

The Chronicles of the Dead

# The Chronicles of the Dead

By : **DfwDude**

The Romero Files

Published on  
**Booksie**

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# The Chronicles of the Dead : Chapter 1

## THE MORGUE

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Tom Beckler was one pissed-off guy.....Tom,a ametur stargazer,was the night attendant at the new city morgue,work was not the problem.. rain was Toms agravation. ....unending ,pouring rain...

Standing at the main entrance door to the morgue,he watched the rain pour down.

"Shit!" he muttered to himself, "I won't see fuckin shit with this goddamn rain!!!" Turning he walked towards the vacant security booth,still muttering curses to himself. Entering the booth ,he leaned over flipped on the security moniters...armed the security system.....and flopped into the nearest chair.....and waited for the bank of moniters to warm up.

"A MORGUE.....I work in a fucking morgue...a dead end job..babysitting a bunch of fuckin dead stiffs....SHIT !!!"

He was thankfull that he was now working at the new morgue.

When he first started working for the county,they placed him at the old morgue.....he continusly got sick..from the reaction of the years of acumulation of formaldehyde and many other noxios chemicals...he was ready to quit when his supervisor transfered him to the new morgue. He no longer got sick from the smells..but he still got the creeps having to work the graveyard shift..alone in the house of dead.

"Only Stephen King could enjoy this fucking place." he muttered. "Damn place still gives me the creeps..just lucky it does'nt smell like dead meat anymore...I could handle this place a lot better if I could just crank up the heat a little.....fuckin city and their fuckin economy drives to save money." He grouched.Looking over at the security moniters,he saw they had not come on yet.

"Now what the fuck....goddamn rain must have fucked with the fuckin cables....FUCK,FUCK,FUCK... shit....means i gotta check the cold rooms myself.....shit this just ain't my night!" he complained .....He slapped the switch controlling the moniters and reached under the desk to remove a small t.v. the day gaurd kept there,plugging it in and turning it on to warm up,he decided to take a quick walk thru the cold rooms and do the first of several security checks required by the city if the moniters went down.Standing he left the booth and walked over to the elevator that would take him down one level to the prep and storage rooms.

"Maybe I'll at least see some of the meteor shower on the boob tube." He muttered as he entered the elavator,punching the down button he leaned against the elevator wall and watched the doors silently,slowly close....feeling the slight downward motion of the elavator,he shuddered and complained "I dont care what anyone says....I can feel it get colder as I go down.....Damn I gotta start bringin a jacket to work...."

The elavator reached the lower level and silently opened..Tom stepped thru and crossed the hall to the first storage room.pushing thru the double swinging doors,he entered the long cold storage room.Glancing around,he thought how glad he was that he didnt have to spend much time in these rooms full of the dead,waiting for someone to claim them for burial.

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The storage room, one of several was long and narrow..along each wall were dull silver doors,stacked three high and ran the length of the room.behind each door was a corpse...some dead by natural causes...some not. Tom sometimes had nightmares about him walking thru the room and suddenly hearing one of the doors chunking open.....in his dreams he could never make himself turn and face whatever caused the door to open.....Walking the length of the room he was spooked by the hollow sounds of his footsteps,and started talking out loud to himself,just to hear a voice even if it was his own..."Well ladies and gentlemen...your stay here will just be a short one,so ya'll just lay back...and stay cool ,ya hear...."

Snickering at his little joke about staying cool he aproached the swinging doors at the far end of the room,he stopped and turned to count yellow tags hanging from the handles of the ocupied units.counting just three tags in this room he cracked "Not many tenants tonight" snickering again he pushed thru the doors into the next room....jokes and calling the dead tenants was his way of coping with being surrounded by death eight hours a night.....little did he know how close and personal he would get with death before the night was over.....

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## Chapter 2

Sharon Chambers

Sharon watched as the camera crew rushed to finish laying all the cables from the transmit van and generator ..to the spot they had decided as the spot for the broadcast Slightly shaking her head she thought to herself This is one hell of a way to build a career in television,..I start at the bottom working my ass off,and here I stand waiting for a bunch of space rocks to appear

Still waiting for the camera techs to finish,she reflected about her short,but rapid rise in the t.v. game. She had left college with a degree in communications clutched in one hand,a stack of resume's in the other and a strong determination to succeed. She was determined to succeed in a field that few women had much luck in,in fact most women never got any further than being the blonde bimbo weather girl,or reporting on some bullshit flower garden party. Her first job,at a small local station in her home town was really nothing more than being a gopher.....go for this...go for that....

Because she was smart and a quick learner,she was able to learn all aspects of th t.v. game from top to bottom.She learned how to run every piece of equipment she could get her hands on,and became invaluable to the station manager as a go-between from management and the technicians.

Her first big break came with a little luck and a major flu epidemic running rampant thru the station.Sharon one of the few not struck down with the flu,arrived at work with the feeling that something exciting would happen that day.She spent the morning answering phones and filing reports.She recieved a call that something big was about to bust loose at city hall.Using that tip and calling in some favors from a friend at the da's office,she was first to file a story that created a power structure to crumble within the city government.

With that story she was promoted to reporting and she quickly gained a reputation as one who worked hard for a story,fair in her reports and believed strongly if finding and getting the truth to the public." So what went wrong?" she thought,"I went from an enterprising upward newsperson,at a hole in the road station.....and here i am...chasing space rocks and describing how pretty they are to John Q. Public.....I think I'm due for a change..."

Glancing at her watch and relizing it was almost time for her cue,she walked over to Gary,her producer.As she approached ,Gary looked up from the schedule he was working on and spoke."Ah Sharon your right on time as usual.the crew is set up and ready.....we'll go on air in about five minutes.All you need to do on this segment is describe the events leading up to the comet passing the earth and what kind of meteor shower we can expect to see. Thenas the shower begins,just give your best description...I ll have camera two on the shower and we ll do a split screen.....sound ok to you ?"

"Sure Gary,sounds great to me....but if we can let s wrap this as soon as possible...maybe we can have time to stop at that cemetary we passed down the road.I bet we can get some really good background shots for the Leaderman story!"

"Great idea babe....let s get this show on the road..grab your mic and hit your spot,that meteor shower should be hitting any minute....and remember,babe,smile real big and let everyone know that the big party is about to begin....."

## Chapter 3

the morgue

Tom finished checking all the rooms, walked back to the elevator to return to the main floor. Waiting for the elevator doors to open he grumbled something about his luck....waiting weeks to see the meteor shower....and what happens..rain....fucking rain .

Returning to the main floor he left the elevator ,passing the security booth he glanced over at the security monitors and saw that they were still malfunctioning, but noticed that the tv was working. He passed the security booth and moved towards the front entrance. He pushed thru the inner set of doors and out of the next set and was outside under the covered awning, stopped and stared at the fiercely falling rain.

