Continuing our ZomBCon report, begun here .

On Saturday night at about 3:30 a.m., I shot up suddenly in bed like they do in the cartoons. I was jolted awake by a lightning bolt idea.

Friday, I noticed a FANGORIA table in the vendor hall, but no one was aware of it and therefore no one was sitting at it. Thom had his own table nearby where his family was hocking his book and the only table the rest of the gang seemed to be interested in were the round polished wooden ones in the bar. (They're nice tables – I don't blame them one bit)

So in the middle of my sleep a light bulb suddenly went on and I thought: Wow! Elissa can have our table! That way, she has a hope in hell of meeting fans and selling some autographed photos (which are phenomenal by the way), we won't have a sad, lonely table with a little Fango sign on it, and I'll have a safe place to stash my gear and rest my dogs when con fatigue sets in. With the last wisp of that brilliant thought wafting up through the ceiling to the guy sleeping in the room above me, I fell back into semi-consciousness. That guy over my head probably had a dream about table dancing zombies.

A couple of hours later, and I'm up way too early so I wandered down for breakfast and then made my way over to the hall as people were setting up. I wanted to float my idea with Elissa, but she hadn't arrived yet. I put the word out with a couple of the volunteers and Esther Chilcutt eventually found her and relayed the message.

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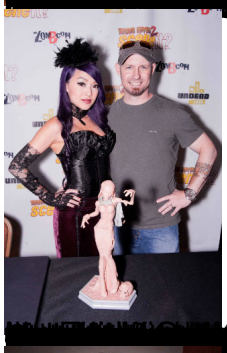

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