

# The Zombie Depot

By : **Kaithe**

A zombie satire, similiar to Shaun of the Dead, even tho I wrote this before seeing that movie...." I rather die with a real smirk, than a fake smile."--Keith



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/Kaithe](http://booksie.com/Kaithe)

Copyright © Kaithe, 2015

**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

# The Zombie Depot

The Zombie Depot (short story, zombie satire, narf)

I still have flashbacks, horrifying and spectral: of conference meetings, projectors and efficiency meetings...corporate metrics, acronymic value cards that read like a Masonic Temple's pledge.. ...honesty, commitment, sacrifice, the dutiful worship of mercury and saltpeter; also customer satisfaction.

Those flashbacks frequent my mind alot--especially when I am ramming my co-workers into the trash compactor with the blades of the fork truck. They say " ooohh" and " ahhhhh" as if they are getting a massage. They dull my blades with their dull heads.

I have to ram them with the blades of the fork-trucks, or they will scramble out. They still say things like, " make sure that has a tag,".....and " wear your safety goggles," making chills run down my spine. I haven't put all the workers from the " Do-Wee depot" in the compactor only corporate cadavers and not zombies.

But I have to forewarn, the zombies are not a threat, it is a few cadavers and the "consumers" that pose a threat to me and what I have built. The zombies are producers, even only if it is moans and putrefaction, but they are good sports, and my only friends.

Some co-workers, who I was friends with before, I have spared from the compactor--owing mostly to that the part of their brain that was corporate, either fell out on the floor, or was gnawed on by a fellow zombie rendering them good sports and not cadavers.

I use the building material section to chain them to their previous aisles. Jose, was my best friend, he was shaped like a slug, with a huge lower lip, and slicked back greasy hair, he always cheered me up, how busy it was and how slow he remained. Him and I worked together in the ' outside-lawn-and-garden' section. Even his zombie self has kept his lisp.

I chain him to the outside lawn and garden section, where he likes to water the flowers. He lunges at me sometimes, but the chain is thick, and Jose is still a cool zombie.

Angry Joe is out there too. He is chained to the 'reach' truck. He is always mumbling about overtime.....or " Im not staying late."

I have disabled the riding engine, so he just stands on it and runs the fork blades all the way up then all the way down, beeping the horn the whole while. He is the only one I kept, that has some vestige of corporacy in his brain, for the reason that he watches the back gate. The consumers are constantly probing this outside metal fence gate, and Joe has eaten all of them. Don't get me wrong, Joe can be a good sport, when he is not drooling about 'overtime' or ' I havn't took a lunch yet.' He can be quite funny.

He banters with Ryan from inside 'lawn-and-garden' all the time. Ryan is alot younger, alittle younger than me. He has a mullet(what I call a mullet and he say's a hockey cut) and verily is--before he became a zombie--the laziest person ever, and now that he is a zombie, well let's just say, I don't have to chain him anywhere, I know where to find him.....at the back gate smoking a ciqerette backwards with his mullet on fire or in the break room. He had the most squeaky voice when he was a human, but now odd fully enough, he sounds like Tom Jones.

" You ate my cosumer Ryan," drools Angry Joe, " No I didn't Joe, you ate your own consumer," Ryan rejoins in his acapella voice ( I like hearing Ryan's deep zombie voice).

There are others, in the various departments of the Do-Wee Store, but this journal is to relate the first most pressing concern, two cadavers have escaped the compactor.

The store manager Joyce and her minion(the assistant manager Damien) have escaped. They were dickhead humans, and remained so in corporate cadaver form. They hide from me, as I plow through the aisles with the inside forklift. I have used wire from the fencing aisle to reinforce my forklifts. Sometimes a cadaver co-worker will jump out with a price gun, drooling " where is your spooterrrr..."( a safety regulation in the store).....I run them over with great gladness, but then wishing I heeded their advice of safety glasses."Splat." I have my theories, on how everyone turned to zombies. It started with over-occurring routine, which my a.d.d could have been impervious to. But I couldn't have been the only one in the store with a.d.d? But that seems the case. The first day when I showed up to ' outside-lawn-and-garden' it took me six hours before I noticed

## The Zombie Depot

everyone was zombies. I didn't notice they were zombies until I noticed them in good spirits.