"SHIT, SHIT and double SHIT !" He exclaimed, "It s raining harder now than it was a half hour ago....FUCK it...I ll stay inside, stay dry and just watch it on the goddamn tv!"

Muttering every foul epithet he could think of as he turned to reenter the building, walking across to the security booth, he entered and threw himself down into a chair. Reaching down into his ditty bag, he dug around inside until he found a much used and favorite cigarette tin. Pulling it out he flipped the lid open and shook out a pre-rolled joint. One of several that he rolled for each night at work.

"One good thing about working nights," he said out loud, "At least I can have a toke when I want one!" Sticking the joint between his lips, he dug into his jean pocket and pulled out a lighter and used it to lite the joint. Taking his first deep toke of the night, he filled his lungs with the pungent smoke and held his breath, fought the urge to cough, and leaned over to switch on the tv and changed the channel to his favorite station. As the channel cleared he saw the new anchorwoman was on and talking. Exhaling with a loud whoosh, he hollered out..."Hey baby, I do like your looks ! GREAT tits and killer legs.... Honey I'd like to tie you to a bed and really give you something to report about...oh yeah baby !"

Taking a really deep hit on the joint, he reached over and turned up the volume and then settled back into the chair to watch the show.....

## Chapter 4

the Cemetary

Sharon started talking to the camera as soon as she saw the red light on top of the camera blink on.

"Good evening everyone. This is Sharon Chambers reporting live for station KTKS. We are set up several miles away from the city lights so we can try and get a sharper picture of the long awaited meteor shower. Astrologers have been watching the comet for many weeks now. They, the astrologers, have not been able to determine the comets point of origin ..... they do agree that it comes from the other side of the universe... and by plotting its course, they agree that it will continue thru our galaxy and beyond. The astrologers do agree that it will not collide with the earth... but it will pass very close...close enough to provide us with a excellent meteor shower from the tail of the comet as it passes by the earth.....tonight, possibly within minutes.....any person able to view the shower should do so....it promises to be the grandest of all meteor showers...There is no danger of any large meteors striking the earth. All that will enter our atmosphere will be chunks of rock and dust and most all should burn to harmless cinders upon entering the atmosphere."

Pausing a moment as Gary patched some info to her thru her ear mic, she flashed a smile to the audience as to say pardon me just a sec, Her smile grew even wider and she continued.... "Yes ladies and gentlemen I have just recieved a report that the aproaching Meteor shower is very near...people all over the world are using the coming meteor shower as a reason to have huge outdoor parties to view this thilling once in a lifetime event and some groups are starting betting pools as to what time the first meteor will be seen."

Sharon paused at a signal from Gary and waited as the camera did a slow scan of the sky. Cutting back to Sharon she began again... "Yes...we have just recieved word from our east coast affiliate that meteors are beginning to show over washington D.C. ...yes they are seeing more every second....we should begin to see them within moments.."

Staring into the camera she did not see the first flashes of light. But did hear the first exclamations of surprise, changing to shouts of delight from the people around her. Glancing up, Sharon, for the first time in her career was completely speechless.

Above her the sky was quickly growing lighter as just a few meteors burned across the sky..within seconds a few became hundreds...then thousands.. Millions of flashes of light until it apeared as if a billion candles were streaking across the sky.

Regaining her composure, Sharon looked back at the camera and spoke quickly "I wish you could be here to see this...never has mankind had the oputurnity to see a meteor shower of this magnitude...but for those of you unable to be outside to see this.....i ll do my best to describe it to you.....it is now almost as bright as day at this moment and should continue for several minutes....."

## Chapter 5: The Morgue

the Morgue

The ringing of the telephone shattered the silence. Tom, totally absorbed by the spectacle he was watching on the tv, nearly fell off his chair, but managed to only succeed in dumping his hot coffee in his lap. Cussing loudly he stood up and started to wipe himself off with one hand and snatched up the phone with the other. No longer cussing, but still pissed ..he growled into the phone

"Hello, City Morgue, Tom Beckler speaking."

"Hey Tom, this is Mark...from station 21....."

"Hey Mark, my main man, I haven't heard from you in a coons age....are you getting a chance to check out the light show from God?"

"SHIT...I tell you what man....first it has to rain and get the streets slick.....then it clears...and those damn meteors start falling..and I kid you not...when the rocks started falling ...the wrecks started right up"

"No shit!!!"

"I'm not shittin you one bit dude! Mark shot back These damn idiot drivers out here dont have the fuckin brains to pull over to watch the meteor shower,HELL NO, they rubberneck like crazy and drive right up the ass of the poor sumbitch in front of him ! Tom,your about to be one busy dude!"

"Fuck me!" Tom cursed "I was afraid of that,any idea how many are coming my way ?"

"Can t say for sure just yet. We just got word of big pileup out on the loop,and dispatch told us to send all our pickups to you. So get ready...we are on the way in and all other mobiles will be right behind us."

"Goddammit,that really chaps my ass,I should nt be surprised tho it just caps off my perfectly fucked up night.....at least we got plenty of empty drawers....."

"Tom from what I hear on the 2-way,it just might come to stackin em 3 deep.....I wish you luck cus I got more calls than I can shake a stick at ! I ll give you a call when things begin to slow down ok ?"

"Yea,thanks for the warning Mark. I ll get ready for the rush...see ya."

Hanging the phone on the hook, Tom reached over and snatched the last of the joint in the ashtray. "One last toke and then it's hi ho hi ho off to work my sorry ass goes" he snickered as he lit the joint and sucked the harsh smoke deep into his lungs. Leaving the security booth he entered the elevator and punched the down button then slumped against the wall of the elevator....

## Chapter 6: The Cave

the Cave

Travis and Steve

Travis stopped moving when he heard a splash followed by total darkness. Travis held his position and chuckled listening to his friend thrash around in the cold water...cussing a streak as he slipped several times before regaining his footing. Travis could'n resist a perfect opportunity for a jab..... "Steve....you gonna swim around all day..or do you want to finish and get out of this damn cave?"

"FUCK YOU !!" Steve blasted back....."Motherfuckin,goddamit to hell....you and your friggin coin tosses are really beginning to chap my ass....."

"And get it wet..." Travis snuck in

"ASSHOLE!!" Steve responded "at least turn on your lamp so I can get out of here without breaking my neck! Man-o-man I am one tired sonofabitch and now I gotta slop around here soaking wet....shiiiiiiiiiiiiittttt...I need a beer!"

Crouching, Travis reached down to his waist and flipped on his light and began to remove it. "Here he said Take mine and lets keep moving.....besides it was a fair toss and you know it budro!"

"Yeah,yeah I lost the toss HELL I always lose the damn toss!" Steve muttered in reply.

"Right,and loser had to lead...and that s you DUDE ! So move your wet ass! I m as tired and hungry as you are.....just not as wet!"

