

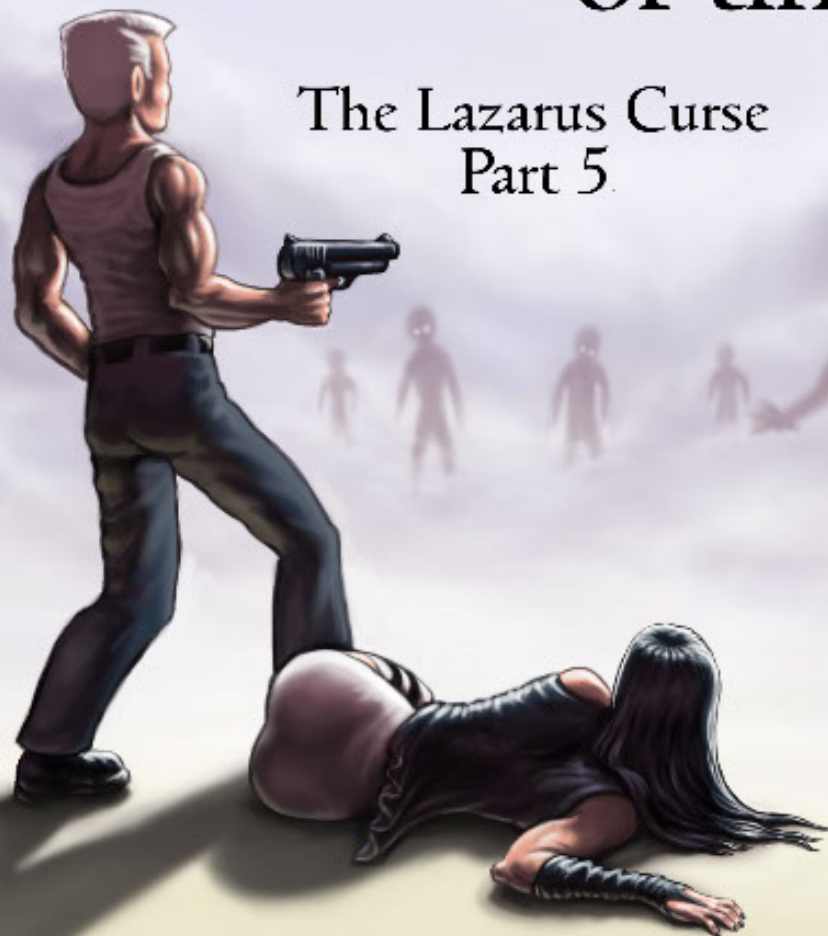


PsychoTM
Chick



“Until the end
of time”

The Lazarus Curse
Part 5.





The Lazarus Curse

Until the End of Time

Issue#21

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"Government of the people, by the people,
for the people, shall not perish from the
Earth."

Abraham Lincoln

Our Mission:

One Union, one community -
Uniting mankind.

We are the nation's new line of defence.

We will protect humankind.

We will not perish.

We will have government restored and
protect all civil rights.

We will re-enforce the hallowed
Constitution and its Amendments.

We will never say die.

We are the Union of Mankind.

This is a love story, but not a love story of the usual kind.

It is a Gothic one - woeful, forbidden, damaging to body and mind.

It is an endless struggle between my diabolical, contemptible parasite, a demon named Amy and me, the host.

Draining my very life - compared to my former self - I am a ghost.

I have recurring dreams; not my own - yellow memories of warm light.

Picture perfect, honey warmth in Amy's sight.

Hymns fill my soul as my dreams take me there.

Yellow, inviting happiness, love, respect and care.

Angelic amber fades as reality surfaces to the fore.

Everything around me is chaos, people hate me - what does this Lazarus Curse have for me in store?



She was a white lily - delicate and fragile.

I held her against my chest, only for a while.

Broken, damaged and needing help, I wanted to be her knight -

Love her, protect her, be her guiding light.

She was a Ming vase - delicate china, very rare.

I knew I couldn't put her back together but I didn't care.

Lady Goth 4 Freeman had such a beautiful ring.

