



ALBINOS UNITED!

DON'T LET THE FASCISTS WIN! COME
TO A MEETING OF THE "ALBINOS
AGAINST UNLAWFUL SEARCH,
SEIZURE, INCARCERATION &
EXILE!!!!!!

This Tuesday the 5th

1563 Figueroa

Bay City

8pm

Call for More Info:

555-6738

STARSKY'S ZOMBIE

It begins, for Starsky if not for Hutch, with a 2-1-1 in progress. Shots fired. Officer down. Multiple lawbreakers. A hostage.



Hutch administers first aid to the fallen officer, Starsky takes off in hot pursuit of the fleeing felons. He runs down a crowded alleyway: "Get outta the way, get outta the way!" Taco Bell behind him, Brody Heating and Air Conditioning to the side of him, two masked perps running for their freedom in front of him. Until one stops, raises his arms, brings down his gun in a straight line for Starsky—and Starsky blasts him to the pavement. Starsky flips the perp, the perp's gun goes flying, and Starsky flies off toward the other escaping villain.

Hutch, aided by one shotgun, four uniformed officers, and a curious but concerned crowd, makes his way up the alley. He stops as Starsky comes bounding back to him, having been unable to retrieve the second criminal but able to provide a good description of him nonetheless.

And then it happens.

"Hey, he's just a kid. You killed a kid."

The chain of death begins.



.....

Lonnie Craig, 16-year old armed felon, was buried courtesy of the AME Methodist Church. If Starsky's Coroner's Inquest was to be televised, so was Lonnie's Funeral. It wasn't what Lonnie's mother—Eunice--wanted. She was aggrieved and ashamed, and just wanted her little baby boy back. But political forces prevailed, and two of the local independent television stations covered the memorial service and the internment, as they had the Inquest.



It was a good weeks' worth of intense media coverage, which weighed heavily on Eunice, and spilled over onto her family, friends, neighbors, church family...and even onto others. Opinion varied greatly: Lonnie was absolutely innocent. Lonnie had been lured into crime and didn't know what he was doing. Lonnie had always been the neighborhood terror and it was just a matter of time. The politically invested wanted to paint the landscape as "White Policeman Murders Innocent Black Youth." And while most finally retreated from that position, a few would take it to their graves.

Starsky had found his peace as soon as he'd insisted the Coroner's Inquest not only forge ahead, but be made public. He knew—as difficult as the consequences of his actions were—that he had made the right decision. Lonnie was going to fire at him, there had been innocent people behind him—probably other officers—and most likely Hutch—and Starsky had to keep that gun from firing. Starsky found his forgiveness at the home of Eunice Craig, who not only forgave him but accepted him into her home.



And, as always, Starsky found his love and comfort in his partner.

Loyal, supportive, frustrated Hutch.



The Inquest, the Memorial, the Internment—the crowds at Eunice Craig’s house, the movements of Police Duo Zebra Three—were all watched by many people. Some good, some not so good; some merely spectating, others more deeply invested.

And then there were the Consecrated.

One of the consecrated was George W. Prudholm. Greasy man, inside and out. His sweat glands were constantly leaking. His bowels were constantly running. His brain was fairly liquid itself.

Evil gunman. Blessed be those who hold grudges.

Another of the Consecrated was Everest Tidings. Family friend. Church deacon. Defender and protector of Eunice Craig. Possible biological father of Lonnie Craig.

Voodoo priest. Blessed be those who fight black magic.

And blessed be those who simply stick to their own business. But this is not that story.

George Prudholm held a grudge against Starsky and Hutch. He held them responsible for the death of his son, Gary Vincent Prudholm. Gary was named after Gary Cooper. The Vincent came from Vincent Van Gogh. The Prudholm part of the name George had never been 100 percent sure of, as he had been on the Atlantic seaboard about the time of Gary’s conception, but Gary was the only possibility if there were ever going to be a continuance of the Prudholm line, so “Prudholm” held as the boy’s last name.

Gary, you see, had been killed in a knife fight at the tender, innocent age of 19. He’d been wrongly arrested by Starsky and Hutch, just as he’d been wrongly arrested by other Bay City police officers the previous 6 times. (And, of course, who knows how many times before the age of 18, at which time his juvenile record had been sealed.) Gary was a victim of the socio-economic pressures surrounding him: bad mother, bad schools, bad teachers, intimidating cops, shopkeepers who fingered Gary instead of the real culprits...the usual. Gary’s tendency to hang around with juvenile delinquents had nothing to do with his presumed father’s 15-year stint in prison—which was as perfect an example of justice gone wrong and the innocent wrongly convicted as there could be, since George had been innocent of his crime.

So: George was faced with Gary’s wrongful, unjust, unfair death.

The knife fight that killed Gary happened before Gary had been in jail even 36 hours; the “knife” was actually an Afro comb with a sharpened handle, the comb had actually come from the back pocket of an officer who’d escorted a felon into the cell, and the sharpened handle was courtesy of the felon himself. That Gary ended up on the sharpened end of the handle was actually an accident; the felon was holding the “knife” in a threatening manner toward a persistently moronic DUI when Gary slipped on some errant piss and fell onto the weapon, thus saving the life of the DUI but sacrificing his own.

George had the hubris to think he could do a High Noon with Starsky...



But one can see how the elder Prudholm could hold Starsky and Hutch responsible.

And since Gary was the last of the Prudholm line (it was possible), George sought revenge.

A couple of police officers were sacrificed, a few school bus riders were menaced, George had the hubris to think he could do a High Noon with Starsky, and George followed his son back into the penal system, only much this time much deeper.

Which would have been the end of things, except for a clerical error down the line. And that Voodoo Priest.

Everest Tidings was the exact opposite of George Prudholm. Prudholm was white; Tidings was black. Prudholm was a criminal; Tidings had never even had a parking ticket. Prudholm had a son (maybe); Tidings did not have a son (maybe). Prudholm had been wrongly convicted of a crime demanding a 15-year sentence; Tidings spent 15 years of his life selling car insurance in red line zones. Which may have been the same thing as spending 15 years in prison; one would have to ask Tidings.

Tidings also had a Haitian grandmother on his mother's side (Prudholm's grandmothers were actually first generation white Bay Citizens who couldn't have found Haiti on a map, and Tidings paternal grandmother was a descendent of slaves who was quite educated and knew where Haiti was located), who taught him many things. How to start a fire with only sticks. How to cook a mean *du riz colée a pois*. How to bring a dead man back to life. She practiced white magic, and taught her grandson to be a *houngan* or *mambo*. A person who could bring good fortune and healing to others.

Unfortunately, she didn't do a very good job teaching her grandson. Some left-handed Vodun, or black magic, may have gotten mixed up with her white magic incantations.

And it was this mixing up of spells which *really* begins the story.

For when Everest Tidings, trying to heal the wrong done to Eunice Craig, went to Lonnie Craig's grave site and uttered a few phrases and sprinkled a few "herbs," he got a few of the phrases contorted and a couple of the "herbs" disarranged. And those glitches, combined with cut-rate embalming fluid, the trace elements left by the bullet fired from Starsky's gun, some DDT recently sprayed over the grounds, and a last meal from Fatburger, resulted in a slight case of Raising The Dead, But Not Quite.

As Tidings had neglected to actually dig up the dirt over the casket and open the box so Lonnie would be able to rise easily, Lonnie had to fight his way out of the casket (not so difficult, as the funeral home had switched a cheaper model for actual burial than the nice, expensive one Eunice had picked out) and work his way up to sea level.

It took Tidings a while to understand what had transpired. Of course, as soon as he began to see the earth bulge and swell he fell to his knees and tried to move as much earth from the grave as he possibly could. And when Lonnie emerged Tidings steadied him and brushed him off and slapped him on the back and offered to take him back to his mother.

But it wasn't until Lonnie had Tidings' thigh between his teeth that Tidings realized something had undermined his intent. Tidings quickly grabbed another handful of "herbs" from his pocket, blew them in Lonnie's newly-pinkened eyes, and made his escape limply. Or perhaps he limply escaped. Regardless, Tidings limped away and was able to escape.

Tidings told no one of his mis-adventure (certainly not his still-living grandmother, who would have been ashamed and annoyed that her grandson could be so unskilled and amateurish). He had his thigh injury treated by the free clinic on Pico (again, he did not go

to his grandmother—who actually was quite skilled in unlicensed medical practices—because she would immediately identify the bite as post-living and rebuke him), and he went back to selling car insurance. For about 8 days, until he decided (due to his recent face-to-face with life, death, and neither life nor death) the practice of red-lining was not only unethical but immoral, and quit to pursue his childhood ambition of becoming a fireman.

It turned out that Tidings had a natural immunity to the Reanimating Agent drooled into his wound by Lonnie, and was left with only a hair-raising scar on his thigh (the hair on his leg actually remained straight-up stiff on the scar itself forever after) from the encounter. It also turned out that Tidings was too old to become a fireman, so he went back to the insurance business and took a job with a different company.

Lonnie found himself—well, he couldn't have found himself with a Thomas Guide if someone had held it up to his eyes and pointed out his exact location on the Bay City map. Lonnie was suffering from what would come to be called Second Life Lunacy (although certainly not by professional types; it was more street slang). Second Life Lunacy manifested itself in the following outward or physical symptoms: Drooling, a shuffling step and difficulty running (not to mention skipping, hopping, gymnastics, etc.), diminishment of peripheral vision, tongue-tied-ish-ness, poor penmanship, inability to apply makeup well, hair loss (with an unusual increase in hair on the toes), flesh-chunking (another non-medical term for huge chunks of flesh sloughing off the body), pink eyes (not to be confused with pink eye, the viral conjunctivitis), lack of a sex drive, and softening of the brain (actual organ softening, not just dementia).

And there was also the blood lust.

Reanimates craved blood, a body's soft tissue, and prized eyeballs as a delicacy. Flesh itself was not really to their taste, but it was necessary to get through the flesh to get to the blood and soft tissue, so Reanimates were often accused of being Flesh Eaters. This could not be further from the truth. Flesh was to Reanimates as brussel sprouts were to non-Reanimates. (Another prized aspect of the eyeball, aside from its taste, was the fact it could often be secured without needing to go through the flesh and simply plucked from the skull.)

Lonnie, being Patient Zero, sprung out of the ground manifesting all of the above symptoms (minus the makeup applying issue; Lonnie didn't use makeup). But as with most contagions, symptoms varied from person to person and the progression of the symptoms could be swift or interminably protracted and tedious.

Or totally absent.

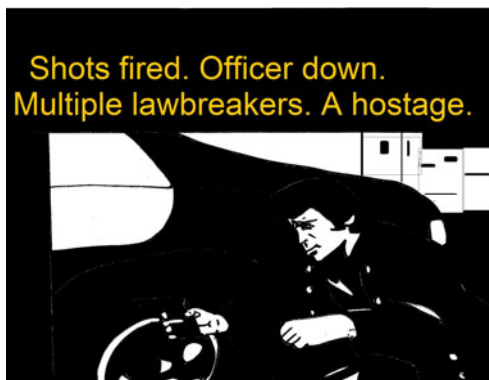
Take, for instance, Lonnie's first victim: Tidings. Tidings never manifested any symptoms, because the Reanimating Agent didn't infect Tidings body. Not that Tidings ever offered himself up as a non-Reanimating Victim to the medical authorities. (That would have revealed the shambles he'd made of his Raising The Dead incantation to his grandmother.) It would be left to other non-Reanimated Yet Exposed Victims to offer themselves up (although, in many cases, "offer themselves up" wasn't so much the circumstance as "were forced to participate") as guinea pigs so that Science could uncover the secret of Reanimation.

Lonnie's second victim was of the Interminably Tedious variety. Encountered by Lonnie on a trip north, (Side Note: It would later be discovered that many Second Lifers invariably travelled north from Bay City and onward, and while some scientists hypothesized that the Reanimated had some kind of migrating instinct resurrected in their Reanimated brains, no reason for this would ever be discovered—however, this artifact was held responsible for the Great Migration of Bay Citizens to Mexico and below, to avoid the

Northern Migration of the Reanimated, dubbed “The Reverse Illegal Immigration” by many in the press) Jesus, a seller of oranges on the off ramp nearest his east Bay City barrio, took a very slow route to Reanimation. Jesus took the long way ‘round to Second Lifehood. Before he could manifest more than a weak rash, he’d seen his two sons go to Harvard and his daughter obtain a PhD in virology. Of course “seen” is a relative term. He’d lost his eyeballs to Lonnie and so was blind, forced to live off the settlement he’d won after suing a very famous movie director who ran over him when Jesus stumbled blindly into the oncoming path of the director’s Mercedes due to Lonnie’s eating of his eyes, after which Jesus’s lawyer claimed Jesus’s eyeballs had been thrown from his head.

Swift Onset of Reanimation was exhibited by Lonnie’s 14th victim. After Lonnie had removed huge chunks of this victim’s deltoidius, trapezius, and rectus femoris to better go after the juicy veins and arteries, Amber Lee (nee Gladys Hockscht) burbled a few times, climbed unsteadily to her feet, found her handbag and badly reapplied her makeup, then hitched a ride to downtown to her favorite bar. It took only a few minutes for Amber to figure out that beer was no longer her beverage of choice, at which time she took the busboy out the back door and enjoyed a more nutritious libation.

Perceptive pupils of the crisis, of course, and after much study, perceived that the fallacy of The Dead Rising From the Grave actually arose from Longer Onset victims being pronounced dead and interred before fully succumbing to the Reanimating Agent (as health officials now called it). They weren’t really dead when buried, of course, simply in that final stage of moving from First to Second Life, but they seemed dead enough to go through whatever death ritual befell them. Those that avoided cremation ultimately fulfilled their Second Life metamorphosis, and appeared to Rise From the Dead. Those that did not avoid cremation fulfilled their own ashy destiny.



Lonnie himself was responsible for only 26 recruits. But as with all algorithms, Lonnie turned two people (actually more, but this is only an example), who each turned two people, who each turned two people...until there was a good percentage of Bay City looking rather peaked. Which was quite noticeable as Bay Citizens were all in all a very tan lot. (Bay City might have become even more overrun had not the previously discussed urge to migrate north kept the Reanimated population down.)

Lonnie’s brief but influential encounter with Second Lifehood would end after one George Prudholm threw a beer in his face while both were carousing in a bar a little north of Bay City and then flicked his Tiparillo at him (which in its own way was ironic, as one of Lonnie’s favorite commercials was the “cigars, cigarettes, Tiparillos” ads), resulting in the one sure-fire way to eliminate a Reanimated Subject—arson.

**THE PHELPS FILES
GRAVE DISTURBANCES
BY C.D. PHELPS
Bay City Daily Dispatch
June 7, 1978**

The question we must ask ourselves today is: Can we trust our local law enforcement officials to protect not only its extant citizens, but its non-extant citizens as well?

Sources on the Bay City Police Department have confirmed to me that seventeen cemeteries in the city and county have reported acts of vandalism occurring on their property in the past seven days.

The acts include the knocking down of tombstones, obliteration of flower arrangements, damage to mementos left by the bereaved, and other damage to grounds and property.

But what the BCPD is not telling the public—the true horror caused by these unknown vandals—is this: Graves have been dug up, coffins have been opened, vaults have been violated, and bodies are missing.

Yes, you read that right: **BODIES HAVE BEEN STOLEN FROM OUR BAY CITY GRAVEYARDS.**

Your loved ones' remains have been desecrated. Their bodies purloined for purposes unknown. Could it be the work of hired hands robbing graves for secret scientific studies? Or are there more perverse minds at work—the minds of those who find the sight of sedate corpses thrillingly arousing?

And what has the BCPD's response been? To tell cemetery owners to shut their gates and tell bereaved family and friends they are closed for "renovations." Obfuscation is unbecoming our men in Blue just when their brethren in Black need assistance.

Have you been refused visitation rights from your loved ones because their place of repose is "remodeling?" Contact me at 555-4689. The truth will be unearthed!



The Bay City City Council (BCCC) reacted fairly quickly once they realized they had an opportunity to show themselves as a powerful political force on a grand scale handling a Very Important Crisis in a Very Circumspect Way (and which would provide the Greatest Personal Benefit to Each of Them). The Mayor, Lewis Hartfeld, in a closed session, rallied the council to a unanimous vote that would keep all mention of any problems involving rashes of murders, killings, arsons, dead people rising from the grave, etc. secret until such time it became advantageous to go public, at which point the City Council would reveal that they had been on top of the issue all along and had a solution in hand. Positions in State and National political offices and/or broadcasting would be expected to follow.

In this respect, the Mayor ordered the Police to effectively but quietly increase their patrols and maintain as “normal” an environment on the streets as possible. Businesses, companies, corporations, campaign contributors with large bank accounts and helpful associations, public relations firms, and a few movie studios were notified as necessary, both to contain any outbreaks of rumor and to investigate the causes, effects and remedies of the situation. (Side Note: The BCCC was farsighted enough to negotiate a contract with one movie studio in particular which granted the studio zoning rights to construct a new studio with its own [small] nuclear generator in exchange for a portion of the gross profits from any movies involving Reanimateds or similar beings.)

Funds were covertly distributed to cemeteries for cleanup and renovation purposes, to research labs for R&D costs, to funeral homes for the “handling” of certain—unique—bodies, and miscellaneous expenses incurred by the council, such as relocating their families southward, upgrading their personal security, and hiring agents.

Of course, rumors broke out immediately. As always, the major players were able to keep their mouths shut, but too many lower level employees had not been signed to confidential disclosure agreements, and thus made a few bucks by selling their stories to both unethical and ethical journalists, television and radio reporters, newspaper columnists, and talk show hosts, who were all competing for the same viewer/subscriber base. Word spread quickly and efficiently that neighboring states were trying to poison Bay City’s reservoir water in order to take over their movie business, which was exactly what was *not* happening, but that’s how rumors get started.



