

# WE'RE ALL DEAD

## CHAPTER 1

### Doc Wilhelm

"God, I am fucking amazing!" I found myself exclaiming while admiring my decaying flesh in my hand mirror. While waiting in the ZomMobile for my zombie minions to get what's left of their hair done at the Curl Up and Dye hair salon in Chicago, I've come to the striking epiphany that having a major lesion across my rotting cheek after last night's victorious horde attack is quite becoming, I must say. I look intimidating yet mysterious in a chivalrous way.

No wonder the zombie queens pine for me, for I am the direct descendent of the Necromancer Lord. I am the notorious necromatician famous across the globe for creating the most vicious armies in history, with a low occurrence of pseudothinkers (zombies sadly in denial of their "undead" condition). My armies are in such demand that I had to start a 1 (800) NECROMANCER hotline to answer the call for my zombies to conquer the human race.

A rush of adrenalin pumps through my rotten yet handsome being after a decadent feast on human intestines this morning. "Mmm...intestines," I murmur while running my tongue across my blood-stained lips and cracked teeth.

The highest concentration of serotonin is found in the squishy, succulent goodness of intestines and brains. Oh my God, don't get me started on the ecstasy of devouring brains. There's nothing like a nice, juicy frontal lobe (or an occipital lobe if I'm lucky) for breakfast before I begin my work on my masterpiece, *World War H*.

Throughout these apocalyptic times, it is preeminent that the testimonies of zombies and their traumatizing encounters with humans be preserved.

"AAAAAAAARRRRGGGHHH" groans a slack-jawed, advanced stage zombie named Max outside of the ZomMobile, whose cognitive deterioration is beyond hope due to severe necrotic decay. His ability to formulate sentences has been entirely annihilated, poor fellow.

“Shut the fuck up!” I command, without removing my admiring gaze from my hand mirror. “We will attack WorldCon soon. Just go on and get your tuft of hair done.” I want my zombie army to look their best before we ambush the world’s largest Sci Fi convention.

Max doesn’t move.

“Go on, thou mad mustachio, purple-hued maltworm!” Despite being irritated, my bloody mouth twitched with pride for pulling out Shakespearean insults out of my ass.

“Your bedded hair, like life in excrements, starts up and stands on end. Go on and get it done!” Of course, I can’t expect him to understand or remember Hamlet, even though Max was a great writer before he was zombified.

“Go on, you moron!” I screamed while slapping down my beloved hand mirror. No one disobeys the Grand Master Necromatician, Doc General Wilhelm, God damnit!!!!

Exasperated, I climb out of the ZomMobile and tower over Max in my glamorous cape, I shout, “What the fuck is wrong with you? Has your salarva viral load gone down to pathetic levels?”

Max grins with what is left of his mouth and sheepishly removes a disembodied human hand with perfectly painted nails from behind his back.

“What?? You ATE the hairdresser? How dare you interrupt the delightful conversation I was having with myself with this nonsense. I told you all to control yourselves before we ambush WorldCon!”

“Oooooooo....arrghhhh....uuugghhghghgh!” Max yowled.

“I don’t care if she tasted like a coffee lollipop with cream on top, thou saucy tardy gaited barnacle! You all were supposed to restrain your appetite so you can eat all the socially inept people dressed as Dr. Who, Green Lantern, and Cobra Commander at WorldCon, you moron!”

Max falls to his knees and I notice he has yet another object behind his blood-soaked back. Despite my rage, a twinkle of excitement flickers across my soul. I daresay that’s a human skull in his hands, with fragments of hair still attached!!

Being that my claim to fame is having the Zomniness World Record for having the largest collection of human skulls on the planet, I cannot resist. It’s landed me on the Zombie Stewart show for skull decoration techniques, ZALNN (the Zombie Apocalypse

Late Night News), and even Zombie Ray's cooking show, on which I demonstrated my exquisite recipes for barbecuing brains. My thirst for more fame cannot be quenched.

Without restraint I demand, "Hand it over, Max!" Obsequiously, my zombie minion Max hands over the hairdresser's skull, of which I greedily grab and begin to stroke. Oh, the nicely curved frontal bone is so sensuous and smooth! Her mandible is perfectly shaped! Fingering her nasal concha and licking the blood out of her eyesockets gives me an enormous...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!" shrieked a horrified woman.

