20MBIES



ACCENT UK

ANTHOLOGY



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2OMBIES

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www.accentukcomics.com





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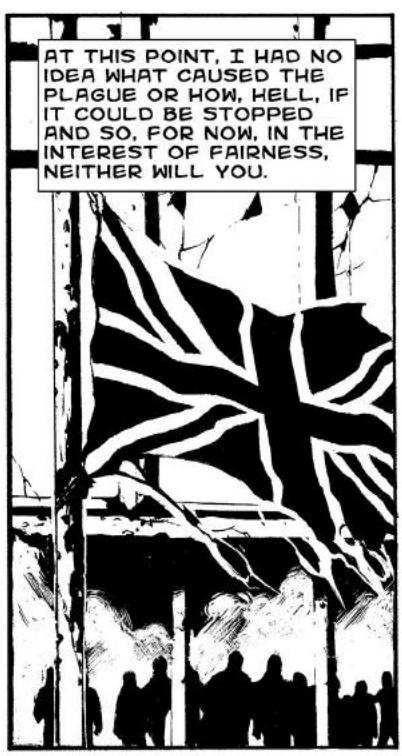
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Story and Art by Douglas Noble

PREPARING FOR THE WAR: PART 4 - COUNTING THE DAYS
Story and Art by Dave West

GALLERY

Featuring art by: Mo Ali, Andy Bloor & Steve Howard, Charles D Chenet, Spencer Douglas, Danny Hayles, Dave Hitchcock, Steve Howard, Shaun Mooney, Shane Oakley, Stuart Simmons, Andrew Thomas, Crispian Woolford and Indio!


KKG
THERES NOT MUCH I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE OF 2010 THAT YOU COULDN'T WIKI OR GOOGLE YOURSELF.
ALLS I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT IS MY FIRST EXPERIENCES WITH THE BRAIN-EATING-BUGGERS.
RECORDED DELIVERY.
Story · Kalle Shanahan. Art · Charles D. Chenet. Inks · Yifeng Jiang


AT THIS POINT, I HAD NO IDEA WHAT CAUSED THE PLAGUE OR HOW, HELL, IF IT COULD BE STOPPED AND SO, FOR NOW, IN THE INTEREST OF FAIRNESS, NEITHER WILL YOU.


MY NAME IS JOSEPH HOLT, I WAS YOUR ATYPICAL 20-SOMETHING. I ENJOY COMIC BOOKS, MOVIES, AND LONG WALKS IN THE PARK. AND PRE Z-A DAY,
I WAS A POST BOY.


AAAAND.... THAT'S ME.
STAPLER
NEWS!
THIS COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED AT EASTER!?
I COULDDA COPED WITH ZOMBIE PLAYBOY BUNNIES!
I'M GETTING TO THE COSTUMES...
ARRRGG!


THE PLAGUE CAUGHT UP TO KKG DURING THE CHRISTMAS PARTY...
THOUGH TRUE BE TOLD,
I ALWAYS KNEW THAT HELL ON EARTH WOULD BE BORN FROM CHEAP LIQUOR AND 80S MUSIC.
PLAYMATES WOULD HAVE MADE MY JOB...
OH THE MORE BEARABLE.


BOSS
UGGHH....
BEEP!
BEEP!
BEEP!
THIS BEST BE NATO.
NO SUCH LUCK MY PLUCKY FRIEND
KELLY GOT HIS MAIL, WHAT ELSE WE GOT?
HAH, BACK TO THE CAVE SEPH, I GOT A SCORCHER FOR YA.
WE CAN'T KEEP CALLING THIS THE CAVE, GREY.
WE HAVE NO SUPER COMPUTER, NO ATOMIC BATTERIES, THE BIGGEST PENNY WE HAVE IS THAT ONE YOU FOUND FLATTENED OUTSIDE EUSTON.
AH POPPYCOCK! NOW, QUIT ARGUING SEMANTICS AND LOOK AT THIS.
AFTER Z-A DAY, THE INTERNET WAS THE FIRST TO GO... THE POST LASTED THE LONGEST ACTUALLY, WE HAD A 3 MONTH STOCKPILE TO KEEP US BUSY.
IS THIS FOR REAL?
IT'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR LAD.


FILE
YOU REALISE I FINISHED YOUR REFERENCE WEEKS AGO.
I KNOW, THE TIMING, IT JUST WASN'T..
THIS IS IT SEPH, THE RIGHT TIME,
SEPH
IT'S JUST LANDED IN YOUR LAP.
PLUS, THERES STILL SOME FROZEN PORK CHOPS LEFT IN THE CANTEEN.
GRAB THEM ON YOUR WAY UP.
FILE
GREY. WHAT IF I GET UP THERE AND, WELL, IT'S LIKE THE REST OF THE PLACE?
JOSEPH THE COWARD BARRICADED HIMSELF IN HIS OFFICE THE MOMENT SHIT STARTED GOIN' DOWN.
HE'S PROBABLY DEAD.
MAYBE.. BUT..
THE WORLD WON'T ALWAYS BE LIKE THIS SON, YOU GOTTA AT LEAST TRY N' GET AHEAD WHILE YOU CAN.
PEOPLE LIKE ME AND YOU ONLY GET ONE SHOT AT THIS.
SEPH
THANKS GREY.
NOW YOU'VE GOT AN APPLICATION TO HAND IN, AND I WANT MY CHOPS.
STAY ON THE LINE KID, AND BE CAREFUL!


I ALWAYS WONDERED HOW DAVID ATTENBOROUGH WOULD HAVE NARRATED MY TIME IN THOSE VENTS.
SEPH


THE MAJESTIC PREDATOR, AWESOMELY STALKING HIS PREY, CURLED UP AND READY TO POUNCE, WAITING UNTIL...


SURPRISE, NUMBSKULLS!


SOUPS ON!


SWAP


YEAH, THIS'D MAKE A GREAT BBC DOCUMENTARY.
UGGHH....


GOD BLESS HANDS-FREE
MMMUURRR....
EXIT
MMMUURRR....
KWAP
I TAKE IT YOU FOLLOWED MY SHOPPING LIST?


RECORDED DELIVERY
YOU'RE LUCKY OLD MAN, ONLY ONE CAN LEFT.
GREY ?
MMMUURRR....
GREYSON? YOU THERE?
JOSEPH. LISTEN TO ME. WHAT I SAID EARLIER, THIS IS YOUR CHANCE, SON. WHEN YOU CAME IN HERE I SAW...
GREY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
I SAW YOU HAD POTENTIAL, AND YOU DO.
DELIVER THE LETTER SEPH.
MAKE ME PROUD.
WHAT'S GOING ON GREY, WHO ELSE IS IN THERE?
MMUURRRR....
AARRGGHH!!!
GREY!!


I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT HIM REALLY.
FOR ME, THE Z/A WAS SOMETHING COOL AND EXCITING,
BUT GREYSON, FOR GREY IT WAS THE END OF HIS WORLD.
I GUESS HE REALLY DIED A LONG TIME BEFORE THAT DAY, I WAS JUST ALWAYS TOO SELF-ABSORBED TO SEE IT.


LATER THAT DAY.
MR RZOSKI, SIR? I'VE GOT SOME MAIL FOR YOU.
IT'S JOSEPH HOLT SIR.. I WORK IN THE MAILROOM DOWNSTAIRS.
I'VE BEEN THE ONE DROPPING THE CANS AND THE BOTTLES DOWN INTO YOUR OFFICE,
WHICH YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED.
AHH.... BUGGER.
UGH!
HA!
FUCK...
...OFF!

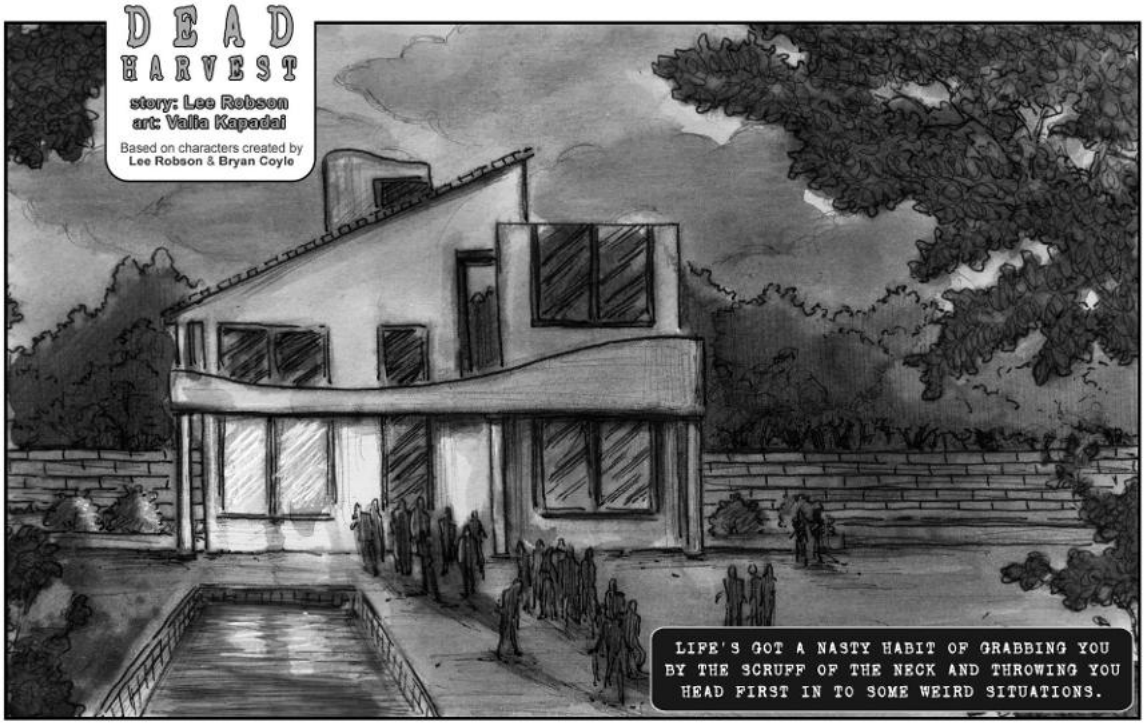

HERE...
CATCH!
MERRY CHRISTMAS MOTHER FUCKER.

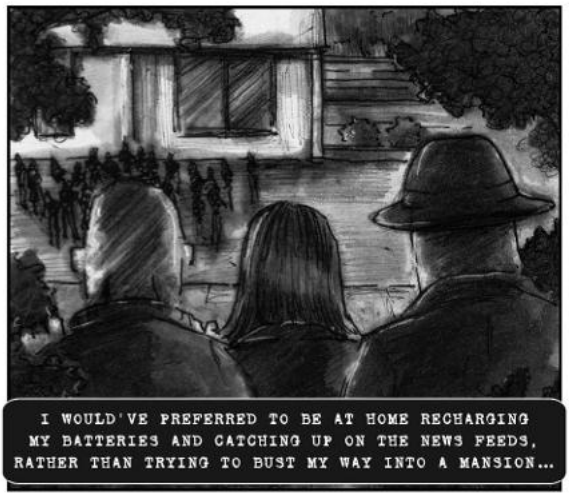

RECORDED Delivery
I REMEMBER LEANING BACK IN THE FAT LEATHER CHAIR THAT NIGHT, AND JUST WATCHING THE MOON SLOWLY RISE INTO THE BLUEY BLACK SKY.
AND IN THAT MOMENT, I KNEW. GONE WERE THE DAYS OF COMICS AND MOVIES,
HELL GONE WERE THE DAYS OF ME DELIVERING MAIL. I WAS MOVING UP, JUST LIKE THAT HUNKA ROCK IN THE SKY.
AND I HAD A ZOMBIE APOCOLYPSE TO THANK FOR IT.
AND SO THAT WAS MY STORY.
THE BOY WHO SAVED CHRISTMAS, KIND OF.
THERE HAVE BEEN MANY MORE SINCE THEN, BUT THOSE MY FRIEND, ARE TALES FOR A DIFFERENT TIME.

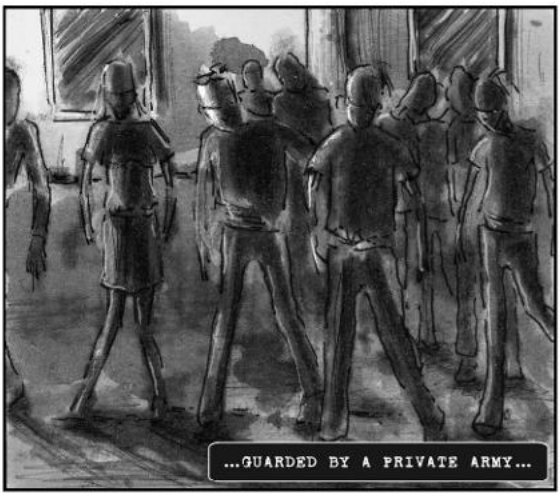
DEAD HARVEST

story: Lee Robson
art: Valia Kapadai

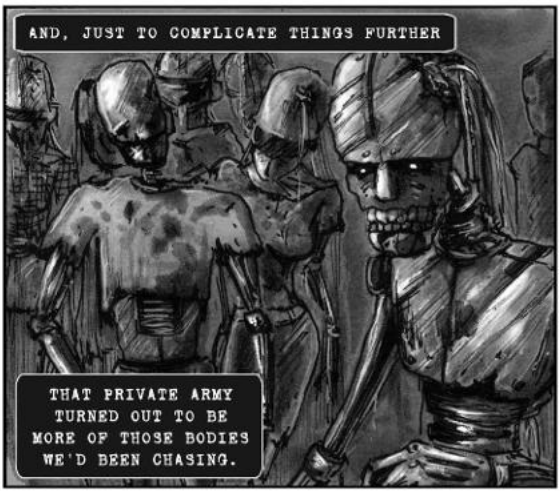
Based on characters created by
Lee Robson & Bryan Coyle

