

The background of the cover is a painting of a two-lane road with yellow dashed lines, curving through a dense green forest. The sky is a mix of blue and purple hues with soft white clouds. The overall style is painterly and atmospheric.

The Walking Dead: As Blood Dries Book One

Zee Everett

Table of Contents

Introduction ~~~~~	Page 2
Prologue ~~~~~	Page 3
Chapter 1: Sing Sorrowful Songs ~~~~~	Page 12
Chapter 2: Our Silent Cries ~~~~~	Page 13
Chapter 3: When Paths Cross ~~~~~	Page 14
Chapter 4: River Runs Red ~~~~~	Page 15
Chapter 5: Through The Dark ~~~~~	Page 16
Chapter 6: The Weak Point ~~~~~	Page 17
Chapter 7: At One's End ~~~~~	Page 18
Chapter 8: Nowhere To Go ~~~~~	Page 19
Chapter 9: Left All Alone ~~~~~	Page 20
Chapter 10: One Step Behind ~~~~~	Page 21
Chapter 11: Big Bend State ~~~~~	Page 22
Chapter 12: The Deal Keepers ~~~~~	Page 23
Chapter 13: Remnants of Howe's ~~~~~	Page 24
Chapter 14: For His Memory ~~~~~	Page 25
Chapter 15: Following Death's Trail ~~~~~	Page 26
Chapter 16: Blood On Ice ~~~~~	Page 27
Epilogue ~~~~~	Page 28
Character Color Index ~~~~~	Page 29
Credits ~~~~~	Page 30
Sources ~~~~~	Page 31

Introduction

The following is an introduction note by Zee Everett;

Hello and welcome to *“The Walking Dead: As Blood Dries - Book One”*! Don’t know what that is? Don’t worry, *“The Walking Dead: As Blood Dries”* (ABD for short) is a 2020 fanfiction series written by Zee Everett, set in the Comic Universe of *“The Walking Dead”* by Robert Kirkman, Tony Moore, and Charlie Adlard. The story serves as a continuation of Telltale Games’ *“The Walking Dead: The Telltale Series”* and is built to fit into the known canon of said series; however, certain elements may be altered (such as Tavia’s death) to benefit the story.

You are currently reading the BOOK version of *“The Walking Dead: As Blood Dries”*. Before this, there was the original REDDIT version that started on July 21st, 2020, and was canceled sometime after July 21st, 2021, due to writer’s block, a desire to start anew, and *“Fear the Walking Dead”* stealing my cult storyline. The desire to start anew was attempted with the REMASTERED version of ABD, but due to some personal life stuff, it was sadly short-lived. This will be my final attempt to bring the full ABD story out into the public and not be stuck in my head for nearly half a decade.

Unlike the original REDDIT version and similar to the REMASTERED version, the BOOK version no longer features in-story choices. Everything is pre-determined; however, most of the original choices still serve as a major backbone of the story format.

Each chapter of *“The Walking Dead: As Blood Dries”* is released individually. Chapters are written separately and are added to this book when released, preventing document bloat on your end and on mine. Unfortunately, chapters do not have a set release schedule; however, chapter release dates are under chapter titles and are added when close to release. Word counts are also displayed there. When chapters are released, I will post about them on [r/TWDGFFanFic](#). You can read more information about ABD on [Afictionado Athenaeum](#) (Coming Soon!).

At the end of this book, there are pages that credit Reddit/Wiki based characters and any sources that helped me in any way on this 5+ year journey. There’s also a Character Color Index if you need help remembering who is who! If you have any questions or suggestions, please DM me! Please DO NOT SHARE, COPY, OR REPOST this book or anything related to it without crediting me! Theft ain’t cool.

Now let’s not waste any more time! Please enjoy!

Sincerely, Zee Everett

Prologue

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The wind gently blew across the shrubs, bushes, and grass that lined along an old abandoned North Carolina highway. The forest surrounding the highway echoed the sounds of birds chirping and branches swaying in the wind. The first sign that something was amiss on this road was the sound of the birds ceasing their chirps. The second sign came quickly after when a bunch of said birds took off into the sky, alerted by something. From the old highway, a normal person wouldn't be able to tell what was going on. It was almost strangely silent.

