

THE DVD COLLECTING ZOMBIE

By Krystle Henninger

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THE DVD COLLECTING ZOMBIE: AN APOCALYPTIC STORY

by
Krystle Henninger

Cast 1 Either

I stumbled my way through the parking lot. There were some cars on fire behind me. Some of the stores in the strip mall were unharmed at the moment, but that was bound to change soon.

My left arm was useless at this point. My hand and forearm had been ripped off, but only after I had changed. There were others around me in worse conditions, many of them constantly groaning about brains and flesh, but there was only one thing on my mind. I kept trudging through the lot towards Wal-Mart. Only Wal-Mart would still be open during the zombie apocalypse.

The automatic doors opened with a spark and a flash of hot air from overhead. It was extremely silent in the store. There was no music playing and the beeps of the registers were far and few. The elderly woman doomed as "the greeter" cowered behind a stack of blue baskets and 12-packs of Coke. She didn't look at me as I passed, but yelled, "Welcome to Wal-Mart" from behind her post. Her hand was outstretched and a yellow smiley-faced sticker was shaking on the end of her finger. I took the sticker and put it on my tattered shirt.

Barriers of flats stacked with boxes of products cluttered the aisles, trying to keep anyone... or anything... from getting through. I was determined to get what I wanted, though. I took alternative routes through the makeup aisles and ended up in women's clothes. A few employees in blue vests ran past and took hiding places within the clothing racks. I didn't care about them. It was obvious that I was a threat, but they hadn't tried to exterminate me yet so I continued through the store. Passing by the auto and hardware aisles, a few employees passed wearing helmets and camo from the outdoorsy section... as if that could save them from what was inevitably going to happen.

Finally, I arrived at my desired destination. The electronics department. I dragged my limp right leg to the DVD section and sighed with relief. At the end of the aisle there were a few blue baskets stacked

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up. I grabbed one as best as I could and trailed back to the DVDs. I filled my basket with the two parts of the last *Harry Potter*, *Oceans 11-13*, *The Godfather*, *Black Swan*, and the "Wal-Mart only" special edition of *Breaking Dawn*. When I finished filling my basket of DVDs for my collection, I limped back through the store, satisfied with my selections. My DVD collection was my favorite thing in the whole world. Nothing was going to stop me from getting the movies on my list to finish out my collection. Not even being a zombie.

I had a couple more movies on my list before my collection would be complete. I got paid yesterday while I was still human. I had planned on buying a lot of movies today. I generally rewarded myself with one or two a week, depending on how expensive they were.

I was at a late lunch when I saw a swarm of zombies approaching the restaurant. Everyone started running and screaming as glass shattered everywhere. I tried to get away, but one of them grabbed me and I fell. It got a hold of my right leg and dragged me into the back room, kicking and screaming all the way. I felt my head hit a barstool. The room started going dark around the edges. My voice was silenced. I felt like I was drowning but there was no water around. I gasped for breath as my vision completely disappeared.

When I came to, I felt the entire weight of my body pinning me to the ground. I'd never felt as heavy before. I opened my eyes slowly. They had been crusted shut. I scoured the room through the small slits. There were no signs of life anywhere. Dismembered limbs strewn about the room. Blood streaked the ceiling and walls. I wanted to gag, but my body wouldn't let me. My bones creaked like old stairs as I sat up. I looked at my body in disgust. Flesh was missing on my arms and legs. My right leg was out of joint. I had become a zombie.

My first instinct was to find a human and eat their brains, but what little humanity I hoped I still possessed suppressed that desire when I remembered what I had been doing before. I wanted to add more DVDs to my collection. I was determined. The more I thought about it, the more brilliant the idea seemed. I could just go and steal them. Who would fight a zombie for stealing DVDs? That's when I went on my journey. A couple blocks away from the restaurant, there was a movie store. It was almost too perfect. The door was unlocked, but the lights were off and no one was around. I picked up one of the baskets from the front of the store and walked around. There were about a dozen store-wide shelves filled with DVDs. I was in heaven... figuratively speaking, of course. I went through the first two shelves, putting movie after movie in

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my basket. At the end of the second shelf my basket had been filled. I filled a second basket with DVDs, getting almost all of the ones from my list. There was a special edition of a movie on my list that I wanted that the store didn't have, so I decided to go across town to Wal-Mart.

Fire ran through the city as the walking dead made their way around, looking for brains. I could feel the overwhelming pressure shoot through me to find a human, but I refrained. I wanted those final DVDs. The baskets were becoming increasingly difficult to carry. I went back to the restaurant to hide them in my trunk. Wal-Mart was about a 15-minute drive away, so I attempted to drive there instead of walk. I ran into several parked cars, a couple mailboxes, and a trashcan or two during the drive. It was a lot harder to control the car than I thought it would be, and I had to use my left leg to accelerate and brake. My car was extremely beat up when I finally got to Wal-Mart, but I didn't really care.

After I took more DVDs than I had originally intended from Wal-Mart, I trudged through the aisles, back the way I came in. I was in the candy aisle when I heard a man yell, "Stop!" I turned around and stared at him. He was a security guard. He winced a bit but he held his ground.

"You can't take those," he said, his voice shaking. He was obviously having second thoughts about this. I let out a low groan and said "brains." He backed off immediately. "Y'know what? Why don't you just take those..." He ran off without another word.

I turned around and dragged myself through the office supplies and cards. Some of the DVDs were starting to fall out of my basket, making me stop every couple steps to pick them up. I was near the front, so I set down my basket to go get some bags. I reached for them when I felt something smack me in the back of the head. I turned around and saw an 80-year-old woman in a blue vest. She had one of those badges with the stars on it signifying 50 years of service. I would've laughed if I were still capable. She was much stronger than she looked, though. She let out a shrill yell. I'm not quite sure what she was trying to say, but it was a little terrifying.

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