



Sycho
ChickTM



“Serve
and
Protect”

The Lazarus Curse
Part 3





The Lazarus Curse

Serve and Protect

Issue#19

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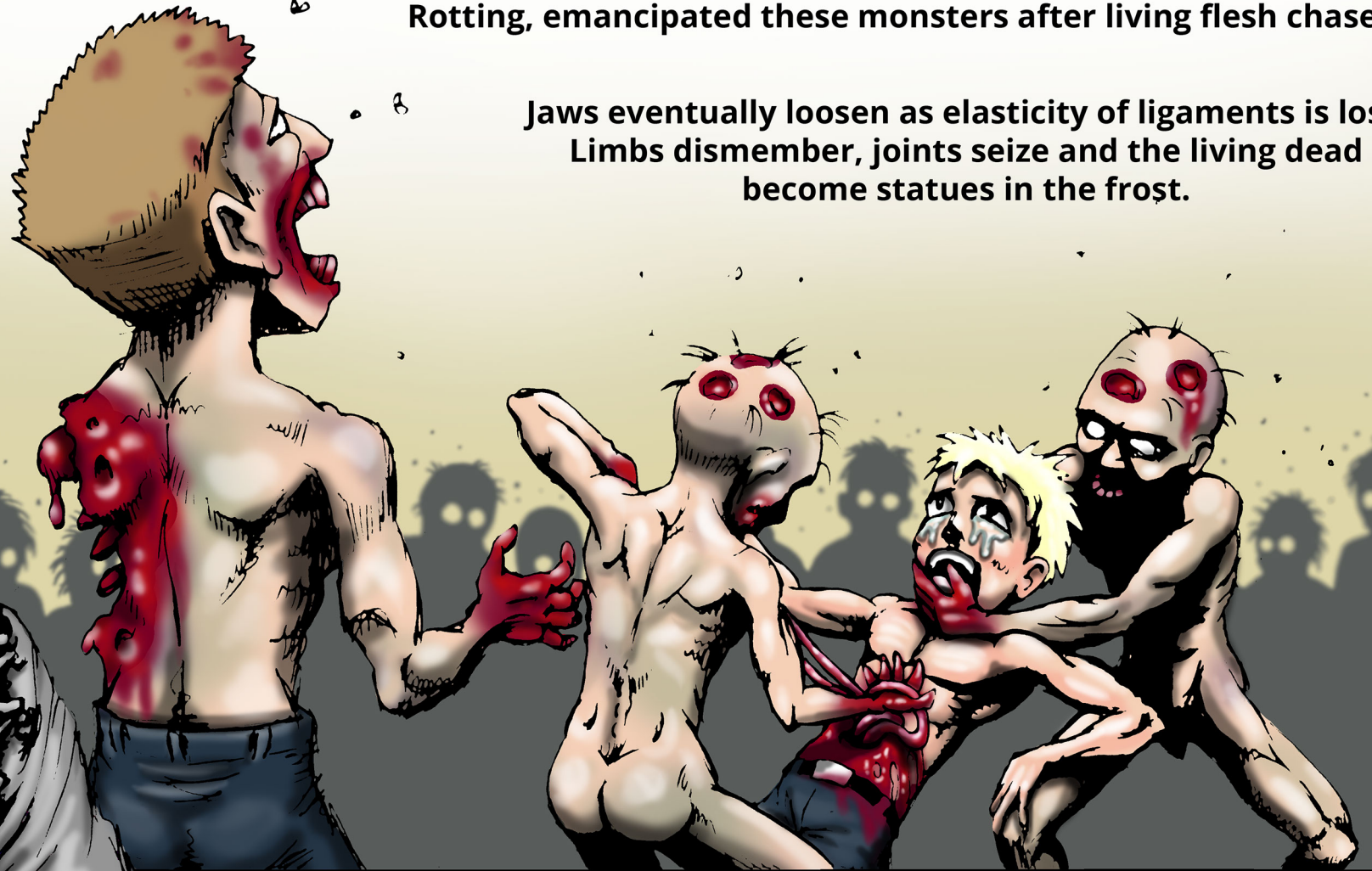


Eyes vacant yet ever hungry - carnivorous beast.
Frenzied yet brain dead on flesh they feast.

Bovine eyes, milky white with no emotion.
What they see, if they see anything, we have no notion.

Teeth gnash in blood encrusted faces.
Rotting, emancipated these monsters after living flesh chases.

