

Zombie Bums from Uranus

Zack Freeman skied down a steep snow-covered slope on a crisp sunny winter morning, completely unaware that he was about to be engulfed by a deadly crapalanche.

Crapalanche!

The very word struck fear into the hearts of even the bravest and most experienced skiers, but not Zack Freeman.

Far from it.

No, Zack Freeman was unafraid of crapalanches because Zack Freeman had no idea what a crapalanche was.

There was an ear-splitting crack.

An advance wave of nauseating stench.

But, incredibly, Zack Freeman was completely oblivious to even these telltale warning signs.

He was too busy arguing with his bum.

'Can't we go home?' whined his bum. 'I'm cold!'

'But this is fun,' said Zack.

'Fun for you, maybe,' said his bum. 'You're not the one who has to put up with all the bruises. You're not the one who's wet and freezing.'

'Stop complaining!' Zack said. 'I'm wearing thermal undies and padded pants.'

'I hate them,' said his bum. 'They make me look fat. Take them off.'

'Don't be stupid,' said Zack.

'I'm not being stupid,' said Zack's bum. 'You are! Skiing is stupid. This mountain is stupid. I want to go home right now!'

'Well, I don't,' said Zack.

'Well I DO,' said his bum. 'And I say we go. Now!'

'You can't tell me what to do,' Zack said. 'You're not the boss of me.'

'Oh yeah?' said this bum. 'Well, you're not the boss of me, either.'

Zack sighed.

Despite everything he and his bum had been through, they still had a lot of arguments.

The slope was gradually becoming steeper. As Zack picked up speed he heard his bum cry out in alarm.

'Phwoar!' said Zack. 'Cut it out. I'm trying to concentrate!'

'But, Zack,' said his bum. 'You don't understand!'

'Ha!' said Zack. 'I understand all right. I understand that every time we do something I want to do, you try to wreck it. Well it's really selfish and it's got to—'

'Shut up, Zack!' interrupted his bum. 'Crapalanche!'

'Crap a what?' said Zack.

'Crapalanche!'

'What's a crapalanche?' said Zack.

But his bum didn't reply.

It didn't need to.

The snow underneath Zack was no longer white. It had turned an ominous shade of brown.

Zack's first thought was that his bum must be more scared than he realized. He turned around to reassure it, but what he saw almost made his heart stop.

It wasn't just the snow around him that had turned brown.

All the snow on the mountain had turned brown. And bearing down on him was the biggest, ugliest and brownest crapalanche in the history of big ugly brown crapalanches.