Stargazer-Diary Entry

Day 1 20th February 1919

Me and my four cousins (Ruth, Callum and Joseph) were selected to board the majestic stargazer, known around the world for its exhilarating places that they go to. We were starting to board the ship as we stop quite a queer site. A figure quite like a zombie. Something that looked familiar. But no. We were that big of a no—brainer to ignore such a peculiar spot. After all, this was meant to be a holiday and a break after the war. This was mainly a distraction. Our fathers had died during the war. And our way to move on was this. We enjoyed most of our day in the sauna, keeping quiet to ourselves like most would do. Everyone seemed to be quiet. Not like me and my cousins, nut nothing coming out of them. Not even a peep. Strange….

Day 2

I have been trapped by the despicable captains of this crew. Fear and death caught up on me. My life was going to end. I jammed my eyes shut so I wouldn’t see the horrible sight. Except… all there had been was a bite from the captain. I peeped my eyes open and saw that I was transforming into a hideous, mutated zombie! And my dead dad laughed a terrible laugh as I started to become the living dead. Noooo! I awoke in a pool of sweat. It had been quite a strange nightmare as if it was a prophecy of what might happen. It was so realistic. It had felt as if I had been bitten. It-no! I said to myself. This was just a stupid dream and there was nothing to worry about. I stepped outside and it was starting to get late. I set down a mat and decided maybe I should just stargaze. After all, this ship wasn’t called stargazer for nothing. Right?

Day 3

On the third day, me and my cousin Joseph decide what was not better than to explore the ship. We had been staying in the first-class cabins we haven’t really left that area. Me and Joseph were just fooling around when we stepped onto a pressure plate and we that space in the floor disappears. We go plummeting down, down, down till we fall. Crack! Pain surged and scurried through my body as I get a painful realization that I have broken my right hand. I look around for Joseph. He has been knocked out cold and I realise we are in some sort of basement. A withered hand then touched me, and I screamed in deafening horror as 10 zombies surround me and mummer with a hoarse voice.

“Time to join us.” And then I collapsed.

What I am now is a curse that has made me worse then being dead. In fact, I am now an immortal being that now will roam around the world as a monster. But that is what I am. And this is what my fate has decided.