

The Undead, Unholy Love Story

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No place is safe from the virus. The infected are a threat, but the sickness is even worse. It can find any way it can to get to us, to kill us off, one by one. The world that we lived on for so long is trying to kill us off, and thereâs no way to stop it. Likewise, thereâs no place to hide your secrets. Thereâs no privacy in Armageddon. People still act the same way that they used to; they still hate you if youâre different. Itâs amazing that no one has found out the main things about me that Iâve been hiding for so long. My name is Hayden Mackey and Iâm a lesbian. And so far, Iâm a survivor of the zombie apocalypse.



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Table of Contents

The Undead, Unholy Love Story Chapter 1

An Intro to the Alley

A Liar's Tongue

In Remembrance

The Undead, Unholy Love Story : Chapter 1

Around me, I can hear screaming.

It doesn't just belong to those of us in the chopper; some of it is from the animals that had been alive in the area. Some of it is from the villagers that were still surviving.

And some of it is from the undead that were blown up as well.

I clamp my hands to my ears and squeeze my eyes shut. I don't want to see the body parts flying up in the air, be it human or the undead. They both resemble about the same thing now. Even if they didn't, they were all people at one point in time.

Next to me, Jackson laughs. "They shouldn't have been so stupid!" he says, his voice way too gleeful for what had just happened. I can't stand it.

I can feel him turn to me. "What's your fucking problem?"

I peek up at him, but try not to let him see the tears that are running down my face. "Nothing," I stammer. "The noise was messing with my head and I--"

He smacks the back of my head roughly. "Babe, I don't want to hear it. You were scared, don't even lie. Remind me next time not to take a little bitch with me to do a real man's work," he calls up to the pilot.

The pilot laughs bitterly. "I didn't think she would be able to handle it, anyways. It's amazing she's survived this long."

Rage burns in the pit of my stomach, but I swallow it. There's no point of fighting them; not here, anyways, when I'm in the most vulnerable of positions. While I don't think Jackson would be one to do something so cruel, he was the one to propose the idea of this whole mission to the Elders in the first place. After this, I'm not fully sure that I could doubt his wicked thoughts. He wasn't the man that he used to be.

Likewise, I'm not the same girl I used to be either. While I might look a little like I used to, and my voice hasn't changed at all, things like this change someone in the long run. You can't see the things that I have, you can't live the life that I've been living, and you can't be in the same situation as me without coming out with battle scars. If you even come out, that is.

Everyone in my family is dead, except for my father. Two sisters, three brothers, and my mother were all killed in the cross fires of this war that is raging on. There was nothing we could do to save them. After they died, my father and I moved into a city for refugees and survivors. We've been living there for a few months now, but every day we see more and more people die, right before our eyes.

No place is safe from the virus. The infected are a threat, but the sickness is even worse. It can find any way it can to get to us, to kill us off, one by one. The world that we lived on for so long is trying to kill us off, and there's no way to stop it.

Likewise, there's no place to hide your secrets. There's no privacy in Armageddon. People still act the same way that they used to; they still hate you if you're different. It's amazing that no one has found out the main things about me that I've been hiding for so long.

The Undead, Unholy Love Story

My name is Hayden Mackey and I'm a closeted lesbian. And so far, I'm a survivor of the zombie apocalypse..

Chapter 2: An Intro to the Alley

I was far too eager to return home. On a normal day I would have dreaded it. But then again, I wasn't used to blowing up an entire village. I hoped that I never would be, either.

Jackson went around telling everyone far fetched stories about how he single handedly saved the chopper from crashing, and that I had fainted from all of the gore. People who knew me knew that wasn't true, but there were still enough people willing to listen to him that he was able to tell them for a while.

The longer I was around him, though, the more I wondered what I had ever seen in him. I couldn't recall the slightest good thing about him, other than the fact that he wasn't one of the undead like the majority of the world now. When I tried to think about how we had even met, there were no good memories. Hell, I couldn't even say that our engagement had been pleasant.

In fact, the ring I was wearing now had come off the hand of some poor rich woman who couldn't pay her way to safety. Money didn't stop the undead from getting her, too. I glared at the ring with disgust. If it weren't for appearance, I would have thrown it at him long ago and told him never to come near me again.

Sometimes I wish it were that easy.

