



HALLOWEEN
ComicFest

FRED PERRY DAVID HUTCHISON

ZOMBIE KID DIARIES™

WALKING DAD

Sequel to the
New York Times
Bestseller



Monday

Sunny all day.

Breakfast: I'm still trying to decide what it was, but it didn't go down without a fight!

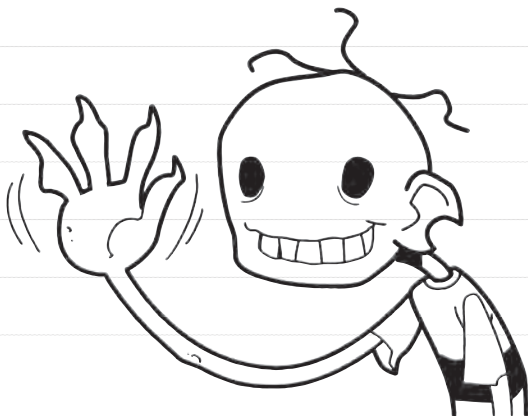
Today's Record: *Atomic vs. Discom 3 Ultimate Arcade Edition 2012* (Man, that's a long name for a fighting game...) – 66 consecutive online wins, 20 perfects. I was seriously on a streak.

In case my previous journals all get consumed in a fire, or are seized by government secret agents attempting to gather some dirt on me, it's best if I start this new journal with a brief introduction.

I'm a middle school zombie named William Stokes.

Everyone just calls me Bill. Nobody calls me a zombie. That's a secret.

BILL STOKES:
ZOMBIUS KIDDIUS
MIDDLESCHOOLIUS
(IN LATIN SCIENCE
SPEAK)



It's a secret that's not hard to keep, believe it or not. When I look in the mirror, I see the same face I had before Mom brought home that strange virus. She contracted it back when she was a paid volunteer for medicinal testing from six or seven different companies all at once.

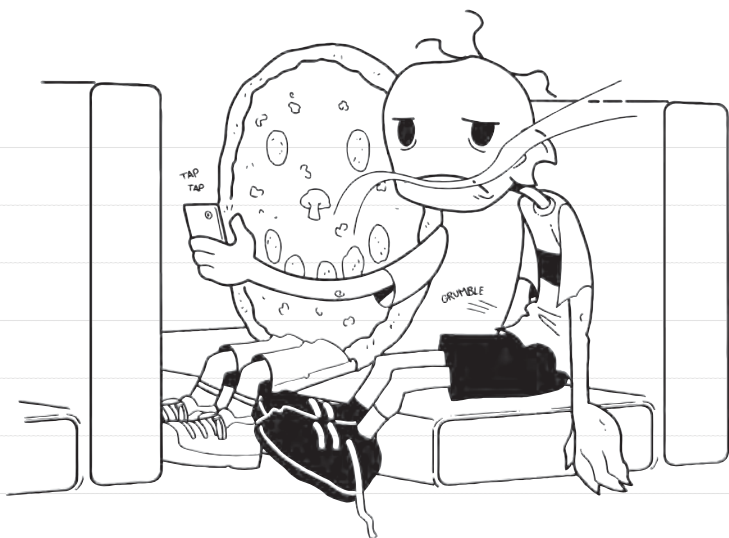


I still look just like I looked last summer. Except maybe my hair is a bit stringy and my nails are a little long and hard. Maybe my teeth are a bit longer and duller. My skin's paler and more clammy, too. But that might also be puberty kicking in.

