

SIR, YOU *HAVE* TO REMOVE THE MASK. WE *CANNOT* ATTACH THE NEW ARM WHILE YOU'RE AWAKE!

NEW ARM? EXCUSE ME? WAIT... WHERE'S MY SEVERED ARM? DIDN'T YOU GET IT OUT OF THE COOLER?

I'M SORRY, SIR. IT WAS DAMAGED VERY BADLY.

CONEY ISLAND HOSPITAL.

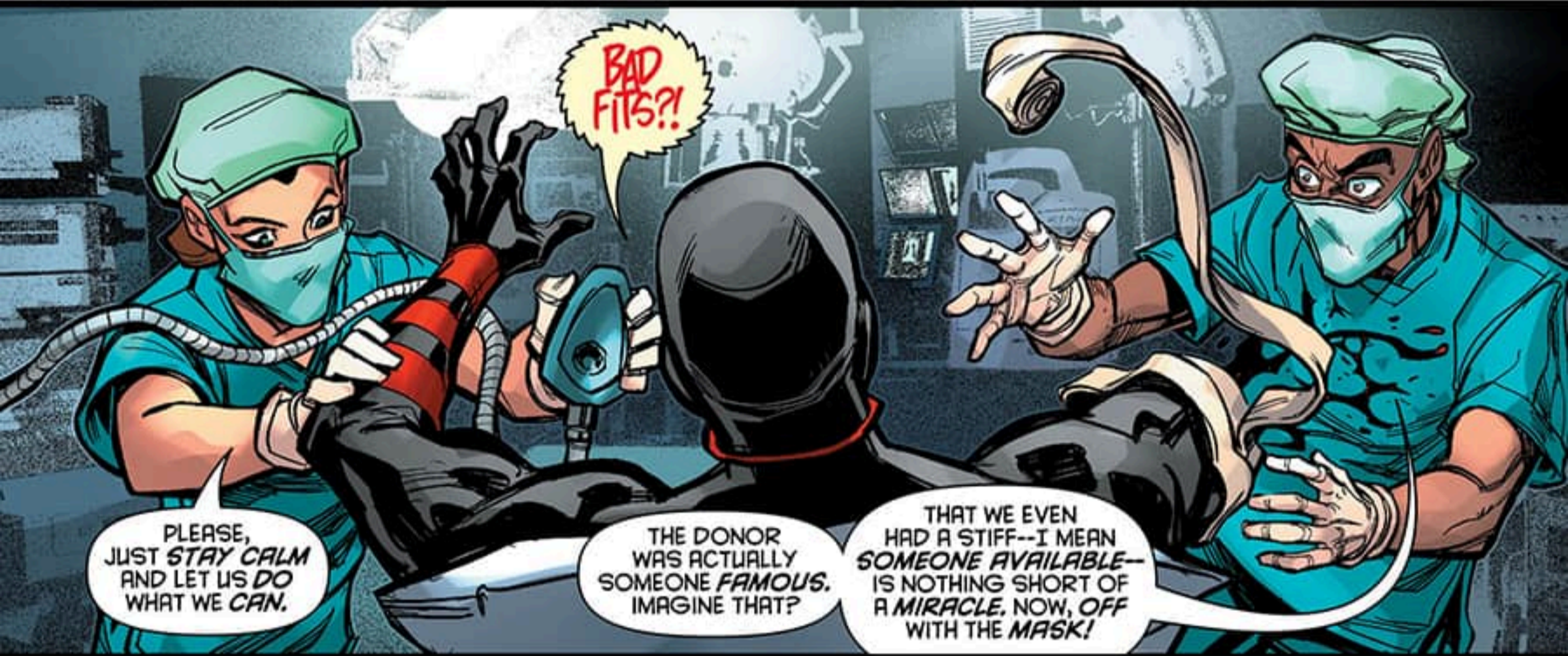


LUCKILY, WE HAD ANOTHER ONE AVAILABLE. AND IT'S STILL WARM!

