

The Romero Files

The Romero Files

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Stories of the Dead

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Chapter 1: Dead in Dallas

Chapter One

He had been deathly sick for several days. He finally gave up and drank a half bottle of Nyquil, took a handful of sleep aids, turned off the TV and unplugged the phone, powered down his cell phone and fell into bed, burrowing into the covers, hoping for a deep sleep to take him through his cold. He fell into a deep sleep, almost a coma for three days.

Late into the third night he woke up, laying in the bed for a few minutes, his first thought was "Mmmm, I do feel better."

About that time his 'full to the brim' bladder told him "relieve me, Now!" He struggled out of a tangle of blankets and stumbled into the bathroom, leaning against the wall he urinated into the toilet.....thinking 'ah man, a good long piss does feel so good'

He walked back into his bedroom and sat on the side of his bed, looking around for the remote for the TV. He clicked on the tv and muted the volume as he he climbed back in to the bed, ready to get some more sleep before the new day dawned. He was drifting back to sleep when he happened to glance at the tv and was suprised to see a public broadcast warning announcement .

He grumbled and used the remote to switch to another channel and was suprised to see the same PBA flashing on the screen. All of the flashing messages stated for all viewers to tune to the local public broadcasting station for full information and announcements. He switched to the loacal PB channel and saw a flashing message reading "Please stand by for more important messages" and saw that a series of messages were scrolling across the bottom of the screen. He began to read the scrolling messages and was brought wide awake by what he read. He moved to sit on the edge of his bed and study the scrolling message.

This is a emergency alert....The Mayor, under orders from the President of the United States, has issued a Martial law alert! All citizens are urged to stay at home and secure the home from intrusion. If you are at work, stay there and wait for help to come. Lock all doors and board over all windows if possible. The National Guard will be sweeping the city for all survivors. They will transport civilians to the nearest secure vacility.....If anyone in your group shows signs of illness, separate them into a secure area away from others.....If anyone dies..imediately put the body into a secure area away from the group.....There has been a toxic accident from Baylor research center, a toxin has been released that can cause severe dementia to anyone that comes in contact with the airborne toxin!!!

"What the fuck is going on?" he muttered as he picked his phone, held it to his ear and muttered another oath because the phone was dead.....no dial tone.....nothing. he looked around and found his cell phone, flipped it open and hit a speed dial number to a friend of his.....and got a 'all circuts are busy, please try again later'

He dropped the phone on the bed and walked across the room to p[ull back the heavy drapes revealing a french door. he opened the french doors and stepped out on his fourth floor balcony which provided him with a good view across Whiterock Lake and downtown Dallas. The site in front of him almost made him speechless, shocked by the view before him.

It appeared as if down town Dallas was engulfed by a raging fire, He could clearly see the top several floors of 2001 Bryan tower was completely engulfed in flames. All across the city, near and far fires raged . He could hear sirens from several diferent directions, and gunshots.....he became aware that he could her shots being fired from many directions.....and then he heard the screams.

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In the far distance he could hear the horrifying screams of someone in great tormention. So horrorfying were the screams that he retreated back into his apartment,closed the patio doors and pulled the heavy drapes closed to muffle the sounds he heard.

He staggered over to sit on the edge of the bed and tried to make sense of what was happening.

He tried both phones again and still got the same message that all lines were busy and to please try again later.

The tv was still broadcasting the same warning message and he began to get pissed that he was so uninformed at what was happening. He decided to explore the floor he lived on to see if anyone else was around that could maybe know more about what was happening.

He moved across the room and entered a large walk-in closet. he pulled on a pair of tan kakis and slipped on a shirt followed by a loose fitting jacket. he moved to the back of the closet and moved a few stacked boxes to reveal a small wall safe. He spun the tumbler

and opened the safe to remove a .38 special nestled in a shoulder harness and a box of shells.

He slipped the gun from the holster and checked to make sure it was loaded and working properly. Satisfied he slipped the gun back into the holster and removed his jacket long enough to shrug the holster across his shoulders and slipped the jacket back on. he left the closet and walked thru the apartment to the front door.

