



### Michael Wood: Happy New Year

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#### Happy New Year

Friday, January 1, 2010 at 00:01 am

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I hope this letter finds you well, or at least disease-free, in whichever part of the world you're holed up. I also hope my annual missive is not falling on undead ears. Please excuse the impersonal nature of reading this message on a cold LCD screen, but as Facebook is the only remaining means of mass person-to-person communication, I haven't much choice. Ironically, an enormous brain, once one of my many, many sources of pride, now marks me as a prime gustatory target for those of the zombie hordes who've retained some semblance of human cunning. I hope you'll understand that seeing a brain for auction on eBay was all it took for me to permanently set my Facebook privacy settings as high as they go. Although if you've become afflicted with what the government of the day once called "a harmless new variant of H1N1", then you won't understand at all.

It's the start of another year in the bunker. I know this for sure because I've been marking the wall with a lipstick. An excess of lipstick is a result of my Bachelor Bunker starting in my early 20s, before I knew the exact nature of the possible future doom for which I was preparing. My goal was to stock up heavily in certain market segments that I might successfully barter for the physical affections of my fellow survivors. It turns out the strategy was a good one: while short-sighted boobs immediately looted high-end electronics at the beginning of the outbreak, I had already cornered the market on tampons and Nair. My position in these goods alone has kept me in food and books (and boobs) for the past year. As I always say, "No reasonable offer to repopulate the earth refused!"

Similarly to most of you I expect, my days over the past year (despite being punctuated occasionally by pants-shitting terror) have been characterized mostly by the monotony of whiskey, store-brand Cheerios and 1970s pornographic magazines. (I'm reluctant to move on to 1980s magazines, as despite being the decade that first brought us implants in abundance, I've never been a fan of all the zippers.)

Looking back on how we all got into this mess in the first place has occupied my bunkered thoughts for most of the year. That fateful in-store performance of Hootie and the Remaining Blowfish in Mexico City... If only Hootie hadn't held aloft that particular ancient Aztec amulet in the middle of a thunderstorm as he soft-rocked a crowd infected with Swine flu during an encore performance of "Only Wanna Be With You", the world might have been spared the unnatural horror of those first 46 zombies. Now we can all divide our lives into two simple halves: pre- and post-zombie outbreak. The latter being remarkable only for its dizzying sameness from one survivor to another - running from shambling packs of the undead. Without a doubt, it is "where were you when Jon and Kate broke up?" for what's left of our generation.

Reflecting upon the events of the past 12 months, as we do this special time of year, I'm struck by just how remarkable it is to live in a world full of the functioning remains of human infrastructure, though the individual constituents of humankind were wiped out rather quickly. While the internet has thus far miraculously remained intact, Twitter communications have gotten shorter, even more banal and poorly-spelled. You may have noticed a huge increase in "Bring Brains" MeetUp invitations; the strategy still seems to be working for the zombies. Standards of both education and English language usage dropped so much in the decades leading to the outbreak that going by the internet it's become impossible to tell how many people have been infected. Most striking is the lack of any real change in behavior between the infected and the uninfected. Individuals once motivated by greed, consumerism and manifold selfish personal desires are now simply driven by insatiable brain-lust. Progression of the infection was swift. Some managed to stumble onto boats, but most zombies undertook the incredible undersea walk from South and Central America across to Europe, Africa, Asia and the Antipodes, largely ignoring the southern parts of the United States until brain-resources were nearly exhausted elsewhere. If only that level of perseverance was present in humanity without the guiding hand of a mutant virus. Truly, we survive in interesting times.

With that, I'll close my letter. I hear the secret knock of my bunker neighbour, Dane Cook, who's run across my booby-trapped (but still meticulously-kept) lawn for our weekly game of backgammon. Standards for the company one keeps slide when faced with the tedious task of survival and maintaining sanity amid a zombie apocalypse. Having said this, I do enjoy our games, despite his "jokes".

May the coming year bring you all closer to hands outstretched in friendship, rather than unnatural hunger.

(Just as Dane is extending his to me now, in what I assume is a welcoming embrace, a heartwarming sign of this festive time of year. Although the closer he gets, the more unbearable the stench from the gaping wound in his neckkkkkkkkkkkk aeavklanrl;gnaer;lkjhgnoa

HAP NEW YAR. SEND BRAINS!

Written 2 minutes ago · Comment · Like · Report Note



**G. Romero** I miss TV. Jeopardy contestants failing to answer "BRAINS" in the form of a question never got old.  
January 1, 2010 at 00:03 · Report



**Johnny** NICE LETTR@! COM VISIT BRING YR BRAINS!  
January 1, 2010 at 00:04 · Report

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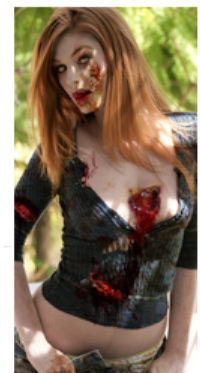
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