


I heard it was a virus. Then, I heard it was a government experiment gone wrong. I heard it was a disease sent by alien invaders to get rid of us, to clear out the planet. Or, maybe it was just the end of the world. The Bible talks about the dead getting up and walking around. It happens in Matthew. After Jesus rises from the grave, so do a bunch of other people. They walk around Jerusalem and greet their family members. That isn't exactly what happened here. I know all of this because I planned on being a priest before I became a scientist. Now, I'm nothing. Just a guy on top of a science lab writing down my story in this book I found. Other people wrote down their stories, too. So now I'm writing down mine. A cautionary tale, really. And there's a lesson in all of this. The lesson is, don't trust anything because God threw all the rules out the window.

We tried to find a cause. See you can't find a cure until you find a cause. We started working as soon as we got ourselves a test case. The military grabbed us up and put us in a bunker with a room full of them. We had 24 test subjects all locked behind glass and tied to tables. There was a safety procedure: we always needed five soldiers for each of the subjects present. So we started looking for a cause. We had five weeks of study before the bunker became compromised. I say that like it means anything. What happened was everybody got killed. Everybody but me. I hid in a small cabinet and listened to my friends get torn to pieces. And the screams. I've never heard anything like that. My grandfather used to talk about the banshee in Ireland, but I never thought I'd hear it. You probably know the sound by now. I hid in the little cabinet and waited until the screaming stopped. I heard other sounds too. I was too terrified to look. 

When I came out of the cabinet, all that was left was a single test case still tied to the table. I decided to continue the work. What else could I do? I locked us in as best I could and restarted the research. I tested for viruses and bacteria.

Nothing. I tested for contaminants of any kind. Nothing. I tested for mutation in the brain. Nothing. There was nothing wrong with it. Nothing except that all the tissue was dead and it was still screaming. That awful, terrible scream.

I started doing blood tests. I wanted to observe what happened when its blood mixed with mine. I took samples and looked at them under a microscope, expecting to see mutation or contamination. Nothing. I took samples of its saliva and mixed it with my blood. Nothing. Nothing. Fucking nothing! How the hell was it infecting others? What was the connection?

After a month of more nothing, I heard sounds in the complex. I hid again and waited. I heard voices. Human voices. They found me, a small group of travelers looking for a place to hide. I offered them refuge and hoped one of them would have the knowledge to help me with my work. There were four of them: a school teacher, a college student, a carpenter and a stay-at-home mother. None of them could help me. They asked about my work, but I dismissed it, telling them it would be best to destroy the test subject. They stayed for two nights before the attack came. This time, I was not able to hide. I saw the entire thing. And I saw them beat and rip my new companions to shreds. Except for the student. They dragged her away. I do not know what they did to her. All my life, I've been driven by curiosity. But I do not want to know any more. I don't want to know anything. I just want to survive. Because nothing means anything anymore. Don't trust the sun, don't trust the moon, don't trust the stars or even gravity. Nothing makes sense. There is no more hope. There is only that scream that won't leave my ears.

They're coming.