

L.R. BURKARD

AN EMP  
SURVIVAL THRILLER

Book Three

Bonus  
Chapter

# DEFIANCE

## BATTLE THE DARK

"Action, adventure, and suspense will captivate readers!"

—MARK GOODWIN, author of *The Days of Noah*

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This is a bonus chapter to the book, *DEFIANCE: BATTLE THE DARK*, by L.R. Burkard

Book Three in the PULSE EFFEX SERIES.

# BONUS CHAPTER

## TIFFANY

When Tiffany Patterson and Jamal George Washington left the compound, they hoped to return shortly, and to accolades. They were brave, weathering the lawless land to bring back much-needed supplies. Tiffany wanted things from her abandoned house—kitchen ware, hygiene items, clothing—things she'd been forced to leave behind when the Martins first brought her family to their homestead. Also, she wanted to please Andrea—and what better way than to bring clothing, jewelry, makeup and other baubles from their past life? Trinkets weren't important nowadays compared to food and shelter, so what teenager wouldn't see the love involved in acquiring them simply for sheer pleasure?

Learning that baby Lily was only her half-sister was hard on Andrea. Tiffany wasn't proud of it, but Lily was hers, a beautiful young life, a consolation prize, you might say, for the unhappiness of the marriage she'd endured for almost two decades.

Andrea, she thought, would understand how risky this journey was. She'd appreciate that Jamal was willing to take this risk just to please them. There was more to it than that, but Andrea needn't know it. Tiffany hoped that, when they returned with wonderful supplies from their home, it would silence the resentment Andrea felt towards Jamal. Towards herself, too.



Jamal Washington knew shortly after meeting Tiffany Patterson that she was in the market for a new husband. He'd lost his wife to illness made worse by malnutrition after the pulse. He was lonely and found Tiffany's not-too-subtle interest much to his liking. Evangeline still ached from the loss of her mother. She needed a woman to care for her.

Still, when Tiffany asked him about making the trip back to the Patterson's plat, he hadn't been so stupid to think they'd have an easy time of it. He was no gunman—but he packed a single pistol that he'd owned for decades. It had been his father's. They left early in the morning, and he hoped to be back before sunset.

They reached the plat, but never made it to the house. A gang of marauders dressed in dark clothing and war paint, whooping and hollering like savage Indians, converged around them on the road. Though

Tiffany and Jamal were on horseback, they hadn't moved fast enough—gang members grabbed the reins of the horses and quickly brought the pair to a stop.

Tiffany thought her heart would burst, it beat so hard. Jamal made the mistake of yanking out his pistol. It was a mistake for two reasons: the first being he was clumsy and slow doing it. The second was that, as soon as the gang saw the weapon, two of them pulled him off the horse, while another raised a club and struck him forcibly in the head. He fell to the ground and lay there motionless while a red splotch appeared around his skull. For a split second he glanced at Tiffany; then, his open eyes stared, unseeing.

Tiffany sobbed.

A man she assumed was the leader approached. "Don't hurt the woman!" he snapped. Tiffany hardly cared. She stared at Jamal's body, feeling her blood was turned to stone. She'd caused Jamal's death. As sure as the sun would set, she'd caused it. He'd tried to talk her out of the trip. She'd promised to share his cabin with him and Evangeline upon their return, which is what made him risk it. His death was her fault!

The leader came up to Tiffany, eying her with undisguised curiosity. He looked down at Jamal. "Was that your husband?"

She shook her head.

"Good." He turned to the gang. "At least you didn't make this lady a widow." The group tittered, but Tiffany felt bile rise in her throat.

"Someone else already did that!" She tried hard to suppress tears. The leader raised his arms to her where she sat on the horse. "C'mon, let's get you down from there." He didn't sound dangerous or crazy—that was something. Tiffany allowed herself to be helped down—what choice did she have? Like Andrea, she had dark hair and was petite—a mere five feet two inches. The man easily swung her from Rhema's saddle. He looked down at her appreciatively.

"I'm Walt," he said.