As the birds flew further into the distance, a young, weak-looking squirrel burst out of a bush that lined the highway. It tumbled down to the pavement, quickly regaining its footing before restarting its sprint to the other side of the highway. It crossed the median and reached the shrubs on the other side. It tried to climb the small bump up into the vegetation, but its weakened, skinny body had wasted all its energy. The squirrel attempted again, but was unsuccessful. It stopped for a moment and looked around. Not only that, it was listening. It heard nothing. Whatever it was running from must be gone. The squirrel turned its head back towards the bump and moved slightly towards it when suddenly...

SHWUMP! An arrow suddenly lodged itself brutally into the squirrel's back and through its neck. The force of the arrow launched the squirrel's body into the pavement. The wooden tip of the arrow shattered into several pieces that lodged into the ground and the squirrel's head when the arrow tip came into contact with the asphalt. Blood poured out onto the pavement and slowly trickled down the road to the south, seeping into any cracks or crevices it came into contact with. The squirrel's corpse twitched only for a few seconds and then went still. On the other side of the street, the bushes and shrubs shook as a figure emerged from the vegetation. It was a young man, roughly in his mid-20s. His dirty blonde hair was covered in dirt and grime. The same could be said about his medium-sized beard, which looked very unkept. His hair and beard blew in the wind as he looked around the highway. In his hand lay an old wooden bow with the initials "**B.G.**" carved into it. He was the one who hunted down and killed the squirrel, not out of the thrill of the hunt or anything like that. He did it out of necessity, for his own survival. His name is **Samuel Gorey**.

Samuel approached the median and carefully stepped over the overgrown patches of weeds and grass, approaching the deceased squirrel. Right now, Samuel is wearing old, tattered clothing covered in dirt, blood, and God knows what else. He wears a blue and red plaid button-up with an unzipped, beaten brown leather jacket, an old brown belt supporting faded, patched-up blue jeans. Samuel stopped next to the squirrel's body and began inspecting it. His dark green eyes quickly looked over everything. Samuel grabbed the shaft of the arrow and turned the squirrel around to discuss his broken arrow. He sighed at the sight of it. "***Figures...***" he mutters to himself.

Samuel pulled the arrow shaft out of the squirrel's body, squirting a little bit more blood onto the highway. Samuel looked down at the ground, noticing the blood slowly seeping its way down the highway, which he was directly standing in. Samuel walked back to the median and rubbed his old brown

boots on the weed patches, leaving smears of squirrel blood behind. Before crossing the rest of the highway, Samuel swung his bow around his shoulder and absent-mindedly shoved his broken arrow into the makeshift quiver made of stitched-together fabrics on his back. Holding the dead squirrel by the tail, Samuel started back the way he came, but stopped when he noticed a rusty metal pole holding something hanging above the road. It was an old street sign. It was rusted and overgrown with vines, but some of the text was still legible. Samuel read it briefly. Only one word stood out to him.

CHARLOTTE

Samuel quickly looked away and closed his eyes. He took a deep breath and shook his head as he began moving forward again. He didn't want to read the rest of the sign, even if anything else on it was legible. Samuel stepped back up into the vegetation and made his way deeper into the surrounding woods. Back on the highway, the blood slowly trickling down the highway came to a slow stop. The bright and intense heat of the North Carolina sun beat down on the blood as it began to dry out.

As the blood dried, Samuel walked further into the woods. The midday North Carolina sun beat down on Samuel as well, so he tried to remain in the shade of the trees whenever possible. The towering timbers weren't always as helpful. It's easy to get lost within these woods. Lucky enough for Samuel, though, he's practically spent the last two years within these woods. He rarely gets lost anymore. As he walked, Samuel listened to the environment around him. The birds had returned to the trees for the most part, now that Samuel was no longer chasing a goddamn squirrel for food. He'd try and shoot for a bird if he could, but they often fly away so fast that it's not really worth the effort or the risk of losing an arrow to the top of a tree. So Samuel let the birds chirp their happy little lives away in the canopy of the forest. If only Samuel had it as easy as a bird, he had to be vigilant pretty much 24/7. Why? Because Samuel wasn't alone in these woods... and he wasn't the only thing out here that knew how to kill.

