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# ZOMBIE KID



**FREE COMIC BOOK DAY**

MAY 2011





# ANTARCTIC PRESS

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## ZOMBIE KID

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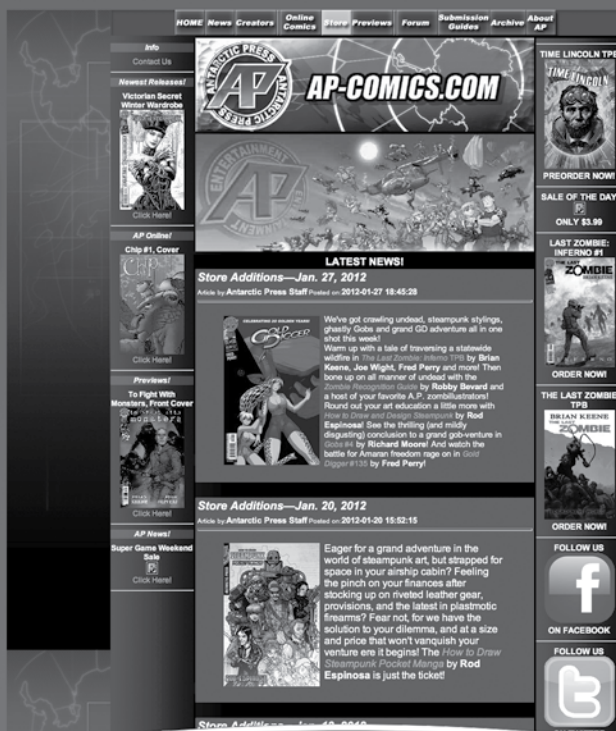
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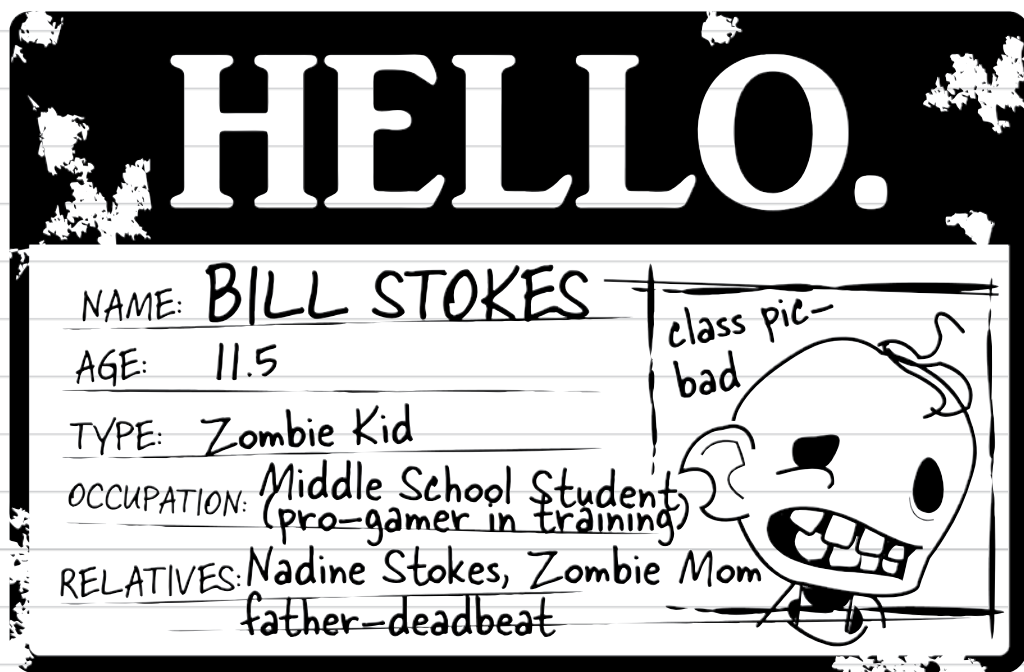
MAY 2012, IS PUBLISHED BY ANTARCTIC PRESS, 7272 WURZBACH, SUITE #204, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, 78240.

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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.

