



CARNAGE AFTER THE END

VOLUME 1

Edited by Gloria Bobrowicz

CARNAGE:
AFTER THE END
VOLUME 1

Edited by Gloria Bobrowicz

Sirens Call Publications

Carnage: After the End – Volume 1

Copyright © 2012 Sirens Call Publications
www.sirens_call_publications.com

Sampler

All rights reserved

Individual stories are the copyright of their respective authors

Cover Art © Dark Angel Photography
Cover Design © Sirens Call Publications

All characters and events appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

License Notes

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be resold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for the recipient. Thank you for respecting the hard work of these authors.

Table of Contents

The Meat Men

Rodney James Galley

Begging Death

Laura Diamond

The Scurrying

Christofer Nigro

Scents of Danger

Julianne Snow

Rescissions

Shane Cashman

High Desert, Starless Sky

Michael Griffin

The Hunger

Kimberly A. Bettes

Prophecy of Numbers

Russell Linton

Mad World

Adam Millard

The Vault

Shane R. Collins

About the Authors

The Meat Men

Rodney James Galley

Days gone

It was the end of the world, for Christ's sake, and Charlie was laughing it up...again! I tried to ignore him, just as I'd tried to ignore the ash rain, the burnt-out cities, the wandering hopeless, and everything in between.

It had turned into a mad world, and I felt like *I* was somehow responsible.

Charlie and I had been traveling together ever since we met back in Montreal. *Je me souviens*. That's what it says on the license plates of the good people of Montreal. Let me fill you in on a little something-something: not many people left in that city to remember anything.

"Turn it up, Jimmy. I love this song. These lyrics are some funny shit."

I didn't find them funny at all, but lately, Charlie was starting to find lots of stuff funny.

We were listening to someone's mixed tape. It was in the cube van when we grabbed it, along with a bunch of other tapes, most of them unlabeled black mysteries. I turned it up.

You can't go on...thinking nothing's wrong...

It was The Cars. I think the name of the song was "Drive." It made me think of my mother.

The sun had just started to rise out of the east, an orange blob behind a veil of nuclear smog and cloud. The filth in the air from the night before had collected on the windshield, and the blurred and streaked visage my wipers created put me in mind of one of those famous snooty paintings.

Yes, I thought, it was going to be a beautiful day indeed.

Looking up, I saw Charlie through the rearview mirror. He was shifting around in the back, stretching and fumbling—must be looking for his cigarette pack, I thought—his body melding into the dark interior. He was one of the blackest dudes I'd ever seen. His goddamn teeth lit up the inside of the truck like a Christmas tree.

He looked like shit. He'd been sleeping in his camo, something we'd both started doing a lot of. I didn't like it one bit. It was a bad habit. We may be stuck here, hell on earth and all that, but that didn't mean we needed to lose our civility, our—humanity, at the very least, not between ourselves. We'd run into others who hadn't "lost their way," as Charlie loved to say. Hadn't succumbed to the herd mentality that we'd seen time and time again, savage, dangerous groups, those lots are.

"We should stop at a diner if we pass one. See if I can get some more Players. I'm running out."

There was nothing but ruin ahead and ruin behind. We were somewhere close to Baltimore. Staying on the main thoroughfare as much as possible without ever actually entering any of the major cities, that would just be plain dumb...

Begging Death

Laura Diamond

Gray ash falls in a silent deluge. I sigh. No telling how long the “rain” will last once it starts. Could be hours. Could be days.

Though I’m inside, I cover my face with a gas mask. It’s the only way to dull the sooty sulfuric smell. I futz with the thing; it never fits right around my beard.

Lucas shuffles into the sparsely furnished living room, gives me a disgusted look with his dark brown eyes, then settles into a mold-covered chair next to the window. “Really, Peter? Take that goddamn thing off. It creeps me out.” Born scrawny, he’s grown skeleton-thin since The Disappearing. I shift my eyes from his balding head to his blackened feet, now propped on the worn coffee table. Dark red oozes through the soot on his soles.

I lift the gas mask to my forehead and grunt. “Why don't you wear shoes?”

“I like the feeling of ash between my toes. Besides, what difference does it make? It's not like I’m going to die or anything.” He shrugs, the sharp angle of his bony shoulders jutting through his threadbare shirt. Damn thing consists more of grime than cotton.

