

Zombie Descriptions and Scenes

Compiled by TexasZombie

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WARNING Some language and ideas herein may be offensive to some. Horror, by its very nature is, well, horrible. Some horrible things are described below.

Exercise personal responsibility and read at your own risk. Or, if you're concerned about it, DON'T read it and go your way in peace.

These zombie descriptions and scenes were posted on the Eden Studio's discussion board for their All Flesh Must Be Eaten role playing game (<http://p205.ezboard.com/fedenstudiosdiscussionboardsfrm3>) back in late 2004.

As requested by various posters, I've compiled these items. Some have been edited for grammar and content, and some have been moved from their original posting locations (i.e. zombie descriptions that ended up in the scenes thread were moved to the zombie description thread).

If I've messed up your handle, or you think I've blotted your entry entirely, let me know and I'll get it fixed as soon as possible.

Entries are roughly in chronological order, and I've made no attempt to group postings by individual author (i.e. one author may have multiple entries).

Blupe

"A zombie shambling even slower than normal, due to his pants being down around his ankles. Over his head is a plastic bag, still tied around his neck with a shoestring..."

SJV

You see a zombie dressed in an old and worn trench coat sitting on the edge of a fountain with something cupped under one arm. There's a metal cane propped up on the ledge beside him. He's taking small bits out of the thing under his arm and dropping it onto the ground where a few pigeons slowly peck at it.

Closer inspection reveals that the item is in fact a severed head and the stuff he's dropping are bits of brain matter. The pigeons are also zombies.

SJV

You see a zombie slowly shambling around. What remains of his hair looks like it was blonde, but is now matted with dirt, blood, and other grossness. He's wearing an "I'm With Stupid" shirt. It sees you and looks almost as though it gets a look of recognition on its face and seems to smile. Suddenly, a noise causes you to turn to stare into the glazed eyes of a zombie with blonde hair, looking exactly the same as the other zombie, wearing a shirt that says "Stupid". This one however, is much closer.

TheRedFear

A male shambler approaches you. What's most startling perhaps is that he's wearing a pair of lacey thigh high stockings, thong underwear, and nothing else. The flesh on its forehead is rotted....you can actually detect the wriggling of maggots under the skin, but as you stare, you can just barely make out something written across its forehead in black magic marker. As it draws closer, you can finally read part of it. The rest is distorted by various fluids. It says "edge".

As you walk the streets of Brazil, you hear a sound best likened to a hundred teeth scraping along cement behind you. As you spin around, shotgun cocked and braced, you see....nothing. Until you look down of course.

Something that used to be a woman crawls toward you, dragging crippled(They seem to have been broken in a recent fall, probably down a flight of steps as she fled the new neighbors given to her by the Rise), but heavily tattooed legs behind her. She seems to have hundreds of piercings. Fresh blood seeps from several places on her body were the friction of dragging herself as torn several piercings free. Her face is covered with them. Her eyebrows, her lips, her jaw line, her nose, her cheekbones, and more. Nearly forty piercings on her face alone. The scraping sound is coming from the piercings on her torso.

cloakofshadows

This zombie is wearing a blood-splattered three piece suit (once Navy blue, now sort of a purplish color) with a pastel yellow tie (also now covered in blood, so not so much pastel anymore.) Although his clothes are bloody his shoes are impeccable.

The odd thing about this zombie is that he's clearly been headshot. There's a bullet hole almost dead center in his forehead and a large exit wound where most of the back of his skull should be. His bloody, chunky toupee hangs clumsily down the side of his head. Despite this wound, he continues to shamble.

OneSmallGod

The Cat Lady

Location: Anywhere

Time: Recent Rise - 3 days to 2 months ago

Approaching the group is a lone zombie, relatively fresh, with severe bites up and down one arm and on its face. She is dressed in sturdy outdoorsy clothes, and may even have a fanny pack. Except for the fact that she's dead, she'd look like a pretty squared-away Survivor type.

In her uninjured hand, she's carrying a large plastic cat-carrier from which is coming an enraged feline shriek which rises and falls in time with the zombie's staggering progress down the street.

This woman was trying to escape and failed, possibly slowed by her reluctance to abandon her beloved pet. Said beloved pet is still alive, but clearly not oblivious to the fact that all is not as it should be.

Hooks:

* This is a recent zombie-kill - was she alone? Are there more of her crew of fellow survivors around?

ladyerwyn

...an over the hill man who is balding. His flesh is a grayish white color and his eyes have almost rolled completely back into his head. He is dressed casually and is dragging a philosophy book behind him by a string that is attached to his leg. *on closer inspection the title of the book is "John Locke, of identity and diversity.*

Fergzilla

A male, mid-thirties Hasidic Jew. He wears black trousers and shoes and a white shirt. His hair and beard are unkempt and matted with filth and dried blood and his *yarmulke* is held to his head by a lone hairpin. His face, forearms and palms are a mass of stab wounds.

A pale-skinned, blonde woman in her late twenties. She is pregnant and wears a long, plain, black maternity dress. She wears a gold chain and small crucifix around her neck. She appears to be unharmed but for a

clean, neat hole through her throat.

An obese, middle-aged man in a hospital robe, tied well at the back. He is bald but his skin and eyes have a pronounced yellow tint. The remains of small tubes hang from the inside of his wrist and arms.

DemonofTerror:

...a bucket truck is parked near a utility pole, with the bucket raised. A hardhat lies on the street below, and a zombie can be seen, strapped into the bucket above, still wearing its utility vest and tool belt.

Long after the rise - The cast members, out foraging, since they ran out of toilet paper long ago, encounter a school bus. It sits partially hidden by overgrowth under some trees well away from the road. It appears deserted from ground level, but opening the front doors or looking in the windows will reveal nearly two dozen small, very rotted child zombies, some still with Barbie backpacks on their shoulders. The poor children are *very very* hungry.

Koradin the Shaman

a small girl of about 3 years old, her back is to you while she walks further down the corridor. Her hair is blonde and messed up, she is wearing pink pajamas that looks like they haven't been changed for a few days, behind her she drags a large teddy bear that has one of its legs missing and is coated in dry blood.

MudPupp

old white man with still-weeping human bites all over his forearms, wearing a worn and faded OD green jumpsuit (sleeves rolled-up), and a dirty OD green ball cap with "Anytown Sanitation" patches on them. He has a criss-cross dual holstered harness on, but no pistols (2 full 7 rd .45 mags in his pockets though, along with a Zippo lighter, and keys for LuLu the Garbage truck). His OD web belt has 2 empty canteens, a small aid kit, and a 4 D cell maglite hanging from it. You hear him coming from a distance as you can hear the metal nozzle of the flamethrower (empty) on his back dragging behind him.

- a very attractive, although overly made-up, mid 20's white woman, with long auburn hair, wearing nothing but a silver and black shimmering feathered boa, a black lace leg garter (assorted greenbacks held in place still), a silver anklet and 3 matching toe rings, and one broken black stiletto. She's obviously surgically enhanced, as both overlarge breasts are exposed, one scratched and bleeding slightly, the other deflated and still leaking a yellowish gel tinged with blood. She stumbles along awkwardly, impeded by her one broken shoe and the bites in her calves.

- late 20's Hispanic woman wearing dark blue slacks & light blue s/s shirt "Anytown EMS" on sleeves, "Maria Gutierrez" on her name tag, and a stethoscope hanging around her neck. Her left hand only has her thumb and pinky left; the other fingers are only bloody stumps. Her jaw hangs open, broken and loose and her tongue lolls uselessly. Her utility belt has a pouch that holds EMT shears, rubber gloves, a penlight, and a Gerber-style multitool. A bright blue, light Kevlar rescue helmet with a built in light is strapped to her opposite hip.

- a mid 30's black woman, dressed in a tan business suit jacket/skirt combo with a formerly white blouse which is now covered in the almost dry remains of her savaged throat. A large gold diamond engagement ring adorns her left ring finger. She is still carrying her all leather briefcase, which is hanging open and still contains a modeling portfolio, assorted pens/markers, a sharp nail file, a solar calculator, and her cell phone, which beeps every minute that there are messages waiting to be heard.

- a VERY unattractive mid-30's shaved bald white male wearing a bright orange jumpsuit, with "ANYTOWN PENITENTIARY" in bold black letters on back. Maltese crosses, swastikas, and other racist symbols dominate the numerous tattoos on his arms and exposed chest. His arms are still held in place behind his back by dull chrome handcuffs attached to a waist chain which is attached to the leg irons around his ankles. The jumpsuit

front is in tatters and covered in blood and gore. His intestinal cavity has been scooped clean except for some ragged bit of innards still hanging inside and from the waist chain.

CraigOxbrow

A dark-skinned Caucasian with hair which was slicked back at some point, wearing a heavy dark suit. His back is soaked in now-dried blood from a neat gunshot hole at the back of his neck.

Fergzilla

An ageing and portly man, balding. He is dressed in brown cords, brown leather shoes, a blue shirt and a tweed jacket. He is immaculately clean. His cheeks and nose are flushed slightly red with broken capillaries despite his pale pallor. He has an enormous bruised dent in his forehead and one eye hangs by a thread of gristle.

A tall, young man wears jeans and a hooded top, with a large Yankees baseball jersey over the top. The skin on his face, chest and arms is completely burned away and material and skin have melted together. His hair has been reduced to bristles where any can be found among the large blistered scabbing. His face has become a featureless mass, though the remains of spectacles can be seen melted to the skin around the eyes, nose and side of the head. The eyes have long since gone; a yellow fluid seeps from the sockets. The stench of burnt flesh is overpowering.

Xnbach

(City, start of the zombie crisis)

A balding overweight man, late forties, dressed in black socks, black shoes, a pale blue shirt, and a dark tie. No pants, no underwear. There is a coupon for a local peep show place in his shirt pocket and a large bite taking out of the right side of his head.