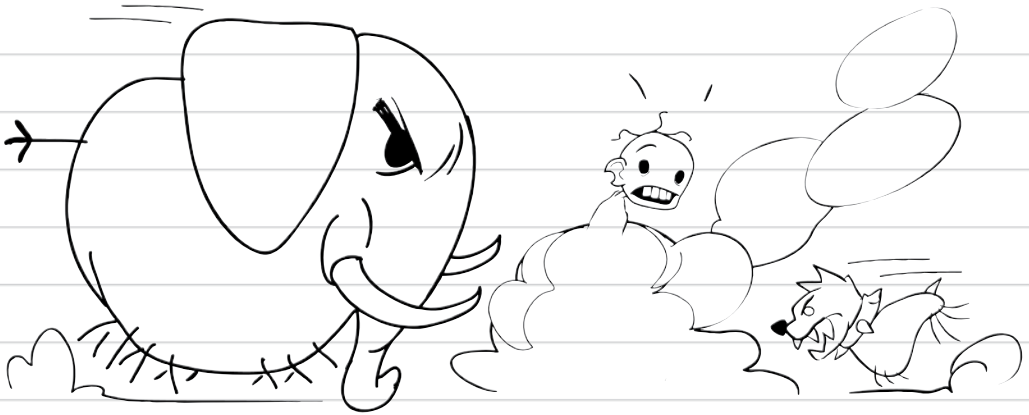


I became a zombie when my mom brought home a virus from her medical test volunteer "job". She's a zombie too, though she's a bit more out of it than I am.

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

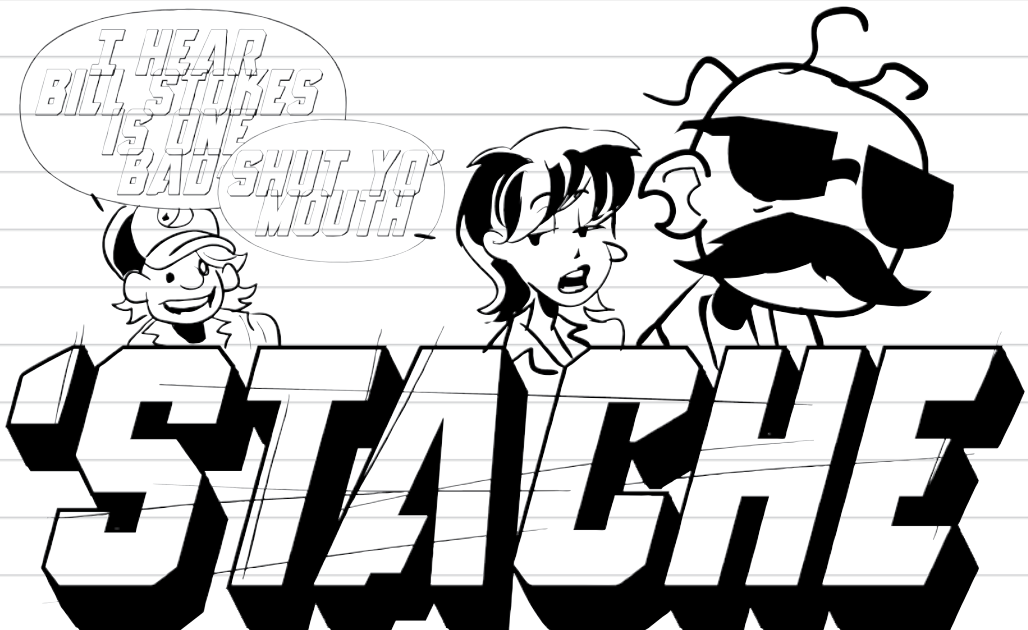
beyond the grave, hair that defies any and all attempts at brushing or combing, and dangerous gas or bad breath stinky enough to drop a full-grown bull elephant, or at least Mr. Whipple's doberman, from ten feet away!

