

SOMEWHERE IN THE NEVADA DESERT...

Beaus
ood Mart
DRINKS-ICE-SNACKS

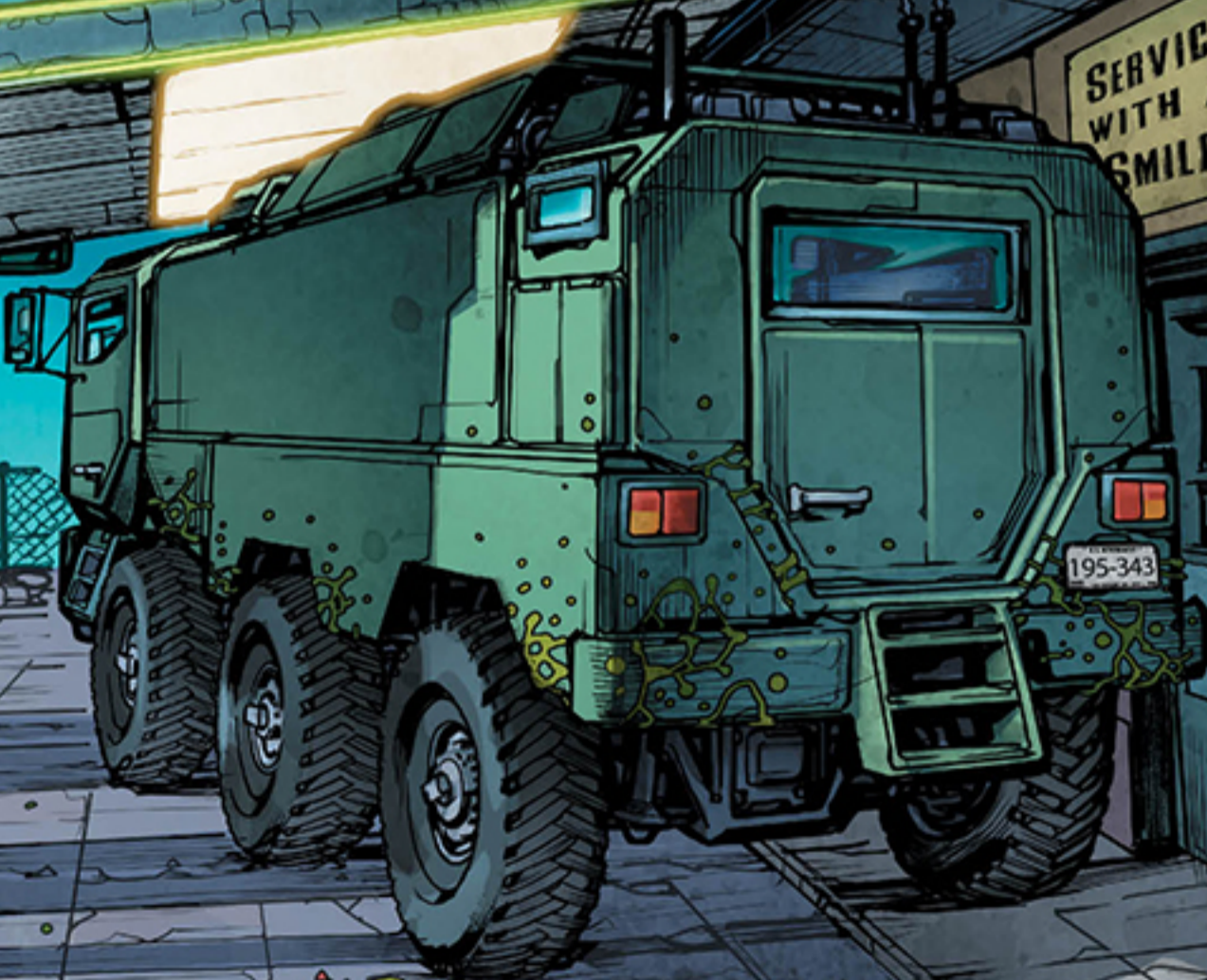
I SLEPT LONGER THAN I INTENDED TO. LOOK AT THE TIME.