(City)

Young women, early twenties, modest clothing. She has a massive skull fracture and all of her limbs appear to have broken bones. She is dragging herself slowly along the sidewalk and leaving a trail of blood that leads back a large impact splatter of blood in front of the tallest building in the city.

(Anywhere)

Old woman, late 70s, looks like a white haired grandmother in a house dress. Her eyes are gone, replaced with swarms of maggots, and she is blindly shambling through the street.

(Suburb or City, start of the zombie crisis)

A group of twelve preschool children bound together by the waist by what amounts to a children's leash, as if they had been going on an outing. They are dragging an adult female arm behind them, attached at the wrist to the leash.

(Country, months after the first wave of undead)

Male zombie, thirties, dressed in a short tight dress. Make-up has been clumsily applied to his face, his nose has been cut off, a bunch of flowers have been stuffed into the wound, and the word "purty" has been carved on his forehead with a knife. The dress is covered in bullet holes and splattered with blood. The zombie is chewing on a muscular male arm with the name "Bubba" and a Confederate flag tattooed on the bicep.

TexasZombie

...male zombie moving slowly along with faltering steps, its blackened lips bent upwards in a good natured and pleasant smile, the smile at least partially due to the fact that its yellowed and chipped teeth are visible because most of his lips and one cheek have been eaten away... the corpse repeatedly swipes at a flap of scalp that keeps falling down over one eye like it's smoothing back its hair...

...male zombie crawling slowly on its gutted belly along the pavement, exposed ribs grating like fingernails on a blackboard... from the knees down the zombie's legs are mostly stripped bone and gristle... its fingers have been worn down to the bone from the endless scrabbling to pull itself forward, and several are missing the last joint...

...female zombie walking in a stumbling shuffle, its movement impaired by a huge canvas backpack loaded with nearly one hundred pounds of canned food... it is wearing a once bright neon blue jogging suit that is now almost black with filth... the zombie's chest is a mangled mass of flesh and exposed bone... the sternum has a single large scorched hole piercing it...

MrsTZ

...McFastFood worker still in uniform with name tag and little hat, covered with what appears to be pickles, hamburger meat, ketchup and mustard...maybe... ambling down the street carrying a spatula... part of a singed scalp is dangling from the spatula. In its other hand is a fry basket with a freshly fried battered severed foot...

...two zombies in jogging suits pressed chest to chest, moving together, stumbling constantly as they trip each other, falling, rising slowly, then falling again after a few more steps... as the zombies approach you can see that the bodies are joined at the torso (both at the left side)... one has a bullet wound in its back but is otherwise unmarked, the second twin's face is mostly eaten away... both are covered in drying blood...

...adult male zombie moving slowly under the weight of the saddle strapped to its back, jaw partially dislocated by the constant chewing on the bridle and bit in its mouth, a "horsehair tail" still protruding from its...aw, you figure it out. Movement is impeded by heavy leather shoes resembling horse hooves that force it to walk balanced on its toes, which is doesn't seem to do very well... one hand is wearing a glove that resembles a hoof also... other than the dislocated jaw and some odd welts on it's...aw...flanks, there are no obvious signs of trauma on its well-muscled otherwise naked body...

...petite rail-thin adult female zombie walking behind the pony-boy zombie wearing only leather chaps, a leather hat, and black boots... the zombie can be clearly heard approaching because of the spurs it still wears... one hand still grips a buggy whip... there are no obvious signs of trauma...

...teenage female zombie staggering along with apparent great effort, wearing white pajama bottoms stained with blood and dirt...its torso is covered by a straight-jacket that binds its arms to its body, making it even less balanced and more clumsy than its fellow dead... hair is blond on one side, black on the other where a large section of scalp and the ear have been torn away revealing the bones of the jaw beneath...a large syringe still protrudes from the zombie's neck, but is empty, it's contents having been previously injected...

TexasZombie

...a naked, slender male zombie, skin mottled green and black, jaw hanging slack, missing most of the skin and about half the muscle mass from its back, dragging a child's tricycle behind it...

...male zombie in forest camo BDUs (non-military on close inspection, no web gear) now stained black with dried blood, upper jaw severed just below its nose by the meat cleaver still lodged deep in the bone...

...elderly female zombie in a quilted nightgown and housecoat and heavy slippers, skin a waxy yellow, lower limbs mottled black from settling blood, ambling slowly down the street... no obvious wounds... no teeth either.

...adult male zombie in blood-splattered Izod shirt and trousers of indeterminate color constantly crashing into other zombies, walls, trees, etc. as it moans nonstop into its cell phone, pausing only to chew on it every couple of minutes... the cell phone beeps when the zombie chews it, which attracts the attention of other

zombies, causing more collisions... this zombie will attack other zombies who attempt to take, or cause it to drop, its cell phone... oddly enough, the zombie is missing both ears along with most of the meat on the sides of its face...

...teenage female zombie, mutilated beyond recognition by dozens of deep bite wounds (the teeth marks are clearly visible) on its face and neck, trapped in a blood-stained glass phone booth, endlessly walking half a step into the glass only to rebound and try again...

...adult male zombie in jeans, tee-shirt and sneakers, flailing its limbs ineffectually as it is carried down the road by a large leopard... the leopard's teeth are firmly embedded in the zombie's skull... if approached, the leopard will climb the nearest tree and defend its prey, which will promptly flail about and fall out of the tree... either way, this zombie is incapable of coordinated movements due to significant injury to its cranium...

...child male zombie in denim shorts and red tank top slapping frantically at the pack of wild dogs that are ringing it, darting in one at a time to nip the corpse... the zombie's legs are covered in bite wounds that have been inflicted after death and all the fingers on its left hand are missing...

Blupe

...in the back of a butcher's shop, a zombie whose flesh has been mostly peeled away, with pretty much only the head and bones left. Fresh jerky is hanging about the room....

Koradin the Shaman

A man in a black suit staggers towards you; he still wears sunglasses that have a cracked lens. His white shirt is stained red and part of his throat is torn out. In his right hand he holds a pistol that he is aiming towards you, you can hear a clicking noise come from the empty gun. A suitcase is handcuffed to his left hand that hangs free from an obvious broken wrist.

BreakdancingZombie

(City, Early Rise)

1) Late 30's African American male. Woodland BDUs and web gear, stained with coppery-red blood form a large bite mark on his upper right shoulder and bicep. He carries an M9 pistol (8 rounds left) limply at his side which dangles precariously from one rigor-mortis stiffened trigger finger. He also has a Kevlar helmet on his head but it had now come loose and hangs by the chin strap around his neck, pulling his head forward, giving his glassy stare and even more sinister tint to it. There is a small tactical radio clipped to his web gear. On the other end someone can be heard to be uttering "Captain, Captain! What's the sit rep? Captain?"

hyperzoom

City street; early morning on the day of the RISE

As you travel through the city's deserted street toward home, you stop as you see some movement up ahead of you and you stop to ID what it is.

A mixed group of "Street-people" and "Homies" are approaching you from up the street. As they draw near, you can clearly see that many of these persons are visibly wounded or injured. Most are stumbling and clumsy as they walk.

Suddenly, the group stops; and you hear a dozen voices issue forth as a low pitched "mmnnnooo". Just as the group starts

a stumbling lope toward you and you turn to run. You can hear them behind you and they are picking up speed as they go.

Fergzilla

A small, slightly overweight Asian boy wearing a local ice-hockey team shirt, denims and trainers. His chest is covered in blood. Despite no apparent injury he appears to be poorly coordinated (even for a zombie) stumbling and dragging his feet. Through his cheek a broken branch is impaled. His teeth chew continuously on the stick and splinters run down his chin and onto his shirt among a bloody drool.

A Caucasian middle aged male, short, wiry build with brown curly hair in a business suit. His face glitters, light refracting of hundreds of tiny splinters of glass. His nose appears to be broken and many tears and scratches cross his face. His clothes are torn and strips of cloth hang from his jacket and shirt. One sleeve is missing from the jacket, and the shirt underneath is ripped.

MudPupp

- a chubby middle-aged white man in a garish multi-colored clown suit (complete with bright pink water-squirting carnation, rainbow wig, and big red bobo shoes) carrying a seltzer bottle in one hand, who is missing his red rubber nose, and his nose that was in it. Bloody mucus still runs from the crater in the middle of his face where it used to be, even as he chews on a small bloody sandal, and the tiny foot inside it. There's a Bic lighter and 2 cigars in one pocket along with a full flask of JD, and another pocket that is full of balloons, if one is so inclined to pat him down.

- late teen/early 20's, well-muscled black male in a black tank top ("400 Club" & "Anytown Gym" on it), green BDU pants, and black combat boots. His right arm has been torn off at the elbow, and he happens to be happily gnawing away on the right forearm of a black male...

- 10-12 y/o white boy with blood-swollen eyes, crossed upwards & looking at an approximate 3" circular dent in his forehead, wearing cleats and a red and white baseball uniform ("Anytown Little League" on front, "Moe's Garage" on back), and dragging a 32" alloy bat behind him.

- late 20's Hispanic male, with short dark hair and a blood clotted mustache and goatee. He's wearing a short sleeve dress shirt and tie, with grey slacks and black dress shoes. The back of his shirt is bloody from the shoulders down and has approximately 20-30 2" slices in the fabric.

- large LIVE Saint Bernard with red harness attached to a 10 foot long leash, dragging a small battered and scraped unidentifiable body, wearing only ragged scraps of bloody clothing, in the road behind it. The dog's tongue is lolling out, and its eyes roll crazily. It is panting heavily from exertion, but whenever it stops to rest the body starts crawling towards it, the dog yelps and starts running again.

DemonOfTerror

Male Caucasian, with long brown hair, wearing medieval styled modern fabrics, and a knights helmet (yes, its metal)... he has a dozen wooden and aluminum arrows piercing his torso, but they are not slowing him down.

A 30 year old bald male, wearing running shoes, jeans, and a grey shirt, with the words "Please Shoot Me!" hand written on it. There is a target drawn on his forehead.

