Survival Skills

Something's wrong. I can't put my finger on what yet but I've always been able to sense when things are amiss. It's what's kept me alive since the dead unexpectedly and inexplicably rose from their graves. Some saw this as a sign of the Second Coming and ran forward, arms open in greeting; no sooner had this welcoming committee reached the no-longer-quite-so-deceased than they were devoured. The dead might be dead but it hadn't dented their hunger and it seemed that, above all, they craved human flesh. Maybe they just wanted what they no longer had – blood coursing through veins, a still-beating heart, a brain sizzling with electricity.

Once the true believers had been consumed, the dead turned their attention to the rest of us: chasing us down, pursuing us like prey. They might stagger and stumble but they're relentless; grinding down your resistance day after day after day. When it started, the army were sent in to stop them but soldiers are trained to kill and they didn't know quite what to do when faced with an enemy that was dead already. This is not to say they didn't try, they did; it's just they didn't do much good. After that, it was every man for himself or, in my case, every woman.

Suddenly I realise what's wrong: the birds have stopped singing and the forest around me has fallen silent. That, I've learned, is a sure sign the dead are approaching. I freeze, listening, trying to work out where they are and how I can escape one more time. I don't really know what I'm doing but I must be doing something right; after all, I may well be the only one still breathing in this world where the dead now stalk the living.