But for now, it seems like the coast was clear for the time being. Samuel didn't hear anything else aside from the occasional echo of timber cracking and the branches bellowing. Samuel continued on to his destination. He didn't have to walk for much longer; his campsite deep within the woods showed itself in the distance. Samuel entered his camp, stepping over a strung-up tin can alarm that surrounded his campsite. Samuel laid the slain squirrel down on a log stump and rested his bow against an old dying spruce tree. He then approached his campfire and began trying to light it. After a couple of minutes, a fire was sparked and started to grow. Samuel quickly grabbed a couple of twigs and logs and threw them into the fire to support it. As the fire crackled on, Samuel unsheathed a knife from his black belt and knelt next to the stump with the squirrel on it. *"Okay... let's do this..."* Samuel mutters to himself. He's only butchered a squirrel a few times before, and it's not something he particularly likes to do much, but sometimes life doesn't give you a choice.

Samuel takes his knife and makes a small cut into the back of the squirrel's tail near its rear end. The process of cleaning the squirrel and getting ready to cook certainly wasn't the prettiest, but it's something Samuel had to learn out here. After making sure that the tail bone had been cut through but the remaining tail skin was still intact, Samuel continued making small cuts into the squirrel's back, starting at the tail and ending near its legs. Occasionally, Samuel had to wipe a little bit of blood and fur off his

knife by swiping it across the log stump. After cutting down to the thighs, Samuel made sure the flap of skin was ready for the next part of the process.

Samuel picked up the squirrel and lowered it down to the grassy ground, where he grabbed onto its hind legs. Positioning one of his old brown boots down onto the flap of skin he'd just cut, Samuel pulled the creature upwards. With its skin pinned to the ground, the rest of the squirrel's skin could not hold on to the meat as it was yanked upwards, separating the skin and meat. Samuel had practically turned the squirrel inside out within seconds. The skin got caught like a tight T-shirt around the squirrel's head and wrists. Pulling the elbows further out, Samuel cut the squirrel's wrists off in a couple of quick cuts. Samuel then set the squirrel back down on the log and took a step back. He'd often made mistakes at this part, so he had to be careful with it.

“Legs first, Sam... Legs first...” Samuel told himself. The urge to just chop off the head first was there, of course, but it wasn't the next step in the process. Samuel took the knife back towards the legs and started skinning the section of belly that still remained. Lifting the squirrel up by its legs again, Samuel pulled the remaining skin off of the belly and legs until it got caught by the feet like it did with the wrists. Cutting off the feet, he chucks the worthless skin into the fire to dispose of it. Now it was time for the head. He laid the squirrel back down for one final time and quickly took his knife to the squirrel's neck. In a couple of quick chops, he decapitated the squirrel. Samuel looked around his camp for a moment and picked up a charred piece of rebar that he had used for cooking before.

Samuel approached the skinned squirrel. *“Sorry, little guy, for all this...”* he said to his meal. He was genuinely sorry for it. Samuel loved animals, but in this world, you gotta do what you gotta do. Samuel took the rebar and impaled the squirrel through the butt and into the neck. It's cooking time. Samuel placed the squirrel above the fire and began cooking it. He sat down and watched as it cooked. After a moment, Samuel tilted the rebar to help even out the cooking. For the next couple of minutes, he repeated this process.

Samuel sat back down and watched as it cooked. He was hungry, and he knew this wouldn't be enough to fill him up. But it was better than having nothing.

SNAP! The sound of a twig snapping alerted Samuel. He wasn't alone. Samuel quickly stood up and looked around.

SNAP! The sound was coming from behind him, and it was getting closer. The sounds slowly approached Samuel as he pulled out his knife. *“Who's there?!”* Samuel yelled out. He didn't really need to ask; he knew what was there. He could smell the rotting skin even before the rotting husk of a human corpse revealed itself from behind the trees. It moaned and growled as it slowly approached Samuel. Its face was torn to shreds, its left eye just barely dangled outside of its cracked eye socket. The site was truly disgusting, but Samuel was used to it by now.