But the first day of the zombies, was concurrent with the rise of the consumers--ever more dangerous, greedy, and audacious are the consumers. They consume everything in their path, they consume good conversation, good manners, and replace with their mark, which is this....your life with the current moment is to be sacrificed to get them what they need to continue resuming their lives. They do not enjoy shopping, but enjoy holding you in place, consuming you and your values into their value, which has no value at all, since their mind has consigned the present moment that has you and not them, to a number that always has too much value, and they will bring you and it down while you are subject to time and they are not.

They turned my friends into prisoners of arbitrary time; and like putting a rabbit in a dank dark basement, with plenty of food and treats and space, it will slowly get diarrhea and die. Everyday I marked the sunrise, and I would always pay thanks to it, no matter if I was on break or not. The nine hour day could not ruin me, but my friends being ruined, that started to ruin me.

And that is what I believed started all this, nature has no room for two kingdoms of Consumers. So the producers(zombies) were created from the routine of being divested of life, and from nothing they came to produce: producing gases, vile bloody smiles, human cannibalism, hearty conversation, practical jokes, moaning questions to the infinite sky.... they were created human again, given value, and most of all, I have my friends back, and they are happy again. But, the corporate cadavers that escaped the compactor , put my creation in risk, they look to let in the consumers again, they are up to something...

But presently with the corporate cadavers gone, and the consumers held at bay, I have my Depot of Eden, I can grow anything, make anything, and soon will be able to ferment everything, especially fuel. Now monday morning conferences that threaten you to pick it up because there are alot of people out there that want your job( iterated by the frizzy headed gangly Joyce) are replaced with 'zombie dance parties'.

" Zombies, what is the first rule of zombie dance party," they reply to me, " dohmp talk bout damp party," then we make a music video. I let loose a couple of cat's in the break room, and presto, an agile cat make's flesh eating zombies look like Micheal Jackson. Even I get busy with them, I feel so comfortable with them; dancing to Juvenile "back that ass up,".the best dancer gets to eat the cat...sure beat's listening Joyce's depressing morning pep talks about quotas while I am watching a bird outside the front glass trying to eat a dragonfly, " Keith you paying attention." I just want to say, " No I am not you frizzy headed gangly walking skeleton key(she is skinnier than the gang of keys jingling on her belt)." I will find her and put a roofing nail in her temple and her plans.

The sound of zombies walking in here is music to my ears, like gypsies walking barefoot on a strawberry patch. I don't know what that has to do with anything, but I like it, and don't care who knows.

I fortified the outside of the store with everything within the store. I grew a garden, with all the fertilizers, and acids and alkilines of outside garden. I also use the garden chemicals to sprinkle on the brains of my co-worker zombies to change their acidity(almost like a hydrangea shrub). The purpose to get them somewhat coherent to play poker and darts in the breakroom. I figured out how to make explosives, with the nitrogen fertilizer and pool cleaning acid, well actually HeyZues did, he always eats both, and one day he moaned really loud " BLOOONDEEE " ( his nickname for me from The Good The Bad And The Ugly) and gestured his expanding stomach, he blew up and gave me my first wound, he destroyed my dart board. I took his head and posted it on the back loading dock, I know there are consumers trying to infiltrate when he sounds off with " BLOOONDEEEE..." resounding through the whole store (almost like when he was a human). I created another dartboard, I can create anything here, sometimes I think, that feeling is what.....

But the point of this journal is the two who escaped the trash compactor, Joyce and Damien. They haunted me before and haunt me still. When I leave to venture outside for gasoline for the generators(the only thing I need, not for long hopefully) they run amok. I will see new ' sale signs' in zombie penmanship, and I can see that they have hidden co-workers to have cadaver meetings, where they talk about ' customer satisfaction.' I can sometimes hear keys jangle, it has to be Joyce, for the sound is to the cadence of her John Wayne walk, like she has been on horseback her whole life.

Outside is very dangerous. There are many consumers out there.

