

THAT HALLOWE'EN NIGHT
PART II
EXCERPT

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Journal entry- November 22, 2003

I couldn't believe it, almost two long weeks of repetition, consisting of non-stop questions, accusations and opinions on how we could have dealt with the situation better. Sorry if we aren't master tacticians in werewolf survival nor was too worried about public property when we blew those things to pieces. What happened to us on that Halloween night was the worst thing imaginable. But my gut says that was only the beginning. Because I know, we as humans, can't leave something like this alone, we'll have to examine the corpses, do unnecessary and dangerous tests on it, leading to something more damaging in itself, and who do you think will have to come and clean up the mess again....

Roughly two weeks after Halloween: It was mid-afternoon. It had just finished snowing a wee bit, there was just enough to cover the ground a thin layer of the white flakey unique frozen drops, but the sun's heat would make short note of whatever sat there helplessly. Steve, who was driving a brand new four-door Cavalier; riding along with him, were survivors Attila, Jay and Ryan, all looking rather exhausted and burnt out. They were headed back towards Guelph on the Hanlon expressway, just after making the turn off of the 401 highway turnpike.

With a kind of cheery tone, Steve using a bit of sarcasm, broke the silence "That was some vacation, eh boys?" the others just gave him a dirty look, he nodded, "lousy government. I don't remember sleeping a wink."

"Non-stop pestering questions, where was our heroic thanks?"

"Our thanks were in all those annoying questions. But we did get one." Steve recalled some positive events that happened to them, few and far between, but they did get a handshake and salute.

"Yeah, and who would have thought that the Prime Minister himself would personally thank us?" Jay with a little enthusiasm commented. "I never felt more damn important."

"He only did it to make himself look better, I just don't know why the others didn't come with us." Ryan replied while peering out the window, just looking at the scenery, a forest the one way and another forest the other.

"Well, Dave wanted to stay back, others wanted to get a head start cleaning their homes up, and I didn't ask Mere, figured she didn't need the added stress. She'll probably be pissed."

"Nonsense, can't be angry, you saved her life," Attila chuckled and then added, "I don't know about you guys but, I can't wait until we get back to Guelph, we're heroes. Plus, I'm starving." Steve shook his head in disappointment.

"The ladies will be crawling all over us." Ryan was now excited as he joined the conversation more, he continued on, "I can't wait to get back and party."

"Sounds like an idea," Steve nodded as he agreed. "They should have it all cleaned up by now."

"Speaking of clean up, I want to go by the Penguin. I want to check out the damage again, that was awesome." Ryan looked eager.

"Yeah, I do too." Steve nodded his head and smiled as he took the right turn onto Kortright and drove down that road for a couple of kilometers. "I still can't believe we survived, we're lucky bastards."

"Yeah, crap like this usually only happens in the movies. I am kind of excited that they are werewolves in the world, I think they're really cool." Jay brought up, "Can't wait to see my comrades at the Kitchener LARP, going to make some people jealous and some Goth chicks horny."

"I thought they were cool too, but now my opinion has been adjusted, for obvious reasons. When something eats your friends and turn them against you, it sort have has that effect you know?" Steve replied to Jay's comment.

"I hate to be a bumner guys," Attila looked outside his window in the passenger side, right beside Steve, to see a ghost town. There was absolutely nobody out and about. "Where is everybody? This road is usually packed."

"Maybe everyone's at a parade?" Ryan tried to think of a possibility. "Celebrate our arrival, with cake and fireworks."

"No, that's not it. This is too weird though." Steve spoke his mind as he drove through the deserted road. They drove up a hill and started to make their descent back down the other side until they saw dozens upon dozens of vehicles smashed into one another. There were cars parked in houses, streetlights, stores and some were even upside down.

"What in hell?" Steve commented as everyone else made their own comments.

"Holy sweet-mother shit-balls," Jay squeezed out as he spat out his coffee.

Jaw hung low, Ryan exclaimed. "What the heck happened?"

"Impossible!" puzzled, Attila slowly looked around. "What could have done this?"

"The werewolves," Steve hesitated to mention.

"But we killed them all, right; especially that Alpha one." Ryan brought up then turning to Jay. "You said if we killed the Alpha, it would have killed the rest."