The husk approached the wired-up tin cans and tripped over them, landing in dirt face-first. The tin cans chimed and clanked together before the wire snapped, sending the section of wire to the ground. *“C'mon!”* Samuel yelled as he quickly took the knife down into the husk's head, killing it instantly.

These things, these husks of people, they're why Samuel is in the woods all alone. The world we knew, well, it's just like the husks -- It's dead.

Two years ago, the world as we knew it fell to a pandemic, a virus that killed people and hijacked their corpses, bringing them back as undead husks of their former selves with only one goal -- to eat and feed. On what? Anything. Squirrels, cats, dogs, birds, pretty much anything alive, any animal, including humans. Now, Samuel wasn't sure completely, but he believed that they target humans above everything else, especially over tiny animals. Samuel personally likes to call them **Walkers**. He's heard other names, but this one has been his go-to most of the time. One walker by itself isn't very dangerous, but a pack of them could turn deadly fast. Luckily for Samuel, it seemed like this was the only one. Or so he thought. Samuel pulled the knife out of the walker's head and turned around to find another walker lunging at him. *"Shit!"* Samuel hadn't heard this one; he was too distracted by the other walker. It had even stepped over his cans without triggering them. It had gotten lucky, but, unlucky for it, Samuel moved quicker.

Samuel quickly ducked out of the way. The walker fell to the ground and quickly attempted to get back up, but only found a knife in the back of its head, courtesy of Samuel.

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP! More twigs behind Samuel snapped. Samuel pulled his knife out and looked behind him to see three more walkers approaching his camp. *"Goddamn it!"* he yelled. Samuel quickly ran over to his bow and grabbed it as the walkers tripped the tin can wire on that side. Samuel pulled out an arrow from his quiver and shot the first walker through the left eye. It dropped to the ground dead. The other two walkers approached Samuel as he pulled another arrow out of his quiver. Drawing the string back, Samuel readied himself to shoot, but before he did, he noticed the arrow he had grabbed from the quiver. It was the broken arrow that he had absent-mindedly thrown into his quiver earlier; he had forgotten about it. Samuel quickly threw the broken arrow to the ground and tried pulling out another -- but it was too late. One of the walkers lunged at Samuel, who quickly dropped his bow to the ground so he could brace himself for the grappling hands of the undead.

It grabs him, trying to sink its nasty, yellow teeth into Samuel's neck. The other walker is nearing Samuel as he struggles to hold off his current undead attacker. If he doesn't do something fast, he'll be the thing being eaten instead of the squirrel. With all his strength, Samuel pushed the walker off of him. It stumbled backwards and tripped over the edge of the campfire, landing back-first into the campfire, knocking the squirrel down into the fire with it. *"Fuck!"* Samuel yelled as he charged towards the standing walker, sinking his knife deep into its forehead. Samuel followed the corpse to the ground as he struggled to pull the knife out. The walker in the fire slowly stood up as Samuel pulled the knife out. He looked back at the flaming walker. This was a first for Samuel. He had killed many walkers, but a flaming walker was something he hadn't come across.

The flames burned the walker, but it didn't hurt it. Walkers can't feel pain. They can be stabbed, sliced, shot, and all that, and they wouldn't feel a damn thing. The only way to take down a walker permanently is to destroy the brain. That's why Samuel has been targeting the heads. If you want to live, you have to target the heads.

Samuel readied himself once again as the flaming walker approached once more. Trying to stab it might result in burns on his hand, something Samuel definitely didn't want. Samuel had a different plan for this burning sack of shit. As it neared him, Samuel kicked its right leg in, toppling the walker to the ground. Before it could get up again, Samuel raised his foot above the walker's head and stomped down with force. Repeatedly.

SMMACH! SMUSH! PLATT! Samuel continued to stomp down on the walker's head until it was nothing but a smush. He continued to stomp on the rest of the walker's body until he put the fire out. Once it was out, Samuel quickly ran over to his fire and grabbed the end of the rebar sticking out of the fire. Pulling it out, Samuel inspected the squirrel -- it was severely burnt but still edible. He double checked, of course, if that walker's skin had come into contact with the food, it'd be a nightmare. Thankfully, it didn't look like it did. Samuel sighed deeply, then fixed his campfire.