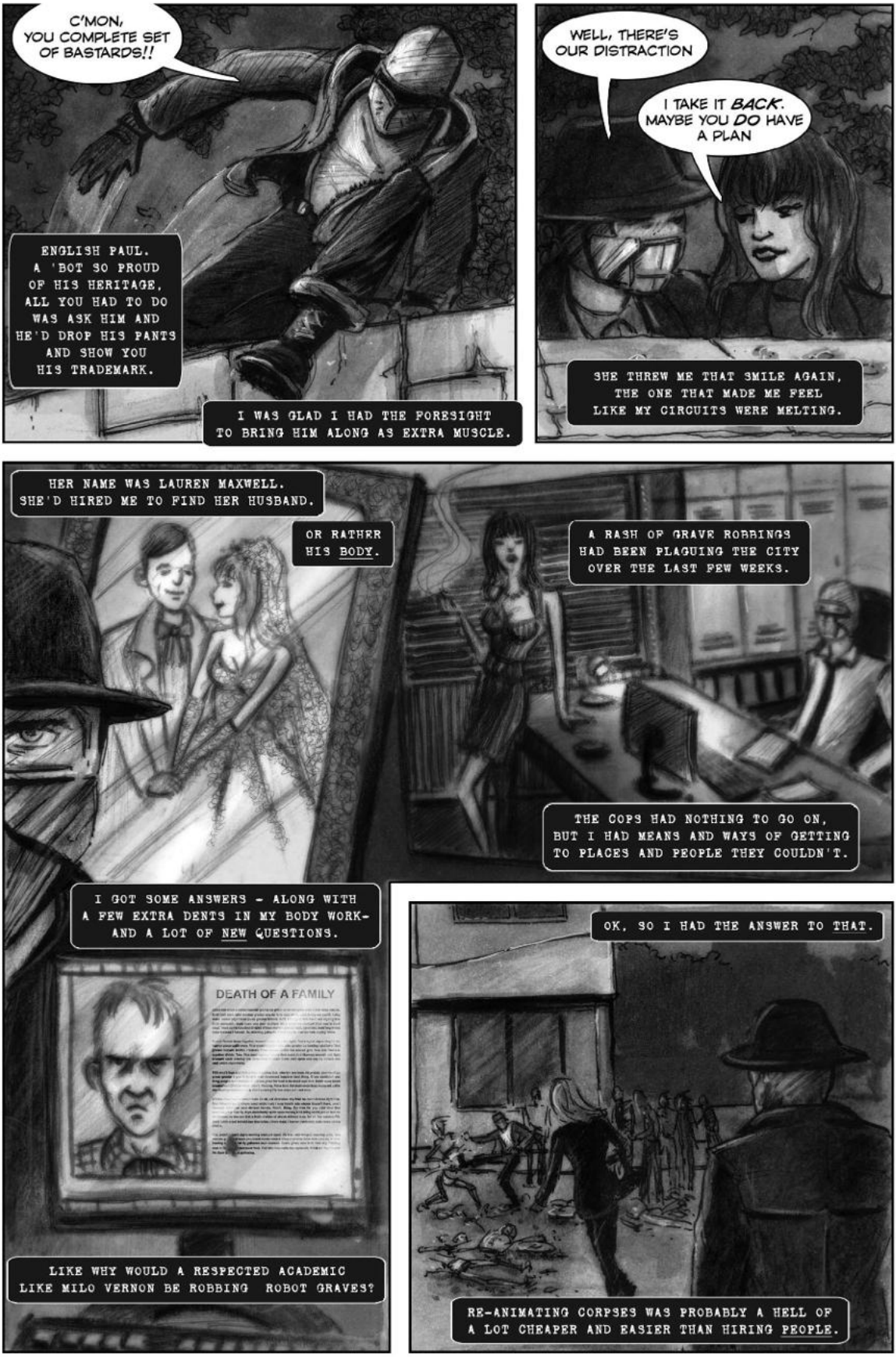




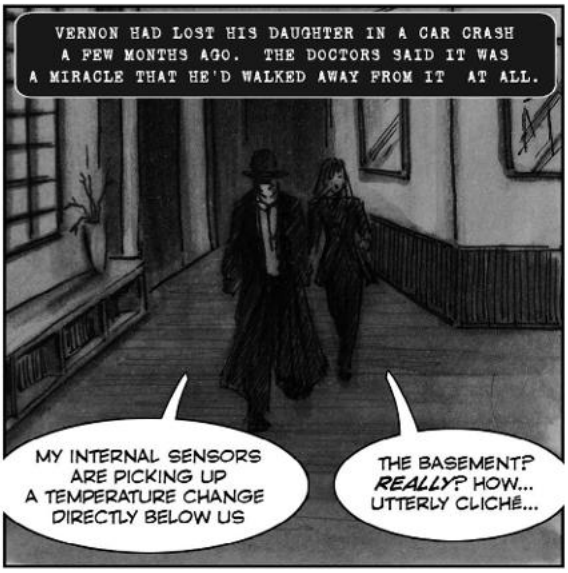




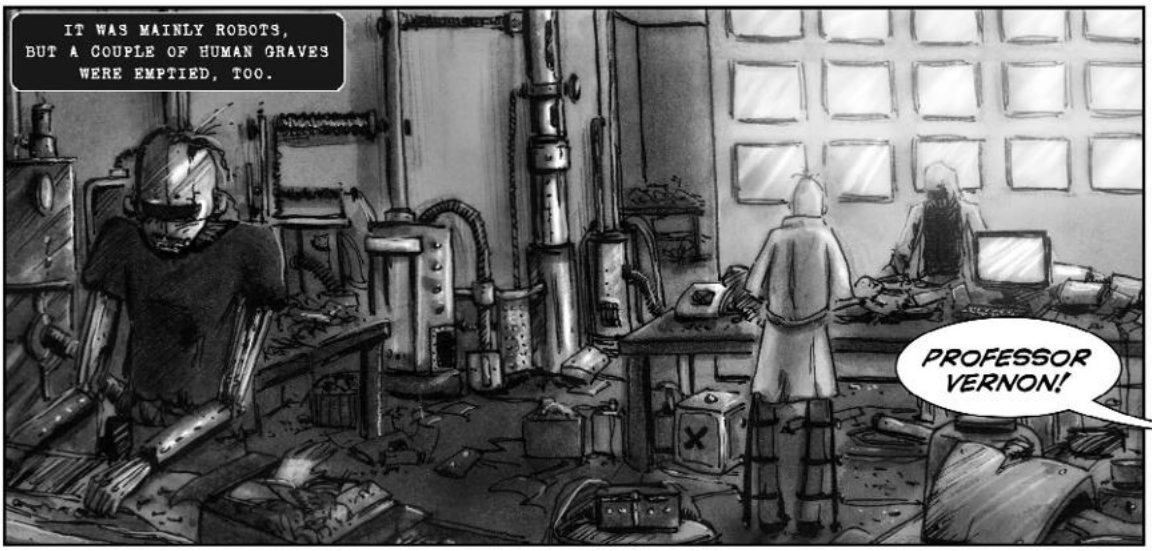



C'MON, YOU COMPLETE SET OF BASTARDS!!
ENGLISH PAUL. A 'BOT SO PROUD OF HIS HERITAGE, ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS ASK HIM AND HE'D DROP HIS PANTS AND SHOW YOU HIS TRADEMARK.
I WAS GLAD I HAD THE FORESIGHT TO BRING HIM ALONG AS EXTRA MUSCLE.
WELL, THERE'S OUR DISTRACTION
I TAKE IT BACK. MAYBE YOU DO HAVE A PLAN
SHE THREW ME THAT SMILE AGAIN, THE ONE THAT MADE ME FEEL LIKE MY CIRCUITS WERE MELTING.
HER NAME WAS LAUREN MAXWELL. SHE'D HIRED ME TO FIND HER HUSBAND.
OR RATHER HIS BODY.
A RASH OF GRAVE ROBBINGS HAD BEEN PLAGUING THE CITY OVER THE LAST FEW WEEKS.
THE COPS HAD NOTHING TO GO ON, BUT I HAD MEANS AND WAYS OF GETTING TO PLACES AND PEOPLE THEY COULDN'T.
I GOT SOME ANSWERS - ALONG WITH A FEW EXTRA DENTS IN MY BODY WORK- AND A LOT OF NEW QUESTIONS.
DEATH OF A FAMILY
LIKE WHY WOULD A RESPECTED ACADEMIC LIKE MILO VERNON BE ROBBING ROBOT GRAVES?
OK, SO I HAD THE ANSWER TO THAT.
RE-ANIMATING CORPSES WAS PROBABLY A HELL OF A LOT CHEAPER AND EASIER THAN HIRING PEOPLE.


BUT WHAT I COULDN'T FATHOM WAS WHAT COULD HE POSSIBLY HOPE TO GET OUT OF SOMETHING SO INSANE.
IT WAS ALREADY OPEN. CROSS MY HEART AND ALL THAT
AFTER WE FIND THE PROFESSOR, MAYBE YOU CAN TEACH ME HOW TO CRACK LOCKS LIKE THAT
YOU STRIKE ME AS A GUY THAT COULD TEACH ME A FEW THINGS
IF--
BEHIND YOU!!
BZZZZZ
MOVE!!
BOOM!!
THANK ME LATER, HONEY
NOW, WHICH WAY?


VERNON HAD LOST HIS DAUGHTER IN A CAR CRASH A FEW MONTHS AGO. THE DOCTORS SAID IT WAS A MIRACLE THAT HE'D WALKED AWAY FROM IT AT ALL.
MY INTERNAL SENSORS ARE PICKING UP A TEMPERATURE CHANGE DIRECTLY BELOW US
THE BASEMENT? *REALLY*? HOW... UTTERLY CLICHÉ...


ABOUT A MONTH AFTER HE WAS RELEASED FROM HOSPITAL, THE DESECRATIONS STARTED.
HERE WE GO...


IT WAS MAINLY ROBOTS, BUT A COUPLE OF HUMAN GRAVES WERE EMPTIED, TOO.
PROFESSOR VERNON!


THAT SPARKED A HUNCH ABOUT WHAT HE WAS UP TO.
WHO ARE YOU? YOU'RE NOT ONE OF MINE!
BEGONE WITH YOU! I HAVE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO!


I WISH I'D BEEN WRONG.
PROFESSOR, *PLEASE*. WE JUST WANT TO ASK YOU SOME *QUESTIONS*
HAMMETT...


HE WAS TRYING TO BRING HIS LITTLE GIRL BACK...
...ANY WAY HE COULD...
WHY ARE YOU STILL *HERE*?
I TOLD YOU TO BE GONE FROM MY HOME! I HAVE NO *USE* FOR YOU!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
I CAN'T BLAME HER FOR WHAT SHE DID, FACED WITH THAT.
click
click
click
I MIGHT'VE EVEN DONE IT MYSELF IF I'D HAD THE CHANCE.
BUT WE HAD OTHER THINGS TO DEAL WITH...
KRAK!!


I THINK I'VE GOT IT...
SPLORTCH!!
HA! YOU BUNCHA WANKERS!!
"YES! THEY'RE SHUTTING DOWN!"
I'VE CALLED THE COPS. THEY'LL BE HERE SOON
I... THOSE KIDS, HAMMETT... WHAT VERNON WAS DOING HERE...
I KNOW, ANGEL
I'VE... TAKEN CARE OF THE KIDS. IT'S OVER NOW
"IT'S ALL OVER..."


BITS: A TANGENTAL TALE OF HUGO THE ZOMBIE
IT WAS THE THIRD TIME I HAD CAUGHT A TRAIN TO LONDON IN MY LIFE. THE FIRST TIME, I WAS A YOUNG BRIDE-TO-BE, ON MY WAY TO SHOP FOR WEDDING DRESSES WITH MARILYN. SHE WAS MY BRIDESMAID. WE WERE BOTH IN BITS, WE WERE SO EXCITED.
THE SECOND TIME, MY HUSBAND HAD TREATED ME TO A THEATRE WEEKEND. HE CHOSE STARLIGHT EXPRESS. WE NEVER WENT AGAIN.
THIS TIME, I WAS GOING TO VISIT MY SON. HE DIDN'T SEEM MUCH OLDER THAN THE TWO BOYS SITTING ACROSS FROM ME. UNTIL THEY BEGAN SPEAKING, THAT IS.
ROUND ABOUT HERE WE WAS STOPPED LAST TIME.
UNTIL THEY BEGAN SPEAKING THAT IS.
HERE?
YEAH. LEVENT. HERE.
HERE?
YEAH!
YEAH?


MY SON WAS A STUDENT DOCTOR. BRIEFLY, I WONDERED WHAT THESE BOYS WOULD GROW UP TO BE. TAX ACCOUNTANTS, MAYBE? BIG BROTHER CONTESTANTS? PRISONERS? I FLINCHED A LITTLE, ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T WANT TO. I WASN'T USED TO BEING ON TRAINS, WHICH IS IRONIC, HUSBAND'S PENCHANT FOR TRAIN-SPOTTING. GIVEN MY LATE
SHE WAS SAYING I HONESTLY WANT HIM TO STOP BUT I COULDN'T STOP HIM OR DO NOTHING'
THING IS, EROL, THIS IS THE AGE WHEN YOU SHOULDN'T.
WHEN I'M WITH MY BOYS, THAT'S WHEN I DO IT. SKUNK. WEED.
LAST WEEK AT A PARTY I HAD FOUR GLASSES OF BELLS AND COKE, THREE WKDS, THREE JACK DANIELS, AND THE NEXT DAY I HAD THIS MUCH SMIRNOFF. AND I TELL YOU MAN, I WAS SLEEPING ON THE FLOOR. I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE I WAS.
I THOUGHT SO. SCUM IN THE MAKING. JUST LIKE MY HUSBAND. HE USED TO DRINK. AND DRINK. SOMETIMES HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING EITHER.
...AND I SLAPPED HIM, LIKE THAT. THEN I CALLED MY BOYS, BUT I SAID, NAH. BUT THEN I HAD TO DEAL WITH HIS BITS.
MY LATE HUSBAND ENJOYED SLAPPING PEOPLE TOO. ME IN PARTICULAR.
AT LEAST, HE DID UNTIL I KNOCKED HIM ON THE HEAD...
AND HE STAGGERED INTO THE PATH OF AN ONCOMING TRAIN!


IT WAS THIS MAN, RIGHT. HE STEPPED OUT INTO THE ROAD AS THE TRAIN WENT PAST.
IN THE ROAD?
YEAH, AND WE HAD TO STOP, RIGHT?
BUT THE ROAD....
THE TRACK MAN, THE TRACK! HE STEPPED OUT AND I HEARD THE CRACK! RIGHT HERE WAS WHEN WE HAD TO STOP. POLICE, AMBULANCE, THE WHOLE LOT.
YEAH?
YEAH. WE HAD TO WAIT WHILE THEY, LIKE WERE... PICKING UP HIS BITS, I THINK.
SOMETIMES ONE OVERHEARS THE MOST UNUSUAL CONVERSATIONS IN TRAIN CARRIAGES.
THAT'S THE JOB TO HAVE THOUGH.
WHAT, PICKING UP BITS?
NAH, TRAIN DRIVER. YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO TURN OR NOTHING. STRAIGHT LINE, THAT'S IT. JUST KEEP THE TRAIN ON THE - UM - STRAIGHT LINE. THIRTY-FIVE GRAND A YEAR. THIRTY-FIVE K FOR DOING NOTHING!
THIRTY-FIVE IS CRAP THOUGH.
I WOULDN'T SNIFF AT IT.


OH DEAR. WHAT A MESS.
TICK... ITZZZ
TICK... ITZZZ
OH, DO HAVE SOME PATIENCE! SUCH IMPERTINENCE! IN MY DAY, RAILWAY STAFF KNEW THEIR PLA... OH!
OH, REALLY! ARE YOU EVEN ALLOWED TO TO BE IN THIS CARRIAGE? YOU SHUFFLE OVER HERE, TAKE OUR JOBS, FEED OFF US HONEST TAX-PAYERS, AND DON'T EVEN HAVE THE MANNERS TO-TO-OH, IT'S TOO MUCH!
WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO THE GRAVE YOU CAME FROM? YOUR SORT AREN'T WELCOME HERE!


WU...
SQUELCH!!
...URRRGG!!
IT ACTUALLY TURNED OUT THE LAST TIME I CAUGHT A TRAIN IN MY LIFE, MY DEATH BROUGHT ABOUT BY A GREEDY ZOMBIE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS COUNTRY'S COMING TO, REALLY I DON'T.
CARNAGE BACK THERE.
AYE, QUITE A FRIGHT. LOOKS LIKE THE TWO BOYS DISMEMBERED THE WOMAN, THEN FOUGHT OVER HER BITS, ENDED UP KILLING EACH OTHER WITH A BLUNT WEAPON. WHICH WE CAN'T FIND.
ON TOP OF THAT OUR TICKET COLLECTOR'S VANISHED CAN'T TRUST 'EM TO HANG AROUND. NO WORK ETHIC THESE ZOMBIES.

FIRST REPORT

And finally, reports are coming in from a little town called Bethany, where a case of premature burial was narrowly averted today.





Mr Deacon was able to attract the attention of the graveside mourners with a loud series of moans and groans during the interment service.





We opened up the casket and he reached out to his son. I guess he wanted a hug. After that we took him over to the hospital. He didn't look too well.





From all of us here at Channel PT, we'd like to wish Mr Deacon a speedy recovery. But maybe next time try not to give the relatives such a fright! Haha.





Ronald Deacon, a forty-five year old plumber and Bethany resident, had apparently perished from a heart attack earlier in the week, sources say.





Local resident Anderson Briggs was present at the resurrection:





His condition is described as stable, although he is disorientated after his ordeal, which included two days in the coffin without food or water.





And now over to Tom with the weather.



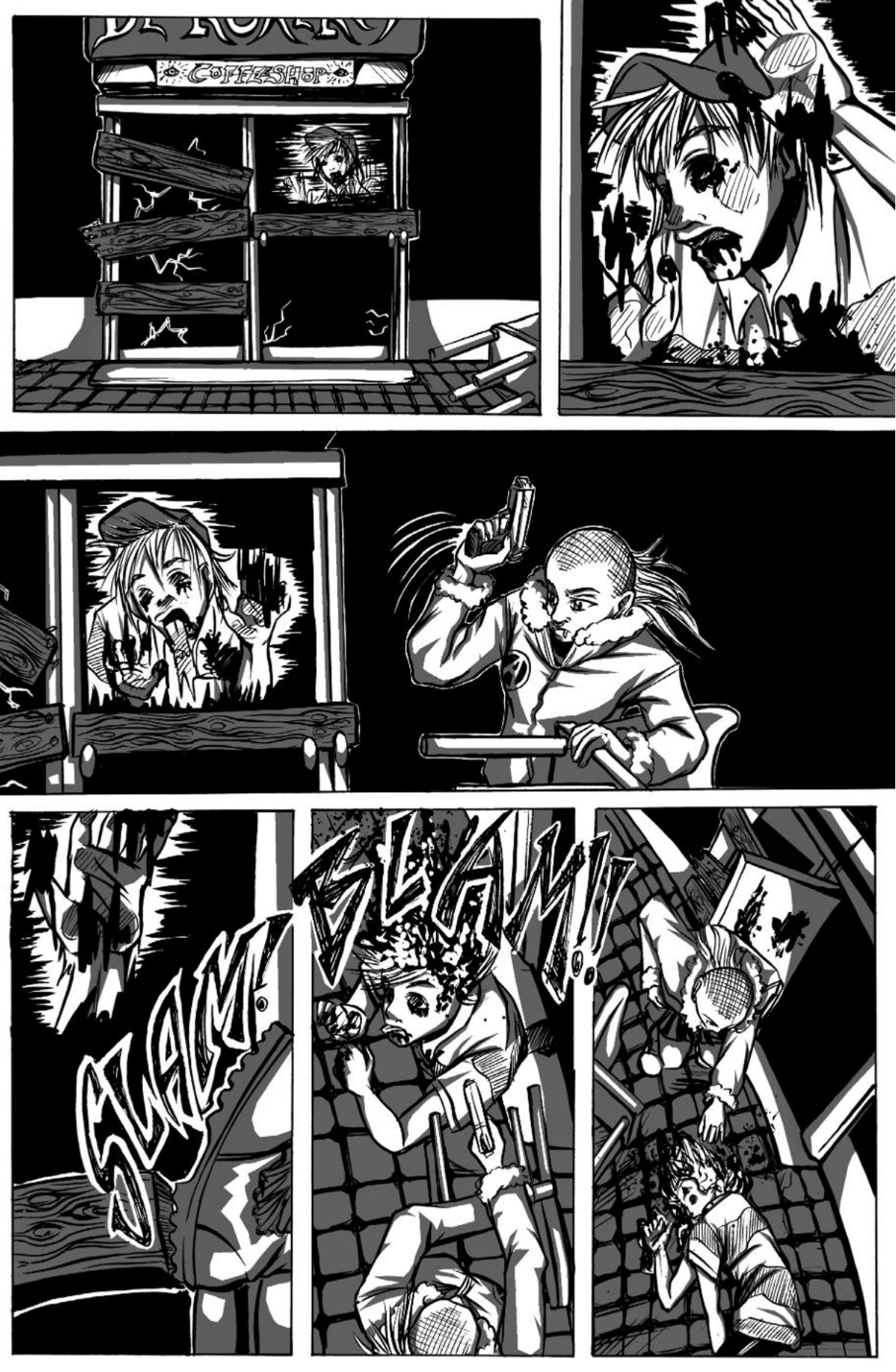
It was like something plumb from the bible.



Tom?


I AM damned
BAR
Most of them left the center of the city.
But still, they might be anywhere
They walk quietly, even through all this shit. The bastards.
CRINKLE


after petroleum
WEN
DON'T SHOOT!
I'm not a zombie!
By re-animating the dead, we're proud to announce that we've found a near-limitless supply of clean, carbon-neutral energy.
Why?
Because we care!
There's more of them, they're trapped inside the Rokerij. Maybe not for long.
Script by Margaret Killjoy
Art by Fanny M Bystedt


COFFEESHOP
SLAM!
SLAM!!


They smell.
Their blood isn't even like blood.
I'll never get it out of my clothes.


BANG
BANG
BANG


I'll tell you..
the zombie apoca-lypse?
Best thing that ever happened to urban sustainability.
End.

ALL-ACTION ALL-PICTURE WAR STORIES
NO 100 NOV 19th 1974 EVERY TUESDAY

GORELORD

7P

WHAT IS THE CHILLING SECRET OF CASTLE SCHRECK?

STARRING SERGEANT K

HELL'S NAZIS

ACTION-PACKED ISSUE.