"Yeah,yeah,yeah,yeah quite your bitchin and gimme the lamp and drag my sorry ass out of this sorry ass of a excuse for a cave" Steve grumbled as he attached the lamp to his waist belt

"Right,and watch your step...another slip like the last one and we will sit here in the dark until a lamp dries out....."

A muttered fuck you was all Travis heard. Taking advantage of the short break he leaned against the damp wall of the cave to rest his sore knee. He could hear Steve muttering an occasional blue word,atesting to the fact that he could nt finish a sentence without the use of a cuss word or two. Travis leaned his head back against the wall and let his thoughts drift,and thought about the first time he met his friend.....in fact....cussing a blue streak was the first thing he ever heard from Steve.....

It was early in his senior year of high school. He was headed for the public library,a place where he had spent many a pleasant evning.When he was young he developed a unquenchable thirst for the printed word,anything was fair game for his searching eyes.He loved to read so much.....he could not go to sleep at nite without first reading for a few minutes.

Takeing a short cut thru the alley behind the library,he was about half way thru the alley when he heard a shout from the darkness ahead.Quietly moving closer he could see that three guys were crowded around one guy. Even tho the surrounded guy was outnumbered and out sized,the guy was turning the air around him a cobalt blue with his swearing. Travis edged closer to the group and winced as he heard the language the guy was using. He remembered thinking about how many bars of soap his mother would have used washing out

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his mouth if she heard him use even ONE of those words around her.

Even tho Travis did'nt think of himself as a fighter,he could'nt stand to see someone ending up on the short end of the stick,especially when it was some very large guys ganging up on one smaller person.

Stepping from the shadows,Travis walked towards the group and hollered in the toughest voice he could muster,"Hey you guys...cut it out...three against one just ain t right!!"

"Fuck you punk!" The biggest one said as he shoved the smaller guy into the arms of his two friends, this slimeball punk don't belong round here.....and we re gonna teach him a lesson he wont forget so he ll stay out of our territory...."

"Hey,I don t know about any of that.....all I know 3 against 1 is sucky odds..."

"Ok tough guy ...you want it fair...then you can join asshole here to even out the odds a bit...so take your pick.....which one of us do you wanna take on first ?"

Right then Travis knew he was in deep shit.He had never been in many fights while growing up.He had found it easier to turn the other cheek rather than get his ass whipped.He knew this was one of the times he could'nt talk his way out.

Trying to stall for time,hoping someone would come into the alley and maybe put a stop to what was about to happen.he looked over at the guy who was the reason for his being in the spot and asked "Hey how you doin?"

With a slight grin mixed with a grimace,the guy straightened up in the arms of the two thugs holding him and replied "Well to tell you the truth,could be better,could be worse....."

"Hey Bruce" the thug holding onto the guys right arm said to the big guy standing in front of Travis "Why don't you let them flip a coin ....shit mouth here can call it and the loser gets his ass kicked first!"

Bruce laughed, "Good idea" he said as he dug in his pocket for a coin,pulling out a quarter he tossed it to Travis and said....."Since your so concerned about fair play and all that shit,you flip the coin,asshole here can call it and the loser gets to take me on first."

Travis looked from Bruce to the guy he was forced to side with and recieved a grin and a slight wink. Travis shook his head,returned the wink and decided it was now or never. Without warning he flipped the coin high above their heads and said..."Call it."

"HEADS!" The guy screamed as the coin arched about six feet above their heads....

while the coin held evryones attention,Travis spun and kicked the guy called Bruse square in the balls,Bruce screamed,cupped his balls and fell.Travis grabbed a board from the rubbish around his feet and moved towards the two thugs holding the other guy.Stunned at seeing their leader on the ground crying and puking,their prisoner stomped on one thugs foot,then spun to trip the the other thug backwards.....

Relizing they had one chance,Travis and the guy ran like hell for the street. Bursting from the alley they ran along the side of the library and turned and turned at the corner and ran for the safety of the well lighted entrance. As they pounded up the library steps Travis was amazed at the guys audacity....one minute about to get his ass creamed....and the next running loose and cool and laughing.

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Stopping outside the library doors to catch their breath before entering ,Travis had to ask "Okay,whats so funny about both of us nearly getting our asses kicked all over the damn alley ?"

Bending over to catch his breath,the other guy snickered again before ansering.

"I'm sorry man....I really appreciate your help.....the coin toss.....i lost it before you took on Bruce....and the quarter....i grabbed it before running...now those assholes will never know who lost..AND I got Bruce's quarter !"

Succumbing to a fit of laughter the guy slid to the floor as Travis stood and watched him while thinking about who would win the next toss of the coin.....

Steves's voice jarred Travis back to the present,

"Hey Travis...Yo dickbreath !"

"You talking to me ? Donkey Dick" Travis answered.

"No shit Man,I just want you to know.....I enjoy checking out these caves you find,and fun is fun,BUT we ve been in this wet motherfuckin cave for five days.....five days of artificial light,artificial food.....and wet...wet all the damn time...every damn second of evry damn day for five damn days..."

Travis interrupted "You forgot one thing Steve..."

"What..?"

"You had ME for company the entire time....."

YOU.....You motherfucker.....always happy, ready for any goddamn thing.....JEEZ..

If I'd a known about all the agravation i've suffered over the years.....why...WHY I would've forgot all about saving your ass in that alley !!!!!

And deprive yourself of all the fun we ve had over the years.

FUN

Stopped in his tracks,Steve stared at his at his friend for a moment then turned to continue leading the way.All the time muttering curses and dire threats of a severe beating AFTER they left the cave and AFTER they got back into the civilized world,and most importantly AFTER he had a beer.....then maybe a deserved ass-whippin would happen.

A few hours later,they had sloshed their way back to the main entrance chamber. Steve paused for a moment and looked up at the small circle of light which defined the exit to the cave....and started in again.....

"Damn, I can feel it all now.....soaking in a hot tub of water,sucking down one of MANY ice fucking cold beers. Then I m gonna pretty myself up and go out and find me a WOMAN ! Then i ll sweep her off her feet with my tales of danger and derring-do while down in this deep dark pit of hell.....Shit..I m ready !!"

"Yeah right Steve...are you really going to tell them that your feats of derring-do was mostly getting your ass soaked and trying to avoid jock rot ?"

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"DAMN Trav.....you think any woman with half a brain in her head will jump my bones if I told the TRUTH?...HELL no,and you know it.....just remember.... if any chick asks if your grateful to me for saving your life.....just go with ..ok?"

"Your kidding me.....right?"

"Shit no man,I m serious as a heart attack!"

"Seriously Steve any woman that sees you aproaching with a tent over your crotch and that wild gleam in your eye,and drool running down your chin....she will NOT hang around to hear your lies ...but she will run..not walk..run for the hills!!!!"

"WELLL you just hang around and observe,my friend,and I will teach you the fine art of meeting women.....and if your real damn lucky,i might just give you one of my rejects."