Jaws eventually loosen as elasticity of ligaments is lost.
Limbs dismember, joints seize and the living dead
become statues in the frost.



So much has happened in the last few years.

Stories that are yet to be told; but right now impending doom nears.

I am so exhausted. How can the human spirit keep on an endless fight?

To live. To struggle. To survive. No end to this darkest night.

Where did all this madness start?

From the helicopter, my eyes rest on the cause, the one responsible for most part!

She seems to be a captive, why, it's Lady Goth!

The very sight of her renews
my energy and with anger I
begin to froth!

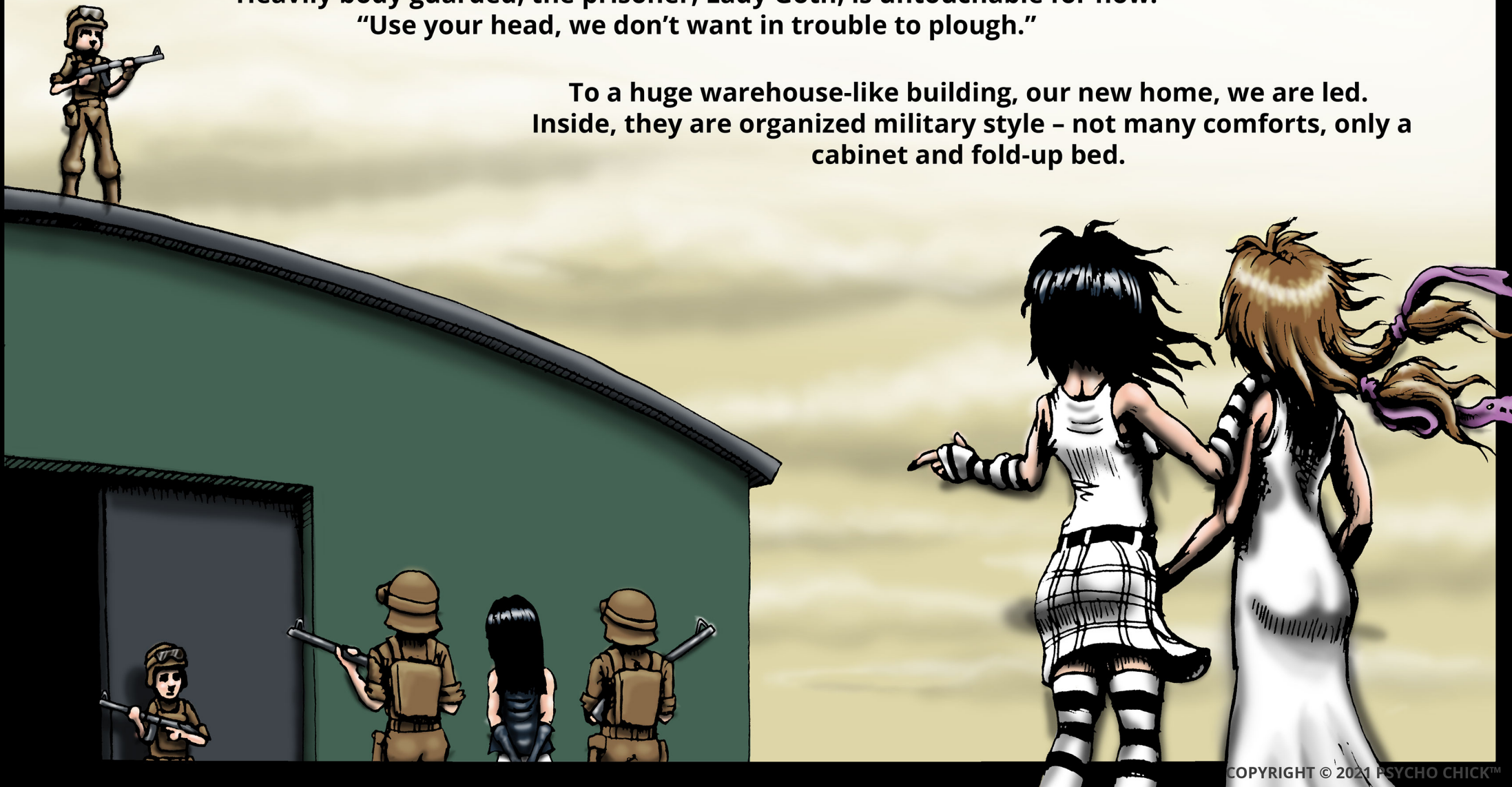


I feel a cold hand on my wrist - tightly it grips;
I look into cool, calm, violet eyes that tell me: "No!" as my head to the hand-owner whips.

