

When the Dead Walk the Earth

*If thou openest not the gate to let me enter,
I will break the door, I will wrench the lock,
I will smash the door-posts, I will force the doors.
I will bring up the dead to eat the living.
And the dead will outnumber the living.*

Ishtar

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CHAPTER ONE

Sleepless Night

Ray Somers had a surreal, sickening and frightening knot of dread rolling around in his stomach. It had troubled him all that day whilst working at the building yard for his Demolition Company which had been contracted to remove the asbestos roofing from some dilapidated outhouse building. Ray was nearly fifty years old and he did what he could to get by, he still longed to be back in the Royal Navy where he had served twelve years as a Marine Engineer. Those days were long gone and now he spent his time on construction and dealing with deadly building material of the past. All day long in that protective suit sweltering like a Furness with his cheekbones red raw as the rubber mask had dug deep into his skin.

It had been around 7pm when he clocked and had returned home on the suburban riverside estate, Ray had no idea why his estate bore that name as the nearest river was over 2 miles away and curiously still his street was named Ulswater Road after one of the Lakes in Cumbria.

“Stupid bloody planners,” he surmised before closing the door to the world behind him.

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The display cabinet rocked and the glass ornaments began a disconcerting rattle upon the shelves. A roaring noise like a freight train rumbled raucously from the street outside, going on and on like it would never end. Ray stood from the couch and went over to the window as he witnessed a convoy of green Scammel Trucks one after another rolling down the tarmac.

“What’s the sodding Army doing here, “he mouthed but thought it prudent to stay indoors.

A few moments passed and he was glad of that decision as the unmistakable sound of gunfire erupted through the still night, coming from the houses at his rear.

“What the hell is going on,” he conjectured reaching for the remote control and switching over to Sky News.

An emergency broadcast message was being played with the symbol of the United Nations upon the screen and a calm reassuring voice saying;

“Please stay indoors it is for your own safety. Government Agencies around the world are hard at work to contain the outbreak. Please only phone 999 for direct emergencies and use the numbers at the bottom of the screen for automated information on the ongoing crisis. Please stay calm and stock up on food and water.”

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Ray's head began to spin and the Emergency Broadcast kept repeating and repeating on the TV. He changed channels but each ran the same information and some TV channels were not broadcasting at all.

‘I will phone Dan he’s bound to know what’s going on,’ he said reaching for his cell phone to contact his friend.

Server temporally unavailable

The phone beeped out this message as he tried to phone out and in frustration Ray threw the device across the room.

All through that night Ray tried to rest but sleep would not come and the periodic sound of gunfire brought him bolt upright from his slumber.

‘What is going on out there, what the hell is happening,’ he conjectured rubbing his chin in a nervous fashion.

He went over to the window with the full moon bathing the earth in an eerie twilight. He looked left and then right down the street but everything held an unearthly silence and then he made out the man in his pajamas running down the road. Hot on his tail was an unruly mob all moving in unison and at great speed in pursuit? Ray ducked his head back inside as the mob passed by but he could descry some unnatural sounds almost hauntingly anguished cries coming from the pursuers.

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“Anarchy,” he thought sat in the dark and wishing this night would come to an end.

Morning came with the autumn haze of sunlight bringing color to the few green and brown leaves still clutching for life on the trees. Ray shaved and then dressed for work putting on his asbestos resistant coveralls and having the obligatory respirator hanging round his neck. He walked out like any other ordinary day to his car and set off down the road. The first turn he made in the Vauxhall brought him into the midst of the unruly mob that he had witnessed running amok the night before. He slowed as they were all over the road until a blonde haired man with a maddening look in his eyes began thumping hard upon the back window.

“Hey stop that, what do you think you’re doing. Your going to break it” Ray ranted but by this time the car was completely surrounded and many fists began pounding upon the glass. Ray recognized some of the faces as his neighbors but they appeared possessed as some madness had taken hold of them.

Crack, Crack and then an explosion as the back windscreen suddenly broke into a thousand pieces. Ray turned to see the blonde haired man and others trying to scramble into the back of his car.

“Oh no you don’t” Ray put his foot down hard on the accelerator

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and the bodies in front of the vehicle were pushed to one side. He could now see the road again and he sped off turning his head to witness the blonde man and another come flying off the back of the vehicle. Ray now turned onto the main drag that led out of the Riverside Estate to be unexpectedly confronted by barbed wire and Soldiers in full NBC (Nuclear, Biological, and Chemical) uniforms. A soldier held up his arm for the car to halt and the driver obliged. Ray winded down the window and shouted out.

“Help there’s a mob down the street, they’ve gone wild, you need to stop them,” he yelled still in state of shock and panic.

“Sir turn your vehicle around right now. You are in a restricted area please go back to your home Sir,” the Soldier had now raised his weapon.

“Are you crazy, cant you hear me there’s a murderous mob running wild back there,”

“I’m sorry Sir, but you need to vacate this area right now, right fucking now sir,” as the SA80 was brought up to the soldiers shoulder.

“Okay Okay Okay I’m going,” Ray began reversing and then spoke out, “Has the world gone completely insane,” also realizing he would now have to get back through that mob again in order to get back home.

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Luckily as Ray turned the corner where the crowd had gathered before, there were only one or two still remaining on the road. He skillfully dodged passed them and pulled to a screeching halt outside his home.

“One, two, three,” he counted before opening the car and legging it towards his front door.

Once inside he paused with his chest rising and falling as adrenaline now ran like opium through his body.

“Think, Think,” he said inbetween breaths before rushing through the house, collecting his saw, drill, screws, and every other tool he could find. He began by ripping off the interior doors and securing them over the downstairs windows. He then took up some of the floorboards using them to doubly secure the doors over the windows. At the back door he put the washing machine; dryer and then using a dining table to wedge the kitchen appliances firmly against the portal.