If I were to do that, there's a chance that I would be exiled. He could easily say that I would pose a threat to the Alley People's safety, and even if that wasn't true, they would have no choice but to ban me. Jackson's influence over this place is way too strong for someone to get on his bad side, even when their father is an elder, like me. And in a way, it makes sense. The Elders can only be around for so long. The ones who really have power are the ones who protect us, the ones who find food and other survivors.

However, I think that they might not be able to risk kicking me out. There are so few eligible women for "breeding", as it is called now, that I come across as a rarity. In the Alley, so many women have become infertile due to poor nutrition and harsh sickness. I'm one of the only ones who can still have children, even though I don't really want to. But when the human race is hanging on by a thread, you kind of have to take one for the team.

It's because of this that I'm no longer on the outside exploration team. The Elders only allowed me to go with Jackson as one final mission, per se, although I know the real reason. They wanted to scare me out of wanting to fight out there. They knew that I didn't agree with killing innocent people when they weren't infected. So they wanted to show me that I would be doing exactly what I hate if I had stayed working. In the end, they got exactly what they wanted.

I sigh and look out the window. Even though they've known for a while now that I wasn't going to out on the Mission Squad anymore, they hadn't given me a new task here yet. I've been in some sort of limbo state, and I'm pretty sure that I know why. They're just waiting for me to get knocked up so they don't have to worry about me working. From the time I announce pregnancy, they won't have to worry about me working ever again. Then I'll just be around to pop out babies for everyone to nurture. After all, they would be the fate of humanity.

There's not much to look at. I wished silently in my head that I had taken advantage of the trip a few weeks ago. Even though it was gruesome and not at all what I had wanted, it was the last time that I would have really been able to see outside. Maybe even the last time in my life.

The Undead, Unholy Love Story

See, the way the Alley worked was like this: if you were a survivor and were deemed acceptable, they would give you housing and food within the confines of the property. To pay for your stay and protection, you had to work. There were tons of jobs around, and it was rare that there was a job that didn't need to be filled.

We had designated Mission Force people, who would search for survivors and decimate areas that were the most heavily infected, in order to try to prevent any more spreading of the virus. There were Nutrition and Wellness people, who tried to find medicine that could be salvaged, and if not that, then herbs and chemicals that could create home-made fixes.

There were the cooks, and that job was obviously pretty self explanatory. They were the ones to determine what would be the best meal to serve and when, also who would get how much of what based on their BMI and what they did to contribute. They had always been pretty resourceful when it came to working with what we had, and it was rare for them to ever serve a skimpy meal.

There were some people who tried to find some ways to cultivate the land we had, and would try to work with whatever kinds of seeds they could find. When the viruses became exposed to the world, they had mutated into ways that effected anything that lived; global warming also hadn't helped anything, and most of the plants and animals had died off. But people who knew ways to make things grow in this barren land were almost as scarce as finding living trees. None of us here really knew what to do, but we tried our best to make it by.

Some people made clothes, others worked with metal and built moire safety structures to guard our area. We'd never had a breach in security yet, but then again, the Alley had only been up and running for about a year. the last place it was had been breached and very few survived that incident. We were cautious in building another, but this time we had taken more measures into making sure it was the safest place for humanity.

Also, it was mandatory that everyone in the Alley knew how to defend themselves with at least two different kinds of weapons. We all knew how to survive at least a week in the wilderness on our own, and we knew how to make weapons out of simple objects. Everyone had to carry at least one survival pack complete with matches, water, and dried fruit and nuts in it, as well as a weapon of their choice. It was just a precaution in the event of anything actually happening.

People liked the Alley. The rules were strict, but they made sense. We felt safe. There wasn't ever much of a worry about being attacked or starving to death. We had people to take care of things like that. An average person didn't have to worry about those kinds of things, not when everything was run so flawlessly.

But then again, normal people didn't have to worry about the same kinds of things as I did. They weren't expected to carry on humanity, or keep a perfect image for the others. They didn't have to harbour their sexuality, or worry about what would happen if someone found out the truth....

Jackson wasn't ever stupid; he knew that I didn't love him. But he also knew that I didn't have the heart to tell him no, that I wasn't going to risk my own life just to be with someone else... He knew everything about me that I wished I could hide.

And in the end, it was smartest that I had said yes to him. Automatically, that had secured me a spot in the Alley, and it made me not have to worry about the outside world. Anyway, if I had said no, I would have wound up just like her...

Memories flashed before my eyes, Priscilla laughing and dancing, the feeling of her lips against mine, the smell of her strawberry shampoo. The three years we had been together.

But none of that really mattered anymore.

