

Jesus, Zombie

by Bill Yarrow

"Jesus was a zombie?" I ask, shocked. My red-faced uncle turns towards me with a look of surprise on his face. *Absolutely! He was the King of the Zombies. He was one of the first to die and then come back so he's among the original undead. Sly zombie. Very crafty, let me tell you— gets people to eat his body and drink his blood, and when they do, they belong to him—forever! He not only eats their brains, but he also devours their hearts, and then they can never die. Watch out for this Jesus fella. He's coming after you. And he'll never stop chasing you down.* "What'll I do if I see him?" I ask, shaking in my chair. *Cross your fingers like this—that'll make him think you're one of them, and he'll leave you be.* "What lies are you telling my boy?" my dad shouts running up from the basement. He grabs Uncle Shaw by the shirt, jerks him up, starts to choke him. *Hey, take it easy, brother! Just teaching the kid to fear the Lord.*