1942. THE FRENCH/GERMAN BORDER.
A SMALL SECTION OF COMMANDOS DRIFT PEACEFULLY THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY...
ONLY THEIR LEADER, UNDERCOVER OPERATIVE SERGEANT X KNOWS THE NATURE OF THEIR MISSION...
...AND SILENTLY PRAYS HIS INFORMATION IS INCORRECT.
SERGEANT X
HELL'S NAZIS
SWIFT AND PRECISE, THE MEN HAD NO SOONER LANDED...
GAAARGGHH!
TAKE COVER!
HOLD 'EM BACK, HEFTY!
THE BREN WAS A HEAVY WEAPON, BUT BILL "HEFTY" HIGGINS WIELDED IT LIKE A WATER PISTOL, RIPPING CHUNKS OUT OF THE ENEMY...
DUBBA! DUBBA! DUBBA!
1

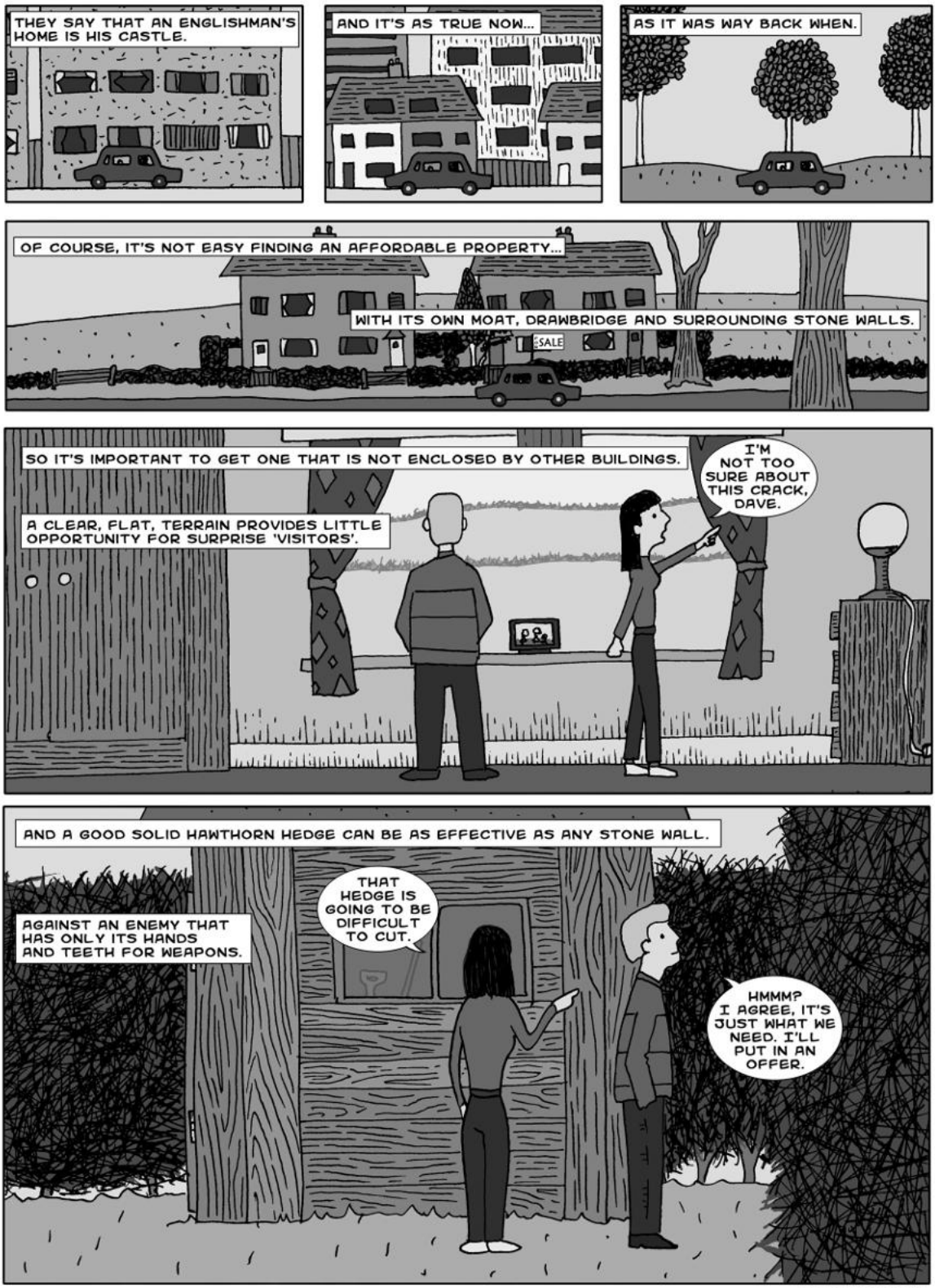

TUKKA! TUKKA! TUKKA!
THEY WON'T GO DOWN, SIR!
OUR SPIES WERE RIGHT.
INVULNERABLE NAZIS!
SUDDENLY...
SIR! THEY'VE STOPPED.
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
CHUMMM CHUMMM CHUMMM
WHERE ARE THEY GOING?
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...
GET THOSE CHUTES AWAY, QUICK!
WITHIN MOMENTS THE PARACHUTES WERE HIDDEN AWAY AND THE STRANGE NAZIS FOLLOWED TO A ROAD.
IT'S COMING FROM THE CASTLE!
WHAT SHALL WE DO, SIR?
I THINK THAT GUARD IS OUR TICKET...
SILENT AS CHURCH MICE, SECTION 'X' CREEP BEHIND THE DISTRACTED GUARD.
HANDE HOCH!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, OLD FRUIT.
NIGHTY NIGHT, CHUMMY!
SURE YOU DON'T WANT BACKUP, SIR?
NO I'LL GO ALONE.
YOU TRY TO FIND ANOTHER WAY IN, WE'LL RENDEZVOUS AT THE PICK-UP...
SKEEEEEEEEEE!!
GORDON BENNETT!
2


SKEEEEEEEEEE!!
GIVE IT MERRY HELL, CHAPS!
TUKKA! TUKKA! TUKKA! TUKKA! TUKKA! TUKKA! TUKKA!
SERGEANT 'X' SCRAMBLES UP A TREE TO GAIN HEIGHT OVER THE TENTACLED MONSTER.
GASP!
TUKKA! TUKKA! TUKKA!
SKEEEEEEEEEE!!
EVERY JERRY FROM HERE TO BERLIN WILL HEAR THAT!
BOOM!
TIME TO PUT A SOCK IN IT...
OPEN WIDE!
ACK!
HURGH!
GASP!
RIPPPPP
GRENADE!
YOU WON'T GET PAST THE GATE AS A SOLDIER NOW, SIR!
NO... I WON'T PASS AS A REGULAR SOLDIER...
3


ARMED WITH ONLY HIS WITS, A DISGUISED SERGEANT 'X' STIFFENS HIS LIMBS TO BLEND IN WITH THE MONSTROUS MOB OF JERRIES.
CHUCKA! CHUCKA! CHUCKA!
PORTCULLIS AND DRAWBRIDGE?
CRIPES! IT WON'T BE EASY TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE.
PUT THAT AWAY, HANS. THE MACHINE IS ON.
I FEEL BETTER HOLDING IT.
IF THAT MACHINE BREAKS, I'D SOONER HAVE THIS THAN A STICK.
KNOCK KNOCK
MACHINE?
"WHAT THE...?"
AH! MY CHILDREN! BRING THEM INSIDE!
JAWOHL!
HERDED INTO THE STRANGE LABORATORY, SERGEANT 'X' STANDS INLINE WITH THE OTHER CREATURES.
WEEKS AGO, GENTLEMEN, THESE MEN DIED FOR THE CAUSE, YET, HERE THEY ARE, READY TO FIGHT ONCE MORE.
"RAISING THE DEAD? HE'S INSANE!"
AND HERE, MY UBERTROOPS.
A SUPERSTRONG BREED OF AMPHIBIOUS SOLDIER, MAKING USE OF SOCIETY'S OUTCASTS AND CRIMINALS.
HERR DOKTOR, HOW CAN WE BE SURE OF OUR SAFETY?
A DEVICE IN THEIR HEADS IS CONTROLLED BY THIS...
...WHILE THE MACHINE IS ACTIVE THEY ARE HARMLESS AND WILL OBEY MY ORDERS!
ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE...
A GUN?
NO-ONE'S LOOKING...
GOT IT!
WHAT...?
KILL THE INTRUDER!
GAAAARGGHH!
4
WILL SERGEANT 'X' UNTANGLE THE DOCTOR'S HIDEOUS PLANS? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!

PREPARING FOR THE WAR.

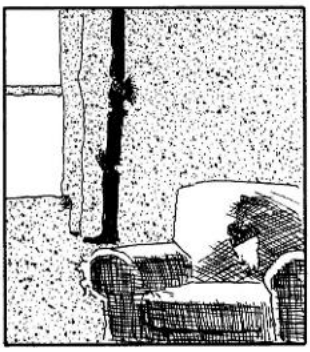
PART ONE : THE CASTLE.



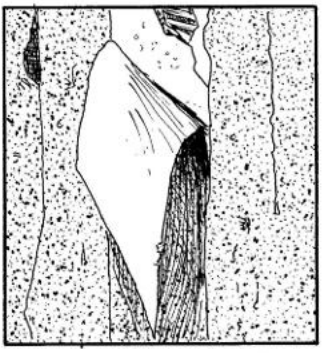
BY DAVE WEST.



AND NOT EVEN THE SWEET ESCAPE OF DREAMS OFFERED REFUGE FROM THE GREEN SLIME CRAWLING FROM THE CRACKED PORCELAIN SINK, THE SAGGING CREAKING FURNITURE,



AND THE LIVER SPOTS OF DAMP INVADING THE DECREPIT PLASTERWORK ON EVEN THE INTERIOR WALLS.







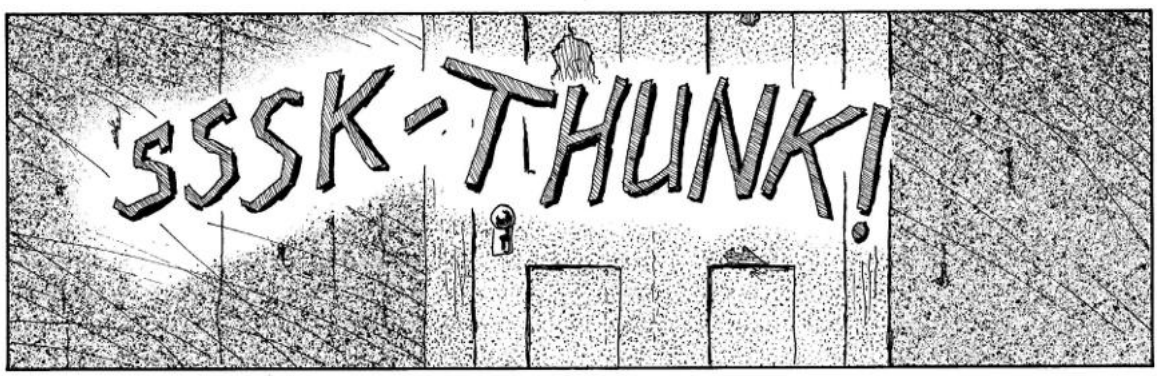
SOMETIMES HE PRAYED THAT IT WAS ONLY IN HIS MIND.





JIM MORTIMORE
WRITER

TIM KEABLE
ILLUSTRATOR



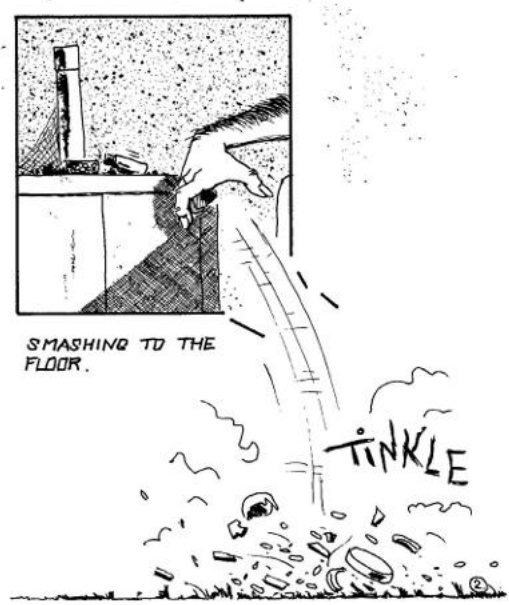
The Promised.



REACHING FOR A GLASS JAR RESTING UNEASILY ATOP THE CHIPBOARD BEDSIDE TABLE.....



HE GROANED AS HIS FINGERS BRUSHED THE CHILL GLASS, AND SENT THE JAR.....

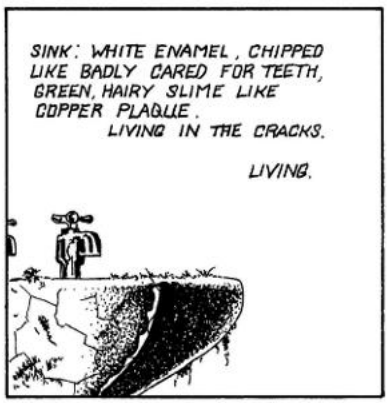


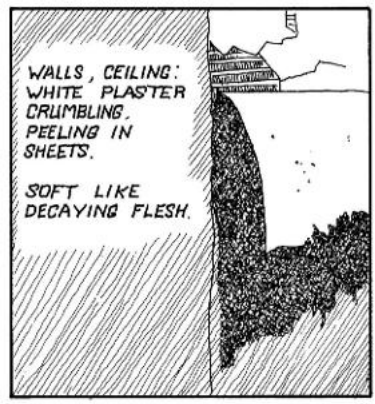
SMASHING TO THE FLOOR.

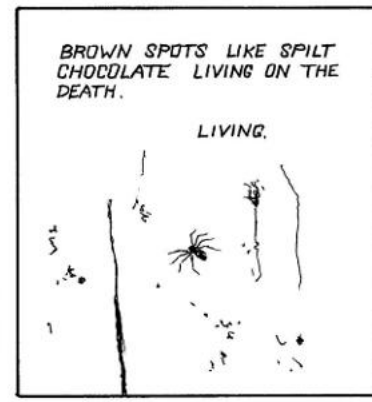

HE DARE NOT LEAVE THE BED TO SEARCH FOR THOSE WHICH HAD FALLEN ON THE FLOOR.


THUNK!

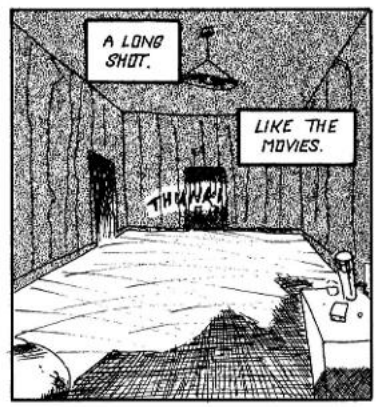

THE WORLD LEAPT INTO SHARP FOCUS.

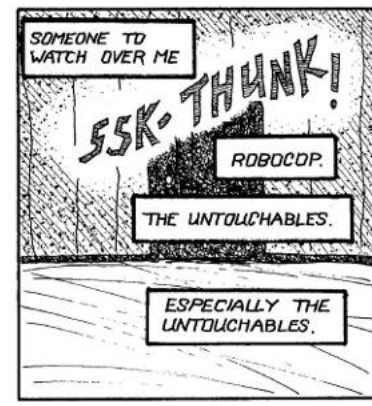

SINK: WHITE ENAMEL, CHIPPED LIKE BADLY CARED FOR TEETH, GREEN, HAIRY SLIME LIKE COPPER PLAQUE. LIVING IN THE CRACKS.
LIVING.


WALLS, CEILING: WHITE PLASTER CRUMBLING. PEELING IN SHEETS.
SOFT LIKE DECAYING FLESH.

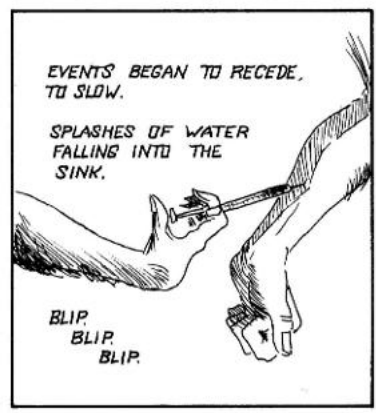

BROWN SPOTS LIKE SPILT CHOCOLATE LIVING ON THE DEATH.
LIVING.

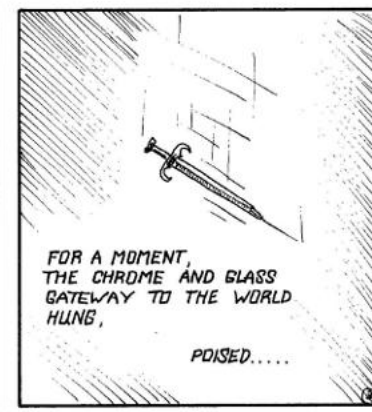

NO!! THIS WAS NOT WHAT HE WANTED.
HE NEEDED TO ESCAPE. HE NEEDED DISTANCE.

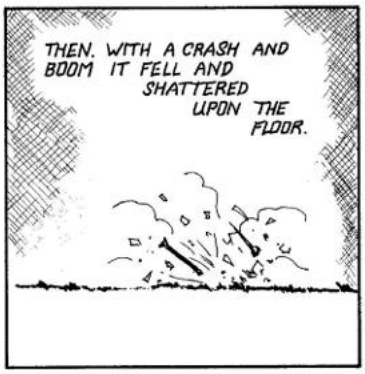

A LONG SHOT.
LIKE THE MOVIES.
THUNK!


SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME
SSK-THUNK!
ROBOCOP.
THE UNTOUCHABLES.
ESPECIALLY THE UNTOUCHABLES.

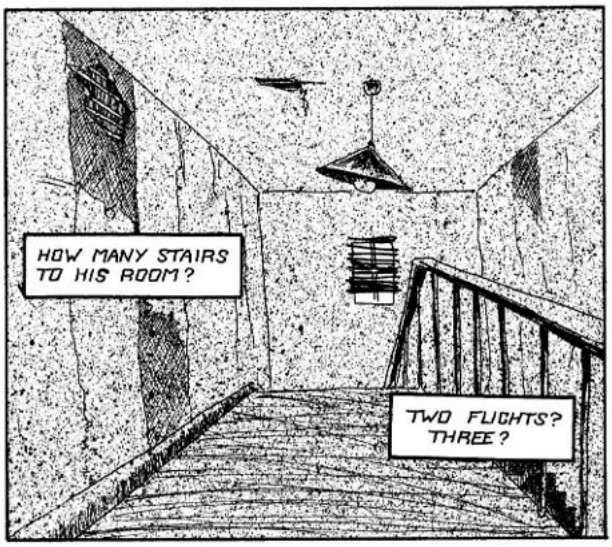


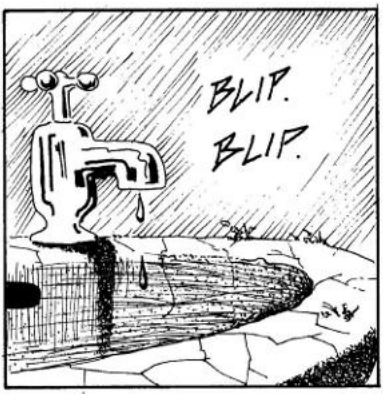

EVENTS BEGAN TO RECEDE, TO SLOW.
SPLASHES OF WATER FALLING INTO THE SINK.
BLIP.
BLIP.
BLIP.


FOR A MOMENT, THE CHROME AND GLASS GATEWAY TO THE WORLD HUNG,
POISED.....



