

WORLD HUNGER

Tommy had constantly been searching for food since the epidemic of undead three months ago. As time went on, finding food was becoming a more difficult undertaking to accomplish. Here he sat inside a stranger's house feasting on a lifeless rat, far from what he was accustomed to eating, but he wasn't going to be finicky at this point.

The dwelling had been unoccupied for a while. The kitchen was bare. He had come in through the basement, and made his way through the house like a burglar in the night. He was continuously on his guard from attack. Being careless is what would end it all.

Yesterday he had broken away from a crowd; it was easier to stumble on foodstuff this way.

They had been on a food run down at Harper's Fina station, and that's when they showed up. It had to be a handful if not a swarm of them. He watched his new found friends go down in the brawl; he found his chance and took it and he slipped out the back door. The gas station did prove to have supplies, but he wasn't sticking around. Tommy never did feel that he was a coward.

His ears caught a shuffle sound from the hallway; one of them was in the house with him. He stood slowly, not making a sound. He gradually made his way around the corner; he didn't see anyone. Perhaps it wasn't one of them; maybe it was someone else looking for food. Then he heard it yet again. It seemed like it came from below the stairs. He began looking for a secret latch or a panel. His fingernails scraped along the baseboard making a dreadful sound. Then he heard her from within, "Mommy? Is that you?"

Tommy tried to speak, but his gullet had been too dry, only a cough escaped. His search for an opening became an overbearing urge. The cough seemed to be enough for the girl to unlock the door. A jovial little girl swung open the secret entry, a haven where she had been hiding, apparently waiting for her mother to return. The tiny girl saw Tommy and screamed, "Mommy, a ZOMBIE!"

Tommy was extremely pleased to have finally found food.