



ONE NIGHT DEAD!!

CAN YOU
SURVIVE?



A CHOOSE YOU OWN
DEATH ZOMBIE STORY!

WRITTEN BY: MEMBERS OF PROJECT O.N.D.



ONE NIGHT DEAD

for the fans of horror and the undead

WRITTEN BY: PROJECT O.N.D. MEMBERS
WWW.ONENIGHTDEAD.COM



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A QUIET NIGHT

“White man came, across the sea! He brought us pain, and misery!” you screech, nowhere near the same pitch as Mr. Dickinson’s coming out of your speakers.

You begin to wonder who the hell still listens to radio these days. Thanks to the little smart phone attachment kit your girlfriend gave you for Christmas a couple years back, radio has just become essentially extinct. You now have access to almost 10,000 mp3’s thanks to 3G. All the songs you would ever need. Of course, your musical tastes come and go in spurts and you really only listen to about ten of the songs for a given amount of time.

Every night you listen to the same three songs on your way to work. The timing of those songs last the exact time it takes you to drive from your home to the ‘Pine Woods Motor Inn’ where you work.

The Iron Maiden classic ends as you are putting your vehicle in park next to the front office.

“Run to the hills! Run for your lives!” you whisper to yourself as you look over the building and dread another shift in this mind numbing abyss.

You’re almost there as you can see the neon vacancy sign in the distance on the side of the highway.

“Just one summer” you remember telling yourself.

Almost two years later, you’re making the same drive, to the same job at 10:50 pm, listening to the same songs. It’s really not that bad though. The job is as easy as staying at home. No one really stops by to spend a night, as the big city is just an hour and forty-five minutes away. Your girlfriend, Sarah, is actually spending the night in the city tonight celebrating her friend’s birthday.

Working the graveyard shift starting at 11:00 pm, you really don't see anyone until around 8:00am. That's when Mr. Burrows, the owner, comes in. Mr. Burrows is actually a decent boss. He doesn't really care what you do during the night. Watch TV, surf the Internet and even sleep. Just like being at home and getting paid for it!

As you are pulling into the parking lot, you notice a car parked in front of room 16 near the back. There are 24 rooms at the Pine Woods Motor Inn, kind of in a "U" shape, facing the highway.

"Well look at that! Someone actually checked in to this dump today." you exclaim with surprise.

It's not that uncommon, being a Friday night, but it's still a rare thing as it happens only around once a month or so. You were looking forward to a quiet night; being only the other two rooms rented are contractors who have been staying there for the past two months. You never hear anything from them, as they're usually early to bed, early to rise.

Hopefully these new tenants won't be any hassle and you won't even notice them.

"....RUN FOR YOUR.....LIVES!" the high pitched wail on the speakers fades out.

You put the car in park and make your way into the front office. The front office is a combination of three glass walls giving you a clear view of the highway and everything going on in the parking lot. You can see Jack smiling at you from behind the front desk as you approach the door.

"You're in for a fun one tonight!" Jack says to you as soon as you crack the door.

"Whatever! I could use some excitement around this place anyway. So what's up?" you reply.

"Three walk ins. Came about an hour ago. Put'em in room 16 away

from the regulars” Jack replied.

Jack was a cool fucker, for being a generation older than you. He’s always a good laugh and is down to Earth. He’s been working the same job as you for almost ten years now. Jack greets you every day at work with some smart-ass comment and a grin on his face.

“Oh well, that’s good. Sure they’ll be fine. How much trouble could they really be anyway”, you ask.

“Dunno, they looked about sixteen years old and asked me if there were stocked mini-bars with booze in the room. Also asked if there were any whores in town here too.” Jack adds.

“Get the fuck out of here!” you exclaim.

Jack gives you that grin.

“No, just three out-of-towners, probably city folk. Only saw the one that came into the office. He looked pretty fuckin’ stressed, but not out of the norm. Got a glimpse of them when they were going in the room. One of them looked like he was sick or something. Had a blanket around’im. Sure they’ll be fine. Just keep an eye out and watch for visitors!”

“Ya, alrighty. Anything else?” you ask.

“Ya, one more thing. Mr. B. can’t make it in early tomorrow so you’ll have to stick around until check out or at least until room 16 checks out.” Jack says.

