



**Psycho
chick**™



The Lazarus Curse
Part 4



“Thicker than Water”



The Lazarus Curse

Thicker than Water

Issue#20

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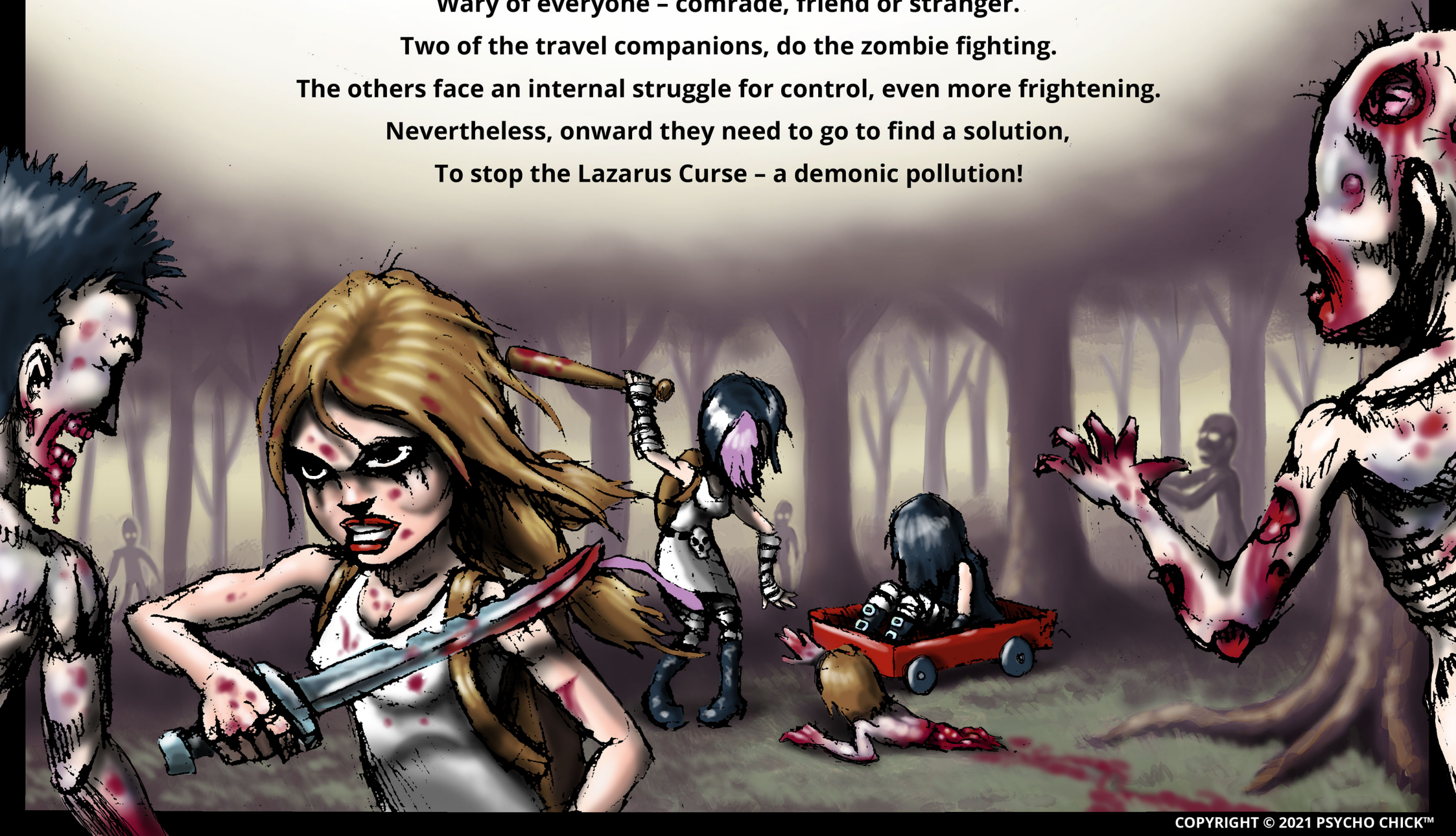
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Four enemies escaping from the madness
Into a world of chaos filled with much sadness
A spreading of a terrible plague surrounds them with danger,
Wary of everyone – comrade, friend or stranger.
Two of the travel companions, do the zombie fighting.
The others face an internal struggle for control, even more frightening.
Nevertheless, onward they need to go to find a solution,
To stop the Lazarus Curse – a demonic pollution!



Emo Girl and Psycho Chick tire of each others company.

Shackled with the limp Lady Goth, traipsing through this graveyard of a country.

Attacked and pursued by the famished living dead.

Rumours are that things are better in the north.

Patience and animosities run high as that way they go forth.

Unsure of where exactly they must head,

Attacked and pursued by the famished living dead.

Slaying zombies, with bitter anger and resentment -

Squabbling with each other as the passenger incites with contentment.

Evil little spirit your days are
numbered, so cause chaos with
glee...

For from your meat prison into
Tartarus you will go,
never will you be free.





Evil breeds evil. When does one stop being a human being?

Survival reverts to basic instinct – animalistic to the extreme.

