



***Ella at The
End Of The World***
Jennifer Juan

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Episode One – The Journey Begins

Well, yes, I suppose it does.

How did it begin? With my husband coming home, far earlier than usual from work, and ordering me into the bedroom. Normally, that would be thrilling, but it turns out, he wanted me in the bedroom so I could pack.

He wouldn't explain why at first, just badgering me, over and over again, to pack some clothes and whatever I needed for a few days, while he frantically gathered bags from around the house.

I should explain. My husband is... to be polite, a very prepared man. To be less polite, he is one of those doomsday dudes, who is overly prepared for the apocalypse, except, this time, he was right, as he later explained. He had been preparing for every type of end of the world for years. I had gotten used to random bags throughout the house, full of supplies for the worst case scenario.

Freeze dried food, survival equipment, weapons (I was VERY unhappy about that), and everything you can think of, for every scenario you can think of. It was just a cute and quirky thing about him. I never expected him to be right. I don't think anyone did, but, he was.

He didn't explain his sudden urgency until we were in the car. He was normally the calm and reasonable one, annoyingly so, but he was pale, talking so quickly I thought he would pass out. He kept mumbling about a virus. He worked at the hospital, so I figured it was probably related to COVID - 19. That had calmed down in recent months, and we had all been lulled into a false sense of security, so it made sense that it had crept back.

"It's not COVID - 19!" I remember that specifically, because he shouted it at me. Martin never, ever shouts at me. Other people, yes, because he's a miserable, angry bastard (which I kind of find hot) but he never shouts at me. That was when I knew it had to be something worse. After having lived through various lockdowns, and the grief of losing so many to the virus, I couldn't imagine something worse, but worse was definitely on its way.

As we drove away from the house, I could feel dread creeping in. Knowing

that Martin was afraid, made me afraid. If the man who has prepared for everything feels helpless, you know you're in trouble. He explained that there had been a rise in patients with weird symptoms. Fevers, vomiting, agitation, dehydration, aggression, delirium. Nothing had worked to relieve the symptoms. They thought it might be a new mutation of COVID-19 or something similar, but the recovery rate was through the floor. It would just take hold of someone, and kill them within hours, no matter what they tried.

The cases all had two things in common. The victims always had a bite mark, somewhere on their body, and the victims always came back. I know what you're thinking. That makes no sense. It's crazy. I thought so too, but Martin saw one come back, and when he described it, he looked haunted by what he had seen. I had never seen him like that. I knew he had seen some fucked up stuff, anyone who works in a hospital probably has, but he had never been like this before.

He told me about how they come back. They suddenly snapped awake, agitated, breathing weird, thrashing about, before becoming violent, attacking people, biting, tearing people apart. They were feral. It didn't seem possible, but as we drove further into town, and I could see the chaos on the streets, it seemed inevitable that the impossible was in fact possible.

I didn't ask where we were going, just staring, silently, at the never ending stream of fires, looting, and bodies, strewn across pavements and roads. Screams and snarls filled the air. It never seemed to end.

At some point, I fell asleep. I must have been out for hours, because when I woke up, the sun had risen again, and we were driving through somewhere remote and woodsy. It was quiet, and as I looked out the window, I saw nothing but trees and empty fields.

Martin mumbled something about the woods, and I just nodded. That brings me here. I don't know when we will stop driving. I don't know what happens next, but, I'll keep you posted.

Episode Two – Keeping Watch

We're in the woods. I can't say where, because Martin thinks somebody might track us down and steal our supplies. I suppose it's a fair point. He's asleep right now. We decided to sleep in the car for tonight and figure things out properly tomorrow. He looks so peaceful when he's asleep, which is a relief, after everything.

Dinner was grim. I know it's wrong to complain especially when it could be much worse, and when Martin has spent most of his adult life preparing for this, and had the decency to bring me along with him, but freeze dried food isn't something I'm used to, and I don't think I'll ever get used to it. Luckily I managed to sneak some biscuits in, as I was packing, but I think the many boxes of freeze dried fuckery will outlast my beloved caramel digestives.

I know I'm being awfully spoiled, but I can't help think that I'll never get my honeymoon now. Martin and I married just before the COVID-19 situation really took hold of the UK, so a honeymoon was obviously out of the question, but we promised we'd go as soon as the lockdown ended. Unfortunately, work got in the way, for both of us, we kept putting it off, and now, it will probably never happen.

I'm crying, thinking about a stupid holiday, that really doesn't mean that much, in the grand scheme of things. I'm alive, the man I love is alive, we have enough supplies to last a while, and I might make it out of this intact, but I don't know what will be waiting on the other side. I had the same worries with COVID-19, we all did, but this feels even more hopeless. I saw people eating other people, on the street, in broad daylight. How does society come back from that?

I am thinking about stupid little things, that I took for granted. Sitting in the garden with a book, as the sun goes down. Arguing with my brother, at Christmas, over who gets the last roast potato. Watching Martin do his best to pretend he didn't let me beat him at Mario Kart. Getting stuck in traffic on the way to work, and just seeing the world around me, normal, peaceful.

I don't know what to expect from tomorrow, but I just hope I can survive it.

Episode Three – They're Really Here

I saw one up close. It's face was all mangled. It shuffled towards the car, not seeming to notice that we were going to hit it. It just stared at us, until it went under the car. Martin stared back. He didn't even seem upset.

"I told you I'd look after you, and I did." That was the first thing he said. He was quiet as we drove, for about ten minutes, and then he just came out with it. He said the same to me once before. We had gone camping, and I'd sulked all the way there, because I was hoping for something a bit fancier. I wasn't paying much attention as we unpacked and put up the tent, but soon it became clear he had put in a lot of effort to make everything a bit cosier for me. That night, as we settled down to go to sleep, he held me close and whispered "I told you I'd look after you, and I did." and I felt so safe.

I think that's why he said it today. He wanted me to feel safe. That's why he turned the radio off too. We tried it for a little bit, but it was either static, or recorded messages from the government, politely asking us to stay at home, protect the NHS, and save lives. I'm 90% sure the cheap bastards just reused the radio ads from the coronavirus crisis.

That set Martin off. He started grumbling about how health was devolved in Scotland (in Nicola Sturgeon we trust!), and that Westminster should keep their bad advice to themselves. I smiled, for the first time in a while. I didn't realise how much I had missed normal things, like that. Little glimpses into the life we were driving away from.

Martin doesn't want to, but we are heading to England. I can't say where, for obvious reasons (Martin is really, really, REALLY paranoid about people attacking us to steal our stuff, and considering the chaos we saw when we were driving out of town, he might have a point...) but we are going to pick up my family. I feel guilty. Martin clearly doesn't want to go, but he's doing it for me.

His family made plans already (I married into a very prepared and/or paranoid family) and we've managed to check in with them, when the phones were up earlier today, so, once we pick up my lot, we'll be swinging back up to his, but my family are... less prepared, shall we say. We had a fight about exactly that, actually. I managed to speak to my brother, and he told me that him and mum are locked in the house, but running out of food, and worried about the you

know what's getting in, which is when I asked Martin if we could go and help them. He said no, and I couldn't believe it.

I know people always joke about the husband hating his in-laws, but I couldn't believe he was really expecting me to just let my family fend for themselves. He started lecturing me, on how they should have listened to him, and how they should have prepared, how they should have appreciated the survival gear he got them last Christmas...

We were having this weird moment of aggressive whispering, because you can't exactly shout, in case you attract... them, and I just couldn't believe what was (very quietly) coming out of his mouth. We whisper argued about it all day, while he planned the route up to his secret bunker (I still don't know where it is, and I am literally married to him), until it finally came to a head, when we were back on the road, and he shouted at me, for the second time in all the time I have known him.

"I'm not risking you for them!"

I broke down, sobbing, as I watched fields, trees and an empty sky race past us. My heart was shattered in two, one half, sat next to me, with the man who would do anything to keep me with him, and the other half, hundreds of miles away, watching my frightened family beg for help.

We didn't say anything, for ages, just driving in the silence, until he suddenly turned the car around, and started driving back down towards the south. I asked him why, but he just looked straight ahead, not saying a word, and now, several hours later, we are about an hour from the border, and I just want him to speak, no matter what he says, so that I know I haven't screwed everything up for good.