“Are you shittin’ with me again?” you ask.

“Nope, sorry dude. Something came up. Mr. B. said you’ll get time-and-a-half for however long you gotta stay. Just remember you can split once that room checks out anyway.” Jack adds.

“Fuck it! Guess I’ll get some sleep tonight then, if I gotta stick around in the morning.” you say dejectedly.

You know Suzy, the maid, will be in around 9am. She comes in two days per week, one of them being Saturdays. It's always fun flirting around with her in a harmless way, when you do get to see her. Plus, you could just pawn off the responsibility on her and split in the morning, if that room doesn't check out early enough.

"Have a good one Jack." you yell out as Jack is exiting the door.

He gives you the familiar one finger salute goodbye as he's walking past the front window.

You go through your regular routines at the start of your shift. Count your float, check the registrations and tidy up the office. It's almost midnight now. Almost time to get some sleep.

Usually you wait until around 1am before you call it the night. Just in case someone decides to come in or makes a call.

You decide that you can either catch a bit of TV before crashing, check your email and a bit of web browsing, or do a walk around before hitting the sack.

Doing a walk around only takes about 10 minutes, but looks good on the motel and Mr. Burrows encourages that kinda thing, even though it's not enforced.

You pause a second and think about what you feel like doing.

- 1) **Go for a walk around and maybe catch a bit of TV when you get back before napping. Goto page 22**
- 2) **Kick back, turn on the tube and slowly get some shuteye while watching a late night classic. Goto page 16**
- 3) **Hit the computer and check out this new site called "scarychoices.com" that your buddy was raving about earlier. Goto page 8**



SAVE THE NET

You go to the back office and hit the power button on the old desk top. It always takes a few minutes for this old boy to boot up. As you're waiting you go back out to the front office to have a quick look, lock the door and put the "Please Ring Bell" sign in the window.

You go back and sit down at the computer. All up and running now,

You log in to your email and messenger service.

Once you log in, a bunch of messages from friends pop up on the screen.

"Hey, did you hear what happened?" said one message.

"Shit, wild night in the city, eh?" said another text.

"Holy fuck! Someone back on the Bath salts!" stated the final message.

You wonder, what the fuck is going on now. You click on a link in one of the messages you got. It takes you to the local news website. After about a minute of loading, the Headline reads....

"Chaos at a local Night Club"

You begin reading that violence broke out a club in the city. They don't know how many were injured or what the cause may have been, only that police were called in and that there were even reports of people biting each other.

"Bath salts in-fucking-deed" you think to yourself. "Holy shit, Sarah!"

You quickly remember that your girlfriend is in the city tonight for a girl's night out Birthday party.

You grab your phone and hit Sarah on your speed dial.

After a few rings, you hear Sarah's voice.....

"Hey Hun, how are things back at the Love Shack?" Sarah jokes.

"Things are fine here. Quiet as shit!" you reply.

You can hear music in the background.

Sarah informs you that they're all having a great time and heading back to their Hotel soon. You tell her to have fun and that you'll see her tomorrow evening back at the house.

You just remember that website your friend was talking about, "www.scary-choices.com". You type into the browser. The screen reads "Loading...."

"What is this going to be now?" you wonder.

Finally the page loads. It says "This site is currently under maintenance. Please check back in the morning."

"Scary choices indeed. Scary choice of friends!" you think to yourself. "What a load of shit. Morning sounds good to me. Time to shut this down and get some sleep."

You begin to power down the old P.C. and decide to step outside for a smoke before you call it the night. As you are walking to the door you can hear the hums of the fan from the computer as if it's trying to say it's last words like it will never turn back on again.

As you click the lock on the door and open it, the final electrical surge emits from the back room as the computer goes dead. Silence. You step outside the door and let it close behind you.

The stillness of the night is really brought out with the lack of vehicles on the road in this area and the lack of life at this time of night .

You pull out a cigarette from your pocket along with your lighter. You pop the filtered end of the cigarette into your mouth and hold the lighter to the opposite end. As you swipe your thumb across the wheel of the top of the lighter, it produces nothing but the crack of fiction as the wheel rubs against the flint. The sound in this silence startles you even though you were expecting it.

