

# Zombie Haikus

These short little drills don't take much time or brain power, but they do require that you're able to count to seven and defend yourself from the undead at the same time.



**Step one:** For a moment, ignore the groaning and mawing zombies outside your window. Sit down in front of your pad and paper and prepare to write.

**Step two:** Take a good look at the nearest zombie. Look for specific details: what does its breath smell like? What kind of human tissue dangles from its ragged teeth? What, exactly, is the pallor of its skin? Does it moan or groan? What does it want? Specific sensory details are essential for this exercise. Brainstorm on the back of this worksheet.

**Step three:** Now select some suitable zombie-words from your brainstorm that add up to 5 syllables, the first line of your zombie haiku.

Pay attention now, because this is really important. Do not let the zombies get a grip on your skull. By now they're drooling for your brain, but you've still got two more lines to write.

**Step four:** Drawing on your close-up and personal experience with the zombies, compose your second line. Be sure to use specific, zombie-ish details from your brainstorm as much as possible. Your second line must have seven syllables, no more, no less.

**Step five:** Block out the moaning and snarling sounds coming from the zombies outside your window and focus on writing line three: 5 more syllables to finish off your zombie haiku. Resist the urge to ask the zombies for help at this point. They're notoriously lousy with rhythm and word choice.

**Step six:** Distract the ravenous pack of rotting zombies so that you can read your zombie haiku aloud by the eerie light of the full moon. You may also want to cover your nose.

## Haiku Form:

A haiku has three lines and is written *specifically* and *only* in the following form:

First line: 5 syllables

Second line: 7 syllables

Third line: 5 syllables

## **Examples:**

*dyslexic zombies  
want brains but relentlessly  
stalk Brians instead*

*foggy night, London  
Dickens stumbles, zombies lurk  
great expectations!*

*fallen zombie cries,  
"please, sir, lend me a hand"  
Samaritan snack*

*grading papers, late,  
teacher dozes. zombies come  
in to pick her brains.*

*civil war zombies  
spill breakfast on their shirts, wear  
red badge of porridge*

*Thoreau a zombie?  
who else would want to suck out  
the marrow of life?*

*in the absence of  
brains and spleen, hungry zombies  
snack on eye candy*

*Poe was an easy  
target for zombies because  
of his tell-tale heart*

*"I'm having a brain  
freeze," I said. "I'll have one too,"  
said thirsty zombie.*

