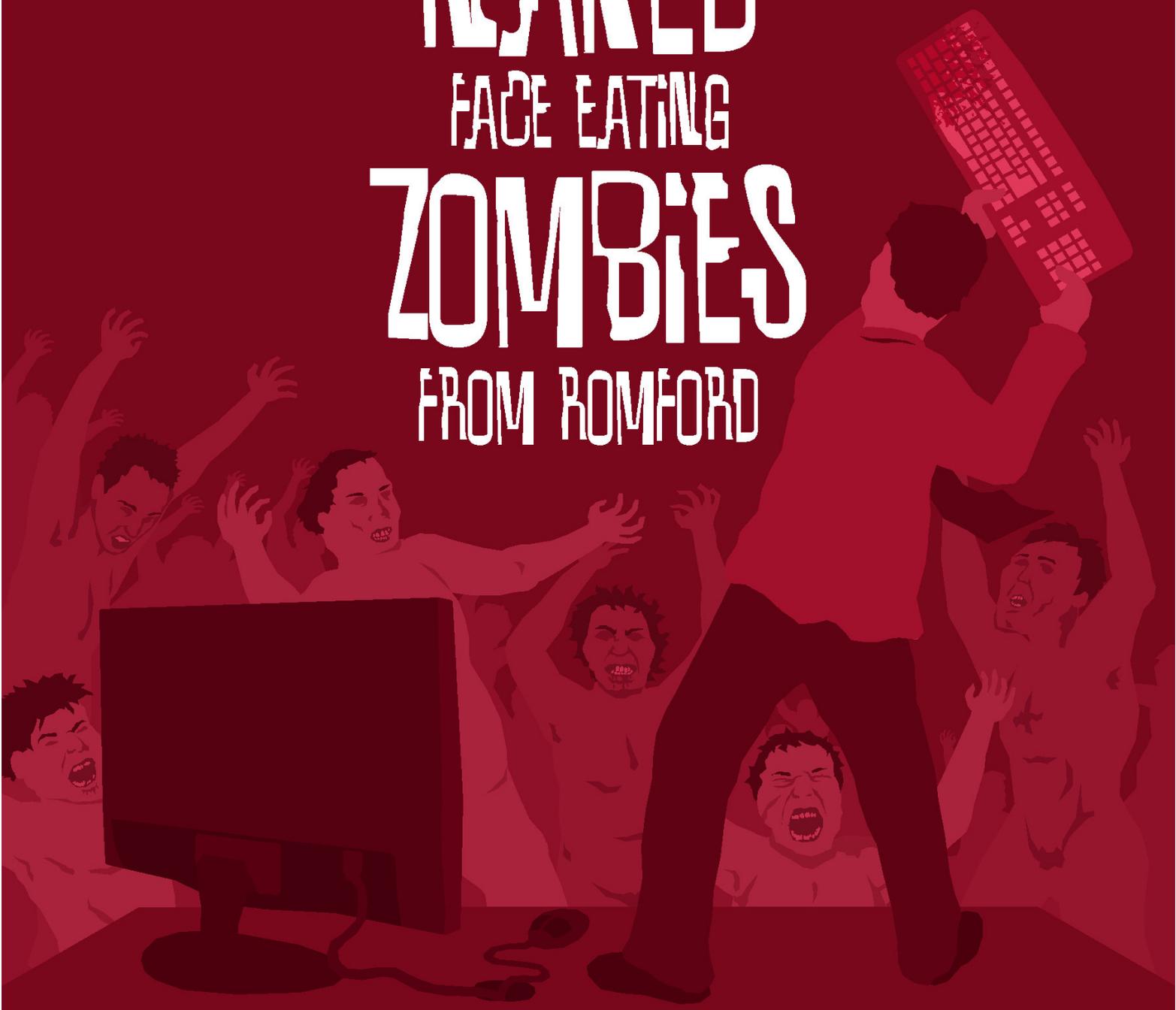


NAKED FACE EATING ZOMBIES FROM ROMFORD



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Naked Face Eating Zombies from Romford

Cover Design: Simon Goodway

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INTRODUCTION

There are two reasons for you to read this book.

