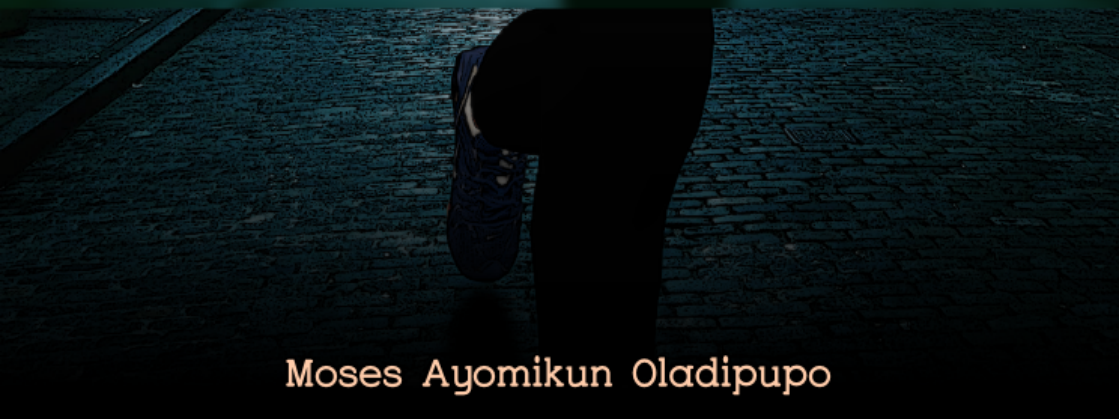




D

E-ZOMBILISERS

--Brains, Bravery, and Horrors of Peaseland--



Moses Ayomikun Oladipupo

DE-ZOMBIELISERS

--Brains, Bravery, and Horrors of Peaseland--

DE-ZOMBIELISERS

--Brains, Bravery, and Horrors of Peaseland--

By: Moses Ayomikun Oladipupo
www.ayomikun.com.ng

First Release 2015

This book is for your personal enjoyment. It may not be distributed or shared in anyway without a prior written permission from the publisher

Publishing and graphic design by:
Crystal Frames
(www.crystal-frames.com, www.crystalframes.com.ng)

Online bookstore for purchase:
bookstore.crystalframes.com.ng

*

ISBN: 978-978-53971-5-4

De-Zombielisers

This book is about an incredible occurrence in Peaseland. Peaseland had always been a place of monotonous bliss. It remained that way until the unchecked crime sector gave birth to mayhem. Peaseland was bound never to see bliss again. Never! But when all hopes was lost, a man rose up to the challenge and saved Peaseland. Join Bob as he takes you through this incredible occurrence in Peaseland.

"I simply love it."

- Esra Saygılı

(Assistant Professor at Silopi Ataturk Anatolian High School,
Turkey)

TABLE OF CONTENT

Prologue: The Funeral -----	6
Chapter 1: Meet The Wilsons -----	14
Chapter 2: Meet The Really Bad Guys -----	16
Chapter 3: The Conspiracy Scheme -----	26
Chapter 4: The Very Unusual Day -----	37
Chapter 5: The Emergency Meeting -----	42
Chapter 6: The Implementation -----	49
Chapter 7: The New Breed -----	53
Chapter 8: The Newer New Breed -----	57
Chapter 9: The Mouth Opening Recipe Of Mrs. Wilson -----	62
Chapter 10: The Second Intervention And Implementation -----	69
Chapter 11: Unveiling The Ultimate Evil -----	73
Chapter 12: Rising Up To The Responsibility -----	77
Chapter 13: The Arrest -----	92
Chapter 14: The Trial -----	95
Chapter 15: Happily Ever After -----	100

PROLOGUE

THE FUNERAL

"From dust to dust," said Sir Spittle who was called upon to recite these lines, "from ashes to ashes."

Sobs and cries were heard in the crowd that gathered there. It was a sad night as both couples had died in the same incident, leaving behind their orphan, who was just learning to stand being only about a year old.

