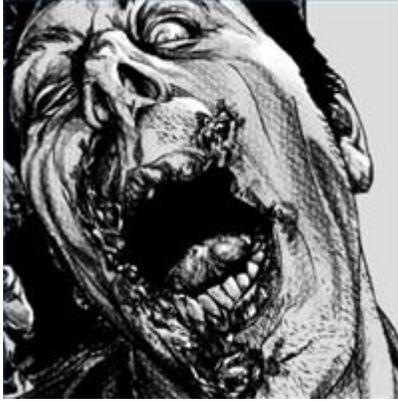


Jimmy Rudolph's Big Apple Zombie Survival Guide

By Jamie Bogart



Jazz Fans, I don't have to tell you, it's tough out there. Sometimes my protégé Jamie Bogart comes in from the daily coffee run covered in zombie blood, and with half the coffee spilled. Then, when I send her out for a refund, I get a lot of attitude. The very fabric of society is crumbling.

Ever since the great Zombie Infestation of 2012, New York City just hasn't seemed the same. The jazz joints aren't as hoppin', the coffee shops are empty, and nobody shops on Fifth Avenue anymore. But we're alive, not undead, but alive! And if we're going to stay alive, we'll need a little help.

Maybe you've lain awake at night, listening to the brain eaters outside your window. Maybe you've googled the virus that has created the spread of extreme aggression and cannibalism in otherwise pretty groovy cats. But how do you get out from under your blanket fort, unlock the locks on your door and venture outside?

I have no idea. But J-Bo does. Below are J-Bo's survival tips, on how to get around in beautiful New York City, as well as how to survive an actual attack. So read up, folks; We can't have jazz without jazz fans!

J-Bo's Zombie Survival Secrets

Folks, I have survived three years of zombie apocalypse, with a total of only seven "personal health" shut in days. I've killed zombies with a variety of weapons, including an egg beater and a French tickler (don't ask). I've been featured in the Village Voice's annual "Best Scars" issue. In short, I have been in the trenches, and in that time, I've learned a lot.

First off, for you wishful thinkers out there, let me be very clear; **THERE IS NO CURE FOR ZOMBIE INFECTION!!** The virus is blood born, and very infectious. The infected cells don't even need to penetrate the cell wall of a non-infected cell, just being in proximity (i.e. the

same blood stream) is enough. And because the virus is radiological and not natural, we have no immunities in place. Scientists are working hard to develop one, but so far their tests have only created mutations much worse than zombies. We all remember the Pittsburgh incident, when the entire city was devoured by a lab monkey named Chester, who ate the entire rust belt before a Stinger missile landed a lucky one. Science will not save us, and our immune systems cannot help us. It's kill or be killed, and when it comes to that choice, I'm a conservative. So please read these tips carefully. We need as many survivors as possible, so we have good stock to repopulate the city after this disease runs its course. A lot of sex awaits you after the zombie apocalypse.

And that's a promise!



Things You'll Need:

- food
- gun
- loads of ammo
- map
- crank radio
- crank flashlight
- pocket knife
- rope
- purifier water bottle
- emergency blanket
- dependable vehicle and gas
- duct tape
- first aid kit
- machete
- wilderness survival guide
- gas can, full
- Sure-lite matches (wooden) in a plastic bag
- Big-ass shoulder bag

1. Prepare by building your endurance and strength. It's a man-eat-man world out there, and you need to be at the front of the pack. Running, biking, and swimming daily are all excellent ways to boost cardio. For great jogging sites in the city, go to the HOV lane on the West Side Highway, and the Battery. Avoid the reservoir at all costs! Between zombie park people and flying zombie fish, no one can run fast enough! Push yourself to the limit. All the weaponry

in the world isn't going to save you if you're not physically fit. In the end you have no one to rely on, but yourself.

1.



2. Dress for the occasion. When the apocalypse comes you don't want to be running out of the house with your Uzi in your other briefs. Remember; blood splatter to the eyes, mouth, or to any open wounds is just as dangerous as a bite, and with the screamers and the spitters out there, you gotta keep your distance. Wear light long sleeve clothing and running shoes. Consider the new Valerie Harper line, available at K-Mart's everywhere—stylish and splatter-proof. If all else fails, wear kevlar or leather gloves and full kevlar body armour. Surgeons mask and goggles keep you safe from effluvia, and intimidates bothersome civilians as well. Finally, I never go anywhere without my Doc Martens.

3. Gather blunt objects: baseball bats, chairs, tables, a toaster and anything else you might find handy. Keep them in a rucksack—not a back pack, though, they're hard to get to when the Zs attack. I recommend the old mail sacks—they slide easily on and off the shoulder, and the dead postmen aren't using them.



4. Many of you are asking, if you're not too out of breath, what if it's not just one zombie? What if it's a zombie horde. Here's my answer—YOU'RE LUCKY! Zombie hordes are the exact opposite of ants—they just get stupider and clumsier the more of them there are. Follow a simple serpentine pattern. Lead to your right, it always works best. You'll need at least five steps before they even notice you. Then stop, wait a few seconds, and run five steps to your left. You're done. Stand back and watch as the zombies lurch towards you in opposite directions, bumping into each other, snarling, spitting, tripping—it's truly hilarious. Don't laugh too hard, though, or you'll miss the lone zombie that may be lurking behind you.