**Basic laws written in unseen code –
“Thou shall not kill.”**

**Hacking, chopping, stabbing, slicing, impaling,
shooting – kill, kill, kill!**

**We can blame (or, is it thank?) the video games,
movies and TV.**

**Desensitization is maybe a good thing when
surrounded by zombie!**

**What about: “Love thy neighbour as thy self”?
Then ask: “How much do they really hate
themselves?”**

**Survival of the fittest is a selfish pursuit, only think
of “me”.**

**Look after your self, look after your own; come first
is the survivor’s decree!**

A house, beautiful, clean, and inviting but they should still take care.
Watch for activity, stake out the property, in case it's a snare.
Two or more days pass, the house is occupied by an old couple.
Lady Goth makes it difficult with demonic outbursts to remain subtle.
Soon a gun barrel is pressed into Emo Girl's spine.
"What do you want, Don'cha step outta line!"
"Or what?" Psycho Chick has a weapon against the gun-wielder's
throat.
An old man with a shotgun looking worried, short-lived was his gloat.
"We mean you no harm, we looking for a little shelter, a little food."
"We had to stake out your property to ensure all was good!"
The tension grows as they suss each other out.
Times are hard, fear rampant, filled with doubt.



Eyes narrow as an assessment of the situation is made.

Summing up the likelihood of survival and hostility eventually does fade.

The old man calls a truce.

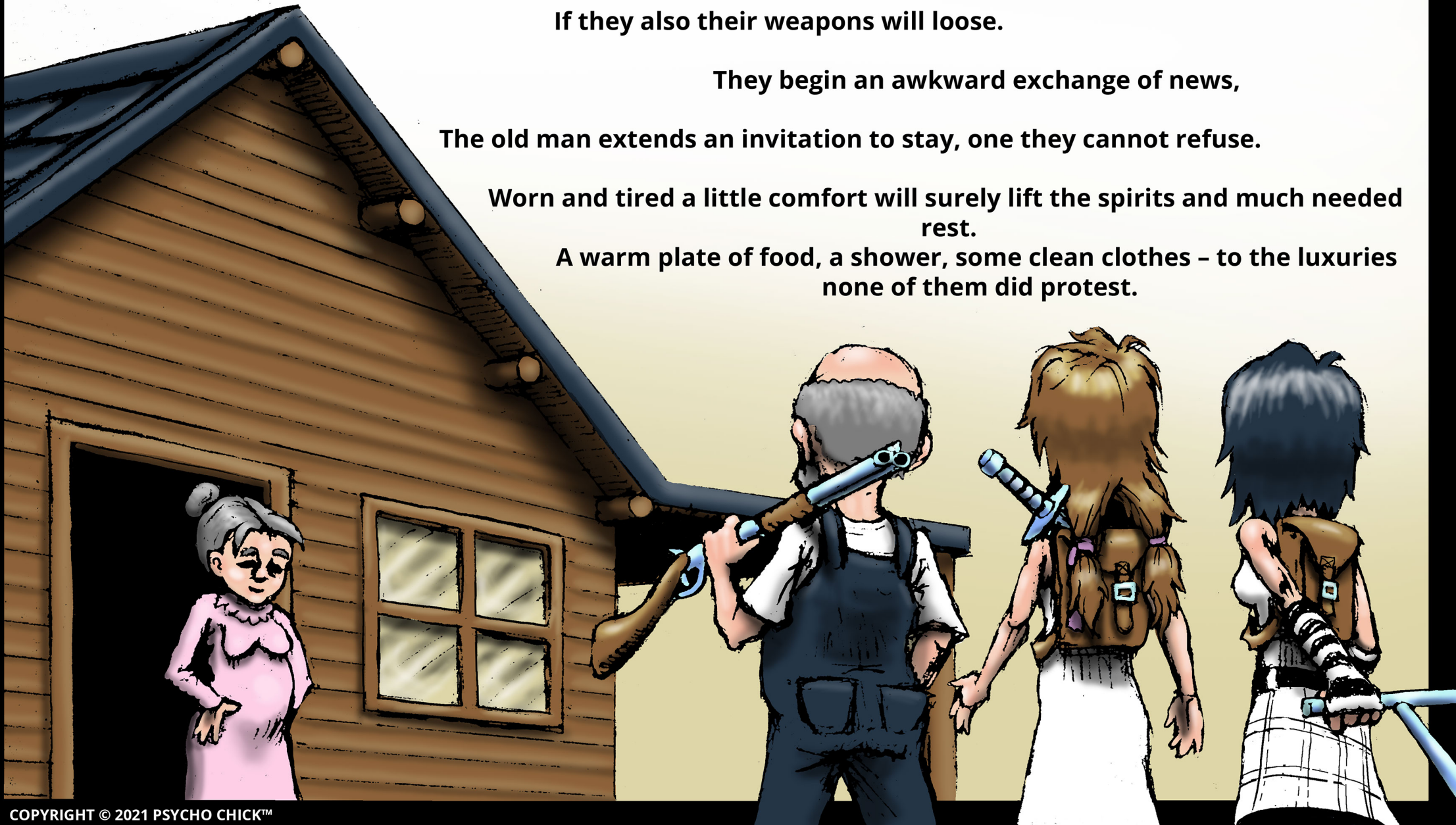
If they also their weapons will loose.

They begin an awkward exchange of news,

The old man extends an invitation to stay, one they cannot refuse.

Worn and tired a little comfort will surely lift the spirits and much needed rest.

A warm plate of food, a shower, some clean clothes – to the luxuries none of them did protest.



The Old Folks are kind, compassionate and hospitable but their guests start thinking that they may be a little senile too.

Often speaking obsessively, with great fondness, of their grandchildren however, of their whereabouts the visitors had no clue.

As they became more comfortable with their guests they went on unending rants and speeches.