**THE PHELPS FILES
TOMBSTONE TALES
BY C.D. PHELPS
Bay City Daily Dispatch
June 14, 1978**

Is it something in the water?

After scores of phone calls from my dedicated readers, it is clear that recent reports of graveyard vandalism have been severely underreported. In fact, the Bay City Police Department has been withholding vital crime statistics from its citizenry in an attempt to underplay the horrific acts occurring within its patrol.

Faithful readers have reported to me that their departed loved ones are missing from their final resting places. Even those who have been turned back at the padlocked gates of graveyards saw excavated grave sites and scenes of calamity. Even sealed vaults and mausoleums have been opened.

And what do most of these readers also report? That the last liquid their dearly departed drank was water. And what were most of the dearly departed involved in ? The movie and television industries—which is the economic foundation of Bay City's life blood.

Repeated phone calls to senior BCPD officials have gone unreturned. Queries to local politicians have resulted in simple replies of "We'll get back to you." The Bay City Health Department has "quarantined" itself.

The people elected, appointed and hired to protect us have suddenly gone silent.

The Dead should be silent, not the Living. The living must use their voices to demand the truth about these ongoing acts of graveyard vandalism.

I encourage all Bay City Citizens to contact the owners of any cemeteries in which their loved ones are ensconced and demand access to their burial places. It is your right to know the status of your loved ones, and it is your responsibility to protect that status.

Then call your local elected officials. They're supposed to be working for you.

A brief note to those who have reported to me actually seeing their unearthed kith and kin walking the face of the Earth: Save it for Halloween. This is a serious matter.

And a note to my readers who do not have a bottled water service: get one.

Starsky and Hutch, as with other officers of the various Bay City precincts, found themselves in riot mode. Officers were immediately pulled off non-emergency duty and sent out to patrol the streets of Bay City, monitoring the alleys, the roads, the thoroughfares, the boulevards, the side roads, the lanes, the avenues, and even the freeways that crossed over the borders of Bay City. Roll Call at each precinct began with an update on the infiltration of persons known to be causing problems among the general citizenry, problems including (but not limited to): Non-consensual body biting, eye-gouging, impolite sniffing, lapping at blood stains, and littering of chunks of flesh. Should civilians ask questions about the increased police presence, officers should simply say they are on “drought alert” and ask if they work in the Industry. (Side Note: As all those in the know are already aware, “industry” with a small “i” can be any industry, but “Industry” with a capital “I” indicates the film and TV business, and any support businesses. One wants to be a capital “I,” not a lower case “i,” in life.)



Several of Starsky and Hutch's murder investigations were put on hold, much to the annoyance of the victims' kin, but extraordinary circumstances called for extraordinary measures. And since none of the murder victims had themselves been confirmed as Reanimateds, it was really much more time-effective to focus on the current crisis than pursue currently open cases. Captain Dobey himself had met with each family to explain the situation, making promises that as soon as events settled down in Bay City his stable of detectives would be right back solving their unsolved murders and robberies, as well as passing along the City's apologies in the form of unmarked cash and bottles of filtered water.

Captain Dobey was a true hero of the times. He stayed at his post day in and day out, only staying in contact with his family by phone, manning his desk and creating intricate strategies for finding and corralling the Reanimateds. He prowled the hallways of Parker Center looking for officers who could and should be out on the streets rather than typing forms or handling phones. He swept through the cafeteria and locker room, searching for all able-bodied men and women to come to the aid of their city.

Dobey's men had higher collar rates than any other precinct, due to their intense training in recognizing the signs of Reanimation (lack of a tan, sunglasses used to protect pink eyes from light, clothing being used for limb reattachment instead of fashion, erratic dancing inside disco ballrooms, etc.) and the limited ability of those Reanimated to both recognize and run from being collared.

And if Dobey looked a little untidy lately, it was simply because he was more concerned with protecting Bay City than maintaining his own hygiene. And if his clothing had a few stains on it, well, he had a reputation for eating anything and everything and food spills were not uncommon on his suits. If truth be told, Dobey was already in the throes of Male Pattern Baldness and sometimes looked a little pasty after a run-in with his superiors. And if a few officers didn't show up for Roll Call on this day or that, it was well known that some officers were simply cowards and had fled their duties rather than respond to this higher calling.

After all, Dobey was still doing his job, and doing it well. And that's all the Department could ask for. (Although a few officers could and did ask for transfers to other precincts.)



He stayed at his post day in and day out, only staying in contact with his family by phone, manning his desk and creating intricate strategies for finding and corralling the Reanimateds.

ALBINOS UNITED!

+ SISTERS!!!!!!

OUR BROTHERS ARE BEING ROUNDED UP! BE
SEEN! BE HEARD! WE'RE AGAINST
UNLAWFUL SEARCH, SEIZURE,
INCARCERATION, & EXILE!!!!!!
(AUSSIES!!!!)

Wednesday the 16th
1563 Figueroa B
Bay City
8:30pm

Call for More Info:
555-6738

As with many uncooperative mobs, Bay Citizens were wont to put the blame for their problems on someone else. These “someone elses” were primarily any persons who looked even slightly unkempt, exhibited gluttony toward food, had no rhythm on the dance floor, and appeared “pasty.” Unfortunately, a small percentage of the human population known as Albinos were often the target of this panic. While there was no scientific evidence that Albinos were more likely to succumb to the Reanimating Agent than any other human, it was simply easier to call for their internment than use logic and common sense and respect the rights of others.

Interestingly enough, there were people who were simply of no interest to Second Lifers. Scientists were working on the reasons, but there were no concrete facts, just suppositions. For instance: Huggy Bear (Enos) Brown, proprietor of the downtown bar known variously as “Huggy’s,” “The Pits,” “Huggy’s Pits,” “Huggy’s Place,” and now “Huggy’s Hudu,” discovered through constant interaction with his patrons that no one in any state of Second Life-hood found him the least bit appealing, although they seemed interested in his fashion sense. Huggy, not really caring why but secretly certain it was his ancestors’ genes protecting him, capitalized on his luck and welcomed a clientele comprised of Second Lifers who still had ties to the U.S. currency system and didn’t mind the occasional alcoholic drink or cooked comestible. Thus “Huggy’s Hudu” became a popular hangout for not only Second Lifers but for those who wanted to be Second Lifers, who wanted to be seen with Second Lifers, and for those who just wanted a decent grilled burger and a beer and were willing to risk an eyeball or two.

Starsky and Hutch found Huggy’s arrangement quite profitable, as it allowed them to continue to spend as much time as they wanted at Huggy’s, seeing as how he was now plugged into the Reanimated lifestyle and remained a source of excellent information on the whereabouts and activities of certain Second Lifers. Although “information” was not really a relevant term when it came to the Reanimated. Second Life Lunacy all but precluded the ability to collectively organize in any sense of the word, not too mention Second Lifers were notoriously poor at speech making and sitting for any length of time. Which meant that all the police really did was round up any Reanimates they found on the streets and send them off to one of the research labs, or throw some flammable agent on them and light a match if their vehicles were already full. (Side Note: It was proven early on that Reanimates felt no pain. Dr. Cheryl Jennings herself noticed this when a group of Second Lifers was accidentally [they were supposed to go to the Bay City Health Department] brought into the Jennings Lab instead and accidentally walked through an accidental lab fire with no apparent affect.)

To: Authorized Staff & Personnel
From: Dr. Gregory Franklin, Director
Bay City Health Division
Re: Handling of Subjects, Living and Deceased
Date: June 28th, 1978

Effective Immediately:

All personnel and staff (including field staff) will follow infectious and contagious disease procedures when in the building or in the field, including but not limited to:

- Proper washing of hands
- Wearing of masks
- Proper wearing of gowns and disposal of
- Proper cleaning and sterilization of all tools and equipment
- Proper cleaning of all rooms

Be aware of anyone exhibiting these signs:

- Pale (or paler) complexion for any skin type
- Flaking, ashy or peeling skin
- Hair loss, especially on the head or face
- Loss of vocabulary and/or speech
- Increased appetite for meat and blood products
- Inordinate sniffing

Anyone exhibiting any signs of disease must report immediately to their supervisor. Failure to do so will result in immediate termination.

All area hospitals, clinics, law enforcement departments have been apprised to look out for anyone exhibiting the signs listed above, and to contact us immediately upon encountering any such subjects.

As previously advised, all personnel and staff must maintain absolute secrecy in the event we should be dealing with a wide-area contagion of some sort. Anyone violating these orders will be subject to immediate termination.

And on no condition should any subjects be sent to, shared with, or otherwise handed over to Jennings Labs (for reasons that shall remain undisclosed).

Gregory H. Franklin, MD Dir

Gregory H. Franklin, MD, Director

Starsky had some kind of natural protection against the onslaught of the Reanimateds. Starsky's secret suspicion was it was due to his natural manly scent. But others would note his Ashkenazi roots and attribute his immunity to that. Of course, many of those attributing these Ashkenazi roots to an immunity against Reanimateds took the position that this was somehow tied into a world conspiracy to control the world and therefore took it upon themselves to deal with anyone of the Jewish persuasion as a Second Lifer. But this was quickly stopped by a union of Methodists, Lutherans, Unitarians and Scientologists who took it upon themselves to patrol Bay City, aiding the police in keeping the peace and protecting the innocent. (Although fairly quickly the Scientologists were ostracized once it became known they believed the Reanimateds were an offshoot of someone named "Xenu" and were here to banish the "un-Clear." The coalition then tried to recruit the Baptists, but they were too busy trying to get the City Council to pass a law against allowing Reanimateds to dance, play cards, or drink booze.)

Hutch, on the other hand, was convinced his rejection by Reanimateds was due to a combination of a recent bout of pneumonic plague, an enhanced immune system, and his life-long attention to the health of his body both inside and out. Health shakes, regular exercise, and a judicious use of condoms had always been his first line of defense against germs, viruses, bacteria, and unclean sexual partners. All these prophylactics and preventatives kept his body nice and long and lean, even if he had to spend more to buy the Extra Large Condoms with Ribs for Her Pleasure.

Aiding the Bay City Police Department and Bay County Sheriff's Department (who were actually quickly overrun by the Reanimating Agent and managed to consume themselves to virtual extinction) were wandering troupes of Industry-related associates, acting on behalf of their Industry brethren and in protection of their own employment. Like tended to stick with like, so one could find bands of actors, directors, writers, costumers, grips, best boys, gaffers, escorts and drug dealers patrolling the streets. The BCPD had little trouble with these groups, except for the hair and makeup crowd, who had a tendency to try and force hair and makeup makeovers on anyone they came across (including Albinos, who sometimes welcomed the changes).

As with many uncooperative mobs, Bay Citizens were wont to put the blame for their problems on someone else. These "someone else's" were primarily any persons who looked even slightly unusual, exhibited gluttony toward food, had no rhythm on the dance floor, and appeared "pasty." Unfortunately, a small percentage of the human population known as Albinos were often the target of this rage.



While there was no scientific evidence that Albinos were more likely to succumb to the Reanimating Agent than any other human, it was simply easier to call for their internment than use logic and common sense and respect the rights of others.

But now back to another of Lonnie's victims. A "Six Degrees of Lonnie" victim. A victim "sired" by the victim of a victim of a victim of a victim of Lonnie. A beautiful young woman, cut down in the prime of her life, full of promise and hope—and love. A victim not only of place and circumstance, but of retribution and revenge. A victim destined to become:

STARKY'S ZOMBIE

**THE PHELPS FILES
DEATH AND CHAOS
BY C.D. PHELPS
Bay City Daily Dispatch
June 28, 1978**

Bay City's order of Monday to shut down all cemeteries, crematoriums, and funeral homes and cordon off the City's reservoir has led to countless questions which officials refuse to answer.

Mayor Lewis Hartfeld and Dr. Gregory Mathieson stood before cameras and reporters yesterday, issuing a brief 37-word statement then disappearing before questions could be asked.

My sources tell me hospitals, morgues, funeral homes, etc. have been ordered to store all dead bodies until autopsies can be completed on them. These same sources have told me this will be nearly impossible, as storage facilities are not equipped to handle over a certain numbers of bodies.

Outcries from the Jewish community, as well as other community entities, have so far gone ignored. Threats from ordinary citizens to withhold the dead from official entities have been met by threats of forcible seizure and arrest by any interfering entities.

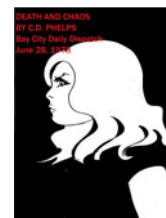
And if this wasn't enough, other sources tell me there are outside factions threatening to take our film and television productions away from us in our time of crisis.

I ask you, is Bay City going to stand for this? Will we allow our parents, aunts, uncles, sisters, brothers—even our children—to be shown such disrespect? Will we allow our dead to be taken from us *and* our superstars?

Before this goes any further, we must, as a citizenry, demand our rights to dispose of our deceased as our religions, morals, ethics and beliefs dictate, without the interference of incompetent officials. And we must demand our superstars remain among us.

And why do I call our officials incompetent? Because thus far they have been unable to find and arrest those responsible for the desecration of our deceased and the luring away of our Industry Icons. Instead of flooding the streets with police officers, they flood our morgues with the dead and allow the famous to be washed away.

I ask you—are we going to stand for this?



Now to:

STARSKY'S ZOMBIE

AU!!!!!!

ALBINOS

UNITED!

BROTHERS AND
SISTERS FIGHT FOR
US, NOT AGAINST
US!

AUSSIES!!!!

THE PHELPS FILES
RUMORS OF WAR—AND PLAGUE
BY C.D. PHELPS
Special to the Bay City Daily Dispatch
June 30, 1978

Informed sources close to me continue to insist that rumors which have infiltrated Bay City proclaiming our water supply has been contaminated by outside sources in order to force our TV and Movie companies to relocate outside the state are just that—rumors.

These sources also insist that this week's moratorium on burials of any kind is merely to maintain control of the recently dead until law enforcement officials are able to end the recent rash of grave desecrations.

But do I always believe my informed sources?

Of course not!

Even more informed sources have confided to me that the closure of cemeteries et. al. is due to the need for officials to autopsy all recently and newly deceased persons in order to establish not only cause of death—but to establish whether they carry any diseases of rare origin.

Could one of these diseases have come from our water? Even my sources couldn't confirm this hypothesis. But my initial suggestion to you to find yourself a water bottle distribution service still stands.

So if not the water, then what? What are officials looking for in the bodies of our dead?

And what of the disappearance of already buried bodies? Are we only in the midst of an attack by despicable delinquents who take pleasure in disrupting the resting places of the dead? Or is there something bigger at work? Our region contains many universities with research facilities, many medical research facilities, many manufacturing research facilities, and even a military base.

Anyone of any imagination can construct a considerable number of theories involving helpless, immobile humans who cannot speak for themselves.

And ***NOW*** to:
STARSKY'S ZOMBIE

STARSKY'S ZOMBIE

Starsky was in **love**. In LOVE. In *love*. In **LOVE**.

In other words, Starsky was in love. With a beautiful young woman of impeccable character and integrity, with a sunny disposition and a serene temperament, with an ebullient personality and a strong spirit, full of charm and a subtle, sensual appeal.



Terry. Terry Roberts. Theresa Maria Harmonia Roberts. Undergraduate degree in Education; Master's in Special Education. Brownie Scout, Girl Scout, Cadet Scout, Camp Counselor. President of her High School, Junior High, and Elementary Schools. Regularly donated a part of her allowance to feed the hungry when young; now does the same with her paycheck. Terry even belonged to an amateur acting organization.

Terry of the Church Of Perpetual Aid To Children. Terry of the Order of Volunteerism At Least Two Times A Week. Terry of the Veil Of Be Good To All Animals Great And Small. Terry Who Drinks A Quart Of Milk Every Day For The Calcium.

St. Terry.

Hutch hated her. Oh, he didn't show it. After all, he was Starsky's best friend and confidant, Starsky's partner and colleague, Starsky's right hand and better half. He couldn't risk telling Starsky what he really thought of his lady, that she was a little too perfect, a little too saintly, and a little too—best-friendly. Starsky might take Hutch's opinion the wrong way. He might think Hutch was forcing him to make a choice, a choice between Hutch and St. Terry. Hutch couldn't risk being that overt. Hutch was going to have to be more subtle when it came to making Starsky choose.



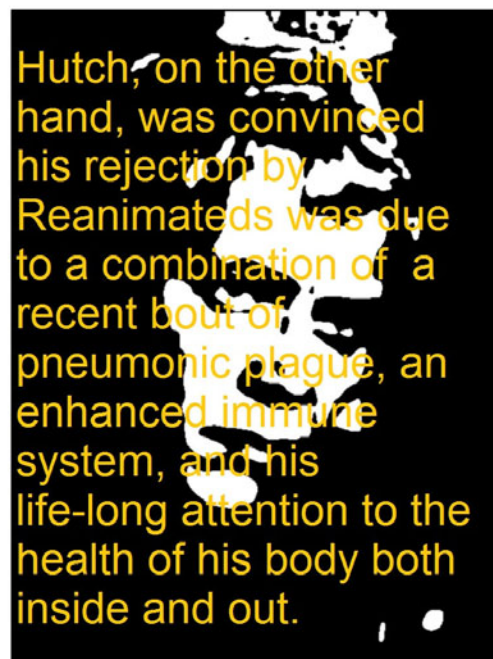
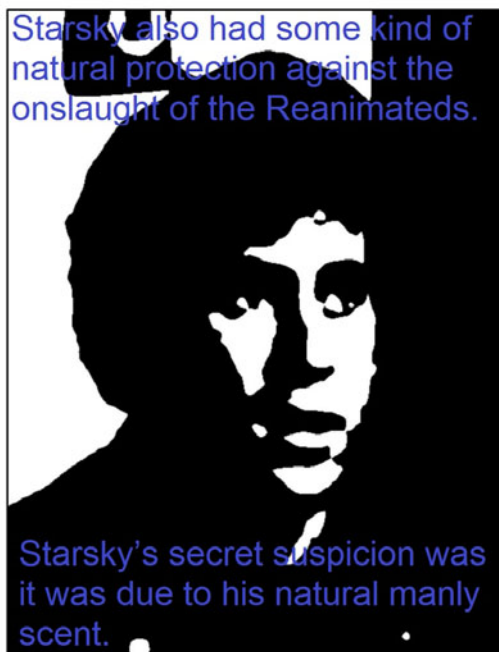
Hutch would have to fight fire with fire. He would have to be at his height of physical perfection: blond, beautiful, bronzed and brawny. He would have to be as caring and charitable as the Saint. He would have to act as if Terry were the most wonderful thing to happen to their relationship. He would have to be nice to Starsky when they played Monopoly.

