

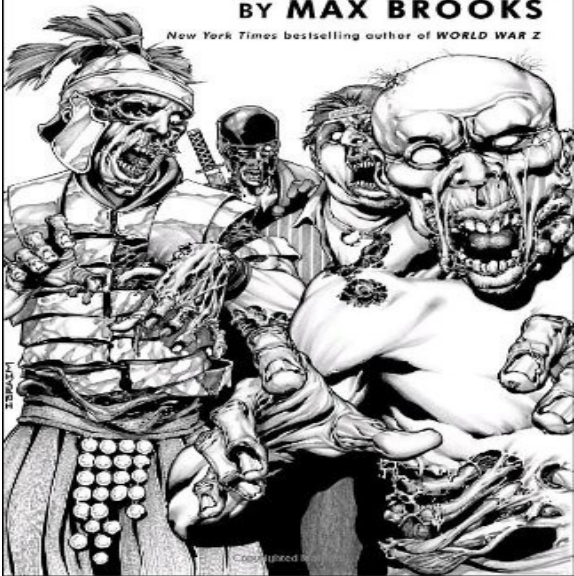
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THE ZOMBIE SURVIVAL GUIDE

RECORDED ATTACKS

BY MAX BROOKS

New York Times bestselling author of *WORLD WAR Z*

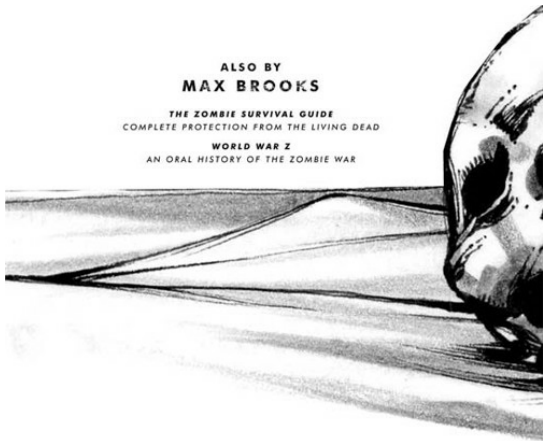


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MAX BROOKS

THE ZOMBIE SURVIVAL GUIDE
COMPLETE PROTECTION FROM THE LIVING DEAD

WORLD WAR Z
AN ORAL HISTORY OF THE ZOMBIE WAR





THE **ZOMBIE** SURVIVAL GUIDE

RECORDED ATTACKS

MAY BROOKS

MAX BROOKS



THREE RIVERS PRESS
NEW YORK

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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To Michelle and Henry,
my twin pillars

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A.D. 121, FANUM
COCIDI, CALEDONIA

A.D. 1579, THE
CENTRAL PACIFIC

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SOVIET UNION

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JOSHUA TREE NATIONAL PARK

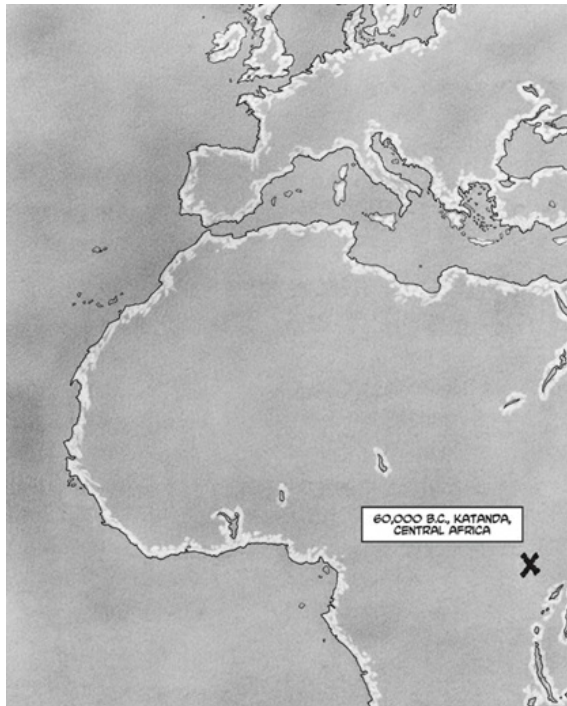
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The Zombie Survival Guide

World War Z



60,000 B.C., KATANDA,
CENTRAL AFRICA

RECENT ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITIONS
DISCOVERED A CAVE ON THE BANKS OF
THE UPPER GEMLIKI RIVER, ...



... WHICH CONTAIN
THIRTEEN HOMO
SAPIEN SKULLS.



ALL HAVE RECEIVED
FATAL TRAUMA TO
THE BRAIN.



REVEAL THEM WAS
DISCOVERED A
PAINTING THAT
MANY BELIEVE TO
BE A WARNING ...

... OF WHAT MAY
BE HUMANITY'S
FIRST (RECORDED)
ENCOUNTER WITH
THE LIVING DEAD.









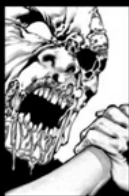








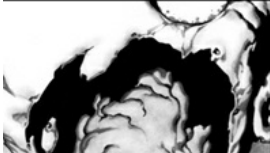








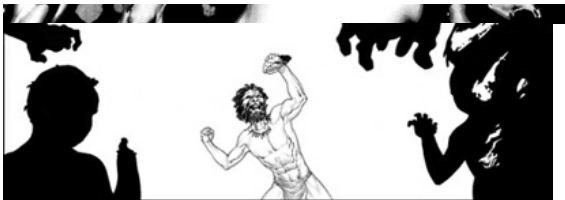
















ACADEMICS CONTINUE
TO DEBATE THE EXACT
MESSAGE CONVEYED
IN THE CAVE PAINTING.



ONE SCHOOL OF THOUGHT
CONTENDS THAT IT IS A
WARNING OF THE UNDEAD'S
CARNIVOROUS NATURE, ...





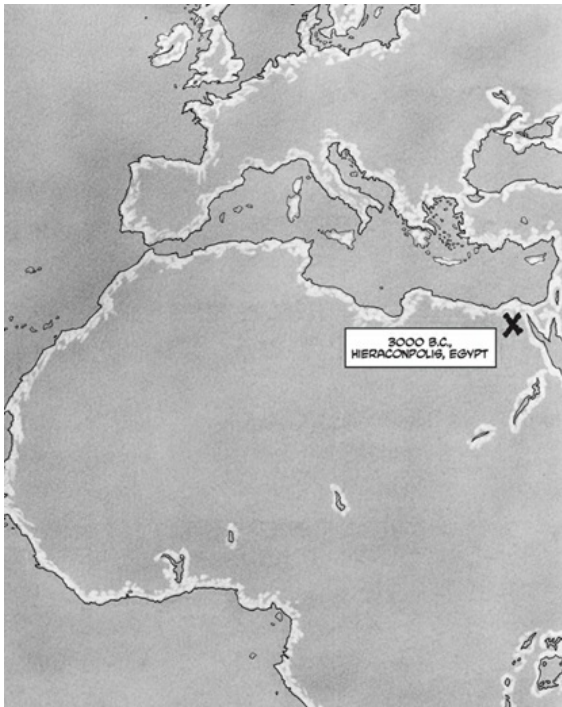
... WHILE ANOTHER ...

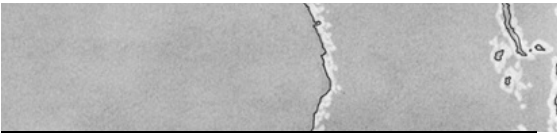


... BELIEVES IT TO
REVEAL THE INFECTION
TRANSMITTED THROUGH
A ZOMBIE'S BITE ...



... AND ITS EFFECT
ON LIVING HUMANS.





A BRITISH DIG IN 1892 ...



... UNEARTHED AN
UNMARKED TOMB ...



... CONTAINING AN OPEN
SARCOPHAGUS AND A
SINGLE, PARTIALLY
DECOMPOSED BODY.



THOUSANDS OF SCRATCH
MARKS ADORNED THE
WALLS OF THE TOMB ...



... AS IF THE CORPSE



HAD TRIED TO CLAW
ITS WAY OUT.



FORENSIC EXPERTS HAVE
DETERMINED THESE
MARKS TO HAVE BEEN
MADE OVER THE COURSE
OF SEVERAL YEARS ...



... AND THEY EXACTLY
MATCH THE WORN STATE
OF THE CORPSE'S HANDS.



THE BODY ALSO DISPLAYED
SEVERAL BITE MARKS ON
THE RIGHT RADIUS.



BITE MARKS THAT
PERFECTLY MATCH
THE IMPRINT OF
HUMAN TEETH.



A LATER, TWENTIETH-CENTURY
AUTOPSY CONFIRMED ...



... THE BRAIN'S LACK OF A
FRONTAL LOBE, A PATTERN
CONSISTENT WITH SOLANUM,
THE VIRUS RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE LIVING DEAD.

FURTHER ANALYSIS
UNCOVERED MINUTE
EXAMPLES OF THE VIRUS
ITSELF, THE OLDEST KNOWN
SAMPLES ON RECORD.

A DEBATE NOW
RAGES ...

... AS TO WHETHER
THIS CASE PROMPTED
LATER EGYPTIAN
SPECIALISTS TO REMOVE ...





... THE BRAINS FROM
THEIR MUMMIES.

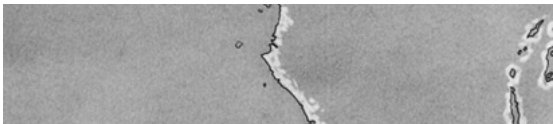
IT IS NOT KNOWN IF THIS CUSTOM
WAS PURELY CEREMONIAL ...



... OR PRACTICAL.



A.D. 121, FANUM
COCIDI, CALEDONIA



WHILE THE INITIAL SOURCE
IS STILL A MYSTERY, ...

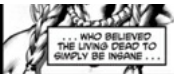


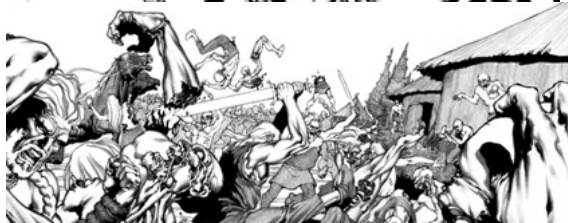
... METICULOUS RECORDS
TELL OF AN OUTBREAK ...



THE NATURE OF THE OUTBREAK
WAS CLEARLY LOST ON THE
LOCAL CHIEFTAIN, ...











IN A SERIES OF
DISORGANIZED, ...

... FUTILE
ENGAGEMENTS, ...

... 600 WARRIORS
WERE COMPLETELY
DEVoured.

WHILE ANOTHER
3,000 WOUNDED
FIGHTERS ...

... GUELLED THE RANKS
OF THE LIVING DEAD.





TUBERO BARELY ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE TO THE CLOSEST ROMAN OUTPOST ...



... AND REPORTED HIS FINDINGS TO ITS COMMANDER, MARCUS LUCIUS TERENTIUS, ...



... THAT A SWARM OF OVER 9,000 "CREATURES" WERE ON THE MOVE, ...





... FOLLOWING THE
FLEEING REFUGEES
SOUTH ...



... TOWARD
ROMAN TERRITORY.



TERENTIUS GATHERED A FORCE
OF CIVILIAN LABORERS, ...



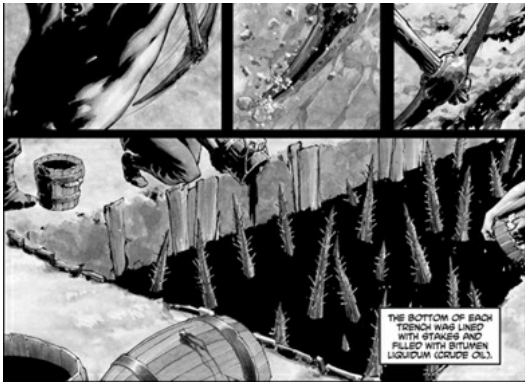
... WHICH HE IMMEDIATELY
GET TO WORK ...



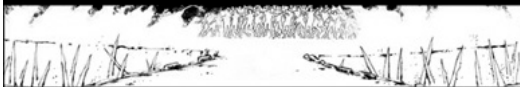
... DIGGING TWO
INWARDLY NARROWING
TRENCHES ...



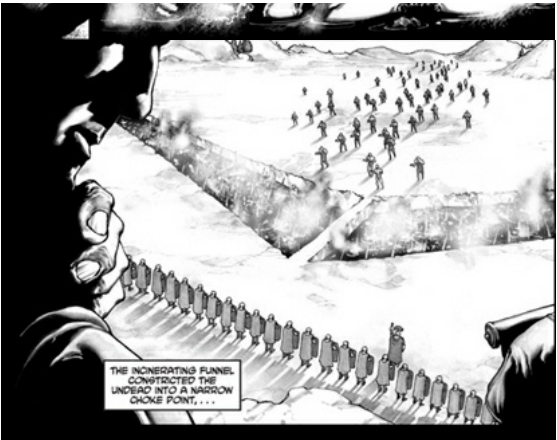
... AND REINFORCED
PALISADES.



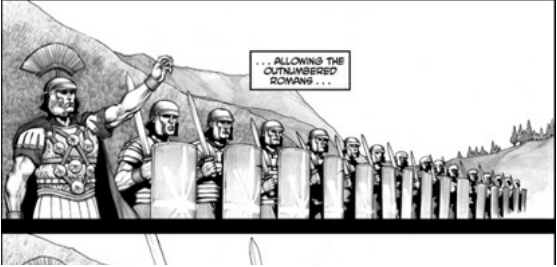








THE INCINERATING FUNNEL
CONSTRUCTED THE
UNDEAD INTO A NARROW
CHOKE POINT...



... ALLOWING THE
OUTNUMBERED
ROMANS ...



... ON EQUAL TERMS.







THE BATTLE LASTED
UNTIL DAWN...



... WHEN THE LAST
ZOMBIE HEADS ...







THE HARSH LESSONS LEARNED
THAT DAY WERE INCORPORATED
INTO THE ROMAN STANDARD
COMBAT DOCTRINE.



THIS BECAME KNOWN,
SIMPLY, AS "ARMY ORDER"

THIRTY-EIGHT," ...



... WHICH WAS READ
TO EVERY LEGION ...

... IN EVERY CORNER
OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.



SOME SAY IT PROMPTED
EMPEROR HADRIAN TO
CONSTRUCT A MASSIVE WALL
ACROSS THE ENTIRE WIDTH
OF NORTHERN BRITAIN ...

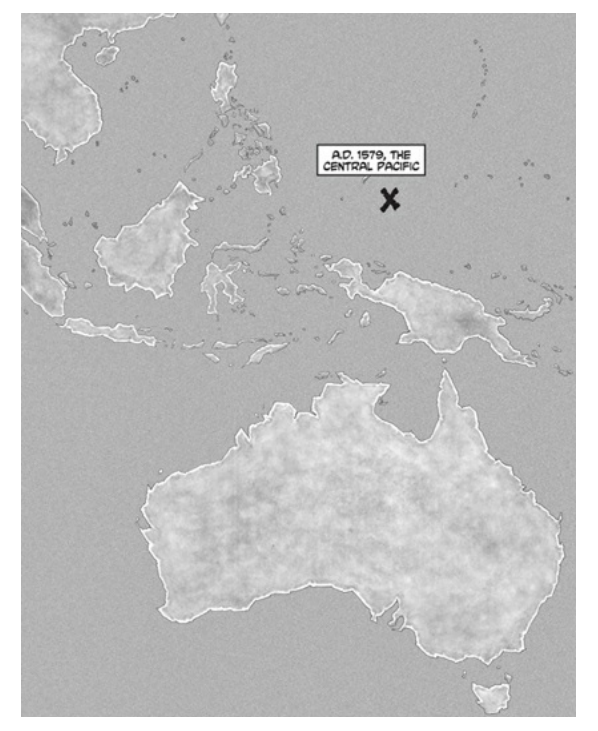


... TO GUARD AGAINST
AN ENEMY ...





... ALL FEARED
WOULD RISE AGAIN.



A.D. 1579, THE
CENTRAL PACIFIC

This is a grayscale map showing the region of Southeast Asia and Australia. The landmasses are outlined in white against a gray background. A rectangular box containing the text 'A.D. 1579, THE CENTRAL PACIFIC' is positioned in the upper right. Directly below this box is a large, bold black 'X' mark, which is located in the central Pacific Ocean, east of the Philippines and north of Australia.



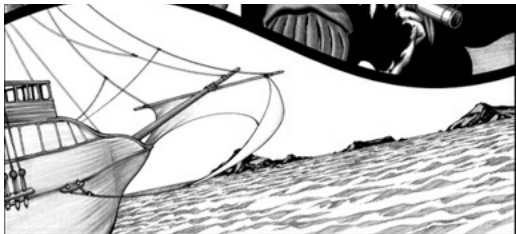
DURING HIS
CIRCUMNAVIGATION
OF THE GLOBE, ...

... THE
RENOWNED
PIRATE
FRANCIS
DRAKE ...



... "DISCOVERED"
A SMALL
ARCHIPELAGO ...







THE NATIVES
WARNED HIM
NOT TO VISIT A
NEARBY CAY,...



... WHERE THE "GODS OF
THE DEAD" WOULD TAKE THE
TRIBE'S DECEASED* AND
TERNALLY LL TO LIVE WITH
THEM FOR ALL ETERNITY.

*MOST SCHOLARS AGREE THAT DRAKE MUST HAVE
MISUNDERSTOOD THE CONCEPT OF "DECEASED," BECAUSE THE
ISLANDERS HAVE NO REANIMATE POWERS UPON DEAD FLESH.



DRAKE WAS
FASCINATED BY
THEIR STORY,...



... AND SOMEHOW
"CONVINCED THE
ISLAND CHIEF" ...





PERHAPS DRAKE
BELIEVED HE HAD
STUMBLED UPON A
PACIFIC SOURCE OF
THE LEGENDARY
FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.



IF SO...



... HIS FANTASY
WOULD HAVE A
QUICK DEATH.





DRAKE NEVER SPOKE
OF THIS INCIDENT
DURING HIS LIFE.



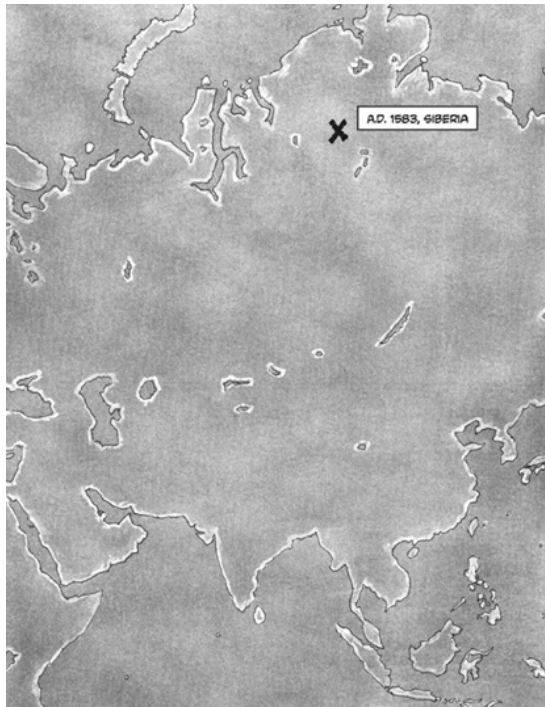
THE FACTS WERE
DISCLOSED IN A SECRET
JOURNAL HE KEPT HIDDEN
UNTIL HIS DEATH.

