



Sycho Chick™



The Lazarus Curse
Part 2

"Run"





The Lazarus Curse

Run
Issue#18

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There is no God.
And if there is one,
He does not care.
No Saviour.
This burden to help bare.

No one is coming
to rescue us on this
earth.
We are alone, mere
meat and bones, of
no worth.

The air reeks with rotting flesh.

Moving, writhing, swaying – some pungent, others a little more fresh.

Pathetic creatures, ever hungry, ever searching – eating and being eaten alive.

Disintegrating, dissolving and decomposing as maggots and flies thrive.

They keep pressing forward, aimlessly yet with one aim –

An insatiable hunger of flesh and brains - it they cannot tame.

I feel pity for them but more so for us.

Armageddon has come and God has left us thus.



Psycho Chick: "Let's go Mary!"

Psycho Chick sounds wary.

"Now let's hustle!"

"Ok!" Patience I cannot together rustle.

Our nerves are frayed.

It has being a long while since we in one place have stayed.

Mona: "C'mon! C'mon! 'erd is comin! MOOOOOVE!"

Mona and Emo Girl, I still don't trust them, they have a lot to prove.

We have to work together if this hell we face we are going to purge,

Strength is unity as we fight against this evil zombie scourge!



Psycho Chick: "Jesus Christ Mary! What in hell's name is wrong with you?"
Mary: "Piss off Psycho Chick!" To say she was working on my last nerve was only half true.
I know we have to keep moving in order to survive.
The zombies move in a slow, rotting colony from an unrelenting hive!
The sheer force of numbers has the nation over run!
We are just lucky to be in a nation that believes in the power of the gun.
Those that were wise enough took what they could and fled.
Sometimes leaving behind the old and sickly to be consumed by
the swarm of the living dead!



Psycho Chick: "Damnit Mary! We got to go!!!"

"We got freshies and they...fuuccckkkk... not so slow!"

Emo Girl: "Lock and load ladies here come the runners!"

Click, load, slam, in a short time we have become professional gunners.

We can easily become cornered, facing them with backs against a wall of dead.

Aim... Steady, steady... Go for the head!

Someone's father. Someone's mother.

Someone's sister. Someone's brother.

No time to think about that... it's you or me...

**Bang! Bang! Red fireworks splatter across the air,
no more shall you be!**



Mona: "Ah no, no, no, no, NO!"

Emo Girl: "Shit! Shit! Shit! Where do we go?"

Psycho Chick: "We... fuc.....! Mary I am gonna kill you!"

Mary: "Shut up! Just shut the fuck up!" We in a mess that is true!

Emo Girl: "Will you two just quit already!?"

Emo Girl: "Wait, Wait.... Wait for it.... Steady!"

