

**There are only three of us left – the only three left alive in the world.** What hits me the hardest is that before all this, we were all just normal people going through the motions of our lives. Completely ordinary, not some trained survivalists or anything like that. I think that really puts it into perspective – just how deadly the virus is and just how luck based our survival was. I barely know the people standing before me. There's Robin – a young woman from Kansas, and Clay. All I know about him is that he comes from Florida. They're both young, too young to go through this, but I don't think anyone would be ready for this. This, which I could only describe as a mass extinction of the human race. It hadn't even been 2 months from the first fatal case to 80% of the entire population being wiped out. It was grim, we stood no chance. But right now is not the time to dwell on the specifics.

We're all sitting around a makeshift bonfire and it's eerily quiet.

"So, when should we set off?" Clay inquires. Robin looks at him through half-lidded eyes, exhaustion written all over her face.

"We've been here for, like, 2 days, Clay." I say, sparing Robin from the inevitable argument. Clay thinks we should always be on the move to avoid getting found by the infected. He has good intentions, which leads me to believe he hasn't noticed just how terribly worn out Robin is.

"Right, sorry." He says, "But we should probably get going soon-ish. This is, – was – a densely populated area."

I'm inclined to agree, but then Robin collapses onto the ground.

Clay's eyes instantly dart to his friend, concern and shock evident in his expression.

I rush to make sure she's okay, being the one who sat closest to her.

"Robin?" I call out. No answer. "Robin! Hey, can you hear me?" Not a single sign of life. I put my finger on the pulsepoint on her neck, but all I'm met with is unusual coldness.

I look to Clay, panicked.

"Crap, check her neck!" He utters.

The disease has a special symptom – minutes before killing someone, their neck turns purple and swollen at the spine.

I tuck Robin's raven hair out of the way gently. Her neck is completely purple beneath it.

And so there were two.

"I... I touched her." Is the first thing that comes to my mind.

"How did this even happen?!" Clay shouts, confused, scared, furious. He ignores me in favour of looking through his bag for any herbs or other such resources to help me, despite knowing it's all futile. I'm done for. I don't try to stop him, though. Suddenly, I'm overcome by a wave of sleepiness. I can feel my bones ache, but my hazy mind barely registers it. I can hear Clay shouting something, but no can do. The disease has claimed yet another victim. It seems my stroke of luck has run out. My eyes fall shut.

"And so there was one." I think, before death claims me in a warm embrace.

No name