Emo Girl shakes her head ever so slightly and then I follow her eyes;
Anyone whom dares to touch that Gothic bitch simply dies!

Heavily body guarded, the prisoner, Lady Goth, is untouchable for now!
"Use your head, we don't want in trouble to plough."

To a huge warehouse-like building, our new home, we are led.
Inside, they are organized military style - not many comforts, only a
cabinet and fold-up bed.





Life here is far from ideal – bathroom facilities are primitive and rationed food very bland.

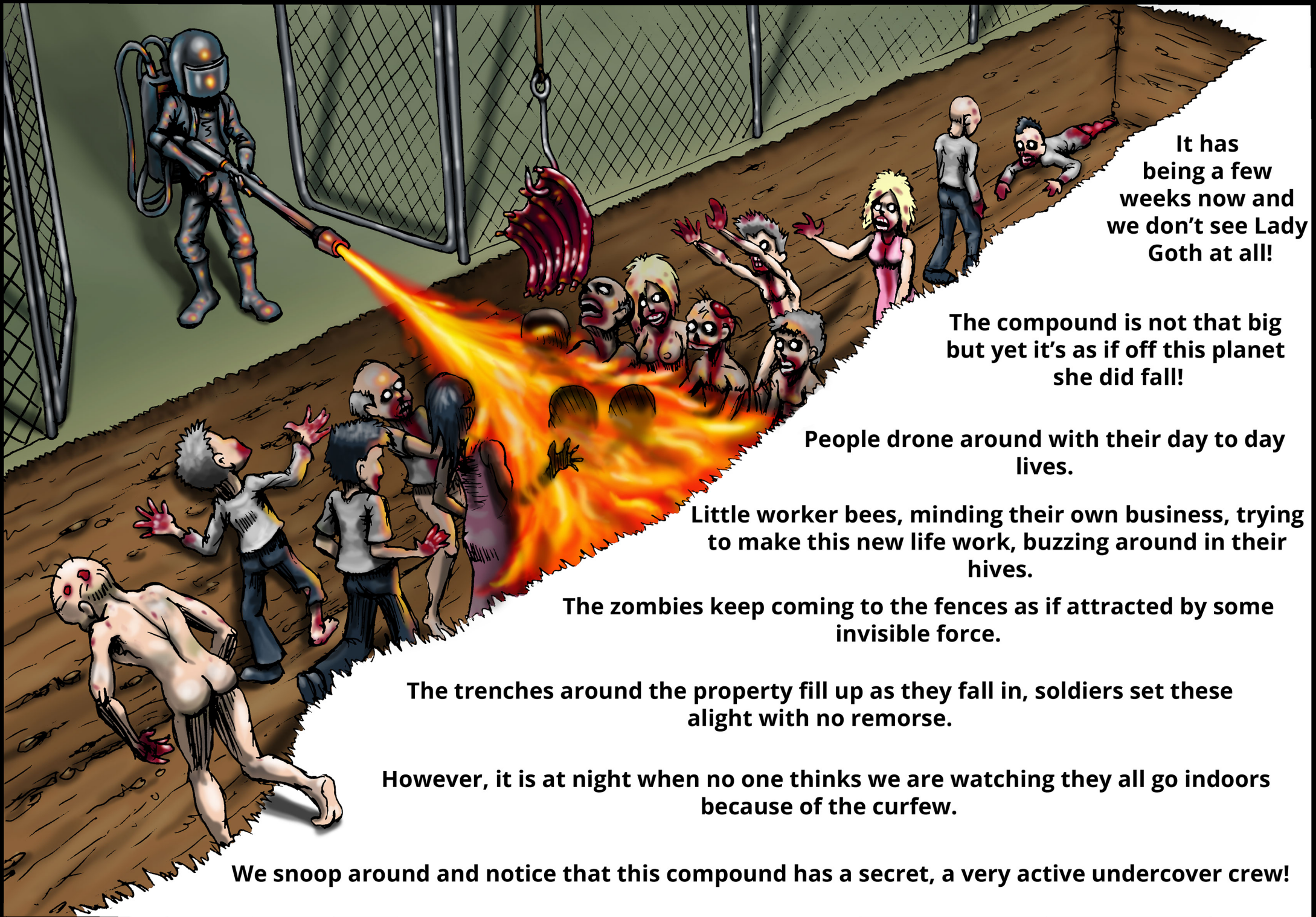
Squabbles continually break out and are quickly dealt with by Something Something Someone (SSS) of the US Army and co with an unnecessarily strong hand.

