

Zombie Shorts

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Short stories of zomie life and death.

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The living had no chance.....the walking dead were relentless. And desperate for the nourishment of fresh, living brain tissue....there was no rest for the weary. To stay in one place too long was a sure thing to attract nearby dead. The ranks of the dead increased by the minute.....some started a good defense but bucked to the unrelenting presence of dead....seeking them

People fought long and hard, and for a time survived...but more and more died and then they joined the ranks of the dead. Within days.....cities were deserted except for the ravenous dead the few people that either refused to run....or those unable to leave yet. And those pitiful few that just barricaded themselves in their homes and waited for help (they hoped)help that never comes. People

People fled the cities and discover that the dead is out there also And the dead have an uncanny knack of sensing out the locations of the humans. Slow moving and clumsy.....the dead were relentless in their search for the living and could overwhelm groups of survivors by numbers alone...

The days passed...cities emptied as the living fled for the hoped for safety of the country.....and were followed by the hordes of deaduns...always searching for the flesh of the living to fuel to their no longer living bodies.....

The dead had no leader....they could not speak..Read..or write.....Hell they were DEAD.....Just a mindless zombie driven by a bloodlust....a hunger for the taste of living flesh...especially the pulsing grey tissue of the brain.... torn from the skull of a living person. Any living person found was immediately attacked, torn apart and devoured. If the creatures were distracted before the victimâs skull was destroyed....then the remains of the victims die.....

Every passing day, every hour, every minute that passedthe numbers of dead grew in leaps and bounds, within days the human race was a minority and steadily dwindling.

Within days, the tides had turned against mankind. Man now fought just to survive.... forget about ridding the earth of the deaduns.....that to survive....meant to kill that what was already dead.

That was the downfall of many humans, before they discovered the only sure way to put down a deadun was by destroying the brain or burning to ashes.

The deaduns never wavered in their search for living flesh, never needing the simple things in life that you or I do...such as food and water.....and rest. The deaduns could survive almost indefinitely with out sustenance.....only after several months with no ingestion of living flesh would the body of a deadun begin to deteriorate.

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Mankind went nuts as the plague of living dead spread swiftly across the country and the entire planet. A desperate (and losing) war for survival was fought wherever living and dead met. Chaos reigned supreme. State and local authorities were slow to react... hard to believe stories of dead coming to life and walking.....

Many people refused to believe it was possible...until one was met...by then it was usually too late.....

The dead clawed thru dirt and mud to rise from their graves, they walked away from car wrecks, stumbled from the mangled remains of crashed airplanes, rose from operating tables before the stunned doctors and nurses.....the dead wanted one thing....to consume living flesh....most especially the delicious delicacy of fresh living brain tissue.

A large number of the living population, panicked and died or froze in fear, and were killed quickly. Many escaped encounter with a deadun with minor wounds only the wound would become infected and the person would die.....and then rise to join the ranks of the dead. Ignorance or just plain stupidity (depending on how you looked at it) killed most of the people. In this day and age...people saw horror movies with such graphic special effects...they would think..... It s only a movie...or a very bad dream and die to become undead.

In almost every group of survivors, there would be one idiot (a familiar scenario used in many sci-fi and horror flicks) that would face the monster of the moment while exclaiming Don t fear my friends.....I can slay this foul creature (the same creature that has just destroyed a bunch of people) and save us all!!! And then promptly get his ass waxed which in turn usually resulted with the deaths of most of the rest of the group.

Luck is a 50/50 game of chance. You got your good luck and you got your bad luck....

The good luck was those that accepted the fact of walking dead and gained an advantage.

For many.....Bad luck...really bad luck was the rule for the day.....

For example...

The surgeon, having just lost his patient to a massive heart attack, watched, horrified as the corpse opened it's eyes and reached out to grab the nurse...pulling her close and biting down on her nose only to rip it from her face gnashing on a mouthful of grisly nose the corpse turned to look at the surgeon. Continued to look as it leaned over and bit into the screaming nurseâ s upper lip....ripping the flesh from her skull

For example.....

The mortician...shocked from a deep sleep by the screaming of his wife in bed beside him groggily realizing their bed was surrounded by several people....no... He recognized who several were.....shocked because he realized they were all dead...

Such as the man, the husband, protector of his loved ones, his family

Who helplessly watched as a group of Deaduns finally broke thru the barricade into his home

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Who watched as three of the foul creatures fell on his screaming wife and pulled her to the floor in front of him

Who watched in numb horror as one Deadun plunged its hand into her belly and ripped from her stomach a steaming, bloody mass of her intestines....and began to EAT it.

Who watched as another Deadun stepped around the three scrabbling over the remains of his now silent wife, and slowly move towards him

Who watched(as if he was out of his body) as his arms seemingly of their own accord pulled his twelve year old daughter, who was hiding behind him, and thrust her into the groping arms of the approaching Deadun.

Who watched the look of surprise and fear...then anger cross her face as she realized the depth of her father's treachery?

Who watched as the Deadun pulled his screaming daughter into its arms and bent over to rip a chunk of bloody flesh from her neck.

