Dead in Alaska

By : DfwDude

Survival on a small island in south east Alaska.

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chap 1
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He wondered if he was the only survivor of a population of about 2500 people. He was unable to raise anyone on the radio...nothing but static for two days now. had been not one plane or boat within site for three days. He decided that he had to make a run for town if nothing else but supplies...and if need be come back to 5mile island for safety.

He crossed over to within about a half mile from the harbor entrance and throttled back on the motor to just drift and look....look for anyone..anything..that moved.

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He stood on the floating dock and looked and listened....nothing.....
he crossed the dock float and walked up the ramp to the parking lot...crossing the short bridge onto the mainland he slowly made his way further into town.

two days later he sat in his boat just outside the seawall and knew he would be back...he had to find out what happened.....everyone gone ...not a single person...living or dead had he found in two days.
That spooked him so much he decided to restock on supplies and go back to 5mile and think of a plan without having the feeling someone or something was going to pop out at him at any moment.

even out here on the water...he felt as if he was being watched....

was he the victim of some cruel hoax ?

the entire population had vanished....living and dead.....

life was a trip.....a strange path to travel

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Wrangell Island,Alaska

Carl Smith
David Scanlon

Bobby Bryson
Beth and husband

Carl sat under a tree seeking some shelter from the constant rainfall,surveying the Island .
Hell he knew the town only had a population of about 3100 people.
sooner or later he figured he could clean the island of deaduns and have a safe haven to live in. of course there had to be a few survivors like him....had to....right.
he knew a large number of people had barricaded themselves inside the high school gymnasium. He also had heard the screams of the living as the deaduns battled into the gym....overwhelmed and trapped they had died a horrible death.

He had been on a trip up the Stikine river the night of the meteor shower. He never saw a single meteor because of the overcast skies. Never even gave the meteor shower a second thought. He spent two more days at his cabin before loading his gear into his boat,preparing for the trip downriver and home.
He had stopped at Garnet ledge to wait for the incoming tide to rise higher so he could make a fast run across the sand flats at the mouth of the river into deeper water.
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His blood suddenly ran cold.....he heard a voice identify themselves and he recognized the voice of the high school vice principal .The vice principal related to Carl how it had started with a 911 call to the police department from the hospital.
A nurse was screaming for help,that one of the patients in for observation had gone berserk and was loose in the hospital building. The officer on duty David Scanlon (out of a department staff of four) Informed the nurse he would be right there. David left the police department,climbed into his cruiser,started it and pulled out of the back lot as he made the short trip he used the cruiser computer to page the officer on standby,Bobby Bryson. David figured that Bobby would contact him on the radio by the time he reached the hospital.

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A minute later David was approaching the entrance to the hospital. Pulling into the hospital parking lot,David thought hmmmmm everything looks normal so far. David pulled the cruiser to a parking spot close to the emergency exit.

David approached the emergency entrance doors,stepping onto the sensor the doors slid apart silently. David entered the emergency front area and stopped, saw no one,heard nothing.
hell they probably already have the guy under wraps and sedated....wasting his time by calling him when really unneeded. David walked across the room and pushed thru the double doors into the next area. He stood in the middle of the room and looked around he was familiar with the hospital..
This area was the hub to the hospital.this was the main nurses desk. From this area three corridors branched out from there. The corridor to the left was the Patient wing and offices for doctors and staff. The corridor straight ahead was where all surgeries and lab work was done. The corridor to the right was the morgue and maintenance shop.
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As David was pulled down by the five creatures.
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The dead spread from the hospital above town from out the road at the cemetery and from the scattered natural deaths .

About 75 people gathered at the high school ,the last bastion for the living. There was no where to go from there. The group had secured the gymnasium a short hall with exit at end with stairwell down to the right 12 steps down turn 12 more steps down and a hallway boys locker room on left girls locker room on right exit door.securely blocked.
In coaches office was found a police scanner/radio and a cb radio.
it had been three days now and no rescue was in sight. the creatures outside had continued to gather around the high school,more and more came to join the ranks of undead.....those against the building began to explore the surface exploring fingers became tapping fingers and tapping fingers became pounding and more creatures worked closer to the surface and joined at pounding hands and dist against the walls of the building.
Those pounding at the window and door areas began to have affect.
Windows began to rattle and crack
doors were loose and creaking.

