

**ZOMBIESHOOTERSUNITED.COM**  
**A Night At The Opera: Night Match Conclusion**

"So what did you think of the show Captain?" Lieutenant Souchik asked.

"For amateur theater under a tent on the ragged fringe of the last vestiges of human civilization...it was alright. I was glad to see that the majority of the company was in attendance," Captain Soo-Z replied, drinking her morning tea outside her office trailer.

"Some even brought their families and a few brought dates."

"I noticed."

"They are already discussing the next show. Shakespeare's Othello"

"I am pleased they seem to have found a leisure activity that doesn't involve, drinking, gambling, or fornicating in the motor pool. By the way, I would like a report on what set that perimeter alarm off during the show." Since they got back just after curtain, I assumed the issue was addressed."

"Sgt. Kruer told me some zombies were bumping up against the wire. Maybe the singing and music drew them in."

"How many?"

"Twenty-five. ZK Thomas actually killed them all. When that rain storm let loose, Sgt. Kruer didn't want his tuxedo to get wet and shrink so he "supervised" the whole affair under an umbrella."

"ZK Thomas... the surprisingly fast, big, burly fellow with the good manners..."

"That's the one."

"You know, twenty-five zombies near the perimeter is a lot of zombies to miss during daylight, and that tent did a pretty good job of keeping the noise down. Why do I have the sneaking suspicion that somebody might have put something outside the wire to draw some zombies in so they wouldn't have to sit through two hours of admittedly marginal musical theater?"

"Who would go through the trouble to do something like that?"

"A person who really liked drinking, gambling and fornicating in the motor pool to the exclusion of all else."

"Sergeant Kruer!"

"Probably. Just in case, make sure they both have parts in the next production. Maybe ZK Thomas can be the noble moor. If they can't act, make them stagehands."

"Roger that captain."