I want to put my mask back on, but fight the instinct. Lucas is all I have left. I can’t embarrass him like that, even if the bitter tang of his body odor mixes with the sickly sweet scent of elusive death. “Yeah, but you’ve got to take better care of yourself. At least wash your feet after.” I breathe through my mouth.

“So I don't get ash all over the carpet?”

“For your health.” I turn away.

“Why do you stay with me? I can’t do anything. I look like shit.” He sniffs his armpits for dramatic effect. “I smell worse than a skunk-infested landfill.”

I snort, make eye contact. “Of course you don't.”

“Right.” Lucas grimaces, exposing rotting teeth, which are darkened and thinned from decay.

“I smell too,” I offer.

He swats a bony arm in my direction. His shoulder pops from the effort. “No you don’t.” His eyes close and he licks his chapped lips. The muscles in his neck strain with every breath. I hate seeing it. He needs oxygen, hell, he needs new lungs, but neither is available.

Before The Disappearing, anyone in Lucas’ condition would have died. The Disappearing changed that, somehow. It changed everything.

The Disappearing stole death, but left behind diseases and poverty. Economies imploded (not enough of the population remained to sustain production of goods), governments fell, and the few who remained huddled in small, communal Kibbutzim—self-sufficient communities, each with its own symbol and name. The Kibbutzim are ruled by fractured militia sects...

The Scurrying

Christofer Nigro

Despite repeated contemplation, Alexandra cannot remember how long it's been since humanity fell to the rats. History books and discs are difficult to come by since the remaining handful of human beings on the planet were forced to stop writing them, and spending the lion's share of their time simply trying to survive. What is left of the world's once proud cities stand like sprawling concrete ghost towns, having fallen into extreme disrepair since the concepts of big business and urbanization fell, along with human domination of the planet. Unfortunately, the rats have as much use for what was left of these homes and skyscrapers as human beings, for just as the latter require shelter from the elements, the former—being the new rulers of the Earth—need nesting places.

Alexandra stood outside of the rotting human shelter that was once upon a time a tenement building before The Fall. Her binoculars in hand, she scanned the local vicinity to make certain that the immediate area was devoid of any rats. Her tribe of human survivors may prefer to call them “the rodents” to lessen the horror of what they actually are, but Alexandra has always been a supreme realist, and she prefers not to sugarcoat the exact species of humanity's successor--rats. Only these rats happen to be rats the size of a mastiff. They aren't scavengers like their far smaller predecessors who co-inhabited the human cities and towns prior to The Fall, scrounging for refuse discarded by humans. This ascendant race of rats are *hunters*. They took control of the planet from the once dominant human race not via superior technology, or any technology at all; they did so with pure animalistic savagery and cunning, coupled with an unerring ability to survive and reproduce with tremendous speed. These survival capacities are similar to the characteristics of their small scavenging predecessors, but amplified to the tenth degree. And their tendency to target human beings as one of their main food sources by working in packs is thoroughly *unlike* their far smaller precursor species.

As Alexandra continued to scan the horizon, her second-in-command, a young woman with light brown hair and crystal blue eyes named Elizabeth, whose soft appearance belied her skills as a soldier and staunch survivalist, strolled out of the shelter's main entrance and put her hand on Alexandra's shoulder.

“Do ya see anything out there?” she asked.

“No,” Alexandra replied quietly, her own darker blue eyes peering through her brunette locks and continuing to scan the horizon. “But I want to be certain. We both know how devious these bastards can be, and I don't want to lose another tribe to them. Our numbers have become small enough on this planet as it is.”

“But you've been out here for almost two hours now, girl. At least let me send a security guard or two to stand watch over you while you look 'round with those binocs.”

Scents of Danger

Julianne Snow

Martha Knapp used to be a waitress. At 34 years old, she had two kids, Phillip and Sonya, and a husband who left before the going even got tough. She was the type of woman that took nothing for granted, but turned a blind eye to much. The end of the world came as a shock to her, just as it did to many, despite all of the warnings.

Sitting down one night after a hard day at the diner, Martha turned on the news to see what depravity had occurred close enough to make her worry about the neighbourhood. What she didn't expect to see was the coverage of a series of earthquakes all over Europe. Like many, Martha didn't consider the rest of the world important enough to pay attention to – all she truly cared about were her kids, and the future she could give them. She worked hard for the meagre possessions she had and struggled to pay the exorbitant mortgage on her tiny house each month. But the house was hers and her kids had a place to call their own. In the grand scheme of things, not much else really mattered.