Thanks to the fact that Walt instantly took a liking to her, Tiffany was protected from harm. In a week, she was practically part of the gang. Walt questioned her exhaustively about how she'd survived since the pulse. She had to protect her children by keeping the compound a secret, and so she carefully skirted around mentioning it.

It wasn't difficult to make up stories of how she and Jamal had survived—she drew on accounts she'd heard from the Philpots, and Cecily and even Roper. She'd done a lot of wrong things in life, such as having an affair, even leaving the compound the way she did—it seemed so foolish, now—but she wouldn't add to it by bringing this gang their way.

She'd left her children—even baby Lily! But she swallowed her sorrow and put up a brave front, never giving a hint of having family that had survived. The lying came easy, because she could never let Walt and his gang know about the compound. The way they'd killed Jamal—and worse, what they did to people who were peacefully trying to get by in their homes—it was more than enough to keep her lips sealed.

She was with them when, at one home, the gang brutally killed the occupants, a scared older couple who surely would not have put up a fight, to confiscate their provisions. It was all she could do not to protest, but she was growing accustomed to hiding her disgust, forcing her brain to quiet down and her stomach to stop churning. When Walt spotted a green knit hat in the closet and placed it gently upon her head, she left it there, despite wanting to throw it back in his face.

“Brings out the green in your eyes,” he said. She forced a smile. She would play along, let Walt think she was softening to him, but all the while she was watching and waiting for a time to escape.

Unfortunately, it never came.

Shortly after raiding that couple's cabin, as soon as they'd gone through the food, the gang moved on to a nearby homestead. This one had dogs—they shot one, poor thing, even before laying eyes on the house. Then, they discovered the inhabitants were armed! Tiffany was shocked when Walt ordered the gang to take them on anyway. As some of the men fell, she silently rejoiced—it would make her escape easier with less men to pursue her. There were other women in the gang, but they hadn't shown much interest in her, and Tiffany was sure they'd be happy to see her go.

The cabin was shockingly strong—fortified somehow, Walt said—and resisted the destruction the gang usually inflicted on dwellings with axes, crowbars and hammers. When at least six of their men had fallen, maybe more, she couldn't be sure, Walt finally okayed a retreat. But just after she'd turned to leave, a lone, final shot rang out. It hit her in the left shoulder, not far above the chest.

In more pain than she could believe possible, she was carried out by Walt and two other gang members to the nearby abandoned home where the elderly couple had lived. One of the women was kind enough to stop the bleeding and dress her wound, but Tiffany had little hope of surviving.

She deserved this. She'd caused Jamal's death. She'd had an affair and hardly mourned the death of her husband. She deserved this, alright.

Walt left her there with strict orders to stay put until he returned. Was he kidding? She couldn't go anywhere. She was weak and wanted to die. When she realized the whole gang was leaving, she choked back a dry sob, shut her eyes, and asked God to take her.

Walt had said he wanted to return to that cabin where she'd been shot. He was determined to loot the place, sure it must have great resources—why else would it be so well protected? He also wanted to “take care” of the occupants. They'd promised not to shoot if the gang left, and they'd broken that promise. Plus, a gang member's cousin had been killed during the attack.

Walt had a shred of decency and left Tiffany with food and water—enough for a few days. And he promised to come back for her. But she hoped he wouldn't. She hoped, if he did, she'd be dead by then. His ruthlessness repulsed her, his nonchalant attitude toward violence. It seemed ironic that he was angry at the people who'd shot her. He didn't hesitate to shoot people when it suited him.

She thought two days had passed—she couldn't be sure, as she was in and out of consciousness—when she felt a little stronger. She'd been able to eat only the bare minimum, but suddenly she felt ravenous. The gang had left her packaged nuts and a few granola bars. She ate half, and drank nearly all the water. Still weak from blood loss and the wound, she knew she had little chance of getting back to the compound, but suddenly it occurred to her—this was her chance! The opportunity she'd been waiting for. She must try.

Not a single gang member had returned, including Walt. Maybe they were all dead!

As she got unsteadily to her feet and stuffed her pockets with the few provisions left, she had one thought. *All I have to do is make it back to the compound.*

That was all she had to do.