The Undead, Unholy Love Story

Priscilla was dead, gone. She was out in the world, just like the rest of the infected. If she were to see me, she wouldn't remember those days.

No, she'd want to kill me, too.

Chapter 3: A Liar's Tongue

Blood, blood everywhere. There was a tangle of limbs and appendages flying everywhere. Cold sweat ran down my back, my face, my neck. My breathing was heavy, and everything felt like it weighed over a thousand pounds.

I scrambled to grab my gun as they came at me. The wheezing sounds escaping their gory mouths was enough to make me want to puke.

Their eyes were glassy and dull, the pupils looking flat and dead. Hands outstretched, they reached for me with desperation. I could smell their stench; rotting flesh, blood, and pure terror flooded my senses.

I went to cock the gun. It was my most faithful one, the one that had gotten Dad and I out of Chicago alive. It hadn't failed me yet. Untilâ

Pulling the trigger, I almost started screaming. Nothing came out. The bullets refused to leave the barrel, it seemed.

They were getting closer, too close. I tried to sprint away, into an dirty looking building. If I could make it to high ground, or find a room to lock myself in, there was some chance for me. I could figure something out, so long as I had a little time to think of a plan.

But no, that side was full of them, too. Before I knew it, I was surrounded by the undead.

Oh, God, I thought. This is it. This is the end. I'm done for.

Then, out of the crowd, I saw her.

Priscilla.

She looked the same as the last time I had seen her, when she loaded the emergency escape train. After being pushed around in the line for being checked and admitted onto the train, her hair was mussed. The high pony tail she had been wearing had slumped down to her lower neck, and her eyeliner was smudged just a little.

Her eyes didn't look like the rest of them; there was blood on her, and she had discolored skin, but she lookedâ human.

"Hayden!" she said, her voice exactly like I remembered it. "You're still alive!"

It seemed like she didn't realize there were tons of undead around us, swarming, just waiting to rip me to shreds. None of them had seemed to notice her, either.

I rushed towards her, swept her into my arms. With tears of joy and relief, I hugged her tighter than I thought I ever could.

"I never thought I would see you alive again," I whispered into her hair.

There was a chuckle.

The Undead, Unholy Love Story

Then, I felt it. She pressed her nails into the small of my back and ripped. I could feel my skin and sinews tear apart.

"And you won't," she said, cackling. The smell of blood overtook me, and I passed out.

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"Hayden, calm down!"

I woke up to a pair of arms tangling around me, fighting to keep me still. From what I could tell, I had been thrashing about, and this person was trying to restrain me,

"Sorry," I murmured, trying to let my eyes adjust to the darkness. "Bad dream,"

As the figure became more clear, I could see that it was my father. He looked concerned but worried at the same time.

"Are you okay?"

I nodded. "Yeah, I'm fine. It was just a bad dream, like I said."

"Are you sure?" he asked, pulling out a thin pen light. He flashed the light at my pupils, seeing if they would dilate. It was one of the most basic ways of checking if someone was infected or not; first the person's eyes don't dilate, then they get red rings around their mouth and eyes.

His mouth a thin line, he shut the light off. "You're fine."

"I told you so," I muttered under my breath.

"Well, since you're not sick or anything, is there anything I can do to help you?"

I shook my head, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes. With the things that I had dreamt, there would be no going back to sleep. Not anytime soon, that is.

"I justâ I don't know. Give me something to do. A job. I can't stand sitting around here all day with nothing to do."

He sighed. "Hayden, it's four in the morning. I could hear you screaming and I came to check on you.

Everyone was worried as hell. We thought there had been an invasion!"

I noticed the piles of weapons he had with him; I could hear angry comments being made in the hallways. Everyone had woken up over a false alarm. It was all my fault.

"I'm so sorry." I said, looking at the ground. "It won't happen again,"

I could hear Dad go to say something, but he stopped himself mid-breath. He took a deep breath in, then said, "It's fine. Justâ I don't know. Try not to do it, if it can be helped."

I nodded. "Okay. Go back to bed. I'll keep busy."

The following morning, I got a lot of dirty looks from everyone. No one could really believe that I had had a nightmare bad enough to deem screaming. Even though some of them knew well enough that it couldn't be

The Undead, Unholy Love Story

helped, they still were angry.

I was angry at the hypocrisy of these people. It wasn't longer than a few days ago that the pilot from my last Mission had woken up screaming and crying for his dead parents. But did anyone bring that up? No.

