

# Soo-Z and the Bandit: Match Conclusion

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**A Zombie Killer Series  
Zombie Shooters United**

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After an hour of jolting driving with forty ZKs taking turns blasting away at the undead that blocked your advance and no signs of Dr. Von Bloom or the fugitive Karl Buchholtz, you are relieved to be parked for a minute. You sit in the front seat of the patrol truck monitoring the Ham radio and reloading magazines as your comrades outside set up a defensive perimeter around the truck so the driver can change a flat tire. You've been shot at more than a few times since the world went to Hell, but today was the first time you ever got strafed from a helicopter. Live E-town has a small fleet of them, a mix of military and civilian birds, and when you heard a chopper's blades beating the air on your flank you looked over expecting to see the familiar ZK insignia painted on the belly. Instead, a little, unmarked, black two-seater zoomed into view barely 50' off the ground, and then abruptly pulled up and reversed direction back toward the concealment of the tall trees that masked its initial approach.

The helicopter was moving fast and, by the time it banked away, it was only 25 yards from you. You could clearly see the faces of the pilot and the passenger; and neither appeared to be Dr. Von Bloom. As the chopper turned away, the passenger fired a long burst of full auto-fire from the window, hitting and disabling your truck and ending your motorized sweep for the missing scientist. The driver immediately radioed the captain and she manages to get a few of Live E-town's helicopter gunships overhead in a matter of minutes. The sound of their engines and blades is frequently blended with small arms fire. You listen in as she orders all patrol units to hold their fire so they don't accidentally hit the friendlies.

By the time your tire is changed, she reports that one, or possibly two, hostile aircraft have been forced down and the patrols need to regroup for an extended ground search of a new area a few miles to the north. You call out the window to your lieutenant to come over so he can hear too and grab a map in the truck cab to plot the coordinates while listening to the other platoon leaders give Captain Soo-Z their status reports.

"Fidget Six to Baby Ducky Six. All patrol trucks operational with no casualties and 95% of our basic ammunition load remaining. OVER."

"Sandal Six to Baby Ducky Six. All personnel and vehicles ready to roll. 98% of our ammo on hand. OVER"

At this point, your lieutenant has hopped into the front seat, catching the tail end of the report from the second platoon leader. He grabs the radio microphone and begins to speak.

"This is Tomcat Six calling Baby Ducky Six. Captain, I now have all trucks and ZKs ready to redeploy with about 65% of our ammo remaining."

"WHAT!!! You better not have been using it to shoot at aircraft," the captain replied.

"NOOO MAAM. All zombies. We just ran into a lot of them along this route. I think someone or something stirred them up. It's not normal."

"So how many did you kill for using all those bullets?" she asked.

"I don't have a good body count. We were rolling almost the whole time until the little black chopper shot us up. Most of the gunners were using shotguns and I saw lots of zombies going down. It had to be close to 250. I know just before we got stopped, one of the gunners in my truck shot 26 of them himself, including five with a pistol while we were bouncing along the trail at five miles an hour. It was some fantastic shooting. I'll leave a detail behind to get an accurate count for you captain. OVER."

"No. Don't do that. We need all ZKs on the dragnet for the fugitives. OVER."

"WILCO"

"Hey, Tomcat Six, what was the name of the ZK making the drive by brain shots with his pistol"

"It was Larry Datillo maam. OVER"

" Note that in your after action write-up for me. I want to see him recognized for that in the report I send up to city HQ. That kind of shooting is something you rarely see. Baby Ducky Six OUT".

The driver returns to the cab and you have to get out. You climb back into the patrol truck fighting compartment and start stowing your full magazines. A minute later you see Larry's face appear in the crew hatch and he climbs in. You witnessed his spectacular zombie drive-by pistol kills and it gets you thinking.

"Hey Larry. Can I ask you a personal question?" you ask him.

"Sure," he jovially replies.

"Were you in the Mafia?"

Larry and your fellow ZKs erupt into wild laughter.