

A State Of Infection

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This is my report from the Texas incident in Dallas with my squadron.

My whole team was ripped apart by these monsters. I've only watched how they got murdered by countless infected people, without being able to do anything. Then, a small group of infected came after me, I ran without looking behind but I could sense the infected getting closer behind me.

I looked around and made a risky move that almost cost my life. I took some kind of a shortcut but it only led me to a dead end. I locked and loaded my M14 and started to aim at those bastards shooting them in the head and I managed to kill my first infected, and I also found their weakness. I successfully killed the whole group but another group came toward me slowly. I thought that I was done for I was low on ammo and I could barely see anything with all the blood in my mask.

Before I could even shoot a police car came and smashed them all. A policeman jumped out of the car and started yelling to get inside quickly. I rushed towards the police car and another person opened the back door and I got inside quickly. The policemen accelerated and kept moving around town. The officer told me I was lucky because they saw me running away and the man said that his name was Reynolds. The other man's name was Francis. It was finally my turn to tell them who I was: "I am Corporal Olivera ...and we need to evac this city right away."

I told them about the military outpost inside the police station and that a chopper was waiting to take us into a well fortified military base in Houston. I was looking outside the window for a few minutes and saw all the chaos, the rampage, the carnage, the total apocalypse which meant the end of a normal life. We finally reached the main street but we couldn't use the car anymore to get to the police station because the whole street was jammed by empty cars. Reynolds took his shotgun from the trunk and gave a revolver to Francis along with some ammo. Francis asked if it was a good idea to go on foot...Then I said..."we do it, or we die trying."

Moments later, we heard gunshots and we went to see where the shots came from. We located two other members of my squad and I rushed toward them to aid my comrades and the two other survivors followed me charging the infected. I was finally in range and I started shooting the last bullets of my magazine but they were too many and I couldn't save my friends. They fell to those monsters.

Then, a great rage consumed me and I took my only grenade and I threw it at those flesh eating creatures. More than half got blown away and I took my knife out to kill the rest with my own hands. I planted my knife into the head of the first infected and then by instinct I crouched to escape the grip of the second infected and I managed to make him fall down with a kick then put my foot behind his head and crushed his skull against the hard concrete. As for the last one, I went quickly behind him and twisted his weak neck. I realized that those fragile demons could break so easily. I finally calmed down and Reynolds and Francis had the chance to watch a true soldier in action, a real living killing machine with tremendous emotions.

Then, a woman with an Arabic figure came out of nowhere. I think she was the reason why my friends were ready to protect that tiny little area. She asked us if she could join us wherever we were going. Francis gave her a hand and we continued our journey to the police station uninterrupted.

When we finally arrived to the station, we noticed that it was surrounded by a huge wall. We couldn't get in and we almost lost all hope when the gates opened and a soldier cried out to get into the military chopper.

We survived the chaos. Now we need to put our differences aside and survive extinction. Can we do it?