Female Native American, with short black hair and several hooks through her torso. One of them is caught on a fence, and she is struggling to walk.

A nude male Caucasian, early 20's, and completely hairless. He staggers down the street, and his only injury appears to be his completely severed genitals.

Hanging by its foot out of a window of an apartment building, this zombie has numerous bites all over its head and arms, which are close enough to be reached from the ground. It twists and turns, able to hear the Cast Members, but not see them since its eyes are missing.

BreakdancingZombie

1) White female, early 20's in a light pink and white velour sweat suit, and matching running shoes. The bottom of her pants and most of her shoes have been covered in a thick layer of mud and dirt. She has a severe bite wound to the jugular which pulsed a considerable amount of blood down the front and left arm of the sweat suit before she ran dry. Amid the mess in the front of her chest are two mid-sized handgun wounds.

She is sitting inside an ambulance with its back doors wide open and its lights still on. She is thrashing wildly, but has been handcuffed to the gurney she is lying on, and her wrist has been fractured in several places as a result of her protestations. Looking inside reveals a discarded can of mace and a small pool of blood leading to the front cab, where a paramedic with a large chunk taken out of his forearm has taken his own life with a small caliber revolver.

2) Middle Aged Latino male in a still somewhat neatly pressed and starched business suit, cream colored shirt and paisley tie. The sleeves of his coat and dress shirt have been rolled up and his hands are covered with dried blood, although several fingers point at odd angles, obviously broken. His face was apparently burned at one point with what looks like an iron, and one eye has popped, leaving a drying mess on the front of his shirt. There are several tears in his shirt and a bite mark on what is left of his right pectoral.

3) 20-something white male, in track pants and a name-brand T-shirt. He has a backpack on (History and political science, pens, calculator, and CD player are inside) and is wearing a pair of headphones, which are still blaring techno music at an ear-drum bursting level. Several ribs protrude from his chest and internal organs dangle out from a large slash in his midsection. In one hand is a set of car and house keys held in a self-defense grip, and in the other a blood and viscera stained copy of a term paper. Occasionally, as it stumbles around it will moan "Gaaahh tuurr innnnnnn!!!!"

DemonOfTerror

...a Canadian Mountie in full Red Serge. He still has the hat strapped on his head. His wounds are minimal, consisting of a single small bite on his left leg, just below the knee. A riding crop is still in his left hand, and a revolver with five shots left is in his right hand. Close examination will reveal a horseshoe imprint has crushed several ribs, but the mark is invisible through the red coat.

OneSmallGod

The Recruit

Shortly after The Rise

Urban; Near a Recruiting Station

The characters are greeted by the sight of a United States Marine in a still-crisply-pressed uniform (the greens, not the dress uniform - that would be a bit much I think). In life, he was tall and powerfully built, and probably in his late 20's. A closer examination reveals a small-caliber bullet wound in his lower back, with a sheet of dried blood cascading down his back and trousers, staining them almost black.

As the zombie closes for the kill, if any member of the player group gives a good leather-lunged shout of "Atten-HUT!", it will freeze for just a moment to snap to attention, which should give a quick-thinking player a chance to cap it cleanly.

(Ah, the joy of operant conditioning! Perhaps that's the reason the [mostly male] zombies always go for the girl first... Which begs the question, would gay zombies go for the Cute Guy in the group first?)

A Tynam

... a white female in her early twenties staggers a few steps towards you before falling over. It looks as if she's been rolled downhill in a barrel full of grit. Her long black dress is torn and scuffed, her long brown hair hangs lank and matted across her face and shoulders. A pair of strapless high heels hang from her left hand. As she struggles to stand you notice she has no feet, just ragged meaty stumps pierced by fragments of bone. One, two steps and she tumbles over again.

... a vaguely humanoid mound of fat shuffles itself towards you. As you watch its sallow skin tears leaving small gobbets of yellow, blood spattered fat in its wake.

ladyerwyn

...a large woman in a colorful, but bloody muumuu is shuffling down an aisle in the supermarket/department store. Wrapped around her arm is a leash that is attached to a zombified toddler in a \$pongebob t-shirt. It is being dragged along by the much larger zombie. anytime it starts to wander in a different direction it is pulled back and forced to wander in the same direction as the large zombie...

...the beach is full of bloody sunbathers and surfers. There are several zombies wearing bikinis and one piece bathing suits. Some are merely bloody sticks in a suit and some have only one chunk bitten out of their tasty flesh...

...a school bus full of jocks and cheerleaders and they are straining to get out of the bus. They stare at you through the windows and groan. A few feebly attempt to bang on the windows. One cheerleader in particular can be seen. Her white sweater is covered in blood as is her blood hair and the blood continues down her long long legs. She stands at the emergency exit and stars at you with her blank looking eyes...

Fergzilla

A short, balding, middle-aged man with a graying moustache wearing a navy blue suit and tie. He has a large bite wound at the nape of his neck and dried blood is crusted along the back of his suit and around the shirt collar. Impaling the left foot and protruding from the top of one leather shoe is a nail; attached to the underside of the left foot is a short piece of wood that raps loudly on the ground with each step.

A woman in her fifties with curly brown hair wearing a bright red jumper and blue trousers. Blood has settled into the creases of her face from a visible bite wound on the scalp. A piece of the scalp has been torn away taking hair and skin with it. Her trousers are in tatters, and the skin under them looks flayed. A piece of rusty barbed wire is embedded in one thigh.

Craig Oxbrow

(Z-Day or soon after)

A middle-aged zombie in a police uniform lurches out of a crashed and overturned police truck, followed by a teenager with handcuffs dangling from the wrist of his one remaining arm. Anyone looking in the van will find a partially-eaten corpse in a police uniform.

(A more extreme version of a similar theme)

Several African-American zombies in street clothes, all bearing gunshot wounds, walking with one Caucasian zombie with an empty holster on his hip and a shaved head.

A young woman in athletic clothes, a T-shirt advertising a dog-walking service. Several snapped leads are wrapped around each of her arms, and a dead Chihuahua is dragged along by the only unbroken one.

An incoherent groaning coming from the driver's seat of a crashed car. Looking closer, you see someone flailing around, as if trapped, but the windscreen's too cracked to tell if he's alive or not...

A man of unclear age and heavy build, with his jaw hanging loose and most of his face missing from a large blast underneath, like a shotgun under the chin. His skull is fractured and some of the fragments are missing, but most of his brain is still in place.

TexasZombie

...tall lanky male in jeans and a light-colored shirt with pearl snaps covered in dark red fresh blood, his chest peppered with multiple small holes from a shotgun blast, staggering slowly forward on riding-heeled cowboy boots...

...overweight middle-aged woman, neck bent unnaturally to one side, head flopping with each step, her face hidden beneath a bright silver wig... beneath the wig, the corpse is completely bald and even her eyebrows are painted on... numerous large blackened bruises cover the woman's body, which if examined more closely shows her skin to be bloated and covered in small hard knobs...

...elderly male in powder blue jumpsuit pinned behind the steering wheel of his pickup truck which has crashed into a drainage ditch...his face is mottled red and blue... an open bottle of nitroglycerine pills has been spilled on the seat beside him...the corpse is unable to free itself and can only reach from the shattered window of the truck with one arm...

...adult male dwarf in a tailored grey business suit, most of the left side of his face ripped away with such force as to score the exposed bones deeply...the corpse limps badly as it's left leg is likewise shattered at the hip and all of the left-side ribs are broken...

...middle-aged woman in a conservative business suit, dried blood caked around her mouth and the large bread knife protruding from her sternum...

...corpse of indeterminate sex and age, every square inch of skin and most soft tissue missing...the muscle fibers are starting to fray and the corpse reeks of formaldehyde and isopropanol...

...corpse of indeterminate age and sex, skin charred black, burned so badly that its clothing has melted into its body... a thick black ooze is leaking from the bright red cracks along its joints...

...adolescent female, completely coated in dried and caked blood...the corpse flops forward on its arms as its entire body below the ribs is missing...two lobes of its liver drag behind it like stubby flippers...

...adult male, severed head laying beside its bullet-riddled body...the eyes are moving back and forth and its jaws are snapping spastically...

...adult corpse of indeterminate sex, flopping ineffectually behind a large truck, every body below its neck shattered...

Fergzilla

A tall man of late middle-age. He has unusually pale skin and has long tapering fingers that flick ceaselessly. In his chest is a large gaping wound, cut and chewed and ragged. Bone and lung tissue can be seen in this punctured cavity. His clothes are a clash of checks and stripes and streaked, seemingly, with his own blood and gore.

A female pensioner dressed in trousers and a flowery, blood spattered blouse is beset by several crows who peck and tear at her flesh. She is unheeding of their attention. She has curly white hair and pale skin. Both

scalp and skin have large pieces torn from them and both eyes have been plucked from their sockets. Torn lips reveal that her teeth have been lost and her gums glisten wetly in her ruined mouth.

TexasZombie

...blood-covered adult male in casual clothes, blue dental bib still clipped around neck...the zombie's mouth held open by a dental retractor, preventing it from biting...the zombie's eyes are permanently crossed as it tries to focus on the metal protuberances holding its mouth open...it makes the occasional swipe at the retractor but is unable to remove it...

...young adult male zombie moving slowly along the sidewalk, several large bullet wounds piercing its chest and leaving it covered with dried blood...the zombie just doesn't look *quite* right... as it approaches it can be seen that the face of the zombie is covered in bluish-gray greasepaint and its clothing was artificially tattered and smeared with red food coloring...it clutches a crumpled and filthy piece of paper in one hand...most of the writing on the paper is obscured... the only legible part is hand written in blue ink: "...est fan, George A. Rom..." The zombie will not willingly relinquish this paper, even when attacking and feeding...

...middle-aged male, fair haired, most of right arm and leg destroyed by numerous bites and rips, standing rigidly before a brick wall into which it repeatedly slams its head... it has already smashed its nose flat and knocked out its front teeth...