"I said no such thing; I simply stated what I've read, fairy tale books and RPG's, not actual facts and lore on these bastards, just books made by fellow nerds."

"But why didn't anyone call us?" Attila eager to know, "if all hell broke loose, someone would have called, at least I'd like to presume so. Think they managed to get out?"

"I would like to believe so big man," Steve stopped the car at the middle of the hill and pulled out his cellular phone; he then pressed down on a button and the phone turned on. "No one called because, my phone was turned off, remember? No phones during interrogation, I guess I forgot to turn it back on from all the questions." He then started to listen to the few messages on his answering machine.

"Okay, let's think this through for a second. How many werewolves do you think there'll be?" a troubled Ryan looked for Jay for a hopeful reply.

"It could be every-fucking-one in town. If that's the case, I say we make like fucking banana's and split."

"But I don't understand. We killed the Alpha, right? So how did this happen?"

"Listen, I told you, that was just what I read. It may or may not be true. Hell, I didn't know what to expect." Jay exclaimed rather loudly as Steve listened to the messages.

"What's going on?" Attila walked up alongside the man on the phone.

"I still don't know, but my mom's out of town with the rest of my family. Um Meredith took Katherine to her dad's for the weekend, wondering why I haven't called her yet. And I can't hear Dave; his voice doesn't seem very loud." He explained as he tried to listen vigilantly, "something about scientists came to town to do research on the dead bodies, tests on the werewolf victims. I can't quite make it out."

"That still doesn't explain what happened though." Attila pondered as Steve hung up the phone, thinking over what Dave could have been struggling to explain.

He then began dialing a number while replying. "You're right, it doesn't. I'm calling Dave" waiting for it to ring but it didn't, the automated voice declaring the phone was no longer in service educated him. "Aw crud, it says that this number is no longer in service."

"I'll be the first to say how much this really sucks," Jay blurted out in frustration, scanning the deserted town. "We need to jump ship on this."

"I think we should at least look for some survivors." Steve threw in an idea.

"Hate to be a prune Steve, but I think we should leave this to the military." Jay reminded the man, "Remember how much shit we got into for the werewolf travesty?"

"It was just that damn general. I think he has something up his ass. Everyone else seemed thankful and congratulated us on a job well done. And besides, we don't even know what's going on, this could be nothing for all we know."

"Nothing, do you not see that?" Jay waved his arm, pointing towards the wreckage "This aint exactly normal, cars don't just run into themselves." He continued to rant on further. "And we're not even prepared."

Attila pointed out to Jay. "Hey we weren't prepared last time either."

Jay gave Attila a, what are you nuts, stare, "I can't believe you're on his side."

"I'm not on any side. I was just stating the obvious."

The cool-headed Steve strutted towards the back of the cavalier, popping the trunk. "Calm down Jay. This time we are prepared." Steve assured them while rummaging through his trunk as the other curious three, walked around to see what the man was up to. "And besides, cars do run into one another on a daily basis, that's why we have insurance broker's, and the car companies go through so much trouble making their car the safest on the road, if they didn't crash into one another, they wouldn't need to, right?"

"What are you mumbling about, Steve?" Attila didn't sound at all happy.

"Why? What do you have in mind?" Ryan finally said something during this debate. Just after Ryan asked, Steve pulled out some weapons he had. "Whoa, I didn't know you have a stronghold in the trunk? "

"To quote Burt Gummer, who said 'always be prepared' and I did just that. I simply asked the military for a small favour." Steve explained as he hauled out a rather large duffle bag, placing it on the ground next to the car. "I have some silver-tipped ammo, but only eight shotgun rounds and two pistol clips full. I couldn't get too much, it's expensive after all, and it's just enough to get away and contact Colbert."

"But that's if we're up against werewolves again, right?" Ryan collected two pistols, stuffing both inside his baggy pockets and nabbing one of the silver clips.

"Correct," Steve gathering his selected weapons, turning to the remaining two. "Are you guys in?"

Jay looked like he was about to mutter an argument, but bit his tongue, reaching inside the duffle bag and pulled out the other shotgun and took some ammo for it. "If you can't beat them..."

"Join them." Attila finished off the line as he also took some handheld weapons into his possession. "I'm in, but I think we should go to Dave's and get some info on the situation." Then hearing his belly growl, he innocently grinned, "and maybe some food."

