

# Road Trip of the Undead

Dalton Ford

# Part I: The Road Trip

# Author's Note

I ask of you to read this before you read the book itself. Even if you picked it up just too waste time in class (even though it probably shouldn't be in a classroom, especially an elementary school one) or actually want to read it. Once you do so, I think you will have a better understanding of the book than those who don't.

First of all, I would like to personally thank you for purchasing/reading this piece of writing. It is rather interesting in my opinion as well as one of my close friends, but we'll get to that in a few paragraphs. If you enjoy horror/action/adventure/zombie books then you will probably like this book.

I started it at the age of twelve by handwriting. I got the idea from a six page Halloween story I wrote. I continued it on and off until the age of thirteen when I got my laptop. I made plenty of progress, but then it broke due to several factors. I had to wait several months until I got a new one. I kept writing the book on this computer and finished it right after I turned fifteen. That's pretty much all the background information you need for the process.

Second of all, I would like to dedicate this book to many people. The first one being my close friends Frankie (from my school but I had absolutely no idea on how she made it here or this far), otherwise known as Frank. I would like to thank her for all the time she put into reading this book and inspiring me to write more. If it wasn't for her, it probably would have taken a few more months. She was the first person I sent a text message to at exactly 2:59 a.m. when I completed Part 4. She was asleep at the time, but she probably was excited the moment she woke up.

The last, and main, person this book gets dedicated to is Bubba. Yes, Bubba is real. He was with me from my first year of life until I was thirteen. His death, among the things that have been listed, are what inspired me to write Part 2, 3, and 4. He, as made out to be in this book, was the most important thing in the world to me. Even though I have lost him, his spirit shall live on through this book. I miss and think about him every day. He was the best dog who ever lived in so many ways. He was my companion, and best friend.

# Chapter 1: Apocalypse Life

“Crap Tim, looks like we probably won’t make it,” I told my friend. “How much ammo you got left?”

“I got two shells,” Tim replied. He looked at Kegan.

“I’m empty, only got my blade,” Kegan said trying to sound hardcore.

“Well, I have a clip of my Desert Eagle,” I told them. *This could be it...* I thought.

Wait, I’m sorry! Let me explain what is going on from the start. So buckle up and let’s put this thing in high gear! (I hope you enjoyed the word play.)

This is about zombies. No, it’s not like the dead returned but it’s more of a disease. It is extremely contagious. It kills the host, and then depending upon the number bites/scratches, you return, usually anywhere from five to ten minutes. If you know zombies then you know that the only way to kill them is to destroy the brain or decapitate them. These zombies do walk, but for some reason every other kind of animal infected still has the ability to run. It’s weird really and I don’t know the science behind it.

Our location was one of two safe havens, or as far as we knew. We were at the Eastern. And the other was the Western.

Our story starts when I was just getting home. My mom, my sister Kenzie, my friends Tim, Lane, Cody, Kegan, and my best friend Bubba lived with me. My “friend” Morgan lived next door. My friends and I were anywhere from fifteen to sixteen. The youngest being fifteen and the oldest sixteen.

Tim had a dirty blonde tint to his hair, and it was about to his shoulders. He was the strongest and the tallest. Tim was very intelligent and had an artistic side to him. He was one of the closest to me. He spent a lot of his time drawing or working out.

Lane had light brown hair with green eyes. He was the oldest out of me and my friends. He was also tall and skinny. He was the one I had known the longest and had the most background with, but we’d began to grow apart.

Cody wore small glasses with his blonde hair. His eyes were a dark brown. He had it in a bowl cut and smiled a lot. I hadn’t known him that long when things started to go bad, but he was with Kegan when we found them.

Kegan was a scrawny guy. He always wore a tan with his dark hair and brown eyes. I knew he wasn’t that smart, but he was rather good with technology. He had a small serious side to him that rarely shined through.

My sister was about three years older than me. She was short and had an attitude. We weren’t very close.

My mom would probably have strangled me if I revealed her age. She liked to be in control of things, but barely ever was. She was shorter than me too. She had long hair that was curly and blonde.