Episode Four – Home Again, Home Again

Martin showed me where the bunker is. I feel like a complete bitch, because we were almost there when I threw my little tantrum yesterday, and diverted us all the way from England. However, him showing it to me does reassure me a little, because the only other people he has shown are blood relatives, so at least he still likes me (hopefully he still loves me) enough to share it with me.

It felt weird to be back in England, and I don't just mean because everything is going from gold to shit. I haven't been back since just before Martin and I got married. I kept saying I'd go back to visit, but I never got round to it, first, Coronavirus lockdown got in the way, and then Martin and I were both busy at work, or busy enjoying married life, there was always something, I suppose.

Of course, I didn't think the end of the world was coming so quickly, and if I had, I'd have made the effort to book some time off, and gone down there, but I thought I had the rest of my life to be the good daughter, and go home.

I spoke to mum again just now, she's really panicked, because Aaron (my brother) had gone out for supplies but hadn't come back yet. I told her not to worry too much, and surprise surprise, I was right. She text a couple of minutes later to say he was home.

We've stopped for the night, because Martin is tired, understandably. I'm starting to regret never learning to drive manual. He was going to teach me, but that is another thing we just never got round to. If I had made time for it, we could share the driving, and I'd feel less guilty about... well *gestures broadly* everything. Although, I suppose, it is partly his fault, for buying a manual, and then insisting on bringing that, instead of my car, which we could both drive.

I'm typing in the tent, on my phone, thankful that Martin's preparedness included buying and charging a huge amount of power banks, and for the first time in days, even though I suspect he is maybe still a little angry with me, I feel close to him, like I did at home, before all this. He's reading a book, with me in his arms, and he leans down, every now and again, to kiss me on the forehead, and I think, despite the chaos all around us, maybe things are going to be okay.

Episode Five – The Birds and The (Zom)Bees

Just a quick update, because we're almost at Mum's, and I'm going to need to concentrate, so I'm not totally useless during the extraction operation (Martin's words, not mine) but I just wanted to brag a little because... I got laid last night!

I know the world is ending, and that my sex drive is the least important thing right now, but it has definitely boosted morale around here. Shortly after I finished my post last night, we were just laying in the tent, really quiet, when Martin put his book down, and pulled me a little closer, and then... well, you know... it was so surprising, so gentle, just like before. We laid together after, silent and at peace, and now, hours later, I can't keep a smile off my face.

Sex might not kill the zombies, but it makes living in their world a bit more bearable, especially when you have a partner as good as mine ;)

Episode Six – I Hate Him

I hate him. I hate him. I hate him.

I HATE HIM.

Episode Seven – Loss

They're dead.

We got there, and everything looked normal. They live... they lived in a remote area, and it just looked so... normal. Mum's house is one of only three on the road, with just a little corner shop for company. The whole place was so quiet, empty, eerie.

Martin had insisted on bringing his crossbow. I can remember first seeing it, when we moved in together. It was just casually hung on the back of his bedroom door, as if it wasn't a deadly weapon. It was there, all the time, just staring at me, and it, along with the knives scattered around the house, and several bats, always made me nervous.

I was nervous as I put my key in the door, both despite, and because of the crossbow. The house was creepily quiet as we stepped inside. Martin insisted on going first, sneaking through the hallway, peeking around corners, like they do in horror films, and I followed behind, as quietly as I could.

Mum was in the kitchen, motionless on the floor, her red hair, framing her face. I wanted to scream, but nothing came out. I felt sick, but thankfully, nothing came of that either. She looked frightened. She looked so frightened. Her beautiful face, frozen in fear, a few splotches of blood across her pale skin. Aaron didn't look frightened. Aaron looked hungry, knelt over her body, his hurried hands, in and out, in and out, drenched in blood.

I didn't even see Martin move. I was absorbed, overwhelmed. My mother's face. The blood. The sound of chewing, over and over, louder, louder, louder.

Aaron turned, and for a second, I thought he looked frightened too. His blue eyes, gone, red and full of rage, but the rest of his face, so familiar, my baby brother, so lost, so frightened. Then, it was over. The arrow pierced his head, and he fell, motionless, like Mum, on the once white, but now red kitchen floor.

Martin pulled me away, until they were out of sight, but I could still see them, hear them, even, all the way back to the car, all the way back to the border, all the way to wherever we currently are.

Chewing. Over and over. He was eating our mother. My little brother, who spent most of his life shovelling pizza into his mouth, while he played Xbox, was shovelling my mother's flesh into his mouth, that never seemed to stop chewing. Chewing. Over and over. An endless, torturous hunger.

I don't want to sleep, but I don't know if I can avoid it.

I hate him.

Episode Eight – Alone Again (Naturally)

I left him.

I don't know if you can get a divorce, in the middle of the apocalypse, so this is probably all I can do.

He fell asleep around three, and I just lay there, trying not to think. I was focusing on things around me that I could hear. The wind. An owl, every now and again. Martin breathing quietly as he slept. Incessant chewing.

I knew the last part was my imagination, but I couldn't make it stop. I just kept thinking about Aaron. How he got that way. If there was a part of him, still inside there, that knew what he was doing, and desperately wanted to stop. A part of him that was trapped, by what he'd become. I kept thinking about Mum, and how she'd called the night before, so worried about Aaron being out late. I'd told her not to worry, that he was a smart kid, he'd be fine. I told her not to worry. I should have told her to lock the door and wait for us. If I had, she would probably still be alive. I told her she'd be fine, and so, she let him back in, and then...

I snuck out of the tent, to the car, and packed up some food (including my biscuits), some water, power banks, and one of the knives. I thought about taking the car, but part of me didn't want it, because it was his. It's weird how petty one can be, even at a time like this.

I didn't know where I was going, but I just walked. We'd set up for the night in a field, so I felt a bit exposed at first, but I managed to get to the road eventually, and I'm hoping I can make it up to the next town by morning.

It's been quiet. I haven't seen anyone (or anything) since I left. Martin says they're not people anymore. I suppose that was his justification for shooting my brother in the face.

Obviously, he knows more about medical shit than me, but there's no way he can know everything. They could have found a treatment, or something, given time. We could have saved Aaron, if he had given it time. We don't even know for sure that a shot to the head actually kills them for good, like in the films, so it is possible Aaron is still alive somewhere, wandering around, with an arrow

in his head, waiting to be saved, once the doctors get their act together, but I'll never know now, because I'm miles away.

Episode Nine – Lost and Found

Well, that lasted long.

He found me. I suppose I should have expected a man who is equipped with an array of survival skills to find it quite easy to find his ill prepared wife, but I was more focused on just trying to get away from him.

He was so angry when he found me. Ordering me back in the car, and then becoming more angry when I just stood by the side of the road, shaking my head. There was silence for a moment, before he just got out of the car and dragged me in. He towered over me, fighting with me, as I struggled against him and the seatbelt. He won, of course, and I just stared up at him, watching him catch his breath.

He started to cry. He didn't cry often, so it took me by surprise. He almost collapsed on top of me, holding me close to him, weeping into my shoulder.

"I thought I'd lost you." He kept saying it, again and again. We stayed that way for a little while, as the sun came up. I wanted to tell him I was sorry, but the words wouldn't come. I just held him, but I think he understood.

We got back on the road eventually, and he was quiet again. I held his hand, just now, and it was still shaking.

Episode Ten – Hate

We just had dinner. Some mac and cheese monstrosity. Martin kept trying to start conversations, casual shit but I just couldn't do it.

We haven't discussed my little wilderness adventure, or the massacre at my mum's. I feel like we should, to clear the air, but I have no idea what to say.

I spent most of my evening scrolling through different social medias, switching between them during outages. They go in and out, so you just sort of scroll until you can't, because they're down, and then you switch to the next for a bit. It's good to see what else is going on, in other places, and see what else is out there.