The vice principle was pleading with Carl to not waste his efforts coming to the high school.

in the background noise,Carl,heard a crash and screams began

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BOBBY

The officer on standby was no where near on standby,Nope,The officer on standby was actually standing above the falls...Rainbow Falls a scenic site several miles from town.
Bobby had no idea what was happening in town or around the island. Bobby lived a mile north of the two mile cemetery.

Bobby had heard the 911 call on his home scanner.
Distant screams alerted him to disorder. What little he learned prompted him to grab

his pack and guns and head out into the woods,go deep into the woods and give time for everything to sort itself out on the island.....

After only one day spent in the wet woods ,Bobby decided he had to find better shelter and food,he had been in such a panic he had forgot to bring any food into the woods with him.
Most people could live off the woods and get by,but Bobby was a city boy and had no clue at how to survive in the woods.
Wet and hungry he finally followed the path down from Rainbow falls to Zimova Highway. Once at the Highway he crossed it and climbed down to the beach and followed the shoreline to a nearby house where he figured he would find a boat and use it to get into town.....

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BOBBY and CARL

Bobby and Carl meet on Shakes Island
Bobby is coming out of the lodge when jumped by Carl
Carl was making a recon around the Sweat lodge,he was crouched behind a bush on the backside of the lodge when he heard the low rumble of a boat motor getting closer and closer to the island.
Carl crept to the corner of the back wall and peered around the corner of the building. He saw a small flat bottom skiff had entered the harbor with just one man guiding the boat toward the beach of the Shakes Island.
Carl watched as the boat quietly crunched onto the beach...the man scrambled out of the boat and in a low crouch ran up the beach and over towards the front entrance of the lodge.
Carl quickly followed the side wall crouched down at the corner and peered around to watch the man as he pushed the wood door open and entered into the lodge.
Carl took advantage of the moment and quietly moved over to crouch behind a bush at the side of the lodge door.
A few moments later he heard the sound of the lodge door being opened,the man stepped out,as he did so,Chris stepped behind the man,tripped him to the ground and threw his weight on the mans back to pin him to the ground.

Carl came up behind Bobby and reached around to slice his throat,had almost pulled the stroke when Carl realized Bobby was alive. Carl grunted and shoved the other man away to put a little space between them.

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Beth and husband have been out on a fishing run.
They had no knowledge of events going on. Going out on runs was their private time together. They worked hard ran their lines,filled the bins,and now were chugging along at a slow steady pace towards the cold storage depot at Wrangell Island.

Husband is attacked and killed in cold storage depot office. Beth manages to push boat from dock to drift several feet from shore and drop anchor. She hides below deck,with enough provisions for several days if need be.
Waiting and praying to be rescued.
hears as the cities living dies off or is killed off until a thick silence settled.
She spent time peering out the two small windows one on each side of boat. that was until she watched as a man exited a boathouse on the far side of the harbor. He was to far away to hear her so she watched and hoped she would be able to get his attention.
The man moved from the shed several feet along the dock,crouching and warily looking all around.
suddenly from several of the boats docked along the dock,bodies began to climb from the boats onto the dock,quickly the man was trapped and brought down....screaming....abruptly cut off as his throat was ripped

out in a bloody explosion of gore,spraying the faces of the others tearing into his flesh.

FIVE MILE ISLAND

Chris spent the next two days keeping a low profile,staying out of sight,staring across the five miles of water at the island he called home. He took no chances at attracting any attention, He camped the hard way....no fire for food or warmth,no tent,nothing.
He was unable to pick up anything on his portable short wave radio and in two days he had not seen any signs of life from the island across from him.
He decided to take a back route over to the island and do a slow recon of the town and try to learn what had happened.
At the next high tide he left his small island refuge and made a big circle around to the back side of the island,coming into land at a far secluded area of th airport. He concealed his boat,slipped on a small backpack that held a few packs of trail mix,a small bottle of water and a box of shells for his rifle and pistol. He pulled his pistol from the holster on his right hip,a short barreled .357,and made sure it worked smoothly and was loaded. He holstered the pistol and then did the same for his rifle. Slinging the rifle over his shoulder,he climbed the short incline of rocks to get a good view of the airport and surrounding area.
It was only a hour or so until dusk would happen and he decided to wait until then to cross the wide landing strip to get to the forest bordering the airfield. He would bed down for the night and make the trek for town in the morning.

