

Fuck.

They heard me.

I tried to be so fucken quiet, but this goddamn tree branch snapped as soon as I stood on it. Come to think of it, being up this tree is probably not the best place to be, but my options were climb up here, let those things stumble past me, and then I was scot free for the moment, or to jump into the water of the ocean below. It's not that I don't like water, it was that the water was at a height where I would have had time to scream the alphabet almost twice before hitting the concrete-like sea.

I try to get to the next tree, but it is too far to jump. I look like a cat up a tree surrounded by dogs. Big snarling dogs. I guess I can only hope that something else gets their attention so I can climb back down, but I don't think they will. They have seen me, and will only stop when they see the inside of me as well.

Looking back, I deserve to be in this predicament. I'm not a saint, no where near it. I am in this situation because I am a creature of my environment, according to the courts. I mean, would a sane man go to the house of the man who was sleeping with his wife, kidnap the whole family, and slice up the mans wife and 2 kids before him? And then slowly rip up the feet of the man with a cheese grater, then on his inner legs, up to his nipples and the back on to his balls???

Granted that last part was pretty fun.

I was convicted and sent to jail for life, no surprise there. But nowadays, life doesn't mean an injection. Or living in a little cell. It means staring in this amazingly awesome, world wide rating TV show. I honestly don't remember the title, but I knew the show. They grab all the worst convicted criminals, place them on an island, and the watch as these creatures try and eat us alive.

Yeah, being eaten alive is now life imprisonment. Great eh?

And this is why I am here. Being chased by the undead, and constantly hearing the groans of people, well technically, former people, as they hunt down whoever they can. I can't put into words what it was like the first time I saw one. I had just got to the island, was told to run, and went around a corner. I smacked into one, and fell to the ground.

To see his head spin as I did was horrific. He turned his head first, and the. The body followed. He realised I was food, and let out a guttural scream that made me freeze. I was staring at his dead eyes His hands hit my shoes before I remembered I should run.

After that I lasted a night not seeing another one, but fuck if I could hear them. I slept about two minutes the whole night, every time I would close my eyes, I heard them. I had a little Hutt all closed up, and decided to run from there after I listened to some dude being eaten outside. He had banged on the door and screamed for help, to which I did not reply.

I let him die.

And I did not care. This is what scared me the most. So after that, I ran. I ran as far and as fast as I could. I arrived at a part of the island that had trees, and thought I would see if I could get a lay of the land. As I climbed, I smelt the sea air more than the rotten bodies and flesh on the island floor.

I figured the island was of average island size, and I would head toward the sun in the east. It has to be easier to see them coming at me from one way, as opposed to a 360 angle of attack. I spent what felt like a few hours up there and started to climb down as the sun came up.

Then the branch broke.

And I realised I was in more shit than I thought.

This was it. No more running. There was at least 50 of the fuckers below me. Too many to jump and run. Best to finally be a man and accept your fact mate.

I closed my eyes and jump from the tree backwards with my arms stretched out, and the only thought through my head was not of family. Not of religion.

I wonder if it was easier to have jumped in the ocean off the cliff.

"Another year, another series"

You couldn't walk 10 metres without seeing a sign for TBD it seemed. The show happened after the Undead breakout. The explanations for the dead coming back to life to eat everyone ranged from radioactive space junk crashing to earth, to infected monkeys, to a mutation in the milk which killed people and then brought them back to life to feast. In this manic world of people ranting against GE crops and such, this was seen as a sign as being a vegan was a great thing, until the vegans and the lactose intolerant people started being affected, then all bets were off.

I was too late for any of this. This happened at least 60 years before I was even a mark in my Dad's undies. I remember being told the stories from my grandfather as a kid, and his stories were from his grandfather. He would always say the following.

Not going to lie, it was bad. It seemed as though there was a point it wasn't going to be a case of if we ended up fucked, it was when.

As always with riots or governments dying, there was hell on earth. Most of the time it was the living you that would bone you. The dead were there, but you knew what they wanted, and you knew how they would react. It was the living who would fuck you in the ass, and then expected you to kiss them afterwards. It was not fun.

My family survived by basing themselves in an army base. Big guns, lots of ammo, and security. It was fun, in a weird way. We would be taught how to change guns, clean guns, and shoot the (I won't say the exact word here, but it is known as the C bomb.)

It took a few years from the start to the finish, but even then, we knew not all of the were dead. But there were enough people to put the balance back into the livings favour.

It was only until the media mogul, David Richardson, thought of putting the rest of the undead on an island. He decided to "help society" by only making the island a place for the undead as a "memorial for the living and the ones you have died" and so that we would never have anything happen again like what had happened.

But, as history has shown, if humans think on way, the opposite always seem to happen.

People tried to get on the island and steal the undead for their own purposes. Some were found in countries no where near the island, and were being used as a biological weapon against the enemies. But it would always backfire. For every one found elsewhere, there would be at least 10 attempts which failed as soon as the boats hit the island. Just meant that there would be more undead for Richardson to enjoy.

It took his son to think of an idea for a TV show, but it took two more generations for the media to begin to accept a real life survival show. You could be put on an island and left for a month, but imagine being put on an island with zero percent chance of getting off it.

And all the while, your gruesome death is being broadcast on 4k HD definition...

I had a feeling. A gut feeling. And having gut feelings in the middle of 8m waves in the middle of the ocean is never a good thing.