Changing the channel, she hunkered down to watch a re-run of *Friends*, living vicariously through the characters as they acted out their scenes. In minutes, she was asleep and the events in Europe unfolded without her sparing them a second thought.

Years later she would wish she had paid closer attention because if she had, she may have understood enough of what was going on to tell her kids about it. The fact of the matter was that Martha was just as lost as they were.

Through some unholy karma the world had accumulated, earthquakes shook locales along each of the major and minor tectonic plates. Rifts and fissures opened up all around the world; cascading across bustling cities and unsettling the flat plains of fertile farmland. With each successive quake, additional poisons began to contaminate the water, the soil, and the air. Natural gas and its hydraulic fracturing chemicals, buried stockpiles of bio-hazardous and chemical waste, even highly toxic gases like chlorine and hydrogen sulfide were released. All around the world, severely toxic and sometimes radioactive poisons were released deep into the earth; poisons that were carried along the water tables, infecting bodies of water and the adjacent soil.

The effects on the planet were devastating. It took only a few short months for the plant life to become dangerously contaminated. Water became unsafe to drink, but entire populations had no other option; slowly poisoning themselves with every drop.

Governments fell, populations declined, and martial law became commonplace in areas with a functioning military. Vast wastelands rolled uninterrupted across continents, swallowing up what little humanity was left. Cities became deathtraps, fit for none, but home to many...

Rescissions

Shane Cashman

She'd been too long searching in the Junk Sands, for nothing in particular; for direction, maybe, but most of what remained in the waste was useless; decrepit devices with no discernible use. One piece caught her eye, an archaic thing, of no inherent value, but it interested her all the same. The ancient tech croaked and skipped, vibrated and hummed gently in her grasp, leather gloves dry and cracked from the combination of sun and windswept sand; her hands would have fallen apart without them. It was a marvel that it worked at all – the tech – its surfaces obscured by layers of dried mud and dust, sand choking its jacks and vents. As she brushed away the filth, an audible emptiness began emanating from the single struggling speaker, a gateway to another time, a different space, through which nothing but an aged presence passed.

She placed the tech atop one of many metal protrusions cresting the dune; six ferocious claws, as though some monstrous automaton rested eternally beneath her feet. She crouched amongst the rubble, pulling the mask from her lips just long enough for a stream of water to pass through. She cast her gaze across the Sands for a long while, the hard lines of her body indistinguishable from the metallic talons, wrapped as she was in leather and chain; her only protection from the elements, and the hyper-natural denizens of the waste. When she lay still enough she appeared as yet another collection of scrap and rubble, at least to men, and the other, duller creatures that prowled the Sands. The Hounds were a different matter, however. One look at her, still or no, buried from hand to toe in rubble or sand, it made no difference, they would know her as prey, from scent alone. Their noses would lead them miles in search of a meal; likely they smelled her even now, though leagues of iron and dust and radioactivity lie between them.

Doesn't matter, she thought, wiping the grime from her goggles, I'll be gone long before they arrive.

The sound of a clearing throat, surprising but not startling, issued out just before the recording became garbled, a result of warped media or a malfunction of the recorder. There were those who sought hidden messages they claimed resided in the corrupted voices of the past; universal truths and ancient prophecies, but their minds had been irrevocably altered by survival, spoiled by sips from Pristine Pools and evenings spent awash in the Neon Rain. She heard nothing but the inane gibberish of a technology that couldn't save her kind, the last anguished throes of a long-lost time, a dying world, an extinct race.

As the jargon of decimation continued to screech from the recorder, she scratched at its earthen case with her boot knife, revealing a display and some roughly-hewn indentations...

High Desert, Starless Sky

Michael Griffin

Lyle rode down the center of the road. His earlier passages had cleared narrow paths through the volcanic powder that blanketed the world. When he strayed into the dust a gray cloud billowed out behind, hovering as if gravity had broken down.

He pulled the trailer cart six miles from the abandoned town. At the top of the long gravel driveway he walked the bike around behind the house.

At the sound he made transferring copper pipe and fixtures from the cart, Marnie came out. She stood on the deck beside the cedar-enclosed hot tub.

"That's what you did all day? You said you'd get food."

Lyle tested a fixture on the end of one tube. "I'll go tomorrow, to that food warehouse. You're always talking about this tub, for your back. I'm rigging a boiler."

She looked at the hardware from another angle. "How will that work? No electric."