The deceased was a scientist who built himself a lab and wrote many books on his findings being an authority in the field of sciences. He proved many theories wrong and made new ones with convincing proves. He was one of the scientists who discovered gravity while falling down the stairs, but that was not how he died. When they fell, they laid there in a pile at the bottom of the stairs thoughtfully penning down their observations. He lost a few teeth which the cleaner swept into a packer with a broom and handed them over to him.

Dr. Cook, for that was his name, was a young scientist who made quite a fortune from his discoveries and wanted to give his little boy the best training he could. He married his wife, Bonnie, just a little more than two years before they passed on. It was a thing of joy for them when she gave

birth to their little boy. Dr. Cook often took him out to a garden and sang sweet songs to him, holding him high in the air and admiring him against the cloudy background of the sky. He cuddled him and cherished him more than any dad could. The love Bonnie had for the little boy was no lesser than that of Dr. Cook. He had great dreams for him and was determined to do anything in his power to make his boy attain to admirable heights. Had he been successful, the little boy was bound to be a super inventor of things profitable to mankind. Alas, he failed.

Dr. Cook believed strongly that there were power in names. He had made much of his early discoveries in the kitchen before he was able to afford to build himself a lab, for this reason he thought his name, "Cook," was behind his kitchen success. Also, his best friend and co-scientist, Dr. Nawnstorp Dier, was a short paunchy man with a great mustachio, who had survived nine ghastly motor accidents, that is not to mention the fall he and other scientists fell on the stairs. So he thought his name was also responsible for his survival. He therefore called his son Professor Dale naming him after the famous physiologist, Sir Henry Hallet Dale (1875-1968), desiring that he would exceed him, his father, in achievements.

The little child did show some traits of a professor while still very little. Always having a squint in his eyes as if looking into the distance in a deep thought and nodding his

head as if coming to realise some hidden truth, he convinced people that it was in his nature to be a great scientist. He also had a head with a great size. What however scared people of what his future held was his occasional mischievous looking grin.

It was one day when working on a major experiment that Dr. Cook was away in his lab for a very long time. He was making some tangible advancements in his research when he started feeling sleepy. It was a dangerous thing to fall sleepy in such a lab, but it was not for that reason that he died. He didn't wish to stop the experiment half way as he was excited about the next thing he was about finding out. He called the attention of his wife to prepare him a cup of coffee. She prepared it and went into the lab with a tray having the cup of coffee with some cookies in it. When she went in, there was a scream heard from without, a sound of glass breaking and things falling to the floor, there were bright flashes of light and sparks seen from without, followed by a black smoke oozing out of the lab. But that was not what killed them. Being a lover of coffee, he couldn't wait to have a sip, and lying on the floor in a bad posture with his head bending downwards, he took a sip. He choked and died. His wife seeing he was dead could not bear the grief and died too. People rushed into the lab to try to rescue the situation but it was too late. Dead they were.

It was a sad incidence. It had been a pleasure watching Dr.

Cook grew into the man he became. There were even greater prospects for him despite his achievements already. No body could believe it when they heard of his death. They had so much expectations of him. In fact people had copious predictions about what he was going to become so much that his death shocked them greatly.

People had travelled from far and near to attend his funeral because of his fame. The funeral service went in a honourable way, you'd think it was a king that died. There were military parades, and rendering of solemn music by the state choir. People from every sector came to pay tribute to him.

Mr. Morgan and his friend, Capt. Hunter, were visitors from the crime sector. They came in large coats that if another man stood with them in it, you'd not suspect he was there. The crime sector exists but was not really active, and no one would admit that he works there as it was not legal. These men had tried convincing Dr. Cook to join them in the crime sector. While he walked home he thought carefully about it. It was at the time when he needed a lab, he thought of the possibility of being able to afford himself a lab if he joined the crime sector. He also thought of the possibility of joining the crime sector to enable him build himself a lab, and thereafter leaving it.

