

Mania

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Mania

by [MitzvahRose](#)

Summary

A wounded Jockey is left no choice but to take control of the very Survivor that injured it. This results in some kinda cliché plot twist with the Jockey and Ellis (the unfortunate, wounded survivor) trapped in a safe room, barricaded in from the outside.

Well crud, looks like they're stuck together. At least they haven't managed to kill each other yet... Not for lack of trying on the zombie's part. Or Ellis', for that matter. Long story short, Ellis has to deal with a bipolar zombie, and worse yet, he's starting to feel bad for the creepy little guy. Great. Just great.

This isn't a redemption story. This is a matter of survival. But dammit if Ellis won't try for the former too.

****Updates on Fridays (not every week)**

Make it Hurt

Giggling wildly, it crawls along the roof of a building, prowling, searching... running away.

Hungryhungryhungry-eehehehehghssss...

Laughter turns into a pained hiss, it stops, crumpling over with a pained whine.

Painpainpainhungryfoodhungrypain!

Freakishly long arms curl around its torso. It tries yet again to rise into a crouch, howling with pained cackles as it simply falls over again. Its legs are splayed out behind it, both at awkward angles and one bleeding profusely. It had barely escaped the last battle where it received those wounds by hiding behind a smelly box in the dark place. It never wants to climb so far like this again—never wants to feel this pain again.

Hurthurthurt—makeitsto-ahaha-op!

Barely able to whimper out a faint giggle now, it drags itself over towards the edge of the building.

Fighting—othersfightingfoodfoodfoodfood...

Teeth reflexively chattering, it hisses out a feral, pained sound upon reaching the edge, finally having stopped laughing. Leaning over, dangerously close to falling, what is left of its mouth curls into a snarl of pain-filled fury.

Human. Human hurt, hurt it, painpainpain! Must kill, killkillkill make-it-hurt-too-hurt-it BAD!

It moves as though to reach for the cause of its agony, right arm twitching erratically towards one of the humans far below it. Screeching out, it quickly stops. It cannot hurt the human this way; it could not do anything even while unharmed. And now?

C-c-caaaan't! T-to-ooo weeeaak... ehehehehe...

It watches the battle, stifling giggles while simmering in emotions it cannot name. It feels weird, as if laughing is wrong right now. But why is laughing wrong?

Flinching as it is forced to remember its injuries. Yes, laughing is bad because of the *pain* the human caused.

Painpainpainpainbadhurtno!

The feeling... Anger, it remembers anger, so much anger. And now it knows that its shaking and teeth chattering are due to hatred towards the human.

It looks down upon hearing a distinctive cough.

Human! Human gone! Wherewherewhere—there!

It is alone, separated from its pack for once thanks to a Longtongue. Not only that, but the human is directly under the roof it is perched on!

It trembles in not-glee, its twitching somehow worse now. Finally, finally! It can hurt the human who did this, hurt it back, make it pay!

As it crawls closer to the edge, it pauses, hesitating.

Where, where firestick? No want pain, nononono... Yeehehehss!

It gives a half giggle, seeing the Longtongue had also managed to remove the human's weapons. It cannot fight back, the human is weak without its deathspitter!

Hissing in triumph, it lets itself fall towards the human.

Aw, Hell in a Handbasket!

“Motherf— TONGUE!”

Twisting around while in the Smoker’s grip, Ellis struggles to aim his pistols at the special infected that’s now barely a few feet away. He cranes to aim above him, the damn thing dangling him upside down. But before he can properly do anything about it, his guns are knocked away from him by a swipe from the creature, both now lost somewhere in the alley. Shouting in pain, he continues to struggle, managing to kick the Smoker upside the head. The infected stumbled backward, stunned, tongue slackening. Ellis hits the ground hard, face first with a muffled groan. Taking his chance, Ellis frantically clambers away from the Smoker while reaching for his rifle. There’s only one bullet left, but that’s all he needs.

The Smoker suddenly lunges for him, tongue at the ready. Acting on impulse, Ellis swung his gun around, clubbing the infected in the face. Again, it stumbles back in a daze and the survivor wastes no time in taking the shot. It hits home, the infected’s head instantly exploding with the noxious gas this particular zombie is known for.

Coughing, but relieved at having killed it, Ellis tries to back away from the smoking, well, Smoker. Keyword: tries. Because the next thing he knows something has landed on his back! And it’s scratching his face, clawing at his eyes in search of purpose on his admittedly fragile skin.