Some people are still trying to post normal, every day content. The influencers are losing it, which is kind of funny to watch. They're still obsessively posting curated, perfect content, despite the world slowly being overrun by the undead, and every time they do, nobody cares, because, well, we're all preoccupied with the horrors of real life, so these people who thrive off of attention, sponsorships and validation, are currently hungrier than the zombies, and resorting to desperate lengths to try and get the spotlight back on them. I saw one, just now, who did a look book, in an infected area. She'd torn up all her clothes, to keep it topical, and had one of the infected, chained beside her, you know, for the aEsThEtIc. She also had a bite mark on her arm, so I imagine getting the infected tied up didn't go as smoothly as she would have liked, and this may be the last video we see from her. It has got over a million views though, so I'm sure she thinks it was worth it.

I keep thinking that things will go back to normal, soon, but then something happens to remind me that it won't. Tonight, scrolling through social media made me think it might, but a noise outside the tent reminded me that it wouldn't. Martin was quick, as always, with his trusty crossbow. I closed my eyes, my hands over my ears, wishing that the sound of him exiting the tent wasn't still seeping through.

They make this sound, sometimes. I think it's them trying to breathe, it's really raspy, and laboured, like they have something stuck in their throat, that they're trying to cough up, but it's constant, a weird hissing, hateful rasp, and then, when Martin finds his mark, it stops. It stops, and I know, that life will never be the same, and that this isn't a dream, and that my husband has just

shot someone, something, through the head, so that it can't tear us to pieces.

I hate this. I wish this was just a bad dream I could wake up from. I wish I could wake up, in a bed, rather than a tent, have breakfast with Martin, and just have a normal day. No death. No shitty freeze dried food. No resentment between us.

I hate that I hate him. I hate that I love him.

Episode Eleven – Reminiscing

I was thinking last night, about my life, before all this mess. I couldn't sleep, and Martin wouldn't sleep (I imagine he was worried I'd make another break for it), so we just started reminiscing.

It's weird, to think that some guy I met on social media ended up not only being my husband, but my only companion, for the end of the world. I wasn't even planning to follow him back. It wasn't personal, I was just tired of men. The great thing about bisexuality, is that you have options. If I decide I don't want to put up with men being... well... men, there are plenty of women for me to fall in love with instead, but, something about him just made me want to give him a chance. Sometimes, there were little moments of "He's just like all the others!" but for the most part, he was exactly what I had always needed in a partner, so, reader, I married him.

I remember the first time we met in person. I had fantasised about it for months, imagining some serene Hollywood romance moment, where I would run from the departure lounge, into his arms, and we'd kiss, as music played and doves surrounded us. It was, in fact, an awkward affair. I hid in a toilet, at first because I was nervous, and then spent a few seconds panicking in the toilet, wondering if he was now thinking about me being in the toilet, before rushing out of the toilet, and sort of awkwardly arriving in front of him. There was no kiss, but that was mainly because I was so overwhelmed with how much I wanted to simultaneously spend my life with him, and die of embarrassment at how socially awkward I was being.

A kiss did come later, though. In a car park, and while there were no doves, and no soundtrack, it was more than I'd ever dreamed of. And just now, while I was typing away, another kiss came, gently, on my shoulder, as his hands found my waist, holding me close, and dear reader, though I am still confused and conflicted about my feelings about what he's done, and where we are, I am so glad that I married him.

I imagine we will have to get moving soon. Martin likes to keep moving as much as we can, and given that we are closer to a city now, we are more likely to run into infected soon, so it's probably for the best. I'll speak to you then, wherever I end up.

Episode Twelve – Sightseeing

I saw a person! A real life, living, breathing person! A non infected, non zombie person!

Seeing a stranger may not seem excited in normal circumstances, but in these troubled times, it was a much needed morale boost.

He was tall, with sandy hair, and a huge rucksack, I assume, full of supplies. As we were driving through a town, we spotted him, through the window of a shop. The place was abandoned, torn apart, but he was still hopefully scanning the shelves. At first, I thought he might be infected, but as we drove past, he turned, and I saw his face for a moment. It was normal. I watched him as far as I could see him, in the mirror, and his movements seemed normal too.

I thought about asking Martin if we could go back and help him, but I'm on thin ice as it is.

I keep wondering when we are going to talk about the herd of elephants in the room, because while I'm on thin ice, so is he, and I'm getting tired of the chilly atmosphere.

Martin is refuelling the car, and checking the tires. I miss my car. Martin says we had to take his, because it's bigger, and that two cars would make it harder to stick together, but deep down, I know he refused to take mine, because it is pink, and he likes to feel manly. He got it for me, just after I moved up here from England. I'd seen one, a baby pink Fiat 500 (just like the girls on twitter), where I lived, and I used to send him pictures all the time, declaring that one day, I'd be rich enough to buy it, and he'd always promise that he'd get it for me instead. Martin always keeps his promises, whether it's pink cars, or slaughtering my undead brother to keep me safe.

Episode Thirteen – The End Is Extremely Fucking Nigh... Or is it?

The internet has been patchy most of the day and was down entirely for a couple of hours earlier, so I haven't been able to update much today, sorry!

I would have been glad of the distraction, because it's been boring. We've been driving since the early hours of this morning. We slept in the car, or at least, I thought that was the plan, but I woke up in the early hours and Martin was already driving.

He says we're almost at the bunker. I hope so. I haven't had a shower, or used a proper toilet in almost a week, and I'm starting to lose it. There's a bathroom in the bunker, running water, clean towels, toilet roll. There's a generator, so no more relying on solar power banks, and best of all, an actual bed. I can't wait to feel the sheets against my skin, and to just fall asleep, knowing that I'm locked away, and safe.

Episode Fourteen – DON'T GO ON THE A9

Can't talk much now, but we made it through. Others won't. There are soldiers at a roadblock on the A9, near Perth. They had guns. Just shooting. Everyone.

They shot the whole car in front of us. The parents. The toddlers. The little baby.

They shot the fucking baby.

Episode Fifteen – Frankly Speaking

We'd stopped listening to the radio, a while back. At first, as I said, it was just static and messages asking us to stay at home, but then, every now and again, you'd find some music to interrupt to the static, or a rerun of The Archers, and none of that seemed worth the trouble, so we just kept it off.

I wish we'd listened now. Not to the nonsense government ads, but to Frank.

I got a message after I posted that last blog, from someone, with instructions on how to access a pirate station, and what I heard was shocking. It was from someone in Deptford, in London. Frank, or so he says. He was talking about how he'd seen soldiers, from his flat, shooting anyone on the streets, infected or not. He talked about how others on social media had seen the same where they were. I looked it up on Twitter, when the signal was a bit stronger, and it was all true. There were videos, and pictures from all different parts of the UK.

This set Martin off, of course, he started ranting. "If we'd have just voted for independence in 2014, the tories wouldn't be able to send their soldiers up here." He had a point.

Frank thinks that all this means that the government know they've lost control, so they're trying to bring numbers down, so it's easier to have a compliant and quiet population.

I don't know what to think. I'm so tired but I'm scared to sleep.

Episode Sixteen – More In Common

Back on the road. We're having to go through rural areas to try and avoid soldiers, and we've mainly been travelling at night.

I've been thinking a lot, about everything that has happened, and how small and insignificant everything before seems, in the face of now. To think, that we spent so long, arguing about Brexit, cancel culture, high heels at work, how many genders is too many genders, and whatever else Piers Morgan and the Good Morning Britain team wanted us to be angry about, on any given day, but now, we did it, in a weird way, we're all equal. There is nothing to argue about, on twitter. Nobody is shunning anyone for their gender identity, or their race, or their sexuality.

There is just a desperation to survive, that unites us all. Jo Cox was right, when she said that we have more in common, than that which divides us. I suppose the world just had to force us to see that. We all learned to mind our own business, and be kind to others, because there was no other choice. It's funny how the end of the world really brings people together.

I'm getting used to the preserved food. I play a little game with myself, where I pretend we've just gone camping, for fun, and that when we get home, in just a few days, I'm going to get McDonald's, on UberEats, and snuggle up with Martin on the sofa, watching some gross horror movie he'd hate. Just a few days will last forever, but sometimes, it helps me survive.

Episode Seventeen - !!!!

We're almost there!!!!

Can't stop thinking about the water on my skin, when I finally get to shower.

I have never been so excited for something in my life.

Episode Eighteen – Norman and Norma

I feel like a human again. I've had a shower, used an actual toilet, eaten some proper food, rather than that preserved muck, and now, dear reader, I am typing this to you, on an actual bed, with proper pillows, and blankets.