SHAKES ISLAND

Bobby and Carl had spent the last two days crouched inside the sweat lodge on Shakes Island. They took turns peering thru a crack in the door looking for any signs of movement. they passed the time discussing the 'what's and why's ' of what had happened over the last few days. Making plans of what to do when the would finally abandon the lodge,and cross over the walk bridge and enter into the danger zone of the town proper. They had a loose plan of trying to make it to the police station,there they would have access to communications and weapons . If they could make it to the station they could hole up there until help came,at least that's what they believed.....

the AIRPORT

The night before Chris had crossed the open space of the airport left the airport to cross the Airport loop road and entered the woods ...found what he thought was a safe spot and hunkered down for the night.
Early the next morning he slowly followed the Airport Loop rd around to the back side of town,staying just off the road in the fringe of trees along the road.
He had decided the best option was to make for the Police station. He knew they had several ways to contact the outside world. He hoped he would also learn more about what had transpired while he had been up the Stikine river.
He followed The airport loop until it connected into Bennet st. and he slowed down as he was right at the edge of town and buildings came into view. He stopped for a break and thought about his best way to get to the police station with a minimum of fuss....He decided the best way was the direct way. He would follow Bennet street to just the other side of where it crossed Church street.

Shakes Island

It was early morning and Carl and Bobby had ventured out of the lodge and crept across the walk bridge and

were headed along Front street towards the City Market grocery,hoping to find some food to take with them to the police station just a block or so away. It had taken them nearly two hours to travel the few blocks to the grocery. They had stoped at every point of cover to look around for any sign or sound of movement. They finally reached a house next door to the grocery and crouched in the shadows of the front porch and spent several minutes staring to see or hear anything.
They decided that Bobby would be the lookout while Carl would attempt to get into the market.
Bobby crouched at the corner of the market as Carl moved over to the front entrance doors to the market. Much to his surprise,when he reached the door and grabbed the handle and pushed....the door easily swung open and that spooked Carl as much as anything. "Why would the doors be unlocked? Open to anyone to come in and walk off with whatever they wanted?" he thought. He leaned into the dim interior and listened for any movement,hearing nothing he leaned back out and motioned for Bobby to join him. They slipped into the store and let the door swing closed behind them.
They crouched down and whispered back and fourth deciding to split up and grab non spoilable foods,canned meets and they would meet at the back wall where they would get some sodas from the cooler there. Bobby went to the left to get bread and some aspirins and would head for the back wall. Carl went to the right to grab some canned meets and would meet Bobby at the soda cooler. A few minutes later they were standing in front of the large coolers trying to decide what would taste the best hot. They decided to grab several bottles of water and moved over to open the head high door of the water section. Carl opened the door and Bobby leaned in to grab a few six packs of water,heard a noise and looked up and into the face of the store manager...a dead store manager...standing inside the larger cooler room behind the shelved drinks. Eyes shut,just standing slightly weaving a little.
It was obvious the man was dead,Bobby could see that a huge chunk of of the mans neck had been ripped out and Bobby could see into the man's' throat Bobby was speechless until the mans eyes snapped open..and focused on Bobby the creature opened its' mouth wide and began to lean towards Bobby.
Bobby screamed "Holy mother fuck" spun on his feet and ran towards the front of the market.
Carl,surprised by the reaction of Bobby watched as Bobby disappeared down a isle,then turned to look inside the cooler and was shocked to see a bloody throat less creature leaning across the shelves groping for a purchase of Carls' hand.
Carl screamed "Motherfucker" and slammed the cooler door on a out stretched arm and turned and scrambled after Bobby.
As Carl neared the front of the market he could hear Bobby screaming and cursing. Carl came into the open front of the store and saw Bobby pushing futilely against the exit doors ....Screaming "Fuckfuckfuck" over and over unable to get the doors to open. Carl began screaming at Bobby "Pull Bobby! Pull on the doors..they only open inwards"
Bobby was almost sobbing in relief as it sunk in what Carl was shouting and he began to laugh almost hysterically as he pulled and the door opened wide.. he bolted thru the door followed closely by Carl and they ran down th street paying no attention for any possible danger...just running to put space between them and the horrendous creature they had encountered. They ran for nearly a block before Carl told Bobby to stop....he had just realized that they were running away from the police station....not towards it. They cut thru a side yard of a house and saw a small smokehouse in the back yard.
they scrambled over to the small out building and hid behind it as they tried to catch their breath.