The feeling of a sanctuary soon disappears and we start thinking of the place as a concentration camp as we try SSS not to offend.

Here suicide by zombie – escaping over the gates into their wide open, rotting arms - is a popular trend.

People walk around – living, breathing – yet look into their eyes and see that they are worse than the zombies grunting at the gate.

We continue to observe over the next few days, as we see things being carried in and out, crate after crate!



It has
being a few
weeks now and
we don't see Lady
Goth at all!

The compound is not that big
but yet it's as if off this planet
she did fall!

People drone around with their day to day
lives.

Little worker bees, minding their own business, trying
to make this new life work, buzzing around in their
hives.

The zombies keep coming to the fences as if attracted by some
invisible force.

The trenches around the property fill up as they fall in, soldiers set these
alight with no remorse.

However, it is at night when no one thinks we are watching they all go indoors
because of the curfew.

We snoop around and notice that this compound has a secret, a very active undercover crew!

One building in particular is heavily guarded where no one can go.

With military precision and medical paranoia – the crates traffic to and fro.

Our enquiries are met with silence and looks of fear.

Then, one day, one person calls us aside, an Informant, so he our enquiries could hear.

No one previously dared to talk about this building – a lab – for fear of disappearing;

As terrible things were rumoured to be happening and people for their lives were fearing.

Myths and conspiracies of experiments on the living were hushed –
of what was going on no one dared speak!

People said that it was Lady Goth's fault!
She was a witch, a supernatural
freak!



We would meet several times with the Informant to get as much information as we can.

Intel on the lab includes how to get in, where to go, how to get out and then out of the main gate – a detailed escape plan.

He told us that his wife worked in a lab but she too did disappear.

He saw her sometime later, on the other side of the fence – a zombie now at him did leer.

On our very next arranged meeting, we waited and waited then searched but Informant was nowhere to be found.

We suspected we had being found out and our demise would now come around.

We had to act now and enter the mysterious lab.

If we did not do it, surely SSS of the US Army would us also nab!



The lab is as stark on the inside as it is on the out.

White walls with atrocities glaringly shout!

We move quietly, hiding so we go undetected...

The horrors grow as lab after lab experiments are being done on the infected.

But, it's not only on the infected that they are experimenting on, we finally discover!