Who watched from the safety (he thought) of the steps leading up into the attic, as both his wife and daughter were ripped apart and consumed by the ravenous creatures.

Who retreated into the attic, pulling the steps up behind him, and crawled into the furthest corner of the attic, curled into a ball and covering his ears in a futile attempt to block out the sounds of the creatures below feeding on the bodies of his family....and he prayed for the souls of his wife and daughter.....but mostly he prayed for forgiveness for himself...because deep down he was glad that he was the one to survive...still alive....safe.

YEAH, RIGHT! Safe...

Who watched, shocked and horrified as the attic staircase creaked and began to descend....and he realized, too late, that he had failed to pull up the cord that was used to pull down the steps

Who watched as the first Deadun appeared from below, locating him, and began crawling across the attic towards him.

Who spent the last few moments of his life uselessly praying for his heart to give out before the first Deadun reached him.....it didn't

.....the President.....

Air force one sliced thru the night...Somewhere over the eastern seaboard. Inside was the President, top aides and agents that always accompanied the countries leader.....

The President turned in his chair at the sound of the door opening and watched agent Stone enter the cabin and walk across to stand in front of the president's desk. The weary leader removed his glasses...and rubbed his forehead as he spoke to the agent...â Sit down Terry...it's long past the time to stick to protocol.....sit. Take

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a load off."

"Thank you sir," Stone replied and he pulled a chair over and sat down, placing a stack of fax notes on the edge of the desk.

Nodding his head at the stack of notes, the President wearily asked "so how bad is it?"

"Not good sir....communications is all screwed up...we can say for certain that we have a problem with finding a secure field....many have been compromised by Dead. Total chaos down there and we're up here blind as bats..."

The President sighed, and leaned back in his chair, and wondered why he ever got into politics. Without raising his head, he asked "What about Secretary Baker?"

"I'm sorry sir.....he died just a few minutes ago....we put his body in the third pilots seat and covered him with a blanket."

"At least he's spared the sight of the country he loved being destroyed...."

The plane took a sudden lurch, the President tensed in his seat, the plane dropped a hundred feet and just as quickly bounced UP a hundred feet higher as it was before dropping and then leveled to a smooth flight.

The President forced himself to relax and grinned weakly at the agent and said....

I HATE flying.....

And clutched his chair again as the plane began to bounce around as if it had entered a large pocket of turbulence...and both men jumped as the cabin door slammed open and another agent, splattered with blood, staggered in and screamed..

Sir! It's Secretary Baker.....he's alive...and gone berserk inside the cockpit!!

Agent Stone tried to pull himself from his seat and screamed at the other agent.

YOU IDIOT! He's not alive...he's a deadun now.....MY GOD...we've got to destroy him....destroy his brain.....

Everyone in the cabin was slammed to the floor of the plane as it lurched up...and over

Stress ripping one huge wing from the fuselage.....and the plane plummeted to the earthcrashing into a suburb of Boston.....wiping out an entire city block, killing hundreds.....putting an end to all the Presidents problems.

Scattered across the country were thousands who refused to surrender... and fought to survive. Life was too precious and too short to allow it to be destroyed by a bunch of mean, ugly dead fuckers

And these terrified but stubborn souls took the fight head on back at the deaduns

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And by-god if they lost the fight....they would at least take out as many of those nasty-assed dead fuckers as they could.....

.....For instance..... the army corporal who broke into the camp armory and equipped himself with a flamethrower and several grenades. He fought a hell of a battle.....until he was finally cornered by a dozen or so dead-uns.... once he realized he was in a cul-de-sac with no chance of getting past all of the dead-uns closing in, he accepted the fact that he had maybe a few minutes before the flamethrower tanks became empty...he decided to make it all count....Backing into a corner he swept the area around him with the flamethrower.....driving the dead-uns back for a moment....he used the time to rig his grenades....running a shoestring thru several pull rings so one jerk ignite all of them.....stopping to sweep a burst of flame again and watching the force of flame began to weaken as the tanks emptied.....he muttered a quick prayer and pulled the tanks of the flame thrower close to him..

As the creatures fell upon him he screamed. *EAT THESE MOTHERFUCKERS!!!*

He pulled the pins from the grenades.....and vanished in the explosion of grenades and flame thrower....as did the creatures around him.....engulfed in a super hot blast that even killed the already dead.

the drunk redneck in Alabama did ok for awhile.....loaded his 4whl truck with all the weapons he had....and beer.....a whole LOT of beer.....a buddy...also as drunk as a fucked up skunk.....a full tank of gas.....and the wide open road before them.....at first they were careful. slowing the truck to fire several shots into the deadun till it stayed down.....realizing they were getting low on ammo....and beer.....they began using the truck to simply crush the deaduns....got overconfident of number of bodies the truck could handle.....in the center of a crowd of deaduns.....the truck....ran out of gas and the driver numbly ground the starter and prayed for it to start and watched as the deaduns closed in and pulled his buddy from the truck and ripped his body apart before his eyes....closed his eyes and prayed harder. Feeling the truck shift as the deaduns turned and climbed onto and into the cab reaching for him.....

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