

Postmortem

The med student's hands shook as she drew the scalpel closer to the skin. *He's dead*, she told herself. *He can't feel anything*. She put her other hand on the man's chest to steady herself and orient the blade. It was cold and still, just as a lifeless body should be. With a smooth breath, she pressed down until the end of scalpel disappeared.

A jarring scream split the air; the man beneath her knife jerked up, thrashing and wailing like nothing she'd ever heard. She cried as the scalpel hit the floor, and the thing she'd just cut into started laughing.

"Dang it, Jim!" her teacher yelled, stepping through the small crowd of students. "This is why you got fired from your last job!"

Jim shrugged, his chalky, olive skin pulled tight over the bones – a classic sign of zombieism. "I'm being cut up with knives all day," he argued, "gotta make it fun somehow."

The teacher eyed the zombie. "Three strikes and you're gone."

Jim, chuckling, settled back on the gurney, and a new student stepped up. Maybe he could convince them to put a TV on the ceiling.