Fortunately, things weren't too bad on the streets. There were the usual robberies and homicides, a few odd conspiracies, an attempt on Hutch's life, a twosome creating havoc on their beat, and this new rash of Reanimated wandering around the city. Starsky and Hutch were still able to spend off-duty time together, albeit shared with St. Terry and Hutch's squeeze of the moment (just to show Starsky he, too, could relate to a girlfriend).

Hutch, being the super-brainy person he was (he could have had a Master's if he'd wanted it), always interested in the current scientific topic of the day, was concentrating his non-personal love life attention on this recent spate of Reanimateds. Being plugged in to the behind-the-scenes machinations of the city (he, too, had been president of his class), Hutch knew the papers and TV were far from having the whole story. The media were focusing all over the place, not just covering the water contamination rumors and the possible loss of the entertainment industry, but foisting chemical spill scenarios and Soviet clandestine operations and racial uprisings on the public.

But civil leaders and appointees were more focused on a plague model, some kind of virus spread through touch or air as carried by dead or should-be-dead personages. Hutch himself made sure Starsky knew he was not afraid of contamination by upping his daily quota of touching his partner, sharing his food, and inviting him over for sleepovers as often as possible. He was fairly certain his own, boosted, immune system would keep him healthy in the face of all viral assaults, but even if not, he was willing to risk it for Starsky. Who wouldn't?

In the meantime, that twosome creating havoc on Starsky and Hutch's beat was about to throw a wrench in the machine or become the deus ex machina of the story, depending upon one's point of view.



**THE PHELPS FILES
GRAVE DISTRACTIONS
BY C.D. PHELPS
Bay City Daily Dispatch
July 5, 1978**

While Bay city continues to reel under the newly-issued orders of "death containment," another crisis has been developing in our fair city: an increase in missing person and murders.

Unbelievable as it may seem, while local officials continue to downplay the severity of corpse displacement, water contamination, and possible plague, their resources have been absent when it comes to the high number of reported missing persons and reported murders, especially this past holiday weekend.

Have BCPD officers been ignoring an increase in killings as well as insisting there is nothing to worry about from missing corpses?

Sixteen Code 187s were reported in the downtown area alone over the 4-day holiday, and my research has revealed another 27 were reported in the surrounding suburbs. Details of every incident were denied to this reporter, even though incident and arrest reports are supposed to be open to the public.

Anonymous sources have exclusively revealed to me that an odd pattern has been detected in many of these murders, and in fact killings happening over the past six weeks. (Readers of delicate constitution may want to skip to the next paragraph.) Victims have been found mutilated, literally torn limb from limb, their internal organs ripped out and found missing, with massive losses of blood and other body fluids. (Fortunately, there have been no reports of any well-known actors or directors among the mangled.)

A few victims, however, according to my exclusive sources, have been found alive. These survivors of atrocious attack have been whisked away to places unknown for purposes unspecified. Are we going to stand for this? Not I!

To: Remaining Authorized Staff & Personnel
From: Dr. Gregory Franklin, Director
Bay City Health Division
Re: Rumors Must Cease
Date: July 10th, 1978

Effective immediately, all personnel will cease to spread rumors, discuss unfounded facts, engage in innuendo or gossip about anything, including plague, water, actors, etc.

In particular, the story making the rounds that I was involved in an incident involving a live subject and suffered superficial injuries has no basis in fact.

Anyone found spreading rumors and lies will be subject to immediate termination.

Gregory H. Franklin, MD Dir

Gregory H. Franklin, MD, Director

THE PHELPS FILES
CITY IN CRISIS, CITY AMIDST CHAOS, CITY UNDER CURFEW
BY C.D. PHELPS
Bay City Daily Dispatch
July 12, 1978

The Mayor of Bay City, the Bay City Chief of Police, the Acting Director of the Bay City Health Division, and Various Important Persons have now told us there is Nothing to Fear, All is Well, Remain Calm, and We Are In Control.

Do we believe them. I certainly don't, and neither should you.

Bay City has gone from simple grave desecration to possible plague to virtual martial law under the guise of protecting its citizens from a "mysterious mass hysteria." A curfew has been put into effect, with all forms of transportation under strict inspection guidelines. Instead of looking for fruit, our inspection officials will be looking for—nuts?

And who are these mysterious invaders? All we've been told is that there is some sort of mass hysteria afflicting a growing number of our citizens, which results in their decreased attention to personal hygiene and susceptibility to murderous rage. Psychiatrists and psychologists warn us to beware of such persons and report them to authorities immediately and refrain from engaging with them personally.

Which sounds logical, until I uncovered the fact that these deluded individuals—that's who the inspectors are looking for when they stop your means of transportation—are being taken into custody, detained, then transferred to places unknown.

As for calling our current crisis a "mass hysteria," my sources are clear: this is less hysteria than disease.

While public health, safety and welfare are commendable city objectives, must they be pursued at the expense of individual liberties?

George Prudholm was lucky to be a criminal in Bay City. Bay City was known for many things (including being ground zero for the First Lifers movement), but not for its pristine paperwork. Property titles were always being lost, political contributions undocumented, and the criminally insane set free. George, being neither property nor contributory, was insane and thus set free.



“Crazy” George, as it was the Bay City custom to give nicknames to those deemed worthy, had recently found himself outside the walls of Caballo State (which was about to lose its designation as the MAXIMUM SECURITY Hospital for the Criminally Insane due to its inability to keep track of its patients/inmates) with no particular place to go. Fortunately, about that time Woody the Magic Man (LSD, not sleight of hand) drove by, and Crazy George chased his car because he was under the impression his dead son Gary (no nickname) was driving the vehicle. This would become a sore point between Woody and George, this inability of George to remember names, in what would have otherwise been a companionable relationship. Still, it was Woody’s fault, for if he had not stopped and picked up George, Woody would never have confused poor George.

Unbeknownst to both Woody and George (and the nice man they would later “hire” to be their getaway man—“hire” being a questionable term, as they promised him a share of all the money they stole but never fulfilled that promise upon seeing as how the man seemed to be happy just driving them around), Woody had been infected with the Reanimating Agent a few months earlier when he had had sexual relations with the Second Lifer Amber (nee Gladys) Hockschtmidt in exchange for a tab of LSD (which was, in fact, only a candy button but Amber was too Reanimated to notice). Woody was of the Interminably Tedious variety of Reanimateds. His subsequent capture, trial and imprisonment alone would result in the depopulation of several jails and prisons, which would actually end up saving Bay City quite a bit of the funds designated for the keep of the prison population.

To: Everyone
From: Dr. Gregory Franklin, Director
Bay City Health Division
Re: Meetings
Date: July 14th, 1978

Effective immediately:

All perrsonnell will report as follows to me in my offic::

Technicians on Saturday at 8a to my office. Line up out of side my office alphabeticallly and I will call you individuallly.

Nursers on Sudnay same time. Line up, etc. etc.

Doctors on Modnay, you know the drill.

GH. F, MD

Gregory H. Franklin, MD, Director

To: Authorized Staff & Personnel
From: Dr. Gregory Franklin, Director
Bay City Health Division
Re: Handling of Subjects, Living and Deceased
Date: June 28th, 1978

Effective Immediately:

All personnel and staff (including field staff) will follow infectious and contagious disease procedures when in the building or in the field, including but not limited to:

- Proper washing of hands
- Wearing of masks
- Proper wearing of gowns and disposal of
- Proper cleaning and sterilization of all tools and equipment
- Proper cleaning of all rooms

Be aware of anyone exhibiting these signs:

- Pale (or paler) complexion for any skin type
- Flaking, ashy or peeling skin
- Hair loss, especially on the head or face
- Loss of vocabulary and/or speech
- Increased appetite for meat and blood products
- Inordinate sniffing

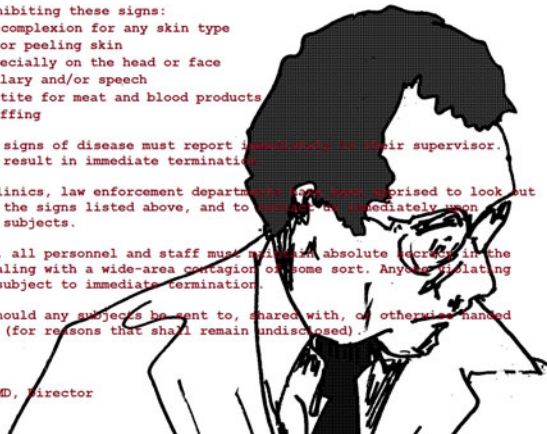
Anyone exhibiting any signs of disease must report immediately to their supervisor. Failure to do so will result in immediate termination.

All area hospitals, clinics, law enforcement departments, etc. are advised to look out for anyone exhibiting the signs listed above, and to report any immediately upon encountering any such subjects.

As previously advised, all personnel and staff must maintain absolute secrecy in the event we should be dealing with a wide-area contagion of some sort. Any violation of these orders will be subject to immediate termination.

And on no condition should any subjects be sent to, shared with, or otherwise handed over to Jennings Labs (for reasons that shall remain undisclosed).

Grgy H. Frnkln, MD Dir
Gregory H. Franklin, MD, Director



Possible Origins and Causes of the Recent Deceased Reanimation Outbreak (DRO)

Geraldine Cheryl Jennings, MA, PhD

Director, Jennings Labs

Interim Director of Bay City Health Division

Presented to the Bay City Council

July 17th, 1978

Let me briefly express my thanks to the Mayor and the City Council for appointing me Interim Director of the Bay City Health Division.

I have been asked by the Mayor of Bay City and the City Council of Bay City, as the current head of the Bay City Police Department Criminal Laboratory (BCPDCL), to compile and analyze the current theories and opinions on the origins and causes of the recent Deceased Reanimation Outbreak (DRO) in Bay City, in layman's terms, in order to better understand the ramifications to the city and discuss and debate future means of handling this possible crisis.

First, let me assure all involved that we are NOT dealing with a plague of any kind, regardless of press speculation.

As of this July 17th, 1978, the best medical facilities and chemical laboratories in the Bay City area are channeling their resources on the problem of DRO causation. They include: The University of California Bay City; the University of Southern Bay City; Cedars Sinai Bay City; St. Joseph's Bay City; Bell Labs Chemical Division – Bay City; and Jennings Laboratories. Jennings Labs is at the forefront of this investigation.

All facilities have been provided sufficient samples as to allow for blood and tissue analyses as well as psychological and physiological testing of all subjects. Jennings Labs has penetrated furthest into the investigation by concentrating on the hypothesis that the DRO is being caused by a poison-like virus or bacterium.

We have yet to isolate this poison, but Jennings Labs is working three eight-hour shifts to analyze all DRO samples. And in fact, the services of my father, Dr. Gerald Porter Jennings, former professor and department head of the UCBD Medical, Chemistry and Biology Department, has kindly offered his services. His experience and genius should lead us to identification of the cause of this outbreak very quickly.

As we all know, normal body functioning depends on the central nervous system transmitting automatic impulses. To see, to breathe, to sweat, to swallow, cough. Oversimplified, certain progressive poisons attack the central system and block the impulses. Or in

this case, a virus or bacterium or bacteria—but for simplicity's sake we will use the term "poison."

When a progressive poison enters the human body it leads to uncontrolled perspiration, distorted vision, loss of coordination, difficult breathing and a cascading series of events that lead to death.

In an unusual reversal of these events, death actually comes *before* this progression. In other words, the pre-deceased, who has somehow been infected with our poison, experiences reanimation (or, in very base terms, "comes back to life"), but with the symptoms listed above.

Along with prodigious sweating, clumsy physical movement, and heavy breathing come other symptoms such as: flaking skin, loss of skin, edemas (swelling and bloating), hematomas (bruises), broken blood vessels in the eye, drooling, hair loss, and an increased appetite for (live) human flesh and fresh blood.

As soon as the poison is identified, both antidotes and inoculations against the poison will be pursued. Jennings Labs, of course, will make such available to all upon manufacture at a reasonable and cost-effective rate.

Might I also suggest a nice fund-raiser at the Bay City La Brea Tar Pits? It has a very nice special functions room.

cheryl Jennings, PhD

Director, Jennings Labs

Acting Director, Bay City Health Division

Possible Origins and Causes of the Recent Deceased
Reanimation Outbreak (DRO)
Geraldine Cheryl Jennings, MA, PhD
Director, Jennings Labs
Interim Director of Bay City Health Division
Presented to the Bay City Council
July 17th, 1978



AU!!!!!!

ALBINOS UNITED!

WHO WILL BE NEXT? YOU???
1st IT WAS THE JEWS! NOW IT'S THE
ALBINOS!?

Every Wednesday
6543 La Lienaga
#204

Bay City
7pm

Call for More Info:

555-6738 or

Bring Refreshments

555-8765

for everyone

**ALBINOS AGAINST UNLAWFUL SEARCH, SEIZURE, INCARCERATION &
EXILE (AUSSIES)**

Starsky and Hutch were making more money than they ever had. Overtime was the rule, not the exception, after both the Bay City City Council and Department of Health had insisted patrols of the city be upped. Manpower being what it was (always too few officers and too many criminals—and this was statistically proven in a study by the Bay City Rand Corporation, which had its home office down by the ocean, although it would turn out to be one of the first businesses to be overrun by Second Lifers, who, as one undoubtedly realizes, were quite inexpert at statistics), double shifts were instituted and officers' pockets overflowed with City-approved cash.

All patrols patrolled the city in groups of two, wherein each officer was under strict order to watch the behavior of his partner, looking for signs of Reanimation. (A good rule of thumb here was, if the officer in question refused a donut, he was probably in the process of turning, about to turn, already turned, or somewhere in between).

This command—which came to be known as the Donut Decree—ordered by the Chief of Police, who had moved his offices to a lovely seaside hotel with sauna, spa, indoor and outdoor pools, exquisite hotel restaurant with 24-hour room service, on-call barber, and superb concierge service, somewhat conflicted with the unwritten rule known amongst the men in blue as the “Code of Silence,” which mandated that an officer never rat on his fellow officer (and “his” would be the statistically correct term, as there were not many “hers” on the force, although Sgt. Pepper Anderson had made quite a name for herself by convincing the aforementioned Chief of Police to give her her own little clique of officers who were allowed to work on any case their salty sergeant felt drawn to). (It was rumored that Sgt. Anderson had probably obtained the permission and protection of the Chief of Police during a Halloween crackdown on a downtown hotel known for prostitution and drug use in which Sgt. Anderson and the pockmarked Chief Ryan had found themselves wearing the exact same outfit from Frederick’s of Hollywood, but only Sgt. Anderson had been undercover and Chief Ryan had not.) (This is not to say the leeway afforded Detectives Starsky and Hutch in choosing cases was granted because the Detective Sergeants had the same kind of personal information on Chief Ryan that Sgt. Anderson did. It was actually that Chief Ryan had a crush on Captain Dobey, and tended to let Dobey handle his men as he saw fit unless the press were about to make something public and it would inform poorly on Ryan.)



Anyway: The Code of Silence often conflicted with the Chief’s Donut Decree, which led to an interesting under-the-radar means of handling partners-gone-bad: Officers who suspected their partners might be personally pursuing a Second Life were left at the doorstep of one Jennings Lab, whose director had promised that these officers would be given proper care and nutrition as well as playing significant roles in the research done by Jennings Labs, which would return said officers should it be possible. (Chief Ryan actually didn’t seem to mind that many of his officers were not showing up for work and going “missing,” as it cut down on the overtime.)

Jennings Labs also set up similar “contracts” with state and national military groups, as well as local, state and national governmental organizations, which Jennings Labs referred to as “Research Entity Partners.”

Officially, the procedure for all city officials was thus: Subdue all alleged Reanimated Subjects with only as much force as necessary, and transport them to official facilities where they can be quarantined, both for the safety of the general citizenry and their own personal safety. Sports arenas, coliseums, and other sporting facilities were found to be excellent quarantine spaces, but studio sound stages were off limits so that the general public would assume they were in use and production had not slowed down in the Industry.

And for heaven's sake, avoid at all costs picking up any albinos. They were getting a bit too much media attention and were making the police look as if they couldn't tell an albino from a person lacking pigmentation due to Reanimation.



Possible Origins and Causes of the Recent Deceased
Reanimation Outbreak (DRO) Continued

Geraldine Cheryl Jennings, MA, PhD

Acting Director, Jennings Labs

Interim Director of Bay City Health Division

Presented to the Bay City Council

July 21, 1978

The Bay City Mayor and City Council have requested further explanation of the DRO spreading over Bay City, with a broader analysis of the work being done by all entities involved in the research. I comply.

