

# ZOMBIE SHOOTERS UNITED

**"Shoot Zombies, Not Paper!"**

## Fear & Loathing in the Dead Zone ZOMBIE SHOOT 10/25/14

### Match Conclusion

In the Live E-town City Hall radio room, Captain Soo-Z stood listening to the receiver intently. She closed her eyes and began to slowly shake her head in frustration. She leaned toward the radio microphone on the desk and spoke, "Did I hear you correctly? He lost the patrol truck and the medicine?" She turned to Lt. Shochik with her eyes wide in exaggerated shock, then she said, "Well backtrack over to that school bus and have a look around. Maybe you can find some clues to where that medicine went. If there's a chance we can recover it, we need to take it. Contact me when you get there...out." She put down the receiver head set and sat down on the couch that the radio operators napped on. The operator on duty resumed his position seated in front of the radio. "I'm going to stick around for twenty minutes," she said to Lt. Souchik, "Sergeant Vesley is still green and I want to stick around a bit to see this medicine thing resolved."

"What happened out there?" asked Lt. Souchik.

"Apparently the rookie ZK that Sergeant Vesley sent on the mission to recover the morphine and antibiotics found them without any trouble and found the trailhead to the rendezvous point but spent the night getting drunk with Dirty Pierre and one of his lady friends." She made air-quotes with her fingers around the words "lady friends".

"Well nothing good comes out of a liquor bottle, but it's not like Dirty Pierre to cross live E-town. Robbery isn't his style," said Lt. Souchik.

"I agree," she said. "That's why I'm giving Sergeant Vesley a little time to sort this out before I issue a warrant for Dirty Pierre."

"Doesn't the ZK know what happened?" Lt. Souchik asked.

"His memory after the drinking party is pretty hazy. Moaning zombies woke him up fifteen minutes ago and he found himself in a school bus surrounded by 25 zombies and the patrol truck was gone. He said he didn't even think of the drugs. He just shot his way out and met up with Vesley at the rendezvous point."

The radio operator leaned back in his swivel chair and handed her the receiver headset and said, "It's your man Vesley captain." She got up and took the headset and leaned into the microphone and said, "Baby Ducky Six here. What did you find? Over."

"He woke up, killed 36 undead by himself and met you at the rendezvous point in less than two and a half minutes? Over."

“Well, that’s impressive but he didn’t have the medicine. Where’s the medicine? Over.

“Ok, you haven’t found the medicine but you found a note from Pierre on the bus. What does the note say? Over.”

“Well I speak French. Read it to me as best you can. Over.”

“He wrote the box is under the bus. Did you look under the bus? Over.”

“Please do it now. Over.” She straightened up and said to Lt. Souchik, “Am I the only person in Kentucky who speaks French? Louisville is named for a French king.”

“I took Spanish. It was easier,” replied Lt. Souchik.

“Dirty Pierre left the ZK a thank you note,” she explained. “You could read it in a couple ways, but on the surface, it looks like our ZK may have traded his patrol truck for a bottle of absinthe. Contents of said patrol truck were not in the bargain I guess so Dirty Pierre placed them under the bus.” A voice could be heard coming through the radio receiver and she placed it up to her ear again and leaned toward the microphone to speak, “Say again,” she said.

“Opiates and antibiotics written on the side...that sounds like what we are looking for Sergeant Vesley. Please insure that those medicines get back to outpost without further mishap. I am not pleased with some of the decisions made in this operation but since you are both rookies and no harm was done other than the loss of a patrol truck, I will allow you to chalk this up to experience and he must see that the patrol truck is replaced in his off duty hours this month. If your ZKs continue to screw up, I will have to relieve you. At present, I will not report this up the chain of command if you can improve your performance. Do you understand me? Over.”

“Roger, out.”

“Under the bus?” Lt. Souchik asked.

“Yes, under the bus,” she answered. “The absinthe explains a lot. Write the truck off as an operational loss if we don’t run into Pierre and repo it in the next two weeks. We have a few spare trucks.”

“So the rookie ZK killed 36 zombies by himself with a hangover? By what name does this hero go?” inquired Lt. Souchik?

“His name is Bob Sanders,” she said. “He was just assigned to the unit too. I have sometimes wondered if it is possible to love killing zombies too much. It can cloud your judgment at times. Everybody makes mistakes now and then so I cut him some slack. I expect he will not be drinking with Dirty Pierre again.”

“Speaking of drinking...let’s grab a cup of hot joe in the briefing room before we head back to outpost,” said Lt. Souchik, gesturing toward the door with his hand for her to leave first.

“Good idea, but I think I’ll have tea. Let’s steal some of their sandwiches for the road too,” she said as she walked past him and into the hallway, slinging her carbine over her shoulder.