"See, we're on the same page, I thought of that a couple of minutes ago, too." Steve replied as he got back into the drivers seat and waited for everyone else to get in. Once they all got in, Steve pulled the shifter into drive and pressed down on the gas pedal and the car rolled off, down the street and they began their short journey to Dave's house.

Steve brought up one slight issue. "Oh, make those shots count eh boys; I had to sign a heck of a lot of papers and pass some government procedures to be able to possess these weapons. And we can only use them in self-defense against possible supernatural creatures."

"Covering your ass in case I shoot someone I despise... Clever bastard," Jay chuckled.

"Just one question guys," Ryan went on, "can werewolves come out during the day? See, I know jack about werewolves, about any supernatural things really."

“Only if they have sunglasses, or else they can get blinded by the sun like the rest of us.” Steve made a joke, trying to lighten the mood, “maybe sun block too, but they have a lot of fur to block the U-V rays.”

“You see, when Steve’s scared, he makes a joke.” Attila explained the obscene remarks.

“No, I’m just trying to shine the light instead of dampening the situation.”

“Maybe, we’re not for sure. In some books, werewolves only change when there’s a full moon, others change at will, and some don’t change at all.” Jay tried his best to explain a little fact and fiction about the threat at hand while completely ignoring Steve’s comment.

“But let’s just assume anything at this time, okay? Hell, it might not even be werewolves after all.” Steve remarked as they continued to drive down Willow road, not seeing a glimpse of any sign people were hiding or around. “It could be the boogeyman.”

“Dave should have something to eat at his place right?”

“Yes Attila, he probably has something good to eat.”

Everyone nodded as they kept on driving down the Kentucky derby, car’s upon cars were just in one another, even some homes were burnt down to a crisp. Bullet holes made a nice picture on some of the sides of buildings; street lamps were knocked over all over the road, making it extremely hard to navigate through some of the time, most of the time, they had to weave back and forth to get through. Not a single light was on, not even the traffic lights worked which meant that there was no power to run them.

“What exactly is the plan after we find Dave?” Jay was still unaware and eager to hear the man’s plan and why there were still in this ghost town.

“Don’t know exactly; find out what’s going on. And then we’ll go from there, sound good?” Steve shrugged as he explained. “And get Attila fed before he dies.”

“This is messed up you guys. I haven’t seen a single body yet.” Attila pointed looking beyond the interior of the vehicle, “If it was a war, wouldn’t we see some bodies? Or are they all werewolves? And if that’s the case, I agree with Jay and don’t want to stick around for long.”

“Agreed,” Jay responded rather loudly and continued on. “If everyone in town’s a howling beast, then we don’t stand a chance with our two measly clips and six shotgun bullets.”

“You mean eight,” Steve sarcastically corrected him. “But use your brain for a minute please. If everyone was a werewolf, then where are they? They would be all over us by now, right? They would have smelled us coming a mile away, that’s why I don’t believe we’re up against them.” Pausing, trying to think what it could be before muttering “it has to be another thing.”

“If it’s anything” Ryan repeated what was said before. “You did mention before it could be nothing.”

“Look around buddy, trust me, it’s something all right.” As he pulled the car into a driveway, that belonged to a double red house. “This is Dave’s,” Steve then stuffed the pistol down his pants, grabbed a hold of his shotgun and stepped out of the car. The others followed suit, grabbing their gear and disembarking the car. “You could be right, maybe everyone’s hiding in the back, waiting for our arrival, and staged the city to look like a mess.”

Jay cautiously looked around the area, scoping out the neighboring homes and property, searching for any indication of a hoax, as the others headed to the right of the house. Up against the garage was an old beaten up wooden fence that had a rickety old gate, the entrance to the backyard leading down the hill where Dave’s door was. Upon reaching the fence, Jay hollered forth “Maybe one of us should hand back and keep an eye out.”

Steve let loose a most conniving grin. “Sure, if you want to separate yourself from the party and venture on alone, but you know what always happens to that person right?”

With his eyes bugged out, Jay didn’t stand around alone for very long, he hurried his footing and quickly caught up to his pals as they entered the backyard of Dave’s house.

Strolling through the grassy hill, descending down the slope, Steve whispered. "Come on, we'll go around back. That's where Dave's room is."