THE SYRINGE HAD BEEN THE CLEANEST THING IN THE ROOM.













THANK YOU GOD. THANK YOU SO VERY.....

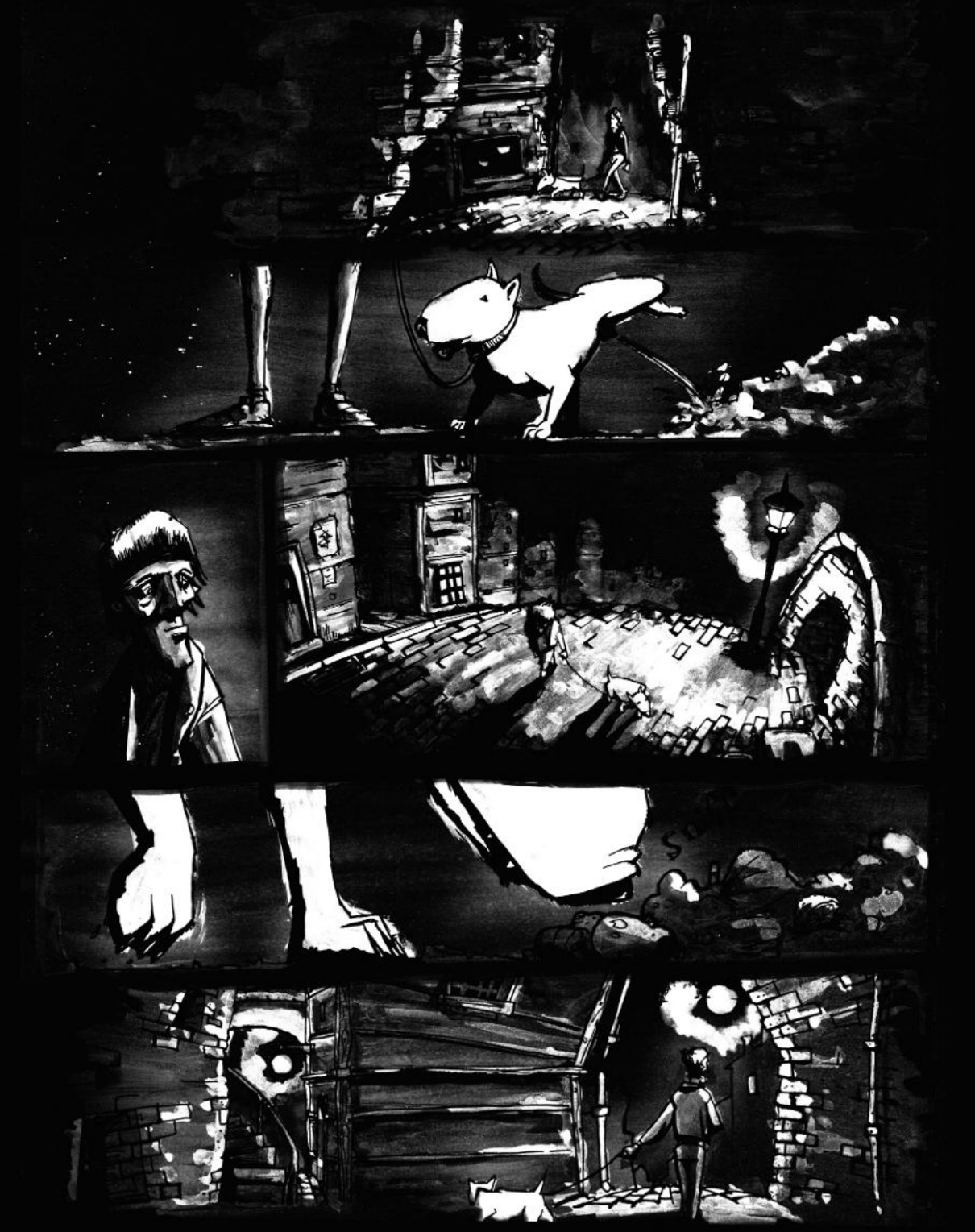



GREEEAAAK!
HE SCREAMED. BUT THE SOUND NEVER SAW THE LIGHT OF DAY.
SHE WAS THERE. HIS WIFE.
HIS LOVELY WIFE.
THERE WERE MAGGOTS IN HER HAIR.
THERE WERE MAGGOTS WRITHING BENEATH HER SKIN.
SSK-THUNK!
HELLO DARLING.
I FOUND YOU AGAIN. JUST LIKE I SAID I WOULD.
I-I BURIED YOU!!!
OF COURSE YOU DID, DEAR. BUT I PROMISED. I ALWAYS KEEP MY PROMISES.
DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU MADE ME PROMISE?
AS WE LAY TOGETHER?
NUH-NUH-NO!!
SSK-THUNK!
OH, COME NOW... I THINK YOU DO!!

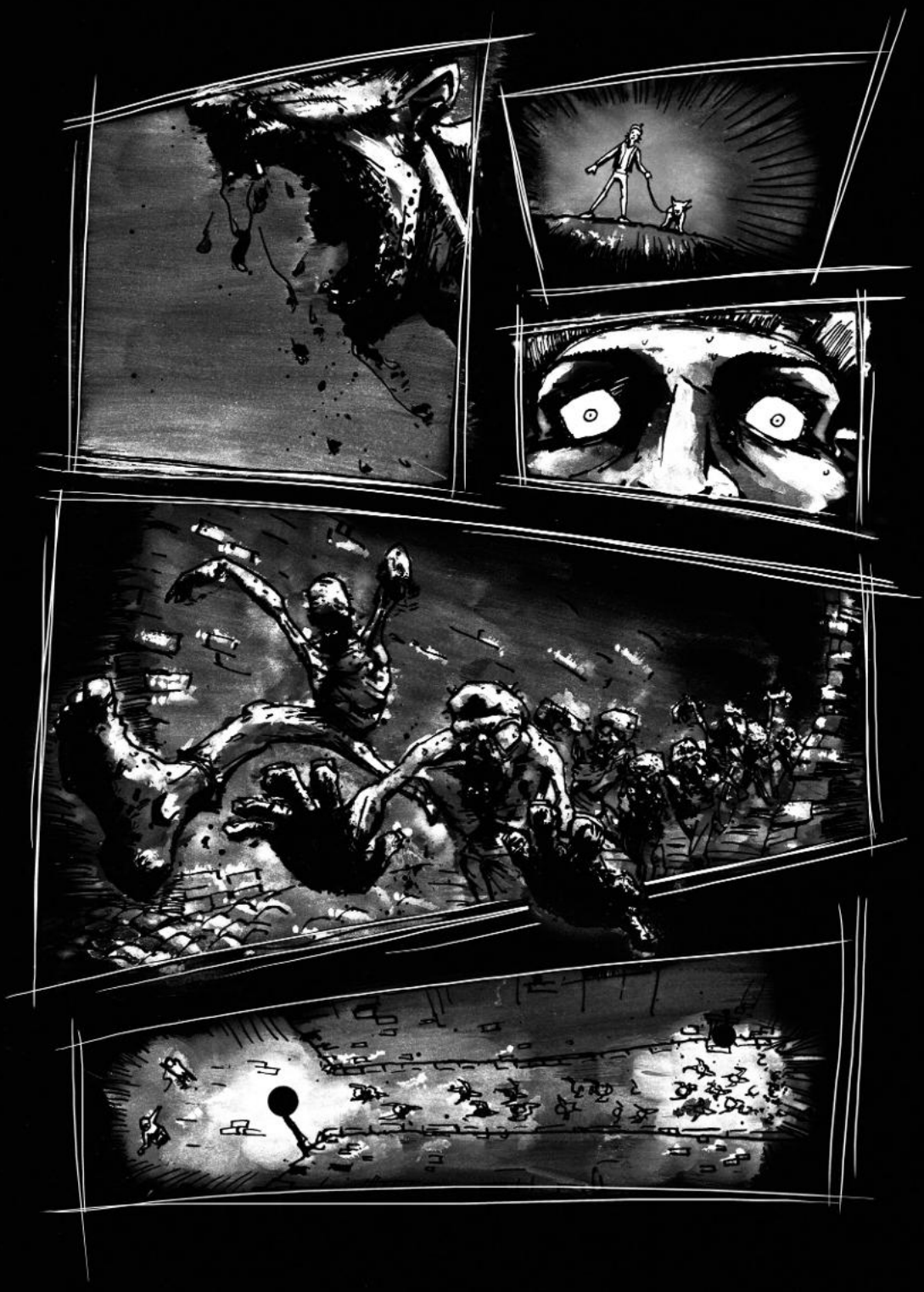

HE TRIED TO MOVE, BUT AS ALWAYS, WAS PARALYSED. FROZEN. THE CASE FOR CRYOGENESIS.
THE SAME PROMISE YOU MADE US ALL KEEP. ALL YOUR WIVES.
THOUGH WE WEREN'T REALLY YOUR WIVES, WERE WE?
NUH-NUH-
IT'S ALRIGHT. DON'T TRY TO SPEAK, DEAR. I'LL DO ALL THE WORK. JUST THE WAY YOU LIKE IT.
JUST SO IT'S ALL CLEAR, I'LL TELL YOU THE PROMISE YOU MADE ME. MAKE AS YOU RAPED ME IN THE ALLEY: "LOVE ME FOREVER," YOU SAID. "LOVE ME FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE." WELL, THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR AS YOU KNOW.
55K-
THUNK!
BECAUSE I PROMISED.
WE ALL DID.
ALL YOUR WIVES.
"I'LL LOVE YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE."
SHE LOWERED HERSELF ONTO HIM.

INSIDES

BY PATRIK LINDBERG




KLONG
TAP
WOF
WOFF
WOFF

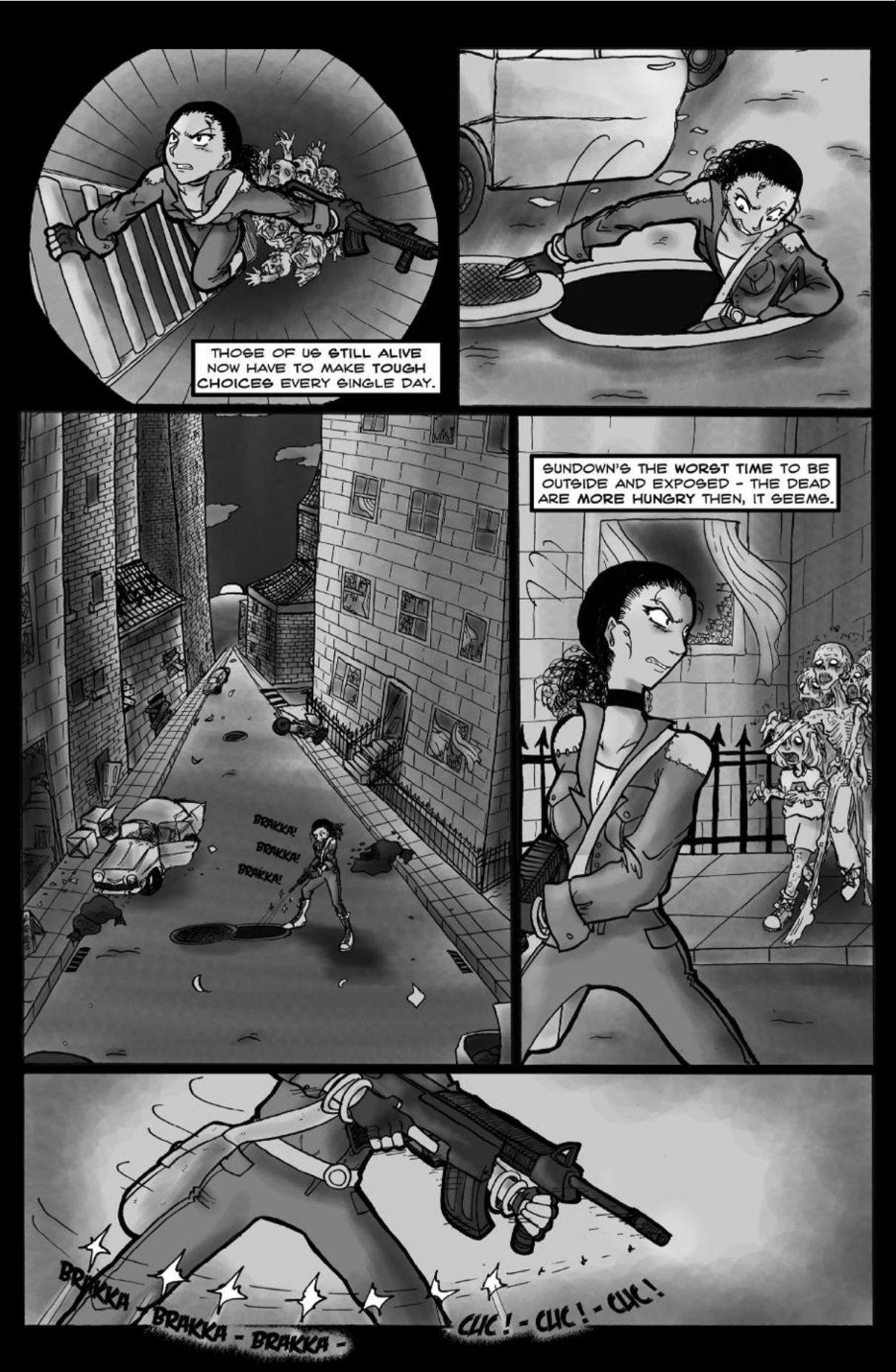






info@patriklindberg.se


Mother's Love
STORY: STEVE TANNER
ART: ALEX THOMPSON
IT'S BEEN TWO YEARS SINCE THE WORLD WENT TO HELL.
AND EVERY ONE OF US LEFT ALIVE HAS HAD TO MAKE SOME SACRIFICES.
BRAKKA!
BRAKKA!
BRAKKA!
HUARRRR...
HUARRGGGHHH!


THOSE OF US STILL ALIVE NOW HAVE TO MAKE TOUGH CHOICES EVERY SINGLE DAY.
SUNDOWN'S THE WORST TIME TO BE OUTSIDE AND EXPOSED - THE DEAD ARE MORE HUNGRY THEN, IT SEEMS.
BRAKKA!
BRAKKA!
BRAKKA!
BRAKKA
BRAKKA - BRAKKA -
CLIC! - CLIC! - CLIC!


OH GOD, OH GOD - IT'S JAMMED!
IT'S BLOODY JAMMED!
UHT!
MOOUURRR!
REPENT
GUUUUHHHH!
IT'S ME - OPEN UP! IT'S ME!
OPEN THE DAMN DOOR!


WURHHH!
VRRR!
TOO CLOSE, TOO DAMN CLOSE...
HAAH HAAH
MUMMY?
DID YOU FIND IT, MUMMY?
I FOUND IT...
JUST TRY NOT TO LOSE IT AGAIN.
AAAH!
END.

RESURRECTION SHOP.

WRITTEN BY - CRAIG IAN GILMORE.
ILLUSTRATED BY - SIMON WYATT.

THE WORLD NEVER STOPS... NOT EVEN AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT.

L.A. CHAOS CONTINUES!

SHE USED TO LAY THERE LISTENING TO THE WORLD BEYOND HER WINDOW. WONDERING WHAT LIVES OTHERS LIVED...

IF PEOPLE WERE HAPPY OUT THERE.

BUT TONIGHT SHE DOESN'T LISTEN. NOT TO THE WORLD OUTSIDE, OR TO ANOTHER TV REPORT ABOUT RIOTS AND CHAOS IN L.A. HER MIND STIRS WITH JUST ONE THOUGHT...

"CAN I DO IT?"

HER MIND PLAYS THROUGH FAMILIAR IMAGES. SHE SEES HIM STAGGERING DRUNK THROUGH THE CAR REPAIR SHOP BELOW. CALLING OUT HER NAME.

SHE KNOWS WHAT FOLLOWS...

BUT THERE'S ALWAYS THAT DOUBT... HE'LL CHANGE, IT'S JUST THE BOOZE AND THE GANGS, EVERYTHING GOING ON IN THE CITY... ANOTHER NIGHT, ANOTHER EXCUSE SHE TRIES TO TELL HERSELF.

SHE HAS TO STAND UP TO HIM.

OR TOMORROW WILL BE MET WITH MORE BRUISES. MAYBE A BROKEN WRIST. OR PERHAPS IT WILL BE LIKE LAST TIME WHEN HE ALMOST BEAT HER TO DEATH.

NO APOLOGY THAT MORNING. NO TEARFUL REGRET. SHE CRIED... OF COURSE SHE CRIED. SHE ALWAYS CRIES. BUT HE ACTED LIKE NOTHING HAD HAPPENED. NO REMORSE.

SHE HEARS FAMILIAR LAUGHTER FROM BEYOND THE DOOR...


IT WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE THIS, ONCE THERE WAS NOTHING BUT LOVE BETWEEN THEM.
RESURRECTION SHOP
TIRED OF SMALL TOWN COUNTRY LIFE THEY FLED THEIR OLD, BORING LIVES TO THE CITY. STARTED OVER. A NEW BREAK.
BUSINESS WAS SLOW FOR A TIME. SLOW BUT GOOD. IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR TROUBLE TO FIND THEM, HOWEVER.
THE LOCAL GANGS SOON MADE THEMSELVES KNOWN TO THE COUPLE.
DEMANDING PAYMENT TO WORK ON "THEIR TURF".
THAT... OR THE ALTERNATIVE.


HE CUT A DEAL ON THE SPOT. HE WAS ALWAYS GOOD AT TALKING. NO THREATS ON THEIR LIVES, NO HARASSMENT IN ANY FORM.
IN RETURN, HE WOULD HOLD THEIR WEAPONS SAFE IF THEY EVER NEEDED TO LAY LOW.
OVER TIME, THE WEAPONS ACCUMULATED. AND SOON HE WAS HIDING MORE THAN JUST WEAPONS.
DRUGS TOO.
THAT'S WHEN THE REAL PROBLEMS STARTED.


BUT TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT, SHE THINKS. NO MORE DRUGS. NO MORE ATTACKS. NO MORE SEX AGAINST HER WILL,
NO NOTHING...
THE MAN PONDERS THE IMAGE BEFORE HIM.
NO LOVE HERE.
NO DEEP-ROOTED FEELINGS TO BETRAY THE BAD.
JUST ONE THOUGHT:
"ABOUT TIME, BITCH!"
HE MOVES WITH THE ELEGANCE OF A DRUNK IN A WHEELCHAIR.
INSTINCT TAKES OVER.
SHE RAISES THE BAT AND SWINGS WITH ALL HER MIGHT...