...adult, indeterminate age and sex, lying on the sidewalk in a huge dried black puddle...the zombie writhing slowly back and forth but it unable to move as all of its limbs have been completely stripped of flesh...likewise, its face has been destroyed in the same manner... all that is left are bones, sinews and a few dried scraps of flesh...and the brain...

CthonicEntity

. . . barely rotted male zombie in a slate grey jogging suit, his right leg twisted and blood soaked, a shard of bone poking out of his thigh. . .

. . . a female zombie dressed all in black and with what appears to be a wooden stake driven through its heart. Its mouth is caked with dried blood. . .

. . . a blond zombie, still fresh, hand clutching the handle of a pet carrier in a death grip, inside the carrier something scrabbles and whines weakly. . .

Agent Vesago

A naked deeply tanned blond, wrapped in the torn remains of volleyball net. Her arms are pinned in front of her and most of the meat is missing from them

Two men walking close together. One looks like he's dragging the other with him helping him to walk. Closer inspection reveals them to be conjoined twins. Both are badly chewed up. One has a bullet hole in the head.

TexasZombie

...car engine revving out of control, smoke billowing from under the hood...an adult male corpse is sitting in the driver's seat, both hands on the wheel at 10 and 2 o'clock, right foot to the floorboard, redlining the engine. The car's transmission is in 'Park'. The corpse is not showing any signs of decay but is very very pale... There is no obvious sign of trauma. Within five minutes the engine's roar will become a high-pitched squeal as the engine overheats and seizes with resounding BANG and a billow of black oily smoke. The corpse will continue to sit in the car with the accelerator depressed until the engine ignites and the fire spreads to the interior of the car... after about thirty seconds the zombie, now engulfed in flame, will stagger out of the car and begin staggering

away...after twenty yards it will loose mobility and collapse... the car will burn down to a frame within fifteen minutes...

Zombie Scenes

TexasZombie

...blue two-door compact car with faded paint nose-down in a muddy ditch alongside the road. Numerous imprints of shoed and bare feet in the mud around the car have flattened the weeds into a brown matted carpet. Both doors are open and the rear window has been smashed out, glass littering the area behind the car. The entire interior is covered in dried blood. In the backseat is a baby seat, still strapped in place with the padding shredded and scattered across the area. Just outside the car, a sippy cup with a colorful cartoon character, and a stuffed teddy bear have been stamped into the ground...

...an open suitcase laying the middle of a two-lane state highway, clothing and personal effects scattered around the area. In the grass alongside the road is a rotting corpse, its head shattered by a gunshot to the base of the skull...

...public restroom, buzzing with millions of flies, the stench of rot and \$hit so bad it'll burn your nose. Slumped in one stall, still sitting with its pants down around its ankles, is a male corpse dead from a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head, hand still clutching the large caliber revolver. The corpse is blackened and the hair is starting to fall out as the skin loosens and slips, making the corpse's face resemble that of a bulldog...

...an armored bank car smashed into the side of a burned-out convenience store. The radiator and windshield both appear to have been shot out by very large caliber bullets. Both side doors and the rear doors are open. Dried blood splatters the inside of the truck, the surrounding pavement, and the hundreds of thousands of dollars in mixed bills blowing in the breeze through the area...

...a pile of charred bodies in a city park...

...circle of corpses nearly fifty feet across, piled several deep, in the middle of a major intersection. In the exact center of the circle are hundreds of rounds of spent brass bullet casings. The blood and fluids draining from the corpses coats the entire area in a slick, black stain. A group of bloody boot prints of various sizes leads from the center of the circle and down one of the streets, but fades after a few blocks...

ladyerwyn

In a bedroom, and in the bed are two bodies, male and female. The male has his throat torn out and the sheets are stained brown with dried blood. His skin is rotting off in pieces and the bone underneath is sticking out in others. The woman is twisted in the blankets and is laying on her stomach half off the bed. There are bite marks on her neck and back. The sheets around her are also stained brown. Flies and insects are buzzing around both and the smell they give off is enough to make anyone turn in their grave.

DemonOfTerror

...A small plane, a Cessna most likely, resting on the highway. The pilot's door is ajar, and a dozen headshot corpses lie within fifteen feet. A quick check shows the gas tank is empty, and the keys are still in the plane...

...a bucket truck is parked near a utility pole, with the bucket raised. A hardhat lies on the street below, and a zombie can be seen, strapped into the bucket above, still wearing it's utility vest and tool belt...

...a yacht on a large lake, floating without power or sails. There is blood visible on deck, and once boarded it proves to be empty. There is a meal and a half full glass of water in the galley, and a few empty brass cases litter the cabin floor. No body is present, but bloody footsteps approach the railing...

...a transit train car without power left at a station. Blackened blood covers the windows on the inside, where about forty undead linger, waiting for the next commuters to open the doors...

MudPupp

You've found what appears to be a hastily-built ramshackle barricade, which centers on the crushed frame of an old VW Beetle. Wood pallets and metal 55 gallon drums filled with dirt are crammed against the front and rear bumpers. Assorted scraps of wood and metal fill the inside of the car. Shell casings litter the ground around the barricade, and splashes of dark, long dried blood can easily be seen on the ground and on the visible side of the VW bug.

A crate lays on its side in the middle of the roadway. Some of the contents are visible where the lid has come off partially. A closer examination reveals you can see two boxes where the light enters the box. One is white and you can see the letters "-tess" above the letters "-nkies", and below that what appears to be a picture of a yellow tube of sponge with white filling. The second box is a bronze-ish color with black letters and all you can make out on its side are the partial words "Premium", "-shok", and "-ow point cartridges".

You come around the corner of the building and see a female figure chained to a post with her arms over her head. Her head shakes as she slouches against her bonds which bite into her wrists. Crumpled clothing lies at her feet, and she is naked from the waist down. Her top is ripped open, exposing the pale skin of her perfectly formed breasts, tipped with small rosy nipples. Bruises and scratches cover her breasts, belly, and thighs. Caked blood runs down her thighs and also from where her wrists are secured. Matted wavy chestnut brown hair hides her face...

LivingDeadGirl

Opening the shattered door, the putrid smell of decomposition hits your nostrils. On an old record player the angelic voices of a choir sing, "Jeeeeeeeeesus loves me and he saves me from... *SKIP* Jeeeeeeeeesus loves me and he saves me from... *SKIP* Jeeeeeeeeesus loves me and he saves me from..." *SKIP* Hundreds of black flies buzz around an ominous looking stain in the middle of the room.

Several zombies moan as they crowd around an abandoned station wagon, slapping the window. Through the rolled up windows, you can see a plastic doll of a baby, bright blue eyes smiling up at the world.

A small yellow-haired dog skitters down the street several blocks ahead of you. Its eyes dart around nervously, and its ribs poke out against its small frame. It sniffs at the garbage in the gutter, nudging the piles around with its nose. As you approach, it begins to trot fearfully away... a leash dragging behind it.

You hear groaning in the backyard of the house. As you look out the window, you see a figure flailing in the breeze, hanging from an oak tree with a noose around his neck. A kicked-over stepladder lays rusting in the grass. He's clearly rotted, but he still thrashes about, trying to drop to the ground below.

And, last but not least...

You come around the corner of the building and see a male figure bent over a post with his arms tied behind

his back. His head shakes as he slouches against his bonds which bite into his supple, fragile wrists. Crumpled clothing lies at his feet, and he is naked from the waist down. His top is ripped open, exposing the pale skin of his perfectly formed chest, tipped with small rosy nipples. Bruises and scratches cover his a\$\$, belly, and thighs. Caked blood runs down his buttocks and thighs and also from where his wrists are secured. Matted wavy chestnut brown hair hides his face...

Koradin The Shaman

You turn the corner into a corridor, a head of you is a small girl of about 3 years old, and her back is to you while she walks further down the corridor. Her hair is blonde and messed up, she is wearing pink pajamas that looks like they haven't been changed for a few days, behind her she drags a large teddy bear that has one of its legs missing and is coated in dry blood. Is she a survivor or is she something much worse?

Fergzilla

The Chapel in the Cemetery

Behind large brick walls lies a cemetery of over 30 acres and a home and final resting place for nearly 300,000 bodies. Built in the mid-19th Century it contains the bodies of more than a century's deceased. No one has been buried in the cemetery in the last 50 years due to the cemetery's new status as a nature reserve.

The cemetery can be accessed via two entrances, the south entrance allowing access to the footpaths of the graveyard, whilst the entrance in the East is far larger and more impressive with its large Egyptian style columns supporting iron gates. Scarabs decorate stone pillars and hieroglyphs over the lodges read "The Gates of the Abode of the Mortal Part of Man". Both entrances are chained, though the East entrance loosely, and it requires little effort to push a body through the gap.

The cemetery itself has long given way to nature; ivy crawls in a thick carpet over tombs, mausoleums and gravestones and is slowly engulfing life sized statues of angels, saints and shepherds. Wildlife nests and hunts among the hidden pathways, though an organized system of paths have been cut into the green mass and occasional benches spring up in the form of cut logs. All but the strongest of marble tombs have had their inscriptions and history eroded by modern acidic rain and the creeping ravages of the omnipresent ivy.

Located in the centre of a cemetery is the gothic style Chapel.

Hollowed out, it is now the home to little else but pigeons (as evidenced by the white carpet of droppings on the dirt floor). Fallen into disuse and disrepair the Chapel lies empty, windows and doors removed and replaced with heavy iron bars. A decaying roof that lets in dribbles of rainwater. The tower is tall and provides a good line of sight throughout the cemetery; though the steps to the bell tower have been removed, indentations remain and spiral upwards into the murky tower.

Facing the Chapel is one of the Cemetery's latest additions; a large marble war memorial commemorating the dead of the two world wars. It lies in a wide arc and opens out to the Chapel.

