

Running as fast as his legs could take him. Dodging, ducking, diving, weaving through the city. They were right behind him. If he stopped now he would die. His lungs ached, his heart pounded, his head hurt, his legs burned. They were gaining on him slowly. More were in front of him, he ducked to his right and ran down an alleyway full of rubbish. They poured in behind him, clawing at the walls. He saw a dead end up ahead, a wall about to stop him. He ran at it, he ran up the wall as far as he could and jumped back off grabbing onto an air conditioner that hung from a window in the story above. He hoisted himself up and jumped to the balcony adjacent. They scratched the walls and began to climb after him. He jumped off the table and onto the roof. His legs were about to give in.

They seemed to come from everywhere, pouring off roofs and flowing along the streets like a tsunami. Their leathery bodies bashing against each other, their four clawed legs stampeding along the ground carried them hastily along. Their jaws large and their teeth sharp ready to rip a man to ribbons.

He ran along the roof gaining some distance. He jumped off clearing the street and crashing through the window of another building. Rolling, he absorbed the impact. Glass cut his skin, but he didn't have time to care. He was on his feet running again through rooms and corridors. He seemed to hear only the pounding of his heart and the stamping of his feet, no scratching or screaming. He slowed, fighting for breath. Sweat dripped from his face. He sat in a hallway.

Everything seemed to happen so quickly he didn't have time to think. He had been running for so long. As his heart thundered in his chest he tried to gather his thoughts. Where had these things come from?

It was only three days ago he heard about these things on the news. A scientific discovery into unworldly creatures. A meteor shower brought them here, or so the report said, they impacted all around the globe. God knows how many there were. Then only yesterday the news reported a large number of them grouping up and multiplying quickly. They were attacking people and creating nests in towns and cities. The military couldn't hold their own as the creatures thick skin reflected most bullets shot. Fire only seemed to aggravate them and grenades killed them if they were right on top of one. The apocalypse has begun, breaking news, reapers, the second coming. Media exploded, religion tried to explain, but it all ended quickly when their population grew. They slaughtered and feasted. Only Emergency broadcasts were featured as they overthrew most places of safety.

They seemed to be nothing left, all this in only three days. He sat and wondered if he could survive this. His thoughts led him to believe he wouldn't, but due to human nature he would fight as hard as he could.