

Sample Chapter of Surviving the world

I arrive at sunrise in a larger town. My head hurts, and I'm so tired and sore. I touch the wound the humanite left on my head—still haven't had a chance to take care of it. Hopefully, I'll find a safe place to rest and tend to it soon. My bike ran out of gas in front of a grocery store. Lucky or unlucky? I'll find out soon enough. The store was intact, unlike some of the buildings around it. I decided to go inside to see what I could find. The windows were covered with something, so I couldn't see in, and the door was locked.

I knelt, took off my bag, and pulled out my tools to pick the lock. It was easy. After using my picking tools, the door opened. I put my bag on my back and went inside.

"Shit, I can't catch a break," I muttered as I came face to face with four dirty, rugged men dressed in tattered clothes. Two brunettes, who seemed to be twins, a blonde, and an older dark-skinned guy with grey hair—they were all pointing shotguns at me. The grey-haired man seemed to be the leader, based on how the others kept looking at him.

I automatically raised my hands. It's what you do when a gun is pointed at you. To my surprise, I momentarily forgot that bullets don't exist anymore—unless these guys could create their own. Well, this day is just getting better and better. I'm so tired of this. Lately, it's been one hostile creature after another. At least these are humans—easier to handle.

"I come in peace," was all I managed to say, too tired for anything else. The grey-haired man walked toward me, gun pointed at my chest. I backed up.

"Whoa there, girl. I'm just going to search for weapons," he said.

"Hell no," I replied. I did have a knife, and I wasn't parting with it. I took another step back. "Let me leave, and there won't be any death on either of our hands."

"Hey, we ain't gonna harm you, the blond man said.

"I don't believe you," I shot back. "Four men with guns pointing at an innocent young woman—it looks to me like you're going to hurt me."

I quickly took out my knife, holding it tightly. The men tensed up, and I raised an eyebrow in confusion, after all, they do have guns.

"Okay, fair enough," the grey-haired man said, still pointing the gun at me. I kept walking as the four men advanced on me, until I found myself outside, my knife held in a defensive position.

"You realize I have a gun," the grey-haired man said, now in front of the others.

"I do. And like I said, I'm not letting you search me. What I have is for survival. If I give it to you, I might as well give up and wait for death."

"Don't be so dramatic. Give me your bag," one of the brunettes demanded.

"Just let me go," I insisted, feeling a headache coming on.

"What's in the bag?" the grey-haired man shouted in anger.

"Nothing. Are you going to shoot me or talk me to death? It doesn't matter, though—either way, I'm leaving."

The blonde man pointed his gun at my head. "What's with the gold tattoo on your head?"

I moved to touch my forehead, feeling the raised mark the humanite had left. "I don't know," I lied, lowering my hand.

"Thomas!" a woman called out. She was blonde and just as dirty as the men. "What's going on?"

"Just some nomad—go back inside!" the grey-haired man ordered.

"Does she have food?" The woman asked looking at me.

"We're about to find out," Thomas answered.

"And how are you going to do that?" I asked, gripping my knife tighter.

The woman gasped, and I noticed fear written on the faces of the men. Damn it. I could tell something was behind me. I turned around slowly, and a gasp escaped me as well. Six humanites were there, one directly in front of me, staring me down.

It sniffed the air, then tilted its head, examining me. I gathered my courage and stood still, slowly putting away my knife. I didn't want to seem like a threat. Once my knife was back in its sheath, I opened my fingers wide to show I was unarmed.

"What the hell is she doing?" the grey-haired man asked, his voice filled with alarm. I looked at the creature in front of me, somehow knowing she was the leader and a female.

The humanite lifted her hand and gently held my chin, moving my head from left to right, examining my face. I was terrified, but somehow, I knew they wouldn't hurt me. The humanite made a clicking sound, then removed her hand from my chin and patted my head. She then looked over my head. I turned to see the four men, the blonde woman, and, to my surprise, three teenagers—two girls and a boy—a brunette woman, and another woman of Asian descent, I think.

Normally, when one saw a humanite, they ran for their life. But everyone just stood there, watching each other. The lead humanite stepped forward, passing me while growling. The men pointed their guns at her.

"Don't shoot!" I warned. "She won't attack you unless you're a threat."

"Are you crazy? They eat us!" The blond man said, hands shaking while he pointed the gun at the humanite.

"Just put the gun down!" I shouted trying to get through to the four men.

"No!" Thomas said. "We have to defend ourselves."

I could see in their eyes that they wouldn't listen to me. The humanite's growls were getting louder and more frightening.

"You over there!" I called out to the people at the back. "I want you to lay down on your stomach and don't move until I say so."

They just looked at me until the brunette woman said, "Do what she says. It looks like she knows what she's doing."

"Don't listen to her, run!" the blond man shouted, and then he started to shoot.

They do have bullets after all.

I moved out of the way, knowing they wouldn't live to see tomorrow. To my amazement, the bullets hung still in the air, including the one aimed at my left eye. I was so surprised as I watched the bullet, waiting for it to hit me.

The humanites roared and attacked the men, stabbing them with their claws, as the bullets fell to the ground. I was too stunned to move. I didn't know they could move objects like that. I watched as one of the creatures lifted the blonde man in the air, who was trying to run away, and pulled him in front of her. She closed her right hand, her claws forming a thick blade, and stabbed the man in the chest. As she growled, I somehow understood her—she was celebrating her kill. She dropped the man on the ground and followed her companions toward the women and teenagers, passing the dead men's corpse.

"Don't move!" I told them, hoping they had enough sense to listen to me.

The humanites watched them for a while, then moved away. Four of the humanites picked up the dead men's bodies and slung them over their shoulders—well, I guess they got their dinner. As each one passed, they patted me on the head and left.

The humanite leader stood in front of me. She growled, and one of the creatures came to her side, holding a deer by its back legs. The deer was shoved toward me. I took it and tapped the humanite's shoulder in thanks. She patted my head and left. The leader touched the mark on my head, and the headache subsided immediately.

"The one that chose you has chosen well," I heard a voice in my head.

"What? How? Who are you? What's going on?" I said out loud, confused by her voice in my head.

"Be calm, human. I am Rella. You are now connected to us. Your questions will be answered soon enough. I can sense your heart, your being—you will be a good humanite."

"Okay," I replied, tongue-tied. I didn't know what else to say or even understand what she meant. Rella patted my head and left.

I turned around, watching her while holding the deer, most of it dragging on the ground because of how big it was. As I could no longer see the humanites, I turned back to face the people on the ground. They were staring at me.

"You can get up now. It's safe."

"Who the hell are you, and why did those creatures act as if you're one of them?" The blond woman from before asked.

"My business is my own, woman. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go. Although my headache is gone, I'm still tired. I'm going to find a place to stay and take care of this deer. I'm so grateful for it; it'll make a good meal later and forever long it will last."

Well, the bike was of no use to me now, so I started to walk, dragging the heavy deer behind me. Hopefully, I'll find shelter before nightfall.

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