



POLLING DAY

Deep in the heart of the Zombie Civil Service, a secret meeting is held to pre-empt an impending disaster. In the heartlands, a devoted Shiba Inu—a Japanese dog breed—seeks the divine in her quest for answers. And what happens when an MRT train goes underground, and never comes back out?

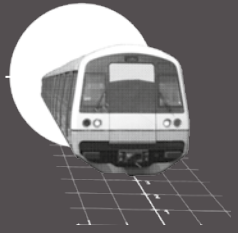
Haunting and dreamlike, this collection of 10 short stories transports you from the deeply familiar to the supernatural, exploring things that cannot and should not be.

“Nicholas Yong’s brain is exploding with the funnest, zaniest ideas! *Track Faults and Other Glitches* takes a recognisable Singapore, pumps it full of influences from pop culture, and twists it all through a list of speculative fiction genres, the supernatural, and satire.”

Gwee Li Sui
poet, graphic novelist,
and literary critic



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TRACK FAULTS AND OTHER GLITCHES

NICHOLAS YONG



THE MINISTRY OF
ZOMBIE ADVANCEMENT



WAKE ME UP WHEN
IT’S 2116



HARU



A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

“...this wry collection of stories...combine(s) a keen observational eye with provocative ideas...”

Sonny Liew
author of *The Art of Charlie Chan Hock Chye*

“Nicholas Yong’s brain is exploding with the funnest, zaniest ideas! *Track Faults and Other Glitches* takes a recognisable Singapore, pumps it full of influences from pop culture, and twists it all through a list of speculative fiction genres, the supernatural, and satire. These rollicking stories are emotionally rich and humane at the core and can only be concocted by one still trapped inside the books and films he loves!”

Gwee Li Sui, poet, graphic novelist, and literary critic

“Yong brings his experience as a journalist and his love of pop culture to bear in this wry collection of stories. At their best, they combine a keen observational eye with provocative ideas to give genre staples—ghosts, zombies, sci-fi technology and superheroes amongst them—topical and local twists that could have readers looking at the world around them in an altered light.”

Sonny Liew, author of

The Art of Charlie Chan Hock Chye and *Malinky Robot*

“You are here, between the real and surreal. Stories filtered through a pop culture sensibility. This is as funny and possible as it gets. Nothing is as it seems or ought to be, but exists in tension only in Yong’s delightfully macabre, ironic and wry stories.”

Felix Cheong, author, poet and adjunct lecturer with
Murdoch University and University of Newcastle

For Review Only



TRACK FAULTS AND OTHER GLITCHES

STORIES OF THE IMPOSSIBLE IN SINGAPORE

NICHOLAS YONG

 **Marshall Cavendish**
Editions

With the Support of



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THE MINISTRY OF ZOMBIE ADVANCEMENT

“Have you heard about the meeting tonight?”

Zee looked up from his keyboard with an inquisitive moan.

“What meeting?”

Walker, his colleague of the past five years, was leaning against the side of his cubicle. In fact, he was clinging to it as if for dear life, and his head was barely visible over the top. Through the glass on the cubicle wall, Zee could see the mud and bloodstains that were fashionably strewn all over his shirt. It was always a point of contention with the Director, who disliked any sort of trendy dressing among his subordinates. “The Higher Zombie Committee meeting. Boss wants you to be the note taker.”

“Oh. What time is it?”

“7pm.”

Zee frowned. “So late? I didn’t get the email. When was this meeting arranged?” Zee looked at the complimentary AIA calendar on his table, on which he carefully marked important dates and occasions. He was sure he would have written it down

the moment he heard of the meeting. Zee was old school that way. Besides the Director Zombie, he was the only one in his office who carried a handkerchief. During department lunches, both of them were often to be seen carefully dabbing their lips as they ate. It was a habit Zee's father had instilled in him from a very young age.

"Half an hour ago. Boss sent me here to chase you."

"All right." Zee adjusted his tie, which he had loosened in anticipation of knock-off time. He was feeling somewhat under the weather, but he would just have to soldier on. Zee looked at his watch. It was 6.15pm and some of his colleagues had already shut down their laptops. They were discussing dinner plans. "Did Boss CC anyone? Can forward me the email?"

