

9/14, 3:59pm

We've been down here for over an hour now. They're not telling us anything, and Joe won't let me leave to call Marie. He says we all have to stay here until the "all clear", whatever the hell that is. People are freaking out, with the ground shaking the way it is. What the hell is going on out there?

9/14, 4:17pm

Alright, this is nuts. One of the rooms down here nearly collapsed when there was an explosion above us. It sounded like the entire building exploded! What the fuck is going on up there? No one is telling us shit right now. A couple of people are starting to lose it. I'm not far behind. I need to talk to my wife!

9/14, 4:44pm

Joe brought us an old radio, haven't seen one of those in a while. At first, the few channels broadcasting were just cycling the same emergency broadcast over and over, but Will thinks he's found a live channel. We're going to listen to it once he can get it in more clearly.

9/14, 4:55pm

Jesus, I thought that explosion a half hour ago was bad, but there was just one that sounded like all of New Mexico vaporized. Is something going on over at White Sands? We're going to check on that radio.

9/14, 5:02pm

Holy shit. They've done it. Someone screwed up and caused a worldwide disaster. This guy on the radio says that several governments across the world just went and bombed the shit of everybody else. He says that at 2:47pm, the United Republic of the Ukraine (URU) launched the first nuclear attack on us. Of course, our automated responses kicked in and before long, we've reduced most of the

world to dust. I need to get out of this hole in the ground and call Marie! I don't know what it's like above ground and I'm sure Albuquerque isn't in great shape. God, I hope she's alright.

9/14, 7:19pm

Joe hasn't come back to the door in a while. He said he was going to let us out a few at a time to use the bathrooms upstairs, but he hasn't been back since that real bad explosion. There haven't been any more large explosions although we are still feeling tremors and hearing far off noises. Will and Johnny are trying to open the main door but it's locked from the outside. Joe better get back here soon, there are people that are flipping out. And I gotta call Marie. My cell phone as well as everyone else's is dead down in this place.

9/14, 11:34pm

I think Joe left us here. He hasn't been back and we haven't heard anything through the door in a while. We've taken stock of supplies just in case - there is a room of old army rations and other stuff, probably enough for the forty or so of us for about a week. There isn't much water though but Will says there is a crack in the wall of one of the side rooms with a little bit of water seeping through. We're going to start moving the old paper file boxes in to one of the rooms, and start looking for stuff that's been tucked away in the corners. I hope we're not here too much longer. I feel like I'm going to vomit, I'm so worried about Marie.

9/15, 2:12am

This is fucking bad. We've locked up three people in a side room, they've lost their goddamn minds! Gillian was throwing herself against the door trying to open it, and Ursula and Craig snapped and attacked Will and Johnny! Where the hell is Joe or any of the other security guards?

9/15, 5:01am

Ursula killed Craig. Oh my god, this is awful. We've had to separate Ursula from everyone, she's lost it. We put Craig in another room until we get out of here. Will is trying to keep everyone calm. We found a whole bunch of old army cots and moved them in to all the side rooms for people to rest, if they can. I haven't slept; I'm so worried about Marie. The radio has been quiet since late last night... no news at all.

9/15, 9:33am

We've set up one room with a couple of old buckets so people can take care of their business. When they built this old bomb shelter, they should have put in a bathroom! Will and Johnny told me that they are thinking of rationing the food. They think we might be here awhile. God, I hope not.

9/15, 11:58am

Gillian slit her wrists. We couldn't stop the bleeding and she died, right there in front of us. We were just working with these people a day ago and we were all normal. Holy fuck, this is bad. I'm fighting the urge to flip out too. Gotta keep calm and pray that Marie is okay.

9/15, 2:31pm

The station on the radio came back on for about six minutes. They guy was pretty frantic, and was talking about the end of the world and shit. He said that every major city in the area was leveled. He also said that the government was gone and the US was in full panic mode. I thought we had measures against this kind of screw up! I can't even think straight. If Albuquerque is gone that means... shit.

9/15, 5:12pm

Four guys from the Law Division decided to take food without asking. They

knocked out Johnny and tied up Will. They are feasting on the rations, leaving everyone else without. A few others have joined them. There are two groups now. The infighting is god awful.

9/15, 4:41pm

Johnny's not right, I think he's gotta pretty bad concussion from the shot he took from that dickhead from Law. They let Will go but told him to stay out of the way. The three of us have been just sitting in one of the rooms away from everyone. One of the guys from Law won't let anyone near the water crack. I hope someone comes for us soon. This is madness.