As he pondered upon these things, he passed by an abbey

when a long bearded man who had overheard their discussion pinned him to a corner, dealt two slaps on his cheeks, and warned him sternly not to join them. He therefore refused to join them, but he also didn't hand them over to the authorities nor let them know that they had tried to make him join the crime sector. It was not too long after that that he attracted the attention of some kind sponsors. Mr. Morgan and Capt. Hunter were angry with him for refusing to join them, but when they heard of his death, they came to pay their last respect. These two men and their spouses were close family friends who were known for their lightheartedness. They had a boy each who they felt raising them took too much of their time as they simply hated responsibilities.

In the funeral, everybody said many wonderful things about Dr. Cook, even people who never knew him or met him before said wonderful things about him. A young lad by the name of Master Wilson, Dr. Cook's most promising student, read a tribute in honour of him. This was followed by a loud round of applause, and exclamations as people were deeply touched by his speech. He had a natural gift in oration and composing his writings. He too was an up coming scientist. When Dr. Cook, his teacher, died, a lot of attention shifted to him. This sought of attention can be detrimental to the psychological growth of young ones at times. People started wondering if he'd fit into the shoes of his teacher. As it is sometimes said, "it is a bad thing to be overshadowed by

some great ancestral name.” In his case he was being overshadowed by the achievements of a great teacher. He was quite uncomfortable about this, but somehow the lad managed to keep his head cool.

The six fit hole was dug and the couples were laid to rest. Everybody who were related to him one way or the other came, took a shovel, and sprinkled sand into the grave with it. Some came with grim faces, others sobbing, and some crying and shedding tears profusely. Every group of people had a representative who would take the shovel and sprinkle sand into the grave. For example, his relatives would have one representative come do that, then his co-scientist, a representative from the church, from each of his sponsors, etc. It had to be a representative and not everybody or else the funeral would not come to an end, as the very sand would be exhausted.

It was the tradition to have all the male sons of the deceased come dance in honour of the deceased. Usually this was supposed to be done if the deceased had lived to a very old age. It was considered a thing of joy for an old person to pass on, but a sad thing for a young person to pass on, therefore it was not customary to dance in such circumstances. Apart from this, Dr. Cook's only son was just learning to stand and so could not do the dancing. But Dr. Cook's brother who was supposed to adopt the child and train him seeking an occasion to show his dancing skills

took Professor Dale, the little baby, in his hand and started dancing. By this he showed he was dancing on behalf of the boy. He didn't dance too long when he lifted up the boy in his two hands above his head. He should have known better than to do that. As he held up the child smiling at his admiring spectators, the child rained smelly excrement on him. There was a wild laugh among his spectators which invited all the other people to come see what was happening, and when they saw the sight, they laughed also. In fact this caused passers by who had no business with the funeral to come see what was going on. The laughter became louder each second. He took the boy and frowned at him in anger, and the boy frowned harder back at him. The boy was just merely trying to imitate what he saw on his uncle's face, but the uncle took it for a challenge. This happened amidst the wild laughter of the onlookers. He didn't think they'd take it that far, but he appeared on all the newspapers the next day. This embarrassment made the man hate the boy. He no longer wished to train him or have him in his house, but it was his duty and he couldn't avoid it.

After this, there was a brief feast though the refreshments were surplus. It rained and the attendees of the funeral were not well shielded from the rain being only under canopies. They ate as fast as they could, entered their vehicles and left. Not a grain of the refreshment was left.

That was the end of Dr. Cook and his wife. Is it for nought that wise king Solomon said "all is vanity?" Gone they were but life goes on still. Their little boy was yet to grow and still had a long long life ahead of him. If people knew what he'd become, they'd have dreaded him far more than they did his mischievous grin. In fact, they'd have been glad if he had been laid in the six feet hole with his parents.