Even though she had put up with the storm for the past 4 hours, I had this horrific feeling that my boat, the Frosty Peg, was going to give up. She had been fighting and fighting Neptune and all the shit he could throw at her, but there is only so much one can handle. If she gave up now, I wasn't going to blame her. I had given up mentally a few hours ago. Physically I was fighting these waves, laughing in the face of every thunderclap, counting every time the darkness of the water burst to life with the lightning around me.

But mentally, I had drowned. Pulled into the abyss of the sea. Becoming "shark tucker" as my Dad would say. Listing off all the people I had pissed off and everyone I had let down, asking them for a forgiveness that they would never hear me say.

Then it stopped.

And that is when I was the most scared.

You see, I thought that this was the eye of the storm. A rare moment in the epic battle where Neptune gives you a little bit of time to try and fix things before he finishes you off. Kind of like when a cat is playing with a mouse in it's paws. It lifts them up a bit to give the mouse a chance for freedom, then slams them back down on the mouses back, snapping its spine in two, the mouse becoming a fast (or not so fast as you would expect) food.

I felt like the mouse right now.

I looked to the port side, to see what damage had been done to the railings on this boat, and there it was.

I thought I was dreaming, or dead. But there it was.

A little piece of green paradise.

I have never been happier to see land. I didn't care if it was a deserted island and I had to start from scratch, or if it was a holiday spot for the rich and famous.

I was just proud to say I had taken what Neptune had thrown at me, and laughed in his face.

But had I known then what I know now, I would have kept going into that storm and let my boat sink.

I crashed hard into the beach. My boats hull crunched and I heard a few pings of the bolts and nails finally giving way.

I would normally be upset and swear, but after what we had been through, I decided that the boat had been through enough without me cussing it out. I gave her a pat on the steering wheel bay, told her to rest and I would fix her soon.

But I needed to find food, water and shelter. And in that order. I could use the boat as a base of my operations, but I needed to find food and water. I lost all mine in the battle between Neptune and my trusty boat The Frosty Peg. I was glad to see the fat grey rain clouds, in the clearing skies coming from the horizon. Not storm clouds, but hopefully they had enough water to fill some containers I found on the beach.

The rain came and went, and I found some food in the form of berries, fruits and taro in the ground. I had watched a TV show where the host showed up on an island naked and lived for 60 days. I learnt some lessons from him, and when I had enough water and food, I searched for some firewood.

There was a lot of wood around, an abundance if you wish, but none was suitable to start a fire. So I found some stuff in the boat, my waterproof matches, which had stayed with my first aid kit, and set out to start a fire. It took a lot longer than I thought that it would. But like Tom Hanks in Castaway, and that guy from the naked castaway show, as soon as the little ember started to light the only dry kindling and roared into a fire, I am not ashamed to say a happy dance was done. It started to get dark before I knew it. I think I had been memorised by the fire and my ability to not only live out a huge storm, but to connect with ancient man and start a fire. Yes I had kata he's, which helped a lot, but finding the dry kindling was hard too...

I got into my boat, tried to find a dry spot, and closed my eyes and drifted into a peaceful sleep. Well, until I heard the bang on the hull...

I jumped so high out of my bunk the next bang on the hull was my head. I muttered a curse under my breath and then heard talking outside of the boat.

"Someone's in here" a voice raspy and deep hoarsely whispered.

"How? Look at the boat, it's fucked up!" Another whispered voice said. It made me a little weary, I mean we are on an island in the middle of nowhere. Why whisper?

"Well, I heard some one say fuck! So I guess that someone is in there!" The first voice fired back, starting to get a bit angry.

"Ok, Sherlock, no need to crack the case! See if you can get in there and see if the persons alive, and if not, grab some shit and let's go!"

I thought of the situation, and just blurted out the first thing I could think off..

"I have a gun!"

Given the circumstance, this could have gone either way. They could of backed off and I never hear from them again, or they pull out theirs and start firing at me...

Luckily the first option happened.

"Shut the fuck up man! If you really do have a gun, don't fire a damn bullet. Trust me, you don't want that to happen..."

I don't know why I did, but I listened to him. I think it may have been the fear I could hear in his voice. I mean there was anger, but the underlying of fear was the biggest thing.

"Ok man, it's holstered. I'm coming out..."

I started to grab some things, my backpack, torch and my first aid kit. I smacked my knee into the hull as I climbed out the hatch, and was promptly told to shut up by the guy.

I landed on the sand, and his buddy pulled me close and dragged me down.

"Now listen here, we will do all the intros later, but you need to know four things. Stay low, stay close, shut up, and SHUT THE FUCK UP!"

I had a feeling I was going to be very quiet.

We were so close to the sand, it looked like we were crawling. I was in the middle of the two guys, with the guy behind me so close, I'm sure we looked like a tropical human centipede. The moonlight on the beach was amazing, and I started to stand up in sheer awe. But the guy behind me was having none of that. He carried on and pulled me to the ground. The look of hatred in his eyes told me that I had better not do that again.

I looked down the beach and saw some one walking towards us. I motioned to the guys about the body down the beach. The answer I got was not one I was expecting...

"Run! Now! Go!"

So I did. I followed close to the leader, and took a few branches in the face because of it.

We came to a tree with a rope ladder on the side. I was directed up the ladder and went up quite fast.

At the top, I was met with about seven guns all pointed at my head.

I almost fell back off the ladder in surprise. I mean, all these guns pointed at me and I had my hands on a ladder. Not exactly fair, but this trip so far and been anything but fair to me to be honest.

"You got a gun?" A guy in a red shirt approached me, still pointing a handgun straight at my noggin.

"No sir.." I replied meekly.

