

Getting Angry: A Zombie World Diary

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Published on Stories Space on 10 Feb 2011

A day in the life of a Zombie World survivor and what it takes to become a survivor.

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/science-fiction/getting-angry-a-zombie-world-diary.aspx>

It's never just one thing, and that's what makes you angry. So angry you just wake up in the morning and want to kill something. Just like yesterday, and the day before that and the week before that. Just like the day when ashes rained and the water ran in the streets like burnt soup. The day you got angry when the reactors blew up. The day you heard the last news cast before the television stations quit broadcasting and you missed that last episode of Nashville CSI. That kind of angry. It's never just one thing that makes you angry. It's ALL the things now and you just want to kill them all. All the wheezing, oozing, guttural growling pieces of walking decay. The stumbling, careening meat sacks that don't have the common decency to know when to die. There are only two ways to kill these "things"; one way, the preferred way is to blow their heads apart with a shot gun. The other way is to smash, hack, or explode the rest of them into so many pieces that they can't reanimate. Yeah, its like that. All of that. To survive in this messed up pile of crap world today, the angry day, you have to know what you're doing. Not like the easy life before, you know, the life where you got to drink sweet lattes at Starbucks and "chat" with friends on your cell phone while surfing a thing called the internet. The easy Life where you watched T.V. eight hours a day enjoying mindless programs that put you into a waking pre-zombie state. The easy existence listening to news opinion shows that never told you anything real or truthful. Those easy days. Which usually ended up making you angry; but then, you hadn't realize why because you hadn't awakened yet to this reality. Survival today consists of a few simple things. First, you need to get your head out of your ass and keep it out. Second, you need reliable transportation and third, you need firepower. Wearing cool leathers doesn't hurt any either. The keeping your head out of your ass is the easy part, if you can't, you're dead. Asta la Vista baby. The second part is also simple. For in-town errand running you need something fast and maneuverable like a Harley or Toyota pickup truck; either preferably filled with gasoline. For long treks, the ride of choice is a Chevy Suburban. It's big, heavy, and has a fifty gallon fuel tank, good for 650 plus mile journeys or for nice sized explosions. Take your pick. The third part is a little trickier, firepower. The "don't leave home without it" preferred weapon of choice -if you can get your hands on one- is a speed-clip loading Remington shot gun; loaded with slug rounds and sawed off for ease of handling in tight situations while riding a Harley at ninety miles an hour. Combine that with a compliment of two 9mm Glocks, six fifteen round clips each; for Sunday morning goin' to church

outings. Finish your accessorizing with an assortment of hacking blades; for when you run out of ammo, which happens a lot. Choose either a heavy survival knife with katana point or a short machete with friction taped on the handle; for when the hacking gets nasty. Preferably both. Strap all of this on to your set of leathers, throw a leather duster over that in the winter and you are ready to rock and roll in today's zombie infested world. Booyah! This is where one individual stands out. A true survivalist. Someone that doesn't sit around and "wait for the fries with all that." She knew when to get out of the rain of ash, she knew when the lattes went cold and she acted. In the hallowed dark alleys of what's left of the rotting city her name is whispered amongst the soon to be devoured. Tragedyann. She stands tall and strong, a well put together woman inside and out. She has to be now, to make it through her one day at a time existence. Tragedyann is always equipped for zombie killin' right down to her smile. When she's smiling, that's the tragedy part for brain dead meat kabobs. You don't want to see her smiling at you. At least not that way. She hadn't smiled the other way for months, not since it all came down on the clueless masses. She was getting ready to smile now; the Tragedyann way. The sound of a 12 gauge speed-loader clip being slammed into her Remington always made her smile just before it went BOOM. Her errands today consisted of hitting the last big box store in town for food, ammo, and to see if there was a Suburban in the parking lot with more than a half tank of gas in it. Just the usual weekly errands, complete with a festering gauntlet of drooling brain-eaters to contend with. Just another routine walk in the park. Tragedyann swept her leather overcoat back as she mounted the Harley Fatboy and spun its rear-end out as she burned rubber exiting the warehouse she called home. You had to start fast if you wanted to finish first in this brain-eat-brain world. Tragedy was smiling really big today. The ninety mile an hour wind raked her hair back, her goggles fit snug over her eyes and her heavy biker boots were laced up tight. This was going to be a "shop 'til you drop" kind of trip. Traveling down the highway toward the strip mall corridor, Tragedyann's trademark keepsake trailed in the wake behind her. On a leather tether wrapped around her right coat epaulette was a small rag doll. One day she had found a Raggedy Ann doll, its button eyes missing, the little dress half shredded and its red hair mostly singed black. She took a marker and put two black X's where the eyes should have been and tied a leather tether around its neck and attached it to her coat. She never went anywhere without her trademark lucky talisman. She didn't believe in luck, but a little of it wasn't going to hurt in these darkened days. Today was going to be happy consumer time at the last Wal-mart in town. These days, there really, truly were zombies at Wally's World. The big box had everything, food, guns, ammo, fuzzy socks, and jerky. Tragedyann loved jerky and Dr. Pepper when she could find it. She felt lucky, today maybe she'd find a warm soda. As her Harley screamed into the parking lot she saw the day was going to start early. A crowd of angry zombie shoppers had formed a line ahead of her and were out to get all the best deals. Tragedy wasn't going to let that happen. She re-slung her Remington over her shoulder -no sense wasting her shells on these chuckle-heads- and unsheathed her machete. Holding out her arm with the gleaming blade forward and gunning the Harley, Tragedy swept the line of value shopping Zombs, as easy as trimming the verge, lopping off seven heads in a row. Breaking hard and spinning to a stop she looked back and viewed her handy work. Her famous Tragedyann smile at full wattage.

