx said jumping up and checking her sidearm. There was only one bullet left... Brit took the driver's sidearm without taking her eyes off of him...

She saw some sort of yellow liquid oozing out the driver's mouth, slowly turning red... The body moved its right hand. Brit grabbed the shotgun from the back of the seat, and backed away, out of the van.

"Got a Glock 18, and a shotgun. Not much ammo. I know a gun store in the area, if we hurry, we'll get there before...", Brit's face went pale, as her sentence trailed off blood dripped from her mouth.

"What the...?" ,She dropped the weapons to the asphalt, and fell forward, shaking.Maxx checked her pulse... It was beating slower and slower...Brit had a fever... Soon her heartbeat stopped.

Maxx grabbed hold of the Glock 18, and pulled the shotgun away with her other hand, then stood up. "Shit! Just don't tell me you're going to turn into...." But his words were cut-off by an evil grin on Brit's face. Brit's body stood up, and took a few unsure steps, walking around Maxx. "Stay away from me! I don't wanna kill you!"

It was a painful realization, that whoever Brit once was, was gone forever, now it was just some weird virus controlling her body. "Get away from here!" Maxx desperately tried to chase Brit away... Her infected friend just kept hissing and growling at her, from time to time reaching towards her. "Fuck away! Or I shoot!"

Brit stopped moving, and stared in Maxx's eyes, slowly raised her right hand, and pointed at her forehead.The last bullet of her cal.45 sidearm suddenly found itself on a course towards Brits`s head.

A shocking flash of brains, and the bullet ended up buried in the back of the black van.

Maxx turned her head away, then realized she must keep moving unless she wants to become one of those things.She put away her empty sidearm, and checked the Glock. Thinking faintly about all the friends she'd lost already.

She grabbed the shotgun and the 24 shells, and loaded the shotgun. Two clips, that's all the ammo she had, so she checked her combat knife...Right where it was supposed to be, strapped to her right thigh. She looked around the street, seeing nothing but empty apartment buildings. Dead bodies lying around...

As she was observing the area, she spotted the monster which had been in the van... All muscle, about 180 centimeters in height. No face, just two eyes,a mouth,and some skin. Teeth like that of a vampire, long, edgy. Twenty centimeters long, sharp

claws. *'What a mess'*, She thought to herself, when she heard the van's door open, accompanied by growling. *'The driver...'*, She thought turning around, raising the shotgun.

The driver's mouth opened as he approached Maxx. Maxx backed away and took a running start at the driver's face with the shotgun swinging it at the head dazing him, no... *it* for a moment.

The driver's reanimated corpse lifts off from the wall and charges Maxx. Maxx then brings her leg up kicking the driver's body out of the back of the van after side-stepping him. She flipped out of the van and onto the driver's head impacting the skull with such force it fractured and broke apart. Years of gymnastics finally paid off.

As she collects some spare bullets off of the driver's dead body, she makes sure to stab him where his heart would be just for good measure.

*'Okay...Freeze'*, Max suddenly turns to the sky and looks upward, *'I do believe that this need some background'*.

~~~~~\*\*\*~~~~~

### ***Two weeks earlier***

"Max!", My slightly older boyfriend yells into my ears, after lifting my headphones off of my ears. "Yes?", I ask slightly irritated. "Well did you hear about the bio dome there building near town?", He asks' me. "Yeah what about it?", I ask him after he gives me this virtually useless information that obviously came from his nerd club.

"Well it opens today and I plan to go check it out...wanna come with me to the first opening exhibit?", He asks' me with that puppy dog look an his face that I constantly used on him. "Well about that...", Is all I can say before I realize that I won't be able to shoot him down without feeling like trash about it afterwards,"Like I was saying...about that, eh sure,Okay you happy now?".

He attacked me, crushing me in a hug while I staggered back and into the couch laughing. "I'll love you forever you know that?", He asks' me with a look of curiosity. He's too cute

sometimes is all I can think as I pin him to the couch underneath me kissing his full red lips. "I know... as will I, to you".

~~~~~\*\*\*~~~~~

The worst feeling you can ever experience is when you loose someone you love. That someone who makes you feel like life's worth living. Well Danny he was my someone, the sad thing is I lost him in a very literal sense. We had to separate and to meet him at a safe house near Mansion Village that's not really the name but that's what we call it in this town of nothing. We found it awhile ago and thought it would be a great place to hide out if we ever really decided on running away together.

Which I realize now was a plan with many faults considering that we planned to take a bunch of peanut butter and some wonder bread along with the necessities like water, clothing and some protection considering we don't know what kind of people will be lurking around when we went there again. I mean it might have looked deserted and it might not have been.

My point is..and yes, I do have one that we split up and my only consolation in life was him. The fact that I haven't seen him since is enough to have me thinking crazy. I know he wouldn't be able to take care of himself but he insisted. Do you know how I felt when I got there and all his supplies was scattered around? He even managed to drop the gun I gave him from my father's draw.

To be honest I'm surprised he even made it to the place I know that sounds like a really crappy thing to say but I took him camping once and he got lost on the way from the car and back to the tent. In all truthfulness it's not that I don't trust his capability out here just more of the fact of his forgetfulness.

My life has been a wreck before but not in a full blown tsunami. When I tried to call him like we planned I realized my signal was down. Mistake number one was letting him go by himself. But the biggest most stupidest thing I could have done was think our phones would be in working order. During this apocalypse bull-.

The world is ending and I'm looking at my phone in despair wanting to get some bars to indicate the slightest chance

of there being internet so to be completely honest no matter how hard I wish to be more of an adult to face the problems ahead. I'll still just be a teenager whose life could end only to come back again attacking loved ones.

The one thing I wish I could change is the fact that now I know Dylan is either dead, dying, or turned. If worst came to worst I'd wish him dead. Seeing as he left a pool of blood and a trail behind him. There's no way he'd survive on his own, he needs me to be there with him...Or at least I need him. It was impossible not to want to be there for him it was like he was a drug I needed. He's the reason I fought for my worthless life day by day. It was virtually useless to fight any more.

This fear. This useless fear that keeps me moving each and every day.

---

Waiting for the world to go to hell was the least of my problems when I was worrying whether Dylan wanted to take me to prom. When the end of the world seemed irrelevant. Now it's an all consuming pastime for any being that survived. You'd think the populace wanted to survive and keep surviving day by day. When it first broke out all that went around was notices to *stay inside and keep your doors locked and if you see an infected personel is call it in.*

You'd think the populace would do as instructed at least in the aspects of in my words: *Stay hidden, don't go out, Make sure you're in a safe place and have weighed your options, and if you see any people who even look to be dying of illness report it 'cause we don't know if it was caused by us or not.* Oh also another one: *Do not engage the infected, whether loved one or friend or stranger. Highly Dangerous.*

As aforementioned the world is now hell turned over and upside down. The days when we used to think of the endless possibilities of the future. Never thinking of an apocalyptic dance of death day after day. Never thinking that we'd be a bunch of reanimated corpses with the want of eating our life long friends.