

## *Lost soul of mankind*

8 months, 12 days. Oh the idea of which makes my mind wonder. For how I will decapitate the dead. From chopping their heads off to a shot to the head. As they reach for me I'll smile as they burn to their death. Upon which I see a building not too far from me. I walk towards it with ease as I lock the doors and look through the windows of he. Digging through the pantry I see food supplies and just enough for the two of me. I pack them away as I continue up stairs and to my amaze I see another suit case with a bunch of lays. I smile from ear to ear as I am surprised by the fact that someone even left these here. As I continue the days in which I realize I'm all alone in this worldly hell. I take a sip of water as I see a horde of zombies coming after me, the fact of life makes me question my idea to hide. So into the bag I go and take out a machete and knife.. For what I'm about to do is for my own life.. I mustn't run or hide I must follow wherever the Lord decides to bury my mind. For as I speak they are approaching.. I take one out as blood splatters over me. The idea of survival is becoming a lost memory of what I once knew.. For I have yet to see another man and I'm starting to question if I even knew.. But I must not give up, I must continue to fight. For if you give up you might as well lay down and die..

It's been many months since it all began, I'm not quite sure where my mentality stands.. I think I saw Jim the other day. Working on his truck as he waved at me and I continued my day.. I know I'm going crazy but I can't seem to shake it.. Food is no longer an issue for me.. I just might end it today, I thought about it last night as I sat on the porch while one of them tried to get through the electric fence. Funny I thought it was.. Sad to see old Jim go but I must continue down this lonely empty road.. Driving through this mind like abyss, I begin to question life as I look through windows thinking " How could we do this? ". A small tear begins to shed as I hit the accelerator to mow over the read. From the splatter of blood to the hearts of the young. All I see are the faces of the hopeless ones. Some may walk away or think about ending it all, I musnt allow this hell to overcome this downfall. Though as things in this hell seem tough what we must do is trust less and survive more. A guy tried to stop me the other day, said his kid needed help so they could get through another day. I got out of the car as my heart wouldn't let me leave. A small smirk on his face is all I needed to see, his son tried to pounce up with a knife. He was holding a gun as he tried to hide. Without thinking I instinctively shot.. A loud bang could be heard through the rocks.

Two more people are now dead, how the hell can I keep going when all I see are the living dead!?!.. Such a cliché line I know but it's all I can think about as I feel like I'm on death row. This road never seems to end, a sick to my stomach feeling I get as I pull over to catch my breath. A feeling of fire burns my eyes as I slowly look to the sky, smoke fills the air as my lungs begin to gasp. Taking a deep breath as I try not to collapse.

After closer examination I see another human being or is it just me?.. I shout but not a sound in sight, I slowly move my feet as I see the darkness cover the light.. After awhile of being out in this place of hell on earth as it seems now and days, I take a closer look back at the life I once lived. Such a peaceful time but now everywhere I step is another one dead. The area I was once looking at turned out to just be a figment of my imagination.

I swore I saw a man but I guess that's what happens when you vision a life outside of your own head.. This place is what makes my brain go insane.. I heard someone cry the other day, I jumped out of my seat as it turned out to be geese flocking in the streets.. I can't tell human sounds from the others, my heart struggles to find another.. Why do I keep this rifle in my car? I ask myself every day, there's no one to kill but the visions of this worldly hell.. A line I've used before I know but when you live on your own with no one around, it tends to weigh on how you tend to think or speak about different things.. No man in sight as I had once screamed in delight..

Now I crave the touch of another.. It's almost impossible to think about wanting to continue when you doubt you'll see signs of life again. I pack the car with supplies as I continue to try and bring this place alive, a couple things of water and a handful of snacks, just something to get me by until I reach the next place in which I'll lay back and relax.. It's been almost a year without a sign, maybe there's just no more good anymore as I continue to find what I hope to see on the other side.. Though I travel this lonely empty road, I often question the existence of my very soul. For what purpose shall I take another breath, to drink another bottle of water or look to my left.