HEART BEATING FAST, STILL GRIPPING THE BLOODSTAINED BAT, SHE WATCHES FOR THE SLIGHTEST MOVEMENT.
BLINK OF AN EYE, THE RISING OF THE CHEST, TWITCH OF A FINGER...
ANYTHING...
NOTHING.
THE SOUND OF HER THUMPING HEART RISES OVER HEAVY, TEARFUL SOBS.
BUT THEN... SOMETHING HELLISH CRIES OUT...

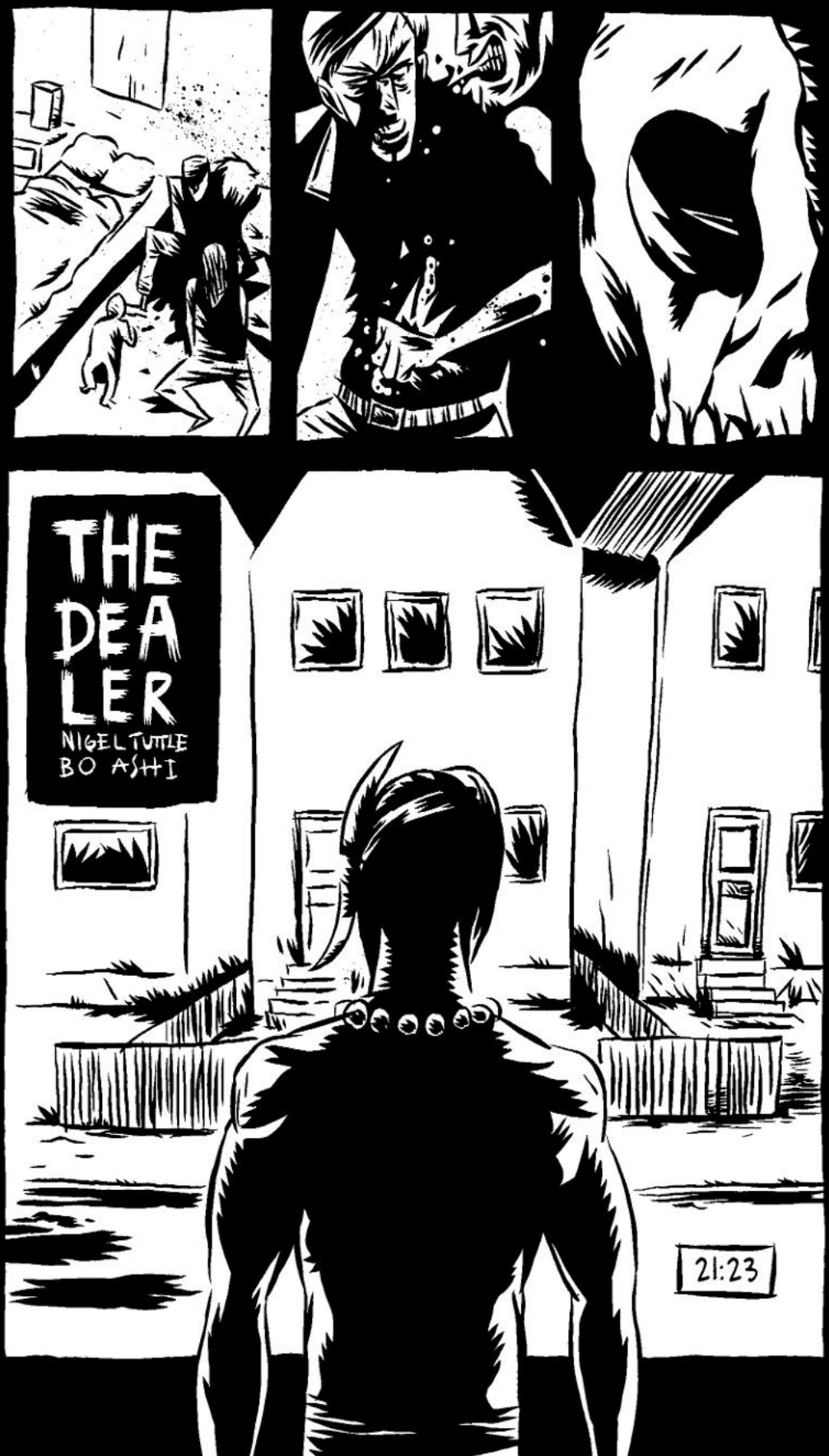

INSTINCT TAKING OVER AGAIN. SHE'S ON HER FEET IN A SECOND, HEADING FOR THE DOOR...
OPEN
CLO
THE WORLD HITS HER LIKE A FREIGHT TRAIN AND SHE SUDDENLY REMEMBERS THAT IT'S SAFER INSIDE. WITH HIM.
JUST ONE OF "HIM".


NOW, A NIGHT OF ABUSE SEEMS SO FAR AWAY.
A DISTANT MEMORY. A MINOR THING.
SHE HAS NO LOVE FOR HIM. NO DEEP-ROOTED FEELINGS OR MEMORIES TO BETRAY WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.


IT WAS THE HARDEST THING SHE EVER DID. BUT THE MOST VALUABLE LESSON SHE EVER NEEDED.


THE WORLD MAKES NO SOUND. EVERYTHING HAS STOPPED DEAD.
NO MORE LIVES TO THINK ABOUT BUT HERS.


SHE SITS THERE ON THE ROOF OF THE RESURRECTION SHOP, LISTENING TO THE LIVING DEAD AROUND HER. ASKS HERSELF A FAMILIAR QUESTION...
...AND SMILES.
RRECTION
OP
WYATT 2011


THE DEALER
NIGEL TUTTLE
BO ASHI
21:23


21:17
AAARRGH!


12:16
Well, you paid for the car...
It's all here in the writing; It's your responsibility.
You sold me a car with a bad clutch!! You should fix it!
You bought it as seen mate, it's your responsibility
I will have revenge.
Yes sir.
Of course you will, have a nice day!
I will.
21:10


21:00
TSHUR


Alright darling? What a day! Sorry, got stuck doing paperwork.
20:45
Do I need to sort dinner out myself then?


17:00

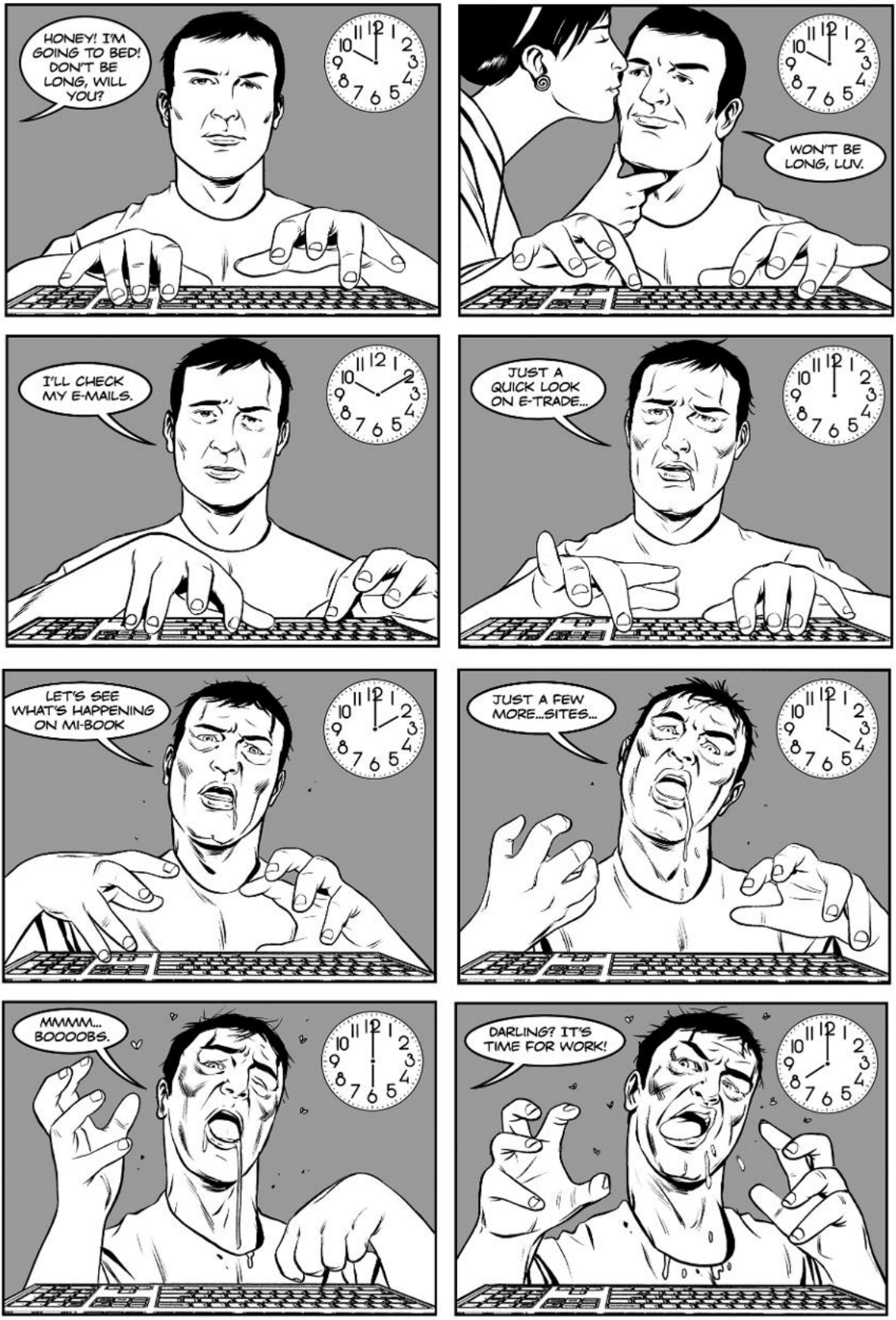

15:27
AH
15:00


22:01


END.

iZombie

Written by Paul L Mathews Art by David Golding



End.


THE RINGMASTER'S TRICK
Ladies and gentlemen, please put your hands together once again for the fabulous Tatyana Twins and the incredible Bee-Gee impersonating elephants!
Well folks, we've come to that point in the evening when we get to know each other a little better. A time when we get to share, I know I've got some things I'd like to share with you...
Let's see, who would like to be the first?
muh?
How about you, Miss? You with the candyfloss?
Ah, don't tell me, it's Alison isn't it?
That's incredible, how'd you know that?
Now now, you know better than to ask a magician his secrets.
Give her a round of applause ladies and gentlemen!
Now Alison, I just need your assistance for a magic trick, can you do that?
Yeah sure, I guess.
Marvellous.
BANG
I'd like to introduce you to a friend of mine.


Alison, I'd like to introduce you to Bongo.
Are you alright?
...I don't like clowns.
Don't like clowns?
It's okay, they just creep me out, that's all.
Really? I'd be careful not to say it too loudly...
...you'll hurt his feelings.
Say hello to Bongo.
How do you do, Bongo?
AIEEE
Bongo and I are going to do a little magic, Alison, so this is when I, or rather we, will require your assistance.
HA HA HA HA
Now are you sure you don't mind?
No it's okay, what should I do?
Just let Bongo guide you.


Lay-deez and gentlemen, it's time...


...to send in the clowns!


Oh my god!
Is this still part of the show?
It's just a magic tri
Aaugh, my spleen!
Don't eat me don't eat me
Get to the exit! Run!



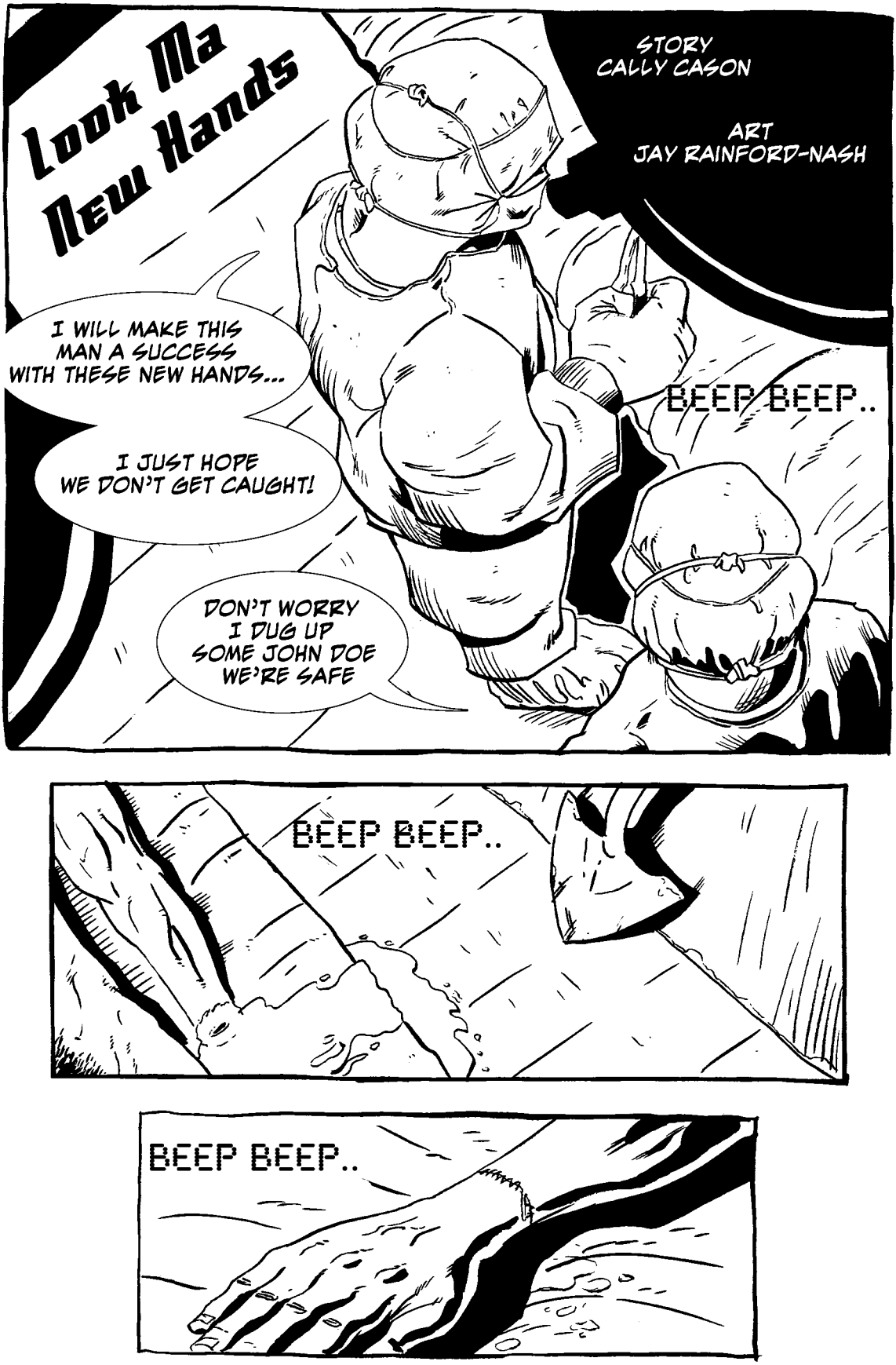





Tell me...


...was *this* the card you were thinking of?


nanananana
Drawn by Marleen Starksfield Lowe
Adapted by Stephen Michael Lowe
from the play "Dave and Jeff Versus the Evil Bloodsucking Zombies from the Nth Dimension" *by* Stephen Michael Lowe, Mark Distin *and* Danny Greenhouse.

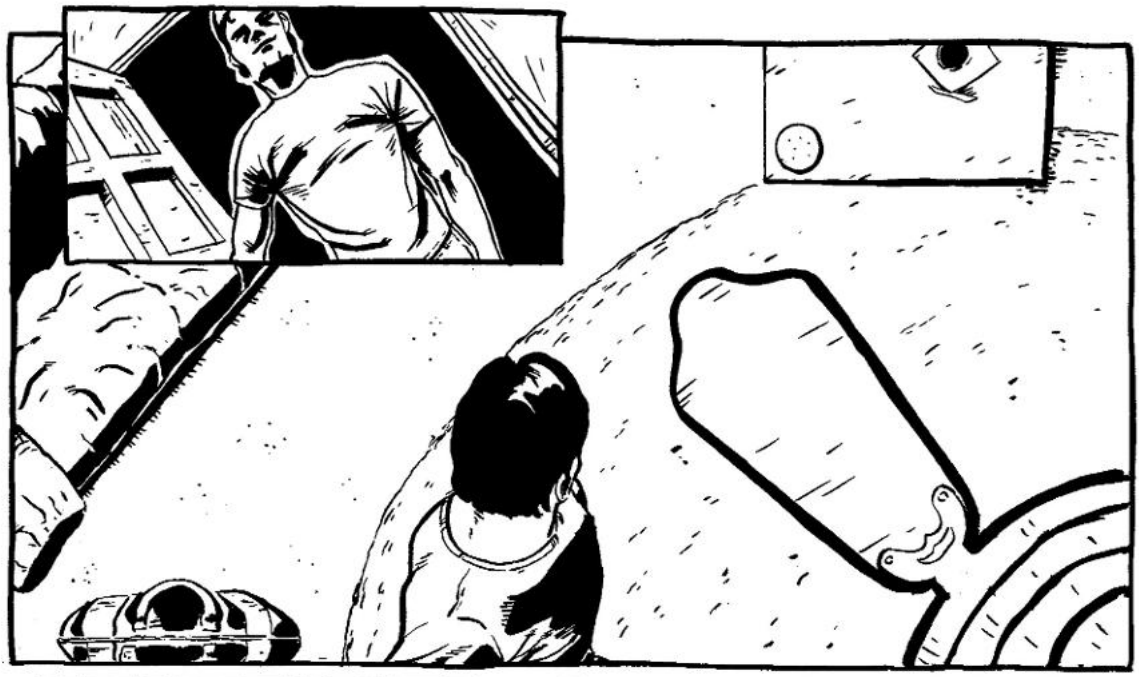

Look Ma New Hands
STORY
CALLY CASON
ART
JAY RAINFORD-NASH
I WILL MAKE THIS MAN A SUCCESS WITH THESE NEW HANDS...
I JUST HOPE WE DON'T GET CAUGHT!
DON'T WORRY I DUG UP SOME JOHN DOE WE'RE SAFE
BEEP BEEP..
BEEP BEEP..
BEEP BEEP..


