[**Our Love Eternal**](http://zombiestories.wordpress.com/2009/05/22/our-love-eternal/)

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[](http://kentmiles.paradepro.com/)

To Whom It May Concern:

Did you know that harboring a zombie is just like raising a child?

To begin with all your friends think you’re mad. “Why throw away your life looking after something that needs constant attention?” they might ask.

But just like raising a child, when the urge comes to have one, it’s something you just have to do.

For me it came late last week. It was a beautiful morning and I awoke to clear skies and bird song. I got up, dressed, ate breakfast and went to sit out on the front porch to await my husband’s return. I did not have to wait long, as I spotted his crumpled body on the sidewalk as soon as I walked .

His skin was pale, blood was everywhere and he was barely alive, but he managed to whisper that he had been attacked by some other survivors out for his supplies. They had taken everything he carried, beat him and then shot him in the gut.

Fortunately for him I can keep a level head in stressful situations, and so I quickly moved him indoors, gave him some water and bandaged his wounds.

He was asleep when I left and it took me almost the entire day to find one, I had to check a lot of old disused houses, dark alleys and other unsightly places. In the end I found it crawling through a ditch on the side of the road.

When I returned home, my husband was awake, struggling against the restraints, more so when I produced the head. I placed it next to his thigh and stuffed an old T-shirt into his mouth to stop him screaming.

I don’t really know why he screamed. Sure it hurts, but now that I appear to have lost some blood the pain is starting to go away. I should probably have had it bite my arm as it’s rather hard to walk now, but love is painful, I know this. He doesn’t scream any more, he just shuffles around the room and occasionally bangs against one of the boarded up windows, but in a few moments I will go in there with him, so that he will not be lost and alone, so that we can be together for eternity.

You see, unlike a child, having a zombie means you cannot touch them whenever you like. You cannot pull them close and hug them. You cannot wake up next to them each morning and look deep into each other’s eyes. You have to keep them at arm’s reach.

But just as a child changes into an adult we can change too.

It is getting hard to write and I am getting cold, so I go to join him now, to be with my love forever more.

Do not disturb us.