

INFECTED

A Click Your Poison book

by

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Here's how it works: You, Dear Reader, are the main character of this story. Live, die, and rise again—based solely on the merit of your own choices. The rules are a little different than the print gamebooks of the 1980s and 1990s; as an ebook, you simply click the links to progress through the story. Each link represents a choice, and there's no going back, so choose wisely. Will YOU survive the zombie apocalypse?

[CLICK HERE](#) to experience a sample. Good luck.

THE END

This ends your sample! Hope you enjoyed it. Visit www.clickyourpoison.com for more info, or search “Click Your Poison” on [Amazon](#) to keep reading.

Defend the Homestead!

You were either born with extra courage or lacking in prudence, but either way, you go to town on these zombies. They break out the boards on your living room window and you crack their skulls open as they start to crawl through. One, two, three zombies down. Your adrenaline is really pumping now.

From the moaning outside, it's certain they're still coming, but there's a break in the action so you start boarding the window back up. You get two boards up when you hear a crash from your kitchen. There're a couple of ghouls back that way. Just as you finish fixing the front window, they break the boards down in the kitchen window.

You sprint back and smash the baseball bat against them as hard as you can. It sometimes takes two or three hits, but you release their brains like hitting a piñata with your eyes open. You take out the two who tried to breach the kitchen but there isn't time to board the windows back up because the zombies are coming in through the living room again.

Despite arms that are burning with exhaustion, you keep going strong. The stench of the undead is fearsome, and their bodies start to pile up. The alarm, the moaning, or both—prove more effective than you might have thought, and your home is soon swarming with undead.

They're coming through the kitchen and the living room at the same time and then you hear the crash of the glass from your bedroom window. It's too late to make it down to the basement or up to the attic, and they've got your house surrounded, so there's no chance of escape.

This is it. It's just your homerun-sluggger versus the dozens of hellspawn streaming into your house. You won't go down without a fight, and you manage to take two more to the grave before you're overwhelmed and eaten alive. You watch in unbearable pain as your innards become outards.

They're ravenous and don't leave enough of you to rise again.

[THE END](#)

Hunker Down

First things first. You go outside and start ripping out planks from your fence. Your picketed American dream will now have to protect you from the American nightmare. Bringing everything you could possibly need inside your house, you close and lock the door, but not before spray-painting “Alive inside” above the entry. Hopefully the undead don’t read.

Boards and nails on every door and window, you blot out the sun for God-knows-how-long. But you’re a survivor, and smart, so you keep busy preparing. Beyond the boards you prop your couch, bookshelves, entertainment stand, whatever; up against the openings to your home.

The barricades securely in place, it’s time to set up for the long haul. You fill your bathtub and sinks to the brim with fresh water—it could turn off before you know it.

Everything prepared, you set your favorite blunt object within arm’s reach and sit down to watch the news and ceremoniously burn the bills you’ll never have to pay again.

* * *

Only six days into hiding, you get your first visitors. The phones don’t work, and your television and internet have long been down, so you’re unsure what to expect. You’ve played about as much solitaire as is humanly possible, and in an ironic twist of fate, your house is now more clean and ready for company than it was before things went bad. There were a few scary nights, rustling in the bushes, scratches at the doors and windows, and a slight moaning to ensure you haven’t slept much. But no one has *really* tried to get in—until now.

The two zombies outside paw at your house like velociraptors checking the fences for weak spots. You’re not sure if you did something to alert the undead but they’re here, and they really want in. The moaning is louder than you’ve heard, and much more urgent.

With a crash, one of your window panes is smashed in. Your home security alarm blares ferociously. What might have helped alert you while you were sleeping now alerts the whole neighborhood like a dinner bell.

You curse yourself for keeping it on and run to turn it off. But the damage is done. With the window open, they can smell you, and now you can hear the distant moan of more to come. The boards are still in place, so that should buy you some time—but the boards won’t hold forever.

[Fend them off one by one with my Louisville Slugger. I don’t care if I have to battle the whole town!](#)

[I’ll grab what I can and head up to the attic. Spiders and rats over zombies any day!](#)

[Down into the basement. I’ve already got some stuff down there, and it works in the movies!](#)

Life Attic

You pull the cord above you, bringing down the retractable ladder. With a backpack full of canned food and a few bottles of water, you head into the crawlspace above your home. You pull the ladder up, push boxes of Christmas decorations out of the way, and prepare to wait them out in silence.

It's not long until the undead have breached inside your house. The alarm, the moaning, or both—proved more effective than you might have thought, and soon your home is swarming with them. Even though you can't see down, you can hear enough to know it's totally full down there.

They search in vain, unable to grasp the concept that you're in the ceiling, and eventually they start to leave.

* * *

Well, a long thirteen days pass by. Your hiding spot has held! Your food supplies, however, have not. You've got about a day's worth left and water is running low too.

[I don't care; I'd rather starve than be eaten.](#)

[Back down the stairs. I know I left some food in the house.](#)

[Out onto the roof. The advantage is the high ground.](#)

Underneath It All

It's not long before the undead have breached your house. The alarm, the moaning, or both—proved more effective than you might have thought, and your home is soon swarming with them. Even though you can't see them, you can hear enough to know it's totally full up there.

Basements are good for a lot of things: kids' sleepovers, storing wine, hiding from a tornado. What they're not good for is avoiding crowds of flesh-eating ghouls.

Just as the barriers in your house fall to the zombies, the barrier to your basement—a locked door with random clutter barricading—also falls. The movies have this idea wrong. Now they're coming down to get you, and you've got no way out.

Still, you search your home in desperation: dusty boxes, a laundry basket, an old ping pong table, that nail-gun dad gave you. Wait, what the f—how in the hell did you miss the nail gun when you were securing your home?

Instead of questioning the God-send, you pick it up and pray it works. Just as the first undead man makes it down, you turn and squeeze off a nail into his forehead. His head knocks back and he falls dead. Awesome.

Dozens of hellions stream down your staircase, but as long as you keep your wits about, you'll be okay! That's when a ghoulish woman ruins everything. Her teeth are broken into almost shark-like fragments, and as she moans and champs her teeth in preparation of meeting you, the drawstring of your basement light snags in her fragmented face.

Click, lights out. Time to play “seven minutes in hell” while your amorous companions rush down to *suck face*. In the pitch black of the basement, you're left no option save for an excruciating death.

THE END