Removing the squirrel from the rebar, Samuel placed it down on the log and began ripping it apart. Samuel eats the fried squirrel down to the bones, although he leaves the legs for later. Still, he couldn't guarantee that he could catch anything tomorrow. Samuel puts the legs in an old ziplock bag and places it in a cooler inside his tent. Leaving food outside was an invitation to get robbed by roaming survivors. Not that there were many survivors out here in the first place. But Samuel has had a couple of bad interactions with survivors, mainly folks trying to steal from him. However, he's come across good folks too, folks who like to share supplies and survival tips. Many are often in large groups or hunters for said groups. Samuel has gotten a couple of invitations to join larger groups when he's encountered them, but Samuel chooses to keep to himself. It's safer alone, or at least that's what he tells himself. But he knows that isn't true. It's just a lie he tells himself...

After dragging the rotting corpses far outside of his campsite, Samuel goes around his entire campsite, checking and repairing the tin can wire. The sun slowly starts setting as deep dark clouds block up the sky. It's about to rain. Samuel notices the changing weather. **"Just great..."** Samuel blurts. He hated sleeping in the rain. Samuel quickly works on his tin can wires; he wants to get them done before the rain starts. He gets to the last broken string of wire and picks up the first can that rolled away. He goes to put it back on the wire when suddenly...

BANG!!! A gunshot rings out. Samuel quickly drops his body to the ground, unsure if he was being fired upon. **"Shit..."** Samuel mutters. After a moment, no gunshots continued. Samuel looks around. The gunshot sounded like it came from far away. It probably wasn't something he had to worry about. Probably. Samuel turned around and picked the can back up just as it started to dribble. Samuel starts working quickly and repairs the wire before retreating into his tent. Samuel wipes his dirty blonde hair down and dries it off with his blanket. Tossing it aside, he leaned back and watched as the rain fell on the other side of his tent.

It's going to be a long night...

ELSEWHERE WITHIN THE WOODS

A trail of blood coated the grass, shrubs, and twigs deep within the woods. A young woman walked on the trail of blood; she did not care about getting wet blood on her dark black sneakers. In her hand lay a smoking pistol, still hot from having been recently fired. As she walked along the trail of blood, the wind blew into her face. Despite her brown hair being tied up in a bun, her loose hair still managed to get into her face. Pushing the hair out of her face, she spotted the trail heading into a clearing in front of her.

Approaching the clearing, the woman tapped on a tree with her pistol and listened for any undead. She listened for a moment, but nothing made any noise. The coast seemed clear, so the young woman entered the clearing. In the middle of it lay the source of the blood she was following. It was some sort of creature that she had shot for food. She believed it to be a weasel of some sort, but wasn't completely sure. Blood poured onto the grass from the weasel's bullet wound on its back as the poor creature twitched and wiggled on the ground. Soon, it went still. The young woman approached it and kicked it to make sure it was dead. *"Are you dead yet?... Good..."* she says to herself.

The young woman's name is **Christa**. She knelt next to the weasel as she checked it over. Her brown eyes quickly looked over the weasel's body. She'd dealt with finding bites from the undead on her food before. Suddenly, a drop of water hit the top of Christa's forehead. Christa looked up; past the winding tree branches and leaves, she could see the sky above. The clouds had gotten darker since the last time she'd seen them. The rain has reached her. *"Damn it!"* Christa yells, picking the weasel up by its tail and standing up.

Christa ran towards the exit of the clearing, seeking to find some sort of cover from the rain. Despite her best efforts, she didn't reach anything in time. The trees' leaves and twigs made a horrible attempt to block the rain out, and within a minute, the storm got heavier, leaving Christa soaked. All of her clothing was drenched; her brown jacket and dirty blue jeans were completely soaked, and the white T-shirt underneath her jacket was not untouched either, as Christa felt the wet cloth sticking to her skin. As she leaned against a tree, Christa tied the weasel to her black leather belt, which she tucked away under her jacket. Before she left, Christa lifted up her jacket's hood and left her ineffective cover. It didn't do much to help, but it was better than nothing. Christa starts walking away from the clearing when a voice suddenly shouts out for her.

