

Dead County

Greene County Cut off from everything a small town Ash Grove is where we find ourselves Wandering through the streets.

Day 33: Today I got into ash grove found some gas but the streets are so bad it's hard to even to walk. I found a crashed ambulance some medical kits inside i'm going to go through my bag one more time. Mosin Nagant, Some Cans of various food times 3, MRE, 2 Clips Of 7.62 (for the mosin), Hatchet, Pickaxe, Extra Clothes, Bedroll, GPS Tracker.

While I was looking through my bag i saw a biter down the street I pulled out my Mosin and finished him off not good to leave them alive having seen many lately but it's good to let their souls free. Gonna find a place to sleep i'll write more tomorrow.

Day 34: I ate that MRE for breakfast today so scratch that off the list I found a old grey house to stay in i shoved some furniture downstairs against the door good to know I have a safe place to stay while i'm here, gonna plan where i'm going now and go through the local hardware store. Okay i have a plan where i'm going and hopefully gonna stay for awhile, Serenity valley i have some U-Hauls back in plano i'm gonna tip them over on the road and on the sides were gonna take some fence and block off from side to side half way

Down there is a clearing im gonna do the same thing but not tip them over i will use that as an entrance by putting some wood slabs on the bottom of them i even have a U-Haul Truck if i need it to move stuff.

After writing this down for a time i was headed away back to main street just a little ways down from the library was an empty parking lot with a U-Haul parked out front as i walked around the back i could hear movement inside as i opened the back nothing was even out of place but unexpectedly a short stocky man came down off the roof Kyle Gorskov a pale guy in jeans and a green t-shirt.

“Hey” i said in a friendly manner he replied back with “Hey your back finally i thought that you were a goner” Yeah i slept in an old house last night ate that MRE for breakfast. Checking my watch i said “Probably about lunch time” my watch read 12:01 PM i had no idea it was this late in the afternoon “Yeah i haven't ate yet, toss me a MRE” Said Gorskov nobody called him Kyle anymore just Gorskov easier to remember i guess “alright let's get going your driving” Getting into the back of the truck i picked up a radio from a night stand on my right was a large workbench and on my left was a mini fridge powered by some solar panels bolted to the roof i walked further down there was two beds one just past the workbench and one by a table sitting

on that table was a hot plate and a coffee maker along with some keys and some various bolts and screws on the table near the entrance was a computer under it was a battery for the solar panels i went and closed the back and locked it from the inside calling over the radio i sat down on my bunk nearest to the workbench. "Hey all locked down in here take off. Head down to plano were gonna get some U-Haul's" He replied with a "Got It" as the truck took off I laid down the roof of the truck was lined with christmas lights lighting up the inside slowly looking to the other side of the U-Haul I got up looking back when this all happened 4 Months and all of missouri gone almost no one left

May 1st 2017 I was at college when I heard the first explosion during my first class English As the explosion ecod for miles it seemed everything that day was bleak dark it was rainy that day with a heavy fog after hearing the first set of explosions I went off toward the media center there were already at least 10 already looking up at the large set of televisions as the newscaster reported on the first attack near springfield on the highway soon the police showed up with the biters easily going through their cars and them tearing through several police cars with ease the police had no chance before they could even turn around the biters were on their knees feasting on the newly deceased officers suddenly the TV flickers into a static before switching to an emergency broadcast channel saying on repeat ALL CITIZENS ARE TO GO TO EITHER DESIGNATED SAFE ZONES OR THEIR PERSONAL HOMES LOCKING ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS.

As fast as my legs could carry me I ran to my car out in the parking lot nearby I got lucky that day as soon as I rounded the corner i saw one almost as if I was invisible they ran over to a man honking at the several cars in front of him the first time i saw their scratched and bruised bodys i froze as if i didn't know what to do when the man started screaming i snapped out of it sprinting to my car luckily it was unlocked i hopped in and drove to my apartment not much happened after that the 2nd week evac passed then the 2nd month now coming up on the 6th month almost nobody left.

Checking my watch it was a quarter to dark putting my radio on the charger I turned the lights off and laid back in my bed, as soon as I did it felt like no time had passed at all I woke up

drowsy and tired checking my watch it was 6:47 I looked over to Gorskovs bunk he was laying down still turing the coffee pot on I went to the roof of the U-Haul I guess you could call it a mobile operation center sense it's the only vehicle we take out of an extended period of time looking around I saw nothing but backroad and some trees looks like we're getting close.