"Can." Carefully and deliberately, Walker steadied himself on his feet. He took out his smartphone and tapped it several times. "Sent." He rapped his knuckles against the top of the cubicle, the way he always did. "Good luck, Zee. I have a dinner appointment, so I'll see you tomorrow." With that, he turned on his heel and shuffled off with a long, trailing cry. What a surprise, Zee thought dryly. He's left the office while I'm still here doing work.

The email popped up on Zee's monitor seconds later. He clicked on it. It was as Walker had said—the Permanent Zombie Secretary (PZS) was summoning all concerned parties to a meeting of the Higher Zombie Committee (HZC) at 7pm. But while the agenda for these meetings was rarely stated in full, this email was even more terse than usual. All it communicated was the time and venue for the meeting, with no mention of the agenda, and an unusual request from the Director: "Notes by 2359, please."

The Director usually allowed note takers to submit their notes for approval the following day or even the day after. Zee knew that the boss was no *kancheong* spider¹ prone to making these requests on a whim. He wondered what was so urgent.

Something else in the CC list caught his eye. The Minister Zombie, or MinZ for short, was going to be there too.

Zee stared at the monitor. In his seven years at the Ministry of Zombie Advancement (MZA), Zee had been the note taker for Higher Zombie Committee meetings many times. But he had only ever seen MinZ in attendance twice. It usually meant there was a matter of unusual gravity to be dealt with, or that the Minister was taking a personal interest in the discussions. Either way, it was going to be a long night ahead.

Zee pursed his lips. He had promised his wife he would be home for dinner with her and the kids. She had specially purchased a prime cut of brain from a Japanese supermarket, which she was going to grill with onions and sambal chilli. The thought of it was making him so, so very hungry. A zombie's belly was naturally bottomless, but it would just have to wait. Zee picked up his office phone and dialed.

"Hello."

"Hi, dear. How was your day?"

"*Haiyoh*, do you know what your daughter did?"

"What did she do now?" It was remarkable how their child suddenly became solely his creation every time she misbehaved, but was always his wife's daughter whenever she scored well on a test, or demonstrated some sort of special aptitude.

¹ *Someone who is constantly anxious and worried.*

"Her teacher asked to see me. She cut off her lips."

"What? Why?"

"Because her friends are doing it too. It's the latest trend among the kids, apparently. They want to show off their rotting teeth."

"She's only in primary school, already got this kind of trend?"

"I donno *lah*. She put pictures on Facebook to show off some more. Some journalist even called me to ask about it."

"Hah? Did you talk to him?"

"No *lah*, I hung up. Can you please talk to your daughter when you come home?"

"Okay, but I'm going to be very late. There's a last-minute meeting. Boss wants the notes by tonight."

"Hah? So late? Why can't they assign someone else?"

"He didn't say. But I'm stuck here."

"Okay, I'll keep food for you. Love you, dear."

Every month, the Higher Zombie Committee met in a conference room on the 50th floor of the Ministry. They sat around a mahogany table polished so relentlessly that you could literally see your reflection staring back at you. The old joke went that if you stared into it for too long, you could see directly into the blackness of the Zombie Civil Service. The heads of the various departments would be attending along with their Deputy Zombies. Chaired by the Permanent Zombie Secretary, the meeting was a means of taking stock of the most pressing issues that the MZA had been tasked to deal with. Being the lead ministry for the government, its job was to ensure that the necessary "arrows"² were being farmed out to the relevant ministries. The agenda

² An unpleasant or boring task.

varied from month to month, and covered a wide spectrum of issues. After all, the cause of Zombie Advancement was a multi-faceted one, covering the political, economic and social domains.

Sometimes, the agenda was about the increasing exports of human brains from neighbouring countries, which affected local wholesalers. Other times, it was about the number of primary school places that were being given to the children of freshly turned zombies, as opposed to those who had been zombies from birth. There was endless talk of quotas, means testing and school fees, which gave Zee a headache. A thousand brains could not process the complexity of the issue.

The ever-increasing congestion on the streets was another red button issue. It always amused Zee to see complaints about it, given that zombies had never been known for the speed of their movement. Some decayingly sprightly junior officer suggested that fresh human bodies be hung from lampposts in the business district to entice the rush-hour crowd into a faster pace, which the Committee had seriously considered. But the food agency demanded that there be proper permits for each body. It was a matter of safety as well—what if large crowds gathered beneath the lamp posts and refused to move on? Then there was the eternal question: who was responsible for this? The transport ministry? Environment? Shockingly, none of the agencies volunteered to take the lead. The suggestion died a leisurely and natural death, not even making it to the pilot programme stage.