Still holding the dripping machete in her leather gloved fist, she approached the sliding doors. As she worked the machete blade Tragedyann kept looking right and left in case any other shoppers were looking for "discounts" today. The doors parted grudgingly with a sick sucking sound. Another rule of Wally World reality-shopping was you never stood still or in-line for anything. Hit the floor with a good pace and grab what you need. No more "what can I help you find or have a nice day" it was "get your shit and GET OUT!" Inside, Tragedy kept to the perimeter of the store aisles. These aisles were wider and less strewn with garbage. Even with the bright sun from outside, the store was gloomy and hazy in the corners. Tragedy never broke her stride as she swept first through the sporting goods department and snatched a large backpack then headed next to the gun section. Her movements were fast and fluid, she knew exactly the ammo she needed and stuffed bricks of shotgun shells and 9mm rounds into her pack. Spinning around as she walked she scoped the immediate area for rotting no-brainer's. Her next stop, the food section. You need to shop with all your senses at Wally World these days, sight, hearing, and smell. But in the food section, you can't rely on your sense of smell so much due to the stench of "past-their-due-date" items dominating the air. As Tragedyann looked for jerky, she caught something move out of the corner of her eye. It was just a faint sideways motion in the murky gloom two aisles over, but something definitely moved. Just like second nature, Tragedy's hand slid down to the Remington's sawed off grip. The most difficult skill for survivors to master was the art of weaponry. You needed to be always armed, always alert. Your weapons had to be like parts of your body. Even while eating a soggy bowl of corn flakes drowned in water, you had to have one hand on your spoon and one hand on your Glock. Without missing a bite, you needed to be able to fire a full clip into a lurching mass of putrid animation and not need your napkin. That was the skill and ease that Tragedy exhibited now. She smiled that smile you don't want to see as she slowly stuffed two bags of jerky into her backpack. She casually slung the pack over her left shoulder, freeing her right side for shotgun aerobics. Rounding the end of the snack aisle, she again caught the shadowy shape move. It was big, really big. Tragedy brought the hog leg up and used both hands as she headed for the check-out area. She had the standard Wally World shopping attitude, cool, calm and pissed-off all at the same time. Just as she thought she'd save her shells, the "shape" made it's debut. She first heard a whirring-whooshing sound behind her, similar to helicopter blades. Instinctively sliding her back to the wall, she swung around to face her stalker, Tragedy beheld the biggest, ugliest zombie she'd ever seen. Standing at least 6 foot 5 was a three hundred and fifty pounder -if he weighed a pound- with his clothes half rotted off and barefoot, he left a greasy trail as he shuffled toward her. The surprising part was, the massive zombie was swinging two 25 pound butterball turkeys around his head like bolo's. This lump was showing initiative. Suddenly he let-fly one of the turkey bolos. Tragedyann just missed getting gobsmacked by the netted fowl projectile. This sucker was good, too good. She wasn't going to waste time dancing with him. Still headed for the exit and sunlight, Tragedy fired two quick slugs at the charging mass. One hit and one missed. Tragedy never missed. This super sized zombie was powerful, fast and showed intelligence; NOT good. Tragedy was slowed down a little by the supply-filled backpack and wasn't as accurate as she normally is when unencumbered. Breaking into a run Tragedy jumped on top of the check-out counter

and crouched. firing in rapid succession style that emptied her Remington. Two more slugs hit, but missed his head. This brain-eater was a juggernaut, absorbing the rounds like Woody Harrelson absorbs Twinkies. Things can always get worse and sure enough it did. Behind her coming in the front door were three more lesser zombies, all drooling and growling for service. Tragedyann spun around, slid to the end of the checkout counter and pulled out her Glock with one hand while unsheathing her machete with her other hand. Using one fluid motion, she was pure killer poetry. Before she hit the ground, Tragedyann capped the three party crashers square between the eyes. The Glock's dum-dum rounds gruesomely blowing their heads apart like blood filled balloons. Turning back on Jumbo and his turkey, Tragedy agilely avoided a K.O. from the bird-on-a-string being swung at her like a mace. Now off balance, the huge zombie staggered to regain his focus and onslaught. Tragedyann just smiled and spun like a prima ballerina, slicing off the giant's head, weed-wacker style. With another singular motion Tragedyann reslung her supply pack and sheathed her machete. It was a good shopping day. You can't get a good deal unless you're willing to spill a little blood in aisle 7. Next up, shopping for a new ride.