"Christa?! Christa, where are you?!" It was the voice of a young girl. Christa knew the voice well. A young girl quickly came into view further up ahead. Christa spotted her before the girl spotted Christa. They started walking towards each other. The young girl's name is **Clementine**, often called Clem by her companions. Like Christa, Clementine's clothing was soaked as well from the rain; her purple shirts, both a short-sleeve and a long-sleeve one, were dripping wet already. Her blue jeans looked a little bit more dry, but her black shoes were covered in mud.

Clementine's face was protected from the rain by a hat that she wore nonstop, regardless of the weather or if she was sleeping. It was a gift from her late father, Ed, or so she told herself. In reality, she was only borrowing it while he was away on a trip with Clementine's mother, Diane, but the world fell before they never returned. They died early on; Clementine never saw them alive again. The hat was of Ed's favorite baseball team. Adorned in the middle of the hat was the letter **"D"** in a dark blue font.

Around the “D” was a large section of white fabric that had an old, dried blood stain on the bottom left corner of the hat. The rest of the hat was the same dark blue color as the “D”.

Despite the protection from the hat, the rain slowly fell down it and into Clem’s dark brown hair, which was tied up into a bun on her left side by a pink hairtie. Christa stopped and glared at Clem. *“There you are!”* Clem blurts out as she reached Christa. *“Clementine?! I thought I told you to stay put?!”* Christa chastised the girl. *“I heard a gunshot! I--”* Clementine tried to speak. *“I was hunting, Clem... I told you that!”* Christa remarks. *“No, you didn’t...”* Clem quickly snapped back at her. *“Ugh! Whatever, I’m not arguing in the rain over this!”* Christa yelled out as she turned around and started walking.

“Where are you going?” Clementine asked as she ran to catch up with her. *“To find us somewhere to camp for the night... we gotta get this weasel cooking fast before the wood gets too wet...”* Christa tells her. Clementine spots and looks at the weasel tied to Christa’s belt. *“Uh... are you sure that’s a weasel?”* Clementine asks. *“I dunno, but whatever it is, it’s dinner for tonight...”* Christa tells her with a smile. Clementine notices Christa’s rapid mood changes. She’s been like this a lot lately. She’d be happy one moment, then angry or upset the next. Sometimes vice versa. Clementine didn’t blame Christa, though. The pair has been through a lot together since they first met. At this point, it was just the normal for them.

“Are you sure it’s like... not a giant rat or something?” Clementine jokingly asks. *“Giant rats don’t exist, Clem... unless you’re in New York City that is...”* Christa tells her. *“You’ve been there?”* Clem asks her. *“Yeah, Omid and I went once--”* Christa started to say before stopping herself. Christa stopped in her tracks and looked away from Clementine. *“Sorry...”* Clem tells her as Christa tightly closed her eyes in regret. Christa took a deep breath and continued forward. *“C’mon...”* Christa tells Clementine without looking at her. Clementine looked at the ground as they walked, feeling sorry for bringing up the subject of Christa’s past. The pair walked deeper into the woods.

Back at the clearing, the weasel’s pool of blood is repeatedly disturbed by the raindrops hitting it. Again and again and again. This blood will not dry out for a very long, long time.

BACK AT SAMUEL’S CAMPSITE

Samuel laid down to get some rest as the rain outside got heavier and hit against his tent more and more violently. He closed his eyes as he tried to drift to sleep. For most living people, the sound of rain normally helps them fall asleep. Not for Samuel, though; he tosses and turns as he struggles to drift off. After about ten minutes, Samuel gives up and sits up. He looks around the tent for a moment before reaching for something underneath a pile of old, dirty clothing.

Pushing the old shirts, socks, and everything else aside, Samuel pulls out an old, tattered black velvet guitar suitcase. It had been buried underneath Samuel’s unkept clothing pile for a long, long time. Samuel hasn’t touched it in about a year. Something about tonight made him want to see it again. It was likely the rain, or maybe the sleep deprivation. Samuel doesn’t get much sleep even on non-rainy days.

Samuel unzipped the guitar case and looked inside. An old acoustic guitar, made of battered and bruised wood from years of use, sat inside. Its neck was made of a heavy mahogany, its barrel was a lighter maple wood. A gloss resin varnish still made the mahogany and maple wood shiny as the day the guitar was handcrafted. Samuel pulled it out and inspected it. He almost immediately noticed a small crack on the left side of the guitar barrel. *"Damn it..."* Samuel muttered at the sight of the crack.