A couple more quick swipes of the thumb finally produce a flame that seems to light up a good twenty feet diameter of the parking lot. Again, the brightness startling you and again, you knew it was coming. As you put the lighter back into your pocket and raise your head towards the night sky to inhale the first drag of chemicals into your lungs, the darkness slowly creeps back in. While exhaling and moving your head back down to its regular position, that's when you notice the glimpse of light coming from behind the curtain over in room 16.

"Great! Fucking night owls. Just what I needed!" you think to yourself.

Suddenly the glimpse of light begins to flicker until it is gone. Darkness again.

The thought of it being strange crosses your mind but you are also somewhat relieved that it looks like room 16 may be getting some shut eye after all.

Suddenly you hear it. The faint sound of what seems to be a female scream. The scream seems like it's miles away but for some reason, you know where it is coming from.

You begin to hear other inaudible sounds, like groans, as they slowly creep across the parking lot, up your legs until they reach your ears.

CRASH ! THUD!

The thud sounding like something heavy hitting the inside of the door of room 16.

Something is fucking wrong.

Just what you needed. Hotel guest scraping it out in one of your rooms.

You can't tell what's going on but there is definitely a struggle of some kind.

Then everything goes silent again.

It's not the silence of relief that something is all over with. It's the kind of silence that gives you an eerie feeling that something really bad just happened.

As you listen, standing there frozen to the situation, you suddenly feel the sharp heat of your cigarette on your fingers as it has burned right down to the filter.

"Shit" you painfully say and throw the butt down on the ground and shake your hand in the air.

Then you hear the rattle. It's the rattling noise of someone fumbling with a door knob. It's the sound of someone trying to open a door they do not know how to use.

You look back in the direction of room 16. Click! It's as if someone was trying to break into a safe and finally cracked it.

You stare as if you were the valuables inside of the safe waiting to see who or what has found you.

The door to room 16 slowly creeps open to reveal the darkness coming from the room.

Then slowly moving into the frame of the door, a figure.

The figure is just standing there. As if it were staring back at you as you are staring at it. You can't make out if they are injured or what is wrong as you can only see the outline of the person.

It's just standing there, staring. You begin to think that the figure is just staring into the night and doesn't even notice you there. It's not moving at all.

You have to do something.

"Fuck, so much for a quiet night!" you think out loudly.

- 1) Make your way over toward room 16 to find out if everything is okay. Turn to page XX
- 2) Step back inside, lock the door and call room 16 to see if things are alright. Turn to page XX
- 3) 'Fuck it!'. Go back in the office, hope they don't notice you, get some sleep and deal with it in the morning. Turn to page XX



WAKE UP

“Rise and shine!”

You slowly open your eyes to see Suzy, the maid, looking down at you from the head of the chair.

You quickly jump up trying to look all-cool.

“Uh, uh....ya, I must of dozed off there for a minute” you say.

Suzy had let herself in, as all of the employees had a key to the place. One more cool thing about Mr. Burrows.

“Shit, I must have slept all night.” you think.

You adjust your eyes and make your way out to the front office. You look over and see that the vehicle is still parked in front of room 16. Looks like you won't be leaving anytime soon.

You hand Suzy the room list for the day and tell her it's good to see her again. She winks at you and tells you that you can see a lot more of her if you wanted.

You both laugh and Suzy heads out the door towards the maid's room.

She usually starts with the couple rooms the contractors have rented out, as they're always up at the crack of dawn to head to the job.

There's a few other rooms that need to be cleaned from the week before too.

“Shit!” you exclaim, remembering that you have to stick around, as Mr. B. can't make it in this morning.

You hope that room 16 checks out soon.

“Fuck it!” you say, and go back to the office to lie down again.

It's now checkout time. You've been up the past hour getting ready to split. You counted your float again and made sure things are in shape for when Mr. B. comes in later.

You've been waiting the past half hour so that you can ring room 16 and tell them it's time to go.

You press 116 on the main switchboard. The phone begins ringing..... You let it ring and ring..... No answer.

You call down to the maid's room and can see Suzy going back into the room, from the front office to answer the phone.

“So you ready to see the rest of me now?” she answers with a laugh.

You tell her that you rang room 16 and that no one answered, so she can do her thing now.