**Is she what I've been waiting for?
Did fate her to me bring?**



**I am constantly at war with myself.
Everything around me is a blur.
This darkness never ends -
this is my fault, people infer.
Existence is inconsequential and with Amy -
the fallen angel -obscure.
I despise this demon's perverse, monstrous
thoughts screaming at me, making me
impure!
Its home was glorious amber, golden
consecrated ugliness to which Amy could not
endear.
Reverence masked dictatorship: conform and
surrender free-will.
Not my thoughts I fear.
Faultless worship, divine obedience, nothing
but adoration.
No identity.
Mindless slave.
A number without a face.
I feel the demon's lack of consecration.**



The other two girls, Psycho Chick and Emo Girl, were hard.

I am not sure if they were always like that - marred.

Girls have changed since this Lazarus Curse.

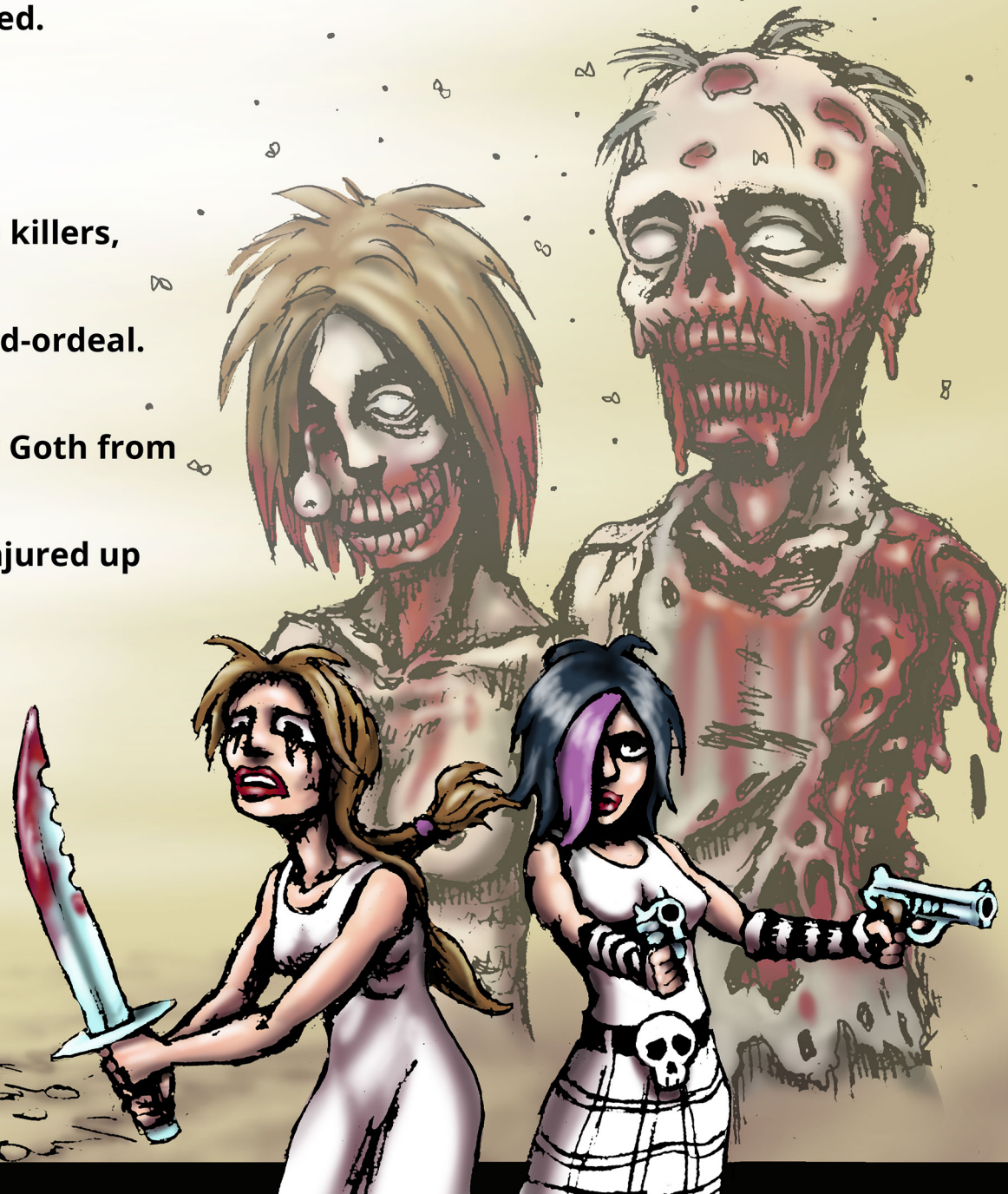
They took up arms, survived, fought, and became killers, murders or worse.