“Fort Somers.” Ray sounded proud at his handy work but he realized he would also need to the secure the windows upstairs as well.

The house finally secured with the only entry point being the front door which Ray had strengthened by adding more wood to its timber frame. He now began itemizing his food in the kitchen by counting

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cans, cartons and dried food. He knew he must use up the perishable milk, cheese, and other items first. Ray drank bottled water and had a stockpile of huge 5 litre containers already stacked up in the kitchen. A few years back when Ray was a child most of his neighbor's hair had been turned green when the tap water had become contaminated by copper in the supply stream. So since that day his family had only ever used bottled water and therefore he knew he had a healthy supply. In fact water had been a bit of an obsession as he had googled the web to discover that fluoride in tap water and other agents were not so good for you either. In fact Fluoride had been intentionally added to the water supply in the Nazi Concentration Camps in the 2nd World War to keep the prisoners more docile and easier to handle.

“Google, internet,” he nearly shouted scrambling through the house to find his laptop under a pile of old TV magazines.

He turned on the laptop and smiled as it still had battery power and tapped his fingers on the coffee table waiting impatiently for it to load. He double clicked the internet explorer to be greeted by the windows diagnose connection problem message.

“Of course stupid the phones are out. Hang on wait wifi,” Ray thought aloud hoping to lock onto somebody else's server, anybody he concluded. He searched using the software that came

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with the wireless adapter and he couldn't believe his luck when an obscure connection named Donkey mule came up. He now tried the internet again and the Google home page came up. He typed news and let it search but the links all seemed to carry the same thread.

Mysterious plague hits Europe

Outbreak of new super flu

Marshall Law declared due to pandemic.

It went on and on but then Ray lost the connection with a page 404 message. He tried once again to connect but the obscure signal had now vanished completely.

Had it been a week before the electricity supply was shut down and how long had he been cooped up here, one month or was it longer. Ray had lost track but he opened the can of cold beans and wolfed them down with a spoon. He had grown a beard by now and he knew a shower wouldn't have gone a miss by the odor coming from him. He had heard them from time to time the unruly mob from within his boarded up kingdom and he had heard gunfire predominantly but for the last two days there had been nothing but acute silence. He listened with his ear to the door for any sound at all but only complete emptiness came from the streets beyond.

CHAPTER TWO

Ahnenerbe

Berlin had never seemed so grandiose with banners of red and black swastika flags, people in brown and black shirts flooding the streets. In the air you could feel energy of a new and stronger Germany. Josef Steiner had been swept away by the fervor of National Socialism and he proudly displayed his NAZI Party badge with a sense of honor. Josef had just finished his studies at the University of Mainz had gained a position here in Berlin with the Ahnenerbe Organization a team of scientists and archeologists specializing in German Ancestry. Josef had passed with honors from Mainz with a degree in anthropology and even before he had sat his final exam an official letter from Ahnenerbe had arrived offering him this prestigious post. The German Ancestry and Racial Studies Division had been a new concept and Josef would be joining this project at its very beginning.

The Headquarters of the German Ancestry Division were located in the Reichstag itself and Adolf Hitler their Fuhrer had been due to speak later in the afternoon. That's why the streets around the Reichstag were crowded already and the place emblazoned with the

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colors of Nazi Ideology. Josef had to force his way through the throngs of people until he came to the security barrier near the steps of the capitol building. An official of the Nazi Party with his brown shirt, swastika armband and short cut oiled brown hair placed his hand out to stop Steiner.

“Can I help you Sir,” the Official announced.

“Ah yes,” Josef fumbled nervously in his briefcase to bring out the now slightly tattered official letter after unfolding it numerous times to show off to his friends and family.

“Ah here it is my pass,” he said handing over the paper stamped 1st March 1935.

The Official scanned the document dubiously but then at the bottom he noticed the signature and typed name above which read Alfred Rosenberg. Quickly the Official folded back the paper and stepped to one side.

“Heil Hitler,” he then announced coming to attention and giving the Nazi salute.

“Heil Hitler,” Josef responded and then added “What’s the best way to get in,”

“Straight up the stairs Sir they will direct you from there,”

“Danka,”

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Once inside the Reichstag Josef had been directed to a side room where he sat upon a plush red leather chair and spent his time looking upon the titles of the books in the cases surrounding every wall. There in the Government library he couldn't believe it looking upon the volumes that had been handled by Bismarck, Hindenburg and probably now Hitler. The brass knobbed door opened and two gentlemen in tailor made suits entered.

"Herr Steiner,"

"Hello,"

The two gentlemen came closer as Josef stood to greet them.

"Glad you could make it I am Herr Rosenberg head of the Archeological team and this is Heinz Reinerth" Alfred Rosenberg had introduced them both a handsome fellow with penetrating blue eyes and ash blonde hair the typical model of the Aryan race.

"I am in awe Gentlemen, I have read your papers and articles in das speigal and can only say how honored I am to be here, "Steiner could not believe he was actually meeting these icons of the Nazi Party.

"Well let's get you briefed as there is lots of work to be done and never enough time to complete it," Hans Reinerth added as they headed off into the labyrinth of the Reichstag.

Alfred Rosenberg did most of the talking as they walked deeper

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into the corridors of power in Nazi Germany.

“Let me explain we have set up a records department down in the basement where we are working on tracing the hereditary of the German Volk. Here let me show them to you,” they descended a stairway into the basement that had rows and rows of shelving with cardboard boxes stacked up to the rafters.

“So at the moment all is in chaos but bear with me and I will give you s demonstration, “Rosenberg waved his hand for one of the many clerks sat at desks in a corner of the room to come over.

“Herr Rosenberg.” The Clark announced clicking his heels to attention.

“Viktor be as kind to show the files on Josef Steiner and please take this gentleman along with you,” Alfred instructed.