You hang up and see Suzy start to push the maid's cart towards room 16.

You go back to the back office, hoping that there is some coffee there, so you can make a cup.

“Nothing is like a fresh stir of an instant coffee mix in the morning.” you think to yourself.

You make your coffee and walk back to the front office.

As you are taking a sip, trying hard not to burn you lips or spill any, you see Suzy running past the front office outside. You can hear her screaming.

“AAAAAAAHHH!” Suzy screams.

You quickly put your coffee down on the front desk and run out the door yelling at Suzy.

“What the hell?!” you shout.

Suzy is way ahead of you and running down the side of the highway, still screaming, even though it’s getting harder to hear her as she gets further and further away.

“What the FUCK!” you think to yourself.

Was that blood on her uniform?

“Whatever those people were on in that nightclub last night, she must have been doing herself for breakfast. Bath salts in-fucking-deed!” you think.

You turn back around after yelling her name one last time.

You look over toward room 16 and see the maid’s cart in front of the door, and the door is slightly ajar.

You begin walking quickly toward room 16.

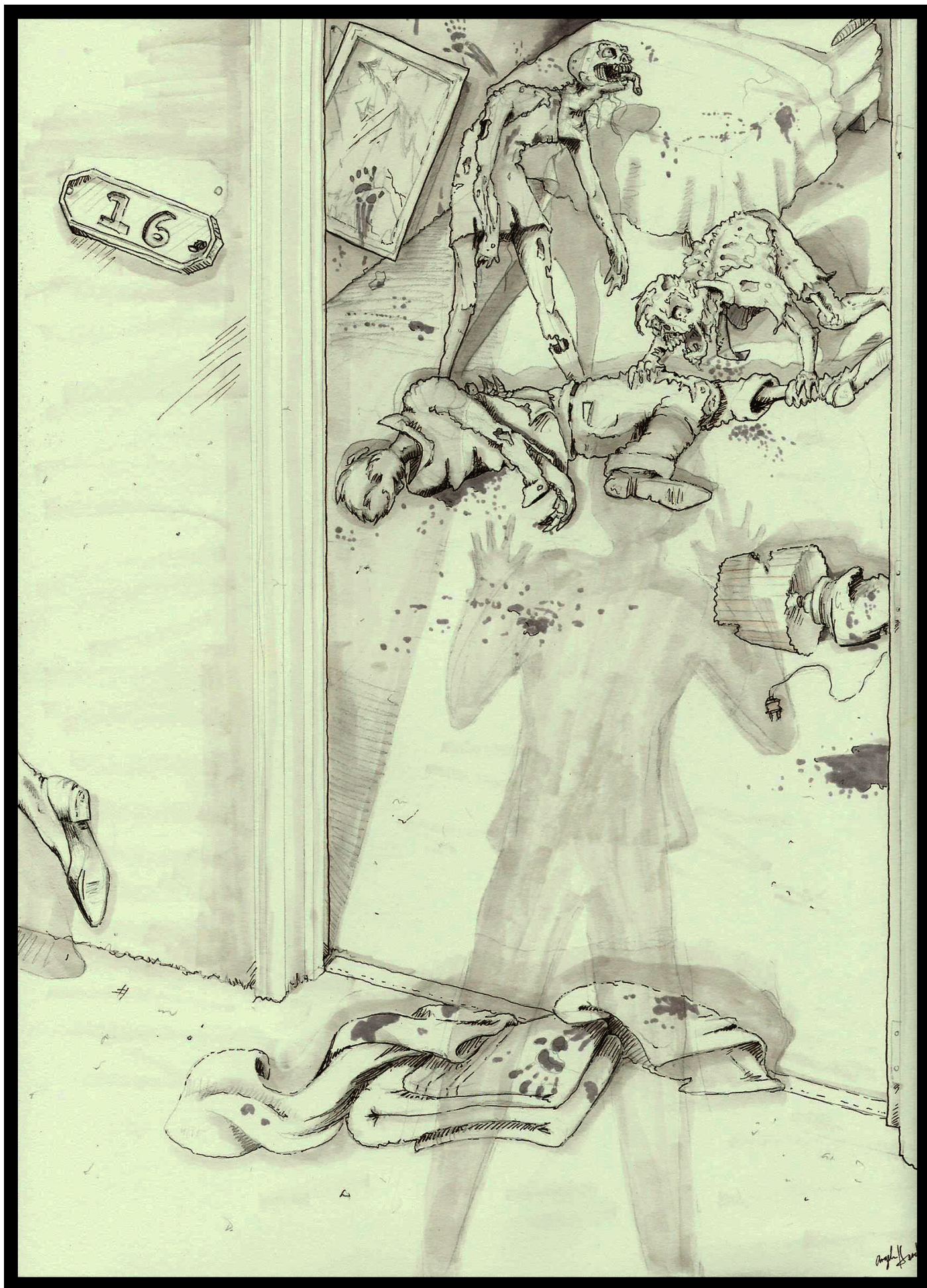
As you get to the door, you notice the red-stained towels on the ground ,outside the door.

