

An adolescent alien runaway crash-lands on our unsuspecting Earth, and is involuntarily introduced into our food chain via Nate-Man's tasty, but tainted, hot dogs. Consequently, all ill-fated Earthlings who down the dubious delicacies have become infected with a zombie-like craving for human flesh.

This unfortunate incident has occurred on the convivial Isle of Coney, home to our heroine, Harley Quinn. While Harley and her friends hack away at the hungry hordes, she sees her cheeky chum Red Tool bitten by a flesh-devouring denizen. Thinking he will catch a bad case of zombie contamination, Harley severs his arm in an act of mercy.

Beset by the bevy of biters, Harley and Tony retreat into their building with the wounded Red Tool. To save him from exsanguination and permanent dismemberment, they launch him and his luckless limb from the pet-poo-propelling Scatapult, towards the closest hospital, in hopes of having his arm re-attached by professionals.

Regretfully, despite Harley's harried hollering into his headset, the wretched Red Tool has passed out from extensive in-flight blood depletion, unable to pop his parachute for a graceful landing atop the hospital roof...

... Which leaves us here...



# THE CONEY ISLAND OF THE DAMNED

JIMMY PALMIOTTI & AMANDA CONNER writers  
CHAD HARDIN (pgs 1-10) & JOHN TIMMS (pgs 11-20) finishes  
AMANDA CONNER & ALEX SINCLAIR cover  
CHRIS CONROY editor  
MARK DOYLE group editor  
BRET BLEVINS layouts  
ALEX SINCLAIR colors  
DAVE SHARPE letters  
DAVE WIELGOSZ asst. editor  
HARLEY QUINN created by PAUL DINI & BRUCE TIMM



RED!  
WAKE  
UP!

THE *GOOD NEWS* IS HE'S  
GONNA REACH THE  
*HOSPITAL*.

THE  
*BAD NEWS*  
IS HE HAS A 70%  
CHANCE A' HITTIN'  
THE WALL LIKE A  
SACK A' ROTTEN  
TOMATOES.



WAITAMINIT...

THERE'S A  
30% CHANCE HE'LL  
GO THROUGH  
A *WINDOW*?

GLASS  
AN' ALL!

I GOT AN  
*IDEA!* DON'T TAKE  
YER EYES OFFA HIM...  
NOT EVEN FER  
A *SECOND!*



AS  
BEST AS YA  
*CAN...*

GIMME  
AN *ESTIMATE*  
A' WHAT *FLOOR*  
HE'S GONNA  
HIT.



HE'S GONNA  
LAND AT THE NEW  
ANNEX! IT'S *ALL*  
*GLASS!*

I THINK HE'S  
GONNA HIT EITHER  
THE *THIRD* OR THE  
*FOURTH FLOOR*.

WHATEVER  
YER GONNA  
*DO*, DO IT  
*FAST*.



**BLAM  
BLAMBLAM  
BLAMBLAM  
BLAMBLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM**



WAIT! THE LOWER FLOOR! ONE DOWN!



BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM

GOT IT!



IT'S 'NAM ALL OVER AGAIN!



DAMMIT!  
DOWNDRAFT!

THE FLOOR BELOW!



