10:00AM: Tuesday. Third day of the apocalypse:

Military barricades had been set up all around the town shortly after the infection spread to dangerously, well, dangerously dangerous levels. This is the story of one of them and how the undead claimed a huge victory against the living.

Hundreds of soldiers look ever onward as the second small group of zombies comes forward to try feeding itself on human flesh and blood, a must do task for all undead.

Casualties had been low up till now. The men had just fought off one hoard before this one. Mainly normal and giants. The latter from which seemed like a bit bulky and much taller than even the tallest of humans. Only five men had been infected from the soldiers, and 4 of them had killed themselves after realizing there was no way but to either turn or kill themselves, and minutes later the 5th one had also, following the example of his comrades, terminated himself.

The hoard, now about a few hundred yards away from the soldiers, moves steadily onward as one, their moans and growls able to be heard by the front ranks of the soldiers.

Orders are passed over walkie-talkies, and men take up positions, preparing and looking over their weapons.

As the hoard gets ever closer, or, close enough, the order, “Weapons free!” is given, and with a deafening BRRRRRRRRRR, the machine gunners at the front open fire on the mass f undead.

Many of the undead drop down onto the ground, bullets having impacted their rotten bodies. And though not dead, they continue to crawl towards the living.

Petty officer Nasir could spot clearly what appeared to be a group of about 3 or so of the undead, crawling on only their hands, as their bottom halves had been obliterated by the relentless machinegun fire. They couldn’t, and didn’t, make it far, however, as snipers positioned on rooftops of nearby buildings quickly made short and precise work of them. Nasir was one of the Navy Seals called to assist with the defense against the undead on the second day of the apocalypse

Soldiers from the back ranks look on with anticipation as more of the undead come forward, and as they do, half of them are taken down by machine gunners, and the ones that drop to the ground yet remain alive are spotted and killed by snipers.

The navy Seals, along with other soldiers, look on at the hoard, getting reduced with every meter, yet stopping for not but one second. They watch as one of the machine gunners tries to shoot at a couple of zombies rather close to him with his backup pistol but his shots go wide. The undead move closer to him. He manages to shoot one of them, but another takes its place. He shoots the second, but the first one is upon him. A normal, as people call. Nothing special about it other than its ability to eat flesh, which really isn’t that special considering it’s a zombie

Tossing his pistol down, he holds the undead back by its neck as it nashis its teeth at him. It suddenly grows powerless, and its head droops forward. The machine gunner spots one of the Seals with an m16 looking in his general direction, and quickly lets the body fall to the ground.

Getting bac to his m240machinegun, he resumes shooting at the hoard, more than of which has now managed to get dangerously close to the machine gunners and is now for the most part, engaged by the seals.

Two of the Seals spot an extra-large gigantic undead, lumbering towards their position. “Oh, shit!”. One of them shouts, and the both of them fire on the thick skinned undead. Tyrants. Slow to move, but ironically enough, even larger and more stronger than giants. Giants, on the other hand, are just normal, but much harder to take down. They do move a bit faster than tyrants, however.

The two Seals continue firing at the lumbering undead with suppressed assault rifles, their bullets sometimes managing to push it backwards a bit. One of them slots in a new magazine in his gun, and fires straight at the zombie’s head. Most of his bullets manage to hit the undead, who keels over backwards. The other Seal quickly removes the pin from a fragmentation grenade and tosses the explosive, which lands just by the upper body of the tyrant. “Take that! Bitch!” Shouts the one who tossed the grenade. He wouldn’t be above late 20s, as the grenade goes off. The charred, unmoving form of the tyrant just lying there, half of, actually most of its head and body disintegrated with continuous fire and the grenade.

They don’t get much time to celebrate, however, as they spot more of the undead, this time normalsand stalkers. Stalkers were female zombies. Fast moving, difficult to predict, and could creep the living shit out of you if you weren’t careful.

Nearby, the hoard stops coming as most of it is dispatched, and the few remaining undead are quickly taken down with accurate sniper shots and the Seals

After the battle:

Seals gather around one of their comrades, and most of them look horrified at what they see.

There’s no flesh on the man’s arms. His cheeks have been torn open. His lips have been eaten away. His stomach has also been half ripped open.

“Holy shit! Jesus fucking Christ! Holy mother! Astaghfirallah!” and similar words are repeated over and over as the man lies on the ground, slowly turning, with obvious signs of agony.

Jim, one of the seals fighting alongside the fallen man, moves forward towards him. “Jim. K kill me. P please…”. His words come out in a mess, obviously due to the fact that his lips are mostly gone. His friend, however, just stands there, looking in horror at the turning man. His teeth have begun to get sharper, and the soldiers gathered around him hear a low throaty growl emanating from him as he speaks.