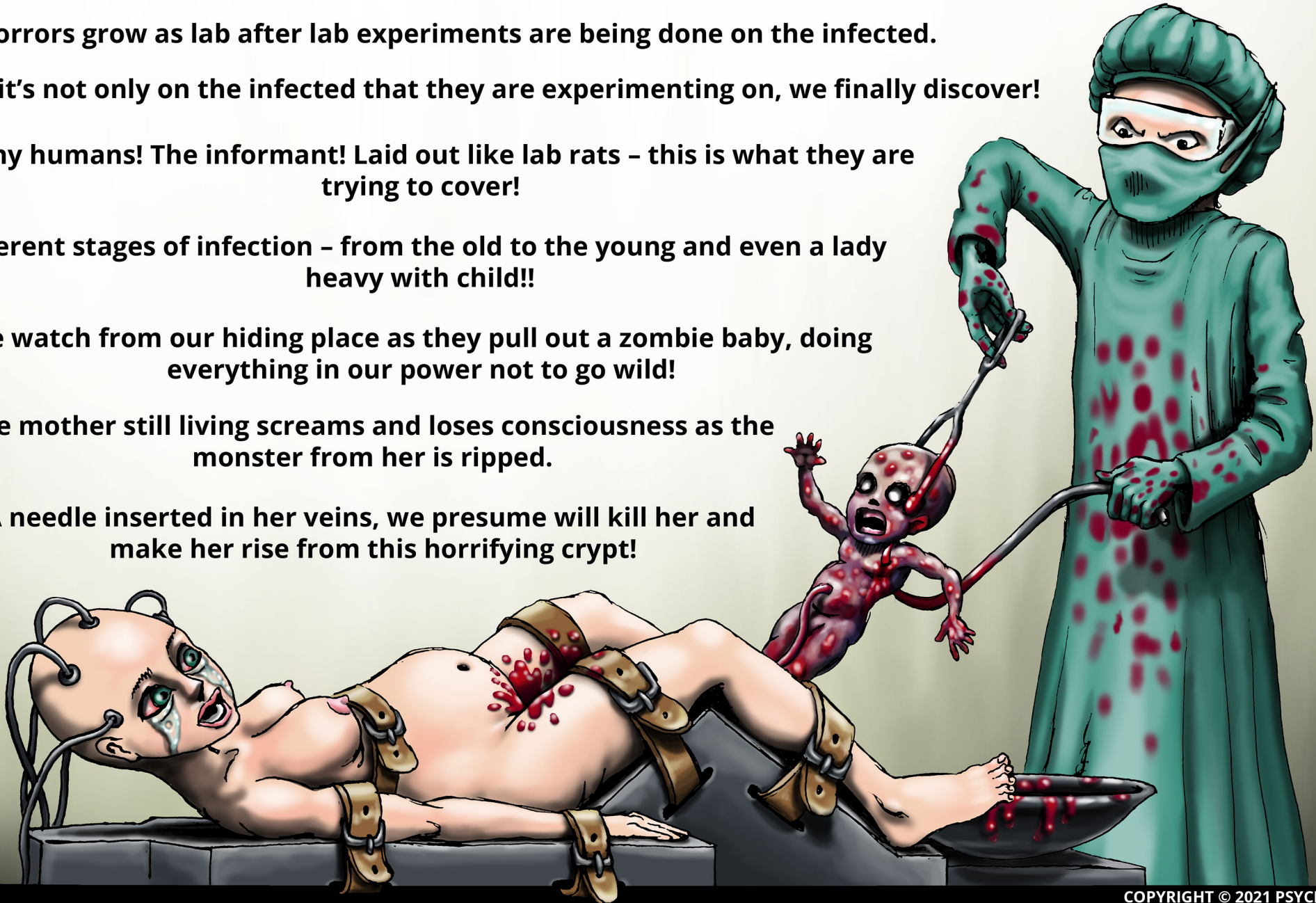
Healthy humans! The informant! Laid out like lab rats – this is what they are trying to cover!

Different stages of infection – from the old to the young and even a lady heavy with child!!

We watch from our hiding place as they pull out a zombie baby, doing everything in our power not to go wild!

The mother still living screams and loses consciousness as the monster from her is ripped.

A needle inserted in her veins, we presume will kill her and make her rise from this horrifying crypt!



We have come to find Lady Goth, so we start to hurry before they discover us.

We want to destroy the madness but we cannot make a fuss.

Not yet anyway. We want to expose these atrocities!

I can feel Emo Girl is feeling the same animosities!