At the Police Station

Chris had reached the intersection of Bennet and Church street and was concealed deep in a patch of wild blueberries. He crouched and scanned the area as he picked blueberries from the branches and popped them into his mouth. He was puzzled by the fact that he had just traveled a few miles and had not seen any sign at all of anyone,had heard no noises.. nothing. That spooked him,how could a population of roughly 2500 residents just disappear....yet he still could not shake the feeling that he was being watched and by who or what... He continued to pluck and eat the bittersweet berries as he plotted his course across the last i/4 mile to

the police station. If he had stood up he knew he could actually see the roofline of the building that housed the police and fire station. He gave the area a final scan and moved out of the blueberry patch and trotted across the street and into cover of a mailbox. A quick glance around and he began trotting towards the rear of the station building. He crossed the rear parking area and crouched between to cars,just a few feet from a rear door to the station. Another glance around and he moved over to the door and gave the handle a twist...locked of course. "Just my luck" he thought Rather than make noise trying to force the door open he decided to take the risk of trying the front entrance and maybe have a little luck if it was open.
He moved over to the rear corner of the building,glanced around to make sure the area was still clear and moved towards the front corner of the building. Rounding the front corner he ran smack into Carl who was headed for the back of the building...Chris reacted by grabbing carls arm and used leverage to slam the man to the ground..using his other hand to snatch out his pistol and had it aimed dead center between the eyes of Bobby who skidded to a stop looking cross eyed into the barrel of the pistol just inches from his head.. he was so startled and scared he could only stutter out a "..uh..uh..uh" Chris was ready to kill to survive the only thing that saved Bobby loosing the top of his head was Chris hearing Carl mumble out " hey man,jeeez it's ok...we are just looking for a place to hide" Chris used his pistol to motion to Bobby to crouch down....He took a quick glance around then looked down at the man he had slammed to the ground and recognized him as a local resident. Chris released his hold on the man and whispered for both of them to follow him back to the rear of the building.....

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Shakes Island

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Bobby crouched at the corner of the market as Carl moved over to the front entrance doors to the market. Much to his surprise,when he reached the door and grabbed the handle and pushed....the door easily swung open and that spooked Carl as much as anything. "Why would the doors be unlocked? Open to anyone to come in and walk off with whatever they wanted?" he thought. He leaned into the dim interior and listened for any movement,hearing nothing he leaned back out and motioned for Bobby to join him. They slipped into the store and let the door swing closed behind them.
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It was obvious the man was dead,Bobby could see that a huge chunk of of the mans neck had been ripped out and Bobby could see into the man's' throat Bobby was speechless until the mans eyes snapped open..and focused on Bobby the creature opened its' mouth wide and began to lean towards Bobby.
Bobby screamed "Holy mother fuck" spun on his feet and ran towards the front of the market.
Carl,surprised by the reaction of Bobby watched as Bobby disappeared down a isle,then turned to look inside the cooler and was shocked to see a bloody throat less creature leaning across the shelves groping for a purchase of Carls' hand.
Carl screamed "Motherfucker" and slammed the cooler door on a out stretched arm and turned and scrambled

after Bobby.
As Carl neared the front of the market he could hear Bobby screaming and cursing. Carl came into the open front of the store and saw Bobby pushing futilely against the exit doors ....Screaming "Fuckfuckfuck" over and over unable to get the doors to open. Carl began screaming at Bobby "Pull Bobby! Pull on the doors..they only open inwards"
Bobby was almost sobbing in relief as it sunk in what Carl was shouting and he began to laugh almost hysterically as he pulled and the door opened wide.. he bolted thru the door followed closely by Carl and they ran down th street paying no attention for any possible danger...just running to put space between them and the horrendous creature they had encountered. They ran for nearly a block before Carl told Bobby to stop....he had just realized that they were running away from the police station....not towards it. They cut thru a side yard of a house and saw a small smokehouse in the back yard.
they scrambled over to the small out building and hid behind it as they tried to catch their breath.