“He’s gonna turn!” Shouts one of the seals to Jim, who looks at his pistol then at the turning man. “I dona tur” He says, and the others understand him trying to say he doesn’t want to be turned. As the turning man along with the other seals repeats the words, kill me and he’s turning respectively, Jim grimly draws his gun, and resting his finger on the trigger, slowly presses it down.

Bang! And the dead man’s body lies still on the ground. The seals gradually disperse, but Jim remains at his comrade’s side for a few more moments before slowly and glumly walking back to his position.

4:00PM: Tuesday. Third day of the apocalypse:

Its been almost 5 or 6 hours till the second hoard had been taken down by the soldiers at the barricade, and apart from small groups of about ten to 20 zombies, they hadn’t gotten anything bigger. Which was strange, considering scouts/recons had reported a massive number of zombies coming from the west. This barricade, along with quite a few others had been set up for the termination of this mass of undead.

Another scout group had been sent ahead to see if the soldiers were to remain prepared for the battle today or was it simply for another day or time.

Wilkins and his scouting party was on the run back to the barricade on its motorbikes. What they had seen made their blood run cold. Hundreds of zombies. All fucking kinds, were moving towards the barricade set up in the countryside. For a second he had been reminded of parts from the post-apocalyptic book he had been reading months ago about vampires and humanity surviving while trying to rid the world of vampires as the result of a science experiment.

The party had unintentionally managed to grab the attention of some of the undead, and were now trying to return back to the base without getting fed on by the undead mass.

Back at the barricade:

Nasir and some fellow Seals casually talk with each other, as nearby others go about their business of, whatever that may be.

Near the entrance, the scout team pulls up, running past the anticipating Seals and soldiers. Straight to the makeshift command room.

Inside, Wilkins hurriedly explains the situation to the captain and other high ranking soldiers of the barricade. “There really is a mass of undead. And we’re gonna have to fight it. Today. It Its coming here. Should be here in about an hour or two. May maybe more. We need to prepare”

Major Jamal had been expecting that the massive amounts of zombies that had been reported in yesterday really wouldn’t be coming. But he was wrong. And it really was coming. He had been chosen to lead this barricade. So now it was his responsibility to try to keep his men alive and fit off the insane numbers of the hoard.

Half an hour later:

Machinegun emplacements have been set up near the front of the barricade using sandbags and the likes, and snipers have been positioned on the roof of the barricade building. Other soldiers armed themselves as best they could. After that, there is really nothing to do but wait. Tension hangs in the air as every last man waits for the massive hoard to arrive. Major Jamal and captain Jeffery had already told to all the soldiers about the hoard and its dangers.

Up on the rooftop, snipers could see visible figures moving towards the barricade. “We got undead in sights. Lots o them. Do we take them out from afar?” Asks a wiry sniper on his coms. “Copy that. All snipers engage”. Comes back the calm reply of what sounds like captain Jeffery. “Roger”. Replies one of the snipers with a hint of slight enthusiasm in his voice.

Down below, soldiers stationed look far off into the distance as the sound of the sniper fire reaches them, and they do the only thing they can. To wait for their turn.

About 40 or so minutes later:

The soldiers on the ground begin to see the distant mass of undead. According to the snipers they had managed to take down about more than a hundred, but according to the scouting party there wasn’t much notable difference in the size of the hoard as it was when they originally saw it.

Machine gunners on the front prep up their weapons, and among the Seals as they load up and check over their guns, Jim cocks his rifle with a determined expression on his face.

On top of a military jeep with a machinegun fixed on the roof stands Major Jamal. Observing his men for a split second, he takes a deep breath, and turning back to them, says,

Our task, today, is to hold the line here. And if we do not do that, no one will. As soldiers, it is your duty. The duty of each and every last one of you, is to protect each other, and your people. We are all, risking our lives here to fight these abominations. We will not give up here today! Will we?” To which, all the soldiers reply, “No” “Will we?”? “No”. “So give them all you got! Let them have it! Don’t go down without a fight! Give them a challenge! Take as many of them along with you as you can!”. To which, all the soldiers raise their fists up in the air and shout in agreement. The captain shouts, “And, one more thing. I know, that this speech was not so professional. You’ll have to excuse my bad speech skills”. Most of the men give slight chuckles to that comment

Minutes later, as the hoard gets within range, Major Jamal speaks into his radio. Weapons free! With a thundering roar the machineguns open fire.

