

A ZOMBIE SAMPLER

(Take a bite and swallow it down)

Copyright by Anthony Renfro

Website: www.goodreads.com/atothewr

A ZOMBIE THANKSGIVING



The doors to the grocery store stood open, sunlight gleaming off what was left of the glass in the frame, shards on the ground twinkling like stars. Dawn stopped when she reached these doors. Two zombies shuffled towards her. Dead things. Rotting things. Been walking around for a long time now as a corpse things. A quick pop of the gun and both of them went down hard. Perfect clean head shots. Blood splattered ground.

Dawn looked behind her, then to her left and right. No other zombies shifted about in the late fall heat, at least not from where she was currently standing. She turned back to the store, steadied her nerves, and turned on her light (this light was on a strap that ran around her head, so she could keep her hands free). She made sure her knife was still in place (it was), and the gun was ready to fire. Both were ready to do the job they were meant to do. She started to walk, ever so slightly, crunching on broken glass as she moved forward.

The parking lot outside might have looked bad, cars burnt, turned over, crashed or abandoned, carts strewn about, bodies dead and decaying, birds picking at the best parts of their flesh; but inside the store it was a different world all together. This place looked like a massive

mob had just bulldozed its way through, knocking over shelves, people, carts, busting out the glass in the frozen food sections. Dead bodies were scattered everywhere. Some had parts of shelves sticking out of them, some of them devoured by zombies, some partially eaten by animals living wild in the area. It was a picture of mass panic frozen in a time of chaos.

The smell inside the store also wasn't pleasant, rotten flesh, rotten meat, spoiled milk, all kinds of putrid things in a state of decay mingled and danced together in the non-air-conditioned air. Dawn had a strong stomach, so she was able to force her brain to focus on pleasant subjects. This kept her stomach from losing what little bit of food she had in it.

She found several bodies near the front of the store that were almost flat from the massive pounding they must have taken as they died. These bodies looked like they had fallen down and nobody had bothered to help them up as the crowd trampled in a mad rush for supplies.

She kneeled down, said a prayer for them, and then stood up. That's when she heard it. It was a clicking sound, silent electronic keys being punched over and over again, hard to hear unless you were inside the store. She turned her light in the direction of the sound.

Standing at one of the cash registers was a zombie, still dressed in uniform, partially eaten, name tag askew. This zombie had most of her face gone, and huge chunks of flesh had been taken out of her neck, as well as her arms. She was still doing her job, punching keys on the register and scanning a can over and over again across the silent sensor. She didn't even notice Dawn, as Dawn stood there smiling at the absurdity. The light on Dawn's head also showed a dead body lying over the conveyor belt, a can of something in his hand. A can of something he would never need. Dawn wondered if this guy was one of the trampers. Stepping on those two bodies at the front of the store, ignoring the pleas of the two dying underneath the

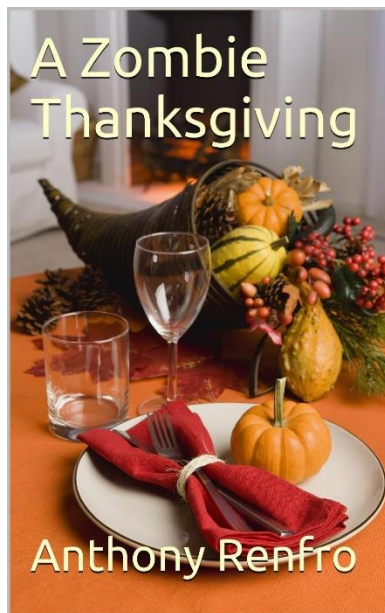
charging crowd. If he was one of those trampers, then what good had it done? His life was just as wasted as those two flattened corpses.

Dawn raised her gun, and the zombie cashier stopped for a moment. They locked eyes, but the zombie didn't charge. "Go in peace," Dawn replied, as the gun popped. The zombie's head slammed backwards, blood sprayed, and then the zombie crashed forward and fell to the floor. The can of peaches still held tight in her hand. Her undead cashier days were over.

