

The Last Stand



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On April 12, 2015, I went up to my attic to do some spring cleaning, when I discovered a box of old stuff like decoration from my childhood. I opened up the lid and went through it all. At the bottom, I found a 3-ring spiral notebook with some green and red dinosaurs and a picture of rockets flying on it. I gave a smile on my face while looking at it. I sat down on a chair and opened it up and I was beginning to read it to myself.

It was a typical sunny afternoon in Vancouver in June 1995. My sister, Annie and I decided to go to the park to just hang out. At the time, my sister was 10 and I was 8. Oh, I forgot to introduce myself- my name is Daniel Forrest. My hobby is play sports like hockey in the winter and play soccer during the summer. My other favorite hobby is reading comic books about anything from stormtroopers to zombies. My sister, however is really different from me. She loves school, she does almost anything to improve her letter grade. She joins in every school teams like volleyball, soccer, and basketball. Her other favorite hobby is reading novels from sappy romance to old school spy books. My parents are both doctors, my dad is a cardiologist and my mom is a dentist.

Lets get back to the story. We were on the swings when I saw something that caught my attention. I was looking at a weird person who was about 20 feet away. He was twitching strangely. At the same moment, my sister began looking at him, then the unthinkable happened. We got a clearer picture of him and noticed his deformed face. He was walking and he had a limp. I came to one clear conclusion... and said out loud "ZOMBIE" and my sister who was extremely brainy said almost in a whisper "there is no such things as zombies except for comic books and stuff". Boy, she was definitely wrong.

The guy launched himself in the air by a couple of feet and landed on a middle-aged person and then he bit the guy in the neck. Then we both screamed and next thing I remember was we were running home as fast as we could and we reached our house in twenty minutes. (meanwhile on The Global news at 5:00) "the Government put every province on martial law. The government declared that everyone should be indoors. If anyone needs any supplies, they should head down to their local pharmacy and grocery store to grab all the supplies, and food they need".

We got home and my mom and my dad were there and gave us a huge hug and told us to grab a suitcase and only pack what is essential. So we packed our toiletries, and a armful of clothes and a couple personal items such as a couple of toys for me. In the next hour, we were on the road. I kept asking my parents where we were going and they said "we were going to pay a visit to our grandparents". Our grandparents lived on a farm in Chilliwack. The journey took us 40 minutes to our destination. My grandparents hurried us inside and shut and locked the door behind us.



My dad told us to go upstairs while they were speaking to our grandparents. My sister went upstairs but I stood silently on the stairs to hear. The conversation started with hellos and the regular intros to a conversation. Then I heard a little fear in his voice while he said "do you know what's happening. They said on the news that there is a virus going around and everyone thinks it's a apocalypse of some sort". Then my grandpa said, "there is something going on here but I do not know what's happening". An hour later and everyone was sitting at the diner table and it was quiet for a couple of seconds till I ask a question "how long are we going to stay here?" and my dad said "we are going to stay here for a couple of weeks". I thought to myself it's going to be a long week. In that week, I hung downstairs a lot, doing chores for my grandparents and read a book I brought with me.

10 Years Later.....

It's 2005 and a lot has changed. I'm sitting at my bedroom window wondering what has happen to all my friends that I knew and my family members who I loved. I should probably tell you what has happen in the last ten years. My dad and my mom died or I think because they decided to risk going outside for some groceries and that was three years ago. So it's just my grandparents and my sister. Barely anyone went outside unless it's really necessary. It said on the radio that the population of the world is 77% zombie and the recent vaccines did not work.

I was called down by my grandparents by them saying "can you come down for a second?" and I said "sure" with some enthusiasm. I went downstairs and I saw two suitcases beside them and they said they are going to visit some friends and live with them and told us that there is enough supplies to last 3 months. We were, at the time devastated that we were going to be alone but a little bit of relief that we have supplies to last us. The only question I had inside my head was "what will happen after the 3 months?"

A couple months has passed and a bunch of things happened. Like it said on the news that a couple's died with a couple of people with them. They showed a picture of the couple and my stomach turned, they were my grandparents. So my sister and I were the only ones left in this empty world. All our inspirational people in our lives were gone and we only had each other in this life. 87% of the world is filled with zombies. Russia, Poland, and the rest of Europe is completely abandoned, so is China, Mexico, South America, Africa and lower U.S which also includes the Hawaiian Islands.

When it was coming closer to the third month, my sister and I decided to have a conversation about what we are going to do. After 10 minutes of discussion, we decided to risk it and go outside to find who had supplies and who was willing to provide it for us. So it says that eastern Canada is completely dark (it reported on the news at noontime). We had friends in Hope that could help us so we gather everything we have and left Chilliwack. On our next two hour walk/jog session, we packed only what we can carry like: water bottle, an extra pair of shoes, a few snack bars, weapons, and sleeping bags. Just in case we get side tracked. Boy, do we need them.

Just an hour into our walk, I saw a young couple running toward us on the highway and I realized it was my friends who lived in Hope. They said to us that most of western Canada like Victoria islands, Kelowna, and the rest of the Okanagan gone dark. They also said that they barely escaped with their lives. We gather our ideas into our conversation and we decided to go back to our

grandparents house but we decided to go tomorrow because at the present time, it was getting dark and everyone was tired.

We hit a bit of complications sleeping in the forest. There was issues like the fact that zombies were literally a town behind so somebody had to keep watch overnight. The biggest reasons were that if we lit a fire, it will alert the zombies because they are attracted to light and also attracted to loud noises so everyone had to be quiet. The other thing about zombies is they only die if you strangle them, shoot them in the head or decapitate them. These were huge issues to think about over the night.



I volunteered myself to be the night patrol. I did my perimeter walk around the campsite when I saw the scariest thing ever, a zombie. This zombies was a couple feet from me and was a couple of centimeters shorter than me. It took me a couple of seconds to process whats in front of me and more seconds to figure out what to do. Then I decided to make my move and I sneak behind the zombie and we a quick swift movement, I snapped his neck and in blink of an eye his body fell to the earth's surface. Nothing else happened throughout the night after that close and deadly event.

Morning came and I told everyone of my close encounter and everyone was happy that they survived the night. We ended up at the house around 9:00am. I thought to myself that we will survive this apocalypse with only the four of us. We lost everything over the last decade including my parents who was my inspiration and my hero's, my friends and best friends who over my childhood and teenage years made me feel happy and not lonely. The only thing we did not lose was our courage for adventure and our loses, and hope for one day this terrible era will end. We will fight against the zombies till the last man standing. We will never give up.

That was the last thing I wrote in my booklet because in 2007 something absolutely strange happened, all the zombies disappeared. Many survivors were looking for them but cant find them. The mystery of the disappearance still circles around everywhere. Many historians at my time believes they must of died out because they were lacking in something. In my mind, I thought they were hiding somewhere, waiting for the right moment to return and start another apocalypse and this time wipe out human extinction.

THE END