Lyle extended two pipes from the boiler toward the tub. "You heat with fire here, beside the deck. Hot water circulates."

"You know how to do that?" she asked.

"You can try it tonight."

"I don't want you punching holes. What if the electric comes on?"

"Never happen," Lyle said. "Can you find me that auger?"

She wrung her hands. "What if John comes back? Finds holes in his tub?"

Lyle hand-tightened another joint and looked up. "John's gone a year; you're worried what he'd think about this? What about his wife letting me stay here?"

She looked surprised. "You know it's not like that." She shook her head. "Anyway, you said it. He's never coming back."

"He left you alone, Marn, far as he knew. Left his wife, an unwell woman. He didn't know I'd come here, help with things."

"He said I should go," Marnie said. "He tried convincing me."

Lyle braced the legs of the base, but didn't say anything.

"Yeah." Marnie squinted toward the sunset, then south. "They might come back, some of them." She said it like a question.

"No, they were right," he said. "No surviving so far north, not long term." The boiler stand base was done.

"You said we'd be okay here, even if everyone left."

He attached a vertical support between the stand's base and top. "I didn't know that nothing would grow."

"John said that, first thing."

"Well, I thought he was wrong. So did you." He looked up. "You gonna find that auger?"

The Hunger

Kimberly A. Bettes

I'm hungry, so hungry. I can no longer remember a time when I wasn't, a time when my stomach didn't rumble and growl relentlessly, begging for something - for anything to feast upon. I can't remember what a full stomach feels like. I can't recall the taste of food - delicious, warm food - though I long for it. I crave it. I *need* it.

Feet shuffling beneath me, I make my way past the piles of bones to the kitchen and rummage through the cabinets, now long bare, hoping against hope that I'll find something, anything to eat. Even though I know I won't find anything because there isn't anything to find, and there hasn't been for some time now, still I look. Just as I have looked many days before this one.

My lip trembles as I fight back the well of tears that wants to burst forth. I would've let them fall freely, would've crumpled to the floor and kicked and screamed and sobbed hysterically if I thought for a second that it would do any good, or if I had the strength to do so. But I don't. And what small amount of energy I have left must be conserved. For what, I don't know. Still I must save it for whatever the future might hold. Assuming of course that there is a future, which these days, seems highly unlikely.

My search through the cabinets for much-needed sustenance turns up nothing as usual, just as I knew it would, which means only one thing. I have to go out. I don't want to go out. Going out in search of food is dangerous, and I can't afford to waste the energy it takes to go out, but I have no choice. There is nothing - and not just nothing, but *absolutely* nothing to eat here. My supply has been depleted for a while now. How long has it been? A week? Longer? I don't know.

I started out keeping track of the days, but after a while, they all began running together, and I can't keep an accurate record of time anymore. Even if I could, I probably wouldn't. Why should I? There is no reason to keep a record of time, to mark off the passage of days. There's nothing to countdown to, and there will be no one to view the records if I bothered to keep them. There are no future generations for which to leave a record of events. We are it, those of us that are left.

As I clutch the Butcher knife with the 10 inch blade in my right hand and reach for the doorknob with my left, I ask myself why I'm going out. Obviously for food, but why? What's the point? Assuming I do manage to find something to eat this time, what good will it do me? I'll be in the same situation tomorrow, and the day after, and the day after that. So why go out and search at all? Why not just go to bed, curl up next to the bones, and wait for sweet, inevitable death to finally find me and end this misery?

Prophecy of Numbers

Russell Linton

"As you can see, this first year of peaceful secession in these once United States should prove to be an outstanding success, not only for Safari Jack's Outdoor Emporium but for sporting and camping goods retailers nationwide." Marcus smiled, directing a practiced sweep of his hand toward the large projector screen. A headline above a series of charts read 'Risk Management in a Risky World'.

Applause crackled dully across the room. The convention hall was well apportioned with brass lamps regularly spaced along the walls in gold gilt alcoves. The floor was covered by a sturdy carpet with intricate designs that filled the expanse from wall to wall like an enormous Persian rug. The gold trimmed recesses on the walls were repeated on the ceiling, their panels painted with the serene image of a cloud scattered sky.

Faces looked back at Marcus from the neat rows of padded chairs, some familiar, some new. Mostly though, it was the empty space that held his attention. Many of his colleagues from back East had refused to make the trip. They cited family reasons or prior commitments or flatly refused.

