

The Contagion 2012 - 2013 (Storyline)

Written by Master Elshoff

Wednesday, 15 January 2014 00:00 - Last Updated Wednesday, 15 January 2014 15:09

The world's end started with a bang. Three gun shots ripped through the body of officer James McCreedy; ending a promising career and taking the young officer's life.

He knew the rules of handling a domestic violence call. Never turn your back to either party. But the boyfriend had become unruly before the couple could be separated. He needed to be restrained. Jimmy couldn't fathom where the young woman was hiding the gun. He was buried at St. Matthew's Cemetery on 8/17/2011. Four days later he rose again, less than he was with a craving for human flesh. The return of the dead officer terrorized his small community. Many were brutally ravaged by his unending hunger others escaped his attacks with only a bite. They thought they were the lucky ones.

The world's end started with a crash. Special Agent Meredith Lee had been working long grueling hours on the last seven cases she'd been assigned. Even before that, the only days off she took were weekends and holidays. Now she returned from three glorious weeks in the Bahamas. Her active lifestyle chasing criminals gave her a stunning beach body, and attracted the eyes of many equally fit young men. None of them saw her as the bitch who took Garza's spot in the department. None of them could damage her credibility in the workplace by bragging to fellow coworkers about their encounter. For the first time in many years Meredith let herself live with wild abandon. She would take many more vacations in her future. But that future was cut short as the plane's engines failed on approach to Miami-Dade Airport. She rose just hours after the crash, beach body burned in numerous places. Some 12 other corpses rose with her. Somehow contaminated by her infection. They wandered into the warm Florida night seeking the warmth of life.

The world's end started with a whimper. Dr. Leopold Getz struggled to catch his breath as he dragged his failing body through the confines of his apartment. He'd always seen his heart simply as a mass of muscle that kept his blood flowing; but now it was even failing at that. Maybe his ex-wife was right. Maybe if he'd listened to his heart more he would have been happier in life. She'd love knowing that was one of his last thoughts. He knew his end was upon him; but he had no fear of death. What he did fear were the strange results of his blood screening. Some - THING was teeming in his veins. It was not quite an organism, nor a compound. It was something that should not exist. And from his studies it was capable of reanimating dead flesh. The files were protected by five levels of decryption. But his fingers seemed to move so slowly as he tried to access them. He had to send them off, to the

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government and to the scientific community, so his discovery did not die with him. If only he had more time... The blood was still warm in his undead flesh as his fingers fumbled across the keyboard; entering the password incorrectly three times, initiating a secure lock-down. The apartment walls were thin, drawing the creature toward the neighbor's late night activities.

These were the vectors of the outbreak that would sweep across the country and creep across the world. Scientists, religious leaders and government nations scrambled to find some commonality between these people. Had they succeeded sooner the disaster may have been avoided. Instead they had to make due with what little knowledge they had. Head shot or decapitation to stop the risen dead in their tracks. Burning the bodies became the standard practice. It was also their fatal mistake. Months passed with the number of undead growing to the millions despite the best efforts of law enforcement and military. Somehow the contagion kept spreading. Marshall law had been declared and the undead outnumbered the living before a five page report was found in the file cabinet of a small town sheriff. Officer McCreedy, Special Agent Lee & Dr. Getz were all a part of an investigation into murders three years past at the long abandoned Elshoff Manor. It was a small farming community where every citizen lived peacefully carrying out their assigned duties. That is until the day Count Alexander Von Elshoff staked his claim on some of the more desirable lands in the area. At first he seemed to be a gentile quiet man, not bothering the local community with his intricacies.

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