

Dear Diary

I woke to the sound of violent coughing. It was coming from the beds behind. The stench of starving, distorted bodies filled the air. I wondered how many we had lost tonight. When would it be my turn? The sound of gasping breaths rung in my ears. Those alive, frantically trying to find air in this dark place. I rolled over to my left, struggling to move, only to discover the first of many who did not survive the night. The cold icy air from the doorway danced through the room making it tremble. The constant noise of moans and coughs from the walking dead was suffocating. I swung my legs around the collapsing bed framing, noticing quite how thin my legs were. I once had strong legs. I took pride in them. Their golden glow, toned calves and big hamstrings. But now...they are frail, barely coping. I wondered how long it would be until they gave up on me and no longer support the little weight I had. Everyday I was half expecting them to snap like a twig. But no. Not yet. They will carry on, just like I myself have to.

This notepad and pencil is all I have. It is funny how your priorities change in such a place as this. I am, however, certainly not allowed these. I just wait for the day they will find the pad and pencil...and kill me. But for now I keep on living. That is, if you could call this living. Everyone in here has the same drive to fight. Most of me prays that the night will take me as its victim next. But a small part of me has hope. Maybe, just maybe, one day I will make it out alive.