Bubba was about eight, maybe nine and was a full blooded Labrador retriever. He had always been there for me as long as I could remember. We both relied on each other and were best friends. He had a white comet that went down the center of his head. The tail headed towards his tail, and the top headed towards his snout. He had a big head and a mean tail that was always swinging violently. He had a deep voice when he barked. His fur was soft; the softest part though was always his ears. His favorite part to be scratched at

was his chest. He would always sit down in front of you, waiting for you to realize that he wanted to be scratched. His underside was white, all the way from the top of his chest to the bottom of that long tail. He loved swimming and being in the wilderness. Here's a fun fact about Labradors for you, they actually have webbed feet. The webbed feet help them swim, so much in fact that they can actually out swim ducks.

The last person I am about to describe is yours truly, or me. I was somewhere above five feet and eight inches. I was a runner and liked mini marathons if that helps you realize how much I liked running. I had blue eyes that people liked to complement me on, even though I thought they looked like every other color of blue eyes. I was a person that made people laugh, but could turn around and be completely serious. I didn't really take anything seriously. I put Bubba's needs ahead of mine, that's because I owed him a life debt. He saved my life when I was young. Now then, let's return to the main story...

The reason my friends lived with me was because we believed their parents were at the Western Safe Point. It was in California and ours Indiana. The Eastern was much, much smaller than the Western... or so we'd heard. We didn't hear much from them and rarely traded.

It had been almost four months after the first person became infected and life wasn't too bad at the Safe Point. The place was located in the city of Franklin, Indiana. It covered some of the city, but not a lot. It beat facing the undead out in the ruined world though....

My friends and I were at the table waiting for lunch one day. Bubba was on the couch sleeping. My mom was cooking something that smelled pretty good.

"Must be a big horde if they're firing off rounds, you know how they are about their ammo conserving," Cody said.

"Yeah," I said. "So mom, what exactly are you making?"

"Spaghetti," she replied. "If your sister doesn't return soon you need to go find her, you know how many creepy people there are here."

She was right, a lot of people had gone these four months without any type of accepted advancement from people they were attracted to, and there had been a spike in rapes and murders. They believed it was all from the same guy, but I didn't really know. I just tried to keep my weapons close at night because this camp was always low on supplies, and I'm actually surprised we had the meat to make spaghetti.

That's when Kenzie sprinted in out of breath, and sweating. Her expression was wild and her breathing was erratic.

She was struggling for breath as my mom asked shocked, "Kenzie, what's wrong?"

Kenzie leaned up just catching her breath with her petrified eyes I will never forget what she said, "They've broken through the Outside Walls."

There were two sets of walls, the Outer and the Inner. We knew it was bad since there were *way* more guards on the Outer than the Inner. The Outer Walls were made of wood and the Inner were made of a tall fence with barb-wire at the top. The place was thrown together as quickly as possible, and they had made it better over time by adding towers and such. The guards had anything to simple .22 hunting rifles to M4s that they had scavenged on runs. I was planning to become a guard or a scout once I was old enough. I thought since I had exceptional shooting skills and they were low on people they would let me in a little early. Then maybe I'd become a scout after a while.

A lot of guards became scouts over time because scouts got higher pay and better

weapons. Most didn't know how to handle themselves outside though or weren't trained well enough so they died off sooner than they should have.

Anyway, so that's how we knew that if we didn't get out we would die. We all got up and ran to our rooms. All of us knew the drill. The group had practiced it many times, even though they assured us that we'd be safe, but that's what the government told us during the beginning. We grabbed our weapons we saved that we had when we got there.

I got my left-handed cavalry sword, Mom got a double-barrel, Tim got his machete, Kegan got a crowbar, Cody got a baseball bat, Lane got a cleaver, and Kenzie got a 9mm. pistol. We ran to what we called our Emergency RV. When we got near panic was everywhere. Some people carried guns, some carried children, some carried supplies, and some were just panicking altogether. I even saw someone try to get into someone else's house. They were beating on the door and started kicking it too. I saw one guy steal a woman's car. She ended up stabbing him before she climbed in herself. She ended up just getting in a wreck with a truck. She didn't stop at a stop sign, so he ended up hitting her on the left side. She died on impact. The place was just in pandemonium.