The front ranks of the massive zombie hoard quickly disintegrate under the barrage of machinegun fire, but is quickly stomped on by the rest of the coming hoard and replaced by a new row of undead.

The same continues to happen for about the next few minutes, the only difference being the change in the types of zombies.

Normals, stalkers, tyrants, giants, amorphous, which look like human shaped bags of water, probably because they’re actually filled with water and sound disgusting, reapers, quite a mutilated zombie, relatively faster than a normal. Next are lamprey, real savage looking things. Real powerful. Could probably bite an arm off if given enough freedom and provided enough force. And lastly, Matriarch. Upgraded version of stalkers that look more creepy than a stalker and look more badass than one.

When the hoard is close enough, the navy seals and other soldiers open fire on them with their assault rifles and submachineguns, filling the entire place with the continuous bang bang bang of their guns and dropping more and more of the undead, a foe that never considers the numbers of the opponent, its primal instinct being to feed.

One of the machine gunners, a man in his mid-30s, fires long bursts at the hoard with his m240. While loading his gun, he suddenly gets yanked from his posts, and his eyes widen and his face takes on an expression of horror as he realizes a tyrant had yanked him from his machinegun emplacement and that it is very unlikely that he’d survive. Quickly drawing a backup pistol, he fires at the large zombie, but the undead maintains its strong grip on the man’s lower body. As the tyrant takes its first bite out of the man’s upper leg, he screams, and realizing he is doomed, quickly pulls the pin from 2 grenades he carries. And as the undead continues to feed on the poor man, the grenades go off and the man and tyrant are nocked backward, crushing a stalker under it as it falls backward on the ground with a heavy thud.

A few of the other machine gunners notice, but quickly shift their attention back to their shooting as the grenades go off

Undead fall, merely to be replaced by their fellows of different shapes and sizes. Men fall, shooting or killing themselves after they have no way but to either turn or dye, or aren’t given such liberty as smaller groups from the hoard, now dangerously close, quickly feed on lone soldiers before being taken down. And the process repeats, again and again, and eventually the soldiers are forced to move back. Captain Jeffery,, shooting at undead from atop the military jeep with an m2 browning, glances around him at the chaos. He spots undead gathering and feeding on one of his men, who desperately tries to get away from their open mouths and visibly sharp teeth, but unable to do so as when he tries to stand up, he’s pulled back down by the gathered group of zombies which then starts to slowly devour the helpless soldier. He quickly shoots short bursts at the zombies feeding on him, and then in pure instinct, shoots his own infected man writhing in agony. Blinking, he notices as a small tier falls down his left cheek. He doesn’t get much time for emotions, however, as,

“Captain Jeffery! Bring out the launchers!”. Says the major. “Copy. Team 4 team 5 team 6! Time to move! Bring out the heavy stuff!”. Replies the captain

Within a minute, heavily armored men wielding grenade launchers and flame throwers walk out of the building, or makeshift military barricade, and move to the front of the fighting. Using parked cars and natural obstacles for protection from the tyrants and giants, a thing that only half works, the new teams prep their weapons and fire straight into the hoard. And upon contact, the grenades explode and the flames engulf many of the undead of all kinds, yet they still walk as their skin is on fire, but after short whiles, drop to the ground, writhing in pain as the flames consume their skin and flesh. The new teams continue this process, dropping more and more from the hoard, until after a awhile, a hole can clearly been seen punched in the center of the hoard. And as more undead from the back move to replace the ones who had fallen in the center, one can clearly see that the hoard has thinned. Soldiers, after realizing this, shoot at the hoard with renewed vigor, continuing the onslaught of zombies.

Petty officer Nasir notices as another man is grabbed by a group of stalkers which sink their teeth into his flesh. One bites his cheek open, as others feed on his lower body. Nasir quickly removes the pin from a grenade and tosses it onto the pile of zombies now gathered around the man, and not waiting to watch it go off, turns back to shooting the undead near to him.

Jim uses an m4 to drop zombies one by one with precise headshots, as the image of his friend, slowly turning, begging to dye flashes in his mind. A pair of normals manages to get close to him and noticing them just before they would attack him, he shoots one in the eye with his pistol, but the second one grabs his arm and bends down for a bite. Jim grabs its head, and with all his force, twists it around, breaking the zombie’s neck and letting its body slide down onto the ground, after which he resumes the termination with his m4.

The battle continues. Men are consumed, undead are killed. Motivation levels constantly go up and down as soldiers see their fellows being ripped apart and notice the absolute thinning of the hoard. Every time Nasir hopes that the hoard would finally end, a new fresh wave of zombies starts to move. Now, he could see clearly as men struggled to hold the line against the fresh waves of undead. The toll of almost an hour of continuous battling without a break finally catching up to them.