"You told my men you had a gun at the boat, where is it?" He looked at a rack of Walkie talkies. He brought his eyes slowly from them, over to me in a stare that would make James Bond himself shiver to the core.

"I lied..." I was answering truthfully, as the gun I did have is now at the bottom of the ocean somewhere...

"Well, that is a shame. Now we must kill you..."

Let me tell you, hearing seven guns cock is an experience. Definitely one that I never want to have in my life EVER again. I am sure my heart stopped when that happens. You know how when you crack your knuckles and you get the Holy Grail of every finger popping? Yeah, imagine that but a lot more deadly...

I believe the first words out of my mouth were "arghowowargh waitwaitwAitwait..."

"Yes?" The main guy leaned over me, looking at me with the same emotion you would look at at the last little nugget of dog shit that gets stuck in the grooves of your shoe.

My heart rate was tripled, so all words came out faster than a racehorse announcer...

"Idunno what they are, but if you shoot me, it will attract those things. I only know of them because the guy with the red shirt told me off when he thought I had a gun..."

I would never like to play poker with this guy. I know if I did, I would play about five hands before I was broke, naked and dancing to either the Macarena or The Chicken Dance. His face did not move one iota. He stayed about eight inches from my face, and then lifted his hand behind him.

Everyone uncocked their guns, and lowered them.

"My friend, what is your name?" He asked through his teeth, but with a complete air of calm.

"Michael. Michael Williams."

"And what did you do before arriving here Mike?"

Normally; the only people who get to call me Mike are my family, but since this guy did have the ability to have a firing squad in front of me, I thought I would give him this right as well.

"A sailor. I was a private fisherman."

"And what did you catch?" He walked through the room like a knife through butter. All the people, roughly 10 that I could see, split a path for him, and didn't join back up after he walked past. This meant I had a clear view of him getting a bottle from the shelf, pouring two quite big glasses, downing them both and then refilling them.

"I tried to catch snapper and such, but mostly I caught a cold." Wait, what? I just cracked the ultimate Dad joke about fishing in front of a group of armed men... Well, I had had a good life, just sad it ended with a joke...

Then the ultimate surprise happened.

They laughed. It was a quiet snigger, but there was a laugh.

The main guy walked up to me chuckling a little harder than the others.

"You need this, because your jokes suck! But you have balls to crack that shit here.. So salut!"

He gave me a glass which in no world would be considered clean. But I was a guest, so I grabbed it and downed it in one big gulp.

The burning feeling of straight bourbon made me cough. It had been a while since the drink had been in a glass in front of me. As I sat there, I was if I could feel exactly where the bourbon was in my digestive system.

"Good shit eh? There is nothing like having a drink with a new friend." I nod. He is suddenly being my best friend, and I found this weird, as I still had no idea what this guy's name was.

And as if he was reading my thoughts, he answered.

"My name is Zane, but you can call me Z. As in if you cross me in anyway, I will be the last thing you see, just like Z is the end of the alphabet, I'll be the end of your life.

Welcome to Oremor island!"

Sleep. Just close your eyes and sleep. You have done it all your life, so why should tonight be any different? Just do it. This may all be a dream. You may have been knocked out on the boat and this is your mind fucking with you. I mean honestly, Oremor Island? This place didn't seem safe in any goddamn way, and that Zane guy is just your hard ass side, which you have had bottled up since, well, when she left you, coming to the front of your mind to prove you could be a hard ass? It must be that, what else could it be? This whole situation is fu---

BANG! BANG! BANG!

"Wakey wakey, hand of snakey!"

I bolted upright in my bed. I had been sleeping, and woke up in a pool of sweat. I up this down to the fact I was on an island in the middle of the ocean and not used to the temperature, not de to the fact I was shit scared about everything.

I called out to the guy, who informed me I had 30 seconds to get ready for breakfast. I was ready in 10. Well, I mean, I was outside following this guy down a hallway towards a room that was overloading with the smell of burnt breakfast and the noise of knives and forks hitting plates. "..... You listening?"

I was in a daze, more half asleep than anything.

"Sorry, I was away with the fairies..."

"In this place, you don't want to do that. Ever. Just so you know."

This place was serious about everything.

"I said, my name is Jake and I'll help you today blend in... Well, as much as you can. No for the house rules. If you need to shit, it in the toilets. They are down to the left. Showers and bathing are in the ocean, so if you want to, you can go. If you leave the BOO; or base of operations, you go in groups of at least two. No exceptions. Breakfast is at 6am. Lunch at 1pm. Dinner at 6pm. We tend to do this in the morning, and you will have today to work things out, then you will be thrown in the mix of guarding the place at night. So enjoy today, because after today, sleep will be hard, but trust me... If you can grab a little nap here and there, as long as you are protected you will be safe. You will need all the sleep you can as well. Other than that, good luck. Any questions?"

I stifled to get out a quiet "nope" and then Jake pushed open the door to the dining area. It looked like it was feeding time at the local zoo... And smelt like it as well.

I was shown a seat, and as my ass hit the cold plastic chair, a plate of food was dropped in front of me. I looked at it with partial disgust, but everyone was eating it so I guess it was ok for me to. It didn't taste like a fantastic meal, but it was edible.

I had just finished when a bunch of plates and spoons came flying my way.

"Dish pig! Dish pig! Dish pig!" The chant went up as if it was an event that had been practised and practised over and over again.

Jake yelled over the top of them, "sorry mate, but you the newbie, so you do dishes!"

"Dish pig! Dish pig! Dish pig!"