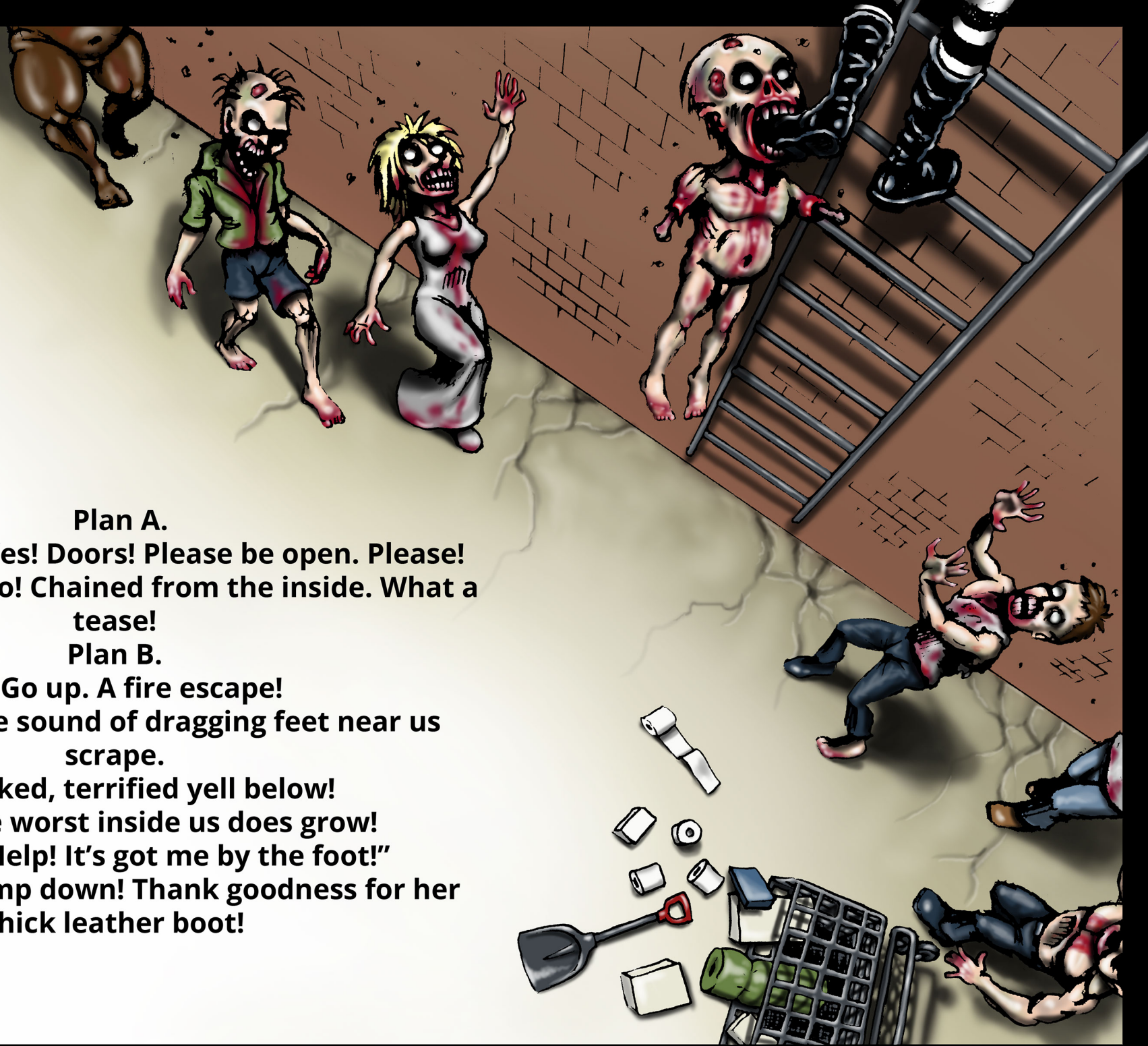
Pah pah pah pah!

We mow down one wall of rotting meat.

So, so, so many of them,

we need to retreat!





Plan A.

**Frantic. Doors. Yes! Doors! Please be open. Please!
The door shifts. No! Chained from the inside. What a
tease!**

Plan B.

**Up. Go up. A fire escape!
We move as the sound of dragging feet near us
scrape.**

A panicked, terrified yell below!

Fear of the worst inside us does grow!

Emo Girl: "Help! It's got me by the foot!"

**Panic! Teeth clamp down! Thank goodness for her
thick leather boot!**

To the rescue I race.
Gun butt to the creature's face.
To my knock the creature is resistant!
The hunger drives, motivates – makes them persistent.
Agonizing sting comets past my scalp,
Causing an involuntary yelp!
I look back and see Mona with a smoking gun.
A shot, true, blasts off the zombie's jaw, job done!
I know it is just a graze,
But, I don't like the look in Mona's eyes – a mad glaze!
Emo Girl shakes her attacker off her life saving shoe.
It slides off, splatters on the ground
in a putrefying goo!



No apology is offered, none is accepted.
Emo Girl and Mona are cold, heartless bitches; nothing more from them is expected.

No sympathy, no empathy, no remorse,
We all have become hardened of course.

However, Emo Girl and Mona take cruelty to a whole new level.

In seeing more suffering they do revel!

I have watched as they target practice by shooting the
zombies in the knee caps.

Eventually the brain-dead living-corpses end up
dragging themselves all around, as their lower legs
off of their body snaps!

Yet they keep coming – sick, rotting
snails leaving behind a garbage-like slime!

Who is more dirty, more wretched, more evil –
I have come to tell over time!



The roof offers little relief.
How zombies got up here is beyond our belief.
Psycho Chick: "I cannot stand this god forsaken mumbling!"
More living dead toward us come stumbling!

Bang!
Chop!
Hack!
Twang!

Gnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn...
The bodies before us stack!

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Emo Girl: "Close that fucking
door someone!"

This building must be so full
it is funnelling them,
nowhere to run!

Fear like a diseased tumour
inside of me grows!

I pray for the first time in.....
Who knows?!

Mary: "Deliver us Lord
please, I shall ask for no
more;

Just one sign my faith in you
to restore!"

Silence.

