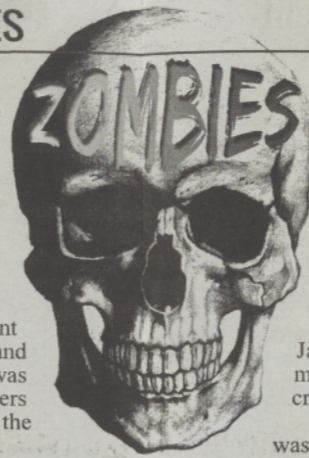


BEWARE; THE ZOMBIES ARE COMING



Luke Frank
Associate Arts & Culture

No, there is nothing wrong with your death perception; zombies did indeed invade SE Portland on Saturday. As the intermittent rain beat down on hordes of undead walkers, they gathered into one big group in anticipation of the 2012 Portland Zombie Walk.

share all things zombie.

The Portland Zombie Walk began in 2005 as a flash mob, where people would dress up as zombies and perform the famous Michael Jackson "Thriller" dance at Portland's Pioneer Courthouse Square. From there the event evolved into a true community event with large masses of people gathering at a pre-designated place and ending at the Pioneer Courthouse Square where some of the zombies would then of course, do the "Thriller" dance.

Jim Cartwright was there with his daughter Morgana Cartwright and nephew Jacob Cline in order to participate along with other die hard zombie lovers.

"It's cool to see the other costumes," said Jim Cartwright, Zombie Walk participant and die hard zombie enthusiast. "I love zombies."

"They're very cool," quipped his daughter Morgana Cartwright as she watched the costumed crowd pass by.

"The Storm Trooper is very cool," added Jim Cartwright's nephew Jacob Cline in reference to one of the more creative costumes.

Last year's Zombie Walk was a little different from years previous; the event was more organized and was headed up by Miranda Molea who took up the reins from the previous organizer in 2009.

"The subject of moving the event to a different month came up. I commented on the thread. I mentioned that it is a Halloween time tradition and should remain in the month of October," said Molea about her involvement in the Zombie Walk. "I also mentioned all it would take is getting a permit and talking with the city."

This is indeed what Molea and her part-

ner Hans Knecht did. Taking over the event, they created a non-profit called Mirandom Knechtions in order pay for the necessary permits and insurance to make this event an official part of the Portland scene. Just as important was to make sure that the walkers are safe while having fun at the same time.

"Having permits means more people feel safe and are more likely to attend our event," said Molea.

This year's Zombie Walk started with all of the undead meeting up at SE Main and Water Street in a parking lot with a retired fire truck, a Voodoo Doughnuts truck and Tamale Boy. Zombies, slow walkers and fast walkers got together to mingle a bit

before they headed off to OMSI for the "Thrill the World" dance. This dance is choreographed to Michael Jackson's "Thriller" and was headed up by a Michael Jackson impersonator whose moves impressed many in the crowd.

After the "Thriller" dance was over, the undead sloughed down the sidewalk slowly, groaning and moaning for brains as they were set upon by "survivors." These self described survivors are the lucky or skilled few individuals who survived the zombie holocaust by whatever means necessary. Some of them were fortunate enough to be immune to the virus that created the zombies in the first place; some of them were skilled enough to

be in the right place at the right time. Some of the survivors even banded together and created zombie proof vehicles allowing them to roam from town to town fairly safely. This is where I found myself.

At first, the walking dead ignored the survivors, but after many of the undead were killed, the walkers started focusing their attention on the people killing them. In a surreal and frightening display of intelligence the walking undead masses surrounded our zombie proof buses, killing off some of the survivors before they could put up much of a defense.

As the bus escaped the mayhem, the zombies screamed in such a way as it seemed as though they were promising revenge for the second deaths of their fellow undead.

"I like being a survivor," said Max Lovely regarding the mayhem going on

around him just after he hopped on the bus narrowly evading a slow and horrible death. "I like getting all this ghetto gladiator gear together."

Another survivor told of her narrow escape when death was so close.

"All that matters is that I'm still alive and can kill as many of the bastards I can," said the girl I tagged as "Angel" since she claimed her name no longer mattered.

I pressed her on how she escaped when she should surely be dead.

