

The Red Water Experiment: Chapter 2

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A virus outbreak turning men into animal-like creatures filled with rage has roamed the little town of Red Water. Not knowing that the cause of this hell-like chaos is the 62 year old experiment in their town by a psychopath German scientist, Dr. Ludvat. But there is a way to stop the outbreak: only if a person sacrificed his/her life to end it all. Who will live and who will die?



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I glared at Jake helplessly, trying to him a message. Being best friends for 10 years now (eversince we're still sucking on our bottles), I know Jake could understand me. He was clenching on the sharp metal cane in his hand so tightly, that I know the motion signals for us to run. We've been doing it eversince our gradeschool days, where Jake and I will be getting bullied by the creepy, fat kids at school. And now that we're both 16, we can even read each other's souls. Yes, if you put it that way, we're soulmates.

"I know, your Dad turned like one of them, too. My parents also turned out like one of them," Jake said. I can feel the hatred in his voice. I finally realized that he's so angry that all he wants to do now is to fight for his life and kill the monsters that could also kill us. "Let's get out of here. Let's get away from here. Let's... drive to a safe place, far away from here,"

I turned to look at Leah, who was at that time, shakily sitting on the floor, crying quietly. "Leah, let's go," I said.

What I saw outside is the most terrifying of all. Half of the population of our once quiet town of Red Water are running all over the street, trying to escape from the zombified people who are about to devour them alive. Mr. Jackell, the school gardener of Red Water Academy, was breathlessly escaping from his now zombified wife. But all his guts of running away failed when he slipped on the ground, giving the zombified Mrs. Jackell a chance to take a big, hungry bite of her husband's flesh. He was shouting for help, but the others didn't care for they were too busy saving their own lives. Jake grabbed my arm and I grabbed Leah's arm. We ran again.

"Where are we going?" I asked, trying to catch my breath.

"Let's find a car," Jake said, his eyes searching for a car. "We will find a way to get us out of here,"

Finally, we spotted an old SUV parked on the Red Water park. We ran as fast as we could to get into the SUV, but unfortunately, the group of the undead blocked us, preventing us to escape. I never thought that they could be such an intelligent creature. On the movies that I saw, they are stupid, weak, slow, has a poor sense of vision but with a good sense of smell. Well, reality is always different from fiction. This is reality that we're facing right now. In fact, a very deadly reality that we don't know if we could survive this chaos. We ran again, as fast as we could. Run. Run. Run. I could feel the weakness inside of me now. I could feel the exhaustion. But I wouldn't stop from running.

"Let's go to the Mall," Jake said. Hand in hand, we run to the mall. We raced through the entrance, shoving each undead that's on our way with a sharp metal cane. Suddenly, I can feel the incompleteness and uneasiness in the air. I turned to look around me. Leah is gone!

"Leah? Jake, where's Leah?" I asked. Another fear grew on my system. "Leah?!!!!!! Leah!!!!!!!!!! Leah!!!!!!!!!!" I called, angrily shouting. Jake was trying to calm me down by gripping on my hand.

"Kaye, it's okay, we gonna find her, okay? But first, we have to get into the mall." Jake said.

I bursted into tears, harshly pushing Jake away from me. "Jake, I have to find my sister no matter how dangerous it takes!"

"Listen Kaye," Jake said, eyeing me sharply as he grabbed my shoulders and forced me to look into his sapphire-blue eyes. "You being hysterical wouldn't do us any good, alright? Now, let's get into the mall, and

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let's figure out a way of how can we escape here."

Without saying anything, I followed Jake inside the mall. We opened the lights, just to make sure that none of the raging monsters had broke into the mall. We quietly searched on the mall thinking if those monsters that are outside had broke in inside. We were tiptoeing, so that they couldn't hear us until we make it to a safe place. Jake was tightly clenching on his metal cane. It was a really tight one. And I could sense that he's afraid. As soon as we're heading to the stairs to get to the second floor, a zombified security guard had greeted us. He came running on us and there's nothing left for us to do but run. He was growling so angrily that I could feel his hunger for our flesh. We were running. Panting. Running. Panting -- until we saw Thurd's Ammo. It was a gunshop and an ammo shop, and I know Jake had led me into the right place. A lot of weapons and this could save us from death -- but the question is, do we know how to use a gun? I've never even seen a real one before. As soon as we reached Thurd's Ammo, we hurriedly went inside, locking the panaflex door, leaving the monster yelling and growling and crying for his loss.

"May you starve in hunger, punk," I said, cursing. My heart is now pounding loudly. I closed my eyes while I'm gripping into Jake's arm. "Jake, this is madness. I don't want to see that freak outside. And if he's acting like that, maybe the monsters will know that we're here inside. Let's cover the door with a curtain, if we can find one here."

Jake and I searched for a thick curtain to cover the windows and the doors. Panaflex really a durable material, so the monster couldn't break in unless they will come in large numbers. We found a door on the back of the gunshop. At first, we were hesitant to open it. You better be safe than sorry. Jake and I glared at each other. He unconsciously held the knob, took a deep breath and opened it very slowly. We were so startled when a woman pushed us really hard causing us to knock our head on the carpeted floor. She pointed a gun on us.

