

The Undead Basement

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“Wake up! Cathy, wake up! We’re here!”

Cathy opened her eyes to see Aunt Sharon squeezing her shoulder and smiling at her enthusiastically. They had arrived at their new home. She opened her car door and stepped, looking first at the old mansion, then at the rest of the neighborhood. None of them looked like something someone of Cathy’s age would be living in.

“Maybe this place is just old-fashioned,” she thought hopefully.

“I forgot to mention,” Sharon said as they were getting their stuff out of the boot of the car, “I’m friends with some of the people here and thought it would be nice if their kids got to know you a little. So, I’ve invited them to our house.”

“Did your aunt leave any beer here?” asked Kiki, one of the teens Aunt Sharon had invited over.

It had been at least six hours since Cathy’s aunt had left to start her shift at the local diner. They had arrived at 04:35 PM. It Was now 11:20. They hadn’t done much, just watched horror movies and chatted about the usual topics that arose at late night teenage sleepovers.

“Yeah, I could use some booze, too,” added Jake.

“I think I saw her take some bottles out of the car while we were unpacking.” Cathy had never particularly liked drinking, but she was starting to get bored and needed something to keep her going, so she went to the fridge and pulled out three beer bottles.

“Nice!” Jake grabbed his bottle out of Cathy’s hand and started drinking. They spent the next five minutes drinking and watching the slasher on the television, laughing at the absurd violence.

And then there was a loud thumping noise from the basement. All eyes turned to the door leading downstairs.

“Everyone heard that, right?” Cathy asked suspiciously.

“Oh, yeah,” Kiki responded. “I say we check it out.”

“Agreed,” Jake and Cathy said simultaneously.

Jake nervously opened the door to the basement, with Cathy and Kiki following behind him as he walked down the stairs like a scared kitten, the torch he’d grabbed from a cupboard in the kitchen shaking in his hand.

What they found when they got to the bottom of the basement was more horrifying than anything they could ever have imagined. What appeared to be a rotting corpse was kneeling with its back to them, munching away on the guts of an old man who looked like he'd been dead for at least five days, probably the same person who owned the house before Cathy and Aunt Sharon.

"Is that a... a zombie?!" Stuttered Kiki. Almost as soon as the words came out of her mouth the zombie who'd been feasting on the old man stood up, turned around and latched on to her with the speed of a ninja. It sank its teeth deep into her neck, spraying blood everywhere and exposing her flesh and bone and nerves, ignoring her screams of agony.

"Let's get out of here!" Cathy yelled at Jake. They frantically ran up the stairs, slamming the door shut behind them. Jake turned to Cathy, a look of panic on his face.

"What are we gonna do?" He asked.

"Just follow my lead," Cathy responded. "My Aunt likes to hunt as a hobby. She keeps a shotgun under her bed in her room. She probably put it there after we finished unpacking. She doesn't like people seeing her with it or something."

So they hurried upstairs to Aunt Sharon's room to get the shotgun.

"What now?" Jake asked Cathy.

"The kitchen", said Cathy.

"What the hell is in the kitchen", asked Jake.

Cathy confidently walked down the stairs, shooting the zombie they found in the basement as she saw him coming out of the door. When they finally got to the kitchen, Cathy reached the oven and turned on the cooker knobs. Letting gas fill the room. Then she turned on all the lights in the kitchen. She grabbed Jake by the arm, dragging him into the hall to find a zombified Kiki snarling hungrily at them. She raised the shotgun and aimed it at Kiki's head. She pulled the trigger but realized there was no ammo in the gun. She whacked Kiki in the head with the gun, causing her to fall and trip up Jake. He screamed in anguish as Kiki bit into his neck. Cathy turned away and kept running but tripped over something. She sat up and saw the old man the zombie was eating when they had found in the basement drooling at her with hunger in his eyes.

“You too?!” Cathy yelled in exasperation.

She sprung to her feet and kicked him in the face, then grabbed from the ground and ran towards the undead Kiki eating Jake's remains. It looked like she'd worked her way to his skull and broke it open to get to his brain. There was no way he was coming back.

“Sorry about this, Kiki,” Cathy said to her and swung the shotgun at her head, knocking her to the ground. She then bashed Kiki's head in until she heard her skull break.

She kneeled down beside Jake, searching his pockets for a match and lighter. When she found what she was looking for, she headed to the kitchen and threw the shotgun through a window, smashing it. Cathy climbed through the window into the back garden, then casually walked a few feet

away from the house. She rummaged around the rockery, looking for a decently sized rock. Once she found a rock that satisfied her, she ripped off a part of her shirt and wrapped the rock in it, lit the torn part of her shirt then threw it through the window. The gas from the stove should have spread through most of the house by now. Within seconds, the entire house was ablaze, and the zombies had hopefully burned to death.

Cathy signed in relief and lay on the ground, watching the house burn.

“Aunt Sharon’s gonna kill me,” she giggled.

THE END ???????