"It was so close, I was surrounded when suddenly they [the undead] all turned around as one and left me there, I don't know what happened," said Angel.

Before I could inquire further, Angel started frothing at the mouth and flung her arms wildly around in a tortured display. Everyone on the bus knew what the end

would be, the death of us all. We could have survived the outside world in this metal tube on wheels, but if one of us was bit, it was over for us all.

The screaming at the back of the bus was getting louder and the gunshots were deafening in this small space. I know now that I only have a few seconds left to live. I love you Emi, Tristan and Jess; may God have mercy on us all.

Note: This article was found scrawled within a blood spattered notebook found by survivors three days after it was assumed to have been written during the 2012 Portland Zombie Walk event that will go down in history as the most vicious on record. The remaining Print staff sends our condolences to the reporter's family and loved ones.

Surviving on campus

Kelli Luke
The Clackamas Print

As the Mayan calendar comes to an end, Clackamas Community College students are rushing to prepare for the inevitable zombie apocalypse of 2013. So here at *The Clackamas Print*, we decided to ask a very important question: Where would be the safest place at CCC to hide during this zombie apocalypse? We asked a random sampling of 30 students their opinions and the results were scattered.

"Definitely the weight room

in Randall," said student Niko Hughes. "You would have a bunch of weapons."

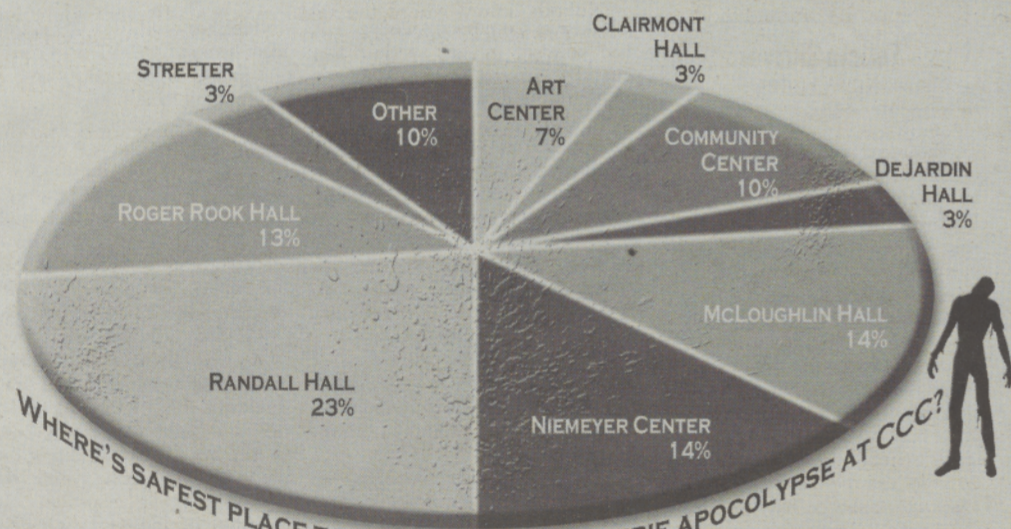
Katherine Suydam, however, disagreed.

"Places to avoid: Randall hall, Community Center, Roger Rook. If zombies frequent places that they did when they were alive, these would be fraught with flesh eating undead persons." In the end, Suydam decided on the Astronomy Tower, which is included in the "Other" category.

Cynthia Tinker and Destini White chose McLoughlin, however, for different reasons. White decided to go with the bookstore, while Tinker chose the costume vault.

"There are concrete walls and no windows," said Tinker, "and if all else fails and they do get in, I'm sure you can find a costume to fit in with them."

Overall, 23 percent of students chose Randall, for reasons such as the weight room and the gym. Niemeyer and McLoughlin tied with 14 percent, followed by Roger Rook with 13 percent and the Community Center and the "Other" Category, both with 10 percent. All of the other building included only received one vote, and anything not included had no votes. But remember, it's not too late to prepare for the end. Good luck to all of those who survive this December!



ZOMBIES: terrorize college

Continued from Page 1

Sensing that there would be more students in Barlow Hall just by the human smell that seemed to be coming mainly from that building, we made our way inside.

