State of Decay MAD LIB STYLE

Adverb
Noun
Noun
Adjective
Adjective
Noun
Noun
Adjective
Noun
Verb - Past Tense
Noun
Adjective
Verb - Present Ends In Ing
Adjective
Noun
Adverb
Noun
Verb - Past Tense
Verb - Past Tense
Noun
Adjective
Adjective
Adjective

24.	Verb - Past Tense		
25.	Noun		
26.	Noun		
27.	Noun		
28.	Adverb		
29.	Adverb		
30.	Verb - Present Ends In Ing		
31.	Noun - Plural		
32.	Verb - Present Ends In Ing		

State of Decay MAD LIB STYLE

We moved, slashing and hacking our way through engorged and and
like a couple of butchers. Six overly ripe corpses hit the pavement with a splat before we had
made it a dozen feet. Bile rose in the back of my throat as the aroma of rotting Noun
and rancid tickled the roof of my mouth and coated my taste buds. I drew back my arm and
shoved my blade through the eye socket of a and impossibly thin, ignoring the
fact that it was wearing a jean skirt, Hello Kitty tee, and had probably been someone's teen daughter.
After she, another zombie, faster and much fatter, took her place. It grabbed out to snatch
my, trying to sink its teeth into it. I used the zombie's own forward momentum,
snagging it by the coat sleeve, and
pavement when I swiveled out of the way. I stomped with all my might into the zombie's face, feeling its skull
give way beneath my booted foot until there was nothing but mush squished into the pavement
. I was so busy making sure the zombie on the didn't get back up, that I missed the one who had
come up behind me in the chaos. I turned only to come face-to-face with a zombie so swollen
with fluids and rot that it could have been someone's sick portrayal of zombies immortalized as a wax figurine.
Its eyes were so unnervingly opaque that I had no idea how it could see. Its glistened in the
sunlight, white and waxy, and stretched so tautly across the corpse's liquefied insides that I was
Past Tense into immobility.
The undead man didn't hesitate like I did, however. His hunger for human flesh motivated him to try with all his
might

to rip into me. Surprised by his speed, I back, only to slip on the mess of zombie goo I'd
made and land on my ass right in the middle of it, losing my in the process. I moved fast,
scrambling backward to get away, but the zombie was already on top of me. I fumbled for my gun, trying to get
it free with my hand covered in zombie insides, but I wasn't fast enough. I lunged back again,
just as the zombie's mouth opened and a gurgle of zombie breath coated my shoulder. A
scream clawed its way up my throat and the zombie stilled for a fraction of a second with his mouth hanging
open before a fountain of blood and mushy zombie innards spewed forth with a pop, coating every inch of me
from the neck down. In shock, I looked up into the face of the zombie, barely noting the blade
poking through his eye inches away from me.
"Are you alright?" Jude the grotesquely bloated to the side and held out a
I grabbed onto it and let him pull me from the pile of muck. "Were you bit?" he asked, searching
my I shook my head, and glanced around at the bodies strewn all over the place. I felt
lightheaded, slowly raising my hands up in front of myself. I looked at the gore and guts coating my arms in a
detached sort of fascination.
"We should probably get moving, Melody," Jude said
I bobbed my head again, never taking my eyes off of my arms. I turned and glanced back at the
mess I was verb - Present ends in ING in and realized how very close I'd been to getting killed. My head began
to buzz and I pitched forward and vomited until my stomach hurt from the pain of it. Jude rubbed my back the
entire time, but I didn't hear whatever it was he was murmuring. When nothing was left except a headache, Jude
helped

me to my	Noun - Plural	He held my blade out to me and I muttered my thanks. We both started
Verb - Preso	ent ends in ING	_ again, glad to put the semi and all its newly redecorated scenery behind us.

©2025 WordBlanks.com · All Rights Reserved.