Checking the solar panels became a task so boring it became almost routine as if it was like getting up and putting clothes on washing them off with some water and a rag I headed to the front of the truck getting in and turning it on I noticed we barely had any gas left I guess that's why we stopped looking in the back for a gas can I noticed that our solar battery was fully charged at least some good news could come my way today.

“What day is it again sense I started writing this” “I think its um 35th? Yeah 35th”

Just about my 35th day sense I began this journal hopefully this is Diesel fuel Rubbing the gasoline on my fingers it was thick and oily diesel gas lucky a thing that seems fewer and fewer these days. “Hey Gorskov” I yelled toward the back of the truck, There was no response “GORSKOV” I yelled lowder “What” he replied as he stepped out of the truck “let's get going” “do we have any gas?” He replied in a monotone voice “Yeah we had some extra under the workbench only enough to get us there though I think our reserves are still full anyway”

I said in a happier voice hoping to cheer him up a little “Okay i'm driving” still in a tired monotone voice “Okay gives me more time to write in this journal, Before we go, put a shirt on” “Got it” He yelled in the same tone getting in the back of the van I went over to the workbench the cluster of tools all scattered around the table different lug nuts and screws of every size and variation. As if a hoarder had kept them everything the more we have the better we are, we have 3 drill's 1 box of drill bits and a lot of duct tape along with some extra wire.. “Ow” “God Da-” Holding my hand the strand of wires was stripped and I didn't expect it to be plugged in “That was painful Let me” Unplugging the wires with a wire stripper “Hopefully that was not important”. With the truck starting and getting into motion I began messing with some radios taking two radios I wired the battery's together making essentially a C4 Charge with one I could lure Them in and the other is the explosive one. Turning them off I set them on the workbench “Sweet tinkering with new stuff always pays off” going to my bunk I got an old Ammunition

Box out and reloaded my Mosin “This thing need some work done” Scratches and dents all along the old wood of the rifle made it look as old as time itself taking some sandpaper I took some of the smaller scratches out of the old rifle but the large deep ones. I would have had to replace the entire stock and we don’t have the stuff to do it at the time.

With the truck screeching to a halt I opened the back I thought we were getting attacked or we ran out of gas again but it turns out we were there.

We were closer than I had thought. Pulling up to the large church on a hill I rolled the metal shutter closed and walked to the front gate and waited until Kyle parked the truck, as he walked up he started going through his keyring with at least 30 keys on it all to various cars and trucks we had acquired.

Walking into the big main room to my left was our workshop with several shelves filled with some various parts from guns,cars,and anything else we could find and take apart.To the left was a small area where some Pew’s used to be, we still haven’t found what to do with that space.

Walking forward was where the pastor used to speak on an elevated space with a podium behind it was a sink running water and electricity was a rare occurrence now. To the left and right by the elevated platform was two rooms separated by a hallway leading outside Kyle went to the left into his and I went right into mine.

My room was messy and looked like a place a hoarder looking for more audio and broadcasting systems than the U.S Government to the right was a large desk with some police radios charging on it along with a lot of broadcasting equipment. Not only to talk but also to hear people without being detected from signal boosters to basic 2 way radios most things were still intact but scattered everywhere to the left was some shelving with mre’s on it and wiring stuff. Behind it facing the hallway door was my bed not the most comfortable but at least it worked.

Going over to my desk I sat down putting my radio on it’s charging station, and began tinkering with the police radio’s all the channels and channel codes were still the same so I didn’t want to use them anyone could find a police car and grab the radio out of it to hear us they all work on the same or similar frequencies so hopefully I can change that.