CHAPTER 1

MEET THE WILSONS

Hi. My name is Bob, I had a very hectic but fun day and I'm on my way to say hello to my parents. I'm going to tell you some really amazing story of what occurred here in Peaseland. Some of the account given here are based on my personal experience, and the other part is based on what journalists, and the police derived from their interview with the villains you'd soon get to know. But before I tell you this really amazing story of this experience, I'm going to introduce my family to you.

My dad, Mr. Wilson, is a prominent scientist and very famous for his inventions. He was awarded a doctorate degree but he insisted he would be called "Mr." He said humility demands that he let that title go, and focus on service to humanity. He invented a car powered by just vegetables. Because of its reliance on the sun light, it was named photo-car. "Keep the vegetables green, and you are good to go." he'd always say.

My mom is a great cook. A wonderful friend to chat with. Her love and care made our home a sweet home. She was the best friend to all of us. But more than that, a strict

mum.

My little brother, Junior, is daddy's little boy and a scientist in the making, but if he must succeed he must know how to learn by sleeping. He could doze off right in the middle of any conversation or interesting activity.

Finally, may I introduce myself? Humility has taught me to always introduce myself last. Well, you know my name already. I am the out going and sporty type of person. I engage in a lot of sports. I do extreme sports like skateboarding, bike stunting, and so on. I ventured into wrestling once, but I quitted after breaking my spinal cord in a brutal title belt match. I was hospitalised and bedridden for several months. After recovering, I started refereeing in wrestling matches, but that too was too dangerous. Now I'm an active darts player. I captain my darts club and we've won several competitions.

So we are they who make up the Wilson's family.

CHAPTER 2

MEET THE REALLY BAD GUYS

There were these three bad guys who were really bad. Charles, Conrad, and the “baddest” of them all, an evil self made scientist, short and big headed, Dr. Prof. Dale. “Prof.” was the abbreviation of the name given to him at birth.

Conrad and Charles had a very bad and poor upbringing. Their parents were very close and thought alike, being actively involved in the crime sector. While Charles and Conrad were kids, other children went to school and were trained in this field or the other, but their parents only taught them two things, and two things only. By this two things, they were sure their kids would be able to sustain themselves anyhow. By this two things only, they were bound to be rich. The first was how to steal items such as onions, cabbage, coconut, etc. and the second was how to sprint. For the latter, two coaches and a trainer were hired for each child. The coaches had not the slightest idea as to why they were being trained this way. They actually thought their parents were very keen on making athletes of their kids. After completing their training, being still very young, they were both kicked out of their houses. When the coaches came to make inquiry about the boys, as they were

eager to see what they'd become, their parents told them a pleasant lie that would keep them from ever asking after them again. You'd wonder why, but the answer is simple; dislike for responsibilities.

Life became really hard for these boys. It was when they were kicked out of the house and were going through a really tough time, they began to realise the usefulness of the training their parents had given to them.

As for Dr. Prof. Dale, he was the son of a scientist who died in his own lab after an accident. This happened while Prof. Dale was still very young. Unfortunately he could have at least had a mother, but he lost both his parents in the same accident.

He was adopted by his uncle who was very cruel to him. For reasons he knew nothing about, the uncle hated him strongly. It was glaring that if he ever fended for him, it was out of necessity and not out of love. Hatred tainted even his kindest act. So cruel he was that Dr. Prof. Dale ran away seeking to survive alone. He however left with some of his dad's books.

He met Conrad and Charles who introduced him to the crime sector. He refused to join them and ran away from them, fearing that they would threaten him. However when things became really hard, he started his own stealing in a

part of town different from that which Conrad and Charles operated. They survived well by this, but Dale, being of a very small stature and due to the weight of all that head, couldn't cope well. While Charles and Conrad were always successful in their stealing operations, Dale was always caught, beaten, wounded in the head, and mocked. This often caused frustration which made him more evil than Charles and Conrad.