There wasn't anything I could do, though. I didn't want to fuel fires or cause any problems, so I kept my mouth shut. Causing drama wasn't going to get me anywhere, except maybe in Tartarus for a day.

I shuddered at the thought of that place. If that wasn't enough to make a person never want to do something wrong again, I didn't know what was.

It had never happened to me personally, but I knew that those who had been forced to endure it were changed people. The punishment was only for those who needed it, or so we were told.

Anyone who had strongly violated the rules were taken out to a small fenced in area that was a few miles away. Only the Elders had the keys to the enclosure, and they were the only ones who could also decide when the person was ready to be let out of it.

That might not sound too bad, but here's the catch. You're left out there, all alone, with no weapons, food, or water. After a few hours of being there, an undead is sure to find you. Eventually, they pile up and surround the enclosure, which is only just barely big enough for you to stand without having to worry about being touched by one of them. So you stand there for almost an entire day, surrounded by monsters that want to kill you, and you can't do anything.

It's enough to drive a person crazy. Actually, that's happened a couple times. I had only ever heard tales of it, from people who had been in the Guard with the first version of the Alley. They had also lost some members to carelessness. Some of them had gotten too close, and by the time the Elders came to collect them, they were gone. Other times, they were in a state almost just as bad; they had gone psycho overnight.

It was named Tartarus for good reason; one of the original founders of the Alley had been a big fan of Greek mythology and decided that it was the perfect name. The reason being, in the myths, Tartarus was the place of punishment in their equivalent of Hell. All bad souls would go there to rot for all of eternity. There was no escape unless a god or goddess decided to save you, and that was extremely rare.

Obviously, none of us had ever wanted to be subjected to something like that. There was enough fear of the undead within the Alley walls; I couldn't fathom what it would be like to have to be out there for so long. And if I could help it, I never intended to find out.

Eventually, my father arranged for a temporary job for me.

The only bad thing was, it wasn't exactly what I had in mind. In fact, I would have preferred not having any job.

He wanted me to plan my own wedding with the help of some of the Elder's wives.

Mrs. Radley, the wife of one of the Head Elders, held up a silky fabric that was the color of old gauze.

"This could make a really beautiful dress, you know."

Another wife whose name I had forgotten held up another scrap. This one looked heavier and was a dark shade of green. "I think she would be better in this. I know, I know, it isn't traditional. But then again, in these times,

The Undead, Unholy Love Story

who could expect us to uphold traditions?"

"Traditions are all we have, at this rate," piped in Jacquelyn Hill. She was the only one out of this group that I could stand. "But, I have an idea. Why don't we let her pick?"

I smiled, glad that she at least knew that this was technically my wedding. The others had seemed to have forgotten that; none of them had even asked my opinion once. I just sat there in the center of the circle like a mannequin, letting them hold things up to my skin or letting them play around with my hair, trying to figure out different fashions that would look good.

Personally, I didn't understand what the fuss was over a wedding. I didn't even want to have one, not that anyone knew that. They all thought that I was silently excited and didn't want to make any of the other single girls feel bad. After all, I was only getting an "elaborate" wedding because I was an Elder's daughter.

But I knew they all wanted something to look forward to, and I wasn't about to rob them of that. They were excited for the wedding, and glad that they could finally do something normal. Zombies didn't really effect this, other than the lack of having a budget to actually have a full-out wedding. Sure, there wouldn't be fancy flowers or mailing out invitations, but were those even really essential to a good wedding?

Jacquelyn smiled back. "What do you like best, dear?"

"I like the green, to be honest," I said sheepishly. "The white thing has been overdone, plus it would be nice to have a little bit of color in here. It reminds me of grass and leaves, like the forest my dad used to take me to when I was little."

Everyone smiled, like it was a touching story or something. Then again, maybe it was to them. They could remember what life used to be like, too. It was stories like these that kind of kept us from forgetting; everyone liked the happier things better than those that we didn't really mind forgetting. And I didn't hate talking about the good things, either. Sometimes it was all I could do to keep from losing my mind in here.

"That sounds wonderful," said one woman. "Now, where did that rope go? I don't have a tape measurer, but I don't want to estimate your size."

A couple of hours later, after the other women had left to go start sewing the dress, Jacquelyn and I sat in the middle of the common area.

"Are you sure you want to go through with this?" she asked me.

I had to keep from spilling out the truth. She knew me better than most in here, and I knew that I could trust her. But that wasn't why I didn't want to tell her. I wanted her to believe that I was truly happy.