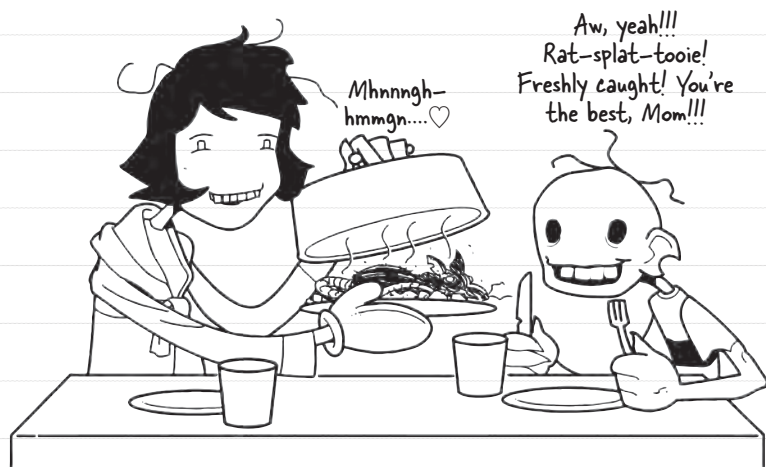


It seems zombies aren't all that noticeable until people are getting bitten. Not that I feel at all like biting people. Much.

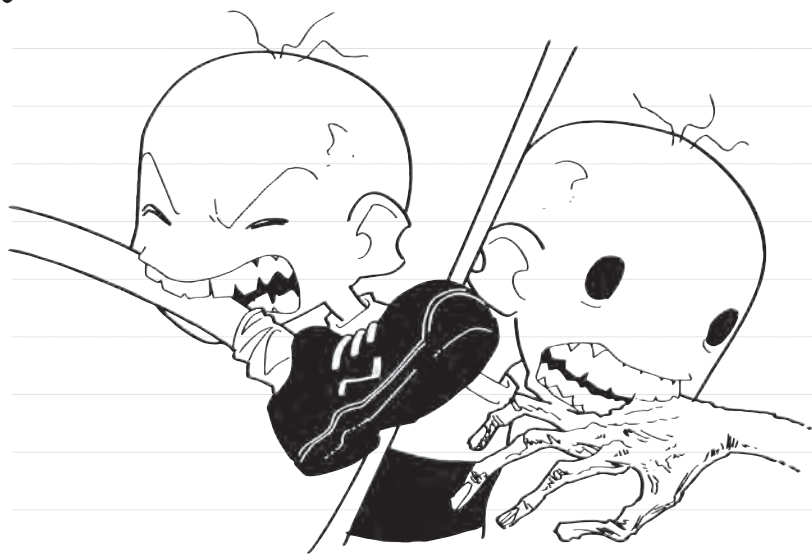
I mean, it's true, my appetite's flipped on me. I smell things differently than before. While folks do smell like bakery goods, hot dogs and pizzas now, it's not like anyone's ready to bite into a pizza that's riding next to them on the city bus, right? Not while he's checking his email, anyway.



I've got enough common sense to not go around chewing on folks. No matter how good they smell or might taste, eating somebody's a sure way to get this secret of ours found out! Fortunately, I'm never really hungry—not for people. Mom was a great cook before she was a zombie, but she's an even better cook since!



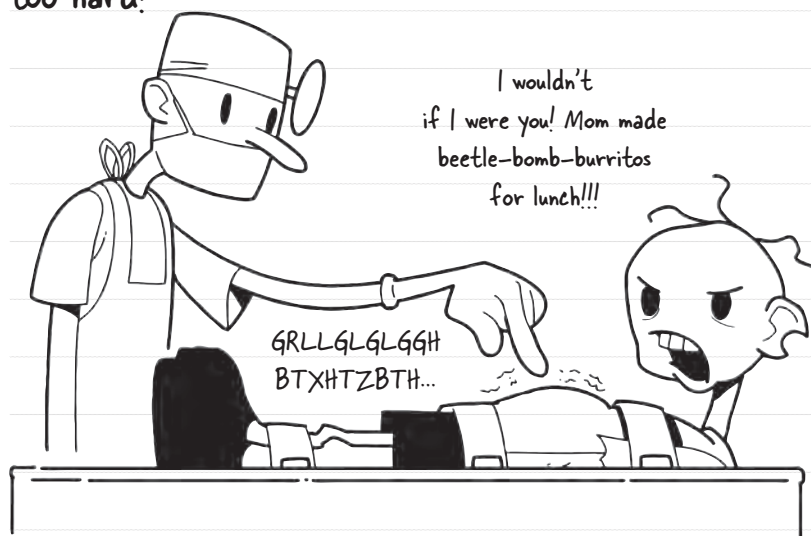
Well, except this one time. I chewed on Steve, a bully at school, during lunch period. But that was a fight, and I was gnawing in self-defense, so that doesn't count. And there was this one other time at Camp Woodchuck where I snacked on this guy's fingers...but he was, like, long gone and departed and all beef-jerkied, so that doesn't count, either.