I went to get Morgan. I ran in her house and she looked at me. She jumped to her feet and gave me a tight hug. "Morgan, come on!" I told her.

"I can't," She replied. "My parents were on guard duty today!"

I looked in her fragile eyes. "They'll be okay." Surprisingly, she believed me! I grabbed her hand and put her in the RV. I went and got Bubba.

When we all were in the silver and black bullet proof RV we took off. It had plenty of room, it would be crowded if we had four more people. A guy who called himself a "prepper" became infected that we were with and left it to us since the rest of his family was dead by that point.

The guards opened the back gates so people could try to escape. Soon zombies went to the back. We ran over a few as we escaped. The civilians cowered behind the guards as they shot down as many as they could, they knew it was hopeless. There was one guy who stood out to me though; he had two machetes that curved at the end. He had a bandana around his face and sunglasses on. He was an exceptional fighter, but he was surrounded. I saw that he had two handguns at his hips and several other guns in pairs on his body.

We drove out as fast as possible. All we saw were zombies and one other car. The driver lost control from all the zombies blocking his view. He went off the road and crashed into a tree. The zombies flew off as more ran over and broke his window. Then the zombies tried pulling him out as he screamed and fought. We just kept driving.

It took over forty-five minutes to get out of Indiana. "Where are we going?" I asked.

"To the Western Safe Point," my mom said. I then knew this was going to be a while.

I looked up and saw the state sign: Illinois. It *was* an okay state, I remember when I took a trip there and spent the day. The traffic was bad but the place was fun. Before the outbreaks that is....

## Chapter 2: Illinois

We stopped in a small town for gas called Landfurt or something like that, I didn't really pay attention. We were in a rural area. My Mom pumped gas while Tim and I went to get supplies. I got 2 litters of soda, barbeque chips, bottles of water, fruits that weren't bad, a map of the U.S.A, and some Cd's. The fruit were probably bad, or were about too but they were still food. I filled the bag and handed it to Tim. He took it to the RV. I got a shopping bag and filled it with energy drinks and jawbreakers.

I walked out and we took off. About ten minutes later we stopped in a small town with a mall because Morgan and Kenzie wanted to shop! SHOP! In a zombie apocalypse! I went in with the women. We entered a store where all the clothes looked the same as all the other stores, but the only different thing was the little label. We saw a zombie walking with a shirt in its hands. I ran at it and stabbed it right in its forehead. We continued to walk around. "Uh... Mom, I *love* this shirt!" Kenzie told her.

"Yeah it's nice," my mom said. My sister grabbed one.

"I'll check out the dressing room," I said.

"Okay be careful," Morgan and my Mom said at the same time. It got awkward so I went ahead to check.

I guess now would be a good time to describe Morgan. She was the tallest girl in our group but was still shorter than me. She was a few months younger than me and had light brown eyes. Like Kegan, she always had a tan.

I kicked open the first, nothing, then the second, same. Next, I opened the third, nada. I looked at the last. I pushed open the fourth with my sword. I saw out of a crack of the door opened and I raised my sword. I kicked it and ran in. There was a boy holding a small pocket knife.

"Holy Crap dude chill!" I yelled. He lowered it.

"You're human!" He cheered. Then the boy walked up to me.

"Come on," I said.

He followed me to the main part of the store. When we arrived there everyone was in there. "Hey Mom I found a person," I showed her as everyone eyed him.

"Hi, I'm Johnny," He waved.

"Hey Johnny, I'm Andrew, this is Kenzie, my mom, Morgan, Tim, Cody, Lane, and Kegan," I introduced. About 30 minutes later we went back to the RV. It was late; it had been a long day for everyone. The next day Johnny leaned against the window. I went to check on him.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"That zombie in there was my Mother. It's alright, I mean it wasn't *really* her anymore," He calmly said.