He peered thru the wide angle peep hole and saw nothing. He left the chain guard on,unbolted the two deadbolt locks and slowly opened the door to the extent of the chain guard and listened for any sound of any one moving around. After several minutes and not hearing or seeing anyone he closed the door and removed the chain guard and slowly opened the door far enough to stick his head out enough to look both ways down the halls of his floor.

Chapter Two

His apartment was one of four found on each floor of the four story building. The four apartments on each floor were set two to each side of a central corridor.The entrance to each apartment were set off sides of each other to give a small measure of privacy to the tenants. The center corrider had a resident elavator on one end and a service elavator at the other end of the corridor. Next to the service elavator was a door which opened into a stairwell going up to the roof and down to the ground level.

Chapter 2: The Penthouse

The penthouse was located in the tallest building in the area, and it was only ten stories tall. The penthouse occupied the entire tenth floor.

Unless you were in a helicopter, the Penthouse could only be reached in three ways.

The main private elevator that was controlled by a key or by a keypad in the penthouse.

On the other side of the tenth floor, tucked away far out of site was a service elevator, went from the loading dock in the basement of the building straight up to the Penthouse. It was controlled strictly by the keypad in the Penthouse or in the guardroom off to the side of the basement loading dock. Only the owners of the Penthouse had a key to override or operate the service elevator.

Around the corner from the private elevator thru a door was a narrow stairwell for use in case of a fire. The doors to the stairwell could only be triggered open, and done so automatically if a fire alarm anywhere in the building went off.

There was another fire stairwell attached to the outside of the building on the back side.

But it only started at the ninth floor and went down to the second floor.

on the outside of the building at the tenth floor level with the bottom of the floor to ceiling windows was a outside ledge. Three feet wide it circled the tenth floor and prevented any access from the ninth floor..

The ledge could be accessed by a window on each side of the building.

The privacy of the ledge was a sanctuary for Chris.

None of the other seven of his 'roommates' would venture out onto the ledge.

If any of the others were on 'kill' duty, they would do it from each of the four windows.

Only Chris would venture onto the ledge and he loved it, he would stroll around the building on the ledge scanning the surrounding area for any deaduns to dispatch.

After being stuck.....trapped on the tenth floor penthouse with seven other strangers for nearly two months....every one was riding the others nerves... for Chris the ledge was the perfect getaway.

At the present time Chris was on the west ledge, taking advantage of the late evening light hoping to maybe spot a wandering deadun or two he could get rid of.

He sat cross legged on the ledge, his back to the wall, he was using a rag and gun oil to clean his rifle, lovingly making sure he could give the best service to the rifle he could. The rifle was his pride and joy. He had been on the road for several weeks, finding it safer out in the openness of the country, until he ran low on supplies. He carefully ventured into the next city and happened to run across a gun shop, empty of course, but while he was snooping around to see if anyone had missed something he could use, he stumbled across a private security vault that nobody had found.. It took him two days of avoiding/hiding from deaduns to break into the vault...what he found was pure treasure.

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The door of the vault opened into a good sized walk in room. He found one rifle...one very special rifle. He could only guess that a very talented gunsmith had gotten hold of a special ops government rifle and then improved on it some more.

The rifle was not much bigger than the old army m-1 rifle and it had a small ordinary looking scope attached to it.

That was where normal ended and every man's dream of a weapon started.

Chris discovered when he held the rifle to his shoulder to check the scope that he held a very special weapon. where he held the rifle at barrel and trigger, under his fingertips he found some small buttons , Ten on the barrel stock, five at the trigger guard.

It took Chris nearly two weeks to inspect the weapon and learn all its functions

Looking thru the small but very powerful scope was normal until a button or series of buttons were tapped did things change.

The gun dam near did it all all a idiot had to do was point it tap a button pull the trigger and something got a high velocity slug blown into it.

Chris decided the rifle was smarter than some people he knew.

Along with the rifle he found Two thousand 'special' rounds and twenty thousand normal rounds. Far to much weight for him to carry while on foot.

He took 200 of the 'special' rounds and 200 of the normal rounds. Hiding the rest of the stash until he could return for it.