Pulling my laptop out of a bag under my desk and putting on my desk I realized it was out of charge. “Ahh power needs to be turned on” making my way to the front room I went out the

front doors of the church when I realized that we were surrounded it must have been the sound of the truck racing inside I went for my backpack soon after I heard one of them scream you must have been able to hear it for miles it was like a rally call to war that's when I heard the rumbling as soon as i got to the clock tower I could see one towering above the hundreds of other Biters. A Behemoth it was as big as a semi-truck and hit like a brick wall with no effort it broke through the front gate my heart racing it was almost impossible to get a clear shot taking several attempts at it's head I missed every single one going through my backpack I got my emergency radio out and called Kyle "Kyle Kyle! Siege Behemoth broke through the front gate" after about 30 second of silence He called back "What the hell" I reached over the ledge talking into the small radio "A behemoth! Go go get out of here go to the regrouping point and wait for me if you hear something explode leave without me I won't be coming back" "okay okay im taking th- oh" a short pause followed, he replied in a worried hurred voice "The truck the U-haul it's gone" saying away from the radio "what the" and shortly replying back with "this was not a random attack this was sabatoge". "Someone knew we were here!" Reaching into my pocket I pulled out a Satt-Phone the behemoth stumbling around broke through the front of the church. Sliding down the ladder used to get up and down I went to the small overhang looking around I got my Bug-Out-Bag and my extra gun a Beretta along with the holster. Rushing down the ladder and running into my room I got my Police radios and some extra equipment running out the back and into the cellar I braced the door exhausted I went through our emergency tunnel it was dug some of the way out looking like it was to be expanded but never had concrete poured into it running down the long stretch on tunnel with roots and pipes coming through the walls I went to the other entrance into a small house the basement was connected into our tunnel taking the satt radio and turning it to channel 273.23 I ran upstairs and outside diving into a nearby car and ducking down I hit the call button a large blast from the church covered the behemoth in rubble and the nearby area in dust and debris the car shaking I took my Police Radio and called Kyle "Hello, Hello!" "Hello I'm guessing that is the church" Kyle said in a defeated voice "was the church im at the grey house in the backup car I will meet you at" I replied before being cut off "Come to me i'm near the self storage I will meet you there in Unit 2 on the right" "I will try lets hope they are all or mostly of them are dead" stepping out of the car and looking at the burning wreckage I started

toward the highway before I even stepped on the road I heard what sounds like a truck a loud one too waiting behind a burnt truck and propping up my rifle I glanced through my rifle scope to see it was a Hummer a military variant with what looks like a .50 Cal on top speeding toward the burning wreckage of the church.