The first is that want to read about zombies.

You want to read about zombies killing humans and humans killing zombies. You want to read about gruesome, squelchy murder, using stationery and other everyday objects.

I certainly do.

I can't be bothered with all the later stuff, you know, the bit where the trusty band of unlikely friends wander about for hours finding food in bins and carrying rifles they nicked from an outbuilding. There's none of that stuff in here.

The second reason is that, at one time or another, you worked in a job that you may not have liked as much as you had hoped that you might have liked (if you currently work in an office with stupid people then there is no doubt that this is definitely the book for you) and in order to cope with this situation you may have occasionally had the guilty pleasure of imagining your colleagues, customers or clients in a series of unforgiving situations.

If this is the case, then you need to read this book. You need to read this and keep it with you and possibly go back to it occasionally when you need it most. You can thank me later.

CHAPTER ONE: DEREK

Derek sat at his desk.

A small desk, shoved in the corner, nothing but a square foot of plywood separating him from the others. He sat with his back to the open window, a soft hum of traffic in the distance and the gentle cooing of a pigeon.

Derek wondered how he would kill that frikkin' pigeon. Whether he would grab it by the neck and throttle it, or bash it to pieces with the keyboard. What would happen if he did kill it? Who would care about the loss of a pigeon? A sky rat? No one. No one would give a shit about a pigeon and he would be rid of it.

But someone would see him. Someone would see him leaping onto the roof and putting his hands around that startled pigeon's neck, someone would see him ending his suffering and turmoil by ripping that pigeon to feathers and shreds.

Not only would they see him, they would video him. They would video him on their frikkin' iPhones, laughing and gasping as they did. Then they would post the video on the internet. They would shove it on the internet and share it and like it and some smart arse journalist with nothing better to do with their sad little life would get hold of the video and show it to the world, and there he would be; Derek, relieving himself of his wretched pigeon demon for all to see, and they would hate him for it. They would hate him and he would be a marked man. The cruel and torturous humans who punch each other senseless on a Friday night, who have gang wars and stab children in parks, would all rally to the support of a dead pigeon.

He would be demonised, villainised, hated.

He slid the window closed, muffling, but not banishing, the pigeon's coos.

As he did so he noticed Marjorie coming towards him. There was so much about Marjorie that was superfluous. Her extra layers of clothes were superfluous, the extra bangles running up the length of both forearms were superfluous, the five hooped earrings on each ear were superfluous, her layers of rounded fat were superfluous, her language – using a thousand words when three would do – was superfluous. Her very existence was superfluous.

She waddled towards him.

It was the only movement she could manage.

It was an incredible sign of human achievement that she could manage to move at all, such was the extent of the excessive rolls of flab liberally coating her corpulent frame. It wouldn't be too long before she reached her ultimate goal of leaving work entirely and becoming officially disabled.

When she could no longer work, the government would step in and provide her with money. When she no longer had legs, removed due to the inevitable onset of type 2 diabetes, the government would step in and provide her with a motor powered disability scooter. When she could no longer wipe her own arse, the government would provide her with a pretty little Filipino girl who would have to roll Marjorie over and sink her arm, elbow deep, into the recesses through which Marjorie passed waste.

As soon as the thought entered his head, Derek tried desperately to stop thinking of Marjorie's arse. Marjorie's great wobbling arse as she rolled towards him with all the immensity and foreboding of the great sandstorms which had created the American dustbowl.

“You awaight?” she yawned slowly. An attempt at a smile crossed her lips, though the dance of fat and muscle which momentarily moved across her face was anything but pleasing to the eye.

‘Is that all she has come for?’ Derek thought to himself. Is that all she had forced herself up from her desk for, like the Himalayan mountains rising forth from under the crust of the earth and forever casting their shadow across the Indian plain? Is that really the only reason she had crossed the room, rolling and lolling across the office like a great blue whale, beached at low tide, vainly squeezing its glistening mass back across the sand towards the water’s edge.