I have to be honest. I did expect the bunker to be a bit more like something from one of the Fallout games, or something. It's really just a regular house with some add ons, but I won't complain, because it's better than being on the road.

We all take turns, for guarding and watch duties, in teams of three. There's six of us, in total. Me and Martin, his mum, Mary, his sister, Mary (Yes, that does get confusing. We call her Little Mary for clarity), their son, Jude and her husband, Thomas. Martin's mum normally comes with us. I have a feeling she doesn't like me, which suits me just fine, because I don't like her either. I know it sounds petty, especially after I wrote a recent entry about how the apocalypse brings everyone together, and whatever, but the end of the world doesn't appear to have endeared me to her.

My only crime, for those wondering, was making her son want to move away from home, but she needn't worry, because little Norman Bates is back at home with Mummy, so she got what she wanted from end of the world Santa, in the end.

Reading that back, I sound really harsh, but it's not as if I can have it out with them in person, and talk about all this unresolved conflict (you'll also be surprised to learn that Martin and I still haven't discussed what happened at my mum's house). This blog is a way of getting it out, so I don't go mad in the middle of the night, and knife the lot of them, like the bloke from The Amityville Horror.

I do like big Mary, sometimes. She can be funny, kind, and quite nice to be around, but then it's like she suddenly remembers she is supposed to hate me for stealing her precious boy from her, and switches it up on me, out of nowhere.

Martin either can't see it, or doesn't care, because he's in his element, living his "Mummy's boy" fantasy. She dotes on him, and keeps making digs about how "a wife should really be taking care of her husband". I try not to let it

bother me, but it would be nice if he would actually stand up for me, occasionally, or maybe even point out that he always took the lead on those things, because he actually likes cooking and so on.

Maybe I'm just inventing reasons to be upset, because there's still so much unresolved upset between us. I know we need to talk about it, but now he's back here, I don't see it happening.

Episode Nineteen – On The Naughty Step

I've been a very bad girl, apparently. Little Mary and I spent most of last night putting the world to rights, with a bottle of vodka. We switched up the guarding teams, at Big Mary's passive aggressive insistence, because, apparently, she just felt safer with Thomas, instead of me, so I took advantage of some free time, and had some fun for the first time in ages.

I never really spent much time with Little Mary before, because we just didn't see each other, but it turns out, we have a lot in common, because Mummy dearest doesn't like her either. I learned a lot. Apparently Big Mary was obsessively paranoid when they were kids, Little Mary escaped when she was sixteen, so it was just Martin and Big Mary, spending their days preparing for the worst.

Apparently, Big Mary claims she saw something coming in a dream, and wanted to make sure they'd survive. I guess she was right...

I've got a bit of a headache, so I suppose I should be grateful that they've hoarded some paracetamol.

Episode Twenty – A Surprise Guest At Guard Duty

Martin's being very sweet tonight, which makes me feel a bit guilty for spending last night getting drunk, while he was looking out for me. He made me some sandwiches, and sat with me, while I ate them. We talked for a bit, and for a few minutes, it didn't seem awkward or weird. He joked about my hangover, and held me close to him. For just a little while, it felt like before, until, of course, a low growl interrupted.

Down at the gates, there was one of them. Martin sprang into action, jumping up and grabbing his crossbow from his back (I'd completely forgotten he was even wearing it, so that was a shock), and took it out immediately. I just stared up at him. It was like time stood still. He turned to look at me, and for a second, I thought he looked frightened. He shook it off pretty quickly, and sat back down next to me, pulling me close again, but he held me a little tighter this time, so I'm pretty sure he was frightened, even if he tried to pretend.

He's still up with me now. It's been really quiet, apart from a few at the gates. The gates are really high, and the railings are pretty close together, so it's unlikely they'd be able to squeeze through, but Martin says we have to get every one we see, because if enough of them came, they could probably knock down the gates, and then it's only the front door between them and us.

The front door has been reinforced, but if there were enough to break down the gates, they'd have it down within a few minutes, so it's better to keep them at bay if we can.

I told Martin he should go to bed, because he'll need his sleep for tomorrow night, when he's on duty, and he keeps saying he will, but he hasn't left my side once. I can see him falling asleep sometimes, but then he forces himself awake, and cuddles up to me a little closer.

I asked him about us having smaller patrols during the day. We don't get many of them during the day, and they do tend to travel more at night, but you can never be too careful (I'm starting to sound like Martin...), and he said he'd talk to everyone in the morning. I suggested we go on together, just the two of us, and for the first time in what felt like forever, he kissed me, so I'll take that as a yes.

Episode Twenty One - :(:)

I know I was all lovey dovey about Martin last night, but I hate him again (I'm joking) because he's just woken me up. According to him, you shouldn't sleep too much after staying up all night, unless you intend to stay up the next night, or you'll never get to sleep.

I suppose he would know, considering how many night shifts he did at the hospital (which seems another lifetime away), so he is probably right, but I was quite enjoying being all cozy in bed.

On the bright side, we did have time for a little cuddle... if you know what I mean. Much better in a bed than it is in a tent.

Episode Twenty Two – Mending Fences and Building Bridges

I think Martin may have a point, and I definitely slept too long.

I can't sleep now, so I'm sitting with him for a bit. Things have been good with us, for a while. Part of me thinks it's because we are still avoiding talking about you know what, but I don't know if I even want to. I don't know if anything he said could change what happened, or how I feel, but despite feeling angry at him, still, in a sense, I see how much he wants to care for me, how much he loves me, and it just makes me forget for a little while.

Big Mary is even being nice, so I think Martin might have spoken to her about it. The reality is, we all have to live together, until God knows when, so it is probably going to be better that we get along, as best we can.

There hasn't been much action tonight, just a handful of them at the gate, and one of them trying (and failing pretty damn hard) to scale the fences. Martin says when it gets light, he's going to try and put some extra stuff on the fences, just in case we don't catch a climber again.

It does make me feel a little safer, because even though it was funny to watch them shambling and flailing as they tried to climb, one day, they could actually make it.

Episode Twenty Three – Dinner Time!

I'm nice and rested, after a long sleep, a gorgeously hot shower and a scrumptious dinner, cooked by my delightful husband.

If this is ever over, I will never take real food, that doesn't come from a military surplus shop, for granted, ever again. We're trying to make supplies last, so we get freeze dried crap for breakfast and lunch, but a glorious proper meal for dinner, and it's honestly the best part of my day.

We've switched up the teams again, so from now on, Me, Martin and Little Mary do nights while Thomas, Jude and Big Mary do days. I prefer it that way. Me and Little Mary have really bonded since we got here. Not just over Big Mary hating both of us, but because we're both in the same position. Women in their late twenties who thought they had all the time in the world, but are having to quickly adapt.

The TV has started working again, but it's just the same old "Stay at home! Protect the NHS!" ads, or a very frightened (but still quite lush) Huw Edwards, reporting that government sources are denying rumours and that everything is fine.

The radio is where it's really at, and the internet. Frank did a great show in the early hours, just as we were coming off shift, talking about how nobody has seen Boris Johnson since it all kicked off.

He said that one of his sources, who works in a Guys Hospital, told him on good authority that Boris is infected, but they've locked him away in the hopes that a cure can be found (and, I assume, so that he doesn't snack on the cabinet if he gets hungry). It's alright for some, eh? He gets kept alive (well, aliveish) in hospital, until the NHS, that he constantly cuts, can make him all better, while the public suffer...

Speaking of well off infected people, Molly Mae got it too. There's a really creepy video going round on the socials, where she went onto YouTube, to do a livestream, and was begging and pleading with her followers for help and advice. I felt a bit bad for her, to be honest.

After she turns, she's rabid for a bit, but then she just sits there, staring into

the camera, really docile, like part of her remembers who she was. She just sat there, occasionally snarling and dribbling, but always staring straight down the lens, with glassy, dead eyes.

Episode Twenty Four – Sleepy

Absolutely shattered, and snuggled up in bed.

Martin's already asleep, and I won't be far behind him.

I do love him, you know. Especially in moments like this.

