

Random Page #1

I never saw the hand that got me.

I didn't see it reach out from the dark beneath the stairs.

I didn't even get to see the fingers curl around the fabric of my pants.

What I did experience, however, was the pull. A strength like nothing I've ever witnessed, let alone felt.

Sure, we've all seen the images of the Incredible Hulk pick up a car and use it as a club. But, that's special effects and movie make-believe.

This is real.

Very real.

The pull took my leg as if it was independent of my body. It very nearly was. I tried to maintain a fleeting sense of balance, but gravity won quickly.

This happened way too fast for me to bring around the shotgun, up to bear.

Too fast to save my leg.

The pain of the bite hit me like a speeding car from out of nowhere.

So much pain.

Too much to even attempt to hold a shotgun steady.

Too much to attempt to keep my eyes open.

Just as well, I guess.

The shotgun truly wouldn't have saved me anyway.

I don't want to see my skin eaten.

I'm going to lay here in shock and blood loss. It'll end soon.

Oh, that's right...it won't.

I remember reading all those zombie books and watching the movies of the voracious undead. In the midst of them, I was confident I'd be a survivor. I'd be the courageous sheriff's deputy or the stalwart nurse. The one to survive insurmountable odds. If it ever became real, I knew, I would live. One of those who made it.

See, I was smart enough to know that in all those stories of flesh-eating, rotting undead, the one thing that all of them had in the end was a weakness. The fatal weakness of destroying the brain. Do that and you were home free.

Not now.

Now, I have to wait for the change to come on me, as one who didn't make it.

I hear this thing, whatever it is, consuming more and more of me. I wonder how much will be left to change.

Man, I miss zombies.

Those would have been much easier.