

INCESSANT HUNGER THE ESCAPE

A ZOMBIE-FICTION SPECIAL EDITION PREQUEL



CULEX PIPIENS

INCESSANT HUNGER

THE ESCAPE

Zombie-Fiction Special Edition Prequel

Copyright © 2014 by Culex Papiens. All rights reserved.



Incessant Hunger The Escape is a work of fiction.
Any resemblance to real people or events is purely
coincidental. Names, characters, places and incidents
portrayed in this story are imagined or used fictitiously.

The infection came fast and unexpectedly. If you were exposed you died... in a way, or more specifically you became a zombie. Arguably death would have been preferable.

At first we didn't believe it. Surely the news casts were covering a series of pranks or this was some marketing firm publicity stunt. When we witnessed attacks first hand we knew this was real and our survival now depended on our ability to adjust to a new normal.

Normal... now that's a funny way to describe a nomadic existence requiring almost daily violence against former people. Strangers. Friends. Even family members. You quickly adapted or, well, we all know what those first days were like and the trauma they left with the living.

I saw the surrender in Frank's eyes. After driving a pitchfork through the face of his infected sister he just gave up. We led him away but he was now just a shell of the man he once was and didn't respond to us. It wasn't so much refusing to defend himself, or talk or even acknowledge us, but rather just apathy and a total lack of emotion. When the next wave of zombies came he just sat there making no effort to avoid them or protect us. At the very end, just as his throat was about to be ripped out, he finally exhibited a response. A peaceful smile and an expression of release.

The first month was difficult. Hell, the first days were nearly impossible. As the infection swept through the population people panicked. In an effort to escape many ran right into the infected quickly getting bit or scratched and turning into zombies themselves. We thought we could shelter in place. We thought our home would protect us. Doors and windows were barricaded and we armed ourselves with anything we could find.

Even with no lights and never more than a whisper of sound they still found us and through sheer numbers broke through the front door splintering it right from

the hinges. We fought back but table legs, kitchen knives and garden tools were ineffective. Bashing a human in the ribs with a chunk of wood works well. Zombies didn't even react. The only good to come out of the fighting at the front of the house was the fact it drew them away from the back. We finally just gave up and threw our useless weapons at them while running for the back door.

Running through the yards we ended up with more than just zombies in tow. A handful of other survivors and their kids we're fleeing their houses and joined with us. We ran until out of breath. We ran until our sides ached. We ran until the blackness started welling up in our peripheral vision. We kept running. The zombies, while no where near as fast as the living, had endless stamina.

He came to our rescue.

The kids stumbled, fell and were so exhausted they could no longer rise to their feet. We, the adults, surrounded them facing outwards ready to fight the zombies with nothing more than our fists. Panting for breath we watched as they lurched and shambled closer and closer. As the nearest one reached for me a horn blew and a large beat up pickup truck plowed through scattering them like bowling pins in all directions. The truck skidded to a stop and a male voice yelled out.

“Get in back! Now!”

We did not need to be told twice. The kids were pretty much thrown up and over the sides into the bed while the rest of us grabbed the tailgate and climbed in. The last person, a large guy, was still climbing in when the truck accelerated away from the recovering zombies. We grabbed for the guy and pulled him over and in.

After some time to catch our breath the guy nodded at me and said, “Thanks Ma'am.”

“Marta.”

“Huh?”

“My name is Marta.”

“Tony. Thanks for pulling me in.”

“You're welcome.”

The truck drove on for nearly forty minutes heading away from the urban areas and into the countryside. We later found out the driver's name was Zeke and after saving us he was taking our group to his family farm.

Well, farm is being generous. Sure it had a barn and a farm house and perhaps at one time tillable fields but now it was little more than an overgrown field turning into what could almost be called a forest full of young trees. I supposed a few weeks of heavy labor with large earth moving equipment could restore it to its former glory but we didn't have that time. Or equipment.

Even here the zombies found us. It took a few days but they started appearing. First singly then in greater numbers. We're pretty sure it was Zeke's habit of shooting them in the head with his hunting rifle that was attracting more of them. On the plus side we noted that head shots put them down never to rise again.

As the numbers continued to grow we decided it best to abandon the refuge and hit the road. A few smash and grabs later, or perhaps strategic reallocation for those looking to put thievery into justifiable terms, we had camping gear, some cans of food, portable communication radios and weapons for all the adults. Most stores had already been hit but Zeke knew a few out of the way places that were untouched, at least until our visit.

We moved every day or two as staying in one place was a quick way to an early death... or worse. Most nights we camped in the woods or any other out of the way area. Roving patrols were required. The last thing we wanted was to be

caught unprepared. Tony turned out to be pretty handy with improvised weapons and began teaching the adults, and soon the older kids too, how to put down zombies.

A quiet night let us get some sleep in our tents. The next morning started out like any other one in recent memory. We prepared some coffee over an open fire along with some slices of Spam and a handful of eggs we found the day before in a chicken coop behind an empty house. The few chickens left were caged and now sat in the back of the truck. We haven't decided yet to keep them for the eggs or roast them over the fire for dinner.

Zeke was out on patrol towards the road while Angela and James had gone the other way. I suspect they were paying more attention to each other than to their surroundings but can you blame them? Living in virtually a mobile commune doesn't leave much personal time for the couples in our group. I miss Frank but I'm not ready to move on yet even though there are a few eligible men in our group.

Call it intuition, or a mothers instinct, but I just felt there was a danger close by. I grabbed a radio and swung a rifle over my shoulder while heading across the clearing towards the woods. As I reached the tree line a zombie burst forth through the bushes, not ten feet from me. It took a few staggering steps towards the fire and then stopped and appeared to be sniffing the air.

Zeke was no where to be found and none of the others had noticed it yet. The safety of the group was in my hands.

... to be continued in Incessant Hunger found at:

<http://culexpiens.com/incessant-hunger/>



Culex Pipiens (pen name) is an amateur fiction writer focusing on PAW (Post Apocalyptic World) themed stories. Culex's work can be found on www.culexpipiens.com where many of the stories are available as free downloads. A number of Culex's stories are also available in the Kindle format on Amazon.com (search Kindle books for 'Culex Pipiens').

If you like the stories and want to support Culex's work, consider buying one or more in the Kindle format which is readable on Kindle devices along with the free Kindle app for PC, Mac and many different tablets.

Culex Pipiens can be reached through the web site and via facebook (Culex Pipiens) and is regularly found on a handful of forums under the screen name of CulexPipiens.