Don't Try to Live Forever

I sat in the corner, shaking. I heard my friends outside screaming in pain, shouting my name, beckoning me to help. But I couldn't. I'm frozen with fear. They're one of them now. One of the zombies.

This all happened because of one idiotic person. One stupid scientist who decided “Hey I should make a serum that lets people live forever. Nothing will go wrong”. But they managed to mess up so bad that everyone who used it became a blood thirsty, undead freak. But not like normal zombies, all their abilities are heightened by this formula and you need to strike their heart or head, more specifically their brain, to kill them. And … this stupid scientist is me, the one cowering in the corner. The one who let their friends be killed and turned into those hideous creatures. Most people's worst nightmare is a zombie apocalypse but it's my reality and IT’S ALL MY FAULT!!

I can't make a cure. I don't know how and I don't have the means to. All I wanted was to cheat death but I failed. I failed my poor, sick mother, who was brave enough to volunteer as a subject. Look at what I did! I'm a murderer, I'm basically the one who killed her and my father. Well, I didn't kill them, I did something much worse. I forced them to live on as zombies in a never ending life of pain and agony. If I wasn't a coward I'd surrender. If I was a hero I'd fight but I'm not. No matter what I do I'm meaningless. Who will remember me in a world of brain dead things? Who will care in a world of heartless monsters?

I sat, my thoughts brewing, rerunning every possibility I could think of, trying to find an antidote that didn't result in death. But it was no use. I couldn't. This is the only way.

I stood up, shaking, reached out for the door knob which rattled in my hand. I twisted it and opened the door. These hideous creations of mine swarmed in. I was their prey. They attempted to tear me limb from limb but when it failed they dug their cold, boney fingers into my arms and legs. I cried in agony as they pierced my skin and my warm blood trickled out. One they gouged my eyes, out with their bare hands while another tore through my chest and ripped out my heart. The blood splattered the walls of my pristine, white laboratory.

I'm one of them now. Living as one of the beasts. Forever in pain.

Quite a fitting punishment for the horrible things I did.

Heather O’Brien