“Of course Herr Director,” the Clark with thick black oiled hair that had started to thin on the crown led the way. He had horn rimmed glasses and was attired in a plain black suit adorned with a white shirt beneath, the only colorful thing about this character was the Nazi party badge pinned upon his black thin tie.

“Come this way Sir if you please,” the Clark beckoned as Steiner followed him into the maze of stored files.

They followed the system all set up alphabetically with a letter symbol at the start of every corridor. They came to the S coming

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across Schumacher, Smit, and eventually coming to the section marked Steiner. The Clark took down a box and read from an index paper on top of the files.

“Josef Steiner born April 21st 1912 in the suburb of Mainz is this who you are looking Sir,” the Clark asked.

“Yes that’s him that’s our man, “Steiner tried to act official realizing Rosenberg has set the demonstration on information about himself.

“His Father was Marcel Steiner and Mother Olga Steiner formerly Muller, “the Clark had pulled out the first document in the file.

“What is that,” Steiner now inquired.

“We have all the records here Births, Deaths, Marriages and we have all the Church Records as well that can date back until before 1000BC. Our record system is indexed and we can trace a family’s history as far back as possible. Herr Rosenberg’s test is go back three generations to prove their Germanic Roots,”the Clark explained.

“Danka Viktor for the lesson but there is no need to go through all the records on this one, just tell me how does our Josef Steiner rate on Rosenberg’s test,” he now asked him not wanting a family history lesson but it had intrigued his curiosity and he knew he could come back here again and browse the files with more reflection and privacy.

“He has Germanic roots stretching back as far as we can trace Herr

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forgive me, I never got your name Sir,”

“It’s Steiner, Josef Steiner keep up the good work Viktor,” and with that he went away to catch back up with Herr Rosenberg and Reinerth.

CHAPTER THREE

*When the Dead Walk the Earth**Celina*

The machine carried on monitoring the heart rate and periodically the oxygen tank would hiss out but other than that the hospital room was completely silent. On the bed lay a woman in her early twenties, as white as the sheets that covered her and as thin as a rake. Celina Phillips had lay there for over a month in a coma brought about by an overdose of heroin. Celina had once been a model in her late teens but the good looks and fine figure had slowly eroded and been destroyed by drug addiction. Her arms were black where the needle abuse had nearly perforated all her veins and her face gaunt with malnutrition. Her eyes opened on the world but they were heavily bloodshot and Celina tried to fathom where on earth she where. The ventilator around her mouth was cold as ice with the liquid that had gathered and the saline drips were long empty.

Celina took the ventilator from around her head and began coughing as the damp air hit her dried and parched throat.

“Nurse,” she called out in a hoarse voice.

“Nurse,” She called again.

Celina tried to get out of bed but then realized the tubes in her arm and something more sinister a catheter connecting to her never

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regions were preventing her. Celina peeled back the tape on the back of her hand and then with a deep breath pulled out the needle from the saline drip. A trickle of blood appeared where the plastic tube had been connected to the vein. Then reaching below she pulled out the catheter with a searing pain that made her wince. On her feet she stumbled to the sink and placing her mouth under the tap felt the liquid taking the fire from her throat.

Under the bed she found where her clothes had been sealed in a plastic bag which Celina opened and proceeded to dress. Her head still groggy and her body weak as the Nike trainers she had shoplifted seemed an eternal struggle to get upon her feet. Opening the Hospital room door and entering the corridor it seemed strange that this place was deathly quiet.

“It must be the early hours of the morning,” she assumed but entering the main ward Celina let out a gasp of air as bloodied remains of bodies were strewn about the room.

“Oh my God,” her hand went to her mouth and She even considered if the Heroin was still coursing through her veins.

“Is this real, is this real,” She whispered stepping over torsos with gaping wounds and loose arm still attached to the saline drip.

As quiet as a church mouse Celina moved down the stairway and

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came into the main foyer. The place looked like a warzone with bullet holes in the walls and broken glass scattered like confetti upon the floor. A sign at the reception read `Liverpool Hope` and Celina knew this place so had gained some semblance of her location. In the main car park ambulances were left with their rear doors wide open and even Military vehicles had been abandoned with doors ajar. Turning onto the car park Celina made out a group of people huddled in a circle and it gave her a sense of relief at seeing others Celina called out.

“Hey, Hey other here,”

The faces turned and Celina had never seen anything so hideous, their faces were dark shades of purple like plum grapes and others were almost light blue with the toxins in their blood stream. They were all drenched in blood and on the floor Celina could now see the dead cadaver they had been gnawing upon. She threw up instinctively by the spectacle and the little water that lined her stomach had spurted out.

“Oh no Jesus,” Celina now mouthed as the surreal figures were making their way across the car park towards her.

Celina turned as the figures went into a crazed sprint and headed towards the ambulance with the open door. Her legs were weak and panic had turned the world into a haze of slow motion. One of the ghoulish figures with blue skin and flaked dried blood around cheek

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and chin bones began closing upon her with speed. Celina turned to see the ambulance almost before her but could feel the wind of the Ghoul's hand as it reached out to grab hold upon her. It dawned on Celina she shrieked in fright that this mob would have caught her before she had reached sanctuary of the vehicle and then the unexpected happened. A pit-bull Terrier came out of the shadows and leaped upon the blue skinned pursuer. Coming into sight in midflight it shot past Celina and floored the Ghoul as it snorted and growled in a menacing fashion. Celina reached the driver's door of the ambulance and she found that the keys were still hanging in the ignition. Turning them in the starter motor it didn't even rattle, pumping the gas the key turned again and it fired up. Grabbing the door she just managed to close it as the first of the pursuers reached the ambulance and now started pounding upon the glass. Celina floored it and the ambulance sped off with the rear door banging wildly. A thumping noise could be heard at the rear and Celina prayed that some of that fiendish mob hadn't boarded the vehicle.

