

Zombies Don't Know the Meaning of Rigor Mortis

Yeah, I am going to give a description of what makes an ideal zombie, although being a brain-eating corpse isn't exactly what one would call 'ideal'. And again, maybe later I will go through the movie genres and show the progression from early sci-fi depictions of slow-mo mumble mouths to today's more varied and more speedy living dead dudes (or even give an actual history lesson) but there is only so many hours in a day and this is my passion blog and I get to say (dictate, demand) what gets written down, when. This may seem spoiler-alerty but its helping me to organize my thoughts for a later date (just saying). Now, to me, the perfect undead gentleman just needs a few key things before it is acceptable for him to go on his merry way gorging on human flesh. Firstly, he should not be a chub-chub. It is just disconcerting, downright off putting when you see him lumbering at you, you know? Like really? There is no thrill there, no suspense; I can totally escape from that guy. Secondly, he cannot be one of those new-fangled zombies that have the world completely under their sway. Although it makes a gripping story when it's just one or two 'breathers' against a whole host of undead, it is just not logical. Once zombified, all higher brain functioning is gone, flat-lined, and there is no way a bunch of skin-gnawing shmucks are going to get the better of us. Our naval base alone could eliminate the problem before it became too wide-spread, and it's not like the deadly-dumb deadies can form an organized attack, all their even able to think of is Nom Nom Nom. If you say, well now, what if we are unaware of how quick it's spreading, and then it is too late? My answer to you, buck-o, is not in this day and age. I guarantee you the moment you notice your neighbor acting shifty and chewing on somebody's entrails you are going to get the gun and the zombie survival kit out from under your bed because you know how to take care of this, you were waiting for this day. I personally prefer the small-pocket of an outbreak due to some "lab experiment gone wrong"

rather than a mutated AIDS strand that consumes the world. It is just not classy. Next, there is no romance between zombies. No side-long glances at the feeding frenzy, no taking out your heart and presenting it to her, it is not reality. Not saying zombies are real, or there aren't books out there about it, but I don't really want that in a zombie. Undead emo boy really wants to eat girl, but also wants to hold her hand... Twilight already went there, did that, except the guy sparkled instead of decomposed. Lastly, my hunk of meat eating hunks of my leg can be blood-splattered and a little shredded from the ordeal of being undead, but he can't be tore up from the floor up. He wouldn't be able to get anywhere then. If he is missing his arms, a leg, and half his face, he isn't up to a chase scene. If he is missing his big toes, he can't even stand.

^ This is what I consider the effective zombie, one who can add some excitement to your weekend but you should still be alive and reasonably fit to go to work on Monday. My ideal zombie is one I can win against, but I lost a few acquaintances along the way. It is a little rough and tumble description, but that is how I like my zombies, thank you very much.