John To check every corner for close inspection, to make sure there isn't just someone standing and watching my every presence. I often ask these things as I set off into the future, a place unlike no other as I hope to shape what's further. Thinking about everything that has happened and what all has been going on, I find it very odd to not find a single thing wrong. Everything looks real and all but it

seems to me that something is missing from this mindless world.. Maybe I'm just hitting the point of insanity, I can't exactly answer this question for no one is around me.. Yep, there is goes. Talking to myself again, that's all I ever hear, the same voice in between these ears.

I played a song the other day to keep my mind from fading away, peaceful it was to listen to a little Marvin Gaye, I've never really listened to him before so it was a different feel. Only problem was I didn't have someone here to make a special cause we all know the main reason you'd play him a loud, for the sway of the hips and a kiss upon the lips sounds all so good. I shouldn't have let this happen cause right now she'd be next to me.. But I messed up, things got out of hand, remember Jim from the other day who got electrocuted on my land?..

Well let's just say we weren't always on the best terms at times, every now and then I'd keep a watchful eye.. I knew what they had not known about me for they tried to play it cool, acting like nothing was going on but ha ha, I already knew.. I won't say all that happened but let's just say I enjoyed seeing Jim screaming as he found out what happened.. Oh the joys of a twisted mind, now he's laying on the grass as I'm driving without care..

I know deep down there's gotta be someone somewhere.. At upon my arrival at a stop of the unknown, I look up at the sky as if I should know.. What happened and why am I here tis a question I often ponder.. For what's the sole purpose of being alone in this blazing sun. All of the water I've drank is pretty much done. I have a few things left to eat but no nearly enough to let me get by the rest of the way. I siphon a few tanks to help me fill up so I can continue my quest to find another but I just get this feeling inside that I'm the only other..

As I travel this far and endless road of land I just think to myself of all the people who were once among men. For as I take deep breaths and let the wind blow through my hair I simply glance up at the sun simply without care. A large flair is shot, a puzzled thought hits my mind. What am I seeing and is someone near? Another one is let off as I begin to hear screams instead of cheers. A man all bloodied and beaten runs in front of the car " Get out, save yourself! ". Crazy is

this man I thought. Traveling not much further I see more and more people, they don't look happy. Part of me is glad to see life again while the other is heart broken at what I see, people being tormented and filled with disease. A man is killed in plain sight, by a child unlike no other as a tear forms down my eye. " Why the hell do we live like this!?. " I think and shout out loud. Who the hell is letting things like this happen and not giving a damn what's around. Getting closer to the town I go, the further I drive, the closer I just don't wanna be alive.

I drove by what had seemed to be a man being crucified with his child next to him. Another burned alive as people shout hateful remarks and tell him he has no reason to stay alive. Through all of this I see one place in particular that remains untouched and very beautiful at first sight. A white polished look and flags on its side. An almost pride as it seems they're not bothered by what's going on outside. I drive as close as I can to the building as its being protected by men in black suits, guns in arms as they simply smile as others run in fear. No man dares come near this building as they'd be shot without anyone shedding a tear.

This place has made me realize I preferred being alone, this is hell on Earth not a heavenly home. Why this is happening I simply don't know, I go against my gut feeling as I drive through the men in suits. Plowing them over and ramming the gate, I manage to make it to the front door and slam on the breaks. I open the door as I walk in, I'm amazed by what I see.. For I know God himself is hurting by men like these.

People like this claim to be men of God but they're lying through their teeth. They are only the liars of the world as they shake their fists and roll the dice. Bets are placed as they say their grace. How could they look above when their hearts are made of black and not red. No crosses in their life but a smirk from seeing the dead. I shout in pain as they get up from their seats. " Intruder! " they shout as I hear the blare of a gun.

Barely missing me as I run to the next room. Monitor after monitor I see, more money is placed on innocent faces as they're forced to kill one another. You look at one face and put a certain amount as you pray their say their grace. As their eyes begin to close their minds are blown..

