

The Zombie Apocalypse

By Anna Tan

It has been 32 days since the zombies first appeared. Sarah and I had banded together and survived. We met on day 13. I had been in a supermarket trying to take everything I could find. I was wandering the store, looking for more food when I heard a loud thump in the nearest aisle. I braced myself, thinking it was a zombie but what -or who stumbled out surprised me. It was a woman, not a zombie. She had dusty clothes and a small pack that was coming apart. The woman was struggling to walk. She looked exhausted and had a blade stabbed in her arm. I immediately ran to help her. She almost collapsed on the floor but I helped her up. I bandaged her arm and gave her some painkillers to help ease the pain. While I was dressing her wounds, she explained that she had been looking for food when she was attacked by a group of thieves. She explained that she was part of another group, but she got separated when a large group of zombies attacked them. She thanked me for saving her and asked me to help her find her way back to her friends. I agreed.

She got better soon. We were ready to begin our adventure. During the trip, I ended up getting stabbed in the leg. I was in agony, but it was alright because Sarah assisted me. She helped me through a painful time just as I also helped her. On the –

"Hey! Can you listen to me?" she says as she rudely interrupts my thinking.

"What?" I mumble as I focus on what is going on around me.

"We are out of food. The whole city is out of food. The closest city is miles away. We only have enough food for today," she explains.

"Really?" I exclaimed in shock as my brain went into overdrive, trying to think of a way to obtain more food.

"Urn... I have an idea but you might not like it..." She murmurs as she trails off. I feel a sinking feeling in my chest. I don't think I will like what she says next.

"I was thinking... What if we hunted other people and ate them instead?"

"CANNIBALISM!?" I shriek. "HOW COULD YOU EVEN THINK THAT?!" She immediately looks away and avoids my gaze.

"I'm sorry. I can't do it. I refuse to eat another human being!" I say. "I think I need some space. I'm sorry," I mutter as I stumble out the door. I stagger up to the roof and take in the scene. Looks like human survival instincts were stronger than morals. Suddenly, I feel a sharp pain in my chest. I look down to see a sharp blade sticking out of my chest. Her dagger. As my blood drips down the edge of the blade, I hear her whisper "I'm so sorry," and she pushes the blade deeper in. I fall into deep, dark, soothing darkness.