IT'S MY TURN TO BE ON WATCH.

CASHN-STUFF

Stop in for a BITE.
open
Dawn till Dusk

SERVICE WITH A SMILE™



SCOOBY APOCALYPSE *FUR AND FANGS!*

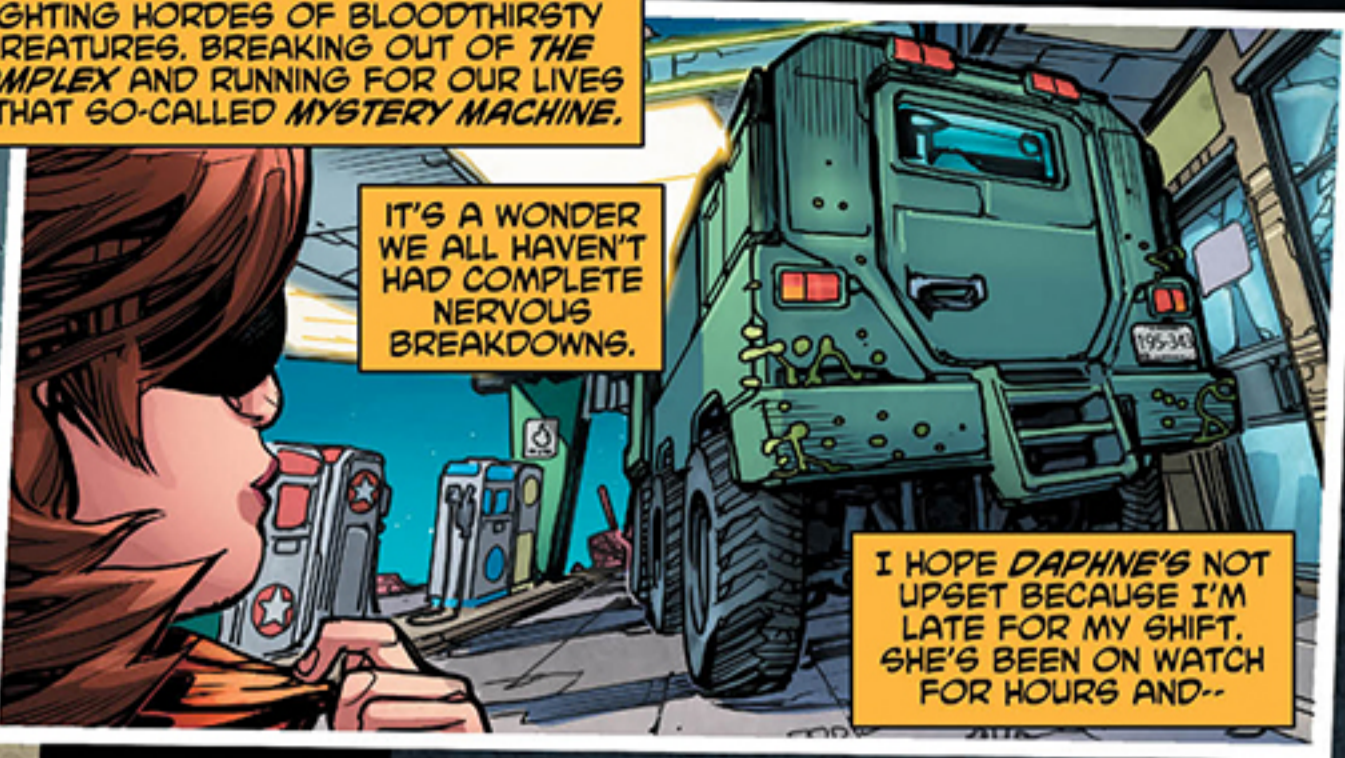
MONSTERS, MAYHEM AND APOCALYPTIC ANTICS COURTESY OF...
KEITH GIFFEN, J.M. DEMATTEIS, HOWARD PORTER

HI-FI COLORS NICK NAPOLITANO LETTERER

JIM LEE WITH ALEX SINCLAIR MAIN COVER • DENYS COWAN, KLAUS JANSON & STEVE BUCCELLATO VARIANT COVER
BRITTANY HOLZHERR ASST. EDITOR MARIE JAVINS EDITOR BASED ON A CONCEPT BY JIM LEE

FRED AND SHAGGY ARE STILL OUT COLD--AND WHO CAN BLAME THEM AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH?