"Hey Andrew get back here!" Kegan yelled at me smiling.

"Yeah don't make us have to come get you!" Cody backed Kegan up.

"Okay," I gave in. I walked back and we began playing video games. Tim was drawing like usual. He always put my drawings to shame. Kenzie was in the passenger seat talking to my mom about stupid crap. Morgan was watching me dominate them.

I finished the game and started talking with Morgan. Kegan and Cody got the drill

and went to chill with Tim and Johnny who finally started talking to the group. “Andrew, do you think my parents are okay?” She asked.

*Ah crap!* I thought. *She gave me the hard question.* I had to be careful with my answer. “We can only hope,” I said. She hugged me and walked off. Bubba walked over with his tail wagging. I started petting him. He jumped on the bed I was sitting on and I started scratching his stomach. We passed the state line into Missouri sometime while I was doing that.

## Chapter 3: Missouri

When we got into the state we saw wrecked cars blocking the road. We drove on the grass and kept going. I was down to one energy drink. All my jawbreakers, 2 liters, and barbeque chips were gone. So, we stopped. Cody came in with me while my Mom pumped gas.

We walked in. Cody got a trash bag and followed me. I put in some two liters, canned foods, bottles of water, and batteries. Cody went near the register looking for good candy when a zombie stumbled to its feet. "Get down!" I yelled. He stood there frozen in place. The zombie lunged and ripped a chunk of flesh out of his shoulder. I threw Cody aside and slayed the zombie. I looked at Cody. He looked me in the eyes. "Cody," I whimpered. Cody dug out a one shot pistol. He stuck it to his temple and made his demise come even earlier. The limp carcass fell to the cold tiled floor. Blood leaked out of the wound onto the tiles. Kenzie ran in.

"No... not Cody!" She cried.

A few minutes later we buried my friend. I went back in and got a smaller bag and put in some energy drinks, gum, jawbreakers, and emptied the cash register into the bag. I have no idea why I just felt like taking the money. I knew it was useless in this world but I still did. Now thinking back to it I'm glad I did.

When I returned we drove off. Without Cody it seemed quieter. No one spoke until we passed Jefferson City. I took a nap. When I awoke everybody was looking at the map.

I stretched and walked over there still slightly dazed. "We can't go through Colorado," Johnny told my Mom.

"Why?" My Mom asked.

"There was a huge military base where thousands of people became zombies. Everything is a wreck. Trees cover the roads, stores were torched, and zombies roaming everywhere," Johnny explained.

"Oh," My Mom said. They kept planning ahead while Tim, Kegan, Kenzie, and I sat down. Thirty minutes later we finally took off. I kept wondering what happened in Indiana. I wondered if anyone survived, and if they did, how?

We had to stay on the highway for a while. I still wondered if my friend Joe survived. He was my only living friend that didn't live with me. Well, him and his brother Jeff.

They were a year younger than me. The boys were also twins. The boys were taller for their age with blond neatly cut hair with only a bit of a brown tint. They had green eyes. Joe was more brave and fun. Jeff was shy but once you knew him, he was annoying.

Their mom was killed during the original invasion. She had to die so her children could live. Their father became depressed and eventually ended it. They lived with their aunt in the safe zone. She was a kind, gentle, and loving woman. They had a horrible childhood, but so did the other surviving children.

I suddenly awoke to Morgan lightly shaking me. Apparently, without even realizing it I had dozed off. We were in the state of Kansas. It was a wreck.

## Chapter 4: Kansas

Lane got up and went to the fridge. He came back with a can of soda. I went and got an energy drink. “Anyway do you guys want to watch some movie?” Morgan asked us.

“No,” Tim replied not looking up from his notebook.

“Sure,” Kegan agreed.

“There’s nothing else to do,” Lane told her.

“Yeah,” Johnny said.

“I’m good,” I rejected.

“You’re loss,” Morgan said as they walked to the back and turned on the TV. So, there I was just relaxing, slurping my energy drink. I went to the front and sat next to my mom.

“Hey,” I said.