The paranoid bunch, cautiously stepped down the steep muddy ground, around to the back where a small porch sat with a single picnic table and an old wooden stove. There was a glass door that was obviously broken and replaced by a lot of wooden two by fours.

Bewildered by the home improvement, Steve slowly approached the door and gave it a good hearty knock. Meanwhile, Attila and Ryan stayed a good foot or two back, looking out for anything that could suddenly jump out and attack.

"How do we even know if he's alive?" Jay asked as they waited for a response.

"I don't. But I would appreciate if you guys came looking for me before bailing. And that's what we're doing." He gently knocked once more.

Shortly after the door slowly creaked opened, not enough to peer inside, but enough of a gap to wedge a shotgun barrel through and pointed it directing into Steve's alarmed face.

"Who are you?" The voice demanded to know from within the darkened crack.

"Dave! It's us," Steve slowly sidestepped the barrel so it wasn't pointing in his face.

"It's not Dave, I'm Neil." The barrel lowered a little, "Dave's in the can, wait here." The barrel disappeared back inside of the building and the door closed shut. A few minutes had passed before the door swung open and there a cheerful Dave stood with his arms wide open, ready for a hug.

"You're back!" Dave sounded relieved as he gave them all a huge welcoming hug.

"What The Hell is going on Dave?" Jay shoved the man off and inquired answers.

"Come in, we shouldn't stay out here for too long." Stepping back inside the barricaded house, everyone else followed as another man stood behind the door, and he was the one who closed it when they all stepped in. "Did any of you bring smokes?"

While chuckling to the question, Steve replied. "No sorry, good time to quit."

Inside the darkened basement apartment, there were three other men living amongst each other, the only provided light source came from lit candles scattered about the main room, each man armed with various types of basic weaponry.

"If you only knew," Dave replied as he introduced the gang. "Where are my manners? You already met Neil, that's Jack and over there on the sofa, is Bob." Dave greeted them all as he pulled the other sofa that was propped against the main door. "And guys, these are my buds, Steve, Attila, Jay and Ryan."

"Yeah, I heard of you guys. Aren't you the guys that stopped that werewolf threat?" Neil questioned as he sat down in one of the many comfy chairs.

There were a total of three rooms in this basement apartment, the main room was a living room with four beat up, but comfy looking arm chairs, two couches, a couple of different video game consoles filled a nice wooden shelf unit that stood beside the twenty-seven inch television. Separating the other half of this room was a huge freezer, with a fridge next to it, a stove on the other side and a sink adjacent to all three.

The next room was the obvious bedroom, with a blue mattress futon, a computer that sat comfortably on a dark wooden desk, and a matching dresser on the other side of the room. Just outside of the room and stuffed into the back was the water heater and laundry equipment. The last room was the two-piece bathroom.

Attila sat down in one of the comfy chairs, "nice place Dave."

"Thanks man, want a beer? They're warm though." Dave reached into a two-four case of beer, pulling out a few bottles of the alcohol substance and handing them around.

Attila twisted the cap off and asked scoping the place out, "do you have any food?"

"Yeah, on the shelf over there, all I can offer is canned I'm afraid."

"It's cool, I just need something." Attila stood up, grabbed a can of spaghetti-O's, a can opener and sat back down.

Steve looked around the messy place, "So what exactly happened, was it the werewolves?"

"Didn't you get my message? You never check your messages, what's the point..."

"Yeah I got it, but it was hard to hear your voice. So I couldn't make out what you were trying to say." Steve searched the area thoroughly, studying the interior.

"That's alright. Let me explain now. So these scientists came to do tests on the werewolves, of course, they wanted the regeneration ability of the werewolf."

"Makes sense, those idiots. Didn't they watch enough horror movies to know better?"

"Oh, it gets better. They then take their new data and decide to do tests experiments, on the victims of the travesty. They tried to bring them back to life. Oh, the bodies came to life all right, but not what they expected. The body's rose up off of the table, they weren't the same; first thing the one did instantly was bite one of the scientists."

"Bite the scientist..." Attila spooned the cold canned pasta into his mouth.

Neil explained in more detail. "Yeah, reporters were saying that the experiments ripped the flesh right off and devoured the bloody meat like they were starving."

"Ah gross, they ate them while they were still alive?" Steve almost puked as Attila stopped eating, dropping the can onto the floor, struggling to swallow the food he already stuffed inside his mouth.