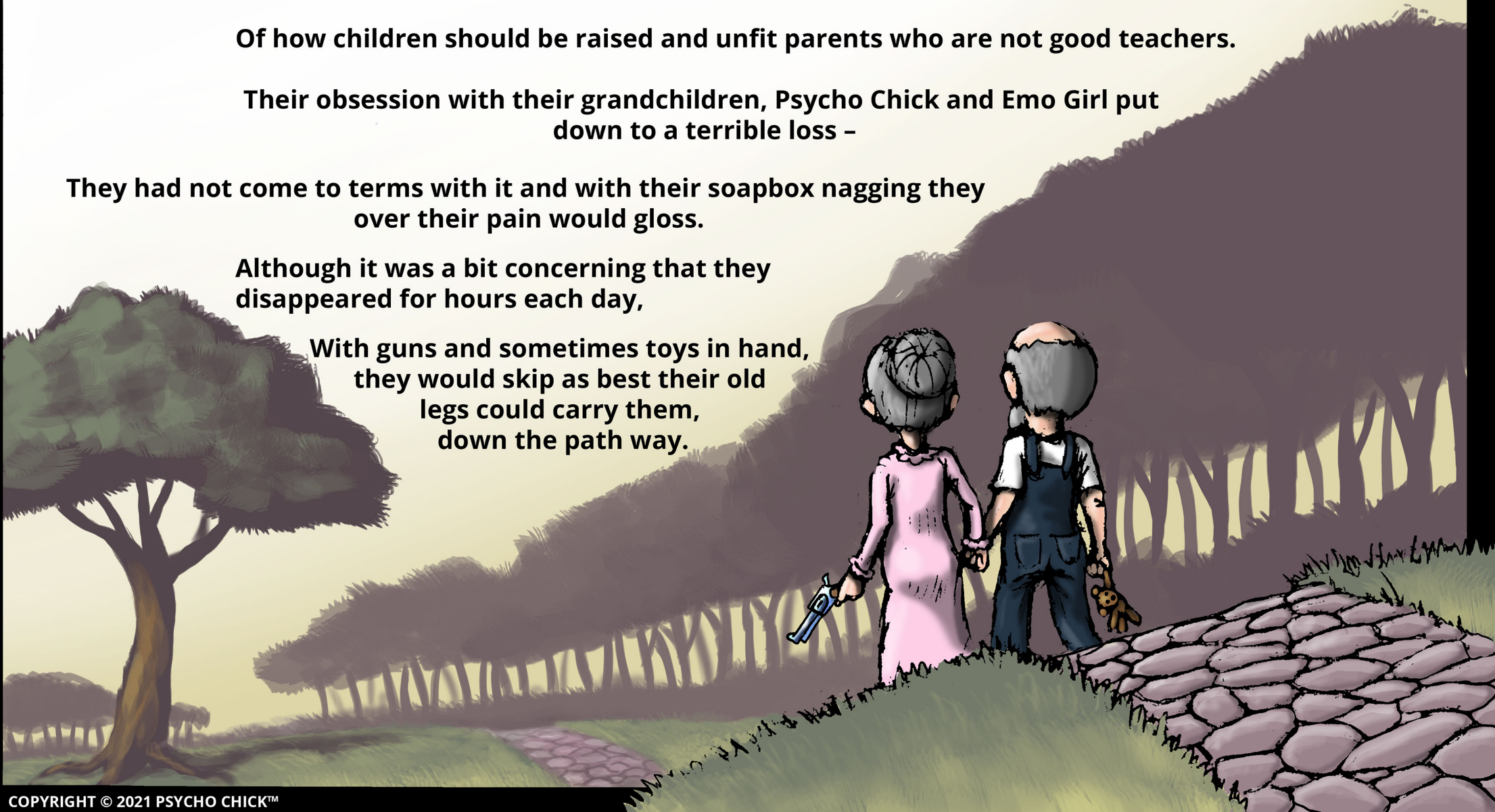
Of how children should be raised and unfit parents who are not good teachers.

Their obsession with their grandchildren, Psycho Chick and Emo Girl put down to a terrible loss -

They had not come to terms with it and with their soapbox nagging they over their pain would gloss.

Although it was a bit concerning that they disappeared for hours each day,

With guns and sometimes toys in hand,
they would skip as best their old
legs could carry them,
down the path way.



They kept Lady Goth in her room for most of the time.

Scared that the couples would meet the “passenger” when it would step out of line.

Her screaming and outburst were excused with “she is mentally ill”...