At 6.45pm, Zee was the first one in the room, his tie done up in a perfect knot, his hair combed over, his moth-eaten jacket dully gleaming in the light. He sat in his usual corner. Zee liked to be

in the room early, so he could take attendance as the different players arrived. Simply by observing their body language and the way they entered, Zee found that he could predict with remarkable accuracy whether the meeting that followed would be explosive, eyebrow-raising or simply run-of-the-mill.

One by one, they staggered into the room, wailing quiet greetings to each other. The Permanent Zombie Secretary always lumbered in with loud, thumping footsteps, making his presence known to one and all before he collapsed into his chair at the head of the table. The louder he was, the more pressure he was under. Zee thought he could detect a higher octave than usual in his wails.

You always had to be well prepared with the PZS. He would shoot off pointed questions in the meeting and had little patience for anyone who didn't have an answer ready. A colleague from another department told Zee that once, the PZS had stomped down to that colleague's office to launch a profanity-filled tirade at the entire department because they had failed to carry out his directives to the letter. His screeches carried to every corner of the department, such that even the toilet cleaners popped their heads out to see what was going on.

The colleague claimed that the PZS had come within centimetres of tearing chunks of flesh out of their necks with his teeth. Not that it would have hurt, of course, but Zee always found it terribly unsightly to lurch around with gaping wounds. Only the youngster zombies were into that sort of nonsense.

By contrast, you could barely hear the Deputy Zombie (Ops). In fact, you often could not see him entering the room at all. It

was his habit to crawl in, his hands making soft little thuds on the carpet as he pulled himself forward. His entrance into the room always left a trail of wriggling maggots behind him. Zee sometimes wondered if the DZO was afraid that he would not be able to find his way back to his office and felt the need to mark the route out. Did he fill his pocket with maggots so he could snack whenever he wanted, or did they naturally fall out of his decomposing flesh?

You would always see the DZO's fingers first, as they gripped the edge of the table and pulled his body up. His routine never varied. He would seat himself with a little whimper, leisurely pull his black-framed spectacles from his shirt pocket and put them on. Then, he would stare at his smartphone or his notebook. The DZO looked perpetually glum, but perhaps that had more to do with the fact that his facial muscles no longer worked.

The DZO rarely spoke in the meetings. There were times when he would slip in and out of the room, his presence barely noticed. But on the rare occasions that DZO did speak, he commanded the attention of the table. He was up for retirement, but the MZA had asked him to stay on. The institutional knowledge he had garnered over his decades in the Ministry simply could not be replaced, though the rumours had it that his real interest these days was the golf course. Zee wondered if the DZO crawled from hole to hole. Some said he could take an entire day to finish a game, and that was when he played by himself.

"Zee, what are you doing here?" The Director Zombie shambled towards Zee. He was the only boss Zee had ever known at the MZA, and one of the shrewdest zombies around. Beneath

the Director's nondescript demeanour lay a mind that missed very little of what went on around him. Zee liked him, mainly because he didn't play favourites. He had heard far too many stories about subordinates in other departments who got away with murder, simply because somebody upstairs liked them.

"I'm the note taker, Boss," said Zee, a puzzled tone creeping into his voice. Had the Director forgotten whom he had assigned? That was most unlike him.

The Director stared at him for a moment with his one remaining eye. "I assigned Walker. Why isn't he here?"

Zee was speechless. He had always thought of Walker as a flighty, irresponsible sort who had to be closely supervised, but he had never known him to *sabo*³ colleagues like this. There was a cold ball of fury in his gut. He had to bite his tongue to prevent himself from groaning out loud. Still, Zee could not quite bring himself to throw Walker under the bus and let the wheels run over his blasted head, even though it was so richly deserved.

"He said he had something urgent on, Boss. He asked me to take over," said Zee.

Zee knew that the Director did not believe a single word of it. "I'll deal with Walker on Monday. Just make sure you give me the notes by tonight," said the Director as he shuffled over to his seat.

The twelve attendees were all seated five minutes before 7pm. They liked to refer to themselves as The 12 Wise Men, but others in the Ministry called them the Dirty Dozen. This time round, Zee found that he could not predict what was to come. No one

³ Singlish term for 'sabotage'.

seemed to know why the meeting had been called. Zee looked at the Director. He had a sneaking suspicion that his boss already knew what was about to happen.