I was outside in the parking lot, where consumers still wallow around when a consumer asked "which product

## The Zombie Depot

is better." I had to drop a cinder block pallet on him with the forklift; they are more adacious then my zombie co-workers. Even after a pallet of concrete is forklifted on them, they wave fliers with sale advertisements from underneath.

Well, this particular trip, I returned inside and was startled by the loudspeaker, it was Damien's voice(his annoyingly over-polite and late-night voice)the same as before, paging the hardware department. I jumped on the fast slim forklift to hunt for him. There are phone terminals everywhere, and he could be in the upper level offices. I saw Joyce's shape through the window once.

They are up to something.

Everytime I ventured outside, the store became altered. I even saw a consumer waiting in line with the cashier machine now on. I sent the consumer to Angry Joe, who was due for a lunch break.

There is a gap in my wire somewhere, I know it.

I was at the gas station, getting propane and gas, when a consumer was scowling " where is the gas attendant, is everyone stupid or what?" while he was trying to figure out how to pump gas ( I disabled the safety pumps, they do not shut off, and do not coincide with numbers, you hold the handle it pumps out as much as you need)...

....he was pacing around like a little kid denied recess and suffering from sounds of frolic and kickball--dragging his feet due to the fact he had to pump his own gas, I heard a scraping metallic clicking noise. My eyes were caught by a bright glare on his shoe tread, I gripped my nail gun..... then he dropped the hose and walked back to his car with gasoline gushing as his wake. I saw what it was on his tread, I had no time to flee....it was a push button grill ignitor with the orange tint of a " Do-Wee" label on it....." Fuck." The last thing I registered was the consumer saying " ahhh don't touch me," apparently talking to flames. I woke up in a ditch, the big fork truck and my gas station destroyed.

I limped back to the " Do-Wee" store, and utter horror greeted my singed and surprised eyebrows.

" Grand Re-Opening, 50% off everything." I squeezed the trigger of the nail gun, the nail harmlessly echoed off the parking pavement at which it was aimed. "They set me up at the gas station. "

They had to do better than that to separate me from my zombies.

I entered through the store in a nun-plussed state. I woke out of my unbelieving stupor with the sound of Jose's voice. " Welcome to Doooooo-Weeee....can I eat your...."

"Jose it's me, who chained you to the entrance?"

" Dammian, Keeeeeth, they are waiiiting....here's a newsletter...." --he smacked me across the face with the newsletter.

" I don't want that shit....' as I clutched the newspaper the loudspeaker went off in Dammians annoyingly over-polite and late-night-voice.

" Attention shooppers. all prices are feeefty percent off, ask our associate Keeeeeth for a 80% discount, he is the skinny deleeecious looking kid with spicy skin, and a boston red sox hat on."

Hundreds of consumers pivoted their heads to my direction. " Hey, that kid has a Boston Yankees hat on."

" Run Keeeth," zombie-lisped Jose.

Fifty million imbecilic questions assailed me at once....." can I return this sprinkler for a jacuzzi.....can I get 120% off.....can you come to my house and fix my television for free"-- it was unabashed audacity, survial of the most annoying and repetitious; and the corporate cadavers have let this consuming flood in on me and my poor zombies.

I needed to find my steed, my inside forklift. It was not where I left it near the entrance.

Surely they have sabotaged it. " the riding mowers," the thought uplifted my fading resolve. I darted past wallowing consumers before they could get my scent. I heard a consumer, " you obviously don't know what Im talking about," talking to zombie George, who was munching roofing nails.

The consumer grabbed me, and said "here he is, this is Keith, he is wearing a Phoenix red sox cap"--panic bit into my brain, this consumers grip was implaccable. The grip that holds the steering wheel tightly driving nowhere fast, with anything in that interstice of commuting, not worthy of manners and the least of which being a friendly wave to 'go ahead.'

They formed a wall of uttering stupidity, escape was cut off. They scratched at me, hissed, tore at my flesh

## The Zombie Depot

and screamed demonistically in my ears. I caved and and called the hoard m'am and sir, they choked me, and loosened their grip only so I could tell them " Im sorry, sorry for your inconvenience, take my life and personality as tribute, take my imagination rendered prostrate by these sceptic corporate words that this mouth emits, betraying my personal form, the human element to this lifeless purposeless machine....destroy me, for finding the infinity between letters of corporate law and none between nature's laws....."