9/15, 11:08pm

Ursula got out somehow and shoved a pen into the eye of one the guys from Law. Blood was everywhere. Another guy from Law threw Ursula against the wall and her head hit pretty hard. She's just laying there in a pool of blood and no one is helping her. The guy who got the pen in the eye (I think his name is Jerry) is screaming in the other room. Someone needs to shut him up. Will and I are getting hungry and thirsty but there's no food left. Johnny just sits there with a blank stare on his face. He's gotta be hungry too but he's not answering questions.

9/16, 4:49am

I got a little sleep but woke up when I dreamt of Marie on fire. I miss her so badly. Will still thinks that people will come for us but I'm starting to think we've been forgotten. I can't believe we're going to die down here. That asshole Joe! He should of let us out or kept the door unlocked!

9/16, 2:13pm

I can't believe we're out of food already. Those dumbasses from Law, they've eaten

it all. They are working on the door; they think they can get it open. They don't have a clue - they're law accountants, not the maintenance crew. We're going on 2 days in here, Jesus.

9/16, 3:44pm

Well, I can't say I'm surprised, and I definitely don't feel bad, but one of the Law guys just killed his buddy while fighting over the door mechanism. It seems they were close to opening it (doubtful), when the dead guy broke it. The other guy beat him to death. Now there are two of them. Will thinks we can take them. I'm no brawler, hell I've never been in a fight in my life. Johnny's out of commission so Will is going to find "recruits".

9/16, 7:30pm

I refused to get involved and I think Will was okay with that but he found five or six guys from the 3rd floor that helped take control. The two guys from Law are now tied up in one of the extra rooms. Not that it helps us now except for letting people drink the little bit of water that we can get. There's no food. We're all very hungry.

9/16, 11:58pm

I find myself thinking about Marie all the time. I know she works in Albuquerque but I hope she was running late or out of the city limits at lunch or a meeting offsite. Deep down, I think she's gone but I want to hope she's okay. Maybe she's looking for me here!

9/17, 4:22pm

People are quiet now, sitting and thinking, barely talking. Besides the Law guys screaming and yelling occasionally, most of us are pretty much silent. Wil and one of the guys from the 3rd floor are working on the door, trying to get it open. Johnny just sits on a cot staring straight ahead. He

will look at me when I ask him a question and he'll move to use the buckets when he has to go, but otherwise he sits on the cot, motionless. That idiot Jerry is unconscious now; Wil thinks he's going to die.

9/17, 8:42pm

Wil broke his hand on the door. He started beating it with his hands when they couldn't get it open and broke a couple of bones. I wrapped it up but it's bad. He's pretty miserable - I can't say I blame him, everyone is barely hanging on.

9/18, 2:32am

The radio came on for about 45 seconds; the guy on the radio said, as best we can tell, that National Guard is trying to get survivors out of the cities but the rural areas aren't even on their radar yet. He said looters and gangs are taking control of areas. He started to say something about Albuquerque but the radio went dead. Will had to stop me from throwing that goddamn radio against the wall.

9/18, 12:02pm

The Law guys wanted to Wil and the others to remove Jerry from their room because he was dead. When they opened the door, the Law guys came out swinging. Wil was fighting one-handed and took as much as he gave. People started piling on - I think many folks are starting to break. Finally, after we got the Law guys back in their room, we counted four people hurt pretty bad. I think one of the guys isn't going to make it, something about his neck.

9/18, 7:00pm

The radio crackled on for a couple of minutes but we could only catch words here and there. Somebody said something about martial law, and then something about "shot on sight". Who's got it worse? Those up there or us down here? Shit.

9/19, 4:59am

We woke up to a horror scene. Somebody got their hands on a medical kit and split up all the aspirin and sleep aids. Four women are dead from overdoses. We put them with the others in the “morgue”, basically the hallway by the door. The count of bodies is nine, that’s about a quarter of us. It’s been four days, no wait, five. No one has come to save us. We’ve been forgotten.

9/19, 6:02pm

I try not to write about how hungry I am but it’s impossible at this point. We haven’t had food for three days. The water is slowing down to the smallest little trickle. I never thought I’d go by starving. Maybe Marie was the lucky one. Instantly gone with no pain... at least I hope so.

9/19, 7:16pm

Kathy said she heard something outside the door. We’ve been banging and listening but haven’t heard anything. She probably thought she heard something, *wanted* to hear something. We’re in a fucking bomb shelter in the fucking basement of an office building in goddamn fucking San Antonito! No one is looking for us, not out here.

9/19, 11:54pm

Jesus Christ, I heard it too! There are very faint movement sounds out in the maintenance room. I haven’t said anything to anyone, especially Wil, ‘cause I don’t want people to freak out again... and I can’t even be sure I’m really hearing anything. I might be losing it. Can I be losing it if I know I’m losing it? Does it work that way? I’ll keep listening for a bit longer but the smell down here with the dead bodies is awful.