The Survivor’s first thought was ‘*Hunter!*’ and he immediately attempts to slam back into the nearest wall. Ellis is, understandably, quite surprised when he goes in the opposite direction of what he had been aiming for. Struggling with whatever the hell is on his back, it occurs to Ellis that if this were a normal Hunter he’d already be on the ground and in a *lot* more pain. That means this thing has to be a... Jockey? Huh? Where’s the freakin’ giggling?! Not that he’s complaining... These things are hell’a annoying.

Shouting in pain, Ellis struggles against the Humper. “Rochelle! Coach! Hell, Nick! Damn it guys, where are ya?! This thing’s riding me!”

Yelling for his friends, while normally a good idea, may not have been Ellis’ brightest considering he’s currently stuck in an out of the way alley. Oh, and he may have forgotten that loud noises attract—

“Shit! Horde!”

The Rider finally chose that moment to start giggling. Loudly at that, and right in Ellis’ ear while still clawing at his face. Jockeys may not be as strong as Hunters, but that doesn’t mean Ellis wants to get jumped by one. Even less when a hell lot of other sons of bitches are heading his way!

As if on cue, the first zombie rounds the corner just then. The moment it notices the panicking survivor it lunges at him, eager to take part in the kill. It doesn’t take long for the

rest of them to join in, helping the Jockey tear the survivor apart. Thankfully (or maybe not) this doesn't last thanks to the sudden appearance of a Charger.

"Damn it all! Move, you effin' Humper!"

Surprisingly, the smallest of the special infected appears to actually listen to his panicked cry. When it sees the big ass arm heading their way it lets out a really pissed off sounding screech and forces Ellis to backpedal away from the horde. Not fast enough, as Charger soon meets Survivor, sending him (and the barely clinging on Jockey) hurtling backwards.

Ellis's back soon meets door. Said door swings open in response to the impact, the not-so-quietly cursing survivor and tag along tumbling in. Before the Jockey can recover; however, Ellis tosses the infected off of him now that its grip is weak from shock. Spinning around, he grabs the door's handle and shoves it closed. Not a moment too soon, as the zombies had already begun trying to claw their way in.

"Hell in a handbasket, this ain't good!" Ellis presses his back to the door, struggling to hold the zombies at bay.

Meanwhile, the rest of the horde angered at having lost their meal, converges upon the unfortunate Charger. Sheer numbers overwhelm the beast, leading to it smashing into the brick wall opposite the room Ellis had just been thrust into. The wall instantly shatters, crumbling on top of the Charger along with its fellow infected, and in the process, crashing into the door as well. Miraculously, the door holds, but only just.

Ellis, on the other hand, is knocked back from the impact. He somehow manages to keep his footing and gawks at his sudden luck. Not wanting to jinx it or anything of the sort, he doesn't attempt to question it and instead turns around, grimacing as he does so.

Two problems down, one to go.

Not having a weapon at the ready, Ellis recklessly punts the wounded Jockey across the room like a football. It hits the wall next to another doorframe, causing the hick to grin. "Hell yeah! Take that, ya Head-Humper!" He runs to the creature, snatching it before it can move and swings the door open towards himself, chucking the infected into the adjoining room which just so happens to be a safe house. After that, Ellis wastes no time slamming the red door shut and barricading it from the outside with the nearest object—a small dresser.

Letting out a bark of laughter, the Southerner gives a toothy grin, "Hoo-wee! Man, that was a whole lot closer than I'd like, but I ain't down n' out yet!" Stumbling away from the door, Ellis continues to chuckle, though weaker now. After a few steps, his legs buckle out from under him, Ellis falling to the floor with a thud and gasp of pain. Now that he's out of apparent danger, the adrenaline rush keeping the survivor going suddenly depletes. Still, he can't help a grin and one last retort towards the trapped Jockey. "H-Heh... ain't getting me that easily, y'hear? Urgh..."

Winching, the young man gingerly prods his left side, cursing under his breath. If the sharp stinging didn't clue him in, the blood soaking his shirt sure does. His side is coated in blood—sticky, warm, and nasty—and it is definitely his own.

“Damn, that zombie swarm sure did a number on me...” Ellis slumps back onto his elbows, one arm cradling his side to try and lessen the blood flow. He promptly lets out a muffled hiss when he tries to stretch out his legs, specifically his left one. “My leg too? How'd I not notice that? Aw, hell... guess I ain't goin' anywhere for a while.”

After a moment, he slips his right hand into its adjoining pocket, a smile quirking his lips as he hears the familiar rattle. “Thank *you*, Rochelle!” Quickly grasping the bottle of pills, he pulls out the miracle medicine, wasting no time in popping it open and tossing back two tablets. A relieved sigh leaves his lips as the pain almost instantly goes away, dulled down to a barely-there ache.

Even though he's still bleeding, Ellis grins to himself. Hell if he knows what they put in those drugs, but he sure ain't complaining!