Paths criss-cross the Cemetery, often leading nowhere, to graves or dwindling to nothing. They provide numerous hiding places and with the thick foliage provide ideal sanctuaries, peaceful retreats or areas of great privacy.

Notes:

Don't know if this is quite what was meant, but I figured I'd bung this out there. Based it on the local cemetery, which I've always thought was kinda creepy; Abney Park. Nicked ideas from www.abney-park.org.uk/history and the virtual tour is cool www.digitaldreamworld.co.uk/tours/abney/

Figured this locale might be useful as a refuge. Got the holy ground for those that might lean that way and the bodies have been in the ground for a looong time. No real threat of them coming back. Plus, who the hell would think to hide out in a graveyard.

It's a pretty defensible place (though tramps seem to manage well, zombies would probably struggle if the gates were sorted out) and ideal for hiding caches of equipment.

Doin' the Tyburn Jig

The gnarled and clearly ancient tree stands in the middle of the square, its boughs covering the roads in all directions. Hanging from the branches are twisting, rotten figures secured by ropes around their necks. They twitch and strain against the bindings setting the whole tree into a bizarre motion, though their unmoving faces are strangely frozen into masks of agony and horror.

Long-dried blood is smeared across the bare chests of men, women and children in reddish brown stains, blood having poured, seeped or oozed from livid words carved in the chests of the victims; badly spelt accusations such as 'theef', 'raypist' and 'hore'.

The latest victim looks to have been hanged in the past day or so.

And some reposts from Fergzilla from an earlier thread in 2003

The Phone Booth 1

Dimensions: 3'*3'*6.5'

Game Stats-

Armor Value: 1

Damage Capacity: 4

Barrier Value: 1

Shards of safety glass surround the concrete paving slabs and litters the floor of the booth, glittering in the pale light, having shattered from the entrance door. The shards reflect a rainbow of light, some pure splinters, but others are opaque; yellows, reds, blues and blacks the results of spray painted graffiti tags.

A closer inspection reveals dried blood stains, smeared on the intact glass inside the booth; the blood turning brown with age.

On the floor of the booth is a matted layer of pulped paper made from torn directories, drifted litter and postcard sized leaflets describing services from masseurs, models and escorts.

The phone hangs from the hook swaying gently, fragments of hair and skin matted in the ear piece.

The Phone Booth 2

Dimensions: 3'*3'*6.5'

Game Stats-

Armor Value: 4

Damage Capacity: 20

Barrier Value: 8

The folding, aluminum door is buckled in the frame, the glass shattered but intact. The door, and glass walls, have been reinforced by large, ill-fitting pieces of plywood, and little can be seen of the insides of the box.

A better look using the light filtering through the gaps, though, reveals the vague outline of a young woman's body lying on the floor of the booth. Surrounding the body are many plastic bottles and food wrappers. A gun lies on the floor by one foot.

The stench is overpowering.

The Call Box

Dimensions: A 2'*2'*1' hood stands on a 3' metal pole

Game Stats-

Armor Value: 2

Damage Capacity: 3

Barrier Value: 4

The dull rain-hood of the call box is dented in one corner, but continues to protect a shattered phone from the rain and sun. Fluttering on the outside of the call box are messages. Many are indecipherable where the ink has run in the rain. Some of the messages have been torn away by hand, others have been lost to the wind and old sellotape marks show where the glue has come unstuck.

On the inside of the hood are more messages addressed to people. They are layered, the older ones in biro but the later ones are increasingly brighter using luminous highlighter pens to attract attention. Where directions to others have been given, a black marker pen has been used to completely obscure the details.

Surrounding its base lie coins.

Commemorative Horse Trough

Dimensions: 6'*2'*1'

Game Stats-

Armor Value: 20

Damage Capacity: 100

Barrier Value: 30

A concrete trough stands empty at the edge of the street. On its front, inscribed on a tarnished brass plaque, are the words 'Generously Donated by the Historical Society, 1989'

Inside the basin lies small pieces of litter, a couple of empty beer cans and the skeleton of a small bird, the water having long drained off or evaporated.

Horse Trough

Dimensions: 6'*2'*1'

Game Stats-

Armor Value: 20

Damage Capacity: 100

Barrier Value: 30

At the side of the street stands a concrete horse trough. A brass plaque is obscured, blackened and damaged and chips of concrete are missing from what appears to be bullet holes.

The trough is full of a dark peat-soil, and just sprouting from the soil are new shoots from a variety of garden vegetables. On plastic tabs placed in the soil next to the shoots, scrawled handwriting identifies the newly growing seeds. A metal fire bucket stands by the side of the trough, half full of water.

Among the seeds, weeds have already begun to have taken hold.

Bin

Dimensions: 4*2*2'

Game Stats-

Armor Value: 3

Damage Capacity: 5

Barrier Value: 3

The metal inner-lining of a bin reflects light. The outer, plastic cover has melted down over the edges and looks similar to a burned-out candle stub. Melted plastic has dried in rivulets on the side of the bin and for a short radius on the paving slab it sits on.

The bin contains nothing but a sodden mass of burned fragments lying at its base, but is still surrounded by the stench of burned plastic. The inside of the metal lining is charred to a deep black.

The Bus Shelter

Dimensions: 8*7*4'

Game Stats-

Armor Value: Shelter 1/Lookout 12

Damage Capacity: Shelter 3/Lookout 60

Barrier Value: Shelter 1/Lookout 18

Situated at the top of a hill the bus shelter commands an excellent view of the suburb below.

Constructed of aluminum and glass the structure is intact, though at one end the automated advertising hoarding has frozen between a poster for health insurance 'Can YOU afford not to!' and an advert for toothpaste 'Brighter Smile! Fresher Breath!'.

Stacked around the perimeter of the roof are sandbags, rising at one end to form a higher wall and what appears to be a low shelter. Some of the bags have split and small piles of sand can be seen on the pavement where the bags have leaked.

There is no visible means to gain entrance to the roof, though smeared footprints on the glass siding lend some clue. An inspection uncovers signs of recent occupation; an empty water bottle, a blanket and several old 'lifestyle' magazines. In one corner, almost hidden by a corner of a sand bag lies an empty bullet casing.

Bench

Dimensions: 6*2*2'

Game Stats-

Armor Value: 5

Damage Capacity: 10

Barrier Value: 3

A wooden slatted bench, with wrought iron ends stands on the sidewalk.

The first seat slat has been broken in two, one half lying in front of the bench, while the other hangs from its support. The jagged splinters have long been softened by rain and damp, though the faded bloodstains that stubbornly cling to the wooden 'club' remain.

On the highest slat, an inscription reads 'In Memory of George Vane, Honored Resident of this Town for 50 Years'. Below and around this inscription, in various places, names and symbols have been jaggedly cut into the wood.

The iron supports are painted black, but this has begun to peel and fade and rust has started to appear in vague, red patches, and lazily spreads across the weathered metal.

Under the bench lie dry leaves, old newspapers and a collection of tiny baby's bones.

Parking Meter
Game Stats-
Armor Value: 0
Damage Capacity: 10
Barrier Value: 0

The parking meters stand in a row, though none are now intact.

Perspex, colored plastic and small change glitter and sparkle in the street and lying amongst the debris, several meters apart, are the handles of two broken, wooden baseball bats and the bent and twisted form of a metal one.

The destroyed heads of the meters dangle loosely from the supporting poles or have been torn away and discarded in the gutter. In their place is a row of severed heads, the eyes removed and replaced with quarters, rammed onto poles stained with the decomposition of their grisly burden. The heads are home to insects and have rotted enough to be indistinguishable in terms of race, sex or age. From the corner of one's eye, the occasional twitch of a bloated, dead face can be discerned.

Tied around the poles, around halfway down, are colored strips of cloth. Small spray-painted symbols are marked above these.

Civil War Statue
Dimensions: 15*10*7' (Total)
Game Stats-
Plinth
Dimensions: 10*7*4'
Armor Value: 114
Damage Capacity: 2880
Barrier Value: 500

Statue
Dimensions: 11*8*5
Armor Value: 35
Damage Capacity: 175
Barrier Value: 85

Post Rise

The bronze-cast statue stands outside what seem to be the remains of large public library. Located in a wide square, benches surround the area and trees offer shade. From the building behind drift books, periodicals and papers, drawn to the outside by the breezes that flow through the gaping doors many broken windows. While many novels and fiction remain, much that is of practical use in terms of simple manufacture, home repair, chemistry, biology and farming have been looted. In a gentle breeze, light flecks of ash can be seen

floating from the building foyer.

Immediately inside the building lie empty oil drums, the tops sawn off. These contain the ashes of many burned books, and soot coats the inside of the drums.

The statue outside is of a Union cavalry general sat astride a horse, holding a saber aloft. The horse and rider are set on top of a marble plinth. Attempts to deface the features and uniform of the figure have been made where paint and other substances have been thrown over the figure and base. The plaque that identifies this general has been torn away.

Curled around the saber is a loose coil of what appears to be a short rope, but which on further inspection proves to be a section of intestine, long dried out, and picked by carrion birds. In large black letters across the base of the plinth is sprayed "GENERAL LEE WILL RISE AGAIN".

Bin 2

Arrayed together in a ragged formation, the bins cover an open-air space of ground.

Of all shapes and sizes; plastic, metal, cylindrical or cuboid, the weathered bins are in varying states of disrepair. Many contain bullet holes, many show signs of having been used to house fires, the outsides charred or melted.

From all of the bins, the hooded lids have all been removed. In their place, the openings are covered over with scraps of discolored linen held in place by pieces of string or large elastic bands. Attempts to keep the linen filters clear seem to have been made, but some still hold freshly fallen leaves and pieces of windblown paper.

All the bins contain fresh, plastic liners that rustle in the wind, and a closer inspection reveals that these have collected various levels of rainwater and condensation.

