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THE LAST SURVIVOR

The demoded truck rolled into the small town of Sunnydale. Jeremiah nervously fidgeted between the two young men. Mac's irises drifted to a second story window on a small country home, a daunting face stared back at him. A pulsating purple scar draped across its left eye, the other, completely mad. The creature's head turned inhumanly and walked away.

"Stop the truck" Mac commanded, his voice shaking. Dennis turned off the truck. Mac stepped out, a can of beans in hand. Suddenly, a loud crash boomed from within the house. The old oak door burst open and a blonde haired girl came barreling out. The creature, or whatever it was, tumbled out the door after her.

The girl was Anna. Dennis shouted "Hey! Over here! Hop in the truck!" Anna sprinted towards the pickup. Her golden waves fluttered behind her. Dennis turned the keys in the ignition and hit the gas pedal. The old truck sputtered and turned up dust. As Anna leaped into the bed of the truck, the monster just nicked the back of her shoe.

They drove away from Sunnydale. Anna was hanging off the back of the truck, clinging to life itself.

"You okay back there?" Jeremiah yelled "Eh, about to fall out of a moving vehicle, but I'm fine," She called sarcastically.

"Guys? Anna is about to fall off the truck" the small child said calmly. "Oh fun," Mac looked to the back of the pickup at the screaming girl. Dennis slowed to a halt and hopped out of the driver's seat. Mac and Jeremiah hastily followed.

"Howdy, I'm Dennis. This is Mac and the little one is Jeremiah." "I'm Anna. Nice to meet you," the blonde haired individual declared.

"What was that thing back there? The one chasing you?" questioned Mac.

"My grandpa..." Anna sighed as she looked back to Sunnydale. A single tear slid down her angelic face.

"That's what the plague does to people, it makes them crazy, unpredictable, dangerous" she said casually.

"We don't exactly have room in the pickup. Would you mind riding in the back?" Asked Mac.

"Sure," Anna shrugged her shoulders as she sprung farther into the bed of the rusty old truck.

The other three sat down on the torn seats and looked out the window. A rustle came from the woods as about 300 silhouettes stood against the trees. Their eyes widened as their heads turned to look at the creatures by the woods. Almost telepathically, they knew exactly what the others were thinking.

They weren't alone. Jeremiah screamed. The mob started running towards the foursome, only they were a lot closer this time. Mac turned the keys in the ignition and slammed the gas. The battered old engine rumbled as the wheels spun. The mob was right by the edge of the truck bed, running as fast as they could. Anna was screaming as the rotted flesh of the zombies grazed her pale skin. The truck started gaining ground. After driving a few miles, Mac stopped at an old, deserted farmhouse. They started walking inside, but Anna was hesitant.

"Ummm, I don't think that's a good idea. I mean if you want to get trapped and turn into one of them, then sure," Anna flippantly mentioned.

"I think we should hide. They won't find us in there," suggested Dennis.

Mac pulled into the barn and the three of them scurried into the house. Anna climbed into the barn loft and covered herself with hay, she left just enough of a space where she could see the house.

The boys went down into the basement of the farmhouse and hid as well as they could.

Anna looked out from her little perch down to the house. The mob had arrived, she could easily point out the scar across the left eye and the slight limp of her grandfather. They easily pushed down the door. Anna could just make out the zombies flooding downstairs when she heard a familiar scream, Jeremiah.

It was almost as if a shard of her soul had been chipped away. He was so young, so kind, so pure. Another scream, and another. Anna stayed still in shock as three new members joined the mob, her friends, gone. Just like that.

The mob retreated back to the woods a mile or two back. Anna watched carefully to see if the house really was empty; no movement had occurred for more than a day. She decided to go inside. Her flats left a dainty mark in the dirt. Blue eyes, deep with loss, Anna stepped down the stairway where her friends had stupidly walked. Three soup cans and a bottle of hand sanitizer lay on the cold ground. As far as she knew, she was The Last Survivor.