JUST RELAX. I'VE DONE THIS BEFORE. MANY TIMES, IN FACT.

SO YOU CAN DO THIS AND IT WORKS?

MOST OF THE TIME... WELL... SOMETIMES. THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE A GOOD MATCH, THOUGH. SOME OF THOSE OTHERS WERE JUST... *BAD FITS*.



BAD FITS?!

PLEASE, JUST *STAY CALM* AND LET US DO WHAT WE CAN.

THE DONOR WAS ACTUALLY SOMEONE *FAMOUS*. IMAGINE THAT?

THAT WE EVEN HAD A STIFF--I MEAN SOMEONE *AVAILABLE*-- IS NOTHING SHORT OF A *MIRACLE*. NOW, OFF WITH THE MASK!



IF YOU LIFT THIS MASK, MY *SECRET IDENTITY* WILL BE EXPOSED!

LOOK, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU ARE AS IT IS, SO PLEASE, JUST LET US DO OUR JOB.

NURSE, LET'S FIRE UP THOSE FLURANES.



SOMEONE... *FAMOUS*, EH...?

WELL, WITH THE *AUTHORITIES*.

WAIT... *WHAAAAA...?*

OKAY, TIME TO GO *BEDDIE-BYE*.

MEANWHILE, ON PLANET ZHELBDON... IN A GALAXY VERY FAR, FAR AWAY.

THAT KID.

I DON'T SEE HIS SHIP. HE BETTER NOT HAVE LEFT OUR GALAXY AGAIN!

YOU WOULD THINK AFTER LAST TIME HE WOULD HAVE LEARNED HIS LESSON.

DARLING, I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT VERTIGAX.

HE SAID HE WAS STAYING OVER AT HIS FRIEND FROOZAX'S HOUSE, BUT I CONTACTED HIS MATRIARCHAL PROGENITOR AND SHE SAID HE WAS NEVER OVER THERE.



HE TAKES AFTER YOUR SIDE OF THE FAMILY. ALWAYS GOING WHERE HE DOESN'T BELONG.

MUST YOU BRING THAT UP EVERY SINGLE TIME? IT ONLY HAPPENED TWICE AND I SAID I WAS SORRY!

DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY LITTLE PEDICELLARIAE, DEAR. WE'LL GET THE SHIP AND GO FIND HIM.

I'M SURE HE'S SAFE AND SOUND... I BET HE'S SOMEWHERE OUT THERE MAKING NEW FRIENDS.

THAT'S TRUE. HE DOES HAVE AN INFECTIOUS PERSONALITY.

FINE. REMEMBER WE HAD A TRACKING BEACON GRANULET INJECTED INTO HIS DERMIS? WE NEED TO FIND HIM.

I CAN'T REST 'TIL I KNOW OUR LITTLE ZYGOTE IS BACK HOME.



**POISON
IVY,**

YA BIG,
BEAUTIFUL
BUTTACUP!

I DUNNO
WHAT WOULD
HAPPENED IF YA
DIDN'T COME
ALONG WITH THAT
DEAD WALKER
WHACKER!

YOU ALL
WOULD HAVE
BEEN DEAD, I'M
GUESSING.

YOU'RE
GUESSIN' CORRECT!
ONCE AGAIN, I OWE YA
BIG TIME!

'SCUSE ME,
BUT I GOTTA
WASH THESE
GUTS OFFA
ME.

SAME
HERE.

I'M GOING
BACK TO BASIC
CABLE. I DON'T
EVER NEED TO SEE
THIS AGAIN.

I'VE NOT
SEEN THIS MUCH
CARNAGE SINCE
CANNAE...

HEY,
DOC...

BOK BOK

**LAP
LAP
LAP**

GOIN' FOR TAKEOUT

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 CHAD HARDIN (PGS 1-10) & JOHN TIMMS (PGS 11-20) FINISHES
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YEAH...MAN, I'M SO GLAD THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS.

...OKAY, I UNDERSTAND. I'M JUST RELIEVED RED TOOL'S ALIVE.

