

Twilight War Story

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See this, I lost my left arm in the Great Premier of New Moon. I remember that night. God I remember, it was horrible. I went to the theater to see Zombieland. When I got there the lobby was filled with Twilight fans. I had no idea why such things existed but I waited patiently for the moment when I could get my ticket and escape the horror. As I waited random girls would run after their “Edwards” or “Jacobs”. I would see couples talking about having sex then deciding not to do it. I saw guys who covered themselves in glitter. The sights were enough to make any man sick but the true horrors of the night were yet to come.

I sighed with relief as I approached the ticket booth. I was moments away from escape. There was a cute little thing handing out the tickets. She had her black hair tied up and even though her work clothes covered most of her body I could tell there was something nice under there. I thought maybe after the movie I would ask her out for a drink. She looked like the kind of girl who would enjoy a couple of rounds with a horde of zombies. I approached and politely asked for my ticket.

“I’m sorry sir the only movie we are showing is New Moon.”

“What!?”

She was almost in tears now, “I’m sorry sir. We’ve had to shut down the other movies so we can accommodate all the fans.”

“Tell them the seats are sold out. You can’t do this!”

“I’m sorry. They just... they just won’t leave until they see New Moon.”

I could feel her pain. I couldn’t imagine the pain of being stuck in that booth handing out tickets for New Moon and nothing else. I now had a new mission this night. I had to stop the fans. I started to head towards the theaters when the ticket girl stopped me.

“Don’t go. You’ll never come back.”

“Someone has to try.”

“Take this. It’s the key to the movie projectors. You’ll have to destroy the film. It’s the only way.”

I looked into her hazel eyes, “Thank you. Don’t worry I’ll come back.”

She only smiled back. I took a breath and stepped through the gate. The second I stepped through the fans smelled what I was up to. Suddenly I found myself surrounded by several shirtless guys. They howled and barked at me then I found myself being crushed under the weight of their bodies. I couldn’t believe it, only moments into the battle and I was going to perish. But then I heard voices, voices that weren’t fans. I knew because they weren’t speaking in a soap opera monotone kind of voice. I found myself being pulled from the floor and in the company of friends. Others like me who knew the fans had to be stopped. We made a game plan and headed for the first theater to destroy the film.

What happened when we entered I will never forget. We hadn’t realized the movie had started already and when we entered we saw... God! I don’t know how to describe what we saw. I was quick enough to cover my eyes but others weren’t so lucky. Johnny, poor Johnny, he lies in a bed all day long now, does nothing but mumble to himself anymore. They say there are moments that make you question the existence of God, at that moment I lost all hope. They were everywhere. No matter how many I took down they just kept coming. I screamed out in pain as several of them latched onto my left arm biting down into the flesh. I felt the darkness swimming over me now and I thought I was going to die.

The next thing I remember was waking up in the hospital. What exactly happened between the moment I blacked out and when I woke up I don’t know, I don’t want to know. I looked down at my left arm and saw it was gone. A doctor approached me.

“We had to amputate. If we hadn’t the infection would have spread. You would have become a Twilight fan.”

“You did what you had to do. Doctor please tell me, there was someone in the ticket booth, did you find her.”

“When the rescue teams got there the door to the booth had been smashed down, no one was found. You were lucky almost everyone died in the struggle or became infected.”

“Thank you doctor.”

I know it sounds horrible but I wish she did perish in the struggle. A girl like that didn’t deserve the fate of becoming a Twilight fan, no one does.