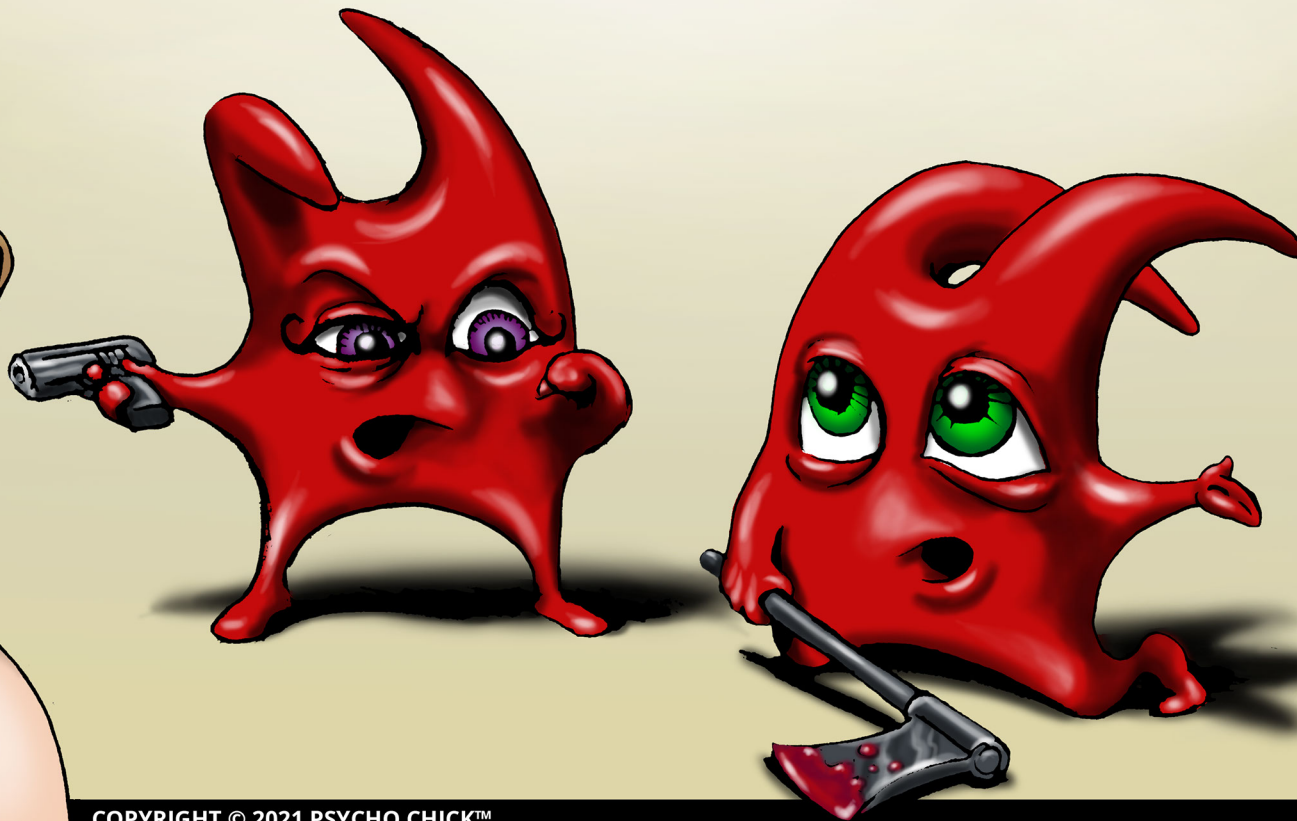
I drop to my knees, I am
done!

Gun to head.

Death you have won!



Just one sign to prove you are out there.
One sign that you for us pathetic humans care.
Psycho Chick: " WTF are you doing Mary???"
I am so sick of this resurrected cemetery!
Mona: "I ain' go'in down 'ike tis!"
An end, after so many months, sounds like bliss!
Emo Girl: "Grow some balls man!"
It is no use.
There is no Saviour.
There is no God.
There is no super man!



Exhausted.
Psycho Chick, Emo Girl and Mona continued to
fight their damnation.
Why does time stand still at such moments –
postponing imminent desolation?
I wish I felt nothing, I wish I was numb.