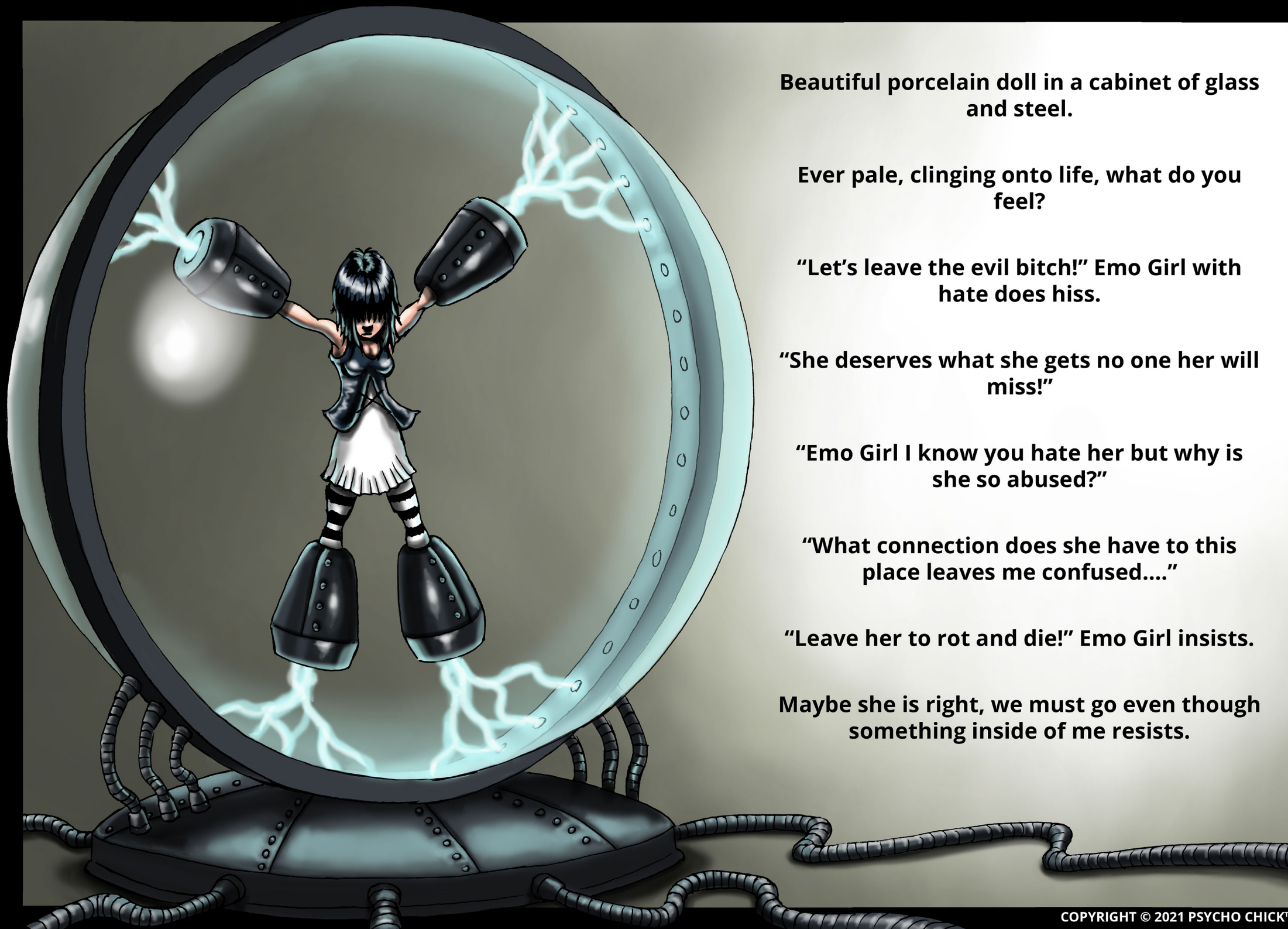
In the furthest corridor of this horror lab we finally find her.

Surprisingly unguarded, except for the latest technology that her escape will deter.

She is just hanging like a limp rag doll,

An electric arc keeps her conscious; her incarceration has visibly taken its toll!





Beautiful porcelain doll in a cabinet of glass
and steel.

Ever pale, clinging onto life, what do you
feel?

"Let's leave the evil bitch!" Emo Girl with
hate does hiss.

"She deserves what she gets no one her will
miss!"

"Emo Girl I know you hate her but why is
she so abused?"

"What connection does she have to this
place leaves me confused...."

"Leave her to rot and die!" Emo Girl insists.

Maybe she is right, we must go even though
something inside of me resists.



The air gets cold.

Chilled to the bone I don't feel so bold.

A distinct sulphur smell,

This must be the odour in hell.

A computer screen mysteriously smashes against a wall!

Pens, papers and stationery fly across the room and fall!

We turn to leave, hurriedly, we better go!

Then a voice as rough as sandpaper
growls:
"No!"

Lady Goth's head is twisted like an owl!

