To whom it may concern

I do not know rather or not I will survive the day. All I know is that my deliveries went to shit. Let’s see, where should I begin. I don’t know if it was those corpses that were deliver to the lab, or the whole new chemical mix or was it the rumors of war. Then again, It could had been the strong desires to extend life. All I know is that things started slowly and seemed like nothing but roomers.

As for me, I dropped off a package down at the lab when I heard a scream from the back. I had no clue what was happening at the time. Looking back from today, I have a good idea, but then I did not. I was upset that I was not getting paid. It took someone forcing me out to get me to leave. That is putting it lightly. Their quote to me before throwing me out was “If you know what is good for you, leave town now.” Let’s just say that I now wish I left town, or at the very least, got farther out.

Anyway, to say that I was angry is putting it slightly lightly. Got on the CB and started telling others about not getting paid. You see, I did not think that others would make the same kind of delivery to said lab if they knew that they were not get paid for the time spent. After a few minutes someone came on asking if I saw any zombies. Of course, I have not, and did not believe in them at the time. After all, why would I believe in them. They were just something out of the movies. Then they asked me if I saw any corpses lying about. I had not and said so. It was about this time I took another look back at the building as I pulled out of my parking space. I don’t know what I was thinking exactly, but what appeared as people dressed as zombies slowly exited the building.

There are one or two things that are worth noting here. People want longer lives. There may be a few that would want to bring dead loved ones back to life per say. The reason for this is rather simple and can be answer by this question. What would you do to have another day with your loved one? You know, another day to tell them all the things you forgot to tell them, and or wished you had. Well, I do not know about other areas of the world, or other secret labs. What I can tell you is that the lab I made my last delivery to was trying to solve the problem. Yes, that is right, bring people back from the dead. I will go on to say that they even make anyone delivery to said lab sign a NDA. Not only did they make everyone, including any delivery people, sign the NDA, but they made it clear that they had what it took for the NDA was enforced. Of course, there is no one today working at the said lab. What they were doing was trying to find the right chemical mix to keep the brain alive while trying to figure out how to replace what was broken or something. I am not sure. I have no clue what was supposed to happen.

Well, the first few days of wondering around town was fine. It was not long before problems started up. The first signs seemed to be that more and more people were dressing up as zombies. No problem, I thought. As time went on, though, the very same people started braking windows and going after others.

Then, the main networks in the town went out. If that wasn’t enough, word got around that there was no more food deliveries to the area. Then we heard that we were not the only town with the zombie problem. Matter of fact, we heard that zombies were spreading out slowly from town to town.

Anyway, I have to go. I would give more details, but…