I grabbed the bowls, and took them to the sink. I grabbed the scrubbing brush, filled the sink, and emptied the last little parts of the bottle in to the mild water.

"Shit, no more dishwasher! Think we will get a new one soon?" questioned a guy about 6ft 3, no hair, and a steely cold look in his eye.

Z stood up and the room went quiet.

"Now look, hopefully there is some in the package tonight. It is going to be dropped on the west of the island, about 2km from here. I need a few volunteers to come with me to get it. We have been told that this time will be a little more difficult than last time, but bearing in mind we did lose 3 last time, then I am asking if you want to do it, and not picking people."

Three people stand up. All look like they don't know what the definition of a neck is. Just imagine a cartoon of a tough man, with all the bulges and bumps in the shirt. This is what they looked like.

"Alright, thank you. We leave at 2100 so head to bed soon if you want a get a decent amount of rest... Tonight is meant to be big, so we need to be careful."

I raised my hand, feeling as stupid as I did when I did this in school.

"Quick question, who are we meant to be careful off Z?"

Z looked at me the way a policeman would look at you if you walked up to him and asked him if it would be ok to kick him in the nuts with a pair of steel cap shoes. The same look as if he was thinking hard about something, plotting, planning...

"The Undead Mike. We must be very careful of the Undead."

That night was spent asking question after question after question.

What the fuck did Undead mean?

Why were they so dangerous?

When did this start?

Who is running this?

Where the fuck was I?

Z answered the questions the way a father would answer questions from a 7 year old about sex. But answering everything else except for the specific question that was asked. I talked to Jake more, and actually got some answers.

Supposedly this island was in the middle of the Pacific, off the coast of Fiji somewhere. No one went here as it was too far away, and too cold for anything really. There was a guy who did a TV show here a couple of decades ago, where they left him on the island with nothing and he had to last 60 days or some shit. It's amazing what people will watch on TV nowadays. I remember when I was a kid we would sit down and watch DVDs of old TV shows my parents watched when they were kids. Heaps of weird cartoons about mice and cats, but all in all, good clean fun. And nowadays, we watch people sing for public humiliation and also we watch everything live. I

remember being a kid watching some news story where a guy was being chased by the cops through a field, and he ended up killing himself. All on the live feed.

Jake laughed a bit at his, then laughed hard and harder, until Z threw a shoe at him.

It hit him square in the side of the head. You could tell it didn't hurt, but boy did he stop laughing. He looked me over, and said "sorry Z, and sorry Mike. I forget that you happened to arrive here, and not put here like the rest of us."

"Put here?" I questioned. How were they put here? They didn't have any skills on the water, so they weren't sailors, and all they seemed to be good at was standing tall and acting staunch.

Jake leaned closer, until I could smell the godawful stench coming from his mouth. He wouldn't have brushed his teeth in at least a few months, and I could tell.

"We are killers. Plain and simple. Put here to survive against those things. We do this as part of a TV show. There are cameras all over the island, and we are all here for our crimes. If we make it to six months, then we can go. Free. Live a normal life, but with family and friends... Well, the ones who want us back anyway."

I looked at him as if he asked me to calculate pi times pi times 4 million. I was dumbfounded to say the least.

Z noticed my blank stare, and joined in.

"It's true. We all have trackers in our arms."

He pulled up his sleeve to reveal an unusual lump, one I honestly had never noticed before. "See? If we did, then the powers that be will know. They drop equipment and supplies to us at night because it's when those fucks are more active and are harder to see."

I quizzed him on this.

"So, if they are active at night, how come you don't kill them all during the day?"

"Shit, we never thought of that at all?!"

The sarcasm was dripping like a candle on a hot stove.

"The reason is because, if we kill them all, then they come back with more. We tried it once. We had about 20 of them around. Killed them all, and by the next night, 50 showed up. We lost 7 people that night. So now, we only kill if we have one or two around. And also why we have to pop out each night to get the supplies. They contain food, water, tools, survival equipment, and believe it or not, sanitary supplies. Even toothbrushes, even though you wouldn't know it by looking at Jake's mouth."

Jake moved in his chair, covered his mouth, and then threw the shoe back at Z. It bounced about three feet to Z's left, hit the spare chair, and then flipped away from Z, making a shit ton of noise for a shoe.

A groan was heard under the room. We had been perched out on guard looking out for the creatures below and around us.

One looked up, to which Z mentioned for us to get on the floor. In the cracks I had a clear view of it. I say it as I'm not sure if it was a guy or a girl when it was breathing. The skin had peeled back from it's head to make whatever it was look like a undead version of Mr Melford, my old high school art

teacher. He was as bald as a porn stars pussy, but less useful. How he had a job teaching was well beyond me, my friends, and our parents. I would have loved to pop the things head with my gun, but it was by my side, and I didn't want to attract the other creatures.

Z had placed his hand on mine and pushed my gun out of my hands. He looked At me with so much hatred, I snapped back into this world, and out of the one with Mr Melford.

"If you ignore me again, I will shoot YOU in the fucken head!"

I didn't understand, and shook my head quizzing.

"I saw you reach for your gun, and aim it through the cracks at Baldy over there." He told me through gritted teeth.

"I'm sorry, I didn't know what I was doing..." I started to explain myself, but I was to to shut up.

"You don't listen, you put us in danger of them, and if that happens, I'm using you as my goddamn shield, you thick fuck!"

Baldy groaned and looked around, as if he could hear something, but no idea where from...