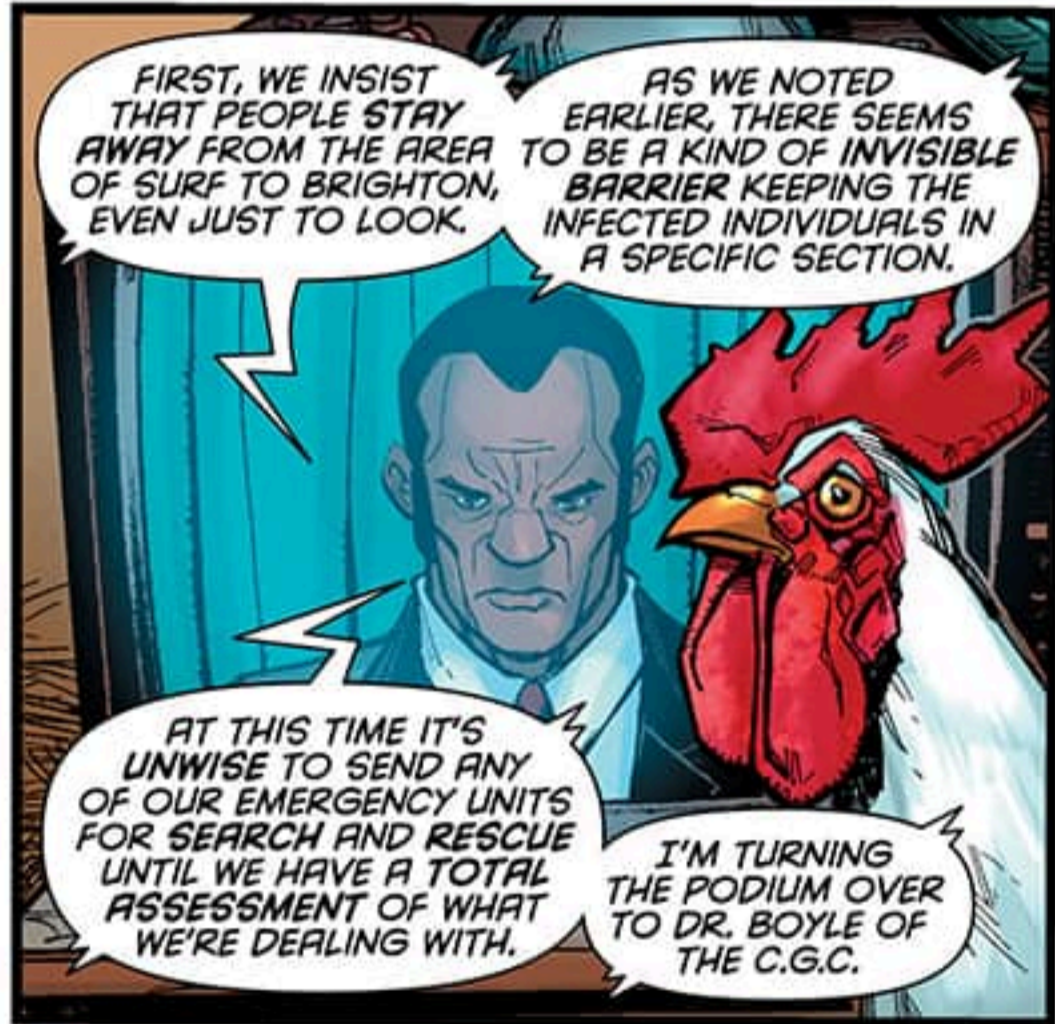
I OWE YA ONE.



HEY, IT'S US! LOOKIT US GO!

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE POLICE AREN'T HANDLING THIS.

AND NOW WE TAKE YOU LIVE TO CITY HALL, WHERE CHIEF OF POLICE SPOONSDALE IS READY TO MAKE A STATEMENT.



FIRST, WE INSIST THAT PEOPLE STAY AWAY FROM THE AREA OF SURF TO BRIGHTON, EVEN JUST TO LOOK.