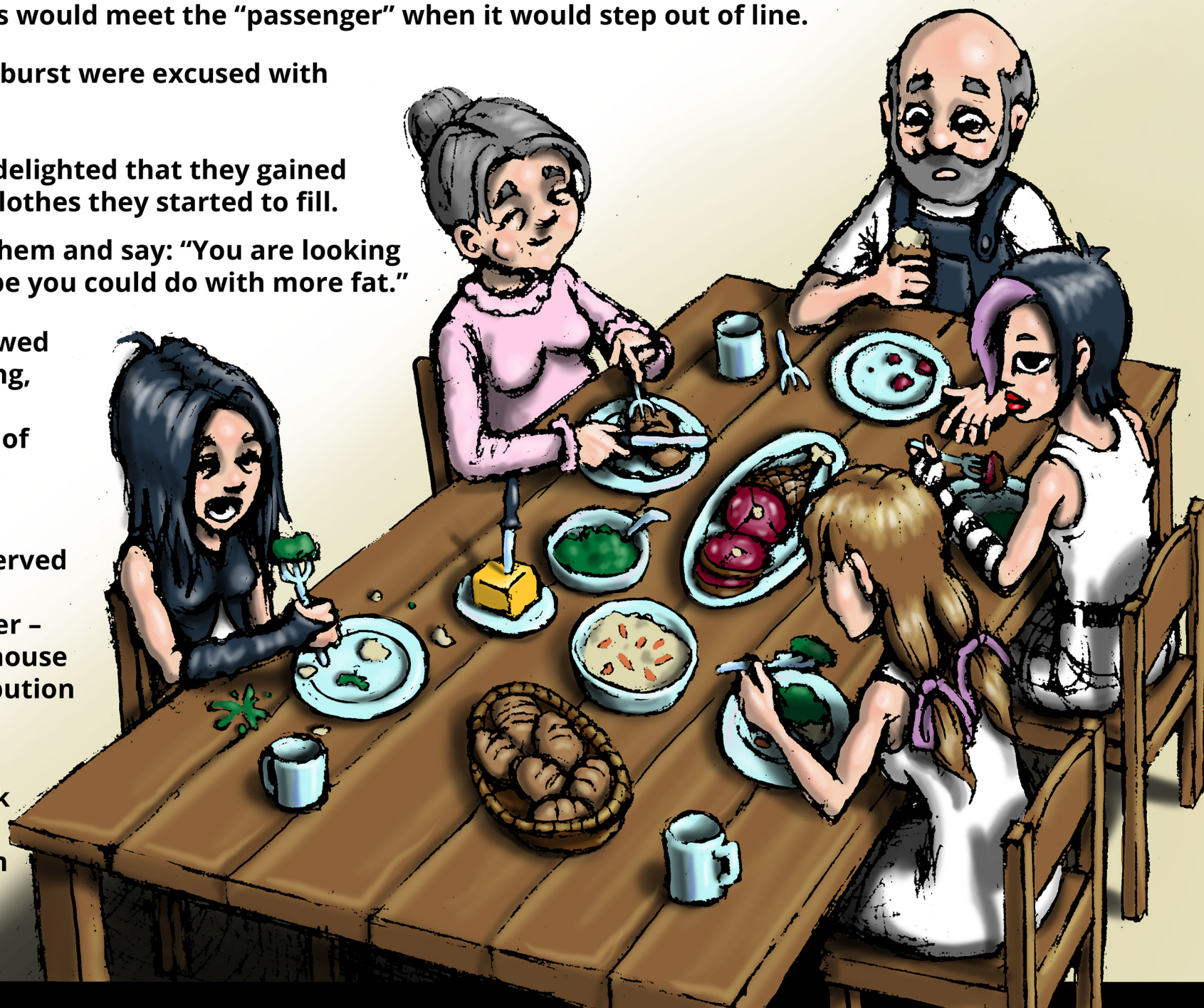
The Old Folks seemed delighted that they gained weight and into their clothes they started to fill.

Grandma would prod them and say: “You are looking better dearie but maybe you could do with more fat.”

The Old Folks sure showed concern and were caring, after all their bad experiences, none of them complained about that!

Luscious meals were served everyday – breakfast, lunch, supper – they were lucky their house was bordering a distribution centre and farm,

The girls began to think that in this Utopia, they would never again experience any harm.



It was while on Zombie Patrol that Emo Girl and Psycho Chick's illusion was shattered:

Everything they came to believe and about the Old Folks no longer mattered!

A trap, like a bear cage with one men inside.

The two old fogies with cattle prods were subduing another man whom they had already hog-tied.

Grabbing a needle from her pocket, Grandma proceeded to inject something lethal into the hog tied man's neck.

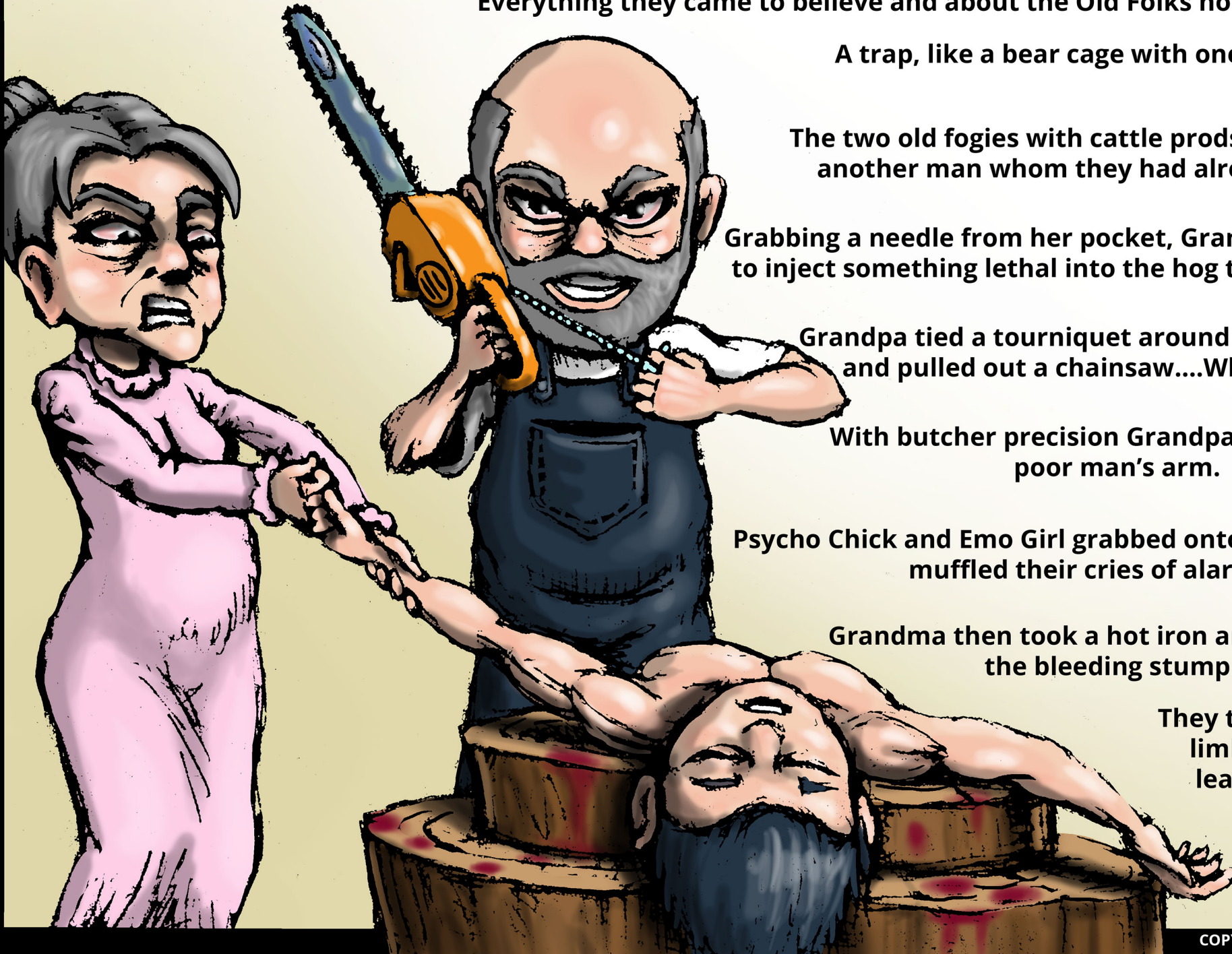
Grandpa tied a tourniquet around the man's arm and pulled out a chainsaw....What the heck?!?!