They were trying to find a cure for this humankind-ordeal.

However, what interested me was how they Lady Goth from the lab did steal.

They explained what possessed Lady Goth - a conjured up demon.

I did not believe Lady Goth caused it;
I would help her as sure as my name was
Freeman.



Through all this -
the internal abuse, the spirit -
possession and the haze.
For a brief moment, I, Lady Goth, upon the
masculine face of Freeman did gaze.
Darkness subsided for a few brief moments,
I could breathe.
I felt Amy bristle, scrambling to gain
control, I would make IT grieve.
Like an apparition rising from the murk,
clearing the mist.
I felt strength for the first time I could Amy
resist.
Amy did not like this love feeling and began
to violently throw me around.
Inner tantrums to get Its own way really
started to abound.
From Amy I had to try get free.
As the battle between IT and my new found
love raged violently on inside of me.



The chaos outside of the walls of the UM seems to have all but disappeared.

Lady Goth made me live, hope, feel again; it was only for her life I feared.

Before I didn't care if I lived or died.

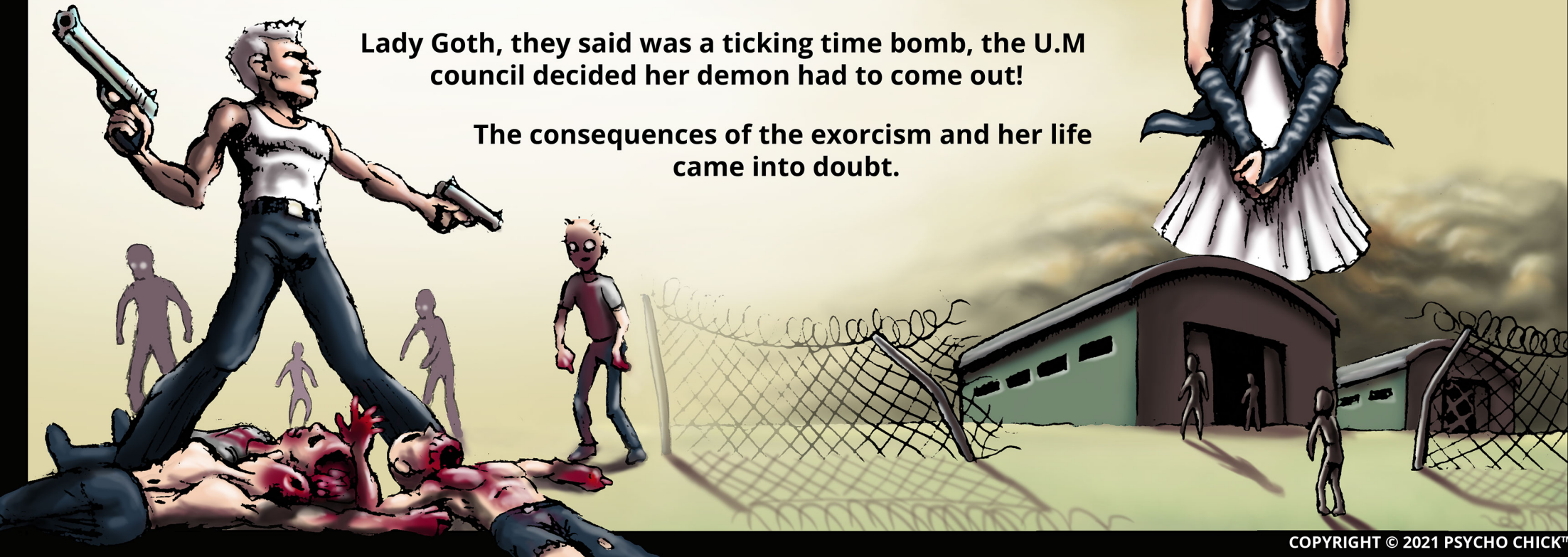
Out fighting zombies, I made sure to get back home and be by her side.