Corruption at its finest I say as I refuse to live another day. For I refuse to let them take me away, no man shall put a bounty on my head. I will never take the life of another, even though I did plow through a couple others. I stare at the monitors as I put a gun to my head.. I close my eyes as I begin to see bright beautiful lights. Gates open as clouds form, for this is the way humans should learn. The torment and abuse must end, the man upstairs is tired of seeing his creations take more men. I take a hand as I get my wings, he reads my sins as I keel over and bleed..

## ***Nightmare***

Sitting in the corner of my darkest thoughts, seeing the images of another being is what makes me cough, a choking sensation that I just can't shake. Another being is close to being in my wake, seeing the images of these haunting things, possessing over my dreams. Sweat and tears begin to fall down my face, what I once thought was just a nightmare is more than I could ever take.

How do I truly continue when all I see is thee lurking within the shadows, seeing me whenever I walk around or talk about him. Waking up in the middle of the night every night thinking the illusion of my nightmares are gone and that state is what's keeping me awake, never really knowing it's my thoughts that have kept me alive, wishing and praying that they'd just die. But sadly needing them to survive, as I use the images to cast out the evil inside..

How can one really be, when he's constantly reminded of a being that torments thee? Wanting a reason and way to escape, but the thought of leaving it all is what makes me not wanna leave this place.. Oh the ways in which make me cry and weep, a being that I just can't beat..

Another way of accepting defeat as I lay by it's feet. Knowing he's always gonna be in my mind, unable to truly leave his side.. What I once considered a nightmare is now part of my life, how could I

have let one of my biggest fears be my meaning of take in this world that some consider fake? Closing my eyes as I lift my head up high, knowing he's looking down from above but having this terrible feeling as my heart gets tugged. Hearing nothing but hatred as I speak the nameless, wanting it all to be over but knowing there's nothing that can be done.. My fate, my life, my dreams, and my thoughts, are all victim to the one that caused it all..

### ***Spoken Lie***

Now what can I say about what really goes on, singled out people living a far, those living by judgment and lies, a world not too far from the previous lie. A place of corruption instead of truth, what really goes on will never be discussed in the booth. Cause they don't want you to know what they think. Mindless sheep following the weak. How could this be, the sanity of this world just isn't free.

A lost mentality and a world living in false reality, all blamed on religion and causes. How could you dare to speak ill of this process. Nothing but Judgement and lies. I can't stand this shit anymore, I'm ready to die for what I feel inside, but I simply can't and you shouldn't either when the devil himself is a loose demeanor. A place told to be what it has yet to become as mindless people still continue to follow the next one. Saying it's the truth when it's founded by lies, the world isn't ready for this kind of fight. Speaking from the book of an author instead of a mind that has yet to take it farther.

Saying you speak for God, when in reality you're not actually in it for the meaning and cause. Jesus walked among men, not spewing bullshit and saying his dad wasn't an actual man but a figure in the galaxy that has yet to be discovered. A place where they say we are supposed to love each other. After we die we go to heaven, not become orbs for sector 7..

### ***Mary Rans***

Mary Rans is a woman unlike no other, though she may be blind she can see directly into your eye and make you feel completely lost all the time. Able to trick you into believing lies, you spend days counting

the minutes and hours you still have alive... One day or afternoon, Mary decided to just stay in her room and let the radio boom, sound waves bouncing wall off wall not giving a care in the world as the sun shined through her windows and walls.

A knock on the door is what started it all, first unable to hear it from the noise the radio was making through the rooms and walls. She lowered the volume as she made her way toward the door, a man outside was whispering her name slowly and softly as she made her way toward the door. Hearing his voice and breath, she stopped for a minute to check. Sensing his fear and regret, she opened the door with nothing to expect.

The man stepped up to her face as he lifted her up and slammed her on her face, her lip busted open but she didn't smile nor frown, just a feeling of sadness for the man that pushed her down. After being pushed around and hit for a few minutes Mary decided it was time to really show who she was. She ran into a closet as she attempted to process what he heard and saw, something unknown was happening to the walls.

A black toxic like substance was pouring out of the walls as a scream so loud was piercing through the walls and halls. He bent down to one knee as he saw something you'd never believe, Mary's face and body wasn't the same but a woman with blood on her body and tattoos of different names. She laughed hysterically as she man tried to get to his knees, Mary grabbed him by his head as she lifted him up and wished him dead.