I was almost unconscious, giving a speech to imagined hooded phantoms....." destroy me, for valuing friendship and imagination, and seeing infinity, in the shadow of a letter, eternity in the numeral of a number, and for defying the order to see things as others do....."....." destroy me, for seeing that people are unhappy and trying to uplift people for the sake of seeing them smile....destroy me, destroy my smirk, and add a lifeless smile to my corpse."

I heard a horn, the riding floor mopper/buffer, it was Ryan, he commandeered the machine with precision-like drunkenness. He knocked down the consumers like twenty pin bowling. " What's up pussy cat," he possibly said, and I climbed to my feet.

I walked to the riding mowers, and turned the key on the floor model. I sped the main aisle, with caresses of consumers that would be deep clawings at a slower speed. I dodged stupid question, and swerved from unabashed frugality. I turned up the tool aisle, grabbed a battery nail gun.

" It says batteries are included, but are they included?" I answered with a 12 gauge nail, and resumed my course to the upper offices, that for too long looked down on me and my friends. I climbed the stairs and entered. The office was abuzz in corporate banalities. " Hello, this is Damian how may I help you.....oh helloooooo keeeeeth, one minute.....sir hold one second thaaaanx."

I aimed the nail gun muzzle at his ugly overly polite mug." I finally found you, I will get the store back in shape Damian...."

He cut me off, " no you woonn't, they are pouring in, we will meet our quota for the year...."

" Me and my friends will stop you Damian."

"Your freeends helped me, Joe, and George and many others."

" They wouldn't betray me."

He laughed imperiously, " I offeereed Joe overtime and Ryan's brains, and the rest a company barbecue."

My spirit sank, I raised the nail gun again--

" I wouldn't do that if I waaaas yuuuuu," he pointed to a twenty propone tanks lined up and hissing.

"Come Keeeeeth, we're on the saaame teeem, we'll make yuuuu manager, Joyce has already ok'd it."

" Oh yeah, and where is Joyce?"

He laughed, and said " not here, she went to corporate headquarters."

" Damian, I rather die free, with a true smirk then with a fake smile." I pulled the trigger.

The blast flung me. I awoke on the floor, stunned and helpless--a goner.

I didn't want to live anymore anyways, my friends betrayed me and I was deaf now, the consumers couldn't hurt me anymore, let them do what they will.

They closed on me, I seen the hooded phantoms again. "Let come what comes."

" Keeeeeth," I felt the trebble of a lisp on my neck, then felt cold hands pick me up and place me on something metal. Then I felt rumbling, it was the riding mower.

" Keeeeeth, we're friends," and with that admission Jose bit a piece out of my cheek and chewed it while propping the gas petal with a severed human leg. He had placed me on the riding mower.

I felt glass shatter, and the seat of the mower press on my stomach painfully as I rumbled across the parking lot. It felt like forever, but the mower stopped and I kept going, rolling down a hill.

I heard birds, and realized it was morning, and that I was in the lush land next to the Charles river, bordered and contained by a vast parking lot, and infestesimal highway; a neglected land teeming with life surround by lifeless road.

I will miss my zombie friends, especially Jose and also zombie Shelley, who would mumble my neck and head(she had no teeth)-- I don't care,it felt good; but I was contained, and need to set out, man cannot stay in a cage, for some asshole will hang a clock on one of the walls, and my clock has no numbers, but color, intensity, and the sound of the birds. Man, the rockstars of the solar system, the sun has chosen us for its

## The Zombie Depot

spotlight...such barren worlds out there, and we unlocked its power, only to use it to make barren worlds and destruction hereâ I will stop running on, I have to get moving.

I stood up and looked at my watch, it was broken, it was always broken, yet I always wore it. It reflected the sunrise, and the friendship bite I had on my cheek, and that uplifted my heart; giving me strength with every step that I walked away from the Do-Wee Depot.--end

" Life is about breaking and making bonds."

# The Zombie Depot

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-12-01 03:33:14