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



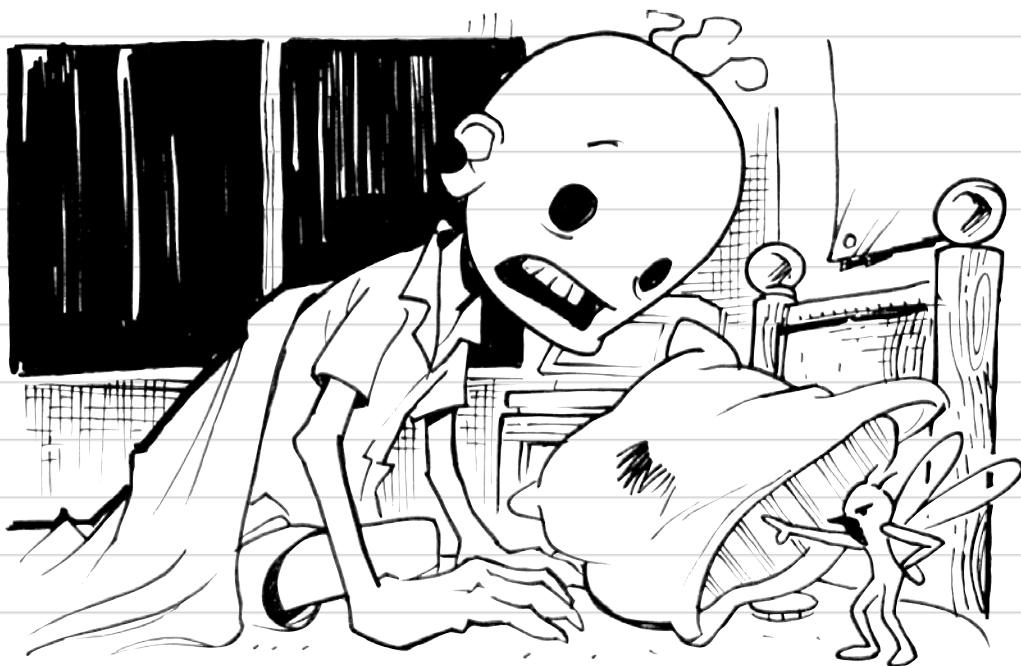
**A:** TAKE AWAY THEIR CHARGE CARDS!  
SO THEY CAN'T BUY GAS MASKS!

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!





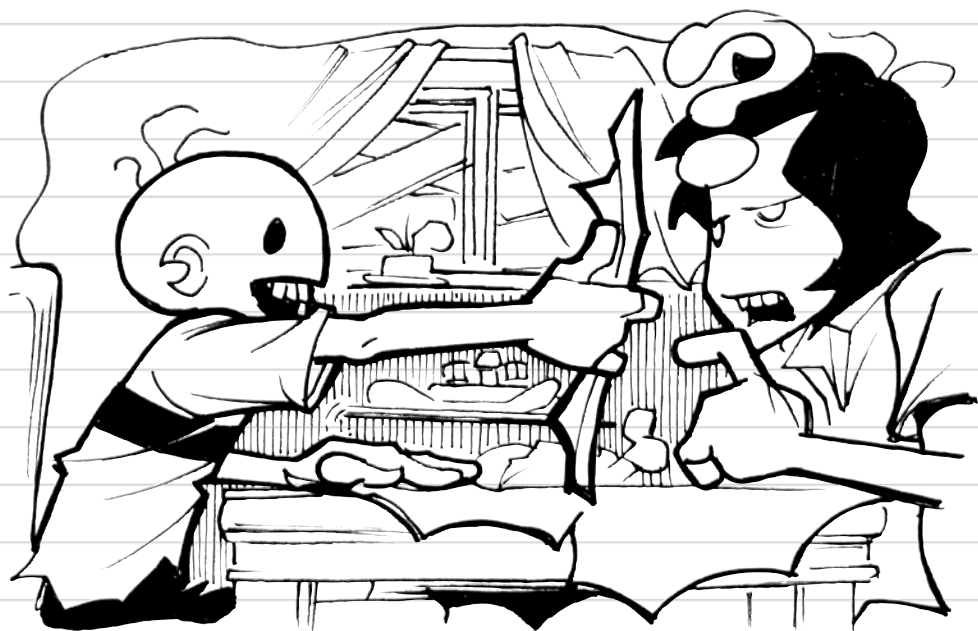
Unfortunately, almost all of my mustache hair fell out right onto the pillow by Monday morning, leaving me with just a little stubble that didn't make it past my shower. The one time that zombie virus was going to pay off for me, and it was a false alarm!



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.



work and get her co-workers to fill out the orders. Even before she became a zombie, my mom couldn't sell a dollar for fifty cents, never mind cookies to disgruntled Mal-Mart clerks!



Maybe I should feel a little guilty for handing this off, but every other kid in the world is going to do this too. Only, with my mom, I'm guaranteed to make zero sales, and that's awesome! This entire field trip fundraiser is sure to fail because of the lack of funds, but it won't be my fault at all, because nobody bought any cookies from my mom at work! I'm in the clear!