ONE MONTH LATER.
AND NOW YOU SEE.. THE 9 OF DIAMONDS!
WAS THAT YOUR CARD?
YES!!
THANK YOU FOLKS


1


2


3






Went to
The Store
Back Soon
x x x

1 HOUR LATER
HELLO?
YEAH!

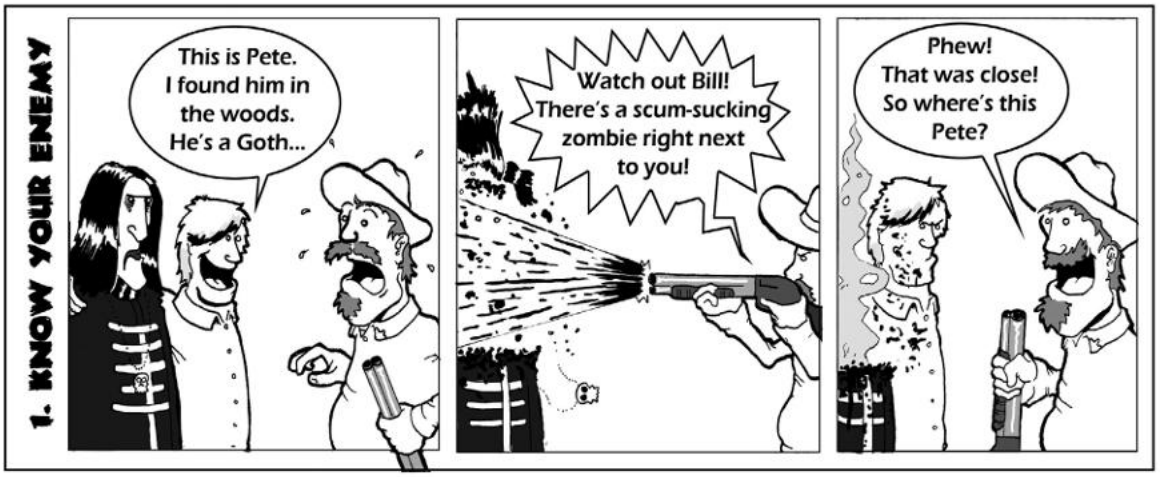

HOW MUCH DID YO....
HHHHKKKKKKKK!!
I'M SORRY YEVETTE I CAN'T STOP!!!!! I CAN'T MOVE MY HANDS!!

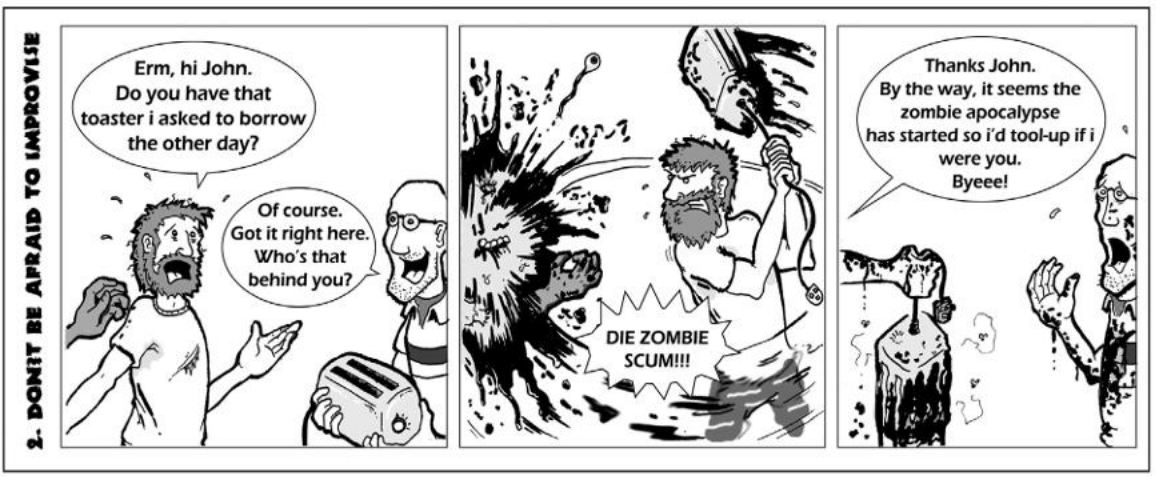

YO MAN YOU HAVE ANY CHANGE?
NO!!

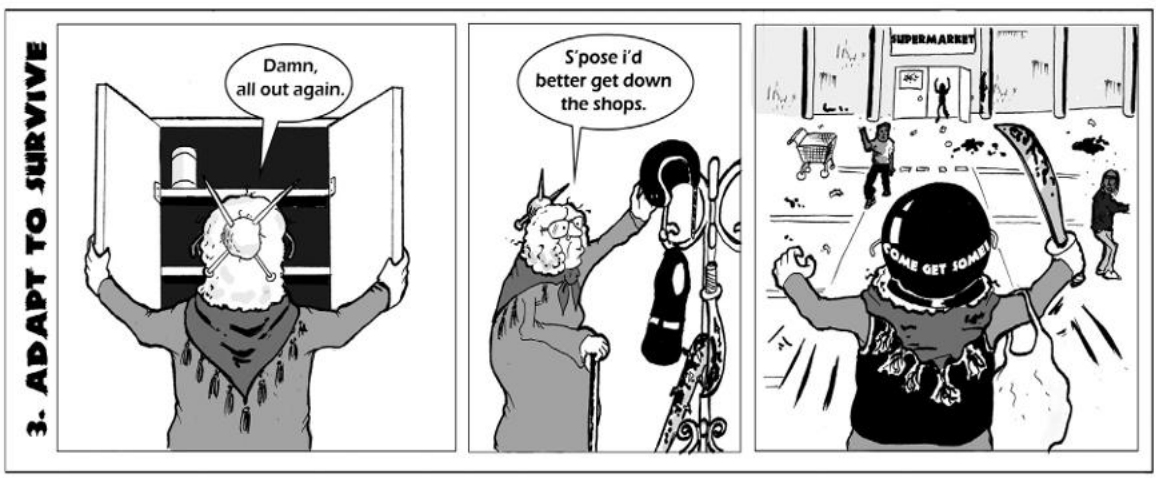

HELLO!?? NEIGHBOURS HEARD SCREAMING!
MA'AM!? IS EVERYTHING!?... DAMN IT.
GET THAT TO THE LAB
YES SIR!
GET A PICTURE OF THAT
WELL?
IT'S CARL JOHNSON
YOU DON'T MEAN THAT DIRTBAG WE BURIED A WHILE AGO?!
YES SIR.
IT CAN'T BE, I SHOT HIM MYSELF
WELL I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S HIM
GRAB YOUR SHOVELS BOYS WE HAVE SOME DIGGING TO DO
DAWN
I'M TELLING YOU IT'S NOT HIM!
FINGER PRINTS DON'T LIE
WELL THEN I GUESS WE'LL SEE

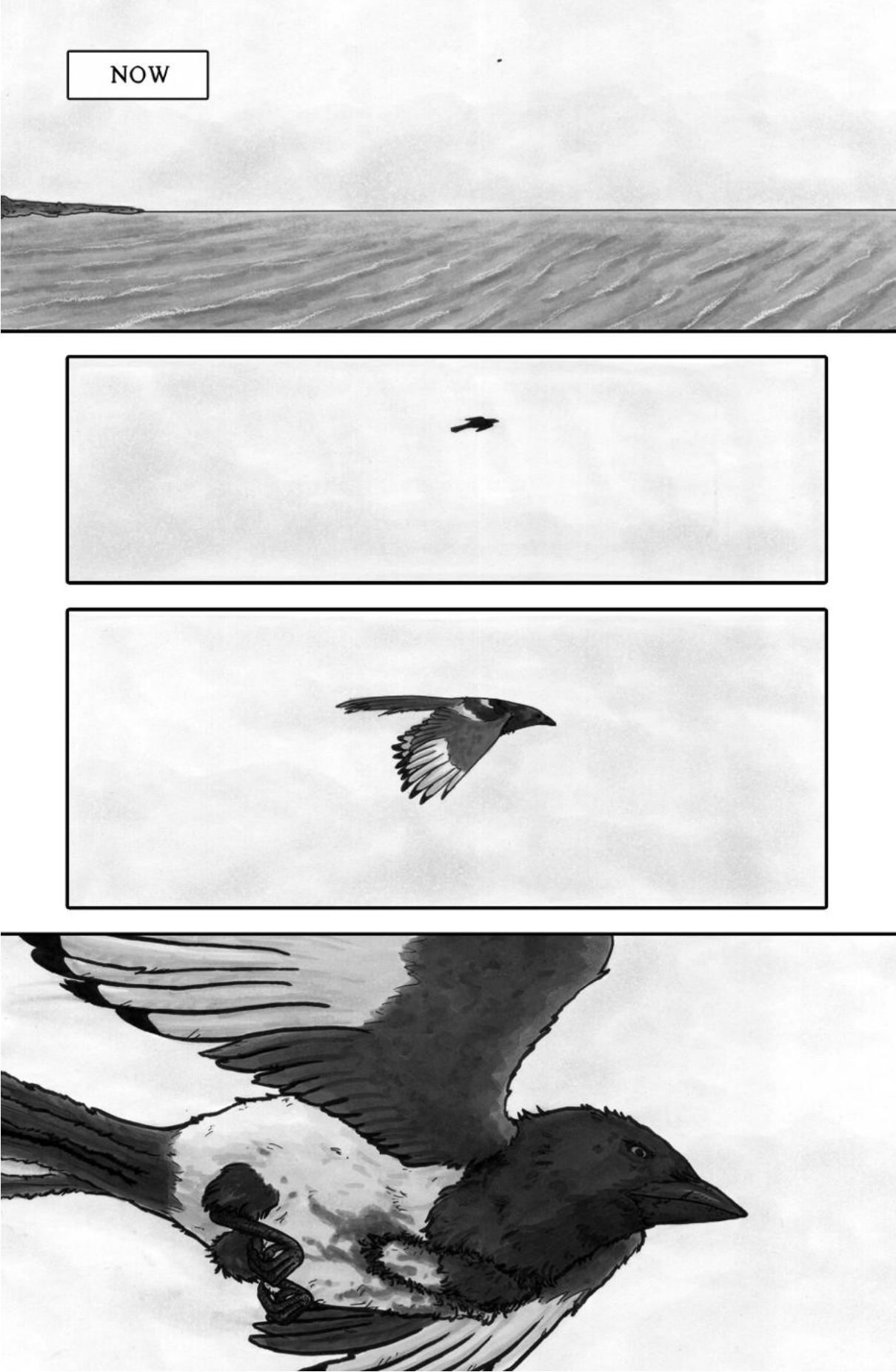

AAAAAHHHHH!!!!

ZOMBIE SHORTS



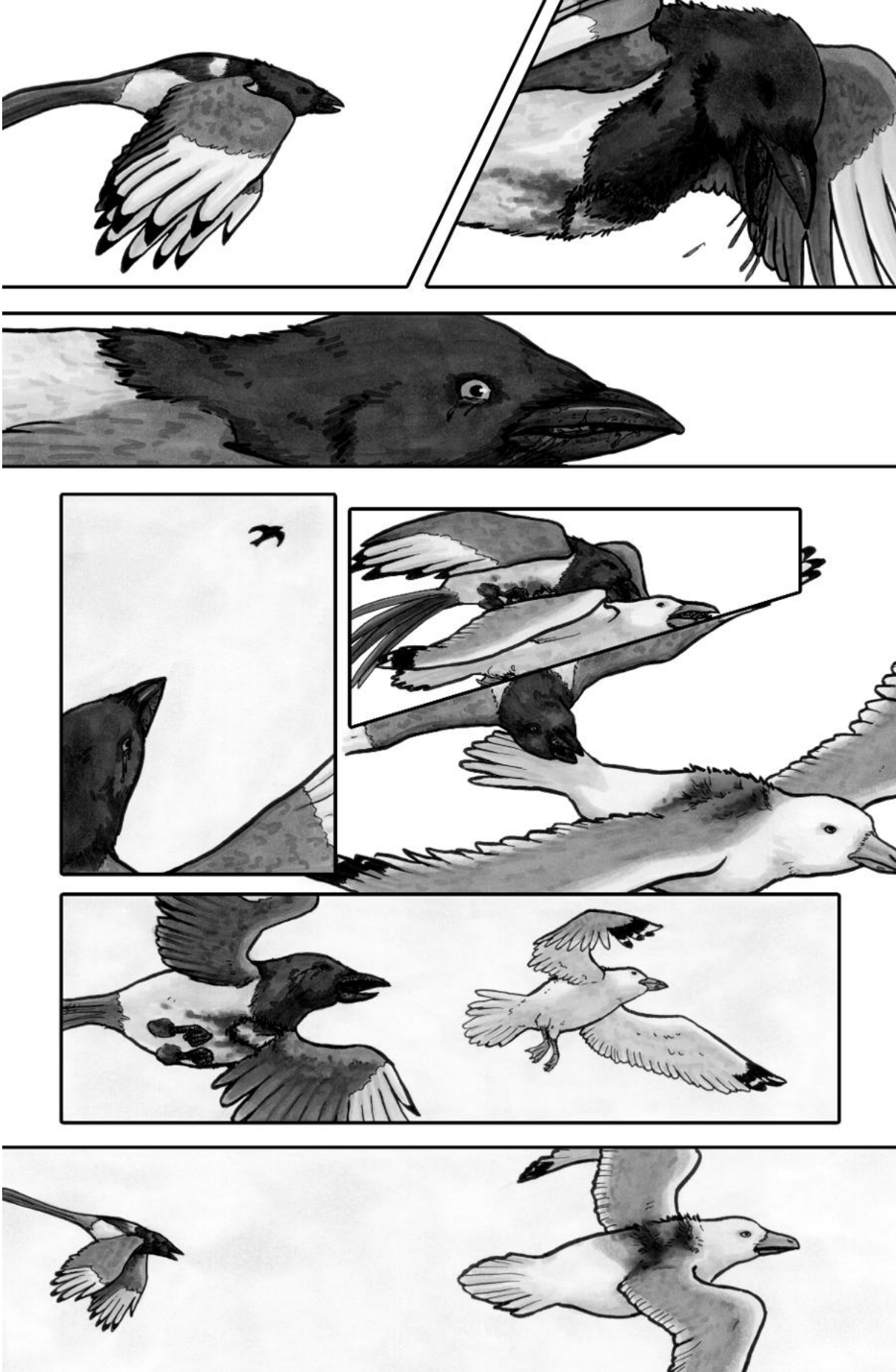





NOW


BEFORE
BANG









* 'Zombie' virus thought to be contained in Great Britain.





*MUMMY MUMMY! I FOUND A MAGPIE!