For Marcus, the CEO had promised him a handsome raise. Not to mention, he was the keynote speaker.

Several hands hung in the air. A gangly young man in a crème-colored convention center blazer headed for the closest participant with a microphone in his hand.

"Brett Gentry with Affiliated Sports. I see where you're going with all this. Nuclear aspirations in Iran, our own political turmoil, we've all seen a steady increase in sales, but do you really think we will break triple digits?"

"Yes sir, and that will have us running a shortage before the end of the year unless we act now." Marcus smiled, resting one hand on the podium and waving a finger over the crowd as the young man with the microphone weaved between the rows. "Over there, Jeffery if you can."

"Can my office have a copy of your data?"

"Absolutely. Nothing proprietary here. The whole idea is to open up stronger lines of communication. With our respective governments distracted as they are, it is going to take an industry-wide effort to keep supply running alongside demand. If we can do that, it will be a sales engine that can't be stopped."

"You don't have concerns about President Zachary Graham's silence on these global issues?"

"The market in general will take a hit until he makes a statement, but until then, my President is my new best friend. Forget the second amendment; he's nearly made carrying a firearm the eleventh commandment!"

Mad World

Adam Millard

The woman shuffled along the street, her head lowered to one side as if her neck was broken. She was singing to herself in an annoying high-pitched falsetto. At the end of each line of lyrics, her head swung across to the opposite side, her chin nestled on oversized breasts. The river of litter and sewage at her feet was nothing but a mild hindrance to her, slowing her down as she went about her day. She was clearly crazy, infected with the lunacy that had wiped out most of humanity.

Those that hadn't killed themselves as the madness enveloped them had turned, gone bad, and killed others. At first, people didn't notice; they just thought a few random acts of insanity were commonplace, and in the world they lived in, at that time, they might have been right. It was a world where a person throwing a newborn baby onto a railway track was considered evil, but expected. How often did you hear the words "Gunman" and "High School" in the same sentence? Madness became something of a cliché. So when people started acting crazy, nobody took a blind bit of notice.

At first.

Then, when more and more people started killing – either themselves or those closest to them – everyone stood up and started to take notice. The government told everyone to remain calm, to stay at home and keep all doors locked, but in the end that wasn't enough.

The panic, the strain of madness that affected ninety-nine percent of the population, didn't stop at closed doors. It would seep in through window-frames, through letterboxes and keyholes. There was nothing to keep it out. Martial law was put in place, for those few soldiers still uninfected and unaffected by the madness, but within weeks even they had succumbed. The problem was: they had guns, lots of them, and enough ammo to take out a small city. It didn't take long for the massacring to start, and even less time before bodies were piled up in the street, either lying where they fell or dragged out of their houses by armed lunatics and executed.

When there was nobody left to kill, at least nobody in clear sight, the soldiers smoked cigars, drank their way through the city's alcohol supply, and blew holes in their own faces with shotguns, handguns; one guy even stabbed himself repeatedly with a bayonet until his face was a bloody pulp.

And this happened *everywhere*. No government would take responsibility for the virus, which led to wars and individual attacks upon each other. It was petulant, but deadly. A few countries dropped nuclear bombs. Moscow had been eradicated thanks to North-Korea. In retaliation, Russia unleashed hell, and that, as they say, was that.

The woman stopped, picked up something that had been nestled in amongst the rubbish at her feet, and shoved it into her mouth...

The Vault

Shane R. Collins

During the Freezing Winter, after the Financial Collapse, Oscar and Mattie spent the first few weeks living in the interior bathroom of their rented house. They draped blankets over the door to insulate it, filled the tub with water before the utilities stopped, and layered the sink counter with candles. The mattress didn't fit so they slept in sleeping bags and ate canned food. After a few weeks, the snow began to melt and Mattie got pregnant.

Then one day, in early April, they heard a knock on the door. Mattie looked up from her crossword. "Who do you think it could be?"

Oscar shook his head. In the rural town of Syracuse in western Pennsylvania, they'd had few problems with looters or rioting after the Collapse. Pittsburg was an hour drive away, and Oscar figured that everyone headed east to the coast or to the Midwestern farmlands. Still, he grabbed a baseball bat and inched back the curtain to see who it was. He saw Richard, his neighbor, who lived down the street. Richard wore gray slacks, a white button-up shirt with a tie, and a gray tweed sports jacket. When Richard saw Oscar through the window, he smiled and waved.