Z looked my in the eyes, and stated that if he looks up, and sees us, and attracts more of those cunts, he would take me to the middle of the island, tie me to a tree, and leave me to die.

So you can imagine my feelings as Baldy attracted a friend, who attracted more, and they all were looking up at us.

And this is how I ended up strapped to this tree, with a gun and 4 bullets, and those things coming at me...

I could count 4. I'm not sure as to why I would count them as they stumbled to me. You would think I would go to my family, but all I'm thinking was is the one in front going to be the one to bit me, or will he call down before getting to me. They were 10 metres away from me, so I went quiet. I closed my eyes and just hoped they hadn't seen me, and wouldn't let their undead eyes cross the crunchy dead leaves between us and see me.

Just as I thought I was safe, a damn bird landed between us, and the crunching leaves made one turn to see what it was.

I can only imagine it's surprise and delight to see a brand new meal just sitting there for her. If she had any expression in her eyes, it would have been like a hungry fat person seeing an all-you-can-eat buffet. You could see they are happy, and you know they were going to walk away full. Just she wouldn't have any feeling of regret or remorse after eating me.

I needed to run, but they had strapped my leg to the tree with a thick rope. Supposedly this gave me a chance against them, or Z was just being a prick and wanted me to feel like I could escape at some point. Granted, I did feel like it would be easy to get out, but then I tried to move. It was strapped up. Tight. I could see my foot turning a slight purple colour. I laughed quietly to myself. I mean, it was that tight so I could wait, have my foot empty of the blood, so I could cut it off and bleed myself to death.

Z was an asshole, and I needed to find a way to get out of here, loose the Fab Four that were coming towards me, and then tell him that to his face.

I could feel the sun go away for a split second. Terror swept through me, and swept through me fast. The warmth and feeling of hope from the sun's rays were wiped out with a feeling of dread, death and snarling.

I was away in my dream world for way too long. The female thing was now only a metre away from me, and her buddies were not too far behind me.

I managed to let out a shocked noise which I couldn't even recognise as being able to be made from me. It was a cross between a wild wolf growl, and a little 3 year old girl scream... It was more of the last one, but still had elements of the first. That's what I kept telling myself anyway. In the commotion, I managed to drop the bullets I had been given. They were at my feet, so I dropped, hunched over the rope in my leg and threw my hand into the leaves in front of me to find these bullets.

I found one, and as I stood up to fire at the female, she grabbed me. Her touch was as cold as an ice cream container from the bottom of a chest freezer. I couldn't hold the bullets or the gun, so they dropped again.

I was forced to the floor, while holding this snarling, growling thing on top of me at arm's length. Going through my mind was, this is it. I'm gone. There is no way I can get out of this. And as soon as I felt something grab my foot, I knew this would hurt. I thought I would just give in, and stop wasting my energy, you know. Accept this was my fate, and I closed my eyes to get ready to leave this world.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Bullets whiz past my head like a swarm of mosquitoes. All the walkers were no more. And by no more I mean, they were there crawling at me with arms outreached, the next second there are massively bloody holes where the heads used to be.

From behind me I felt someone playing with my wrist straps, and then a face popped around on my right hand side. I could see his mouth moving, but couldn't really make out the words, on account of course of the four bullets that just went screaming by.

This man lifted me to my feet, and motioned at me to hurry up and follow him. There was a group of around three other people waiting behind bushes, and all were looking me. I had a feeling I was about to have to go through the same old bullshit "My name is Mike and I am not meant to be here" that I had to do with the last group. Granted right now there wasn't a gun aimed at my head, so I felt a little relaxed. Not a huge amount, but enough to know these guys weren't as psychotic as the last group... I hope.

The guy in front looked me up and down, then asked "So, you have met Z I see?"

I didn't even really need to answer. I just stood there like a stuffed toy on the edge of bed.

Bed. God how I missed my bed at home. I had been on the boat for a couple of months, and now all I long for is my nice warm bed. And while in bed, I'd be watching some C grade movie and having a beer or 7, while eating a bunch of crap which would add more to my waistline than my actual daily needs.

I heard a twig snap, and I was transported back to this shithole piece of earth. The guy from the group noticed my daydreaming, and then aimed the gun at my head.

And before I could even plead for my life he pulled the trigger...

I had that same ringing in my ears from the other time someone fired a gun near my ear. I didn't like it then, and I hated it the same amount now.

I felt the air of the bullet whiz past my ear and heard it as it cracked into the skull of one of those things which was behind me.

"Good shot, and thanks heaps for doing that..." Is what I would have liked to have said. Except it came out as.... "G....."

"Let's go. As you may have been told, gunshots attract them, so we are outta here..."

The group, of about 7 people, all turned in unison, and started to walk away from me. It took me a few seconds to realise they were going with or without me, so I decided to make it the former. after all, I didn't want to spend any more time out here than I needed to.

One of the guys turned, told me to take my shirt off, rip it up and throw it on the bodies of those things. I did it. No asking, just did it. I did want to know why though, of course. And as if he could read my mind he explained.

"If Z and his guys come back to see how you are, this should make it look like you are in those fuckers bellies."

He had a point, I'll give him that.

I followed the group through the middle of the island, to this groups little area. It was much smaller than Z's camp, and a lot less... Well.. Z's was a compound. A fortress. It was magnificent. This one was four tents surrounded by barbed wire and wooden posts, and a pile of bodies around the fence.

The groups leader looked at my face and said "well, it's not the Ritz, but it's safe, secure, and until Z's group goes away, this is home."