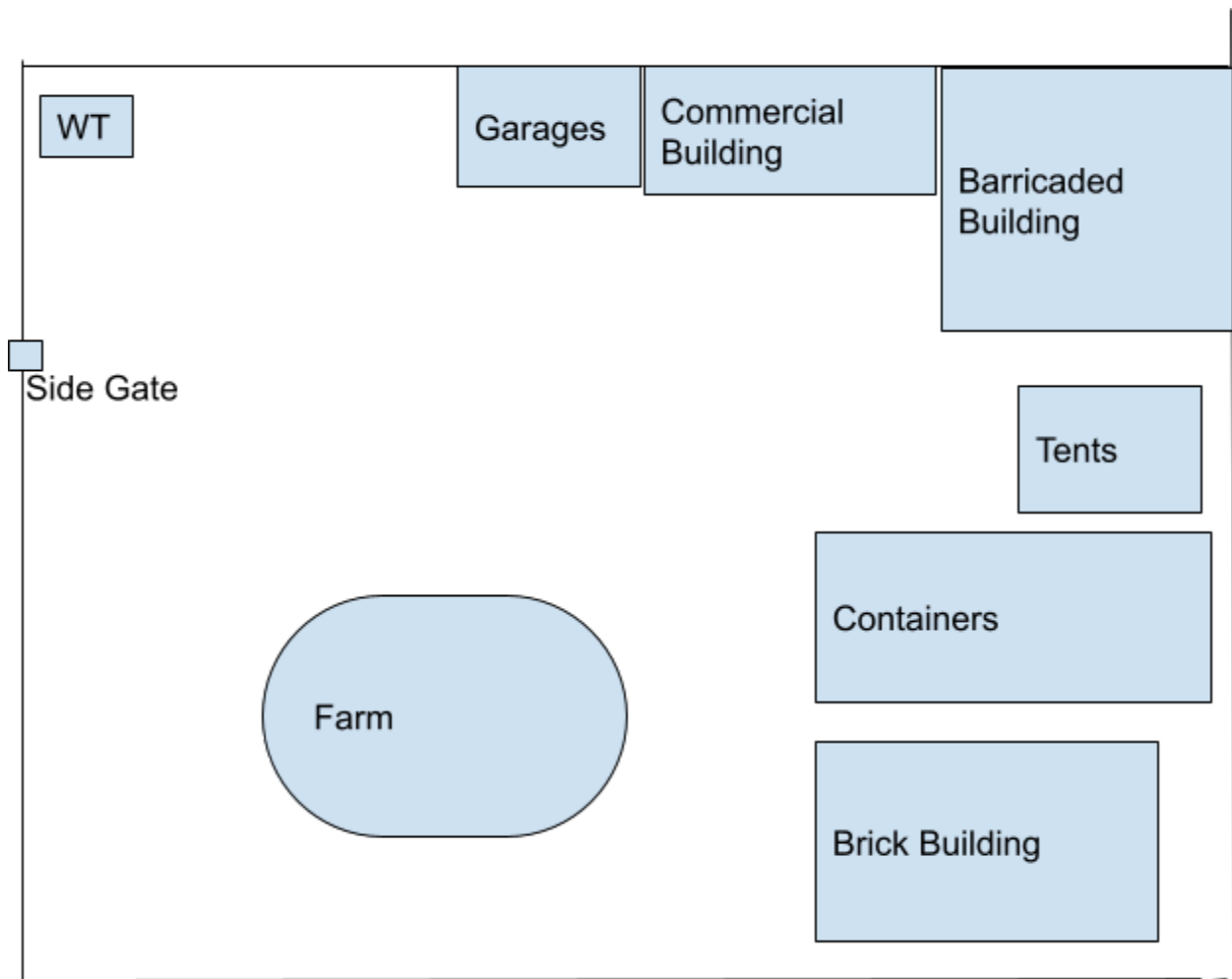
When they noticed me they were about 35 feet from me crawling along the truck stopped and someone on top popped out onto the turret as I ducked he replied down to the person driving "It ducked down pull forward" peeking over the barrier I shoved my arms into the air yelling "I'm not Turned Im okay im putting my gun over my shoulder I will not draw it" slowly standing up I saw the hummer in a green old camo with several emblems "Hey it's fine you can put your hands down" replied the tall blonde soldier in the humvee getting into the truck the gunner fell back into his seat reaching into my bag I pulled my radio out but before I could say anything the driver leaned back saying "that was a nasty scene some kind of C4 we heard that for miles your lucky that we showed up when we did someone who wasn't so friendly could have picked you up lots a slavers come through here almost the only way to get large stuff done now, gruesome stuff" calling over the small radio I called Kyle "Gor-, Kyle I got some help from some army guys im on the way" Replying back to me in seconds "Thank god you're on the way I think some mallers are pulling up I only have about 12 round left and they out number me 4 to one" putting my radio down and talking to the driver these next events are hazy to me guiding them to Kyles location at the Self storage a short firefight ensued without being able to help Kyle much the mallers where set in a good position can't shoot them or we might hit Kyle can't move because they will pin Kyle with options running out I got my mosion and loaded the last of my ammo 7 round's 4 mallers 4 of us having the gunner cover us I moved into the parking lot and to a nearby car ducking in cover behind it some old paper and leaves littered the ground nearby taking aim hardly peeking out of cover I managed to pick one off feeling desperate one of them rushed kyle but was soon dispatched by the .50 cal on the humvee the last 2's options running out quickly they threw a frag grenade over their car in a last ditch effort hearing a large metal object come crashing to the ground near me almost stopped my heart picking it up I threw it back toward them and yelling "Kyle Run!" it landed on the front windshield of the mallers vehicle, exploding it pushed the car several feet into the air landing back onto the ground and exploding launching

shrapnel in all directions without noticing the now bleeding wound on my lower thigh I ran towards kyles location in the self storage unit 2 he was ducking behind a large storage box pulling him to his feet I helped him back into the hummers back seat getting in I noticed I was bleeding taking off down the road in the recent firefight we attracted a couple of biters with the .50 cal making them roadkill kyle helped stich my leg back together after bandaging it up I leaned back not long after falling asleep from the sharp pain in my leg and the hours I had been asleep not that the adrenaline dump after the church and the maller attack this far West something was wrong someone ratted on us.