Finished cleaning the rifle he used a small tripod to rest the barrel of the rifle so he could do a slow scan/search of the area with no strain to his arms.

He nestled his cheek into the stock and looked thru the scope, tapping a few buttons and the scope automatically adjusted to the light of the waning day, once it got dark it would be in full infra red vision. Living humans would show as red and the deaduns showed as a green. if it showed green...shoot it.

For the moment he did not locate any targets. Chris leaned back against the wall for a moment. He was almost daydreaming when he picked up a slight movement out of the side of his eyes. He quickly spotted a point of reference and bent to site in with the scope. He was having trouble siting whatever had made the motion he had glimpsed. He touched a button on the rifle and the scope view widened out to a wide angle view. Chris slowly tracked over the area he knew was within range of the movement he had seen. A flicker of movement and he was able to site in and saw it was a woman, slowly picking her way thru the trashy cluttered street , heading in the general direction of the building he and the others were holed up in.

Even tho she was still six blocks away, Chris thumbed a small sensor and zoomed in on the figure.....brought her vision so close he felt he could reach out and touch her...He saw that she was about his age, he traveled the scope over her body and could see no fresh wounds that could signal her soon becoming a deadun

Chris climbed thru the window and walked to the main room, walked over to his lock box that he kept his ammo in, opened it and began preparing himself for a trip outside the building.

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Bobby, the self proclaimed leader of their little gang of seven wandered over, watched for a few minutes then asked...

"uuuh, Going somewhere, Chris?"

Chris ignored the other man for a moment as he slung a gun belt around his hips, belted it and tied the gun grips tight to his legs. he pulled 2 pistols out of the locker, worked the slides on each, checked that each held full magazines, settled the guns into the grips and finally answered... "Yea...saw something and I'm gonna check it out.."

Bobby began to bluster and complain... " Yea Chris you don't need to go out .hell you might attract more deaduns to us...."

Chris looked at Bobby...shook his head reached into the locker and pulled out the special forces knife he had also acquired, turned to Bobby, holding the knife up into the light to inspect the blade and commented.. " You trying to tell me what to do now Bobby?"

Bobby tried to bluster some..."really Chris what reason takes you out there and possibly put all of us in danger?"

"I saw someone."

"Saw someone? Jeez Chris you know we don't have any room for someone to join us...."Chris turned to stare at Bobby...

Bobby, you little Fuck.... We got a ten story building here...and if I can find and save enough humans to fill it to the brink and save them from facing that Goddamn nightmare outside...Then I by God will."

Bobby tried one more threat..." Chris, if you leave I may have no choice but to lock you out..."

Chris broke out in a hearty laugh..."Bobby..if you are That stupid...if you block me from coming back in..especially if I have some survivor with me.....you lock me out Bobby...I promise you I will bring this building down around you...I will find you and I will fucking kill you dead...just so you will come back as a deadun so I can have the pleasure of killing you a second time.."

Bobby's skin turned white as he gulped and stepped back several feet from Chris....

CONT

Chris descended down to the fifth floor and took time to site in on the person he was going out to help. He discovered the person was now about four blocks away, he also noticed a few deaduns were closing in on the person....Chris powered up his sniper rifle and silently dispatched the few that were a little too close to the human...

Satisfied that he had time to leave the building ,he slung the rifle and hurried down the remaining floors to the back loading dock. he unbarred a side door and silently let himself out into the narrow alley.....he hugged the alley wall and approached the entrance into the street..Chris stopped at the end of the alley and slowly looked out into the street, studying the lay of the land, deciding on a route to take him to the survivor.

He knew that by now any deaduns for blocks around would be aware of the human being in their vicinity and all of them would be staggering in that general direction searching for that precious living flesh to eat.

Chapter 3: Jake the Zombie Killer

Laws For Survival

Trust no one

Never sleep

if it's dead,Kill it

If it dies,Kill it

Get bit,get Dead

Grow eyes in the back of your head

Lie,steel and cheat and maybe survive

Around every corner is a motherfuckin zombie waiting to rip you apart and eat you !

AND most importantly...No matter what,how desperate the situation is.....Always

Save the last bullet for yourself !