Episode Twenty Five – This Is What Makes Us Girls

Little Mary just woke me up, and she'd snuck some of my caramel digestives out of the cupboard (Martin made me share). She put them on a little tray with a pot of tea, and we just sat having a chat, and feeling like normal people for a bit.

She really is the best sister in law ever, and she's well worth putting up with her brother's weird behaviour for.

He's in a mood with me because I reminded him that we still need to refortify the outside fence, and he felt like I was having a go at him. I can't win with that man.

One minute, I'm not taking it seriously, and putting us all in danger, the next, I'm taking it too seriously, and nagging him. He did apologise for snapping at me over it, but I'm not sharing my biscuits with him tonight. They are for girls only.

Episode Twenty Six – What Have I Done?

I didn't want to, but I had no choice.

Me and Little Mary were in the back garden, while Martin held things down in the front. It was an exciting night, because Little Mary and I had been saving our tobacco rations, and I still had a big supply of caramel digestives, so we decided to have a little break by the river, because it had been quiet.

The bunker has a pretty small back garden, but it leads out onto a river, that goes all the way through the village. We've put up fences around the banks, and into the back garden, but we left the river alone. That was our fatal mistake.

We didn't think they could swim. They never can, in books and films, and well, they can't now, but they could walk. We didn't know. I'm typing this now and I feel so stupid, so fucking stupid, because why didn't we think to close off the river somehow? We never went in there, because it was pretty choppy most of the time, so we didn't want to get hurt, or caught up in it, and carried off to God knows where.

We were having a cigarette break, when we heard that familiar growl, low somewhere in the distance, so we checked the fences, and found nothing. Again, stupid, because we just assumed they were further away, and got on with our break. Then we heard it again, but closer, so, again, stupidly, we checked the fences, and again, there was nothing there.

It was in the river. it had begun crawling out, but it was so dark that we couldn't see it. The river was loud, as always, and now that I think about it, being caught off guard, in a place with a noisy river was probably stupid. Everything about this was so stupid.

It grabbed Little Mary. Right around her ankle. She started kicking at it, and managed to shake it off, but it was followed. There were more of them, crawling onto the banks, some of them just standing, tall and terrifying, walking out of the river, like that bloke from the bible. We got as many as we could.

They got her.

We didn't even notice at first, we were just sat on the floor, full of adrenaline eating biscuits and chatting for ages, until I spotted the blood, seeping through her jeans, from her ankle. I knew what Martin had said I should do (one shot straight to the head, no questions) but I thought he might think differently about his sister, so, I asked.

I felt so stupid, so scared, leaving her on the floor, in tears, while I went to the front garden. I could barely speak. He kissed me, and asked what I needed him for, and I couldn't speak, I just took his hand and pulled him back into the back garden with me.

He ran to her, and he was shouting, but I couldn't get all the words straight in my head. There was so much crying. Her, me, him. So much noise. Then growling. I thought it was more of them, but it was her. She'd started to turn, or she had turned. I don't know, it was so quick. Little Mary. My friend. My sister. She was coming at him. They'd taken her. She was gone. I had no other choice.

One shot. Straight to the head. No questions.

I think he understands. I hope he understands. Either way, I've never understood him more.

Episode Twenty Seven – Time To Move On

After last night, it's pretty obvious that we aren't as safe here as we thought. Martin thinks we would better off if we kept moving, but Mary (it feels so weird that there is only one now...) thinks it would be best to try and get to one of the less populated regions, and wait it out.

We have three cars between us, and enough supplies to last for a while, so packing up and finding somewhere with less people (and therefore less infected) seems sensible to me, but Martin doesn't agree, so is in a strop with everyone.

I'm being harsh on him. I know that. He just lost his sister, and he blames himself, but this isn't just about him anymore, or how he feels, this is about survival.

He's barely slept. I just held him, as he cried, for hours. Little Mary's blood still soaked into his shirt, as he just cried. I guess we're even now.

How fucked up is that? In trying to protect each other, we have to hurt each other. An eye for an eye, a sibling for a sibling. He begged me, as she stumbled towards me, turning into one of them, he begged me not to do it, but we both knew I didn't have a choice. I wanted a choice, so badly, and now, I think I understand what happened back at Mum's. I saw her, and I knew she'd never be the same, and more importantly, I knew that I had to keep him safe, that he wouldn't be able to think straight, when it came to his blood, and that I had to make the hard choice for him, just like he did for me.

I finally understand why he had to break my heart, but I had to break his heart to get there.

He won't even blame me. I think I want him too, just so I can stop feeling so bad. Watching him tear himself apart, while I'm doing the same internally is too much. He keeps mentioning the fences. He says over and over again that I told him about the fences, and how awful he feels that he didn't listen to me.

It wasn't his fault. Maybe it was, but maybe it was mine too? I don't know anymore. I just can't stand seeing him like this.

Episode Twenty Eight – Camping Again

We've been driving all day, but now we've stopped for the night. I'm staying up for the first watch with Thomas, while the others sleep, then Martin and Mary are taking over. We're letting Jude sleep through, he probably needs it.

Thomas was silent for ages. He's barely spoken since we lost Little Mary, but then, just how, he broke down. I just hugged him for a little, letting him cry. Everyone is so raw, and it's my fault.

He thanked me. I was speechless, but he said he was grateful she didn't have to stay as one of them for long. I suppose it makes sense but it's hard to accept that anyone should thank me for her being gone.

I miss you, Little Mary, and I'm sorry that I couldn't save you. I'm sorry that everyone blames themselves and nobody blames me.

Episode Twenty Nine – Good Morning...

I managed to get a few hours of sleep, but I feel rough. On the bright side, I've had a biscuit, so it's not all bad.

Mary says she has some friends a few days drive away that might have somewhere safe, so we're setting off in a few hours, once we all feel a bit more human.

Apparently, it's a pen pal, that she met online, so I have to be honest, I'm a little concerned, but, at this point, beggars can't be choosers, and if these friends can help, we aren't really in a position to turn them down. We have supplies, tents and transports, but I'm not sure that we have the will to keep driving around, for however long this takes (potentially forever), so we need to find somewhere to settle, and Mary's mystery friends are the best option we have right now.

Episode Thirty – Are We Nearly There Yet?????

We've been driving for what feels like forever, so we've stopped for the night.

Apparently, we are close, and I've learned my lesson from last time, so I'm taking Martin's word for it, although, he apparently has no clue where we're going either and is just following Mary's instructions...

He's been so lovely today. I felt a bit ill earlier (a headache from lack of sleep, he reckons), so he pulled over for a bit and let me get into the back seat so I could sleep for a while, and he kept checking on me all day.

When I woke up, he had the radio on, very softly. It was Frank. We hadn't heard him for a while, but he was updating everyone about how things were in London. Apparently it's been brutal. Some of the soldiers had turned against the government and were refusing to "clean up the streets" but there isn't enough good guys to outweigh the bad. People in London won't dare to go outside, in case they meet the wrong kind of soldier. The government are spinning it, and saying that the only people shot are infected, but Frank had a soldier on air with him who swears different.

Apparently, a very ill looking Boris Johnson was wheeled out for a press conference too. He didn't say much, and most of it was Rishi Sunak answering, while Boris stared off into the distance. Frank reckons they've tried some kind of experimental treatment on Boris after he (allegedly) got infected, and they're still working on making him appear more human. I tried to find a clip on YouTube or Twitter, but they've all been mysteriously taken down, which kind of makes Frank's claims seem a bit more realistic, to be honest.

Anyway, zombie PM or no zombie PM, it's time for bed.

Episode Thirty One – Creepy...

We made it here. It's another house, fortified, like the bunker. There's a lot more people here though, so it's a little cramped.

I don't mean to be rude (and they don't use the internet so won't see) but these people freak me out. They call themselves a movement but it's basically a cult. It's called The Garden Of The Free Children (which is wordy as fuck haha) but they have hot water so I can't complain.

It's run by this woman called Celia. She's Mary's friend, and she seems nice enough, I suppose, but I think the weird church shit freaks me out. She asked if I'd like to pray with her but I made an excuse and pretended to be tired.

Martin and I are sharing a room with Jude and Thomas, which is better than camping, and to be honest, I'm glad to have them here with us and away from creepy Celia...

