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# ETERNAL REST

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**Dylan Roup**

As the truck pulled into the radio station, Dennis was still groggy. He had come to and was digesting what was happening to Anna, who was still very infected. Going to the radio station seemed like her last hope, but whoever was transmitting the bluegrass was helping Anna.

“Well this is ominous,” croaked Dennis as he climbed out of the truck.

“Yeah no kidding,” said Jeremiah as he looked around. The fog was thick, and the scene looked like something straight out of a scary story. Well, the ones that he was allowed to read.

Mac looked at Anna in the back of the truck and was reminded of the predicament she was in.

“Should we leave her alone in the truck?” wondered Mac. “I’m not sure how long she’ll be out.”

“I can stay back with her if you’re ok with that.” offered Dennis.

Mac hesitated, then answered, “Sure, just yell if something goes wrong.” Mac thought to himself, Get in there, find out who's putting music out, get out.

“What kind of radio station is this?” asked Jeremiah quietly as the two peered at the scene at the entrance. A thick metal door was serving as the entrance, with several security cameras looking down on them.

“A doomsday station I guess,” said Mac as he approached the metal door. Hesitantly, he reached for the handle. The door opened with a loud, rusty creak. As Jeremiah and Mac looked into the room, all that met their eyes was darkness.

“Is there a light switch in here?” asked Jeremiah as he felt around in the darkness. When his hand finally fell on a switch, he took a deep breath and switched it on. The first thing he saw was strange, soundwaves decorating the room like posters.

Suddenly, a noise came from a closed-door in the back of the room, making the boys jump.

“Is there a zombie in there?” asked Jeremiah innocently. His eyes were big as he began to imagine the horrors behind the door.

“Well, I guess we’ll find out,” braced Mac as he quietly opened the door. Almost instantly, a mob of hands was reaching for Mac, trying to get out.

“Help me shut this door!” shouted Mac as Jeremiah scurried over to help. Jeremiah started kicking the zombified arms and tried to push them back. Finally, the door closed with a dull, wet noise as a flopping arm dripping purple was detached from a zombie, dragging itself to Mac.

“Oh my god,” quivered Mac as he started to make his way to leave. “Let’s get out of here.” When Mac reached the door he swung it open with haste. Standing there was a horrifying, deformed version of Dennis. His face was a vile color of grey and purple, with large ping pong ball-sized welts along the right side of his face. Dennis grabbed Mac by the throat and started to lift him with abnormal strength.

“Jeremiah, run-” choked out Mac as he was trying to pry Dennis’s long fingers off of his throat. Jeremiah could only watch as he heard a snap come from Mac’s neck. Mac’s lifeless body fell to the ground hard, as a crying Jeremiah started to scramble to the truck.

As Jeremiah quickly opened the truck door, he was relieved to find the keys still in the car along with Anna. Fumbling to start the car, he hit the gas and realized he could not see over the dash while driving.

Jeremiah was driving jerkily down an empty backroad and was finally feeling like he was getting the hang of it when suddenly someone grabbed him from behind.

“I’m sorry!” yelled Anna, who was still trying to control the infection despite how it had gotten. Jeremiah yanked the wheel in panic, never stepping off the gas.

The truck began spiraling out of control, as Jeremiah was being seized by Anna. When the back wheel gave out, the truck tumbled into a nearby ditch. It was moving fast enough to flip itself over and smash its doors in.

Jeremiah looked at himself. The shattering glass had cut his leg badly, and he was trapped in the upside-down truck. He began to panic, trying to free himself from the wreckage but it was becoming clear he could not get out. He started to smell gasoline fumes and saw smoke coming from the front of the car.

“I never thought this was how it would end, not in glory, but in a truck in a ditch in the middle of nowhere,” coughed Anna, as guilt from the situation consumed her.

Jeremiah was able to let out a smile just as the truck started on fire. The explosion that followed shook the surroundings, then there was nothing.