He held the door open for me with one hand, and extended his other out to shake my hand. "The names Robbie." li groaned back my name, and put my hand out to shake his. At the last minute, he pulled his hand back. Not due to being a dick or due to a lack of respect, he had noticed there was some walker blood on his hand.

"Sorry about that, fucken things..." We shook hands after he wiped his hand on his jeans, and I was shown which tent was mine.

I lay in my tent, which had a worn sleeping bag and that was about it. It was the complete opposite than Z's set up, but for some strange reason, I felt safer here. I inhaled deeply, closed my eyes, and was asleep before I had fully exhaled.

I woke up to a smell I hadn't smelt in a long time. A classic campfire. And laughter. Laughter? Why? There is a lot of shit happening right now, and none of it is funny.

I unzipped my tent as fast as the zip could go, and almost tripped as I hurried out the tent door. I heard a noise behind me, and I turned to see Robbie staring at me.

"Evening squire! I hope you enjoyed your sleep, it sounded like you needed it. I think that may be the first time, if not second time I haven't been able to hear those things out there. So that's impressive!"

He wrapped his arm around me, and gave me a pat on the head. A strong smell of whiskey was on his breath. Robbie backed away a little bit from me, and then pointed at another member of the group.

"Hey, grab Mike a drink!"

Before I could argue, before I could sit, before I could even work out where the hell I was, a half full glass of whiskey was in my hand. The guy who made it shrugged his shoulders and apologised for the lack of coke. Or ice.

I slammed the drink back in one go. Damn, I have drunk more on this Island than I have in the past 10 years...

"One and done, like a real champ!" A guy came forward and shook my hand, with the force of a vice grip on a twig.

"The names Bill, but everyone calls me Money..."

A loud laugh came from the group, followed by jeers. The only one I could make out was "no one calls you that Bill..."

Bill skunked back, taking it all in his massive stride, but I could tell that he just wanted to be called something other than Bill. I dipped my head and could see through one of the cracks a monster snarling at me and my new friends. It let rip a horrific growl, which made the group hush.

Bill stood up, pulling out a massive foot long machete as he walked towards the hole. In one stab, he had the machete through the things head, and then there was no more noise.

"Nice one Money..." I said, cracking in the middle of the sentence like a high school boy. The group all agreed, even a few called Bill Money, and then we went back to drinking.

Robbie had kept an eye on me and shuffled from his seat to mine. Before everyone started talking again, he got their attention and spoke.

"Good effort today guys. We saved another guy from the Amazing Z." The amount of sarcasm from the last bit was amazingly thick. Everyone cheered, and then raised their glasses in my direction.

I nodded my head at them as a sign of respect and thanks.

"And we didn't loose anyone today! That is always a great feeling, but also shows we got each other's back." Robbie said the last five words while looking at me. Everyone else cheered and there was a joyous feeling in the group.

Once again, I nodded at Robbie, I understood what he was saying, and I had everyone else's back as well.

"Alright everybody, I'm off to bed, enjoy yourselves, but we have training tomorrow, just for Mike!"

Now, I might be able to get off this damn island...

There Are certain sounds you will hear, and never forget them.

One of them is when you hear someone from outside your family tell you that they love you. The other would be hearing silence, which sounds contradictory, but once you find silence, you always want it again.

I can now add cracking a walker's skull with a crowbar.

The only way I can describe it would be having a bowl of two minute noodles, just out of the microwave. Now on top of this, put a fresh packet of dry noodles on top. When you ram your spoon into the noodles, that's what it sounds like. A sickening glop from what is left of the brains and brain fluids, with the crunchy noise of the skull in for good measure.

The other thing that got me was the face. The facials on the walkers were astounding. This may sound like a line from a David Attenborough nature doco, but it was weird to see them make the face they would die with. I'm not saying they are capable of any thought, but it is kinda funny in a weird way to think their last "thought", last "feeling", last "expression" was "I am about to eat now, this should be tast..." And then nothing.

Their eyes would become wide and the yellow and light green of their pus-filled eyes would become easier to see. I should compare them to seeing a deer in your headlights when you drove, but I would feel sorry for Bambi.

I did feel a little sorry each time I dispatched one of these non-living sacks of rotted muscle, after all, they were just doing what they were made to. I'm not sure that's the real words, but it is not normal for people who have died to stand up and then try and infect all those around them.

But if it is a difference of me joining the undead army on this shitty, butt fuck island in the middle of nowhere with cameras all around, or me having even half a chance of getting off said island, then I'm sorry Mr Green Shorts and Mrs Half Naked Walker Bitch, but my 12" machete is going through your fucking head.

What is up with me? I have moved on from the caring guy I was seven months ago, to this guy who has put a blade through other people's heads?

It's crazy, I never thought I could kill. But can you kill the already dead? My answer is no. And yet, since the first one, I have found it very calming. Once again, I'm not sure if I am using the right word here, but everytime I had to fight them, to boost my "energy" I thought of people who wronged me, and I found the inner strength to knife them.

My ex? She was the first ten I re-killed. My best friend she ran off with, he was 10 - 15. And from there it went to school bullies, cops who harassed me, that guy who cut me off in traffic on the way to my boat.

And that was when I knew I had changed. Not only had I lost weight on the three months on my boat, then now into month four on this TV show hell, but I had to think of random people to help me get through the horrors I see everyday.

The only thing keeping me going is the hope I do get off this island soon. My body is weakening, my ankle hurts, and everything is aching. I honestly shouldn't be here in the first place, but as long as I can keep this up and with this awesome bunch of guys, I may make it.

