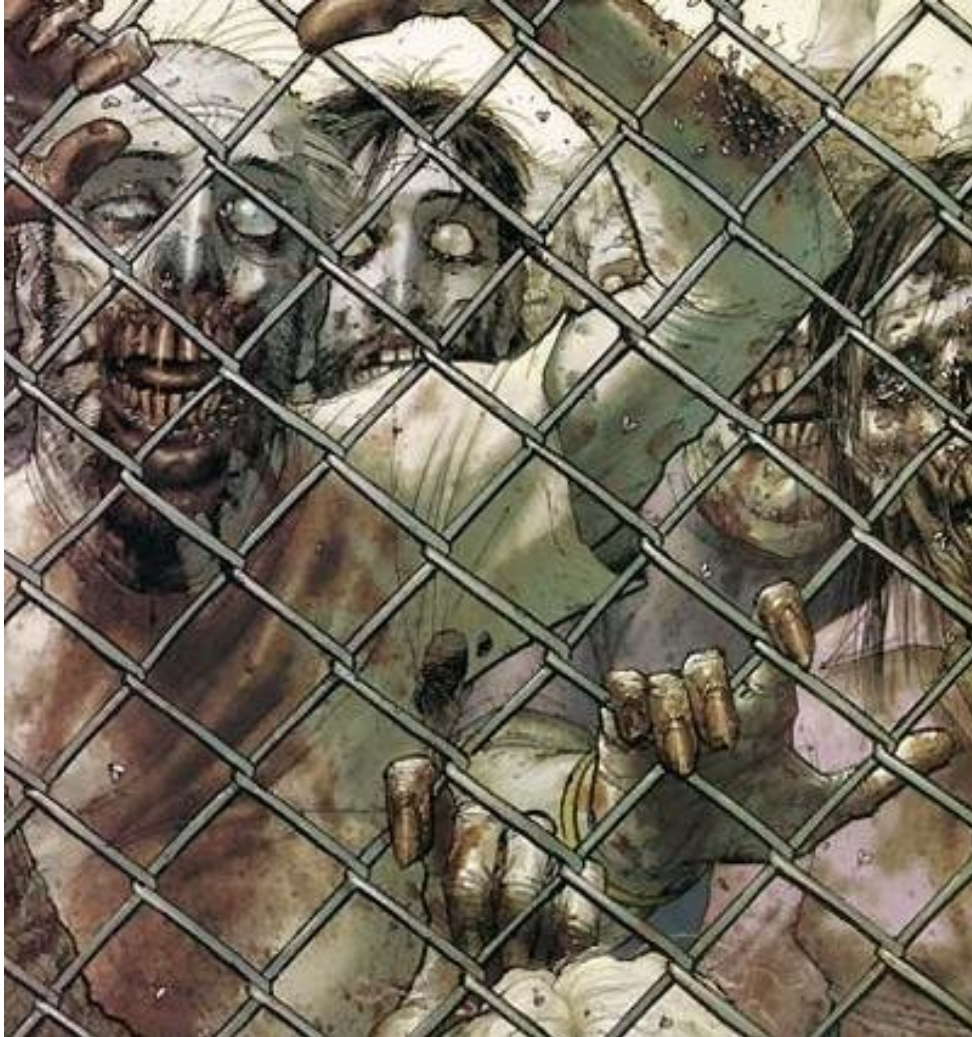


The End



Zombies, drawing, Web image, <http://anythinghorror.com>
Nov. 10, 2010

<<http://anythinghorror.com/2010/04/12/book-review-the-walking-dead-compendium-one-2009/>>

The life of a medical intern is not a glorious one. Monday through Friday, nine o' clock to five o' clock. Nurses demanding copies of this or that chart, doctors demanding hotter cups of stronger coffee. Once, a janitor tried to get me to grab some extra cleaning supplies for him, but unfortunately for him, Dr. Libb walked by and told me he needed me to roll his sleeves up after he washed his hands for a surgery. I was pretty sure you were supposed to roll your sleeves up before you washed your hands, but I didn't complain. That was the first time I was allowed near the operating room in the three months I had worked at Revelation Hospital. That and the fact that I was just a lowly, unpaid intern who, at the end of the day, had to drive two hours to a very tiny house with an empty fridge, a flat couch, a lumpy mattress and broken tv.