Oscar leaned the baseball bat against an end table and opened the door.

"Morning, Oscar," he said. "How've you been holding up?"

It had been weeks since Oscar talked to anyone besides Mattie and it took him a moment to reply. "We're okay."

Richard nodded. He brushed his trimmed gray beard with his fingers and asked, "How's Mattie?"

"She's pregnant," Oscar said. "And hungry. We're running low on food."

Richard nodded again. "That's why I stopped by. I'm doing some work to the house and could use a hand. My back's not what it used to be," he said and laughed. "I have plenty of food to spare. I could keep both of you fed."

Oscar turned and saw Mattie watching. She nodded.

"Okay."

Richard smiled and Oscar and Mattie followed him down the street to his house. Oscar never considered how large Richard's property was. It was an old two-story farmhouse that looked to have undergone several renovations. An extended three-car garage was tacked onto the side. Two chimneys sprouted from the roof and smoke drifted from one of them. Behind the house was a red barn and beyond that, a pine forest.

"I bought a pair of milking cows last fall," Richard said. "Come spring, I'd like to let them out to graze. I need a fence so they don't wander off." They followed Richard to the closest corner of his property and he looked at Oscar. "I've got some bricks, concrete and wheelbarrows in the garage. I'd like to start the fence here, maybe waist high."

About the Authors

Kimberly A. Bettes

Kimberly A. Bettes was born in Missouri on Thanksgiving Day, 1977. Kimberly is the author of several novels, including *RAGE* and *Held*, and many short stories. She lives with her husband and son in the beautiful Ozark Mountains of southeast Missouri, where she terrorizes residents of a small town with her twisted tales. It's there she likes to study serial killers and knit. Serial killers who knit are her favorites.

Twitter: <http://twitter.com/KimberlyABettes>

Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/KimberlyABettes>

Facebook Author Page: <http://www.facebook.com/KimberlyABettes.Author>

Blog: <http://kimberlyabettes.wordpress.com>

Shane Cashman

Shane Cashman is a freelance writer of Fiction in the midst of monumental life changes. With the close of 2012 comes his publication debut as a professional writer; complete with quitting of the day job and moving away from the DC suburbs, off to the (not so) strange and distant lands of Media, PA. Aside from his time spent writing, Shane is an avid war/board/video gamer and full-time boyfriend.

Shane R. Collins

Shane R Collins has published two dozen short stories over the last three years in markets such as Aoife's Kiss and OG's Speculative Fiction. Collins lives on a mountainside in rural Vermont where he enjoys hiking, camping, kayaking, target shooting, fishing and snowshoeing. He is also the editor in chief of The Speculative Edge digest. Collins is actively seeking an agent and hopes to soon be a candidate for an MFA in creative writing.

Personal Website - <https://sites.google.com/site/shanercollins/>

Personal Facebook - <http://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=9133590>

Facebook Fan Page - www.facebook.com/pages/Shane-R-Collins

My Magazine's Facebook Page - www.facebook.com/TheSpeculativeEdge

My Magazine's Twitter - <https://twitter.com/speculativeedge>

My Magazine's Website - <https://sites.google.com/site/thespeculativeedge/home>

Laura Diamond

Laura Diamond is a board certified psychiatrist and author of all things young adult paranormal, dystopian, horror, and middle grade. Her short story, *City of Lights and Stone*, is in the *Day of Demons Anthology* by Anachron Press (April 2012), her Young Adult Paranormal Romance, *SHIFTING PRIDE*, is coming fall/winter 2013 (Etopia Press), and her Young Adult Dystopian, *ENDURE*, is coming June 2013 (Kae Wilson Publishing). When she's not writing, she is working at the hospital, blogging at Author Laura Diamond--Lucid Dreamer, and renovating her 225+ year

old fixer-upper mansion. She is also full-time staff member for her four cats and a Pembroke Corgi named Katie.

Twitter: <http://twitter.com/diamondbl>

Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/laura.diamond.52>

Facebook Author Page: <http://www.facebook.com/AuthorLauraDiamond>

Blog: <http://lbdiamond.wordpress.com/>

Rodney Galley

Rodney Galley is the self-published author of every nightmare he's ever had. A technical resource by day and a father by design, Rodney is a native of Montreal, Quebec and when not writing can be found cursing his dog Nina or buried in a book.

