

I was hungry, REALLY hungry! I finally caught a small rat that had been running circles around me for days, stealing pieces of my dead flesh every now and then. And I admit, I had eaten some of me too. I *knew* this was wrong, the whole cannibalism thing, but I no longer felt pain like I did when I was alive and many thoughts and premises about what was right or wrong went out the window months ago, along with every decent human being.

The moment I saw John next door use an ax to kill Shannon, my other neighbor, all bets were off. ‘It’s every man for himself’ I told my wife. I had been with Elaina since high school, and last week would’ve been our twenty-third anniversary. Would’ve been being in the past tense, because I wasn’t sure if she was alive anymore. The last vision I had, was of her teeth sinking into my fingers as she ripped part of them off during our struggle.

I saw her the second before accidentally knocking myself unconscious as I ran to help her. I thought the house was secure, we boarded the windows and doors up as soon as the first incident happened, but somehow *they* managed to get in. And when I woke, she was lying there, shaking and bleeding all over the place with blood dripping from the mouths and hands clawing inside her. Immediately, I ran towards the attic.

I rushed through the hallway as fast as I could and yanked down the stairs from the ceiling. Years ago, the attic had been rebuilt as a second room to create my own office space, my own man cave, and now my very own place that held me captive in my own hungry hell.

Why me?

Why us?

The pain as she tore my fingers from my right hand was intense at first, and then slowly the pain faded away, and the transition that took place from being alive to becoming a zombie was a blur, but everything else still seemed clear.

My thoughts were as sharp and precise as they had ever been, the problem was, my body didn’t understand what my mind tried to communicate.

I KNOW that I’m a zombie, I KNOW that I’m physically dead, I KNOW that this should be impossible, but I also KNOW that I’m hungrier than I’ve ever been in my life. And all I wanted to do was find a way out of this attic.

When Elaina bit me, I kicked her off, sending her back down the stairs and then I pulled up the ladder and shut the door. Now, a doorknob was the only thing between me and my freedom. Because of the door knob, I was stuck starving and eating any small critter I was able to catch, which wasn't much. And now, hardly any meat remained on my left leg.

Every time my mind told my hand to work, instead only part of my arm moved, in turn throwing my lamp wrist forward while my hand hung unmoving. Every time I told my legs to work, they barely hobbled, and I swear it took an entire hour for me to take a mere ten steps in a circle.

I felt trapped in my own rotting body, and there was absolutely nothing I could do. If you had asked me a week ago if I thought my friends, who became one of *them* first, had any part of their soul left as they ate others around them, I would have said no.

But I realize now, I was completely wrong. All of me is still in here, I just didn't work on command. And though my thoughts were distinct, there were also parts of my brain screaming at me how thirsty and hungry I was for blood or something with a pulse. There were times when the urge for guts and brains took over all of my thoughts all together, and before I realized what I was doing, I'd awake gnawing at some part of me with pieces of skin and muscle hanging from my mouth. And I was never satisfied enough.

Every inch of me was covered in blood, which really had a horrible stench. After a couple of days, I was finally able to sit my body down on top of the floor's door to freedom. And I was hoping that somehow, my weight might eventually cave the door in, setting me free in the process.

Maybe even my wife was still down there somewhere. If I'm still me, then she must still be her, and she's probably trying to figure out how to get me out of here just as hard as I'm trying to figure a way out.

I started falling asleep, which was another thing I didn't know Zombies were capable of, and then I heard rustling beneath me and saw the doorknob beside me jiggle. I couldn't do anything but stay sitting, hoping it would open.

I heard voices from below as the jiggling continued and whoever it was, sounded like they were arguing, and the voices definitely weren't coming from my wife. I couldn't talk, because my tongue was completely gone, forcing the only sounds out of my mouth to be dumb grunts, and since I never heard a zombie talk before, I was pretty positive that the voices didn't come from one of *them*.

I felt myself starting to slip away as the hunger and smell from whomever was below me floated by my nose. It was the sweetest smell, and my head began jerking back and forth sniffing the delicious air.

The door knob jiggled again and instantly, I fell down landing on another man, smaller than myself. The hungry sensation was too strong for me to stop, and I had no choice, my body moved swifter than it had before. I flipped over and immediately bit into the neck of the individual, tugging away at his flesh, the taste of his blood was euphoric, and I couldn't help myself.

I had to keep eating. I turned my head towards the woman that was with him, and the thought of eating her too crossed my mind. But the man wasn't fighting anymore, allowing me to feast on him as much as I wanted.

I grunted at the woman and she ran off with a look of horror spread across her face. She was the last thing I saw, before blacking out in the middle of the feeding frenzy.

When I woke up, there was barely any of the man left, and I was still hungry. But the first thought that crept in my mind was a picture of my wife. And I knew the first thing on my honey-do list was finding her.

I crawled off the body, and started what I knew would be a long slow journey of locating Elaina.

Before I stood completely, I blacked out again, and when I became conscious, two sticky suction cup things were stuck to each of my inner elbows and then I looked up and a woman was hovering over me.

"Hi Elaina. How are you feeling?" she asked.

My eyelids felt heavy and my thoughts weren't clear like earlier.

The woman was wearing a white outfit from top to bottom, and her dark hair was pulled back tightly around her face, pulling the corner of her eyes out to the side. She grabbed a needle from a packet that was tied around her waist and then injected me with hot pink liquid in the side of my right arm.

As soon as I was stabbed with shot, memories rushed back to me, and I was in a dark oval room, and the walls were covered completely with one giant silver mirror, and music played in the background as a television screen lowered from the ceiling. Another woman appeared on the screen and she was telling me to lie still for three minutes before attempting to walk.

I looked over at the mirrored wall beside me and took a second glimpse when I saw a young girl looking at me. The expression I made with my face mirrored the girl exactly as she stared back, and when I raised my arms and unhooked the suction cups, so did the girl.

The girl was me, and as I observed my surroundings, a bunch of young girls ran in from around the corner, jumping up and down, screaming happy birthday and asking me how it was.

I looked up and there was a clock on the television screen that had been counting down from the three minutes, but now there were only thirty seconds left.

As the numbers kept decreasing, slowly approaching zero, a waterfall of visions shot through my brain flooding my subconscious and forcing me to remember what was really happening. I had just experienced the new CVRS, Cybernetic Virtual Reality Saga, that became available last month.

On our eighteenth birthdays, the age where most activities become legal, each of my friends and I chose a different reality to play. The zombie saga was the new crave and, "It was TRULY FRIGGIN AWESOME!"

Above was my short-story from Top Writers Block. To read more of the shorts from the *Why Me* collection, go here: <https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/239575>