

Hunted

By

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We didn't have much time. The sun was up, but only for a few more hours. Panic was strewn across our faces as we chose the abandoned hotel to use as our hideout. The sun was glaring down on us as we squinted to find the entrance.

The door had been kicked in from previous survivors, or perhaps even from them, the things we were evading. The running footsteps of us six survivors who had accidentally found each other was the only noise to be heard. Using each other's ideas to stay alive, we split up inside the hotel to find the best place to stay the night. The search was frantic, time was running out. Finally, one in the group called everyone in. He tried to reassure everyone that this particular suite was the best choice. Comfortable. Safe. Well, for a while. All the doors still had bolts and locks attached and in working order, except for one door. It was weak and wouldn't close properly. When they came sniffing for us, they were sure to find our weak spot and attack it. When questioned, the plump man, bald and wearing glasses, huffed, 'don't worry, someone can just sit here and kick the dogs in the face. Once you do it once, they don't come back. Don't panic, I've done it a thousand times.' He was convincing enough for everybody to agree to stay. The blockades were set up and our wall of defence was built, now we just had to wait for the sun to set. They only came out when the sun set. The waiting around was tense. This time could have been used as an opportunity to get to know each other, but we all knew why we stayed with each other, and it wasn't friendship.

The cracks of light from the torn curtains gradually darkened until everyone was silently sitting in a black abyss, trying to hear hundreds of feral paws coming towards them. To no surprise, those unwelcome

sounds soon came and everyone braced themselves for battle; for survival. Their growls and barks could be heard in the foyer area as they followed our scent up to our hideout. Then the sound everyone had dreaded, they were scratching the doors. In no time at all, they were attacking the doors protecting us as we all huddled, holding anything we could use as a weapon. If we couldn't find one of those, we simply held each other. Suddenly the weak point was being penetrated. One guy had pulled the short straw and was given the task of kicking the zombie dogs. The first one broke through and he smashed it with the sole of his shoe as hard as he could. The dog's head nearly exploded. The man turned to us and smiled, he said something like, 'I think it wo...' and the zombie dogs broke through. We all jumped up and tried to escape from a blocked off room as the zombie dogs flooded in. Carnage.

The next morning, the light shone through the blood-stained windows on to two human heads. The heads were upright and talking to each other. Head one said, 'I can't believe it, we're alive.' Head two concurred, albeit slightly disappointed with the outcome, 'I know, but look at us, we're going to die any second.'