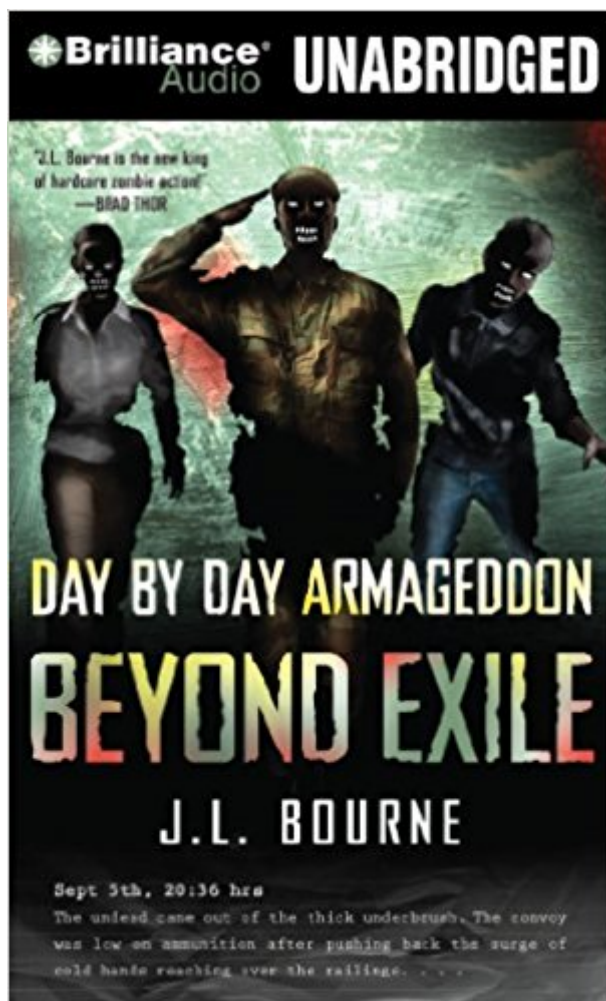




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Beyond Exile (Day By Day Armageddon Series)



Synopsis

START INTERCEPT Armies of undead have risen up across the U.S. and around the globe; there is no safe haven from the diseased corpses hungering to feed off human flesh. But in the heat of a Texas wasteland, a small band of survivors attempt to counter the millions closing in around them. INTERCEPT COMPLETE Survivor, Day by day, the handwritten journal entries of one man caught in a worldwide cataclysm capture the desperation and the will to survive as he joins forces with a handful of refugees to battle soulless enemies both human and inhuman from inside the abandoned Hotel 23. But in the world of the undead, is mere survival enough?

Book Information

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Customer Reviews

J.L. BOURNE is on active duty as a commissioned U.S. naval officer. Born in Arkansas, he resides in Washington, D.C. His previous novel set in the zombie apocalypse, Day by Day Armageddon, is available in paperback. Visit him at www.JLBourne.com before the online servers rust out of post-apocalyptic existence.

Aftermath23 May0057I started feeling physically better the day of the twenty-first. The attack from the raiders had really busted me up. I got out of bed, drank a gallon of water (over the course of a few hours) and stretched a bit. I asked John what it looked like topside. He didn't want to say much of anything so I followed him up to the control room to look for myself. The previous night John had rushed out in the darkness and pulled the bag off one of the cameras and dashed back

inside. There were undead about and he didn't wish to be out for long amongst them. More undead inhabit the area around where the fence was damaged. They are like water, flowing to the point of least resistance. My painful burns are healing, but they were not that awful to begin with. Just a few blisters on my face and other places. Our victory in the last encounter with the insurgents was largely due to chance. What if they hadn't been convoying cross-country with a fuel truck? We would have probably been executed, unable to overcome their numbers. Outnumbered not only by the undead but by those who wished us dead. I feared the insurgents nearly as much as the creatures. In theory they could at least outstrategize us by putting their heads together and brainstorming on ways to force us from this compound. We do not know how many tingos remain; however, I am sure they still dwarf our numbers.

