

**WALKING JEM**  
**By ActionMan81**

JemCon 2014 Stingers Fan Fiction Contest Entry

“This is horrible,” Riot stormed into the Stingers Sound office. Rapture and Minx were painting their nails.

“What’s the matter Riot?” Minx looked up, uncharacteristically sympathetic to his anguish.

“This,” he flapped the newspaper in his hand. “Jem and the Holograms have released yet another top single, and we’re left out in the cold.”

“I could warm you up,” Minx cooed.

“I could set them on fire,” Rapture offered.

“No,” Riot scowled at them both. “We need something new, something fresh.”

“Riot,” Rapture looked at him sharply. “It’s nearly the ‘90s, everything old is new again.”

She took the newspaper from him and flipped to an advertisement for ladies flared leg jeans and flowered tops. “If we need something to bring more listeners to our music, we don’t have to find something new. We have to find something old.”

“Like what?” he seemed genuinely interested.

“What about Rusty Johns?” she suggested. “We’re playing in Canada soon. It only seems fitting.”

“The drummer from Push?” Riot shook his head. “He died years ago.”

“That’s the idea.” Rapture fished out some printed cards from her purse. “I can call him back.”

“Why not?” Riot threw caution to the wind. “What do we have to lose?”

“No man can resist me,” Minx smiled, “dead or alive.”

“Oh great spirit..” Rapture began to chant.

“This better work,” Riot grumbled.

Rapture continued chanting, “—give me the power, I beg of you!”

She exhaled after finishing her chants. The room was deathly quiet.

“This is a load of garbage,” Riot threw his hands up in the air in a fit of disgust.

A rumbling sound was heard.

“Riot, did you skip breakfast?” Minx tried to be coy.

“What are you talking about?” he scowled at her.

“That sound” Minx looked around the room. Things seemed still, yet the rumbling sensation continued. Riot walked over to the picture window that took up most of the wall. He looked down at the parking lot, the cars and the streets below. “Rapture,” he began, “I think your little chant worked a bit too well.”

“But Rusty isn’t here,” Rapture looked dejected.

“True,” Riot turned back to face the women, “but someone else is.”

The three Stingers looked out the picture window to see an army of people make their way down the street towards the office building.

“Our adoring fans?” Minx smiled.

“Not exactly,” Rapture backed away from the window.

“Well then, what are they?” Minx wondered aloud.

“The undead!”

Rio and Jerrica leaned back on the couch in her office and took a much needed break. It looked like Jerrica’s paperwork was caught up. The Holograms were rehearsing and the Starlight Girls were at school. Rio put on the television. Immediately, they were transfixed by what played out onscreen.

“This is Lindsey Pierce, reporting live from what appears to be a zombie invasion of sorts.” Lindsey Pierce’s blonde hair and bright jacket seemed out of place as behind her, civilians screamed in terror as the loping forms made their way across the streets. “They seem to be converging on Stingers Sound.”

“Stingers Sound?” Jerrica sat up in alarm. Business rivals or not, the Stingers were people too.

“Maybe Riot can charm them,” Rio laughed.

Jerrica shot him a look. “That’s not funny,” she scowled.

“Come on Jerrica, half the time, I think Riot’s a vampire himself.”

“We’ve got to find some way to help them,” Jerrica thought aloud. Without taking a moment to spare, Jerrica and Rio hopped into the Roadster and headed towards Stingers Sound.

“What’s your idea, Jerrica?” Rio seemed confused.

“Trust me on this,” she reassured him.

When the pair reached the building, Jerrica parked the car outside the building, far enough away from the ensuing horde, but close enough so she could get to the building on foot without being seen by the zombies.

“Maybe we should call for backup,” Rio suggested. “There was an advertisement in the newspaper, someone named Laura Kraft. She specializes in things like grave digging.”

“You mean grave robbing?” Jerrica turned back towards her boyfriend.

“Something like that,” he shrugged.

They reached the side entrance of the building. Jerrica looked up at the multi-storied glass building.

“There’s no time like the present,” she rubbed her hands together.