Jake had finally discovered his true calling. He was a bona fide damn good zombie killer.

He had traveled through life going from town to town,job to job. He never lasted at any one job for very long,getting bored with his duties quickly.

Then somehow the plug was pulled on all that was considered normal came to a abrupt end.

The dead walked and the living died as all hell broke loose across the entire world.

The economy,the election,gas prices,even racism and religion become moot.....the only concern or law left was for survival.

He needed little excuse to leave his present boring job. Once it was broadcast over radio and tv that mankind was facing a huge crisis and the president had ordered martial law for the entire usa.

Either go home and lock and barricade yourself in your home or go to the nearest civil defense shelter to be transported to safe zones. jake decided he was better off on his on so he headed for a friends place in his old neighborhood.

During his travel to his friends place he tried to make sense to what little he had heard. It took him a few hours to travel to his friends place. Any time he detected signs of movement or people,alive or dead, he would take a longer route,avoiding anyone and everyone.

Finally arriving at his friends place ,he did a slow re con around the home,looking for any signs of entry by someone,or something, into the house.

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Jake had already expected to find the home deserted...his friend would head for his 'hard site' in the mountains at first sign of troubles.....

Jake eased around to the back of the house,checked the area to ensure he was not seen by anyone/thing,found a concealed panel,punched in a code and quickly went to the rear door ,opened it and entered the house. He moved over to a door a few feet down the hall,opened it and felt around for another concealed switch,that once tripped would reveal another hidden panel.at this panel Jake keyed in a series of codes,setting up a security perimeter around the house....now Jake would know if anything bigger than a small dog ventured within 20 yards of the house.

He felt much better knowing he had a secure perimeter.

He continued down the hall and entered a large kitchen,crossed the kitchen to the refrigerator,opened it and was glad to discover his friend had left him a few items to eat.

Half a box of saltines,a chunk of cheese and a quart of cold milk later,He felt much better getting some food in himself.

He finished off the quart of milk and cleaned the counter and putting remains in trash. Wondering how long it would be before he enjoyed cold milk again.

He crossed the kitchen to open another door to reveal a large walk in pantry.

moving to the back wall he reached up beside a shelve to trigger a small switch. A moment later a section of shelves swung out and a panel behind it slid back to reveal steps going down into darkness.

Stepping down onto the first step triggered a sensor causing a series of utility lights to dimly light the way down.

A dozen steps down brought him face to face to a large metal security door with a touchpad at eye level.

jake keyed in a series of numbers,hitting enter,he wondered what goodies his old pal Frankie might have left for him. The door silently swung open ,lights clicked on. Jake attention was drawn to something placed in the middle of the room. He entered the room and could see it was a white envelope propped against a small 'walkie'.

printed in large letters on the envelope he read

JAKE !! READ!!

As he used a thumbnail to open the envelope,he looked around and was surprised to see several munition crates stacked against one wall.

From the envelope he pulled a single page of paper,every line filled with Frankie's small tight script

Jake,I hope you are lucky enough to be reading this.

The sky has fallen,my friend,the fat lady may be singing any day now.

I have gone for the hills,headed for high ground. If you got this far then fit yourself with what I left for you and find your way up to the place.

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The walkie has limited reach in the hills but it helps to have.

Gear up man and get up here...come to the backdoor.

good luck

F

Jake turned to the crates,popped the lids on all of them and spread the contents across the floor to clearly see what he had to chose from.

One crate was filled with all c-rations. The other crates were filled with camping gear,and weaponry,knives,guns special forces rifles even a few flash bangers and such.

Laid out before him were some excellent weapons of destruction....but he felt that something was missing. Still looking for that 'something special'...he walked over to the rear wall and and found another small panel. He slid the panel aside to reveal another keypad,another command keyed in a moment later the entire wall slid silently to the right revealing a small room ,empty,except for a speaker grille set into the back wall.

jake walked over to face the grill,chuckled and said one word "Rumplestiltskin"

another moment and the entire wall split open from the center and opened wide. Lights flickered on to reveal one crate sitting on the floor in the center of the room. jake grinned,knowing he had found his 'surprise' left for him.