At the Police Station

Chris had reached the intersection of Bennet and Church street and was concealed deep in a patch of wild blueberries. He crouched and scanned the area as he picked blueberries from the branches and popped them into his mouth. He was puzzled by the fact that he had just traveled a few miles and had not seen any sign at all of anyone,had heard no noises.. nothing. That spooked him,how could a population of roughly 2500 residents just disappear....yet he still could not shake the feeling that he was being watched and by who or what... He continued to pluck and eat the bittersweet berries as he plotted his course across the last i/4 mile to the police station. If he had stood up he knew he could actually see the roofline of the building that housed the police and fire station. He gave the area a final scan and moved out of the blueberry patch and trotted across the street and into cover of a mailbox. A quick glance around and he began trotting towards the rear of the station building. He crossed the rear parking area and crouched between to cars,just a few feet from a rear door to the station. Another glance around and he moved over to the door and gave the handle a twist...locked of course. "Just my luck" he thought Rather than make noise trying to force the door open he decided to take the risk of trying the front entrance and maybe have a little luck if it was open.
He moved over to the rear corner of the building,glanced around to make sure the area was still clear and moved towards the front corner of the building. Rounding the front corner he ran smack into Carl who was headed for the back of the building...Chris reacted by grabbing carls arm and used leverage to slam the man to the ground..using his other hand to snatch out his pistol and had it aimed dead center between the eyes of Bobby who skidded to a stop looking cross eyed into the barrel of the pistol just inches from his head.. he was so startled and scared he could only stutter out a "..uh..uh..uh" Chris was ready to kill to survive the only thing that saved Bobby loosing the top of his head was Chris hearing Carl mumble out " hey man,jeeez it's ok...we are just looking for a place to hide" Chris used his pistol to motion to Bobby to crouch down....He took a quick glance around then looked down at the man he had slammed to the ground and recognized him as a local resident. Chris released his hold on the man and whispered for both of them to follow him back to the rear of the building.....

DEAD IN ALASKA
1/31/04
3:25:36 PM

chap 1
He stood just within the tree line,staring across the five miles of ocean towards where he knew was the harbor entrance to the town. He knew he had to go there...besides he was totally out of supplies and he was tired of roughing it. he knew he would be going into some kind of hell..a town..a island over run by zombies.....

He wondered if he was the only survivor of a population of about 2500 people. He was unable to raise anyone on the radio...nothing but static for two days now. had been not one plane or boat within site for three days. He decided that he had to make a run for town if nothing else but supplies...and if need be come back to 5mile island for safety.

He crossed over to within about a half mile from the harbor entrance and throttled back on the motor to just drift and look....look for anyone..anything..that moved.

2

He stood on the floating dock and looked and listened....nothing.....
he crossed the dock float and walked up the ramp to the parking lot...crossing the short bridge onto the mainland he slowly made his way further into town.

two days later he sat in his boat just outside the seawall and knew he would be back...he had to find out what happened.....everyone gone ...not a single person...living or dead had he found in two days.
That spooked him so much he decided to restock on supplies and go back to 5mile and think of a plan without having the feeling someone or something was going to pop out at him at any moment.

even out here on the water...he felt as if he was being watched....

was he the victim of some cruel hoax ?

the entire population had vanished....living and dead.....

life was a trip.....a strange path to travel

3
Wrangell Island,Alaska

Carl Smith
David Scanlon
Bobby Bryson
Beth and husband

Carl sat under a tree seeking some shelter from the constant rainfall,surveying the Island .
Hell he knew the town only had a population of about 3100 people.
sooner or later he figured he could clean the island of deaduns and have a safe haven to live in. of course there had to be a few survivors like him....had to....right.

he knew a large number of people had barricaded themselves inside the high school gymnasium. He also had heard the screams of the living as the deaduns battled into the gym....overwhelmed and trapped they had died a horrible death.