9/20, 6:26am

It’s bad enough that the “morgue” is smelling up the place but now the makeshift bathroom is overflowing with piss and shit. I wouldn’t wish this kind of hell on anyone. To make matters worse, we lost another three overnight. It’s like they are committing suicide in groups. Wil said they were from the 2nd floor, friends since college. They were quiet and stayed out of the way, and they went together. That’s twelve now.

9/20, 2:45pm

Wil says that everyone has to give up any sharp items they have so no one else gets any ideas over night. Most people told him to fuck off. Wil’s not in a position to tell anyone anything at this point, we’re all fighting our own demise. I told him that if people wanted to end their lives, who were we to stop them. Wil just walked away, shaking his head. He hasn’t given up hope yet. That’s good. I’m a bit jealous of that.

9/21, 1:41am

I’ve been sleeping all afternoon. Being hungry makes me so tired. My lips are like leather, cracked and pulled tight. I’d love a glass of anything right now. Wil laughed and said that he’s never seen me this thin before. I told him I finally lost the weight that Marie wanted me to lose... Marie. God.

9/21, 3:33pm

Some jackass from the 4th floor made a comment about our one week anniversary down in the basement. He stopped laughing after Gary whats-his-name punched him in the mouth. That was actually funnier. Wil is back at the door again, working on the steel and cement around the frame. He’s hoping to get through it with the small jack knife he found. I seem to recall the wall being a few feet thick. I don’t have the heart to tell

him that there's probably no way he's getting through it.

9/21, 4:49pm

Well apparently, that jackasses' comment about our one week anniversary has set a few people off. I haven't seen this much panic and freaking out since the first couple of days. Johnny and I are staying in our room, out of the way. There's arguing and fighting. I think I heard a group scuffle by the bucket room.

9/21, 10:58pm

I fell asleep once the racket died down but Wil woke me up screaming and yelling about reinforced concrete near the door. I started to remind him about it being a bomb shelter and I thought he was going to punch me. Bad timing on my part. Well. At least he woke me up from my recurring nightmare of Marie burning alive. I just can't shake the thought she died that way.

9/22, 8:01am

I sleep more and more each day. Johnny nearly sleeps all day too. Wil keeps working on the door; he says he's going to get all the way through. I'm trying to put all my energy in to hope, the belief that someone will find us. Not that I have a lot of energy at this point.

9/22, 12:06pm

Gary what's-his-name killed that jackass. I'm not sure what set him off but he shoved the guy's face in to a wall. The guy choked on his own blood before drowning in it. When we went to throw Gary in with the Law guys, we found that they were dead too. That's fifteen poor souls gone.

9/22, 9:34pm

Wil threw the broken jack knife on the floor of the room. For the first time, he looks like he's given up. I tried to cheer

him up but he just put up his hand and said, "No more, Robert. I'm done."

9/23, 10:16am

I'm amazed that Johnny is still with us. He doesn't look like he's working with much upstairs right now, but he's holding on. He sleeps a lot, mostly sitting up, but still opens his eyes and looks at us if we ask him a question.

Wil says that two more ended their life last night. I don't want to know how. I think that's seventeen.

9/23, 8:55pm

I can't believe I'm at the point where I just don't care when I hear that people killed themselves. I guess several people got together and slit their wrists. Don't they realize that leaves the rest of us to clean up the mess? Will and I helped to move the bodies. The hallway is full and Will wanted to pile them up but I said we should keep them separated so that they can be found easier when the rescuers came. His face was priceless. It was the first time we both laughed in several days. Anyway, we kept them separate. We've lost twenty four people. All people we worked with and saw every day at work.

9/24, 7:09am

Less than half of us remain. We're all hungry but we're trying to hang on. We're all too defiant to die or too cowardly to end it. Either way, we sit and sleep all day, hoping that it ends one way or another. There is a group that is meeting once or twice a day to read bible verses but many of us can't see the point in it. I guess if it gives some people comfort, good for them.

9/25, 4:32am

I'm not sure why, but I got up and walked down to the door to listen. I was surprised

to hear movement beyond. For a moment, I thought we were rescued! But no amount of banging or yelling made anyone come to the door. Wil came and got me, brought me back to my cot.

9/25, 9:17am

Wil whispered to me that he too heard sounds on the other side of the door. After he brought me back to my room, he went back to listen at the door. He thought he also heard movement but wasn't totally sure. He said that he'll listen more today.

9/25, 10:42pm

The good news is that I no longer dream of Marie dying. The bad news is I can't seem to picture her face happy, or remember the last thing she said to me that morning. The guy in the next room said something about glucose and proteins and brain function, but honestly, I can't even focus on his words. How the hell is he even thinking when most of us can't even hold a basic thought for a second?