It's weird, I know. But no one really had any reason to be happy anymore. I was playing a lot of different roles for the Alley. A good daughter, the happy bride, a dutiful wife, and in a way, a makeshift savior. There were too many people to disappoint, and I didn't want to be the cause of so much more unhappiness.

"I'm sure." I said, giving her a fake smile. I had to press my tongue behind my teeth, give her a real dazzler, to make her believe it. "Jackson's so perfect for me. I can't wait until we're actually husband and wife."

She smiled, although she didn't look like she fully believed me. "If you say so. I just want you to know that you don't have to do anything that you don't want to do, okay?"

The Undead, Unholy Love Story

"What do you mean?"

She took in a deep breath. "Honey, I know times are hard. Everyone knows. But you don't have to feel like the weight of the world is on your shoulders, and quite frankly, I feel like that's exactly what you're doing. I can see it in the way you carry yourself. It's like you're too afraid to even make the wrong step, for fear that you'll let someone down. And I just wanted you to know that you shouldn't have to feel that way."

It took me a minute to process all of what she was saying. Not that I didn't understand it, but I didn't know how she knew all of that. I hadn't told anyone, hadn't written it down. There was no way that she would have known unless what she was saying was true. Well, true.

"Jacquelyn, you don't have to worry," I said after a long pause. Clenching my jaw and fighting back tears, I gave her an incredibly weak smile. I couldn't keep the lie from tumbling out of my mouth, and I knew that once I said it, there was truly no going back. I had to keep up with this act for the rest of my life.

But I knew in my heart that this was all I could do for them anymore. This was all I would ever be good for to them, and I had to deal with this if I wanted to stay alive. And so I said it.

"I want to do this."

Chapter 4: In Remembrance

Sometimes, I'd like to remember the past.

It was a torturous process, but it took my mind off of what was going on right now. After all, there was no better escape than what one's already lived. Might as well live it again.

Of course, I wished that I could change some of the outcomes. But oh.... That was what everyone wanted nowadays.

If I closed my eyes and tried to think of the rain, I could almost recall it exactly. The moon was high overhead and the smell of rain and freshly cut grass was overwhelming. We hid under a gazebo to avoid getting wet. People had been getting sick a lot lately and it seemed like there was no exact reason why. She was scared to be out.

"We could get caught," she whispered, trembling. "Or sick."

I put my finger to her lips. "That's nothing to worry about. If we're caught, so be it. We can run. If we get sick, it'll be nothing more than the flu from being in the rain."

She was reassured but still on edge. Her hair was damp and in wavy clusters from running here. I pulled a blanket out of my backpack and wrapped it around the two of us.

"You're probably wondering why I asked you to come out here."

She nodded but looked at me with a certain kind of intensity that I'd never really seen in her eyes before. Of course, there had been tantalizing sparks of it. Glints of the beautiful soul just trying to come out. And now, here it was. I took in a deep breath.

"Priscilla, with everything that's been going on, I've been clinging onto you more and more. And the same for you. I need you, I really do." I paused. "I have to know. Do you need me? Or is this all just in my head?"

For a moment all I could hear was the wind blowing against the shanty structure of the gazebo and the rusty swingsets in the park flapping back and forth.

"I do," she whispered.

"I brought you out here because this is where I first met you. Do you remember that day? I was seven... It was a warm sunny day. I'd had this little Siberian tiger stuffed animal and was making it go down the slide. And you came up from behind me and you grabbed that little stupid toy and threw it all the way to the sandbox. You said, 'why are you playing with that dumb thing when you could be playing with me?' and it was the strangest thing I had ever heard.

We both laughed. "But you know, eventually I gave up on that little tiger toy. And I did go to play with you. I remember when you tried to teach me how to do a cartwheel and I fell and broke my wrist."

"I'm telling you, you twisted it wrong," she said laughingly.

"I wasn't ever cut out to be a great cheerleader like you, you know. More the person who sits on the side and cheers obnoxiously."

The Undead, Unholy Love Story

"Lord knows you do that,"

I smiled. "But you know, it was all worth it. Because maybe if I hadn't fallen, maybe if you hadn't taken that toy from me, I might not have been able to do this."

I got down on one knee. "Priscilla Mae Jacobs, will you spend the rest of your life with me? Will you marry me?"