“Hi Andrew,” Mom replied.

“How long do we have Mom?” I asked her.

“I don’t know since that delay,” she explained. Suddenly Bubba ran up.

“Oh my Bubbush,” I baby talked to him. He turned to me smiling with his perfect yellow Labrador retriever coat with his white little streak down his forehead. No other Lab I’ve ever seen has that. It’s his unique difference that I love. I started petting him and baby talking him more. I rubbed his long ears which were the softest part of him. When I started petting him head-to-tail I started petting his unusually long tail. It was hysterical how much damage he could cause with that thing. I love him so much. He was the greatest dog I have ever met. I could consider him my brother since he has been part of my family since I was one. (Not biological of course!)

I then had him lay down next to me. I started watching the road again. I got bored around five minutes afterwards. (So did Bubba.) I looked back and saw Kenzie on the couch. The others were watching a new movie with even Tim back there. It was supposed to be horror but to me and Tim it was funnier than scary.

I got up and went to the back where the TV and the DVD player were. After spending hours of watching movies I went to the front. It was midnight. The RV was swaying. “Hey Mom are you alright?” I asked. She was passed out. We were in some small town area. We crashed into a shipping truck that was transporting lead pipes! I hit the windshield... then, black. Pain... glass, and blood was everywhere. “Mom,” was the first word I was able to get out of my mouth.

2:00 A.M. was the time. I managed to stumble to my feet. My mom was gone.

“Mom, is anyone there?” I asked.

“Sh, they’ll hear you!” Kenzie snapped. I moaned. I got up and went back there to where I heard the voice. Everyone crowded around the couch. I shoved them aside and when I was in front of the couch I realized that Morgan was on the couch. One of the pipes was piercing through her and was dripping blood. The puddle was slowly growing.

“Morgan,” I called quietly. She slowly looked at me, she was already gone.

“Andrew,” she said. She coughed out a little blood. “I want you guys to go on. I, well, we thought of a plan. I’ll attract zombies. You guys will go in a building and hide.

Then, when they all get in I'll throw a lit match on the gasoline you guys will pour as you leave. We'll die while you get away without any trouble, or at least in this town," Morgan explained.

"Okay, fine," I reluctantly agreed.

"Alright I got the drinks and food. Get your weapons and let's go," My mom said. When they left I knelt down next to Morgan.

"Goodbye Morgan," I told her.

"Goodbye Andrew," Morgan said to me. "Come here, I need to tell you something important." I leaned in. She kissed my cheek. "I love you," she whispered in my ear.

I stood up. "I-I love you too," I replied with the same phrase. I slowly walked down the steps. I ran to the building everyone else was in. My mom took out the keys and activated the RV's alarm. It was annoying but soon zombies got curious and started walking towards the RV. As more and more got to it I could see them stumbling up the steps. Then I saw a flicker of light. Then the entire RV was engulfed by the flames. It exploded when the fire reached the gas tank.

We ran until we found an unlocked car. Luckily the keys were still in it. We got in the nice quality car. Kegan didn't get in. "Kegan, dude come on," I commanded.

"No, I'm staying. This place is safe! It's big and empty!" He responded.

"Kegan wait, I'm coming with you," Johnny yelled and got out. "You can't stay here alone." Kegan and Johnny walked off to a one story building. We drove off.

The group was down to six; Mom, Kenzie, Tim, Bubba, Lane, and I. After an hour we weren't in Kansas anymore!

## Chapter 5: Nebraska

We were in the new Nebraska. The place was almost completely flooded with the undead. It was 2:30 when we got back on the highway, not that time mattered anymore.

We would stop only if we were forced to. So we kept driving to a rural area with only a gas station. My mom pumped gas, Kenzie walked Bubba, Lane was guarding, Tim sat in the car, and I ventured inside the store. I got a garbage bag and filled it with canned drinks.

There was enough food. The only other thing I got was dog food for Bub. When everyone piled in we drove back on the highway and I just sat and relaxed. Nobody talked for a while, since we hadn't done anything and since we had just recently lost Morgan.

