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CHAPTER 1

The sun is setting. It is supposed to be my pay day today. I am suppose to go home and prepare for dinner. I am suppose to watch my favorite movie. But here I am, trying to escape from death. Blood splattered everywhere. Screaming from the victims is all you can hear. It is consuming my soul whenever I hear their pain and agony. It was an awful scene to see your loved ones being eaten alive by those things. This scene is not the scene I want to see. I want to live and the only way to live - the only way to survive- is to let your hands be stained with blood. Eventhough it's hard for me to do it, I have no other choice. I am not a killer but now beheading these walking dead is what I do. It's hard fighting them with these wounds in my right arm. Their bite is the worst thing I've ever felt. The blood continuously flows from my wounds. I'm a bit dizzy now and can't continue to fight. I must run away and look for a safe place to hide.

The zombies still follow Roy as he looks for a place to hide.

"I must keep on running!" Roy whispered to himself. *"It's been 15 minutes since I was attacked and it will only take 60 minutes for a complete transformation. I must hurry!"*

He keeps on running, looking for a place to hide. He then spots an old 20-storey building. With no time to waste, he makes a run for the entrance and closes the glass doors behind him. Inside papers are scattered, junked computers are everywhere and broken chairs and tables littered the floor. The windows of the building are shattered and spiderwebs decorate the walls. In the center of the room stood the circular information desk and just behind that, Roy sees a flight of stairs.

"This must be the reception area," Roy thought to himself. He roams around and looks for possible weapons. He can't see any other useful thing there except for the axe in the corner. *"Gotcha,"* Roy said as he picks up the axe.

He was about to make his way up the stairs when suddenly, a light inside one of the cabinets to the right catches his eye. He goes near and hears scratching noises from within. Roy hesitates for a few seconds but curiosity won him over so he slowly opens it. *"Don't touch me!"* a man screamed while covering his face. *"You sucky and ugly bitches go to hell!"*, he continued. *"It's okay man. I'm here to help."*, Roy said. The man slowly removed his hand from his face. *"Oh, thank God! You must be a police officer,"* the man exclaimed. *"Ah, no. I'm just a civilian"*, Roy answered, extending his arm to help the man get to his feet. Just then, Roy noticed the wound in his left arm. *"Are you bitten by them?"*, Roy asked. *"Yes, on my way to this building. I'm lucky to still be alive after the attack."*, the man answered. *"For how many minutes now?"*, Roy asked. *"About 40 minutes? Why?"*, the man asked.

Before Roy can answer, the zombies begin to ravagely attack the door. The glass wall dividing the outside and the reception area started to crack. Everytime zombies barge on the wall, the ground trembles. Roy starts to panic and grabs the man's right arm and runs toward the fire exit. They are almost near the exit when the glass wall separating them from the zombies shatters to a million tiny pieces.

They reach the fire exit but unfortunately, the door wouldn't budge.

"We need to go upstairs.", Roy said and they started to make their way up. On the second floor of the building, Roy spots another fire exit on the far end and immediately heads there. Upon opening the door, the coppery smell of blood fills his lungs. Inside, he sees a zombie, taking a bite out of a dead man's arm, exposing the corpse's bones. He immediately retreats and closes the door as softly and swiftly as he could.

They continue to make their way up the stairs. Upon reaching the fifth floor, the man he is with falls to the ground. *"Get up man! We have to escape from here!"* he half shouted. But the man can't get up anymore.

"Live!", a familiar voice echoes repeatedly in his head. His heart is pounding very fast. Tears fall from his eyes and sorrow started to fill his heart. The pain in his right arm together with the emotional turmoils he has encountered up until that moment causes him to lose his sanity. With the axe in his hand, he stood in front of the man.

"What are doing? Please don't kill me! Please don't kill me!", the man begged. But Roy has already lost his sense of reason. He swung the axe down towards the man's arm. Blood squirted all over the walls and on Roy. The man cries in misery and crawls away but Roy follows him and with a dull thud, the man's head rolls away, his eyes and mouth still open in a cry of plea.

With all his energy spent, Roy just sits on the floor, staring at his blood stained hands. As tears fall from his eyes, he started laughing.

(Sound of walky talkie on the background. *"Just hang on there sir, we are on the way."*)

A sound from below brings him back to his senses. Roy picks up his axe and starts smashing the few zombies who have reached him. The dusty floor of the building turned into a river of blood. Instead of continuing up the stairs, he chose to run until he found a room and locked the door. *"If I will die here, then I die. As long as I won't become one of them,"* Roy said.

A few minutes later, he hears the siren getting closer and louder. The sound of police vehicles catches the attention of the zombies. *"They're coming!"*, one officer said. *"Shoot them!"* They started to shoot but there are too many zombies. *"Form your units and look for survivors!"* The shooting continues. Some of the police are cornered by zombies. The noise from their guns blended with screaming as their comrades are torn to pieces. *"Sir please help me."*, a woman said in a small voice. *"I got you ma'am."*, the police replied. The police carries the woman on his back and suddenly the he felt that the woman is not breathing. *"Are you okay, ma'am"*. The police got no reply and continued to walk. A minute after, the woman bite his neck. He screamed as loud as he could.

From inside, Roy can hear the zombies trying to pry open the door. He took a deep breath and lied down. *"We had a long run but I guess this is the end for me. Wait for me there,"* he said as tears started to fall. His eyes started to close and his breathing came in short rasps. He can feel his whole body shivering and then... darkness.