AS WE NOTED EARLIER, THERE SEEMS TO BE A KIND OF INVISIBLE BARRIER KEEPING THE INFECTED INDIVIDUALS IN A SPECIFIC SECTION.

AT THIS TIME IT'S UNWISE TO SEND ANY OF OUR EMERGENCY UNITS FOR SEARCH AND RESCUE UNTIL WE HAVE A TOTAL ASSESSMENT OF WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH.

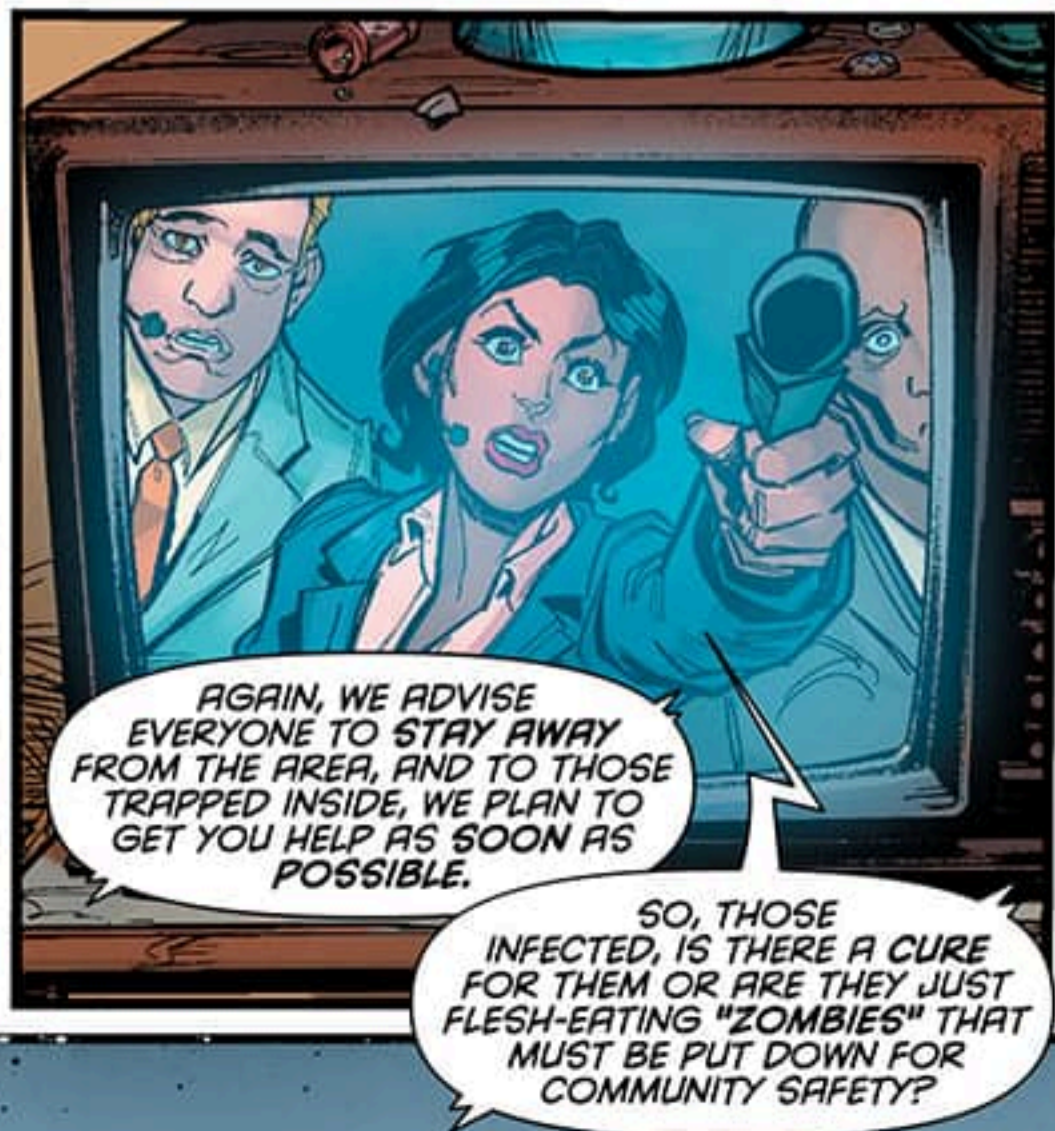
I'M TURNING THE PODIUM OVER TO DR. BOYLE OF THE C.G.C.