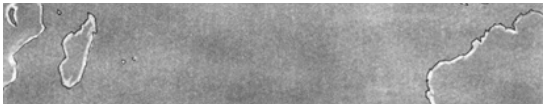


ALONG WITH EXACT
COORDINATES OF THE
"ISLE OF THE DAMNED."











DURING THE RUSSIAN EXPANSION FROM EUROPE INTO ASIA, A SCOUTING PARTY FOR THE INFAMOUS COSACK VERNAY, BECAME SEPARATED FROM THE MAIN FORCE ...









AFTER DEVOURING THE VILLAGE'S ENTIRE FOOD SUPPLY, THE COSSACKS QUICKLY TURNED TO THE VILLAGERS THEMSELVES.

THE COSSACKS EXHAUSTED THIS NEW SOURCE OF FOOD WITHIN DAYS, AND SUBSEQUENTLY TURNED TO THE VILLAGE'S BURIAL GROUND,...

... WHERE THEY HOPED THAT THE FREEZING TEMPERATURES ...



... HAD PRESERVED SOME OF THE BODIES.



THE ONLY
"FRESH"
CORPSE THEY
FOUND WAS A
WOMAN IN HER
MID-TWENTIES.







THE COSSACKS, NOT
UNDERSTANDING THE
NATURE OF WHAT THEY
HAD JUST THAWED, ...



... DECIDED TO
REMOVE HER GAG AND
"INTERROGATE" HER.





THEY RESPONDED IN TYPICAL
COSSACK FASHION ...



... BY CHOPPING
UP THE UNDEAD
WOMAN'S BODY, ...



... ROASTING IT, ...



... AND EATING
IT ANYWAY.



ONLY TWO
COSSACKS
ABSTAINED
FROM THE
FEAST!



THE WOUNDED MAN,
WHO BECAME SAD





THIS LONE SURVIVOR REPORTED THAT ONLY ONE OF HIS COMRADES, THE ONE BITTEN BY THE UNDEAD WOMAN, REANIMATED NOT LONG AFTER HIS DEATH...



... AND ATTEMPTED
TO PURSUE HIM ...

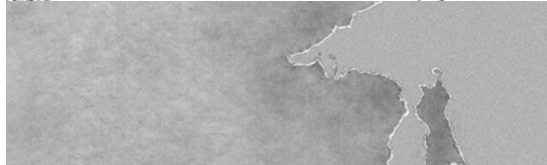


... BEFORE
SUCCUMBING TO
THE ELEMENTS ...



... AND
FREEING
GOLD.

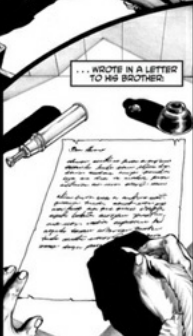








ENRIQUE DE SILVA, A
PORTUGUESE MERCHANT
ON A TRADE MISSION TO
THE ISLANDS, . . .



... WROTE IN A LETTER
TO HIS BROTHER:



"FATHER MENDOZA, . . .



... HAVING REACQUAINTED
HIMSELF WITH CASTILIAN WINE, . . .



"...SPOKE OF A
RECENT CONVERT
TO OUR FAITH..."



"...WHO WAS ONCE
PART OF A SECRET
SOCIETY..."



"...CALLING
THEMSELVES THE
'BROTHERHOOD
OF LIFE.'"

"SUBSEQUENT RESEARCH HAS UNCOVERED
THAT THE ORGANIZATION'S TRUE NAME WAS
THE 'BROTHERHOOD OF SHIELD SOCIETY.'"



"HE CLAIMS THIS
SECRET SOCIETY
EXISTS FOR THE
SOLE PURPOSE OF
EXTERMINATING
CURSED SOULS..."



"... THAT HAVE
RISEN FROM THEIR
GRAVES ..."



"... TO PREY UPON THE
FLESH OF THE LIVING."







"FATHER MENDOZA
INFORMS ME THAT
THIS BROTHERHOOD'S
TEMPLE ..."



Three panels showing close-ups of zombie and demon faces. The first panel shows a zombie face with a wide, toothy grin. The second panel shows a demon face with a wide, toothy grin. The third panel shows a demon face with a wide, toothy grin.

...STILL ALIVE, ...

A large grid of severed demon heads, each with a wide, toothy grin. The heads are arranged in a grid pattern, and the grid is made of metal bars.

... AND STILL WAILING.

A young man in a robe, looking up. He is holding a wooden staff or pole. The background is dark and indistinct.

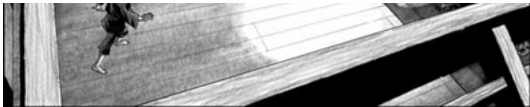
SENIOR RECRUITS, PRIMED FOR THEIR ASCENSION INTO THE BROTHERHOOD, ...

A young man in a robe, looking up. He is holding a wooden staff or pole. The background is dark and indistinct.

... ARE FORCED TO SPEND AN ENTIRE NIGHT IN THIS CHAMBER.

A young man in a robe, looking up. He is holding a wooden staff or pole. The background is dark and indistinct.

HISTORICAL NOTE:
ZOMBIE HEADS, ONCE
DETACHED FROM THEIR
BODIES, ARE INCAPABLE
OF "MOANING," ...



... WHICH EITHER EXPOSES
THE HYPERBOLE OF
FATHER MENDOZA ...



... OR EXPLAINS A
DEEP, PSYCHOLOGICAL
TORTURE, ...



... IN WHICH THE MOANS
OF HEADS WERE
SIMPLY IMAGINED ...



... THROUGH
THEIR TERROR.



THIS MIGHT HAVE BEEN
THE SHIELD SOCIETY'S
WAY OF TESTING THEIR
RECRUITS' METTLE
WHEN CONFRONTING
THE LIVING DEAD.

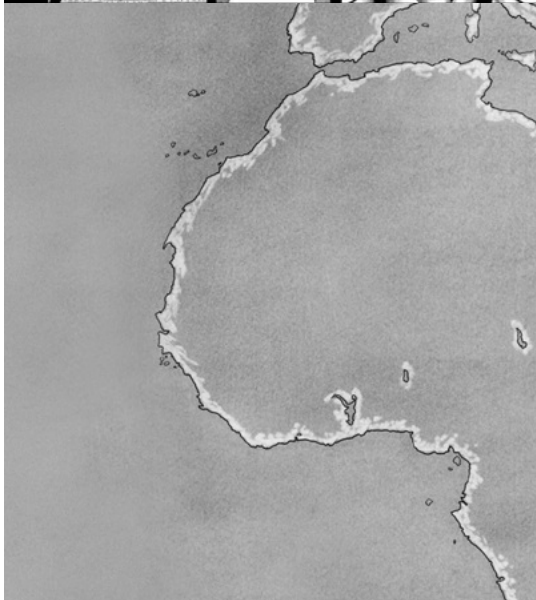
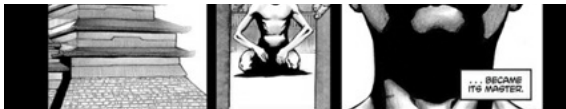


EITHER THE YOUNG
WARRIORS SURRENDERED
TO THEIR FEAR...



...OR...





A.D. 1690,
THE SOUTHERN
ATLANTIC OCEAN



THE PORTUGUESE
MERCHANTMAN
MARIALVA...



... DEPARTED BIGGAU,
WEST AFRICA, FOR
RECIFE, ON THE COAST
OF BRAZIL, ...



... WITH A CARGO ...



... OF AFRICAN
SLAVES.



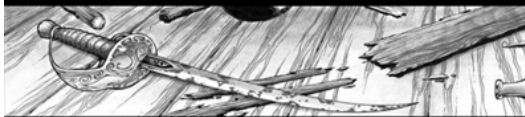
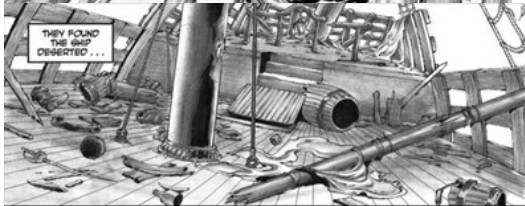
SHE NEVER
REACHED HER
DESTINATION.

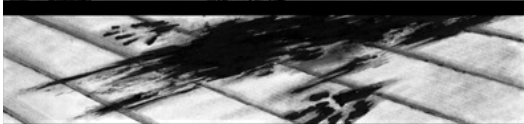
THREE YEARS LATER, ...

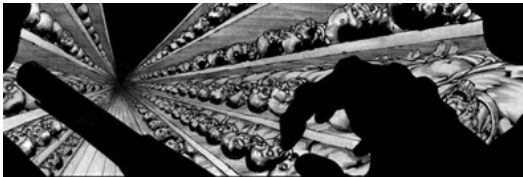
... SHE WAS
SPOTTED ...

... BY THE DANISH
EAST INDIAMAN
ZEPHYRUS.

CLAIMING THE RIGHT
OF SALVAGE, ...

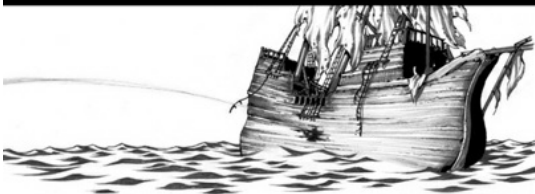








... AND BANK THE INFESTED
VESSEL WITH CANNON FIRE.



BECAUSE THE DANES RETRIEVED
NO WRITTEN RECORDS FROM THE
MARIAEVA, WE CAN ONLY
SPECULATE ON THE EXACT CAUSE

AND SPREAD OF THE INFECTION.

THE INITIAL VECTOR MUST
HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE
CAPTURED AFRICANS.





PERHAPS THE ORIGINAL SLAVE TRADERS DID NOT KNOW OF THE UNDEAD PLAGUE THEY WERE UNLEASHING UPON THEIR EUROPEAN PARTNERS, ...



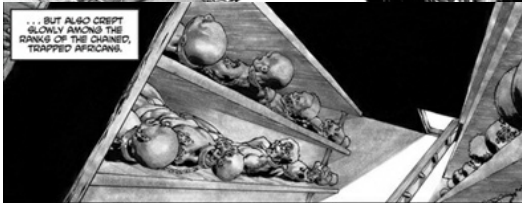
... OR PERHAPS THEY DID.

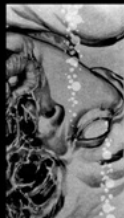
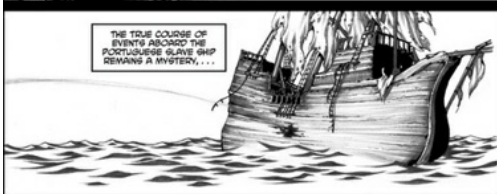


MANY HAVE SPECULATED THAT THE INFECTION NOT ONLY RIPPED THROUGH THE PORTUGUESE CREW, ...



... BUT ALSO CREEPT
SLOWLY AMONG THE
RANKS OF THE CHAINED,
TRAPPED AFRICANS.







... AS DOES THE
ULTIMATE FATE
OF HER CARGO.





THE STORY OF HIS OUTBREAK
IS STILL TOLD TODAY, BOTH BY
CARIBBEAN ISLANDERS ...

... AND CARIBBEAN
IMMIGRANTS IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM.

AN OUTBREAK OF INDETERMINATE
ORIGIN WAS FIRST REPORTED IN
THE POOR WHITE SECTION OF ST. LUCIA'S
LARGEST TOWN, CASTRIES.

THE TRUE NATURE OF
THE "SICKNESS" WAS
UNDERSTOOD ...





... AND INCARCERATED, ...



... WHILE THE BITTEN
WHITES WERE SENT
HOME, WITHOUT
TREATMENT ...



... OR WARNING OF
WHAT LAY AHEAD.



WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, ALL
OF CASTLES WAS IN CHAOS.





... CARRYING THE



INFECTION TO EVERY
CORNER OF THE ISLAND.



WITHIN TEN DAYS,
ALMOST THE ENTIRE
WHITE POPULATION OF
ST. LUCIA WAS EITHER
DEAD OR REANIMATED.



THE REMAINING SURVIVORS
EITHER FLED BY SEA ...



... OR SOUGHT REFUGE IN
THE ISLAND'S TWO
FORTRESSES OF VIEUX
FORT AND RODNEY BAY, ...

... COMPLETELY ABANDONING
THEIR THOUSANDS OF BLACK
SLAVES TO THE LIVING DEAD.





UNLIKE THE EUROPEAN COLONISTS, THE DESCENDANTS
OF AFRICA KNEW EXACTLY WHAT THEY WERE FACING.



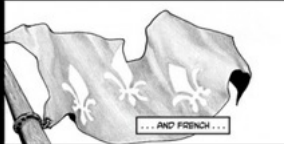


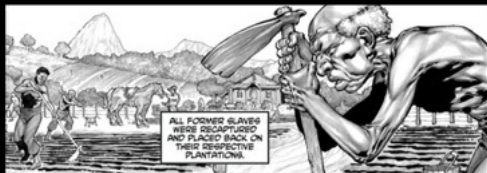


... THEY COORDINATED AN ISLAND-WIDE SWEEP ...

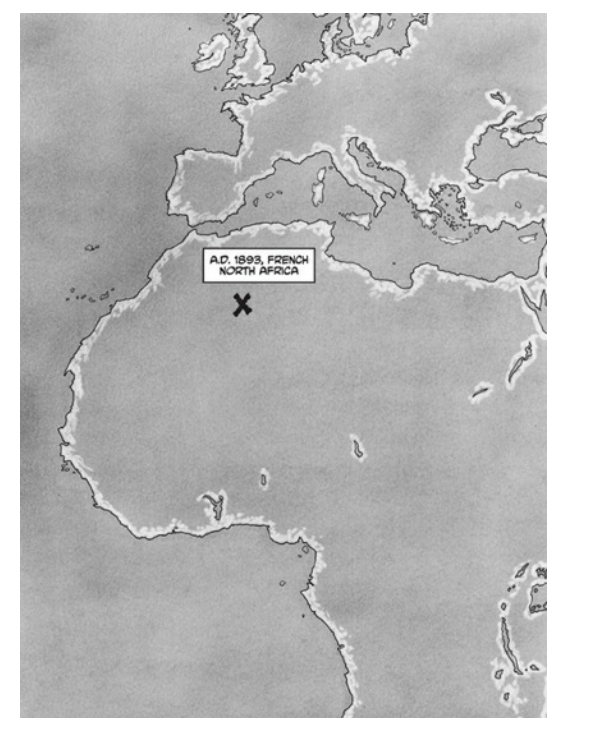










A grayscale map of North Africa and the surrounding Mediterranean region. The map shows the coastlines of North Africa, the Mediterranean Sea, and parts of Europe and Asia. A black 'X' is placed in the interior of North Africa, with a text box above it.

A.D. 1893, FRENCH
NORTH AFRICA







"LOOKOUTS ON THE SOUTH
WALL SPOTTED WHAT
APPEARED TO BE A HERD OF
ANIMALS ON THE HORIZON."



"THROUGH MY
GLASSES, I COULD
SEE THEY WERE
NOT BEASTS,..."



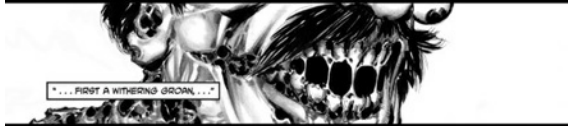
"... BUT MEN!"



"AS THE WIND SHIFTED,..."



"... IT BROUGHT TO US ..."



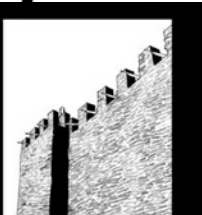
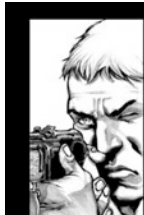
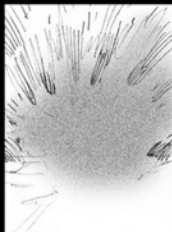
"... FIRST A WITHERING GROAN ..."



"... THEN THE STENCH
OF HUMAN DECAY."

"CALLS AND WARNINGS ..."







"LONG-RANGE
RIFLE SHOTS
SEEMED TO HAVE
NO EFFECT!"



"CORPORAL
STROM WAS
DISPATCHED TO
SIR EL-KHAB ..."





THE ATTACK TURNED INTO
THE LONGEST RECORDED
SIEGE IN HISTORY.





WHILE HIS
COMRADES ...

... REMAINED
TRAPPED ...

... FOR
THREE YEARS.



... BUT TRY TO SURVIVE UNTIL HELP CAME.

IT NEVER DID.

THE UNDEAD HORDE
CONTINUED TO
SURROUND THE
FORT, ...

... WHICH DROVE SOME
MEN TO SUICIDE ...

... AND
OTHERS ...

... TO ATTEMPT
LEAPING OVER THE
UNDEAD AND RUNNING
FOR SAFETY.





FINALLY, WITH THE
MEN ON THE VERGE
OF MUTINY, ...





THE MEN WERE MUSTERED FOR A ROUT MARCH,
AND THEY WERE LOADED WITH WHAT FOOD WAS
LEFT AND AS MUCH WATER AS THEY COULD CARRY.



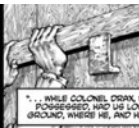
ALL LADDERS AND
STAIRS LEADING
UP TO THE WALL
WERE DESTROYED.



"WE ASSEMBLED ON THE SOUTH
WALL AND BEGAN TORTMENTING
OUR CAPTORS, . . ."



"... HOPING TO
ATTRACT AS MANY AS
WE COULD TOWARDS
THE MAIN GATE . . ."



"... WHILE COLONEL DRAX, WITH THE COURAGE OF A MAN POSSESSED, HAD US LOWER HIM ONTO THE PARADE GROUND, WHERE HE, AND HE ALONE, OPENED THE GATE."



"THE COLONEL LED THE ENTIRE MOB WITHIN OUR WALLS."





"HE WAS HAULED
TO SAFETY..."

"... AS DORSET AND
O'TOOLE SCALED THE NORTH
WALL, RACED AROUND THE
SIDE OF THE FORT..."







... NOR DO THEY
EXPLAIN WHY A RESCUE
PARTY WAS NEVER
DISPATCHED TO FORT
LOUIS PHILIPPE ...