"That's ok Steve,don't do me any favors.....i think i ll just relax and count how many times you get your face slapped during the night...."

By then Steve was squirming thru the exit hole and all Travis could hear was a muttered "Fuck off Doc! "

Once Steve was standing outside the cave entrance,Travis passed all their gear out to him and then sruggled and squirmed thru the tight hole to stand next to his friend. Strething to get the kinks out of his back,Travis relized it was nearly dark.

"Well ,at least we got enough light to get all the gear loaded into the bronco."

"Yeah" Steve answered "and I can hear the beers and the babes calling my name already....."

"Yeah right steve....."

Grabbing their gear they quickly descended the slight hill above their camp and started throwing all of the gear into the rear of the bronco,scraped what muck they could off themselves and climbed into the bronco. Travis fired up the engine and let it idle for a minute to warm up.

"Hey Trav..how far is it to that little burg we passed thru on the way out here? I need a piss stop and a brew REALLY bad.."

Glancing down at the fuel gauge Travis answered...."Well, your in luck.... that

"FUUUUUUCK you ,Travis.....It

"Tell you what, Steve,We

"AARRGGGHH! I knew it !! I just knew you would say that,.....BUT just to save myself some aggravation.....I

"What a guy.... "

Travis laughed and said "Thank god for empty gas tanks and desparate dudes needing beer.....look out world the gruesome twosome are headed home !"

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Travis slipped the Bronco into gear and headed down the dirt road towardws the highway as Steve let loose with a rebel yell and a yippee ki yi mother fuckers drifted in the wind as they vanished into the darkening evening.....

## Chapter 7: The Morgue

the Morgue

Hunger.....we have all experienced it in one form or another.For some it is that stomache twinge and growl,for others it is the pain of starvation,sometimes followed by death.

The microbes carried by the comet and its debre was a parasite....always hungry,never satisfied,never appeased. was about to make its apearence on planet earth.

Tom had just finished digging out several forms he knew he would need for registering the incoming bodies,when he heard the driveway bell bong as the first ambulance backed to the loading dock.Tom grabbed several of the forms and stepped from the small office just as a man came thru the outer door,pausing to remove his rain slicker and shake water from it. Tom recognized the man as a friend of his and greeted him.....

"A little wet out there,huh?"

"Man you don t know the half of it,rain..wrecks..and all kinds of crap going on out there!"

"It s the moon....".Tom joked

'What??...th moon..."

"The moon is full" Tom explained "all kinds of crazy and weird things happen under a full moon....."

"Shit Tom..your probably right about that.....anyway,where do you want us to start placing the stiff?"

'Shit....I guess you can put them in prep room one....it s the first one on the right ..leave the paperwork for each one on the table beside it and i ll transfer the info onto the toe tags as I get to each one....."

"Whatever you say.....wish we could stay and grab a cup of joe.....but we have to dump this load and head right back out.....calls are coming in faster than we can handle them.....hell you ll probably see us again before the night is over..and maybe more....."

"O.K. guys...as much as I like ya ll.....i hope I don t see ya again tonight!" Tom said over his shoulder as headed back into the file room to grab more forms and tags.

Shortly after the first ambulance left,more began to arrive and each ambulance barely had time to unload before another was waiting in line.It seemed hours went by...but it only took two before the morgue was filled to capacity and Tom had to start diverting traffic to other locations.

Finally tom was alone again,he decided to stop long enough to fire up a doobie before getting started on the part he hated most of all.

"Time to get ready for the shit work.' He muttered as he took a deep hit off the joint,filling his lungs several times with the harsh smoke,he finally felt the first soothing rush he needed to prepare himself for the job at hand. After relaxing for a few more moments,he decided the best way to get the job done was to just go for it and finish as quick as he could. Pinching out the last inch of the joint he figured he better save a bit just in case his stomache started acting up.

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Slipping the roach into his pocket,he stood up and grabbed his clipboard

and a handfull of tags. Entering the first prep room,he wished he could turn up the heat a little,but then that would

Walking over to the first table,he avoided looking at the body on the table...he concentrated on picking up the papers beside the body and transferring the info onto the toe tags. A morbid curiosity got the better of him

Looking down at the body his first thought was....."well hell,if this is the worst of the lot,then I got it made.....this one ain

On the table before him laid a black man. The only thing visibly wrong that Tom could see,was the man s head

The forehead,from just below the hairline and down to just above the eyebrows..was caved in.....looked as if someone had hit him across the forehead with a 2 x 4 . The result of the blow made the eyes almost bulge out of their sockets. That and some blood from the nose and ears was all the damage he could see..

A hour passed,in that time Tom was able to tag all the bodies in the first prep room and was halfway thru prep room two. He decided to take a break and finish the rest of the joint he had saved. Pulling up a chair,he sat down and tried to get comfortable..... after a few good hits on the

Fuck it!

He grouched as he pinched out the last ember and stood up.

I

Standing he walked over to the next table,and looked at the body before him... imediatly his stomache began to flip flop and he had to fight down the urge to gag or even throw up.

MOTHERFUCKER !! This has got to be the worst one yet!!!!

Looking at the mutilated body on

the table before him,he had a hard time deciding on how or where to start describing the extent of damage done to the body.... His first thought was that somebody had stuffed a man

DAMN ! Guy,.....you look like you tried to hitch a ride on the bottom side of someone

On the table behind tom lay the corpse he had just finished,the left hand resting on its stomache fell to its side,knocking the papers laying there to the floor.

Tom nearly jumping out of his skin,spun around,and started cussing when he saw the papers scattered about the floor.

SHIT,SONOFABITCHINMOTHERFUCKER !!!! it

Bending down to pick up the scattered papers,he hit his shoulder against the metal table

An hour passed then two,in that time Tom was able to tag all the bodies in the first prep room

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Standing he walked over to the next table, and looked at the body before him

the tag on the hamburger dude. Reaching for the tag, he decided that this was his last one for the night. He glanced down at the corpse, then focused on the tag... and frowned... unable to grasp what bothered him..... then it hit him..... when he turned to gather the fallen papers..... the hamburger dude's head had been facing AWAY from him..... now the face was turned toward him, confused he leaned closer towards the corpse..... and the eyes of the corpse opened and focused on him.... shocked unable to believe what he was seeing, HELL, unable to even draw a breathe to scream, he stumbled back a few steps... and bumped into the knees of the corpse behind him that had just sat up and swung its legs over the side of the table..... jumping back from that sight Tom turned and saw that the hamburger dude was actually sitting up and was still staring at him ! Instinct finally kicked in and he spun to get the hell out of the room... and stopped in his tracks..... to see approaching him from all sides were the dead ! The dead were rising from the tables and stumbling towards him.

Tom looked frantically for a path to run, but all avenues of escape were cut off by the approaching creatures. All Tom could do was stand and watch these things make their way to him....

