

## My Green-striped Couch

It can,t end this way. It has to end this way. All of the other dreams have lead me to this dream, and yes, I know that i,m dreaming. But this is no failed hypnogogic state. This is the most lucid of dreams.

In the first dream there was only one zombie, and all I had to do was outrun him. Each succeeding dream complicated the scenario. This dream that I am in now has to be the final smack-down. I have windows in my house facing all four cardinal directions and then some. As I look out to the North I see them swarming. As I look out to the East, the South, and the West- they are gathering as well. They are gathering from the four corners of the earth and are assembling at the four corners of my house.

In between dreams I have done my homework. Here,s what I have discovered: First off- zombies top out with thier speed at about a mila and one-half per hour. I know it appears that they can move faster, but most of thier motion is back and forth. Much of thier forward progress is lost on aimless lurches and twitches. In addition- most zombie victums do not die in hand to hand combat. It rarely gets that far. Most casualties occur because the heart fails them for fear, and the heart responds to that fear by seizing up. The second leading cause of death is that lurid smell. Think about the worst rotting garbage that you have ever cast your nasal senses upon and multiply that times 100. Many intended victums at that point simply lose conciousness before they are devoured.

Right now I wish I would have bought a chain saw when they were on sale. That would certainly offer me a little more security right now. But I don,t have one, so no use crying about it. By now I am sure they have pushed the old cellar door in, or have broken in through the bathroom screen that I meant to replace with a storm. I have steeled myself up to the second flōor where I will take my last stand. I don,t exactly have a spiral staircase, but close enough. It,s a bit more rectangular, but I can see them beginning to ascend the stairs. I still have a bit of time.

Hopefully enough time to tell a joke even if only to myself. There is no point telling the zombies for obvious reasons. First of all- they woudn,t get it. They are obviously products of a hive mind and unable to think for themselves. And if I get close enough to tell them- well it wouldn,t be good f or my well being.

Here,s the joke anyway...Q-What is the most populat zombie pizza topping? A- Let,s put it this way- the things that look like mushrooms are probably not mushrooms. Oh well- it still felt good to tell it.

It coming down to the end rather rapidly- even with slow zombie movement. I have a plan after all. I don,t have a plan B, so this better work- or else. It,s too bad I value my green-striped couch- but I value my life even more. I guess it,s a small sacrifice to make for the cause.

As soon as I see that they are all positioned correctly I,m going to push the couch over the rotted railing. You know what they say- good at bowling, good at eliminating zombies. Here goes. it,s time.

Strike. Looks like I got them. We,ll find out soon enough.

I awoke to the sound of birds chirping with georgous sunlight cascading through my window. I know that I have won the battle and I will not have any more of these dreams. Feels good , and I would gloat awhile if I didn,t have to clean up this God awful mess. And the smell...

Some of the physical defects in my couch can be fixed, but I,m gonna need a gallon of industrial strength fabreeze. But I just thou ght of an easier way. I,m sure that my couch is still under warranty. Great. And I think that I bought it at Shopko. Great-they,re always easy to deal with when it comes to thier warranties.