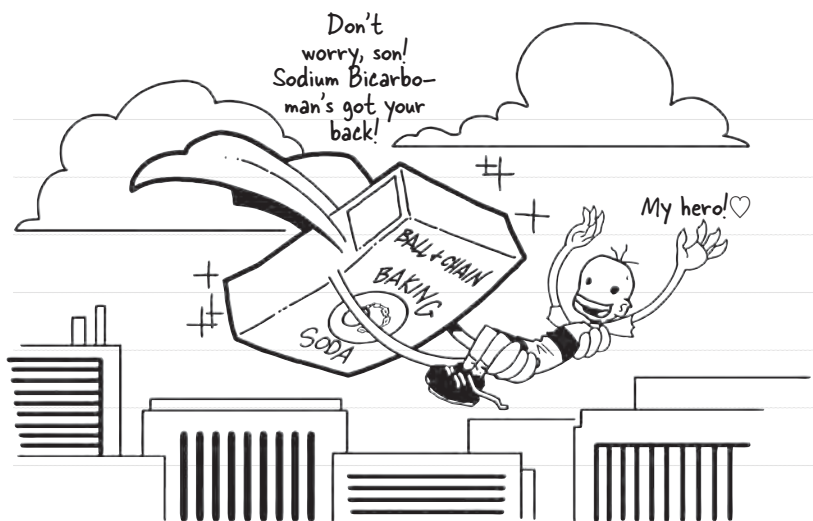
The only thing I have trouble with is finding ways to control the unfortunate side effects of eating Mom's zombie cuisine. And by unfortunate, I mean covering up skin disorders that disappear and reappear; controlling zits big enough to block out the sun; and, most importantly, keeping my stinky, toxic, unspeakably

horrific zombie gas from ending all life on Earth as we know it.

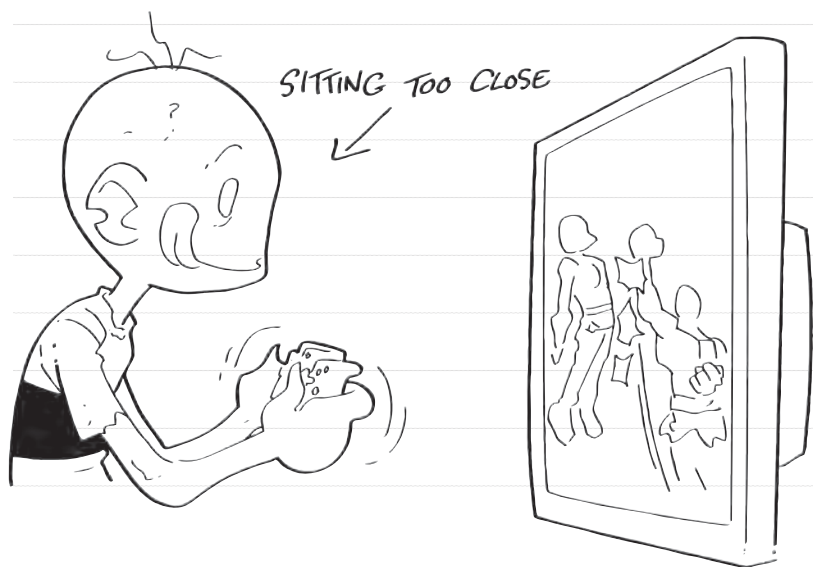
I wish I were joking. If the government discovered my existence, they'd probably classify me as a WMD right then and there! Especially if they poked at my belly too hard!



