

DEAD AWAKENING:

Through Their Eyes

A Short Story

By

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Dead Awakening: Through Their Eyes

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NOTE TO THE READER

This story is part of the Dead Awakening™ Series © 2012-2013

This tale began with the idea of creating my own version of the zombie apocalypse, a planned novel series that would touch on a darker side of the apocalypse. However, in late 2013 I came up with *Dead Awakening: Survival* which would focus on kids and teenagers in the apocalypse. This short story is just one of four that spawned my own unique twist on the zombie apocalypse. Enjoy!

A WORD ON MY ZOMBIES

Zombies in Dead Awakening™ are not your traditional zombies. They are not just simply mindless eating machines. They have a more animal like instinct which makes them a threat not only to humans, but even themselves as some are territorial.

They are also not your average gory type of zombie and look more human than you might imagine. I could go in to details, but I plan on doing this in *Dead Awakening™: Zombie Stories* which will be an eBook collection of shorts.

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Through Their Eyes

“Rossa,” shouted Key as his footsteps let out a terrifying echo that surprised even him across the thinly laid green carpet. “Come on, Rossa! You have to get up - all hell is breaking loose outside on the streets.”

Key rustled his way to a closet and began grabbing silks, cottons, polyester blends, and even a few of Rossa’s lingerie without realizing it. He shoved them misshapely into a suit case. If he had been in his right mind he would have noticed he had torn Rossa’s favorite blouse. He looked up at Rossa with a look of annoyance on his face as he went to her and shook her violently.

“Rossa, wake up! you can get your beauty sleep in the car,” he said as he turned and headed for his dresser. He grabbed handfuls of clothes and stuffed them in with Rossa’s clothes. “I know you’re still sick, but we have to leave. Maybe we can go to that cabin your brother has?”

Key looked at Rossa. She said nothing and made no sign of getting up.

“Rossa,” said Key as he slowly stepped towards her. His heart was racing and for a moment he wanted to turn and run out the door. “Sweetie, are you okay?”

She moaned restlessly as she rustled in her sheets.

When Key reached the edge of the bed he was sweating profusely. His heart was racing as he felt it was going to explode from the fear and dread that had consumed him in this very moment. Key reached out his hand so slowly that he felt an anticipation that seemed to rattle his very soul.

‘Does she still have her soul,’ Key thought to himself as his hand touched her shoulder.

She moaned at his touch.

“Honey, are you okay?” said Key weakly.

Rossa moaned as she stuffed her face in her pillow.

Key wiped the sweat from his brow and looked out their bedroom window. He saw a fire in the far distance near the horizon. The sound of fire trucks, police, ambulances, and even gun shots echoed through the window to find Key’s spin and send chills up and down it.

Ever so cautiously, he reached his other hand to her shoulder.

'Do I really want to do this?' he asked himself as his hand touched her warm soft skin. *'I could just leave her here to die peacefully or end her misery myself.'* He glanced at a pillow he had used countless times to sleep next to Rossa.

Key felt a tear roll down his cheek. He wanted to wipe it away, but something in him allowed it to hang and then fall to the floor. Key looked at the carpet as if he was trying to find it. But all he saw was the ugly greenish color of the carpet.

'You have poor taste in color,' he thought as if Rossa could hear his inner voice and somehow respond to him. Key even waited and looked at Rossa longingly to see if she would respond to him. *'Am I this lost...this frightened?'*

He turned her over.

Rossa's skin was no longer pale, but her eyes had a light redness to them with a light black ring that circled her eye. Key leaned over and placed an ear on her chest and heard the rapid beating of her heart. He placed a hand on her face and rubbed her cheek with his thumb.

"Rossa," he said trying to sound strong. But his voice failed him and he sounded like a little boy going through puberty. "Are you okay?"

He cleared his throat as he stared at Rossa with a sense of dread and fear that seemed to bite at his nails. Then he realized he was biting his nails.

'Fine then,' he thought to himself as he scooped Rossa up in his arms and carried her to the car. She didn't protest and only moaned as she leaned her head to his body.

When he got halfway down the stairs he finally realized she was looking at him. But it creeped him out more than he wanted to admit. *'It's those bloody eyes,'* he thought as he stared deep into them. *'They have an ominous feel to them.'*

Key kissed her gently on her lips as he took another step down the stairs. He felt her tongue slip in his mouth and tasted something foul as it swirled around the inside of his mouth. He tried to pull his head away, but couldn't. He wasn't sure when she did it, but her hands were holding his head tight against hers. He let her go, allowing her to fall to the stairs as they became a tangled mess at the bottom of the stairs.

Key's head hurt and he reached for it feeling the beginning of a small bump.

"What the hell," Key said.

Kay started to say when he felt someone jump on him growling in a low tone. He felt the sudden pain of fists pounding on his face and head. *'Please don't make me do this Rossa.'*

He hit her hard knocking her off of him. Slightly dazed, he sat up and dizzily rose to his feet. Standing there almost oblivious to the world around him or what was going on, he felt someone tackle him. He fell to the floor and felt a very sharp pain on the side of his head. The room started to become blurry and distant. He grabbed for the spot that hurt and felt wetness caress his hand. Then he realized someone was straddling him. Kay tried to struggle free, but his strength seemed to have vanished. He tried to make out who it was, but his vision was still blurry and his mouth still had a sour taste to it.

