SAO PAULO, BRAZIL:
Not only is Sao Paulo the largest city in the country of Brazil, it is the largest city within the entire southern hemisphere and the Americas, making it the seventh largest population in the world...
PRONTO SOCORRO
Eliana Morais has lived in Sao Paulo all her life. She was born in one of the city's most notorious favelas, but, thanks to hard work and education, she now lives in a better part of the sprawling metropolis...
Eliana supports herself with her paycheck, as well as her mother. Being too sick to work is not an option. That is why she has come to the Health Center for her annual flu shot...
THE DOCTOR WILL BE WITH YOU VERY SHORTLY, SENHORITA...
Better to be safe than sorry, especially in a city as overcrowded as Sao Paulo...
OLÁ! SENHORITA MORAIS? I AM DR. FAUSTO. ARE YOU READY FOR YOUR FLU VACCINE?
YES, DOUTOR.
VERY GOOD! IT'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE, AND THEN YOU'LL BE BACK ON YOUR WAY!

As Eliana hurries off to work, she feels better than she has all week...
PRONTO SOCORRO
But by the time she reaches her bus stop, she is overwhelmed by a sudden heaviness in her joints and a fluttering in the pit of her stomach...
Once she finds a seat on the crowded bus, an invisible metal band mercilessly tightened by unseen hands clamps itself about Eliana's forehead...
--MURDER!

The fever comes from nowhere, wracking her body with alternating waves of fire and ice. It is as if red-hot pincers are tearing at her flesh in a thousand different places...
Every sound is thunderously loud, every smell is overpowering, and every ray of light stabs her eyes like an icepick to the brain...
ARE YOU ALRIGHT, MY DEAR..?
The very act of being alive has, without reason and warning, become the most excruciating agony imaginable. And the only way to stop it is...
YAAARRRHHH!
MÃE DE DEUS!

HEY! WAIT! STOP!
Like Eliana Morais, Rodrigo Cardoso has lived in Sao Paolo his entire life. He works for a company that makes and sells drilling equipment around the world.
OMNIBUS
It is a good job, although his supervisor is unrelenting when it comes to punctuality.
}PHEW!{ THANKS FOR HOLDING THE BUS, SENHOR! IF I COME IN LATE TODAY, MY BOSS WILL--
--KILL ME.
É FODA VIU?!?

The scene within the bus is worse than anything Rodrigo has ever seen, be it awake or in a nightmare...
PUTA QUE PARIU!

But as horrible as the tableaux before him is, it is not half as terrifying as the bestial void behind the eyes of what had, mere moments before, been his fellow commuters. There is no humanity or mercy to be found here–only brutal, bloody death.

As the maniacs surge toward him, eager to rend him limb from limb, the last coherent thought to cross Rodrigo Cardoso's mind is:

"I'm going to be late for work."