"The Long Haul"
Author: Ollie Masters Artist: Nathalie Nilsson

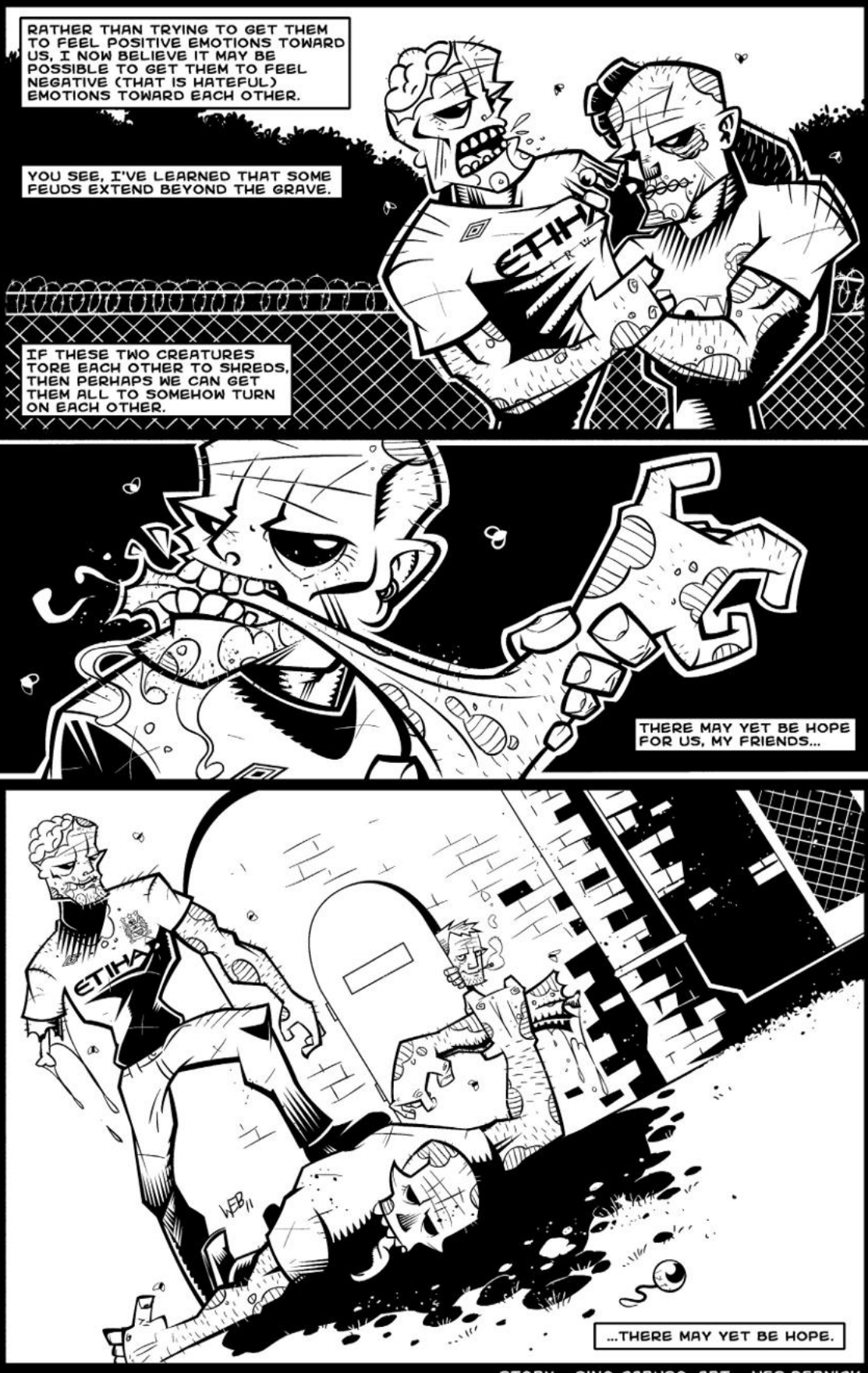
THE MANCHESTER DERBY



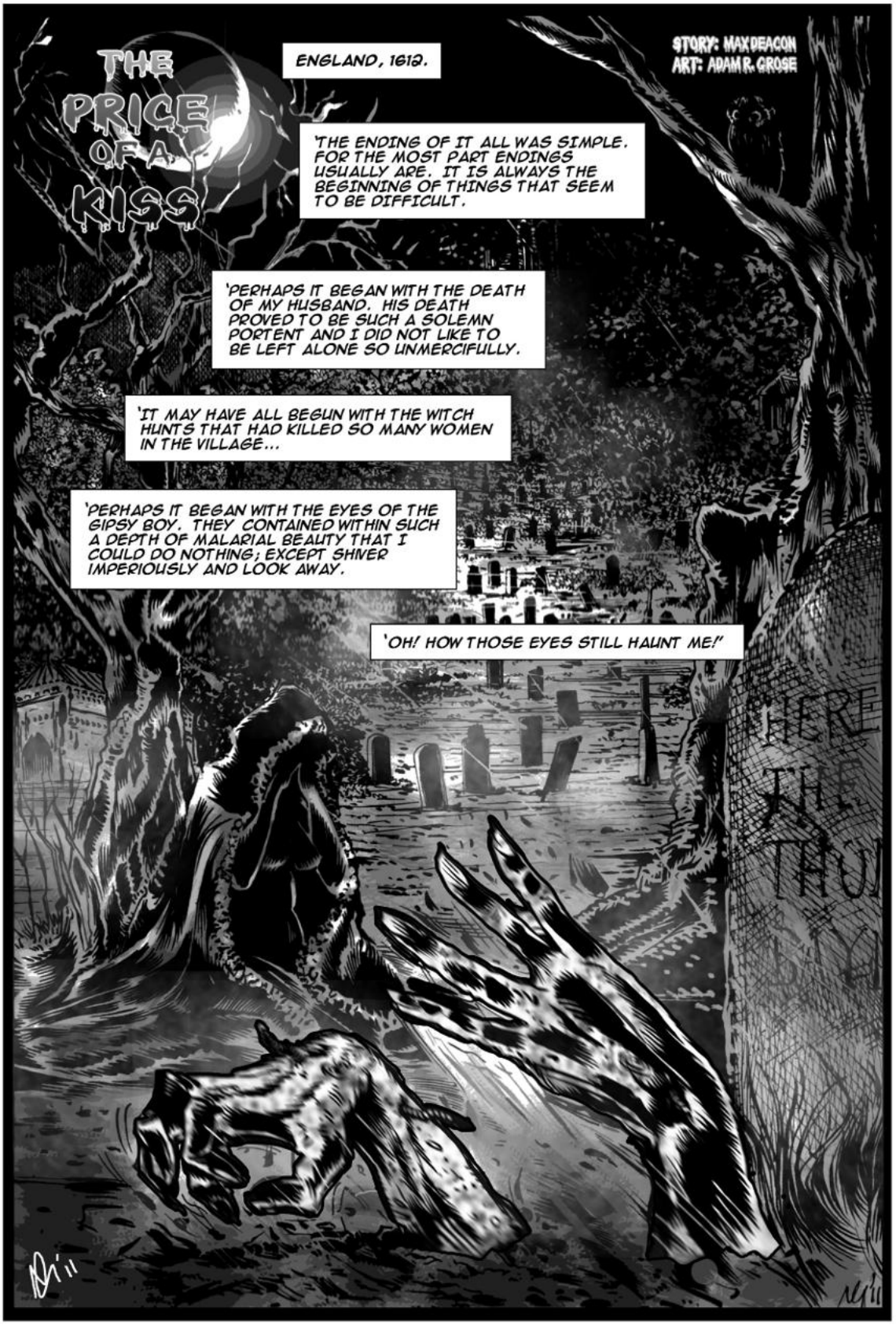



BUT, IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS, AN EVOLUTION HAS OCCURRED. I'M SURE DARWIN AND WALLACE WOULD BE PROUD TO HEAR THAT THEIR THEORY APPLIES BEYOND DEATH.
THE CREATURES HAVE BEGUN TO WORK IN TANDEM TO BETTER ENSURE THEIR SUCCESS. THEY HAVE BEEN COOPERATING WITH EACH OTHER TO MORE EFFECTIVELY HUNT DOWN PREY.
THIS IS UNPRECEDENTED IN ANY REPORTS I'VE SEEN OR HEARD FROM THE GLOBAL INFO-NET.
PREVIOUSLY, YOU MAY RECALL, THAT MY RESEARCH WAS BASED ON TRYING TO STIMULATE EMOTIONAL RESPONSES FROM THE CREATURES.
MY ORIGINAL HYPOTHESIS WAS THAT IF WE COULD AROUSE SYMPATHY OR PITY FROM THEM, THEN PERHAPS THEY'D SPARE US.
I MET WITH ABJECT FAILURE.
SNAP!


BUT THE OTHER NIGHT I SAW SOMETHING THAT HAS GIVEN ME HOPE.
I VENTURED OUTSIDE THE LAB FOR A MOMENT JUST TO GET SOME AIR IN A PART OF THE COMPOUND THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN SECURE. WELL, I BARELY ESCAPED A COORDINATED ATTACK BY TWO CREATURES.
IT WAS SOPHISTICATED AND SURPRISINGLY QUICK.
HOWEVER, IT WAS ALSO IN THE DARK AND AS SOON AS THE CHASE LED US TO AN ILLUMINATED PART OF THE GROUNDS...
...THAT'S WHEN IT CAME TO ME.
ETIHAD
AON



STORY - DINO CARUSO. ART - WES BERNICK.


THE PRICE OF A KISS
STORY: MAX BEACON
ART: ADAM R. GROSE
ENGLAND, 1612.
'THE ENDING OF IT ALL WAS SIMPLE. FOR THE MOST PART ENDINGS USUALLY ARE. IT IS ALWAYS THE BEGINNING OF THINGS THAT SEEM TO BE DIFFICULT.
'PERHAPS IT BEGAN WITH THE DEATH OF MY HUSBAND. HIS DEATH PROVED TO BE SUCH A SOLEMN PORTENT AND I DID NOT LIKE TO BE LEFT ALONE SO UNMERCIFULLY.
'IT MAY HAVE ALL BEGUN WITH THE WITCH HUNTS THAT HAD KILLED SO MANY WOMEN IN THE VILLAGE...
'PERHAPS IT BEGAN WITH THE EYES OF THE GIPSY BOY. THEY CONTAINED WITHIN SUCH A DEPTH OF MALARIAL BEAUTY THAT I COULD DO NOTHING; EXCEPT SHIVER IMPERIOUSLY AND LOOK AWAY.
'OH! HOW THOSE EYES STILL HAUNT ME!"


'I HAD MET HIM THREE NIGHTS AGO...
'AT FIRST I DID NOT SEE HIM – PERHAPS HE HAD BEEN HIDING OUT OF TIMIDITY, BUT WHEN I COULD NOT FIND MY WAY, HE SAID:
"EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT ARE YOU UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE LOST?"
'I FELT MYSELF CRIMSON, FOR I HAD NOT SPOKEN TO ANYONE IN SUCH A LONG TIME.'
WHATEVER ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?
ONLY THE STONE OF MY HUSBAND.
AH, YES. THOMAS BAYNTUN. 1568–1601.
I HAVE ALWAYS BEGGED IN THIS GRAVEYARD, MISS. I SUPPOSE I AM NOW MORE FAMILIAR WITH THE DEAD THAN WITH THE LIVING...
BUT, HOW DID YOU?
...BUT THERE IS A RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THE TWO OF YOU. PERHAPS THERE IS A LIKENESS ABOUT THE EYES AND COMPLEXION?
MY HUSBAND HAS BEEN DEAD FOR ALMOST ELEVEN YEARS. YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN?
PERHAPS...
I DO NOT MEAN TO BE UNKIND AND I DO NOT INTEND TO PRESENT MYSELF IN SUCH A MANNER...
IT'S JUST THAT... OH GOD, HOW TERRIBLY I MISS HIM!
CALL UPON HIM THEN. IF YOU MISS HIM, MAKE HIM COME TO YOU. HE OUGHT TO BE HERE NOW, WOULDN'T YOU AGREE?
WHAT!?


I AM AFRAID I DO NOT GRASP YOUR MEANING.
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I TOLD YOU I COULD BRING YOUR HUSBAND BACK FROM THE DEAD?
WELL, I WOULD SAY THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE.
WOULD YOU REFUSE ME? WOULD YOU NOT ACCEPT THE POSSIBILITY OF WHAT I OFFER?
OF COURSE I WANT MY HUSBAND BACK, AND THE LORD KNOWS I WOULD DO ANYTHING TO MAKE THAT POSSIBLE, BUT –
THEN IT IS SETTLED. ALL THAT IS TO BE DECIDED IS THE PRICE TO CHARGE FOR SUCH A BOON.
AND...WHAT IS THE PRICE?
A KISS.
'AT THAT MOMENT, IN SPITE OF MY NERVES, I WAS ABSOLUTELY CONVINCED THAT HE WAS LYING. HOW COULD A KISS BRING MY BELOVED THOMAS BACK TO ME ALIVE?'
A KISS? BUT YOU ARE SO MUCH YOUNGER THAN I.
OH, MY DEAR WOMAN! SURELY YOU DO NOT CARE MORE FOR COMMON PROPRIETY THAN YOUR OWN HUSBAND? AND SO WHAT IF I AM YOUNGER?
DOES IT MAKE MY PROMISE ANY LESS REAL?
NO...I SUPPOSE NOT.
THEN... KISS ME.


'I WAS NOT SURE WHAT TO DO IN THAT MOMENT. I HAD ASKED HIM SERIOUSLY AS TO HIS MOTIVES, PAUSING AND LOOKING HIM CALMLY IN THE FACE, BUT I REASONED: WHAT WAS A KISS IF IT MEANT THAT I COULD HAVE MY HUSBAND BACK?
'BUT HOW ALTERED! HOW FLUSHED AND FEVERISH I FELT THEN, FOR MY HUSBAND HAD NEVER KISSED ME LIKE THE GYPSY BOY HAD...
'I NO LONGER QUESTIONED THE BOY'S WORDS, FOR HIS KISS PROVED EVERYTHING TO ME – BUT STILL, I HAD NO PLEASURE.
'THE FEELING OF HIS LIPS PRESSED HARD AGAINST MY OWN EXCITED A COMBINATION OF FEELINGS THAT WOULD NOT BE EASY TO ANALYSE. IN THAT MOMENT, I WAS NOT EVEN SURE IF I WANTED MY HUSBAND BACK...
'I WAS WRONG TO KISS HIM AND NOW NOTHING CAN EXCUSE IT. I CAN NOW ONLY REGRET THAT I HAD NOT REALISED BEFORE!
'I COULD TASTE HIM ON MY LIPS FOR DAYS AFTER THAT, FOR HE TASTED ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY OF FIRE AND FURY. WHEN HE FINALLY PULLED AWAY I COVERED MY FACE WITH MY HANDS AND SAID NOTHING.'


'I HAD NOT GONE TO CHURCH IN SUCH A LONG TIME, FOR I ALWAYS HAD MY OWN OCCUPATIONS TO ATTEND TO...
'...BUT THAT DOES NOT MEAN I WAS UNCARING.
'I FEARED THE DARK MAGIC THAT THE GIPSY'S WORDS IMPLIED, BUT IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE MY DREAD BEGAN TO ABATE.
'HOW COULD IT BE EVIL TO WANT MY THOMAS BACK?
'WAS I NOW ABOVE ALL HUMAN SYMPATHIES?
'MY HUSBAND WAS A RELIGIOUS MAN, SO INTOLERABLY AGAINST THOSE WHO OPPOSED THE WORD OF GOD.
'HE HIT ME ONCE FOR ASKING IF ATTENDING CHURCH EACH WEEK WAS NECESSARY. HE STRUCK ME HARD UPON THE CHEEK AND, IN SPITE OF MY MISERY, SAID:
THOU SHALT NOT SUFFER A WITCH TO LIVE!
'IF ONLY HE COULD SEE ME NOW.'


'THAT NIGHT I HALF-EXPECTED TO SEE THE BOY AGAIN, THOUGH I SUPPOSE HIS PRESENCE DID NOT TRULY MATTER.
'I KNEW THAT HE HAD KEPT HIS WORD WHEN THE GROUND BEGAN TO QUIVER BENEATH MY FEET AND I SAW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE TRUE IMPLICATIONS OF MY ACTIONS.
'IN HIS COFFIN, I COULD PRACTICALLY HEAR THOMAS YAWN AND STIR A LITTLE, UNEASILY, IN HIS SLEEP.
'I COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT I HAD DONE, TO US BOTH!"
END.

ALL-ACTION ALL-PICTURE WAR STORIES
NO 101 NOV 26th 1974 EVERY TUESDAY

7p

GORELORD

CAN SERGEANT X SURVIVE ZOMBIE NAZIS FROM HELL?



GORE SOAKED ISSUE


INFILTRATING A MYSTERIOUS CASTLE, SERGEANT X HAS UNCOVERED A VILE NAZI PLOT TO CREATE AN UNHOLY ARMY! SURROUNDED BY HOSTILE CADAVERS AND ARMED WITH ONLY A PISTOL, HIS OPTIONS ARE RUNNING OUT...
KILL THE INTRUDER!
I HOPE THIS THING IS LOADED!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
KLIK! KLIK! KLIK!
KER-CHUNK
BLINK!
BLONK!
1

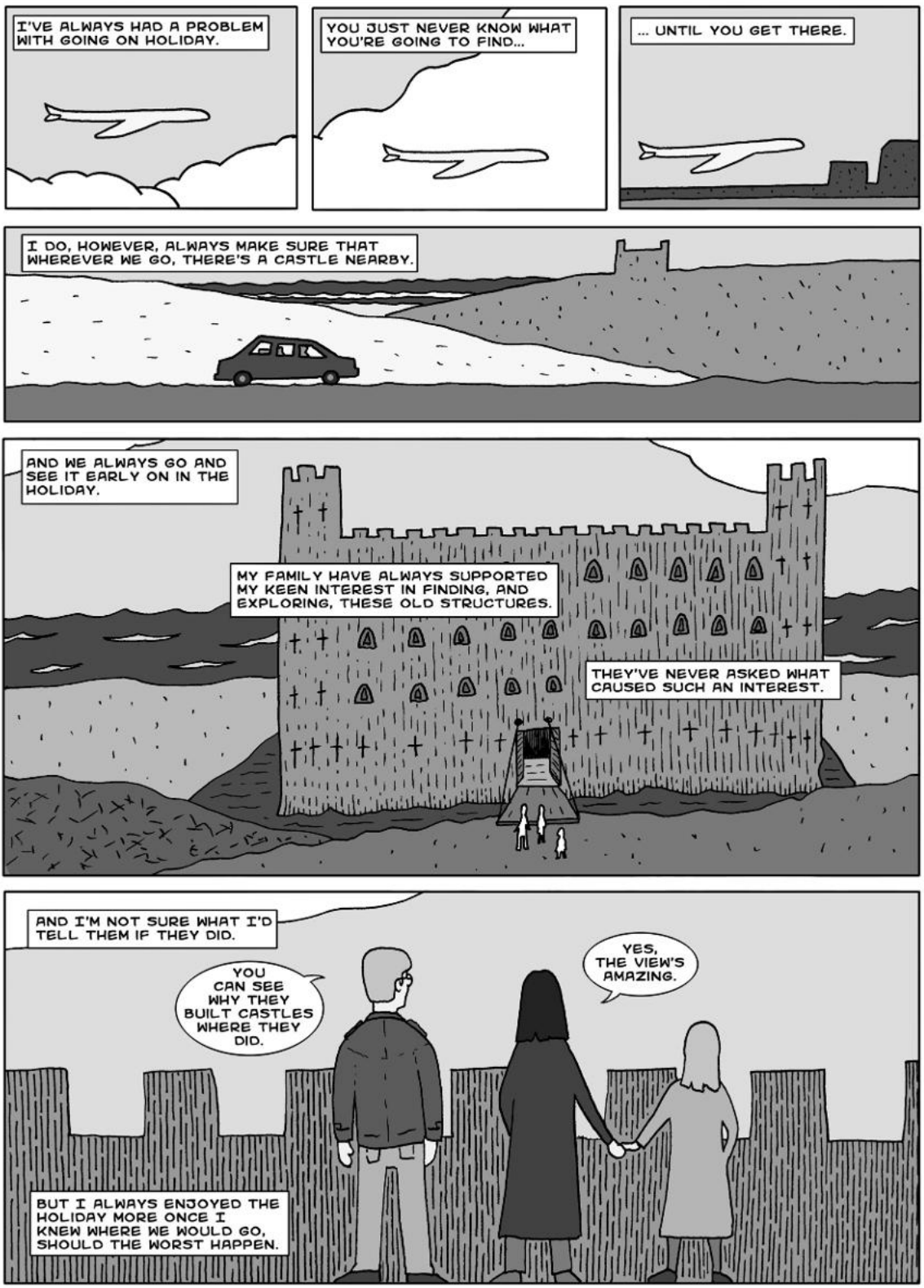

HALT!! ZURUCKTRETEN!
EASY FRITZ! THE MACHINE'S OFF!
YOMPF!
ARRRGGH!
THE NAZI SCIENTISTS HUDDLE BENEATH A TABLE, CAPTIVES OF THEIR OWN HELLISH CREATURES.
WHO, FINALLY FREE OF THEIR UNDERWATER PRISONS...
SEEK REVENGE ON THEIR JAILERS.
ARRRGGH!
GUUURRRGH!
GOTT IN HIMMEL!!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
THE DOCTOR TURNS TO ENSURE HE IS NOT FOLLOWED.
AARGH!
AUF WEIDERSEHEN, TOMMY!
HURTS LIKE HELL, DOC! BUT I DON'T GO DOWN THAT EASY!
2


IGNORING THE PAIN OF HIS SHOULDER, SERGEANT X DESCENDS INTO THE BLACKNESS.
YOU MAY HAVE DESTROYED MY LAB...
BUT YOU WON'T STOP MY PLANS TO BECOME FUHRER!
FUHRER?
WITH MY GROWING FAMILY, I AM UNSTOPPABLE!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR DINNER!
GUESS WHAT'S ON THE MENU, TONIGHT, TOMMY...?
CLK
BRITISH BEEF!
HAHAHA!
I'LL NEVER BEAT THESE CREATURES, BUT MAYBE...
HURGH!
GUUUGHH!!
...I CAN HOLD THEM BACK!
HERE GOES NOTHING!
GUUUGHH!!
3