FIGHTING HORDES OF BLOODTHIRSTY CREATURES. BREAKING OUT OF THE COMPLEX AND RUNNING FOR OUR LIVES IN THAT SO-CALLED MYSTERY MACHINE.



IT'S A WONDER WE ALL HAVEN'T HAD COMPLETE NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS.

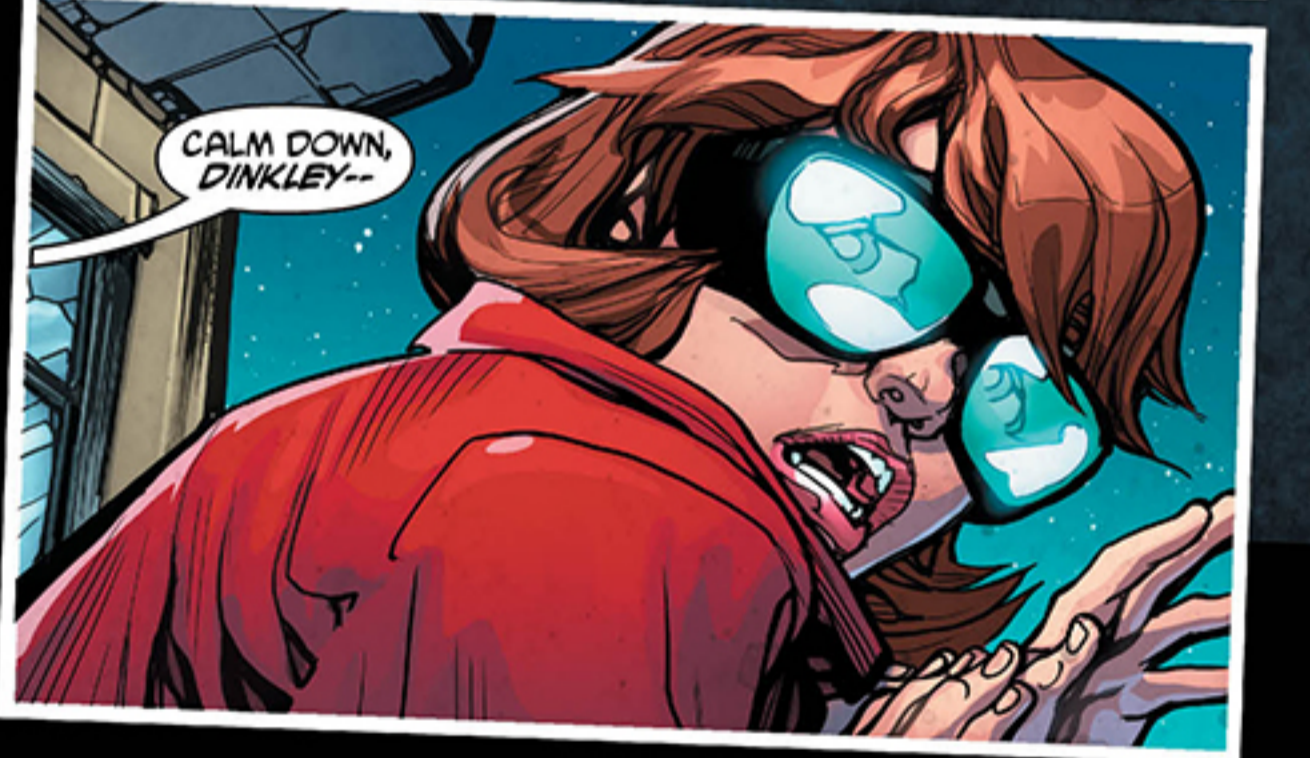
I HOPE DAPHNE'S NOT UPSET BECAUSE I'M LATE FOR MY SHIFT. SHE'S BEEN ON WATCH FOR HOURS AND--



DAPHNE...?

WHERE IS SHE?