Kay felt light gentle hands grab his head and then he heard a vicious sound from whoever was holding him.

'Rossa?'

Then he heard what sounded like a short burst of air being released from a bicycle tire, only it was a little softer and was accompanied by a horrible odor. Kay couldn't even describe what the smell was like, but it made him feel as if he were suffocating and he inhaled long and deep. He didn't know why he did it, but it was as if he could feel this substance enter his mouth and make its way to his lungs where it seeped into his blood.

Kay's head started to feel as if it was spinning around and around with the blurry images of the world he saw fading to darkness.

'Why Rossa, Why?'

When Key opened his eyes he noticed he was outside his house, standing in the front yard with a voice calling him.

"Now you listen, Key," a voiced echoed in his head. "I don't want no one to hurt you, but you got those same eyes as my little sister had." The voice choked up when it said the word sister.

Key shook his head trying to focus on who was in front of him, but the world was still a little blurry. Then Key felt one of his feet move as it took a step forward. Key looked down at his feet which seemed to have become less blurry. This time he didn't just feel it. He saw one of his feet move without his doing. He tried to lift his arms up to his face and even scrunch his face into a look of shock, but it felt as if nothing had happened.

'Am I being controlled by something,' Kay thought as his feet took another step. *'Where is Rossa?'* He tried to look around for her, but his head would not do as he bid it.

Kay involuntarily looked at the voice and Kay could see him.

‘Reaves?’ thought Kay. ‘*What are you doing with that gun?*’

Kay tried to speak the words, but they seemed to only want to form inside his head. His head echoed with thoughts that were not his own. But Kay also felt something else. Something that seemed to be trying to push him out of his body...out of his mind. Kay made a low growling sound that made Reaves raise the gun he was holding up towards Kay. Kay growled low again as if it meant nothing. But his mind had other thoughts.

‘*No Reaves! Just put the gun down and we can talk man-to-man.*’

Click, click, click!

Reaves pulled the trigger again, but the gun just made a clicking sound. It was all Kay needed and he was on him. Kay tried to fight this force from grabbing the boy, but where he told his arms no they did the opposite. Reaves screamed out of fear and shock, but what truly sent a chill down Kay’s spine was when his mouth met the boys neck and bit long and hard, tearing a chunk of flesh from Reaves.

The taste of blood and raw human flesh filled Kay’s mouth. Part of him was disgusted by it and wanted to gag, but another part of him continued to chew it and swallow. Reaves was on the ground holding his bloody neck as Kay kneeled down and found a rock.

‘*Oh God,*’ cried Kay to himself. ‘*Forgive me.*’

The rock came crashing down on Reaves’ face.

Reaves cried out with what strength was left him, but it was for nothing. Kay knew this as he raised the rock again and slammed it down on the boy’s face ending his cries.

‘*I’ve killed someone!*’

Kay could only watch as his arm reached out and grabbed one of Reaves’ limp legs and dragged him down the road. He glanced, a figure in one of the windows, but they made no notion of coming outside.

Kay wanted to cry. He could feel it as it crawled up his spine and the beginnings of tears formed, but no matter what he wanted to do the tears never fell. He told himself to turn and look at the boy, but his head would no obey. He just kept walking forward in a slow pace, dragging the poor boy behind him, and leaving a trail of blood.

Kay was not sure how long he was out of it, but one moment he was walking down a road glimpsing the world around him. And the next he was standing outside his house. The door was

wide open and Kay saw clothes scattered about the lawn with broken knick-knacks. A pile of what looked to be burnt books sat in the middle of his lawn. Half way up the stairs stood Rossa. Kay felt sad at the sight of her, but oddly enough that wasn't the emotion that filled him as he wanted it to.

'Anger?'

Kay ran up to Rossa and kneeled down beside her. He felt a tear fall from his eyes, but he knew it wasn't his tear and just as quickly he was filled with anger.

"I think these people where vegan or something," a voice said from within Kay's house. "They don't have anything good worth eating."

Kay's head shot towards the door and he growled low and steady.

"So where do you think her boyfriend is?" asked another voice.

"Probably killed," said a female voice. "By one of these poor excuses of a zombie."

'Zombie?' thought Kay.

He tried to rattle that in his brain. The word sounded familiar to him somehow, but he couldn't recall why. It's as if this thing in his head was eating away at his memories, leaving him confused, lost, and unable to control his own body. Kay tried to stop and think, but as usual his body did otherwise as it crouched low and entered his home. He felt his nostrils flare as his he inhaled the smells around him. And for the first time, Kay realized that his sense of smell and hearing where better than a few days ago.

Kay tried to think about what happened a few days ago, but again he couldn't quite remember the whole story. He only knew that somehow Rossa was the cause of his current situation. A gun shot pulled Kay back to the present.

"You have to shoot it in the head," laughed a guy as a woman grunted in frustration followed by another gun shot and breaking glass.