Another zombie horde evasion technique is the fiery building method. It requires a little more prep time, but the aroma alone is worth it. Find a not-too-occupied building with a front door and back door. Run in the front, set the ground floor on fire (gas cache and matches), and run out the back. Then, just sit back and listen to the soothing sounds of zombies popping. Finally, run them down to the docks, jump off the end, and swim back under the pilings. The zombies will just keep going, walking all the way to Jersey.

Unfortunately, it's not enough to outrun zombies. You have to know how to kill them. Here are some bits of wisdom I've gained from my time on the Lower East Side. I'm sure they'll help you in Kansas City, Los Angeles and Chicago as well.

Zombie Pressure Points

It is widely believed that because zombies have no blood flow and their nerve endings aren't getting any blood, that they are impervious to pressure points. Although this is often true, I've found that zombies do respond to outside stimulus—the proximity of your brain, for instance. So it's not hopeless.

If you interfere with a zombie's ability to eat brains, it will respond violently. So all you have to do is go near the mouth or throat. A quick chop to the throat will disable a zombie for at least fifteen seconds, and inserting a foreign object in the mouth of an undead monster will keep it occupied for a good five minutes.



How to Kill a Zombie

It's not rocket science, folks. If you want to kill a zombie, you have to remove the head. There are no other ways, no other shortcuts. PETZ (The People for the Ethical Treatment of Zombies) insist that this is cruelty, that there are ways to render a zombie harmless without actually destroying it. The NRA tells us that a bullet to the brain will kill them, and that this is backed up in the U.S. Constitution.

Bullshit, pardon my French. I've tried every technique, including electrocution, disembowelment, drowning, incinerating, ice pick in the ear and death by falling car. None of it matters if the head is still attached to the spine. Even in the fiery building technique described above, the zombies don't die unless their heads burn off of their necks.

So, we're talking blades. Machetes, pocket knives, paper cutters, whatever you have to hand. The best of these is your standard Broadsword, preferably the Cold Steel 88 SB Scottish broadsword. It's wide with a long blade, so you don't have to be a marksman. Get in the general

vicinity of the neck, and heads will roll. Go ahead and splurge—the more expensive your sword, the less you have to sharpen it. It has a lot of heft, and requires some serious upper body strength. Also, you can't take it on the subways or busses, so you have to walk, which means your chances of running into a zombie increase. But you have the broadsword, so no worries.

If you prefer mass transit, a standard cleaver or meat knife will do the trick, and can easily be concealed. Finally, if guns are your thing, get an automatic not prone to jamming like an Uzi, or a 50 gauge shot gun. Aim at the neck in tight bursts, and keep firing until there's no neck left. Remember, the head must come off.

One of the reasons I prefer blades to guns when dispatching the blue bloods is that it's quicker. Kill time is very important once you decide to slaughter one or two. If you dilly-dally, you give the dying groans of your prey some time to attract other zombies. This makes your job a lot more difficult.

And that brings us to the number one reason people get killed, apart from the slaving hordes of brain eaters. It's over-confidence. We all know that zombies are slow and stupid. They are no match for us intellectually, and they don't work well together. But they are very strong once they get their overgrown fingernails into your flesh, and they are hard to kill without a broadsword. Also, there are a lot of them, and they mutate rapidly. Many's the friend I've lost to an innocent game of "Tag-the-Spitter Zombie." It's all fun and games until someone loses their brains. Don't get cocky. Just kill 'em and move on with your life.



Well, folks, that's about it. I hope you find this article useful, and that it helps you stay alive. Keep checking in with me and Jimmy Rudolph at [WZMB Jazz at Three](#) to hear my regular public service announcements, "The More You Know, the Less They Gnaw." And Jimmy's whole jazz thing, too.

Jamie Bogart

Extra Tip; How to Abort Screamer Paralysis

Screamers are new mutations of zombies. They're blind, but they have these horrible screams that essentially shut down a human nervous system, paralyzing the unlucky men or women within a fifty foot radius. Now, to be fair, I've never been paralyzed by a screamer, but I'm very close to a member of the Queens Slap Shots Kill Squad, and the official tonic is this; While paralyzed, think of a song in your head, and imagine singing it. I'm told old Barry Manilow songs have the best success ratio. Focus on the song, and keep singing it over and over

in your head. If you're lucky, you'll soon realize that you're actually singing, and the paralysis is beginning to crumble. But sing softly, so as not to tip off the screamers where you are.

Now, don't use this possible antidote as an excuse to wander into screamer-filled parts of the city like Harlem. This cure works only 22 % of the time, and if it doesn't work, you will have spent your last minutes of life singing Barry Manilow. The best cure is prevention. Make ear plugs a part of your zombiewear ensemble.

Find out more at: [WZMB Jazz at Three](#)