Dawn listened to the silence of the store for a moment, trained ears listening for shuffling, listening for any movement at all. She heard something. It was faint, coming from the rear of the store. She would have to keep her wits about her, as she tried to find food that was still edible for a Thanksgiving feast.

Find it on Kindle:

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00MS9NO40>



A Zombie Christmas



I lowered my rifle and put my left eye on the scope. He was an ugly sucker. From what I could tell, he used to be a man around five foot five or six, maybe seven. Hell, I couldn't tell the exact height from just a tiny scope. His suit was disheveled, full of dirt and blood (it looked fresh, a recent feast perhaps), and half of his face was gone. This zombie was currently investigating my Santa Claus and reindeer display. He was studying it like he knew what it was or remembered what it was.

"Don't pick up Rudolf. Don't." He leaned over and picked up Rudolf the Red Nosed Reindeer.

That did it. You see, the biggest problem was this. When you messed with Rudolph, you screwed up the whole display. All the reindeer were attached by string; and that string led into the hands of Santa, who was glued by his butt to the sleigh he was sitting in. That meant you picked up one, you picked up all of them. Sure enough, as soon as the zombie picked up Rudolph, the rest of the display just went into disarray.

I didn't want to shoot the zombie just yet, because if he fell forward then it would crush the display all together. So I waited until he was trying to walk away with Rudolph, shambling off, the display dragging behind him.

Bam!

Perfect head shot, display still safe.

I was on the balcony of the house when I made the kill, so I took my rope ladder and dropped it over the side. I put the rifle down and grabbed a couple of pistols nearby. I checked

their chambers, full, locked, and loaded. I put the guns in their holsters and climbed down to the ground.

I walked across the lawn, eyes back and forth, looking for zombies. I stopped and got down on one knee, pulled out my right pistol, light reflecting off the metal.

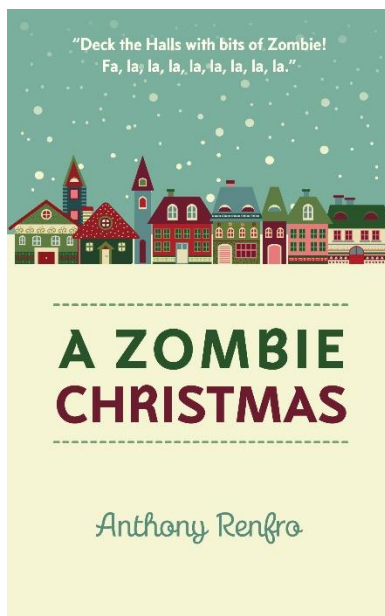
I aimed.

Bam!

It was another perfect head shot. The zombie hit the pavement, and he didn't move. The noise had stirred up more of them, so I had to get to my display, fix it, and then get back. I know its stupid trying to worry about Christmas decorations in a world filled with zombies, but like I always say, it's the little things that keep us sane. So, I grabbed Rudolph out of the dead zombie's hands, and I put the display back in order. I quickly made my way back to the house, where nothing was stirring, not even a mouse.

Find it on Kindle:

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B004GUS7WS>



A ZOMBIE NEW YEAR



Joe fired a couple of shots into the crowd of zombies, and saw one of them go down hard. The rest of the zombies were unfazed, and still moving towards him. He saw a street, and turned left down it, as the afternoon drew closer to the evening. A soft snow was falling.

He turned around half way down the street to check on his pursuer's progress. The zombies converged, and started to move down this single-lane asphalt road, which Joe realized was a private drive. He looked to his left and right, pine trees dotted either side of this driveway, lightly covered in the late December snow.