Episode Thirty Two – Sick

In the car again. Martin is furious. I've asked him to go back, because we can't leave things like this, but he won't listen.

I should explain. I woke up this morning to lots of shouting, and it took me a minute to figure out what was going on. Martin was stood over Jude's bed, while Thomas was holding him. Jude was crying his eyes out, while Mary and creepy Celia just sort of stared from the doorway. Apparently, Celia had snuck into our room last night, and kept Jude awake for hours, feeding him poisonous little stories about how her cult could get his mum back. It was when Martin told me that, that I realised where I knew her from. There was a documentary about them last year, this little garden or whatever they call themselves. Allegedly, they draw people in, by promising them things that they desperately want, and then they trap them in the cult and isolate them. They were making a move on poor Jude. It's grooming really. Sick.

He's been hit hard by losing Little Mary. We all have, but him the most, really. He likes to think he's all grown up, at fourteen, but the truth is, this is a lot for anyone, especially a kid. The world is on fire, people are dying, nobody knows where to go or what to do, and to top it all off, he's just lost his mum, in one of the most horrifying ways imaginable, so I don't blame him for staying up, and believing fairy stories from some sick bitch who makes promises she can't keep, but that's what we're here for. He might think he's all grown up, but that isn't going to stop the family he has left from looking after him.

Anyway. Thomas and Martin were furious, but Mary kept making excuses. She said she'd known Celia for years, and that she was only trying to help Jude find peace, whatever that means. I've never seen Martin angry at his mum before. Everything she said just seemed to make him more angry, and then, he just started grabbing our stuff, without a word.

I don't think Mary realised at first, what was going on, but after a few minutes, when it became obvious he was packing, with the intention of us leaving, she started trying to stop him, insisting that she didn't want to go.

Then came the real shock. He told her she wasn't invited. Instantly, heartbreak hit her face. She looked like he'd torn her heart clean from her chest, tears started forming, and she just stood there, completely helpless. I don't even know why, but I felt sorry for her. I went over and put my arm

around her, and she just fell into me. I think, that with everything we've all lost, she always had one certainty. She'd always have her little boy, and when she realised that she didn't anymore, it hit her, so suddenly.

I thought we should stay, just long enough to try and persuade Mary to come with us, but Martin insisted, almost dragging me to the car. Thomas and Jude took their car, and we've agreed that they'll follow us, and we'll try and find somewhere safe.

I feel like we should go back. Not because I care for her (I don't), and not because I felt safe with those cult weirdos (I didn't), but because if something happens to Mary, I don't think Martin will be able to forgive himself for the way that they left things, but the further and further away we get from that house, the surer he seems of his decision.

Episode Thirty Three – Tired

Bit of a rough night last night. We set up camp in the woods, and ended up having to take out a couple of infected, before dinner.

It's weird reading that back. Less than a month ago, people were normal. Everything was normal. Now, there are infected people wandering around trying to eat us. Infected people. It's mad.

After dinner, Martin and I did a sweep and got a few more, before bed. I barely slept. I couldn't turn my brain off. Thinking about everything that we've lost, and what comes next.

We're back on the move now. No word from Mary. I hope she's okay, but Martin still refuses to discuss going back for her.

Episode Thirty Four – Comrades

Had a long talk with Jude today. We talked about his mum, and how much he missed her. At first, it was awkward and I barely knew what to say, but after a while, I just got lost in talking about the happy memories he had.

He asked me about my mum, and for a moment, I had almost forgotten that she was in the past now. With everything that's gone on, it was like I forgot that she'd been lost too.

Jude says I'm the only one who understands him, because we've both lost our mum's to those... things (that's what he calls the infected, always with the pause) and I suppose, he's right. I just wish he didn't have to understand. I wish she was still here.

Mainly driving for the rest of the day, we saw a few infected along the way, but they couldn't outrun Martin and Thomas's driving.

Episode Thirty Five – Party Time!

It's been a rough few days, so Martin decided we could all use a break.

He set out dead early, and wouldn't say where he was going. I tried to stop him, but you know what he's like, and he did have his trusty crossbow, so I relented eventually.

I could barely sit still while he was gone, sick with worry, and I felt so relieved when he came back about lunch time. We packed up the cars and he told the lads to follow us.

I asked where we were going but he just tapped his nose and grinned like an idiot. My beautiful idiot. We drove for about an hour before arriving at a gorgeous beach. He'd spent the morning clearing it of infected, so that we could have a picnic together.

It was just what we needed. I felt so normal, so free. A couple of beers, a little paddle in the sea, kissing my husband without worrying. It was beautiful.

I can still feel the waves against my legs, as I lay here in the tent, snuggled up with Martin. He's asleep now (he's definitely earned it) and I won't be far behind him.

Episode Thirty Six – A New Hope

We've found a new home. It's an empty farmhouse, near the coast. It's beautiful, but it took a while to clear out all the infected. There's a barn, and a few fields for us to plant some stuff when the spring comes, and, best of all, hot water!

We've unpacked the cars, and we're going to alternate shifts during the nights, with two of us doing one night and the other two doing the next, and so on and so forth.

Jude helped me and Martin with putting up some fences, while Thomas did the dinner. Jude's been a lot better since the beach yesterday, he seems a lot brighter, which is good. He's a sweet little thing, so I'm glad to see him doing better. We've put fences around the perimeter, and the back of the barn, so we should be okay for the moment, but we'll do regular sweeps every day.

I tried calling Mary tonight, but I couldn't get through, the phones barely work these days, so I'm not surprised. I hope she's okay.

Episode Thirty Seven – Moonlight

I'm on patrol with Martin tonight. It's been pretty quiet, which makes me a little nervous, but hopefully it stays that way. We've only seen one so far, beyond the fence, but we got it anyway, just to be on the safe side, and I got it, so I feel extra proud.

It's quite weird patrolling with Martin sometimes, we just sort of walk around, in the moonlight, hand in hand, talking, like everything is normal again, like we're on a date or something, sometimes, we even stop and kiss, but then, there's a noise, or a shadow, and we spring into action, crossbows at the ready (he's decided I'm finally ready for one of my own...) like we're the heroes in some kind of movie.

Haven't heard much of Frank on the radio, which is a shame. I've had it in most days, but he's not been broadcasting. Twitter has been down a lot, but when I got on this afternoon, things looked rough in London, so I hope he's alright. It's strange, feeling so connected to a stranger on the radio, but he has been a beacon of hope to a lot of people, so I suppose it's only natural.

I tried Mary's number again, but there was nothing. I might ask Martin if we can drive down and see her again, tomorrow. Not tonight though, he's in too good of a mood and I don't want to spoil it by starting a row.

Episode Thirty Eight – (Wo)manhunt

Mary called. She sounded terrified, apparently the cult house was overrun, and she managed to get away with a few of them, but they don't know where they're going. They're just wandering through the night.

I told her to take some pictures of what she can see and try to stay put, while I talked to Martin. We had a massive row about it, but I wouldn't let it go. I understand that he's angry with her, for basically tricking us into shacking up with the modern day equivalent of Heaven's Gate, but she is still his mother.

We couldn't figure out where she was from the pictures, but we've set out to see if we can find her. No sign of them so far, but I'll make sure that we drive all night if we have to. He might not see it now, because he's blinded by rage, but he's lost too much already, and he won't take another loss.

Episode Thirty Nine – Update

No sign of Mary yet, no calls either, but one text.

"Others attacked. Most turned. On my own now. I'm sorry."

I really hope we find her soon.

Episode Forty – Mission Accomplished

We've found her! She's shaken but okay.

The church house got overrun because creepy Celia couldn't resist more potential victims, apparently. A guy with a bite turned up, unturned, but still bitten, and she let him in, convinced her religious powers could cure him, but of course, they couldn't. The infected that got him followed him there and unleashed hell.

According to Mary, it was just her and a few of the members that managed to get away. Celia refused to leave, because she believed her Goddess would save her....

They got a few miles on foot before we told them to stop. Mary said she tried to convince the others to set up some defences, but they just wanted to pray, because they too believed their Goddess would save them, and, well, she obviously sided with the infected.

Mary managed to escape in all the chaos and hid herself in some woodland. We didn't even find her, she found us. She ran out onto the road, and we almost hit her, but she's safe now, and that's all that matters.