DAPHNE!



CALM DOWN, DINKLEY--



--I'M RIGHT HERE.

GOOD. FOR A MOMENT THERE I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN--

--TORN TO PIECES BY A RAVENOUS MONSTER? WERE YOU ACTUALLY WORRIED ABOUT ME, DOC--



--OR JUST CONCERNED THAT YOU MIGHT BE NEXT? ON SECOND THOUGHT, DON'T ANSWER THAT.

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?

FOUND IT IN THE VAN. I WAS RUMMAGING AROUND IN THE BACK AND--



"RUMMAGING AROUND"? YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE KEEPING AN EYE OUT FOR THOSE... THINGS!

I WAS IN THE VAN FOR ALL OF TEN MINUTES.

YES--AND IN TEN MINUTES WE COULD HAVE BEEN OVERRUN AND SLAUGHTERED IN OUR SLEEP!



I DON'T THINK SO. DOG'S BEEN LIKE THAT FOR HOURS. HARDLY MOVED A MUSCLE.



HOW PECULIAR.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

BACK AT THE COMPLEX, SCOOBY-DOO WAS THE MOST DOCILE OF THE SMART-DOG PROTOTYPES. BUT SINCE THIS CRISIS BEGAN--

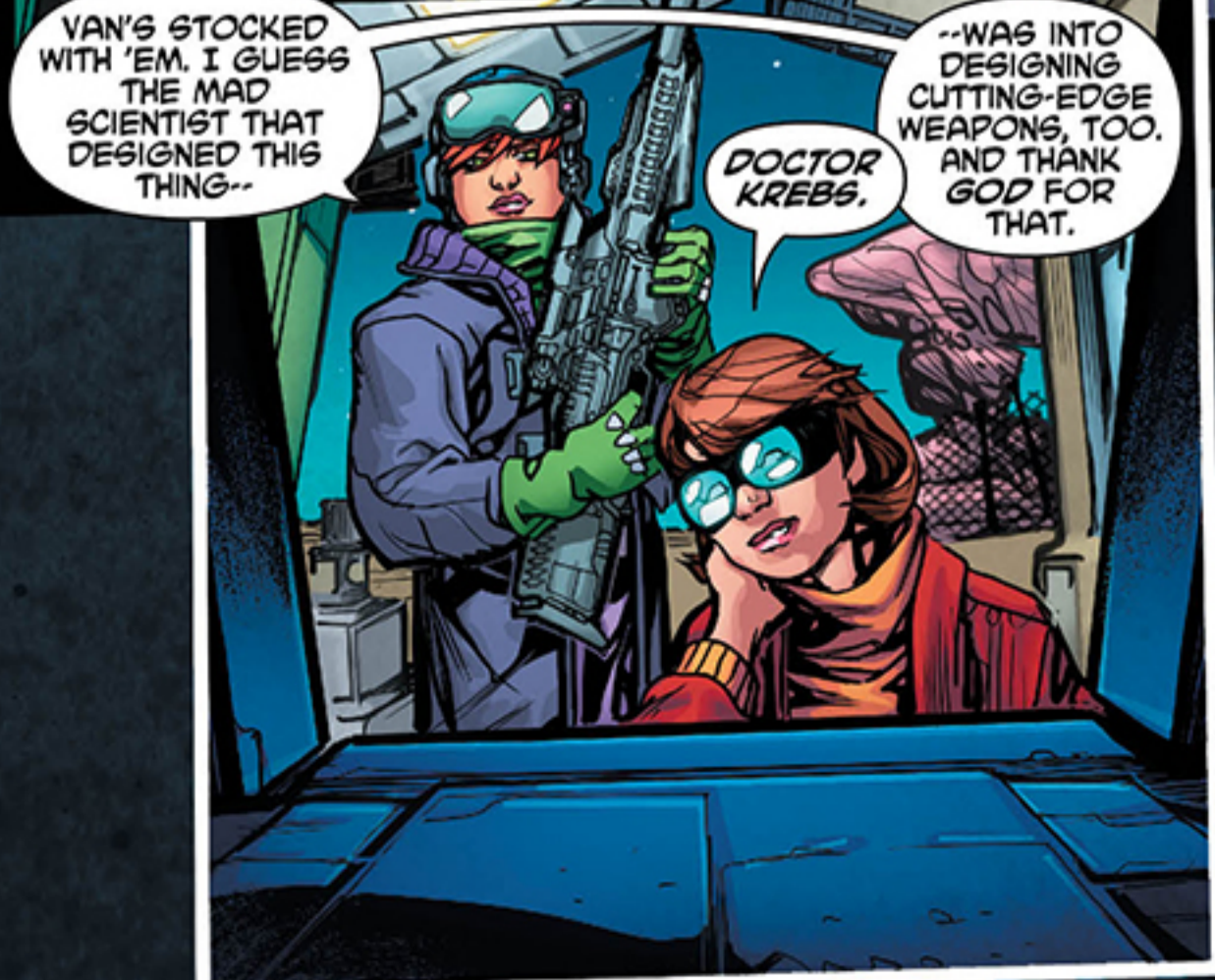


YOU KNOW THE OLD CLICHE, DOC: FEAR'S A GREAT MOTIVATOR.

PERHAPS IT'S TRUE.

SIGH: YOU SAY YOU FOUND THAT IN THE MYSTERY MACHINE?

KLIK-ATCH



VAN'S STOCKED WITH 'EM. I GUESS THE MAD SCIENTIST THAT DESIGNED THIS THING--

