

The Zee Brothers:
Zombie Exterminators
(Curse of the Zombie Omelet)

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Dedication:

This book is for Donavon.

Had he been here to read it,

I hope he would have enjoyed it.

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Part I - Mr. Pembleton

“I’m sorry sir, it doesn’t appear to be a rodent problem.”

“What do you mean? Not rodents? All that scratching and scurrying all night long? What kind of bugs can be making that kind of racket?”

The man from the pest control company looked down and rubbed his name tag, ‘Burt’ with his right hand. “Sir, do you know if this area may have once been home to a graveyard?”

Mr. Pembleton’s brow furrowed. What kind of question was this? “Well, yeah, this whole area was once Pakatini tribal lands. My neighbor Shirley told me there are small family plots buried all over. Just last week, the Hembrooks over on Lancaster, dug up a pile of bones and some kind of am-let thingy. They threw it all out in the trash. Bones in their back yard. Can you believe it?”

Mr. Pembleton stopped there, a sparkle of realization dawning, “Wait, are you trying to tell me there are bones down there and a dog or some feral cat got in ‘em?”

Burt’s eyes widened at that. “Um, no Sir. From the way the earth is disturbed and the scratch marks on the floor joists and foundation, I would say you have a *zombie infestation*.”

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Mr. Pembleton blinked twice. Rubbed his grey and black whiskered jaw and adjusted his false teeth, then asked, “How much is that gonna cost?”

“I don’t know Sir, we don’t handle zombies. We only make living things dead, not, um, dead things dead.”

“Who does then?”

Burt, sweating a little from his brow, broke his stance and started checking his pockets. “We, uh, technically aren’t suppose to recommend anyone, but, um, there are these brothers. They have a little side business and I’ve got their card here somewhere. With the apocalypse coming there’s been more and more of a need for their services.” He was now flipping through his wallet, his pockets having revealed nothing but lint and old cough drop wrappers. He ate them constantly to keep the smell of the poisons from making his nose itch...much.

“Which apocalypse is that? Was it that Nostradumbass fella again? He predicted Hitler and the Obamanation of our country, or wait, I saw one on TV the other day that said George Clooney was the anti-christ and if he sees his reflection in the mirror at the Vatican—”

“Ah,” Burt pulled a tattered business card from his wallet and thrust it at Mr. Pembleton, interrupting his rant. “Here you go!”

Zee Brothers: Zombie Exterminators

Jonah & Judas : Owner Operators

888-867-5309

Ask for Jenny

"We keep the dead, dead!"

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Burt made his way to the door.

Mr. Pembleton looked up from the card.

“Are these guys any good?”

Burt’s hand was on the front door knob.

“Well, I don’t know Sir. No one I’ve given their card to has ever called to tell me, I just know they’re a bit...different.” He twisted the knob and swung the door open.

Mr. Pembleton opened his mouth to speak.

“Best of luck Mr. P., no charge for the inspection. Have a Pest Free Day!”

Slam!

Burt scurried down the drive, popping a cough drop into his mouth and breathing in the sweet menthol, never hearing, but knowing exactly what Mr. Pembleton had wanted to ask.

“What do you mean, different?”

Inside, Mr. Pembleton’s eyes drifted back to the card. He shambled off to find his phone, muttering under his breath. “Different, huh? This better not cost too much.”

Part II - The Zee Brothers

Ring!

“Zee Brothers!” a male voice answered.

“How can we help you?”

“Uh, yes, is Jenny available?”

Laughter erupted from the other end so loud that even though Mr. Pembleton’s hearing wasn’t the best, he had to hold the phone away from his ear until it died down.

“This is Judas, Owner, How—, OW!”

There was a clambering and clamoring on the other end for a moment, then a different voice came back on the phone. “This is Jonah, Owner of Zee Brothers, Zombie Exterminators. How can I help you?”

“My name is Larry Pembleton. I live at 547 Westerly Drive, the pest control man just left and he gave me your card. He thinks I might have a zombie infestation.”

“Mhm.” The voice on the other end answered. “Just a minute Mr. Pembleton.”

For a moment all Mr. Pembleton could hear were muffled voices as it sounded like someone had placed their hand over the receiver.

“Sir,” the second voice came back on the line, “Ok, what else can you tell me?”

“Well, Burt asked if the house was built over any kind of cemetery.”

“And is it?”

“Well, yes, yes it is. Most of this development was built over the old Pakatini Reservation for the new county dump and our fabulous gated community of Winter Oaks. Progress you know. The Pakatini’s all died off years ago.”

“And you said Burt? From Pests B Gone?”

“Yeah, that’s what his tag said.” Mr. Pembleton was getting annoyed. “Look mister, how much is this going to cost?”

“Mr. Pembleton, I need you to listen really closely to me. The infestation, is it in the crawl space under your house?”

“Why, does that cost extra?”

“No. Look, it’s almost sundown. I need you to go and make sure that Burt closed and locked the cover to your crawl space.”

“Alright, alright,” Mr. Pembleton grumbled as he got up out of his chair. “But seriously, how much is this going to cost me?” He shuffled off down the hall to the closet. Behind the closed door, the hatch to the crawlspace was indeed open. A skeletal hand of bone and decayed flesh fumbled around looking for leverage to lift itself.

Curse of the Zombie Omelet

“We’ll talk price in a minute Mr. Pembleton. Let’s just make sure that thing is locked up tight for now. These native zombie types generally only rise after sundown and they’re usually searching for or upset about something. Can you tell me if you’ve been doing any yard work lately and maybe disturbed some bones?”

Mr. Pembleton came to a stop just outside the closet door. “Now listen here mister. I don’t know what kind of negotiation tactics you’re playing at, but all these games ain’t gonna make me do anything more till you give me a price! And I ain’t done no landscaping, it was the Hembrook’s over on Lancaster. If they were the ones that caused this, then they the ones that need to be paying for it! I don’t care if he’s president of the homeowner’s association and what not!!” Mr Pembleton was full on shouting now, his hand rested on the knob and he pulled the door open.

“I keep my grass cut, just like it says in our covenants and if he up and disturbed some kind of zombie omelet he’s gonna pay!”

“Zombie omelet?” Jonah asked.

“Ahhhhh!”

Mr. Pembleton fell over backwards, more in fright then from the weight of the small frame lunging on to him. The phone fell from his grasp

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and his screams were soon replaced by the
rending of flesh and gurgling of blood.

Then a low guttural moan, “Ommmmmllet.”

