

SIX MONTHS AFTER
THE DEATH OF
FRED JONES...

HELLUVA
LIFE--ISN'T IT,
SANCHEZ?

YOU'RE
TELLING ME,
HOOPER?

BEFORE THE
NANITE PLAGUE HIT,
I WAS A CHIROPRACTOR
FROM BAYONNE.

REALLY?
I WAS A SOCIAL
STUDIES TEACHER
IN AUSTIN.

NOT
ANYMORE,
HUH?

NOPE. NOW
WE'RE STANDING
GUARD ON TOP OF
A MALL IN ALBANY,
NEW YORK--

--TRYING
TO KEEP THE
MONSTERS
OUT.

SIGH: THEY
DIDN'T TRAIN US
FOR *THIS* IN
CHIROPRACTIC
SCHOOL.

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

Afterlives

GIFFEN &
DEMATTEIS:
WRITERS

TOM
MANDRAKE:
GUEST ARTIST

HI-FI:
COLORS

TRAVIS
LANHAM:
LETTERS

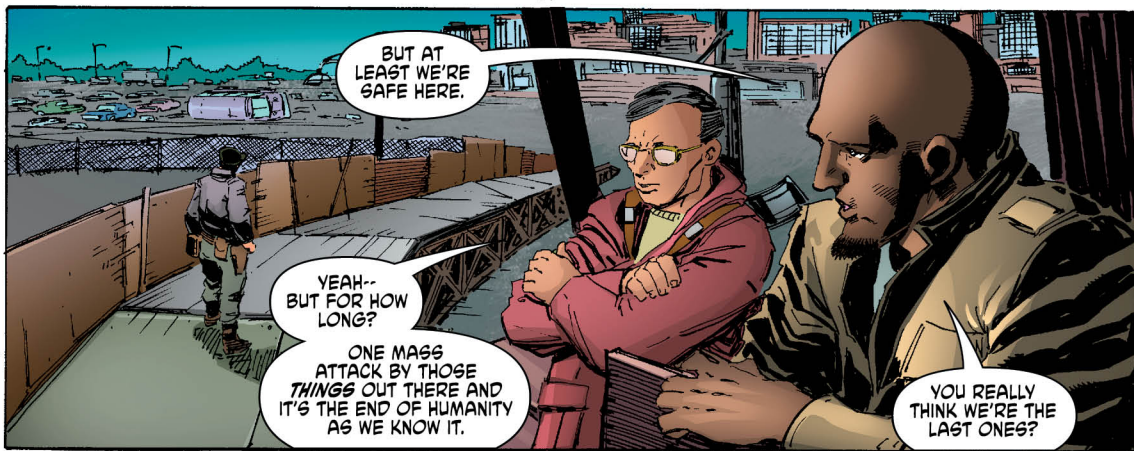
KAARE
ANDREWS:
COVER

MIKE PERKINS
AND ANDY TROY:
VARIANT COVER

LIZ
ERICKSON:
ASST. EDITOR

HARVEY
RICHARDS:
EDITOR

JIM
CHADWICK:
GRAND POOH-BAH



BUT AT LEAST WE'RE SAFE HERE.

YEAH-- BUT FOR HOW LONG?

ONE MASS ATTACK BY THOSE THINGS OUT THERE AND IT'S THE END OF HUMANITY AS WE KNOW IT.

YOU REALLY THINK WE'RE THE LAST ONES?



I DUNNO. I WAS ON THE ROAD WITH MY FAMILY FOR A YEAR AND A HALF BEFORE I FOUND THIS PLACE--

--AND I DIDN'T RUN INTO A SINGLE HUMAN BEING IN ALL THAT TIME.

YOU HAVE A FAMILY?

HAD. WIFE. THREE KIDS.

THEY DIDN'T MAKE IT.



SORRY, MAN.

NOT AS SORRY AS I AM.

HOW 'BOUT YOU? MARRIED?

YEAH. BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN GARY SINCE THE PLAGUE HIT. HE WAS OUT OF TOWN ON BUSINESS.

HEY, YOU MADE IT. MAYBE HE DID, TOO. YOU NEVER--



UH-OH. LOOK OVER THERE. IT'S THE CRAZY ONE.

DON'T MIND TELLING YOU--THAT WOMAN SCARES THE HELL OUT OF ME.



MAYBE SO--BUT I'VE SEEN HER IN ACTION. FIGHTS LIKE THE FREAKIN' TERMINATOR.

YOU EVER GET A LOOK AT HER EYES? NOTHING IN THERE BUT PAIN AND RAGE.

YEAH WELL, SHE AND HER TEAM HAVE DONE A GOOD JOB OF KEEPING US ALL ALIVE.

THAT THEY HAVE. I KNOW DINKLEY SEEMS TO BE IN CHARGE--BUT I'VE GOT A THEORY THAT THE TALKING DOGS ARE THE BRAINS OF THE OPERATION.

