

Don't Become A Zombie



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As my teeth rot and my skin peels, I carry my limbs within a repetitive cycle around what used to be my high school's parking lot. I remembered how my teachers always told us to chase our desires and follow our dreams. Sometimes, I wonder how I ended up like this. I am constantly starving, always looking for a meal that will satisfy me, but no matter how much I eat, I still feel empty from within. My name is Garth, well at least I think it is. The zombie virus that seems to mostly infect young adults has contaminated my school, and I wasn't lucky enough to be immune.

If I asked you to imagine what a zombie is like, what would you answer? I am sure you will reply with the typical, "Ugly, rotting, and brain-eating monster," but in reality, we all don't like brains. I personally prefer the heart although I have never tasted one, or at least that is what I think I desire. My friend Chad prefers eating arms, and I know these two twin sisters, Katy and Sam, that prefer eating ears and eyes. There's also this one guy, Bob, that really prefers the belly. He eats it fast as if it would explode in a couple of seconds if he didn't. Bob is a pretty skinny dude, and he doesn't like being called any other names. He will get mad. Katy and Sam were the second set of twins from their family. They told me that it was difficult growing up when they were still humans because their parents gave most of their attention to their older sisters. I think that's why Katy became a cheerleader and why Sam became the president of her debate club. To be honest, I was pretty hungry while they were telling me about their past lives, so I'm not sure. Chad was the star athlete in our high school. He played every sport. It amazed me how big he got after the 8th grade. He seemed to get bigger and stronger every year of high school. It is quite amazing; Chad was a pretty small dude in middle school. Earlier, I said that we do not all prefer eating brains, but this one guy named Fred loves them. The kid was a genius in high school. He

would talk about quantum mechanics as if my little brain could understand. He probably could have gone to UTRGV if the circumstances were different.

As for me, I probably would have been out on a date with MaryAnne. Wait, no, Sofi, yeah Sofi, or was it Linda? I don't recall. I guess my little mind doesn't want me to remember, or maybe I just don't want to remember. Anyways, I don't really mind being a zombie. I have people by my side, and I don't really feel any pain at all besides this empty feeling from within. But other than that, you can kick me, push me, and shoot me. I am basically indestructible from the outside. But sometimes, on my 300th lap around my old high school, I question if I am truly alive. People say that zombies eat to stay alive, but honestly, I don't really feel like I'm living at all, but maybe when I get the chance to eat a heart I will.

I walked past an old, parked Corolla and saw my reflection off of the driver's window, and my reflection asked, "Who are you?" I stood still for a while and wondered. Then I smiled and continued walking my zombie path. For the reader reading this, if I could share one zombie tip, it would be, "Don't become a zombie."