The apocalypse survivor pauses to rest a bit after the ordeal. Only for a few seconds, though, because he still has to clean and bandage his injuries. Don't want them getting any worse, after all.

Ellis shrugs a med-pack off his back, the one he keeps with him at all times in case of emergency, and reaches back to place it next to him for easy access. He figures this counts as one (an emergency, that is), so swiftly unzips the pack. Ellis quickly goes to work patching himself up, deciding to figure out what his next step should be after he finishes. For now, though, these wounds are'a stinging like crazy! Not to mention a good, long nap sure sounds nice...

Want Out

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Nonononono... Whywhywhy?!

It screeches in frustration, horror causing its body to quake, not the laughter. It doesn't understand, why did the Big-Not-Biggest have to come? It had it! It had the human! The lesser were coming... coming to finish it! But then the bigger one opened the wall! It had fallen off, then the Pain-Causer closed the not-opening! How? Why, why, why were the lesser not coming?! Then the shaking and the noises stopped! What, what, what happened? Doesn't matter, doesn't matter, human still here!

It tries to jump, jump for the human before it can attack—

PainpainpainPAIN!

—It was too slow!

How was the human faster? It is the fastest here! Only High-Jumper and Cryer are faster!

Stunned, it could only choke out a hissing laugh/snarl, enraged, as the human *picks it up*. Suddenly, it is flying. Flying in a wrong way, not having jumped, flying *backward*. It screams as its agonized back hits something, crumpling to the ground with a pained whine. Now it can only giggle in response to the pain. Still, it struggles to stand, and failing that, crawls to where it had been thrown from. Then the wall returns; it slams against the door, howling in laughter.

Don't want don't want-can't jump no jump nononono!

It keeps hitting the door, over and over and *overandoverandover!* Can't get out, can't get out, out, out, *outoutOUT!*

With every slam it giggles, more and more until it starts to hurt and then it has to laugh more because of the pain and it's so funny, why was it so funny, so funny, *so FUNNY?!*

Curling up, wrapping its arms around itself. Rocking. Back and forth *backandforth*. Maybe wall will be gone? Gone when awake? Soon? *Soonsoonsoon?!*

The human—forgot about the human, *can't forget it-hate it hate hate it!*—starts screeching back. Why does it screech, is it mad? Made it *mad-mad-mad-madder!* Not good, not good! If it opens the wall again it can come in. Come in when helpless. Come in and make it quiet. Quiet like the others. The ones who don't move anymore. Don't want the wall—*want it want it WANT IT!*—opened! *No-no-nononoPAIN!*

It forces itself into silence, forcibly closing its mouth, both hands grasping at it desperately so as to not let out another sound. For the most part it succeeds and that seems to pacify the

human. Still, it remains quiet, save for the occasional rasping giggle slipping out.

It stays like this for some time until the pain fades away and the noises become muffled and the darkness creeps closer.

It doesn't know when the darkness finally came and it stopped moving. It may not like silence, but at least the hurting stopped.

Chapter End Notes

Huh, I actually managed to make the deadline... nice! (Is ignoring that it's nearly midnight) XD

Thank the Lord for Apocalypse Fanatics!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

...*Thump*...

Not even bothering to glance up at the noise, Ellis rustles through the larger than usual kit, grinning when he finds not just two or three, but five whole rolls of gauze! Hoo-wee! Now, ain't he just the lucky one?

...*Thump*...!

Would you look at that? Tweezers, alcohol (not for drinking), special medical tape, those gloves docs always wear, scissors, a bowl (who even bothers squeezin' one a' those into a case?)—

Thump!

—a couple'a water bottles (*Hell yah!*), liquid salt or whatever, an ice pack that's still cool, a mini towel, some tubes of “antibacterial” cream—

Thump! -Ump!

—needle and strong lookin' thread, run-of-the-mill bandages, plastic wraps, extra antibiotics (*Gotta love them miracle meds!*), needles and bottles of stuff... hol-lee shit! He's never seen one this well-stocked! Hell, he doesn't even recognize some of these things, and he's best buds with *Keith*, fer cryin' out loud!

Thu-thum-thump!

Beyond grateful at having found such a well-stocked kit (*Thank you apocalypse fanatics!*), he wastes no more time to grab what he needs, having almost forgotten about the literal pain in his side despite still using one hand to press against it. Speaking of which, shoot! Still bleedin'... That ain't good, but oh well. He can handle it, far from the worst he's had.

THUMP!

“Ah, shut it already, ya little creeper!”

