



CHAPTER 2

SURVIVOR

Zac stumbled back in the following afternoon.

“They told me to come and speak to you again,” he said, sitting on the chair.

I smiled at him. “Sorry for being mean yesterday.”

Zac shrugged. “That’s OK.”

I pointed up to the small chunk of black plastic at the top of the glass partition. “That’s a mic. They record everything I say because they think I’m going to blurt out some clue about how I survived the zombies. Is it any wonder I feel uncomfortable?”

“I get that,” said Zac. “But things are getting pretty grim out there. We’ve only got a couple of years before all the food and supplies run out. After that we’ll have to abandon the compound and fight the zombies. They think you’re our best chance of finding a cure before then.”

I felt a wave of anger running through me. Hot shivers flashed up my back, and my fists curled so tight my nails dug into my palms. I wanted to tell Zac that if I was our best hope, then we had no hope at all. They’d kept me prisoner for six months. They’d found nothing. It was over.

But I kept this to myself. I needed to stay friendly.

“So how did you get to the compound?” I asked.

“In Dad’s plane,” said Zac. He looked down and shuffled his feet. “I guess we were pretty rich, not that money means anything now.”

I wished I could call Mum and tell her I was friends with the richest people in the world, and I