His very last thought, before his mind was completely gone..... as the hamburger dude grabbed his hand and began chewing on the fingers..... as one crawling nightmare pulled itself up to Tom's leg and proceeded to bite and rip a huge chunk of flesh from his thigh..... as he felt a finger puncture one eye..... as other fingers were thrust into his mouth grappling for his tongue..... his very last thought was a resigned .... What a really fucked nite !!

His body literally exploded as several pairs of hands dug into his flesh and ripped his body apart in huge obscene chunks of blood and flesh..... and for a single nanosecond before death mercifully claimed him, thru his remaining eye, Tom saw pieces of his own body being consumed by his former Tenants ....

..... then all that was heard was the chewing and slurping sounds of feeding.....

## Chapter 8: The Cemetary

the Cemetary

Sharon sighed as she tried to get more comfortable in the front seat

of the van. Being a news person on t.v. did have its perks, and people did tend to think it was all fun and glamour.....But for the moment she was experiencing the non-glamorous side involved in remote sets.

The waiting game.....Watching the meteor shower light the nite sky, a pale red ash began to fall from the sky, covering everyone and evrything. When rubbed the ash would smear, as if sort of a oily base, rather than brush off.....and then it began to RAIN.....THEN a few people began to

complain of a burning

sensation on their skin.....which quickly became a painful rash on the skin.

Gary called a wrap and the technicians scrambled to pack the gear as the others ran for cover

Watching Gary slog thru the mud towards the van, she noticed the rain had stopped, for the moment at least. Gary opened the driver side door and began to scrape the mud off his boots. He broke her train of thought when he spoke, I told the guys that we would meet them at the cemetary, you and I will go ahead so we can choose the best location for the shot.....and you can repair the damage to your hair and warpaint !

Right Gary,

she snapped back while i

She and Gary could always joke with each other to help relieve tension during the worst of times.

Sharon was one of the few lucky women that could look good thru hell or high water. It never took her more than a few minutes to become presentable before the camera. usually she would end up waiting on the techs to get their gear setup and ready.....friendly barbs would fly back and forth.

Sighing to herself, she was glad that she did have such a good career in broadcasting, she damn sure did

casual good looking with a great personality. Sure they had had a few problems, what marriage did

Garycont.....

" Yeah, I think the best thing to do is try and gain some intrest on the issue right off the bat

No prob dude

she replied as soon as we decide on a location, and you finish getting the guys started..i

You got it Babe

It did

## The Chronicles of the Dead

At Gary

tomstone....after a few seconds,Sharon

A cemetary.....Quiet and serene in it

.....

As the camera panned across the terrain, Sharon came into view standing beside a fresh grave..the canvas awning still standing to protect any mourners from the weather,and a scattering of floral bouquets already starting to wilt.She continued

" Yes ladies and gentlemen,a cemetary....a sad but familiar site for many of us" The question we want to present to you tonight is something we should all be aware of.That question is....are your dead loved ones,treated with the respect and dignity they deserve?...in a moment we will continue with a story that may well shock you or sicken you....even make you angry.....but it is necessary to make you all aware of what may be happening at several mortuaries around the country...the Leaderman story.....respect or ripoff.....next !

Sharon continued to smile at the camera until the red light faded,indicating that Sharon was now off camera.

Great Sharon

Gary said give us a few minutes to reposition a few lights and we

Ok...also, Gary...be sure and pull in close when I crouch and get a handfull of dirt...

Yea...

he replied and as you finish we

At Gary

Tonight I have a very unpleasant story to tell you. It is a sad time when we lose a loved one. Out of respect and love we do what is necessary and bury our dead,you buy a plot,you buy a coffin,arrange for a service,you contact a mortician.....now the mortician prepares the body of the deceased for burial....he cleans the body..repairs any visible damage to the body...dresses the body in it

A few weeks ago,thru a private source,this reporter was informed of a practice of a most vile nature. At this very moment police are waitinfg for court orders.....orders that will allow them to exhume several bodies recently interred at the Leaderman Mortuary and Cemetary. We have reason to believe that employees under the direction of Mr. Leaderman himself are not preparing the bodies correctly..in other words....they are not using embalming fluid.....a chemical used to preserve the body..also prevent the spread of bacteria that is harmful to us ....the living!

Even more of a atrocity.....once final viewing is over...before leaving the chapel the body is passed thru a very secluded and guarded room...before closing the casket for the final time...several employees quickly remove any valuables.. Rings,necklaces,mementoes.....and yes even inspecting the teeth quickly removing any gold filled teeth.....!!!!

" The police have requested us to ask the public that if you have recently buried a loved one

## The Chronicles of the Dead

at a Leaderman cemetery....Please contact your local police and give them the information,and permission to make sure you have not been robbed by a Man of no Morals or decency....

The camera followed Sharon as she turned and crouched down beside the fresh grave as she continued....We urge you to contact the authorities and provide them with any information that will help them to stop this revolting practice!.. If you are in the process of interring a loved one please be sure and check the references of who you use.!

As she was saying her last few lines, Sharon dug her hand into the fresh loam covering the grave. As he raised her hand and began sifting the dirt thru her fingers .....it happened ....A hand thrustout of the dirt and grabbed sharon's wrist !!!!

The startled cameraman,more by instinct than skill kept the camera rolling and in focus,allowing a clear picture of the nightmare that was just beginning..

Sharon,thinking she had entangled her hand in a wreath looks down and sees the hand from the grave grasping her wrist and screams.....

The dirt covering the grave begins to tremble,dirt rolls back and slowly,steadily, a head begins to emerge from under the dirt

Gary, at first to stunned to react,stands with his mouth hanging open watching the impossible happen.....Sharon,still screaming begins jerking her arm back and forth...trying to free herself.....but the body...or thing..was actually using her arm as leverage to pull itself from the grave

The cameraman decides the hell with artistic value.....fuck the news.... drops the camera and runs screaming for the van.....

Gary snaps out of his frozen shock,runs to Sharon,grabs her arm and begins kicking the body about the head and shoulders...the combined weight of Sharon and Gary is enough to pull her free and they both stumble and fall to the ground in a tangle of limbs.

One of the sound techs pissed his pants and ran screaming into the depths of the cemetery....the other tech fell to his knees and began crying....to frozen by shock and fear to do anything else.

Sharon and Gary laid in a tangled heap on the ground and watched in horror as the thing pulled itself free from the dirt of the grave and attempted to stand (later when she had time to think about those first few minutes,she would remember that it seemed she was watching every thing happen in stop frame action ) The both of them stared in wide eyed horror at the creature before them. The creature stood,weaving slightly as if just learning to balance it

Sharon and Gary both scrambled backwards a few feet .....the corpse becoming aware of their presence and turns toward them.....the camera lights give them a clear view,for the first time,the face of a living dead.....a face that had no expression,just a gleam of something unholy,deep in the eyes of the dead-un....and something else.. A look of raw deep hunger.The corpse tried to take a step towards them and stumbled,falling to its knees.....Sharon and Gary looked at each other with mutual expressions of disbelief and horror.....as one they scrambled to their feet and ran for the van.....Gary screaming at the tech on his knees to follow them.