We were right. As soon as we got in the building, we saw Copy Editor Steven Weldon, hiding out behind a chair, and little did he know that within seconds, he'd be running for his life.

Skriver was the first to run after Weldon, but just moments later, Duckworth had outrun Skriver and pounced. Weldon's last effort was to yell and alert the others who were waiting just around the corner.

Arts & Culture writer Breanna Craine must have heard the yell because her frightened scream gave us zombies a very clear idea of where they all were.

Dillen quickly demanded his group of still living staff to run towards the cafeteria. They all followed the order and ran as fast as they can, but Steele had cornered a poor Chris Taylor, the Print's A&C editor, so that he could not run any further.

"Farwell dear world," screamed Taylor in a final goodbye before he turned to face his doom.

Our zombie group then chased after the breathers and cornered them into the cafeteria back room where they had nowhere else to turn.

Only four staff members were left: Dillen, Craine, Luke Frank and Caylee Miller. Nobody knew where the rest of *The Clackamas Print* staff had gone off to, or if they were even alive and well.

The four remaining backed into a corner where all they could see was us coming straight toward them. As if

they were just about to lose their lives they scream, but within in an instance came a sudden break in the ceiling and the whole roof toppled down on top of us, leaving our dinner to get away.

The Print staff was free to go! They ran out of the rubble and towards the entrance of the college in hope to find help or at least figure that their best bet is to reach a safe place and wait for the apocalypse to come to an end, if it ever will.

While we are still digging ourselves out of the rubble, hope goes out to some of those who haven't been found yet: James Duncan, Anna Axelson, Brittany Bell, Kelli Luke, David Beasley, Heather Mills, Chris Morrow, Lucas Watson, Taylor Oster and Kimberly Irving. We are still looking; they are bound to be tasty.



Centuries of rivalry finally put to rest; 'howling' good time to ensue

Hannah Duckworth
The Clackamas Print

From bites and scratches to trickery and wars, the long-standing rivalry between the Tualatin Werewolves and the Beaverton Zombies has had a tumultuous history. But this century's generation of monsters is deciding to flip a coin for sides of the field, rather than shake hands before a battle

In an effort to combine friendship with some good old-fashioned rivalry, the leaders are finishing up preparations for their first annual capture-the-flag game. The head of the Zombies' For Love Association, Elijah Braineater, says that the idea for the capture-the-flag game came about when he and the head of the Werewolves' For Peace Community, Sean Furface, decided that two centuries of killing each other was enough.

"It was just getting ridiculous,"

said Braineater. "The majority of the communities in the last two or three generations haven't even known why we were rivals in the first place. And as the great-great-great-grandsons of the monsters that started it in the first place, we figured our kin would listen to us."

Part of the preparation for the game in both communities has been to make sure that this generation knows why they're fighting, with a history class put in place as part of the training requirements.

"The rivalry wasn't even that big of a deal when it first got started," says Liv Longfang, the head of the Werewolf Games Committee. "It was just a couple of kid monsters who had a beef with each other. But they both had so much pride, that it quickly turned into something no one could control."

It all started with a girl, a young and innocent human who lived in the small town that the monster communities surrounded. The monsters that started it all, Ian Braineater and

Christopher Furface both wanted to infect the girl into their own kind.

They realized they were both on her trail when they accidentally bumped into each other as they were both following her home. They started fist-fighting, and though they ran away when the battle was over, the war had just begun.

As the heads of their respective communities, Elijah and Sean presented this idea of inter-community peace on May 5, 2010. It's been a long two and a half years, but the

idea that these two monsters birthed in a bar is finally becoming a reality.

"It's just so awesome to get to see this come this far, ya know," said Furface. "When we first started talking to individuals and communities, we knew it was going to be hard, but I think our dedication and passion went a long way to win everyone over."

The game of capture-the-flag is to be held on the Clackamas Community College campus, the date is still yet to be finalized. The

campus is a neutral territory, so neither group will have a home-field advantage. The grounds are large, they include fields, wooded areas, and buildings; perfect for diverse cover to attack and defend.

There's no need to worry though, this is still about a good old-fashioned game. While it is intended that it will be a slightly rougher version of this classic schoolyard game, it's still a game, and there is no intention of anyone getting seriously injured.