I admit that I prayed for something exciting to happen in my miserable life. But you know that saying "Be careful what you wish for." Well, I should have heeded it. I thought my life was miserable then. It's nothing compared to now.

It all started with this article I found in the paper exactly one year ago.

The Fey County Chronicle

Wednesday, December 21, 2011

Dr. Frankenstein at Revelation Hospital

Kelsey Moore
Staff Writer

Dr. Gregory Libb was arrested last night after being caught experimenting on cadavers in the Revelation Hospital morgue last night.

Hospital staff were shocked to find out that Dr. Libb had been conducting these experiments for years but that it had only now been brought to the public's attention.

Head Nurse Judy Lenowitz told this reporter, "Dr. Libb always seemed a bit strange to me. I never did like him personally but he was an excellent surgeon."

Libb is indeed the top surgeon in the tri-state area, but Libb became a quasi-celebrity after the successful open-heart surgery on the Vice President of the United States.

Proof of Libb's oddity came after this surgery when he cheerfully told reporters, "It was a risky case, but everything went smooth as [expletive] through a goose."

On the night that Libb was discovered in the morgue, Head Nurse Lenowitz had tried unsuccessfully to contact Libb at his home in Little Town, which is in southern Fey County,

after one of his elderly patients suffered a bizarre reaction to his recent surgery.

Lenowitz went on to say that she would normally take control of a situation like this where a patient needed immediate help, but as she stated, “The way Mr. Luke was acting was quite frankly appalling. I’ve been Head Nurse here for 30 years and I have *never* seen such violence from a tiny old man.”

An intern in the surgery ward, who asked to remain anonymous, was in charge of looking after Ronald Luke on the day of his attack. According to the intern, Luke flatlined at exactly 12:00 am and the intern covered his face with a sheet.

But when the intern came back from getting the orderlies to take Luke’s body away, Luke was foaming at the mouth and clawing at his own flesh.

The shocked intern said, “There was blood everywhere. He wouldn’t stop hurting himself. And when we tried to restrain him, he bit one of the orderlies!”

After giving this statement, the intern became emotionally distraught and asked to be left alone.

When one of the orderlies brought Ronald Luke’s body down to the hospital morgue, they found Dr. Libb hunched over the brain of a cadaver that was just a few hours old. Libb was holding a scalpel in his hand and was mumbling to himself, according to orderly Francis Amp.

Police were called immediately and they took Libb away. Witnesses say that as the officer pushed him into the cruiser, Libb kept screaming, “I was almost done, I almost had it! Please, let me go, I think I’ve found it!”

What Libb could have been talking about is not yet known, as is his fate concerning the incident.

This article didn’t surprise me as much as it did the rest of Fey County. I worked closely with Libb and I always said that man was insane in the membrane. But no, nobody wanted to listen to me. Libb was a brilliant doctor with lots of framed pieces of paper covering his office walls. I could barely

afford groceries. At first I thought this story had finally brought to light the full insanity of Gregory Libb. But it turned out it was only the tip of the iceberg.

Tuesday, June 19, 2012

Dr. Frankenstein Sentenced Today

Kelsey Moore
Staff Writer

The trial of Dr. Gregory Libb ended today. Libb was tried for malpractice after his patient Ronald Luke died suddenly and horribly after Libb failed to answer emergency calls for him to come in to help.

Libb was also tried for experimenting on the bodies of deceased patients that were scheduled to be returned to family for burial or cremation.

The trial lasted six months because jurors were undecided on whether or not Libb was severely mentally disturbed and therefore not responsible for his actions.

Yesterday afternoon, a close friend finally came forward to testify against Libb and gave the jury

proof that Libb's fascination with dead bodies had been going on for years.

The friend, Jonathan Grant, knew Libb since high school and even after college, they remained in contact.