Samuel's index finger strummed across the strings. The guitar's mellow, woody sound hung in the air for a moment. Despite the small crack, it still played well. Samuel hesitated to play a song. Any amount of noise could easily get you killed. Samuel listened to the sounds outside his tent. The rain was loud and certainly made it harder to hear anything else outside. A walker could trip over the cans, and it might not be heard. Listening closely, you could hear the wind blowing and crickets chirping. Playing the guitar was a risk. But sometimes, Samuel couldn't care less. Samuel strung the strings once more.

His mind was set. Samuel tuned the guitar and began playing the first song that came to him. It was one of his originals. It was a song deeply personal to him. It lived rent-free inside his head day and night. Samuel played the first few notes. The mournful notes echoed throughout Samuel's tent. They were melodic. This song was a dark yet mournful melody. Something about it felt tender, emotional even. This was a weak point for Samuel. His eyes closed as he played.

Flashes of memories came into his mind. The first thing he remembered was an old man smiling at him. Then another memory, the old man was giving Samuel a gift on his fourteenth birthday. It was this very same guitar. The next memory, the old man was teaching Samuel how to play. *"That's it, bud... you're a pro at this already..."* the words of the old man repeated in Samuel's head. Samuel kept playing the song. The melody got more intense, as did his memories. The old man was getting even older, his body was more wrinkled... more weak. He struggled to walk without a cane. The next memory, the old man was announcing his retirement at a guitar shop. Another older man stood next to him, his arm placed on the old man's shoulder. Samuel continued playing. The song was drowning out the noise of the rain, perhaps anything else outside, too. Despite the risk, Samuel kept at it. Another memory, the old man sat across a table from Samuel. Hospital pamphlets about chemotherapy and lung cancer lay across the table. The next memory halted Samuel's song in its tracks; the notes abruptly came to an end. The old man lay in a hospital bed.

Samuel opened his eyes and looked down at the guitar. He strummed the guitar once more. Samuel closed his eyes again as the sound echoed around him. The only thing that came to him was the image of a memory. Samuel knew he shouldn't have continued, but he did anyway. The image was the hospital floor, covered in broken pieces of wood and string, drenched in a drying pool of dark red blood. Samuel opened his eyes quickly. He didn't want to think of it. But he couldn't help himself. He'd opened his Pandora's box. The imagery wasn't going anywhere.

Samuel sighed and stood the guitar upright in front of him. Samuel leaned his head onto the guitar's neck and closed his eyes once again. The memory was still there. He began to think back to the other memories, trying to avoid the bloody floor. His mind landed on the chemotherapy and lung cancer pamphlets that lay across Samuel's old dining room from before the world fell. The old man sat across

from Samuel. He was Samuel's grandfather, **Barton Gorey**. Samuel couldn't help but think about earlier that night as he sat in his tent, unable to sleep...

ONE YEAR BEFORE THE FALL

Samuel sat on his bed playing the guitar his grandfather had gifted to him on his fourteenth birthday. Samuel lived in a tiny house just outside of Charlotte, North Carolina, with his grandfather, Barton, who was Samuel's last living relative. Barton's sister, Jean, had passed away two years ago from a brain aneurysm in her sleep. Samuel's parents, Franklin and Evette Gorey, died in a car crash when he was only four years old. He'd lived with his grandparents for pretty much his entire life. His grandmother, Meredith, or Edith as Barton loved to call her, passed away in her sleep about eight months ago. It was a sudden death that both took a lot out of Samuel and Barton. However, they still had each other to rely on. Most people would consider Samuel's life at this point fairly tragic, but Samuel didn't see it that way. Life was life. It couldn't possibly get worse from here.

Samuel played a loud action packed melody. His eyes closed as he played. He found that it helped him focus better. The door to his room slowly opened as Barton peered into the room. His skin was wrinkled, but he had the same dark green eyes as Samuel. He wore dark black jeans held up by suspenders and a blue button-up shirt. His old wooden cane was made of old mahogany. He smiled as he watched Samuel play. Barton always found it fun to watch his grandson play the guitar. He stood there for a moment as he watched, but then his body failed him as a loud cough escaped his body. Samuel looked up and stopped playing.