Sharon reached the van,yanked open the passenger side door and threw herself in,banging her knee on the door frame and struggled to slam the door closed. Gary threw himself into the drivers seat and frantically searched for the keys to start the van. Sharon turned to lock her door and glancedback at the gravesite just in

## The Chronicles of the Dead

time to see the corpse from the grave rip out the throat of the technician that had frozen in fear.... she screamed at Gary to hurry and start the van as he flooded it on the first try. The motor started at the second attempt....and they were frozen in their seats at the sound of a spine tingling scream that increased in pitch and volume and suddenly quit,cut off abruptly.

"DAMN,DAMN,DAMN.....that must have been Ed !!!"

Gary babbled as he stared at Sharon.

Gary!

She screamed back..shut the fuck up and get us the hell away from here before we

Seconds before Gary slammed the van into gear . Sharon felt/heard a thump at the door behind her.Jerking around she looked directly into the face of another corpse.... one that had been dead for more than just a short time.Sharon fainted with the image of what she saw,forever burned into her mind. Looking into her window was a near rotted skull,pieces of flesh and strands of hair clinging to the dull yellow skull,one eye looking at her with a desparate hunger...the other eye socket filled with wigling worms.....

## Chapter 9: The Gas Station

the Gas Station

Following the winding dirt road that would connect

them to the highway, Travis realized it was getting dark and leaned over to turn on all the lights, including the big bar lamps mounted on the roof of the bronco. Steve settled into his seat and muttered he was going to catch a nap and to wake him when it was his turn to drive.

Twenty minutes later they reached the highway and headed home. Another half hour and Travis was getting bored and getting major white line fever. He looked over at his dozing friend, decided the hell with it and spoke...

.Steve!...You awake?

A muttered curse.....

C

No man....I always carry on a conversation in my sleep !

Then you

Steve never even opened his eyes as they talked.

My guess is that the meteor shower that went off earlier tonight, after a light show like that.....any thing else would be a hard act to follow....so every one went home...

Yeah, your probably right...AND....if you would

Fuck you.....besides once you seen a falling rock, then you

Travis started to return with a comment about Steve Hmmmmm, i do believe I see a sign up ahead that mentions something

Steve sat up and shouted Stop....Stop...or i

Travis grinned at his friends sudden enthusiasam and jerked his strings a little

Steve, if I was a real asshole, I would wish they did

Should we flip to see who pays for the gas?

SCREW you

Steve shot back and just in case nobody has told you lately.. YOUR a asshole!

Travis laughed and shot back Steve, like I

## The Chronicles of the Dead

Steve gave Travis a dirty look and started to shoot back a response ...but was interrupted as Travis slowed the bronco down to turn into the station. Travis saw the sudden look of anticipation on his friends face and said OK you win .... but it seems like I paid last time....so it

Well SHIT...

Steve groused as Travis pulled the bronco to a stop beside a pair of pumps....I don

Travis killed the engine and they sat a moment ,listening to the ticking of the motor as it began to cool and they both looked around the deserted front area. Steve grumbled Shit..don t tell me the damn place is closed....crap...it would be just my fucking luck for it to be closed !!!

And whose gonna put me up there,huh?

Just me,asshole!

Yeah right! You and what fuckin army BUTTHEAD! Steve shot back over his shoulder as he headed for the door to the gas station office.

Cont

Standing by the Bronco,smelling the fumes of the pumping gas,Travis felt a chill run up his spine..."Somebody just walked over my grave.." he muttered to the reflection of himself in the rear glass of the Bronco.He finished pumping the gas,rehung the nozzle on the pump and checked the fluids under the hood.....He was crouched at the rear of the Bronco,checking the tire pressure..leaning against the fender...his mind was a million miles away...Suddenly he was pulled off balance by a hand jerking on his shoulder.Startled he jumped upright,hitting his shoulder against the fender of the Bronco,spun around to face a pale,sweating and obviously scared Steve...

"SHIT,Steveyou trying to give me a fuckin heart attack.....??"

"Sorry man....fuck...you gotta check this out.....shit....."

"What the fuck are you blathering about you dip shit.....you pissed cus they got no bee..."

"GODDAMIT TRAVIS....Shut the fuck up!" Steve screamed

Travis relized that something really had shook his friend and he tried to calm him down..

"It's ok man...i'm sorry.....so whats got you so spooked?"

"Man..I went into the store and got the beer and some ice but no one was inside to take the money...I checked the office and it was empty....but both registers had cash in them..."

"Yeah..so.."

"Let me finish Damit"

"ok,ok im sorry.."

## The Chronicles of the Dead

"So i thought,well,maybe the guy had the shits and needed the bathroom real sudden...so i go around the side to the bathroom and its empty....i see a small trailer in back and figured maybe maybe the station guy was in the trailer....i walk over to the trailer and as i get closer i see BLOOD around the the entrance and on the door!"

BLOOD ! Come on Steve your seeing things...must be a flashback from lack of beer.....he joked

FUCK you Travis.....I know fuckin blood when I see it...and i m telling you..I SAW FUCKING BLOOD back there....and LOT S of it!!

Allright Steve I believe you.....so lets go check it out.Maybe the guy running this place hurt himself and he may need some help

Steve looked at Travis,looked back towards the trailer,muttered something about A fuckin whole lot of fuckin blood visibly shook himself and led Travis around the station towardsthe small trailer at the back of the lot. As Travis neared the trailer he saw that it was just a small travel trailer setting up on blocks.The type you would see some people pulling around the country for short trips,too small to live in but great for overnights.Travis figured the owner used it as aplace to catch a quick nap or a private spot to have a few beers.....As they got closer Travis could see a dark liquid pooled around the steps of the trailer,and dark rusty smears around the door.Stopping by the steps Travis crouched down and put his finger tip into the puddle,hearing a oh yuck

From Steve. Travis rubbed the liquid between finger and thumb and sniffed it

Your right Steve,this IS blood..and its quite a bit for a small cut....I hope that whoever got hurt was able to reach help.

I TOLD you it was blood !

Did you check inside?

SHIT no, Isaw all this and came and got you!

Travis wiped his finger in the dirt,stood and leaned over to rap on the door and waited a moment.

Maybe they ve already gone to see a doctor

ok so...try the door guy

Travis looked around,saw a peice of paper on the ground and used it to grasp the door handle and twist it,heard the latch disengage and pulled the door open to look in.At first gloance it looked like a normal messy interior poor housekeepers he thought,then he relized what he was really seeing.....disbelieving he leaned in closer to get a better look.....and he turned and stumbled a few feet away,fell to his knees ...and vomited

Damn Trav you ok?