Much to Ellis' surprise, the Leaper listens to him and stops banging against the Safe House door. Actually, he feels kinda bad... he didn't really mean to yell at the little guy, Head-Humper or not. Oh well, Ellis chuckles somewhat ruefully, it's not like he really understands, right? “Lookit that, a tame zombie! Heh, almos' like a dog. Yanno, one with rabies. Only *way* worse.”

Anyways, back to the important part—bleeding. Ow.

Grabbing the bowl with his free hand, Ellis lays it down next to his injured side. At the same time, he carefully rolls his shirt up so that it sits a couple inches above the wounded area, grateful that it isn't too sticky so that he'd have to cut it off or something. Glancing over the wound, Ellis grins. Scratch that about the shirt, he's grateful that the bleeding seems to have slowed down.

Not wanting to test his luck about that, the survivor snags the towel, the saline, and one of the bottles, twisting the cap off of the latter and pouring about half into the waiting bowl. Setting the bottle aside, Ellis adds a dozen drops or so of the salt solution, waits a moment, then dips the towel into the mixture and swirls it around a bit. Letting it sit so that half the towel is in the solution, Ellis grabs the half-full bottle and pours the rest of it over the injury. After that, he uses one corner of the now soggy towel to wipe away the grime and blood. Thankfully, nothing seems to have gotten in the wound besides zombie cooties, but by now the Southerner hardly considers that to be a problem so much as downright disgusting.

Once he feels he's cleaned up enough around the cut, Ellis turns the cloth around so that the dry corner dabs against the injury, drying it off. Hissing as he applies a little pressure, Ellis shuffles through the kit with his other hand until he finds the cream, a Neosporin knock-off by the looks of it. About to remove the towel, the survivor pauses before pressing down a little more with a grumble and wince. Gotta stop the bleeding again.

Setting the cream down in front of him, Ellis trades it for one of the rolls of gauze while he waits for the flow to ease up. The hick measures out a healthy amount of the material so as to cover the wound and then some, then rips it off the roll. By this time the bleeding has slowed down enough that Ellis feels he can remove the towel, which he sets in the bowl. He probably should have waited longer, but whose patient enough for that? 'Sides, he still has his leg to take care of.

Cursing the undead, CEDA, and their grannies (but promptly apologizing for the latter), Ellis applies a layer of the antibacterial cream over the area in question. Capping the tube, he quickly but carefully (he'll make sure to thank Keith for the experience when he sees his pal again) wraps the length of gauze around his side until it's nice and secure. Now, all that's left is taping it down which he swiftly does. Just to be sure he adds another layer of gauze, tying it off with a huff and a grin when finished.

Meanwhile, as is typical of the country guy, Ellis had been jabbering on to no one about another one of his stories—Keith-centered, naturally—and is starting up the next one just as he starts patching up his leg.

"Man, this reminds me of the time Keith got himself stuck in a shed with a rabid raccoon—~~fu-uuuck, that hurt!~~ Ah hell, now *that* was funny. And I do mean ha-ha funny this time,—~~sheeeet, those were my favorite pants! ...My only pants!~~—though Keith didn't seem to agree with me, what with the scarrin' 'n all... an' the—~~tweezers, tweezers...~~—bazooka? I dunno 'bout that one, I think he caught the 'coon's rabies by that point. But—~~can someone give me a hand here?~~ ...Oh. Heh, ~~whoops~~—then again, I sure wasn't the one stuck in there with that thing...—~~oooh, that's sure gonna sting in the mornin'...~~ Well, guess I am now, but instead of a shed I'm trapped inside a safe house and instead of a raccoon there's this creepy-ass zombie thing."

Letting out a sigh as he ends his rambling, Ellis finishes dressing his wound in relative silence, cussing aside. After a little while, he carefully stretches out his legs, swearing at the sharp tug and spasm of pain. "Guess I ain't movin' for a while... Wish I had that 'coon's bazooka." Chuckling to himself as he caps the various bottles and puts away the remaining supplies, the hick scoots to the nearest wall and leans back with a wince and slight frown. "Aw, man, I miss Ro and the rest already... Shoot, are they ok? Ah, what'm I talkin' about, 'course they're fine! Wonder if they're still lookin' for me. Wouldn't blame 'em if they weren't, but it'd sure be nice..." Another sigh as he eyes the red door waiting across the room, slowly drifting off to sleep. And to think, he'd almost forgotten 'bout the Jockey...

Chapter End Notes

For those of you actually reading this, sorry it took so dang long to update... Well, I never promised I'd update EVERY Friday... still, sorry for making you wait
GirAwesome43, windshear, Tuffy, and anyone else reading this. Hope you guys enjoyed this update! ...Even though it's just Ellis dressing his wounds... Eheh...

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!