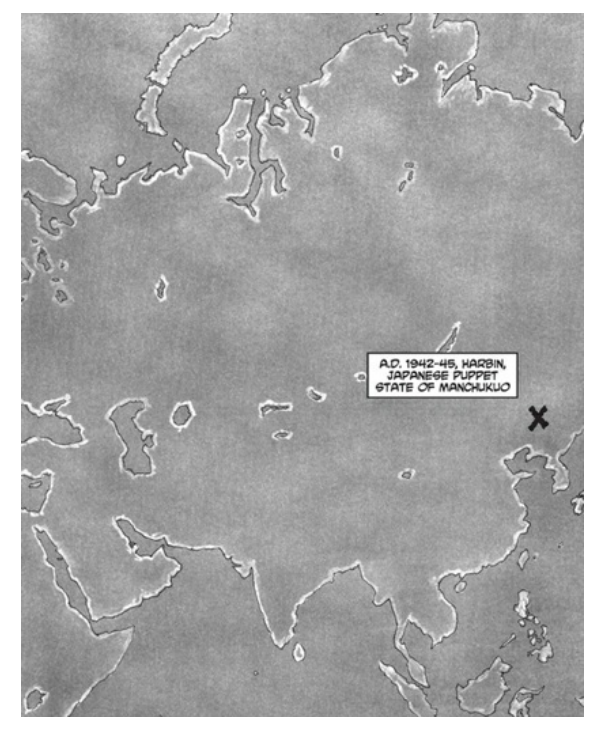
... OR WHY, ONCE THE SURVIVORS
REACHED A NEARBY ARMY
GARRISON, THEY WERE ALL
BRANDED AS DESERTERS AND
IMPRISONED IN FRENCH GUIANA.



NEITHER THE FRENCH NOR THE SUBSEQUENT
INDEPENDENT GOVERNMENT OF ALGERIA HAVE EVER
SENT AN EXPEDITION TO THE DESERT FORTRESS.



END.



A.D. 1942-45, HARBIN,
JAPANESE PUPPET
STATE OF MANCHUKUO



"OPERATION CHERRY
BLOSSOM..."



... CONDUCTED BY
IMPERIAL JAPAN'S
SPECIAL WARFARE
UNIT, ...



... INVOLVED EXPERIMENTING ON
LIVE HUMAN BEINGS DURING THE
SECOND WORLD WAR ...









THE SUBMARINE CARRYING
THE UNDEAD STRIKE FORCE
NEVER MADE IT TO THE
AMERICAN BASE AT ULTHI.











... FOR HEAD SHOTS.



A.D. 1960, BYELGORANSK,
SOVIET UNION

X



FIFTEEN YEARS
EARLIER...



... IT HAD BEEN
SUSPECTED ...



... THAT WHEN THE
SOVIET UNION INVADED
MANCHUKUO ...



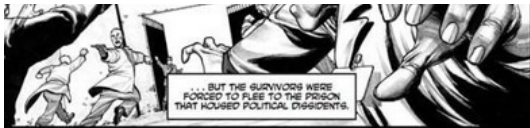
... AT THE END
OF THE SECOND
WORLD WAR...

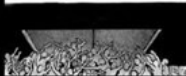


... CERTAIN
DOCUMENTS ...













SAFE BEHIND THE
PRISON WALLS, ...



... THE TRAPPED COLLECTION
OF SOLDIERS AND PRISONERS
SETTLED DOWN TO WAIT UNTIL
RESCUED.

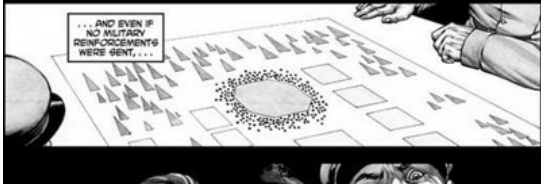


WELLS WERE DUG, ...



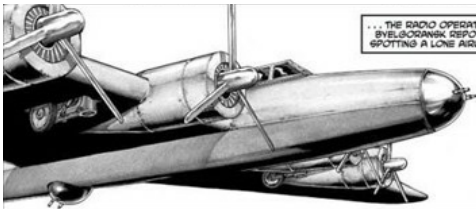
... GREENHOUSES
CONSTRUCTED, ...



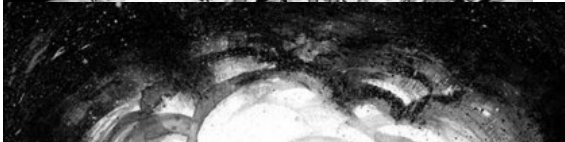






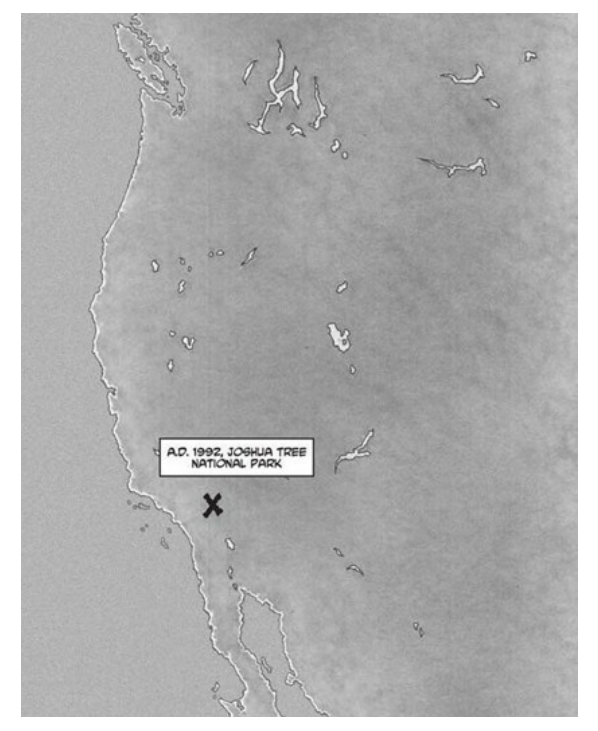


... THE RADIO OPERATOR AT
BYELGORANSK REPORTED
SPOTTING A LONE AIRCRAFT.



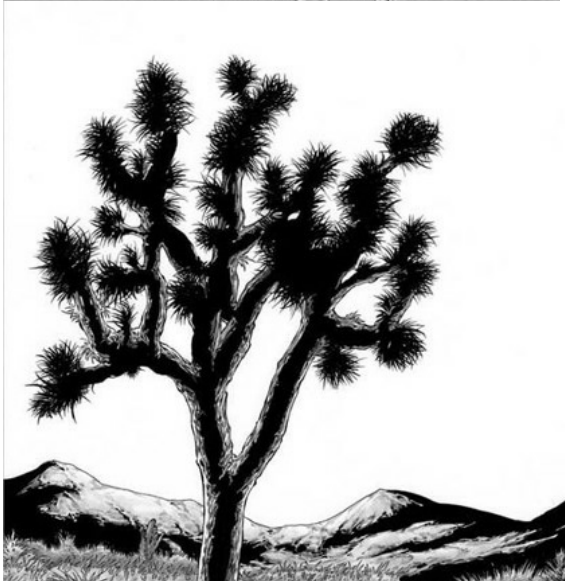
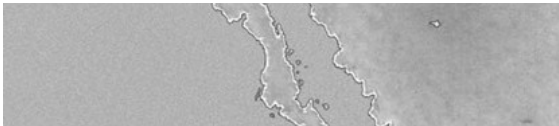


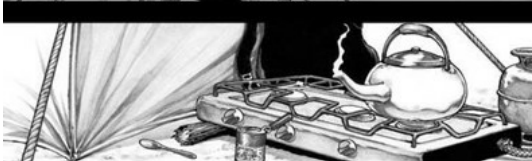
NO FURTHER REPORTS WERE SENT.



A.D. 1992, JOSHUA TREE
NATIONAL PARK

This is a grayscale map of the Hawaiian Islands. The islands are shown as white outlines against a dark gray background. A large 'X' is placed on the island of Oahu. A rectangular text box is positioned just above the 'X', containing the text 'A.D. 1992, JOSHUA TREE NATIONAL PARK'. The map shows the main Hawaiian chain, including the Big Island, Maui, Oahu, and Kauai, as well as several smaller islands to the north and south.











SHE AND HER BOYFRIEND,
PATRICK MACDONALD,
HAD BEEN CAMPING AT
JOSHUA TREE FOR
SEVERAL DAYS.



ALTHOUGH
MACDONALD'S BODY
WAS NEVER FOUND,...



... A LUMP OF
CHEWED FLESH
MATCHING HIS
BLOOD TYPE ...



... WAS FOUND LODGED
IN SHARON'S ESOPHAGUS.



HOWEVER, TRACES
OF SKIN AND FLESH
FROM UNDER HER
FINGERNAILS MATCH
A THIRD PARTY,...



DEVIN MARTIN, ...



... A LONER AND WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHER, ...

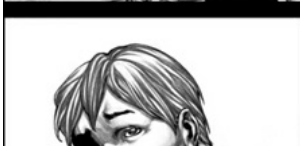


... WHOSE DISAPPEARANCE IN THE PARK WENT UNREPORTED FOR SEVERAL WEEKS.



ONE CAN ONLY SPECULATE ...



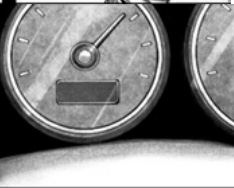




... AND THE SUBSEQUENT
CHAIN OF EVENTS.



DEVIN MARTIN WAS
NEVER FOUND.



NEITHER WAS PATRICK
MACDONALD.



HOWEVER, A VIDEO SECURITY
CAMERA CAPTURED WHAT
LOOKED LIKE MACDONALD AT A
GAS STATION IN DIAMOND BAR.

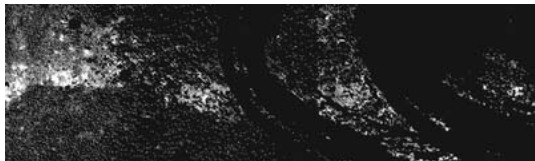


MACDONALD'S CAR
WAS LAST SEEN
HEADING WEST, ...

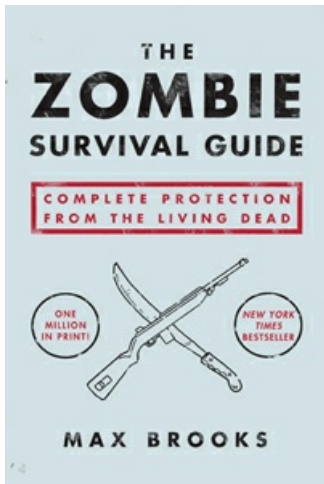


ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The *New York Times* bestselling author of **THE ZOMBIE SURVIVAL GUIDE** and **WORLD WAR Z**, **MAX BROOKS** has been called “the Studs Terkel of zombie journalism.”



Will You Survive the Zombie Wars?

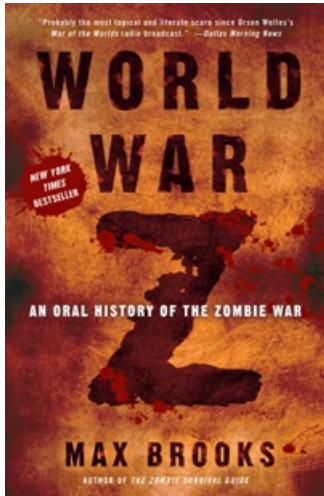


The Zombie Survival Guide is your key to survival against the hordes of undead who may

be stalking you right now. Learn zombie physiology and behavior, defense tactics and weaponry, ways to outfit your home for a long siege, and how to survive and adapt in any terrain. This is a book that can save your life.

[Read an excerpt](#)

ZombieSurvivalGuide.com



The Zombie War came unthinkableably close to eradicating humanity. World War Z reflects the full scope and duration of that dreadful time, chronicling the recorded testimony of the men, women, and sometimes children who came face-

to-face with the living—or at least the undead—hell of the Zombie War.

“Addictively readable ... a debut that will grab you as tightly as a dead man’s fist.”

—Entertainment Weekly

“Probably the most topical and literate scare since Orson Welles’s War of the Worlds radio broadcast.”—Dallas Morning News

[Read an excerpt](#)
[WorldWarZ.net](#)



The undead surround us. Infection rates are growing exponentially. How can you be sure who's a zombie before he tries to bite? Don't be foolish with your most precious asset: life. The Zombie Survival Guide Scanner iPhone app is

your first line of defense in an undead world. An
unscanned friend ... a potential zombie.

ZombieScanner.com

Visit Max Brooks's official web site,
maxbrooks.com, to learn more about the author
and his books, get news and updates, and to
sign up for his mailing list.

Excerpt from Max Brooks Zombie Survival
Guide

THE UNDEAD: MYTHS AND REALITIES

He comes from the grave, his body a home of worms and filth. No life in his eyes, no warmth of his skin, no beating of his breast. His soul, as empty and dark as the night sky. He laughs at the blade, spits at the arrow, for they will not harm his flesh. For eternity, he will walk the earth, smelling the sweet blood of the living, feasting upon the bones of the damned. Beware, for he is the living dead.

—OBSCURE HINDU TEXT, CIRCA 1000 B.C.E.

ZOM-BIE: (Zom'be) n. also **ZOM-BIES** pl. 1. An animated corpse that feeds on living human flesh. 2. A voodoo spell that raises the dead. 3. A Voodoo snake god. 4. One who moves or acts in a daze "like a zombie." [a word of West

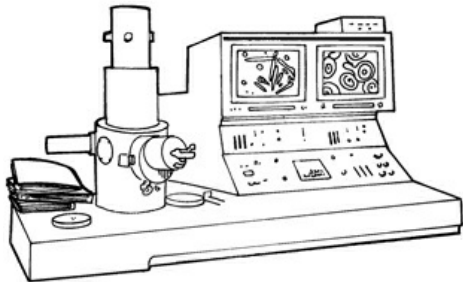
African origin]



What is a zombie? How are they created? What are their strengths and weaknesses? What are their needs, their desires? Why are they hostile to humanity? Before discussing any survival techniques, you must first learn what you are trying to survive.

We must begin by separating fact from fiction. The walking dead are neither a work of “black magic” nor any other supernatural force. Their origin stems from a virus known as Solanum, a Latin word used by Jan Vanderhaven, who first “discovered” the

disease.



SOLANUM: THE VIRUS

Solanum works by traveling through the bloodstream, from the initial point of entry to the brain. Through means not yet fully understood, the virus uses the cells of the frontal lobe for replication, destroying them in the process. During this period, all bodily functions cease. By stopping the heart, the infected subject is rendered “dead.” The brain, however, remains alive but dormant, while the virus mutates its cells into a completely new organ

mutates its cells into a completely new organ. The most critical trait of this new organ is its independence from oxygen. By removing the need for this all-important resource, the undead brain can utilize, but is in no way dependent upon, the complex support mechanism of the human body. Once mutation is complete, this new organ reanimates the body into a form that bears little resemblance (physiologically speaking) to the original corpse. Some bodily functions remain constant, others operate in a modified capacity, and the remainder shut down completely. This new organism is a zombie, a member of the living dead.

1. SOURCE

Unfortunately, extensive research has yet to find an isolated example of Solanum in nature. Water, air, and soil in all ecosystems, from all parts of the world, have turned up negative, as have their accompanying flora and fauna. At the time of this writing, the search continues.

2. SYMPTOMS

The timetable below outlines the process of an

infected human (give or take several hours, depending on the individual).

Hour 1: Pain and discoloration (brown-purple) of the infected area. Immediate clotting of the wound (provided the infection came from a wound).

Hour 5: Fever (99–103 degrees F), chills, slight dementia, vomiting, acute pain in the joints.

Hour 8: Numbing of extremities and infected area, increased fever (103–106 degrees F), increased dementia, loss of muscular coordination.

Hour 11: Paralysis in the lower body, overall numbness, slowed heart rate.

Hour 16: Coma.

Hour 20: Heart stoppage. Zero brain activity.

Hour 23: Reanimation.

3. TRANSFERENCE

Solanum is 100 percent communicable and 100 percent fatal. Fortunately for the human race, the virus is neither waterborne nor airborne. Humans have never been known to contract the virus from elements in nature. Infection can occur only through direct fluidic contact. A zombie bite, although by far the most recognizable means of transference, is by no means the only one. Humans have been infected by brushing their open wounds against those of a zombie or by being splattered by its remains after an explosion. Ingestion of infected flesh (provided the person has no open mouth sores), however, results in permanent death rather than infection. Infected flesh has proven to be highly toxic.

No information—historical, experimental, or otherwise—has surfaced regarding the results of sexual relations with an undead specimen, but as previously noted, the nature of Solanum suggests a high danger of infection. Warning against such an act would be useless, as the only people dangerous enough to try would be

people deranged enough to try would be unconcerned for their own safety. Many have argued that, given the congealed nature of undead bodily fluids, the chances of infection from a non-bite contact should be low. However, it must be remembered that even one organism is enough to begin the cycle.

4. CROSS-SPECIES INFECTION

Solanum is fatal to all living creatures, regardless of size, species, or ecosystem. Reanimation, however, takes place only in humans. Studies have shown that Solanum infecting a non-human brain will die within hours of the death of its host, making the carcass safe to handle. Infected animals expire before the virus can replicate throughout their bodies. Infection from insect bites such as from mosquitoes can also be discounted. Experiments have proven that all parasitic insects can sense and will reject an infected host 100 percent of the time.





5. TREATMENT

Once a human is infected, little can be done to save him or her. Because Solanum is a virus and not a bacteria, antibiotics have no effect.

Immunization, the only way to combat a virus, is equally useless, as even the most minute dosage will lead to a full-blown infection.

Genetic research is under way. Goals range from stronger human antibodies to resistant cell structure to a counter-virus designed to identify and destroy Solanum. This and other, more radical treatments are still in the earliest stages, with no foreseeable success in the near future.

Battlefield experiences have led to the immediate severing of the infected limb (provided this is the location of the bite), but such treatments are dubious at best, with less than a 10 percent success rate. Chances are, the infected human was doomed from the moment

infected human was doomed from the moment the virus entered his or her system. Should the infected human choose suicide, he should remember that the brain must be eliminated first. Cases have been recorded in which recently infected subjects, deceased by means other than the virus, will nonetheless reanimate. Such cases usually occur when the subject expires after the fifth hour of infection. Regardless, any person killed after being bitten or otherwise infected by the undead should be immediately disposed of. (See "Disposal," page 19.)

6. REANIMATING THE ALREADY DECEASED

It has been suggested that fresh human corpses could reanimate if Solanum were introduced after their demise. This is a fallacy. Zombies ignore necrotic flesh and therefore could not transfer the virus. Experiments conducted during and after World War II (see "Recorded Attacks," pages 216ff) have proven that injecting Solanum into a cadaver would be futile because a stagnant bloodstream could not transport the virus to the brain. Injection directly into a dead brain would be equally useless, as the expired

brain would be equally useless, as the expired cells could not respond to the virus. Solanum does not create life—it alters it.

ZOMBIE ATTRIBUTES

1. PHYSICAL ABILITIES

Too often, the undead have been said to possess superhuman powers: unusual strength, lightning speed, telepathy, etc. Stories range from zombies flying through the air to their scaling vertical surfaces like spiders. While these traits might make for fascinating drama, the individual ghoul is far from a magical, omnipotent demon. Never forget that the body of the undead is, for all practical purposes, human. What changes do occur are in the way this new, reanimated body is used by the now-infected brain. There is no way a zombie could fly unless the human it used to be could fly. The same goes for projecting force fields, teleportation, moving through solid objects, transforming into a wolf, breathing fire, or a variety of other mystical talents attributed to the walking dead. Imagine the human body as a

tool kit. The somnambulist brain has those tools, and only those tools, at its disposal. It cannot create new ones out of thin air. But it can, as you will see, use these tools in unconventional combinations, or push their durability beyond normal human limits.