“What the fuck?” you repeat again in your head.

“Hello. Is everything OK in here? Hello. It’s check out time.”

You slowly push the door open a little more.

As the sun shines through the door into the room, you can make out what looks like two people crunched over on the floor, near the foot of the bed farthest from you. There is something around their feet.



“Hello.....” you ask.

“Hello, is everything all right?” you stammer.

You are standing in the doorway now. None of them are responding to you. You hear what sounds like growling and moaning. It almost sounds like a bunch of ravenous, wild dogs feeding on something.

Then you notice it. As the sunlight slowly lights up the room, you see the blood all over the walls. There is blood everywhere.

“What the fuck happened here” you think out loud..

One of the people suddenly raises their head, not to acknowledge you, but to help it swallow what looks like a human finger.

You freeze.

“What the fuck, what the fuck....” you think, panicking.

You can’t move.... You are in a shock like you have never been in before.

All the options and scenarios start running through your head, but it’s like you are not even listening to yourself and you’re not being heard.

You snap back into it , realizing you’ve got to do something quick!

- 1) **Slowly back out of the door and run back to the office to call the police and owner. Goto page XX**
- 2) **Slowly back out of the door and make a bee line to your vehicle and get the fuck out of here. Goto page XX**
- 3) **Go in to the room to try and get a better look of what’s going on and see if someone needs help. Goto page XX**

LATE NIGHT T.V.



You look out the window of the front office one last time. Everything looks normal. You lock the door and put the “Please Ring Bell” sign in the window. You dim the lights and head to the back office.

Time for some Late Night Movie Classics.

You cozy on up in the lazy boy and turn on the TV. The local channel always shows some late night classic horror movie on Friday nights. It always helps you get a good snooze.

You turn to channel 3 and the movie is not on.

Instead you see a scene in front of a nightclub in the city. It’s the news and a news reporter is saying something.

..... Volume.....Volume.....

You crank up the volume as quick as you can and catch the end of what the reporter is saying.....

“It’s unknown at this time the number of injuries that may have taken place, or the reasons behind them. It appears that some sort of brawl may have broken out here at “The Night Flash”. Reports so far are that people were attacking each other before the police were called in. It seems now that the police may have things under control. We will report more as soon as we learn more details. This is” the TV is cut off by the remote in your hand.

You quickly turn off the TV and reach for you phone.

“Gotta call Sarah and make sure she’s all right.” you think to yourself.

The phone starts ringing.....

After a few rings you hear a “Hello....”

There is music in the background.

“Hey, it’s me.....everything alright there?” you ask with concern.

“Ya, we’re having a blast! We’ll be heading back to the Hotel soon. Why? What’s up?”
Sarah asks.

“Oh, nothing. Was just hoping you were having a good one. Alrightly, have a cold one for me. I gotta work a bit late tomorrow, but I’ll still see you back at the house tomorrow evening. Nighty-night” you conclude.

“Ok, Hun. See ya tomorrow”. says Sarah.

You had to keep the conversation short and sweet to prevent any damage to your manly image.

You feel much better now and turn the TV back on. It’s back to the Late Night Movie.

“Children Shouldn’t Play With Dead Things”. A classic indeed.!

No problem catching some shut eye now.

Goto page 12

A BRIEF NAP



Thump!

You roll over in the lazy boy chair of the back office, not conscious that the sound had even startled you.

