

Zombies In The Time of Nineteen Eighty-Four

by J. Bradley

It was a bright cold day in October, and the small gilded clock perched my windowsill chimed fourteen. I was watching the bustling crowd below, sipping on a teacup full of Victory Gin when the scream, no a howl, cut through the murmuring of footsteps and telescreens. I took the pocket telescope out of my bureau and saw blood spurting from the woman's neck, and...teethmarks? The woman collapsed after a couple of minutes then slowly picked herself up. She was walking like a doomed Eurasian toward the nearest man and then bit his arm. (We are at war with Eurasia. We have always been at war with Eurasia.). Perhaps this is the will of Big Brother or perhaps this is another treacherous plot by another plot by Goldstein, that blasted traitor. The telescreen in the living room kept touting the latest triumphs by our boys on the Malabar front, saying nothing about what was going on.

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“Comrade Jameston, how go the trials with Big Brother's Blood? Has it made the test subjects more loyal to Big Brother?”

“It has made them mindless, Comrade Marsh.”

“Excellent. We can fill their empty heads with love for Big Brother.”

“It is a little more complicated than that. Let me show you.”

Comrade Jameston opened the door to the antechamber separating the lab and the decontamination room. In the decontamination room, a guard with his right hip chewed out shambled throughout the sealed room.

“I managed to tranquillise to this one and drag it back in here for

further study.”

“What happened to the one that bit him?”

“She...escaped.”

“That is doubleplusungood. Doubleplusunfuckinngood. You just might be shot for this, Comrade Jameston...if we can stop this. Get Michaels from Minipax on the phone quickly. We need to find this mistake of yours doubleplusspeedwise and stop it before it destroys us all.

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“We can just have Minitrue say it's a Eurasian plot to enslave the citizens of Oceania and undermine Big Brother,” Comrade Michaels said between puffs of his pipe.

“That works on the propaganda side of things, Michaels, but what about the health concern, the consequences of this sickness? The Party needs total, devoted belief, not mindless, cannibalistic belief. You cut a gangrenous limb off before it affects the body,” said Comrade Holdings.

“What are you saying?”

“The attacks are only happening in one sector. If we firebomb it, say it was a Eurasian attack, we could stop the infection from spreading. A thousand lives lost is better than ten thousand lives, wouldn't you agree?”

“But my family...”

“Comrade Michaels, are you engaging in ownlife right now, or worse, crimethink?”

"I'm sorry, comrade, you are right. This...is for the good of the Party."

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Me and my pal, Keith fought a cuppa of them off at the pub (I broke a pint glass over one of their fucking heads, such a waste of 50p). I thought they were just feeding on those wankers but it's spreading here now in the neighborhood. Last I heard, it was in another block and the next thing that happened was the block went up in flames, a Eurasian surprise attack those telescreens said. Hopefully, the Eurasians won't hit our block next.

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To be bitten is to be chosen by Big Brother to serve the greater needs of the Party. We will never tire. We will never feel pain. We will go on and on until we vanquish our enemies (We've always been at war with Eastasia). We will go on and on, immortal, molded the way Big Brother would want us molded, following as one on the path Insoc has laid before us. Long live the Party. Long live Big Brother.