Turning the ambulance in an arc on the car park towards the exit with relief she noticed the Bull Terrier trotting away in the distance.

CHAPTER FOUR

Escapade

Ray had almost gone completely insane, laughing inherently and then breaking down into floods of tears. The dread of being trapped here in this boarded up hovel with outside nothing but chaos and madness. His water supply had nearly been spent and only a handful of tinned food remained. He knew soon he would have to leave in order to survive but the thought of venturing outside scared him half to death. In a fit of anxious rage he picked up a dining chair and threw it at the now dead lifeless TV. The wooden chair smashed into the plasma panel and it violently exploded as the plasma and glass splintered. The impact gave out a loud bang and it shocked Ray that much it brought him back to reality.

“I have to go,” he expressed the thought plaguing his mind.

Then he heard the shuffling and grunting noises growing outside. It dawned upon him that in his moment of violent madness had attracted the unruly mob that roamed the streets outside.

“Fuck,” Ray exclaimed grabbing the few tins and water bottles and stuffing them into a small rucksack.

The house began to vibrate as hands and feet were thumping and

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kicking on the make shift wooden barriers of the house. The noise downstairs had become unbearable and Ray now headed up the stairs. He began chucking suitcases, clothes and toppling an old wardrobe to fill the funnel of the stairway with debris. He stopped in his tracks as he heard the unmistakable sound of breaking timber and he knew soon they would be inside his home. Ray began to tremble and he ran into the front bedroom peering out of the gap in the wood. What he saw he could not easily fathom as the whole street had become swamped with these ghouls. Hundreds upon hundreds all were hearing the call of the banshee and all coming for him.

“Fuck, fuck, fucking fuck,” was all his mouth would keep saying as the fear of being trapped enveloped him.

The noise from downstairs sounded like a bass drum almost deafening as windows and his precarious barricades were ripped and pulled apart. Then he almost leapt out of his skin as he heard the debris on the stairs being taken away. He ran over peering through the banister to see a half decayed head appearing at the side of the wardrobe covered by the duvet he had slung down there.

“There coming through, there coming through,” he now almost shrieked in panic.

Above him was the hatch to the attic a good two feet from his arms

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stretch. He put the rucksack on his shoulder and jumped knocking the cover board away so the hatch was clear. He jumped again clutching the wooden frame and proceeded to hoist his body up to the 2ft by 2ft aperture. Using all his strength he lifted himself halfway before letting go and realizing he had not the strength to do this. He glanced around to see the first ghoul had crawled past the wardrobe and all that stood between Ray and it were just a few stairs. Ray jumped again and this time his body lifted he squeezed through the gap. His legs were just rising when something had grabbed hold of him on his trouser leg. His head in the darkness of the loft and a hand on his jeans trying to pull him back through the gap. He kicked out wildly and the grip had been broken as he brought his body fully into the attic.

Looking through the port hole he could see them more and more of them coming up the stairs. All growling and full of rage, trying to jump up and bring him down from his precarious position. Ray could see them now clearly; they seemed barely human, discolored and donning insane eyes.

“What are you, Go on get, get out of my home,” he screamed down at them.

Then he witnessed their ingenuity of hunting as a pack with another of these ghouls climbing piggy back onto the other. They were

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coming up, they were gearing up to come up there and Ray realized this all too well. Ray began frantically pulling the roof tiles away from the beyond the timber frame. Making a hole big enough to escape through and he climbed out of the whole onto the rooftop. He sat there shaking, sweating and fretting until a mottled blood caked head popped up in the gap of roof tiles which made him jump out of his skin. Ray nearly fell off the tiles as the creature had appeared and he ran up the roof to the apex. The houses were semi detached and between each set of houses was an eight foot gap. Ray ran down the sloping roof and without flinching leapt to the houses beyond. He hit the angled roof with a thud and began to slide down towards the guttering. The ghouls below were running along with him in expectation of his coming fall but Ray didn't fall he managed to cling his nails into the tiles and held himself there precariously. He slowly made his way to the next apex and tried to hide from view by going over to the far side. Then a heart stopping crash of breaking tiles made him rush back up to see the hole where the first zombie had disappeared into trying to mimic Rays jump only to go crashing into the attic but he could see the bony hands emerging as it attempted to climb back out again.

Ray jumped from rooftop to rooftop and many times he had nearly slipped to be seriously injured or lose his life. Eventually he found

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himself at the end of the street, the end of the line with nowhere else left to go. He had no options and had to try his luck descending a cast iron drain pipe. It was old and coated in muck but it held his weight while he climbed down hazardously. He dropped the last few feet and legged it through the back garden. He could descry the sounds of the ghouls fading in the distance as he scrambling over fence panels that were dried and rotted at end of the summer, He ducked through gaps in hedges until he paused for breath taking shelter behind a Perspex green house. He wheezed, puffed and panted but most of all he listened intently for the dreaded noise of his pursuers but could only hear the silence of the night, but he knew he couldn't stay here in this neighbor hood any longer. He had run out of food and his water stock had been depleted. He couldn't imagine the other houses having bountiful supplies, especially of much needed fresh water to keep him going and furthermore he didn't dare go into any of them for fear of being trapped or meeting those creatures within.

Moving stealthily from backyard to backyard and having to cross the expanse of an open road which he had done at full pelt, he made his way to the Army checkpoint only to discover the grotesquely mutilated remains of the two soldiers lay on the tarmac where they had been gorged upon.

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“Animals,” he cursed at the ungodly sight.

He noticed their Land rover parked and he got in by the driver’s side but could not find the keys. With great reluctance he went back with a grimace on his face and taking a deep breath he placed his hands into the pockets of the bloodstained uniforms of the dead soldiers. His hands were coated in blood by the time Ray pulled out the keys whilst frisking the second corpse and on looking around noticed how the soldier’s weapons were strangely absent.

