



Remember to tell them about your gut allergy.

I will.

Just so we're clear. I feel nothing.



Why do I need to go to some stupid camp?

Son, we've been over this. You need to learn how to survive in this life. This will help you.

But it's STUPID!

Baby, it'll be fine.



Don't coddle him, Joan. It won't help him.

Oh, my boy is growing up!



This is ZOMBIE CAMP. I am the Camp Director, but you can just call me SARGE. Here you will learn the art of SURVIVAL.

It will not be FUN.

I will PUSH you.

You will BREAK.

We will put you back TOGETHER again.



You will not LIKE me. I, in turn, will not like YOU. This is not a FRIENDSHIP. We will NEVER be friends.



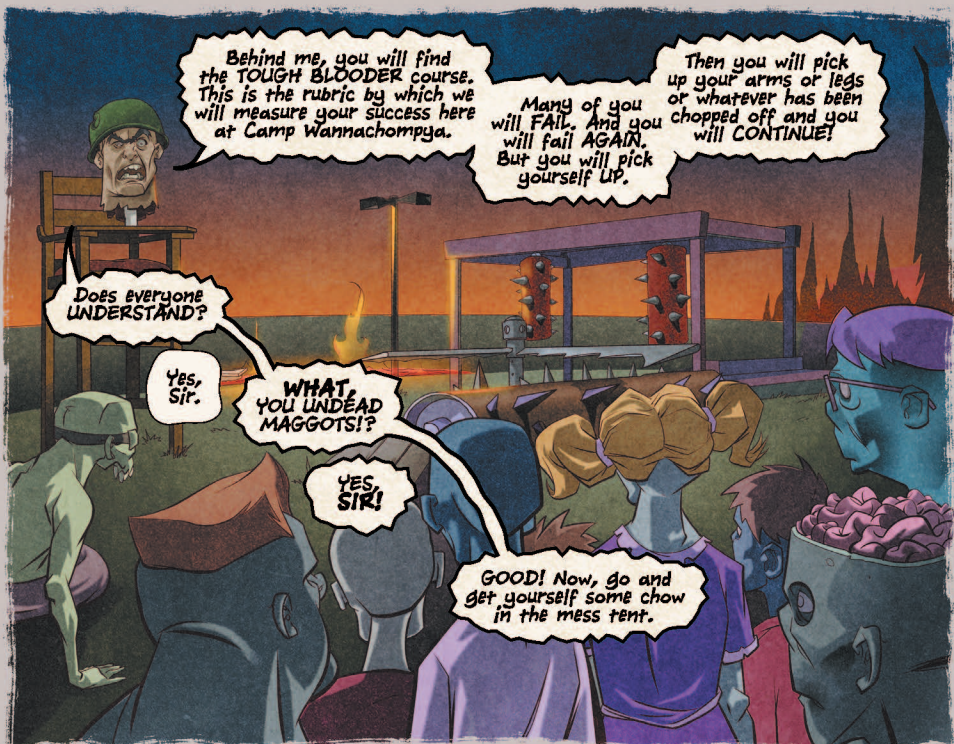
In the end, you will THANK me...

Yo, meathead. Sit down! I can't see!



Um, sorry.

Now, if someone will kindly take my head off of this SPIKE, I'll show you the rest of the camp.



Behind me, you will find the **TOUGH BLOODER** course. This is the rubric by which we will measure your success here at Camp Wannachompya.

Then you will pick up your arms or legs or whatever has been chopped off and you will **CONTINUE!**

Many of you will **FAIL**. And you will fail **AGAIN**. But you will pick yourself **UP**.

Does everyone **UNDERSTAND?**

Yes, Sir.

WHAT, YOU UNDEAD MAGGOTS!?

YES, SIR!

GOOD! Now, go and get yourself some chow in the mess tent.



Don't worry. It's not that bad. You just need to find a group. There's safety in numbers.

Yeah?

Statistically speaking, that is...



So, what happened to you?

Nothing. Why do you ask?