

Cheesy B

Zombie Book

Sample Chapter

M. T. Lee

CHEESY B ZOMBIE BOOK

LARGE PRINT STORYTIME EDITION

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DEDICATION

For Emilia Summer and Xavier Parker

THE OOY GOOY CHEESY PARTS

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02**The Campsite**

“I’ve never met a cheese I didn’t like.”

~ Steve

A FEW YEARS AGO, the *Cheese Shack Group* was opening a new store at Topsail Beach. The local franchise owners organized a big concert to celebrate their grand opening.

Cousin Steve and his wife, Susan, were camping near Manuels River the day before the big event. Steve and Susan loved camping, and Steve absolutely loved cheese. The stronger, the better he often said.

Susan was preparing supper while Steve was putting up the tent that Susan gave him for his birthday the previous fall. Steve felt a sense of accomplishment as he drove the last tent peg into the ground. He was proud that he set up the tent all by himself. He puffed out his chest like Superman after saving the day, but

instead of a large *S* on his chest, there was a logo for *The Cheese Shack Group*. The logo was a wedge of Swiss cheese with yellow and orange text stamped over it. Steve loved that shirt. He bought it while they were on vacation in Corner Brook earlier that summer.

“The tent is up. Is there anything else that needs to be done?” Steve stood next to the tent awaiting an answer.

Susan replied, “Could you run down to the river and get us some water so I can boil the hot dogs?”

“Hot dogs again? You know there are going to be plenty of hot dogs and burgers at the barbecue tomorrow. How about we have Kraft Dinner instead?”

“We can do KD, but we still need some water to boil.”

“What’s wrong with the *Big 8* jug of drinking water we bought at the grocery store?”

“I think you just answered your own question, Steve.”

Steve didn’t see her logic, but he felt it was best to agree with her. “Good enough. I’ll be back in two shakes of a lamb’s tail.”

“Thanks, babe.”

Steve grabbed an empty blue bucket near the side of the tent and headed down to the river. Susan put the chicken wieners back

in the cooler then grabbed her favorite saucepan and a box of Kraft Dinner.

With bucket in hand, Steve followed a trail down to the river. He hopped across some rocks until he found a good place to fill up the bucket. Steve looked around admiring the view as he collected the water. As he pulled the bucket out of the water, Steve noticed a scruffy looking man staring at him, holding an old red and white pillowcase. At first, Steve was a little freaked out by this guy just standing there, staring at him. Steve was unaware that this was the man's favorite spot for selling cheese, which he did to support his cheese addiction.

“Can I help you?” Steve asked politely.

“Wanna buy some cheese?”

“Do I ever!” Steve was very excited about this. More excited than any average person should have been. Steve watched as the man pulled a large pack of cheese from the pillowcase, “How much?”

“Fifty dollars,” the man answered.

“No thanks. I love cheese but not that much.” Steve lowered his head. He felt disappointed.

“One dollar.” The man lowered his price as he staggered around the rocks. Luckily for Steve, the homeless guy didn’t know how to negotiate.

“Sold!” Steve's eyes lit up as he thought about the great deal he was getting. Steve dug into his pockets and pulled out a loonie. The homeless guy’s eyes lit up when he realized that someone was willing to pay him for the free cheese he found in the dumpster. They were both eager to make a quick exchange of money and cheese before either of them changed their mind. With cheese in hand, Steve grabbed the bucket of water and quickly hurried back to the campsite.

The homeless guy stood staring at the shiny loonie in his dirty hand. He kissed the coin, carefully placed it in the front pocket of his soiled jeans, reached into his pillowcase, and pulled out another pack of dumpster cheese. This package looked even worse than the last one, but that wouldn’t stop him from trying to make another buck.

Steve made his way back to the campsite. He was holding the bucket in his right hand while holding up the cheese in the other like it was a trophy he wanted to show off.

“Susan, Susan! Look at what I got.” Steve held out the cheese so Susan could get a closer look.

“What do ya have there, babe?”

“I bought some cheese from the homeless guy down by the river.”

“Why would you do that?”

“You know I love cheese, plus it was only a dollar.”

Susan could sense the excitement in his voice. “Wow, what a deal. You must be so excited,” she replied sarcastically.

“Totally. Best day ever!” Steve was starting to think that Susan was not as thrilled about his new purchase as he was. Steve ripped open the re-sealable package of cheese and prepared to take a huge bite. He hesitated. Instead, he reached out his hand and offered the veiny green cheese to his wife, almost shoving it in her mouth. “You want some, sweetie?”

“No, I'm good. It's all yours, Hun.” Susan seemed a little turned off by the sight of the cheese.

Steve shrugged his shoulders and took a big whiff of the tangy, aromatic goodness. “Okay, more cheese for me.” Steve took his first bite, “Mmmmm, this blue cheese is awesome.”

Susan leaned in to get a closer look at the wrapper. Puzzled, she commented, “Ah Hun, the label says mozzarella.”

Steve stopped nibbling on the cheese long enough to read the label. Susan was right. It looked like blue cheese, but the label clearly read mozzarella. However, Steve did not seem to mind. He shrugged his shoulders again. “Maybe the packaging is wrong. What's the worst that can happen?” he said before taking another bite.

BACK AT THE RIVER, the homeless guy was standing in the same spot holding up a pack of cheese. Two teenage girls in shorts and tank tops were walking home after spending the morning swimming at The Hole, a pool a little further up the river. Their hair, still dripping wet, left water droplets along the river's edge as they walked. The girls noticed a grungy bearded man standing on the rocks trying to sell cheese. As they passed by, one of the girls called out to him.

“Hey, Cheesy B,” shouted Lindsay. She noticed him wearing a black rubber boot on his right foot and a blue canvas shoe on his

left. He was wobbling a little, trying to keep his balance. “Maybe he’s drunk,” she whispered to Megan.

Cheesy B stood up straight when he saw the girls. With a big yellow and black smile, he responded, “You girls wanna buy some cheese?”

Both girls replied at the same time, “No thanks,” then started to giggle.

Cheesy B watched the girls walk away. He held the new pack of cheese high in one hand while his other hand was occupied scratching a rash that developed a couple of days earlier. He didn’t seem to mind if people could see him or not.

As the girls walked away, Megan was curious. “Why do they call him Cheesy B?”

“Dunno, I guess because he sells cheese, and he’s a bum,” Lindsay answered.

Cheesy B overheard their conversation, and under his breath, he mumbled, “My name is Bob, ugh!” He was frustrated and didn’t understand why everyone called him Cheesy B. He dropped his hands to his sides, lowered his head, and walked away from the river.

Megan wanted to know more. “How long has he been selling cheese?” she asked.

“Well, my sister says he has been trying to sell that same sack of cheese for the last couple of years, but no one would ever buy it.”

“Yuck, that is gross. Good thing no one ever buys that nasty stuff.” Megan was disgusted by the thought of eating his cheese.

“Totally! What kind of idiot would buy nasty old cheese from a homeless guy down by the river?”

About the Author



M.T. Lee is a sci-fi geek, award-winning filmmaker, and artist. In the real world, he is a Certified Business Analyst and IT Consultant. He was born in Gander, raised in Arnold's Cove, and currently lives in Conception Bay South, Newfoundland and

Labrador. He is married to an amazing woman who somehow puts up with him, and they have two beautiful children; who are often the inspiration for his stories.