A. Sight

The eyes of a zombie are no different than those of a normal human. While still capable (given their rate of decomposition) of transmitting visual signals to the brain, how the brain interprets these signals is another matter.

Studies are inconclusive regarding the undead's visual abilities. They can spot prey at distances comparable to a human, but whether they can distinguish a human from one of their own is still up for debate. One theory suggests that the movements made by humans, which are quicker

and smoother than those of the undead, is what causes them to stand out to the zombie eye. Experiments have been done in which humans have attempted to confuse approaching ghouls by mimicking their motions and adopting a shambling, awkward limp. To date, none of these attempts have succeeded. It has been suggested that zombies possess night vision, a fact that explains their skill at nocturnal hunting. This theory has been debunked by the fact that all zombies are expert night feeders, even those without eyes.



B. Sound

There is no question that zombies have excellent hearing. Not only can they detect sound, they can determine its direction. The

sound—they can determine its direction. The basic range appears to be the same as that for humans. Experiments with extreme high and low frequencies have yielded negative results. Tests have also shown that zombies are attracted by any sounds, not just those made by living creatures. It has been recorded that ghouls will notice sounds ignored by living humans. The most likely, if unproven, explanation is that zombies depend on all their senses equally. Humans are sight-oriented from birth, depending on other senses only if the primary one is lost. Perhaps this is not a handicap shared by the walking dead. If so, it would explain their ability to hunt, fight, and feed in total darkness.

C. Smell

Unlike with sound, the undead have a more acute sense of smell. In both combat situations and laboratory tests, they have been able to distinguish the smell of living prey above all others. In many cases, and given ideal wind conditions, zombies have been known to smell fresh corpses from a distance of more than a

mile. Again, this does not mean that gnouls have a greater sense of smell than humans, simply that they rely on it more. It is not known exactly what particular secretion signals the presence of prey: sweat, pheromones, blood, etc. In the past, people seeking to move undetected through infested areas have attempted to “mask” their human scent with perfumes, deodorants, or other strong-smelling chemicals. None were successful. Experiments are now under way to synthesize the smells of living creatures as a decoy or even repellent to the walking dead. A successful product is still years away.



D. Taste

Little is known about the altered taste buds of

the walking dead. Zombies do have the ability to tell human flesh apart from that of animals, and they prefer the former. Ghouls also have a remarkable ability to reject carrion in favor of freshly killed meat. A human body that has been dead longer than twelve to eighteen hours will be rejected as food. The same goes for cadavers that have been embalmed or otherwise preserved. Whether this has anything to do with “taste” is not yet certain. It may have to do with smell or, perhaps, another instinct that has not been discovered. As to exactly why human flesh is preferable, science has yet to find an answer to this confounding, frustrating, terrifying question.



E. Touch

Zombies have, literally, no physical sensations. All nerve receptors throughout the body remain dead after reanimation. This is truly their

greatest and most terrifying advantage over the living. We, as humans, have the ability to experience physical pain as a signal of bodily damage. Our brain classifies such sensations, matches them to the experience that instigated them, and then files the information away for use as a warning against future harm. It is this gift of physiology and instinct that has allowed us to survive as a species. It is why we value virtues such as courage, which inspires people to perform actions despite warnings of danger. The inability to recognize and avoid pain is what makes the walking dead so formidable. Wounds will not be noticed and, therefore, will not deter an attack. Even if a zombie's body is severely damaged, it will continue to attack until nothing remains.

F. Sixth Sense

Historical research, coupled with laboratory and field observation, have shown that the walking dead have been known to attack even when all their sensory organs have been damaged or completely decomposed. Does this mean that zombies possess a sixth sense? Perhaps. Living

humans use less than 5 percent of their brain capacity. It is possible that the virus can stimulate another sensory ability that has been forgotten by evolution. This theory is one of the most hotly debated in the war against the undead. So far, no scientific evidence has been found to support either side.

G. Healing

Despite legends and ancient folklore, undead physiology has been proven to possess no powers of regeneration. Cells that are damaged stay damaged. Any wounds, no matter what their size and nature, will remain for the duration of that body's reanimation. A variety of medical treatments have been attempted to stimulate the healing process in captured ghouls. None were successful. This inability to self-repair, something that we as living beings take for granted, is a severe disadvantage to the undead. For example, every time we physically exert ourselves, we tear our muscles. With time, these muscles rebuild to a stronger state than before. A ghoul's muscle mass will remain damaged, reducing its effectiveness every time it

is used.

H. Decomposition

The average zombie “life span”—how long it is able to function before completely rotting away—is estimated at three to five years. As fantastic as this sounds—a human corpse able to ward off the natural effects of decay—its cause is rooted in basic biology. When a human body dies, its flesh is immediately set upon by billions of microscopic organisms. These organisms were always present, in the external environment and within the body itself. In life, the immune system stood as a barrier between these organisms and their target. In death, that barrier is removed. The organisms begin multiplying exponentially as they proceed to eat and, thereby, break down the corpse on a cellular level. The smell and discoloration associated with any decaying meat are the biological process of these microbes at work. When you order an “aged” steak, you are ordering a piece of meat that has begun to rot, its formerly toughened flesh softened by microorganisms breaking down its sturdy fiber.

microorganisms breaking down the steak itself. Within a short time, that steak, like a human corpse, will dissolve to nothing, leaving behind only material too hard or innutritious for any microbe, such as bone, teeth, nails, and hair. This is the normal cycle of life, nature's way of recycling nutrients back into the food chain. To halt this process, and preserve dead tissue, it is necessary to place it in an environment unsuitable for bacteria, such as in extreme low or high temperatures, in toxic chemicals such as formaldehyde, or, in this case, to saturate it with Solanum.

Almost all the microbe species involved in normal human decomposition have repeatedly rejected flesh infected by the virus, effectively embalming the zombie. Were this not the case, combating the living dead would be as easy as avoiding them for several weeks or even days until they rotted away to bones. Research has yet to discover the exact cause of this condition. It has been determined that at least some microbe species ignore the repelling effects of Solanum—otherwise, the undead would remain perfectly preserved forever. It has also been determined that natural conditions such as

determined that natural conditions such as moisture and temperature play an important role as well. Undead that prowl the bayous of Louisiana are unlikely to last as long as those in the cold, dry Gobi desert. Extreme situations, such as deep freezing or immersion in preservative fluid, could, hypothetically, allow an undead specimen to exist indefinitely. These techniques have been known to allow zombies to function for decades, if not centuries. (See "Recorded Attacks," pages 193ff.) Decomposition does not mean that a member of the walking dead will simply drop. Decay may affect various parts of the body at different times. Specimens have been found with brains intact but nearly disintegrated bodies. Others with partially rotted brains may control some bodily functions but be completely paralyzed in others. A popular theory has recently circulated that attempts to explain the story of the ancient Egyptian mummy as one of the first examples of an embalmed zombie. The preservation techniques allowed it to function several thousand years after being entombed. Anyone with a rudimentary knowledge of ancient Egypt

would find this story almost laughably untrue: The most important and complicated step in preparing a pharaoh for burial was the removal of the brain!

I. Digestion

Recent evidence has once and for all discounted the theory that human flesh is the fuel for the undead. A zombie's digestive tract is completely dormant. The complex system that processes food, extracts nutrition, and excretes waste does not factor into a zombie's physiology. Autopsies conducted on neutralized undead have shown that their "food" lies in its original, undigested state at all sections of the tract. This partially chewed, slowly rotting matter will continue to accumulate, as the zombie devours more victims, until it is forced through the anus, or literally bursts through the stomach or intestinal lining. While this more dramatic example of non-digestion is rare, hundreds of eyewitness reports have confirmed undead to have distended bellies. One captured and dissected specimen was found to contain 211 pounds of flesh within its system! Even rarer accounts have

confirmed that zombies continue to feed long after their digestive tracts have exploded from within.

J. Respiration

The lungs of the undead continue to function in that they draw air into and expel it from the body. This function accounts for a zombie's signature moan. What the lungs and body chemistry fail to accomplish, however, is to extract oxygen and remove carbon dioxide. Given that Solanum obviates the need for both of these functions, the entire human respiratory system is obsolete in the body of a ghoul. This explains how the living dead can "walk underwater" or survive in environments lethal to humans. Their brains, as noted earlier, are oxygen-independent.

K. Circulation

It would be inaccurate to say that zombies have no heart. It would not be inaccurate, however, to say that they find no use for it. The circulatory system of the undead is little more than a network of useless tubes filled with

congealed blood. The same applies to the lymphatic system as well as all other bodily fluids. Although this mutation would appear to give the undead one more advantage over humanity, it has actually proved to be a godsend. The lack of fluid mass prevents easy transmission of the virus. Were this not true, hand-to-hand combat would be nearly impossible, as the defending human would almost certainly be splattered with blood and/or other fluids.

L. Reproduction

Zombies are sterile creatures. Their sexual organs are necrotic and impotent. Attempts have been made to fertilize zombie eggs with human sperm and vice versa. None has been successful. The undead have also shown no signs of sexual desire, either for their own species or for the living. Until research can prove otherwise, humanity's greatest fear—the dead reproducing the dead—is a comforting impossibility.

M. Strength

Ghouls possess the same brute force as the living. What power can be exerted depends greatly on the individual zombie. What muscle mass a person has in life would be all he possesses in death. Unlike a living body, adrenal glands have not been known to function in the dead, denying zombies the temporary burst of power we humans enjoy. The one solid advantage the living dead do possess is amazing stamina. Imagine working out, or any other act of physical exertion. Chances are that pain and exhaustion will dictate your limits. These factors do not apply to the dead. They will continue an act, with the same dynamic energy, until the muscles supporting it literally disintegrate. While this makes for progressively weaker ghouls, it allows for an all-powerful first attack. Many barricades that would have exhausted three or even four physically fit humans have fallen to a single determined zombie.

N. Speed

The “walking” dead tend to move at a slouch or limp. Even without injuries or advanced decomposition, their lack of coordination

makes for an unsteady stride. Speed is mainly determined by leg length. Taller ghouls have longer strides than their shorter counterparts. Zombies appear to be incapable of running. The fastest have been observed to move at a rate of barely one step per 1.5 seconds. Again, as with strength, the dead's advantage over the living is their tirelessness. Humans who believe they have outrun their undead pursuers might do well to remember the story of the tortoise and the hare, adding, of course, that in this instance the hare stands a good chance of being eaten alive.

O. Agility

The average living human possesses a dexterity level 90 percent greater than the strongest ghoul. Some of this comes from the general stiffness of necrotic muscle tissue (hence their awkward stride). The rest is due to their primitive brain functions. Zombies have little hand-eye coordination, one of their greatest weaknesses. No one has ever observed a zombie jumping, either from one spot to another or simply up and down. Balancing on a narrow

climb up and down swimming on a narrow surface is similarly beyond their ability. Swimming is also a skill reserved for the living. The theory has been put forth that, if an undead corpse were to be bloated enough to rise to the surface, it could present a floating hazard. This is rare, however, as the slow rate of decomposition would not allow by-product gas to accumulate. Zombies who walk or fall into bodies of water will more likely find themselves wandering aimlessly across the bottom until eventually dissolving. They can be successful climbers, but only in certain circumstances. If zombies perceive prey above them, for example, in the second story of a house, they will always attempt to climb to it. Zombies will try to scale any surface no matter how unfeasable or even impossible. In all but the easiest situations, these attempts have met with failure. Even in the case of ladders, when simple hand-over-hand coordination is required, only one in four zombies will succeed.

2. BEHAVIORAL PATTERNS

A. Intelligence

It has been proven, time and again, that our greatest advantage over the undead is our ability to think. The mental capacity of the average zombie ranks somewhere beneath that of an insect. On no occasion have they shown any ability to reason or employ logic.

Attempting to accomplish a task, failing, then by trial and error discovering a new solution, is a skill shared by many members of the animal kingdom but lost on the walking dead. Zombies have repeatedly failed laboratory intelligence tests set at the level of rodents. One field case showed a human standing at one end of a collapsed bridge with several dozen zombies on the other side. One by one, the walking dead tumbled over the edge in a futile attempt to reach him. At no time did any of them realize what was happening and change their tactics in any way. Contrary to myth and speculation, zombies have never been observed using tools of any kind. Even picking up a rock to use as a weapon is beyond their grasp. This simple task would prove the basic thought process involved in realizing that the rock is a more efficient weapon than the naked hand. Ironically, the age

of artificial intelligence has enabled us to identify more easily with the mind of the zombie than that of our more “primitive” ancestors. With rare exceptions, even the most advanced computers do not have the ability to think on their own. They do what they are programmed to do, nothing more. Imagine a computer programmed to execute one function. This function cannot be paused, modified, or erased. No new data can be stored. No new commands can be installed. This computer will perform that one function, over and over, until its power source eventually shuts down. This is the zombie brain. An instinct-driven, unitask machine that is impervious to tampering and can only be destroyed.

B. Emotions

Feelings of any kind are not known to the walking dead. Every form of psychological warfare, from attempts at enraging the undead to provoking pity have all met with disaster. Joy, sadness, confidence, anxiety, love, hatred, fear—all of these feelings and thousands more that make up the human “heart” are as useless

that make up the human heart are as access to the living dead as the organ of the same name. Who knows if this is humanity's greatest weakness or strength? The debate continues, and probably will forever.

C. Memories

A modern conceit is that a zombie retains the knowledge of its former life. We hear stories of the dead returning to their places of residence or work, operating familiar machinery, or even showing acts of mercy to loved ones. In truth, not a shred of proof exists to support this wishful thinking. Zombies could not possibly retain memories of their former lives in either the conscious or subconscious mind, because neither exist! A ghoul will not be distracted by the family pet, living relatives, familiar surroundings, etc. No matter who a person was in his former life, that person is gone, replaced by a mindless automaton with no instinct other than for feeding. This begs the question: Why do zombies prefer urban areas to the countryside? First, the undead do not prefer cities, but simply remain where they are reanimated. Second, the main reason zombies tend to stay in cities

main reason zombies tend to stay in cities instead of fanning out into the countryside is because an urban zone holds the highest concentration of prey.

D. Physical Needs

Other than hunger (discussed later), the dead have shown none of the physical wants or needs expressed in mortal life. Zombies have never been observed to sleep or rest under any circumstances. They have not reacted to extreme heat or cold. In harsh weather, they have never sought shelter. Even something as simple as thirst is unknown to the living dead. Defying all laws of science, Solanum has created what could be described as a completely self-sufficient organism.

E. Communication

Zombies have no language skills. Although their vocal cords are capable of speech, their brain is not. The only vocal ability appears to be a deep-throated moan. This moan is released when zombies identify prey. The sound will remain low and steady until physical contact is made. It will then shift in tone and volume as

made. It will then shift in tone and volume as the zombie commences its attack. This eerie sound, so typically associated with the walking dead, serves as a rallying cry for other zombies and, as has been recently discovered, is a potent psychological weapon. (See "On the Defense," page 74.)

F. Social Dynamics

Theories have always proliferated that the undead function as a collective force, from an army controlled by Satan to an insect-like pheromone-driven hive to the most recent notion that they achieve group consensus by telepathy. The truth is that zombies have no social organization to speak of. There is no hierarchy, no chain of command, no drive toward any type of collectivization. A horde of the undead, regardless of size, regardless of appearance, is simply a mass of individuals. If several hundred ghouls converge on a victim's location, it is because each one is drawn by its own instinct. Zombies appear to be unaware of one another. Individuals have never been observed to react to the sight of one another at

any range. This goes back to the question of sense: How does a zombie distinguish between one of its own and a human or other prey at the same range? The answer has yet to be found. Zombies do avoid one another in the same way they avoid inanimate objects. When they bump into one another, they make no attempt to connect or communicate. Zombies feasting on the same corpse will tug repeatedly on the meat in question rather than shove a competitor out of the way. The only suggestion of communal effort is seen in notorious swarm attacks: the moan of a ghoul calling others within earshot. Once they hear the wail, other walking dead will almost always converge on its source. An early study theorized that this was a deliberate act, that a scout used its moan to signal the others to attack. However, we now know that it happens purely by accident. The ghoul that moans at the detection of prey does so as an instinctive reaction, not as an alert.

G. Hunting

Zombies are migratory organisms, with no regard for territory or concept of home. They

will travel miles and perhaps, given time, cross continents in their search for food. Their hunting pattern is random. Ghouls will feed at night and during the day. They will stumble through an area rather than deliberately searching it. Certain zones or structures will not be singled out as more likely to contain prey. For example, some have been known to search farmhouses and other rural structures while others in the same group have moved by without even a glance. Urban zones take more time to explore, which is why the undead remain longer in these areas, but no building will take precedence over another. Zombies appear to be totally unaware of their surroundings. They do not, for example, move their eyes in a way that would take in the information of a new setting. Shuffling silently, with a thousand-yard stare, they will wander aimlessly, regardless of location, until prey is detected. As discussed earlier, the undead possess an uncanny ability to home in on a victim's precise location. Once contact is made, the previously silent, oblivious automaton transforms into something more closely related

to a guided missile. The head turns immediately in the direction of its victim. The jaw drops, lips retract, and, from the depths of its diaphragm, comes the moan. Once contact is made, zombies cannot be distracted by any means. They will continue to pursue their prey, stopping only if they lose contact, make a successful kill, or are destroyed.

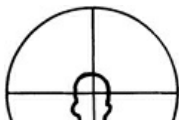
H. Motivation

Why do the undead prey upon the living? If it has been proven that human flesh serves no nutritional purpose, why does their instinct drive them to murder? The truth eludes us. Modern science, combined with historical data, has shown that living humans are not the only delights on the undead menu. Rescue teams entering an infested area have consistently reported them stripped of all life. Any creatures, no matter what their size or species, will be consumed by an attacking zombie. Human flesh, however, will always be preferable to other life forms. One experiment presented a captured specimen with two identical cubes of meat: one human, one

animal. The zombie repeatedly chose the human. Reasons for this are still unknown. What can be confirmed, beyond any shadow of doubt, is that instinct brought on by *Solanum* drives the undead to kill and devour any living creature they discover. There appear to be no exceptions.

I. Killing the Dead

While destroying a zombie may be simple, it is far from easy. As we have seen, zombies require none of the physiological functions that humans need to survive. Destruction or severe damage of the circulatory, digestive, or respiratory system would do nothing to a member of the walking dead, as these functions no longer support the brain. Simply put, there are thousands of ways to kill a human— and only one to kill a zombie. The brain must be obliterated, by any means possible.





J. Disposal

Studies have shown that Solanum can still inhabit the body of a terminated zombie for up to forty-eight hours. Exercise extreme care when disposing of undead corpses. The head in particular possesses the most serious hazard, given its concentration of the virus. Never handle an undead corpse without protective clothing. Treat it as you would any toxic, highly lethal material. Cremation is the safest, most effective way of disposal. Despite rumors that a

pile of burning corpses will spread Solanum in a cloud of smoking plague, common sense would dictate that any virus is unable to survive intense heat, to say nothing of an open flame.

K. Domestication?

To reiterate, the zombie brain has proved, so far, to be tamper-proof. Experiments ranging from chemicals to surgery to electromagnetic waves have yielded negative results. Behavioral modification therapy and other such attempts to train the living dead like some kind of pack animal have similarly met with failure. Again, the machine cannot be rewired. It will exist as is, or it will not exist at all.