9/26, 7:44am

Wil said there were definitely sounds outside the door. He's spent a lot of time listening and he thinks its zombies. Zombies? Jesus, I think he's finally lost it. The look on my face must have told him what I was thinking because he tried to convince me. He said there were footsteps, slow and shuffling. He thought he heard a few grunts too. I think its wind or something else. Not zombies, that's freaking crazy talk.

9/26, 6:29pm

Wil spends his entire day down at the door listening. When he got back to the room tonight to fill me in on the movement, I asked him how there could possibly be zombies out there? When he started to answer, I asked him if the dead in the "morgue" were moving around. He

looked crushed. He left the room and I wondered if I should have just let it go.

9/27, 12:00pm

Wil thinks that the nuclear or missile blasts outside the bomb shelter turned the dead in to zombies, that's why the ones in here haven't turned. I wanted to disagree but I just don't have the energy to fight with him about it. None of us do. The personal trainer girl from the 2nd floor expired this morning; she was already too lean to begin with, we think she just starved. Probably means that many of us are not too far behind. Well, maybe not me. I wasn't exactly lean. That's twenty five of us gone.

9/28, 5:56pm

I'm too tired, too hungry and too depressed to write much. Wil pretty much stays at the door all day. Johnny sleeps about 20 hours a day, I'm not too far behind him.

9/29, 1:12pm

Kathy asked me why I write in this little notebook. I said that someone has to record this shit. Maybe, if the world gets it together, they can fry Joe for leaving us here to die. Or maybe he's a freaking zombie. Jesus, what am I saying?

9/30, 4:44pm

The guy next door says he can't believe more of us haven't died. Fuck. Maybe I can help him along and make him the next. Talk like that isn't needed. I haven't seen Wil for a few days, and I really can't get off my cot to check on him. It's hard enough to get to the bucket room when I need to.

10/1, 2:48am

October, holy Jesus. I can't believe we've been down here for over 2 weeks. Shit, Marie's birthday is coming up. I have a present for her back at home... home? Is it even there any longer? Christ, this sucks.

10/2, 7:54pm

Some of the people are praying all day in that room down the way. Like that's gonna help. I yelled for them to keep it down, I didn't want to hear that shit. Quiet is better.

10/3, 4:11pm

I caught Wil checking on me and Johnny. He must come down here when we're sleeping to check on things. I don't know where he gets the energy. Before he left, he said we lost the blonde from the 4th floor. I said I didn't remember her. He said the one with the fake boobs and nice ass. I still didn't remember. He said that was twenty six lost.

10/4, 9:06am

Wil said another three got the courage to go last night. He thinks it won't be long for most of them, I said us. He shook his head and said that he, Johnny and I were going to make it out. What a dumb ass. But I smiled anyway. Twenty nine gone. I think there are ten or eleven of us left.

10/5, 12:04pm

The guy next door and the tall girl three doors down went in their sleep last night. Guess he didn't have enough glucose or whatever. Guess I have more than he did. Wil moved them in to the main hallway with the last few, the long hallway is full. Thirty one gone.

10/7, 8:51pm

When Wil stopped in to check on Johnny and me, I asked him how many of us were left. He said nine. Then he checked on Johnny and said, "Eight."

10/9, noon

Writing isn't my thing, it was Robert's. After he died in his sleep yesterday, I put his notebook with him on the cot. But then

I thought I should add more notes while I still had the energy.

I think Robert gave up when Johnny left us. That may have been the straw that broke the camel's back for him. It seems that every time we lose someone, another one gives up too. Since Robert's last tally, I think we've lost three more; we're down to five of us bastards left.

It's as quiet as a tomb down here. Tomb. Pretty much sums it up. I used to think we'd be rescued or find a way out. Now I'm just trying to outwit and out-wait Death. I'm going to check on the others. Oh yeah, this is Wil Johnston if anyone cares.

10/11, evening sometime

Two more down, just me, Kathy, and Juan left. Both Kathy and Juan rarely leave their cots; I seem to be the only one that can get up and move. It ain't easy, let me tell you. I feel like I'm a hundred years old. Everything hurts. My bones, muscles, everything just aches. I'm not hungry anymore, haven't been for days now. I'm off to work on the door.

10/12, morning

Kathy asked me to kiss her... she said she wanted to feel love as she left this world. She called her own moment of death, 'cause she expired just after I planted one on her. It wasn't anything special but I did whisper in her ear that it was okay to let go. I think she had a little bit of a smile on her face when she went. Juan hasn't been awake since yesterday morning but his chest still moves up and down. He's hanging in there.

10/13

The last 24 hours has been brutal. I can't stand and had to crawl back to my cot. It feels like my back bones and muscles are

gone. I'm just going to lay down for a bit and rest. Tomorrow, I'm going back to work on the door. I have to try to get Juan and I out of here.