Her and Martin are still not talking, kind of. She talks but Martin pretends he can't hear her, but he smiled when he almost ran her over, and I like to think it's because he was happy that she was alive, rather than him enjoying the idea of mowing down his mother.

She keeps apologising for taking us to The Garden in the first place, and for trusting Celia, which I can understand, but we've all made mistakes in this, so I told her not to worry. I did tell her that out of earshot of Martin though, because he's mad enough at me already, for making him come and get her.

We're heading back to the farm now, and should be there by morning (hopefully). I can't wait for a bath.

Episode Forty One – Kind Of Like Christmas

It's been raining all day, which just adds to the depressing nature of our situation, really. Mary made us all a lovely lunch though, and Jude found some board games in one of the bedroom, so it's not so bad. It kind of feels like Christmas. When you'd get full up with food, consider murdering someone over Monopoly, and then have a nap during the Queen's Speech, except, the Queen hasn't bothered to show her face, from behind her heavily guarded palace walls.

I wonder what's going on with her. The palace has been silent throughout all of this, so I assume it's all fine, but then again, they could be avoiding addressing the public because she's infected.

Boris was on TV today, looking dreadful, but a bit more alive than the last time we saw him. The colour is coming back to his face, but he's dead behind the eyes. I think the government's attempts to put him on TV to reassure the public is actually making things worse.

He didn't speak much, mainly just mumbling agreement with Matt Hancock, who did the heavy lifting during the statement. No idea where Rishi Sunak went. There's loads of social media chatter about how he made a run for it, and was spotted in his constituency, telling people to try and leave the country, because the government have lost control of the virus, but all the videos just buffer forever and never play, which is... suspicious.

Matt Hancock looked terrified the whole time, and stayed very socially distanced from old BoJo. He kept fiddling with his sleeves, while he was announcing the same old "Stay at home if you can, but everything is fine" nonsense, and I swear I saw blood on it. He looked pretty pale and sweaty too. Wishing him the best, even though he and his pals don't give a toss what happens to us lol

Episode Forty Two – The Messiah Returns

Frank is back! Now it really feels like Christmas! (Christ knows what we will actually do during Christmas, mind you)

He said he had to lay low for a while, because the government found out where he was broadcasting from, and he had to make a run for it.

Not only did he have sources confirming the Rishi rumours, but he had audio from one of the constituents. I listened and to be honest, it does sound a lot like Rishi Sunak, so I think it's real.

He sounded genuinely terrified. He wasn't the smooth, polished ministerbot 5000 he normally is, he was babbling and almost shouting, pleading with people to try and get across the border to Ireland, or across the channel to France. There were people in the background, really upset, saying about how they couldn't afford to travel that far, or didn't know how they'd get there, and he just kept saying he was sorry. I don't know if he really meant it.

From what I've seen on social media, trying to cross borders would be a mistake anyway. Ireland has their hands full with the virus anyway, due to sharing a land border, so you'd probably not be any safer there, and France is an ocean away, so people would be unlikely to survive the journey.

It's ironic really, the chancellor from a government that tormented refugees who crossed the channel for a safer life now pleading with British people to do the same.

Thomas jokingly said that we should try and get across the water, and get to the Western Isles, because they did a good job with COVID-19, so they'll probably be zombie free, and to be honest, if I had a boat, I'd do it, because he's not exactly wrong.

Episode Forty Three – Goodnight Possums

We're sort of adapting to normal life again, if that makes sense. As normal as life can be in this timeline anyway.

Now that we've got Mary back, Jude is off patrols, which is a massive relief, so Martin and I do one night, then Thomas and Mary do the next, with little sweeps during the day, but things feel a lot safer.

Martin gave us all a lesson on shooting this afternoon, and I have to say, I was very impressed with us all. Don't get me wrong, I won't be advocating for taking down the fences and taking the infected on anytime soon, but I think we all did pretty good.

Had a bit of a weird moment with Mary earlier. She grabbed me as we came in from shooting, and asked if we could speak in private. At first, I thought it was going to be another apology for the mess with creepy Celia, but she asked me to look after Martin. I didn't get it at first. I thought it was a descent back into her weird trad wife lectures, but the more I think about it, the way she looked at me, and the way she held onto my hands as she spoke, I don't think it was a dig, I think she meant for me to look after him, because she wasn't sure she could anymore.

Things have been really rough between them. He barely speaks to her, no matter how hard she tries, and I think she feels like she's really lost him this time. I can understand why he's angry, she basically offered us up to a psychotic cult that has a thing about radicalising and killing young men, and she did this in the middle of the apocalypse (although, I don't think there is a good time for that, really), but if I'm honest, when I see how she looks at him, how she looks at Jude, I don't think she did it maliciously, and certainly not on purpose.

We all saw how creepy Celia and her little followers got to Jude in just a few hours, it's not crazy to imagine that they hoodwinked poor Mary into thinking that they were just an innocent little church, over all the letters she exchanged with Celia. Lonely widows are probably easy prey to the likes of them, and I don't blame her. I think Martin is just having trouble getting past his anger right now, but he'll come round eventually (I hope).

Just in bed now. Thomas and Mary are on guard duty, I went down to see

them before I got ready for bed, and I did them some flasks and biscuits (I'm now voluntarily sharing my caramel digestives), but now I'm all tucked up and cosy.

I think I'll talk to Martin about Mary tomorrow night, on guard duty, because he'll have to either engage with the conversation, or abandon his wife, in the middle of the night, while zombies are lurking, and he won't do that, so I will finally be able to force him to face this whole mess head on.

Episode Forty Four – The Queen Has Spoken

Massive episode with Frank today. He had Nicola Sturgeon on. She confirmed that Boris got infected, and that after that, the devolved governments heard nothing from the British government.

She sounded really scared but at least had a plan of sorts. She's having the police patrol to stop attacks from rogue soldiers, and she's asking those who can, to stay home, so they're out of the way of the fighting.

Scotland doesn't have its own army, not really, but some of the soldiers are refusing to follow the British government orders to shoot anyone they see outside, so they've linked up with the police (we do have our own police force, which is now coming in handy) and will be trying to push back those still loyal to the British government.

She also announced that they'll be closing the border to Scotland, and having it guarded to minimise infections coming from outside, and also to stop rogue soldiers coming from south of the border.

I think she's doing what she can. We all are. I just hope it's enough.

There were clashes at the border this morning, which probably explains the rush to close it. I mean, it's a bit difficult with it not being a hard border, but we'll see how it goes.

It's been chaos outside, so I'm glad in here. There are soldiers loyal to the British government, following orders to take out anyone outside their homes, soldiers who've split away and rebelled, who are trying to take out the other soldiers, protests groups taking to the streets who refuse to believe any of this is real, counter protests of people who are angry as fuck at the lack of action, and then, just regular people trying to get to safety. Hard to believe that things have got this bad, but here we are.

There were some updates from Wales too. Apparently, they're attempting the same. I guess, in a way, the union is over, which would be a cause for celebration in this household, were it not for the horrid circumstances.

There was a swarm of infected outside the fences today, so Martin and I picked them off, just in case. They might be dead, but they're strong, so we don't need to take any risks. We're going to be doing more patrols to make sure the fences are good, and that everyone is safe, so I better go and get ready.

Episode Forty Five – Never A Dull Moment

Jude is on house arrest, and by that, I mean he's locked up in his room, and Martin is refusing to let him out. I thought it was too harsh, but even Thomas backed him, so I was outvoted.

To give some context, Martin and I were doing some checks on the fences around the perimeter when we saw Jude, round by the barn, by the fences, and he wasn't alone.

He hadn't let her in, there wasn't any way he could have, but he was talking to her. It was a woman. She had long black hair, just like Little Mary. For a second, I thought it was her. As we got closer, we could see him passing food through the holes in the fences for her, and Martin went absolutely mad. He started yelling and ran over to them, crossbow drawn, like a proper psycho. I chased after him, trying to calm him down, but he was having none of it.

He grabbed Jude and started dragging him back to the house without a word, Jude was crying and I was just stood there without a clue what to do next. I looked at her, through the fence, and she didn't look infected, but I kept my distance, just in case.

