

“Something in the water?”

Somewhere in the heat of the North African desert the sounds of battle float across the land. Inside Fort Dusay a small garrison of French Foreign Legion fight for their life but to no avail. By nightfall all are dead yet low painful moans are still heard.



Three months later a small column of FFL makes it's way east in the stifling heat. At the head of the ten-man column is a Captain very much bored with his life. Hoping for some excitement he heads in search of adventure but realizes this will be just another boring assignment. He is wrong.

This is a battle fought last night between a squad of ten French Foreign Legionnaires and an unconfirmed number of Zombies. Two men that were in attendance can best describe what transpired during the battle. One is Iwana Hidasalami and an adventurous soldier of fortune known as Arizona Bob. Here's their story.

“I relate this story to my brothers in hopes that they never have cause to visit the cursed Fort Dusay nor deign to sell their services to the devil Frenchmen. I, Iwana Hidasalami (AKA “Scout”), swear upon all that is holy that this story is true and I wish not for fame nor fortune but repeat this only to save my brothers from terrible misfortune. This is my story.”

Twenty days ago I set out to Fort Dusay in the employ of the devil dog French Captain Broussard, may his decaying body wander forever! We were to go to the fort and see what had become of the garrison left there previously. No word had come from the fort in months and the Captain was sent out to find out why.

We were ten including myself and we set out. After three days journey we saw Dusay and made our way down to the gate. Oddly it was barred from outside. The Captain ordered the gate opened and we marched in. What we were confronted with I cannot describe!



“We walked through the gate and into Hell. Bodies of both French and Arabs were on the ground. It was only later that we examined them and found that they had been mangled and eaten by what one would assume were beasts but we found out soon enough that would be wrong. For before us walking towards us were ten or so figures. Both Arab and French but decaying and smelling most foul. As Allah is my witness, they were dead men walking!”

“We have all heard the stories, “muertos caminantes” as our Spanish friends would say. They were walking towards us. I could not wait but instead fired my rifle at the head of the first one. Arab or French it did not matter as all I saw was death before me. The round struck him square and he fell.”



“By now that idiot of a Captain had ordered the men into a firing line and blaze away they did but to no avail. The fear of the zombies caused many to miss and those that hit did no damage save to knock the creatures down. As they rose up I swore at the dogs and instructed them to fire at their heads. But it was too late as more zombies came. I realized later that the sound of our fire drew them forth. We spent the next few minutes doing bloody work as the

French bayonets and my scimitar proved a match for the dead men.”

“These creatures are slow and little feared when alone but in groups that is different. Just as we were clearing out the last of the offal I heard a scream. Private Dubois was overwhelmed by three of the demons. We rushed to his aid but it was too late. Dubois was the first to die.”

“After we killed the dead men the Captain ordered us to secure the fort. He sent me and two soldiers ahead to the tower to clear it out while two others were ordered to the ramparts to set up their machine gun. These we packed in by mule and to see the idiot Frenchmen cajoling the mules up the stairs was humorous indeed. Dubois was picked up and carried towards a strange section of the fort that was barricaded. Odd how one would need to build a fort inside a fort? It was in there that our lives changed however.”

“From inside the tower we heard gunfire and screams. I had just finished killing another of these ghouls when it started. We quickly ran outside to help. On the ground lay another French soldier, this time shot! The Captain and two others were yelling and gesturing to a building beyond the barricade. They quickly filled me in as to what had happened.”



“As the Captain and a soldier struggled over the barricade encumbered with the body of Dubois they were confronted by a nomad. Neither could speak the others language but things seemed to be at peace when the nomad seemingly went mad and charged the dead Dubois. With a slash he decapitated the soldier for what reason they did not know. Only I knew from the horror stories that this would keep Dubois from returning as a ghoul himself. This action infuriated the Captain and he shouted at the nomad, who subsequently leapt atop the barricade in hopes of escaping. Two soldiers fired at him and in the exchange another Frenchman was killed and the nomad driven back to a house.”

“As the Captain led two soldiers after the nomad, my two companions and I returned to securing the fort. The next house had two doors and I sent the Frenchmen to one while I did the other. Before I entered I looked back to the rampart and to my horror I saw Private Carney with his back to the rampart pulling for all he was worth at the reins of the cursed mule that had made it up the stairs but not quite to the top. From behind the private were three ghouls moving towards him, I could do little but watch

as he was out of reach of my rifle. His screams alerted the Captain and the three Frenchmen turned and blazed away in support. Alas, it was too little, as the teamster was pulled to his death onto the ledge. With a much distaste I returned to the job at hand.”