“Of all the luck,” he said grabbing the keys thankful he at least had a means of transport.

The moon hung huge and bright yellow upon the horizon as Ray travelled the empty streets, all pitch black as the street lighting had not been on for some time now. He made his way to the M602 and discovered cars abandoned on the motorway their doors wide open and he had to swerve around to avoid every one of them. On approaching the M62 the odd parked car had become a full blown car park of abandoned vehicles and Ray had to use the hard shoulder to make progress passed them. He felt like the only human being left upon the earth and Ray swore he made out shadows moving in-between the deserted vehicles but he kept his focus on driving through this maze of traffic and not becoming trapped. Eventually he made out the Rocket pub and the outskirts of the City of

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Liverpool. His passion had always been engines and in the Royal Navy he had been Chief marine mechanic aboard the type 42 warships. On leaving the Navy he could not find maritime work due to the recession and had took up the only job on offer as an asbestos remover. A dangerous and thankless task which he had hated but it had paid the rent. He had one beloved secret treasure an old boat he had purchased on EBay and which had been in a fair state of disrepair. An old retired fishing vessel where he had spent some of his free weekends to come down here to the Mersey and help restore her to a fine seaworthy vessel once again. He had named the boat My Lady as Ray had never married and this boat in a way had become the only love of his life.

On approaching the dock the place looked deathly quiet and the only sound had been water licking against the walls of the dock with the ebbing tide. Ray swam out to his treasured boat and on climbing aboard the old tug he discovered a repossession notice on the cabin door.

Due to unpaid docking fees this boat has been repossessed by the Harbor Master.

“Bastards,” Ray griped but that notice was already from another period a past age where money and possessions had significance.

He untied the mooring line and then fired up the engines and she purred like a well fed cat with all the hours of care and attention,

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Ray had put into her.

The first light of dawn had begun to light up the Liver Birds on top of the Liverpool skyscraper and on the shore the natives were beginning to stir. The creatures were alarmed by the chortling of the twin turbine engines and they followed the hum until some manmade obstacle like a fence or a building stopped them from pursuing further. Ray felt safe on his boat with the water between him and insanity. He passed the Stena and P and O Ferry boats, huge metallic giants alongside his own meager fishing vessel.

Celina had headed to the only place she knew well which had been an old shack on the banks of the river Mersey. Here she had injected heroin with other Junkies and spent hours comatose in this dank filthy place. She had come here for a fix, hoping to find a dealer or other user but the place was empty. Then she heard the thumping noise and looking across the water made out the diesel fumes of the small fishing boat.

“Hey,” She called out waving her hands but then instinctively looking over her shoulder could make out the creatures heading towards the shoreline. There was a metal fence between her and them and they began trying to climb over the obstacle.

“Hey, Help, Hey there,” Celina became frantic screaming and

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jumping up and down.

Ray had not heard her screams with the hum of the engines but then he caught sight of the girl waving her arms. He took out his binoculars and could clearly distinguish that she seemed unaffected but then he made out the growing number of the creatures all pushing on the metal fence behind her.

“Oh my God,” he mouthed witnessing her imminent danger.

He swung the boat head on towards the shore and then ran to the front and began shouting himself.

“Get in the water, Swim girl swim,” he called as his worst fears came to life as the fence collapsed coming down with an almighty clang and a cloud of dust proliferated the air.

In this cloud of debris they appeared, growling and roaring like wild beasts.

Celina had nearly jumped out of her skin when the fence gave way and she took a deep breath and jumped into the water. Swimming with all her strength to catch hold of a rope, whereas Ray had used to pull her aboard.

“Thank you, thank you,” Celina said shivering on the deck and Ray placed his coat around her for warmth.

“Come inside Lassie, Make yourself at home, I will be on the bridge navigating our way out of the channel,” Ray directed her into the

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galley before returning to steer the ship.

The boat navigated the Mersey and Ray could relax as they came upon the wide expanse of the Irish Sea. He ventured below to check on his guest and welcome her aboard. Celina had dried herself and was sat munching away at the boats meager supplies.

“Is this all you have digestives and tea with no milk,” Celina moaned.

“Yes that’s about it didn’t have any time to pack for the journey, “he defended.

“What journey, where you off too,”

“I have not really thought about it just wanted to get away from those crazy people,” Ray explained.

“What are these,” Celina began rooting through the few belongings in the galley and on a table stood a stereo player.

“They are called tapes,” Ray explained picking up the plastic case and placing it into the tray of the stereo.

“Tapes,”

“Yes Lassie before the CD and you’re MP3 they were these things called tapes,” Ray depressed the play button and the song “Bad Moon Rising” began to blare out of the stereo.

“I see trouble on the way.....I see earthquakes and lightening.”

“What kind of tune do you call this grandpa,” Celina said her words

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full of contempt.

“It’s a very good one and you can lay off with the grandpa, its Ray or just Captain whilst aboard my boat,” he responded to her tantrums with.

“Well your old enough to be my,”

“Don’t say it!” Ray cut her short.

“Aaaaghh,” Celina know screamed in pent up teenage rage.

“What was that for,” he said confused not used to dealing with this kind of behavior.

“I hate this boat, I hate you and I hate being told what I can and cannot do,” Celina flew into another rage still searching the contents of the galley by opening drawers and cupboards.

“Heavens above,” Ray’s eyes went skyward for assistance.

“I’m starving and there’s nothing to eat, there’s nothing to do on this, aaggh I hate this ship,” Celina’s frustration seemed to grow and grow.

“Look I didn’t have time to go shopping,” but Ray paused as he became aware of the pockmarks and the bruising on her forearms. He had seen similar whilst in the Navy on the prostitutes in the Far East and he now knew why she was turning his boat upside down in her futile attempt to find opium.