Twitter - @RodneyGalley

Facebook - <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Rodney-James-Galley/437568322932636>

My blog - <http://rodnejamesgalley.com>

Active Member, Quebec Writers Federation <http://www.rodnejamesgalley.com>

Michael Griffin

Michael Griffin's short fiction has appeared in Electric Spec and Phantasmagorium, and is forthcoming in Apex Magazine, Lovecraft eZine, and the Current 93 tribute anthology Mighty in Sorrow. In addition to writing fiction, he's an electronic musician and owner of Hypnos Recordings, one of the more prominent record labels focused on ambient music. He's on Twitter @mgsoundvisions, blogs at griffinwords.wordpress.com, and lives in Portland, Oregon where he has spent most of his life.

Twitter: @mgsoundvisions

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/mike.griffin.568632>

Blog: <http://griffinwords.wordpress.com>

Russell Linton

In fourth grade, Russell Linton wrote down the incredibly vague goal of becoming a "writer and an artist" when he grew up. Taking a decidedly non-traditional route to this goal, Russell graduated with Distinction from the University of Oklahoma with a Bachelor's in Philosophy and went on to a career in Graphic Design with a local advertising company. Briefly sidelining those pursuits to be a Stay at Home Dad and for a stint in investigative work, Russell returned to graphic design on a self employed basis.

Throughout, Russell has continued to write collaborative fiction, ghost write for local business blogs and websites. His true passion however is speculative fiction and his interests have run the gamut from fantasy to science fiction and recently the dark paths of psychological horror. He has work forthcoming with Siren's Call Publications and Wily Writer's Podcast.

Adam Millard

Adam Millard is the author of eleven novels and more than a hundred short stories. His work can be found in collections and anthologies from KnightWatch Press, Angelic Knight Press, Bizarro Press, Rymfire Books, May December Publications, and Collaboration Of The Dead Press. Adam is a member of the British Fantasy Society, and is currently working on the fourth - and final - book in his Dead series.

Twitter: @adammillard

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/Adam.L.Millard>

Website: <http://www.adammillard.co.uk>

Christofer Nigro

Christofer Nigro is a published author who specializes in the genres of sci-fi, horror, fantasy, and pulp fiction. He has stories published in the anthologies *Tales of the Shadowmen: Agents Provocateurs* and *Night of the Nyctalope*, both from Black Coat Press. He will also have his stories featured in the upcoming anthologies *Rigorous Mortis: A Morticians Tales* by Scarlett River Press; *Aliens Among Us* by Metahuman Press; and *Tales of the Shadowmen: La Vie en Noir*; *No Place Like Home: Tales from a Fractured Future* by Angelic Knight Press. He is presently working on his first novel for Metahuman Press. He also acts as webmaster of three sites dealing with the above genres of fiction: The Godzilla Saga; The Warrenverse; and MONSTAAH.

Twitter: @ChristoferNigro

Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/christofer.nigro>

The Godzilla Saga: http://angelfire.com/ego/g_saga

The Warrenverse: <http://angelfire.com/zine2/warrenverse>

MONSTAAH: <http://monstaah.angelfire.com>

Blog: <http://thenorseking.wordpress.com/>

Julianne Snow

It was while watching Romero's *Night of the Living Dead* at the tender age of 6 that solidified Julianne's respect of the Undead. Since that day, she has been preparing herself for the (inevitable) Zombie Apocalypse. While classically trained in all of the ways to defend herself, she took up writing in order to process the desire she now covets; to bestow a second and final death upon the Undead. As the only girl growing up in a family with four children in the Canadian countryside, Julianne needed some form of escape. Her choice was the imaginations of others which only fostered the vibrancy of her own.

Days with the Undead: Book One is her first full-length book, the basis of which can be found in her popular web serial of the same name. You can find Julianne's short fiction in *Childhood Nightmares: Under the Bed*, *Women of the Living Dead*, *Twisted Realities: Of Myth and Monstrosity*, along with *The Sirens Call*. In the next year, she has more stories being released in anthologies including *Death by Drive-In*, the Coffin Hop Charity Anthology.

Connect with Julianne on Twitter ([@CdnZmbiRytr](#)), Goodreads (Julianne Snow), or Facebook (Julianne Snow & Days with the Undead Fan Page), and she entertains at Days with the Undead (<http://dayswiththeundead.com>) and The Flipside of Julianne (<http://theflipsideofjulianne.wordpress.com>) so be sure to check out her blogs.