THE VOODOO ZOMBIE

If zombies are the creation of a virus and not black magic, then how does this explain the so-called “voodoo zombie,” a person who has died, been raised from his grave, and is doomed to spend eternity as a slave of the living? Yes, it is true that the word “zombie” originally comes from the Kimbundu word “nzúmbe,” a term

describing a dead person's soul, and yes, zombies and zombification are integral parts of the Afro-Caribbean religion known as voodoo. However, the origin of their name is the only similarity between the voodoo zombie and the viral zombie. Although it is said that voodoo houngans (priests) can turn humans into zombies by magical means, the practice is rooted in hard, undeniable science. "Zombie powder," the tool used by the houngan for zombification, contains a very powerful neurotoxin (the exact ingredients are a closely guarded secret). The toxin temporarily paralyzes the human nervous system, creating a state of extreme hibernation. With the heart, lungs, and all other bodily functions operating at minimal levels, it would be understandable if an inexperienced coroner declared the paralyzed subject to be dead. Many humans have been buried while in such a state, only to awaken screaming in the pitch darkness of their coffin. So what makes this living human being a zombie? The answer is simple: brain damage. Many who are buried alive quickly use up the air inside their coffins. Those that are recovered

(if they are lucky) almost always suffer brain damage from lack of oxygen. These poor souls shamle about with little cognitive skills, or, indeed, free will, and are often mistaken for the living dead. How can you distinguish a voodoo zombie from the genuine article? The telltale signs are obvious.

1. Voodoo zombies show emotion. People suffering from zombie powder-induced brain damage are still capable of all normal human feelings. They smile, cry, even growl with anger if hurt or otherwise provoked (something real zombies would never do).
2. Voodoo zombies exhibit thought. As has been stated before, when a real zombie encounters you it will immediately home in like a smart bomb. A voodoo zombie will take a moment to try to figure out who or what you are. Maybe it will come toward you, maybe it will recoil, maybe it will continue its observation as its damaged brain attempts to analyze the information given it. What a voodoo zombie will not do is raise its arms, drop its jaw, unleash a hellish moan, and stumble directly toward you.
3. Voodoo zombies feel pain. A voodoo zombie that trips and falls will undoubtedly hold its bruised knee and whimper. Likewise, one already suffering from some other wound will nurse it, or, at the very least, be aware of the wound's existence. Voodoo zombies will not ignore deep gashes in their bodies like a real zombie would.
4. Voodoo zombies recognize fire. This is not to say that they are afraid of open flames. Some that have suffered severe brain damage may not remember what fire is. They

severe brain damage may not remember what fire is. They will stop to examine it, perhaps even reach out to touch it, but they will recoil once they realize it causes pain.

5. Voodoo zombies recognize their surroundings. Unlike real zombies, who only recognize prey, voodoo zombies will react to sudden changes in light, sound, taste, and smell. Voodoo zombies have been observed watching television or brightly flashing lights, listening to music, cringing at thunder, and even taking notice of one another. This last fact has been critical in several cases of mis-identification. Had the zombies in question not reacted to each other (they looked at each other, made noises, even touched each other's faces), they might have been accidentally exterminated.
6. Voodoo zombies do NOT have hypersense. A human who has suffered the debilitating effects of zombie powder is still a sight-dependent human. He cannot operate perfectly in the dark, hear a footstep at 500 yards, or smell a living being on the wind. Voodoo zombies can actually be surprised by someone walking up behind them. This is not recommended, however, as a frightened zombie might react in anger.
7. Voodoo zombies can communicate. While this is not always the case, many of these individuals can respond to audiovisual signals. Many understand words; some even comprehend simple sentences. Many voodoo zombies possess the ability to speak, simply, of course, and rarely for extended conversations.
8. Voodoo zombies can be controlled. While not always true, many brain damaged humans have lost much of their self-realization, making them very susceptible to suggestion. Simply shouting for a subject to halt or even go away can be enough to get rid of a voodoo zombie. This has created

be enough to get rid of a voodoo zombie. This has created the dangerous situation of confused people believing they could control or train true zombies. Several times headstrong humans have insisted they could simply command their living dead attackers to stop. As cold, rotting hands grabbed their limbs and dirty, worn teeth bit into their flesh, these people discovered, too late, what they were truly dealing with.

These guidelines should give you a good idea of how to tell a voodoo zombie from a true zombie. One final note: Voodoo zombies are almost always encountered in sub-Saharan Africa, the Caribbean, Central and South America, and the southern United States. Although it is not impossible to find someone who has been turned into a zombie by a houngan elsewhere, the chances of such an encounter are slim.

THE HOLLYWOOD ZOMBIE

Since the living dead first stepped onto the silver screen, their greatest enemy has not been hunters, but critics. Scholars, scientists, even concerned citizens have all argued that these movies depict the living dead in a fantastic, unrealistic fashion. Visually stunning weapons,

physically impossible action sequences, larger-than-life human characters, and, above all, magical, invincible, even comical ghouls have all added their colors to the controversial rainbow that is “the Zombie Movie.” Further criticism argues that this “style over substance” approach to somnambulist cinema teaches human viewers lessons that may get them killed in a real encounter. These serious charges demand an equally serious defense. While some zombie movies are based on actual events^{*}, their goal, indeed the goal of almost every movie in every genre, has always been, first and foremost, to entertain. Unless we are discussing pure documentaries (and even some of those are “sweetened”), moviemakers must take some artistic license to make their work more palatable to the audience. Even movies that are based on actual events will sacrifice pure reality for good storytelling. Certain characters will be an amalgam of real-life individuals. Others may be purely fictional in order to explain certain facts, facilitate the plotline, or simply add flavor to the scene. One might argue that the role of the artist is to challenge, educate, and enlighten

her audience. That may be true, but try imparting knowledge to an audience who has either left or fallen asleep within the first ten minutes of the picture. Accept this basic rule of moviemaking and you will understand why Hollywood zombie films stray, in some cases wildly, from the reality on which they are based. In short, use these photo-plays as their makers intended: as a source of temporary, lighthearted entertainment and not a visual aid to your survival.

OUTBREAKS

Although each zombie attack is different, given the number, terrain, reaction of the general populace, etc., its level of intensity can be measured in four distinct classes.





CLASS 1

This is a low-level outbreak, usually in a Third World country or First World rural area. The number of zombies in this class of outbreak ranges between one and twenty. Total human casualties (including those infected) range from one to fifty. The total duration, from the first case to the last (known), will range between twenty-four hours and fourteen days. The infested area will be small, no larger than a twenty-mile radius. In many cases, natural boundaries will determine its limits. Response will be light, either exclusively civilian or with some additional help from local law enforcement. Media coverage will be light, if present at all. If the media is present, look for common stories like homicides or “accidents.” This is the most common type of outbreak and also the easiest to go unnoticed.

CLASS 2

Urban or densely populated rural areas are included in this level of outbreak. Total zombies will range between twenty and one hundred. Total human casualties may reach as high as several hundred. The duration of a Class 2 attack may last no longer than a Class 1 outbreak. In some cases, the larger number of zombies will spark a more immediate response. A rural, sparsely populated outbreak may extend to a hundred-mile radius, while an urban outbreak may encompass only several blocks. Suppression will almost certainly be organized. Bands of civilians will be replaced by local, state, even federal law enforcement. Look for an additional, if low-level, military response, the National Guard in the United States or its equivalent abroad. Most often, so as to ease panic, these units will take a more noncombatant role, providing medical assistance, crowd control, and logistical support. Class 2 outbreaks almost always attract the press. Unless the attack occurs in a truly isolated area of the world, or one where the media is strictly controlled, the story will be

media is surely convinced, the story will be reported. This does not mean, however, that it will be reported accurately.

CLASS 3

A true crisis. Class 3 outbreaks, more than any other, demonstrate the clear threat posed by the living dead. Zombies will number in the thousands, encompassing an area of several hundred miles. The duration of the attack and a possible lengthy mop-up process could last as long as several months. There will be no chance for a press blackout or cover-up. Even without media attention, the sheer magnitude of the attack will leave too many eyewitnesses. This is a full-blown battle, with law enforcement replaced by units of the regular military. A state of emergency will be declared for the infested zone, as well as the neighboring areas. Expect martial law, restricted travel, rationed supplies, federalized services, and strictly monitored communication. All these measures, however, will take time to implement. The initial phase will be one of chaos as those in power come to grips with the crisis. Riots, looting, and widespread panic will add to their difficulties.

widespread panic will add to their difficulties, further delaying an effective response. While this is happening, those living within the infested area will be at the mercy of the undead. Isolated, abandoned, and surrounded by ghouls, they will have only themselves to depend on.

CLASS 4

(See “Living in an Undead World,” pages 154–81.)

DETECTION

Every undead outbreak, regardless of its class, has a beginning. Now that the enemy has been defined, the next step is early warning. Knowing what a zombie is will not help if you are unable to recognize an outbreak before it's too late. This does not entail building a “zombie command post” in your basement, sticking pins in a map, and huddling around the shortwave radio. All it requires is looking for signs that would slip by the untrained mind. These signs include:

1. Homicides in which the victims were executed by head shots or decapitation. It has happened many times: People recognize an outbreak for what it is and try to take matters into their own hands. Almost always, these people are declared murderers by the local authorities and prosecuted as such.
2. Missing persons, particularly in wilderness or uninhabited areas. Pay careful attention if one or more of the search members end up missing. If the story is televised or photographed, watch to see what level of armament the search parties carry. Any more than one rifle per group could mean that this is more than just a simple rescue operation.
3. Cases of “violent insanity” in which the subject attacked friends or family without the use of weapons. Find out if the attacker bit or tried to bite his victims. If so, are any of the victims still in the hospital? Try to discover if any of these victims mysteriously died within days of their bite.
4. Riots or other civil disturbances that began without provocation or other logical cause. Common sense will dictate that violence on any group level does not simply occur without a catalyst such as racial tension, political actions, or legal decisions. Even so-called “mass hysteria” can always be traced to a root source. If none can be found, the answer may lie elsewhere.
5. Disease-based deaths in which either the cause is undetermined or seems highly suspect. Deaths from infectious disease are rare in the industrialized world, compared to a century ago. For this reason, new outbreaks always make the news. Look for those cases in which the exact nature of the disease is unexplained. Also, be on the alert for suspicious explanations such as West Nile virus

or “mad cow” disease. Either could be examples of a cover-up.

6. Any of the above in which media coverage was forbidden. A total press blackout is rare in the United States. The occurrence of one should be regarded as an immediate red flag. Of course, there may be many reasons other than an attack of the living dead. Then again, any event causing a government as media-conscious as our own to clamp down merits close attention. The truth, no matter what it is, cannot be good.

Once an event has tripped your sensors, keep track of it. Note the location, and its distance from you. Watch for similar incidents around or near the original site. If, within a few days or weeks, these incidents do occur, study them carefully. Note the response of law enforcement and other government agencies. If they react more forcefully with each occurrence, chances are that an outbreak is unfolding.

*
—At the behest of the filmmakers and/or their estates, the titles of those movies based on true-life stories have been omitted.

Excerpt from Max Brooks World War Z



WARNINGS

GREATER CHONGQING, THE UNITED FEDERATION OF
CHINA

[At its prewar height, this region boasted a population of over thirty-five million people. Now, there are barely fifty thousand. Reconstruction funds have been slow to arrive in this part of the country, the government choosing to concentrate on the more densely populated coast. There is

the more densely populated coast. There is no central power grid, no running water besides the Yangtze River. But the streets are clear of rubble and the local “security council” has prevented any postwar outbreaks. The chairman of that council is Kwang Jingshu, a medical doctor who, despite his advanced age and wartime injuries, still manages to make house calls to all his patients.]

The first outbreak I saw was in a remote village that officially had no name. The residents called it “New Dachang,” but this was more out of nostalgia than anything else. Their former home, “Old Dachang,” had stood since the period of the Three Kingdoms, with farms and houses and even trees said to be centuries old. When the Three Gorges Dam was completed, and reservoir waters began to rise, much of Dachang had been disassembled, brick by brick, then rebuilt on higher ground. This New Dachang, however, was not a town anymore, but a “national historic museum.” It

must have been a heartbreaking irony for those poor peasants, to see their town saved but then only being able to visit it as a tourist. Maybe that is why some of them chose to name their newly constructed hamlet "New Dachang" to preserve some connection to their heritage, even if it was only in name. I personally didn't know that this other New Dachang existed, so you can imagine how confused I was when the call came in.

The hospital was quiet; it had been a slow night, even for the increasing number of drunk-driving accidents. Motorcycles were becoming very popular. We used to say that your Harley-Davidsons killed more young Chinese than all the GIs in the Korean War. That's why I was so grateful for a quiet shift. I was tired, my back and feet ached. I was on my way out to smoke a cigarette and watch the dawn when I heard my name being paged. The receptionist that night was new and couldn't quite understand the dialect. There had been an accident, or an illness. It was an emergency that part was

...it was an emergency, and that part was obvious, and could we please send help at once.

What could I say? The younger doctors, the kids who think medicine is just a way to pad their bank accounts, they certainly weren't going to go help some "nongmin" just for the sake of helping. I guess I'm still an old revolutionary at heart. "Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people."¹ Those words still mean something to me ... and I tried to remember that as my Deer² bounced and banged over dirt roads the government had promised but never quite gotten around to paving.

I had a devil of a time finding the place. Officially, it didn't exist and therefore wasn't on any map. I became lost several times and had to ask directions from locals who kept thinking I meant the museum town. I was in an impatient mood by the time I reached the small collection of hilltop homes. I remember thinking, This had better be damned serious. Once I saw their faces, I regretted my wish.

There were seven of them, all on cots, all barely conscious. The villagers had moved them into their new communal meeting hall. The walls and floor were bare cement. The air was cold and damp. Of course they're sick, I thought. I asked the villagers who had been taking care of these people. They said no one, it wasn't "safe." I noticed that the door had been locked from the outside. The villagers were clearly terrified. They cringed and whispered; some kept their distance and prayed. Their behavior made me angry, not at them, you understand, not as individuals, but what they represented about our country. After centuries of foreign oppression, exploitation, and humiliation, we were finally reclaiming our rightful place as humanity's middle kingdom. We were the world's richest and most dynamic superpower, masters of everything from outer space to cyber space. It was the dawn of what the world was finally acknowledging as "The Chinese Century" and yet so many of us still lived like these ignorant peasants, as stagnant

and superstitious as the earliest Yangshao savages.

I was still lost in my grand, cultural criticism when I knelt to examine the first patient. She was running a high fever, forty degrees centigrade, and she was shivering violently. Barely coherent, she whimpered slightly when I tried to move her limbs. There was a wound in her right forearm, a bite mark. As I examined it more closely, I realized that it wasn't from an animal. The bite radius and teeth marks had to have come from a small, or possibly young, human being. Although I hypothesized this to be the source of the infection, the actual injury was surprisingly clean. I asked the villagers, again, who had been taking care of these people. Again, they told me no one. I knew this could not be true. The human mouth is packed with bacteria, even more so than the most unhygienic dog. If no one had cleaned this woman's wound, why wasn't it throbbing with infection?

I examined the six other patients. All showed

similar symptoms, all had similar wounds on various parts of their bodies. I asked one man, the most lucid of the group, who or what had inflicted these injuries. He told me it had happened when they had tried to subdue “him.”

“Who?” I asked.

I found “Patient Zero” behind the locked door of an abandoned house across town. He was twelve years old. His wrists and feet were bound with plastic packing twine. Although he’d rubbed off the skin around his bonds, there was no blood. There was also no blood on his other wounds, not on the gouges on his legs or arms, or from the large dry gap where his right big toe had been. He was writhing like an animal; a gag muffled his growls.

At first the villagers tried to hold me back. They warned me not to touch him, that he was “cursed.” I shrugged them off and reached for my mask and gloves. The boy’s skin was as cold and gray as the cement on which he lay. I could find neither his heartbeat nor his pulse. His eyes were wild, wide, and sunken back in their

were wild, wide and sunken back in their sockets. They remained locked on me like a predatory beast. Throughout the examination he was inexplicably hostile, reaching for me with his bound hands and snapping at me through his gag.

His movements were so violent I had to call for two of the largest villagers to help me hold him down. Initially they wouldn't budge, cowering in the doorway like baby rabbits. I explained that there was no risk of infection if they used gloves and masks. When they shook their heads, I made it an order, even though I had no lawful authority to do so.

That was all it took. The two oxen knelt beside me. One held the boy's feet while the other grasped his hands. I tried to take a blood sample and instead extracted only brown, viscous matter. As I was withdrawing the needle, the boy began another bout of violent struggling.

One of my "orderlies," the one responsible for his arms, gave up trying to hold them and

thought it might safer if he just braced them against the floor with his knees. But the boy jerked again and I heard his left arm snap. Jagged ends of both radius and ulna bones stabbed through his gray flesh. Although the boy didn't cry out, didn't even seem to notice, it was enough for both assistants to leap back and run from the room.

I instinctively retreated several paces myself. I am embarrassed to admit this; I have been a doctor for most of my adult life. I was trained and ... you could even say "raised" by the People's Liberation Army. I've treated more than my share of combat injuries, faced my own death on more than one occasion, and now I was scared, truly scared, of this frail child.

The boy began to twist in my direction, his arm ripped completely free. Flesh and muscle tore from one another until there was nothing except the stump. His now free right arm, still tied to the severed left hand, dragged his body across the floor.

I hurried outside, locking the door behind me. I tried to compose myself, control my fear and shame. My voice still cracked as I asked the villagers how the boy had been infected. No one answered. I began to hear banging on the door, the boy's fist pounding weakly against the thin wood. It was all I could do not to jump at the sound. I prayed they would not notice the color draining from my face. I shouted, as much from fear as frustration, that I had to know what happened to this child.

A young woman came forward, maybe his mother. You could tell that she had been crying for days; her eyes were dry and deeply red. She admitted that it had happened when the boy and his father were "moon fishing," a term that describes diving for treasure among the sunken ruins of the Three Gorges Reservoir. With more than eleven hundred abandoned villages, towns, and even cities, there was always the hope of recovering something valuable. It was a very common practice in those days, and also very illegal. She explained that they weren't looting,

that it was their own village, Old Dachang, and they were just trying to recover some heirlooms from the remaining houses that hadn't been moved. She repeated the point, and I had to interrupt her with promises not to inform the police. She finally explained that the boy came up crying with a bite mark on his foot. He didn't know what had happened, the water had been too dark and muddy. His father was never seen again.

I reached for my cell phone and dialed the number of Doctor Gu Wen Kuei, an old comrade from my army days who now worked at the Institute of Infectious Diseases at Chongqing University.³ We exchanged pleasantries, discussing our health, our grandchildren; it was only proper. I then told him about the outbreak and listened as he made some joke about the hygiene habits of hillbillies. I tried to chuckle along but continued that I thought the incident might be significant. Almost reluctantly he asked me what the symptoms were. I told him everything: the bites,

the fever, the boy, the arm ... his face suddenly stiffened. His smile died.

He asked me to show him the infected. I went back into the meeting hall and waved the phone's camera over each of the patients. He asked me to move the camera closer to some of the wounds themselves. I did so and when I brought the screen back to my face, I saw that his video image had been cut.