This is a human scream.

After quickly depositing the skull into the pocket of my cape, I crash through the front windows of Curl Up & Dye only to see a scene of total mayhem. Barber shop chairs have been ripped out and have been thrown across the shop. Body parts are strewn across the floor. Corpses are strewn everywhere and are twitching as the ZA Virus courses through their rapidly rotting flesh .

"Thou venomed tickle-brained measles!" I shout. "I wanted you to look dandy and impressive for tonight's ambush!"

Laughter erupts across my horde. "Sir, we thought we would fortify our army with new recruits before we attack!" exclaims Bertha, an audacious little zid who has yet to reach a level of necrotic decay where speech is afflicted. I promptly rip off her arm and hit her with it.

"S-s-s-sir, they they they aaare re- re-reanimating!!" squeaks Stephen whose intermediate stage of decay has caused him to stutter, as he wipes chunks of flesh and dripping blood from her mouth.

The sound of humanoid sirens swiftly approaches the Curl Up & Dye. "Thou ruttish beef-witted joitheads! Now we are attracting attention before our planned ambush !"

I swear to God, my minions are flesh-eating, slack-jawed dolts!! I wanted a clandestine attack at WorldCon, not news coverage prior to our horde attack. Damn it! Our only choice is to eat them.

"ATTACK!!!" I command, just as two astonished police officers crash into Curl Up & Dye.

“Oh my God, George, we are going to die!” screeches a terrified officer to the next. Her cohort fires shots, which my beginning stage zombies gracefully dodge. Poor Max, on the other hand, was head shot and lay defeated as a doornail on the beauty shop floor.

Rage courses through my rotten being and I charge toward the officers, grabbing both of their heads and crushing them against one other. The sound of their skulls cracking gives me ecstasy and drool emerges from my trembling mouth. “Mmmm...your eyeballs shall be my delicacy and your heart shall be my dessert.”

As my minions attacked the arrival of horrified firefighters and additional police officers, I sink my teeth into their bleeding bodies and became instantly titillated with the decadence of their flesh. I gorge myself on their luscious internal organs as robust, overtly masculine fighters scream like little girls. Ripping off their cracked heads, I hold them above my head in triumph! Ah yes, the rapture of a rampage against human kind!

The hair stylists whose corpses have been twitching and trembling on the floor suddenly arise into action after I douse them with my voodoo. Missing limbs and eyes, they trudge forward starving for their first bite of flesh. With arms outstretched, they indelibly charge forward despite being sprayed in vain with firefighter hoses. Losing limbs from the desperately flinging pick axes doesn't stop them. Their moans escalate into a screeching symphony of terror and despair.

I grab a fire hose and wrap it around a female firefighter as tight as it will go. Ripping off her gear with one arm, I command Hector the Draug (my Scandinavian zombie) to devour her as I watch. In the midst of the screaming, flesh-eating massacre, I laugh hysterically it as I watch Hector rip her open with his necrotic hands and plunge into her intestines with his face like a dog.

“In civility you seem so empty, comrades. In war you are ALIVE! It is time to conquer WorldCon!!! Hahahahahahahahaha! Into the ZomMobile!” I shout.

Of course, herding zombies is like herding cats...Impossible. However, they know I control them. I created them and I can destroy them. They know I am the Necromancer Lord's direct descendent and superior to all 535 necromancers in the country. “Go, thou fobbing tickle-brained popinjays! Into the ZomMobile.”

With much groaning and moaning, my zombie army (just one of my multitudinous armies, of course), piles into my pride and joy: my “stolen” tank after a horde attack on the US Army. Of course, my zombies do not need an armored fighting vehicle designed for front-line combat, but we do need operational mobility, tactical offensive, and defensive capabilities against those annoying, persnickety zombie hunters that still

roam the earth. Plus, it serves as a disguise to the remaining humans still vainly gallivanting about this world.

Ominous and indelible, we plow up Lake Shore Drive and into an alleyway behind the convention center. We are more surreptitious than you may think, as tanks stalk the streets all the time in our apocalyptic world. Humans think they can protect themselves in such machines... little do they realize we are commanding most of them!!  
Hhahahahaha!

