

# The Dark Side: return of the zombies

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Features Columnist

*Editor's Note: Laurah has taken the week off to mope and scare old people, so here's a repeat of one of her best.*

I'm pretty much obsessed with zombies. (Surprised? Didn't think so.) Especially zombie movies. There's just something about wandering corpses



Brains for breakfast, brains for lunch, brains for dinner, brains for brunch, why can't we have some guts? Oi!

PHOTO BY AMY ROUSE

wreaking havoc on hapless townsfolk that puts a huge grin on my face. You may think that there's not a heck of a lot that I can say about them — the walking dead are generally not known for their complexity. Oh, ye of little faith. Just wait.

I have detailed plans drawn up (I

have no life), so that I can combat any zombies that happen to show up in "Scenic Greensboro." (Ever notice that zombies never show up in interesting towns?) The details of my plan aren't important; all I need say is that if you ever see a zombie wandering about our campus, treading on our tumorous squirrels and bumping into our clearly labeled trees, find me. Find me quickly.

It's easy to spot a zombie. They smell like the 3rd floor bathroom in Binford, and are the only ones on campus not wearing hemp jewelry. Flesh hangs from their faces, fluids ooze from every orifice, and various body parts fall off at random. How appetizing. Zombies as villains are pretty straightforward: they like to eat human brains, in large quantities. Walking corpses are slow and can't outwit you, but they're really persistent (goes back to the hunger for vital organs) — which

makes them dangerous.

As we've seen in such cinematic classics as *Night of the Living Dead*, zombies really freak people out. I think this is stupid. Once you get past the rotting flesh factor, the living dead are easy enough to deal with. To kill them, you

have to crack their heads open — the method ain't important.

Zombies work in cooperative communities (and by consensus). See, one cannibalistic corpse on its own isn't much of a threat; you have to confuse the creature and whack it on the head with a shovel. But forty of the walking undead? They work together. It's a whole new ball game.

Zombies generally arise from their graves in cemeteries where scantily clad coeds are enacting magical rites (or drinking beer).

They do this because the coeds are generally woozy from all the booze and the excessive showering scenes. The girls

scream, trip, and bump into things with their silicone implants. They have absolutely no common sense. If one did, she'd pick up the nearest blunt, dull object (probably her boyfriend) and beat the zombies' heads in. Instead, they get freaked out and lay on the ground, shrieking "Don't eat me!"

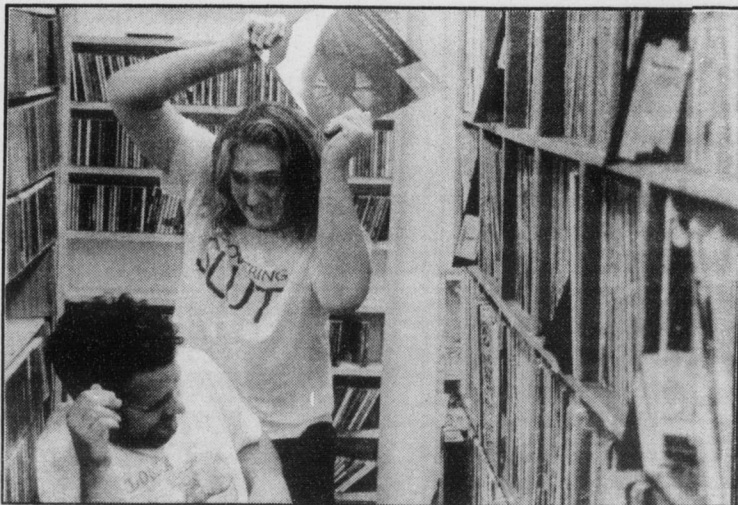
It's sad, really.

Now, you're all probably shaking your heads at this point. "Poor girl. There's no such thing as zombies. All that eyeliner must be seeping into her brain." Go ahead. Laugh. But when the walking dead show up at Guilford, you better make sure you're with me.

I'm prepared.

## A MESSAGE TO READERS OF CHIP DANGER:

HELLO! I'M BILL BURG, GUILFORD ART MAJOR AND AUTHOR OF YOUR SECOND-FAVORITE GUILFORDIAN COMIC STRIP, "CHIP DANGER DAREDEVIL SQUIRREL." I'M SORRY TO REPORT THAT THE IMPENDING DEADLINE OF MY SENIOR ART THESIS HAS MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP UP CHIP DANGER'S WEEKLY SCHEDULE. I WILL FINISH THE STORY, AND THE COMIC COLLECTION OF ALL 24 PARTS WILL BE AVAILABLE EARLY THIS SUMMER. THERE WILL BE A SIGN-UP SHEET AT THE INFO DESK IF YOU WOULD LIKE A COPY MAILED TO YOU (\$2 FOR PRINTING AND POSTAGE), PLUS, I WILL MAKE SURE PLENTY OF COPIES ARE IN THE BOOKSTORE NEXT FALL. ADDITIONALLY, I WILL PUT A FEW IN THE LIBRARY SO YOU CAN READ IT FOR FREE (CHEAPSKATES). THANK YOU VERY MUCH TO THE GUILFORDIAN AND ALL OF YOU WHO'VE READ THE COMIC THIS YEAR. I HOPE YOU'LL STICK AROUND FOR THE THRILLING CONCLUDING CHAPTERS OF "CHIP DANGER: DAREDEVIL SQUIRREL!!"



Daniel's shirt says 'Recovering Slut.' That's funny.

PHOTO BY AMY ROUSE

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