On camera number three I could see the charred bodies of men walking about the wreckage of the diesel truck and trailer . . . Men that I had killed. That night we went outside and put them down. To avoid muzzle flash, I snuck up on them from behind in the darkness with NVGs, selected single fire on my carbine and popped them in the back of the head with the barrel almost touching the skull. After every depression of the trigger I saw them react to the noise and start moving toward the sound, blind in the darkness. They could still hear, even though many of them had nothing that resembled ears. I repeated this seventeen times before they were all laid to rest. We noticed that three vehicles had not been harmed badly in the fuel blast from the other night. There was a Land Rover, a Jeep and a late model Ford Bronco a hundred yards from the charred grass zone. John and I approached with caution. Upon closer inspection I discovered that both of the Jeep's front tires were blown and the window glass was spiderwebbed and concave. Fifty meters farther were the Land Rover and the Ford. As I approached the Land Rover, I noticed that it appeared to be in very good condition and had no previous owners inhabiting the interior. Bonus. John and I walked up to the door; I opened it and checked the interior more closely. It smelled like pine, probably from the tree hanging on the rearview mirror. We got in and carefully shut the doors just enough for the latch to catch. I reached down to the ignition and turned. It roared to life. I suppose I would leave the keys in it too in a world like this. I looked down at the flimsy plastic tag on the key. It read: Nelma's Land Rover of Texas. I suppose the marauders had acquired this vehicle after everything collapsed. The gas tank was three-quarters of the way full and it had three thousand miles on the odometer. Not even broken in. I put the vehicle in gear and sped off back toward the perimeter fence of the compound. When we neared the raider-covered cameras we got out and took turns pulling the bags off them while the other covered. The hole in the fence was about the same size as the length of the Land Rover. I didn't feel like doing any fence repair tonight so I brushed up on my parallel

parking skills and maneuvered her in front of the fence gap to discourage any of our cold-blooded amigos from getting inside the perimeter. John climbed out the passenger side; I climbed over the console and also climbed out the passenger side. I hit the lock in the door and slammed it shut, putting the key in my pocket. Who was I kidding? I'm still not leaving the keys in it.¹²⁴⁸ I woke up a couple of hours ago after another painful, sleepless night. My blisters are starting to pop, causing some respectable pain. I have a few blisters around my eyes where my skin was unprotected by my nomex gear. The lump on the back of my head is starting to shrink, and more recently I am noticeably sorer than I was right after my little incident with the tanker. This is a good sign. I am healing. I have given up on the internet. It is down for the count. The websites that I had been checking to test things out are down, i.e., military bases in the four corners of the United States. No internet activity. It is probably safe to assume that if anyone is out there to log on to the net, it won't matter. The backbone is shot and it looks like all the IT guys are out to lunch for the next hundred years. The Land Rover has GPS navigation. I went out to check things over and it appears the GPS is only acquiring three satellites for purposes of position finding. I don't know how long those satellites will remain in orbit without ground control station support as well as the birds we are using to take photographs. We are fast approaching the Iron Age. I keep fighting off the mental urge of self-destructive behavior. I don't mean this in a "wrist-slitting" way; I suppose I'm just feeling the need to take more risks because I'm tired of being in this predicament . . . but so is everyone else, so I remain. Heading out in a bit with John to attempt to quietly repair the downed fence.^{24 May 2344} John and I repaired the fence with the scrap metal and parts left over from the debris from the raider attack. We also retrieved the Ford Bronco. It had four full gas cans in the back. I filled the Land Rover up with one of the gas cans in the event we would be using it in the future. I don't know why I didn't think of this before but I had totally forgotten about the aircraft throughout all of this. I remembered just as John was pulling up in the Bronco. John and I went to the tree line to see if it had been tampered with or possibly damaged by stray fire. It was just as I left it. The foliage I had placed on the plane to hide it was withered and brown, making it stand out a little. John and I gathered more branches, improving the overall camouflage of the aircraft before we left it to its solitude. The undead in this area have been scattered. The marauders neutralized many of them as they herded them back and forth around the compound. The cameras only show a few stragglers at the front blast door. The rock-bearing freak is still shambling about there and has been for over a month. It is banging on the blast door, marching to the beat of its own drum. The empty missile silo is a mess; John and I don't even want to bother with it. I don't know what is