After serving the customary tea and coffee laced with blood, the tea aunties left the room, closing the heavy wooden doors behind them. Taking out his smartphone and scrolling to his notes, the PZS cleared his throat. "First of all, I want to thank MinZ for being here. We've already discussed the agenda beforehand, and he still has many more matters to attend to. But I know that he felt it was important to be here for today's briefing." MinZ, a scholarly looking zombie, nodded his head unhurriedly. Zee always had trouble telling if the Minister was awake or not. He tended to sit with his head slumped forward, only occasionally groaning in assent. More often than not, it felt as if he was junior in rank to the PZS and not the other way round.

Zee looked across the room. The PZS looked even grimmer than usual. It was the fashion of the HZC to conduct its affairs in a sedate, leisurely fashion, but this meeting felt nothing like that. "I know you're all wondering why this meeting was called. So I'll get straight to the point," said the PZS.

"There is a virus spreading across Singapore," he declared, pausing for dramatic effect as Zee's pen stood poised above his notepad. "And it's turning zombies into humans."

The commotion that followed was unlike any Zee had ever seen before. Some of the attendees were snarling at a volume more suited to grieving relatives at a funeral, while others whined no louder than a mewling kitten. One director literally let his head hit the table with a loud cry. All sense of decorum had been lost.

Only the Director, Zee's boss, remained impassive.

Zee felt his own hands trembling as well. Those two brief sentences from the PZS had turned the entire world upside down. He thought instinctively of his wife and children. Becoming nothing more than a food source for the rest of zombie society was simply...unthinkable. Zee forced himself to remain outwardly calm and focus on the task at hand. The cries and the commotion reached their zenith, and the PZS motioned for silence.

"Do we know how the virus is spread?" asked the DZ (Ops) in his usual languid fashion. He was twirling a pen unsteadily in his hand, but looked as calm as ever.

"We don't know at the moment. But we have tracked down 128 patients in the country so far. We think the first patient was infected three days ago," said the PZS. There were low, keening laments all around the table, and someone whispered, "So many?" One director was so nervy that his arm detached itself and fell to the floor with a loud thump. He hastily picked it up and attached it back to his shoulder.

"Is there a name for the virus? So that we know what we're referring to," said the DZ (Policy). Zee rolled his eyes internally but didn't look up from his notebook. Trust the DZP to ask a question like that. Zee was always hearing complaints from the DZP's subordinates about how they had to call numerous reporters and urge them to attend whenever he hosted an event. DZP was ever happy to speak to journalists even though he rarely had things of value to say.

"We are calling it the Revert Virus," said the Permanent Zombie Secretary.

“Why is that?” asked one director. “Is it spread by email?”

The PZS frowned. “No. Because it changes zombies from one state to another.”

“I don’t understand. Is it...okay, never mind.” The director had taken in the dirty look the PZS was giving him and wisely decided to shut up.

Zee’s boss brought the meeting back to order. “PZS, would you like to brief us on the next course of action? Where are the 128 patients now?”

The PZS was still glowering as he resumed his briefing. “The next course of action is to map out the virus: its origins, its nature, how it spreads and whether a vaccine is viable. The Zombie Health Ministry is taking the lead on this, of course.

“As for the 128 patients, they are currently at an undisclosed location. Even I don’t know where they are. We have managed to keep it quiet so far, but there are already people talking about it on social media. And before you ask—no, they don’t have anything in common. There is no discernible pattern among the infected: blue-collar, professionals, men and women, young and old. Our only clue is that they all seem to be living and working and going to school in the east.”

“How far gone are they?” asked another director quietly.

The PZS cleared his throat. “At the moment, the prognosis is that all of them will eventually turn human. Their flesh is slowly regenerating, and their appetite for brains has been receding by the day. Various medications and methods have been tried, but none of them seem to be working.”

“Also,” he added in a low voice, “there are indications that

their families have been infected as well. They are undergoing tests as we speak." The entire table went quiet.

Putting his smartphone back in his pants pocket, the PZS placed his gnarled hands on the table. He leaned forward and looked them all in the eye. "The Prime Minister Zombie has tasked us with formulating and coordinating a response plan. He plans to address the nation tomorrow evening. I am scheduled to brief him in the morning at 9am.

