

# Zombie Thatcher

By Martin Hyde

'Hey Clegg,' Said David Cameron nudging the Lib Dem leader on his right. 'My wife wouldn't iron my shirt this morning. She said it was Maggie's job.' He waited, a babyish smugness drawn across his face but only a blank Nick Clegg stared back at him. 'Fine, fuck you then.'

'I've got one!' Interjected Miliband.

'No one cares Ed,' Cameron replied. Miliband continued regardless.

'She wanted to be cremated but... but no one knows how to dig anymore!' He broke down in silent laughter until he realized that no one else was laughing.

'Get some new jokes Ed... And some new policies while you're at it.' He turned to his right and fist-bumped Clegg, before returning his gaze to the procession.

'Fuck me this is boring.'

On the monitor inside St. Paul's Cathedral, the pallbearers carried the coffin down strand. Even to military personal, her weight seemed to offer a fair challenge. The three party leaders watched; blank, supposedly sad expressions adopted. They moved slowly down the street, absolute silence surrounding them. Thankfully from here, the angry protestors could not be heard, brandishing pick axes. The British flag, for which she was a major icon, draped over the coffin.

'God they're slow,' Said Nick Clegg but Cameron silenced him.

'Shut the fuck up Clegg, the cameras are pointing this way.'

Cameron was just wondering whether he would get such a grand funeral when his day came when one of the pallbearers turned suddenly to look around and then back at the bearer behind him.

He's gonna get a telling off later, Cameron thought to himself, barely able to suppress a smile at the thought. The man kept his head straight and Cameron watch on the screen as the procession continued a little down the road before the Pallbearer looked around again wildly. A hand shot out from the side of the coffin, smashing through the wood and sending splinters flying into the face of the pallbearer whose neck the hand had grabbed, its nails digging into his flesh. The man started backward dropping his side of the coffin, as did the adjacent pallbearer. The result of which was the coffin's back hitting the ground, the weight of which pulling it from the remaining pallbearer's grasps. The coffin toppled over and lay bottom-up.

There were screams and gasps, the pallbearers' arms still outstretched, holding an invisible coffin. More senior militants, dressed in crimson swarmed in but as they reached the scene, there was another smash and the baroness erected through the bottom of the coffin until she stood, wide black, hungry eyes surveying the surrounding men. She took a single step out of the coffin, towards the perplexed pallbearer, rooted to the spot in bewilderment and sheer terror; and sunk her dentures into his fleshy neck. Blood sprayed onto her blackened face and she let the body fall sideways, crashing into the coffin and spraying blood over the British flag. The zombified Maggie turned on the next pallbearer and as she took a bite out of him, his arms wailing and pulling at her grey hair, lying amongst the shattered coffin, the first pallbearer's eyes snapped open and he rose, launching himself at another.

And that's how it happened ladies and gentleman; like a ripple in the water,

spreading out endlessly across the crowds; thousands of people gathered to pay their respects, being eaten alive and consequently devouring more.

'Holy... fuckamoly.' David Cameron muttered. He looked sideways at Miliband who looked as pale as a nun's arse-cheek and then at Clegg; his mouth agape as if mouthing the first syllable of the over-spoken word 'sorry.' People were screaming, running, crying. Some ran towards the entrance, others to the front of the Cathedral. Some just stood rooted to the spot as if a rather large brick had just dropped out their arse and was currently weighing down their boxers. Among these, were the three party leaders, who stood in place, staring up at the flat screen television trying to explain what they had just witnessed. Outside however, the disease was spreading faster than an STD from a cheap, Latino hooker.

A zombie appeared in the huge doorway to St. Paul's, spilling blood from its wide-open mouth onto the tiled floor and growling like a pissed-off tabby cat. Miliband turned and produced a little-girl scream so loud, it echoed around the cathedral, causing all heads to turn towards the entrance. Luckily for him, disguising the puddle that had spread about his crotch area.

'Run!' He squealed, following the thin crowd of people into the back abbey of the cathedral, closely followed by a screaming Nick Clegg and David Cameron. They head upstairs, and up another flight of stairs until all was quiet.

'In here!' yelled Clegg pulling the others through a doorway and into a small room. He bolted the door behind them and leaned back against it, panting.

'What in the fuck just happened?'

'She was evil! I knew it!' Yelled Miliband.

'Shut the fuck up Ed!' Returned Cameron, looking around the room. The room consisted only of countless bookshelves containing various translations and versions of the Holy Bible.

'Shit, shit, shit!' sobbed Miliband, crossing his legs in hope of disguising his wet patch. David Cameron crossed the room to a bookshelf and took up a copy of the new translation, flicking through it quickly.

'Where's the part about zombie outbreaks?' He yelled.

'Oh, this is not good,' whimpered Clegg, sliding down to the floor and cradling his face in his hands.

'Hey look boobs,' chuckled Cameron, thrusting the book into Miliband's face, open at a page of Genesis. And then; 'holy fuck Ed, have you pissed yourself?'

'No? It's er... water.' Cameron opened his mouth to interrogate further was there was a rattling thump on the door, that made all three of the leaders jump in place.

'Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit. We're gone die, we're gonna die.' Balled Clegg. There was another thump and splinters rained over Clegg, who scurried away from the door toward the window. With another smash, a hand forced its way through the wooden door, reaching around for anything it could reach. The face of Thatcher appeared in the shattered door, Jack Nicholson style; wide black eyes looking around the room.

Cameron and the soaked-from-the-waist-down Miliband scurried back to join the whimpering Nick Clegg as with one last push, the zombie Margaret Thatcher breached the room.

To be continued...

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