Even with news reaching us that the SSS of the US Army and all at the compound had reached their eventual doom,

Our love transcended the bad news; from strength to strength it would bloom.

Lady Goth, they said was a ticking time bomb, the U.M council decided her demon had to come out!

The consequences of the exorcism and her life came into doubt.



The demon has become more agitated of late.
Armageddon did not come from God, as
expected, but from the grave when Amy
opened the gate.

Havoc!

Mayhem!

Death!

Amy was proud of Its handy work.
More! IT wanted MORE! Amy liked pain;
I just wanted to clear the murk.
I weakened more, energy sucked dry by this
parasite.

BUT something inside of me grew strong -
LOVE gave me might!
IT taunted me, into the same song Amy would
make me erupt:

“Ring-a-ring a rosies a pocket full of posies,
Achoo Achoo **WE ALL RISE UP!**”
People hated me, Psycho Chick and Emo Girl
loathed my existence.

There was only one, Freeman, he made me
fight, and he made me show persistence.



Psycho Chick and Emo Girl came to me today.

Grave and serious. It was time to exorcise the demon, there was no other way!

A priest, a rabbi and monk of sorts would perform the act.

They determined that Amy was such a strong demon; Lady Goth would lose her life that was the fact!

NO! They lie! It cannot be!

I will not allow it!

Rather, she not from this demon be free!

They treated my pleas with little regard.

It would be done tonight.

They said unconvincingly, that this decision for them was hard.

I would be given this afternoon to spend the last hours with my lady...

Little did they know I planned to escape with my love, my precious baby!



Freeman said that we are going away together
for a little while.

We should elope he said, live alone somewhere -
this made me smile.

How romantic!

Just the two of us!

No U.M!

No Psycho Chick!

No Emo Girl!

No zombies!

No fuss!

Freeman was my knight, my king;

I was his queen, my heart did sing.

He had nothing, albeit a ribbon which he tied
around my finger, as a promissory ring.

This love of ours transcended, glowing warmth of
beautiful trust.

Freeman was now a part of me, bonded together
- pounding passion, sweating lust.

He looked into my eyes and he saw my soul, he
saw only me!

Whispering a promise:

"I will get rid of Amy!"



Travel over the next few days is slow and my Lady does weaken every day.

**Amy throws regular fits of frustration, speaking grotesque words of lies
- IT will for this hurt eventually pay.**

I know of a small church where the priest is still in attendance.

He will help us; from Amy Lady Goth will gain independence.

**We travel by day for security, but the scourge of zombies
does continually grow.**

**Although as time goes by, the rot sets in, they become
increasingly slow.**

Amy knows of my plans to end its existence.

**During times when IT controls, Amy reminds me
that with an exorcism Lady Goth's life won't go the distance.**

**IT needs a host and will cling
on for dear life.**

**Back to the underworld IT
will not go, Amy needed
to cause more havoc
and strife!**



**I woke this morning, in a graveyard - achingly
beautiful and silent.**

**The birds quietly opened their beaks as the
cloak of darkens lifted, their song on the
appearance of the sun was reliant.**

**Above me a weeping angel, statue of grief, with
a trumpet in its hand, towered.**

**I felt a small amount of shame as it witnessed us
making love - there clinging onto each other,
naked - I had flowered.**

**I wonder if it mourned the dead or the beauty of
the passion we had....**

**I rolled over to see a real live, sleeping angel - in
honour, in kindness, in power, Freeman was
clad.**

**If only I could capture this moment and stay
here in the cool air making love with him forever!
Building a life, living it to the fullest, banishing
Amy back to Its home, to go rule again in hell's
darkest most vile cellar!**

I love Freeman, he loves me.

All I want is to be with him, to be free!



I wake to see her pale face, my light in the dark, my moon!

Her alabaster perfection amazes me, it astounds me, makes me swoon.

For this love I would kill myself.

I am tortured, I am blessed. I have nothing; I have the world of wealth!