Still on his knees and gagging,Travis pointed back at the trailer,and was turning to warn his friend only to see him already opening the door and looking inside...Steves's body jerked in reaction to what he saw,he steppedback,slammed shut the trailer door,and fell to his knees gagging and spitting also.

## The Chronicles of the Dead

Travis spit a few more times trying in vain to rid his mouth of the taste of bile, and asked his friend if he was ok...

Are we crazy, Travis ?.....That can

Steve, we

Travis, I don

Steve, there MAY be someone hurt....we have to check...

Steve looked up into the dark

sky, muttered FUCK.....he looked around, muttered another FUCK, pulled himself to his feet and walked over to Travis and offered his hand to help his friend stand. Still clasping Steve

Steve....we gotta check....you with me?

Steve shook his head, muttered another fuck and Travis knew his friend was with him all the way.

Moving a few feet away Steve searched the ground and picked up a short stick and used it to gently push the trailer door open cont.....

"Goddamn right!" was all Travis said and they turned and hauled ass for the Bronco. Their fear grabbed them by the ass and it became a all out scramble for the relative safety of the Bronco. Side by side they ran across the yard and along the side of the station. Unerved by what they had seen the devil himself could have appeared before them and they would have flattened him like a tank rolling over a bush. Pounding across the front of the station towards the Bronco, Travis in the lead, did not run around the Bronco to his door. Instead he yanked open the door on Steve's side and scrambled in and across to the driver's seat as Steve threw himself in behind him, a few more moments of panic as they struggled to untangle....and Travis twisted the ignition key, started the Bronco, slapped it into gear, stalled.....relizing he was screaming SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!! Over and over....he could hear Steve cussing and shouting GOGOGO!!...twisted the key again..the engine roared, Travis dumped the clutch again.....and the powerfull Bronco burned rubber across the station blacktop Travis powered the Bronco into a side ways slide out of the station and barreled down the road. About the time Travis hit third gear and sixty, he hears a agonized groan from his friend and looks into his stricken face.....

Steve slaps his hand to his forehead and exclaimed....

Shit,.....MAN, I forgot the fuckin beer!

Both men fell out laughing and giggling.....which abruptly stopped as they both relized that laughter was inappropriate after what they had just seen.

## Chapter 10: The Hospital

the Hospital

travis and steve find a hospital

They were a good five miles down the road before Travis relized he was doing about 95 miles an hour.....without lights!

He leaned over to turn on the lights and glanced over at his friend who had been silent since their burst of laughter

Steve was staring out the window

into the darkness and talking to himself Manohe muttered What a fuckin sight....was it suicide?..NO FUCK NO,... had to be murder!..yeah thathe looked at Travis..Hey man,look for a phone!!!!

Travis had begun to have the same thought

,when it sank in that SteveDAMN RIGHT... sign back there said a town is just a few miles ahead .. We athorities.....and then I think it

Steve relaxed a little and shot back,

FUCKIN-AAAY !!! and

letã »Âç@Ë --â !@Â!â !@"-â çã »Â£@Ë Â Â¥â !@Â£-@â ;-@'Â Æ '@Â£-@Â£Ë Â Â£@-"Â Æ â !@â

They were both beginning to calm down a little and they relized they were passing more and more homes and businesses as they got closer to the town.They watched for a phone but the few they saw seemed to be too secluded and Travis was spooked by what they had seen at the station and the continued stillness of the night Steve put his feelings of unease into words.....Hey dude,I hate to add shit onto shinola,but where the fuck is everyone? I have

Good question Steve,all I know is I just saw something out of a horror movie and it scared the shit outta me..I just want to turn this over to the man....get home...have a very stiff drink and try real hard to forget that tonight ever happened...!

AMEN to that bro...

Keep an eye out for any police or fire station .....we

As they drove further into the town it became evident that all was not right in the world that night.

No one was out no one was moving....no cars..no pedestrians ..not even any cats..or dogs could be seen moving about.Travis

THERE,Trav,up ahead!!!

HUH what.....?

## The Chronicles of the Dead

That sign we just blew by, mentioned something about a hospital just ahead.....

Great.....A hospital is perfect....we can stop there and leave it in the capable hands of some mucky muck

Travis saw the sign with a arrow pointing towards the entrance of the hospital, and slowed the bronco to make the turn in...

following the long curved drive, they both felt better at the sight of the well lighted entrance to the emergency room. The hospital was glaring white from all the lights and stood out in the darkness surrounding it.

Travis pulled the bronco into a parking space near the emergency entrance and heard Steve mutter Fuckin strange.....

What

Travis asked as he killed the engine

Well, look around....there

They sat for a moment and listened and heard....nothing

FUUUCK...you got me spooked now Steve.

Travis almost wispered.....before we go any further.....let me get something from

Yea, no shit, if you brought anything extra...I

Said Steve

The hole is what Travis called his security box,

when he first purchased the Bronco, he made a few discreet additions to protect valuables while

Steve...catch... Travis tossed the hunting knife to Steve.

Thanks said Steve as he smoothly caught the knife and unsheathed it in one smooth motion. Travis watched as Steve ran his thumb along the blade edge.....and promptly cut himself. Travis chuckled at Steve's surprise at how sharp the knife was. Almost laughing, while listening to his friend cuss the sharp knife....Travis looked down at the pistol he held, pulled the special loaded .38 from the holster snapped open the cylinder..checked to ensure all chambers were loaded....snapped the cylinder closed ...slipped the gun back into the holster.....then shrugged the rig onto his shoulders, shrugging them to settle the rig in place. Glancing at his friend sucking on his finger, Travis had to ask...Do you really think I would carry a dull knife ?

SHIT I don

Yeah

Travis replied as he reached into the back seat to grab a light jacket to put on to conceal the gun. Better the knife than nothing at all.

Damn right

## The Chronicles of the Dead

agreed Steve as he slid the knife into his jeans behind his back... and he turned and stepped towards the hospital entrance.....

Hey Steve.....

"Yeah" he said stopping to look back

Steve this whole deal is getting stranger by the minute....and....well...just in case something really is going on....well...anything can happen...so....you know where the extra keys are stashed....use them if you have too....

Steve gave him a whatareyoutalkinabout look ..gave a thumbs up and turned towards the doors.

Travis closed the door to the bronco and followed his friend. Again he noticed that the only sound he could hear was that of the cooling engine in the Bronco ... no other sounds,no sirens,no people....no noise at all.

Steve stepped on the rubber mat before the doors and they snicked open with a sound similar to a favorite sci-fi sound. He looked into the deserted lobby,then back at Travis....

Beam me up Scotty,there ain t no life round these here parts !

Travis grinned at his friend shrugged his shoulders and side by side they entered the hospital

TRAVIS AND STEVE IN HOSPITAL

SWAN

TRAVIS MEETS JOSH

SHARON AND GARY FIND HOSPITAL

.....They passed thru the double doors and stopped to get a look at the lay of the land.