I held up the little blue velvet box and opened it up. Inside of it was my great-grandmother's engagement ring. It was a bright blue sapphire that was big enough to almost look fake. It was probably worth over a hundred thousand dollars by now. And I bet that old woman was rolling over in her grave because she died still believing same-sex marriage was a sin. But I didn't care. I loved this woman in front of me and to hell with all others who opposed to it.

Her eyes filled with tears. She gave me a watery smile and covered her mouth, silencing the sobs that I hoped were of happiness. "Yes," she cried. "Oh my god, Hayden, yes!"

I put the ring on her finger and I cried a little, too. Maybe some part of me knew that this was the closest we would ever get to really getting married. Maybe I knew that her parents wouldn't truly approve. Maybe I knew that it was going to be living hell for us for the next few weeks. But right then, it didn't matter.

I look up at the moon so high overhead right now and I can feel myself choking up again. Even though that was one of the happiest moments of my life, there's still that burning fear in my chest that that night was what caused her to turn.

No, the virus hadn't been released yet. But by the time that it had come around, her family had disowned her. She said she didn't care, that they never really liked her much anyways. She said that if they couldn't accept our love then she couldn't accept them. But when it did hit, we tried going to them. They had made a safe house shelter in the woods. It was expertly built; I know because before they disowned her, her father had shown me the blue prints. It could withstand three bombs, even, and only the top level would be harmed.

We risked our lives going out there. The streets were in a panic as people attempted to save themselves from the oncoming storm. It was then that I had to kill the first person. A man wild with fear had tried to hijack the car. He stabbed Priscilla in the side with a steak knife. And I shot him.

The memory makes me recoil with repulsion. I can remember all too vividly how the blood bloomed like a flower from his chest and spurred at me. I remember the way his eyes rolled back into his head. The unbearable warmth of his blood on my hands. Thinking of it makes me want to vomit. But I remember that we had made her a tourniquet out of an old t-shirt to staunch the flow. It wasn't deep, but it looked awful. And it certainly couldn't have felt pleasant.

I remember standing outside that great metal fortress, begging. They were watching us from a surveillance camera while they were somewhere safe inside. I pleaded for them to at least let her in.

"She's hurt!" I screamed, tears rushing down my face. "Please, please, just help her."

I hated the lack of response. The look of desperation and anger on Priscilla's face. She was wounded physically and emotionally. Her family refused her even in times like these.

"Please, just let her in. You don't have to take me, but please. Help her. Save her."

The Undead, Unholy Love Story

And then came that awful mechanical buzzing sound as they opened the doors. Metal on metal screeched and her father walked out. His face was stone cold, his body movement rigid.

"Don't you ever come back here." he said in a flat voice. He tossed out a large bag of supplies, even a couple of weapons.

Priscilla broke down into sobs as I picked up the bag and led her away from the shelter. As the doors closed, I turned to look back one last time. One day, I would get revenge on them for hurting her.

A little while later and we were paranoid and desperate. My father called me to see if I was still alive. He sounded strange; it was as if he knew this was going to happen. Then he told me to get as many supplies as we could manage and board a train to California. He said that this part of the country hadn't been hit yet, that it was safe. He told me that he and some others had built a shelter of their own and that we and any others we could find were welcome.

I don't think he expected me to be the only one to make it there alive.

When he called, he didn't know that the trains and flights out to California were packed. There were so many crashes and bombing from people so desperate to get on and escape the pending death that they would rather commit mass suicide than wait. He didn't know that when we got on the train, in the back, there was a man who had been lightly bitten. Or that when we got off the train, he turned. He got as many people as he could. Innocent, unarmed people that couldn't fight him off. And in the chaos of trying to get away, Priscilla was pulled away from me.

No matter how loud I screamed, how fast I ran, I couldn't find her. I waited three days in the area. I went out every day and every night, searching for her. I called her cell phone. I pleaded survivors for information. Had they seen her? Had they helped her into somewhere safe? Was she alive? But no one knew.

Finally I knew there was no point in searching anymore. I had found all the survivors in the area. No one knew. No one was willing to abandon the safe areas they had created to come with me. They didn't trust me. They were scared. I didn't blame them.

And though I was tempted to kill myself, to go out into the swarms of zombies and be torn limb from limb, I left. I don't know why I didn't end my life right then and there. And I wish I knew why. Because as I sit out here on the roof, I don't understand why I'm alive. Why I risked it all. Why I risked a life that I had no claim to, even though it was done in love. I deserve to die but yet here I am, about to be forced to live for the rest of humanity.

And it's not fair.

The Undead, Unholy Love Story

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