

Because we can't resist

If you think zombie wrestlers are fun, try zombie midget wrestlers.

Midget wrestling is something you don't see a lot of today. In its day, midget wrestling was offered as sort of a sideshow prelude to the main event. It was mostly a joke meant to make the fans laugh. In recent years, midgets have been used as sidekicks, who generally harass their buddy's opponents (often in amusing and humiliating ways) as part of the angle. Sometimes, midgets are used to mock an opponent, by coming out dressed up as the target and spouting his catchphrases.

To include a midget zombie wrestler in any of the wrestling Deadworlds presented in this book would be a simple matter. The wrestling promoter has hired a group of midgets—the Mighty Mites—to wrestle in the federation. The angle is for them to fulfill their traditional role, and mock either the Faces or the Heels or wrestle for the crowd's amusement. When the zombies start spreading the love, the Mighty Mites are infected and the Cast Members must face tiny, brain-eating horrors.

The other alternative is to make the midget wrestlers the source of the infestation. The Mighty Mites hail from Brazil, where they wrestle in a Brazilian league. They hire themselves out to wrestling organizations around the world looking for the best in midget wrestling. Unfortunately, before they could join the Cast Members' federation, they contracted a severe case of zombism. How really isn't important, as it's always much scarier when something's left unknown. The ZM can come up with darkly suggestive clues about rain forest diseases and monkey bites, if he really needs to. After the Mighty Mites arrive, one dies from a mysterious infection, wakes up the next morning without realizing he's dead, and starts sharing the love.

Wacky zombie midget fun ensues.

Midget Wrestler Zombie

Strength 2 **Constitution** 2 **Dexterity** 1
Intelligence -2 **Perception** 2 **Willpower** 2
Dead Points: 26 **Speed:** 4
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 7
Attack: Bite damage 6 slashing, hug damage D4 (2) x 10 per Turn
Weak Spot: Spine [+5]
Getting Around: Slow and Steady [0], The Lunge [+3]
Strength: Dead Joe Average [0], Teeth [+4], The Hug of Death [+8]
Senses: Like the Living [+1]
Sustenance: Daily [0], Sweet Breads (liver) [-3]
Intelligence: Dumb as Dead Wood [0], Tool Use (level 1) [+3]
Spreading the Love: One Bite and You're Hooked [+2]
Power: 28



This zombie isn't particularly fast or strong, but once he gets into range he locks on with arms and teeth in a biting, chewing death grip aimed at your liver. He's not especially bright, either, but he can still pick up a folded metal chair and hit you with it. Since the wrestler died the night before, necrosis hasn't set in yet, so he can still pass for living ("Paco, you don't look so good."). He moves slowly in the ring and does little more than try to latch on to an opponent ("Paco, that was supposed to be an elbow drop."). By the time people figure out he's a zombie, it should be too late ("Paco! Oh God, what are you doing?").