As time went on, Dale's physical deficiencies made him to develop a scientific approach to stealing. One day, when Charles and Conrad noticed him and saw that he had some stealable items, they sought to steal from him. Having this in mind, they paid him a friendly visit of which he gave them a very warm welcome into his abode. By then, they were not in the least aware that he was in the crime sector. They merely thought that he had found some decent way of earning a good living.

On arriving at his abode, they observed the setting of his house and discovered that his things were too intelligently protected to be stolen. Dr. Prof. Dale offered them a very wonderfully comfortable custom made chair. Once you sat on it, it would tilt you at an angle, stretch your legs out and astride, and swing you from side to side so that you couldn't help but relax and forget all your sorrows and pains. In fact, you'd forget yourself too. They enjoyed the chair and wished not to ever get up. However, they felt compelled to leave

seeing there was no way they could steal from the self made scientist. So they bade him good bye and left.

They boarded a bus to go home and while on board they expressed disappointment in their failure to get anything from the big headed man.

“I wish we never see any human of this kind again in Peaseland, Never!” Conrad said frowning.

“So stingy and selfish.” Charles responded.

“Exactly. Why in the world would he protect his stuff that way if it were not sheer selfishness?”

There was a long period of silent fuming.

“Remember Mr. Kilbane?” Said Charles braking the silence.

Now, Mr. Kilbane happened to be a wealthy man and a father of three. While Charles and Conrad laid in wait in the bushes waiting for him and his family to sleep so they could rob him, Mr. Kilbane went round the house, shut all the windows tight, and locked all the doors and ensured that his house was impregnable. That was his daily practice and this made Conrad and Charles say, “O look at him, such a selfish fellow, he intends to enjoy his wealth all alone and not share some with us. Even if it is just a little.”

Remembering that unpleasant night, Conrad said, “Yeah, that's another selfish fellow.”

“Why do such fellows exist?” said Charles clasp his face in his hands in anger. He tore his face with his nails causing him to bleed, yet he didn't realise it.

“Charles?” said Conrad.

“What?”

“You are bleeding.”

“Me? How?”

“First Aid!” Conrad called out as they always had one in each bus.

The young fine looking boy came forward and attended to him finding it very hard as he was bleeding profusely. They had to get a mop to mop the floor. When he was through, he left them angrily as they showed no appreciation. While he was attending to them, they did away with his wallet and he didn't even suspect. However, when they checked it and saw nothing except some rough papers and rotten seeds of roasted corn, Conrad called out, “Hey boy! You left this.”

“O my!” the boy exclaimed, “how in the world did I drop it. Thank you.”

As he stood up to come for his wallet, they threw it at his head.

“Don't bother coming for it, poor fellow.” said Conrad.

The boy frowned, took his sit, and, looking out of the window, ignored them.

“Why don't Peaseland recognise our rights?” asked Charles with a lot of care, lest he starts bleeding again.

“Sheer wickedness, I'd say,” said Conrad, “we don't even have anyone who could fight for the rights of thieves to the properties of others.”

“If that could happen,” said Charles with a deep sigh, “Peaseland would be heaven on earth.”

“Let's hope for a better tomorrow of a more moral Peaseland,” said Conrad as they approached their bus stop, “that'll fight for the right of the weak.”

When they alighted, they dipped their hands into their pockets to pull out their wallet so as to pay their transport fare, but their wallet were gone. They looked around to see

if there were any suspicious looking person but they could not tell. They checked all their pockets even for a little money to pay their transport fare, but there was not a single penny left on them. Unfortunately, the place where they had alighted was the wrongest part of town for such to have happened.

In this part of town, there was a group of people called Justice Mob. They hated crime from the bottom of their hearts and took the issue of crime very personal. They were always on the look out for people who trampled on the rights of others, and took revenge on their behalf. They were sometimes unusually smart in deciding matters, but they were never smart enough to let the police alone in carrying out their responsibilities. They had a special vest. A criteria to joining their team was to have big hands. Their favourite sport is volleyball. There is no slap more damaging than theirs.