DOCTOR KREBS.

--WAS INTO DESIGNING CUTTING-EDGE WEAPONS, TOO. AND THANK GOD FOR THAT.



I'VE NEVER INDULGED IN MYSTICAL BELIEFS BUT, GIVEN OUR HARROWING CIRCUMSTANCES-- --I ALMOST WISH I HAD.

YOU OKAY, DOC? YOU'RE LOOKING A LITTLE PALE.

IF I MAY BE HONEST, MISS BLAKE--I'M TERRIFIED.



THIS
PLAGUE THAT'S
TRANSFORMED
PEOPLE INTO...
WHATEVER IT IS
THEY ARE--

WE
HAVE NO
IDEA HOW
FAR IT'S
SPREAD.

FEELING
GUILTY, DOC?
AFTER ALL,
YOUR NANITES
CAUSED
THIS.

WE DON'T
KNOW
THAT FOR
SURE.



I THINK WE
DO.

HOW MANY
TIMES DO I
HAVE TO TELL
YOU THAT
PROJECT
ELYSIUM--

--WAS
MEANT TO
MAKE HUMANITY
BETTER?
KICK-START A
NEW GOLDEN
AGE?

YOU KEEP
TELLING ME THAT,
DOCTOR DINKLEY--BUT
I'M NEVER GONNA
BELIEVE YOU.



I...AH...THINK
I'LL RUN AN
INVENTORY OF
KREBS'
WEAPONS.

YEAH--



--YOU DO
THAT.

I'LL TAKE A
PEEK AND SEE
HOW THE
BOYS ARE
DOING.

SLEEPING
LIKE BABIES.

I HOPE FRED'S ALL
RIGHT. WE ALMOST
LOST HIM AFTER HE
WAS ATTACKED BACK
AT THE COMPLEX--



--AND I DON'T
THINK I COULD
GET THROUGH
THIS WITHOUT HIM.

OF COURSE
THE REAL
QUESTION
IS--CAN WE GET
THROUGH THIS
AT ALL?



BEST-CASE SCENARIO? THE PLAGUE
WAS LIMITED TO THE COMPLEX AND
THE FESTIVAL SITE ABOVE IT.