Fountain 2

The fountain is a simple affair standing at around six feet high with a circular base of a five foot diameter. The fountain is comprised of a four-sided stone pedestal with a small spring of water running down over a copper globe held aloft by an ornate figure of Atlas; the water collecting in stone basins at the feet of the titan, before draining off through small holes in the pedestal.

The water has long since dried, staining the globe with water marks and leaving the exposed copper with green patches of verdigris.

Dust and dirt have accumulated in the stone basins, and water has collected there to form small pools of brown, murky soup on two of the sides. On the remaining two, stonework has been hacked away and copper pipe work lies exposed.

Wall

The weathered, brick wall side of an inner-city apartment block shows the remains of a twenty foot high mural painted by local children. On a whitewashed background, weathered to appear an off-yellow, the scenes show green fields, a blazing sun and different poorly-rendered figures of different nationalities running and skipping, playing football and baseball among huge flowers, massive snails and bright butterflies. Under a bright blue sky spotted with blobby clouds, smiling figures hold hands.

The mural is patchy now, the sun having faded the paintwork, the cold having caused flecks of brick to come free. Graffiti marks the lower reaches of the mural, obscuring many of the figures.

Many of the children's faces have been altered where green paint has been carefully applied to each of them, the eyes enlarged and reddened. Written over the graffiti at the bottom is the message 'NOW WE ARE ALL ONE'.

Dumpster

Post Rise

Bright yellow, the dumpster sits on cracked and weed choked concrete in the corner of a car park at the junction of a wall and high wooden fence. It appears to be well maintained with 'Property of City Works Department' written across it in bold letters. Under this sign is a local phone number and another sign that says 'No Parking. Do Not Obstruct'. The dumpster has two heavy-duty hinged plastic lids, secured by a shiny, new padlock, which contrasts with the beginning spots of rust that have begun to take hold at the corners of the massive container.

A closer inspection reveals that the lids have been modified so that they are secured and that several small, letterbox-sized holes have been cut into the sides that do not face the walls and which overlook the rest of the empty car park. Whatever has been used to make the cuts has burned the paint and inadvertently outlined the holes. Around the sides, concealed by the fence, another modification appears to have been made in the form of a hatch, low to the ground, cut from the dumpster wall. Scorch marks on the side reveal welding cuts and the hatch is fitted securely in the dumpster side. Opposite this hatch, the wooden boards of the fence have been loosened.

Through the gaps in the small holes, a little can be seen of the insides. It appears to have been cleaned thoroughly, though still retains a slight odor of its former use. Lying neatly in one corner are a mattress and blankets, a case of bottled water, a bottled-gas lamp and camping stove, some tins and an assortment of boxes (basic first aid kit, chocolate, automatic handgun and a box of ammunition).

MudPupp

American Southwest-style, white marble-like fountain, long dried out, found in the town square, the exterior has been defaced with assorted colors of spray paints, and the inside contains a few hundred shards of broken beer bottles. If a character looks before he/she leaps, no damage, otherwise take $d4+2(3)$ points in damage from various puncture wounds from glass. If character roll a natural 4, roll again. 1-3 no additional effect. 4 the character suffers only ONE wound for those points, but had opened an artery and will bleed out unless immediate aid is provided.

joshtheme

An open tool shed, lock broken and lying on the ground, attached to a large heavy metal chain. hand print in blood smeared on the only interior window that is right next to the door. Nothing can be seen inside except for the glint of sharp tools.

Interior of a small office, corpse hanging from the ceiling fan by his belt. Its purple and sill fresh. The desk holds an empty 6 shot revolver, and computer is powered off. There is a bullet hole in the wall right next to the shattered window. Under the bullet hole and slumped against the wall lies a body with a large hole in its head. Its clothes are torn and its flesh is severely rotted.

Craig Oxbrow

At the base of a high building there's a large pool of dried blood, with drag marks showing where a body was pulled away. Fragments of skull and broken teeth lie in the centre of the pool. Looking up, you can see an open window. Somebody must have jumped... and then somebody took the body.

Draksila

The smell from the back of the house become worse as you open the door to the final room on the hall. Peeling wallpaper shows images of happy blue skies that roll and crumble loosely to the floorboards. A small table stands by the door, and a dresser painted pristine white beside it. Across the room, under the window, a mud smeared toy bin is visible. The mud comes from the shattered pane of the window, which allows a breeze that chills to the bone while leaving the smell of the room intact.

Mud trails to a crib against the side wall, where a broken and tattered wind up carousel umbrella lies silently on the floor. The sheets in the crib are a ruddy brown in color, dried blood having splashed the interior in full. Peering inside, one can see the corpse; a newborn no more than four or six months based on the size, though the peeling, rotted flesh and missing flesh make it hard to tell. The fingers end in ragged, broken stumps, seemingly chewed off, while the flesh of her face and all of the soft tissue has been removed save for scraps of grey meat and strands of limp hair. Inside the eye sockets of the skull something moves, and for just a moment the head of a small lizard rises to peer curiously at you from within the shattered remains.

MudPupp

... as you round the bend, you swerve to avoid debris in the roadway. Assorted bits of metal and plastic trail to the wreck of a yellow school bus about 200 feet further up the road that has come to rest against an old gnarled oak tree. Off to your right in the high grass, you pass the wreck of a silver Chevrolet Cavalier that has come to rest against a pole supporting a barbed wire fence. The front end and right side are smashed beyond repair and almost beyond recognition. A rotted, decapitated corpse is stuck in the windshield. You get closer to the bus, and can see that the rear escape door is hanging open and loose from its bottom hinge. School books, small backpacks, and papers litter the ground around the emergency escape. The side door glass is broken out, and the door is wedged open, but not wide enough to fit an adult. The front end is wrapped around the trunk of the tree, and one of the large lower branches has collapsed the roof at the front end and pierced the windshield. You hear scrabbling noises inside and can see the driver still impaled in his seat, trying to free himself, despite the 6 inch thick oak branch in his sternum, and series of small round chunks of missing flesh from his forearms and calves. A series of trails made by tiny feet lead off through the high grass along a barbed wire fence towards a stand of trees...

Kenneth McArb

Zombie Death Camp

...A large hurriedly built camp by the army filled with the torn up bodies of the military and the dead (I've given a nick name for them but just wait until it's published), well half-dead. There are piles of burnt carcasses of the infected and those who have been bitten. Trenches piled up with bodies of men, women and children that have been shot by automatic guns, covering the bodies is a form of talcum powder to hide the stench.

That's another thing, because the camp had been attacked by the infected the scene is that of a grotesque battle scene and the smell that lingers over the place is of decay, death and feces (spilled bladder from the hanging bodies)

TumbleCoyote

1) A hospital gurney, inexplicably in the middle of the road. There's someone strapped down to it, but there's a blood-stained white sheet draped over the figure, obscuring whoever it is from view.

Occasionally, whoever's strapped down to it moves.

2) From one particular abandoned building, the beautiful sound of a woman's soprano can be heard- for the cultured, she's singing an aria from "Carmen." With her voice echoing out between the concrete canyons of the city, it's nearly impossible to pinpoint just where her voice's coming from...

3) An obvious trail; re-killed zombies, brass casings, the occasional bloody footprint, all leading in a distinct path towards one hastily-barricaded little house.

TexasZombie

...shortwave radio in the back of a house in a room cluttered with books, maps, radio logs, etc. The radio is able to receive but cannot transmit...there is someone broadcasting however, a single plaintive call that is repeated every few seconds. "CQ? CQ? Hello? Is anyone out there? This is [insert name of town on the opposite coast] calling. CQ? CQ? Hello?..." and so on.

If for some reason the cast members wait and listen, the following day the transmission abruptly stops in mid-call and never returns...

zomben

The CMs are in a medical facility looking for penicillin, etc. They stumble across a room containing a few jars with embalmed fetuses. As they get closer, the fetuses begin to twitch and their mouths make suckling motions...

TexasZombie

...a pride of adult lions roaming slowly along a city street, massive heads swinging from side to side, mouths open to bare huge yellowed fangs, occasionally climbing atop abandoned cars, sniffing... watching... waiting...

...tens of thousands of vultures and crows soaring in slow graceful circles over a darkened city, hundreds at a time diving to street level... every available perch sagging and cracking under the weight of the birds, the stench of bird droppings overpowering the underlying stench of decay...

...a single brown bear methodically ripping apart a sports car on a residential street... smashing out the windows, then collapsing a door to thrust its head inside... huge mass of fur and muscles shaking as the bear's head shakes something vigorously...

...summertime... dozens of Rhesus monkeys chattering in the live oak trees along Elm Street in Dallas, the bars and clubs beneath them long-since gutted by fires...

...a single Indian elephant still dragging a length of chain from the manacle on its ankle, grazing alongside a herd of cows in a pasture...

...the horizon black with smoke as a tank farm blazes out of control, hundreds of cattle stampeding downwind to escape the spreading shower of sparks and thick drops of burning asphalt...

...a huge alligator basking in the sun on the concrete pavement beside a municipal swimming pool...

...the pink flamingos standing in knee-high grass in the yard are real...

...an adolescent female mountain gorilla cuddling a teddy bear, sitting in a vegetable garden munching untended lettuce...she occasionally makes hand gestures to the teddy bear...

If a cast member can read sign language, she is saying "good food good", "happy baby happy food good" and "where people", "sad sad people", "scared where people"

...a black rhinoceros laying dead and bloated in the middle of an intersection half-atop a smashed station wagon, a thick cloud of flies obscuring any details...

...a herd of white-tailed deer walking slowly through the yards of a suburbia choked with abandoned cars and mounds of rotting trash...skittish, ears flicking back and forth in a blur...

...ten foot boa constrictor dozing in a dry fountain in the middle of a city park...

...a dead quarter horse, saddle intact, laying halfway inside the smashed front window of a paint shop, gutted by the broken glass and reinforced steel anti-burglar bars... the saddlebags are empty, but several dozen .30-30 rifle shells are scattered around the area along with three shirts and a small canvas tarp...