"Oh, hey... You okay?" Samuel asks. *"Uh, yeah, yeah... I'm... I'm okay... sorry."* Barton tells him. *"You're good."* Samuel quickly states. Barton briefly smiles but quickly drops it. Samuel notices. *"Hey, don't let me stop ya, but whenever you're done, can you come see me downstairs... we gotta have a serious talk."* Barton tells Samuel. *"Is everything okay?"* Barton clutches the doorknob as Samuel speaks. Barton looks down at the ground for the moment, focusing on the red carpet in Samuel's room before looking back up. *"Let's save it for downstairs, alright... I'll see you in a bit..."* Barton tells him. Barton quickly turned around and walked away towards the stairs.

Samuel was left alone in his room as he heard Barton slowly descend the stairs. Something left a feeling of dread in Samuel's mind. Barton has had that nasty cough for a couple of months now. Samuel hesitated to keep playing. For most, the world hasn't ended just yet, but for Samuel... the world might as well have ended right there. It would never be the same from here on out...

Chapter 1: Sing Sorrowful Songs

(Release Date: October 3rd, 2025 • Word Count: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 2: Our Silent Cries

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 3: When Paths Cross

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 4: River Runs Red

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 5: Through The Dark

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 6: The Weak Point

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 7: At One's End

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 8: Nowhere To Go

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 9: Left All Alone

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 10: One Step Behind

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 11: Big Bend State

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 12: The Deal Keeper's

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 13: Remnants of Howe's

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 14: For His Memory

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 15: Following Death's Trail

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Chapter 16: Blood On Ice

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Epilogue

(Release Date: TBA)

TBA

Character Color Index

All character dialogue is colored per character. Every character has a unique color. This index keeps track of the colors assigned to each character. Characters are listed in order of introduction.

<ul style="list-style-type: none">- Samuel Gorey- Christa- Clementine- Barton Gorey		
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Credits

Certain characters created for and featured in “*The Walking Dead: As Blood Dries*” are based on IRL people from subreddits like [r/TheWalkingDeadGame](#) and [r/TWDGFanFic](#), and the [Walking Dead Wiki](#). This is a list of credits for such characters.

TBA (Reddit/Wiki based characters have yet to be introduced into the story; please stay tuned.)

Sources

“The Walking Dead: As Blood Dries” is about as original as a fanfiction series can probably get; that being said, there are still plenty of inspirations and other aspects of this project that deserve some source crediting. Sources are listed in **alphabetical** order.

- [“Cover Image Source”](#) - Original image used as the base of Book One's cover, depicting an abandoned highway just outside of Columbus, Ohio. The buildings in the background have been edited out, and a Flow filter from the Comica app has been used to make it appear comic-booky. The cover is meant to depict the highway featured at the beginning of “Prologue”.
- [“Squirrel Cooking Tutorial”](#) - YouTube video used for writing research and guidance for the squirrel cooking scene in “Prologue”.
- [“The Walking Dead \(Comic Series\)”](#) - There'd be no Telltale Series or ABD without the original comics by Robert Kirkman, Tony Moore, and Charlie Adlard.
- [“The Walking Dead \(Novel Series\)”](#) - Used as inspiration and formatting research for ABD's book format.
- [“The Walking Dead \(Television Series\)”](#) - Certain aspects of the Walking Dead Television Universe may be incorporated into ABD.
- [“The Walking Dead: The Telltale Series”](#) - There would be no ABD without the video game series it's based on in the first place.
- [“TWDG S2 Soundtrack - Episode Select 1 Version 2”](#) - I wanna point out this song in particular because there would definitely be no ABD without it. It has a very nostalgic feeling for me, and I was able to recreate the first couple of notes on Bugg's guitar during a birthday party, which led to the creation of ABD. The song itself is featured prominently throughout the story of ABD, as it's created in-universe by Samuel Gorey in the final weeks of Barton Gorey's life to help him cope and grieve. Maybe it'll appear more frequently during the Books...