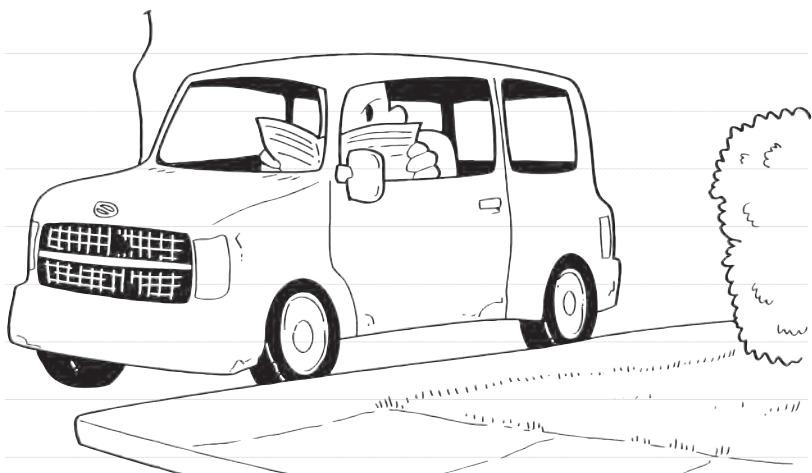
Fortunately, I've developed a few technologies to handle my various temporary skin conditions, mega-zit outbreaks and, most importantly, Zombie B.O. The best defense so far has been baking soda. This stuff has saved me more often than I can count!



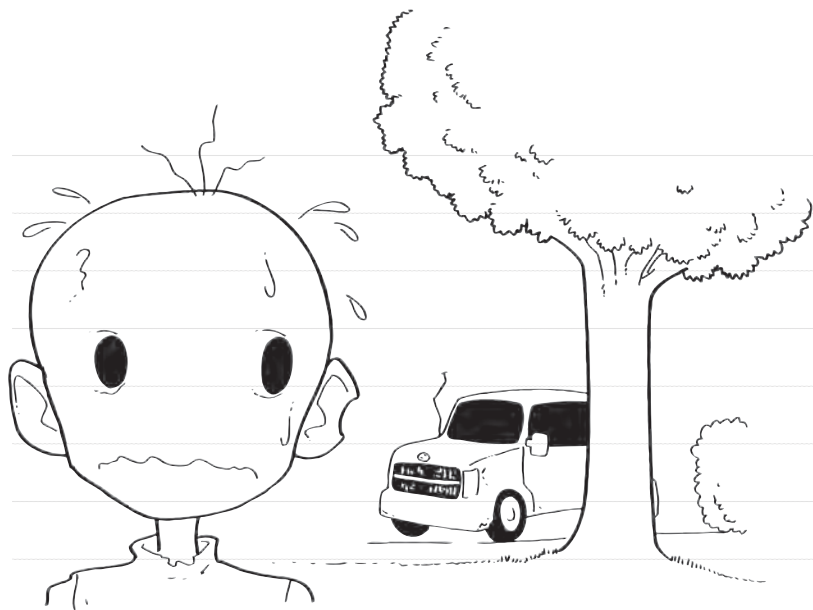
And I'll need all the help I can get if I'm going to make it through middle school in one piece. All I have to do is survive long enough for my future career as a world champion pro-gamer to kick into high gear.



School was the same old routine today, except for one thing a little out of the ordinary. On the way to and from my bus stop, there was this powder-blue compact car that was just lurking on the corner about half a block away. The guy sitting in the car was reading a magazine or a newspaper, so I couldn't see who he was.



I have to keep my eyes out for this kind of stuff. Like I said before, the government would freak out if they discovered there were real zombies living it up in some suburb. If that guy is some CIA or FBI agent sniffing around for evidence, then I've got to be extra-careful! Tomorrow, if that blue compact is still lurking in that spot, I'm going to get Larry or Janine (more on them in a bit) to help me check things out!



Just thinking about that car made me nervous, though. To take my mind off it, I started thinking about studying. THAT's how desperate I was.