As pointed out, I should have included both state and national military groups, as well as local, state and national governmental organizations as Research Entity Partners and kept them in the loop. But I will also point out that Jennings Laboratories consults with all the above groups, and as such speaks for them as well during this investigation. (It should be noted that Jennings Labs is not interested in any reasons behind the delivery mechanism of the unknown poison afflicting many of our citizens, but in simply identifying and either controlling or destroying said poison. Any speculation as to where the virus comes from, i.e. water, actors, the Soviet Union, pollution from the Pacific Ocean, errant radiation from nuclear testing, aliens from outer space, mad serial killer professors, are meaningless to Jennings Labs.)

Cheryl Jennings, PhD

Director, Jennings Labs

Acting Director, Bay City Health Division

Possible Origins and Causes of the Recent Deceased Reanimation Outbreak (DRO) Continued

Geraldine Cheryl Jennings, MA, PhD

Director, Jennings Labs

Director of Bay City Health Division

Presented to the Bay City Council

July 21, 1978 (2nd report)

A quick but heartfelt "Thank You" for confirming me as the full-time Director of the city's Health Division.

As requested by one of the councilmen, I will quickly go over the work being done by local hospitals (although these efforts are simply duplicating those of Jennings Labs):

1. Tissue and Blood Analyses. Includes chemical and spectrographic testing. (Jennings Labs currently employs the leading spectrographic chemist in the country.)
2. Cause of death vs. Post-Reanimation Physical Control. The UCBC Neurological Center is looking at the cause of death of Reanimated Subjects (RSs) and how that impacts re-animation, i.e. does a cancer-related death result in faster development of the poison symptoms, does a death attributed to renal failure result in a lesser ability to metabolize human blood products, and so on. Jennings Labs considers this a waste of resources, as it does not address the control and elimination of the DRO.
3. Psychological and Psychiatric Evaluations. Useless. Attempting to understand the emotional or rational reasons why Reanimated Subjects are compelled to feed on human flesh and blood solves nothing and leaves the Bay City citizenry vulnerable to attack. Even more useless is the exploration of operant conditioning (which you may recognize as the "Pavlov's Dog" technique) in attempting to teach Subjects not to attack. While newer RSs may be stopped by electric shocks, RSs further into their conversion simply proceed until their remaining flesh is ablaze. (Note that this confirms the use of flame throwers in combating attacking RSs—although anecdotal data has implied this.) (And no, they do not experience pain.)

The best line of inquiry remains the poison/antidote hypothesis.

Cheryl Jennings, MA, PhD

Director, Jennings Labs

Director, Bay City Health Division

Possible Origins and Causes of the Recent Deceased
Reanimation Outbreak (DRO) Continued
Geraldine Cheryl Jennings, MA, PhD
Director, Jennings Labs
Director of Bay City Health Division
Presented to the Bay City Council
July 21, 1978 (3rd Report)

As I've explained before, the best line of inquiry remains the
poison/antidote hypothesis. This should be clear by now.

As I've explained before, normal body functioning depends on the
central nervous system transmitting automatic impulses. To see, to
breathe, to sweat, to swallow, cough. Oversimplified, certain
progressive poisons attack the central system and block the
impulses.

And as I've explained before, when this progressive poison enters
the human body it leads to uncontrolled perspiration, distorted
vision, loss of coordination, difficult breathing and a cascading
series of events that lead to death, all of which are exhibited by
all Reanimated Subjects. (The exception being death, as they were
already dead upon infection.)

While a few councilmen have expressed concerns over the involvement
of Dr. Gerald Jennings (yes, he's my father), the Bay City Penal
Board is allowing Dr. Jennings to consult from his current location
and has even granted him prison library privileges.

And I shouldn't have to remind you that Jennings Labs continues to
promise the City and surrounding areas that, upon discovery and
manufacture of the antidote, it will be made available (at a
reasonable or perhaps subsidized cost) to all.

Cheryl Jennings, MA PhD

Director, Jennings Labs
Director, Bay City Health Division

In order to increase the effort being put to work on the problem of Bay City Reanimation (as well as to placate the increasingly nosy inquires of the National Government,) an expert was called in from the CDC in Atlanta. Doctor Judith Kaufman, well-known virologist, bacteriologist, cytologist and contagious/infectious diseases specialist, flew in from the opposite coast to not only set up another lab but to coordinate the efforts of all the other labs and manufacturers. Dr. Kaufman had been to Bay City once before, to contain a plague that had infiltrated the city by the bay through most nefarious means. (Those nefarious means being a hitman brought into the city to deliver a fatal message to a mob boss who would have preferred running a family in New York or New Jersey but found himself on the West Coast overseeing pornography and drug concerns and could do little about that.) (Side note: the plague-ridden hitman just mentioned is *not* the hitman to be encountered later. The non-plague-ridden hitman and the plague-ridden hitman operated in different circles.)

Starsky and Hutch drew the assignment to pick up Dr. Kaufman at BCX (Bay City International Airport), as they had had previous experience with Dr. Kaufman during the Plague Crisis. Hutch had actually been Patient Seven (which did not come with as high a status as being Patient Zero, but it was still in the Top Ten), gone through a life-changing experience as a Plague Patient (7), and come out with a better appreciation of both his own life experience and his partner's attractiveness. And Hutch was just as sure his partner also experienced this life change, as Starsky had immediately cut his hair back to its more manageable length. Yet, expressing these new life feelings had not come easily or quickly or overtly or even acknowledgingly, and Hutch has spent the days since his revitalization wondering just when Starsky was going to recognize this change and throw himself upon Hutch.

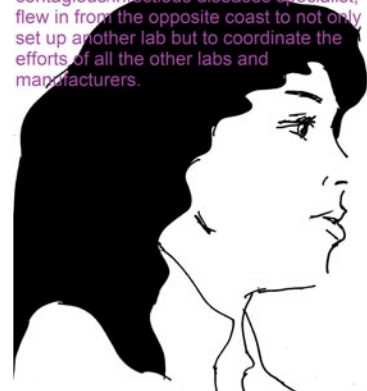
Judith's plane arrived about 3:21am, after Starsky and Hutch had just done a double-shift of patrolling the environs of Bay City (with an occasional foray into the county just to tease the Sheriff's Department's own erratic patrols). (Historically, the Sheriff's Department and the Bay City Police Department did not get along well, either professionally or geographically. The rift had sprung up when a certain Zebra Three unit had taken it upon themselves to ignore all agreed-upon and hard-fought boundaries and pursue their alleged felons wherever they damned well pleased.) The reunion of the three previously plagued participants went wholly like this:

"Got luggage?" (Hutch)

"Where are you staying?" (Starsky)

"The car smells because we picked up a bunch of Second Lifers and transported them over to Jennings—uh, the nearest quarantine facility. That's why we're using Hutch's car." (Starsky again.)

Doctor Judith Kaufmann, well-known virologist, bacteriologist, cytologist and contagious/infectious diseases specialist, flew in from the opposite coast to not only set up another lab but to coordinate the efforts of all the other labs and manufacturers.



Journal entry 7/22/79 or maybe 7/23

Arrived in Bay City this evening and was met by Detectives Hutchinson & Starsky. We had a marvelously warm and personal reunion, right there in the concourse! Hutch was very interested in what I'd been up to since our last encounter, and I filled him in on the work I've been doing on the pig flu virus. He drove me back to my hotel, but unfortunately was unable to come in and join me in a nightcap. Hutch himself looked quite well after his bout with the dreaded pneumonic plague we both battled a year or so ago!

Had a chance to check out Jennings Lab. The health facilities they've been using as a base are acceptable, but I called Bill to have equipment flown in from the CDC Labs.

Facts remain:

- 1) Event started when dead bodies began reanimating themselves and rising from their graves.
- 2) Reanimated persons began searching for food—human flesh and blood.
- 3) Authorities began a coverup, withholding information from the general public to prevent hysteria.
- 4) Increase in killings was linked to the search for flesh & blood.
- 5) Various authorities and civic leaders were told of the "invasion" and a search for causes began.
- 6) It was discovered that victims of the reanimated who did not die from their injuries were also converting to a reanimated state.
- 7) Authorities discovered the only way to completely destroy anyone suffering from reanimation was to "burn them to a crisp," as my mother used to say.
- 8) Discovered that pheromones attract the reanimated (thanks to P&G for that one!); not all living have a scent attractive to the

reanimateds, thus paving a way for manufactures to possibly mask the attracting scent—if the molecular structure can be uncovered.

9) Work continues on finding a vaccine and/or an antidote to the contagion.

10) The rumors we've been hearing about water contamination, attack by neighboring states in order to take over the entertainment industry, and academic serial killers are just that—rumors.

Jennings Labs is attempting to control the investigation; I'll have to make it clear we have the final authority here. Everyone must report to me in order to establish an effective protocol.

Hutch is in amazingly good shape for a plague survivor!



THE PHELPS FILES

THE TRUTH IS EXHUMED, BUT AT WHAT COST TO FREEDOM?

BY C.D. PHELPS

Bay City Daily Dispatch

July 19, 1978

It has now become clear to me, with the help of many informed and anonymous sources, that our beloved Bay City has been infected with a sickness that spreads from the dead to the living, with no concern for race, religion, sex, age or income. It has nothing to do with the water, and it has nothing to do with our fabulous entertainment Industry.

As reported by my colleague on Page One of the Dispatch (with additional articles in our special supplement), Bay City is under attack from a poorly understood poison that is transmitted from the Dead to the Living by means of physical contact. What appeared to be desecration of grave sites by criminal individuals has revealed itself to be a rising of the Dead by means of this unknown poison. Citizens who were thought to be delusional because they reported seeing deceased love ones among the Living are now known to be quite rational and early harbingers of the Crisis.

Unfortunately, the joy of having one's dead come back to life has been diminished by the sadness of seeing the Reanimated spend their second chances on life pursuing fresh flesh to keep themselves vigorous and vital. Relatives of the Reanimated have expressed to me an almost unanimous desire to help their recently undeceased cope with their new situation and learn better social skills, but authorities continue to thwart these desires by "rounding up" the Reanimated and causing them to disappear without word or warrant.

Is this what America and Bay City were founded on? Arrest without warrant? Confinement without crime? I say, stand up for Freedom!

Possible Origins and Causes of the Recent Deceased
Reanimation Outbreak (DRO) Continuing
Geraldine Cheryl Jennings, MA, PhD
Director, Jennings Labs
Director of Bay City Health Division
Presented to the Bay City Council
August 1, 1978

As requested by Dr. Judith Kaufman (who has been very disruptive of my work at Jennings Labs), I am providing a written update on the progress of the combined entities combating the DRO currently being experienced by the city of Bay City. It should be noted that any attention given to a certain newspaper columnist and her unsupported substantiations should be discouraged. I speak for the rigor of science and the scientific method, and not the ravings of a bleeding heart liberal.

Testing and analyses of the tissue and blood of RSs continues. Thanks to the inspiration of my Father, Dr. Jennings, Jennings Labs has isolated a compound consisting of various substances which cannot be divulged due to legal (patent) issues. The key to finding an antidote now remains in teasing out the proportion of said chemicals—although there is a hint that the percentage may vary in each individual. But just a hint. Nothing to worry about.

But this antidote will counteract the poison, which as you know when it enters the human body it leads to uncontrolled perspiration, distorted vision, loss of coordination, difficult.

Responding to recent queries about Albinos, they are not naturally carriers. They are subject to the same means of infection as other normal people.

The council has asked for my opinion as to current containment procedures. As of now, we are still unable to predict with any statistical certainty which dead bodies will reanimate, and which will not. Of course, cremating every new—and previously—deceased body should offer 100% elimination of the outbreak. As has been noted in other places, religious and personal liberties can and must be overridden.

In the meantime, burning of any kind remains effective, although the availability of flamethrowers is problematic. Caution should be advised when using grills, fire pits, trash cans and matches against SRs. Perhaps requiring three or more *adults* be present at any authorized burnings should be issued. I would also start keeping track of how many and where electric fences are being

erected in the city and surrounding areas, if only so official personnel will not be surprised.

My father has requested that more volunteers be allowed to present themselves for testing of inoculations and antidotes (we are still pursuing the dual-stream remedy). We know that RSs have been declared legally incompetent and as such are unable to give consent (which is not really necessary anyway), but a simple consent/liability form would take care of any legal problems with volunteers. Perhaps a small stipend could be offered? Out of the city funds currently being used to support study? Jennings Labs would be happy to handle all financial transactions.

Just a thought, perhaps the rabble-rousing columnist would volunteer herself for the greater good of the society?

A final note: Rumors of undead persons skipping the deceased phase of the reanimation process are just that—rumors. As yet we have no scientific evidence of any living humans moving from Animation to Reanimation simply after *surviving* an encounter with an RS. I would suggest communicating with all radio, TV and newspaper managers that reports of such encounters should be censored. I myself have been around many RSs in the course of this investigation, and have suffered no ill effects from any interactions with them. When properly restrained, they are quite easy to work with.

Cheryl Jennings, MA, PhD

Director, Jennings Labs
Director, Bay City Health Division

Journal entry 7/23

Work continues on isolating the "reanimating agent" causing sufferers to either return to life or convert to a "life after death." On the other side, work continues on finding a "vaccine" that can keep the reanimateds from attacking non-reanimateds—based on the pheromonal hypothesis, perhaps the vaccine can be manufactured in the form of a deodorant or perfume.

Dr. Jennings is turning out to be a thorn in my side with her constant haranguing about Jennings Lab and their facilities and their superior scientists and their advanced work—AND she keeps insisting her father, who it turns out is in a maximum security hospital for the criminally insane (for, it turns out, trying to kill Hutch with a homemade poison) be RELEASED!!! so he can help with the research!!! Have you ever heard of anything so insane??? Poor Hutch!!!

I advised those in charge that, while there should be no harm in allowing the elder Dr. Jennings to look at the accumulated data, he should be closely monitored INSIDE the hospital. On no condition should he be released! He might go after Hutch again!!

Took a moment to speak with Hutch about his current physical condition and any after-effects from his collision with the plague. He said he felt fine, then wanted to know how I felt, and I said I felt fine, too, and we decided we both felt fine!

Returning to the escapades of Woody, George, and the Nice Driver Man, all the while small clusters of Reanimation were breaking out, this convivial group continued to conduct a series of illegal forays onto the premises of legal local business, with both legal and illegal weaponry, for the express purpose of securing funds to maintain their current lifestyle. (Actually, that was no one's express purpose, the Nice Driver Man's just wanted to drive, Woody's just wanted to secure enough funds to keep his drug dealer paid off, and George's just wanted to nigger the cop known as Starsky.)



Because Woody had partaken of a few too many hits of magic in his lifetime, he thought George's crazy plan of harassing, annoying, bothering, irritating, and otherwise pestering a couple of cops named Hutchinson and Starsky sounded like fun. He'd once thought of becoming a Private Dick, one like Humphrey Bogart portrayed in the movies, stealthily tailing shadowy figures and charming bottle-blondé dames. Unfortunately, his dick had instead become very public at a very young age, and he rather enjoyed that publicity, so his dreams of a life of wiles and artfulness had been set aside for a life of piles (truly painful) and sinfulness.

Some may wonder how a simple magician suffering from anal fissures accrued during too many exchanges with too many men of a particular leisure pursuit could manage to tail a couple of good-looking Bay City detectives without being spotted. Most would chalk it up to dumb luck. But it was really love that aided Woody, because it so blinded Starsky, who in turn was blinding Hutch. Starsky, blinded by the pure white aura of love around Terry. Hutch, blinded by the emerald green aura of jealousy around himself. (Side Note: There was a small faction of artistic types living in the Valley who insisted that the auras given off by Second Lifers were distinctly different in both color and texture from those given off by First Lifers. However, most cognoscenti ignored this fanatical lot, as it is well known that auras do not have textures.) (However, should auras have textures, Hutch's would have been as smooth as fine leather, and Starsky's would have been as sleek as fine silk.)

It was thus that Woody/Gary, George and the Nice Driver Man found themselves outside a small neighborhood mart, waiting for Starsky's lady to make her nightly pilgrimage for a paper and her vital quart of milk.

As Woody had come to notice, he always went into the store first, with George behind him. When Woody had earlier questioned George about this order, George had stated that it was his duty as a father to let his son go first and learn to be a leader among men, at which point Gary—Woody—had pulled a strip of candy buttons from his pocket and scraped them off with his teeth.

So Woody walked in first, George behind him. As instructed, George walked back to the Dairy case, pulled his gun, and fired at the girl he knew as Starsky's Lady. He missed his target, and bounced the bullet off the dairy door into the lady's forehead. George, meantime, waved his gun at the market owner, futzed around with the cash register, and waited for his son to come running back.

Woody, never one to miss an opportunity, was stooped over the wounded woman, thinking of what Bogey would do. Bogey, of course, would kiss the damsel in distress, so Woody gave her a big wet one on the lips, and just for shits and grins, licked the bullet hole. You know, just to see what it tasted like.

It tasted pretty good. You see, one of Woody's previous paramours had been a Second Lifer whose sex drive had not yet been driven away nor his penis become unattached.

Woody then stood up quickly and ran to the front of the store, grabbed his adopted father, and both sprinted to the car driven by that Nice Driver Man.

The store manager, ex-Military, calmly dialed "0" for an operator, demanded (calmly) an ambulance, and gave first aid to the young woman. She was barely conscious, but she managed to mumble "milk" before the ambulance arrived.

Right behind the ambulance, due to the quick thinking of a brown-nosing uniformed officer back at Parker Center who had his heart set on becoming a plain clothes detective AND either Starsky or Hutchinson's new partner, depending upon who went first, was the recently washed and waxed Candy Apple Red Gran Torino with the custom-ordered white stripe which the Nice Driver Man would have given his eye teeth to drive, containing the increasingly apprehensive Starsky and his devil-may care partner. (As in, he could not have cared less about the devil, but he was most recently concerned with saints.)

