Lucy lifted the huge chocolate egg from its box and smiled. It looked delicious, and she couldn’t wait to eat it. Of course, her mum said she couldn’t devour it all at once. Instead, she had to break it into pieces and just have a little bit of chocolate at a time. So, Lucy broke open the egg – and stared. Inside it there was a cute, tiny spikey toothed creature, with its green/greyish colouring it looked similar to a zombie, but was far cuter with its chubby legs and cheeky smile.   
Lucy's first thought was to care for this sweet little guy so wanted to find some clothes for him. She went wondering around the large Victorian house, that belonged to a lovely woman that fostered many children from the children’s home and cared for them as if they were her own. Lucy was told by some older kids at her home that every child that got fostered here always ended up being adopted out so never came back.   
Lucy is a tall, blonde, strong and courageous tomboy that is always in an old football strip of various teams, she did have a favourite team, Barcelona but could never seem to get one of their strips from any of the charity shops the carers took her to. Having spent her whole life in a Childrens home, in a small town called Newport, Lucy had grown up fast, even though she is only a scruffy 10 year old. Having been there for her whole life, she would always take care of the newcomers and help them to settle in. She always found that comedy could help cheer anybody up.  
All she knew about her parents was that they had unfortunately died at the time of her birth from an unknown virus. The children never got anymore details than that or anything that they had been left until they were adopted or left the home at 18.  
She went exploring for some clothes to give the creature. She turned the many dull brass door knobs, of the rickety rotting doors, lots of rooms were locked, she managed to find one of the bedrooms unlocked, it looked to have been a boys room, with an old dusty train set under the window, she got a blue shirt and dark blue shorts out from the ancient, oak wardrobe, that looked as if it were about to fall apart.   
When Lucy got back to her room she could not find the little guy anywhere, not knowing it was a game, he jumped out from hiding behind the door she thought it was funny, and began tickling his belly when she was getting him dressed, the cuter he was being, the more she loved him, and the more she loved him, the bigger, and stronger he became.  
 After a very short time he was no longer a little guy, and was big enough to have changed from a cute and chubby baby-like creature to a scary, aggressive monster. Lucy ,still with much love and care for this increasingly ugly creature, went to lift him. He turned swiftly. He sunk his pointy, sharp teeth into her arm, threw his head back and cackled with delight.  
The zombie boy began to explain, “the venom I just injected into your body, will begin to infect your blood stream, and once riddled through your entire body you will eventually collapse.” Lucy began to sob, “ Fantastic ! Just what I was hoping for, master will be pleased.” He scooped up Lucy’s tears and disappeared off through one of the locked doors.   
Being the clever, independent and mature girl Lucy is, her panic inspired her to find answers.  
“First I need to find mum, to make sure she's safe, and I need to know where this egg came from.”  
Lucy began searching, she forced as many of the locked rooms open as she could, breaking most of the old doors and hinges.   
Stepping over the remains of one of the dusty rotten doors, she found some stairs leading to a higher part of the house, she took the stairs two at a time as time was running out for her, she looked around finding loads of boxes, she thought to herself this must be the attic. Each of the boxes had a different name and a number on. Lucy ripped open the first couple of boxes to find they are the property boxes of the children that had previously been fostered here. “They weren't adopted, they have just disappeared, who is this woman?!”  
At this moment Lucy realised that the kind, caring and lovable woman she's been calling mum, in the hope of being adopted, is the reason she's been bitten! The fear of not knowing what had happened to a lot of her friends from the children's home broke Lucy into tears. She ran down the stairs back to her room.   
Waiting in her room was the boy zombie, once again he laughed as he collected Lucy’s fearful tears. “ It wont be long now Lucy. Not long at all. “ boy zombie chuckled. “ once the venom has completely taken over, the Easter bunny will be here to turn your essence into an egg as he did with me.”  
Lucy’s dropped to her knees and wailed out in fear and panic, she was running out of time and had no idea what to do. “ oh, this is great Lucy, all these tears are going to make master so happy.” he stepped forwards to obtain Lucy’s next shed of tears, however this time Lucy flashed into a big, ugly zombie the boy zombie very confused, and a little scared himself, zipped off to the door he kept using, he struggled to unlock the only new and strong looking door in the house, he flew down the stairs behind the door, leaving it unlocked and open  
Down in the basement where the Lucy zombie had followed closely behind him, there lying on the dirty unwashed floor was a very old shell of Lucy's foster mom next to it was a giant, disgusting and blood dripping zombie, drinking the jars of Lucy’s tears. Lucy still flickering between her normal, 10 year old tomboy self, and an ugly enraged zombie self, slammed the boy zombies hand forcing the jar of collected tears to smash to the floor, spilling out on to the shell of her foster mum and melting it into a puddle.   
Realising from the boxes in the attic Lucy knows that her foster mum is in on whatever is happening, so the shell on the floor, doesn’t mean she’s been hurt, or eaten it means, well, it means, this giant zombie IS her foster mum. With the lack of fresh tears and no human form to turn in to Lucy could see that this ugly beast was weakening. Lucy knew she had to take action.   
Every time Lucy flashes into her zombie form she begins ripping a bit of flesh of off the monster, “ you were a fool to think anybody would want to care for all those snot nosed kids,” the nest zombie roared, “ you all so eager to come with the nice smiley woman wanting to shower you in gifts, never any questions, never any second thoughts, it was a genius plan!” with the increasing weakness from the Nest Zombie and the new found strength from Zombie Lucy, she began to overpower this vile blob, the weaker it grew, the easier Lucy found it to rip it to shreds.   
Meanwhile the boy zombie cowered in the darkest part of the basement, under the stairs, in fear of his own safety.   
“You cannot defeat me!” screamed the Nest zombie, in a pathetic squeak of a fading voice.   
Soon there was nothing left but steaming piles of rotten flesh burning its self out.   
Suddenly Boy zombie, transformed into an old friend of Lucy's, “Dylan, is that you? Are you okay?”  
We were told that Dylan had been adopted only a few weeks ago.   
“Lucy, what's going on, how am I back?”   
Lucy quickly realised that Dylan was not adopted, he too was ‘fostered’ by this woman, this Zombie.   
He too must have been bitten by a baby Zombie, and turned into an egg.   
Lucy stood there, the cogs spinning around in her mind like a stormy mill wheel. Why did I not collapse, how did I manage to stop her? She thought.   
Helping Dylan to his feet, she noticed a cardboard box sat on top of the washer, with her name and a big number 10, this is me, this is my life in this box she thought.   
Wanting to see inside this box for as long as she could remember she shot foreword and grabbed the top pieces ripping them apart. Inside was a small woollen rainbow coloured blanket with Lucy woven into the far-right corner. A fluffy, cute puppy teddy, and a little, black leather photo album. She reached in and pulled out the album, she had never seen her parents as she was too young to remember their faces. She opened to the first page, to find a lovely, happy couple holding a sweet baby wrapped in the same rainbow blanket. She slid the photo out of its holder to take a close look and uncovered a secret note;