“Yeah, I’m alright,” said Derek, glazing over as he stared upwards at Marjorie’s gargantuan mass. If he tried not to focus, he could convince himself that it was not to a human he spoke, but to an out of place, badly decorated van, with a tannoy system.

“I’m awight,” she continued, unasked. “You ’eard ’bout wha’s ’appened? Everyone’s talkin’ about it, they ’aven’t shut up abou’ it, I can’t believe it, can you? I mean who would have thought it ay? And round here an’ all, nuffin’ ever ’appens round here, so you just don’t expect it, do ya know wha’ I mean?”

It had taken Derek some time to become fluent enough to understand with ease what those around him were saying. This wasn’t due to being raised in another country, or even another county, his ears accustomed to another dialect entirely and struggling for the first few months in a new town. No, it was more to do with the fact that, before working in an open plan office, he’d had no cause to interact with anyone whose use of language consisted, in its entirety, of glottal stops.

Despite now understanding the words that were being spoken, the meaning would often still evade him. It was his belief that those who communicated were doing so in order to impart information to others, therefore communication without content often confused him and left him perplexed as to how he should form his reply, or if indeed there should be one.

In this instance, Marjorie was asking him if he had knowledge of a particular incident, an incident she had not taken the time to identify and therefore his knowledge of said incident could not currently be determined. He was forced to engage further, in case she was actually referring to something he needed to know about, such as a fire, and not simply to the receptionist’s recent acquisition of a Chihuahua.

“What’s happened?” he asked reluctantly. His eyes still pointed in her general direction, but were unfocused enough that he wouldn’t be overcome with the need to wretch.

“You know, ’bout that bloke in town...”

There was still insufficient information imparted for him to make a valid judgement on his knowledge of the incident.

“What bloke?” He was forced to probe further and his patience was being severely tested.

There was a part of him that still had some basic work ethic, despite the circus by which he was surrounded. He tried to finish the tasks that were allocated to him, but increasingly he was finding this more and more difficult to accomplish and the longer Marjorie loomed over him, like a large gelatinous mound of wasted space, the more unlikely it became that he would complete his work on time.

Marjorie tutted loudly.

As if the thought of having to go to the effort of fully explaining the incident to him was somehow more than she could possibly bear, as if it wasn't *her* that initiated this 'chit-chat', as if it wasn't *her* that desperately needed him to know all about this incident on account of the fact that she needed to know his opinion of the incident, for if she did not have full knowledge of everyone's opinion on the incident, then her life could not move forward, she could not eat her next éclair with the same devil-may-care attitude that she previously embodied.

Derek wanted to hurt Marjorie. He wanted to hurt her quite badly, he wanted to squeeze her squidgy face until her eyeballs poured out of their sockets like pus-filled egg whites, he wanted to take a great, giant, steel shovel and beat her useless body to the ground, while she wailed in agony beneath strike after strike after strike after strike.

He tried to suppress the snarl of disgust that had flickered across his lips. "I don't know how you 'aven't 'eard, Del Boy, I really don't."

His body gave an involuntary shudder at this use of the common and hideous shortening of his name.

"What has happened?" He repeated the words slowly, as if to a child, a whale of a child, a half-child-half-elephant child, with a clown face, an evil hag clown face of make-up scrawled on its face; bright green eye shadow, like festering moss growing on the withered trunk of an old, half-dead oak, bright red lips, like the bulbous protuberance of an infected wound, and a clear, discernible line of brownish, mud-like foundation, wiped around her face in a circular motion, and caking in the cracks, like a lunatic painting on the walls of the asylum with his own faeces.

That was Marjorie's face; the faeces sun god of a lunatic, with a talking wound at its centre.

"That bloke!"

Her festering psyche was unable to contain its irritation at not being understood, and yet the severe limitations placed upon her intellect prevented her from ever fully communicating her intentions.

