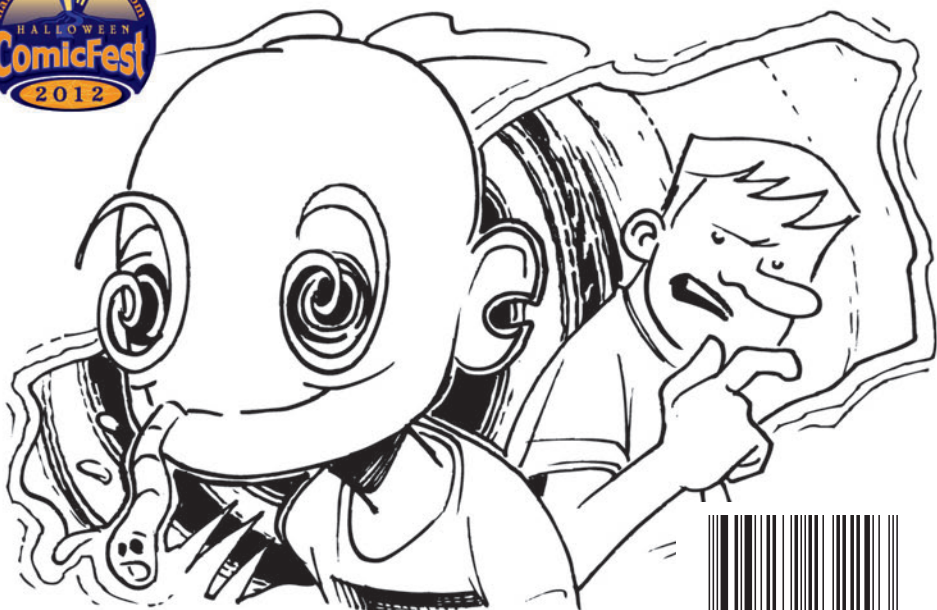




FRED PERRY BRIAN DENHAM

ZOMBIE KID DIARIES™

GROSSERY GAMES



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So, I started the first log book a while back to keep track of my daily high scores. It was supposed to give me an edge for my future as a pro gamer. But then I started writing other stuff too, like what the weather was like or how my day was. Eventually, my log book became more like a diary. Then I ran out of space and I had to get this new journal. Now I'm wondering if it's still worth keeping up with everything.

After all, my old plans were from before I became a zombie.

I guess I should keep this diary going, and consider it a chance to update my stats. Luckily, I remembered my old rubber stamp kit.

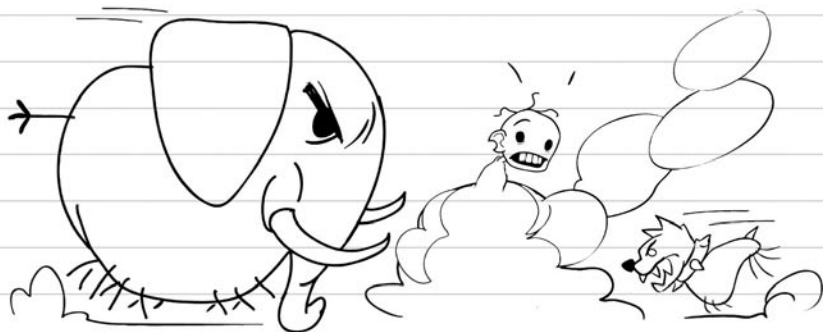


I became a zombie when my mom brought home a virus from her medical test volunteer "job". She's a zombie too, though she's a bit more out of it than I am.

All in all, being a zombie isn't that different from before. I just have to keep things looking normal—even when I have zits from

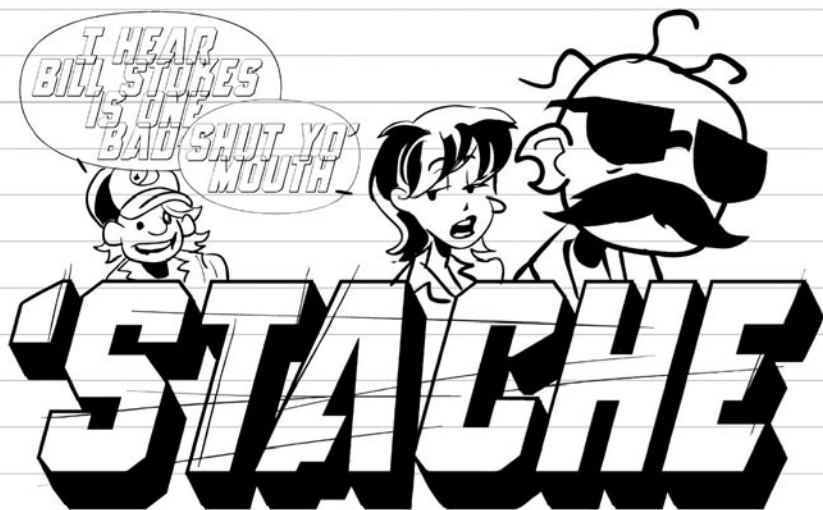
beyond the grave, hair that defies any and all attempts at brushing or combing, and dangerous gas or bad breath stinky enough to drop a full-grown bull elephant, or at least Mr. Whipple's doberman, from ten feet away!

