

## **Middle School Honorable Mention**

**Untitled**

**Story by Alex Duncan**

**Grade 7**

I have lost track of all time. I have lost the will to live. About three years ago, an Extraterrestrial Species landed upon our home planet, Earth. The species multiplied at an extreme rate, billions over billions of infected beings raged across the world. The oceans could not stop them. The mountains could not stop them. The canyons did not stop them. Not even the humans could stop them. The beings gave no mercy, cutting through the human race like a pair of scissors cutting paper, and when one was killed, two were reborn. The beings infected humans without mercy, until, there were no humans left. My name is Brian, the only survivor of the human race.

I could remember the day of the unmerciful outbreak. October 13, 2356, within that month, all was lost. How I survived? I don't know. An act of luck perhaps? Unfortunately, I would rather be dead than living. I have been taking refuge wherever the road takes me, for over three years, scavenging the side-shops for any remains of food that haven't spoiled. I am no young man, not suited for this condition, but God be with me, I must survive. The only three weapons I have is an old butcher knife my grandpa had given me when I was younger, my old double barrel from the good ol' days, and a fist full of steel. Well, at least it used to be.

I kicked open the door to the abandoned Publix. I needed a new food supply. The store was dark, and blood lay scattered everywhere. I heard the sound of mutants sniffing the air for my cold flesh. I heard them, several mutants turned and sprinted at me, full speed, fangs high. I quickly pulled out my butcher knife and slit one's throat and evaded the next. I turned around and knifed the mutants head and the turned around and kicked another one's legs out from beneath it. Another sprinted at me, I pulled out my double barrel and blew it to smithereens. But that wasn't it. A big mutant, other known as a pack leader, slowly arose from its den. It looked at me and hissed, looking aggressive. I shot a shell from my double barrel at it, which caused a mere scratch. It rose up, towering above me. It swiped its arm but I swiftly evaded it and knifed its hand off. It howled in pain, this was my chance. I took out my shotgun, aimed, and BOOM, headshot. Looked like the store was clear. Now, the hardest part of scavenging food is making sure it hasn't rot or been infested. I slowly walked down every isle, picking up foods and examining them carefully, making sure they were safe. I managed to pick up a couple canned fruits, but that was it. I walked out of the store, ready for everything.

To tell you the truth, I didn't know where I was going or why I am still alive. All I know is that I must survive. I slowly walked the streets of New York, buildings crashed, cars were abandoned, what use to be one of the biggest cities in the U.S.A., was now a ghost town. Several mutants cowered into the shadows as I steadily walked down the streets. I walked into an old gas station. I figured there would be a weapon behind the desk. I was wrong; the only thing I found behind the desk was a puddle of blood and a pen. I walked out, disgusted, humiliated, and ashamed. I finally found a big building with a sign in front that said "Guns", perfect. I walked into the cold, damp building. So far, so go. I walked into a back room, and was confronted by about 15 mutants. I had never seen such a big pack. They all looked up,

hissed, and sprinted at me. I took out my double barrel and blasted three, but that wasn't enough. I shot again and missed. I ran to the front of the shop and looked out of the window in horror. A horde of mutants were about to swarm the building. I wasn't going down without a fight. To my left there was a door labeled "Special Weaponry". I ran in the door and locked it. Uzi's, AK's, and even a sniper rifle all lined the wall, with ammo by their sides. I grabbed 2 Uzi's, loaded them, and waited for possibly the last 10 seconds of my life without combat. Suddenly, the door was brought down off its hinges.

In a movie, this would be the part where the director puts the scene in slow motion, but for me, it was the most terrifying last moments of my life. I aimed at the door, guns 'a' blazin. For a minute, I was winning the fight, blood splattered everywhere and lifeless bodies of mutants formed a barricade at the door. Then I ran out of ammo. I didn't have enough time to reload, so I got on my knees, and surrendered to the merciless fangs that were about to feast on my flesh. Before the end of me, and humanity, I grabbed an AK off the wall and shot just enough to give me about 5 more seconds. I turned to my right; a flare gun lay right on its side. I picked it p and shot at the mutant army. The light seemed to distract them. They all helplessly ran around in circles. More mutants from the back barricaded in. I was doomed. When you are killed by mutants, they infest you, and you suffer forever. I grabbed my double barrel and put it to my head. I said my prayers, and with a loud bang, I was dead. Humanity had perished. I had spent my dark days searching for any more humans, but I was lost. I was happy that I could join my friends and family in the afterlife, and that I did.