At some base level, Derek felt pity for this wretched woman, so bound by heaving obesity and crushing stupidity, but his pity was buried so far beneath his disgust that it rarely impacted on his thoughts. However at this moment a fleeting, whispered hint of compassion wafted briefly into his mind. It was gone as quickly as a fly.

"You know! That one wot ate the face off the other one!"

"What?" he asked, confused as to whether this was indeed the tale of a local cannibal or simply the news of the opening of a new gay bar.

She sighed, frustrated at his lack of knowledge of her chosen subject for discussion.

"Last nigh', in town, right? There was this figh', righ'? Outside the Sun an' 'orse, an' 'arf of 'em was naked, righ'? And the police came and surrounded the place, only 'arf of 'em got away, an' the other 'arf 'ad all their faces, like, eaten and that. 'n' the police said it was, like, a gang, but they 'aven't got 'em and there's been loads of ovvers wot 'ave had their faces eaten and that."

Derek stared at her, open mouthed. Told in the manner of salacious gossip, and in the tongue of a washerwoman, the story didn't seem quite real. Yet here she was, telling him that there was a face-eating gang. A face-eating gang, outside a pub, a pub that was not more than four streets away.

Derek started to panic. Why had he not heard this? Why had this news not been blasted over a PA system to all the streets and houses in the area? Why had he not been told to stay in his house and keep all his doors and windows locked? This was ludicrous! This was madness!

This was absolute and complete bollocks.

“Are you having me on?” He looked up at her with the defeatist attitude of a man who had been the butt of too many ‘hilarious jokes’, most of which had not gone to plan for those who had initiated them, and yet had still managed to engender shrieks of laughter amongst his co-workers.

“Google it.” Angered by the accusation of deceit, Marjorie turned to skulk off, however with a woman of her magnitude it was more akin to a container ship gently easing its way out of port.

Derek turned away, as thoughts of fog horns and Marjorie’s orifices started seeping into his mind. He opened up the internet and typed into the search engine the exact phrase ‘Sun and Horse’ combined with the word ‘Romford’.

He stared at the results.

Dumbfounded. Shocked. Horrified. Frightened. But also, secretly, a teeny tiny part of him was incredibly excited.

The top result, like many of the results beneath, was a news item. In capital letters, screaming across the page, announcing to the world the unquestionable, indisputable, incontrovertible truth, was the headline: ‘ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE’.

BUY THE BOOK

Derek is a miserable git, bursting with impotent rage toward his co-workers; there's morbidly obese Marjorie and her inane chit chat, the self important Administrator, Deborah, who calls time wasting meetings about the importance of not wasting time and Gavin, the slim-line-suit-wearing, blue-eyed, berk of a team-leader.

Then the Romford based office is attacked by a horde of naked, face-eating zombies.

What happens next is a rip-roaring, gut-busting, overwhelmingly satisfying, killing fest. Derek relishes the opportunity to vent his fury using whatever weaponry comes to hand, heroically fighting off the attacking horde in this black comedy that will make you guffaw, get a little bit of sick in your mouth and feel slightly ashamed.

Available on [Kindle](#) and [Kindle UK](#)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

H.Powis worked in an office; a place in which the soul is slowly destroyed, piece by putrid piece, as it is stripped away and left to fester in a simmering pit of despair. It is in this dark place of shame and revulsion that the rage and venom built into a frenzied wrathful pustule of oozing irksomeness, expanding remorselessly until finally bursting forth its viscous seepage (which had a slightly off green tint) and splattering it all over the interwebspase.

This humble genius intends to take over the world though the power of fiction, mind-control and a chaos army of winged badgers.

However, only one badger has so far survived the wing grafting process. His name is Nigel and he has a bit of a squint.

To read more surreal adventures or angry rants then you can follow the blog. Or imagine, because imagining doesn't have a carbon footprint. Unless you're imagining whilst driving or in the bath or something.

hpowis.blogspot.com