

THE
DEAD WALK
DIARIES

NIGHT



JOE YOUNG

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Sara

Sara is an eleven-year-old girl with a pleasant disposition. She loves horses, school, ice cream, and books and has dreams of being a writer. Her diary was used to record her story ideas as well as her daily experiences. She started keeping a diligent record of her life after reading "The Diary of Anne Frank" in school. She often wondered if she would experience anything monumental or historical like Anna Frank did.

Dear Diary,

Tonight we went to Aunt Jenny and Uncle Jim's house for dinner. It was fun. I love my Aunt's string beans. I don't think I would like having dinner there as much if she didn't make those for me. Unfortunately I found out that it has cream of mushroom soup in it. Yuck! I hate mushrooms! You can't taste them, but just knowing... yuck. My mom tried to keep it from me, distracting me when I asked Aunt Jenny what the ingredients were. It didn't work, I persisted and Aunt Jenny "spilled the beans," ha! I guess I will have to find a new favorite dish.

The best part of the night was when Bridget and I switched around everyone's drinks while they weren't looking. We all had the same glasses, so when Dad wasn't looking I would switch his beer with my ginger ale. B switched her water with Aunt Jenny's wine.

This went on for all of dinner and the grown ups were so into their conversations that they didn't even pay attention. We laughed so hard when someone would sip the wrong drink, then find the right one, and not even notice that we were switching them. I even pretended to drink my dad's beer. B pretended to drink her mom's wine and actually took a sip! Then she acted like she was drunk. I can't remember ever laughing so hard.

Ugh. Traffic. We're not far from home, but we've been in traffic for a while now and it's not moving at all. Dad's rolling down his window and sticking his head out to see if he can find out what the hold up is. Mom's asleep, which is normal for her after she drinks a bit too much wine.

Dad said he can't see anything, just a lot of traffic. He turned off the car and told me he would be right back. He's going to walk up the highway to see if he can see anything. A lot of people were doing it since no one has moved in a long time. Dad slammed the car door when he left and it didn't even wake Mom.

I'm going to try to sleep.

A loud bang woke me and I think the car shook a little. I saw a big orange fireball in the sky way up in front of us past the trees. I was having that nightmare again, dark all around and people grabbing at me. I tried to wake Mom and tell her, but she won't wake up. I hope Dad gets back soon. I fell asleep, so I'm not sure how long he's been gone.

A police car siren startled me. The police car flew past us on the shoulder of the road, followed by an ambulance and another police car. I guess it's an accident causing all this traffic.

This is weird. The highway we are on overlooks a shopping center. The stores are all closed, but there are people walking around

the parking lot. Not walking normal, walking slow and stiff. I see seven, no eight. They are just wandering around. Creepy.

More people are honking now, Dad's not back and I'm getting scared. Where is he? What's taking him so long? What if traffic starts moving? I tugged on Mom's sweater again. I even coughed really loud and tried to wake her that way. It did no good.

There is nothing to do but sit here and look around. The people in the parking lot are gone now, it's empty. Something is going on up ahead in the traffic. It's dark and hard to see. It looks like people are getting out of their cars and walking this way. What's that noise? Is that screaming? Wait, let me open the window.

A couple walked quickly past the car, between the lanes, away from the traffic. They looked more scared than me. Where's Dad? I want to go home.

Someone grabbed me. They reached through the window and grabbed me. I have never been so scared in my life. I screamed so loud, it woke Mom. I slipped out of my jacket and got away. I think it was one of the people from the parking lot. They walked up the hill. They're all around the car now. They are around every car now. I climbed into the front seat and mom is holding me. We are both scared.

Who are they? What do they want? They keep banging on the car. Mom and I are in the middle of the seat away from the windows. The girl in the car next to us is screaming. They broke her window and they are pulling her out. They are attacking her. Mom has covered my eyes and put my head down. I can see my page, but nothing else. What's happening? The pounding on the windows is getting louder. The car is shaking. Mom is trying to cover my ears.

I hear glass smashing. It sprinkles across my book. Mom screams.