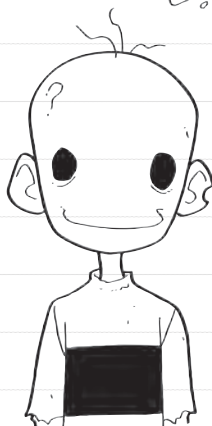
While browsing over the homework assignment, I checked my own records, then added up my grade point average. I'm kinda falling behind. I'll need a "B" on the midterm to keep things nice and dull, but not so dim that somebody decides to get me a tutor, which is worse than being shoved into an advanced placement course that would eat up all my free time. It's a pretty broad line between being adept and being a derp.

STAY IN THE "BUTTER ZONE!"

GEEK



NORMAL?

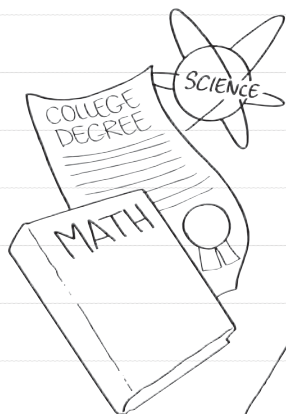


DERP

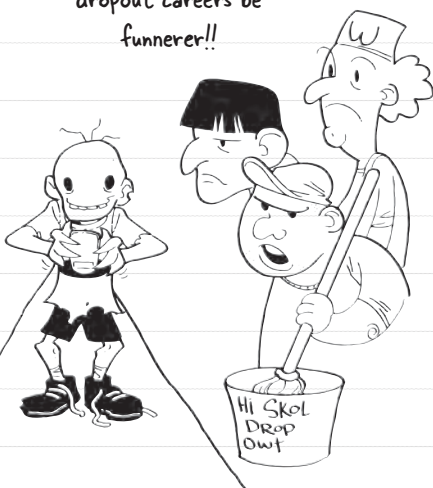


You still have to watch your step if you're clever enough to blend in to buck the system!

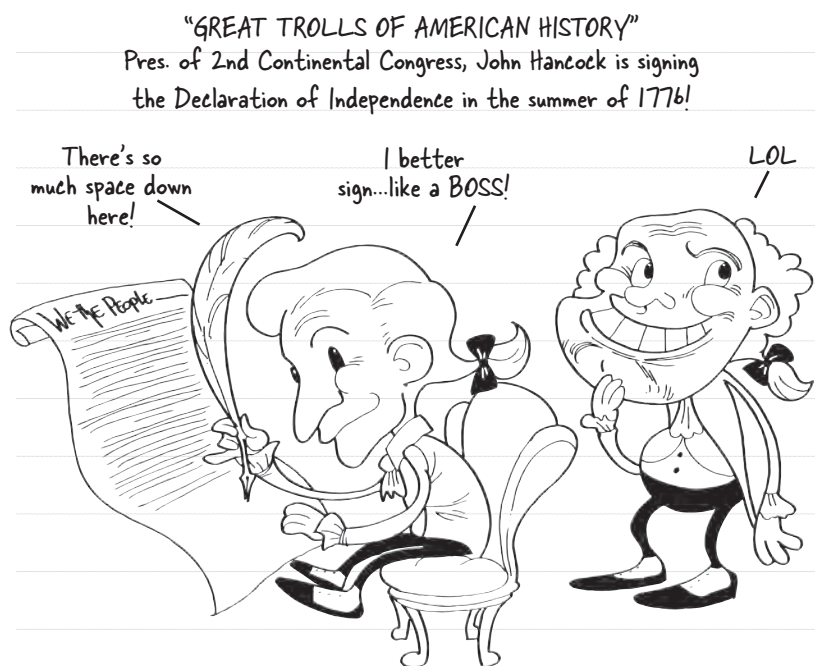
Overachieve and work like a dog for the rest of your life! It's fun!



Dur-hurr! Minimum-wage high school dropout careers be funnerer!!