You shift and turn, still sleeping, trying to get into a comfortable position.

The thump had caused you to lose your thought process briefly as you were dreaming. You were thinking of you girlfriend and how you were relieved she was okay. It was the next day, early evening and you both were cozy up on the sofa getting ready to watch a movie which is what you normally did on a Saturday evening.

Thump!

This time you opened your eyes as the sound got your attention. As you slowly gain consciousness, you recognize the sound as being like something hitting glass. Like a bird flying into a window.

‘What the fuck is it now’ you say to yourself as you slowly sit up.

You look at your watch as your eyes struggle to focus on the numbers 4:25 am.

You pause and listen again before you attempt to stand up.

Nothing.

You decide you might as well check it out now as you grab the handle to lower the foot rest on the lazy boy.

You stand up, stretch and walk towards the front office.

As your eyes scan, left to right through the glass of the three front windows, you don't see anything out of the ordinary. As you are returning the glance back to the original position you notice something on the door.

"What the fuck is that!" you think to yourself.

You look up again at the parking lot and squint to notice that the door to room 16 looks to be ajar.

You walk closer to your own door to see what looks like to be a blood smear across the glass.

You rub your eyes and bend over to get a closer look at the markings on the door.

'Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha!'

Once again, Mr.Osbourne's voice from your ringtone scares the shit out of you!

As your heart is rapidly beating, you look down at your phone to see the photo of you and Sarah shining back at you.

Something is wrong. You just know it. She wouldn't be calling you at this time if there wasn't .

The sudden fear of this makes you not want to hit the answer button below the photo of you both.

Snapping out of it, you press the button and hold the phone to your ear giving out a desperate "Hello!"

Expecting a reply you hear nothing but the sounds of sirens in the background.

"Hello!" you yell at the phone. "Hello, Sarah. You there? Is everything okay?" Sarah!"

Finally in a quivering and shaky voice you hear Sarah's voice.

"Hun, there's....there's....something wrong here....."

She sounds panicked and breathing heavily as if she had been running.

“Sarah! Sarah! What is it? Sarah!” you respond in your own panicked voice.

“....I don’t know...what is going on!.....This....this..can’t be real.....I.....AH!”

The sounds of what seems to be like a car crash fade through your phone.

“Sarah! “ you scream back at it.

“....this...this...isn’t happening. Hun.....I need you.....I.....this can’t be real!”

Suddenly there is silence.

“Sarah! Sarah!”

Nothing.

You hold your phone in front of your face only to notice that the call has been ended.

You quickly hit the redial and listen as your heart feels like it has now stopped.

It’s ringing.

You look around through the office windows again as you press your phone against your ear.

There is no answer.

Suddenly you remember the ajar door at room 16 and glance back over in that direction with the phone still against your ear.

Nothing has changed. Your phone still echoes the ringing of Sarah’s phone and door of room 16 remains slightly ajar with no movement anywhere.

“What the fuck is going on!” you say out loud.

You hit ‘End’ on your phone and quickly try calling Sarah’s friends that she was with in the city.

You get the same results. No answer.

You begin to panic even more as you try to think straight and what you are going to do?

- 1) Keep trying to call Sarah, leave the office and head toward room 16 to see what's going on. Turn to page XX
- 2) Grab the office phone, call room 16 and see if everything is okay. Then call Mr. Burrows and tell him there has been an emergency and you have to leave.
- 3) FUCK THIS! Through the closed sign on the door, grab your keys, lock up, jump in your car and head to the city to find Sarah. Turn to page XX

WALK ABOUT



You decide to take a quick walk around the parking lot. This would also let the people in room 16 know you're there if they notice, either as a warning or a comfort. It also makes you feel a little better, like you actually have a job to do.

You throw up a small sign in the front window that reads "Back in 5 mins" and then go out the office door. All seems quiet as it's a pretty calm night anyway.

You lock the office door and turn around facing the parking lot of the motel.

Only two vehicles in the lot; the contractors dirty pickup truck, closer to you and the office, and the vehicle in the back corner belonging to room 16.

You're carrying your little flashlight and turn it on. It's not that it's too dark out, as there are lights around the motel to give the parking lot a bit of light. The flashlight is for making you feel more official.