**Skin whiter, body elevated as if crucified,
appearance most foul!**

**Her eyes roll back as if looking at the interior
of her head!**

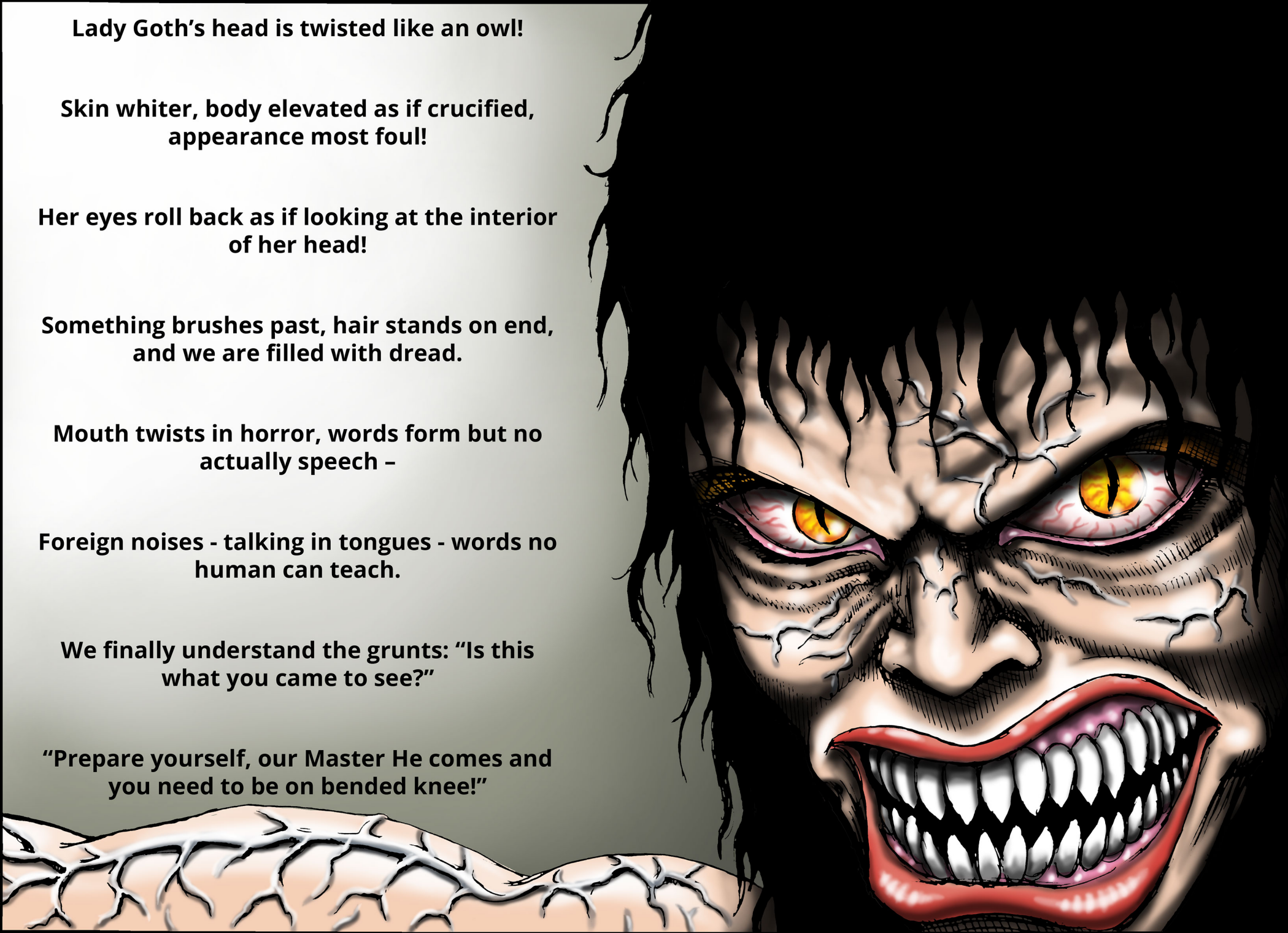
**Something brushes past, hair stands on end,
and we are filled with dread.**

