

Surviving a zombie apocalypse wasn't easy, and it was even harder when you couldn't hear and ninety-five percent of the world had gone Deaf from the loud noise when the apocalypse began, those who were asleep, or pregnant when the noise happened weren't affected (neither were their children). The noise had a genetic impact, it took away almost everyone's natural ability to hear. People panicked more over the loss of their hearing than over the rotting corpses crawling around, eating people's brains. Zombies were intelligent too, they travelled underground to avoid decomposing, they used sound waves to track down prey – us. Zombies were loud, groaning everywhere they went, shuffling their feet on the ground. But they were quiet to humanity. Silent as a feather, jumping around the corner suddenly, teeth bared and ready to attack the smartest person. At the start of the apocalypse people were in denial, and kept talking, struggling to lipread, most of them had died, they didn't hear Zombies coming, but Zombies heard them.

Vibrations echoed through the floor, Viera swirled on the heels of her foot towards the impact and found a metal box on the ground. Her ears were ringing as always, tinnitus. Cooper stood in front of the box, a petrified expression on his face.

“Why did you drop it?” His manager’s hands flew furiously.

“It was an accident!” Cooper defended himself.

The hallway turned orange as the emergency flood lights switched on. The zombies had made it past the defences, Viera started to climb the wall, hooking her foot in the handles, aiming to reach one of the suspenders directly above her. Once she was settled in comfortably, her blaster sitting on her lap, Viera looked down and saw that Cooper’s manager was still telling him off, still signing fast and furiously. Viera waved at Cooper and gestured at him to get her the manager’s attention, Cooper followed the order fast and as soon as the manager turned around, he sprinted to the opposite wall with an available suspender.

“Start climbing!” Viera signed over her blaster. “They’re coming!”

The hallway turned crimson, warning them that the zombies were breaking through the ground, Viera put in her hearing aids and switched them on. All at once, the sounds broke through her ear, the sound of the manager’s foot as he ran to the wall, the sound of the zombies groaning somewhere below them, the sound of the ground breaking apart and the squeaking of fear from the manager as he climbed the wall at last, aiming for the monkey bars.

A weakness of the Zombies was that they relied solely on the sound of humanity, they couldn't see, they are only able to smell carcasses, other than their own. They barely could move around, Zombies were dead beings after all. Humanity adapted on the weakness of Zombies, developing underground caves of defences, developing robotic bug detectors, using coarse, sharp rocks as foundations in the ground of the buildings. Setting up the alarm system to have ZERO sound, only lights. Yellow is to warn people to remain as silent as possible, because Zombies were found near the defences or the base. Orange means that Zombies have bypassed the defences, and that you are to get to the safest place possible. Two of these safe places include the suspending platforms also known as suspenders, or on top of the monkey bars in the hallways. Red means Zombies are breaching the base, for the armed and specialised forces to be 100% prepared, blasters at ready or, for others to step out of the way and to not to do foolish things. Red also warns us to wear our hearing aids if we want, so we can detect the zombies better.

Vieria picked up the blaster from her lap, and brought it up to her shoulders, preparing herself to shoot at any Zombie, she blinked and someone in all black, with a bright purple symbol on their back sweeps through the hall, silent as they sprint through. Vieria watched as more of the special forces raced each other, shoulders shaking from silent giddiness, Cooper's waving caught Vieria's attention.

"They're crazy."

A small smile crept on her lips, "So are you mister researcher."

"Apprentice."

Vieria shrugged, "Close enough."

"You are just as crazy as I am." Cooper unfolds his legs and lets them dangle over the suspender, "I mean, the armed forces, come on."

Vieria is about to reply when she hears a breaking, cracking sound, she has to switch over to her work persona as she starts to search for the source of the sound. Vieria leans out of her suspenders and looks down both of the hallways where the other armed and special forces are fighting but she finds nothing, until she sees Cooper pointing downwards at something, Vieria looks down and sees a Zombie emerging from the ground, arms flailing around, its head peeking out of the ground. Vieria shoulders

her blaster properly and looks through the crosshair, steadies her arms as she aims for the spot where the spine meets the brain, the very top of the nape. And she shoots.

At the end of the eleventh school year, an individual completes an essay, based on the apocalypse, detailing how it started, and ideas that have been generated to try to put an end to it. If the individual gets a score over eighty-five percent, they are able to leave school, undertake another test and from that test and the marks from all the eleven years of the individual's education, they are to be placed in a task force. Three examples of a task force is: The armed forces, based in South America, the European based researchers and the specialised forces, who are based here, Australia, our very own home. These three sit at the very top of the pyramid of the task forces, people aim to reach one of the three. They control the world.

VERY GOOD VIERIA. 100%

armed forces