The house he was moving towards stood all alone at the very end of this drive. It stood silent and dark, empty and fortress strong, three stories tall, Victorian in design with a wrap-around porch, circle driveway complete with fountain, and a three car garage. Two cars sat outside, one a Porsche SUV, the other some kind of Range Rover. Several bodies lay on the ground close to these cars, partially eaten and frozen. Joe ignored the bodies as he moved up the porch steps, and turned his shoulder towards the door. He hit the door hard, but it didn't budge. Instead, the thick wood, rich man's wood, held its ground, and planted him firmly on his butt. He looked around the porch, two windows on either side of him, shuttered up tight, impossible to penetrate. The zombies reached the circle part of the driveway and started coming towards him, some going left, some going right.

Joe got up and fired a few shots at them, as he ran around the porch, tripping over the expensive outdoor furniture, and sending the porch swing rocking. When he collected himself, he got up and headed for the back of the house. He was moving fast when he saw the window,

which led into a mud room. This window had no shutter covering it, so he closed his eyes, shielded his face, and dove through. The window was strong, again rich people with rich windows lived here, but it did what it was supposed to. It broke into a thousand jagged pieces.

Joe slammed into the floor, and rolled to a hard stop against the wall. Shards of glass and what was left of the window rained down on him, as he covered himself. When he was sure the last bit of debris had fallen, and that he wasn't cut. He got to his feet and tried the door that lead into the house. It wasn't locked.

He made his way inside and slammed the door closed. He clicked the dead bolt and caught his breath. While he stood there, he pulled a flashlight out of his backpack and studied the room he was in. It was a kitchen, a big kitchen, full of stainless steel appliances, stainless steel sinks and faucets, and granite counter tops.

He walked over to the gas stove and realized it needed electricity to make it work. He checked the cabinets and found plenty of dry food, canned stuff, pots and pans, dishes, cleaning supplies, and other kitchen items.

He heard thumping noises inside the mud room and turned to face it. The zombies had arrived and were now finding their way in through the open window. It sounded like slabs of beef dropping onto the floor, as they fell into the room one by one. Seconds later, they started to paw at the door that led into the kitchen. Joe decided he better get on with the exploration of the house, because he wasn't sure how much time he really had.

He stepped out of the kitchen and into a hallway. This hallway ran left and right. It wasn't as far down to the end of the hall on the left, so he went in that direction. He found a half bath and a door leading out to the garage. He remembered the garage doors had been shut when he was moving past them, so he opened up the door to take a look into the garage.

The room was massive, probably bigger than most people's homes. He walked down the small set of brick steps and stopped when he reached the concrete floor. He scanned the place with his light, cutting the dark with a single yellow beam. Nothing much in this garage except for typical garage stuff, shelves full of tools, paint in pails, yard equipment, and on and on it went. The one thing that did spark an interest in him was the car, a small sporty convertible, Maserati, very expensive.

Joe ran his hands over its polished grey exterior and peered inside. He opened the car door and slipped into the driver's seat. With its leathered up interior, it looked and smelled rich. He searched the car for a set of keys, but he had no luck. They weren't there. He then looked into the mirror, towards the closed garage door directly behind this car. He thought about an escape plan – fling up the garage door, dive into the idling car, race out of the garage before the zombie horde surrounded him. How far would he get? He wasn't sure, but it was a solid option.

Joe slid out of the car and closed the door. He would make sure to search the house for keys. He made his way back inside and walked across the hall towards the half bath. About halfway there, something stopped him for a second. He shined the light down the long hallway. He thought he saw something moving towards the end of it, but the light revealed nothing.

Find it on Kindle:

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00N366QH4>

A ZOMBIE NEW YEAR

ANTHONY RENERO

A champagne bottle is shown from the bottom, with its cork popping and a large spray of white foam and bubbles erupting upwards. The background is a solid, vibrant red, which is speckled with small white dots, resembling a night sky or a festive confetti. The bottle itself is dark green and has a gold foil wrap around its neck.