He walked over to the crate and pried the top loose. Laying on top was a harness designed to fit Jake like a glove. The harness was made of a special alloy,light as a t-shirt but bulletproof to anything smaller than a 50 cal. bullet..

He shrugged into the harness and continued his inspection of the crate's contents.

He emptied the contents of the crate onto the floor.

He had:

A Hawthorne Magna jungle knife

A Hawthorne mini-machete...like it's cousin the 'magna' the machete was forged with a titanium alloy,held a edge so well,a person could almost chop thru a 8" column of concrete.

next out of the crate was a duel pistol holder. Jake whistled when he saw the weapons held in the holster..

The weapon in the left holster was called 'the crowd killer'.

A quad barrel .18 gauge shotgun/pistol. It was a two barrel over/under weapon. A slight shift of a finger controlled the gun for single shot,double shot or all four at once.

It was the perfect weapon for tight quarter crowds.

Firing all four barrels at once could clear a path thru a crowd for several feet that a small car could drive thru..

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The right hand gun was hands down his favorite weapon. A Glock 9 mil. The weapon had never been known to jam,light weight,side baffles to help control kick,the magazine was engineered to hold 24 shells.

the weapon could easily be adapted to fire other types of ammo.

Jake searched thru the boxes of ammo and was glad to also find his favorite ammo for the Glock. He loaded the glock and nine other magazines with carbonium 9 mil hollow point shells. He clicked one magazine into the Glock and put the other magazines in his vest.

Frank had left a supply of ammo much larger than he could carry so jake found a good hunters backpack in a nearby closet and loaded it with 500 rounds for the glock and 100 for the shot pistol. He also found and packed a dozen glow sticks, a metal hunters flint,a few tins of canned meat and then oh surprise,surprise...in the bottom of one crate,tucked in a corner was a small cigarette sized brick of c-6 plastique,...enough to level a city block.....

It was after midnight before he was ready to travel so he decided to stay in the safety of the vault until the next morning.

He was sitting on the floor,back against the wall,studying a topo map of the areas he needed to travel thru.

He had roughly three miles of suburbs before civilization would begin to thin out. Another five to seven miles before he completely left the city

Once leaving the city he had app a 45 mile trip thru forest and woods with the terrain rising into the mountain range spanning across the western side of the state. the last ten miles would be slogging uphill on the mountain thru the woods.

He finally stretched out and got in a short nap.

The next morning he left the vault,checked the security system to ensure the house was still clear and empty. He carried his gear into the kitchen and ate a meal of cheese and crackers as he studied a topo map one more time of the area he had to travel thru....

Satisfied with his chosen route he put away the map,cleaned the kitchen...loaded his gear and moved to the security pad near the rear door,he cleared the rear door and quietly pulled it open and he quietly stepped onto the rear porch and stood there,looking and listening and 'feeling'. he decided it was as clear as he could ask for,stepped back into the house and armed the security system,just in case they ever needed to return they would know if the house was safe or not.

He closed the rear door,moved across the rear porch stepped down four steps and crossed the rear yard to a gate at the rear of the property that would exit into the alley.

He slid from the yard into the darkness of the alley and listened...running his chosen route thru his mind..he figured it would take maybe three days sneak out of the city and across country to frank's Last stand

Five and a half days later

and still a good half day away from Frank's outpost.....Jake crouched behind a large boulder and tried to see in every direction at once...nerves firing like lightning...

Five days earlier

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as Jake moved down the alley to begin his journey out of the city,he really had no idea at how the world as he knew it had changed. Yea,he accepted the fact that the rules had changed...Real zombies where running around attacking people....But Jake had NO idea what was really going down

He had thought that it would take him most all day to get to the edge of the city,then he would camp the night and start across country the following morning....Yea,best laid plans and such.....

Jake stopped a few feet short of leaving the darkness of the alley to just look and listen,not really expecting much of anything...thinking he was being to cautious...without thinking he turned onto the street sidewalk and ran smack dab into a person,knocking them both back and flat on the sidewalk.

Jake laid there for a moment,stunned to run into another person so quick....