Starsky's back was tense as he squatted next to the ambulance's gurney, which made Hutch tense. Starsky's back was a thing of beauty. But he tore his eyes off Starsky long enough to take a brief look at the victim and recognize that it was St. Terry. Hutch quickly composed himself and went through his options: Comfort Starsky. Take control of the crime scene. Interview all witnesses. Comfort Starsky. Ask the ambulance guys how bad Terry is, because she doesn't actually look all that bad, but maybe she really is fatally wounded. Comfort Starsky.



Starsky took the decision out of Hutch's large, manly hands. He followed Terry into the ambulance, signaling his objective of staying with her in an overly concerned and personal manner, leaving Hutch to deal with yet another overly-solicitous uniform who was *obviously* bucking for detective and a handsome, manly partner. So Hutch chose the option of doing some work on the case back at the precinct, timing his arrival at the hospital just at the moment Starsky would need him most. When Terry kicked.

Bay City itself could have used some kind of hospital facility in tending to its own, self-inflicted wounds.

Those groups of self-appointed First Lifers were traversing the city's thoroughfares, looking for Second Lifers and anyone who resembled them. Armed with brand-name flame throwers as well as off-brand (and often homemade) flamethrowers, as well as matches, Zippos, military surplus, and even sparklers, these vigilante troupes (the word *troupe* here is carefully chosen, as many of these assemblies were made up of working and aspiring actors using the current circumstances to release their creative juices) were hell-bent on protecting their families and homes and places of employment from lost flesh, misplaced eyeballs and broken lives from the Reanimated among them. Often, mistakes were made (although not without apologies), and persons with poor personal hygiene, skin diseases, severe acne, bad haircuts, and general clumsiness were caught up in the fervor. (Side Note: Contrary to popular opinion, reparations *were* offered to all those falsely accused of being Second Lifers and occurring damages due to such allegation ions, and such reparations were *not* contingent upon being able to show receipts for clothing replacement, limb re-attachment, over-the-counter burn cream, etc.)

The state itself was having few problems containing the contagion, as it simply set up stations on the city's borders, much like those set up on the state's borders, and told the employees manning the stations to not only look for fruit, but also severe cases of dandruff, children who appeared unusually limp, coolers leaking red and/or squishy liquids, that sort of thing.

Controlling the media was actually much easier, as most everyone knew that the radio and TV stations were just trying to increase their ratings, and the newspapers were trying to increase their circulation, and only believed 55/88ths of what they reported. This was a jaded city.



AV ALBINOS UNTITLED!

DON'T LET THE NAZIS WIN HELP THE GOOD
GUYS WIN!

WE PROTECT ALL WHITE BLACK YELLOW
BROWN NOT FLAKERS! NOT ASHERS!

Hightower Apts ON Wednesday 7am 555-6748
#2D we are AUSSIES!!!! Not shit!!

THE PHELPS FILES
PROTECT THE HELPLESS, SHELTER THE VULNERABLE
BY C.D. PHELPS
Bay City Daily Dispatch
July 26, 1978

Are we living in the past? Have we forgotten history? Are we so afraid of the Reanimated that we are resorting to Nazi ways and Japanese suspicions?

Authorities are now stopping any and all citizens who exhibit signs of possible poisoning—including men with male pattern baldness, individuals with the heartbreak of eczema, seborrhea or psoriasis, and even Albinos. Authorities are but a step away from yellow stars and interment camps.

In their own defense, Bay Citizens are being forced to buy wigs and wiglets, lay out in the sun for hours to darken their tans, and spread their skin with lotion until they are greasy.

What's worse, vigilantism is on the rise, with neighborhood gangs patrolling their blocks to ensure all residents are on their First lives and not their Second. It's bad enough when those in Authority abuse their power, but when ordinary citizens take it upon themselves to deliver "justice," it's an abdication of community responsibility.

And the most vulnerable of us are the most susceptible to these abuses—including our Albino fellow citizens. Born into this world without natural defenses to the sun, their pasty complexions, bleached eyelashes and fine, thin hair make them natural targets for suspicion and yes, hate. Without taking the time to get to know them, individuals are attacking them for no reason other than they look scary.

I call upon all my readers to take the high road, and defend their friends and neighbors from unwarranted attack. Get to know your target before you assail.

Dr. Quo stroked the hair of the occidental woman under her care. Poor, sweet thing. She'd come in with a bullet stuck in her brain and a strange, bubbly sort of fluid rimming the wound itself. Dr. Quo, no fool, had been following the growing problem of the Reanimateds as she found herself treating not only a growing number of patients with flesh-chunking problems but a growing number of albino patients who were the victims of attack mobs. She had taken a samples of the bubbly fluid and sent them off to the CDC lady from Alabama and the nervous lady from Jennings Labs. The CDC, of course, got a sample for the sake of humanity. Jennings Labs got one in case it proved to be the sample that led to a cure and a portion of the profits from marketing the anti-viral agent came back to Dr. Quo.



Dr. Quo had decided not to tell anyone her suspicions regarding her patient. After all, the bullet in her brain would probably shift and kill her before the Reanimating Agent turned her into a Second Lifer. And if the bullet didn't get her before she was Reanimated, well, maybe she'd give that nice young policeman out in the waiting room a box of matches.

Hutch was driving Starsky's car. How groovy was that! Starsky barely let him sit in the monster, much less pilot the thing. Your hands had to be clean to touch it. Your pants had to be clean to sit in it. Your shoes had to be clean to drive it. God almighty, your soul had to be clean to be in it!

Driving Starsky's car almost made up for Hutch arriving at the hospital only to discover that Terry had somehow kept living in spite of the bullet stuck up in her brain. Hutch had picked up enough medical training by reading the "Joe's Organs" (and "Jane's") series in Reader's Digest to know any decent surgeon could have rooted around in Terry's gray matter and managed to pull the sucker out. But no, no one wanted to risk being responsible for killing Terry while she was on the table.

Hutch would have risked it.

Hutch was driving Starsky's car, with Starsky in it. He was ferrying Starsky from the hospital to home, where Starsky would need Extra Special Comforting. Starsky was rambling about billboards for mortuaries or something morbid like that. Or maybe he was remarking on Terry's bravery in the face of death. Hutch wasn't listening that closely. He was more concerned with the prognosis Dr. Quo had delivered. Anytime, anytime...that could mean anytime! And while the loss of a human life was always a distressing event, there had been a lot of that lately, so Starsky should be pretty used to it anyway.

Hutch glanced at Starsky, noticed his sagging posture, his 5 o'clock shadow, and his strong but soft facial features. He looked tired. And Hutch was tired of listening to him whine. "Oh c'mon, Starsk. You're not going to do anybody any good walking around like a zombie." We'll go to my place, thought Hutch, shower, sleep, eat, whatever. A lot of whatever....



THE PHELPS FILES
CRISIS OR COMMON COMMOTION?
BY C.D. PHELPS
Bay City Daily Dispatch
August 2, 1978

It's long past the time we asked ourselves: Are we really in a crisis? What exactly constitutes a crisis? It is true that, while research scientists, manufacturing specialists, military personnel and other concerned individuals work on finding a vaccine—if not a cure—to our recent societal affliction, we have not yet found a way to stop the contagion.

But the contagion is containable, as evidenced by the implementation of procedures designed to minimize infection and spread of the Reanimation Agent. And while not pleasant, the use of fire to control unmanageable Reanimated individuals has proven helpful.

Curfew has proved helpful in keeping First Lifers from becoming infected. And inspection of personal vehicles as well as mass transportation has also led to the discovery of many Reanimates who refuse treatment.

I will continue to speak out *against* the rehabilitation of the Reanimates, and support what the authorities are calling "relocation," even though it infringes upon the rights of those unaffected by this plague. After all, we cannot move forward as a happy, healthy people until we are cleansed of our own abnormalities.

Therefore I call upon Bay Citizens to rally to this cause in a calm and rational way, making sure that those who still deserve rights are receiving them, and those who no longer have any need of rights are segregated and treated appropriately.

But please, be respectful of the Albinos.

Hutch, ever the pessimist, was doing his best to be supportive in a strong and silent way. He hovered over Starsky, set up double dates with, told him he's too upset to drive and Hutch will drive him anywhere, even to Terry's, if he had to. And stay to make sure Starsky had a ride back. Hutch was very devoted.

Turmoil continued to roil Bay City. Opposing groups proposed conflicting initiatives as to how the Reanimateds should be handled. Many continued to advocate the "slash and burn" approach, noting it's simplicity and minimal cleanup. But others began to call for reform, recommending Second Lifers be given a Second Chance through education, vocational training, twelve-step programs, and acting classes. These well-meaning but unrealistic charitable groups often found themselves in the offices of ophthalmologists in greater numbers than statistics would allow, paying for expensive prosthetics. (Side Note: Peter Falk, Sammy Davis, Jr. and Sandy Duncan were often accused of having lost their eyes to Reanimateds, but only one of them would later confess to having had a brief fling with a reanimated lover who turned out to be hungry for them in the edible, rather than the sexual, sense of the word.)

Terry, of course, was on the Reform side of the Reanimated Debate. Hutch found this laughable if not throw-upable, as Terry clearly had no grasp of the reality of the situation. It was people like her with their liberal bleeding-heart beliefs that was making his job harder than it should be (although the overtime really was coming in handy as he needed extra cash right now to remodel the inside of his apartment after that last criminal-trashing it had received). It was really much easier to either throw the Reanimateds into the back of the car and drive them over to a center, or send out a lick of flame to put them out of their miseries, than it was to try and re-teach them their ABCs and their 123s and their BVDs. (The Reanimated had a terrible propensity to not wear underwear. Which Hutch often did himself, but then he had something to show, and Second Lifers were shriveled at best and inverted at worst.) (The male Second Lifers, that is. The females mostly just dripped.)

The ultimate irony, of course, was that Terry herself was a Second Lifer and would soon need that rehabilitation, assuming the bullet didn't get her first.

And Starsky was paying far too much attention to Terry lately. Or really, not enough *close* attention. Terry was beginning to gray a bit (hair *and* complexion), her skin was dry and flakey, her eyes were red-rimmed, she had a new way of doing her make-up (heavy on the lipstick and the mascara), and, yes, she dripped. Starsky seemed to miss this change in her appearance entirely, and instead focused on her kind heart, her bravery in the face of death, her continued attentions to those less fortunate than herself, and her odd ability to



pick out those un-Reanimated who would be attractive to the Reanimated. Starsky had taken to putting Terry in the front seat of the Torino with them (it was a shame what she was doing to the upholstery) so she could point out the Living from the Post-Living. (In this one instance Hutch was sorry he didn't attract the Reanimated. Just once Hutch wished Terry would come at him, just once, so he could try out his new Zippo).

But the worst of it was those interminable Monopoly games Terry insisted—thus Starsky insisted—they play. Every evening. More games. Park Place. St. James. Water Works. Railroads. Boardwalk. *Boredwalk*. And what was worse, Starsky continually cheated to *lose* so that Terry would always win. And because Starsky lost, Hutch had to lose, too, so Starsky would know Hutch supported him in everything and every way and was his One and Only True Partner. Hutch

would not and could not be found to be anything less than behind his partner 100 percent. Oh, how Hutch wanted to be behind his partner!

Hutch and Starsky and Terry had been patrolling an area of downtown when they spotted a flickering orange light coming from behind a warehouse. Upon approach, they could see that a woman had been forced up against a wall of the warehouse, surrounded by a rowdy group of vigilantes holding burning torches, in full theatrical makeup, singing selections from “Annie” (which was currently very popular—the anthem “The Sun Will Out Tomorrow seemed to particularly irritate the Second Lifers).

Starsky roared up, the Torino’s headlights illuminating the location, overpowering the light from the flames, and silhouetting the participants. “She’s edible,” said Terry, pointing at the woman against the wall, “but not yet eaten. Oh, that isn’t what I meant to say!” Terry blushed under her heavily-applied foundation which was not really covering her gray complexion.

“What about the others?” Starsky asked.

Terry wrinkled what was left of her nose. “They’re just misguided citizens. If I could talk to them, I’m sure I could convince them that violence never solves anything, and rehabilitation benefits everyone.”

Hutch wrinkled his nose. Terry was dripping again.

“Okay,” Starsky opened his door, “let’s just disperse everyone and take the lady home.”

Hutch (relievedly) exited the Torino as Starsky removed his flamethrower from the trunk and both walked over to the group.

“Oh my god, Hutch!” The surrounded woman suddenly ignored the group trying to kill her and flung herself at Hutch.

“Oof,” said Hutch.

Starsky hefted his weapon and fell into his Drill Sergeant routine. “Time to go home, people. Nothing to do or see here. Go back to your families. Be sure to lock your doors and windows!” The harmonious group dispersed grudgingly.

Hutch gently forced the sobbing woman off him.

“Oh Hutch, thank goodness you came!” the woman cried.

“Uh, C.J.?” Hutch felt he’d seen this woman before.

“C.D.!” She corrected. “It’s me, Christine!” She pushed her golden hair off her tanned face.

“Hey, it’s reporter lady!” Starsky sauntered up. “Whatcha gonna report this time? Are we the good guys or the bad guys?”

“Oh Starsky,” Christine and/or C.D. now flung herself upon Starsky. Starsky held her with one arm while keeping the flame thrower pointed away from everyone else.

Terry wandered up. “Can I help? Are you hurt? Do you need medical attention? Would you like to talk to someone at a crisis center? Are you hungry? Are you thirsty? Would you like to pray?”

Christine/C.D. composed herself and moved out of Starsky’s arms. Arm. Embrace. Whatever. Just move away from Starsky. “Take me to the paper,” she sniffled. “I want to file.”

On the way to the paper, Terry sat with C.D./Christine in the back seat, (Thank Goodness, Hutch thought, the front seat is mine again!) and told her of the wonderful work being done to aid, help, and rehabilitate the Second Lifers suffering from bigotry and bias



through no fault of their own. Christine/C.D. thought long and hard as Terry was testifying. Her editors were tired of her rabble-rousing columns and looking for another point of view. They felt a woman columnist appeared hard and masculine when she advocated aggressive behavior, and preferred Miss Phelps find a different aspect to the story. If she liked writing her column. Which she did.

So C.D./Christine listened intently as Terry spoke of charity groups and aid programs and ignored the fact Terry's lips were coming loose.

Hutch had Starsky drop him off at Judith's hotel after they'd dropped Christine/C.D. off at her office. Starsky had actually nixed bringing Hutch back to Terry's place with him, even though Hutch offered to be Banker in yet another game of Monotony. So Hutch had pouted and ordered Starsky to take him to Judith's so that Starsky would know Hutch had a woman to be with, too. So there.

Hutch called up to Judith's room from the lobby phone, and within minutes Judith was at his side, holding his arm and leading him back to the suite the Bay City council had booked for her. After some judicious help-yourselfings from the minibar, Hutch leaned Judith over the desk which was helpfully set with a folder chock-full of hotel and city information, a Bay City phone book, a "Do Not Disturb" sign, a used water glass, and a binder labeled "From the Jennings Labs," buggered her, and left.

Judith smiled beatifically as Hutch left the room, fell back onto the bed as if making a snow angel, and slept peacefully and deeply.

Journal Entry Aug. 2

Hatch showed up at my hotel room last night, clearly agitated and having gone through some kind of adrenaline rush. He wouldn't tell me the details, but I wasn't that interested anyway. Let's face it, I was more interested in that adrenalin rush—and what a rush it was! It was just as I had imagined it would be with Hatch—tender, gentle, powerful, amazingly attentive, romantic—everything I had ever wanted from a lover. Our bodies fit together as if they had been made for each other! Heaven is my blonde god Hatch!!!

It was all I could do to make it to work this morning, and Dr. Jamieson even asked me if I'd had an encounter with the reanimated because I looked so flushed! I told him there was no RE about it, it was ALL animated! Ha ha!

Before I forget, I have got to do something about that Cheryl Jennings! She is constantly undermining my authority to the City Council and I simply cannot continue to put up with her constant ill will! I must have a talk with the mayor about her professional ethics. First, she's an idiot. She keeps calling the Reanimating Agent a "poison." She's got poison on the brain! And she won't share any of her Lab's data. And frankly, she could really use a makeover. What I could do with her hair! Get rid of that mousy brown shade and put a little color in her cheeks!

Christine/C.D. Phelps sat in the back row of the skid row building basement in downtown Bay City. She had slyly slid into a clandestine meeting of AA, Animateds Anonymous (not to be confused with AU, Albinos United).

The Twelve Steps, adapted from the original AA (just as Gamblers Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous had done), were written on a filthy chalkboard at the front of the room.

1. We admit we are powerless over Reanimation—and that our lives have become gluttonous.
2. We believe that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to First Life.
3. We will make a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of our Animator *as we understand Him*.
4. We will make a searching and fearless moral inventory of what we ingest.
5. We will admit to our Animator, ourselves, and to people with proper identification the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. We are entirely ready to have those who are properly identified remove all these hungers of character.
7. We humbly asked our Animator to remove our shortcomings, if they are still attached.
8. We will make a list of all persons we have harmed and/or eaten, and will be willing to make a menu to them all.
9. We will make direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them, others, or interfere with our gastronomic pursuits.
10. We will continue to take personal inventory and when we are wrong promptly admit it—but only if we really are wrong.
11. We will seek through prayer, meditation and proper medical channels to improve our conscious contact with our Animator *as we understand Him*, praying only for knowledge of the will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a Reanimated awakening as the result of these steps, we will try to carry this message to other Reanimated, and to practice these principles in all our meals.

Christine/C.D. took a mental note of the number of Second Lifers in the room: twenty-one. Most were still functioning Reanimateds sitting by themselves; a few were supported by First Lifers helping them to remain upright in their chairs. One barely Reanimated Subject was keeping an eye on the refreshment table, making sure no one took more pigs feet and Big Red soda than anyone else.