...dozens of corpses slumped at the base of a wall, each skull shattered by a large caliber bullet wound...the hands and feet of the bodies are bound with barbed wire...

...Civil Defense sirens howling endlessly...

...massive shape appears on the horizon, drifting slowly toward shore...as the object approaches a massive luxury cruise liner can be seen... the ship is listing heavily to starboard, the superstructure has been scorched black, and a large hole mars the starboard side... the ship has heeled over so far that water can be seen flowing freely in and out as the ship drifts closer, colorful debris spilling out into the bright blue water of the Gulf, the debris marking a widening trail that recedes to the horizon...

DemonOfTerror

...inside a public library, all is quiet except the shuffling of a single zombie, endlessly pushing a book cart across the floor, acting on base instinct and the faintest memory...

...approaching a town, there is a barricade across the highway, and dozens of headshot bodies lie in front of it. Smoke can be seen rising thinly from a chimney behind the barricade, but as the CMs approach they see that the barricade is broken, and even more bodies lie behind it...

...in the mountains, on a road, an RV lies on its side, and bloody footprints can be seen leading from the wreck to the edge of a precipice. Below, a body lies at the base of the cliff...

...a small plane flies overhead, but doesn't respond to attempts to contact it...

...a barn on a farm is sealed shut. Inside, the animals have all died in their pens, forgotten when the human world ended...

...a hospital gurney stands on the road, near an ambulance. There is a bloody sheet on the ground, and more blood on the gurney. Two dead and partially devoured paramedics can be found nearby...

Kenneth McArb

...The Euro tunnel has been flooded to prevent any of the dead making their way into France. The still lifeless bodies of men women and children hang in the blackened tunnels above the motionless train. The train's windows have shattered and the carriages zig zag in different angles as the train had de-railed when the water hit it. A woman inside one of the carriages is still clutching her child and as man floats by. His arm has been wrapped in a bandage from some wound, a bite wound. The man's eyes snap open.

Blupe

Inside an apparently unoccupied house, a diary is found. Entries dated after the rise grow increasingly violent and incoherent. The last entry is largely unreadable, save for a few profanities and the words "KILL THEM ALL!!!" It is dated that day. The door behind the characters creaks..

MudPupp

Your vehicle comes to a stop about 20 feet from the edge of broken and torn mix of metal, concrete, and asphalt. The shattered remains of the center span lie in the roiling muddy water below. It's fifty feet to the other

side, and about 300 feet beyond that you can see fluorescent orange barrels with reflector strips connected by fluttering strips of yellow caution tape blocking the roadway, and the back of a large rectangular sign that presumably tells you what you now know... "Danger Ahead- Bridge Out".

You wake up with the sun in your eyes and the distant pounding of the surf in your ears. The taste of salt is in the air, along with the cries of circling gulls. You're parched, and lick your dry, cracked lips. Opening your eyes against the blazing sun, you attempt to survey your surroundings. As a small swell washes up and over your feet, you feel the gritty hard packed sand beneath your back. All seems the same as when you last looked. Except for the slowly approaching bright orange life raft bobbing towards you...

OR

You wake up with the sun in your eyes and the distant pounding of the surf in your ears. The taste of salt is in the air, along with the cries of circling gulls. You're parched, and lick your dry, cracked lips. Opening your eyes against the blazing sun, you attempt to survey your surroundings as a small swell washes over your face causing you to choke on brackish water. You reach for air, but you're held fast, and you finally notice your wrists are chained together, and fastened overhead to the creosote treated railroad ties that serve as a pier.

You trudge along the surf-packed beach, periodically moving around larger pieces of debris when you come to a half-deflated bright orange life raft. Approaching it, you hear a loud incessant buzzing, and you catch a whiff of rot on the wind. Overcoming the stench, you peer inside the partially collapsed opening to find it littered with silver foil wrappers and assorted bones that have been mostly stripped of flesh. Covered in gore and matted clumps of stringy hair, you find formerly bright yellow buoyant survival bags, most of which have been partially used. On the other side of the life raft, you see human footprints moving away from you, some already half erased by the slowly rising tide. As you follow the tracks along the surf-packed beach, you continue to trudge along, periodically moving around larger pieces of debris when you come to a half-deflated bright orange life raft...

(if used, the emergency packs collected together should contain: a life raft repair kit, 7 chemlights, 6 .5L sealed bags of fresh water, a pump-style water purifier, 9 high energy ration bars, a signal mirror, and a loaded flare pistol w/2 extra signal flares. If you go here: www.lrse.com/products.cfm?cat=001 you can find some other neat stuff to check out.)

MrsTZ

...a row of houses in a residential neighborhood. All have been severely damaged by fire. Some are completely charred. All show signs of the doors and windows being boarded up from the *outside*. On each sidewalk someone has left a handful of flowers, now wilted, and painted "Rest In Peace" on a sign. Some of these have peoples' names on them.

...mailbox in front of a storybook house crammed full of ripped and filthy letters, none of them to the same address...most appear to have been chewed...

...funeral home...empty of people...the front doors are wide open. Leading out of the funeral home is a trail of dried wilted flowers and bloody footprints... inside the funeral home in the viewing room the chairs are scattered and smashed... against the back wall there's an undisturbed coffin on a stand... on the floor below the coffin is a portrait photograph in a frame of an elderly woman with a bright smile... the glass is smashed... the last entry in the visitors' book is a bloody handprint... behind a curtained wall one can hear scratching and thumps and muffled unidentifiable sounds... behind the curtain is a locked steel security door.

...backyard in suburbia...popped balloons scattered around the yard...picnic table, party decorations being blown about by the wind, scattering across the yard... sign fastened to the house... "Happy 5th Birthday, Katie!" ... moonwalk funhouse is partially deflated, sagging against a tetherball post...kitty cat piñata is hanging forlornly from a small peach tree, swinging slowly back and forth ... through one of the moonwalk mesh windows one can see a small bloody tennis shoe... a flock of birds is fluttering around the remains of a brightly colored cake... if one approaches the birds scatter and a bright red clown nose can be seen laying in a pool of blood, the elastic strap broken...inside the clown nose is a *real* nose, shredded skin still attached to the edges...the birds have been at that too...

ladyerwyn

...a reception hall...it is all decorated in violet and white, with flowers everywhere...a sign says "congratulations Katie and Rick" and one side has been pulled down and a bloody handprint can be seen...tables and chairs have been strewn about and there are many bloody handprints and smears on the white tablecloths...at the head table there is a bloody, white pump with a foot still inside and a broken tiara laying next to it...strewn about the room are a few bodies who were unfortunate enough to be the first attacked...in one corner is slumped an old woman with her jugular torn out...on the dance floor lays the twisted remains of a young man...the record at the DJ's station is skipping, because the head of the DJ is sitting atop the record...blood is smeared all over the walls, doors, windows and even the floor...especially the floor...

TexasZombie

...odd sounds coming from the station on the car's radio... grating, rasping, popping...muffled thumps and thuds in the background...

...rowboat riding low in the water, one oar missing, half full of bloody water...

...single corpse high in the top of a tree, dead of a gunshot wound to the head that has blown the back of the skull off...

...television signal...empty news desk, papers scattered everywhere...

...empty cars packed bumper-to-bumper to the horizon on an interstate highway...

Kenneth McArb

The room stank of death and feces from the decayed zombie bowels spilled over the floor. A bloody, brown-black ooze pooled all over the ground and spread over the walls. the smell makes your stomach convulse in pure disgust at the @#%\$ smelling foulness that meets you nostrils.

BreakdancingZombie

A large military helicopter, a CH-47 transport has crashed in a field across the street from the charred and blackened remains of a once-nice suburban housing development. Closer examination reveals that the rear and sides of the helicopter have been slightly crushed by the impact, although the airframe is mostly intact, although the rotors have been bent to all hell due to the rapid descent and crash. A distinct moaning can be heard from inside.

The rear cargo door has been forced open by the impact, and the first sight greeting anyone peering inside is the crew chief hanging limply from the lanyard that probably saved him from being pulled out in the crash. Unfortunately one of the rotors has pierced that airframe, slicing through his flight helmet and imbedding itself in his head.

The interior is dim and reveals that the flight was carrying civilian refugees, with a small military escort. The moaning heard from outside is revealed to be the non-survivors of the crash: small children and their mothers,

teenagers, the elderly, every sector of society, even a few soldiers.

Some of the bucket seats are empty and show signs of survivors exiting the aircraft and rooting through the remaining supplies, useless items now strewn on the cabin floor. The less fortunate, killed on impact or shortly after are still safely secured in their bucket seats, their feeble post-mortem brains unable to undo the safety belts, relegating them to feebly reaching for anyone entering the aircraft with impact-smashed fingers.

The front of the craft is also a mess of ruined avionics, and there are several bullet holes in the windshield, and a bullet-ridden, now zombified co-pilot strapped into his seat. The pilot's side window has been kicked out however. The flare gun is missing, as is a MP5 submachine gun which apparently sat in a stenciled bay next to the pilot's seat. A note has been left on pilot's paper: "For Search and Rescue (If applicable) Capt. Steve Drake + 6 survivors, heading to Rescue Point Charlie Four. Please put my ship to rest."

SJV

A Dark Alley

Description

The alley is cluttered with all manner of garbage, some unidentifiable. The walls of the brownstone buildings seem to hang over the alley like slouching giants, adding to the gloom. At the far end of the alley, where it opens back up onto the next street over, an old beat up station wagon sits like a wounded animal.

A huge brown Dumpster can be seen halfway down the alley. It is covered with all manner of graffiti and other less wholesome matter. It looks like there is a sewer grate under it. The Dumpster seems to be on wheels and it might be possible to move. Several dented and rusting trash cans slouch around the back doors of the buildings like wounded sentinels, their yawning mouths overflowing with torn black bags of garbage.

