

\*Bang\* \*Bang\*

Daniel sighed as he heard the banging on the shop window. He glanced at his wristwatch, 8:00 a.m. *Early as usual*, he followed the sound and found the source; four old ladies were standing outside banging on the windows.

“Open up!” shouted one,

“We want to shop,” echoed another,

“Please ladies, we aren’t open till nine you need to wait.”

They quietened down but still fidgeted nervously, he turned and went to look for his colleagues. Steve was leaning next to the till, engrossed in a crime novel. Matt was on the phone to the local delivery company about a missing order. Jon as usual was in the staff room.

Daniel began to head towards the break room when he heard Jon’s voice call out,

“Hey Guys! Come check this out!”

Steve and Matt ignored the call, but Daniel just shook his head and entered the room. Jonathan was lounging in the comfy chair of the staffroom. He was watching television, specifically the news. Well watching the news was a bit off; in reality he was watching the news reader.

Alyssa Starling was the head news gal of Channel 7. She was the most watched newsperson at the moment. 95% of her viewers were male and looking at her you could easily tell why. Aged 25 years-old with long brown hair and intense green eyes, she was an extremely beautiful woman. Not to mention the fact she only seemed to wear blouses that were a size too short. Her blouses would struggle to contain her ample bosoms. That was the reason Jon would always watch her. He hoped that when her wardrobe malfunction finally happened he would be watching.

“What did you call us for?” Daniel asked,

“Listen to this report,” he replied.

Confused Daniel listened to Alyssa's morning report:

"A body was found in the early hours of the morning. The victim Brian Berne aged 16, was found dead near his home at about 6 a.m. by the local postman. The civilian who found him, Colin Prince claimed the only other person he saw in the area was a sweet old lady. The woman now known as Mrs Daisy Barker is still missing and is wanted by police for questioning."

"Man she sure has a nice rack, shame about that murdered kid though," Jon grinned,

"That was weird I hope they find that poor old lady. She may be in trouble."

"Hey you two, the old ladies outside are getting restless. I think we should let them in early."

Dan and Jon looked towards the doorway and saw Steve standing there. He motioned for them to follow and returned to the store. They soon saw the ladies banging on the window more fiercely than usual. Matt was by the door trying to unlock it, but having some difficulty with it. The old ladies had started to stagger towards the door.

Meanwhile back in the staffroom no-one was there to see the sudden newsflash that interrupted the weather report.

"This is an emergency report. The cops that were dispatched to find the old lady have been assaulted. They have been killed by a mob...a mob of old ladies. We are also getting reports that old people have been attacking people nearby. If you see any OAPs please do not open the door or try to talk to them, just run I repeat just run away."

Matt finally managed to get the door unlocked and with a sigh he opened the doors. He wasn't ready for the walking stick that connected with his kneecap; he crumpled suddenly to the floor. *What the hell*, thought Daniel as he went to help his friend. He froze in horror as the walking stick came down again this time catching Matt in his forehead, blood splattered the floor.

The other three ladies staggered towards Daniel and Jon. Steve had grabbed hold of a broom and brandished it as a weapon.

“Shit. Guys we need to leave, head out the back, we’ll escape through the delivery bay,” he shouted.

The three colleagues ran to the back exit, leaving their fallen friend. The four ladies left the slumped body and staggered after the others. Dan, Steve and Jon had reached the backdoor and Steve was fumbling with the keys he held in shaky hands. Finding the right key he opened the door and the three men stumbled out into the delivery bay.

“Jesus,” stuttered Dan,

“This is why we didn’t get our delivery,” replied Jon,

“Fuck,” added Steve.

The bay was occupied, the delivery truck had arrived but the delivery driver was now lying dead on the floor his body battered and bruised. The next sound was a surprised cry from Steve as a pair of dentures bit into his arm. An old man caught Dan with his crutch knocking him over. An old lady went for him raising her cane over her head. She went to bring it crashing down onto his skull.

A tremendous band sounded in Daniel’s right ear and the old lady went flying back, crimson splashing everywhere. She hit the ground in a heap. Then Daniel heard someone mutter,

“Damn Granny.”

He looked up and saw a tall youth dressed in combats and a grey t-shirt. In his hands was a Desert Eagle .50AE handgun. He held out a firm hand;

“We better get your friends and get out of here.”

Daniel nodded and along with the stranger and his two friends ran out onto the streets before climbing into a white van outside. The youth started the vehicle and drove off. The journey lasted ten minutes and no-one spoke along the way.

The youth took them to a pharmacy shop in the next block. He let them inside and offered them a cuppa and an explanation.

“Hi, my name is Andrew; today I am your saviour.”

“Why did you shoot that old lady?” asked Dan,

“I’m sorry, I didn’t realise that you wanted to die?”

“Die? She was an OLD woman, what was she going to do, slap my wrist?” Dan let out a laugh,

“But what about what happened to Matt? That old woman earlier bit me!” added Steve,

“The cause of this chaos is biological warfare, a failed terrorist attack.”