“Now,” said the speaker at the front of the room, “when I was a child I spake as a child, but when I was a Reanimated I spoke as if I’d had massive stroke and the right side of my body didn’t function. But with proper physical therapy and practice I have overcome my speed impediment and can be properly understood.” Of course, Christine (as well as everyone else in the room) could barely understand the speaker with his lisping, drooling mouth, but they got the gist of his meaning.

“And me!” A woman (most likely, as it had poorly applied makeup) in the back stood up and raised her arm (what was left of it). “I learned to stop eating whenever someone claps their hands twice! Although that also turns my lights on and off.”

“And me!” Yet someone else rose and testified. “I can play the violin again!”

"You could never play the violin in the first place!" someone added, and the room dissolved in asthmatic laughter.

"But you can see," said the initial speaker, carefully forming his lips in the shape of the letters of the words he wished to utter yet failing miserably, "that with the aid of physical therapy, operant conditioning, and the support of the AA Twelve Steps, we can all lead fruitful and fulfilling lives."

"There's fruit here?" someone whispered.

C.D./Christine looked around the room. Everyone did appear to be maintaining a level of civility and decorum even though the skin shedding and limb twitching was becoming annoying. And certainly her own First Lifer status should have set them upon her like a dog pack upon a case of pre-opened Gravy Train with the water already added.

Christine was impressed. She could definitely make a great series of articles out of this!

Christine pushed the Second Lifer sniffing along her shoulder off and left the meeting.

THE PHELPS FILES
JOIN THE REVOLUTION!
BY C.D. PHELPS
Bay City Daily Dispatch
August 9, 1978

While many of my dear readers will accuse me of having become “one of them,” I must now speak out *for* the rehabilitation of the Reanimated.

It is no longer ethical for our society to engage in “relocation.” Sources inform me that in most cases, “relocation” is actually “forced relocation,” and illegal under current law. Rather than condemn the poor souls who, through no choosing of their own, have found themselves victimized by both disease and society, we First Lifers should reach out to them and look for ways to help them return to a more normal state.

Community groups are already forming to offer programs in Nutrition, Hygiene, and Interpersonal Communication. We must support them.

I would never encourage my readers to do anything I myself am not willing to do, and as such I will be joining a local downtown program offering Reanimation Rehabilitation to those who want such help.

Future columns will recount my adventures as I immerse myself in this social revolution, helping those afflicted and burdened with unwanted life (death?) changes and encumbrances.

While my university degree is in Journalism, I am not without resources in instructing those less fortunate than myself in (re)learning the basics of common courtesy and human interaction.

As first a Brownie, then Girl Scout, I helped our local church show young girls how to bathe properly, brush their teeth, comb their hair, and use deodorant. Other lessons included dressing properly and modestly, keeping their nails manicured, and sitting properly.

Proper nutrition, of course, was learned at my mother’s side, as I watched her cook delicious meals full of healthy and nutritious ingredients. (My favorite meal was fried pork chops, twice baked potatoes, green beans cooked with bacon, thick slices of homemade bread, and double chocolate cake. Now, however, I prefer tofu with bean sprouts and a Tab.)

Teaching Interpersonal Communications to willing participants will be a great testament to my journalistic skills. I interact with people on a daily basis, utilizing my expertise in connecting with various levels of individuals on a one-to-one basis.

I know readers will enjoy this journey as much as I am looking forward to it!

Possible Origins and Causes of the Recent Deceased
Reanimation Outbreak (DRO) Continuing
Geraldine Cheryl Jennings, MA, PhD
Director, Jennings Labs
Former Director of Bay City Health Division
Presented to the Bay City Council
August 26, 1978

I cannot stress this enough—you have got to stop listening that Kaufman woman from the CDC. She doesn't know what's going on here. She's an outsider. The CDC can't do anything more for this city than I can. Even if I'm being hindered by the council refusing to release my father, I continue to work for the health and safety of this city! This Dr. Kaufman is not an expert in chemistry, she's a MD from the south who barely knows an ass from an assassin. Pardon my French. And I don't care if the CDC is a government agency! They will take over control of our city and quarantine us and let us all turn into RSs!

Speaking of which, I can confirm that infection with the RA affects the ability to breath, the sweating reflex, and clumsiness. Ingestions of regular human food at regular intervals helps keep the cannibalizing urge at bay. And moisturizing lotions do help the resultant skin conditions.

I think it best you ignore any rumors you hear swirling about Jennings Labs using human being test subject in our research. Do you want a cure or not?

I'd like to point out that all the people doing research on the Psychology of Reanimated Subjects have led to nothing. NOTHING. This isn't a condition that springs up from a cold mother or an alcoholic father. And what are they going to do, train a bunch of RSs to freeze whenever they hear a bell, let them lose, and then arm all citizens with a bell device? Insanity!

I agree with your decision to regulate the use of flame throwers and other flaming devices, as well as the sale and erection of electric fences. I would appreciate your forwarding a map showing the location of all electrified fences.

Dr. G. Cheryl Jennings CJ PhD
Director, PhD, Masters

(Typed exactly as dictated per Dr. Jennings request, with
punctuation typed as interpreted.--RTJ

AU

ALBINOS UNTIED!

WE FIGHT! WE WIN! COME FIGHT WITH US!

**Wednesdays 7
hightower Apts 2D4
7pm
No food necessary
for everyone**

**555-6738 or
555-8765**

**ALBINOS AGAINST UNLAWFUL
SERCHES, SEIZURES JAIL TORTURE
AND DEATH (AUSSSIEEES!!!!!!)**

Possible Origins and Causes of the Recent Deceased
Reanimation Outbreak (DRO) Continuing
Geraldine Cheryl Jennings, MA, PhD
CONTINUING Director Jennings Labs
Former Director of Bay City Health Division
Presented to the Bay City Council
August 19, 1978

City Council Members: I must protest your removing me as Director of the City Health Department.

I feel it is very important that the Council understand *Jennings Lab was not wrong* when it reported that infection by the Reanimating Agent (formerly known as "the poison") was not possible in living bodies. At the time we reported such, *there was no scientific evidence* of such. Now that there is *scientific evidence* that transmission from RS to LH (Living Human) is possible, we are happy to confirm it.

And because we now know that both Living and Dead Humans can contract the RA, creation of an inoculation is just as important as finding an antidote. So I must officially and strongly request that my Father be released into my custody as he may be our only hope in combating this pernicious disease. (Yes, I declare it a DISEASE. Not the CDC, but ME. And I don't care what the CDC says—Jennings Labs is finding a cure for this DISEASE!)

With the help of my father, Jennings Lab will make the leap in combating the DRO we are currently enmeshed in. But it will not happen WITHOUT MY FATHER. And not with his consulting from prison, but AT THE JENNINGS LABS.

I would also like to address the rumor that I have been experimenting on myself with various antidotes and inoculations. Although some of the greatest medical breakthroughs in history have come from men and women of science taking it upon themselves to find the cure that will protect the world, I have not. I remain in complete control of my faculties and continue to work day and night on fighting this contagion. And I request that all communication with me now be done through Jennings Laboratories, as I have taken up residence in our downtown building. For convenience, of course.

Please let me know as soon as you release my Father. The fate of Bay City rests upon his working with me at Jennings Labs.

Cheryl Jennings, MA PhD
Director, Jennings Labs

Former Director, Bay City Health Division



"So," said Dobey, a large cloth napkin laid out over his desk, another large napkin tucked into his shirt collar. "You know both these women. You've worked with both of them. Which one do you trust more?" Dobey's mouth was encrusted by food and his fingers shone with grease. He was eating pigs feet. Or maybe not. No one was looking too closely at his meal. The only food item easily identified was the bottle of Big Red Soda.



Hutch and Starsky looked at each other, daring the other to speak first. Ah, the old telepathic connection between them! How good it felt to Hutch. How right. What could be righter than he and Starsky connected, he wondered. Why nothing, he answered. Connection was what they were meant for.

Starsky looked at his feet, which were propped on the edge of Dobey's desk, effectively hiding the mess Dobey was eating from his sight. "They're both doctors," Starsky offered.

"But one's a medical doctor and the other's a PhD," Hutch expanded.

"So?" Dobey popped another—something in his mouth as he spoke. It was hard to tell if that piece of food made his "so" sound like a hiss or if it came from an oddly-unattached tongue.

Starsky shrugged. "A poison's as good as a virus, isn't it?" He looked over at Hutch. Hutch looked back. Those blue eyes!

Hutch shrugged back. "'s kind of a cunt."

"Yeah, there's that," Starsky agreed.

"Is Kaufman a cunt, too?" Dobey was actually fairly easy to understand when he was speaking with hard consonants.

"She's probably got more experience," Hutch said. Starsky sniggered. "Mine was a virgin before she met me," he said, *sotto voce*. Hutch ignored him.

"And she doesn't have a goofy father," Dobey mumbled around a mouthful of whatever.

"Who's really asking about who's cuntier," said Starsky.

Dobey gestured behind him, indicating either the wall, the window, or the general geographic direction. "City Council."

"In that case, tell them Cheryl," Hutch said. Starsky grinned at him, and Hutch grinned back. That grin!

"Yeah, said Starsky. "After all the trouble the city Council gave us last year when a couple or five of our collars collapsed from internal organ failure, they deserve her!"

"Done. Dismissed!" Dobey's spit went flying. Not nearly as beautiful as Starsky's spit, thought Hutch. Both men rose to leave, when suddenly Dobey gestured wildly. Hutch wasn't sure, but he

thought he might have seen an index finger go flying.

"We got the report in from the lab. Tests showed that the dirt left in the parking lot of the corner grocery from the car that carried the two men who shot at Mary—"

"I cannot stress this enough—you have got to stop listening that Kaufman woman from the CDC. She doesn't know what's going on here. She's an outsider."



"Terry," Starsky corrected.

"Terry, came from the West Side, where a taco stand owner remembered seeing a car just like the one the two men were driving, which was traced to an apartment building a few miles away, where a college student pointed out a balcony that had a plant in a pot which contained the same kind of dirt on the car wheels."

"And?" Hutch asked. He was still trying to count Dobey's fingers.

"And the apartment belonged to one George Prudholm."

"So?" Starsky asked.

Dobey licked some pigs feet juices off his fingers. All there. Ten. "So wasn't that the crazy guy who tried to kill you and Hutch last year and took down a few of our brothers in blue instead because you were too arrogant to resign?"

"Oh yeah," said Starsky. "Caballo State let another one out by mistake, huh?"

"Looks like," said Dobey. "Seems the City Council had them all fixated on Cheryl Jennings' father and keeping him safely locked up and forgot to pay attention to their other patients."

"Figures," said Hutch. "That cunt was always good at getting her way when it came to her father."

The City Council took one look at the police department's recommendation and kept the cunt as their lead investigator.

REPORTER LOSES LIFE TO LIVING

by HARRIS LIVINGSTONE

Bay City Daily Dispatch

August 27, 1978

Popular Daily Dispatch columnist CD Phelps was killed last night, following a vigilante attack on the downtown chapter of Animateds Anonymous.

Phelps, whose weekly column of the last few months recounted the city's travails with what has come to be known as Second Lifers, was volunteering her services as a rehabilitation specialist when members of a First Lifers a capella gang firebombed the facility.

Police and firefighters were called, but arrived too late to save anyone from the flaming building. Firefighters were able to bring the fire under control after nearly an hour of battling the blaze.

Police arrested a white male found less than a block away, shouting "die again" and waving a white flag, a sign of Albino Power.

A complete obituary will appear in tomorrow's edition.



“Never mess with a woman’s father.” No, wait, that’s “never mess with a man’s partner.” But Geraldine Cheryl Jennings, PhD, was neither a man nor had a partner, so she was upset people were messing with her father. Or to be more specific, keeping him confined at that execrable state prison while she toiled away here at Jennings Labs. Honestly, he was really harmless, and quite peaceful as long as no one mentioned the names “Starsky” or “Hutch” in front of him. Which his fellow inmates had quickly learned created an entertaining combination of tantrum, seizure and catatonia, so they mentioned those names quite often around Professor Jennings.

And she knew who to blame. (Oddly enough, she did *not* blame Starsky and Hutch, even though everyone else was blaming them for the loss of various and sundry family members. This was a sign of just how soft her brain had become, because clearly Hutch, if not Starsky, was responsible for the incarceration of her father due to their not simply succumbing to the elder Dr. Jennings’s poisonous compound.) She blamed the members of the Bay City City Council, and the damnable Dr. Judith Kaufman who had bewitched them with her dark, luxurious locks and her ebony eyes and her brilliant mind!

So Cheryl Jennings used her own brilliant mind to invite Judith and the members of the City Council to a private nighttime party at the Bay City La Brea Tar Pits, to celebrate Jennings Labs’ breakthrough in discovering the Reanimating Agent. Which they actually hadn’t, but she needed an excuse to bring those people together. And she’d always enjoyed the Bay City La Brea Tar Pits museum.

Cheryl had no intention of damaging the Tar Pits museum, so she planned to waylay each party guest as they approached the actual Tar Pits, which surrounded the building that housed the museum that Cheryl liked. Fortunately or unfortunately, depending upon who you were, only one city council member and Dr. Kaufman had the manners to show up. The city council woman was easily disposed of, with a shot of poison made up of two cc’s hydrochloride, one cc bernyl acetone, four cc’s benzyl cyanide, one cc definylamide.

A quick push into one of the tar pits, and bye bye Miss Councilwoman!

Although upon reflection, Dr. Cheryl thought maybe she had been a bit hasty in getting rid of the body. The Councilwoman did have such lovely, large eyes.

But not as lovely as Dr. Judith’s! Still, Dr. Judith was keeping Cheryl from controlling the most important research this world had ever seen, and Dr. Judith was instrumental in convincing the others *not* to release her father. And Cheryl was sure she smelled Hutch on her, and Hutch had rudely rejected her all those years ago when it was *she* who had been responsible for saving his partner’s life and his own, thank you very much. He could at least have given her a gratuity fuck.

Dr. Judith had timed her arrival at the Bay City La Brea Tar Pits to be fashionably late. She had borrowed a car from one of her lab assistants, who also plotted out the route from the city lab to the Pits on the ubiquitous Thomas Guide every good Bay Citizen kept in his or her vehicle. Judith had on her little black dress, her very high heels, and her lucky underwear. She hadn’t been able to get a hold of Hutch, but it was possible he would be there!

Cheryl could hardly hold herself back until Judith had gotten close to the front door of the building. Judith smelled of medical professional and Kenneth Hutchinson, an intoxicating amalgam of brain and brawn. Just as Judith was ten feet from the entrance, Cheryl launched herself at her enemy. (Perhaps “launched” is too forceful a word. Substitute “half-skipped at a tepid pace” and it becomes quite clear how Janet managed to unclasp her evening bag, find the cigarette lighter inside, flick it several times until it caught, and then feebly throw it toward Cheryl.)

As Cheryl launched herself at her enemy, Judith became aware a slovenly, unkempt woman was slouching slowly toward her. Having read every single document the City Council had allowed her to read regarding the Reanimated Infestation, Judith knew fire, rather than running away, was her best defense. Judith unclasped her evening bag (which matched her dress and shoes), fished around for her cigarette lighter (not that she smoked, she knew the dangers of those small, white, nicotine delivery systems, but you never knew when you might have to cauterize something), pulled it from her purse and flicked it at Cheryl.

Cheryl stopped, but not because of the power of the lighter flame, but because it illuminated the stunning elegance, yet simplicity, of Judith's outfit. If only Cheryl had been born with fashion sense!

Judith took the opportunity to throw the lighter at Cheryl, then totter off on her high heels.

Cheryl, mesmerized by Judith's stunning backside, failed to follow. Judith made her getaway (although Judith was lucky in that there were no police patrols around, as she had to jaywalk across the street to get back to her borrowed car, and most certainly would have been ticketed had she been caught crossing the street illegally).

Cheryl cursed Judith, then she cursed the City Council, then she cursed the mayor, then she cursed her father because he couldn't pull off a simple murder-for-hire.

Hutch's heart pounded in time to the pounding on his front door. That desperate beat on the wood, it could only mean one thing: Starsky had lost his key again. Hutch leapt out of bed, pulled off his stinky t-shirt and holey gym shorts, and made a stop in the bathroom before answering, checking his hair, his teeth, his breath, his pits, and his pubes. He strutted to the front door, slowly opened it, and was astounded to find a shivering, weeping woman collapsing in his arms. Who of course thought his throbbing erection was meant for her, so he did what he had to do to maintain his alpha male status. He pushed her up against the wall and stuck it in her.

"Don't you think you should call someone," Judith asked, after their "wham bam thank you ma'am."

"Like who?" Hutch was cleansing his system with his favorite post-coital hydrating agent: goat's milk, black strap molasses, sea kelp, lecithin, desiccated liver, and a sprinkling of trace elements and vitamins.

"Like your police friends, so they can go arrest that Jennings woman." Judith walked up to Hutch, who backed up until he was stopped by the kitchen counter. "Can I have some of that?" she murmured, grabbing the blender glass and sticking her nose in it. "Interesting," she sniffed, then took a sip. "Very interesting." She looked at the ingredients sitting on the counter, then back at the glop in the blender. Her mind was working at top speed, having been blown by the incredible sex she'd just experienced. "Is this the same stuff you had the hospital kitchen make you when you were recovering from the plague I saved you from?"

Hutch scooted along the counter edge and put some distance between himself and Judith. "Been drinking it since academy days," he said, patting his belly. "Shouldn't you be getting back to your hotel?"

Judith nodded, her mind racing. Dinner. She wanted Hutch to take her on a dinner date. Which meant she needed to get back to her hotel and get some beauty sleep so she'd be ready by about seven.



