

# It's an Average Life.

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Sarah sighed when she opened the door to the tiny desert café. It was the exactly the same as yesterday, the day before, and all of the days before that. Ace was sitting in his usual seat, the first table facing the door. He looked at her with faked surprise and said, "Sarah! I thought you were off today." Resisting the temptation to roll her eyes, Sarah said, "It's Tuesday, I work the lunch shift every Tuesday, maybe next week you won't be surprised to see me."

Sarah saw Joe at the lunch counter, like always. Joe was a fixture at the café. He was a man of few words and became fiercely annoyed if his beer started to reach empty. She looked towards the back of the cafe and spotted Martin and Leo, the terrible twosome, leaning over one of the tables carving who knows what into the tabletop. Sarah ran them off with a sharp call in their direction threatening to call the police, again. With another deep sigh, she pulled on her apron and started toward the lunch counter. She abruptly changed paths when she saw the café's cook, Bo. Bo was a strange little man and sent warning shivers straight down Sarah's spine.

She had just filled Joe's mug when the café door swung open and Leo heaved in a blood covered, unconscious Martin. She watched, frozen and horrified, as Ace ran to help Leo. When Ace reached the door, he stopped dead in his tracks and stared out the door. He finally snapped out of it when Martin inhaled deeply and started screaming. Ace hissed at Martin to shut up and then he looked at Sarah and said, "I'm going to get my shotgun. Pull the tables to the door to block it."

As Sarah struggled with moving the furniture, Bo glided from behind the lunch counter with a hungry, almost excited gleam in his eyes and asked Leo, "What happened boy?" Through tears and sobs, Leo recounted the story, "We saw an old man, out in the parking lot. He was walking slow and looked hurt. We thought it would be easy peasy to pick off his wallet. When we got close, he grabbed Martin by the shoulder. I thought the old goat was falling so I pushed him, but." Leo paused and his faced twisted with fearful confusion before he finished the story. "The old man, he fell towards Leo and he, he, well, he bit Leo. I stabbed the old man with my blade, but he kept reaching for us. He was mumbling something." Leo's story broke off and stared into the distance lost in his memory. After a moment, he snapped back into the real world, "Sarah, the old man, he's out there, he's still out there!"

The café became desperately silent and still, like a long forgotten crypt. Sarah jumped when Joe slammed his empty glass on the bar and proclaimed his beer was empty. "Get it yourself Joe, there are more important things going on, like surviving" she screamed impatiently. This was not going to be an ordinary day, not at all.

Ace barreled into the café, stood at the open door and fired three shots to the outside. He slammed the door shut, twisted the hand lock and hurriedly started pulling the tables in front of the door, demanding Bo help him. Bo didn't budge then licked his lips almost seductively and asked Ace, "What it is, what's out there?"

Ace shook his head in denial and said in a hushed, defeated tone, “Zombies Bo, its like right out of a movie. The walking dead out there and there are hundreds of them.” Bo’s eyes widened with interest and said, “Dead? Are you sure? Maybe they can be killed? Maybe I can kill them?” Before Ace had a chance to respond, Bo was tearing away at the make shift barricade, hungry for his first kill.

The melee that ensued is a broken memory for Sarah. There was screaming, shotgun blasts and blood, lots of blood. Sarah remembers waking up confused and disoriented. She felt disembodied and disgusted by new craving. She wouldn’t say out loud, but she knew she had an impulsive need to taste the flesh of the living.

She looked around the café for something, er, someone, to eat and realized they had all become a member of the same flesh eating guild. Under the miscellany of carnage, the café was quite familiar. Ace was seated in his usual Tuesday seat. Bo was cooking something that at least resembled food. The terrible twosome were sitting at the back table snickering at an untold joke. Joe was sitting on the same barstool at the lunch counter, his hand on his empty beer glass. Sarah sighed, straightened her apron and started her daily rounds, beginning with Joe’s beer, just like always.