I did some of the homework drills and then my own practice work to make sure I'd be familiar enough with the material to score a perfect one hundred. It's a lot easier to scale back your grade than to try to push it higher. Easy-mode American history is mostly who did what, where they did it, and when. To make it interesting, I made myself some comics about all the facts. I find you remember stuff better when you make fun of it.



Charles Johnson, witness to the signing, thought it would be funny not to tell John there were going to be 55 OTHER signatures in that "blank space".

By the time I was finished, I had a good forty minutes before bed for gaming. But if I stay up too long, Mom shuffles to the fuse box and shuts off the power. Even as a zombie, Mom is a bedtime dictator, and her word (or grunt) is law!

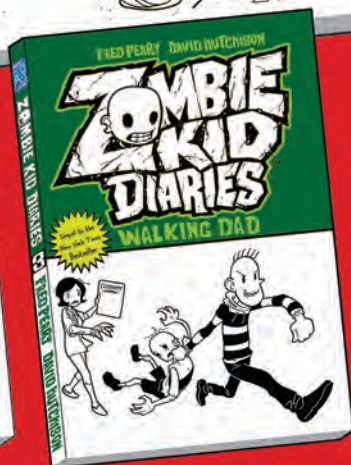
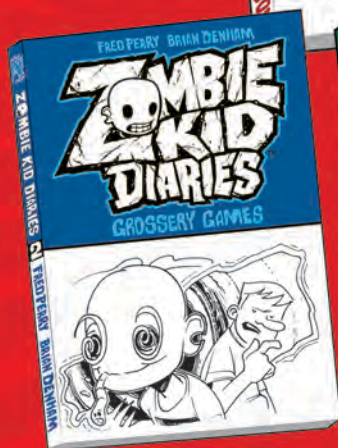
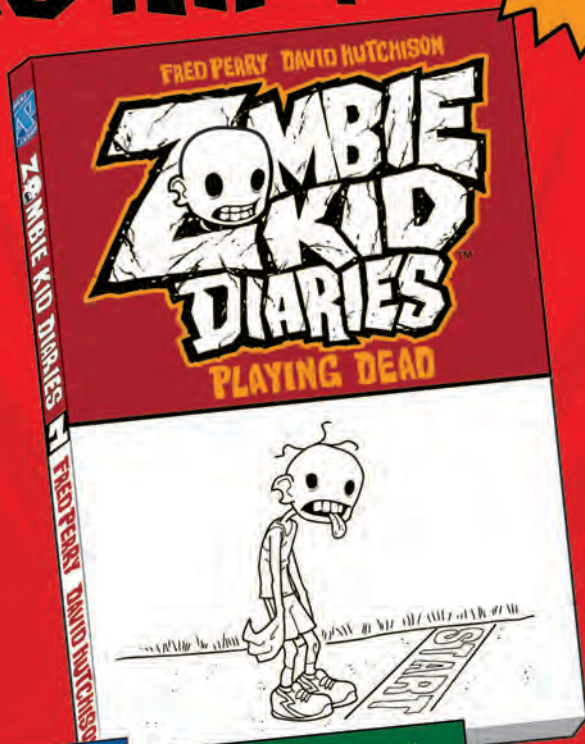


AND I THOUGHT MOM WAS
STRICT ABOUT BEDTIME
BEFORE WE GOT THAT VIRUS!

I signed online with my gamer tag, "Kid Dracula", and proceeded to whip the pants off of every poor sap in the *Atomic vs. Discom* challenge lobby! There were some high-level "pros" in the lobby too, and even THEY fell victim to the "KD" horror spree!

THE MOST ROTTEN THING ABOUT SCHOOL ...IS HIM

FROM THE
NEW YORK
TIMES BEST
SELLER LIST!



STINKING UP
SHELVES NOW AT
YOUR LOCAL
BOOKSTORE OR
COMIC BOOK SHOP.
FOR MORE
INFORMATION, VISIT
[ANTARCTIC-
PRESS.COM!](http://ANTARCTIC-PRESS.COM!)