We'll go to my place, shower, sleep, eat, whatever. A lot of whatever....

“Thank you for a lovely evening,” she walked over to Hutch, stood on her tiptoes, and kissed his cheek. “I understand there’s a wonderful seafood restaurant on the beach, we can have dinner there tomorrow night.” (It was just a guess; Judith didn’t actually know if there was a wonderful seafood restaurant on the beach, but this was Bay City, and it did sit on the ocean, so there must be a wonderful seafood restaurant along the ocean somewhere.)

Hutch nodded noncommittally.

“Pick me up at seven.” Judith smiled.

Hutch’s brain, revived by his glop, had a sudden thought. “Hey, haven’t you been having to tell a lot of people that they’re infected? And telling their loved ones?”

Judith swirled the glop in the blender she still held. “Why yes, I’m really quite good at it, if I do say so myself. You have to be very empathetic, sensitive, and truly gentle. I remember—”

“Great!” Hutch grabbed Judith’s arm (not the one holding the blender) and pulled her toward the front door. “This is going to work out just fine. We can have dinner, and you can tell Starsky what’s going on.”

“Starsky?” Judith’s brow furrowed. “I mean, shouldn’t we just call Starsky now and tell him about that Jennings woman?”

“Yes, yes, fine, I’ll take care of that.” Hutch opened the front door and pushed Judith through it.

“Pick me up at seven?” Judith purred.

Now Hutch’s brow furrowed. Finally a way to get through to Starsky! Starsky and St. Terry could go to dinner with Judith and him, and Judith could tell Starsky what was what! “Seven,” Hutch agreed. This would be perfect!

“Okay,” said Judith, as Hutch shut the front door in her face. She turned and walked down the stairs, still holding her blender.

Hutch eventually called Central Dispatch and reported the alleged “attack” on Dr. Judith Kaufman as executed by Dr. Cheryl Jennings. But not until he’d first called Starsky and invited him (and Terry) to double date with Judith tomorrow evening.

Cheryl, after cursing everyone but you-know-two, went back to Jennings Labs and plotted her revenge.

Judith, too awake to sleep, went to her own lab facilities for some post-coital bacteriology, where she left Hutch’s blender sitting on a lab table next to some samples slated for Jennings Labs.

Journal 8/27/197

Damn that Cheryl Jennings! She called me to come meet her at the Bay City La Brea Tar Pits last night because she had some data she wanted to show me, and wouldn't you know it, she not only showed up late but reanimated! I was forced to fight for my life and, using only my wits, managed to get away by throwing a glob of tar at her then throwing my cigarette lighter at her!!! I got in my car and drove directly to Hutch's place, where he called Dave and I had him report my attack—I only hope they found that witch and arrested her for attempted murder!!! It was hours before I felt safe enough for Hutch to take me home—and what hours those were! Even more incredible than the other night! I never experienced such levels of ecstasy!!!!!! That man is insatiable!

Hutch wants me to meet Dave's girlfriend, Mary Something. I haven't been on a double date since my pre-med days!



Possible Origins and Causes of the Recent Deceased
Reanimation Outbreak (DRO) Continuing
Geraldine Cheryl Jennings, MA, PhD
Director, Jennings Labs
Former Director of Bay City Health Division
Presented to the Bay City Council
September 29, 1978

Are you idiots? That was *not* me on Wilshire Boulevard Tuesday night attacking patrons of the Bay City La Brea Tar Pits! It was clearly someone else infected with the RA in a white lab coat—how dare you accuse me of eating a Bay City City Councilwoman! You just got that from that Phelps bitch's column, and you know it!

I think it's time we met face to face and talked this out. I'm willing to take over another lab as long as it has the same equipment as my Jennings Labs. And you can keep my Father. He says he won't come out anyway because it's too unsafe. Like iron bars could keep out the hungry hordes if they were hungry enough.

Come to the Bay City City Art Museum Sunday night at 11pm. Bring Kaufman and the Phelps bitch.

Dr. G. Cheryl Jennings
(Typed exactly as dictated ^{JC} per Dr. Jennings request, etc., etc.
I'm sorry I had to type the word "bitch."--RTJ)

daddy's
little grl

To say *Huggy's Hudu* wasn't a seafood restaurant was to say Huggy wasn't a white man. Which he wasn't. And his place wasn't. Which surprised Judith, as she'd expected Hutch to drive her out to the beach to share wonderful seafood against a wonderful sunset with her wonderful lover.

Instead Hutch drove her downtown to a bar that that now catered to a very different clientele, which consisted of Turning/Turned Reanimated Subjects and a menu consisting of mushy Soul Food. And if that wasn't enough, Hutch had invited Starsky and his girlfriend to join them!

"How's it hangin'!" Huggy greeted the four of them at the entrance to the *Hudu*, which may have been directed at Hutch and Starsky, indicating their various manly genitalia, or it may have been directed at Terry and the sheets of skin hanging off her face. Huggy seated them at a nice booth in the back (but not in the corner in the dark). Hutch tried to follow Starsky onto the same side of the banquette, but Judith pulled him over to her side, and he had to sit across from his partner, instead of thigh to thigh with the man.

Judith immediately noticed that Terry's face, while exhibiting wonderful bone structure, was in great need of a moisturizer. She made a mental note to follow her to the bathroom if she excused herself and tell her about the wonderful non-greasy lotion Judith was using.

Upon second inspection, Judith noticed the bandage on Terry's forehead. A butterfly bandage, meant to keep the edges of an incision together, which she recalled from her days as an intern.

But upon third inspection, Judith picked up on the subtle signs of—Reanimation. Terry's makeup had definitely been applied with a shaky hand, especially her eyeliner and lip liner. Her hair bore the marks of some singeing, which meant Terry had an unsteady hand while using her curling iron. And her choice of perfume—well, clearly Terry needed the expertise of one of the cosmetic counter women at I. Magnin's.

Judith looked at Hutch, who was staring and Starsky and avoiding looking at Terry. Clearly, Hutch knew what was happening to Terry and could not stand to look at her as Terry deteriorated, knowing what it must be doing to his partner. Yet Starsky couldn't keep his eyes off Terry, or his hands, which roamed in a protective yet romantic way over her body but not in a disgusting or lurid way. Judith looked at Hutch, and was filled with the same romantically lurid feelings she saw on the other side of the table. She ran her hand over Hutch's arm, who picked said hand up and pointedly dropped it back in her lap. Ah, thought Judith. Later on he wants me to masturbate for him.

Huggy, ever thoughtful, brought out a special meal for the double-daters: Burgers for the boys, jambalaya for Judith, and pulled pig's feet for Terry, with Big Red Soda all around. When it was time for dessert (bourbon bread pudding—nice and soft for Terry but with a bit of a savory bite for everyone else), Hutch leaned over to Judith to whisper in her ear.

"Take Terry to the bathroom," he murmured, which was not what Judith was expecting. "Then come back before Terry's finished and tell Starsky what's happening to her." Hutch leaned back and looked at her expectantly.

Judith leaned over and whispered in Hutch's ear: "I didn't like the jambalaya," she said. "It was too salty."

Judith then picked up her purse and suggested she and Terry remove themselves to the Ladies Room to repair their makeup. Hutch and Starsky did the gentlemanly thing and allowed them to leave. Hutch took the opportunity to switch sides of the table and slide in next to Starsky for a little thigh-to-thigh action.

It was a single stall bathroom, so Judith went first. When she came out, Terry was trying to re-apply her lipstick in the rusty mirror. Judith took the lipstick gently from Terry's hand and made a circle upon what was left of Terry's lips.

"Thans," Terry uttered. Then she pointed to her bandage. "Ullet."

"Oh no," Judith shook her head. "You don't need lipstick on your bandage. It might start an infection."

"Ullet," Terry reiterated.

"Bullet?" Judith began to understand. "You have a bullet in your brain as the result of a robbery gone bad or possibly a murder attempt?"

Terry nodded, still able to pull her zygomaticus major and minor muscles into a bittersweet smile.

"Oh you poor dear," Judith twirled the lipstick closed and put it in her own purse. It was a lovely shade of coral. "All this and a bullet in the brain to boot. You must be so ready to sue someone! Do you have a lawyer? I can ask my colleagues for some referrals."



Terry's brow furrowed, and Judith patted her on the shoulder. Lawyers really wouldn't do Terry much good; she would soon have no use for money anyway. Reanimated Subjects weren't allowed to open bank accounts. "Sweetheart, why don't you use the facilities and evacuate whatever you can, then come back to the table and we'll talk,"

Terry nodded. She started to move toward the stall, when Judith grabbed a tiny bit of Terry's sweater and held her back. "Terry, dear," Judith began, "has anyone spoken to you about the signs of Reanimation?"

Terry nodded, and lifted her hand. "Ack of olor." Terry used her other hand to fold down her index finger into her palm. "No interest in ex." She folded her middle finger down. "Loss of allroom ancing sills." The third finger went down. "Loss of muscular control and neurological function due to a possible loss of myelin and/or hormonal imbalance." Terry's pinkie wouldn't fold, but Judith knew the count was at four.

Judith nodded. "Good girl." She patted Terry's shoulder, pushed her into the stall, then left to rejoin her lover and his soon-to-be devastated partner.

Judith tried to slide in beside Hutch, who was still sitting beside Starsky, but there was no room. So she resumed her seat across from the two men. Hutch, clearly trying to be supportive of his partner, had one arm around Starsky's shoulder and his hand on Starsky's thigh. Judith studied Starsky, who looked so innocent, and naïve, and in love it almost crushed Judith's heart. Could she crush Starsky's heart? Could she press it into a pancake, drown it with enough maple syrup to make it so mushy it became inedible, and scrape it all into the garbage disposal?

Then she looked at Hutch—golden, angelic Hutch, bathed in the light from the overhead fake Tiffany lamp, to whom she had given her body and knew she would soon give her soul. Judith knew what she felt for Hutch was exactly what Starsky felt for Terry, and she also knew she could not destroy such a perfect love in anyone not of the Reanimated persuasion.

"David," Judith put out her hands on the table, reaching for Starsky with all the empathy and sensitivity and gentleness she had in her soul. David tried to reciprocate, but Hutch grabbed his left hand, leaving only his right free to lay in Judith's hands. "David," Judith said. "I can see that you and Mary—"

"Terry," Starsky corrected.

"—Terry are so much in love it fills this room with your loving light. I wish you both the best."

Hutch glared at Judith, his nostrils flaring, his eyes slits. "But," he urged Judith to continue.

"But," Judith looked at Hutch knowingly, "but...you and Terry shouldn't wait to make any future plans."

"Thanks," said Starsky.

Hutch took a deep, exasperated breath and shook his head in disgust. He was still shaking his head when Starsky hipped him off of the bench to allow the evacuated Terry to return to her place next to him. Hutch was so pissed he didn't even bother to let Terry know she had toilet paper hanging from her hand.

Judith, for her part, recognized that Hutch was severely depressed over the terminal situation facing his partner, and being overwhelmed by Hutch's touching concern, didn't bother to invite him up to her hotel room at the end of the evening but gave him a blow job in the car instead.

8/1 Journal Entry

The work continues, but we made time for a lovely dinner out at the beach at a small but wonderful seafood restaurant both Hutch and Dave raved about! Since fish and other seafood have been cleared as edible during this contagion, we feasted on oysters, clams, mussels and a delightful lobster curry—I made sure both Hutch and I ate plenty of oysters! Ha ha!!

Of course, I recognized immediately why Hutch asked me to meet Dave's girlfriend Terry. A lovely woman (but not at all Hutch's type), dedicated to the education of those less mentally agile than the rest of us. But she is clearly in the throes of Reanimating. Hutch took me for a walk on the beach later and asked me to tell Dave what's happening with Terry. I could see Hutch is concerned for his partner's well-being. But I could also see Dave is hopelessly in love with Terry (and don't I know that feeling!). Plus, Dave feels terribly guilty for having caused her initial injury, a bullet stuck in her brain. (I don't mean Dave shot her, I mean someone else shot her and the bullet lodged in her temporal lobe. Or some lobe, I forget.) Hutch said she was attacked in a corner grocery store by a man obsessed with making Dave pay for some past insult Dave had done to this man. I hope no one ever comes after ME to get back at Hutch!

I think I'll let Starsky have his dream love a little longer. Terry seems to be going through the reanimation process slowly; she doesn't seem inclined to threaten anyone just yet, and Dave seems oblivious to the physical changes. Love is certainly Blind!

Possible Origins and Causes of the Recent Deceased
Reanimation Outbreak (DRO) Continuing
Geraldine Cheryl Jennings, MA, PhD
Director, Jennings Labs
Former Director of Bay City Health Division
Presented to the Bay City Council
October 1, 1978

So you cowards didn't show up again. Cowards!!

But I guess Dr. Kaufman knows about being a coward now. Running and
squealing and throwing a Zippo lighter at me...

We'll see who's boss around here.

Jc

Dr. G. Cheryl Jennings

(Reluctantly typed exactly as dictated per Dr. Jennings request—
listen, I just work for her, OK? --RTJ)



The thought of blow jobs never even crossed Cheryl Jennings's mind as she hid out at the Jennings Labs. She must focus on her work, and not be distracted by the banal and mundane interweavings of the common human life form. Far greater things awaited her. The Nobel Prize for Chemistry. Freeing her father from prison. Free tickets to the Bay City La Brea Tar Pits.

But first, she was hungry.

Cheryl wandered around the lab facilities, hungry but not sure what she wanted. She looked in the lunch room refrigerator and found only plastic containers of moldy leftovers, poorly wrapped leftovers from the taco stand down the street, and well-wrapped frozen meals of questionable nutritional value. Cheryl looked in the lab refrigerators, and found only various samples of Reanimated tissue, culture agents, and vials of synthetic heroin. She finally wandered into the centrifuge room and found a blender full of glop on the lab table. Cheryl lifted it to her nose and sniffed, nearly throwing the canister across the room at the horrible stench. But then her brow furrowed, and she lifted it to her nose again. It repulsed her, yet it triggered something in the depths of her senses. She took a sip, nearly barfing at the taste, but even that small amount seemed to re-energize her. Cheryl clutched the blender to her breast, sighed deeply, smiled beatifically, and walked steadfastly back to the culture room. Even in the throes of hunger she could smell the profits from owning the only known antidote to Reanimation.

Possible Origins and Causes of the Recent Deceased
Reanimation Outbreak (DRO) Continuing
Geraldine Cheryl Jennings, MA, PhD
Director, Jennings Labs
Former Director of Bay City Health Division
Presented to the Bay City Council
August 29, 1978

Goddamnit to hell, what is wrong with you people! I HAVE THE KEY TO
THE CURE, but I need facilities to make it!

First you keep my Father in prison, then you turn over the control
of Jennings Labs to the CDC! I've had to relocate to my father's
home (and I'll have you know I've been paying his mortgage all this
time while he's been rotting in prison) and his personal lab is
just not good enough to continue my research!

Do you have any idea who you are dealing with? Or what you're
sentencing this city to? This beloved Bay City? Full of wonderfully
warm and vibrant and tasteful human beings? A city you've just
condemned to disaster?

YOU CAN HAVE THE CURE IF YOU GIVE ME MY FATHER AND MY LAB BACK!

You've fallen for the idiot rantings of that Kaufman voodoo
sorceress and taken the coward's way out. Jennings Lab is your only
hope. I am your only hope. *My father is your only hope!*

I expect you to return control of Jennings Labs back over to me
immediately. I expect you to release my father and have him meet me
at Jennings Labs. Or suffer the consequences.

If you want the antidote, meet me on the street between the Bay
City La Brea Tar Pits and the Bay City City Museum.

Dr. G. Cheryl Jennings
(Typed exactly as dictated per Dr. Jennings request, with
punctuation typed as interpreted.--RTJ)

CJ PHD
MAstrs
degrees@!!

REPORTER LOSES LIFE TO LIVING

by HARRIS LIVINGSTONE

Bay City Daily Dispatch

August 27, 1978

Popular Daily Dispatch columnist CD Phelps was killed last night, following a vigilante attack on the downtown chapter of Animateds Anonymous.

Phelps, whose weekly column of the last few months recounted the city's travails with what has come to be known as Second Lifers, was volunteering her services as a rehabilitation specialist when members of a First Lifers a capella gang firebombed the facility.

Police and firefighters were called, but arrived too late to save anyone from the flaming building. Firefighters were able to bring the fire under control after nearly an hour of battling the blaze.

Police arrested a white male found less than a block away, shouting "die again" and waving a white flag, a sign of Albino Power.

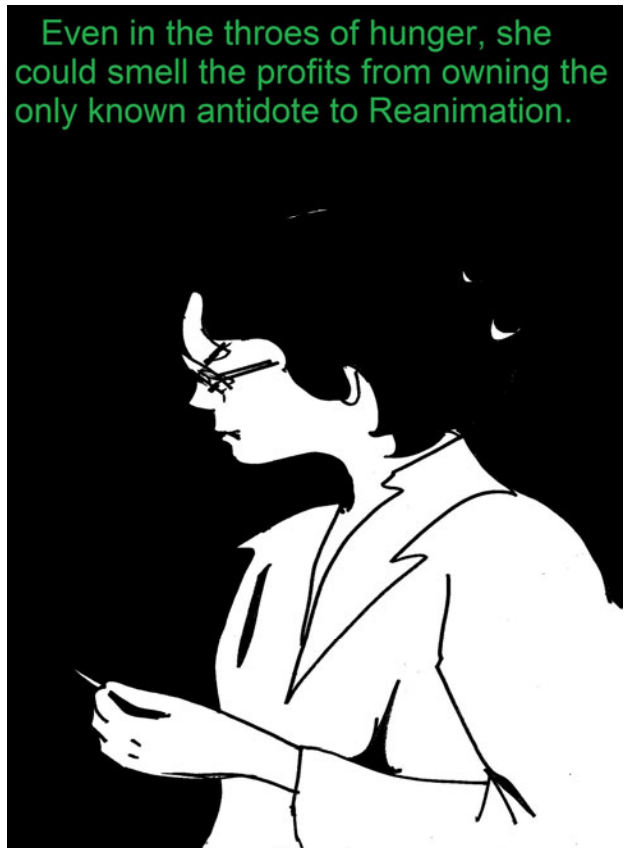
A complete obituary will appear in tomorrow's edition.