“They’ll be no drugs on my ship Lass,” he said almost fatherly before shutting the door and returning to the bridge to ponder over

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this new dilemma.

CHAPTER FIVE

The SS

In Berlin Steiner had began work in the Racial Ancestry division where they measured results of various anthropology traits of races around the world to see if they possessed the Aryan gene. They had results of nose sizes from Tibet, Cheekbone structures from South America and eye color patterns for every known homo sapien species. Steiner didn't know whether this mythical Aryan gene existed or didn't exist but working hands on in such a vast and noble project. He knew his observations were irrelevant and his job was doing the donkey work that the field researchers like Rosenberg and Reinert were bringing in. His job had been to record the measurements and log the data into graphs and pie charts. A laborious task but he knew one day he would get to do the more illustrious field work, little did he know that day was soon to come.

At the Ahnenerbe research centre chaos had broken out has an official communiqué received that morning had announced a surprise official visit by the Reich Marshall Heinrich Himmler. Everyone was carrying out cleaning duties including cleaning glass with newspaper, polishing the floors and washing every down to a

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spotless gleam. Rosenberg and Reinert themselves had their shirts rolled up their arms helping out as they wanted this place to be the pride of Nazi Germany. Steiner had the dubious job of tidying up the lab and setting up display boards full of the doctrines of their genealogical research. To add to his masterpiece he placed up posters from *das Spiegel* portraying the blonde Aryan Germanic warrior. Steiner always thought it ironic that Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels or Goring did not themselves adorn any of the traits they so obsessively promoted.

The place glistening and a strong smell of carbolic tainted the air as the floors had been hand scrubbed with soap before being waxed and polished. Anxiously they waited checking their attire as shirt sleeves were rolled back down and suit jackets worn to hide the creases. People combed hair in mirrors, adjusted their ties and put a last rub of polish on their shoes. They instantly knew Himmler had arrived in a large convoy of black Daimlers that pulled up at the entrance. The cacophony of car doors opening and the resounding “Sieg Heils” coming from the corridor.

Heinrich Himmler head of the Police State and the SS entered the research center lab and instantly paused at the poster of the Aryan Warrior that Steiner had placed there. He looked at the picture with

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great interest with his monocle eye before turning to face the staff assembled in the room.

“Heil Hitler,” Rosenberg greeted the Reich Marshall.

“Heil,” Himmler said almost nonchalantly

“It is a great honour to have you here Reich Marshall may we begin the tour,” Reinerth stated with the Himmler just indicating to continue by waving the black and silver riding crop he carried.

Rosenberg and Reinerth took the Reich Marshall around the various departments and eventually they returned to the Lab. As the party of Ahnenerbe officials, the Reich Marshall and high Ranking SS Officers came towards Steiner he smiled nervously upon them. Maybe it had been that smile that made Himmler stop to speak with him.

“Do you know what Germany demands of you, do you know of the great work that you are achieving here,” Himmler’s mouse like features almost roared as he spoke out to Steiner.

“Reich Marshall Tacitus told us how great we Germans were back in 98AD in his great work Germania where he described our race as noble savages but we are not noble savages we are the noblest of savages,” Steiner spoke it had been a quote from university he had once read in a history lesson. Why he had said it he did not know, his intention was not to insult or impress but just a nervous reaction to standing before this man to be feared.

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Himmler just stood there stony faced in deep thought before tapping the riding crop on his side an indication for the tour to continue.

Steiner let out a deep nervous breath as they exited the room and he noticed people in the room giving him a disdainful stare.

An hour later before the Reich Marshalls party left and Rosenberg raced up the stairs and towards Steiner.

“Steiner,” he called him out of the room.

Josef walked out calmly trying to judge if Rosenberg was in good or bad mood but his face had been deadpan and unreadable.

“Congratulations Josef you just became a member of the SS,” Rosenberg said without much enthusiasm.

“The SS, ”?

“Tomorrow you are to report to Padenberg Barracks to begin Officer training I have orders here,”

“Orders Sir what’s going on? What about my work here?”

“Josef whatever you said to the Reich Marshall impressed to say that every German male should have the breeding and discipline of men like yourself. Your Himmler’s man now and as for your work here well your always willing to return when you can. In fact I am a bit perturbed as I would have like to have kept here for myself, but every man has a destiny and it seems fate or fortune is taking you in another direction,”

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CHAPTER SIX

The Emerald Isle

The boat came upon the shores of the Emerald Isle as the first rays of sunlight were vanishing from the horizon. The night air held a freezing bite and the Irish Sea rocked the boat in a heavy squall. Ray turned around to Celina on the deck.

“I am going to drop anchor in that bay and I am going ashore we need fuel and we need supplies. You need to stay here and guard the boat,” He told her straight with an air of authority.

“I am not staying here you got that straight Mister,”

“Oh yes Missy you are,” Ray began slowly walking towards her.

“Look I need things, So No I am not staying here, you hear me,” Celina felt the cold sweat again as the lack of methadone began to take hold.

“Okay look, I know you’re a junkie and I cannot afford to have you on the loose out there, but I promise I will bring you something it may not be what you’re after but I will bring you alcohol and cigarettes and when I get back you can wander off into your little land of addiction. God knows its gotta be better than this world right now,”

“No I am coming with you and that’s final,” She demanded.

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It had taken Ray a good ten minutes of struggle to drag Celina into the hold and tie her to the bed.

“What you doing Rape, Rape, Rape,” She called out.

“Rape,” Ray laughed “No thanks Missy I am putting you here for your and my safety. Now I won’t be long so just keep yourself comfy,”

“Bastard,” She roared as he locked the door behind him.