Kay didn't even recall where he was. He knew he was in his home and as his body moved around and growled at the two intruders. Kay's legs moved quickly to the left, but this time the woman had hit him square in the chest. He took a few more steps before kneeling on the ground. It was becoming hard to breath and for a moment Kay thought he was dying. And then he was on his feet again. He charged the woman as she fired more shots. Her shots missing and hitting, but Kay kept up the pursuit and tackled her to the ground.

Kay wasn't sure how or when, but he felt the warmth of blood in his mouth and the chewing of flesh. It disgusted him and he wanted to gag and spit it out, but his body was no longer his. Kay turned towards the door and stared at it. He felt as if he should know someone on the other side who was dead, but he couldn't place a name or face to the body. In fact, he couldn't even place a name to himself or where he was. When he looked in the direction of the man, he saw nothing. It seems that whoever he was, he had left. This left Kay feeling empty as if he needed to do something.

'Revenge, save...why can't I remember anything?' he thought to himself as he sat in a chair mesmerized by static snow on the television. Kay could feel himself slipping away with every passing moment and just before everything went black he could have sworn he saw two other people enter his home.

He moaned.

Kay opened his eyes slowly, oblivious to what he was.

'Zombie,' a voice in his head shouted.

Kay looked behind him as if to try and find this voice and saw nothing, but a wall. Anything that was once Kay had been consumed and all that was left were memories of a person that Kay now knew nothing about. He had become a creature of myth and legend destined to walk the earth not as a human, but as a zombie, or so said the voice.

Kay sat in his chair as he tried to figure out what he needed to do. Then he remembered something as he looked at the front door. He rose slowly in his chair and saw her.

'Rossa,' a voice said from within.

A noise!

Kay turned towards the sound and saw two other creatures like himself feeding on a creature that resembled Rossa, almost. These other zombies were oblivious to him as he watched them eat. He was about to join them when he breathed in the scent of the air around him with a flare of his nostrils.

Kay didn't like the smell of something in the air. He inhaled deep and long. Kay made the deepest growling sound that his humanish body would allow. Hunched over and baring his teeth, he looked around the room for an object emitting the smell. He saw nothing except a ransacked house and two other zombies who had stopped eating to look at him.

The female dropped the piece of flesh in her mouth, blood dripped from her chin. She flared her nostrils and made a low growling sound. She who had once been called Kyoko could smell the scent that caught Kay's attention. Though she did not know why Kay had gotten so angry, she knew that this scent was edible.

Adam smelled the air, turned his head and bared his bloodstained teeth, as he growled low and steady. "*More food,*" Adam said with a low moan and hand gesturing towards the back of the house.

Kay's nostrils flared as he inhaled the smells around him again. "*Yes, more food,*" said Kay, making the same moaning sound and gesture.

They ran for the back of the house.

A man was trying to climb a tall stone wall and failing. He stopped when he noticed the sound of heavy footsteps coming. The man pulled out a black object that Kay knew to be a gun. Although he wasn't sure how he knew this. Adam charged the man and as he did the man fired the gun.

"You stay away from me, you abominations," the man shouted.

Kyoko cocked her head to one side and moaned as she shrugged her shoulders. "*What is he saying?*"

Kay growled hard as he slammed a foot on the ground and bared his teeth. "*He is dead!*"

Kay growled as he ran. But the man pointed his gun at Kay. It made a loud sound that echoed off the stone walls and then before he knew what was happening Kay was on his back. He moved his hands to where the pain was and felt some type of red liquid. '*Again,*' a voice echoed in his head. He didn't know what it meant. He tried to stand, but try as he might he couldn't. And just like before he felt the air leaving him as if he couldn't breathe.

Then he heard footsteps, mixed with growling. Kyoko and Adam were on him and in a matter of seconds the man no longer moved. Adam knelt beside him and took a chunk out of his neck.

Kay felt a surge of energy from nowhere and he was on his feet slamming one of them into the ground. But no sound left his mouth. Adam paid him no mind and Kyoko looked at him. Her face held a look of disconcerting for what she had just saw. Kay tried it again.

Nothing!

Kyoko moaned lightly. "*What's wrong?*"

Adam stopped chewing and looked at Kay as he was trying to speak. He could do the body gesture, but sound would not exit his mouth.

Adam tapped his chest. "*Wounded.*"

Kay looked down at his chest and saw the blood oozing out of his chest. Kay scratched his head and he tapped his legs. "*How can I even stand?*"

Adam shrugged followed by a collection of hand and arm gestures mixed in with moans and growls. "Your wound must prevent you from speaking. Bad for you, but also good. Make you quieter to stalk prey."

Kay thought about that and smiled as he realized he was also hungry.

THE END

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About The Author

Keven was no more than nine or ten years-old when his dream of being a police officer faded, and a new dream made its way in his child-like mind. One day Keven picked up a book from his school library, *Welcome to Dead House* by R. L. Stine and this one book started a chain reaction that implanted a dream, a goal in his mind that has stuck.

After leaving the Navy in 2011, Keven took his writing dream more serious and enrolled at Full Sail University to get a degree in Creative Writing for Entertainment.

