



KARSTEN KREPINSKY

The Attack Of The ISombies
Episode 1: They've Come To Turn
You

Translated from the German by
KARIN DUFNER

Imprint/Impressum

Copyright (c) 2015 by Karsten Krepinsky

English translation in 2021 by Karin Dufner

www.karindufner.de

First published with the title Angriff der ISombies by Karsten Krepinsky/Neuwelt Verlag.

Cover design by Ingo Krepinsky, Die TYPONAUTEN

www.typonauten.de/eng

Published by Dr. Karsten Krepinsky

Berlin, October 2021

All rights reserved.

No part of this e-book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying or otherwise without the prior written permission of the author.

www.karstenkrepinsky.de

About this Book

Zombies have launched an attack on Berlin, slaughtering anyone who gets in their way. While politicians run for cover, a mismatched group of young outcasts stands up to the challenge...

Absolutely non-PC. A subversive Zombie satire.

Warning!

Reading this Zombie Apocalypse might trigger PC anxiety in sensitive people, making comprehensive brain restructuring surgery unavoidable.

For people who don't go with the flow.

Map of Berlin



You should recognize them by their deeds, not by their words.

1. John 2, 1-6

1.

The fire of loathing is burning hot inside me when I direct my steps toward the awe-inspiring stone structure—the heart of a country that once was my country, too. Something is driving my twitching body onward with the irresistible urge to sink my teeth into human flesh. The national flag is blowing in the wind. Sunlight, reflected in a dome of glass. Wisps of smoke, spiraling high into the skies. My mind has finally given up trying to control my body. It was a hard struggle, but in the end a higher power won out. I now know that I can turn them all. I'm nothing but a vessel, destined to pass on the seed I carry inside of me. For the rise of a new society. "To the German People" I read the inscription above the entrance portal, before my senses finally take leave of me and the parasites grabs hold of the wheel.

2.

One day earlier

Berlin, September 24

Schloss Bellevue, Office of the President of the Federal Republik of Germany

President Deutsch sat at his desk, golden fountain pen in hand, having just deleted the last sentence he had written. ~~Globalization is a chance, albeit a choice wrought with risks.~~ Somehow this didn't sound like the right beginning of a ground-breaking speech, meant to secure him a place in the history books. He knew what was at stake, of course, during this fateful epoch his country was going through. Therefore, this speech needed to be nothing less but his legacy to his people. It simply had to leave a lasting impression, following in the tradition of his otherwise rather unlucky predecessor, whose casual remark about the new import-religion in this country had made some waves. Not an easy feat, the President thought, as the Chancellor had even gone a step further by refusing to set a limit for the number of asylum-seekers allowed in. What was left for Deutsch to say to make him the darling of the press and entice those journos to sing his praise as the intellectual and humanist he aspired to be? He stood, planted his palms on the desk, struck a position befitting a head of state, and presented his less-than-aquiline three-quarter view to the gilded mirror. The intercom buzzed and his secretary announced that his Undersecretary, Michael Mustermann, wished to see him. Why not? the President thought with a complacent smile, pressing the intercom button. "Just show him in." Maybe his flunky would come up with a brilliant suggestion for his speech.

Mustermann stopped in the door with a slight bow and then proceeded toward the desk in an unusual hasty manner. "We need to evacuate Bellevue at once," he burst out, his voice shrill, yes, almost hysterical. One hand fumbled, testing the state of his comb-over.

"What?" the president asked, sounding less surprised than annoyed due to his lackey's strident tones.

"There's fighting in Kreuzberg and Wedding."

"Fighting? What are you talking about? A Russian invasion?"

"The helicopter is scheduled to land in the yard in ten minutes sharp," Mustermann ignored his superior's question.

"But... now is not... and what about our annual reception for the members of the press? You must be joking, old boy."

"The reception has to... it can't... I... I don't see any other option."

The President touched his index finger to his lip. "And if we moved the reception to Bonn?" he asked with a wide smile, looking proud as if expecting applause for his presence of mind.

"The helicopter. Don't you see?" Mustermann insisted.

The President waved him off. "A man is bound to his duties even in turbulent times, and you are surely aware of what a President's duties entail. He is the Representative of his country. And therefore it has to be our foremost priority having Werner come here at once," Deutsch chided Mustermann. "A great photographer, this man," he added. "He did fabulous portraits of me at the last reception. From the front upward and with a slight angle." The President proceeded to admire his own reflection in the mirror. "I even took up ballroom-dancing to raise to the occasion. No one will steal my show this time. And, by the way, the President of the United States has set aside half an hour just for me alone. I've looked up the protocols: No American leader ever has spent so much time with his German counterpart."