PLAGUES. MONSTERS. DOGS THAT TALK. WHAT KIND OF WORLD IS THIS?

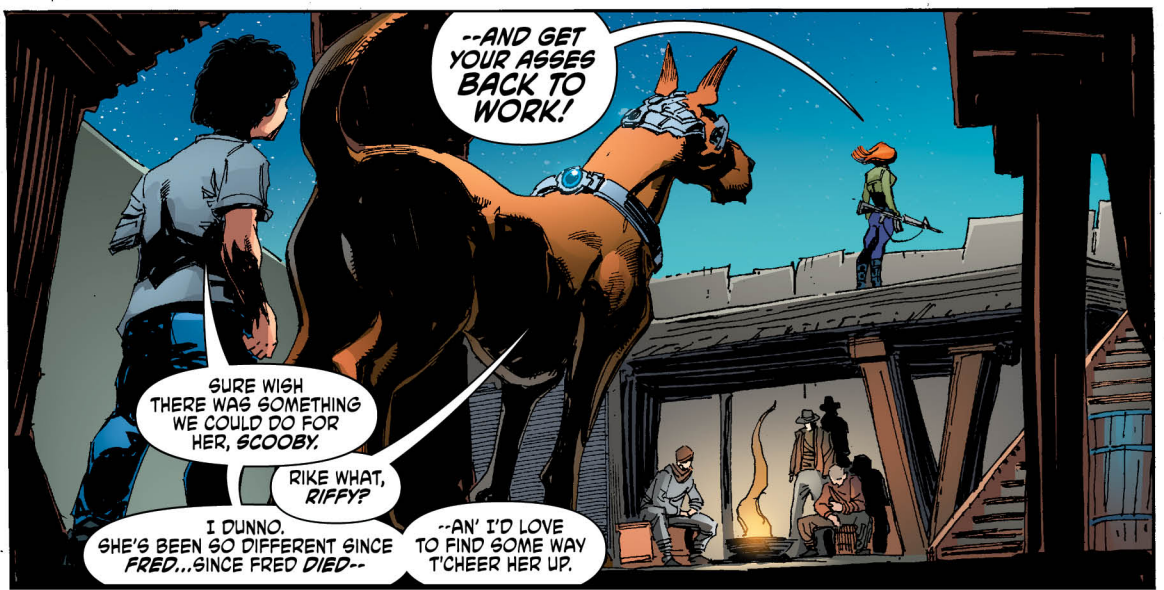
A MISERABLE ONE.



UH...SORRY, MS. BLAKE-- DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE LISTENING.

I'M ALWAYS LISTENING.

NOW STOP YOUR DAMN CHATTER--



--AND GET YOUR ASSES BACK TO WORK!

SURE WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING WE COULD DO FOR HER, SCOOBY.

RIKE WHAT, RIFFY?

I DUNNO. SHE'S BEEN SO DIFFERENT SINCE FRED...SINCE FRED DIED--

--AN' I'D LOVE TO FIND SOME WAY T'CHEER HER UP.



TIME.

HUH?

RAPHNE NEEDS TIME.

YEAH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT SHE'S HAD SIX MONTHS ALREADY--



--AND SHE'S ONLY GETTING WORSE.

THERE YOU ARE!



DIDN'T I SEND YOU TWO OUT THIS MORNING WITH A LIST OF CHORES...?

YEAH-- AND WE DID 'EM!

RUH-ROH!



ALL OF THEM?

SOME OF 'EM.

TRANSLATION-- --YOU'VE SPENT MOST OF THE DAY GOOFING OFF.



C'MON, DAISY--I'M A KID!

I'M SUPPOSED T'BE GOOFING OFF!

YOU DON'T WANNA ROB ME OF MY PRECIOUS CHILDHOOD, DO YOU?

YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN ROBBED OF YOUR CHILDHOOD.

I WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT ROBBED OF YOUR LIFE!



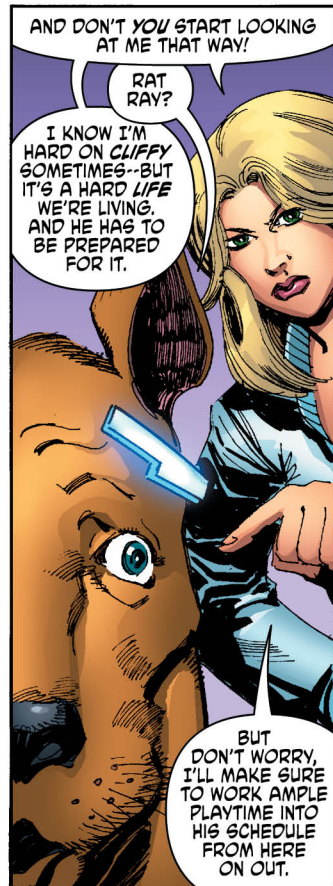
AND THE ONLY WAY TO DO THAT IS TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE WORKING AS HARD AS EVERYONE ELSE AROUND HERE.