"I cannot emphasise this enough, gentlemen. The infection is spreading. Our very existence is under threat. As the leading Ministry in the government, the task of fighting this virus falls to us.

"So: your suggestions, please."

The silence that followed reminded Zee of being back in school when the teacher asked a question in class. Heads dropped immediately. Some pretended to be consulting their notes intently. Others had suddenly found something deeply fascinating on their phones. Even MinZ seemed to be at a loss. Only the Director stared straight ahead, his hands steepled before him.

"Dispose of the 128 patients," said the DZ (Technology). Every head and functioning eye in the room turned towards him.

The PZS, a zombie not given to sentiment or hesitation, stared at him. "I beg your pardon? Are you suggesting we kill all of the infected individuals?"

"Why not?" asked the DZT blithely. "You said it yourself: they're a threat to our very existence. They're harbouring a deadly virus, and they may have even infected their own families. For all we know, they are spreading it to every zombie they come

into contact with. So let's just get rid of them before they infect even more of us."

DZT came from a very well connected family. His father had been a Minister, while his mother was well known in the law fraternity. He had gone to all the right schools, and knew all the right people in the right places. He was also young for a Deputy Zombie. Zee was very sure that no one around the table liked him.

"Thank you for your thoughtful suggestion, Shane," said the PZS in a voice that was fairly dripping with contempt. "We'll be sure to keep that in mind. But as a rule of thumb, this government is not in the habit of executing its law-abiding citizens." Zee had been scribbling away furiously, but looked up just in time to see the Director suppressing a smile. It seemed as if DZT was trying to formulate a response but had decided against it. Evidently, he did not fancy being on the receiving end of the PZS's rage either.

"Why don't we form an inter-ministry working group first?" asked another director.

The PZS turned to him with a look that could have gnawed right through his skull and into his brain. It didn't surprise Zee to see the hapless director visibly shrinking back into his seat. "This is the working group, Jim. Evidently, we may need to reconsider its composition."

It went on for hours, with PZS shooting down one suggestion after another. It was difficult to formulate a proper course of action, since they didn't know how the virus was being spread. But the ideas around the table ranged from impractical to ludicrous. One wanted to screen the entire population of the country, while

another suggested sending environmental agency officers into homes to disinfect furniture and families. One director even recommended that the whole of the east be ring-fenced from the rest of the country.

There was no shortage of unworkable proposals, but the suggestion from the Deputy Zombie (International) left a particularly bad taste in the mouth: that the 128 infected be left to their own devices so that the Ministry could track the progress of the virus. Perhaps it was no coincidence that he had gone to the same elite school as DZT. In fact, Zee was sure they were related. PZS did not bother responding to the suggestion or even glaring at the Deputy Zombie.

Zee's hand was beginning to ache from writing. How long could this meeting go on? At this rate, he wouldn't be done with the notes till morning.

"Come now, gentlemen," said the PZS, as he rapped the table impatiently. His voice had risen again, coming dangerously close to a squeal. "You're among the top leaders of this country. Can't you come up with anything better? Millions of zombies are counting on us. We owe them an answer."

It was the DZO who broke the silence. "Is it such a terrible thing?"

"I'm sorry?"

"Is becoming human such a terrible thing?"

Zee had never seen the PZS so still before. Everyone else stared at the DZO, their mouths agape. At least, the ones who still had functioning jaws did so. It was often difficult to discern a zombie's emotional state, since many had perpetually fixed

expressions. Some, like the Director, had only one eye, which was usually blank and glassy. But even the Minister seemed to have woken up, his head inclining upwards ever so slightly.

"I hope I heard you right, DZO," snarled the PZS. "Because it sounded like you were suggesting that turning human is an acceptable outcome." Zee could see some of the directors bracing themselves in their chairs. It was as if a bell had sounded and a mighty spectacle was about to begin.

The DZO calmly took his glasses off and laid them on the table before him with a soft clatter. He searched his pants pockets, laboriously pulling out a beige handkerchief. The senior zombie polished his glasses, one lens at a time, seemingly oblivious to his audience. Finally, he began to speak.

"I remember when I first came into the Ministry 25 years ago. I was so bright-eyed and eager, and still wet behind the ears," he said with a chuckle. "I had the distinct privilege of working with the late Zombie Mentor. It was only for a very brief time, but I learned so much just by being in his presence."

He looked up at the Permanent Zombie. "Did you ever serve under him, PZS?"