"Stay where you are," he said, just a distant, removed voice now. "Take the names of all who have had contact with the infected. Restrain those already infected. If any have passed into coma, vacate the room and secure the exit." His voice was flat, robotic, as if he had rehearsed this speech or was reading from something. He asked me, "Are you armed?" "Why would I be?" I asked. He told me he would get back to me, all business again. He said he had to make a few calls and that I should expect "support" within several hours.

They were there in less than one, fifty men in large army Z-8A helicopters: all were wearing

large army of helicopters, all were wearing hazardous materials suits. They said they were from the Ministry of Health. I don't know who they thought they were kidding. With their bullying swagger, their intimidating arrogance, even these backwater bumpkins could recognize the Guoanbu.⁴

Their first priority was the meeting hall. The patients were carried out on stretchers, their limbs shackled, their mouths gagged. Next, they went for the boy. He came out in a body bag. His mother was wailing as she and the rest of the village were rounded up for "examinations." Their names were taken, their blood drawn. One by one they were stripped and photographed. The last one to be exposed was a withered old woman. She had a thin, crooked body, a face with a thousand lines and tiny feet that had to have been bound when she was a girl. She was shaking her bony fist at the "doctors." "This is your punishment!" she shouted. "This is revenge for Fengdu!"

She was referring to the City of Ghosts, whose

temples and shrines were dedicated to the underworld. Like Old Dachang, it had been an unlucky obstacle to China's next Great Leap Forward. It had been evacuated, then demolished, then almost entirely drowned. I've never been a superstitious person and I've never allowed myself to be hooked on the opiate of the people. I'm a doctor, a scientist. I believe only in what I can see and touch. I've never seen Fengdu as anything but a cheap, kitschy tourist trap. Of course this ancient crone's words had no effect on me, but her tone, her anger ... she had witnessed enough calamity in her years upon the earth: the warlords, the Japanese, the insane nightmare of the Cultural Revolution ... she knew that another storm was coming, even if she didn't have the education to understand it.

My colleague Dr. Kuei had understood all too well. He'd even risked his neck to warn me, to give me enough time to call and maybe alert a few others before the "Ministry of Health" arrived. It was something he had said ... a phrase he hadn't used in a very long time, not

since those “minor” border clashes with the Soviet Union. That was back in 1969. We had been in an earthen bunker on our side of the Ussuri, less than a kilometer downriver from Chen Bao. The Russians were preparing to retake the island, their massive artillery hammering our forces.

Gu and I had been trying to remove shrapnel from the belly of this soldier not much younger than us. The boy’s lower intestines had been torn open, his blood and excrement were all over our gowns. Every seven seconds a round would land close by and we would have to bend over his body to shield the wound from falling earth, and every time we would be close enough to hear him whimper softly for his mother. There were other voices, too, rising from the pitch darkness just beyond the entrance to our bunker, desperate, angry voices that weren’t supposed to be on our side of the river. We had two infantrymen stationed at the bunker’s entrance. One of them shouted “Spetsnaz!” and started firing into the dark. We

could hear other shots now as well, ours or theirs, we couldn't tell.

Another round hit and we bent over the dying boy. Gu's face was only a few centimeters from mine. There was sweat pouring down his forehead. Even in the dim light of one paraffin lantern, I could see that he was shaking and pale. He looked at the patient, then at the doorway, then at me, and suddenly he said, "Don't worry, everything's going to be all right." Now, this is a man who has never said a positive thing in his life. Gu was a worrier, a neurotic curmudgeon. If he had a headache, it was a brain tumor; if it looked like rain, this year's harvest was ruined. This was his way of controlling the situation, his lifelong strategy for always coming out ahead. Now, when reality looked more dire than any of his fatalistic predictions, he had no choice but to turn tail and charge in the opposite direction. "Don't worry, everything's going to be all right." For the first time everything turned out as he predicted. The Russians never crossed the river

and we even managed to save our patient.

For years afterward I would tease him about what it took to pry out a little ray of sunshine, and he would always respond that it would take a hell of a lot worse to get him to do it again. Now we were old men, and something worse was about to happen. It was right after he asked me if I was armed. "No," I said, "why should I be?" There was a brief silence, I'm sure other ears were listening. "Don't worry," he said, "everything's going to be all right." That was when I realized that this was not an isolated outbreak. I ended the call and quickly placed another to my daughter in Guangzhou.

Her husband worked for China Telecom and spent at least one week of every month abroad. I told her it would be a good idea to accompany him the next time he left and that she should take my granddaughter and stay for as long as they could. I didn't have time to explain; my signal was jammed just as the first helicopter appeared. The last thing I managed to say to her was "Don't worry everything's

to say to her was "Don't worry, everything's going to be all right."

[Kwang Jingshu was arrested by the MSS and incarcerated without formal charges. By the time he escaped, the outbreak had spread beyond China's borders.]



LHASA, THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF TIBET

[The world's most populous city is still recovering from the results of last week's general election. The Social Democrats have smashed the Llamist Party in a landslide victory and the streets are still roaring with revelers. I meet Nury Televaldi at a crowded sidewalk café. We have to shout over the euphoric din.]

Before the outbreak started, overland smuggling was never popular. To arrange for

the passports, the fake tour buses, the contacts and protection on the other side all took a lot of money. Back then, the only two lucrative routes were into Thailand or Myanmar. Where I used to live, in Kashi, the only option was into the ex-Soviet republics. No one wanted to go there, and that is why I wasn't initially a shetou.¹ I was an importer: raw opium, uncut diamonds, girls, boys, whatever was valuable from those primitive excuses for countries. The outbreak changed all that. Suddenly we were besieged with offers, and not just from the liudong renkou,² but also, as you say, from people on the up-and-up. I had urban professionals, private farmers, even low-level government officials. These were people who had a lot to lose. They didn't care where they were going, they just needed to get out.

Did you know what they were fleeing?

We'd heard the rumors. We'd even had an outbreak somewhere in Kashi. The government

outbreak somewhere in Kashan. The government had hushed it up pretty quickly. But we guessed, we knew something was wrong.

Didn't the government try to shut you down?

Officially they did. Penalties on smuggling were hardened; border checkpoints were strengthened. They even executed a few shetou, publicly, just to make an example. If you didn't know the true story, if you didn't know it from my end, you'd think it was an efficient crackdown.

You're saying it wasn't?

I'm saying I made a lot of people rich: border guards, bureaucrats, police, even the mayor. These were still good times for China, where the best way to honor Chairman Mao's memory was to see his face on as many hundred yuan notes as possible.

You were that successful.

Kashi was a boomtown. I think 90 percent, maybe more, of all westbound, overland traffic came through with even a little left over for air travel.

Air travel?

Just a little. I only dabbled in transporting renshu by air, a few cargo flights now and then to Kazakhstan or Russia. Small-time jobs. It wasn't like the east, where Guangdong or Jiangsu were getting thousands of people out every week.

Could you elaborate?

Air smuggling became big business in the eastern provinces. These were rich clients, the ones who could afford prebooked travel packages and first-class tourist visas. They

packages and first class tourist visas. They would step off the plane at London or Rome, or even San Francisco, check into their hotels, go out for a day's sightseeing, and simply vanish into thin air. That was big money. I'd always wanted to break into air transport.

But what about infection? Wasn't there a risk of being discovered?

That was only later, after Flight 575. Initially there weren't too many infected taking these flights. If they did, they were in the very early stages. Air transport shetou were very careful. If you showed any signs of advanced infection, they wouldn't go near you. They were out to protect their business. The golden rule was, you couldn't fool foreign immigration officials until you fooled your shetou first. You had to look and act completely healthy, and even then, it was always a race against time. Before Flight 575, I heard this one story about a couple, a very well-to-do businessman and his wife. He

had been bitten. Not a serious one, you understand, but one of the “slow burns,” where all the major blood vessels are missed. I’m sure they thought there was a cure in the West, a lot of the infected did. Apparently, they reached their hotel room in Paris just as he began to collapse. His wife tried to call the doctor, but he forbade it. He was afraid they would be sent back. Instead, he ordered her to abandon him, to leave now before he lapsed into coma. I hear that she did, and after two days of groans and commotion, the hotel staff finally ignored the DO NOT DISTURB sign and broke into the room. I’m not sure if that is how the Paris outbreak started, though it would make sense.

You say they didn’t call for a doctor, that they were afraid they’d be sent back, but then why try to find a cure in the West?

You really don’t understand a refugee’s heart, do you? These people were desperate. They were trapped between their infections and

being rounded up and “treated” by their own government. If you had a loved one, a family member, a child, who was infected, and you thought there was a shred of hope in some other country, wouldn't you do everything in your power to get there? Wouldn't you want to believe there was hope?

You said that man's wife, along with the other renshe, vanished into thin air.

It has always been this way, even before the outbreaks. Some stay with family, some with friends. Many of the poorer ones had to work off their bao³ to the local Chinese mafia. The majority of them simply melted into the host country's underbelly.

The low-income areas?

If that's what you want to call them. What better place to hide than among that part of

society that no one else even wants to acknowledge. How else could so many outbreaks have started in so many First World ghettos?

It's been said that many shetou propagated the myth of a miracle cure in other countries.

Some.

Did you?

[Pause.]

No.

[Another pause.]

How did Flight 575 change air smuggling?

Restrictions were tightened, but only in certain

countries. Airline shetou were careful but they were also resourceful. They used to have this saying, "every rich man's house has a servant's entrance."

What does that mean?

If western Europe has increased its security, go through eastern Europe. If the U.S. won't let you in, go through Mexico. I'm sure it helped make the rich white countries feel safer, even though they had infestations already bubbling within their borders. This is not my area of expertise, you remember, I was primarily land transport, and my target countries were in central Asia.

Were they easier to enter?

They practically begged us for the business. Those countries were in such economic shambles, their officials were so backward and corrupt, they actually helped us with the

corrupt, they actually helped us with the paperwork in exchange for a percentage of our fee. There were even shetou, or whatever they called them in their barbarian babble, who worked with us to get renshu across the old Soviet republics into countries like India or Russia, even Iran, although I never asked or wanted to know where any of the renshu were going. My job ended at the border. Just get their papers stamped, their vehicles tagged, pay the guards off, and take my cut.

Did you see many infected?

Not in the beginning. The blight worked too fast. It wasn't like air travel. It might take weeks to reach Kashi, and even the slowest of burns, I've been told, couldn't last longer than a few days. Infected clients usually reanimated somewhere on the road, where they would be recognized and collected by the local police. Later, as the infestations multiplied and the police became overwhelmed, I began to see a

lot of infected on my route.

Were they dangerous?

Rarely. Their family usually had them bound and gagged. You'd see something moving in the back of a car, squirming softly under clothing or heavy blankets. You'd hear banging from a car's boot, or, later, from crates with airholes in the backs of vans. Airholes ... they really didn't know what was happening to their loved ones.

Did you?

By then, yes, but I knew trying to explain it to them would be a hopeless cause. I just took their money and sent them on their way. I was lucky. I never had to deal with the problems of sea smuggling.

That was more difficult?

And dangerous. My associates from the coastal provinces were the ones who had to contend with the possibility of an infected breaking its bonds and contaminating the entire hold.

What did they do?

I've heard of various "solutions." Sometimes ships would pull up to a stretch of deserted coast—it didn't matter if it was the intended country, it could have been any coast—and "unload" the infected renshes onto the beach. I've heard of some captains making for an empty stretch of open sea and just tossing the whole writhing lot overboard. That might explain the early cases of swimmers and divers starting to disappear without a trace, or why you'd hear of people all around the world saying they saw them walking out of the surf. At least I never had to deal with that.

I did have one similar incident, the one that convinced me it was time to quit. There was this truck—a beat-up old jalopy. You could hear

this truck, a beat-up old jalopy. You could hear the moans from the trailer. A lot of fists were slamming against the aluminum. It was actually swaying back and forth. In the cab there was a very wealthy investment banker from Xi'an. He'd made a lot of money buying up American credit card debt. He had enough to pay for his entire extended family. The man's Armani suit was rumpled and torn. There were scratch marks down the side of his face, and his eyes had that frantic fire I was starting to see more of every day. The driver's eyes had a different look, the same one as me, the look that maybe money wasn't going to be much good for much longer. I slipped the man an extra fifty and wished him luck. That was all I could do.

Where was the truck headed?

Kyrgyzstan.



METEORA, GREECE

[The monasteries are built into the steep, inaccessible rocks, some buildings sitting perched atop high, almost vertical columns. While originally an attractive refuge from the Ottoman Turks, it later proved just as secure from the living dead. Postwar staircases, mostly metal or wood, and all easily retractable, cater to the growing influx of both pilgrims and tourists.

Meteora has become a popular destination for both groups in recent years. Some seek wisdom and spiritual enlightenment, some simply search for peace. Stanley MacDonald is one of the latter. A veteran of almost every campaign across the expanse of his native Canada, he first encountered the living dead during a different war, when the Third Battalion of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry was involved in drug interdiction operations in

Kyrgyzstan.]

Please don't confuse us with the American "Alpha teams." This was long before their deployment, before "the Panic," before the Israeli self-quarantine ... this was even before the first major public outbreak in Cape Town. This was just at the beginning of the spread, before anybody knew anything about what was coming. Our mission was strictly conventional, opium and hash, the primary export crop of terrorists around the world. That's all we'd ever encountered in that rocky wasteland. Traders and thugs and locally hired muscle. That's all we expected. That's all we were ready for.

The cave entrance was easy to find. We'd tracked it back from the blood trail leading to the caravan. Right away we knew something was wrong. There were no bodies. Rival tribes always left their victims laid out and mutilated as a warning to others. There was plenty of blood, blood and bits of brown rotting flesh, but the only corpses we found were the pack mules.

They'd been brought down, not shot, by what looked like wild animals. Their bellies were torn out and large bite wounds covered their flesh. We guessed it had to be wild dogs. Packs of those damn things roamed the valleys, big and nasty as Arctic wolves.

What was most puzzling was the cargo, still in their saddlebags, or just scattered about the bodies. Now, even if this wasn't a territorial hit, even if it was a religious or tribal revenge killing, no one just abandons fifty kilos of prime, raw, Bad Brown,¹ or perfectly good assault rifles, or expensive personal trophies like watches, mini disc players, and GPS locaters.

The blood trail led up the mountain path from the massacre in the wadi. A lot of blood. Anyone who lost that much wouldn't be getting up again. Only somehow he did. He hadn't been treated. There were no other track marks. From what we could tell, this man had run, bled, fallen facedown—we still could see his bloody face-mark imprinted in the sand

Somehow, without suffocating, without bleeding to death, he'd lain there for some time, then just gotten up again and started walking. These new tracks were very different from the old. They were slower, closer together. His right foot was dragging, clearly why he'd lost his shoe, an old, worn-out Nike high-top. The drag marks were sprinkled with fluid. Not blood, not human, but droplets of hard, black, crusted ooze that none of us recognized. We followed these and the drag marks to the entrance of the cave.

There was no opening fire, no reception of any kind. We found the tunnel entrance unguarded and wide open. Immediately we began to see bodies, men killed by their own booby traps. They looked like they'd been trying ... running ... to get out.

Beyond them, in the first chamber, we saw our first evidence of a one-sided firefight, one-sided because only one wall of the cavern was pockmarked by small arms. Opposite that wall were the shooters. They'd been torn apart. Their

limbs, their bones, shredded and gnawed ... some still clutching their weapons, one of those severed hands with an old Makarov still in the grip. The hand was missing a finger. I found it across the room, along with the body of another unarmed man who'd been hit over a hundred times. Several rounds had taken the top of his head off. The finger was still stuck between his teeth.

Every chamber told a similar story. We found smashed barricades, discarded weapons. We found more bodies, or pieces of them. Only the intact ones died from head shots. We found meat, chewed, pulped flesh bulging from their throats and stomachs. You could see by the blood trails, the footprints, the shell casings, and pockmarks that the entire battle had originated from the infirmary.

We discovered several cots, all bloody. At the end of the room we found a headless ... I'm guessing, doctor, lying on the dirt floor next to a cot with soiled sheets and clothes and an old, left-footed, worn-out Nike high-top.

The last tunnel we checked had collapsed from the use of a booby-trapped demolition charge. A hand was sticking out of the limestone. It was still moving. I reacted from the gut, leaned forward, grabbed the hand, felt that grip. Like steel, almost crushed my fingers. I pulled back, tried to get away. It wouldn't let me go. I pulled harder, dug my feet in. First the arm came free, then the head, the torn face, wide eyes and gray lips, then the other hand, grabbing my arm and squeezing, then came the shoulders. I fell back, the thing's top half coming with me. The waist down was still jammed under the rocks, still connected to the upper torso by a line of entrails. It was still moving, still clawing me, trying to pull my arm into its mouth. I reached for my weapon.

The burst was angled upward, connecting just under and behind the chin and spraying its brains across the ceiling above us. I'd been the only one in the tunnel when it happened. I was the only witness ...

[He pauses.]

“Exposure to unknown chemical agents.” That’s what they told me back in Edmonton, that or an adverse reaction to our own prophylactic medication. They threw in a healthy dose of PTSD² for good measure. I just needed rest, rest and long-term “evaluation” ...

“Evaluation” ... that’s what happens when it’s your own side. It’s only “interrogation” when it’s the enemy. They teach you how to resist the enemy, how to protect your mind and spirit. They don’t teach you how to resist your own people, especially people who think they’re trying to “help” you see “the truth.” They didn’t break me, I broke myself. I wanted to believe them and I wanted them to help me. I was a good soldier, well trained, experienced; I knew what I could do to my fellow human beings and what they could do to me. I thought I was ready for anything. [He looks out at the valley, his eyes unfocused.] Who in his right mind could have been ready for this?



THE AMAZON RAIN FOREST, BRAZIL

[I arrive blindfolded, so as not to reveal my “hosts” location. Outsiders call them the Yanomami, “The Fierce People,” and it is unknown whether this supposedly warlike nature or the fact that their new village hangs suspended from the tallest trees was what allowed them to weather the crisis as well, if not better, than even the most industrialized nation. It is not clear whether Fernando Oliveira, the emaciated, drug-addicted white man “from the edge of the world,” is their guest, mascot, or prisoner.]

I was still a doctor, that’s what I told myself. Yes, I was rich, and getting richer all the time, but at least my success came from performing necessary medical procedures. I wasn’t just

slicing and dicing little teenage noses or sewing Sudanese “pintos” onto sheboy pop divas.¹ I was still a doctor, I was still helping people, and if it was so “immoral” to the self-righteous, hypocritical North, why did their citizens keep coming?

The package arrived from the airport an hour before the patient, packed in ice in a plastic picnic cooler. Hearts are extremely rare. Not like livers or skin tissue, and certainly not like kidneys, which, after the “presumed consent” law was passed, you could get from almost any hospital or morgue in the country.

Was it tested?

For what? In order to test for something, you have to know what you’re looking for. We didn’t know about Walking Plague then. We were concerned with conventional ailments—hepatitis or HIV/AIDS—and we didn’t even have time to test for those.

Why is that?

Because the flight had already taken so long. Organs can't be kept on ice forever. We were already pushing our luck with this one.

Where had it come from?

