We are Apocalypse

 A low growl echoed down the halls. A few waves of light seeped through the ceiling, and the little that did was blood red. Musty smell filled the building, and I sat in a small deserted classroom. The previous room was not utterly destroyed, and I had arranged the few desks, chairs and pieces of rubble in front of the door so that the Walkers couldn’t enter. The Walkers were like me, but they didn’t seem to understand anything I told them. They just moaned, groaned and walked slowly towards me. Another difference was that they all seemed to travel in groups, like they were attracted to each other’s repulsing rotting bodies. A group of Walkers had followed me back into the ancient school when I had returned from scavenging edible food from the nearby stores. And, I did not want them in my building.

 I grabbed a box of matches and my torch that I had soaked in oil earlier. I also grabbed my knife. I took a match from the box and lit the torch. I crawled underneath the pile of desks, with my rotting flesh rubbing uncomfortably on the dirty carpet, through the strategically placed piles of rubble. I held on to my torch in one hand and my knife in the other. Hopefully, I wouldn’t need to use the knife.

 Once I got to the doorframe I stood up, careful to create as little noise as possible and heard a chorus of moans in the distance; the Walkers were obviously not careful to be quiet. They seemed to be coming from the North end of the one-floored elementary. I waved the torch around, feeling the painful, burning sensation on my skin. I made sure I didn’t look straight at the fire, so I didn’t go temporarily blind. The fire, no matter how painful, was completely necessary for me; I could never tell directions, or understand the layout of a building the way that the Walkers could in the dark.

 I ran down the hallway, slightly stumbling, but compared to the Walkers my body seemed to work much better, contrasting the way that my senses were compared to the Walkers. Similarly, my willpower seemed to be much greater than that of theirs, but my memory always seemed ever so fuzzy, like a hive of bees was living in my head. Running was extremely difficult, especially with my deteriorated muscles, which even seemed to defy the laws of science while even walking.

After several minutes, I reached the group of Walkers as they stumbled painfully slowly towards me, shading their eyes and looking away from the fire. Confidently, I pushed myself forward, feet hurting with each step, with my torch in front of me. As I reached the small group of less than a dozen I stretched my decrepit arm and pressed it into the first Walker’s shoulder who let out an inhuman yelp. He jumped at me as I quickly ducked, probably tearing a few of my muscles in the process. He went sailing over my head, as I wondered if his frail body could survive the three foot fall. I pushed my knife, which I had hidden in my torn jacket sleeve, through the Walker’s arm and pushed the torch right into his face. He got up and scrambled away yelping like a hurt dog. He would probably never see ever again, not that he could well anyways, since no Walker is ever careful with their vision. The horde followed suit, and moved faster towards the exit of the building than I’ve ever seen before, but one Walker remained.

 She stood tall and confident and seemed almost graceful as she moved closer to me. She was completely unlike any other Walkers, and her body was not in as terrible of a condition as all of them, I had ever seen.

 “No,” She uttered.

 I stared at her blankly and shrugged my shoulders, but inside I was yelping of joy; I had found another intelligent Walker.

 “You have fire. Put it out. It hurts,” She said as she shaded her eyes.

 “What about the others?” I asked.

 “They will not attack. I have…” she paused, thinking of the right word, “tamed them.”

 I threw the torch through a broken window into a room. There was still a dim glow in the hall, but the burning sensation dimmed as well, and the other Walkers moved slowly back towards me. I made no sign of aggression towards them, and they didn’t to me. They circled around me and sniffed for around half a minute until they seemed to grunt with satisfaction. And then I was in their clan, safer than ever.