“Jerrica,” Rio held her back, “I don’t think you should be doing this. It’s too dangerous. Let me handle it. I’m a man after all” he put on an expression of bravado. Just then, a few stray zombies ambled their way around the corner and picked Rio up.

“Hey, what’s going on?” he screamed.

As they made their way back towards the front of the building, the zombies half carried, half crowd surfed Rio along with them.

“Oh Rio!” Jerrica was beside herself with worry. However, an idea came to her. With Rio conveniently engaged in another activity, his attention was deftly put aside so she could contact Synergy without suspicion.

“Synergy, I need for you to create a diversion. Something to get those zombies away from Rio and away from the building.”

“As you wish, Jerrica,” Synergy’s response came through loud and clear.

There was a flash of pink light off to the distance, and out of nowhere, a vision of Albert Einstein, Carl Jung, Sigmund Freud and Stephen Hawking appeared.

“Brains,” the zombies chanted as they unceremoniously hurled Rio onto the sidewalk and changed their direction towards the holographic illusion.

“Oh crap,” the Hawking hologram emoted in a characteristic monotone electronic voice, “We are screwed.”

“Ya, you said it,” Freud agreed as the holographic images moved farther away from Stingers Sound.

“That seemed easy enough,” Rio picked himself up off the ground.

“Synergy,” Jerrica asked, while still out of Rio’s earshot. “Where are they headed?” she referred to the zombies.

“Washington DC,” Synergy calmly replied.

## Stingers Sound

“Unbelievable,” Riot was gobsmacked, “They’re—they’re going away.”

“Oh,” Minx noted. “They picked up Rio. Now they left him. I should go care for him.”

“And by care for him,” Rapture sneered, “you mean lick him all over from head to toe.”

“Why yes,” Minx was unabashed. “How did you know?”

“Just a guess,” Rapture grinned.

“Hmm,” Riot peered through the glass wall again. “Jerrica Benton is there with Rio. I wonder what happened?”

“Perhaps Rio was so strong that he fought off the zombies?” Minx cooed.

“More like they didn’t find enough brains in that eggplant colored head of his,” Rapture laughed.

The office door opened and Jem walked in.

“Jem, it’s always a pleasure to see you,” Riot turned on the charm as he swiveled around from the window to face her.

“Riot, I heard about the attack,” she sat down on one of the guest chairs. “Thankfully I was in the ladies room when it happened.”

“Right you are,” Riot smiled.

“How was she in there for so long?” Rapture wondered aloud.

“Hey, Jerrica’s gone,” Minx peered through the office’s glass walls.

“She – we met in the ladies room,” Jem explained.

“Oooh, Rio is alone,” Minx cooed. “I’ll see you all later, much later.” She dashed out of the office and made a beeline for the elevator.

“What can I do for you, Jem?” Riot sat down on the edge of the desk.

“I had a business proposal in mind,” she began. “Starlight Music and Haven House are working together to help more girls become interested in math and science field courses.”

“Oh?” he seemed intrigued.

“And after your little bout with the zombies, I thought that you could appreciate their fondness for the cultured and intelligent.”

“In other words, brains?” he smirked.

“Apparently so,” she smiled.

## **Benefit Concert, Toronto, Canada.**

“We’d like to thank you all for coming tonight,” Jerrica held the microphone. “Most of all, thank you to Drs. Steven Benton, Emmet Leith, and Dennis Gabor who have come to talk to us about the engaging and intriguing world of STEM courses.”

“We want Jem!” the crowd screamed.

“She’ll be right out,” Jerrica smiled and left the stage. Backstage, she whispered to her earrings, “It’s showtime Synergy.”

Immediately she changed to Jem, thankfully under the cover of the thick curtains that blocked her from the audience. Meanwhile, onstage, the real doctors were explaining how the science and math courses could help girls and boys all over the world.

“As members with ‘Young Scientists of North America’ in Toronto, we’d like to start off with some questions from the audience. What is it that you most desperately want to know from the field of scientists?”