China, most likely. My broker operated out of Macau. We trusted him. His record was solid. When he assured us that the package was "clean," I took him at his word; I had to. He knew the risks involved, so did I, so did the patient. Herr Muller, in addition to his conventional heart ailments, was cursed with the extremely rare genetic defect of dextrocardia with situs in-versus. His organs lay in their exact opposite position; the liver was on the left side, the heart entryways on the right, and so on. You see the unique situation we were facing. We couldn't have just transplanted a conventional heart and turned it backward. It just doesn't

heart and turned it backward. It just doesn't work that way. We needed another fresh, healthy heart from a "donor" with exactly the same condition. Where else but China could we find that kind of luck?

It was luck?

[Smiles.] And "political expediency." I told my broker what I needed, gave him the specifics, and sure enough, three weeks later I received an e-mail simply titled "We have a match."

So you performed the operation.

I assisted, Doctor Silva performed the actual procedure. He was a prestigious heart surgeon who worked the top cases at the Hospital Israelita Albert Einstein in São Paulo. Arrogant bastard, even for a cardiologist. It killed my ego to have to work with ... under ... that prick, treating me like I was a first-year resident. But what was I going to do ... Herr Muller needed a

new heart and my beach house needed a new herbal Jacuzzi.

Herr Muller never came out of the anesthesia. As he lay in the recovery room, barely minutes after closing, his symptoms began to appear. His temperature, pulse rate, oxygen saturation ... I was worried, and it must have tickled my more “experienced colleague.” He told me that it was either a common reaction to the immunosuppressant medication, or the simple, expected complications of an overweight, unhealthy, sixty-seven-year-old man who’d just gone through one of the most traumatic procedures in modern medicine. I’m surprised he didn’t pat me on the head, the prick. He told me to go home, take a shower, get some sleep, maybe call a girl or two, relax. He’d stay and watch him and call me if there was any change.

[Oliveira purses his lips angrily and chews another wad of the mysterious leaves at his side.]

And what was I supposed to think? Maybe it was the drugs, the OKT 3. Or maybe I was just being a worrier. This was my first heart transplant. What did I know? Still ... it bothered me so much that the last thing I wanted to do was sleep. So I did what any good doctor should do when his patient is suffering; I hit the town. I danced, I drank, I had salaciously indecent things done to me by who knows who or what. I wasn't even sure it was my phone vibrating the first couple of times. It must have been at least an hour before I finally picked up. Graziela, my receptionist, was in a real state. She told me that Herr Muller had slipped into a coma an hour before. I was in my car before she could finish the sentence. It was a thirty-minute drive back to the clinic, and I cursed both Silva and myself every second of the way. So I did have reason to be concerned! So I was right! Ego, you could say; even though to be right meant dire consequences for me as well, I still relished tarnishing the invincible Silva's reputation.

I arrived to find Graziela trying to comfort a hysterical Rosi, one of my nurses. The poor girl was inconsolable. I gave her a good one across the cheek—that calmed her down—and asked her what was going on. Why were there spots of blood on her uniform? Where was Doctor Silva? Why were some of the other patients out of their rooms, and what the hell was that goddamn banging noise? She told me that Herr Muller had flat-lined, suddenly, and unexpectedly. She explained that they had been trying to revive him when Herr Muller had opened his eyes and bitten Doctor Silva on the hand. The two of them struggled; Rosi tried to help but was almost bitten herself. She left Silva, ran from the room, and locked the door behind her.

I almost laughed. It was so ridiculous. Maybe Superman had slipped up, misdiagnosed him, if that was possible. Maybe he'd just risen from the bed, and, in a stupor, had tried to grab on to Doctor Silva to steady himself. There had to be a reasonable explanation ... and yet, there was

the blood on her uniform and the muffled noise from Herr Muller's room. I went back to the car for my gun, more so to calm Graziela and Rosi than for myself.

You carried a gun?

I lived in Rio. What do you think I carried, my "pinto"? I went back to Herr Muller's room, I knocked several times. I heard nothing. I whispered his and Silva's names. No one responded. I noticed blood seeping out from under the door. I entered and found it covering the floor. Silva was lying in the far corner, Muller crouching over him with his fat, pale, hairy back to me. I can't remember how I got his attention, whether I called his name, uttered a swear, or did anything at all but just stand there. Muller turned to me, bits of bloody meat falling from his open mouth. I saw that his steel sutures had been partially pried open and a thick, black, gelatinous fluid oozed through the incision. He got shakily to his feet, lumbering

mission. He got shakily to his feet, lumbering slowly toward me.

I raised my pistol, aiming at his new heart. It was a "Desert Eagle," Israeli, large and showy, which is why I'd chosen it. I'd never fired it before, thank God. I wasn't ready for the recoil. The round went wild, literally blowing his head off. Lucky, that's all, this lucky fool standing there with a smoking gun, and a stream of warm urine running down my leg. Now it was my turn to get slapped, several times by Graziela, before I came to my senses and telephoned the police.

Were you arrested?

Are you crazy? These were my partners, how do you think I was able to get my homegrown organs. How do you think I was able to take care of this mess? They're very good at that. They helped explain to my other patients that a homicidal maniac had broken into the clinic and killed both Herr Muller and Doctor Silva.

They also made sure that none of the staff said anything to contradict that story.

What about the bodies?

They listed Silva as the victim of a probable “car jacking.” I don’t know where they put his body; maybe some ghetto side street in the City of God, a drug score gone bad just to give the story more credibility. I hope they just burned him, or buried him ... deep.

Do you think he ...

I don’t know. His brain was intact when he died. If he wasn’t in a body bag ... if the ground was soft enough. How long would it have taken to dig out?

[He chews another leaf, offering me some. I decline.]

And Mister Muller?

No explanation, not to his widow, not to the Austrian embassy. Just another kidnapped tourist who'd been careless in a dangerous town. I don't know if Frau Muller ever believed that story, or if she ever tried to investigate further. She probably never realized how damn lucky she was.

Why was she lucky?

Are you serious? What if he hadn't reanimated in my clinic? What if he'd managed to make it all the way home?

Is that possible?

Of course it is! Think about it. Because the infection started in the heart, the virus had direct access to his circulatory system, so it probably reached his brain seconds after it was

properly reached the brain seconds after it was implanted. Now you take another organ, a liver or a kidney, or even a section of grafted skin. That's going to take a lot longer, especially if the virus is only present in small amounts.

But the donor ...

Doesn't have to be fully reanimated. What if he's just newly infected? The organ may not be completely saturated. It might only have an infinitesimal trace. You put that organ in another body, it might take days, weeks, before it eventually works its way out into the bloodstream. By that point the patient might be well on the way to recovery, happy and healthy and living a regular life.

But whoever is removing the organ ...

... may not know what he's dealing with. I didn't. These were the very early stages, when nobody knew anything yet. Even if they did

know, like elements in the Chinese army ... you want to talk about immoral ... Years before the outbreak they'd been making millions on organs from executed political prisoners. You think something like a little virus is going to make them stop sucking that golden tit?

But how ...

You remove the heart not long after the victim's died ... maybe even while he's still alive ... they used to do that, you know, remove living organs to ensure their freshness ... pack it in ice, put it on a plane for Rio ... China used to be the largest exporter of human organs on the world market. Who knows how many infected corneas, infected pituitary glands ... Mother of God, who knows how many infected kidneys they pumped into the global market. And that's just the organs! You want to talk about the "donated" eggs from political prisoners, the sperm, the blood? You think immigration was the only way the infection went the planet?

the only way the infection spread the planet. Not all the initial outbreaks were Chinese nationals. Can you explain all those stories of people suddenly dying of unexplained causes, then reanimating without ever having been bitten? Why did so many outbreaks begin in hospitals? Illegal Chinese immigrants weren't going to hospitals. Do you know how many thousands of people got illegal organ transplants in those early years leading up to the Great Panic? Even if 10 percent of them were infected, even 1 percent ...

Do you have any proof of this theory?

No ... but that doesn't mean it didn't happen! When I think about how many transplants I performed, all those patients from Europe, the Arab world, even the self-righteous United States. Few of you Yankees asked where your new kidney or pancreas was coming from, be it a slum kid from the City of God or some unlucky student in a Chinese political prison.

You didn't know you didn't know. You just

You didn't know, you didn't care. You just signed your traveler's checks, went under the knife, then went home to Miami or New York or wherever.

Did you ever try to track these patients down, warn them?

No, I didn't. I was trying to recover from a scandal, rebuild my reputation, my client base, my bank account. I wanted to forget what happened, not investigate it further. By the time I realized the danger, it was scratching at my front door.



BRIDGETOWN HARBOR, BARBADOS, WEST INDIES
FEDERATION

[I was told to expect a “tall ship,” although the “sails” of IS Imfingo refer to the four

vertical wind turbines rising from her sleek, trimaran hull. When coupled with banks of PEM, or proton exchange membrane, fuel cells, a technology that converts sea-water into electricity, it is easy to see why the prefix “IS” stands for “Infinity Ship.” Hailed as the undisputed future of maritime transport, it is still rare to see one sailing under anything but a government flag. The Imfingo is privately owned and operated. Jacob Nyathi is her captain.]

I was born about the same time as the new, postapartheid South Africa. In those euphoric days, the new government not only promised the democracy of “one man, one vote,” but employment and housing to the entire country. My father thought that meant immediately. He didn’t understand that these were long-term goals to be achieved after years—generations—of hard work. He thought that if we abandoned our tribal homeland and relocated to a city, there would be a brand-new house and high-

paying jobs just sitting there waiting for us. My father was a simple man, a day laborer. I can't blame him for his lack of formal education, his dream of a better life for his family. And so we settled in Khayelitsha, one of the four main townships outside of Cape Town. It was a life of grinding, hopeless, humiliating poverty. It was my childhood.

The night it happened, I was walking home from the bus stop. It was around five A.M. and I'd just finished my shift waiting tables at the T.G.I. Friday's at Victoria Wharf. It had been a good night. The tips were big, and news from the Tri Nations was enough to make any South African feel ten feet tall. The Springboks were trouncing the All Blacks ... again!

[He smiles with the memory.]

Maybe those thoughts were what distracted me at first, maybe it was simply being so knackered, but I felt my body instinctively react before I consciously heard the shots. Gunfire

was not unusual, not in my neighborhood, not in those days. "One man, one gun," that was the slogan of my life in Khayelitsha. Like a combat veteran, you develop almost genetic survival skills. Mine were razor sharp. I crouched, tried to triangulate the sound, and at the same time look for the hardest surface to hide behind. Most of the homes were just makeshift shanties, wood scraps or corrugated tin, or just sheets of plastic fastened to barely standing beams. Fire ravaged these lean-tos at least once a year, and bullets could pass through them as easily as open air.

I sprinted and crouched behind a barbershop, which had been constructed from a car-sized shipping container. It wasn't perfect, but it would do for a few seconds, long enough to hole up and wait for the shooting to die down. Only it didn't. Pistols, shotguns, and that clatter you never forget, the kind that tells you someone has a Kalashnikov. This was lasting much too long to be just an ordinary gang row. Now there were screams, shouts. I began to

smell smoke. I heard the stirrings of a crowd. I peeked out from around the corner. Dozens of people, most of them in their night-clothes, all shouting “Run! Get out of there! They’re coming!” House lamps were lighting all around me, faces poking out of shanties. “What’s going on here?” they asked. “Who’s coming?” Those were the younger faces. The older ones, they just started running. They had a different kind of survival instinct, an instinct born in a time when they were slaves in their own country. In those days, everyone knew who “they” were, and if “they” were ever coming, all you could do was run and pray.

Did you run?

I couldn’t. My family, my mother and two little sisters, lived only a few “doors” down from the Radio Zibonele station, exactly where the mob was fleeing from. I wasn’t thinking. I was stupid. I should have doubled back around, found an alley or quiet street.

I tried to wade through the mob, pushing in the opposite direction. I thought I could stay along the sides of the shanties. I was knocked into one, into one of their plastic walls that wrapped around me as the whole structure collapsed. I was trapped, I couldn't breathe. Someone ran over me, smashed my head into the ground. I shook myself free, wriggled and rolled out into the street. I was still on my stomach when I saw them: ten or fifteen, silhouetted against the fires of the burning shanties. I couldn't see their faces, but I could hear them moaning. They were slouching steadily toward me with their arms raised.

I got to my feet, my head swam, my body ached all over. Instinctively I began to withdraw, backing into the "doorway" of the closest shack. Something grabbed me from behind, pulled at my collar, tore the fabric. I spun, ducked, and kicked hard. He was large, larger and heavier than me by a few kilos. Black fluid ran down the front of his white shirt. A knife protruded from his chest, jammed

shut. A knife protruded from his chest, jammed between the ribs and buried to the hilt. A scrap of my collar, which was clenched between his teeth, dropped as his lower jaw fell open. He growled, he lunged. I tried to dodge. He grabbed my wrist. I felt a crack, and pain shot up through my body. I dropped to my knees, tried to roll and maybe trip him up. My hand came up against a heavy cooking pot. I grabbed it and swung hard. It smashed into his face. I hit him again, and again, bashing his skull until the bone split open and the brains spilled out across my feet. He slumped over. I freed myself just as another one of them appeared in the entrance. This time the structure's flimsy nature worked to my advantage. I kicked the back wall open, slinking out and bringing the whole hut down in the process.

I ran, I didn't know where I was going. It was a nightmare of shacks and fire and grasping hands all racing past me. I ran through a shanty where a woman was hiding in the corner. Her two children were huddled against her, crying. "Come with me!" I said. "Please, come, we have

Come with me! I said. Please, come, we have to go!" I held out my hands, moved closer to her. She pulled her children back, brandishing a sharpened screwdriver. Her eyes were wide, scared. I could hear sounds behind me ... smashing through shanties, knocking them over as they came. I switched from Xhosa to English. "Please," I begged, "you have to run!" I reached for her but she stabbed my hand. I left her there. I didn't know what else to do. She is still in my memory, when I sleep or maybe close my eyes sometimes. Sometimes she's my mother, and the crying children are my sisters.

I saw a bright light up ahead, shining between the cracks in the shanties. I ran as hard as I could. I tried to call to them. I was out of breath. I crashed through the wall of a shack and suddenly I was in open ground. The headlights were blinding. I felt something slam into my shoulder. I think I was out before I even hit the ground.

I came to in a bed at Groote Schuur Hospital. I'd never seen the inside of a recovery ward like

this. It was so clean and white. I thought I might be dead. The medication, I'm sure, helped that feeling. I'd never tried any kind of drugs before, never even touched a drink of alcohol. I didn't want to end up like so many in my neighborhood, like my father. All my life I'd fought to stay clean, and now ...

The morphine or whatever they had pumped into my veins was delicious. I didn't care about anything. I didn't care when they told me the police had shot me in the shoulder. I saw the man in the bed next to me frantically wheeled out as soon as his breathing stopped. I didn't even care when I overheard them talking about the outbreak of "rabies."

Who was talking about it?

I don't know. Like I said, I was as high as the stars. I just remember voices in the hallway outside my ward, loud voices angrily arguing. "That wasn't rabies!" one of them yelled. "Rabies doesn't do that to people!" Then

... babies doesn't do that to people: "Then ... something else ... then "well, what the hell do you suggest, we've got fifteen downstairs right here! Who knows how many more are still out there!" It's funny, I go over that conversation all the time in my head, what I should have thought, felt, done. It was a long time before I sobered up again, before I woke up and faced the nightmare.



TEL AVIV, ISRAEL

[Jurgen Warmbrunn has a passion for Ethiopian food, which is our reason for meeting at a Falasha restaurant. With his bright pink skin, and white, unruly eyebrows that match his "Einstein" hair, he might be mistaken for a crazed scientist or college professor. He is neither. Although never acknowledging which Israeli intelligence service he was, and possibly

intelligence service newswas, and possibly still is, employed by, he openly admits that at one point he could be called “a spy.”]

Most people don't believe something can happen until it already has. That's not stupidity or weakness, that's just human nature. I don't blame anyone for not believing. I don't claim to be any smarter or better than them. I guess what it really comes down to is the randomness of birth. I happened to be born into a group of people who live in constant fear of extinction. It's part of our identity, part of our mind-set, and it has taught us through horrific trial and error to always be on our guard.

The first warning I had of the plague was from our friends and customers over in Taiwan. They were complaining about our new software decryption program. Apparently it was failing to decode some e-mails from PRC sources, or at least decoding them so poorly that the text was unintelligible. I suspected the problem might not be in the software but in the translated messages themselves. The mainland PRC

messages themselves. The mainland Reds ... I guess they weren't really Reds anymore but ... what do you want from an old man? The Reds had a nasty habit of using too many different computers from too many different generations and countries.

Before I suggested this theory to Taipei, I thought it might be a good idea to review the scrambled messages myself. I was surprised to find that the characters themselves were perfectly decoded. But the text itself ... it all had to do with a new viral outbreak that first eliminated its victim, then reanimated his corpse into some kind of homicidal berzerker. Of course, I didn't believe this was true, especially because only a few weeks later the crisis in the Taiwan Strait began and any messages dealing with rampaging corpses abruptly ended. I suspected a second layer of encryption, a code within a code. That was pretty standard procedure, going back to the first days of human communication. Of course the Reds didn't mean actual dead bodies. It had

to be a new weapon system or ultrasecret war plan. I let the matter drop, tried to forget about it. Still, as one of your great national heroes used to say: “My spider sense was tingling.”

Not long afterward, at the reception for my daughter’s wedding, I found myself speaking to one of my son-in-law’s professors from Hebrew University. The man was a talker, and he’d had a little too much to drink. He was rambling about how his cousin was doing some kind of work in South Africa and had told him some stories about golems. You know about the Golem, the old legend about a rabbi who breathes life into an inanimate statue? Mary Shelley stole the idea for her book *Frankenstein*. I didn’t say anything at first, just listened. The man went on blathering about how these golems weren’t made from clay, nor were they docile and obedient. As soon as he mentioned reanimating human bodies, I asked for the man’s number. It turns out he had been in Cape Town on one of those “Adrenaline Tours,” shark feeding I think it was.

[He rolls his eyes.]

Apparently the shark had obliged him, right in the tuchus, which is why he had been recovering at Groote Schuur when the first victims from Khayelitsha township were brought in. He hadn't seen any of these cases firsthand, but the staff had told him enough stories to fill my old Dictaphone. I then presented his stories, along with those decrypted Chinese e-mails, to my superiors.

And this is where I directly benefited from the unique circumstances of our precarious security. In October of 1973, when the Arab sneak attack almost drove us into the Mediterranean, we had all the intelligence in front of us, all the warning signs, and we had simply "dropped the ball." We never considered the possibility of an all-out, coordinated, conventional assault from several nations, certainly not on our holiest of holidays. Call it stagnation, call it rigidity, call it an unforgivable hard mentality. Imagine a group of people all

nerd mentality. Imagine a group of people all staring at writing on a wall, everyone congratulating one another on reading the words correctly. But behind that group is a mirror whose image shows the writing's true message. No one looks at the mirror. No one thinks it's necessary. Well, after almost allowing the Arabs to finish what Hitler started, we realized that not only was that mirror image necessary, but it must forever be our national policy. From 1973 onward, if nine intelligence analysts came to the same conclusion, it was the duty of the tenth to disagree. No matter how unlikely or far-fetched a possibility might be, one must always dig deeper. If a neighbor's nuclear power plant might be used to make weapons-grade plutonium, you dig; if a dictator was rumored to be building a cannon so big it could fire anthrax shells across whole countries, you dig; and if there was even the slightest chance that dead bodies were being reanimated as ravenous killing machines, you dig and dig until you stike the absolute truth.