With butcher precision Grandpa loped off the poor man's arm.

Psycho Chick and Emo Girl grabbed onto each other and muffled their cries of alarm.

Grandma then took a hot iron and singed off the bleeding stump.

They took the severed limb and went off leaving the poor man in a pathetic lump.



The two girls were shaking, their faces wet with tears of disbelief and shock.

They followed to see what their fate would soon be but first they would the conscious man from the cage unlock.

They told him it was best to hide but they would come back after they unveiled this terrible plot.

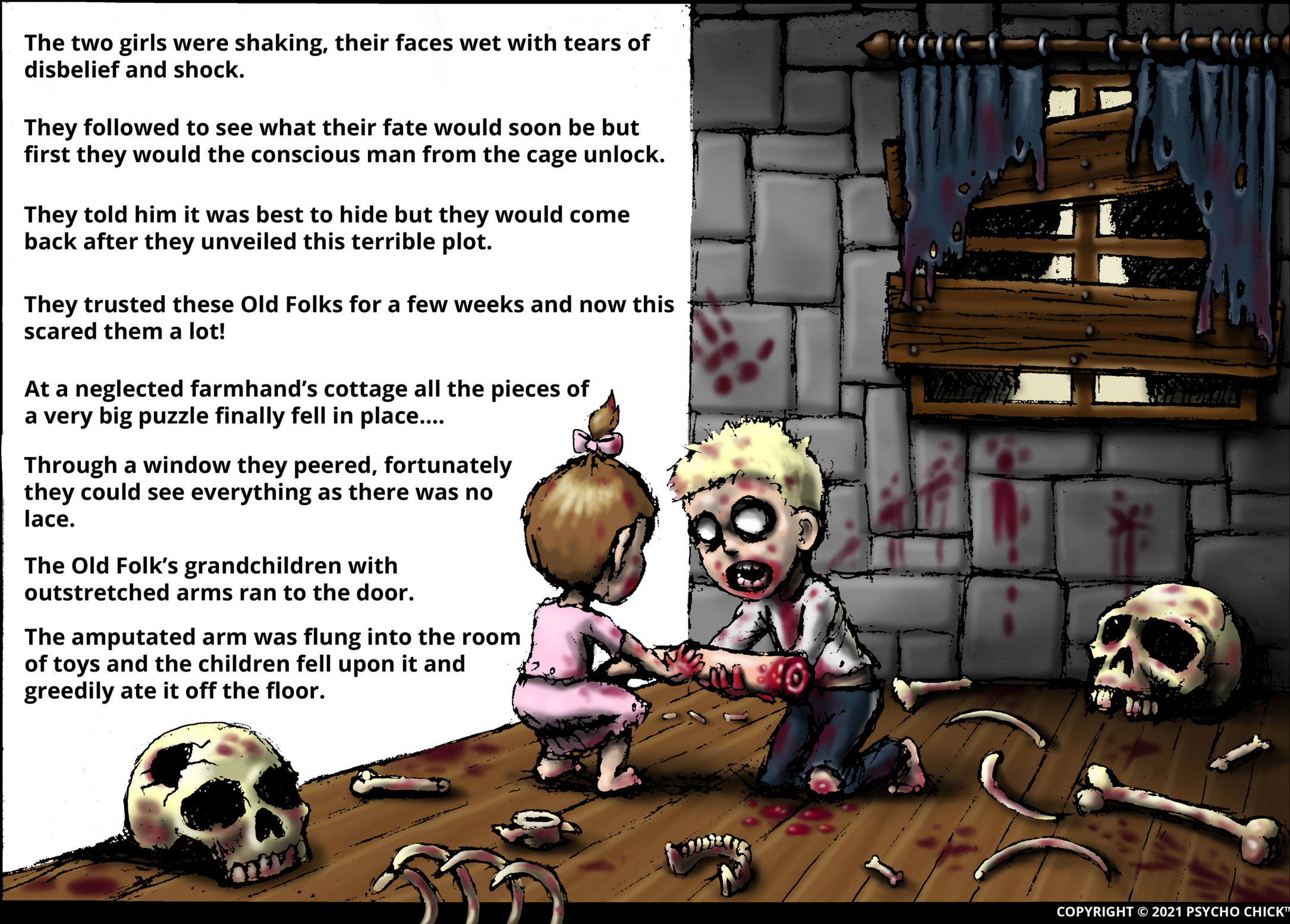
They trusted these Old Folks for a few weeks and now this scared them a lot!

