

Brad's Bad Day



Brad was having a rough day: Three zombies – reanimated corpses that fed on the flesh of live humans – were stalking him. Oh, he was much faster than they were, but they never seemed to need to rest. And no matter where he ran and hid, they somehow always found him. Thus far, he had managed to escape, but not by much. Now, he'd run pell-mell through a deep, dark woods, backtracking half a dozen times – enough, he thought, to confuse a coon dog. As night fell over the countryside, he huddled in a ravine, listening for the sound that trio from hell made. It was a horrid noise, indeed, sort of like a leopard eviscerating an accordion. When he heard a nearby church bell strike midnight and his body was as cold as the ground on which he lay, he charily got up and peered around. There was no sign of them. At last, he'd lost those monsters! Exhilarated but exhausted, he made his way back home. Again, he warily checked to see if he had been followed. But he was quite alone, and the neighborhood *felt* safe. Brad unlocked the back door, slipped inside, quietly closed the door and engaged the two deadbolts. He slumped against the door, breathing a sigh of relief. In the dark, he felt along the wall for the light switch, flipped it on ... and screamed. The zombies were standing not three feet away! This close to them, he noted how their putrefying skin radiated a sickly purple hue. “*Nnnnggg*” – there was that ghastly accordion sound again! And then, as one, they reached inexorably for him.