

The first time Scott Hawthorne fought off a zombie was a nerve-racking experience. Zombies are not the mindless creatures the television wants us to believe. Well, they are mindless, but they are not as purposeless and easily tricked. The zombie does what its masters wants it to do. If you are the assignment you can shoot of a million cannons, it won't matter. You can plumage your knife in its head, but it will go on until totally destroyed. And that is sometimes more difficult than you'd think. And zombies are much stronger than in on TV. Apart from that it does not have to feed like they want you to believe on TV. It does have the ability to bite and inflict a zombie disease, but that is not a viral disease. It is dark magic based. The bite transfers dark and evil magic to your body. Luckily your body has a natural resistance to this kind of magic. So a bite is not a sure end, but it still is better not to get bitten.

Scott got on a nice summer night a zombie chasing him. The monster was assigned to pull a limb from Scott's body. Scott had at first easily outrun the zombie, but it never became tired and Scott surely did. So before Scott had gotten his breath again the zombie came into sight. Scott started to run again, but it kept coming. Scott was being hunted like men used to hunt deer. He would collapse of fatigue and then be torn limb from limb.

Scott had to confront his assailant. Hung with amulets and wards he would be quite safe from diseases, but he could still be tossed around. And that was just what happened. The protective magic Scott had around him burned and repelled the monster, but it adapted. It stopped attacking Scott, but instead attacked his protection. The magical barrier was pushed backwards and Scott was pulled along with it. Sometimes the amulet was pushed into his flesh and left a bruise. It was soon clear to Scott that he would eventually die from all the blunt force trauma he endured unless he would destroy the zombie. But, that is not an easy task if you're not a fighter nor a wizard.

So Scott needed a plan. And a plan he did put together. He lured the monster to a busy street. He needed it to follow close, but it dashed forward and gave Scott a huge push. Scott sailed across the busy road and only sheer luck kept him alive. The zombie shambled upon the road and was overlooked by a truck driver. Ten metric tons slowed it down and rendered one arm useless, but it did not destroy it. Horrified the truck driver saw it rise and continue its pursuit.

Scott needed a plan B

He started running again and came across a police station. He stopped and stood still struggling with his conscience. If he would enter the station the monster would follow and people would get killed. But if he kept trying to outrun the monster he himself would surely perish.

Fate made the decision for Scott. The zombie arrived just as two patrol cars returned. The cops immediately sensed that something was wrong. One tried talking to it, but got no response. Another tried to stop it. The zombie saw that as a threat and attacked. It tore with its teeth a piece of meat out of the neck of the cop, who plumaged to the ground squealing like a pig. The others did not hesitate and drew their guns. Multiple rounds were fired into the zombie. It stumbled back, but still moved even though parts of its face were gone and the useless arm was torn to bits. The cops cursed and needed to reload. The zombie at that

moment choose a new victim. It dashed forward as it did with Scott and grabbed a cop by his neck. A sickening sound of breaking as an end was made to the life of the man, his throat crushed. The army of cops had reloaded and had gotten reinforcements. They now all started to fire vainly trying to kill the undead monster, but the close-up salvo's of buckshot finally did finish the zombie.

Scott had taken some distance from the slaughter and stared in awe at the disaster that it created. He realised he would never have been able to destroy the zombie himself. He would have lost an arm or worse and would not have been able to do anything about it. Time to learn more about killing the undead.