The rowing boat had been dragged alongside by the mooring line and Ray stepped off the *My Lady* into his transportation to shore. That night the moon hung absolutely huge in the night sky but the natural light of the satellite comforted Ray. The air cold and the wind full of chill but out here rowing towards dry land, Ray Sommers had found solace a moment of peace from the madness that had hit the world like a Tsunami leaving only misery in its wake. He dragged the boat on to the beach and walked towards the silhouette of the town carrying two empty jerry cans for fuel.

Using a slate farmer’s wall for cover he got towards the outline of the major buildings. He peered over the wall to see a row of shops and a few other buildings. He surmised this place must be a village by its size and he hoped those deathly walking things had all cleared

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out of this place. He crept over to the side of an abandoned Ford Transit Van and he noticed the rear door was open so knew it would not be alarmed. He placed the screwdriver in the lock on the fuel cap and twisted it breaking the mechanism. He next took out the roll of hose and placed deep into the tank. He began sucking on the pipe catching the foul taste of diesel before it started pouring into the jerry can. Ray did this six more times before both diesel cans were full to the brim and then he took them and hid them behind the slate wall.

“Okay now for some shopping,” he said with some irony with every moment here giving him the creeps

The row of shops consisted of a butchers which Ray knew would stink to high heaven of rotting flesh and death. Then there had been a chemist he had considered breaking in for some drugs for Celina but he knew firstly it would be alarmed and second he wouldn't know one drug from the other. He chose the Off License with the door ajar and he crept in with every footstep honed so not to let out a sound. He filled his rucksack with cigarettes, chocolate bars and added four litre bottles of branded whiskey.

“That should keep the bitch happy,” he pondered

He headed back to the slate wall and placed the rucksack alongside the Jerry cans. On looking at a sign it stated Police Station with an

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arrow and he wondered.

“There may be a gun in there, Should I not just go, “he began to climb back over the wall to head to the beach but then he paused.”Dam It I best try, were going need to get some protection at some point and this place has been quiet, so far, so good. Okay it’s not too far. Okay we can do it,” Ray kept talking low to himself for bravado and to quell his taught nerves.

The sign pointed into the heart of the village centre and Ray moved from shadow to shadow making his way towards the Police Station. He felt the coldness and eerie ghostliness of this place and then his blood froze as he made them out. Lines and lines of the undead stood in the village centre absolutely and spookily still. They seemed asleep or hibernating or God knows what, but Ray had nearly reached his goal. Luckily the Station door was ajar and he bolted the last few yards into the sanctuary. He closed the door quietly not knowing if he was gaining more safety or sealing his own tomb. A deadbolt was at the top and foot of the double doors and he shut them in place securely. He stood in the reception area with a few chairs and a reception desk at his fore, he noticed behind the Reception there were other doors leading into the heart of the station. He tried everyone but they were all on Yale locks and secured from the inside.

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“Bugger,” he cursed heading to the Reception Desk and began rifling through the drawers. Pens, notepads and a mountain of paperclips but no keys of any description.

He turned his head to the square wooden box hung on the wall and opening the hinged door he found a key safe. There were six keys all with fobs that had the description of the keys use upon them.

“Main lobby door” he read knowing he had already secured that one.

“Admin Corridor, Okay let’s give this a go,” Ray headed to the nearest door and it fitted and turned with ease.

Wandering the bowels of the Station he crept like a burglar a common resident here he surmised and looking into every room for any trace of those monstrous beings. He came to the end of the corridor and a heavy sturdier metal door and found it locked. He glanced up and through the moonlight coming from the windows made out the lettering, ‘Evidence Room’. He fumbled through the collection of keys in his pocket wishing now he had brought a flashlight.

Trying each key in turn he found the appropriate one and the door opened on its robust hinges. Inside there were cages, shelves and filing cabinets full of contraband plus lost and stolen possessions. In

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the cage he caught sight of what he needed a shotgun in a rack and two boxes of cartridges. He tried to open the cage but this too had been secured and after trying every key he knew that this key was not in his possession. He began searching the drawers and he found small packets of white powder and he placed it on the table in the centre of the room. He must have looked at that package for a good five minutes with his conscious racking his soul.

“Should I take it for her, Will it just make her worse, Drugs what the hell do I know about drugs,” reluctantly Ray placed the package in his pocket.

In a filing cabinet he found a chisel and a hammer obviously used for some kind of breaking and entering.

“Good enough for the goose,” As he attempted to break the lock of the metal cage.

“One blow get it right, don’t make too much noise,” He goaded himself before slamming the hammer onto the head of the chisel which in turn cut into the securing padlock. Clunk resounded and the lock still held strong.

“Okay again,” Ray calmed himself before slamming it with all his might and this time it gave.

“Pheww,” he breathed in listening intently for any disturbance outside as he had no wish to be trapped in here by those dreadful

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things outside.

He opened the cage grabbing the twelve gauge shotgun and filling his coat pockets with the cartridge boxes. He had another quick gander but even though some of the things in here looked valuable there were of no worth at all to this world today. On the side lay a tracker and transponder, the tracker no bigger than a coin and the transponder the size of a mobile phone, he pocketed them also more for curiosity than any real usefulness. On back tracking down the corridor he came upon a very similar metal door and thought maybe more guns lay within. He tried his key collection once again and gained entry. Inside he found another corridor that lay to the cell block and he walked in looking left and right at the ten apertures where the holding cells were located.

“Okay nothing here,” he went to turn back.

“Hey, Hey is somebody there,”

Ray nearly jumped out of his skin as a voice came from one of the apertures.

“Whose there.”

“My names Flynn I’m in Cell number 4, thank Jesus somebody’s come to get us,” the voice sounded again.

“Number 4 you say,” Ray walked very stealthily down the line of doors. He got to the hatch and peered through to see a thin bearded

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man with wild eyes staring straight at him.

“Mister you gotta get me out of here,”

“How, how have you survived, how long have you been in here,

“Ray asked.