They had proposed to be recognised as a law enforcement body which was well received initially. The judiciary looked into it and saw that they could be of help to make the workload on the police less as they even promised to be self funding. They handed a section of town to them, but after going contrary to the court's verdict twice by going way beyond the punishment they were to serve the offender, they were seen as dangerous. They saw the verdicts of the court as being too soft for a thing as evil as crime. From

that time on, both the police and the judiciary were held in contempt by them. They alleged that the judiciary and the police were pampering criminals and allowing it to breed. Though they were forbidden from operating at all, they stubbornly operated whenever the police was absent from a crime scene. The value they placed on the life of a criminal was five dollars. If the crime exceeded that, they slapped the criminal to death.

It was in the presence of these people that Charles and Conrad alighted. When the Justice Mob observed the way they checked their pockets for money, they assumed that they were deliberately trying to avoid paying for their transport fare. Conrad and Charles noticed the number of huge handed vested men increasing about them, but could not tell what was the reason for that. As they were there feeling rather perplexed, Conrad heard a loud sound as it were that of a thunder, and a flash that dazzled him. He put his hands on his ear and shut his eyes being stunned and wondering what it was that was so loud. Looking about him, he saw Charles on the floor with one of his eyes out of its socket and his tongue sticking out while he jerked. He looked up in fright at the angry faces about him. He knew he was next. The last thing he remembered was that he saw one of the vested men with angry faces raise up his hand.

So for the first time, Conrad and Charles got their share of beatings. When they were through with them, they were

half dead on the floor as they were only supposed to pay Two Dollars, Fifty Cents each. When they came to, they wondered how they lost their money but couldn't just figure it out. They only remembered that as they left Dr. Prof. Dale's house, he went feeling the chair they had sat on as if searching for a lost coin. Then they realised that the chair was done in such a way that your coins and wallets were meant to drop off your pocket once you sat on it. So all that comfort and swinging about was not a kind hospitality after all. When they came to this realisation, they smiled at each other seeing new prospects. They tried to talk but couldn't because their jaws were out of joint, so there was a display of the most vigorous sign language as they tried to communicate.

After this experience, and when they were fully recovered, they saw the need to partner with Dr. Prof. Dale. They paid him yet another visit and after a very long discussion, came to a very comprehensive agreement. They were supposed to sign an Memorandum of Understanding, but there agreement was not legally binding as it was an illegal activity. The meeting lasted for hours but they remained standing throughout, though Dr. Prof. Dale tried persuading them to sit down. In the agreement, Charles and Conrad did the stealing and the sprinting, while he, Prof. Dale, helped with the complex thinking and coining up of crafty ideas. After the meeting, they had a very warm hand shake, and thereafter, departed.

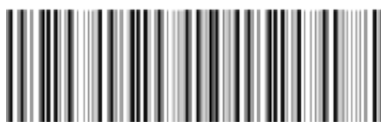
By this means, they became very successful. Not even the Justice Mob could bust their operations now. Thanks to the crafty ideas of Dale and the resources stolen by Charles and Conrad, they were able to build themselves a mansion with different quarters, a meeting hall, a study for Dr. Prof. Dale that had a monkey in a cage which he enjoyed torturing with a long needle. It had an area for recreation, and the surrounding forest was a fun place to go hunting. This mansion served as their operational headquarters.

The mansion was so craftily built and located that you couldn't find it. They sometimes invited people to help do one thing or the other to build up or beautify their mansion, but as soon as they left, they couldn't find the way back. These bad guys became completely separated from Peaseland and Peaseland became completely separated from them. They only got involved with Peaseland when they needed something from it.

These are they who make the really bad guys.



A Crystal Frames
Publication
bookstore.crystalframes.com.ng



9 78 9 78 5 3 9 1 1 5 4