"Speak," she said with a very sharp tone.

I tried to stand. "Hi, sorry if we break in here. I'm Kaye Logan, and this is my best friend, Jake Dunham," I said slowly. Jake stood up and smiled wryly. For a moment, I couldn't hate the woman. I know that, like us, she is also finding a way to survive.

"I'm Dr. Christine Martin," she introduced herself. I noticed that she is wearing a lab gown, but it was covered in blood. How many monsters have she killed lately? "I've heard an infected outside," She rested her head on the wall.

"Yes, Jake and I are looking for a safe place while I'm trying to find my sister. I lost her outside." I explained.

For a moment, there is silence in the air. I decided to break it. I tend to break a lot of silence because in my opinion, it is much more deafening than noise. I really hate being in a silent world. Honestly, I find the chaos outside thrilling. It gives me a lot of rush into my adrenaline system. It is a challenge to know whether if this will end - if ever it will end - we will survive.

"You mentioned that you're a doctor. So do you at least have an idea of what was happening here?" I asked.

Dr. Martin bit her lip and looked down. Gasping for more breath, she crossed her arms and looked at me directly into the eye. "Why do you want to know?" She asked.

"Because... I want to... I saw a man eating a woman alive right in my very own eyes. It was then when the town is still quiet." I said, trying to reminisce the incident that happened a while ago -- a very traumatic incident. "Why are there monsters like them? I thought they only exist in the movies,"

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Dr. Martin shook her head, causing the beautiful black hair to sway with her stiff, subtle movement. "First of all, it's not appropriate to call them monsters. Much better if you call them the infected." She corrected. "It was a 62-year-old experiment by a psychopath scientist named Dr. Frederic Ludvat. He's German. He settled here on Red Water to perform his experiments. He was trying to find ways to bring back her dead wife, Martha, back to life. But the experiments gone wrong. He put too much chemicals on his formulas and suddenly, Martha mutated into a flesh-hungry, man-eating woman. Through her rage, the chemicals spilled, causing it to contaminate the river. It was batches and batches of chemicals, enough to infect all the people living in Red Water. Back then, the town was named Dawson Drive. But it was named Red Water because the river turned red because of the chemicals. Everybody in Dawson Drive turned evil and in rage, that they would just eat up every uninfected living that they encountered..."

"So how did the chaos back then end?" Jake asked enthusiastically. I am also listening to Dr. Martin's story with much enthusiasm, too. It was scary but interesting.

"It never really ended." Dr. Martin said. "Yes, the Military Forces have wiped out the population of the undead, cleaned the river, but still, the curse wouldn't stop. Dr. Ludvat also performed Black Magic. He pays homage to the dark forces of evil, maybe that's why. He sold his soul to the devil. He knows a lot about occult. The chemicals are still on the river. History is now repeating itself. Ludvat Virus is destroying Red Water again,"

"Why do you know so much about this?" I asked.

Dr. Martin paused for a moment. She tilted her head down. "I researched so much about this. Ludvat Virus has infected my parents. I wanted to kill him! I wanted to kill him so badly! I wanted to kill all of the infected!" She shouted. For a moment I noticed that Dr. Martin always mentioned the word 'Ludvat' in so much hatred.

"Do you know a way on how to stop this?" Jake asked.

"Someone must sacrifice his or her life to end it all. He or she should jump to the river, but in order to do this, the river should be red with the blood of the one who sacrificed his life," Dr. Martin explained. "I don't know if you're willing to do this. I'm not even sure if I'm willing to do this, either. It sounds stupid, but that's the way it is."

Jake and I glared at each other. I shook my head. "A rubbish way of ending it all," I said as softly as I can.

Suddenly, we heard a loud thud outside. The once soft growling became a very loud growling, that it hurted our ears. Soon, I realized that there are a lot of infected outside the ammo shop, waiting for their chance on feeding a fresh, human flesh. Dr. Martin gathered all the weapon that she could find, reloading every gun on the shop. She tossed one to me, and I wasn't so sure if I could pull the trigger to kill the infected.

"I... I don't know how to use a gun," I said, handing the gun back to her. "Please. I don't even know how to kill a mosquito,"

"Do you wanna die? Or do you wanna save you sister's life?" Dr. Martin said. It was not a question.

"Okay, I'll... I'll try my best," I said, feeling every inch of my heartbeat.

"Okay then, let's do our best. When I open the curtains and this door, shoot every infected that's on our way," Dr. Martin commanded. "You should point the gun to them, pulling the trigger as hard as you could. If you're out of mags, then give it back to me and I'll reload it,"

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Dr. Martin positioned herself on the doorway, ready to pull the curtains down. She was breathing deeply. "Are you ready Jake?"

Jake nodded. "Yes, I am,"

Dr. Martin turned to look at me. "You ready, Kaye? Be brave. I know you can do it. I'll count one to three, I'll pull the curtains down and I'll open the door. We will evacuate to a safe place after we've killed them all, alright?"

And at the count of one, two, three... Dr. Martin pulled the curtains down, opened the door and began to shoot all of the infected on the doorway. I don't know how could I possibly shoot them. I don't know..

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