“Roughly eighteen days |I think but I have water from the tap but I’m as hungry as a horse, so to say,”

“You look it, okay let’s see about getting this door open. Where are the keys?”

“Down there by the Duty Sergeants desk hung on the wall,” Flynn informed him with confident knowledge of the surrounds.

Ray sauntered down the corridor to the desk at the end but troubling thoughts were going through his brain. He took the cell door keys and went back to Flynn.

“Okay I have them, but first why are you in here, “Ray asked now with authority in his voice.

“Just drunk and disorderly. I have a habit of over doing the drinking thing,” Flynn confessed

“Oh great an alcoholic and a junkie,”

“What’s that about Junkie?”

“Never mind let’s get you out of here, but first can I trust you” Ray looked him squarely in the eye.

Flynn’s face had become bearded with lack of hygiene and his skin looked red and rough through years of alcoholism. Flynn must

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have been in his late twenties but he looked even older than Ray with his tough and unforgiving life.

“Down there you’ll find me record Sir, It’s that bastard Sergeant O`Malley he’s hated me guts for years he has. You see what happened I was a bit short on the old cash so I mugged this old farmer but he begins giving me a sob story of how he was going into town to look for work to feed his wife and waifs. Me and me soft bleeding heart begins feeling sorry for the old geezer, so I give him twenty quid the last of my bleeding dole money to help him get by, but mind you I told him it was only a loan and Id be having it back when I mugged him again. But you never guess what the Old bugger goes straight to Sergeant O`Malley and tells him I had tried to rob him. It just shows you can’t trust anyone anymore but Sir it’s on my record I’m a good bloke and now open the door and don’t leave me to rot down here,”

“Okay let’s get you out of there,” Ray turned the key in the lock and a foul air came from the cell.

As Flynn came into the corridor he looked almost anorexic through the lack of food and his clothing stank like the sewers.

“If you’re coming with me be quiet and there’s loads of them in village centre that we need to avoid,”

“Loads of whom”?

“You know the undead,”

“What do you mean Undead?”

“Oh man so you have no idea why you have been abandoned in

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here,”

“No I just presumed that bastard Sergeant O’Malley was giving me a hard time again, “Flynn stroked his beard like it was infested with fleas.

“In a nutshell some kind of virus has virtually wiped out the human race, but it has left infected people going around attacking people who are unaffected, “Ray tried quickly to explain.

“You said undead what like Zombie undead like in the films, “Flynn appeased him not sure if his rescuer was completely insane.

“Yes zombie dead now let’s get the fuck out of here,”

They reached the front door and undid the bolts. Ray grabbed Flynn and pointed towards the motionless creatures stood in the village centre.

Flynn ran back inside the Station and sat on a reception chair.

“Mary mother of God man you weren’t kidding, what the hell is going on,”

“We have to go before they become active and we have to get back to the ship,”

“|Okay I will follow you,”

They had got halfway up the street when an ungodly howl reverberated from behind them.

“Roaaarr,”

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Ray turned to see the undead beings coming up the road behind them and he realized their presence had been rumbled.

“Okay let’s go,” Ray started running with Flynn by his heels.

The slate wall came into view and Ray climbed over sitting astride of it at the top.

“Come on, Come on Man,” he screamed at Flynn who seemed to have no energy flowing through his veins.

Flynn reached the wall but did not have the strength to clamber over it and the undead beings were now only ten feet behind. Ray grabbed Flynn by the scruff of the neck and virtually launched him over the obstacle.

“Grab those fuel cans. “He commanded as Flynn picked himself out of the dirt.

“Come and get some,” Ray now turned to the undead and brought the twelve gauge to his shoulder.

He fired off both cartridges which floored the leading zombies before dropping off the wall grabbing the rucksack and running for his life.

“|Okay this way let’s move,” he shouted overtaking Flynn who struggled in his stride with the two Jerry Cans.

They reached the rowing boat and Flynn collapsed into the sand. Ray took the Cans and placed them onboard. He threw in the

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rucksack and placed the shotgun at the foot of the boat. He next picked up Flynn and laid him down in the well of the boat before shoving it out into the waves. The Undead seemed to get over the obstacle of the shale wall easily than Flynn had done and already they were racing down the beach. Ray huffed and puffed with all his might dragging that heavily laden boat into the water. They were ten feet out and about chest height before Ray dragged himself aboard. The tide was taking them out and Ray reloaded the gun as the first of the inflicted ran into the water. He fired off two more rounds ripping the head off one and taking the arm off another. The next wave took them out of danger and Ray took to the oars getting them away from the shoreline.

Tying off the row boat Ray climbed the ladder back onto the ship. \

“Pass up the cargo,” Ray asked as Flynn lifted up the Jerry Cans and the rucksack before handing over the gun.

Onboard Ray began refueling the ship and Flynn sat on the deck exhausted.

“Go get a wash and some food, here’s the cabin key, “Ray handed him the key.

“Thanks you’re a gent,” Flynn responded and headed to the galley door.

He turned it once and it opened sharply catching him by surprise.

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The next thing a metal pan came crashing down on his forehead that left him semi unconscious on the floor,”

“You bastard, leaving me tied up in there, “Celine screamed going to crown him one again with the frying pan before realizing this man was not the Captain.

“Celine this is Flynn and Flynn this is Celine, “Ray’s voice came from the background.

“Nice to meet you,” Flynn grinned still rubbing the bruise that had begun appearing on his forehead.

“Grrrr,” Celine roared dropping the pan on the deck in frustration.

Then an object landed at her feet thrown from where Ray had been refueling the ship.

“Cigarettes,” She now cried out with joy picking the packet off the floor and vanishing back into the galley.

“Some Fecking crazy ship you have here,” Flynn got back on his feet not sure if he wanted to go into that galley now.

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