causing these things to get up and walk around after death and I don't wish to be shuffling around down there and accidentally cut myself on an infected jawbone. If I had a cement truck, I would fill up the fucking hole and just forget about it.28 May1851We are still alive, but our scenario echoes of those that were in the hospital on life support before all of this happened. They were living on borrowed time, doomed to die. We are one and the same. Eventually the averages will catch me. It's the when that is the real clincher.I wouldn't mind getting my hands on another fuel tanker (and not blowing it up) so that we would have fuel for any expeditions we may need to undertake. I could park it a safe distance from the compound, learning from the raiders' mistake. It would definitely be worth the risk to have an overabundant source of gasoline. I am not sure how much those tankers hold; however, I am sure one of them would supply enough fuel for our two vehicles here for an extended period. Finding one should not be that difficult, as we could cherry-pick one from the interstate up north a few miles.2105More code language on the radios. This time they are switching the frequency every minute to what I assume is a planned order. Good COMSEC.31 May0118I cannot sleep. Tara and I talked for a few hours today. I feel like I have no more purpose, and I'm not alone in this. Many of us miss normal, we miss when punching a clock and doing a job was boring. At least before all of this happened I had a job and goals. My only goal now is to stay alive. The adults got together today in the recreation room and drank some rum and had a good old time. I almost forgot about our situation in my alcohol-induced euphoria. I needed the release. We have been eating the compound's packaged meals since our arrival here. I would like some variety in my diet but shopping is getting more dangerous by the day.It has been Memorial Day for an hour and a half. Tara and I went outside yesterday to pick some wild Texas flowers as sort of a memorial to everyone we have lost. I personally don't think there are enough flowers in the world. It pains me to no end to think of my mother and father walking the hills of our land like those creatures. I'm almost tempted to go home, just to see for myself and put them to rest like a decent son should.Laura's schooling is coming along. Jan asked me to teach Laura some world history since I enjoyed it in my former life as an officer. Laura's eyes grew wide when I told her the stories of how the United States came about and how men walked on the moon and such. She has never known a world without smart phones, HDTV or the internet and she's far too young to have ever seen Schoolhouse Rock. I'd give just about anything to be sitting in my living room on an early 1980s Saturday morning singing about being just a bill, sittin' on Capitol Hill. I feel a bit of guilt that she has no peers and that there is no little boy to pull her pigtails in school.I really need my sleep as John an... --This text refers to an out of print or unavailable edition of this title.

Book Review by Val Dobbins J. L. Bourne's *Day by Day Armageddon*, published in 2007, is a zombie horror novel told in a unique diary entry format. J.L. Bourne is a science fiction writer and an active duty Naval Officer adding authenticity to his protagonist's military background. While major character development and symbolism are used effectively in this book, it lacks minor character development because it is told in the first person. J.L. Bourne effectively communicates that the meaning of life may only be preserved through our own humanity, and the conflicts the protagonist encounters challenge him to make decisions that reflect his evolving morals. The protagonist is a military pilot who "Starts keeping a journal [for a] New Years Resolution" (Bourne 3). He documents the daily events that unfold even as an outbreak causes the dead to rise. After surviving for weeks, the protagonist becomes desperate for supplies and a simple task to gather food turns into a fight for his life as he is forced away from his home. His journey for a new home introduces him to a handful of interesting characters who together search for a new haven. But as the group grows in size so do the chances of their demise. *Day by Day Armageddon* is told from the first person point of view and it is no surprise the major characters are well developed to make them more relatable. In one instance the protagonist, lying injured on a cot, and being treated by Jan, an ex nurse, says, "I was medically attended to by Jan[,] she thought stitches were a good idea" (Bourne 177). Although this act was carried out by Jan because of her medical training, it was as helpful to the protagonist as it was to her stay mentally stable. By using her professional skills, Jan is keeping herself sane and saving a life is a morale booster and a way to maintain her humanity. John is another character who is emotionally unstable throughout the story and to calm himself down he tries to contact other survivors by radio. The protagonist recalls a time saying, "Whatever keeps his spirits up I suppose" (Bourne 121). With high "spirits" John shows that with faith comes productivity and in this case it leads him to make the humane decision to contact the other survivors. All in all, the development of major characters as ethical, human beings is crucial to understanding the theme in this story and J.L. Bourne effectively accomplishes that goal. Another way J.L. Bourne expresses the need to retain humanity is through his use of symbolism. In order to protect the group the protagonist brings John, who is typically a gentle person, to practice shooting a gun. The protagonist knows this and he tricks William into thinking the gun is loaded and as he pulled the trigger "[The rifle] went high and to the right" (Bourne 118). William was not a soldier nor did he have any training with a rifle and his action shows that he is still trying to grip