At a neglected farmhand's cottage all the pieces of a very big puzzle finally fell in place....

Through a window they peered, fortunately they could see everything as there was no lace.

The Old Folk's grandchildren with outstretched arms ran to the door.

The amputated arm was flung into the room of toys and the children fell upon it and greedily ate it off the floor.





Panic rises like a pot of hot water that is about to boil over followed by raging bubbles of disbelief.

Get out, get away from the madness, and find relief!
"We're just their next meal!"

"Let's go now! WTF? This can't be real!"
"We were wondering when you gonna discover our secret," they look up and see Grandpa.

"Their parents allowed this to happen to their own kids... and we made em pay, both their pa and ma!"

"The poor mites ate for a few weeks on their folks but we had to find other food!"

"Human flesh is the only thing that keeps 'em happy.... Ah they such sweethearts and really quite good!"

"And you three girls will help us through the long winter, so we don't havta hunt and trap!"

"But ah well you discovered our secret and that is rather crap!"

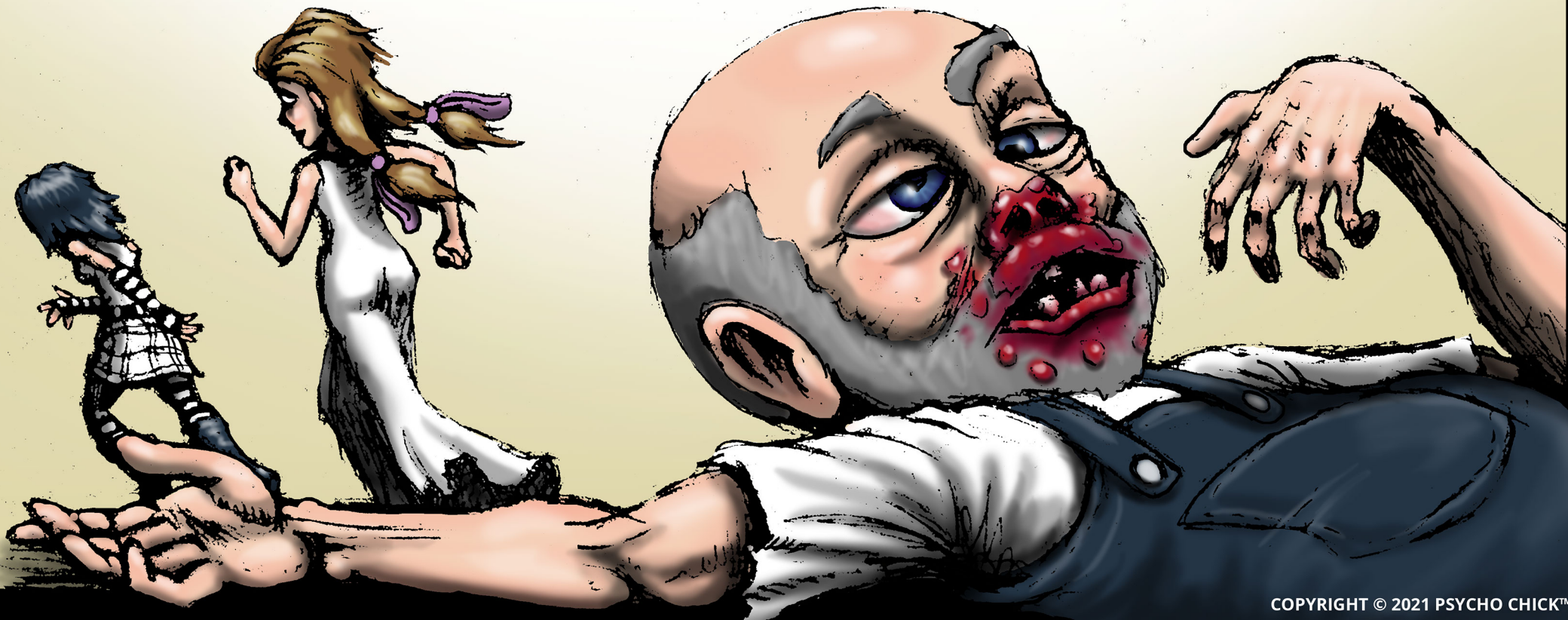
No time to chit chat...
Psycho Chick lunged and hit the old man flat!

