

KIDS PICK UP WEIRD CRAP AT NURSERY SCHOOL. PINK EYE. THE RUNS.

MY KID'S SCHOOL GOT HIT BY THE ZOMBIES.

MY L'IL ZOMBIE

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IT'S BEEN HARD. REALLY HARD. BUT WE'RE MAKING THE BEST OF IT.



I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM A NORMAL CHILDHOOD.



I BRING HIM ALONG WITH ME EVERYWHERE. I TAKE HIM TO GET COFFEE, AND CATCH UP WITH THE NEIGHBORHOOD.



HE GOES ON PLAYDATES.



AND I MADE *DAMN SURE* THEY LET HIM SIGN UP FOR SPORTS.



MY WIFE SITS HIM IN FRONT OF THE BOOB TUBE WHENEVER SHE NEEDS A BREAK. BUT I DON'T. THE TV'S NOT GONNA RAISE HIM: *I AM*.



BUT IT NEVER GETS EASIER. I'M ABOUT TO LOSE ANOTHER JOB, AND FEEDING HIM ...

WELL, THAT DOESN'T GET EASIER, EITHER.



MAYBE THEY'LL FIND A CURE. I EVEN PRAY THAT SOME MOVIE STAR WILL LOSE A KID THIS WAY.

THEN WE'D GET SOME MONEY, RIGHT?



I KNOW HE'S NOT GOING TO BE PRESIDENT OR ANYTHING, BUT HE CAN HAVE A GOOD LIFE.



NO MATTER WHAT --



I STILL LOVE THE LITTLE GUY.



SOMEBODY'S GOTTA.