

I could hear the splutter and chorus of whirring metal from above, I looked up and saw a ball of fire spiralling in the air. After what I could only imagine as being minutes the helicopter finally smashed down onto the rough soil of the bank on the other side of the swamp. I knew I needed to help whoever was in that blackhawk. The Light glinted through the leaves of the palm trees surrounding me. Mosquitos and flies whipped and whizzed around my face forcing my hand into a continuous waving motion. As I waded my way through the murky swamp, the pillar of smoke grew closer. Everyday the heat had been becoming more unbearable. Although I knew it was risky taking the route through the swamp, I knew it was something I had to do because if I took the long way around they would be dead before I could reach them. I had been wading through the grim desolate waters for almost forty minutes when I finally reached the riverbank near the site of the crash. Using all of my remaining strength I hauled my mud caked body onto the bank. And lay there until I could muster up enough strength to reach the smoke. As I trudged my way towards what looked as though a ball of crumpled metal, It wasn't until I got closer I began to see the features of the helicopter. My mind was whispering to me all the ways this could turn sour. I was so desperate for answers, or any sign of human life, knowing and companionship were all that I craved.

*It had been fifty two days since I had last seen anysign of human life.*

I was less than four meters away from the cockpit when I stopped in my tracks. I could hear rustling from inside the helicopter. I wanted more than anything for that sound of desperation to be that of a human but what I had seen, what I had encountered, stopped me from gathering hope. Memories helped me realise the horrifying truth of how the crash had occurred. Covering the outer shell of the helicopter where claw marks. Claw marks strong enough to tear away the paint and puncture cold hard steel. Flames climbed up the metal hulk.

As quickly as I could I reached into my heavy grey rucksack and pulled out my trusty revolver from DAY ONE. My finger itched to pull down on the cold metal trigger, I was waiting for it to step in front of the barrel. I was starting to question whether it knew I was there, but I was quickly proven wrong when the boney disfigured creature leapt out of the flames. Instead of running to cover, or maybe the creek it immediately turned towards me so I could see right into its wide gloomy dull silver lined eyes. It began to move towards me then my finger pulled down hard. It had not been the first time I'd killed one of those bastards and I sure as hell hope it isn't the last.

The trip had been... profitable to say the least. It also shown me that people, even with something like a helicopter, couldn't escape these merciless creatures. When I arrived back at my abode, a boarded up supermarket had been what I figured to be the best place to board myself up in.

*A grim veil of darkness covered the sky queuing the locking of all my doors.*

As I slept I was brought back to DAY ONE. I had been at a bustling mall buying clothes to send to my daughter, who was currently overseas on a school trip. She had lost her suitcase to the river Thames. I remember thinking to myself of the karma, considering how long she'd spent packing and not wanting to watch the football with me like usual. I was looking through the jerseys section hoping to get a little something to go for myself, when a ear piercing screech leapt up from the changing rooms. The screams kept coming, from the kids aisle then men's, then all of a sudden all over the mall people's cries of terror filled the building. I made my way towards the changing rooms where I had heard the first scream. Someone was banging on the door, "help me I can't see it's got-". A shower of blood sprayed over the top of the changing booth. It splashed into my hair, seeped down my skin, soaked my shirt. I decided on just focusing on saving whoever was clawing for their life inside that booth. I used all my might and kicked down the door and couldn't believe my eyes.

I stood in that doorway for quite a while staring in disbelief at a woman's torn apart corpse. I'd never seen a mutilated body like that before, i mean why would i have, i was a god-foresaken fucking accountant. But in fact it wasn't the corpse itself that choked me to the core, it was what was digging its awful, sharp, rotting fangs into the poor womens chest. It turned its head and I grimaced, as I saw in full form its silver jeweled eyes, Its coarse nose, and its small slimy, pulsing body. It looked as though it was a mix of Gollum and a skinless mouse. After looking at me curiously for a few seconds it leapt towards me. The creature fell short slamming into a nearby clothes stand. I chose flight over flight and I kicked it in the head. It seemed dazed so I decided to kick it again but this time I dropped my whole body weight on the creature crushing its head. Exiting the shattered entrance to H&M I saw chaos, and its colour was red. Screams caused a chorus of terror. There was a man and his kid running towards me. Then I saw one of those horrifying, blood gnawing creatures blocking their path. To my horror they didnt stop, they ran right into death's jaws. The father was swinging widley at the air, nowhere in the direction of the creature, he couldn't land a single hit to save his life, literally.

Looking across the mall I saw another young couple taking refuge on a bench, getting swarmed by the creatures. One biting into the man's shoulder. He also kept swatting and couldn't hit it. Then I realised I was the only one who could see them.