“What do you mean failed attempt?” asked Jon,

“Simple the virus unleashed was supposed to affect all of us, but the virus was too weak and easily disposed of by our immune system, however an old person’s immune system isn’t strong enough to fight it. The symptoms are the infected get violent and attack anyone near them.”

“Will I be infected? I was bitten?” asked Steve,

“No. Your immune system is too strong, you will be fine,” replied Andy.

“Now what next,” asked Jon,

“Well we arm ourselves then go and eliminate the threat.”

Andrew reached into his cupboard and pulled out four riot shotguns and handed them to the others along with several shells of ammunition.

“Right, let’s go and kick ass.”

The four guys cocked their shotguns and walked out the building. Jon was the last person to leave, he paused just inside as he heard something creak in the nearby room. He grabbed the doorknob and pushed the door open, revealing an old lady in a rocking chair knitting peacefully. Jon reaction was

instantaneous. His shotgun went off and the old lady was knocked right off her rocker.

“Christ that was my Nan,” shouted Andy,

“Sorry dude, least she is no longer infected,” was Jon’s emotionless reply,

“Well she wasn’t infected...”

“Erm whoops.”

“You moron,” groaned Steve.

The four men left the building quickly, Daniel and Steve groaning about the stupidity of their friend. Jon was walking behind the others at a slow pace. He didn’t want to catch a ‘misfired’ shotgun shell from a disgruntled Andy.

They hadn’t got ten yards from the shops, when they spotted a group of old people, grouped around a TV van. Someone inside was screaming for help. The guys went to help, shotguns blasting away wigs and dentures. False legs went flying from bodies. At one point, Steve’s shotgun jammed and he was forced to use it as a club against a particularly frail old man.

“Damn gun, in my day they never used to jam,” complained Steve,

“Dude, you sound like an old fart,” laughed Jon.

They managed to clear the area from OAPs. They helped the woman who was trapped inside to exit the vehicle. Jon recognised her and as he so calmly and politely put it,

“Wow, you’re that big breasted TV thingy right?”

“I’m Alyssa Starling yes.”

“Erm, I must apologise for my colleague, he has no manners,” added Daniel,

“It’s ok, I’m used to it. Besides he is a bit cute for a pervert,” she replied with a smile.

Andrew led them to the nearby gun store. He pointed out that they could defend the area for awhile with all the guns. Daniel

and Andy went straight to the racks and began perusing the vast collection of firearms. Jon nudged Steve in the ribs and said to him proudly,

“That woman is fit, I am so gonna tap that.”

“Grow up moron,” replied Steve,

“Are you okay mate? You’re sounding like my father.”

“Now that you mention it, hanging with you is making me feel like its time to grow up.”

“Okay misery, I’m gonna chat up that lady.”

Steve shook his head and cursed the situation, Jon was an idiot but he did have a point, he was feeling unwell. He glanced towards Dan and Andy, who had settled for their new guns.

Daniel had picked up an Ak47 machine gun, while Andrew settled for a Desert Eagle magnum. Daniel smiling walked toward him.

“Hey, you don’t look so good.”

“Let me look at your wound,” asked Andy,

Steve removed the bandage and revealed the bite mark; the skin around it was wrinkled.

“That’s weird I’ve never seen that before,” Andy said concerned,

“You kids don’t know what you’re on about,” replied Steve,

“Hey mate, you stay here, me and Andrew are going to see where Jon has taken that reporter.”

Steve nodded as the two guys headed round the back. Suddenly he felt like sleeping, he was feeling really tired for some reason.

Daniel and Andrew soon found the reporter; Alyssa was coming out of the toilet. Asking where Jon was, she replied that she had agreed to meet him in a cupboard in the back, but she had a call of nature so she didn’t make it. Daniel led Andy to the cupboard where Jon would be waiting for Alyssa. They

waited to knock, when someone banged against the door. Suddenly they heard Jon,

“Hmm. Your feisty aren’t you Alyssa”

“We just left her, so who is in there with him?” whispered Dan.

Andrew reached out and opened the cupboard, the light showed Jon half naked, groping some other person. However, when Jon saw who he was making out with, he screamed, his terrified eyes took it all in...the grey hair, the wrinkly skin the droopy breasts. He tried to pull away only for the old lady to bite into his neck. He cried out and pulled away, the lady’s dentures popped out but not before tearing some flesh.

Daniel and Andrew backed away shocked, as Jon collapsed blood gushing from his wound. He would bleed to death in minutes. Andy had to drag Dan away. Daniel panicked and ran off, he reached the top of the stairs and bumped into Alyssa who was waiting at the top, they both tumbled down the stairs.

“Jesus,” exclaimed Andrew.

Pulling out his magnum, Andy quickly went down to the main room to inform Steve of the bad news. He had to step over the limp bodies of Daniel and Alyssa, who much to his amusement had landed like they were having sex. Andrew stepped into the main room, only to gasp as he felt the shotgun round catch him in the chest. As his life ebbed away the last thing he saw was an old man hobble into view...

“Goddamn kids, they can’t keep quiet.”

Steve muttered and cursed as he hobbled away...