

Zoey Zwisler

END OF THE ROAD

Dennis felt his head zoom toward the steering wheel, and then everything went black.

He awoke again to Mac shaking his shoulder, "Dennis. C'mon, man."

"Mac," He was groggy and his head was throbbing.

"Dennis," relief spread through Mac until the truth of the situation hit him again, "we have to go. Anna's one of them."

Neither of them had to ask what he meant when he said them. Mac helped him up and out of the truck which was now upside down on the side of the road. Dennis saw Jeremiah sitting on the road with a gash on his knee.

The radio station's about a quarter-mile that way," he pointed down the road the direction they were headed in the truck.

"We should start walking then," He said, "Where's Anna?"

"She's a zombie," Jeremiah responded.

"I got that much," Dennis replied, "I mean where is she? Are we safe?"

"I don't know," Mac stated, "She was gone when we got out of the truck. I assume we're fine but we never know."

They started walking. Dennis had to walk slowly because of how much his head hurt and Jeremiah had a small limp. It took about twenty minutes to get to the station. Nobody talked on the way there. No one knew what to say.

"Is that the station?" Dennis asked pointing ahead of them.

"I think so," Mac said, "just a little farther."

Everyone was trying not to think about the fact that there might not even be someone there at all. So, they just trudged on in silence.

All the doors into the station were locked.

"What are we going to do?" Mac said.

"Break a window?" Dennis suggested.

“Guys,” Jeremiah said.

“Hang on,” Mac replied, “We could knock.”

“Guys,” Jeremiah sounded more urgent.

“One second,” Dennis said, “I don’t know. What if there are zombies inside?”

“GUYS!” Jeremiah yelled.

“What?” they both said turning around.

Like before, Mac and Dennis saw a horde of maybe one hundred thousand people. Their eyes were wild and they were running as fast as they could.

“Oh no,” Dennis said. He turned around to face the building again and began pounding on the door.

“Help us, please.” all of them called pounding on the door until their fists hurt.

The horde was now only one-hundred feet in front of them getting closer. The boys were still banging on the door. Mac’s fist hit it so hard that it cut and he was bleeding. He didn’t feel a thing, though.

Fifty feet away. Their voices were going hoarse, their fists were losing feeling.

Twenty-five feet away. They were starting to lose hope. Dennis stopped banging and fell to the ground leaning on the door.

Twenty feet away. Tears began streaming down Mac’s face as he continued banging not wanting to give up.

Fifteen feet away. Dennis saw Anna in a group of people running at them.

Ten feet away. Dennis closed his eyes.

Five feet away. Dennis fell backward. The door he was leaning on was gone.

“Get in!” a female voice shouted. He looked back. The door was open to reveal a woman standing in a camo military uniform.

Mac and Jeremiah ran inside and the woman grabbed Dennis and dragged him inside. She slammed the door and bolted it just as the thud of people hitting it. She slid a desk in front of the door.

“Thanks,” Dennis said.

“Yeah,” Mac replied, “All due respect ma’am, but it sure took you long enough.”

“Sorry,” she said, “I had all the doors blocked. It actually didn’t take me that long. Those things are fast.”

“I’m Dennis, this is Mac and Jeremiah,” Dennis said with an outstretched hand.

She took it and shook it, “Dr. Morgan Hawthorne.”

“Where’s the Muskrat?” Mac asked.

“Evacuated, with the others,” Morgan replied.

“There was an evacuation?” Dennis asked.

“Yes. About three days ago,” She said, “I was instructed to stay in case any others showed up. Didn’t you hear my message?”

“Message?” Mac asked. “Yes. Every day at 12, 4, and 8 for the past two days,” She said, “Offering sanctuary and escape. I figured that’s why you came.”

“No, we came because we heard the radio station playing music. We figured someone had to be alive in here,” Dennis said.

“Smart kids,” she said, “Did you see any other survivors?”

“No,” Mac said.

“Alright,” she said, “I’ll call and get you a helicopter out of here.”

“Thank you,” Dennis said, “You don’t happen to have any food do you?”

“Of course,” she said.

Three hours later, a helicopter came and finally, the boys were loaded to safety.

End of book 1