

ZOM-Be Mine

By: Janine Amesta



It was easy to assume zombies were brainless killing machines.

Sure, they didn't experience things like pain, neither the physical nor the emotional, which was fine with Brian. He didn't miss things like getting bullied by his co-worker, Seth, and having the whole office laugh until his face blushed crimson. Dead skin didn't turn any shade besides ghostly green until it weathered into a nice tan. Being able to stand in the hot sun and never having to worry about sunblock again was kinda nice.

Also, kinda nice—Eating Seth.

Not everything was completely gone. He still had the same crush on Liz. It was no longer creepy when he spent most of the day staring at her zombified body with dazed eyes and a slacked jaw... because that's what zombies did. Her beautiful blue gaze continued to capture him. Although, her eyes were more milky blue because of decomposition, and the left one had popped out during the attack, hanging halfway down a sharp cheekbone. Some people were gorgeous no matter what.

That's what he would describe as eternal beauty.

He'd never had the guts to tell her how he truly felt when he was alive. But it was like, with death, he'd finally been set free. Now he brought her actual guts, still warm and dripping. When her teeth ripped through the large intestines, she would grunt, which was zombie language for saying, *Thank you*. At least, that's how he interpreted it.

Sometimes when they stumbled together in a large zombie hoard, he'd let his lifeless swinging arm brush against hers. She didn't know it was him, because he'd been on her left side, the same side with the dangling eye, but she'd groaned, "Braaaaiiiiiin." It was as though she sensed him because everyone knew that brain was just Brian with two letters switched around. When zombies have a limited vocabulary, one started to understand all the little nuances.

Today was different. This time he'd finally lay it all out on the line, because he wanted to spend the rest of his undead life with her. He abandoned his normal spot in the office parking garage, searching for a new body. Brian found an old security guard and went to work.

He returned to level four with a bounty in his arms, locating the blonde hair with the blood highlights and a body most would kill for...which was how Liz became a zombie in the first place. Karen in accounting had always been jealous. And the first person Liz had bit had been Brian. This had to mean something.

Her beautiful milky blue eye turned to the pavement where he had laid out an eyeball, a heart, and a hand—the last one shaped to form a *U*. That's all Brian needed to tell her.

I heart U.

Liz raised her gaze to him and said, "Braaaaiiiiiiiiiin."

And that's how he knew she loved him.

Because there were no brains around.

Only Brian.

The End