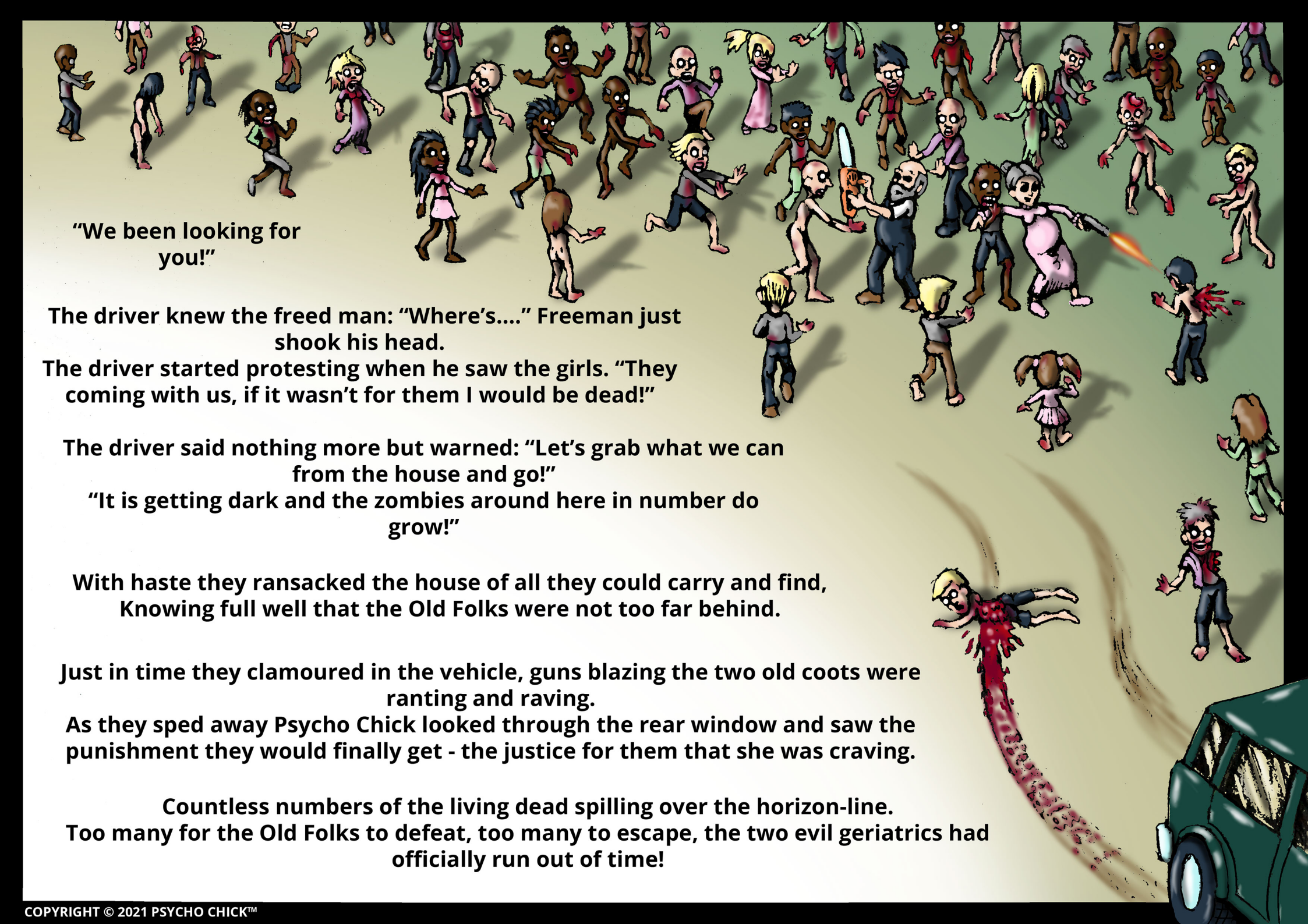
"Run! Just run!" They both listened to the voices in their head and ran!
Behind them someone followed, too fast to be the old woman or the old man!

They ran to the house for they could not forget Lady Goth with her passenger aboard.
Whoever was following them was gaining on them but to stop and fight was time they could not afford!

Finally at the gate of the house they were met with the man they had freed, looking very rough.
They shouted orders to him to help gather Lady Goth and their other stuff.

He looked a bit weathered but he carried Lady Goth with ease out through the gate.
Slinging her over his shoulder he started waving at a vehicle that was heading toward them, were they too late?





**"We been looking for
you!"**

**The driver knew the freed man: "Where's...." Freeman just
shook his head.**

**The driver started protesting when he saw the girls. "They
coming with us, if it wasn't for them I would be dead!"**

**The driver said nothing more but warned: "Let's grab what we can
from the house and go!"**

**"It is getting dark and the zombies around here in number do
grow!"**

**With haste they ransacked the house of all they could carry and find,
Knowing full well that the Old Folks were not too far behind.**

**Just in time they clamoured in the vehicle, guns blazing the two old coots were
ranting and raving.**

**As they sped away Psycho Chick looked through the rear window and saw the
punishment they would finally get - the justice for them that she was craving.**

**Countless numbers of the living dead spilling over the horizon-line.
Too many for the Old Folks to defeat, too many to escape, the two evil geriatrics had
officially run out of time!**

Lady Goth's passenger cackled through her in the back as Psycho Chick and Emo Girl sat in shocked silence. Overcome by the events they had just witnessed, they were somewhat shell shocked by all this violence.

Whether it was wise to be with these two men they still hadn't figured out.

There was so much betrayal and confusion in this new world that they were filled constantly with doubt.

After wary introductions they soon learned that these men belonged to a group of "freedom fighters".

