

Isabella Smiley

**DOWN IN
THE
CELLAR**

Dennis was out cold and Jeremiah tried to wake him up. And jumping toward his pale body from the back of the truck was Anna! Mac tackled her out the door and grabbed a stick. Her head smashed into a nearby house's door. Her hands swiped at his face.

As Dennis turned his head up, glass fell off his head. The entire front windshield had been shattered and it was pitch black outside. His head seemed to spin and ache. The memories faded back in. As he tried to stand up his leg quivered and he dropped to the ground. Jeremiah stood over him weeping. Jeremiah stuttered, "It's . . . it's Anna! She's a *zombie* Dennis!"

"Could use some help over here!" Mac shouted sarcastically from nearby. Dennis nudged Jeremiah aside and grabbed the rope in their trunk. He quickly wrapped it around Anna's violet body. She struggled but fell and stared at them in anger with her eyes as red as wildfire. Their friend had become "one of them".

"What do we do now? We can't leave her behind!" Jeremiah shrieked. "What can we do?. We can't help Anna! She's gone!" Mac said angrily. They all knew that their friend was long gone and there was nothing that they could do. They ate their food in sorrowful silence with Anna screeching and howling behind them.

"Maybe Petey can help her. He just *has* to!" "We'll have to go on our own!" Mac scolded. Jeremiah's hopeful expression died into a lake of tears.

"Maybe he has a point. If he can spin Bluegrass, he might know how to save Anna." "Whatever we do, we got to do it quick. All that noise is going to attract company." They boarded up the doors with heavy planks of wood and nailed them to the doorway with Anna squirming inside.

"Next stop, Petey!" Dennis joked, trying to lighten the mood. The glass fell on the muddy street as Mac punched the front seat trying to get it to lower, but the back was jammed. The cold atmosphere filled the truck.

When they reached the radio station they looked out the window. The windows were boarded up and the door was left ajar. "I don't like this place," Jeremiah whispered. A tear rolled down his dirt covered face. They opened the door slowly with a creak. A mouse scurried across the floor and it smelled like mold. There were scratches carved on the walls. Two eyes opened in front of them. Then the door slammed shut!

"Hello, I'm Petey. I can see you survived the plague," a deep voiced whispered sending chills down their spines. A tall, thin man stepped out of the darkness. His body was painted purple and had scars and bumps illustrated on his skin. "Welcome to the camp. We are trying to find a cure." He led them into a cellar. It was clean, organized, and contained the Greersons and others painted purple. Much unlike the upstairs it was cold and looked like something from a scientist's lab. "We believe that with our fragments of zombie blood that we got from scientist experiment labs and other things, experiments are what led to the plague. We can find a cure using their progress."

Mac asked, “What about the radio?” “The radio signal was to bring survivors. It means nothing to zombies, just a bunch of noises. To survivors it will symbolize that others still survive. They come here and we take them into our survival camp. We may not know when we can finish the cure, but we know that we will. Buck Greerson can show you around our homemade lab and some of our documentaries.”

“We’re in, if you can help our friend. She got turned into a “one of them”,” Dennis said. Petey responded with a frown, “Not yet but we can hope for the best results.” After joining the underground base, weeks passed without anyone even knowing that they had come. Rooms had become quiet and still, hands had become sore, and eyes became weary. Their troubled minds were racing. They were so close.

Five months later, Dennis screamed. The sound echoed down the walls. Everyone came running. They jumped with excitement and squealed, “We got antidote!”

They piled into several cars. Bags dropped like bombs. Their white, glowing substance lit the sky, covering everyone in white drops. Finally, Dennis, Mac, and Jeremiah reached the house. The truck groaned as it stepped over the old broken glass. The wood popped off the door. A zombie raced out the door and got coated in the fluid she fell to the ground with a thump. Her skin turned pale, and all gashes and bumps faded away along with the rope marks on her arms. A smile lit her face. Anna had returned.