WE HAVE QUARANTINED APPROXIMATELY 120 INDIVIDUALS WHO WERE ABLE TO ESCAPE THE AREA. OUR RESEARCH IS LIMITED UP TO THIS POINT, BUT IT APPEARS THOSE THAT WERE BITTEN ARE NOT CARRYING ANY SORT OF TRANSFERABLE VIRUS.

SADLY, A ROUGH ESTIMATE OF OVER 300 PEOPLE INSIDE THIS "FORCE FIELD" ARE INFECTED, BOTH IN THE STREET AND IN THE AREA THAT EXTENDS TO THE BEACH.

NOTHING ELSE IS KNOWN AT THIS TIME.



AGAIN, WE ADVISE EVERYONE TO STAY AWAY FROM THE AREA, AND TO THOSE TRAPPED INSIDE, WE PLAN TO GET YOU HELP AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

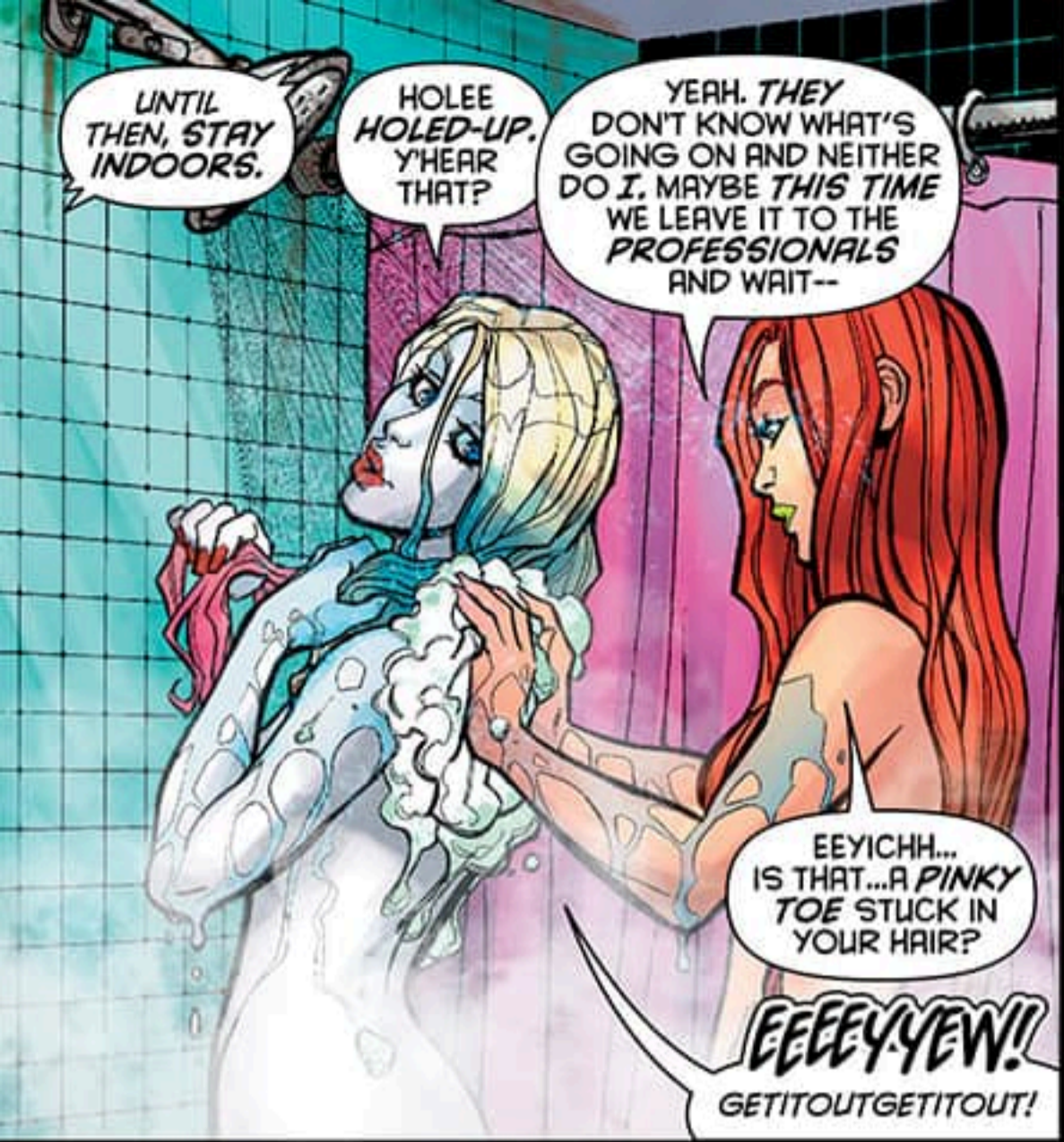
SO, THOSE INFECTED, IS THERE A CURE FOR THEM OR ARE THEY JUST FLESH-EATING "ZOMBIES" THAT MUST BE PUT DOWN FOR COMMUNITY SAFETY?