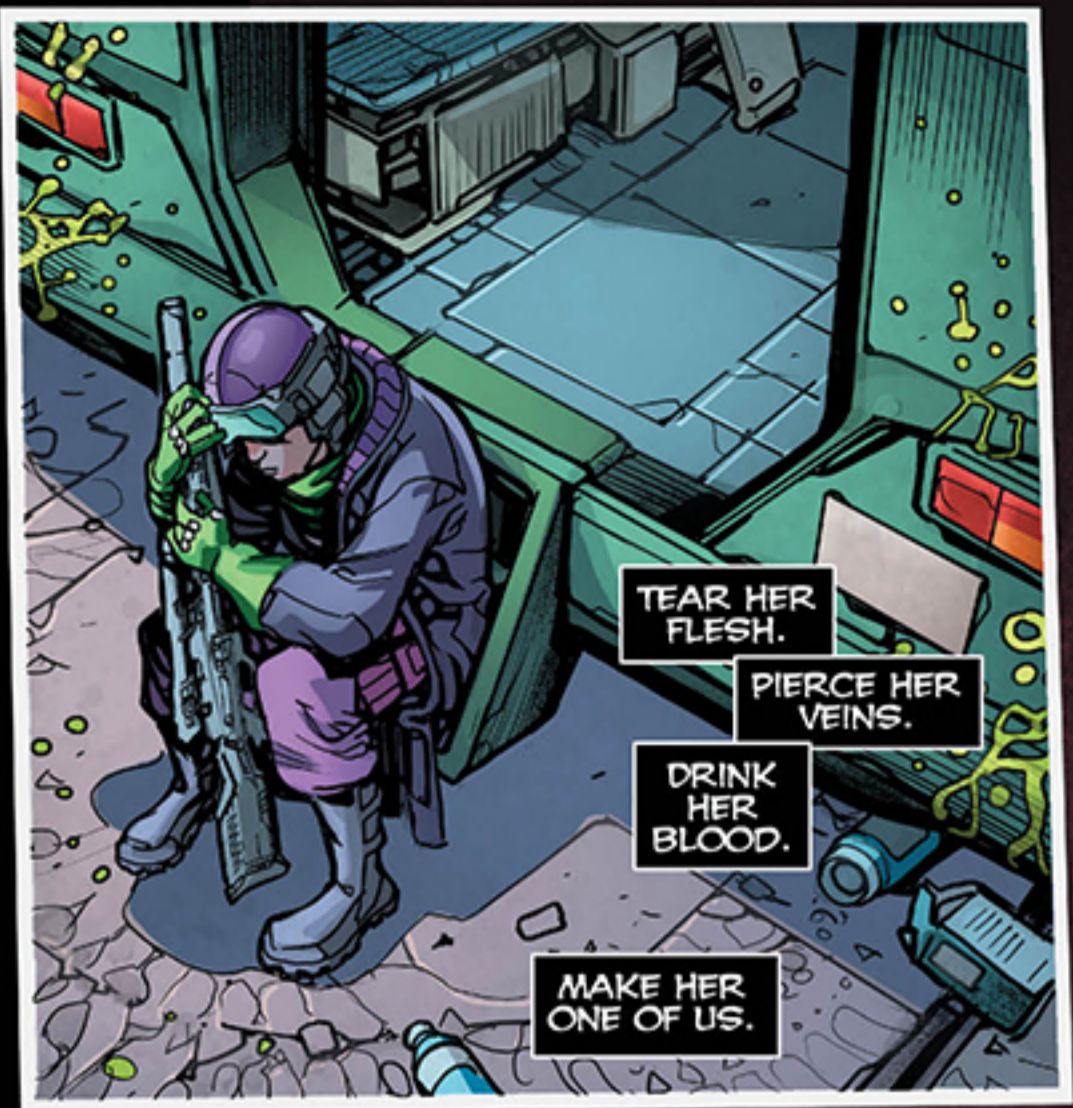
...HUNNINGH...

WORST-CASE
SCENARIO?



I DON'T EVEN WANT TO *THINK* ABOUT THAT.

PRETTY THING. ALL ALONE. TASTY SNACK.



TEAR HER FLESH.

PIERCE HER VEINS.

DRINK HER BLOOD.

MAKE HER ONE OF US.



COME BROTHERS AND SISTERS: RISE! GREET THE NIGHT!

TOGETHER WE'LL FEAST. DEVOUR THEM ALL. ONE AFTER ANOTHER.

AND OUR FAMILY WILL GROW.