IF EVEN ONE PERSON IN JONESTOWN SLACKS OFF--

I KNOW, I KNOW: IT COULD BE THE END OF US ALL!

WELL...?

I'M GOING!



AND DON'T YOU START LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY!

RAT RAY?

I KNOW I'M HARD ON CLIFFY SOMETIMES--BUT IT'S A HARD LIFE WE'RE LIVING, AND HE HAS TO BE PREPARED FOR IT.

BUT DON'T WORRY, I'LL MAKE SURE TO WORK AMPLE PLAYTIME INTO HIS SCHEDULE FROM HERE ON OUT.



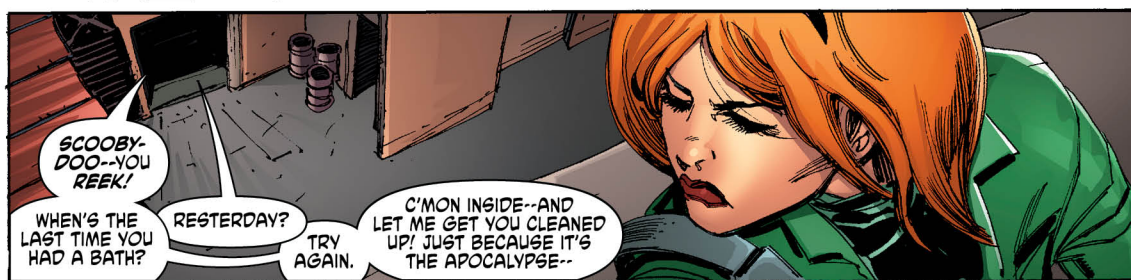
LAST THING I WANT IS FOR HIM TO END UP LIKE...LIKE DAPHNE.

RIEVING.

I KNOW SHE'S GRIEVING. WE ALL ARE. BUT SHE'S CUT HERSELF OFF FROM EVERYONE. FROM HERSELF.

HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO HELP HER IF SHE SPENDS MOST OF HER TIME OUT THERE ALONE, RISKING HER LIFE, HUNTING DOWN--

EW!



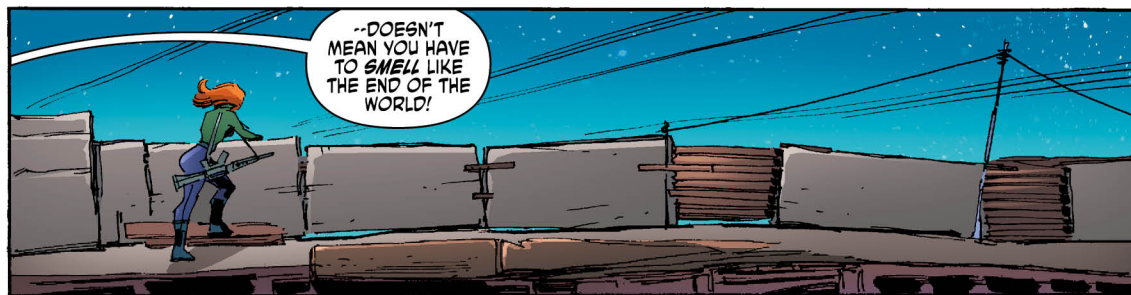
SCOOBY-DOO--YOU REEK!

WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU HAD A BATH?

RESTERDAY?

TRY AGAIN.

C'MON INSIDE--AND LET ME GET YOU CLEANED UP! JUST BECAUSE IT'S THE APOCALYPSE--



--DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO SMELL LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD!

...I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW THIS PLACE HAS CHANGED THE PAST FEW MONTHS! SOME MORNINGS I WAKE UP, LOOK AROUND-- AND IT ALL FEELS LIKE A DREAM.

HAVING ALL THESE NEW PEOPLE AROUND...WORKING WITH THEM TO FORTIFY THE MALL...TO MAKE VELMA'S VISION OF A SURVIVORS' ENCAMPMENT A REALITY--

--IT GIVES ME HOPE.

THERE HAVE GOT TO BE MORE OF US OUT THERE, RIGHT? AND IF WE CAN FIND THEM...BRING EVERYONE TOGETHER UNDER ONE ROOF--

--WE CAN BEGIN TO BUILD A NEW SOCIETY... FIND A WAY TO END, MAYBE EVEN REVERSE THE NANITE PLAGUE AND--

DO I SOUND NAIVE, SCOOBY? LIKE SOME STARRY-EYED DREAMER?

REAMING'S ROOD.

"DREAMING'S GOOD"? IT CERTAINLY IS FOR ME. WITHOUT IT--