Grant became concerned after Libb started hinting that he was doing experiments that Libb said would bring about "the greatest discovery in human history."

Grant said he assumed that Libb was talking about a cure for cancer. "I'm ashamed to say that I encouraged him and his research. I just didn't know!" Grant said during his testimony.

Grant testified that Libb was never specific about his research, but Libb kept saying that his experiments would “make caskets obsolete.” When asked whether he thought this statement was strange, Grant responded, “Libb was the strangest man I ever met. But I never thought he was messing with dead bodies.”

Grant tried to convince Libb to get professional attention when Libb’s conversations became more obsessive. But when Libb refused, Grant assumed that it was “a doctor thing. That his

pride wouldn’t allow him to ask another doctor for help,” and Grant didn’t bother Libb again about it.

At this point, Grant became emotionally overwhelmed and could not continue his testimony. But his statements were all the jury needed to make their decision.

Libb will be staying indefinitely at the M.C. Riley Mental Institution.

I tried not to let all this affect me, I tried to focus on getting my schoolwork done on time and getting through the day at the hospital. But in the back of my mind was the thought of crazy Libb and his apparent obsession with dead people. The hospital staff was shaken up after they found out their golden boy was a kook. But in case you were wondering, I was the anonymous intern the newspaper interviewed. I was the one who brought up Ronald Luke and his mysteriously violent self-mutilation. Ever since that incident, I had questioned Libb’s sanity, but I didn’t have any evidence to prove him insane. . . .at least, I didn’t until three months after the interview.

Nobody dared to go into Libb's office after he was taken away, everyone thought it was haunted. You'd think that at least the police would come in and clear out, but this is a small town and small town people are very superstitious. I'm surprised they didn't close the whole hospital down. I was the only one who wanted to find out what the hell was going on with this Libb stuff. Yeah, he was crazy, but crazy people are sometimes dangerous. . . especially the smart ones.

I knew there had to be something in Libb's office that could shed some light on this situation. I tried to start with his drawers, but they were locked, so I went to his desk. There were piles of papers everywhere, there were paper clips on the chair, the stapler was opened wide and sitting in the middle of the desktop. This man's desk was messier than my whole apartment, but I came across this letter.

John,

I think I've done it. I think I've finally found the cure for death. All this time I thought it had to be some kind of chemical reaction that would work, but of course that couldn't be because how could the Z² serum flow through dead veins? It can't, there's no moving blood to carry the serum throughout the rest of the body. I've tried to find a way around that, but the fact is that the subjects have died and will stay dead.

Some may think me mad for doing these experiments, but it has always been Man's dream to know what happens after death. And who better to ask than those who have crossed over? I really don't think people will say I'm crazy after I've published my findings and proven that this can be done. My research is undeniable.

The road to this discovery was long and difficult. First came the Z¹ serum. It didn't work as I had hoped it would. After the injection, the subject would indeed reanimate. It would open its eyes and sometimes a subject would flex its fingers and toes. But then the subject would die again and I discovered that a second injection of the Z¹ serum did not do anything at all.

For years this failure plagued me and I must have gone through hundreds of subjects before discovering the Z² serum, which worked significantly better than the first serum. The subjects would open their eyes, sit up and moan incoherently. The only problem was that the subjects would then begin to self-mutilate themselves and had to be put down.

Since the subjects don't have flowing blood and thus the Z² serum couldn't travel through the body, I've finally created what I'm calling a Z³ inhalant that must be administered along with the injection. The injection will reanimate the subject and the inhalant will prevent the subject from hurting itself. As far as I have observed, the inhalant works beautifully. Subjects no longer resort to self-mutilation, although I have observed some slight violence towards me. My assistant received a bite from one of the subjects and had an alarming reaction. I had no choice but to put him out of his misery. But I'm sure I can work that as well.

Obviously the inhalant must be kept in a container of my design and invention so it won't dissipate in the air. I don't know what would happen if a living subject were to inhale it.

I need to keep doing my experiments to make sure that there aren't any exceptions to my previous observations. But I really think I've got it.

