Retreck, Act 1

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I'm Kyle, (My first story where its a guy who is the main character so give me a fucking break if I get it wrong) I found out that a screech inside a lab facility turned people into 'things' And the few who weren't infected (People with earplugs at the moment, which can be thousands) Eat people alive, and even animals! We're royally screwed!

Published on
Booksie

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I woke up, startled, by the ringing that protruded my ears, cold sweat beaded down my head. I set my alarm clock on snooze, another nightmare. I walked downstairs, greeting my brother quickly, as I sped past, before he could answer.

I was exited for the camping trip that lied ahead. I snatched the ham from the fridge, and placed it on the counter. I rolled open the drawer and grabbed the bread, and my hand slipped, spilling the bread onto the floor. I picked it up quickly, and threw the bad ones away.

Moans, I heard from out back. I got creeped out, and finished packing my food, and water. I ran upstairs, taking a knife, and I slowly creeped downstairs, opening the slide-glass door.

Blood splattered on the grass, as some sort of bloody... thing fell off the wall. I began to look around, in a panic, and I ran at the thing, stabbing my knife into it's skull. It lurched forwards, reaching its arm to me, as I pulled my knife, and stabbed into it once more.

It went limp, falling against the wall. My eyes widened, it has a human figure! Oh god... what have I done? Blood covered it's neck, I realized who it was. Tiara, my classmate. "W-what are you?" I asked as if I would get an answer, as I walked backwards, falling over something soft.

I hit the floor, and something jumped on me. "B-brother?" I asked, staring at the pale figure, I'm battling to survive against. It went to bite me, I slammed my hand onto it's head, it roared in agony. I threw it off me, snatching my knife from Tiara, and slamming it into the forehead of my brother.

He went limp, I ripped my knife from him. "Top of the head, 5 points, forehead 10 points, fun to note that." I said, contently. I dashed inside, and up to my room, a small pale figure crouched, poking at something, my heart caught in my throat.

I stared at the long blonde hair, come off in chunks, blood is spattered under it. I stared at it's mutilated foot, chunks of skin was ripped off, and blood is everywhere, I can tell she's new, she's going bald.

I swallowed my fear, and walked over quickly, she turned her head at lightning speed, I slashed her throat, and she kept moving. I stabbed her head, twice, she kept moving, I stabbed her forehead, and she dropped like a rock.

"Sorry, sis, I had to.." I said, with a look of regret. I looted her body of her favorite pistol, and a knife. I grabbed my backpack, packing my food, I snatched my belt, getting all the ammo, and hooking pouches to my belt, filling them all with magazines. I grabbed a tent, a tarp, and a few blankets.

I grabbed the keys to the car, and checked outside. All clear. I ran out into the driveway, and got into the Honda that we have. I tossed my backpack into the back seat, as something grabbed me. "God damn it!" I cried out in frustration, as I stabbed my mother's forehead, and I opened the door, pushing her body out. I shut it quickly, and began driving.

I stared at the time, speeding past broken red lights, and fire-lit homes. I sped up, hitting the "Things" I turned on the news on my radio. "We urge you to stay in your homes, if you don't want to risk being killed! It seemed this started with a radiowave of sound infecting hundreds, we cant tell who started i--"

Cries and screams barreled from the radio. I let out a sigh of frustration, as I turned onto the freeway. I rode on it, turning at exit 52, and I stopped at the pile-up of cars. The freeway was completely clear. I ran from the car, tearing open the doors of one of the cars, a bloody figure reached out to me. I stabbed my knife into it's forehead. "The less, the better." I said, ripping my knife from it's forehead.

I opened the other door, and saw a woman, devouring her husband. I gave a regretful frown, and shot her, with her husband. Wails, and cries barreled through the back of the car. "Mama!!" I heard it wail. I broke open the car door, to see a small boy. I gave a sorrowful look, and pulled him out.

"Sorry, pal, but... Mama's gonna be gone for... Quite a while." I frown. He had no bites, I placed him in the back of my car, and stepped into it. I went into reverse, and swerved around the accident, as the child fell asleep behind me, I felt awfully guilty, as I turned the corner, to a gas station.

My ears rang, as screams cried out into the fog of the day. My heart wrenched hearing the screams, and cries of the innocent. But this is no time for being soft.

Chapter 2: Sorrow

I stepped into the shop, the glass lied broken on the floor. I heard the sickening crack of bones, as I withdrew my knife. A employee launched to me, as I stab it through the neck, as it continued to tackle me. I withdrew my knife from the thing's neck, and stabbed at it's head, over, and over, and over, even when it's limp. I stopped once, catching my breath, and threw it off me.

I filled plenty of grocery bags everything I could find in the store. I sneaked out of the shop, scared half to death. I heard moaning from the far corner. "God damn it... Not again..." I whispered to myself. The thing turned to me, as my stomach lurched, It's left side of the face, has been ripped off. I turned pale, staring at the thing.

It walked to me, moaning loudly, trying to alert anyone else in the parking lot. 3 zombies walked to me, slowly. I began to panic, my pistol was in the car, my knife won't hold off all of them! Oh god... This has been one short zombie story.

I was snapped from my thoughts of panic, by something grabbing my arm. I ripped off of it, they surrounded me to the door. I ran into the store, looking for a place to hide. I grabbed a pocket knife from the dead bodies inside, and climbed onto the counter. I jumped, and hung onto a light.

I stared at them reach for me, I pulled my feet up, and threw a pocket knife, it hit a thing's head and it fell like a rock, I almost fell, and I managed to get my hand back onto the light. I threw another knife at the first thing's face. It died instantly. I threw a knife, killing the last one.

A look of terror befallen my face, as I saw the lights go on. Sparks sprayed like water from a sprinkler from the lights. I was burned more and more at a time, until electric shock went through my body, I fell and hit the counter, I struggled for breath, as everything went black.

My eyes opened a little to see the boy, trying to wake me up, I fainted once more. I had a nightmare. My sister cried infront of me, as my heart jumped into my throat. Tears spilled down her face, as she turned pale, and her hair fell from her head. I screamed, just to feel the cold touch of my brother on my lips.

I couldn't run, I couldn't hide. I felt my brother's teeth bite down onto my shoulder, I let out a muffled yell, as the pain struck me. It felt so vivid, I saw my sister sink her teeth into my legs, my muffled screams went on for hours, until I turned pale.

I woke up, feeling something poke my arm, I shot up into a sitting position, sweat beaded down my forehead. Oh god... what is wrong with me?

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