

Best Laid Plans

Stephen Gross

Everything was going fine until that damned animal rights activist showed up. Now, I'm all for the ethical treatment of animals, don't get me wrong. But who cares about the ethical treatment of dead mice? And it's not like I killed them. I just had an arrangement with a guy in pest control. The mice were going to die one way or another, at least this way somebody got some value out of them. But it's kinda pointless to try and reason with a fanatic with bolt cutters once he's already broken in and opened all the cages.

Hell, everything would have been fine if the cops had done their jobs and arrested the guy who'd been doing the B&E instead of me. I know, the basement where I was doing my research had kind of a meth lab vibe to it, but all my materials were perfectly legal. Well, mostly legal anyway. Come to think of it, I probably didn't help my case much by screaming that the dead rats were loose and that everyone was going to die if we didn't catch them. That was probably a bad call.

But just because I was acting a teensy bit like a raving lunatic doesn't mean I was wrong. As you're all no doubt aware, my experiments really should not have been released into the wild. You can blame me all you want, but I was keeping them all safely locked up and quarantined. Had two sets of doors to make sure nothing got out, kept all the cages locked and monitored at all times, made sure never to go in without wearing that hazmat suit I got from the CDC surplus. I knew what I was doing.

But of course, some idiot with a "Keep Calm and Go Vegan" t-shirt decided it would be a good idea to force his way into a lab full of formerly dead mice and set them loose. I swear, it was like neither he nor any of the cops had ever seen a zombie movie. Didn't even quarantine the guy after he got bit by one of the mice. An honest to goodness, real live, well, ok, unlive, zombie mouse, and no-one thinks this guy should maybe see a doctor.

Yet despite all this, I'm the one taking the fall. I'm the one you lot have got on trial in this makeshift court, while the walking dead chow down on our friends and family. Fleming leaves a sandwich out too long and discovers penicillin. I try to revolutionize modern medicine and now I'm going down in history as the mad scientist who started the goddamn zombie apocalypse. If anyone's alive to write history after this fiasco's over. The best laid plans, eh?