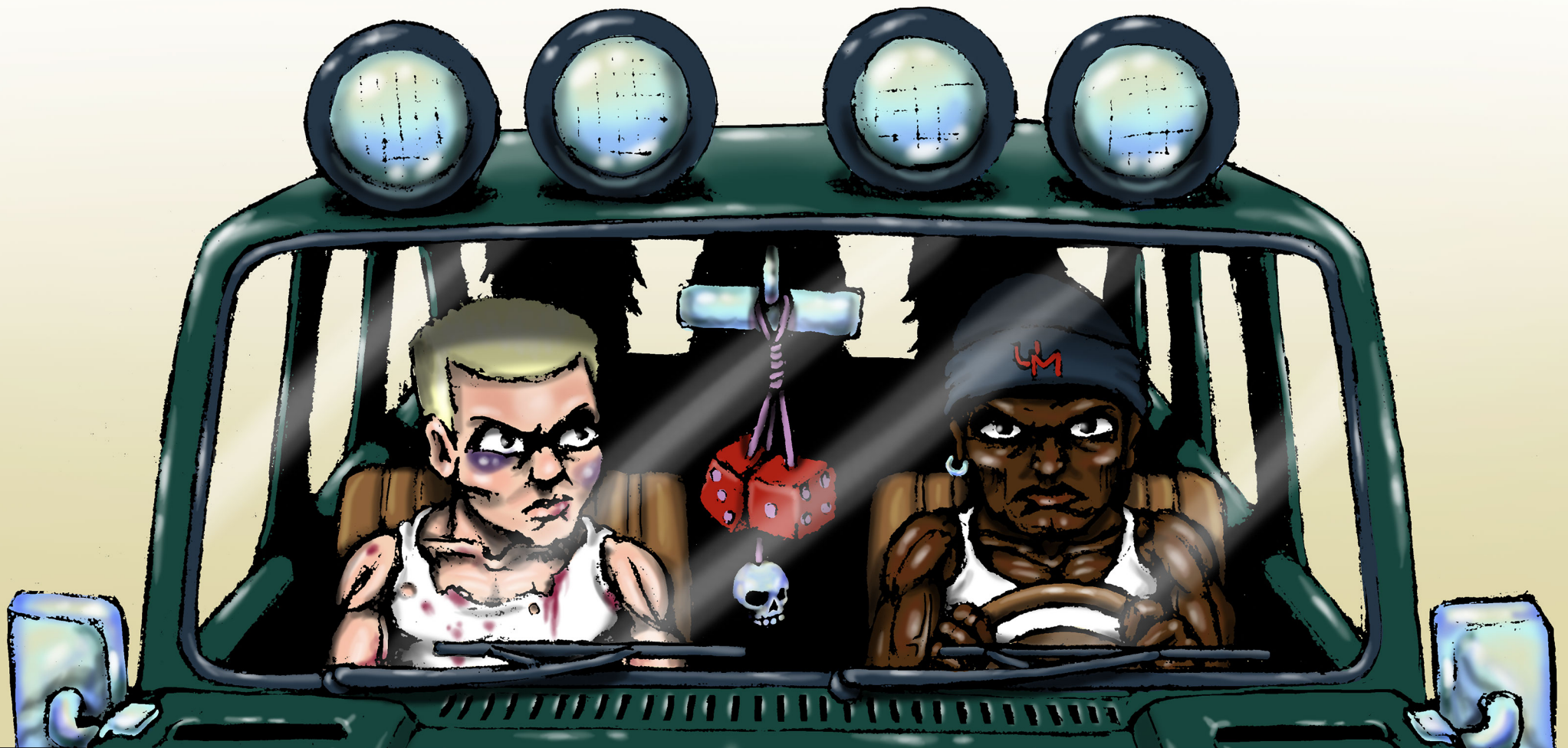
They called themselves the Union of Mankind (UM), zombie smiters.

Freeman began to tell them of how he and his partner got caught by the Old Folk;

They were sent to investigate a number of disappearances to make sure it was no joke.

UM were determined to restore this great land to its former glory;

However, first they had to free mankind from the Lazarus Curse and this new system that had become so gory.



Psycho Chick started noticing the vehicle they were in.

Modified military style but with their current situation in mind was sure that no zombie could win.

The ride was bumpy as they road over those that had fallen, the road their final grave.

Dodging cars, some empty, some tombs as the masses tried to flee, got caught in their final traffic jam and then no one could save them.

In the sun their bodies rotted, bones became bleached and brittle,

Tires crunched the long exposed bodies; flies rose from the fresh, stinking ones and settled again, for their dead meal they cared little.

The noise smells, the bumps must have the passenger really pleased.

For Lady Goth started acting up and in the vehicle the demon was released!



The car swerved as the demon tried to reap havoc,
The two men started shouting "WTF's" in utter shock.

The girls pulled out religious paraphernalia - the demonic kamikaze pilot they had to subdue.

As the monster screeched into its meat prison, to the back window he Lady Goth threw.

The driver slammed on brakes and they rocked to an unsettling halt.

The men looked terrified with hands resting
on door handles as if they wanted out of the
car to bolt.

Psycho Chick and Emo Girl in
a flurry of words had
to explain
what happened so they
didn't get kicked out.

The men listened in
astonishment
as they finally
understood what
Lady Goth's outbreak
was all about.



The men started up the car and Freeman assured the girls and Freeman assured
the girls they knew someone in the UM that could assist;
They finally felt relief that the men their story did not resist.
They rode on small talk masked the worry and fear they were feeling,
Hopefully some help could be found and an end to the Lazarus Curse they could
be dealing.

Lady Goth, battered and bruised whimpered in the back,
The others ignored her, sympathy they did lack.

Shortly they approached the UM headquarters a little more at ease.
Things would maybe now change; it was as if Hope traveled lightly on the breeze.

They were just four enemies, escaping into a new madness –
Two fierce warriors, the other two internally dueling to stop this
planet's grief, this planet's sadness.

Not knowing what the future will bring,
The gates of the UM opened and a
new chapter
of mankind was ushered in.

To be continued...

