

Traumatic experience

BY: DAVID LEISEY

It's quiet, maybe too quiet
Then, suddenly, from behind the only door,
Lurks a horrifying, unholy, zombie riot
Then, I instantly realize that my life may be no more

As I hear the blood freezing cries of pain
And as I try to prolong my life
But I know, soon, I may no longer see light again.
I vainly slash at them with my dulled knife.

I start to sprint to what I hope is safety
I feel a beast stalking right after.
When I look up a jet screams right past me
And as I run away, the beast leaps off a rafter.

So I riously yell, "Save me, I'm not infected!!"
I see a bomb drop and all of my hopes... deflected.

RE4

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I sit, with a controller in my hands.
Terror, running through my veins like
Salmon upstream
But I just have to laugh
At myself because,
I realize that there really is
A controller in my hands.
So, I resume play and shoot off
A man's head, then suddenly a
Centipede like creature rushes
Out of his neck with his head
Still hanging by a sliver of flesh
And said monster lunges at me.
Then my head is no longer
Attached to my neck.
GAME OVER. RESTART?
Sure.