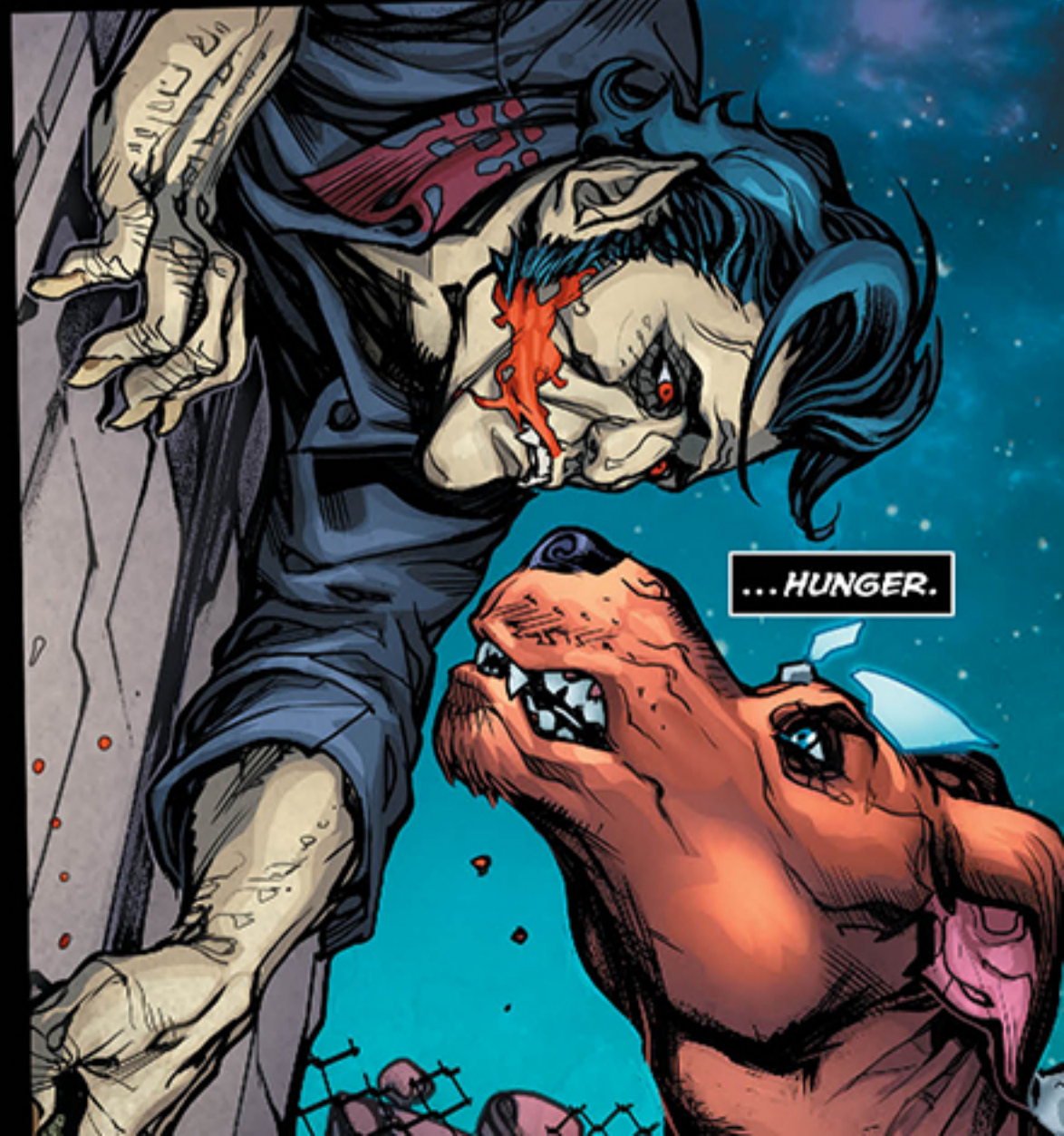


FAMILY? I HAD ANOTHER FAMILY. ONCE. AT LEAST... I THINK I DID.

SO LONG AGO. OR WAS IT YESTERDAY?

NO. THIS IS ALL I EVER WAS. EVER WILL BE.

A CREATURE OF RAW DESIRE. AND UNYIELDING...



...HUNGER.