

## Airing the Dirty Pawndry

Death hangs in the air like a bad pun. Despite the clumsiness of the individual zombie, the swarm has proven to be adroit murderers. The proof is in the pudding-like substance that coats the walls and streets.

You immediately notice a flaw in your plan: several undead wander the street around the pawnshop. None has seen you yet, but with this many out in the open, it wouldn't take much to call in the horde. Then *you'd* become fresh pudding.

Guns are priority one, and you're sticking to that plan. You hide behind a nearby bus stop. It doesn't provide much protection, but it's better than standing in the middle of the street. You remove your binoculars, and reconnoiter the storefront.

A sign, prominently placed, reads, "CHEAP GUNS—NO BACKGROUND CHECK!!!!!!!" Beyond this is the brick-and-mortar building. Odds are the door is locked, but as Jack Nicholson proved in *The Shining*, it only takes one maniac with an axe to make short work of a locked door.

Behind you, a husky voice mutters something akin to, "Hey." You turn around to see some punk skater kid, with dried blood on his broken teeth and your mortality locked in his eyes. He masticates, his jaw chomping his own tongue, like some kind of craven cow chewing its cud, then lets out a moan. *Oh goddammit*. The other undead snap their heads over to you like feral hounds that've just caught the scent of mutton. From as far as three blocks away they are coming for you, each adding its own moan to expand the radius of the call exponentially.

Time to run.

- Screw it, go back to that corner market. It should be far enough in the other direction. [Go to page 176](#)
- Time to go underground. Literally. Into the sewers and out of the open! [Go to page 204](#)
- Right to the pawn shop! You've got a good head start—my kingdom for a firearm! [Go to page 32](#)