Your friend,
Greg

It was hard for me to believe that Libb had discovered some sort of immortal elixir, considering there wasn't even a cure for cancer yet. This letter was

proof that Libb clearly had been suffering mental delusions for years and he finally cracked. But then again, he was an excellent doctor and scientist and if anyone was going to discover the cure for death, it was Gregory Libb.

Plus, the stuff in that letter matched up with Ronald Luke's bizarre reaction after his surgery, so I couldn't help but believe it. But who would believe me?

After that discovery, I was on edge 24/7, just waiting for something else horrible to happen. Three months later, something did happen. On my way home from work one day, a special news bulletin came on the radio. Apparently a patient had escaped from the local mental institution and even before they said the patient's name I knew it was Libb. I will never forget the way that nutbird screamed when he first got arrested, they played it on a seemingly endless loop for two weeks on the news. It's still ringing in my ears even now and I can't stand it. I had a feeling that he would find a way to continue his research. They should have put two straight jackets on that guy.

Friday, December 7, 2012

Dr. Frankenstein found Dead

Kelsey Moore
Staff Writer

Police were called to Revelation Hospital last night after janitor Daniel Geeter discovered a grisly scene in the hospital morgue.

Geeter says he went down to do his nightly cleaning duties at 12:00 am as usual but what he found was very unusual.

“I couldn’t believe what I was seeing. I mean...where did they all go?” This was Geeter’s reaction when he saw that every single cold storage space in the morgue was empty.

Even more puzzling is the fact that there were no signs of forced entry on the outside of the doors, but clearly something had forced its way out from the *inside* of the storage space in a very violent manner.

To make the situation even more horrifying, Geeter also found in the middle of the room the bloody remains of what has been identified as Dr. Gregory Libb’s body.

The presence of Libb’s body in the Revelation Hospital morgue is strange considering that after the incident last December, extra security measures had been put in place to prevent unauthorized entry into the morgue.

Two extra security cameras were set up as well as an electronic card swipe system on the main entrance to the morgue.

However, the night of this second Libb incident, the guard on duty, Bill Mold, was asleep when Libb entered the security office, stole Mold’s I.D. badge and gained access to the morgue.

Mold’s badge was found among the tattered remains of Libb’s body along with a strange canister-like device. Libb was clearly attacked, but by what, nobody knows.

It has only been confirmed that whatever happened to Libb could not possibly have been done by a human. But no animals are allowed inside the morgue.

An anonymous source inside the police department confirmed that the F.B.I. are now involved in the investigation.

After Libb was found dead, everyone started to die. I believe it all started with those two morgue workers and the police officers that were called to investigate the missing bodies. I think there was a bit of that Z³ inhalant left in the container found on the scene and I think the assistants and officers inhaled some of it. And I think that the infection was slow-acting because it was about two weeks before they finally bit their wives and their children and then they bit their neighbors and the neighbors bit their friends who were visiting from California and the friends flew back to Cali and bit their boss and their coworkers who went home and bit their wives and children.

Every night I dream of what would've happened if I had shown somebody the letter. When I first found it, I was afraid someone would say I forged it to get my fifteen minutes of fame. Every psychologist and conspiracy theorist was putting in their two cents as the whole Libb story played out, I would have been another talking head. But after Libb's escape from the mental hospital, I sent a copy of the letter to the local newspaper. They never

published it. They probably thought it was fake. Forging that letter would have been a pretty lame attempt, though. I mean, you only see nonsense like bringing dead people back to life in horror movies.

Well, now it's real.

It's a miracle that I've survived this long. I'm not the "I Am Legend" type of person. I think my still being alive is a fluke. That's why I'm checking out. I don't want to see dead people anymore and I especially don't want to get bitten. They're all over the place, and they're getting closer. I think they can sense that I'm still alive. I can't stand that.

I've put this scrapbook together for those who are unlucky enough to actually survive this shit. It can be the first history book. I seriously doubt that anyone will survive, though. This really looks like the end.

Violets are blue
and roses are red
Libb spat in God's face
and now we're all DEAD