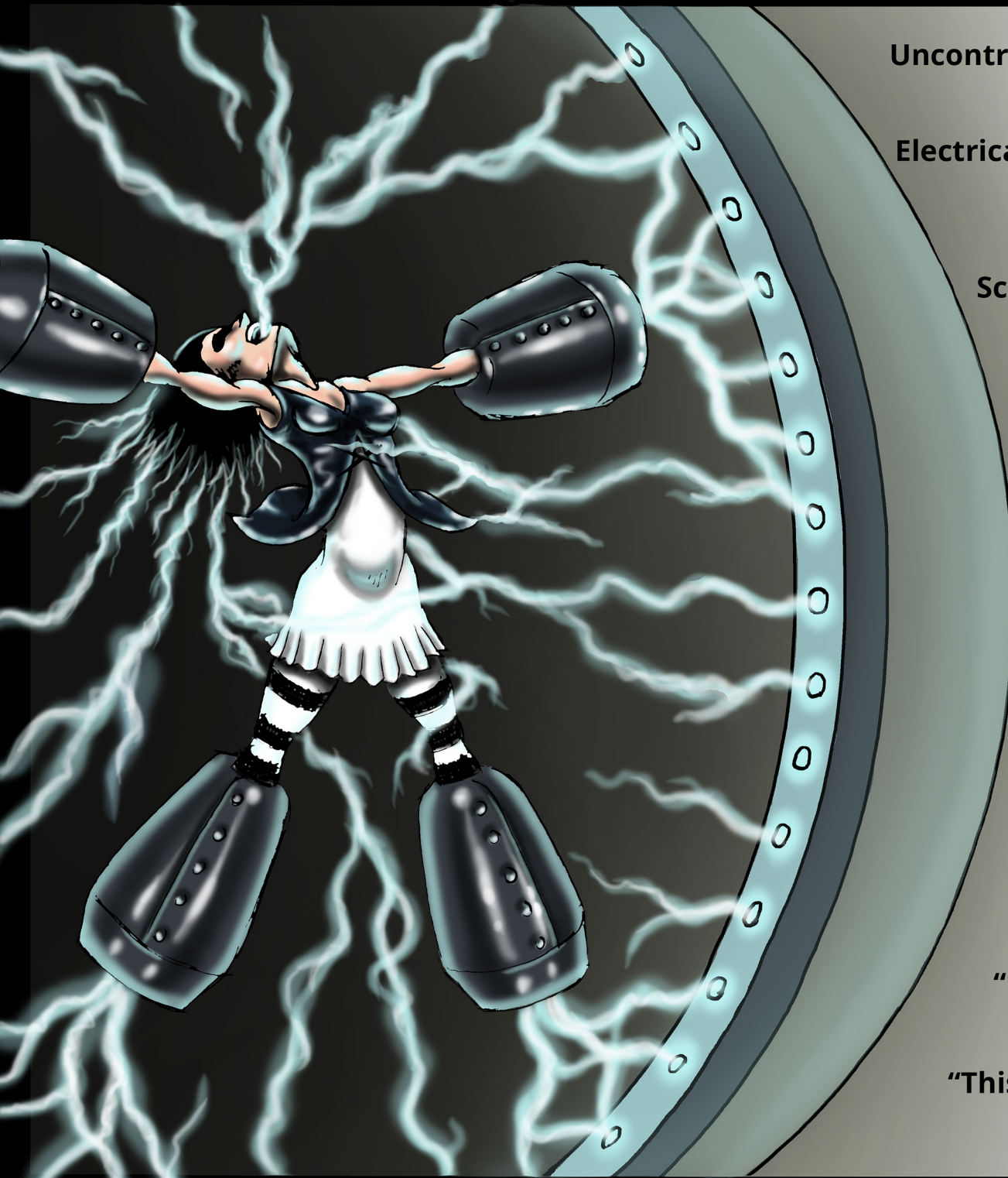
**Mouth twists in horror, words form but no
actually speech -**

**Foreign noises - talking in tongues - words no
human can teach.**

**We finally understand the grunts: "Is this
what you came to see?"**

**"Prepare yourself, our Master He comes and
you need to be on bended knee!"**





Uncontrollable shaking, adrenaline wants to take flight.

Electrical bolts start to shock Lady Goth, programmed the demon to fight.

Screaming, shouting, guttural sounds of pain -

"Your efforts are futile, you cannot tame!"

Lady Goth shakes violently, an earthquake like fit,

Eyes roll back to expose dark pupils, she recovers a bit.

The demon is gone; she looks seeing us for the first time.

Weak, exhausted, what they doing to her seems like a crime.

"Help me....please... stop the madness..."

"This can... can... go away," she battles to utter with sadness.

**We had to help her. Break the circuit boards. Disable the electric arc.
Bash in the glass. Open the door. Cut her loose. Emo Girl began the orders to bark.**

**Do this. Do that. Not like that. Like this. I feel irate.
I want to box her in her pretty nose but now it is not the time to debate.**

13. Uncontrollable Elec

**As soon as we touch her restraints the alarm announces the security breach.
Blaring, deafening, brain-stopping sound that through us does screech.**

**Lady Goth is limp. We have to carry her between the two of us.
We have to leave the lab as is, there is no time, and I hear Emo Girl begin to cuss.**



**Fortunately our informant told us of how to escape through an unguarded
drain pipe.**

**He was not sure where it lead but a risk we had to take to ensure we from
existence they us could not wipe.**

**Into the darkness. Into danger. Into the unknown.
Into a world that is one big grave, feeling alone.**

**We drag Lady Goth, our enemy, we three all foes.
Forced to work together, we will have to see how that goes!**

**To end this scourge, Lady Goth seems to be the key.
The future looks grim and the fate of the planet lies in the hands of us three!**

To be continued...

