

ZOEY.

LOUIS.

FRANCIS.

YOU'RE SAFE.



ALL I EVER WANTED WAS
FOR YOU TO BE SAFE.



I'D SACRIFICE ANOTHER
HUNDRED PEOPLE TO
KEEP YOU SAFE.

I'D SACRIFICE MYSELF.

COURSE...

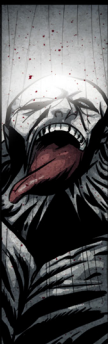


THAT DON'T
MEAN I'LL
GO DOWN
EASY.

TK-CHAK



AH,
HELL...



ONE WEEK AGO.

HA HAHH!
TIME TA
PLAY FETCH,
YA FRIGGIN'
DUMBASSES!

THROWIN'
A PIPE!

TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
WHMP

GOD
DAMN
IT.

EVACUATION OUTPOST ECHO,
UPSTATE PENNSYLVANIA.

NICE ONE,
FRANCIS.

MAYBE THROW
THE BOMB OUT
THE WINDOW
NEXT TIME.

ZOEY, YOU MIGHT
NOT WATCH A LOT
OF BASEBALL...

BUT IT AIN'T GOOD FOR
A MAN'S PITCHIN' ARM
WHEN A ZOMBIE'S
HANGIN' OFF IT BY ITS
GODDAMN TEETH.

DAMN IT!
NOW THEY'RE
ALL COMING
UP HERE!

YEAH,
I KNOW,
LOUIS.

TELL YA WHAT,
NEXT TIME I'LL
THROW IT UP YOUR
ASS. THEN YOU
CAN JUST
CLENCH AND--

AKH!
PFFH!

...HATE...
ZOMBIES... SO
MUCH...





SERIOUSLY, GUYS,
LET'S MOVE!

WHERE'S BILL?

FRANCIS,
WHERE
IS HE?

IS HE
OKAY?

BY THE
STAIRS.

WHITE-HAIRED OLD
MUMMY? SMOKES A LOT,
HATES STAIRS?

I LOOK LIKE A STAIRCASE
TO YOU? HOW THE HELL AM
I SUPPOSED TO KNOW?



OH, FOR
CHRIST'S
SAKE....

GUARD THE
ROOM! WE'LL
LEAVE THROUGH
THE HOLE.

I'LL BE
RIGHT
BACK!

THINK WE
SHOULD GO
WITH HER,
MAN?

MAYBE
BILL'S IN
TROUBLE.

BILL?
NAH.

TWO THINGS I
LEARNED ABOUT
BILL THESE LAST
TWO WEEKS...

HE'S BEEN IN ONE
OF HIS VIETNAMMY
MOODS ALL NIGHT.

DON'T MAKE
FUN OF HIS
OLD GUY GOAT
BEARD...