I felt so empty; the main idea of this trip was to survive, but ironically so many of us had died, and the weird thing was that only one of them became infected! Only one! It was just plain ironic. I suddenly was completely overcome with an emotion I have faced many times before, rage. I blacked out. When I awoke the world was upside down. I realized the car had crashed, and apparently flipped. "What happened?" I asked no one.

"What? You went insane and grabbed the wheel!" Kenzie told me meaning to yell but she was in too much pain. I saw everyone sprawled across the ground passed out with some glass here and there. I took another look at Lane... my closest friend; sliced, stabbed, and leaking so much blood in so many places. Shards of glass were coated in blood; so much blood. If the cuts didn't kill him, then the bleeding did. My closest friend since we were three was now dead because of ME. I couldn't think or breathe. I began coughing and gasping for air. Tim groaned and stood. He saw me and ran to my aide.

"Andrew!" He exclaimed. Tim ran up and patted me on the back. I turned away and vomited. My throat burned. "What's wrong?" Tim asked. I pointed to my deceased friend. Then I vomited in the same pile. My throat burned horribly. When everyone awoke we buried one of my best friends. I put Bubba on his leash. We started heading in the direction we were heading. Just us tired, weak, carless, and weaponless five in a zombie world. When we reached what used to be a hick town we found a gun shop. *Finally, no longer restricted to blades*, I thought. I greedily grabbed a Glock, Bowie Knife, a holster, clips, ammo, and a Mac 10. Kenzie just got a rifle with some ammo. Tim got a revolver and a machete. My mom got a rifle and shotgun. Then we headed out and found an SUV.

I saw a group of zombies and rolled down my window. I then tested my Mac 10. Their brains splattered and their bodies smacked the road. I stuck my arm back in the window and rolled it back up.

I still felt empty. (No, I didn't black out again!) I just felt so dark and empty. I just wanted to end it. I looked up and saw the sign for Wyoming.

## Chapter 6: Wyoming

Just three more states! We tried to avoid Cheyenne just like we did with all big cities. It would be suicide.

I was *so* tired, all this crap was exhausting. I laid down my head and went to sleep. I was out for a while. We were stopped when I awoke.

Kenzie was walking Bubba, my mom pumped gas, and Tim went to a corner of the building where I suspecting he was using the bathroom. We were in a town called Greaten. We were at an old gas station. Well, it looked old but who *really* freakin' knows in a world we lived in. I got out of the car. I stretched a little. I heard rattling and saw a can roll towards me. I got my Glock and walked towards where the can originated. "Squeak!" just a mouse.

"Rah!" *that* was a zombie. Pop! Right through the eyes! I walked back and saw Tim, he walked up to me.

"I think we should go," Tim said to me.

"Why?" I asked. He pointed to the left of us. "Ah crap." Around fifty zombies came stumbling towards us! We ran to the car and floored it. We barely escaped.

"That was to close," Kenzie said.

"I know," my mom said in agreement. "For now on we check *then* pump." My mom turned in her seat and watched us as we nodded in agreement.

We kept driving. There was only half a tank left. "Holy crap," I said. We all stared in awe. We found a mansion! The gates were open so we pulled in and closed the gate. The gates were strong but they could be broken after enough force. After searching, we found no zombies. I took Bubba to my chosen room. The bed was *ridiculously* soft.

I cuddled up to Bubba and instantly went to sleep. It was nice to sleep in a nice bed. It was the first time any of us had since; probably before the Eastern point was destroyed. I yawned and let Bubba go out back. The entire land was surrounded by a brick fence. I went exploring and found dog treats with a tennis ball. *Huh, they must have had a dog.* I thought. I made some coffee.

"Hey Tim, want some?" I offered. I took a sip out of my cup.

"No," Tim simply said. I heard Bubba scratch at the door and let him in. Kenzie stumbled in barely awake and grabbed a cup of coffee. She took a drink.

"Nice coffee," Kenzie complimented.