He had been on a trip up the Stikine river the night of the meteor shower. He never saw a single meteor because of the overcast skies. Never even gave the meteor shower a second thought. He spent two more days at his cabin before loading his gear into his boat,preparing for the trip downriver and home.
He had stopped at Garnet ledge to wait for the incoming tide to rise higher so he could make a fast run across the sand flats at the mouth of the river into deeper water.
killing time he turned on his radio. He scanned across the dial,reception was poor,he began to pick up snatches of garbled transmissions,finally he hit a clear one and was confused at what he was hearing,for a moment thinking he had picked up a tv transmission of some horror movie.
His blood suddenly ran cold.....he heard a voice identify themselves and he recognized the voice of the high school vice principal .The vice principal related to Carl how it had started with a 911 call to the police department from the hospital.
A nurse was screaming for help,that one of the patients in for observation had gone berserk and was loose in the hospital building. The officer on duty David Scanlon (out of a department staff of four) Informed the nurse he would be right there. David left the police department,climbed into his cruiser,started it and pulled out of the back lot as he made the short trip he used the cruiser computer to page the officer on standby,Bobby Bryson. David figured that Bobby would contact him on the radio by the time he reached the hospital.

4
A minute later David was approaching the entrance to the hospital. Pulling into the hospital parking lot,David thought hmmmmm everything looks normal so far. David pulled the cruiser to a parking spot close to the emergency exit.

David approached the emergency entrance doors,stepping onto the sensor the doors slid apart silently. David entered the emergency front area and stopped, saw no one,heard nothing.
hell they probably already have the guy under wraps and sedated....wasting his time by calling him when really unneeded. David walked across the room and pushed thru the double doors into the next area. He stood in the middle of the room and looked around he was familiar with the hospital..
This area was the hub to the hospital.this was the main nurses desk. From this area three corridors branched out from there. The corridor to the left was the Patient wing and offices for doctors and staff. The corridor straight ahead was where all surgeries and lab work was done. The corridor to the right was the morgue and maintenance shop.
David remembered that the nurses desk had some video capabilities,he walked around and entered the nurses area. Spotting three monitors he stepped over,pulled a chair behind him and sat down to study the controls to the monitors.
He saw it was set up as one monitor for each corridor. The Patient corridor monitor also had added stations...the viewer able to view the corridor or choose different rooms in that corridor. the other to monitors were single view,positioned to give a view the length of the corridor.
At the moment all three monitors were on,all showing corridor. David realized he still had not heard from the officer on standby....nor had he heard....or seen anyone in the hospital. David started to call out...and stopped. He had a strong feeling that doing so could be a mistake.....possibly a fatal mistake.

Three creatures had the nurse stretched across a bed....

David realized it was futile to try and help the struggling nurse...he turned and ran,he skidded to a stop as he

entered the hub. his path out of the hospital was blocked by three dead creatures that must have come from the morgue. He turned and sprinted into the middle corridor,searching for a escape from this nightmare he had entered.
David almost blundered into two more things already in the center corridor...they turned and moved towards him. David stopped,spun and saw the three things in the hub were turning his way. David froze,his mind refusing to accept what was happening.
As David was pulled down by the five creatures.
As David felt the flesh begin to be torn apart.
As David felt and heard one eyeball pop as a bony stiff finger of a creature brutally gouged at the eye socket.

5
The dead spread from the hospital above town from out the road at the cemetery and from the scattered natural deaths .

About 75 people gathered at the high school ,the last bastion for the living. There was no where to go from there. The group had secured the gymnasium a short hall with exit at end with stairwell down to the right 12 steps down turn 12 more steps down and a hallway boys locker room on left girls locker room on right exit door.securely blocked.
In coaches office was found a police scanner/radio and a cb radio.
it had been three days now and no rescue was in sight. the creatures outside had continued to gather around the high school,more and more came to join the ranks of undead.....those against the building began to explore the surface exploring fingers became tapping fingers and tapping fingers became pounding and more creatures worked closer to the surface and joined at pounding hands and dist against the walls of the building.
Those pounding at the window and door areas began to have affect.
Windows began to rattle and crack
doors were loose and creaking.

The vice principle was pleading with Carl to not waste his efforts coming to the high school.

in the background noise,Carl,heard a crash and screams began

6
BOBBY

The officer on standby was no where near on standby,Nope,The officer on standby was actually standing above the falls...Rainbow Falls a scenic site several miles from town.
Bobby had no idea what was happening in town or around the island. Bobby lived a mile north of the two mile cemetery.

Bobby had heard the 911 call on his home scanner.
Distant screams alerted him to disorder. What little he learned prompted him to grab
his pack and guns and head out into the woods,go deep into the woods and give time for everything to sort itself out on the island.....