“How do you kill zombies?” one teenage boy asked.

“My dear child,” Dr. Gabor laughed, “There’s no such thing as zombies.”

“Hey!” Rapture shouted from backstage, “Is that what you think?” she strode onstage.

“Get back here!” Riot hissed.

“Young lady, there is nothing in science that says you can reanimate one’s body. To try to explain as such is nothing more than science fiction.”

“Oh yeah?” Rapture retorted. “Then science fiction this!” With that, she began chanting once again, “Great spirit. Give me the power I beg of you!”

The crowd stood motionless for a moment, and then burst out laughing. Even the scientists had a good chuckle. Then, just as suddenly, the ground shook, Klieg lights fell over.

“Oh my,” Dr. Benton looked over his shoulder.

The crowd screamed and ran for the exits.

Shana pulled back the curtains to see what was going on, “Looks like Synergy’s powers were no match for Rapture’s voodoo.” Jem looked over her bandmate’s shoulder.

“What are you talking about?” Kimber walked up.

“That,” Jem grabbed her hand and pointed out at the scores of zombies as they made their way across the open arena, presumably from Washington DC.

“But you said you that Synergy sent them away” Kimber gasped in horror.

“Maybe there weren’t enough brains in congress for them to go after,” Aja joked.

“This is no time for making jokes,” Shana put down her bass guitar. “We’ve got zombies to kill!”

“What kind of episode is this?” Kimber looked from Jem to Aja to Shana.

“One of the most twisted,” Shana replied. “Only a real whack job could’ve penned something like this.”

“We can’t waste time talking,” Jem led her band towards the stage. “We’ve got to protect the scientists and kill those zombies!”

Though music lovers, the Holograms dutifully used their instruments as weaponry as they attacked the oncoming zombies. Kimber dismantled her keyboard stand and used it like twin quarterstaves and hit the zombies, sending their heads and other appendages flying. Aja and Shana wielded their guitars like bats and smashed zombie parts off at an alarming rate. Jem used her microphone cord like a whip and lasso combined, and spun the cord menacingly at the zombies. Raya’s drumsticks became miniature missiles as she flung them, boomerang style, at the zombies, so the sticks clipped the zombies and came flying right back to her waiting hands.

Riot, not to be outdone, held his guitar as Aja and Shana had, and swung mightily at the zombies. Rapture too, used her guitar as a weapon and smashed at the zombies that she’d brought forth. Minx threw her hat, Odd Job style, at the zombies. Like Raya’s drumsticks, the hat spun back towards her and she swiftly caught it.

The scientists however, huddled in a corner, unsure of how to handle the onslaught of the undead. Meanwhile, the Holograms and Stingers battled against the zombies, killing them off one by one, until finally, at long last, none remained.

Riot and Jem stood in the wreckage of the stage and surveyed the damage. Zombie parts were strewn everywhere. Slowly, but surely, the fans ambled their way back to the arena. Their faces were a mix of relief, eagerness, expectation and uncertainty. Jem looked at her adoring public.

“Did they expect us to sing now?” she thought aloud.

“I suppose one song couldn’t hurt,” Riot replied and took her hand.

“Riot,” she dropped his hand and bent to retrieve her microphone. As she knelt, she realized that all their equipment had been destroyed in the fight. “Synergy,” she whispered, “I need some music.”

“As you wish, Jem” Synergy intoned.

The music swelled in the background. Riot looked stunned.

“I—asked Rio to hook up a backup playback in case something happened,” Jem explained as she stood.

“Oh,” Riot looked confused. “If you say so” he shrugged.

Jem and Riot looked at each other and knew exactly which song to sing.

“Now,” Jem began, “the fences are mended. Now, the argument’s ended. Now, we’re getting under way.”

Riot picked up the lyrics, “Now, we’ve got the right setup. We’ll climb with no let up. We’re primed and set to go.”

Jem took the microphone, “Now, a rainbow will greet us.”

Riot snatched it from her, “Now, nobody can beat us.”

They sang together, “Now our luck will change somehow. Our time. Is now.”

END