The second night I was with this group, one of the guys noticed it looked like I hadn't slept for a week, and offered me a pill. I didn't take him up on it, but that was when Robbie piped up and asked if I wanted a special sleeping pill.

I asked him what was his special sleeping pill?

A 9mm sleeping pill... Or I could be given a 40 gauge shotgun sleeping pill.

I didn't take him up on it, even though he said it would promise thAt I never feel A thing And wouldn't wake up either.

He can be a smart ass sometimes; his group showed me mercy, and togetherness the other group lacked massively.

But I'll be honest, with the way my ankle is tonight, I don't know if I would be able to turn down one of his special pills...

This morning I woke after my second night of sleep. It is amazing how awesome you feel after sleep. I know you are meant to get eight hours of sleep every night, but it's hard to get that here. I feel safe with these guys, but you still have in the back of your mind, there is a handful of us, and an unknown amount of those dead fucks here on this island, and sometimes sleep doesn't come.

I know I keep going on about sleep, but there is not a lot going on right this second on the island. I am counting down the days until I can go home, and not be apart of this TV show. I don't know what will become of me, but I do know that I shall never be the same again.

I slowly place another log on the fire, and make sure the boiled water keeps bubbling away. The group has decided that, even though I hobble and my ankle is starting to puff up a bit, I am good enough to be put now on guard for the guys while they sleep. I quietly love all this, actually doing stuff instead of "killing" and being mopey about my situation.

Three guys come back from the midnight run to the goodie bags from those above. We have a somber moment between them as they come through the gates to safety, as four of them had left.

Jackson had left with them, but had been killed by Z.

Z.

I had been trying to forget that name. But here is is again, raising his ugly head like a walker popping his head over our barricades.

Money threw his backpack against the wall so hard it made a tremendous noise and woke up everyone.

"That Z cunt! He stabbed Jackson, right in the fucken heart! That fucken cock smoker!"

It took everyone about 5 minutes to calm down Money, and in that time, he had knocked down his tent, my tent, and knocked down the "shower" stand we had. Granted it was flimsy, but now we had a week's collected rain water just soaking through the ground.

We got Money to calm down and explain what had happened. And the more that Money told us, the more Robbie nodded. He had an amazing poker face, did Robbie.

“We were closing in on the bags, and we heard a noise behind us. Jackson turned to see what it was and started saying “No, no, I’m not one of them!” and then Z just stabbed him. Right in the goddamn heart. Z had a smile on his face, a sick, twisted, demented fucken smile that he knew he was killing a person, I guess he was just wanting to kill again. But he didn’t kill him through the head, he stabbed him knowing it would make Jackson turn. By the time I had realised this, the bags had been taken by Z’s group, and Z had slunk back into the jungle like a snake. The last thing I remember seeing was the whites of Z’s eyes, just staring at me through the bushes. I could tell he was still smiling and just watching, waiting for Jackson to come back. We ran from there, and didn’t stop until here.”

Robbie motioned for me to get the three of them a drink, and we were going to plan an attack on Z’s compound.

I knew in my heart of hearts then I was never getting off this island while still breathing.

We all had sat down and decided on a plan that would involve us waiting a few days and then we would pretty much run through the compound all guns blazing. Not much of a plan I will be honest with you, but i did like the fact we were going to wait a little bit and then go.

I strolled over to the wall, and looked out at the small group of the undead gathering near the entrance.

Looking behind them, I saw a strange white pair of dots...

Z...

Z was hiding, like how Money had explained before. I signalled to the guys to have a look. Robbie walked over, and saw what I had seen. Money pushed Robbie out of the way, and started screaming at Z.

“You motherfucker! Jackson was my brother, and you murdered him! Come in here unarmed and we can settle this like men, you fucking asshole!”

Z started laughing, and he pointed over at the group.

Money followed his finger and saw a familiar sight.

It was Jackson, now freshly undead, walking towards the sound of Money’s voice.

Money collapsed in shock, and I looked out the gap as Robbie and the rest of the guys pulled Money away who was now crying and cursing even worse at Z.

I looked at Jackson, and noticed something he had missed.

Jackson had a vest on, which looked like it could be explosive.

Z slowly drew his gun out, aimed it at Jackson, and fired.

I had enough time to shout out “It’s a bomb! Get down!” before Jackson exploded and not only took out some of the walkers, but also half our defences.

While we were trying to recover from the explosion, and figure out which way was which, what had gone, and sort out this fucken ringing in our ears, Z and what seemed to be only 3 others came through, killing the undead and now were starting to pick off the members of our group.

I had a hard time getting up. I felt weaker than normal, a lot weaker. I think my body is just coming to terms with the entire situation that has been happening here.

I had been finding it hard to breathe, probably from the explosion, or the little piles of fire that had been left amongst the area. I don't mean a little fire fairy had come and placed them everywhere, but when you have an explosion next to a fire pit, you know what I mean.

I stumble around to find something to push myself up on, but I am lifted up and thrown towards Robbie and Money. They are sitting on their knees, hands behind their backs, with something stuffed in their mouths to keep them from screaming. Everyone else is dead. Us three, we are the only ones still alive, however, judging by the look in Z's eyes, that may not be for much longer.

"... I thought you were gone. Arwell, welcome to the world of the "kinda" living for at least another 2 minutes. If you had of played nice, Mikey boy, you would be standing now, about to leave this island, but no, you had to fuck around, and this is why now you are to be killed... After Bill here."

Money mumbled his protests, but they fell on deaf ears. One bullet shot rang out, and Money was gone. His head exploded and there was no way he would be coming back to live after that.

