

Peace on Earth and...

Yea, it is Christmas time but there are no rushes or last-minute trips to the store. Looking out the window at the Undead wandering the street sent a shiver down my spine. I needed to move and move fast if I was going to get to my parent's house. I'd been caught unaware again. Didn't see the news, didn't hear anything. I was writing. It's what I do, and my next/last book was overdue. Ha, I've got news for you. It will never be published. Irony, as I just typed "The End".

I was going to make a run to the store and got attacked. This bearded, boot wearing wanna be hipster with half his face gone tried to grab me when I got out of my truck. I thought it was drug related and then the others came after me too. I had a grocery store full of zombies chasing my ass. They weren't fast but they were everywhere. I grabbed a ball bat out of my truck and swung for the fences, until I realized that I couldn't win. Time to get my scared ass into the truck and run.

I ran over them and through them and around them. Basically, I drove like a mad man. That is until I high sided my truck on a guard rail. I just took my eyes off the road for a second. Kind of like a kid texting.

I had a good reason and I'm not crazy. Well I'm not crazier. Craziest? Ok, I saw Santa. That's what I was looking at, a fat bearded guy in a red suit. I know crazy, right? Who would be running around in a Santa suit in the middle of a zombie apocalypse? I didn't have much time to ponder that at the time. Running and surviving kind of took precedence over wondering about a fat guy.

I took off on a dead run pumping my arms like a locomotive. They couldn't catch me, I wove in and out, dodged and twisted. Ducking down an alley and grabbing a fire escape kept me alive. They couldn't find me. Yea, Merry Christmas Eve to me. So here I was stuck in someone else's apartment waiting. The crowd thinned out and I figured it was time to run. Climbing down the fire escape was easier than getting up it and I didn't have to break a window at the end.

So now I was on the ground running up and down alleys waving a baseball bat. Sounds like a great survival plan to me, but I'm lucky I only had a couple blocks to go. I smashed a couple heads as I ran, it was the only thing I could do or I'd have been toast. Hands grabbed me and I swung. Young, old male or female it didn't matter, I wanted to live. I was so freaking scared. I needed wheels and I needed them fast.

I rounded a corner and a gift from heaven appeared, a pickup sat idling on the curb. It wasn't the newest or the nicest but it would work, it ran. I climbed in and ignored the blood-stained door panels. There was nothing I could do for the previous owner and I needed wheels. Sorry. I hit the gas and turned onto om and dad's road.

And life threw me a curve, oh lord or lord why me? I had a hoard, a herd? A gaggle. I don't know what you called it, but damn, it was a big old bunch of zombies. I could see the lights shining from the folk's house. I was almost there and I was stumped, what could I do? I guess a drive around the block. A quick turn and I saw the big pine tree in the back yard. Dad always lit it up at Christmas time. A star shone on the top. How did he ever get that thing up there? The star lit the back yard shining in waves of light. Standing all around it, surrounding the tree was another hoard, (yes I like hoard) staring. They weren't moving, just standing there mesmerized by the star shining from the top of that old spruce tree thirty feet in the air.

All I could do was stop. I had zombies behind me, zombies in front of me and I needed to get in the house. They stood staring at the tree and not moving. And then I saw it. The man in the red suit was perched on the roof smiling. He waved me on into the house.

And as I crossed the threshold of the house I swear I heard "...and Peace on Earth"