“Alright, guttersnipes. We’ve had nothing but victories so far on our odyssey of destroying human kind. However, we do have one nefarious foe, Professor Alonzo Delagarza, whose ranked 3 on Dagny’s list of all-time zombie kills and number one for water strykes. He is strongly positioned to be inducted into the Zombie Hunters Hall of Fame, and we must BRING HIM DOWN, comrades.”

I know he will be selling his ridiculous Zombie Encyclopedia at WorldCon, being that he is the “world’s leading zombologist” and authority on our anatomy, physiology, and history. I will never forgive myself for the day I gouged out his eye but not his heart. Now he identifies us with his occuloextender, which I shall crush in my bare hands tonight!

I’ve been burning and tormented with yearning to get my teeth on his badass zombie killing daughters as well. To hell with their machetes, blowtorches, medieval swords, AK-47s, stG-4 Commandos, Accuracy International Arctic Warfare Sniper rifles, Benelli Montefeltro 20s, Heckler & Koch MP5s, grenade launchers, musketoons, M16s, M2 Browning machine guns, and even their ridiculous threats of owning intercontinental ballistic missiles. We shall devour them at last and prevent Professor Alonzo Delagarza from claiming his 10<sup>th</sup> Hugo Award tonight. With his own Ranger Sword of Strider, I shall cut off his head and place his skull at as my most prized possession amongst my 100,000 skulls from across the globe.

A mad, insane laughter emits from my hallowed, bloodied mouth. Pulling out my hand mirror, I shout to myself, “Vengeance and victory shall be mine!!

“He’s so ostentacious!” whispered Bertha the zid. “He needs to get a fucking grip! Have you seen all of the mirrors and lifesize pictures of himself in his estate? You’d think he wanted to be on the cover of *Zombopolitan* or something.”

“Shut the fuck up, Bertha! I will extricate your viral load and you will be nothing but a hallow corpse, you hear me? Thou vain full-gorged giglet! Now, all of you,

clandestinely merge with the humans dressed as zombies in their Zombie Walk. We shall follow them into the convention center. Restrain your feast until I make my first move," I barked.

The tempting sound of humans in the distance echoes down the sidewalk. Travelling as a herd, they are wearing fake blood, prosthetics, and ripped costumes while shouting, "BRAINZ! BRAINZ! BRAINZ!"

What a pathetic imitation of our species, I must say. Humans are clearly inept at conveying the undead. They yearn to have our power. They fantasize about rising from the dead. They call us the "monster of the recession" and long to emulate our wicked acts of violence and sheer terror. HAHAHAHAHAHAHA! My maniacal laugh stirs my half brain-dead minions into action.

"Merge, everyone, merge with the crowd," I whisper, after binding the hands together of the most vitriolic of zombies and gagging the ones who will be undoubtedly frenzied in the crowd of zombie "wannabes."

Bertha the zid, that little twit, was the first to enter the crowd. "Dude!" shouted a zombie-obsessed teenager, "Her makeup is AMAZING." Bertha shoots them a horrifying grin revealing nothing but a few rotten teeth on her blood-stained lips. One of her eyes is about to fall out of its socket, which promptly shuts them into a state of terrified silence while shuffling along in the Zombie Walk.

Hector was soon to follow suit, still clutching the firefighter's disembodied arm. Due to his royal Scandinavian upbringing, I did not think he needed to be restrained. "Oh my God!" screamed a girl with delight. "Check out his prop! It looks so real!" Hector smiles maliciously and begins to gnaw on the remaining flesh of the arm, provoking much disgust in the crowd.

Yeasty beetle-headed bugbear! I told them to be CLANDESTINE and anonymous in the Zombie Walk. Of course, why would I think that a zombie with severe necrotic decay would have the cognitive function to discern that is beyond me. God damnit!! Sometimes I wonder if my own mind is deteriorated as much as my minions.

The newly transmuted police officers and firefighters emerge from the ZomMobile as well. One by one, my zombie army infiltrates the Zombie Walk of humanoids, who are at first oblivious to the nefarious threat we pose.

Headed down the Magnificent Mile on the south bank of the Chicago River, our Zombie Walk shuffles toward the Hyatt Regency Hotel where World Con is being held.