"Thanks," I replied. Bubba lied down on the tile floor. I threw him a treat and he caught it and crunched it. I patted him on the head and finished my coffee. I went and took my first hot shower in weeks. The nice warm water against my skin was fantastic.

My mom finally woke up. We got our supplies then we took off. We were almost half way through the state. After thirty minutes we stopped for gas. Bubba started licking my face, so I started petting him. I got out and walked around back. I was getting ready to use the bathroom when six zombies came at me! I grabbed my Glock and fired off three rounds! Then came the clicking, I realized that I was screwed!

"Crap," I said. I took off and slid out my clip while being chased. I stumbled to slide in the new one. When I did I cocked my weapon and shot the remaining four undead. I walked around to the front of the station.

“Are you okay?” My mother asked me concerned.

“I AM NOW!” I yelled. I got in the car and slammed the door. I checked my ammo. I was on my Glock’s last clip. My Mac 10 still had a remaining clip. We were all low on ammo. Everyone could sense it without even talking.

We just kept driving. We were lucky enough to see a gun shop. “Let’s try it,” I said. Everyone nodded. Checking a gun shop was always a gamble, you could never be sure if there was even a bullet left! I cocked one in the chamber.

We exited our car and ran in the shop. “Sweet,” I cried. I put my guns on the counter. I grabbed one of my favorite pistols of all times, the Desert Eagle. I got an extra clip. Another thing I grabbed was a full auto Uzi with a *lot* of extra clips. I also took a double barrel with some extra shells. The others kept their guns only grabbing ammo. We ran back to the car and got out of there.

Bubba stood up and licked me. I kissed my Bub on his big head. (He needed a bath, *bad.*) I gave him a treat. He happily ate it and went to sleep. We were finally in Utah.

## Chapter 7: Utah

Ah, Utah. The capital *was* Salt Lake City. Next state on our route was Arizona. Anyway, we stopped for gas (again). I walked Bubba in the store and got supplies. I took Bubba back to the car and put him in.

I went back to the store. I found their bathroom and searched all the stalls. Afterwards, I took the cash register's money. I left the place and got in the car, Tim was already in there. My mom finished pumping gas and got in. Kenzie got in with my mom.

No zombies yet. Like we always have we kept heading west. We were about twenty miles away from the gas station when we heard gun shots. There was a person on top of a car shooting down zombies! We slammed on the brakes. I got out. I drew my Uzi and opened fire, trying to miss the person. There were fourteen zombies. I walked slowly towards the person as the number of undead decreased. Finally we killed them all again. I walked up to the survivor. "Kegan?" I asked confused.

"Andrew?" my friend responded. "Dude, nice shooting! I only had one bullet left," he complimented on my killing skill and confessed.

"I thought you and Johnny were going to live in that one town?" I asked him. I waited for a response. Finally he gave me one.

"Nope, zombies came. They got Johnny too," He answered. Kegan also answered my other question.

"Well, let's go," I told him. Kegan immediately nodded in agreement. We all talked for a moment then we all got back in the car and left.

Finally, someone new, well kinda new... While driving we continued reminiscing. Kegan then told us some important knowledge. "Nevada is run over worse than Colorado."

At 10 p.m. we had to stop. We found an abandoned farmhouse. Bubba and I cuddled up and went to sleep. In the morning I realized they had no hot water as I was in the shower. When I got out I got dressed and fed Bubba. After he devoured his food I let him outside. I watched Bubba to make sure he was safe. I looked to my left and saw that everyone was awake. Bubba walked back to the door so I let him in. When they were ready we gathered supplies and left.

I started watching Tim draw. As usual, he made me promise not to tell *anyone* what it was. We had an eighth of a tank so we stopped and refueled. While we stopped I sparked up a conversation with Tim while everyone continued their usual routine. We left the raided location. We continued to avoid the capital.

I got bored and started petting Bubba. I gave him a treat and he lied down. Next, I started looking at all the scenery, all the wonderful scenery of crashed and demolished vehicles, the occasional body, and sometimes feasting zombies. We killed them of course, we were still *partly* human.