what little humanity he has left. The symbolism shown here creates a conflict for William as he now has to choose between ignorance or losing a little bit of his humanity to hopefully improve his ability to survive. Another example of symbolism is when the protagonist is stuck between a horde of zombies and a 100-foot fall. He says "I almost F***ing lost it" (Bourne 84) In this one instance, Bourne stresses the importance of being sane during a tough decision. In this case it is particularly difficult to not break down because the protagonist's life is at stake, but uses his humanity and air force training to survive the encounter. The way Bourne injects symbolism into the story effectively portrays humanity as a high issue. "Even in the best of lives, mistakes are made" (Joseph J. Ellis), or in this case, good stories have faults. Despite being an overall excellent novel, minor character development needs improvement. From a first person perspective, it is impossible to learn anything from new characters unless the protagonist talks with them and learns about them. For instance, a group of individuals is attacking the compound at which he is staying and he calls them a "Rogue group [of] marauders" (Bourne 197) The protagonist reputedly calls the intruders "marauders" and goes into little further detail about them. The first person perspective limits the knowledge of the reader to the protagonist's thoughts alone and in turn, the "Rogue group" is yet another underdeveloped band of characters. Most importantly, this book lacks descriptions of other survivors. For instance, the radio the group uses to communicate to the rest of the world, picks up multiple responses from other survivors but when the protagonist goes to describe them he must use their voice alone for he has never seen them. One time he says, "It was a small human voice coming from the radio" (Bourne 121). The lack of description makes the story less dramatic. In turn, The book is less enjoyable to the readers. In conclusion, the minor character development hinders Bourne's effectivity at portraying the theme. On the surface Day by Day Armageddon is an a suspenseful thriller, but on a deeper level the book conveys an important message about the humanity within oneself. If you are interested in stories with intricate plots and zombies then Day by Day Armageddon is for you. Overall this story was intriguing and kept my attention from start to finish and I recommend to all zombie fans.

J.L. Bourne has me captured! His descriptive powers, brought me into a story that is beginning to get more intricately well weaved together. New ppl, more responsibility to the new members. Wait till you find out who they are! A trip becomes a disastrous and I'll say only 1 person survives, guess

who? Not telling LoL. But he has unexplained super technology suddenly at his disposal. But the technology comes, they find out, from unfriendly sources. Book 3 is gonna be in my face in 5 minutes. I liked the story but some times it's best, to keep characters, not kill em off. But I'm just 1 opinion. And there's nothing wrong with the good surviving with main character's too.

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Loved this book. This is one of my first experiences in apocalyptic fiction from maybe half a decade ago? Shame on me for not leaving a review before now...I haven't read many novels that are written in a journal entry format; in fact, this might have been my first. That being said, it was a unique experience that allowed me to connect with the lead character in a way that I had not experienced before. The story was well crafted and the journey of the protagonist was well developed. Bourne had me hooked with the first DBDA and then again with his Tomorrow World series. I highly recommend all of his work.

I love zombies. I'm a grown adult and truly believe I was born for the zombie apocalypse (I'm a dork and proud of it).As I have searched for books to read, most of the zombie / end of days books are fan fiction. While this is great, it also usually means that the writers lack an editor. I've found that a lot of zombie books written by independents / amateurs can be boring, cliché'd, or poorly written (grammar, plot mistakes etc.)I couldn't put this, or its sequel, down. I loved this book. This is my second favorite book, WorldWar z being my first.Written from the first person perspective of a military person it was very believable. Minimal grammar errors, a plot that kept me interested.Once in a while you find a book that you end up reading in 2-3 days that normally would take 1-2 weeks; this is that book.

[this review may contain spoilers] In the first book Bourne did something really different by taking away the drab story of regular joes surviving the apocalypse on pixie dust and fairytales and replacing it with the story of an able bodied individual with military training and survival knowledge. Got me really interested with the whole journal thing and kept me interested with intense descriptive action sequences. Then in book 2 (this one) Bourne completely blew his realism to smithereens and started to loose me (my interest) a bit with the reaper following him and some secret government agency helping him survive then like many others he lost me even more when he wrapped up the entire story in 5.3 seconds. Then I read about CHANG..... I literally went back a few pages to make sure this was intended to be part of the story. I momentarily thought I was reading a preview or

something for a different book. It was so random and out of nowhere that it did not fit. I get the idea of trying to start the zombie apocalypse in a way that hasn't been done before... But really?? That's the route you chose Bourne? I was so disappointed in this discovery I contemplated not even reading the third (possibly skipping to the fourth) but I feel like I have to just to put this poor story to rest since its rushed, left field, ending in this book. I'm sorry Bourne but you just didn't get it right here. On a positive note, looking forward to "Tomorrow War"

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