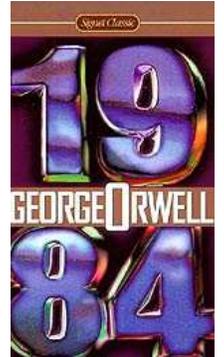


20 Years After 1984, Big Brother Claims He's Still Totally Watching You



By Big Brother

FROM SOMEWHERE IN OCEANIA, EURASIA, OR EASTASIA – After the year 1984 passed, many were keen to note that we seemed to have escaped the grim totalitarian fate of those hopelessly doomed souls described so vividly in George Orwell's classic dystopian novel, 1984. Orwell's ominous cautionary tale, originally published in 1949, was named for the future year it was set in, and when that year came, and the movie version of 1984 was released, everyone who saw it was like, "Jesus, we made it. Thank God we're not trapped in that hellish totalitarian nightmare where Big Brother is always watching us."



"Well written, but what a downer!"-- BB, *New York Review of Books.*

As one might have expected, this attitude greatly pissed off Big Brother himself, who claims he has been watching us with unmatched professional diligence for the better part of the past 20 years.



"It's a toss up between Joey and Ross. But Chandler Definitely Sucks" – BB, *Entertainment Weekly*

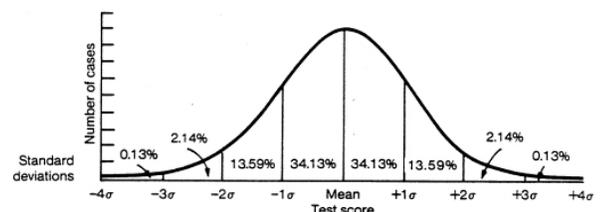
"This is so unfair." Claimed Big Brother. "Yeah, I occasionally take a break to watch *Friends* or urinate, but for the rest of the time, like all I do is watch you. The only time I ever called in sick was because of those chili cheese fries, but all in all, I'd like to think that my dedication to the task has been rather impeccable. Sure, sometimes I have to multitask, but that doesn't mean I'm paying any less attention to you, personally.

However, I do admit that it sometimes is a little too much, you know, watching everybody all the time. I went through three or four bottles of Tylenol and Advil last month, and my doctor, who I also watch, says I might be developing liver problems. Right now, he's with a patient. And right now, you're reading this article! I just don't see why people doubt my ridiculously omniscient powers of observation.

Maybe it's because of that stupid reality TV show that stole my name. I'd sue them for copyright infringement or something if I wasn't so busy watching people. Reality TV sucks. They have no idea what's actually going on. And I'm not just pulling that out of my ass here. I actually do know exactly what's going on. For example, I know how many times you've had to tie your shoes in public this past month. 3 plus or minus 0. And "plus or minus 0" is right, bitch! Omniscient, all seeing observers like me don't need error bars. Error bars are for communists! Of course, I also watch them too.

But anyway, I seriously know everything about you. If you knew what I know, you'd be like, "Oh shit, Big Brother really knows a fuckload about me." For example, I know how often you sing in the shower, I know how much porn you watch, and I even know how many chicken nuggets you've eaten in your whole life. And you'd be quite surprised how many chicken nuggets you've eaten, you gluttonous, always-watched, pig!

Pick any statistic. You name it. I know how many steps you've taken, how much volume of space you've ever passed through, and I've even kept track of how many times you take a shit each day. For the record, you average 1.3 bowel movements in every 24 hour period, and this puts you within 1 standard deviation of the national average, or "1-sigma", for those statistically minded folks who I am currently watching while writing this.



"If you deviate from the standard, my thought police will toss your ass into the Ministry of Truth and brainwash the shit out of you." – BB



Copycat.

I have to tell you, this job became so much more fun when I learned to talk using statistical, scientific sounding terminology in my work. You see, we really do need more of an objective scientific approach in the social sciences. The concept of the rational, impartial observer seems to have gone the way of the dodo. For example, consider your recent film, the Oscar winning, "The Lord of the Rings: Return of the King." First of all, with that guy Sauron, what a rip-off. Yes, the LOTR trilogy was written by Tolkien before Orwell wrote about me, but the fact is that I've been watching your pathetic lives since before Orwell or Tolkien's punk asses were ever born. Fucking Brits. As it is, J.R.R. over there stole my autobiography and placed it in the context of an ancient, fantasy world, that's all. But anyway, as far as Sauron goes, what the fuck is up with that giant eye? Yes I get the point that he, like me, is omniscient, but you can't make unbiased, sociological observations when everyone and their mom can see your optically ridiculous punk ass sitting on top of a gigantic fucking tower. And they say academia needs to worry about becoming an ivory tower of elitism. How about being more subtle is all I'm saying.

And for the more technically minded readers, you might be wondering how I do this, you know, watch everyone, always. Well, I'll tell you. It's actually a rather clever network of video cameras, motion sensors, and Radio Frequency Identification (RFID) chips implanted in every object in your room, including you pants and your dental filings. And of course, there's also the Quantum-Wave-Function-All-Space-Collapsonator, which kind of gives me the true omniscient/omnipresent/omni-what-have-you part. The other toys I really just keep around for nostalgia, along with my fleet of information gathering nano-drones masquerading as air molecules.

But all that aside, I have to admit that it gets rather lonely out here, passively observing, rather than participating in, life. Yes, I do get a real kick out of passing all of my findings into a ludicrously powerful U.S. government/mega corporate conglomerate data base to be used for insidiously quashing liberty, freedom, and democracy throughout the globe – mad props on the Patriot Act, by the way – but you know, sometimes, I really just yearn for someone to talk to. Or even to play Gin Rummy with. Or Maybe John Madden 2005 on my Play Station 2. But as it is, I feel like such a pervert sometimes. Hell, I haven't even gotten laid since 1874! Back then, I only watched a few people, since the world's population was so low. Jesus, I still had 20/20 back then. You don't even want to know what my vision is like now. I'm this short of legally blind. It's amazing I can still do my job, but I can, and don't you doubt it for a minute. Hey, you're doubting. I can totally see that shit. That's not cool.

But anyway, I just wanted to set the record straight for all y'all. Yes it's 2004, and yes 1984 was a whole 20 years ago, but seriously, people, I'm still watching you. And I plan to continue for quite some time. You think I'd retire after what I've seen. Social Security my ass. That shit's going to run out faster than oil. Me, I'm keeping my cushy government job and lucrative corporate kickbacks. You can have your 9 to 5 with weekends but no health insurance. Me, I'm set with my 9am to 9am, 24/7, and I got Blue Cross/Blue Shield wrapped around my middle finger. I should go talk to my doctor again about my headaches after he's done bandaging that guy's leg.



Big Brother, Keeping That Shit Omnipresent, as Always. Kicking it BB Style. What Up Oceania?! What Up West Siiiiide!

Anyway, on that note, I'll shall say farewell, and let you know personally that I look very much forward to watching the rest of your day." -- **Big Brother**