While trying to become safe we had become selfish with survival. Still, at least we still saved others. Did we *really* deserve to survive? We would abandon our friends and family just to live in a zombie filled world for another hour. Then, I didn't know or even pay attention to it. Now I know the true facts. Life sucks! Especially a world where you can't even go to sleep knowing whether or not if you would survive the night! And not knowing it you would ever see any of your family again! Anyway, our journey

continued...

About fifteen minutes later we stopped. We were on the edge of the state. We could probably see the state line with binoculars! Kegan got out with me. Kenzie walked Bub while Tim, was passed out. My mom pumped gas. Kegan and I entered the gas station. I got my Uzi out. I started checking for the undead. "Rah!" I instantly unloaded eight rounds into the creature's nasty face!

One hissed at me. I turned and shot another six rounds through the zombies head. I checked my ammo in the clip. Fifteen rounds with one in the chamber. I slid the clip back in.

"It's clear," I told Kegan. Kegan nodded understanding. We got the usual and left. We walked towards the car. "*Don't worry, we're okay, we weren't attacked by the undead or anything,*" I said sarcastically.

"Hm, what did you say?" Tim asked still dazed. Everyone got back in the car and we drove passed the border to Arizona.

## Chapter 8: Arizona

Arizona was an easy state; ironically we had little trouble there since Nevada had been ridiculously overrun. Arizona was a hot state. It was a contradictory state, with the freezing mountain tops but still having the scorching deserts.

Bubba was low on food. That was the one thing I forgot. We drove to a pet store. It was empty so we easily got all the cans. If he licked the cans clean it would be easier than dumping the food on the floor.

We realized that Arizona was a contradictory state when we ran empty on gas in the desert...

“*NO, NO, NO!*” My mom yelled as she slammed her fists on the steering wheel. We exited the car. We discussed our options and decided to take off walking. It was Kegan, Tim, Bubba, Mom, Kenz, and I burning in the heat, set off. Due to the lack of life in the desert and all the mountains, zombies (if they were able to) could barely survive there.

We stopped at the Grand Cannon. “Dude, it’s so big,” Kegan said stating the obvious and the most stupid way while we all just stood there in awe. Then Bubba peed so we left.

“*RAH!*” Screamed a zombie. I pulled out my Desert Eagle and shot it in between the eyes. About forty miles away we saw a gun shop. I got a M1 Carbine while still keeping my Desert Eagle, Kegan got a Glock with a Bowie Knife, my mom got a vertical double barrel and a revolver, Tim only got a 12 Gauge with a machete, and Kenzie got a M1911. I also grabbed a holster and a few extra clips.

We became lucky that day and found an SUV with a built in DVD player. It was the usual black. It even had a full tank! We weren’t stupid, so we took it! We put Bubba in the back. He soon went to sleep as we drove through the desert. We all did after we pulled over. Now we had elbowroom!

So, here we were, just a small group of zombie apocalypse survivors on a trip for around six days in hope of survival. Anyway, since that had nothing to do with the story, I will continue. When we woke up we realized that we left the car running and that there was a fourth of a tank left. “Oh, crap. Not again,” My mom said angered.

“What should we do?” Kenzie asked what was on all of our minds. We all looked at each other. After a minute I answered the question.

“Well, Tim and I can go get us gas,” I said with everyone’s eyes on me. “We can find something to put it in and bring it back.”

“Okay,” Tim responded. He looked at me and nodded. I smiled and we high-fived.

“I’ll go too,” Kegan added hoping to be part of the group. I nodded in agreement to his statement.

“No,” my mom said flatly. She looked at us sternly. “I will *not* put my son and two other boys out there!”

“Mom, they *have to*, otherwise we will be screwed! We have to watch the car and Bubba, we might be in the desert but there *are* other people,” Kenzie spoke up. My mom took a deep breath. After a few minutes my mom nodded ‘yes’.

I loaded my guns. Kegan loaded his Glock. Tim cleaned his machete and loaded his 12 Gauge. I kissed Bubba and we got out. Then Kegan, Tim, and I looked at each other and

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