"And the day just got stranger." whispered Travis as they both surveyed the empty and silent room before them. Steve nervously scanned the area around them and muttered, "Uh,Scotty,maybe you could beam down a phaser or two....please."

Not a single person was in site....no rushing nurses or doctors...no patients waiting in line for their turn to see a doctor....no crying babies....nothing

So quiet that Travis thought he could hear the hairs on the back of his neck stand up,he could damn sure FEEL them standing.

A low murmured Travis...I don t like this one fuckin bit !!

Amen to that...Travis replied.. Look over at the nurses desk...papers scattered....could have been a struggle.....you think ?

A long FFFUUUUUCCCCCKKK from Steve as Travis continued

Well....no one here.....guess we should look around a little...

## The Chronicles of the Dead

Another long fuuuuuuuuuuck from Steve and Travis held up a finger to caution him then pointed across the lobby.....edgy....on cat feet... they crossed the deserted lobby and approached a set of double swinging doors....that appeared to be the only other entrance into the depths of the hospital....

they both settled into their familiar pattern of teamwork developed during their time in 'nam' ... and they split apart and leaned against the wall,one on each side of the door....pausing a moment,Travis reached under his jacket to ensure his pistol was easy to reach.....glanced across at Steve,who used his fingers to signal what each would do next.Travis returned a nod of agreement and together they stepped thru the doors each stepping to the side to place the walls behind them.....and found a empty hall with corridors going both left and right.....and a elavator directly across from the swinging doors.

Ok great white scout.....which way now?Steve cracked ,and his voice echoed thru the empty corridors.Travis stepped aver to stand close to his friend and kept his voice low.

Well the sign on the wall indicates business offices thataway....pointing to the right

and patients thisaway..pointing to the left and the morgue is down stairs..... Travis dug into a pocket and pulled out a quarter....

Heads is left....tails is right.....call wich direction you want to check.....and we ll both check the morgue together...

Steve snatched the coin from the air and growled...

FUCK IT! Win or lose we gotta do it....SHIT i ll go this way and check the offices.....allright?

Even at the worst of times Travis could nt resist a dig

Steve,I

SHIT I kow!.....but I figure that if I hang in there that some day I will win a toss when I really need it.....

We can only hope so,huh?

Butthead!..So we meet back here in ten minutes or so.....right?

Yeah,you check down that hall,i

Steve nodded in agreement and said

you be carefull,holler if you find someone...

You got it!

Travis said as he turned and moved silently towards the first doorway, Travis stepped close to the wall and stopped just short of the door.

He looked back down the hallway and could see his friend shaking his head as he tried each door only to find them all locked. Travis turned his atention back on the dark doorway,took a deep

## The Chronicles of the Dead

breath,stealed himself for what he might find and slipped into the room.Finding the room empty he chided himself for expecting the worst

He left the room and crossed the hall

to enter the next room down and found it empty also,but one of the bed was mussed,as if someone had just left.He left that room and continued down the hall,passing other rooms and just glancing in to determine that all the rooms were empty,neither living or dead to be found.

A chill ran up his spine and he really began to get spooked even more.

he stopped and listened,relizing what was spooking him.....the paging system was

Travis passed the last door in the hall and approached a set of double doors at the end of the hall,Travis saw a sign indicating that the doors opened into a stairwell. Travis pushed on the grab bar but the door would not open.

As Travis neared the closed doors,he stopped and listened,relizing what was spooking him.....the paging system was nt working

steve

Steve watched his friend move away and down the other corrider

FUCK A DUCK he muttered and looked at the directry on the wall...business offices thataway and morgue one floor down.....FUCK the morgue !Steve growled and he turned and walked down the hall tothe first door,gripping the door knob he turned it and felt the resistance of a locked door...Yup,and I bet every one is he muttered....still he walked the length of the corridoor and checked every door...Satisfied all the doors were locked,Steve turned and walked in the direction that Travis had gone.As he passed the wall directory,he glanced at the arrow pointing down towards the morgue Morgue...eeewwww! he thought,and shuddered Home of the dead and deader

Travis at the far end of the hall called and asked if he had any luck

Recieving a negative,Travis asked him to come give him a hand with a door.Steve passed the elavator and was a few steps down the hall when he heard the elevator bong,signaling a arriving cab.Steve took a few more steps before he jolted to a stop, relizing that whoever was on the elevator could be help.The elevator doors slid open behind him as he started to turn when he heard Travis shout..Steve behind..... and stop.....snapping his head around he saw his friend disapear thru the stairwell door and heard it close with a heavy thunk.....A rustle and a dragging sound made him snap his head back towards the elevator.....he sees a bunch of fucked-up dudes staggering towards him...All Steve saw was blood...lots of blood..and disfigured and mangled features.....

Without a thought,instinct and adrenaline kicked in.....Steve grabbed a nearby chair and tossed it at the nearing figures, tripping the first one,causing the others behind to stumble and fall also. Glancing at the tangle of bodies,Steve wasted no time,he ran thru the emergency room and hit the exit doors at a full run.....and damn near got run down by some maniac in a van that had bounced up on the sidewalk,and tires were screaming as the van screeched to a stop just inches from him.....

## Chapter 11: Travis meets Josh

Travis regained consisnos with a rush...booming out of a black pit to sudenly snapping awake to find himself sprawled on the hard concrete floor of a stairwell landing. Travis heard a rustle of movement,his blood turning cold,his first thought was it was one of those things creeping up to him.Travis snapped his head around and was surprised to see a man sitting on the first step up watching him react.

"It's ok son.Your safe here...for now." the man said

Deep in a cave doing some work,never got to see any of it "

"Anyway,"

Josh cut back in to let me finish.....and Josh paused to reach into his shirt pocket and pull out a pack of smokes and a old beatup zippo.

Travis shook his head and commented Those will kill you one of these days

Josh had no reply as he shook one out,placed it between his lips,flipped the lid on the zippo and lite it,he then glanced at Travis,grinned and said,Sooner these than them outside indicating the outside world with a nod of his head..as he continued I was working up in the penthouse machine shop.....i get a call from the nurse at the front desk.....they said the phone was dead in the morgue.....also said they sent a aid down to get some files..aid does

Why call you?

Travis asked

well they was swamped,and i

Patience wearing thin,Travis demanded Please...get to the point ok ?

Sure,sure.....see,these service elavatores have two doors...the outer door is solid and automaticly opens,but the inner door is a gate.....which you gotta pull up by hand to get out.....and let me tell you,son,when that elavator hit bottom and that outer door slid open.....I thought i

Why?

Dead-uns!

WHAT?

Dead-uns,son.the UNDEAD,the living dead...you ever seen the movie

Sure i

Son....the movie has done come to life.....we

THAT

## The Chronicles of the Dead

Son....you go back out in those halls and you

## The Chronicles of the Dead

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