TRAIN TO LONDON

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Casey couldn't wait for the train to stop — because something was on the train.

People ran past her seat, their faces pale with fear, blood on their clothes.

At the back of the train, she saw them — zombies are hitting the door - broken bodies, dead eyes, hungry mouths.

It started with a scream from one of the front cars, sharp and full of terror.

It was taking her straight into a nightmare.

Casey yelled and ran, her breath shaking — the train wasn't taking her to safety.

Then came the sounds: scratching, growling, and the horrible wet noise of teeth tearing into flesh.

LIVEWORKSHEETS