"Like zombies" an excited Jay exclaimed.

Dave snapped his fingers while explaining further "Exactly, they're mindless decaying freaks with one thing on their mind. Some of the scientists barely escaped to warn others of the events but were soon brought down by their own creation."

Bob added. "And then an explosion happened shortly after, releasing this green gas onto a good third of the city. Everyone exposed to the green gas choked to death, but soon rose back to life and began to feast on the rest of us. We've been in a war zone ever since."

Steve looked disgusted by this point, "how many is there?"

"Hundreds, possibly thousands, you've seen it out there, take a guess."

Neil explained more important information. "And we think when the saliva of one of these things gets in your blood stream, you're done for. Whatever it was they spliced together, once the bacteria gets in you, it slowly begins to deteriorate your cells and devouring living flesh will keep you *alive* longer."

"That old chestnut story eh?" Steve replied with a long-drawn out sigh. "So they eat the living to live longer." He took a swig, then spitting it out in utter disgust, "gross, warm beer."

"Correct, that's what we're presuming, since it seems to be the result."

"We can still shoot them though?" Ryan asked he seemed bewildered to be in a situation such as this.

"I've emptied an entire clip from a nine-millimeter into one of these things and it still kept coming after me. One advantage is that they walk much slower than us, so you can technically out run them. It's just hard when you're surrounded by a thousand of them and you need to reload, that makes it a challenge." Dave explained to his young friend, and then he showed them his shotgun. "Now I carry this puppy around, it knocks those buggers back on their butts."

"What about trying to search for survivors?" A concerned Steve inquired.

"It's been attempted buddy. There used to be a few dozen of us Steve. But whenever we would leave to go searching, we'd get swarmed."

Neil made a hypothesis. "I can only presume that the smell of our flesh attracted these zombies to us."

"Why the heck are you sticking around then?" Jay curiously asked.

“Any vehicle we’d encounter on the streets seemed inoperable.”

Dave added to that statement. “And they’re everywhere, it’s damn near impossible to stay outside long enough to hotwire or even push one back to repair.” Dave also pointed out. “And in case you haven’t noticed, no phones either.”

“Yeah, it’s really weird that you guys haven’t even encountered any yet.” Bob mentioned.

“But we’re safe here, right?” Jay looked around the well-secured location.

“It’s hard to say really. We’ve only been stationed here for a day or so. We had to keep moving because I guess they can smell us. But it’s been quiet lately. I assume it’s because of the small amount of people here, we’re not sending off that great of a scent to attract them anymore” Neil went into detail.

“Well, I want to at least try to search for survivors before we go. Just so that I can at least say I tried. I hate just sitting here and waiting. I have a car parked out front” Steve explained to the party.

Jay looked at the amount of people in the room, he addressed the issue. “But we can’t all fit into the car Bro.”

“I’m sure we can squeeze us all in, even if we need to squish someone in the trunk, someone attached to the roof...”

Attila brought up, cutting his pal off. “The excessive weight would put strain on the tires, axles, be a shame if something would pop in the middle of a zombie herd.”

Frustrated, Steve banged the palm of his fist, trying to come up with a solution to the problem at hand. “Then some of us will go while the others stay here and hold the fort. We’ll go get help and come back to rescue the ones that stayed.”

Jay was the one who shut that plan down. “Hate to be the bearer, but going for help, leaving the brave bunch dumb enough to hang back, they’d be dead before you got back.”

“Then fine, no one’s sticking back.” Steve scratched his unshaven face, letting loose a smile while he shared his plan. “We’ll go and get a bus, then come back here, get the rest of us and head back out. So, who’s coming with me?”

“Come on bud, that’s a suicide mission, the buses are located downtown, that’s halfway across the city, the total opposite way we should be heading.”

No one else raised their hand; everyone at around the same time looked another way the appalled man. “Seriously, no one will come with me?” Steve shook his head in disgust as he slowly made his way towards the exit.

“I’ll go.” Dave spoke out, standing up and going towards the exit, he patted his pal on the back. “I need to pick up some smokes anyways.”

“Count me too.” Neil got up from his chair and made his way over to the other volunteers and then Ryan stood up as well and shrugged his shoulders, signaling to the fact that he was also in.