About a day later i found myself waking up on a cot in what looks like an infirmary I have no idea who laid me down here but my wounds have had some time to heal my stitches have been removed sitting up I noticed the IV in my arm inspecting the IV stand it was a saline bag made to help with the healing of any wounds. Soon after the man who was driving me entered the room he was normal height, tan and spoke with a spanish tone almost like he was born in mexico and brought here. "You're finally awake, you been out for almost 24 hours now didn't know if you were gonna make it" Said the man before handing me a backpack and unhooking my IV "Hey im Saul 346 out of LA" He said in a pleased voice "LA? Is it safe there ar-" I said before being cut off "No LA is not safe and we left for a good reason lots of what we call Smart Ones" He cut me off saying in a depressed tone "Smart ones? Like smart biters, thats scary stuff I, I guess I see why you left LA"

Checking his watch He looked at me "hey, it's 2:46 Unless you wanna take guard shift you might wanna head back, to sleep" I shortly replied to him "Yeah i'll take shift just gimme my gun and some ammo, I don't think I will be able to get back to sleep" Looking around he went over to a nearby crate and grabbed my rifle "Here there is some food up there too, I think there is some 7.62 in the post we have a lotta, of that"

Walking outside the small brick building there was two large dock containers in front of me to the right was a tall concrete wall topped with barbed wire with white and yellow tab's every so often taking to my left there was a concrete wall with the same barbed wire on it going 10 feet or so and taking a right around the containers walking past them there was an entire park section lit up by small fires in barrels and campfires it was small only about 1^{1/2} bus lengths long the wall was entirely handbuilt and strong on the left side of the compound was a tall watchtower



Roughly what it looked like is whats above

The small farm grew some carrots and potatoes the commercial building's back entrance is the only way in walking up into the watchtower and taking the 7.62 ammo about 6 clips worth loading the clips I looked around we were in downtown springfield the park was big we only

took up about 20% of it the walls were at least 10 ft tall and the barbed wire was hooked up to a electric fence box making it deadly to touch the entire camp had power and water there were several lights around making a dim light around the camp along with tall light poles looking down over the walls glancing into the darkness there was nothing around no movement no planes no cars it had seemed like the first time I had the chance to stop and look around it was dark apart from the lights at the camp I couldn't see 20 feet in front of me there was cars wrecked on the road flipped cars piled up intersections and crowded highways the panic from people trying to leave the city it ended up killing them looking around with my binoculars there were no biters in sight being so late I guessed that they are asleep I remember when we first found out they slept near the state sheriff station there were 4 on the roof passed out kyle stabbed one with his knife and shot the other one shooting both and moving back downstairs it was pitch black the only the light in the building was my flashlight I tried to break into the armoury with bobby pins and a screwdriver shaking my head toward a rustle I blinked out of my memory a biter was sneaking around the wall slouching down I took my hatchet and threw it as a tomahawk piercing the skull of the biter dropping it immediately

Taking patrol around the camp I neared the old building I realized it was a auto repair shop with large garage doors on both sides on the inside was a massive hummer with a .50 Cal mounted on top along with a old M1 Abrams it barely fit into the garage the barrel was held up by a makeshift mount sitting on the front of the tank.

It was the biggest thing i've ever seen the armor was hard and the armour was about a meter thick and had several guns stored in crated put into small bags attached to the back of the turret the gas tank cap was open and had a hose shoved into it leading into a jerry can leaving the building I walked to the several military tents they were large and grey camo on the several cots there was kyle and the other man with military fatigues still on as I left I bumped into Saul "Hey watch out man I got important shit here" To which I replied "alright sorry" "agh it's fine hey let me drop this off I got something to show you" following Saul closely he dropped off a duffle bag at the tents "Alright listen we have been watching you for awhile you're a damn experienced mechanic that truck was Bad-ass" Responding with haste "Wait so your the one who called the big one you took the truck!" Saul replied in a almost angry voice "No and no but yes we know

who took it” following Saul into the commercial building it smelled like death the slight scent of bleach and other cleaning materials covered the air but made almost more different the new aura of smells made me dizzy as if i had just run into a wall there were several medical beds lined along the walls the front entrance was entirely barred and boarded up the door was solid metal about 1^{1/2} inches thick and the walls were brick it must have taken them months to reinforce it to this degree heading around a wall and up a flight of stairs upstairs it smelled slightly better the scent of bleach overwhelmed the air and as we went through a door the loft upstairs had been turned into a apartment sitting down at a desk cluttered with various journals and papers he sighed and began to explain “so about ugh, 2 months ago we started watching you when you moved in it was painfully obvious you were staying there constant movement and always getting back around the same time well we knew the mallers were watching too that's why the big one and the horde showed up they used bottles of Something don't know what yet smelled like a gym locker room though there were a lot of them Like a hundred. ” He chuckled a bit after saying this reaching down he started going through journals notes and various papers. On his desk was journals of survivors a couple drenched in blood and other bodily fluids dried with time Standing there I replied “well I knew that but how, what were in those bottles it, it makes no sense.” Saul opened a journal and began reading it “well I don't know hey go get some sleep You'll need it for tomorrow”