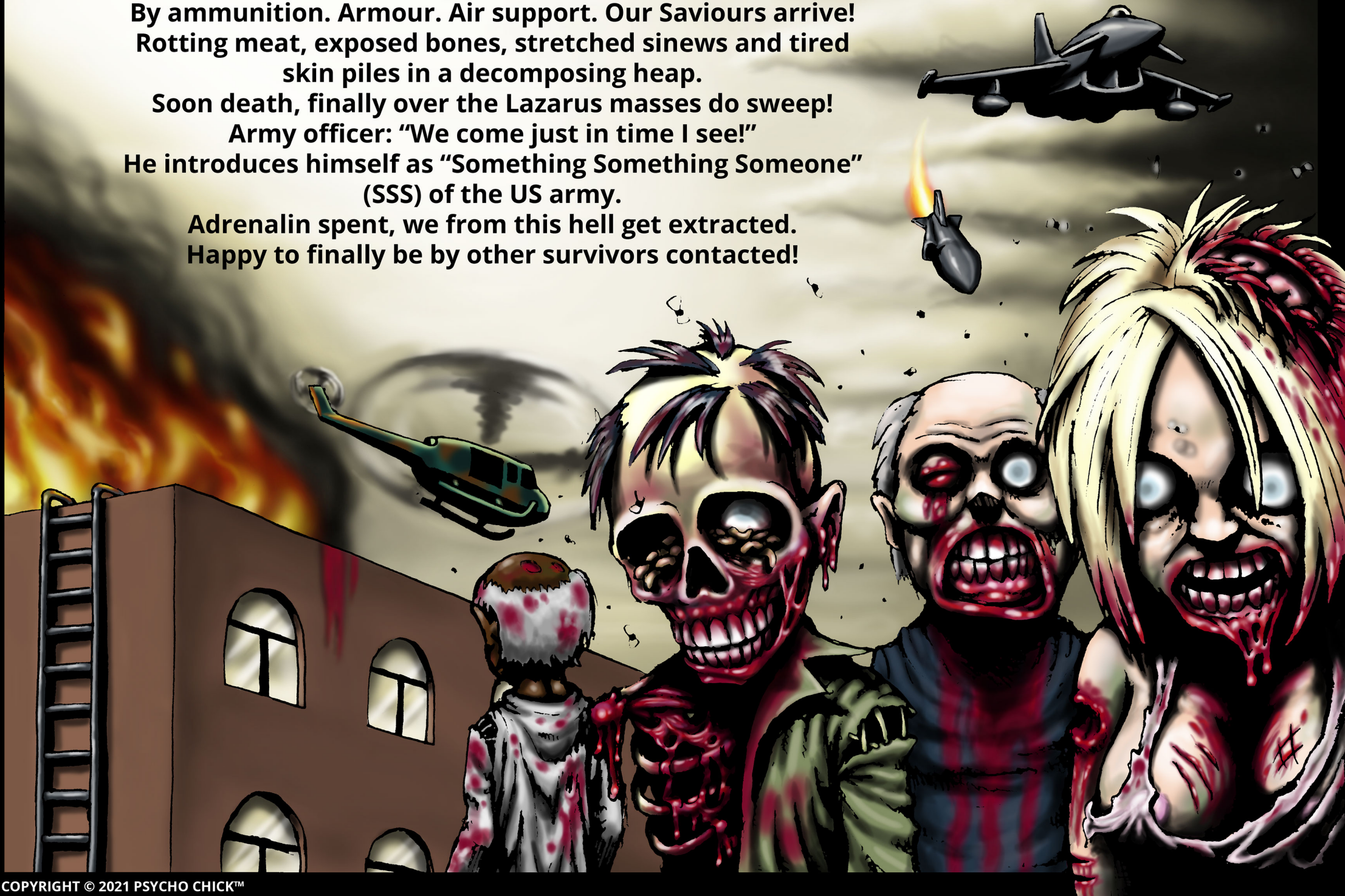
Just my ears....
What is that asylum-sending hum?
The hum grows louder.

I close my eyes.
Is it the cavalry?
There is an outcry.
Followed by the most welcoming sounds –
Boom!

Ra ta ta Boom!
A voice from a burning bush – you exist! You have
not left us to our doom!



**I rise! Zombified no more! I feel alive!
By ammunition. Armour. Air support. Our Saviours arrive!
Rotting meat, exposed bones, stretched sinews and tired
skin piles in a decomposing heap.
Soon death, finally over the Lazarus masses do sweep!
Army officer: "We come just in time I see!"
He introduces himself as "Something Something Someone"
(SSS) of the US army.
Adrenalin spent, we from this hell get extracted.
Happy to finally be by other survivors contacted!**





**SSS of the US army yaks on –
a monotonous debrief.
There are many survivors –
what a relief!**

**He tells us of our new home with multiple
fences and watch towers.
Weapons, trained soldiers – a community
working together in the day and night hours!
Trenches surround the perimeter – added
protection.
Civilization at last! I cannot wait for a closer
inspection.
We land at this ark – an army base,
When I see her! The very cause – Lady Goth all in
leather and lace!

To be continued...**