After only one day spent in the wet woods ,Bobby decided he had to find better shelter and food,he had been in such a panic he had forgot to bring any food into the woods with him.
Most people could live off the woods and get by,but Bobby was a city boy and had no clue at how to survive in the woods.

Wet and hungry he finally followed the path down from Rainbow falls to Zimova Highway. Once at the Highway he crossed it and climbed down to the beach and followed the shoreline to a nearby house where he figured he would find a boat and use it to get into town.....

7

BOBBY and CARL

Bobby and Carl meet on Shakes Island

Bobby is coming out of the lodge when jumped by Carl

Carl was making a recon around the Sweat lodge,he was crouched behind a bush on the backside of the lodge when he heard the low rumble of a boat motor getting closer and closer to the island.

Carl crept to the corner of the back wall and peered around the corner of the building. He saw a small flat bottom skiff had entered the harbor with just one man guiding the boat toward the beach of the Shakes Island.

Carl watched as the boat quietly crunched onto the beach...the man scrambled out of the boat and in a low crouch ran up the beach and over towards the front entrance of the lodge.

Carl quickly followed the side wall crouched down at the corner and peered around to watch the man as he pushed the wood door open and entered into the lodge.

Carl took advantage of the moment and quietly moved over to crouch behind a bush at the side of the lodge door.

A few moments later he heard the sound of the lodge door being opened,the man stepped out,as he did so,Chris stepped behind the man,tripped him to the ground and threw his weight on the mans back to pin him to the ground.

Carl came up behind Bobby and reached around to slice his throat,had almost pulled the stroke when Carl realized Bobby was alive. Carl grunted and shoved the other man away to put a little space between them.

8

Beth and husband have been out on a fishing run.

They had no knowledge of events going on. Going out on runs was their private time together. They worked hard ran their lines,filled the bins,and now were chugging along at a slow steady pace towards the cold storage depot at Wrangell Island.

Husband is attacked and killed in cold storage depot office. Beth manages to push boat from dock to drift several feet from shore and drop anchor. She hides below deck,with enough provisions for several days if need be.

Waiting and praying to be rescued.

hears as the cities living dies off or is killed off until a thick silence settled.

She spent time peering out the two small windows one on each side of boat. that was until she watched as a man exited a boathouse on the far side of the harbor. He was to far away to hear her so she watched and hoped she would be able to get his attention.

The man moved from the shed several feet along the dock,crouching and warily looking all around.

suddenly from several of the boats docked along the dock,bodies began to climb from the boats onto the dock,quickly the man was trapped and brought down....screaming....abruptly cut off as his throat was ripped out in a bloody explosion of gore,spraying the faces of the others tearing into his flesh.

FIVE MILE ISLAND

Chris spent the next two days keeping a low profile,staying out of sight,staring across the five miles of water at the island he called home. He took no chances at attracting any attention, He camped the hard way....no fire for food or warmth,no tent,nothing.
He was unable to pick up anything on his portable short wave radio and in two days he had not seen any signs of life from the island across from him.
He decided to take a back route over to the island and do a slow recon of the town and try to learn what had happened.
At the next high tide he left his small island refuge and made a big circle around to the back side of the island,coming into land at a far secluded area of th airport. He concealed his boat,slipped on a small backpack that held a few packs of trail mix,a small bottle of water and a box of shells for his rifle and pistol. He pulled his pistol from the holster on his right hip,a short barreled .357,and made sure it worked smoothly and was loaded. He holstered the pistol and then did the same for his rifle. Slinging the rifle over his shoulder,he climbed the short incline of rocks to get a good view of the airport and surrounding area.
It was only a hour or so until dusk would happen and he decided to wait until then to cross the wide landing strip to get to the forest bordering the airfield. He would bed down for the night and make the trek for town in the morning.

SHAKES ISLAND

Bobby and Carl had spent the last two days crouched inside the sweat lodge on Shakes Island. They took turns peering thru a crack in the door looking for any signs of movement. they passed the time discussing the 'what's and why's ' of what had happened over the last few days. Making plans of what to do when the would finally abandon the lodge,and cross over the walk bridge and enter into the danger zone of the town proper. They had a loose plan of trying to make it to the police station,there they would have access to communications and weapons . If they could make it to the station they could hole up there until help came,at least that's what they believed.....

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