



# An Account of the Attack of the Hand Zombies

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## Part One: The Outbreak

Everything was fine in Fingertopia before the outbreak. It was the largest and best run city in Handtopia. It all started to change when PalmBurger Inc. decided to make a hamburger known to the world as “Burger squared.” It is among the most foul ideas in the history of Handtopia. It involved feeding a fingercow healthy, nutritious materials, grinding it up, then feeding it to another fingercow, thus cannibalism, and turning that fingercow into a hamburger. In approximately ten minutes, this horrifying meal of meat will be released to the world. I, personally, am a vegetarian, so I will not be eating this devilish mix. I am staying in my exquisitely drawn apartment. However, I will observe this event on my television. I shall expect a numerous amount of fingermen to vomit upon the drawnwalk. Now the event should be on, so I will take the liberty of turning on the television.

The ribbon ceremony to the first Burger squared tasting is about to be cut by the Mayor of Handtopia. He lifts the scissors, cuts the ribbon, and picks up the hamburger. He opens his mouth and takes a bite. He appears blissfully satisfied. Apparently, he is pleased, the nerve of it. He walks backstage, and the crowd begins to cheer. Oh my, such ruckus over a disgusting hamburger. Well, all the Burgers squared are being passed out to the crowd, now. Alright, the first fingerpeople are eating, and now they are growing ever so green. If I may be so bold to restate, I did remark that there would be much regurgitated mess upon the drawnwalk. However, oh my, these greenish fingermen are beginning to run around and bite people. I am quite glad I am not there. My lord, the bitten individuals are finding themselves joining those who ate the hamburger in eating the flesh of other individuals. Oh, this is traumatising. I feel like going to lock the door and crawl under my bed and fall asleep.

## Part 2: The Spread

Today I woke up to the sound of crackling. I felt heat against my face. As I opened my eyes, I realized that my apartment was on fire! I snuck out from under my bed and ran for the door. Yet I heard noises, deep growling noises. Then I remembered the televised outbreak of the previous day. I figured these must be the monsters that rose up yesterday. With the fire at my back, I anxiously waited until these dreadful beasts passed my apartment. As I crept out of my room, I noticed a straggler. He was just like the monsters I had seen on television. He looked somewhat rotten, with chunks of flesh missing from his body. The skin he still had looked like week-old cheese that hasn't been refrigerated. I quickly dashed back into my room. As the creature passed by my door, I took great caution that it didn't see me. Fortunately, the fire had not spread further in my direction. I waited for a good five minutes after they left, and then went out.

The condominium was in ruins. The floor was chipped and worn away in many places. The walls had been scratched and torn. The ceiling was scorched and had patches that were covered with thick slimy blobs. As I descended the staircase, the windows on the way down were covered with the same goo. I touched it and instantly regretted it. It was so gooey that it stuck to my hand, and it smelt of mango chutney and burnt hair. I was afraid that's what it was. As I continued down the stairway the goo began to burn. I wiped it off, but my hand still stung, like I

had been shocked by a power cord. I made it to the bottom of the stairs. From there I snuck outside and dove behind our condominium's garbage dumpster.

I saw small hordes of the creatures, which I will now call Chompers. I can only guess that the Chompers had sent out these hordes to patrol the streets to make sure there were no stragglers. I continued down the alley making sure to stay in the shadows the entire time. I managed to escape the small hordes, but I knew there were more out there.

I noticed a handball club in a different dumpster. I grabbed it, but it was covered in a curious fluid that smelled like vinegar. I was certain that it wasn't the goo from before, but it stung my eyes. I forced myself to carry the club, for self-defence; obviously. I made my way to the end of the alley and decided to test out my new weapon on a group of three Chompers. I approached them, quietly, so they didn't notice that I was coming. I crept behind the smallest one and thrust my weapon into its skull. I wish not to be too gory, but the Chomper literally dissolved. I have a feeling that the liquid on the club was the reason for this. As I dissolved the other Chompers and continued down the road, I dared myself to try the liquid. I quickly licked the bat near the handle. It tasted exactly like acidic apple juice. What tastes like acidic apple juice but smells like vinegar? It was obvious, apple cider vinegar.

I quietly ran towards the nearest store and took a couple small bottles of the liquid. I also took glue, velcro strips and a velcro belt. I quickly pasted the velcro strips onto the bottles and stuck them on the belt. As I was leaving the building, I thought about range. I remembered water guns from when I was a fingerchild. I used them to spray unsuspecting fingermen. I was inconsiderate then, but now I will use them for a more sensible purpose. I will fill them with apple cider vinegar and spray the Chompers!

### Part 3: The quick conclusion

I had thought of something. All creatures must serve something, ants serve queens, beavers serve elders, so the Chompers must have a leader of some sort. I thought of a way to end the invasion quickly. I would go to the most important building in town, the Fingertopolis state building. I found an unharmed van in the store's garage. I covered up the windows with aluminum foil, so the Chompers couldn't see me. I drove to the Fingertopolis state building and parked the car in a nearby alley. I took out my water pistol and snuck out of the alley and into the building. The entire area was covered with the goo I had seen before. I was glad I was wearing drawnshoes, because I knew that the goo stung like the dickens. I quickly climbed the stairs, the elevator was shut down by the goo. I would later find out it stored electricity; that's why it stung. I emerged from the stairwell, tired, but still ready to fight the Chompers. I gripped my pistol tightly and turned the corner.

There, standing in front of me was the most hideous creature that I had ever seen. It was covered in masses of the goo, with expanded fangs with deadly sharp edges, bugged eyes and a larvae pouch on its back. There were two Chomper guards that I quickly took out with a couple well aimed shots. Then I approached the queen. It noticed me quickly and spat hunks of the goo. I shot vinegar at it, and it howled in pain but it didn't give up. I continued to run around, dodging its shots and shooting it myself until I collapsed with exhaustion. The queen cackled with infingerman malice. My gun was empty and the queen was approaching, ready to strike me with the goo and electrocute me to death. I got my last pouch of vinegar and poured it on my unused bat. With a burst of strength I didn't know I had, I rushed toward the beast and struck it down

with one last hit from the bat. It screamed, writhed and finally gave in. I ran for cover as it exploded in a wave of goo that crumbled the ground beneath it. I got away and watched as all of the Chompers, dead and alive, turned back into humans. They hailed me, and we were all joyous, worked together to restore Fingertopia to its' former glory, and lived happily ever after.

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