My undead self trembles with excitement over the flesh we shall soon rip apart and devour. Surreptitiously pulling out my hand mirror, I gaze at my hideously beautiful self and quote Henry IV (part 1), "Thou art sick in the world's regard, wretched and low, a poor unminded outlaw. HA! HAHA HAHAHAHA!!!"

Humanoids dressed as zombies turn their heads in the crowd with shock and surprise over my outrageous, vainglorious laughter. I yearn to tear them to shreds and eat them all.

"Damn it, Wilhelm. Restrain yourself," I whisper. Being surrounded by so much walking flesh is causing me to quiver. I can only imagine what my minions must be undergoing in the crowd. Despite all of the fake blood, superficial gashes, and dreadful makeup of the humanoids striving to be like us, my real zombies are starting to provoke discomfort and unease in the crowd as they moan hideously and fight the gag and bindings which hold their murderous hands back.

Finally, I praise the Necromancer Lord for reaching the entrance of the Hyatt convention center at last. Standing at the door checking participant badges is none other than a Sci Fi Con fan girl dressed as none other than a vampire from the Renaissance era.

Oh, thou loggerheaded, clapper-clawed flax-wench! I absolutely DETEST vampires! I want nothing more than to pull out her fake fangs and rip her heart open with them! How dare she glorify our arch nemesis, the species which we fight for our dwindling human supply. Just the sight of a "wannabe" vampire sets me on edge.

I abandon my previously sagacious battle plan and shout to my minions, "ATTACK!!!!!"

I rush through the Zombie Walk crowd and ungag my army and unleash their hands from their bindings. Instantaneously, screams erupt from the crowd as body parts are ripped off, heads roll, and blood gushes forth in volcanic proportions.

A fan boy dressed as Cobra Commander, the enemy of the G.I. Joes, is the first to pounce audaciously upon me in his iconic battle helmet and blue and yellow uniform. "Thou fusty sheep-biting pumpion!" I shout. "To the death of thee!" My fist punctures a hole in his stomach, and I yank out his intestines for a quick bite.

Hector, my Scandinavian zombie, is ripping off the head of Dr. Who and feasting upon the time-travelling humanoid alien in his TARDIS police box.

Bertha, the impudent zid, drop kicks a Yoda and bites deeply into the thigh of a Chewbacca. His wife, Mallatobuck, screams in horror and strives to beat Bertha away with her shopping bag. Out of her bag flies a copy of *The Zombie Encyclopedia* by the zombie killing Professor Alonzo Delagarza and I begin to salivate..

“Delagarza is near... I smell him. I sense him. I shall feast upon him! HAHAHAHA!!!” With victory so near, I clench my decaying fists with anticipation as my rotting eyes scan the convention center looking for his infamous cowboy hat.

My minions and the recently transmuted firefighter and police officer zombies ambush the press, ripping their cameras into shreds. I laugh hysterically as hundreds upon hundreds of humanoids are attacked by my glorious army. Soon they shall be zombified as well and I shall be triumphant!!!

In a state of bliss, I lunge out with my hands toward a herd of adolescent Jedi Knights with groaning with desire for their flesh. Snatching two at once, I rap them on the ground and knock them dead like pups. Their brains gush out all over, soaking the floor. I rip them limb to limb and toss them to my minions who devour the entrails, flesh, and bones, marrow and all!

“How dare you!” screamed a fearless woman (or was it a man?) dressed in purple, who clearly must be one of the My Little Pony fans here for the Pony Ball, while pulling out a handgun from her purse and aiming it right at my head. These Sci Fi freaks have reached an all new height of insanity. Oh, how I would love to rip off her bright lavender wig and devour the poor little brain inside of it!!

Just as a groan and reach to snatch the revolver out of the twit’s hands, a thunderous crash descends upon my skull. Tink-a-Tink-a-Too just crashed her guitar from the Pinkie Pie and Ladybug Jamboree musical band on my head.

“How dare YOU! Thou churlish earth-vexing clotpole!” I scream. “Don’t you know who I am? I am the great and mighty General Doc Wilhelm, direct descendent of the Necromancer...OUCH!”

My right eyeball promptly is poked out of my skull with a wand of Princess Starburst, the keeper of the Magic Wands which maintains the balance of Ponyland’s magic. A waterfall of green goo exudes from my socket.