"No, DZO," growled the PZS, who was a good decade or two younger than the Deputy Zombie. "But you already knew that."

"Must have slipped my mind," said the DZO, who was still polishing his glasses. Everyone was mesmerized. Where was the DZO going with this? He continued speaking leisurely, as if he were at Sunday brunch or socialising over drinks. "If there is such a thing as greatness, the Zombie Mentor had it. He was the wisest zombie I knew. And he was always full of sage advice,

whether you wanted it or not. I will always remember what he once told me.

“‘Kingdoms will rise and fail,’ he said. ‘Ours is no different. The only thing we can do is to delay that day for as long as possible, and prepare for its inevitable onset. It will come like the proverbial thief in the night. But we must not be blind to its signs. To see them and not recognise them is the greatest mistake we can make.’”

The DZO casually put his glasses back on and looked at the PZS. “Long may our nation endure. But 128 infected in three days will tell you that this virus is not going away anytime soon. It is marching inexorably across the nation, and it is a battle we may not win.

“By all means: fight the infection. Try and find a cure. Mobilise every resource we have. But unless our doctors have a magic cure up their sleeves, I suggest we either begin evacuating our people, or start preparing for the inevitable.”

“After all,” added the DZO, “becoming human is not the end of things. We simply have to adapt, as we always have.”

The PZS paused for a long while. Everyone else at the table watched him to see what he would do. The Permanent Zombie Secretary turned his gaze to Zee in the corner. It felt as if a blindingly powerful spotlight had fallen upon Zee. “You will disregard the DZO’s comments. They are not to go into your notes. Is that clear?”

Zee nodded. There was nothing else to do but turn another page in his notebook.

The PZS was glowering at the DZO. “There are always options,

DZO. We will find them, with or without you.”

He looked at his watch. It was close to midnight. “Gentlemen, this meeting is clearly going nowhere. I suggest we all go home and get some rest, and reconvene at 7am tomorrow.”

The deputies and directors nodded their heads gloomily. There were going to be many more late nights ahead. The PZS looked around the table one final time. “Always remember that our cause is just, gentlemen. This country is looking to us, and we must not fail it.”

He stumbled out of the room noisily as the meeting dispersed. Zee glanced over at the Director, who was as inscrutable as ever. “Notes by 6am tomorrow, Zee. Go home to your family,” he said as he lumbered away.



Zee wearily stepped into the lift and pressed the button for his floor. He looked at his watch. It was past 1am. His night was just beginning.

As he shambled down the corridor to his flat, he thought of everything that he had been privy to in the past few hours. The entire country was sitting on a ticking time bomb it didn't know about. But when it finally went off, no one would be able to escape it.

His wife was waiting at the door. “Are you all right, dear?”

Zee paused before answering. “I'm okay. I just have a lot of work to do.” He stepped over the threshold and into the flat. “I need to freshen up.” Setting his laptop and sling bag down, he

was stripping his clothes off even as he headed to the fumigation chamber. It was an ingenious device that blew fumes composed of equal parts vinegar, baking soda and fresh coffee grounds over you and removed the constantly lingering smell of decay. Not every zombie felt the need to get rid of the stench, but Zee insisted on visiting the chamber daily.

Despite the urgency of the task ahead, Zee took his time about it. It felt good to let the fumes spread over him, as if they could somehow wash all his troubles away.

“So what was the meeting about?” asked his wife as Zee opened the door and stepped out of the chamber.

“You know I can’t tell you.”

“Is something big happening? Should I be worried?”

Zee caught a glimpse of himself in the vanity mirror and started. He took a step forward to get a closer look. His eyes seemed more defined. The cheeks were fuller, the cheekbones less sunken. And unless his vision was playing tricks on him, his complexion had turned just a little bit less grey.

He felt a cold fear gripping his heart.

With slow, deliberate movements, Zee closed the door to the chamber and got dressed. He turned to his wife and forced a smile. “Everything’s going to be all right, dear.”

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Track Faults and Other Glitches is Nicholas Yong's second book. In 2013, he published his debut novel *Land of the Meat Munchers*, a zombie tale set in Singapore. When he isn't daydreaming about zombies and other fantastic beasts, he is a senior correspondent with Yahoo Singapore. Nicholas has worked in journalism across print, broadcast and digital media for a decade, and is also co-founder of the popular culture website Geek Crusade. You can find him on Twitter and Facebook @incoherentboy.