Walking out of his office I said “alright goodnight hang in there” heading toward the tents I walked inside and took a bed next to Kyle as soon as my head hit the pillow I was just out

Waking up in the morning after staying up till about 3:00 am I leaned over and fell out of bed getting up I checked my watch 12:38 pm Lunch time well breakfast for me heading towards the container entrances the door was open and I Heard Kyle and Saul Talking inside walking in the container walls were cut out making a large liveable area with a kitchen a couple tables and a tv set mounted to the thin walls it was surprisingly warm walking into the second container in almost tripped on the bottom piece of the floor where to two meet into the next container was a small kitchen where Saul was cooking pancakes he turned and said “Hey you want some breakfast I got a whole plate of pancakes with your name on them”

I turned to reply as he handed me a plate of pancakes stacked about 5-6 on top of each other walking to sit down I made a seat next to Kyle the next couple of hours were a blur in my memory not much happened we ate and me and Saul met in the workshop from here is where my memory starts to catch up again.

Loud banging and welding noises filled the room with almost impenetrable noise with the noise stopping for a moment and starting back up again this went on for what felt like hours with both me and Saul doing tidy work on various vehicles welding and patching holes in metal panels and fixing various issues

About an hour later Saul and I were finally finished the Humvee had a new bumper and reinforced caging to bolster the exterior with thick metal bars the windows had metal shutters over them and the front windshield was changed to a thicker bulletproof window the tank was still in pieces but the turret had been fixed and it can now move the engine's hydrolocked though so it can fire but without moving it's virtually useless to us. Moving on it was about 12:00 when we all met it was a 2 story brick building the windows were boarded up and the door had furniture and boards shoved and nailed against it we all sat around a large metal table with a map of Missouri and a Greene County map also strewn papers were almost thrown about the all sorts of information on the mallers the biters pretty much anything you could think of we sat and discussed for about 10 minutes when we finally came to an agreement on who and what went on tomorrow's scavenging mission we agreed Me and Saul would take the hybrid we found it wasn't big but it served its purpose it was silent anything or anybody would have a hard time tracking us anywhere we go

After the meeting me and Saul met out at the garage again the uneventful day left me tired and bruised from the vehicles worked on hours prior Saul went into detail and we started organizing tasks for the garage it was good we went on the mission tomorrow we know what we need and if we think of something else we can get it while we're out in the field the whiteboard in the garage was filled with ideas and needs for the tank and the hybrid but that was a worry for another day heading to the bunks it was once again 12:00 am taking off my boots and laying down Kyle was

already asleep snoring everyone else but me had been asleep for about 25 minutes with the bunks so close together you could almost hear someone breathe laying next to you.

In the morning it was the same routine today we just had some cereal for breakfast it used to be what should I eat, now it's what's left to eat heading to the garage me and saul worked on the hybrid more tinting its windows adding metal plates to the sides and windows.

It was around 10:35 when we left planning out we headed to the sheriff station there were police cars destroyed and burned for blocks around the station fire trucks lie and ruin torn apart some even burned a whole city block was burnt down only ashes and bricks of foundations lay in place still we saw almost no biters the whole trip getting into the police station was easy but some of the more important rooms were electronically locked "Hey saul hand me that, drill with the 8^{1/2} bit"

Saul walking tools over to me as I tried effortlessly to get the door unlocked. I was getting frustrated throwing a wrench into a door and walking outside saul caught up to me "Hey hey hey man chill alright look you look around the station for keys or a keycard I'll try the lock" taking a pause he looked back at the door "Man you really dented that thing, I wonder" as if lost in thought he ran out to the hybrid running past me and over to the door he took a large pickaxe and swung it at the door