

When Robert sprained his ankle, I tried to stop and help him, but Tommy wouldn't let me. He screamed in my face to keep running, so I did. I kept running. I looked back to see what happened to Robert, but I couldn't. Only the sea of angry, bloody faces and fists and teeth.

We found this place. This little place. I found this book here. It has stories in it, written by other people who found it. I will write our story here. It's important.

My name is Katherine Blake. Everyone calls me Kathy. I'm seventeen years old and my boyfriend is Tommy. We were going to be married before all this happened. Before we found this little room with the radio and the cans of food and the diary. When we came here and locked the door, we could hear the others screaming outside. I wanted to help them, but Tommy said we shouldn't.

"You don't have to outrun the bear," he said. "You just have to outrun the other guy."

I told him that was awful. He said that we had to be awful now. All the rules were different. If we wanted to stay alive, he told me, we would have to follow new rules. We had to think of ourselves.

We spent a week here in this little room. There was enough food to last us for a while and the radio had people talking. They mentioned a high school, but Tommy said that was too far away. They also said the military was coming but we never heard any tanks or helicopters. We just heard the screaming. It never stopped. They would scream and scream and scream like they were all in so much pain.

Tommy told me we didn't have to go anywhere. Sooner or later, the Army would come through with tanks and kill them all and then we could clear out of the room. We had everything we needed.

But a week is a long time in a little room. Even with a radio. I kept reading the stories in this book. All in different handwritings, all different stories. Tommy asked

me what I was doing and I told him and he said, "You're wasting your time." I asked him what else we should be doing and he said, "Forget it, dummy."

That was the first time he called me anything like that. He apologized later, but I remembered it.

We talked for a little while about what we would do when all this was over. He said we shouldn't make plans like that when we weren't sure if both of us were going to make it. Then, later, he wanted to have sex with me, but I told him no. I didn't want to if we weren't sure if both of us were going to make it.

He got angry and hit me. He called me a slut. He said he knew I slept with Bill Tremaine and I said Bill Tremaine was a liar. He called me a liar and a slut again. We slept on different sides of the room that night.

The next day, he apologized again and tried to kiss me. I told him to leave me alone. He said, "Fine!" and he grabbed a bunch of the food and went out the door. He didn't come back for a long time.

I woke up that night and heard something pounding on the door. It was Tommy. He begged me to let him in. He said he was sorry and that they found him and were trying to get him. He begged me again.

I told him through the door, "You just have to outrun the other guy."

I heard him scream then. And something else I don't want to write about. I took the book and hid in the roof. They came through the door. I watched them from up above. They didn't find me. When they left, I grabbed the food and ran for the high school the soldier wrote about.

I hope I can find it.