You begin walking toward the first corner and room 10. It's so quiet that your footsteps sound like they would wake someone up that was sleeping here.

You flash your light on the plate number of the pickup truck. You've done this a few times now, since it's been here a while. Again, it's all part of the act; looking and feeling official. You are rounding the first corner and heading towards the new arrivals.

Not a sound. No TV on or light on in the room, at least that you can tell from here.

Click.....Click....Click.....Click.

Only your footsteps.

As you get closer to the room, you think you can hear something. Like the faintest moaning. Maybe snoring? You're not sure. Suddenly the silence of the night seems so loud that you can't make out if a noise is actually coming from the room.

You pause to listen.....

"ALL ABOARD!....HaHaHaHaHa....." the voice of Ozzy Osbourne echoes through the parking lot.

You jump suddenly wishing you didn't have the beginning of "Crazy Train" as your text ringtone.

It's a text from your friend Bruce who now lives and works in the city.

"Dude, did you see the news? The drugs are running fucking wild 2nite! How's Sarah? She ok?" glowing at you from the backlit screen.

Your racing heart suddenly comes to a stop. What the fuck is going on now? You quickly start making your way back to the office while trying to hit your girlfriend's number on the speed dial.

You heard from Sarah before heading to work, and wished her a fun night out with the girls.

You try to balance the phone between your shoulder and ear as you're unlocking the door to the office. You can hear it starting to ring. You get the door open and rush to the back office and turn on the TV.

Still no answer.

You switch to the local channel on the TV and see a scene outside of what looks like a club in the city near by. There are police cars and lights flashing around the outside of the place. A reporter is speaking..... Volume.....Volume.....

You crank up the volume as quick as you can and catch the end of what the reporter is saying.....

“It’s unknown at this time the number of injuries that may have taking place, or the reasons behind it. There appears to have been some sort of brawl that may have broken out, here at “The Night Flash”. Reports so far are that people were attacking each other before the police were called in. It seems now that the police may have things under control. We will report more as soon as we learn more details. This is” the voice of the reporter is cut off by the remote in your hand.

The TV image slowly fades and you realize that your phone is still ringing. You press end on your phone and quickly start typing Sarah a text message.

“Hey, how are things? Everything cool there? Let me know ASAP.” you type.

You hit send and return back to you friend Bruce’s message to reply.

“Ya, just saw the news now. Looks like just another night out in the city. Haven’t heard from Sarah but sure things are fine.” you type, more to reassure yourself than Bruce.

You feel a little relieved and calm down a bit, as you’re sure Sarah and her friends weren’t at that club. It’s not their kind of scene.

Suddenly you hear Ozzy’s laugh again. It’s Sarah.

“Sorry I missed your call. All is fine. Didn’t hear the phone. Will ring you when we get back to the Hotel. Luvs.” you read, taking a big, relaxing breath.

All is ok. You go back out into the front office to have a quick look, lock the door and put the “Please Ring Bell” sign in the window.

You’re feeling a little tired now from your little scare and decide it’s time to

get some rest.

You dim the lights and go to the back office, sit back in your lazy boy and turn the TV back on. Nothing new is on the news. In fact, it's gone back to the Late Night Classic, Friday night movie.

You've seen it before. "Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things". A classic but one you've seen.

"This should help me sleep." you think to yourself.

The movie is at the scene where the nerdy guy is saying "I just peed my pants!"

You laugh and think, "Ha ha, I almost did the same a few minutes back."

Suddenly your phone rings and a photo of you and Sarah appears on the screen.

You answer and Sarah says that everything is fine. They had a great time and are back at their Hotel now. You didn't bother mentioning about the club brawl you saw on the news and that you were worried. That would just not be the manly thing to do. Instead you just wish her a good night and tell her you'll see her tomorrow evening, back at the house.

Almost 1:30am now.

Time to get some sleep.

Goto page 18

NO SUBMISSION YET



The is no submissions for this section yet.



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CREDITS

A Quiet NightName (link)

Surf the Net Name (link)

Wake Up Name (link)

Late Night T.V.Name (link)

A Brief NapName (link)

Walk AboutName (link)

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LOOK FOR THE LATEST AT:**



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