

swords and gas masks

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this is a story i made up in english (bein bored)

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1 - part 1

Even through the hard rubber I could feel the cold ash gently patting on my mask and through the tinted eyeholes I could see the result of the nuclear hellfire. recovery had been slow so the streets were deserted I looked up and stared at the deep red slits of sky cutting through the sad grey clouds I took a step from the sidewalk and let my boot sink into the grey snow then stood in the thick concrete foliage as the focus on my mask started to kick in I took a minute to observe my surroundings other than the little light coming from the small openings in the clouds

The city was in complete darkness I turned on my n-v and cautiously sliding my boots along the ground to avoid tripping up on anything that would trip me up the little mount of warheads that had been detonated in the sky had caused an emp and all the electrical appliances had been rendered useless I was fortunate that my mask was powered by small energy crystals which had been brought into military at the beginning of the year a sign of things to come

I heard a distant popping echoing through the air I knew that I was not the only one alive after the incident but those shots only meant that even more people were dead I slipped up and smacked face first into the ash.

I cursed my own stupidity I realized I had fallen on something soft not snow I wiped clear my eyeholes and took one shaking hand and flicked away the snow I quickly stood up and nearly vomited but swallowed it as I gazed in horror at the gaping sight of a human corpse with the skin burned away in most places I further did a self investigation and found to my fortune a gun a desert eagle 50. magnum and a large sword with what I assumed was happening when those shots went off I would need them it was when I got up strapped the leg holsters and scabbard on my back that I heard a hollow breathing sound and felt a shiver go down my spine as the creature was breathing down my neck I quickly turned and unsheathed my sword as the creatures puerile saliva dripped and made small holes in the ash falling endlessly

2 - part 2

Swords and gas masks continuation

I slowly turned around and shut my eyes praying that the thing would go away I could still hear its breathing. my heart was pounding I opened my eyes bracing myself for the inevitable but there was nothing except the hollow breathing I took this time to un holster my weapons and shut my eyes again the bastard must have used its chameleon like camo ability I opened my eyes again and shot a blank shot into the black void of shadows I covered my ears as a piercing shriek filled the air it felt like my ears were burning. I collapsed to my knees and waited for the air to become clear

I got up, dusted my jeans down, spun the guns around my fingers and holstered them if resident evil had taught me anything it would be to conserve my ammo. By this time my focus had finished updating the surroundings so I had it isolate the layers under the ash to prevent me from shuffling my feet along the ground and tripping over anything. I nearly collapsed on my @\$@ when I saw it, bodies every where all of them in the same condition as the one I tripped on, I was scared I felt my face swell up and tears trickle down my face I ran an environmental scan on my mask the air was clean. I unstrapped the mask and pocketed it the ash patted on my hair I felt a cold hard wind on my face as I stared into the pitch black I felt like a rock had spawned in my stomach, I was alone