CAREFUL HERE, DOC...

WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO EXAMINE AN INFECTED INDIVIDUAL YET. WE CANNOT GET THEM PAST THE FORCE FIELD. AFTER TWO ATTEMPTS AT PULLING THEM PAST, THEIR BODIES WERE PULLED BACK INSIDE.

WE'LL BE SETTING SPECIAL FORCES TO CLEAR AN AREA INSIDE THE PERIMETER TO EXAMINE ONE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.



UNTIL THEN, STAY INDOORS.

HOLEE HOLED-UP. Y'HEAR THAT?

YEAH. THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON AND NEITHER DO I. MAYBE THIS TIME WE LEAVE IT TO THE PROFESSIONALS AND WAIT--

EYIICH... IS THAT... A PINKY TOE STUCK IN YOUR HAIR?

EEEEY-YEW!
GET IT OUT GET IT OUT!



OKAY, MY TURN TA CHECK YER BODY PARTS FER BODY PARTS.

I GUESS YER RIGHT. I HAVE HITFLIX ON TV, SO WE CAN WATCH TONS A' STUFF AN' ORDER IN SOME...

AWW. DAMN. NO DELIVERY.

ALL I GOT IS CEREAL AN' MILK IN MY FRIDGE. THE MILK MIGHT BE BAD...

THIS WHOLE THING IS BAD.
REALLY BAD!



GUYS!
GUYS!

HOW MUCH FOOD D'WE HAVE IN THIS BUILDING?

TODAY WAS SUPPOSED TA BE OUR SHOPPIN' DAY.



ALL I GOT IS STUFF IN CANS.

THAT WORKS FOR ME.

I GOT A QUARTER JAR OF PEANUT BUTTER AND OLD CRACKERS IN THE CABINET. I THINK MAYBE A FEW CANS OF SOUP.

I HAVE SOME DATES. A VERY LARGE JAR. ENOUGH TO LAST ALL OF US A WEEK.



DATES? DATES?! Y'THINK WE HAVE UNLIMITED TOILET PAPER HERE, JIMBO?

THIS IS A DISASTER!

THE REST A' YOU! GET CLEANED UP! IT'S TIME FER PLAN B!



UH-OH. NOT PLAN B. PLAN B IS NEVER GOOD.

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK IN HER EYES.

YER CATCHIN' ON, QUEENIE. SHE GETS THAT LOOK WHEN SHE'S HUNGRY.