To our Dearest Lucy,

We were so heartbroken to have to leave you

behind, but we loved you too much to carry on.

We knew one day you would want to know the truth about

what happened to us.

While we were expecting you, only 3 weeks left until we got

to meet our bundle of joy, we were both attacked and

bitten by what we could only describe as a zombie.

We felt ourselves changing, turning evil and selfish. We had

days where we were still filled with love and hope. But also

days we were evil, and anger filled with only selfish

thoughts.

We decided that we had to protect you from us, from an evil

world. We set out to destroy, all the zombies we could find,

and we managed all but one, before our battles made us too

weak to continue. She was the worst of them all, she was

the nest Zombie, instead of changing adults in to these

beasts she preyed on children.

We were lucky enough to meet you and feel your tiny hand

wrap around our fingers. You were as beautiful and perfect

as we had imagined. So pure and full of love. We knew we

had made the right choice.

Unfortunately, this only left us with a couple of hours with

you, and enough time to explain.

With all our love and best wishes.

Your Mother and Father.

Lucy slid down the washer’s front to sit on the floor and broke down into flood of tears. Dylan ran to Lucy to ask what was wrong, Lucy was too upset to talk so just handed the note to him. He read the note in silence. Once he had read it, he felt very bad for Lucy. And looked around to find something to cheer her up. Dylan looked at the album and picked it up, he looked at the first picture and gave it to Lucy. “You were brave and stopped the only guy they couldn’t. They would be so proud of you Lucy.” She smiled at Dylan and they decided to look at the rest of the pictures together.  
Before they knew it, they could hear shouting from upstairs.  
“LUCY!” they could hear “LUCY.”   
Dylan and Lucy jumped to their feet, realising they were still sat amongst blood and zombie parts that were still slowly melting away. Lucy grabbed some clean clothes from the Dryer and washed her hand and face in the sink nearby. Dylan went straight up to stall the people calling. To Dylan's surprise it was the Childrens Home carers.   
“We have had a call from the police that every child that this lady adopted has turned up in different places all over the world, confused and scared. Where's Lucy, she was last to be adopted by her? Wait! Have you been here the whole time?”   
Lucy came up stairs looking as fresh as daisy, but still with blotchy red eyes from all the crying.   
The two were taken back to the Children’s home, they were very nervous because, as they were leaving the police were entering the zombie’s house.   
Dylan and Lucy stick together like glue, and keep their heads down until they finally hear the police arrive to tell the carers their findings.   
They listen carefully praying the police did not find the mess in the basement.   
Thankfully the police only mentioned all the boxes they found in the attic for children from lots of different homes, and that it looks as though she had cleared out and left before they had got there.

“ We shall return all the boxes to the rightful children once we have finished writing up the investigation” one of the policemen stated as he closed the door behind him.  
Dylan and Lucy sighed with relief, and stood staring at each other knowing they were in this together and would have to keep it between them forever now. Dylan knew Lucy was good, and pure, and they both knew if anyone found out that she could turn into a zombie she would be taken away and locked up, or worse, experimented on.