Jake Laughed,raising his body up by his elbows and spoke to the

After the sobering close encounter with his first zombie,and nearly getting his ass killed,Jake began a slower travel thru the suburbs and the outskirts of the city. He eventually ended hunkered in the bedroom of a empty house at the very edge of the city. He was in a bedroom that overlooked the mile wide area he would need to cross to enter in to the woods.

He had pulled a chair over to a window so he could eat and survey the expanse to cross.

He felt like he had aged ten years in the last few days. The things he had seen were the reason for nightmares. It had taken him three days to reach a point he had though would only take a few hours.

Moving thru the city he quickly realized that the city pretty much belonged to the dead. Zombies seemed to be at every turn. A few times he had entered buildings to try and reach the roof to reconnoiter , but that was a mistake....the buildings had zombies trapped inside,eagerly awaiting any living human for them to attack. He finally spent his time going from doorway to doorway,cover to cover. Trying to keep a low profile from both living and dead.

Chapter 4: Alone in A Dead World

Chapter One

Waking up in full alert status had become the norm for him ever since the war against the walking dead had begun.

Even while asleep, his senses stayed tuned to his immediate surroundings. The smallest change in the area around him could bring him up with weapon in hand before he was truly awake. Heavy sleepers died young. To survive in the world of today, a person had to be vigilante 24/7.

He became aware of his surroundings instantly, not moving, not opening his eyes... just reaching out with his senses trying to feel if he was in any danger. He laid motionless in his sleeping bag for several minutes until he decided that it was ok to slowly emerge from his sleeping bag and quietly and carefully ensure he was clear of any danger.

He yawned and told himself to get up and get going before he got too lazy, getting lazy got oneself dead. He climbed out of his sleeping bag, stood and stretched as he continued to look around for any sign of danger. Deciding he was safe for the moment he turned to his backpack and rummaged around for something to eat, not wanting to start a fire just to warm some food. He pulled his last two cans of C-rats and kept one, dropping the other back into the backpack. He opened the can of c-rat and slowly ate it as he continued to the surrounding area again. He finished the can of c-rats, still hungry he dug the other can of food out, opened it and finished it off in a few bites. He cleaned his campsite, burying the empty cans of c-rats along with the remains of the small fire he had made the night before. He preferred to leave no sign of his passing.

Once his campsite was clean he pulled out a map of the area and studied it, noting the nearest town that he thought he might swing by and do a recon and maybe search for some food supplies. As a rule he avoided any cities or towns simply because of the many dead that would be stumbling around. He needed food and he dearly wanted a roll or two of toilet paper.

Chapter Two

The last time he had ventured into a small country town, planning to do a quick in and out, had turned into a run and gun nightmare. It was one of those blink your eyes and you'd miss it small town. He had spent nearly a day doing a perimeter recon spending time at different locations, watching... looking for signs of any walking dead or even possibly living humans, doubtful but possible. Several hours of observing and he had seen just two dead, one standing in the middle of a side street, standing just standing, never moving for nearly an hour, and then it just shuffled forward a few feet and stopped again. The other dead was trapped in an alley bumping into a wall turning a bit and bumping again into the wall.....

He decided to take a chance and enter the small town thru a few alleys toward what he determined was a small country store near the small town square. He wanted to use the alleys so he could approach the back of the building and hopefully find a door or window he could quietly jimmy to get inside. He took his time, stopping at the edge of the woods near an entrance to an alley that appeared to run in the direction he needed to go. He spent several minutes crouched by a tree studying the area before him. He was reasonably sure that he could do a quick in and out. He mentally plotted his route towards the store that was his goal. Fairly sure of his route, he used the high tech binoculars he had liberated from an army supply in another town to search what route was exposed to his view. He triggered both modes of heat and cold sensors to try and catch any telltale signs of either living or dead. Not finding any signs of life he went about preparing for his venture into the town.

