

November 15

## Friday the 13th

We turned the corner, sprinting as fast as we could. I turned around just as the zombie version of Miss Golden (the music teacher) grabbed Talia by the leg. She tripped and Miss Golden pulled her back towards her vomit-green body. **I heard her scream.** I ran faster, leading the entire school (only 83 kids) down the street. We were heading towards my neighborhood.

2 hours earlier, **I walked to school.** We were late, my brother (Ethan), sister (Claire), and me. It was 5 minutes before school started. **I ran up the black stairs to the upper part of the school.** I clutched my "Vote for Lindsay" poster as I neared my locker. I overheard the kids in the hall talking, but I'm not dumb, so I could figure out what they were talking about by the snippets I heard.

*8 o'clock, zombies escape, teachers, or dinner* are some of the words I heard. That could only mean one thing. At 8:00 the teachers and all the adults will turn into zombies and eat us. But I was one step ahead. I had a plan.

## 2 Years Later

I was sitting on the couch at home in the living room. The old crew was there with me.

It was the Friday the 13th again, 2 years since the zombies first came.

**The TV reporter spoke worriedly. I sat up.** “Breaking news! A new plague has started.”

Pictures started popping up of fires and people screaming. And in every single one of them was Grandma.

“Oh no,” said Talia, rubbing her temples. “Here we go again.”

Except this time was different because I started to shake and shiver. My hand was a sickly green.

“The morphing,” breathed Ben. A new era had begun.

The End

—Lindsay Weingart  
Grade 6