Q: HOW DO YOU STOP A CHARGING ELEPHANT
AND A CHARGING GUARD DOG?

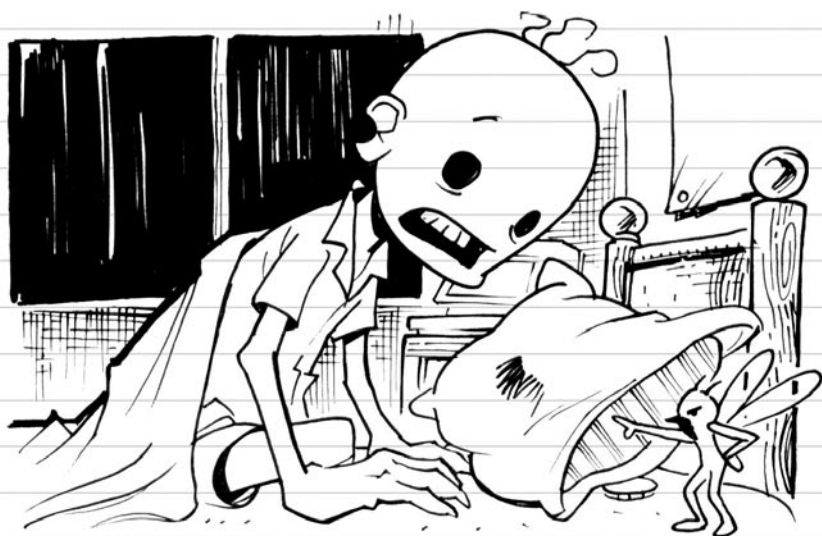


A: TAKE AWAY THEIR CHARGE CARDS!
SO THEY CAN'T BUY GAS MASKS!

I once grew a mustache. A real mustache! I looked like a truck driver or a crime lord! I couldn't wait to show it off on Monday! I thought for sure that nobody was going to mess with me from then on!



Unfortunately, almost all of my mustache hair fell out right onto the pillow by Monday morning, leaving me with just a little stubble that didn't make it past my shower. The one time that zombie virus was going to pay off for me, and it was a false alarm!



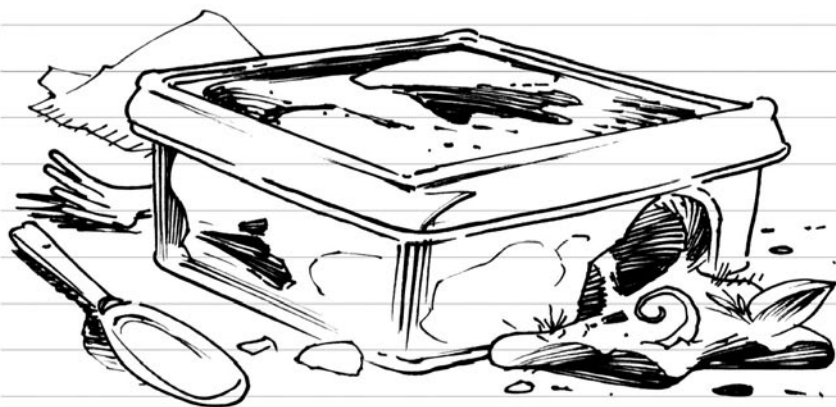
Being turned into a zombie kid changed the rules of the game on me, but not all of the changes were bad! For one, I discovered that I can stare without blinking for an incredibly long amount of time. That lets me keep focused on a video game screen for far longer than any normal kid.



Then there's the matter of a zombie's superior reflexes! No normal human can ever get the jump on a zombie while turning a blind corner. Once again, the advantages for an up-and-coming pro-gamer in training, like me, are tremendous!



I wanted to explain all that so I could talk about how Mom got her new job at Mal-Mart. Being zombies leads to some of our stuff wearing out a little faster than expected, like our Tupperware, so we have to restock on basics occasionally.



TUPPERWARE LOCKS IN FRESHNESS, BUT MOM'S
CHOCOLATE MOUSE SOUFFLE STAGED A JAILBREAK!