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He checked that the army spec machete strapped across his back was secure in its' scabbard but still in easy reach. He reached to his left thigh to grasp the handle of the Seal special ops jungle knife,pulled it from its sheath and checked that the knife was sharp as he could get it. Strapped to his right thigh in a quick release holster was what he called his Bad Betty.....it was a special forces design super mag pistol,a 12 shot pistol that could be loaded with a .410 shotgun shell or a long shot .45 slug. he made sure the chambers were filled the ammo alternating in the chambers. He also had a 9 mil strapped at his waist in the middle of his back. His final weapon was a Mossburg riot special 12 gauge 20 shot auto mag with the barrel shortened down to 17 inches with a shortened hand stock. He really did like the mossburg because it never failed him and in close quarters it was fucking lethal slipped on his backpack,shook his shoulders to settle everything into place and prepared to cross the small field to the nearest alley.

Chapter Three

he crouched and ran across the small field,entered the alley and slid to a stop against a fence and glanced around to see if he had gained the notice of anything or anyone. He knew he had to follow in this alley for two blocks,go left for three blocks and right for about half the block and that would bring him in behind the small store,then he would need to gain entrance into the store,but that was the least of his worries.

he made the trip to the alley behind the store in record time. He never saw hide or hair of either a living person or a walking dead in the entire journey.

Chapter Four

He moved swiftly through the store,hitting the canned meat isle first,not finding much,but a few cans were scattered around and he stuffed them into the back pack. he moved onto the drug isle and managed to find a few bandages and a honest to god large bottle of aspirin. he had made it over to the candy isle and found a treasure trove of sweetness.

He was happily stuffing a 3 musketeer bar in his mouth when he heard a slight sound from the front of the store. He froze,straining to hear any other sounds.....after a few moments of listening,hearing nothing,but now spooked,he slowly moved towards the front of the store. Reaching the end of the isle he tried to look around the end cap towards the front window of the store...and froze as moving shadows crossed over the wall opposite of the storefront windows.

Deciding that caution was a better virtue he decided it was time to retreat to the safety of the woods and he made a hasty retreat to the rear door exited into the alley and came face to face with a good hundred zombies that were quickly filling the alley from both directions.....

He barely had time to swing up the Mossburg and get off three fast shots,right,in front and left before the mass of deaduns surged forward and closed in. He dropped the mossberg to hang from its shoulder strap as he reached

back over his shoulder with his left hand to grab the machete,using his right hand to pull the jungle knife. He swung the machete,decapitating the deadun in front of him and used the jungle knife to slash at the many arms of the enclosing deaduns.

he fell back inside the door and frantically kicked boxes and crates into the doorway to slow the oncoming horde down.

For a moment the mass of deaduns trying to cram thru the door created a dam of tangled arms feet and bodies of deaduns,He seized his chance and spun around and took off in a dead run for the front of the store.entering

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the main area of the store he stopped just long enough to sheathe the machete and jungle knife and pulled the Mossburg up with his right hand, using the left to grab a few shells from a pocket and feed them into the Mossburg. He continued towards the front of the store, listening for sounds of unknown traffic. He paused by the line of registers and tried to see thru the grim covered front windows. He could see a few shadows moving outside but was unable to see how many could be outside. He heard a crashing noise from the rear of the store and knew he was running out of time and options.

He figured that the front doors could be locked and it would take precious seconds to deal with it. Making a decision he ran towards the large panel windows getting near he used two shots of the Mossburg to blow out one large pane of glass he leaped on a pile of stacked bags of dog food and leaped through the window landing and rolling a few feet and came to his feet wildly looking around. Just a dozen feet away a deadun was stumbling towards him, he took that one out with one blast of the Mossburg, neatly decapitating it. He turned and saw that no deadun was dangerously close, but several were turning and coming towards him.

He turned to his left and ran towards the nearest cross street. reaching the intersection he heard a noise to the left, glanced that way and chills ran down his spine as he saw dozens of deaduns spilling out of the alley behind the store.

He quickly ran to his right towards the next alley, ducked into it and spent the next 2 hours slipping from alley to alley avoiding the few deaduns being alerted by all the distant commotion he had left behind.

He finally reached the edge of town and quickly crossed the field to enter the safety of the woods. He stayed on the move and put a few miles between him and the town and scouted out a secure spot to settle in for the night.

Chapter Five

He was creeped out by the close encounter of so many deaduns coming out of the wood work he realized how close he had got to getting killed by the deaduns.

The Romero Files

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