She moans - it tears me apart.

She smiles and I know she is my immortality enkindled in my heart.

I embrace her and we lay there so happy for a while.

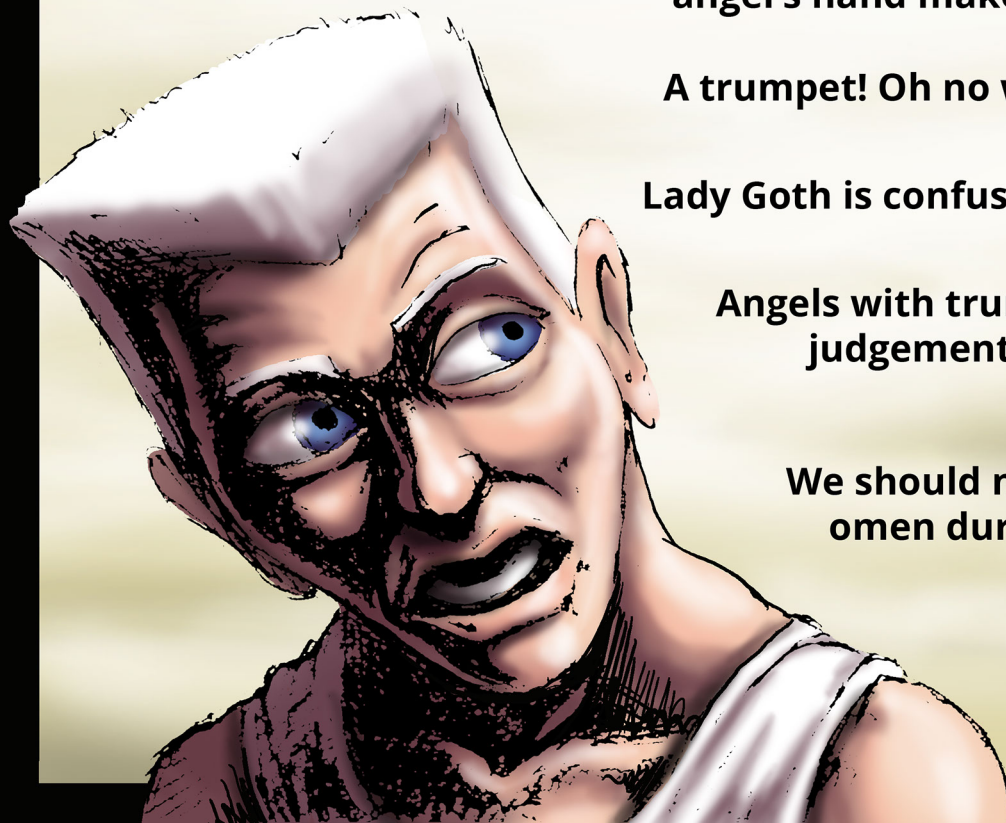
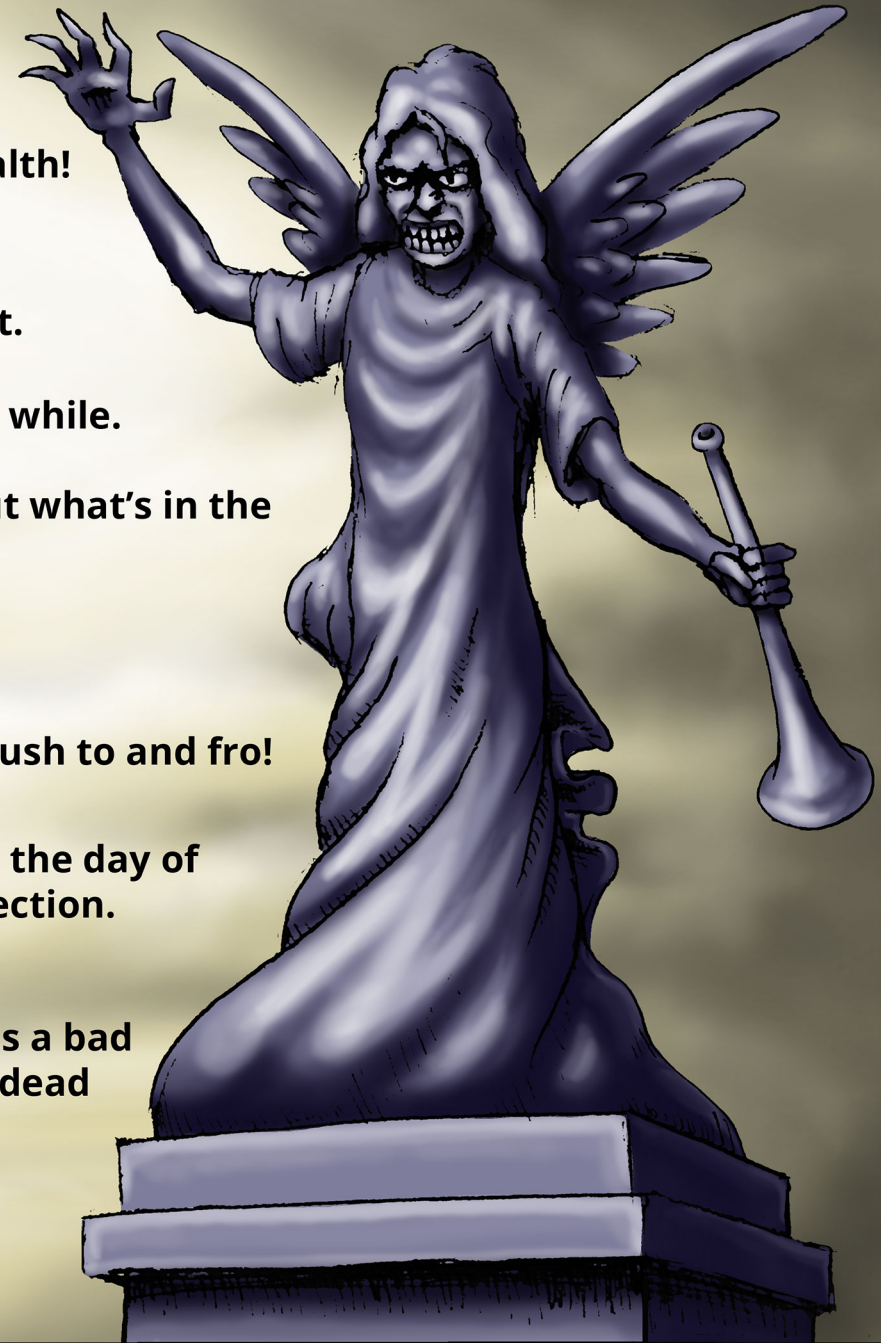
**I look up and see an angel-statue weeping over us.. but what's in the
angel's hand makes me revile!**