“You bitch! That was my EYE!” I yelled.

I reach for her purple hair and I endeavor to yank her head off just as Princess Starburst screams, “Loosen your sphincter, asshole, and you ain’t getting any lube!” She (or is it a he?) jams another wand up my butt.



“WTF??? I am being attacked by a herd of My Little Ponies?? Or, shall I say, a bunch of fan boys dressed like ponies???”

“That’s right, cocksucker!” declares Pinkamena Diane Pinkie Pie, as she assails me over and over again with a folding chair and Tink-a-Tink-a-Too rips off my right necrotic foot and proceeds to assault me with it. Princess Stardust pulls down my pants and whips me with a nearby electrical cord and then wraps it around my neck like a leash. I fight and lash my rotting arms about, yet the strength of these ponies is unreal.

“Where the hell are my soldiers? What happened to my army? Shall they not come to my rescue? I swear they are all artless folly-fallen moldwarp!!”

Tink-a-Tink-a-Too proudly points in the direction of LJSJSJSSJSJSJS&S Publishing’s exhibitor booth. “Moron, they are all in pieces!”

They yank my head to see the mayhem before me, and I gasp in astonishment as Professor Alonzo Delagarza tips his top hat to me and smirks. My army lies decapitated by his eldest daughter. Others have been riddled with bullets and then ultimately head shot. Pieces of all of my zombie minions are strewn across the floor. Delagarza is covered in blood yet triumphant as stands there and laughs at me, as his bad ass zombie killing daughters pick up the pieces of my horde and toss them into a bonfire they ignited in the center of the convention center, so my army will not reanimate.

While I was being humiliated and tortured by transgendered My Little Ponies, Delagarza was annihilating my army and in record time! Oh, despair! Oh, for shame! I am humiliated beyond belief!!!! In just a few minutes, he destroyed my horde! Bile rose up in my mouth as I witness a line of fervent, fawning, feverish fans who line up to get an autograph from the famed zombologist and zombie hunter.

Tink-a-Tink-a-Too suddenly yanks the leash they have concocted around my neck with the electrical cord as Pinkamena Diane Pinkie Pie kicks me in the groin. The ponies manhandle me down on the ground. I find myself on the floor with the barrel of Delagarza’s sleek and slender Benelli Montefeltro 20 rammed into my ear.

“Thou fawning rump-fed wagtail!! Thou cockered ill-nurtured vassal! Delagarza, thou appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours, “ I scream. “One day, I shall create a zombie which cannot be beheaded. A zombie which shall instill terror in your being.”

“Hmm...now that would be a rare specimen indeed,” taunted Delegarza as he pressed the gun deeper into my ear. “Tell me more, you worthless piece of shit.”

In defiance, I shouted, "A zombie whose brilliance is matchless, whose hunger is insatiable, whose wrath against human kind shall descend upon you and ruin you forever!!!"

"Shoot him! Shoot him! Shoot him!" shouted The My Little Ponies as they proceeded to do cheerleading dance moves, twirls, and jumps in excitement.

"Go, Alonzo, you're our man! We are your greatest fans! Kill the stinky, rotten zom—"

Suddenly, everything in the room came to a shrieking halt. The cheers of the Ponies are silenced.

Out of the flames of the bonfire emerged Colonel Baptista, clad in black leather pants with a green and pink paisley shirt. His pale skin glinted under the florescent lights, and I was overjoyed yet simultaneously jealous to feel the Benelli Montefeltro 20 shake with terror in Delagarza's hands as it was still pressed against my ear. His humanoid fans immediately hid behind the exhibitor tables at the sight of the notorious vampire.

"Do I detect an ounce of cowardly fear, oh mortal one, of the world's leading bloodsucker?" I teased, despite my compromised position.

"Shut up!" screamed Delagarza, as he kicked my head ferociously in his trepidation and angst in front of that cold and clammy vampire.

"Well, well, well...What do we have here? I see Gen Doc Wilhelm seems to be on his deathbed and at the mercy of the world's greatest zombologist and zombie hunter!" bemuses Col Baptista in his velvety voice laced with a twinge of amusement.

"I'm not on my fucking deathbed, thou venomous toad-spotted joithead!" I scream, while spitting on the spotless shoes of Delagarza.

