

ZOMBIE BLOOD: THE STORY.



Chapter 2: the Martyr

The corpse was in supine position, tightly tied to a low altar by thick ropes, almost frayed by time. His bony forearms, of a parchment-like dark brown colour, were elevated, showing frail muscles in their original tension. His hands, with the claws of a vermin, aimed for something that was long gone. And his golden-coloured nails, curved and blackened to the edges, formed a terrifying picture.

A massive hole crowned his head around his frontal bone. The impact caused by a blunt object, which could not be found, had completely run through his skull.

Finally, there was his horrendous face: his mouth showed an unnatural opening, very much like an animal grimace, similar to that of a rabid wolf about to bite with anger.

The reigning mess completed the oddity of the scene. Blackish candles all over the floor could be found among pieces of ruined parchments. Remains of thick wooden boards and sticks that had gone rusty with the pass of time cracked under an assortment of debris, which covered most of the damp floor. The view was far from the veneration that leads to the spirit of God in the presence of an authentic Christian martyr.

They were actually the vestiges of a chaotic fighting scene, and it was not hard to imagine the sound of the steps of men running along the stone walls. It was in fact difficult to keep one's mind under control and escape from worse images.