

Life of a Zombie

Eating brains, groaning, and chasing humans look like the aspects of a zombie. However, I don't do any of that stuff, even if I am a zombie [which I am]. I don't groan, I don't eat brains, and I don't chase humans, but I got bitten so apparently, I am a zombie.

The zombie apocalypse happened a long time ago, and I was one of the first to get bitten because of my lack of motor skills. I don't recall anything, but I can type and write [so I can do something after all].

The first thing I do in the daylight is walk or talk to another zombie. I even sometimes write my journal entries. My favorite place to go as a zombie is the mall. I can get clothing, get toys, I can play in those playgrounds.

After looking at some schools [for no internal reason] I found my yearbook at school [I remembered somehow] ! I was apparently 12 years old and I was an orphan. I also had something special called physics powers but never mind that. I was also short, so that's why I got bitten.

At the mall, I found a ton of stuff like when I found a McDonalds store, or that time when I found a stuffed animal from the claw machine. The mall was a fun place to go to, especially when you are a zombie.

The reason I don't eat any humans is because of 2 reasons. The first reason is that I'm a picky eater and second, the humans might be too round, or too skinny.

The reason I'm writing this 'dear zombie diary' is because apparently it kind of helps with your problems. Some zombie therapist even say that writing helps you understand your problems better [If that's true]. I'm also writing this because, if a human gets this, they read it and see a life of a zombie. Note to humans reading this: If you are a human, please don't hurt anymore zombies, just shove them!

It's been 1 year, and the zombie population isn't doing well. There is the Military, the survivors, and there are even planes shooting those things. Please send help they found me.

To be continued...