“The two soldiers entered the other side of the building while I went inside. Once inside I saw two shadowy figures then all went black. That is how I received this wound to the head. Allah be praised I survived. When I woke none were left alive and I barely made it out of the damned place. Never shall I return!”

What Iwana Hidasalami didn't know was that when he entered the room it was occupied by two adventurers, an American named Arizona Bob and his English employer, Sir Winston Hollocraft. The two had arrived in Fort Dusay hours before the Legionaries in hopes of finding “Winnie's” daughter, the beautiful yet feisty, Sarah Jane. (But that's for a later adventure.) To catch up to AZ we must return to the Blue Eyed Parrot, a tavern of dubious reputation in Brigana. AZ is reveling the occupants by describing his latest exploits at Fort Dusay. Whether or not he took notice of the small, greasy fellow in the corner, hanging on his every word has nothing to do with our story...yet.

“Dead men walking? What a load of crap!” replied Arizona's friend and companion, Jefferson Davis Saunders.

“Shhh,” the tiny dancing girl said as she leaned forward to both hear AZ's tale and provide a much-needed sight for sore eyes. Bob cast a glance at JD, smiled, and continued.

“We couldn't take any chances on this Bedouin guy so I had to shoot him. I aimed to graze him, not kill him and it must have been his lucky day. Winnie and I had just finished seeing that he was okay when we heard the shots and screams. I figured the fellow would be fine on his own so we went deeper into the building towards the screams.”

Bob took a long pull from his cup of the local's best and continued. “What we saw was terrible. Looking into the room I saw one zombie hunched down ripping the flesh off of a Frenchy who I hoped for his sake was dead. Next to him was another zombie on the ground with the Frenchman's bayonet in his eye socket. Closer to me and on the floor was another dead Legionnaire, gnawed on as well. With the guts and blood all over I couldn't move. Until that zombie fellow came towards me and that shook me awake. Easy shot between the eyes took care of him. Reckon them two zombies surprised them French fellows and while one was fighting with one zombie the other killed his friend. Guess seeing his fellow soldier being torn apart by the zombie drove him crazy. Damn near got me too!”

“Just when we decided it was time to go we heard this explosion! Damn fool Frenchmen tossed a grenade at some building for some reason. Couple of them began firing too at the window then it all got kind of quiet. 'Cept that fool grenade was loud

enough to wake the dead. And it did too. Pretty soon the whole courtyard was swarming with zombies. Up on the rampart I saw a soldier trying to unpack what happened to look like a machine gun when three of them ghouls got up behind him He never had a chance. Poor devil.”



“Well we figured with all the noise and confusion this would be a good time to leave. It was terrible! I watched horrified as a couple of zombies began to rend the body of one Legionnaire and I guess that was the last straw. ‘Cause next thing I know the three Frenchies on the barricade lost their minds! They began to scream and run from the horrible sight. Even that “fancy britches” officer. Seems it was too gruesome for them fellows and I can’t blame ‘em what with all the blood and all.”



The dancing girl dug her fingers deeper into AZ’s arm. “What happened then?”

AZ took another long pull from the wine and ruefully wished he had some fine American sipping whiskey but you know what they say about wishes...

“Well, Winnie and I realized there was nothing we could do except get back alive and warn everyone not to go out there. And that’s what I’m doing.”

The little greasy man wormed his way to the table. Reeking of garlic he spoke. “Zombies eh? How interesting.”

AZ looked at the little fellow and didn’t quite know what to make of him. “You wouldn’t think it was so interesting if you’d have been there. I was and I’m glad I made it out. Hope that Bedouin fellow did too. But anyway, that’s the last I’ll see of them and good riddance.”

The small man snorted. “Afraid eh?” With unbeknownst speed he pulled out a bag and slapped it on the table. “Maybe you could find some courage in here, eh, Mister Arizona? There’s twice more this much if you take me there.”

Bob reached down to the bag and drew it open. Looking inside he saw the gold coins that stretched it’s seams. Closing it he slipped it into his pocket and extended his hand.

With a smile he said, “Seems like we got us a deal partner.”