I must have yelled out "Money" as Z shot him, because Z's three were all laughing hard. Z ended up taking a deep breath, and said "Did you call him Money? You would be the only person who did Mikey baby. No one liked him off this island, and not a lot like him here either."

I protested and said "Well, I did."

"And that is why you are were you are Mike. That is why you are where you are."

Z leaned into me, grabbed the back of my head and pulled my head into his. He stared at me and I tried to stare back, but when you are that close to someone, all you can see is one great big eye.

"You see, you were so close to finishing this game, even though you were meant to be here at all. I feel sorry for you, I really do. You were just a hapless, helpless fisherman, who got caught up in a massive storm, and now, well, look at you. You are a star in a reality TV show which promotes violence and killings in gruesome ways. All so that a TV network can make money. That's all this boils down to. Money!"

Z knew that even though we couldn't see the cameras, they would all be on him now, as he makes these statements loud and clear.

"We are killers on this island, we are criminals! With the exception of Mike over there of course, but we are also humans! We don't deserve this shit! No one does! Why should you care if I walk up to another killer, like my mate Robbie here..."

He walked up behind Robbie, put his gun to his head, and...

"and blow his brains out all over Mike!"

"BANG!"

I threw up, as I could feel Robbie's corpse drop on my legs, and my head covered in his brain matter.

Z looked around, and stared at the sky, arms out like he was Jesus giving the Sermon on the Mount.

“This is not entertainment, it’s not TV, it’s...”

And they were his final words broadcast on Oremor Island.

Out from behind me came a big black helicopter. On the side was a soldier with what looked like a mini gun. He mowed down Z and the other two without a care in the world. The helicopter then dropped down a bit, and two people came running over to me in black commando outfits. They helped me to my feet, carried me to the helicopter and put me inside. Once I was safely in the helicopter, they jumped off again and looked around the campsite.

Along came a group of walkers, so the two commandoes jumped back into the chopper, and we took off. As we flew up, I got to see the actual size and layout of the island.

It wasn't as big as I was thinking it was, but it was still a decent size. I tried to look at the island more, but it was covered in walkers.

One of the soldiers put a headset on me, and started talking.

“Can you hear me Mike?”

I nodded, still in disbelief as to how I had a gun to my head not 40 seconds ago, and now I am in a fucken helicopter.

“Sorry about the evac, I hope you weren't injured too much on the island.”

I shook my head, and looked around the chopper.

One of the soldiers read my mind, and passed me an airsick bag. I wasn't airsick, I just needed to throw up, and boy did I.

Two bags later, the soldier sitting opposite me gave me an iPad with a video to watch.

“Hello Mike, My name is not important, but what I have to tell you is.

I am truly sorry you ended up on our island, and I am sorry for what we have put you through. I mean that. We were going to come and get you as soon as you landed on Oremor Island, but to be honest with you, the ratings went through the roof, and as much as I hate to agree with that Z bastard, ratings are ratings.”

My ankle started hurting more than it should, and I started to feel like I was about to pass out. I have never felt this weak before.

“Our guys are going to fly you to the mainland, and then once you are here we will give you a full medical recovery, and we will give you ten million dollars as compensation. You are a star now Mike, you survived Oremor Island.”

The video finished, but I couldn't see it. Sweat was pouring out of my head, and down over my eyes. Everything was blurring, I was having trouble breathing, and my goddamn ankle.

The medical doctor on the helicopter asked if I was ok. Of course I wasn't, so I didn't reply to him.

He grabbed my head, looked into my eyes, then noticed my ankle looked swollen.

“Is your ankle in pain?” He questioned me more, but that is all I heard at that time.

There was a bit of confusion, and bit of a commotion, and then it all went dark. I must have passed out due to the pain.

I looked up at Mike. He had survived the Island, but he didn't look good at all. Sweating, shallow breathing, what seemed like a swollen ankle.

I asked him if he was ok. He looked at me, but not at me. It was like he looked through me.

I glanced down again at his ankle and decided to lift up his pants to see what was wrong with it.

"Is your ankle in pain?" I questioned before reaching for his pant leg.

"I am going to look at your ankle now, I think it could be fractured or swollen. Don't be alarmed."

I don't think he heard me, as he passed out just as I was reaching. I got ahold of his leg, and lifted up his pants. Green puss was around his ankle, and I had noticed three deep scratches just above his ankle. As if a creature had grabbed and pulled him closer.

I was scared. I had read of these scratches before, but I had never been this close to one before.

"Doc, is he ok? Cause he looks fucked up!"

I looked out the window, we were just about to make it over the land. I started talking to Mike.

"It will be ok Mike, just a few more minutes. Hang in there Mike."

I glanced over sand saw Mike... well, what used to be Mike.

He lunged at the soldier next to him, and sunk his teeth in. His screams echoed in the helicopter, and the force of which Mike jumped made the helicopter go into a death spin.

The pilot tried to gain control, but we were heading for the ground, and fast. I knew this was it. I prayed to everyone, asking for forgiveness, and waited for us to hit the ground. I just prayed I would be killed instantly before Mike got ahold of me.

But like my three failed marriages, I was wrong.

I was thrown against Mike, who smelt more human flesh and grabbed me by the neck and started to eat my face. I knew there and then that no God above me would let me into their heaven.

The last few sounds I heard were the sound of Mike ripping out my Adam's apple, and the sound of the helicopter crashing into the ground...

TO BE CONTINUED...

Additional stuff by Marco Naddei