"Well, perhaps not, but someone is!" Baptista muses while sauntering around and around Delagarza, who is shaking uncontrollably.

Damn, damn, damn!!!! I would give anything for Professor Alonzo Delegarza to headshot me now and let it all be over instead of allowing Baptista - that lame, bloodsucker, beslobbering, clay-brained scullian- to champion over me and to kill MY arch-nemesis. I would just die of humiliation once again if he would kill him now instead of killing me.

While circling around him, you could see the bloodsucker's blood lust emerging.

"I will not stand for this!" I proclaim.

“Shut up!” yelled Delagarza as he kicked me in the groin once again.

“Thou rank, ill-nurtured pigeon-egg! Thou bawdy rampallian clack-dish! ” I howl. Furious over this impudence, I muster all of my strength, and knock the Benelli Montefeltro 20 sky high out of Delagarza’s sweaty palms.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRGGGGHHHHHHHHHH” I scream a warrior cry. “I’ll eat you alive! Your brains and intestines are mine!”

“Oh Wilhelm, really, must you be so barbaric?” Baptista mused with annoyance. “I took a brief hiatus from my beloved Donatello to speak to Professor Alonzo Delegarza, not to watch you eat him alive, silly man. Oh wait, you aren’t a man at all...just a filthy cesspool of rotten flesh.”

I ignore the bloodsucker’s complaints as I begin to chase the professor up and down the aisles of the destroyed convention center. He shall be mine, mine, mine!!!! “AAAAAH! Thou ruttish, weather-bitten flax-wench! AAHHHHH HAHHAHAHAHA!” Laughter emits from my bloody mouth as I run, as I have never seen the great and supposedly intrepid Prof Alonzo Delegarza run for his life.

Much to my horror, my race against the professor comes to a shrieking halt as I trip over a twitching corpse and land face forward on top of Hector lying on the floor, missing both legs from the gruesome battle. “God damn it! Thou goatish reeling-ripe canker-blossom!”

Delegarza grabs a stake from a nearby Dracula exhibit, flings me off Hector, straddles me (much to my disgust and vain protests), lifts the stake high into the air and rams it right into my one remaining eye. I howl in shock and despair as green goo erupts from my socket.

“Thou errant, hasty-witted pignut! I’ll pray a thousand prayers for thy death. Thou droning hell-hated bugbear! Thou lumpish, whoreson whey-face!” I shout.

In a millimeter of a second, Baptista re-appears. “Hmm...I see you have gouged out the remaining eye of General Doc Wilhelm. Excellent work.”

“And I will tear off your head with my bare hands!” threatens the professor, as he emerges from his straddling position to meet Baptista eye-to-eye.

“Oh, I don’t think that will be necessary,” I heard Baptista say in the darkness of my blindness.

Oh, for shame! Blinded by Delegarza! What will my army think of me now? Thou impertinent ill-nurtured whey-face! I must find that stake and re-insert my eye. Where the hell is it??

While clawing in the darkness for my precious eye, I hear nothing but the sound of ominous footsteps dancing around us. Baptista is inevitably glamouring the professor. His fangs must have popped out, he must be staring, enchanting, entrancing Delegarza.

I can just imagine the stare of his piercing green eyes, the sound of his teeth sinking into the ripe flesh of Delegarza, and his bloody, decadent feast upon MY arch nemesis which no doubt is soiling his hideous green and pink paisley shirt with blood.

Nothing but pure, burning, impassioned jealousy tears through my reanimated being. At last, in the darkness, my hands find the stake beholding my eye. Vengeance shall be mine!!!

Pushing the eye back into my smoldering, green, goopy socket, I erupt in insane, diabolical laughter. "HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" I can see again!!! Well, sort of...

My amusement quickly fades as I see a hungry Baptista with blood tripping down his chin, his paisley shirt, and his leather pants. A very dead Professor Alonzo Delegarza rests on the floor in a pool of blood.

"I will never forgive you for this, Baptista! He was MINE to kill! MINE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Baptista wipes the blood from his chin, straightens his shirt, smiles, and saunters off leaving me alone with my devastated army and the dead zombologist and zombie authority of zombie hunting on the floor.

Envy erupts through my being like a lightning bolt. "Baptista, Baptista...I will get even one day," I mutter. "You will see."