

# A Lesson In Zombie Psychology

by Jason A. Kline

“We'll be safe here for a few minutes. At least long enough to catch our breath.”

For a long while, we said nothing, the only sound our breathing, and then even that seemed to subside. It was as quiet as death, except for the fact that death itself was moaning and crawling around out there, somewhere beyond the door we were hiding behind. I tried for some conversation, my voice weak against the silence. “So what did you do before all this?”

“Painted houses.”

“Just houses?”

“Yeah.”

“Was business good?”

“It was getting better, now its getting worse.”

“Supernatural infestation tends to do that.” I replied with a weak smile.

“I just wish I knew what type of zombies they were?”

“There's different types? What is this- Caskin' Robins- 31 flavors of undead?”

“No, no, its just a matter of where did they come from, and why are we so scared?”

“Were scared because a few hundred corpses are roaming the city trying to be come acquainted with our vital organs – and as for me, I not quite done using them.”

‘Is that really it? They're slow, dumb – flammable. We can out think them, out run them and easily destroy them. If you watch they're stiff jointed gait for a while, they're almost comical.’

‘Zombies are something deeper than just trying to kill us. They are man's pathos, our shadow. A necromantic curse that robs someone of their individuality and free thought shows just how much we value our minds, the only thing truly unique about us. Or perhaps they're a reflection of us grasping something in sciences best left untouched, and showing how truly susceptible we are to folly. An unknown disease shows how a species that can touch the heavens with rockets is still not untouchable’

We've got brains, something they can only crave.’

Every endeavor of man is based on his brain – memory really, and the lessons we have picked up over life, and through books, the centuries. Zombies are entropy, the anti-brain. They're inevitable. Empires fall, places change.’

Ultimately they are relentless. Demons can be excised with prayer and a little holy water, vampires are held at bay with a cross, the sphinx destroys itself if you guess it's riddle. Given a lull in the fighting, soldiers of opposing armies would gladly swap cigarettes, and when the battle is on, a 60 ton tank can be stopped with a well placed beer bottle full of gasoline. Zombies, can not be stopped, a nightmare we can not awaken from and thus the downfall of all dreamers.”

“Wow. Thats really deep. I mean college dissertation material.”

“Unless of course they really are just nothing more than walking corpses. Then they can just be stopped with a shotgun to the head.”

“Could you take your hat off for a moment. I want to see if any chunks are missing from your cranium.”