The small windows that overlook the unfriendly sight are dark; some painted over with black paint or completely boarded up. The highest windows look like they are still intact. There is a fire escape on each building; their ladders to the street are raised. Standing on a trashcan, one might just be able to reach the last rung of a ladder if they were so inclined.

A single halogen light above one of the back doors flickers intermittently. The doors look fairly sturdy and are probably locked. One is locked from the outside with a padlock. It could probably be broken off with enough force.

Nearby, there is what looks to be the handle of a baseball bat poking out from under the trash. It could still be intact. There is also a broken stool and a board hangs loose from one of the windows.

There is a strange rustling noise somewhere down the alley, which is difficult to pinpoint.

ZM Info

Station Wagon – The usefulness of the car is strictly up to the ZM. It could:

1. Be broken down
2. Have the keys still in it
3. Have zombies in it
4. Have hiding survivors in it
5. Be a stripped down vehicle
6. Be on empty

Whatever works for the scene. Use the Sedan stats in the AFMBE book.

Dumpster – The Dumpster is your typical ick-laden sloped-front brown bin. A perfect hiding place for zombies as well as animals. There could be useful garbage inside. Who wants to jump in and look? Good for hiding

behind. The Dumpster is on wheels, but heavy. Difficult Strength Test with a -2 difficulty to move. Two people pushing together add their Strengths together for the purposes of the one roll.

Dimensions: L 7ft (2.1m), W 5ft (1.5m) H (front) 4ft 6in (1.4m) (back) 5ft 6in (1.7m), Wall Thickness 3/16in (5mm)

AV: 15 + D8 (one "wall" of the Dumpster)

DC: 50-60

BV: 30-60 (the Barrier Value depends upon how much garbage is inside the Dumpster. It could go even higher if the bin is filled with concrete chunks.)

Sewer Grate – Possible useful escape route. The grate is rusty, but loose. The Dumpster must be moved to get at it. Simple Strength Test to pull the grate free.

Dimensions: 3ft x 3ft x 2in (1m x 1m x 5cm)

Wt: 30lb (15kg)

Trash Cans – Cheap aluminum variety. Not very sturdy or useful for anything but holding garbage. There may be a lid nearby. Maybe useful as a makeshift shield (not really, AV 1). Trash can may be thrown as a mild deterrent (Dodge or Dexterity Test to keep from falling over it. Damage is 2 x strength bash damage). Could be useful stuff in the garbage. One man's trash...

Dimensions: H 3ft (1m) Dia 2ft (61cm)

AV: 1

DC: 5

BV: 2-3 (the Barrier Value depends upon how much garbage is inside the can)

Pad Lock – The lock is sturdy, but the latch housing is not. A few good strikes with something heavy should take it off. I wonder what's inside...

AV: -

DC: 20

Baseball Bat – This could be a whole bat or just a broken one. Use the bat stats in the AFMBE book if it is still whole or the small club stats if it is broken. Optionally, it may be jagged on one end, making it a crude stabbing weapon (D4 x strength**).

Stool – A broken wooden barstool. The leg could be used as a crude club (use small club stats) or maybe a stabbing weapon (D4 x strength -1**)

Loose Board – The old board with a rusty nail. Use the small club stats in the AFMBE book. As an alternative, 1/4 of the damage can be considered stabbing damage due to the rusty nails in it. Tetanus anyone?

Fire Escape – It could be possible to reach the bottom rung of the pull-down ladder either by standing on a nearby trash can (Difficult Dexterity test -2) or getting a leg-up from another cast member (Difficult Dexterity test).

TexasZombie

Early Rise...rural highway.

Bright orange sign on shoulder of the road: "Surveyors Ahead". Around a bend in the highway is a surveyor's tripod with sighting scope. A single safety-yellow hard hat is lying in the grass a short distance away. A hundred yards beyond is a white municipal pickup truck with the seal of a local municipality. The truck is slewed off of the highway and the driver's side door is open.

There are a variety of hand tools in the back of the truck, and the gas tank is half full.

There is no sign of anyone living or dead in the area.

DemonOfTerror
Early Rise - Inner City

Just around the corner ahead, music can be heard. As the group approaches, the song ends, then begins again. Around the corner is a well-known Indie record shop. The front of the building is sealed up with plywood sheets, and the sidewalk out front is now host to a small (but growing) horde of undead, perhaps twenty or so, all clamoring to get inside. The speakers are still playing, so power must be on here still, but for how much longer? The song reaches the group's ears just as the undead notice them... "It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine..."

TexasZombie

...a couple of weeks after the Rise... the street in front of the Cast Members has been wrecked by multiple explosions that have cratered the pavement and blown out the fronts of all the buildings along a six-block stretch...literally thousands of pieces of human bodies are scattered among the rubble, drawing so many flies that they partially block the sun... none of the pieces are moving and all appear to have been badly burned... barely visible among the rubble littering the street are dozens (actually hundreds, but the Cast Members won't know that) of what appear to be yellow tennis balls... these are unexploded cluster munitions with contact-fused triggers (only identifiable by Cast Members with knowledge of military hardware). Touching one of the balls will result in an explosion that will maim, if not outright kill, anyone within five or ten feet of the explosion... Anyone moving through the area, especially if fleeing zombies or driving a vehicle, has a high chance of detonating one or more bomblets...

DemonOfTerror

Immediately after the Rise - The cast are walking through the ruins of the town, the dead are running amok, and chaos is, uh, you know, ensuing. Up ahead is a break in the madness. Four blocks where all seems normal Well, as normal as wrecked cars, shattered windows, and the occasional eviscerated corpse can be. I guess in some neighborhoods... anyways... moving on. Up ahead is a small compact car, and two undead (adults, a man and a woman) are striving to break into it. Inside can be seen and heard two survivors, children by the size of them. They are screaming. They have locked the doors, and even if the zombies are killed and the cast offers to help them, they still scream. The two zombies were the kids parents, and they are somewhat, uhm, traumatized by the death, reanimation, and homicidal tendencies of their parents. What fun!

leatherface

The big, fat, enormous thing rears its head to you. It stands on its feet and you can see that he's carrying the foot of the bald man dead on the ground. All of his face is like... dirty... burned, but you can see his milky empty eyes. It groans and shambles to you. As he falls down the stairs, given that he is too heavy to just walk down, and he starts waking up again, he vomits something that looks black and covers his white shirt. The smell is the same smell of a dead animal in the sun. It groans again and raises his arms to you, still with the foot on his hand...

TexasZombie

...huge column of smoking rising from a mound in the middle of a field...a massive pile of charred bones, each skull either smashed by blunt trauma or a close range gunshot to the back of the head...closer examination reveals that many of the skeletons may have been handcuffed or bound with barbed wire...

Madrigal

Robert Johnson made his deal with the devil on an old cross road, not unlike the one you're traveling on now.

You see no lights for miles, only old run down tobacco barns that have fallen to decay and ruin.

The horizon is lit up by the nearest city throwing the leafless trees in an unpleasant profile against the sickly red sky line.

The agoraphobic expanse of barren fields on both sides meld onto forests of dead trees, each skeletal claw striving in vain to touch the last remnants of the dying sun while sparrows and blackbirds come out to play one last time on the dead trees before the sun goes to sleep and pulls all it's light to the other side of the world with it.

The sky ruptures its sickly gray canopy and the rain comes down in a gentle susurrantion.
The smell of night permeates the spring air, that aroma of damp pine straw and the subtle prickling of the night condensing on your skin.

You begin to notice a faint mist rising from the rows of plowed fields.

The fields appear black as soot in the twilight. The edges of the ground, a red clay,...dark and bloody earth.

The lullaby of encroaching night drives through the shadows of the old woods as everything alive goes to sleep, and everything dead comes out to wander the roads and hide in the barns. The that odd tranquility of knowing all the birds are sleeping, a cicada's grating call, and seeing nothing but skeletal trees and your own knuckles gripping the steering wheel are almost enough to lull you into an odd sense of calm...Almost if it weren't for the occasional cold, yellow eyes peering out sporadically, then retreating before you can tell what exactly it was that watched you as you drove close.

Having some inclination as to what those eyes may belong to keeps you somewhat focused.

You've seen no other cars for hours at a time, just yourself and the enveloping dark that takes its rightful place as soon as your tail lights fade off into the distance.

Old houses that looked like they were constructed in the thirties seem to creep into sight on the side of the road and reluctantly show themselves in the yellowed head lights.

They take on a hazy quality in the misty rain, seemingly floating in past your peripheral vision.

No vehicles are ever parked in their driveways and all the windows are without a single light...dead houses, whose ownership was relinquished many years ago as its last occupants rest below the earth.

Perhaps the same earth as the small cemetery you glimpse set unceremoniously in the middles of a field.

Your mind strays briefly to whom ever could be buried out there in the middle of nowhere.
Their only company being the things that burrow in the soil and the dry sound of dead leaves scuttling against weathered head stones.

Yet you know, as with all older graveyards, should you lay your ear upon the graves and hold your breath that any notion of quiet slumber held for the nameless occupants of those dismal plots would soon be cast aside as you heard the faint and hollow sounds produced by emaciated vocal chords that howl from their earthen wombs.

But these are thing best not dwelt upon.

Now is not the time to set your mind to thinking of dark rooms, empty homes and things without names that pitifully whimper and scream out from their neglected graves.

The clacking of a prescription bottle opening sounds like a gunshot after so much prolonged silence. A few of the pills rest on your tongue for a moment to make bitter taste in your mouth before the liquid fire of the cheap whiskey used to wash them down brings you to matters at hand.

There's a shotgun under a blanket in the backseat, a container with five gallons of gas in the trunk and a business card with an address taped to the dash board.

There's sixty two more miles to go tonight before you reach your destination...and seven men to kill when you get there.

Sincerely,

TexasZombie, a.k.a. Evil Overlord 668, the Neighbor of the Beast

eMail comments to eviloverlord668@yahoo.com

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