

Written by Jacob Benowitz - October 1st, 2011

Solomon, The War's Regress

From the blood soaked soil of this rather ruthless and impetuous war we have risen. While, for now the city remains void of the flesh eaters we are ever so cautious and prepared for the unknown. And in our mean time, a time most excellent for entertainment we have constructed The Coliseum, a place where boys become men and where men become Gladiators. Becoming a Gladiator isn't an easy task and for the games involved I have some words of advice "Enter the games carefree of death with honor and pride and leave victorious regardless of death, enter the games fearing and nervous and leave dead, humiliated and disgraced." The games will be grueling and by no means will they be humane. This is the aftermath of a post-apocalyptic world, a world without conventional laws or morals, a world that has lost its sense of pain. Through our suffering we shall embellish in our new found glory through the games.

The nights are quiet, too quiet. Usually the moans of distant hordes of flesh eaters keep us on the edge. However, lately the indescribable sounds have been diminishing further night after night. Rumors of an intelligent leader of the flesh eaters have been spreading like wild fire among the settlements of Utah State. I fear pandemonium may spread as the rumors evolve as I fear these rumors may be true. The flesh eaters have a secret, a profound and unsettling one that may end us all.

Solomon, Night's Veil and a Day of Discovery

My greatest fear manifested itself into a perilous pool of death. The rumors of an intelligent zombie leader indeed were no longer rumors. He was revealed as the self-proclaimed leader of the flesh eaters and he calls himself Lazarus. While the bewildering notion of an intelligent flesh eater isn't enough it seems that all the flesh eaters are becoming smarter and somehow have developed a form of communication between themselves and especially Lazarus. Their intelligence is nothing to underestimate as we have learned this the hard way. What we thought were mortar cannons missed by previous scavengers was in reality a Trojan Horse, a fateful ambush for most of our brave fighters.

Our lead biochemist Bethany, has been trying to figure out how the flesh eaters have been establishing a somewhat primitive communication while increasing in intelligence. She discovered something mind-boggling. The virus had mutated in the host's brain by attacking the microtubules' within the brain cells. In a brain that has not been infected by the virus the neurons behave classically, that is, when one neuron fires

and sends a signal to a synapse it causes another neuron to fire, so on and so forth. However, in a brain infected with the virus it seems that somehow groups of microtubules within individual neurons are entangled through quantum non-locality. A single neuron can fire and in essence cause another neuron to fire in another part of the brain simultaneously, or more bewildering it could cause another neuron to fire in another infected brain regardless of the distance separating the two hosts.

I cannot express the gravity of this discovery. If Lazarus establishes communication with other hives than this could very well be the end. We have two primary objectives: we ourselves must obtain communication with Arizona State and the University of Alberta to inform them of our discovery. We must also stop Lazarus from establishing communication with other hives at all costs. May the force be with us all.

Solomon, A Race of Rescue

After the long, cold, and treacherous night of successfully establishing communication with ASU and Alberta we still have failed. We have lost countless lives to the hand of Lazarus and his intelligent flesh eating followers. As my heart falls to the bottom of my stomach I must inform you all that Lazarus has successfully communicated with other hives across the west coast and consequentially we have lost all communication with Alberta. From this point forward we must assume that Alberta has fallen and tens of thousands of flesh eaters are migrating their way towards ASU and USU.

At 0900 we received a distress call from what seems to be a group of survivors from Alberta fleeing down the west coast heading for either USU or ASU. The signal was interrupted and wasn't fully transmitted. I along with our commanders find it to be pivotal in finding the source of the transmission and possibly rendezvousing with survivors of Alberta. We will be organizing 6 groups of fighters to travel to the outskirts of the city and secure several locations in our attempts in finding the survivors. These are not orders. Heading north could potentially be a suicide mission and because of this we will be taking volunteers only.

Solomon, The Return of Robby

As you are all aware at 0900 of yesterday we received a distorted transmission somewhere in the North of what was thought to be survivors from Alberta. However we now have reasons to believe Robby had survived Gauntlet's Massacre of last year and

took shelter high in the mountains. While possible communication between Robby and a group of survivors has been made communication with ASU has officially been lost. We have had only a little over 48 hours of communication with ASU and less than 36 hours of communication with Alberta, however surprisingly we have not gotten word that either settlement has been compromised.

I have bad feeling about this, a very bad feeling indeed. We pulled together our last resources and man power to find who we believe is Robby and a small group of survivors. If it's one thing our fighters need the most its morale and Robby...my god Robby is one of if not the most charismatic leaders I've ever seen. If anyone will lead us to victory it's Robby which is why we must find him come hell or high water or in our case come the flesh eating dead and pools of blood. We simply cannot win this war without him.