Grabbing his arm as she yanked it off his body, she dragged him down the hall as she dropped his body, down the stairs they tumbled into a mist like substance that seemed like something you'd see in the Twilight Zone. Mary slowly made her way down the stairs until she reached the floor, grabbing him by his head as she yelled with all her might.

The man's skin then fell from his body, shedding like a snake Mary walked away as his body began to melt. His bones becoming brittle as he yelled out while his tongue hit the ground, his eyes falling out as his flesh exposed his bones. He tried to stand up but fell in pain. Little miss Mary Rans then went up to the 4th floor to visit old Mr. Crain...

## **Mr. Crain**

Old Mr. Crain was just a simple minded man as some claim to say or believe, during the day he would watch old documentary shows or movies as he sat in the corner of his room looking at a picture of Jesus as the windows swayed open for the night to remain. Days would go by without Mr. Crain saying a word. People would knock on his door, he would just open it by a crack and no more as he would say " Can I help you today? ", but they would quickly run away fearing what he might say.

Person after person, he would feel only lonely and neglect, unloved by society as he spent the rest of his days sitting at the end of his hallway thinking of what's next. As he bows his head for yet another nightly prayer, he hears someone down the stairs. Crying in pain as he sees a woman quickly moving up the stairs. He simply locked his door as he just looked through the peephole on his door.

" Come on Mr. Crain, open up!" she said. Again he did and said nothing as he hid from what he knew would be a bad end. " This is your last chance Mr. Crain, open up and let me in... ", no word was let out as she said again. Old Mr. Crain then decided to say " What do you want from me, Marry!?. She just smiled and let out a chuckle as she grabbed the handle on the door, gave it a small turn as the room began to burn. Heat began filling the room as Marry stepped in, the heat on her hands is what caused the door to give in.



“ Oh, come on now old Mr. Crain, whatever happened to the little bond we shared when I was a young kid back in my Elementary days? How you used to read me bedtime stories before you sent me on my way, daddy was never home so you kinda took me for your own. What happened Mr. Crain, did I do something to upset you today? “. “ You are a demon child! “ he snapped. Marry didn’t like this one bit, she walked toward him as he smiled then looked at the picture of Jesus in disgust. “ What’s wrong Marry, is a Saint burning your soul!? “.

Marry said nothing as she grabbed Mr. Crain. “ Let’s see here, what shall I do to you today...” She stood there holding him in the air, fire burning in her eyes as she smiled as if an idea had come to her mind. “ Oh I know, I know indeed. Let’s play a little game shall we? “. Mr. Crain looked at her confused, unsure of what to say she set him down as she spoke the rules. “ Ok, rule of the game is to see how much we can endure. The loser must walk out of here nude.

“ Ummmm... Nude? “ he said back confused. “ Yes. “ she said with a smile as she continued to say “ Ready to play? “. Mr. Crain put his head down as he said “ I will not play this game for I don’t like these rules. “. Marry simply laughed as she grabbed him by the throat and said “ That’s too bad because I’m playing. “ Marry then lunged a sharp knife into Mr. Crain’s stomach as he screamed in pain, blood dripped onto the floor as Mary simply smiled.

“ Oh come on, stop being such a damn baby! It doesn’t hurt that bad. “. She then struck his leg as she began to cut through muscle, “ Ok, now this may hurt. “, she pushes him on the ground while holding his leg, snapping it in two as he begins to fall asleep. “ Oh, no no no no.... This simply cannot be, you

shall not sleep on me. We are playing a game Mr. Crain. It's rude to just stop playing! ". Marry pulls his leg more as she detaches it from his body and puts it to the side.

" Well, I guess I'm the winner... You know what this means, Mr. Crain has to walk out of here nude! ". " Ewwww " she says and chuckles. " Ok, off with the clothes. ", Marry removes Mr. Crain's clothes as she grabs a knife and begins cutting his skin. " We can't have this on here... ". She removes his skin and puts it to the side. Marry then picks Mr. Crain up as she walks outside...