



Porta-Potty-Pandemonium

The party zombie herd was winding its way in the dark, out into the open playa art

installations. The disparate collection of gray-toned, open-sored, mangy-haired, torn-attired, new arrivals to Burning Man progressed at a steady pace, perhaps at the same speed as someone taking a very long stroll.



Some of the party zombies detached from the herd after the group ransacked a pirate ship, bendy bus and other mutant vehicles near the 10:00 PlayaPiano camp. These breakaway z's were attracted by the whiff of the nearby bank of porta-potties. Five of them headed directly towards the toilets.

They came across a bank of eight blue stalls. Every door was closed. No one was in line at the moment. The first zombie to arrive, a heavysset female, stopped at the closest stall, commencing to push and beat on the door. From inside, a perturbed young lady hollered out "Hey, someone's in here. I'll be out in a moment. Just hold your horses, out there."

The second zombie arrived, a slender, younger woman, pushing past the first z, taking the same tactic with the door two stalls down. A middle-aged woman wearing a headlamp, coasted in, with her well-lit cruiser bike, observing the two strange looking ladies impatiently pounding on the porta-potties. The woman in the headlamp assumed they might be high and could use some help. She approached the slender z, speaking soothingly as she arrived. Her nose wrinkled a little; she hoped the odor was from the toilet, not the grungy lady she was assisting.

"Here, it's green. You just need to pull on the handle, sweetie." The woman with the headlamp explained cheerfully, opening the door for the z lady. The zombie took one step forward, turned to glance at the helpful woman, turning again

to admire the enticing aroma of the stall. The zombie seemed frozen with indecision. The woman with the headlamp patiently smiled, continuing to hold the door open.

Finally, the z took another step toward the stall, before reaching back with its right arm. With surprising strength the z yanked the headlamp woman forward with her. The door swung into the two, but the zombie had a clear path into the stall, dragging the screaming headlamp woman with it.

At the same time, the young lady inside the first stall started to exit her toilet. She was greeted by the heavysset lady z. It pushed her backwards into the stall, before plunging forward to join her in the porta-potty; the door swinging shut behind them.

The other three zombies arrived at the porta-potty bank. A burly, younger man exited the fifth stall, concerned about the nearby screams that had just commenced. "What the hell?" he exclaimed in anger and fear, sizing up the three zombie men closing in on him, while the screaming from the stalls persisted.

Assuming these three were standing guard, while someone was raping or assaulting some women in the stalls next door, he charged into them. "Get out of the way, get out of here!" he barked at them. It was the last thing he said upright, as the three pulled him to the ground, biting and gouging away. They continued to gash away at him while he fought and clawed back.

His shirtless friend, waiting off to the side, had not been paying attention at first, but sprinted to the scene as the scuffle continued. Soon the man on the ground was listless; the three zombies concentrated their attention on the newly arrived friend. Moments later, a large portion of the bare chested friend's upper right arm was bitten off, while the friend screamed in agony.

Half a dozen people ran up to the fracas, but all were keeping a wary distance. They observed the two men moaning in agony on the ground, bathed in blood; their three horrific-

appearing, blood stained attackers now eyeing the new arrivals.

One of the three zombie men became interested in the aroma behind him. The zombie turned around to find a well-built man wearing a florescent pink bikini and Ugg boots, mouth agape, standing frozen in the doorway of the fourth stall, holding the door open with his right hand. The zombie charged forward like a linebacker, taking his bikini-clad quarry back into the porta-potty with him.

The two remaining zombies advanced on the group of six that just arrived. One person peeled away, sprinting back towards the camp. The zombies flanked the others, so that the z's were in between the people and the camp. The zombies lurched forward. The remaining five retreated out into the open playa, the z's in methodical pursuit.