

FORT COLLINS, COLORADO...



JESUS CHRIST THESE FUCKING THINGS STINK! HRGHH!

THE END OF THE WORLD, DAY TWENTY-SEVEN...



WE KNEW THE RISKS.

WERE JUST FOLLOWING OUR ORDERS.

YOUR ORDERS INCLUDE GETTING EATEN BY ZOMBIES?

NO. TO EVAC YOUR ASS BACK TO THE MOUNTAIN SAFE AND SOUND.

GOVERNMENT WANTS THEIR BEST AND BRIGHTEST INSIDE.

FEMA'S GOING INTO LOCK-DOWN?



HUARGH!

WERE JUST THE EXTRACTION TEAM.

THEY DONT TELL US SHIT.



RUMOR IS YOU'VE COME UP WITH A VACCINE.

THAT TRUE, DOC?

YOU MIXED UP A CURE?

NO. AT LEAST, NOT YET.

ALL MY VACCINE CAN DO IS SLOW THE EFFECTS OF THE DISEASE.

AN ACTUAL CURE IS MONTHS AWAY...

MAYBE YEARS.



THIS IS ALL MY FAULT.

DOC, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.



SHIT, DOC!  
BY THEN,  
THERE WONT  
BE ANYONE LEFT  
TO SAVE!

SARGE,  
CANT WE  
JUST DRIVE  
OVER THESE  
FUCKERS?



WE'VE GOT  
NO SPEED...

THERE'S  
TOO  
MANY.

PLANTERS?  
YOU DONE  
PUKING?

JUST  
ABOUT!

THEN  
CLEAR  
A PATH!



SMELLS  
LIKE  
ROAD  
KILL IN  
HERE!

TRY BEIN  
OUT HERE!

NO  
THANKS!



OK, FOLKS...

I'M GONNA  
HAVE TO  
ASK YOU TO  
DISPERSE.

# BRATATAT BRATATA



REMAIN  
CALM!

ALL  
IS  
WELL!

PLEASE  
MOVE  
ALONG!

# BRATATAT BRATATA



THERE'S  
NOTHING TO  
EAT HERE!







IS SHE... YKNOW?

NO, SHE'S ALIVE.

HELL IF I KNOW.

MAY 18TH, DOC!

WHY?

DAMN... SORRY TO HEAR THAT.

I WAS SUPPOSED TO GET MARRIED TODAY.

WERE BOTH RESEARCHERS.

SHE'S SAFE IN THE BUNKER BACK EAST.

RIGHT. WE'VE GOT A DIRECT LINE WITH THEM!

YOU CAN TALK TO HER EVERY DAY!

IT'LL BE LIKE YOU'RE STILL TOGETHER...

THE PLACE IN WEST VIRGINIA?  
NO WORRIES.

KRUNCH

WHO

BRATAT



FEDERAL EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT AGENCY BUNKER,  
ONE MILE BENEATH THE COLORADO ROCKIES...

TWO YEARS LATER...

