Someday…

My name is Carl and my life is falling apart. My family is moving away someday to some random place. Away from my town and all my friends. We are moving away to this shady town with a lot of old abandoned houses, at least that’s what I heard from my friends.

“So I’ll be moving in a week,” I told my friend Zack

“Why are you moving again?” Said, Zack.

“Well, my dad got a better-paying job than the one he has right now.”

Three days passed since I had seen Zack and we pretty much packed up for the move. My dad came out and said,

“We are leaving today so that we don’t have to deal with all of our classmates wanting you to stay.”

“NO! I wanted to stay as long as we can, I wanted to stay and have everyone say goodbye to me!” I yelled.

My dad said, “Well we have to leave today so we can get to the house before it sells to the other person trying to buy the house, the owner told me that it is the best offer for the first person to get to the house.”

“Okay then, let's go.”

“Alright, all our stuff is in the moving van.” My dad said.

We got to the house after a 29-hour drive. I walked into the house that we were moving into. It smelled like something had died inside and all the floors were creaking. The door creaked and slammed shut behind me; it was pitch black and I was alone. The door was locked and I couldn't get out. There was no back door so I was stuck inside the house. I stuck my year to the door and I could hear my dad saying:

“It’s okay I'll unlock the door.”

“That was very creepy,” I said after he opened the door. So I went to my new room and put all my clothes away in the closet. Then came back downstairs and my mom said:

“You are going to school on Monday”

“Okay. But, on the car ride, I saw that Subway was hiring. So I might work there on the weekends.” I said:

“Okay, that sounds great,” Mom responded.

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Three weeks passed and I had gotten the job at Subway. When I went to school the football team started picking on me because of this one kid Bruce. He started saying that I was the “teacher’s pet” because I had gotten straight “A’s” in the first week I was at the school.

That weekend I had to deliver Subway to this farmhouse at midnight where the football team was having a party. Then Bruce came up to me and said:

“Hey, teacher’s pet, why don’t you stay here, and have some fun.” Then he pulled me inside the farmhouse.

“Okay, but I have to go soon.” Inside there was this mannequin with a football jersey and a creepy face drawn on it. The music was blaring and everyone was having a lot of fun. Then there was this scream. The music stopped and turned to static. The lights started to flicker on and off. Every time the lights turned off, someone was gone. Not like missing, like laying on the floor dead. Then someone pulled out a knife and started to swing it around in fear of what killed that person.

Every time the lights turned off another person died. After ten minutes of the lights flickering on and off, there were only five people left alive in the farmhouse. Bruce and I were two of those five. The room was filled with dead bodies. I looked around the room and the people started to stand up. they were zombies, so Bruce and I ran out the of the farmhouse and I screamed:

“ZOMBIES!!!” The zombies started chasing us; they weren't slow as you see in the movies; they could run full speed and that was fast. We ran inside this house and it was silent, everything was dark, the floors creaked when you walked. Bruce was watching for zombies.

“They’re coming!!!” Bruce yelled, as a zombie bursted through the door and landed on me trying to EAT MY BRAINS. I put my arms on its shoulders trying to stop it from biting me. Bruce grabbed a baseball bat that was laying on the ground and hit the zombie with it. The zombie’s head flew across the room, then the body stood up and walked to get its head. I stood up and climbed out of a window with Bruce. We ran as fast as we could away from the zombie as they chased after us.

We ran to the town and the streets were empty except for wrecked cars and blood. The houses were empty as we were walking and then a zombie jumped out and landed on Bruce! I ran over to him and tried to get it off! Another zombie jumped on me. I start screaming

“This is not the way I wanted to die!!!!!”

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