And that is what I did, I dug. At first it wasn't easy. With China out of the picture ... the Taiwan crisis put an end to any intelligence gathering ... I was left with very few sources of information. A lot of it was chaff, especially on the Internet; zombies from space and Area 51... what is your country's fetish for Area 51, anyway? After a while I started to uncover more useful data: cases of "rabies" similar to Cape Town ... it wasn't called African rabies until later. I uncovered the psychological evaluations of some Canadian mountain troops recently returned from Kyrgyzstan. I found the blog records of a Brazilian nurse who told her friends all about the murder of a heart surgeon.

The majority of my information came from the World Health Organization. The UN is a bureaucratic masterpiece, so many nuggets of valuable data buried in mountains of unread reports. I found incidents all over the world, all of them dismissed with "plausible" explanations. These cases allowed me to piece together a cohesive mosaic of this new threat.

The subjects in question were indeed dead, they were hostile, and they were undeniably spreading. I also made one very encouraging discovery: how to terminate their existence.

Going for the brain.

[He chuckles.] We talk about it today as if it is some feat of magic, like holy water or a silver bullet, but why wouldn't destruction of the brain be the only way to annihilate these creatures? Isn't it the only way to annihilate us as well?

You mean human beings?

[He nods.] Isn't that all we are? Just a brain kept alive by a complex and vulnerable machine we call the body? The brain cannot survive if just one part of the machine is destroyed or even deprived of such necessities as food or oxygen. That is the only measurable difference between us and "The Undead." Their brains do not

us and the CIA. Their brains do not require a support system to survive, so it is necessary to attack the organ itself. [His right hand, in the shape of a gun, rises to touch his temple.] A simple solution, but only if we recognized the problem! Given how quickly the plague was spreading, I thought it might be prudent to seek confirmation from foreign intelligence circles. Paul Knight had been a friend of mine for a long time, going all the way back to Entebbe. The idea to use a double of Amin's black Mercedes, that was him. Paul had retired from government service right before his agency's "reforms" and gone to work for a private consulting firm in Bethesda, Maryland. When I visited him at his home, I was shocked to find that not only had he been working on the very same project, on his own time, of course, but that his file was almost as thick and heavy as mine. We sat up the whole night reading each other's findings. Neither of us spoke. I don't think we were even conscious of each other, the world around us, anything except the words before our eyes. We finished almost at the same

before our eyes. We finished almost at the same time, just as the sky began to lighten in the east.

Paul turned the last page, then looked to me and said very matter-of-factly, "This is pretty bad, huh?" I nodded, so did he, then followed up with "So what are we going to do about it?"

And that is how the "Warmbrunn-Knight" report was written.

I wish people would stop calling it that. There were fifteen other names on that report: virologists, intelligence operatives, military analysts, journalists, even one UN observer who'd been monitoring the elections in Jakarta when the first outbreak hit Indonesia. Everyone was an expert in his or her field, everyone had come to their own similar conclusions before ever being contacted by us. Our report was just under a hundred pages long. It was concise, it was fully comprehensive, it was everything we thought we needed to make sure this outbreak never reached epidemic proportions. I know a

lot of credit has been heaped upon the South African war plan, and deservedly so, but if more people had read our report and worked to make its recommendations a reality, then that plan would have never needed to exist.

But some people did read and follow your report. Your own government ...

Barely, and just look at the cost.



BETHLEHEM, PALESTINE

[With his rugged looks and polished charm, Saladin Kader could be a movie star. He is friendly but never obsequious, self-assured but never arrogant. He is a professor of urban planning at Khalil Gibran University, and, naturally, the love of all his female students. We sit under the statue of the

students. We sit under the statue of the university's namesake. Like everything else in one of the Middle East's most affluent cities, its polished bronze glitters in the sun.]

I was born and raised in Kuwait City. My family was one of the few “lucky” ones not to be expelled after 1991, after Arafat sided with Saddam against the world. We weren’t rich, but neither were we struggling. I was comfortable, even sheltered, you might say, and oh did it show in my actions.

I watched the Al Jazeera broadcast from behind the counter at the Starbucks where I worked every day after school. It was the afternoon rush hour and the place was packed. You should have heard the uproar, the jeers and catcalls. I’m sure our noise level matched that on the floor of the General Assembly.

Of course we thought it was a Zionist lie, who didn’t? When the Israeli ambassador announced to the UN General Assembly that his country was a “victim” of “anti-Semitism”

was enacting a policy of “voluntary quarantine,” what was I supposed to think? Was I supposed to really believe his crazy story that African rabies was actually some new plague that transformed dead bodies into bloodthirsty cannibals? How can you possibly believe that kind of foolishness, especially when it comes from your most hated enemy?

I didn't even hear the second part of that fat bastard's speech, the part about offering asylum, no questions asked, to any foreign-born Jew, any foreigner of Israeli-born parents, any Palestinian living in the formerly occupied territories, and any Palestinian whose family had once lived within the borders of Israel. The last part applied to my family, refugees from the '67 War of Zionist aggression. At the heeding of the PLO leadership, we had fled our village believing we could return as soon as our Egyptian and Syrian brothers had swept the Jews into the sea. I had never been to Israel, or what was about to be absorbed into the new state of Unified Palestine.

What did you think was behind the Israeli ruse?

Here's what I thought: The Zionists have just been driven out of the occupied territories, they say they left voluntarily, just like Lebanon, and most recently the Gaza Strip, but really, just like before, we knew we'd driven them out. They know that the next and final blow would destroy that illegal atrocity they call a country, and to prepare for that final blow, they're attempting to recruit both foreign Jews as cannon fodder and ... and—I thought I was so clever for figuring this part out—kidnapping as many Palestinians as they could to act as human shields! I had all the answers. Who doesn't at seventeen?

My father wasn't quite convinced of my ingenious geopolitical insights. He was a janitor at Amiri Hospital. He'd been on duty the night it had its first major African rabies outbreak. He hadn't personally seen the bodies rise from their slabs or the carnage of panicked patients and

...of the damage of permanent peace and security guards, but he'd witnessed enough of the aftermath to convince him that staying in Kuwait was suicidal. He'd made up his mind to leave the same day Israel made their declaration.

That must have been difficult to hear.

It was blasphemy! I tried to make him see reason, to convince him with my adolescent logic. I'd show the images from Al Jazeera, the images coming out of the new West Bank state of Palestine; the celebrations, the demonstrations. Anyone with eyes could see total liberation was at hand. The Israelis had withdrawn from all the occupied territory and were actually preparing to evacuate Al Quds, what they call Jerusalem! All the factional fighting, the violence between our various resistance organizations, I knew that would die down once we unified for the final blow against the Jews. Couldn't my father see this? Couldn't he understand that in a few weeks a few

ne understand that, in a few years, a few months, we would be returning to our homeland, this time as liberators, not as refugees.

How was your argument resolved?

“Resolved,” what a pleasant euphemism. It was “resolved” after the second outbreak, the larger one at Al Jahrah. My father had just quit his job, cleared out our bank account, such as it was ... our bags were packed ... our e-tickets confirmed. The TV was blaring in the background, riot police storming the front entrance of a house. You couldn’t see what they were shooting at inside. The official report blamed the violence on “pro-Western extremists.” My father and I were arguing, as always. He tried to convince me of what he’d seen at the hospital, that by the time our leaders acknowledged the danger, it would be too late for any of us.

I, of course, scoffed at his timid ignorance, at

his willingness to abandon “The Struggle.” What else could I expect from a man who’d spent his whole life scrubbing toilets in a country that treated our people only slightly better than its Filipino guest workers. He’d lost his perspective, his self-respect. The Zionists were offering the hollow promise of a better life, and he was jumping at it like a dog with scraps.

My father tried, with all the patience he could muster, to make me see that he had no more love for Israel than the most militant Al Aqsa martyr, but they seemed to be the only country actively preparing for the coming storm, certainly the only one that would so freely shelter and protect our family.

I laughed in his face. Then I dropped the bomb: I told him that I’d already found a website for the Children of Yassin¹ and was waiting for an e-mail from a recruiter supposedly operating right in Kuwait City. I told my father to go and be the yehud’s whore if he wanted, but the next time we’d meet was when I would be rescuing him from an

when I would be rescuing him from an internment camp. I was quite proud of those words, I thought they sounded very heroic. I glared in his face, stood from the table, and made my final pronouncement: "Surely the vilest of beasts in Allah's sight are those who disbelieve!"²

The dinner table suddenly became very silent. My mother looked down, my sisters looked at each other. All you could hear was the TV, the frantic words of the on-site reporter telling everyone to remain calm. My father was not a large man. By that time, I think I was even bigger than him. He was also not an angry man; I don't think he ever raised his voice. I saw something in his eyes, something I didn't recognize, and then suddenly he was on me, a lightning whirlwind that threw me up against the wall, slapped me so hard my left ear rang. "You WILL go!" he shouted as he grabbed my shoulders and repeatedly slammed me against the cheap dry-wall. "I am your father! You WILL OBEY ME!" His next slap sent my vision flashing white. "YOU WILL LEAVE WITH THE

flashing white. YOU WILL LEAVE WITH THIS FAMILY OR YOU WILL NOT LEAVE THIS ROOM ALIVE!" More grabbing and shoving, shouting and slapping. I didn't understand where this man had come from, this lion who'd replaced my docile, frail excuse for a parent. A lion protecting his cubs. He knew that fear was the only weapon he had left to save my life and if I didn't fear the threat of the plague, then dammit, I was going to fear him!

Did it work?

[Laughs.] Some martyr I turned out to be, I think I cried all the way to Cairo.

Cairo?

There were no direct flights to Israel from Kuwait, not even from Egypt once the Arab League imposed its travel restrictions. We had to fly from Kuwait to Cairo, then take a bus across the Sinai Desert to the crossing at Taba.

As we approached the border, I saw the Wall for the first time. It was still unfinished, naked steel beams rising above the concrete foundation. I'd known about the infamous "security fence"—what citizen of the Arab world didn't—but I'd always been led to believe that it only surrounded the West Bank and Gaza Strip. Out here, in the middle of this barren desert, it only confirmed my theory that the Israelis were expecting an attack along their entire border. Good, I thought. The Egyptians have finally rediscovered their balls.

At Taba, we were taken off the bus and told to walk, single file, past cages that held very large and fierce-looking dogs. We went one at a time. A border guard, this skinny black African—I didn't know there were black Jews³—would hold out his hand. "Wait there!" he said in barely recognizable Arabic. Then, "you go, come!" The man before me was old. He had a long white beard and supported himself on a cane. As he passed the dogs, they went wild, barking and growling, biting and chewing at the

howling and snarling, biting and charging at the confines of their cages. Instantly, two large chaps in civilian clothing were at the old man's side, speaking something in his ear and escorting him away. I could see the man was injured. His dishdasha was torn at the hip and stained with brown blood. These men were certainly no doctors, however, and the black, unmarked van they escorted him to was certainly no ambulance. Bastards, I thought, as the old man's family wailed after him. Weeding out the ones too sick and old to be of any use to them. Then it was our turn to walk the gauntlet of dogs. They didn't bark at me, nor the rest of my family. I think one of them even wagged its tail as my sister held out her hand. The next man after us, however ... again came the barks and growls, again came the nondescript civilians. I turned to look at him and was surprised to see a white man, American maybe, or Canadian ... no, he had to be American, his English was too loud. "C'mon, I'm fine!" He shouted and struggled. "C'mon, man, what the fuck?" He was well dressed, a suit and tie.

luck! He was well dressed, a suit and tie, matching luggage that was tossed aside as he began to fight with the Israelis. "Dude, c'mon, get the fuck off me! I'm one'a you! C'mon!" The buttons on his shirt ripped open, revealing a bloodstained bandage wrapped tightly around his stomach. He was still kicking and screaming as they dragged him into the back of the van. I didn't understand it. Why these people? Clearly, it wasn't just about being an Arab, or even about being wounded. I saw several refugees with severe injuries pass through without molestation from the guards. They were all escorted to waiting ambulances, real ambulances, not the black vans. I knew it had something to do with the dogs. Were they screening for rabies? That made the most sense to me, and it continued to be my theory during our internment outside Yeroham.

The resettlement camp?

Resettlement and quarantine. At that time, I just

saw it as a prison. It was exactly what I'd expected to happen to us: the tents, the overcrowding, the guards, barbed wire, and the seething, baking Negev Desert sun. We felt like prisoners, we were prisoners, and although I would have never had the courage to say to my father "I told you so," he could see it clearly in my sour face.

What I didn't expect was the physical examinations; every day, from an army of medical personnel. Blood, skin, hair, saliva, even urine and feces⁴ ... it was exhausting, mortifying. The only thing that made it bearable, and probably what prevented an all-out riot among some of the Muslim detainees, was that most of the doctors and nurses doing the examinations were themselves Palestinian. The doctor who examined my mother and sisters was a woman, an American woman from a place called Jersey City. The man who examined us was from Jabaliya in Gaza and had himself been a detainee only a few months before. He kept telling us, "You made the right

decision to come here. You'll see. I know it's hard, but you'll see it was the only way." He told us it was all true, everything the Israelis had said. I still couldn't bring myself to believe him, even though a growing part of me wanted to.

We stayed at Yeroham for three weeks, until our papers were processed and our medical examinations finally cleared. You know, the whole time they barely even glanced at our passports. My father had done all this work to make sure our official documents were in order. I don't think they even cared. Unless the Israeli Defense Force or the police wanted you for some previous "unkosher" activities, all that mattered was your clean bill of health. The Ministry of Social Affairs provided us with vouchers for subsidized housing, free schooling, and a job for my father at a salary that would support the entire family. This is too good to be true, I thought as we boarded the bus for Tel Aviv. The hammer is going to fall anytime now.

It did once we entered the city of Beer

Sheeba. I was asleep, I didn't hear the shots or see the driver's windscreen shatter. I jerked awake as I felt the bus swerve out of control. We crashed into the side of a building. People screamed, glass and blood were everywhere. My family was close to the emergency exit. My father kicked the door open and pushed us out into the street.

There was shooting, from the windows, doorways. I could see that it was soldiers versus civilians, civilians with guns or homemade bombs. This is it! I thought. My heart felt like it was going to burst! This liberation has started! Before I could do anything, run out to join my comrades in battle, someone had me by my shirt and was pulling me through the doorway of a Starbucks.

I was thrown on the floor next to my family, my sisters were crying as my mother tried to crawl on top of them. My father had a bullet wound in the shoulder. An IDF soldier shoved me on the ground, keeping my face away from the window. My blood was boiling. I started

the window. My blood was boiling; I started looking for something I could use as a weapon, maybe a large shard of glass to ram through the yehud's throat.

Suddenly a door at the back of the Starbucks swung open, the soldier turned in its direction and fired. A bloody corpse hit the floor right beside us, a grenade rolled out of his twitching hand. The soldier grabbed the bomb and tried to hurl it into the street. It exploded in midair. His body shielded us from the blast. He tumbled back over the corpse of my slain Arab brother. Only he wasn't an Arab at all. As my tears dried I noticed that he wore payess and a yarmulke and bloody tzitzit snaked out from his damp, shredded trousers. This man was a Jew, the armed rebels out in the street were Jews! The battle raging all around us wasn't an uprising by Palestinian insurgents, but the opening shots of the Israeli Civil War.

In your opinion, what do you believe was the cause of that war?

I think there were many causes. I know the repatriation of Palestinians was unpopular, so was the general pullout from the West Bank. I'm sure the Strategic Hamlet Resettlement Program must have inflamed more than its share of hearts. A lot of Israelis had to watch their houses bulldozed in order to make way for those fortified, self-sufficient residential compounds. Al Quds, I believe ... that was the final straw. The Coalition Government decided that it was the one major weak point, too large to control and a hole that led right into the heart of Israel. They not only evacuated the city, but the entire Nablus to Hebron corridor as well. They believed that rebuilding a shorter wall along the 1967 demarcation line was the only way to ensure physical security, no matter what backlash might occur from their own religious right. I learned all this much later, you understand, as well as the fact that the only reason the IDF eventually triumphed was because the majority of the rebels came from

the ranks of the Ultra-Orthodox and therefore most had never served in the armed forces. Did you know that? I didn't. I realized I practically didn't know anything about these people I'd hated my entire life. Everything I thought was true went up in smoke that day, supplanted by the face of our real enemy.

I was running with my family into the back of an Israeli tank,⁵ when one of those unmarked vans came around the corner. A handheld rocket slammed right into its engine. The van catapulted into the air, crashed upside down, and exploded into a brilliant orange fireball. I still had a few steps to go before reaching the doors of the tank, just enough time to see the whole event unfold. Figures were climbing out of the burning wreckage, slow-moving torches whose clothes and skin were covered in burning petrol. The soldiers around us began firing at the figures. I could see little pops in their chests where the bullets were passing harmlessly through. The squad leader next to me shouted "B'rosh! Yoreh B'rosh!" and the soldiers

adjusted their aim. The figures'... the creatures' heads exploded. The petrol was just burning out as they hit the ground, these charred black, headless corpses. Suddenly I understood what my father had been trying to warn me about, what the Israelis had been trying to warn the rest of the world about! What I couldn't understand was why the rest of the world wasn't listening.

1. From "Quotations from Chairman Maozedong," originally from "The Situation and Our Policy After the Victory in the War of Resistance Against Japan," August 13, 1945.
2. A prewar automobile manufactured in the People's Republic.
3. The Institute of Infectious and Parasitic Diseases of the First Affiliated Hospital, Chongqing Medical University.
4. Guokia Anquan Bu: The prewar Ministry of State Security.
1. Shetou: A "snake head," the smuggler of "renshe" or "human snake" of refugees.
2. Liudong renkou: China's "floating population" of homeless labor.
3. Bao: The debt many refugees incurred during their exodus.
1. Bad Brown: A nickname for the type of opium grown in

the Badakhshan Province of Afghanistan.

2. PTSD: Post-traumatic stress disorder.

1. It has been alleged that, before the war, the sexual organs of Sudanese men convicted of adultery were severed and sold on the world black market.

1. Children of Yassin: A youth-based terrorist organization named for the late Sheikh Yassin. Under strict recruitment codes, all martyrs could be no older than eighteen.

2. “Sure the vilest of beasts in Allah’s sight are those who disbelieve, then they would not believe.” From the Holy Koran, part 8, Section 55.

3. By this point, the Israeli government had completed operation “Moses II,” which transported the last of the Ethiopian “Falasha” into Israel.

4. At the time, it was unsure whether the virus could survive in solid waste outside of the human body.

5. Unlike most country’s main battle tanks, the Israeli “Merkava” contains rear hatches for troop deployment.

THE ZOMBIE SURVIVAL GUIDE

RECORDED ATTACKS

MAX BROOKS

New York Times bestselling author of *WORLD WAR Z*

ILLUSTRATED BY IBRAIM ROBERSON