A trumpet! Oh no we better go!

Lady Goth is confused. I frantically rush to and fro!

**Angels with trumpets symbolize the day of
judgement, a call to resurrection.**

**We should not be here; this is a bad
omen during this walking dead
infection!**



Why is Freeman panicking?

I am confused.

It is just a statue, I am bemused.

**My thoughts of the walking dead seem to
conjure up dark shadowy figures in the fog!
The mist lifts, not in my head, Amy wants my
thoughts to hog!**

Freeman grabs my hand - we have to flee!

Amy is laughing, I'm floating.

**Freeman shouts for me to fight, I cannot obey
his plea!**

The church.

I see the church.

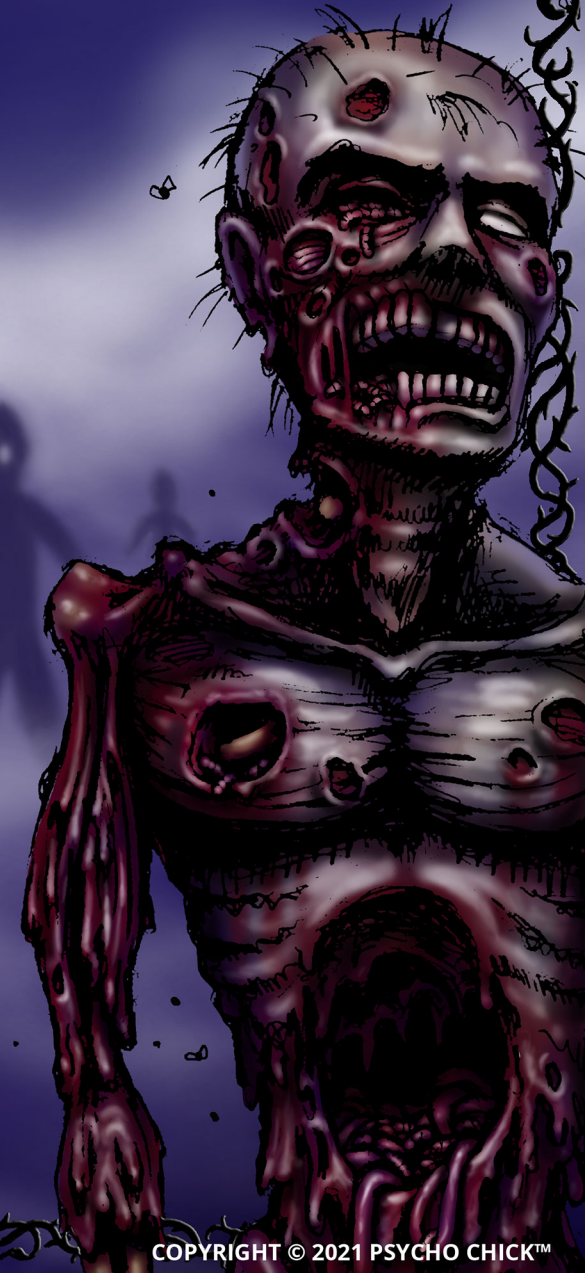
Sanctuary!

We will find protection from physical harm.

Some sanctity.

**Freeman screams ahead to the church,
sounding the alarm.**

**The doors open, we stumble in, not all of us
have escaped harm....**



They come out of nowhere, out of the grey the mist, out of the blue...

I feel the burning, I feel my death, and my worst nightmare has come true.

A bite. One on my leg. One on my arm. They bleed profusely.

I have to have a word with the priest. I explain what our dilemma is,
well loosely.

He must immediately exorcise the evilness that is Amy.

But in order to save Lady Goth he must put the demon
straight into me!

Lady Goth goes into a frantic begging for my life she fears.

I kiss her and explain I am dying, I am dead, in this
way she will have more years.

I always knew that for her I would give the
ultimate sacrifice.

We say goodbye.

The priest utters the words.

I look into her eyes.

We will be together
in the afterlife!



**Freeman's head lay on my lap, he is turning.
I have mustered my last strength to stroke his
head, put some salve on his wounds to ease
the burning.**

**The priest stands close by to make sure
Freeman does not become the living dead.
I feel empty, I feel lost, I wish it was me
instead.**

I have nothing left to live for.

**Where is my sun?
My guiding light?
Dying on the floor!**



**Freeman whispers in my ear:
“I will love you until the end of time and into
the hereafter!”
I kiss his parched lips.
I want to tell him I will join him soon but out
of my mouth came evil laughter!
His eyes widen, fear grips him, and he tries
to grab my throat.
“You thought you had me, didn’t you?!”
It is Amy who into his dying ears does gloat!
I cry but watch myself cover his mouth and
nose.
His last life from him quiver.
The priest rushes forward, I have no control -
I stab him in his liver!**



**I watch them change and my lips utter these
words:**

“This is the first resurrection!”

**I now become the Zombie queen and lead my
minions in my insurrection!**



And so it came to pass that the fallen angel, Amy ruled above the realms of hell.

Along with Lady Goth it seemed the zombies were under their spell.

Psycho Chick and Emo Girl were hailed for their stellar deeds.

Their names were recorded in history as heroes putting all else before their needs.

After flesh and organs had rotted away and people became wiser so as not to become a zombie meal;

A new society, years into the future, was formed after this Lazarus Curse ordeal.

Mankind has always tried to gain power by trying to harness the things that are beyond their control;

For this greed, corruption and rottenness – destroying ourselves is the tragic toll.

If only we could see that our worst enemy, our greatest foe,

Is the festering evil within, there is no escape, nowhere to run, nowhere to go!

God help us all.



The End.