There was this weird, awkward silence for a bit, and then she said her name was Eve. She lived down in Inverness, and had to leave her home after it had been attacked by soldiers. She'd come on foot apparently, hiding in the woods and travelling a little bit every day, to try and get somewhere safe, and then she'd found us. She said that Jude had been bringing her food for the last few days, and swore she wasn't infected.

Her story did seem believable in parts. There's lots of stories on social media of soldiers attacking the public on social media, and me and Martin saw them for ourselves before, but walking from Inverness to... where we are (almost typed it then!) is a bit of a tall tale. I could tell she wanted me to invite her in, but felt awkward about asking, and sure enough, after several awkward moments, she did.

I said I couldn't make that decision on my own, but to hide for a bit and I'd see what I could do. Considering they've locked Jude up, just for giving her a bit of food, I don't fancy my chances, but we'll see.

I know he shouldn't have done it, in case she was infected, or lying, or even a soldier on the wrong side, but she looked so much like his mum, I can understand why she got his sympathy.

Episode Forty Six – House Meeting

We've had a house meeting, and I was massively outvoted, so Eve is not coming in. I'm going out to tell her in a bit, but I've grabbed some food and blankets first, so at least she'll have something to stay warm and keep her energy up.

I feel guilty, but I do understand why the others said no. We don't know anyone else's story, so it's hard to just say "Yeah, come on in!"

She could be telling the truth, but she could also be lying, or infected, or working with the soldiers. It's so hard to know who to trust, so I understand why the others are against it.

Episode Forty Seven – Guilt

Dropped some supplies off for Eve before me and Martin go on patrol in a few hours and I'm starting to wish that I hadn't.

That will sound horrible but let me explain. She was waiting in the same spot, behind the fence over the barn, but this time, she had a little boy with her. She looked so happy to see me, and I felt like a monster, as I tried to quietly explain that I couldn't let her in.

She begged. She actually got down on her knees and begged. She asked if we could just take her son, his name was Daniel. I explained again, that I'd pleaded her case, but couldn't do any more. She didn't seem sympathetic, which I understand, I suppose. I threw the blankets and food over the fence for her, but she just grabbed the boy by the hand and started walking off. I called out after her but I could see Martin coming from the house, so I had to leave her.

I had this awful feeling as she left, like I should have done more, but I tried. I even broke the rules to get supplies to her, but I feel like maybe that made it worse. She looked furious as she left. I also had this awful feeling that it wasn't over, but there's not much I can do about that.

Episode Forty Eight – An Eventful Night

After Eve left, I went over to meet Martin, hoping he wouldn't see the stuff I'd left for her, and we started patrols around the front. There were a few infected gathered around the front fences so we took those out, and then there wasn't much to do around the rest, so we just walked and talked.

We finally talked about my mum and Aaron. Martin said he was sorry. There was silence for a bit after he said it, and I had no idea how to respond. It had only been a few weeks, but it felt like it had been forever. He carried on after that, saying that he didn't realise before, how much it would hurt, that it wasn't just some logical thing. That after Little Mary, he understood how much it hurt, even though he knew she was already gone, seeing her... seeing what I had to do to her still tore him apart.

I told him it was fine. I don't know if that's true, but it felt like the right thing to say. We both have scars from all this, but we are both alive, and we have each other, so we have to focus on that.

We just stood for a bit, looking at each other. He looked so tired, but still just as handsome. I like to think I'm still gorgeous, and the fact that he kissed me (quite passionately, might I add) confirms this theory. Then our lovely little moment was interrupted, by low growling over by the front fences again, so we pulled ourselves together and took out the few that had gathered again.

It was quiet for a bit after that. So we just talked again as we walked, imagining what we'd do after all this (if there is an after). Martin talked about children. He'd never wanted kids before, in fact, he was adamant that we weren't having any, but he shyly raised it, and I have to say, I am on board. I asked him why he'd changed his mind, and he said that he used to think he wasn't capable of looking after a kid, but all this had shown him that he could. It's a fair point, surviving the apocalypse really shows you what you're made of. Maybe after all this, I could repurpose this blog, and be a mummy blogger LOL.

It was tempting to sneak away and get some practice in for getting pregnant, but we do have work to do, so I should go and do that...

Episode Forty Nine – Over

Fucking hell. I'm shaking as I'm writing this but I need to get it down.

Eve came back. I knew it. I knew it wasn't over. She wasn't alone. She had the little boy, Daniel, but a soldier too. She was yelling that we had someone infected inside. We went over to find out what the fuck was going on, and to try and calm her down, but I think we were too late. The soldier said something on the radio I couldn't hear, and that was that. He just walked off.

She was laughing when we got there. She said we deserved it for not letting her stay. That was that too.

The soldier turned back around and shot them both. Martin and I ran for it before he could get us, we made it back to the house and woke up the others, to try and prepare, because I bet he's going to be back, with more of his lot, and we need to be ready.

We've gathered up the weapons, and we're doing what we can to be prepared, but god knows what could be coming back for us.

I finally felt safe and now it's all fucked up again.

Episode Fifty – When???

We've made a decision to send Jude away, with Thomas in one of the cars, so he can be safe. We'll try and hold things off here as much as we can and then follow them, meeting up as soon as we can.

There was loads of tears when they left, but it's for the best. We won't be apart for long, so I'm trying to remember that.

Don't know when they're coming and the anticipation is killing me.

Episode Fifty One – The Waiting Is The Killer

Just packed up the car for when we leave. I did ask Martin why we don't just leave now, but he says we'll need to try and slow the soldiers down first (stop them entirely if possible), in case they just follow us, so that we have a chance of safety at the next place we find.

Martin says we have to be quick once they get here. Just take out as many as we can and go.

I thought they'd be here by now.

Maybe they're not coming and everything will be fine?

That seems delusional but with everything we've been through, I think I'm entitled to a little delusion.

Episode Fifty Two – Maybe Goodbye?

Just seen them coming towards the front gates.

I hate this.

See you soon, if I survive.

Episode Fifty Three – See You On The Other Side

We've got quite a few.

Hiding out behind the barn to catch our breath then going back out.

Never realised Mary was such a badass but she's got the most so far.

Episode Fifty Four – Fuuuuck

They're still here, but there aren't many left.

Some infected have followed them.

Getting in through the gates.

Going to hide in the house and wait it out I think.

Episode Fifty Five – Wish Me Luck

Gonna make a run for it to the car.

It's parked over by the barn, so we can get in and just mow down anyone in our way, until we get to the gates.

Episode Fifty Six – I'm Done

One of them got me.

Martin is trying to get me in the car. He says it's just a scratch or it could be from a soldier.

The soldiers are all either dead or running.

Whole place is swarmed with infected.

I love him, but he's stupid.

We made it to the car, but I'm going to the barn.

Just need to lock the door.

I don't know what to say to Martin.

Episode Fifty Seven – The End Of The World

I've locked the barn. I can hear Martin outside, screaming at me to let him in, telling me that he'd find a way to stop it, but I'm trying to ignore him. He said he'd always look after me, and I know that's what he's trying to do, but he can't fix this. Nobody can.

I can feel it inside of me. It's like a fog that clouds up my brain. I feel like I'm losing myself. I hate hearing him outside. I just want him to leave, because I don't know how much longer I can stay away from him.

Please tell him I love him. If you see him, tell him. Show him this. Tell him that I never stopped loving him. He's all I have left. If you see him. He's got beautiful blue eyes, soft blond hair. You'll know him when you see him. Will you tell him? I was always his, right until the end.

I hope he goes. I can hear them outside. The growling. The snarling. Please tell him to go. Martin please go away. Please live. Don't let them turn you into this.

I love him. I'm not ready for this. I love you Martin. I'm trying to say it so he can hear but it won't come out. My mouth feels so dry. I love you Martin. I've got such a fucking headache. I'm fucking scared. I need him. His soft skin. His beautiful eyes. His heart. My life was normal a month ago. I love you Martin. I don't want to die. I don't want to die. Martin I love you. I don't want to die. I don't want to die. I want Martin. I'm starving. I love you Martin Campbell. I'm starving. I love you Martin Campbell. I'm starving. I love you Martin Campbell. I'm scared. I love you Martin Campbell. I'm starving. I'm...