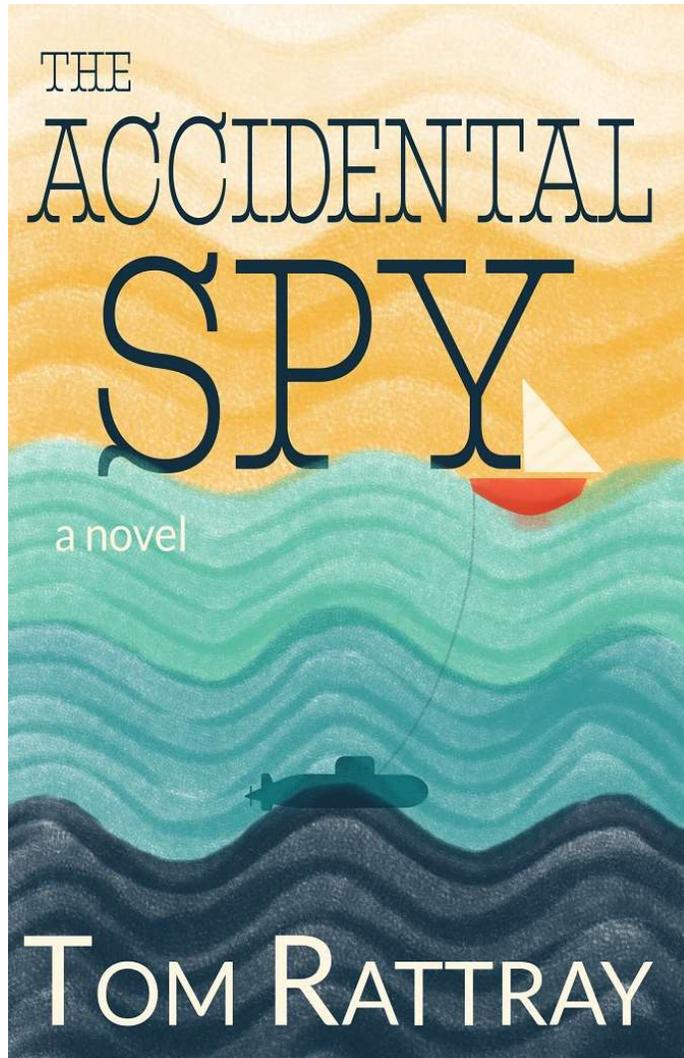
**Author's Note:** This chapter will not be published in *DEFIANCE*, ever. It is a bonus chapter that *only* subscribers to my list can access. Thanks for reading the series, and I hope you enjoyed this answer, though it is brief, to what happened to these characters. We don't see Tiffany's full story—we still don't know if she ever makes it back to the compound—but I hope it nevertheless gave some closure as to her fate.

I'm not planning on adding to the Pulse Effex Series at this time; but if I do, rest assured. Tiffany's journey and subsequent fate will be revealed!

Love,

*Linore*

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



L.R.(Linore Rose) Burkard is an award-winning author, speaker, and publisher, best known for Inspirational Regency Romance. Her first novel, *Before the Season Ends*, opened the genre for the CBA. How did she go from writing sweet historical romance to apocalyptic fiction? After learning how a solar flare came within a hair of hitting the earth in 2012, an event that might have caused a catastrophic EMP, she wondered, what would life be like if it *had* hit? Who would be ready for it? And who would be more devastated than today's young people, raised on electronics? The idea for *Pulse* was born, not only for entertainment, but as a cautionary tale.

Raised in NYC, Linore is a *magna cum laude* English Lit. graduate of CUNY. She now lives in Ohio with her husband and five “mostly homeschooled” children, where she enjoys writing, art, movies, church, and teaching workshops for writers.

See more of Linore's books at her website: <https://www.LinoreBurkard.com>

*Have you posted a review of DEFIANCE? Please do! [Here's the Amazon link](#), but other places to post reviews or recommendations are Facebook, B&N.com, Instagram, and Goodreads. If you enjoyed the series, I'd really appreciate it if you could take a few minutes to tell about it.*

*Thank you!*

