

## **A Meal to Die For**

**By Amanda Bouvette**

Meg's smile curled slowly upward as she put the last plate of food on the table. Everything was ready, and she heard the first knock on the door. It made her ear itch, and as she reached up to scratch it, the ear fell off into her hand. She tucked it carefully into her pocket and moved her hair over the place it had been, then walked to the door to welcome her guests in.

Contrary to usual zombie progression, Meg had contracted a strain of virus that caused her to come back with patience and a cool, analytical mind. Eventually, the thinking zombie would fade, and she would become like any other.

When the last of her guests had packed into her apartment, Meg turned the bolt on the door and slowly bent and broke off the knob. This she shuffled into her pocket, and her guests, focused on the buffet table, didn't notice.

"Hey, Meg, great food!" said Sam, smiling and looking into her eyes. She smiled back, but turned away. Several others also complimented her. Scanning the crowd, she determined who had eaten and who had not, and she brought a tray around.

Sam called again, waving, and Meg's eyes darted over to him as he made his way to her. His sandy hair and lanky frame had once made lightning course through her body, but now she only registered a surge of hunger. As he reached her, she realized her eyes had come loose, and she put her hand over her face.

"Is everything all right?" Sam said. Meg responded by nodding heavily.

Then the first guest dropped to the floor, paralyzed, and several others followed. Meg let go of her eyes, grinning. Sam cried out and tried to run, but he fell. Meg could hear the last few trying futilely to leave by the door, but the potion in her food took over and they, too, dropped.

Now was the time for the real buffet to begin. Meg turned to Sam. She couldn't hold back any longer, and she was starting with dessert.