A lone soldier is grabbed by a tyrant, and the undead takes a large bite out of the man’s shoulder and upper arm as he screams in agony. The tyrant continues to gorge itself on the man’s flesh as his face takes on an expression of horror and grim realization after seeing more undead joining the tyrant.

The tyrant and its fellows suddenly scream with obvious signs of pain as they are burnt with one of the members of team5 wielding a flame thrower. Soon, all the undead in said group are writhing on the ground with pain as their skin and flesh burns. The man, both his arms and most of his upper body now eaten away, lies motionless yet still alive on the ground, the only sounds that seem to play over again and again in his head are the sounds of relentless machinegun fire and the screams of men as they are slowly torn apart and eaten after every small while.

At last, as the majority of the mass of zombies is taken down, and the rest still trying to get a taste of human blood and flesh are in the process of being dealt with, only then do the men stationed at the machinegun posts dare to move from their stations and switch to assault rifles to help their comrades, considering machinegun fire wouldn’t help anyone at such close range. Plus the fear of accidently shooting one’s own fellow fighters isn’t the brightest thing.

The ending phase of the battle is hard and tiring. Stalkers hide in clusters, ready to pick off lone soldiers one by one, and manage to get about ten of the soldiers before they are terminated for good. And even the other kinds of zombies manage to get quite a few of the fighters before they are dealt with as well. Moreover, the fact that its night only adds to the obviously present difficulty of hunting down the undead and the ease of getting food for zombies.

But at the end, when the ground is littered with the corpses of undead and the living, groups of soldiers moving through, putting the bodies in a big pile and looking for any survivors, the expressions of most of the soldiers show sadness and relief both simultaneously.

Half an hour later:

A mass grave is currently in the process of being dug, and appears to be half complete. Mostly everyone was in favor of the idea to burn all the dead so the infection doesn’t spread from the massive amount of dead bodies in the area. After half an hour more, the grave is in a usable state. Bodies are hurriedly put in the mass grave, into which one of the soldiers tosses a burning lighter and a lit cigarette, setting it ablaze.

People from different religions come forward in neatly arranged lines, to pay their respects and pray for their dead comrades according to their own religious customs. Muslims hold up both hands side to side, palms facing up, as they speak Arabic words as prayers, and Christians making the cross sign as they bless their dead fellows in their language. Other religion’s people also come forward to pay their respect to the dead ones in their own days.

The soldiers eventually disperse into the building that was converted to be used as a makeshift base.

Back in the command tent:

Major Jamal and the captain listen loosely to the transmission on a radio. “We we’re overrun! There’s hundreds of the undead and we don’t have enough manpower! Most of our men are dead! We’re the only two barricades left!”. And the transmission suddenly cuts out just after what sounds like extremely close gunfire.

“Officer Evens! Come in! Officer Evens!” Speaks the Major in the radio, but no reply comes from the other end.

“Holy shit”. Says the captain just above a whisper. “We’re the only ones left. So the all other barricades really did get hit by the rest of the mass of undead. “Jesus fucking Christ”. Says the captain.

“We need to tell the men. They need to know that we’re not done. The rest of the undead mass would be in the cities and towns, but sooner or later they will come outside. Trickling outside slowly but surely. We need to be prepared to fight them head-on”. Says the major

With that, the two men move out of the makeshift command room and outside to where the soldiers calmly stay.

“listen up,” starts the captain. “We’ve just received reports that all other barricades set up with us are no longer.”. The men look up with bewildered and shocked expressions on their faces as they register the news. “We may have won today, but we need to continue to live. So that one day, when the rest of the undead mass slowly begins to move out of the cities and towns, we can begin to war against them. But that’s another day’s work. You’ve all done well. And the ones that died, didn’t dye in vain. They did with utmost bravery what we all now need to do. They fought the enemy with all their might. Even when they knew no hope was left for them, they didn’t back down. And now just like today, we will not back down as well! Whether it be in the face of these monstrosities and abominations, or any other foe. Do you all agree!”

Every last man shouts in agreement and raises his fists, filling the room with the sounds of “hell yeah! Yeah! Yes!” Or other such words.

“Tomorrow, we fortify out defenses. E organize guard shifts. And we scout out the surrounding buildings for supplies. But tonight, we rest. You’ve all done well”

Major Jamal looks over at his remaining men. Almost more than a hundred, he is confident enough that it should be enough men for now. But his face changes into a grim expression as he realizes that to survive, they need more people.