Entry 8/17/1978

Hutch called to let me know they picked up Cheryl Jennings at her father's home last night. I asked him to have her taken to our research lab across the street from the health department. I want to thoroughly examine her and see what she might tell us about this crazy infestation. Who knows, her blood and tissue might hold the key to this mystery! Hutch confessed he'd never really liked the woman, but she had helped with getting the antidote that saved Dave's life. For Hutch's sake, I won't examine her too thoroughly—no, not too thoroughly at all!!

Hutch also mentioned they found some notes on a chemical formula—probably nothing, but I told him to send it over to the CDC lab.

Even in the throes of hunger, she could smell the profits from owning the only known antidote to Reanimation.



RE: Deceased Reanimation Outbreak (DRO)

Judith E. Kaufman, MD, PhD
Director, Contagions, CDC-Atlanta
Interim Director of Bay City Health Division
Presented to the Bay City Council
October 5, 1978

While I'm reluctant to call it a breakthrough, the CDC lab, using the formula found at the home of Cheryl Jennings's father, has isolated the elements which, when ingested, injected, or otherwise forced into a human body, result in the body rejecting the Reanimating Agent.

I suggest that while this would seem to be the answer to Bay City's crisis, using the word "breakthrough" would be not only inaccurate but give Cheryl Jennings a false sense of accomplishment and superiority. (Fortunately, the chemical makeup of the antigen-goat's milk, black strap molasses, sea kelp, lecithin, desiccated liver, and a sprinkling of trace elements and vitamins—are common enough that Jennings Lab will not be able to secure a patent on the mixture.)

As regards the manufacturers working on a pheromonal solution, I would advise them that work on perfumes, colognes, body sprays, deodorants, anti-perspirants, lotions, foot powders, and other aromatic products may continue, although they may not claim such products actually prevent or reverse Reanimation. This should allow them to make a reasonable return on all the money spent on R&D.

While this "shake" should lead eventually lead to a near zero percent creation of Second Lifers, we must continue to marshal all our forces toward finding the source of the contagion, lest it happen again.

I have instructed Jennings Labs (and all involved labs) to begin manufacture of this "vaccination" in the form of shakes, malts, smoothies, frozen yogurt, frozen custard, soft serve, pills (both chewable and swallowable), injections, nasal sprays, etc. (As a side note, I understand Dr. Jennings is claiming she's already tried the antidote and claims she is free of any Reanimating Agent. My CDC lab will have to first verify that through extensive research and testing before allowing her to be released on her own recognizance.)

The CDC and myself wish to thank you for your considered and ongoing support.

Dr. Judith E. Kaufman

EVERYONE in Bay City was required to take the Reanimation Cure in some form or another. And as one might expect, not EVERYONE wanted the Cure. Many Reanimated refused, insisting they were what they were meant to be and should not only be left alone but accepted as productive members of society. The Bay City City Council passed a resolution allowing Reanimateds to choose whether to go back to their First Life or stay in their Second Life, as long as they were constantly monitored, regularly interrogated, and unable to travel to anywhere north.

Some parents refused to vaccinate their children because they felt it caused late toilet mastery. Because there was no scientific evidence of this, the Bay City City Council passed a resolution calling any such parents idiots and forced them to either vaccinate their children or move north.

Huggy's Hudu returned to being *Huggy's Pits*, with no real change in either menu or clientele. Captain Dobey may or may not have taken the cure, but he may or may not have needed it, and Chief Ryan may or may not have cared. C.D./Christine Phelps was given a grand funeral at which all her anonymous sources showed up and talked about what a slut she was. Dr. Judith Kaufman was rather suddenly sent back to Atlanta when it was discovered she had been using operant conditioning on an unidentified female test subject to cause her to make an unsuccessful murder attempt on Dr. Kaufman's life in order to attract attention the attention's of a Bay City Detective. Hutch had been avoiding her phone calls and throwing away her messages unread so he had no idea she was escorted aboard a private plane and flown cross-country in the middle of the night.



Entry 9/17/1978

I find myself called back to Atlanta, a martyr to my cause, faced with yet another mysterious and unexplained mystery disease manifesting on the East Coast. I find myself torn between duty and desire, called to help the suffering, but longing to stay with my beautiful Hutch.

Oh Hutch!!! My beautiful bronze god! My sensual soul mate! My heart's heart and my love's love!!! Why must we be so dedicated to our own careers, forced to choose between each other and our paychecks? Couldn't you come to Atlanta and become a Police Detective? Couldn't I stay in Bay City and become a world-famous epidemiologist?

And yet, we must part, because we must stay true to our selves and the destinies written for us. I shall never forget your gentle love making, your sensitive body, and your incredible passion for me!!!! I shall love you always; no one else will ever have the part of me I gave to you. My love—my life—my obsession. Sorrow is such sweet parting.

Note to self: Contact the PR director of the CDC and make sure it's clear I was NOT conducting unauthorized experiments on unwilling subjects. Cheryl Jennings gave her informed consent on any and all tests I performed. Remember copies of all the necessary forms in my briefcase.

I LOVE YOU HUTCH!!!!!!!!!!

St. Terry took the cure at her school, making sure she did so in front of all her students to be seen as a role model of what a good citizen does to protect its citizenry.

And yet, Terry kept holding on, and holding on. And holding. And on. And while it took some time for Terry to unReanimate, no matter how much skin sloughed off in the meantime, or how many fingernails went flying, or god knows how many drips went dripping, Starsky still adored her. He worshiped her. He knelt at her feet and sent his prayers to her.

Hutch wanted to fwow up. No matter how many double dates they went on, Terry managed to survive all of them. Miniature golf. Oceanside Amusement Park. Batting Cages. Deep sea diving. Nothing moved that bullet, nothing speeded up the Reanimation, and Terry somehow came out of each engagement only a little worse for the wear.

It was an agonizing process for all. Yet Terry met each day with a smile (or what passed for one when she slathered on her lipstick) and a sunny attitude. It was all Hutch could do to pat his partner on the back, rub his shoulders, grasp his hands, cup his neck, brush the hair out of his eyes, and offer as much physical comfort as possible without throwing himself on top of his partner and sparing him having to watch his ladyfriend (gag) reintegrate.

All he could do.

And then, it happened. He and Starsky were helping (okay, *Starsky* was helping, Hutch was sitting on a picnic bench pouting) Terry patrol the playground at recess at the school at which Terry still taught (no one had had the heart to fire the poor woman, she was so enthusiastic about her pupils and hadn't appeared interested in them in a culinary kind of way).



Terry stumbled. Hutch's heart beat faster. Then Terry reached out as if she couldn't see—and why hadn't that happened a lot sooner? That bullet had been bouncing around in her head for weeks now. Hutch could barely contain his excitement! Starsky rushed to Terry's side, held her emaciated body tenderly, and drug her to the Torino.

Hutch thought about going with them, but remembered the icky state of Starsky's car seats, and called for a patrol car to come pick him up and take him to the hospital. Halfway to the hospital the patrol car picked up a dispatch alerting all cars that two men had taken hostages in the warehouse district, and had been identified by a very nice man driving the car that had brought them there as George Prudholm and Woodrow Wilson Hempsteadt. It took Hutch three miles before he realized he recognized those names. Woodrow Wilson! He'd been a president of the United States! And George Prudholm, why he'd been that crazy bastard who tried to take Starsky off the streets because of some crazy notion that Starsky had been responsible for his crazy son's death! Crazy!

Then Hutch was struck by a stroke of genius—instead of going to the hospital and comforting Starsky there, Hutch would go to the warehouse and wait for Starsky to come to him. They would both go into the warehouse together, at which point Hutch would feign some act of clumsiness, putting himself in harm's way, requiring Starsky's rescue, and thus supplanting Terry in Starsky's mind! He'd show Starsky what a bullet in the brain was really like!

Unfortunately, planned clumsiness on Hutch's part was overthrown by his usual unplanned clumsiness. Hutch fell off the motorcycle on which Starsky had driven them into the warehouse, and ended up having to contain and cuff the secondary bad guy (although



the two female hostages had given him a "I know how to thank you" lick of their lips as he shooed them to safety) and follow Starsky into another part of the warehouse, where Starsky was going through his usual angsty process of deciding whether he was entitled to be Judge, Jury and Executioner of those who wronged him, or whether he should do the right thing and be all ethical and moral. The decision was basically made for him as Starsky was having trouble keeping his hands straight (for a moment there he thought he had three of them) and couldn't get a good grip on his gun for holding onto Prudholm's shirt so he could actually shoot Crazy George. Not to mention Hutch and a bunch of patrol officers pulled off Reanimation Detail to attend the hostage situation were all watching him and could testify against him in a court of law. Starsky might have depended upon the

Code of Silence, but he and Hutch didn't have that great a reputation amongst their fellow officers. Seems their fellow officers felt too many cases involving pretty women were going to the Detective Duo, leaving the ugly women cases for everyone else.

Lest there be no karmic forces in the universe, however, Crazy George, in a moment of loneliness, despair, and utter desolation, had taken Woody the Magic Man into his bed for a tender night of lovemaking, would acquire the Reanimating Agent through a soulful act of incredibly exciting anal penetration. George would ultimately be remanded back to Caballo State, where he would refuse the Cure as a reminder of his terrible life mistakes. He also made acquaintance of Dr. Gerald Jennings, and the two of them form the Caballo State Animateds Anonymous group, meeting every Tuesday and Friday.

Woody the Magic Man accepted the Cure, found an apartment with the Nice Driver Man, cleaned himself up, took courses at the Bay City Community College, and was hit on the head by a falling piece of masonry during a 5.8 earthquake while standing on a downtown street handing out pamphlets advertising a free Thanksgiving dinner at the Bay City Mission.

Starsky and Hutch sat on the kitchen floor of Starsky's apartment, playing yet another game of fucking Monopoly. Starsky had insisted, and Hutch had acquiesced, knowing giving in to Starsky now might lead to Starsky giving in to something else a little later.

Starsky, for his part, was pretty plastered, and Hutch was doing a fine job of appearing to be plastered so as not to arouse Starsky's suspicions. It was better if they both appeared to be at the same level of inebriation, so Starsky wouldn't get too drunk and Hutch could keep control of the situation.

Hutch kept himself from total boredom by cheating at every roll of the dice, moving his Top Hat however many spaces he wanted, pushing Starsky's Race Car (Starsky *always* chose the Race Car) a space or two forward or back, pulling the wrong bills from the bank, and shuffling property around like foster kids.

At midnight the oven timer went off, signaling the pizza was



done. A quiet fell upon the room, only the aroma of pepperoni to arouse the senses (well, Starsky's senses—Hutch's had been aroused since the beginning of the evening). Starsky opened the cabinet door beside him and pulled out two packages. He hesitated, then gave one to Hutch and kept the other for himself. Hutch hefted his hesitantly, and Starsky took it as Hutch's reluctance to open still-fresh wounds. In reality, Hutch simply thought it a bit lightweight to be anything good.

Starsky opened his present first. It was a small book, one of those things you pick up at the greeting card store and appear to be cute but are really just poor substitutes for truly thoughtful gifts. Starsky read the title: "Thoughtful Sayings From a Jewish Mother." That Terry; always teasing Starsky about how his mother would never approve of her WASP background.

Starsky chuckled painfully, sorrowfully, and nodded once at Hutch to open his present. He ripped off the tissue paper, to reveal a dirty white bear of the Teddy variety. What the hell?

"That's Ollie. He was Terry's," Starsky explained. "She always kept it on her bed. She slept with it, ate with it, showered with it, and took it to work with her. He was her best friend. Until me." Starsky's eyes were red-rimmed and shiny with unshed tears. He chuckled painfully and sorrowfully.

A card was attached. Hutch opened it, and read it silently: "To Hutch. I knew. I always knew. You only win because you outlived me. Love, Terry."

"What's it say?" asked Starsky.

"It says," said Hutch, wadding up the note tightly in his fist, "Never leave Starsky and always be his best friend."

Starsky nodded knowingly, then spasmed and threw up over the Monopoly board. "Shit," said Starsky.

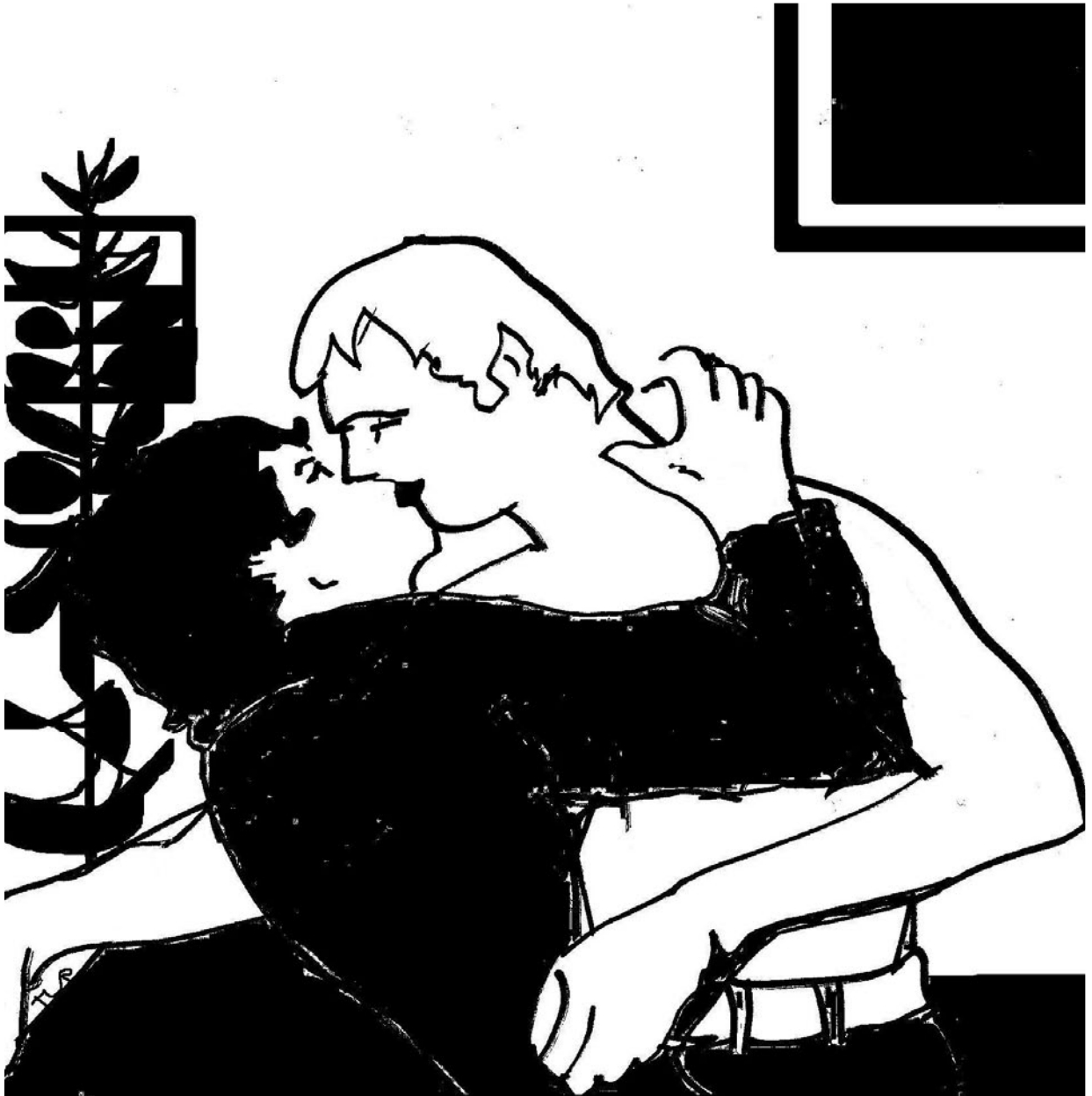
No, barf, thought Hutch. He said, "Go clean up and I'll take care of this."

Starsky rose unsteadily and made his way to the bathroom. Hutch folded the Monopoly board, barf and all, and shoved it in the garbage can. He reached for the towel by the sink, then had a sudden thought. He held Ollie in his hands at face level, then suddenly ripped it apart, tearing it limb from limb and head from torso. It was quite satisfying and when Hutch had enough pieces, he used them to soak up the rest of the barf. The whole mess was then stuffed into a garbage bag, and then wrapped in another garbage bag, and gingerly put outside Starsky's front door where Hutch could dispose of it in the morning when he left Starsky's.

"Huuutch," came a weak cry from the bathroom. The pitiful, pathetic sound tore at Hutch's heart. "I threw up again and missed," he cried plaintively.

"Coming, buddy." Hutch headed for the bathroom. "We'll get you all nice and cleaned up, then tuck you into bed, and keep you all warm and safe for the rest of the night," he said, removing his sweat shirt and pants as he approached the bathroom, revealing quite the animated erection.





AUS!

AUSSIES!

ALB N OS!

**BEAT! EAT! COME BE EAT US!
EVERY DAY ALL TH TIEM!
DON'T NEED TO CALL OR RITE
JUSE COMEA!!!! WE LIKE UR!!!!**