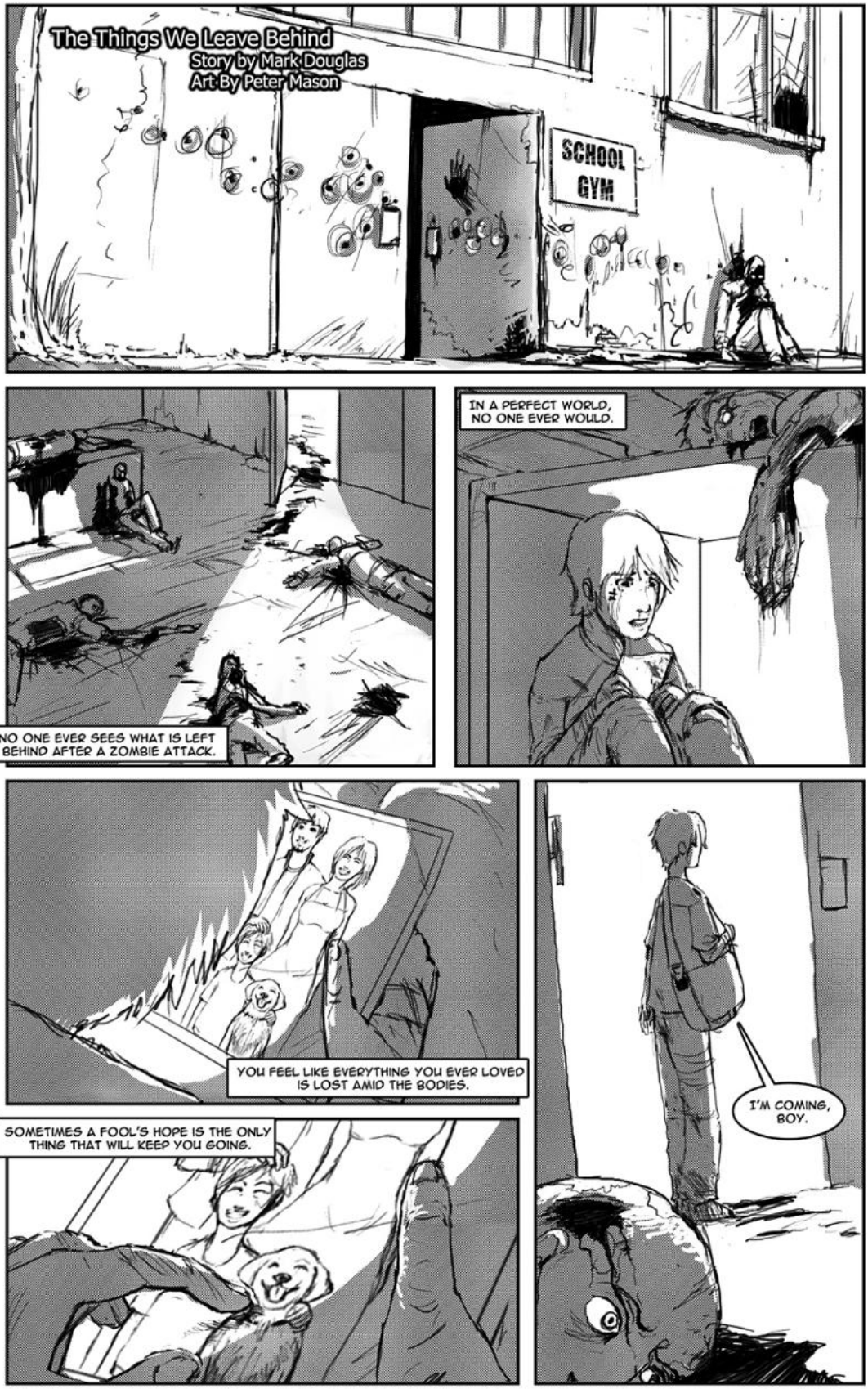

OK DOC, TIME FOR A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!
GUNS NEED BULLETS, I THINK!
THINK AGAIN, DOC!
SERGEANT 'X' DEFTLY DEMONSTRATES BRITISH INGENUITY TO THE DOCTOR...
...AND SENDS THE DEMENTED HUN TO KINGDOM COME.
GUUURRRHH
BLIMEY! THEY MUST BE HUNGRY!
SCRUNCH! OMPF! SCRUNCH! OMPF! SCRUNCH!
WE HEARD BOMBERS IN THE AREA, SIR! THANK GOODNESS WE FOUND YOU IN TIME!
VERY GOOD, CORPORAL. NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
OMPF! SCRUNCH! SCRU
MORE SLIMY JERRIES, SIR!
SCRUNCH!
THEY'LL NEVER MAKE IT, THE ROOF IS COLLAPSING...
COME ON!
MOMENTS AHEAD OF THE THE FALLING ROOF, SECTION 'X' JUMP FOR THEIR LIVES!
I GUESS THEY DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE HERE, SIR?
OFFICIALLY WE'RE NOT HERE, PRIVATE...
"...OFFICIALLY NONE OF THIS HAPPENED!"
END
4

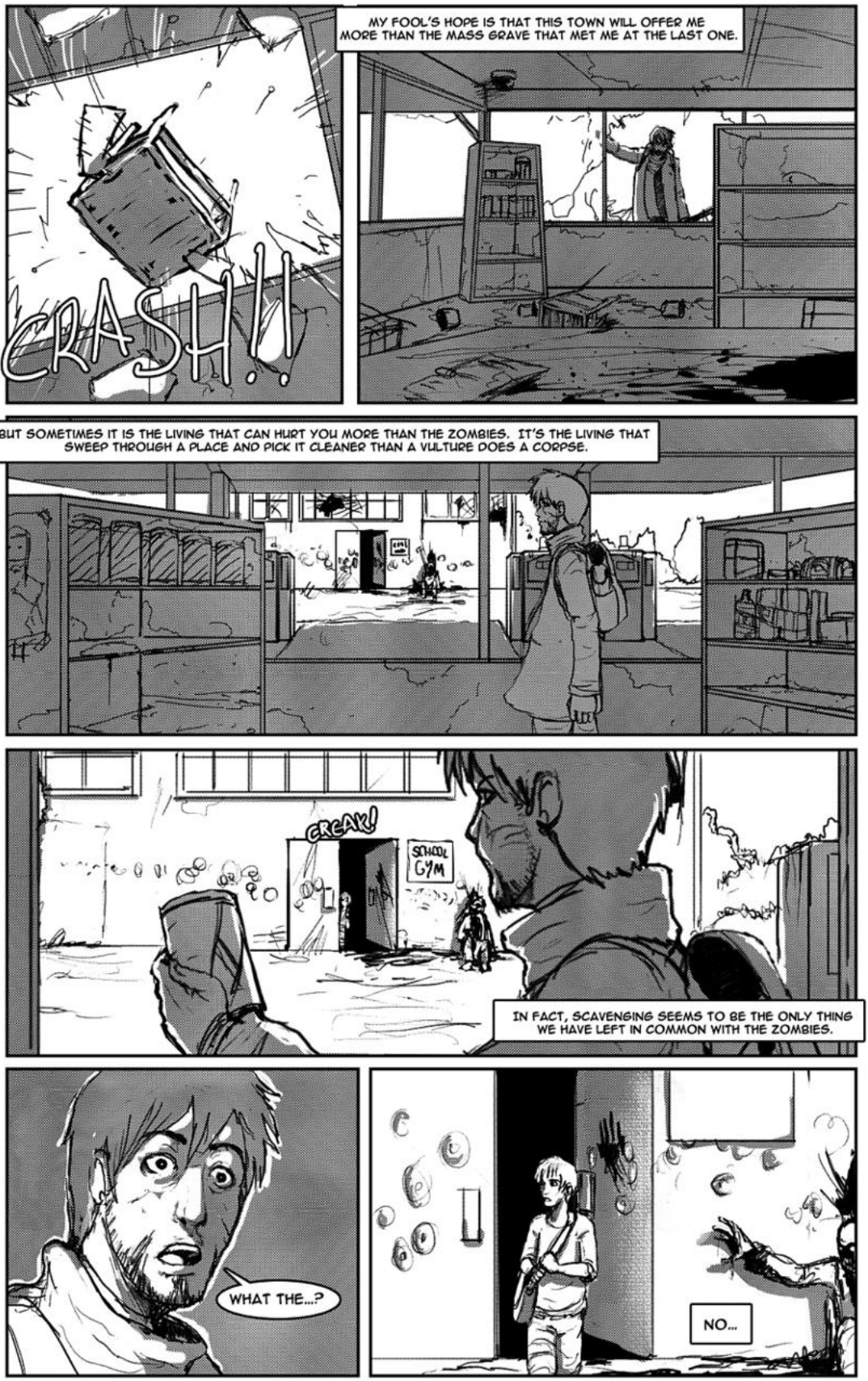
PREPARING FOR THE WAR.

PART TWO : HOLIDAYS.



BY DAVE WEST.


The Things We Leave Behind
Story by Mark Douglas
Art By Peter Mason
SCHOOL GYM
NO ONE EVER SEES WHAT IS LEFT BEHIND AFTER A ZOMBIE ATTACK.
IN A PERFECT WORLD, NO ONE EVER WOULD.
YOU FEEL LIKE EVERYTHING YOU EVER LOVED IS LOST AMID THE BODIES.
I'M COMING, BOY.
SOMETIMES A FOOL'S HOPE IS THE ONLY THING THAT WILL KEEP YOU GOING.

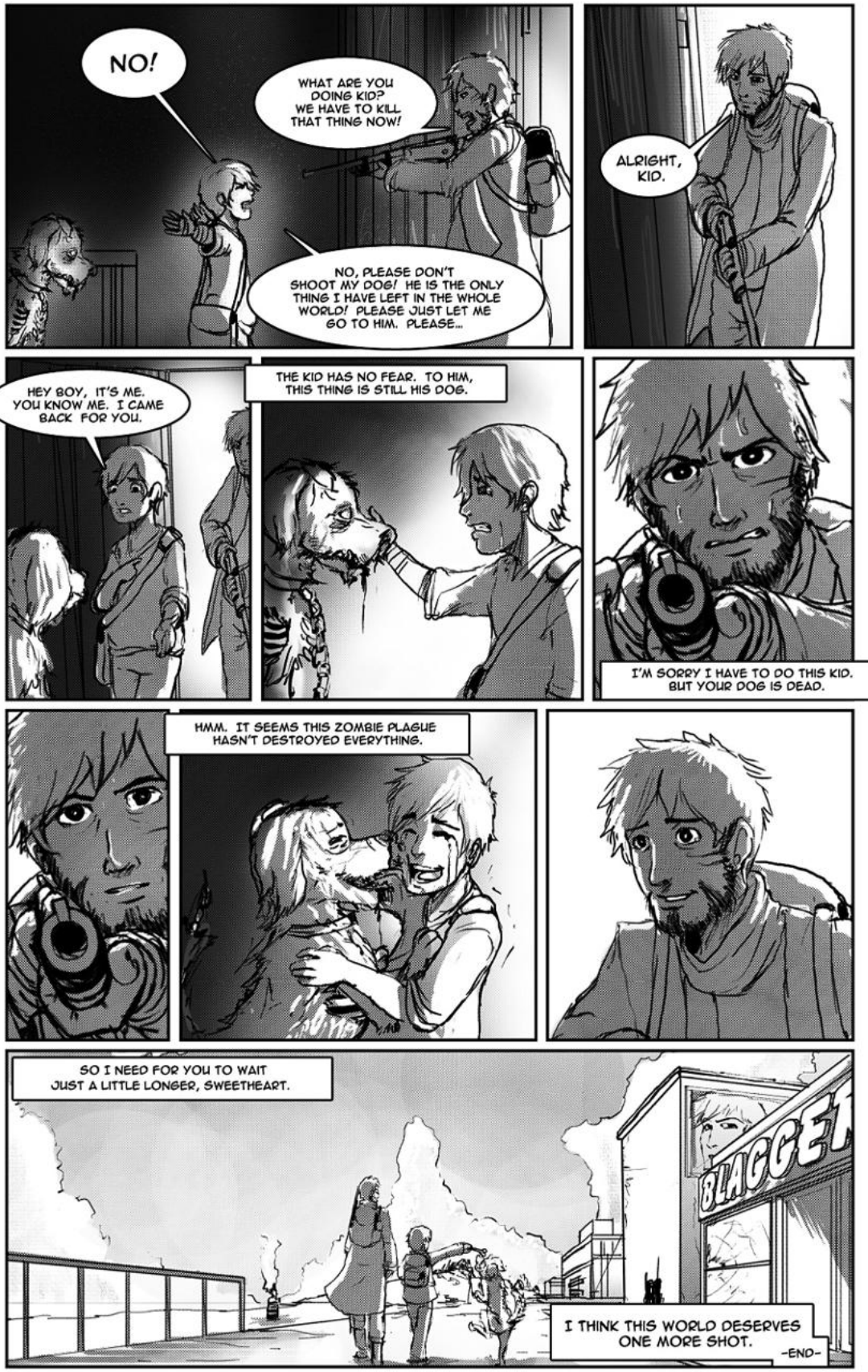

CRASH!!!
MY FOOL'S HOPE IS THAT THIS TOWN WILL OFFER ME MORE THAN THE MASS GRAVE THAT MET ME AT THE LAST ONE.
BUT SOMETIMES IT IS THE LIVING THAT CAN HURT YOU MORE THAN THE ZOMBIES. IT'S THE LIVING THAT SWEEP THROUGH A PLACE AND PICK IT CLEANER THAN A VULTURE DOES A CORPSE.
CREAK!
SCHOOL GYM
IN FACT, SCAVENGING SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY THING WE HAVE LEFT IN COMMON WITH THE ZOMBIES.
WHAT THE...?
NO...


URRGHH...
AAAHHH!!!
BANG!
ARE YOU OK, KID? DID IT BITE YOU?
I...I...UHH...
SNAP OUT OF IT, KID! HAVE YOU BEEN BITTEN?
I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T SEE IT! I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY!
IT'S OK. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. THIS WORLD IS LITTERED WITH PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T SEE THEM COMING.


THANKS, AND THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME FROM THAT THING. I HAVE TO GO NOW. I HAVE GOT TO GET HOME AS FAST AS I CAN.
HOLD ON A SEC! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? A BOY YOUR AGE CAN'T JUST WALK OUT HERE IN THE OPEN!
I HAVE TO TRY.
HOLD UP, KID. WHAT EXACTLY IS IT THAT YOU PLAN ON DOING?
I HAVE TO GET BACK HOME. WHEN ME AND MY PARENTS LEFT OUR HOUSE TO COME HERE, THEY TOLD ME THAT WE WERE NOT ALLOWED TO BRING MY DOG SAWDUST WITH US. SO MY DAD TOOK HIM AND CHAINED HIM UP INSIDE THE SHED AND LOCKED THE DOOR. I AM SURE HE IS STILL THERE AND I NEED TO GO FIND HIM.
LISTEN KID. I KNOW YOU MISS YOUR DOG AND I KNOW YOU WANT TO GO AND SEE IF HE'S OK. BUT I CAN'T IN GOOD CONSCIENCE LET YOU DO THAT. IT'S SUICIDE. SO WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH ME AND WE WILL TRY TO FIND SOMEONE WHO CAN WATCH AFTER YOU IN THE NEXT TOWN WE--
NO!!
I WON'T LEAVE HIM IN THAT SHED! HE IS ALL I HAVE LEFT!
ALRIGHT, KID. YOU LEAD THE WAY.

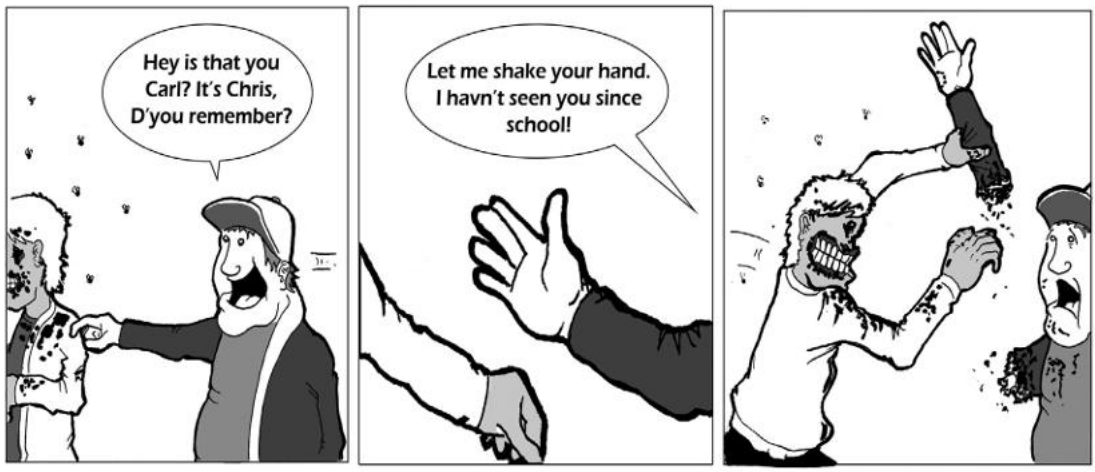

IT'S RIGHT UP AT THAT NEXT STREET LIGHT.
THAT ONE THERE?
YEAH.
WHEN WE GET THERE, I WANT YOU TO STAY HIDDEN WHILE I CHECK OUT THE SHED.
WHAT?! NO WAY! I AM NOT GOING TO HIDE IN SOME BUSH WHILE YOU GO FIND MY DOG.
TRUST ME KID, THERE MAY BE SOME THINGS IN THAT SHED THAT YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T SEE. I AM NOT TRYING TO TELL YOU WHAT TO DO. I JUST DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU GET--
MRRRHHH...
DON'T MOVE. DON'T MAKE A SOUND.
PLEASE DON'T LOOK UP. PLEASE DON'T LOOK UP.
BANG!


IT'S JUST BACK THROUGH THAT FENCE.
ALRIGHT, STAY RIGHT BEHIND ME.
THERE IT IS... BUT THE LOCK, IT'S....
IT'S OK, JUST STAY RIGHT BEHIND ME AND RUN AS FAST AS YOU CAN IF THERE IS TROUBLE.
OH SARAH, MY BEAUTIFUL BABY GIRL. I MISS YOU SO MUCH I CAN'T BREATHE. I'LL SEE YOU SOON.
SAWDUST? IS THAT YOU, BOY?
SSHH! GET BACK BEHIND ME!
SAWDUST, IT IS YOU!
WAIT KID. SOMETHING IS WRONG.
...SAWDUST?


NO!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING KID? WE HAVE TO KILL THAT THING NOW!
NO, PLEASE DON'T SHOOT MY DOG! HE IS THE ONLY THING I HAVE LEFT IN THE WHOLE WORLD! PLEASE JUST LET ME GO TO HIM. PLEASE...
ALRIGHT, KID.
HEY BOY, IT'S ME. YOU KNOW ME. I CAME BACK FOR YOU.
THE KID HAS NO FEAR. TO HIM, THIS THING IS STILL HIS DOG.
I'M SORRY I HAVE TO DO THIS KID. BUT YOUR DOG IS DEAD.
HMM. IT SEEMS THIS ZOMBIE PLAGUE HASN'T DESTROYED EVERYTHING.
SO I NEED FOR YOU TO WAIT JUST A LITTLE LONGER, SWEETHEART.
I THINK THIS WORLD DESERVES ONE MORE SHOT.
-END-

ZOMBIE SHORTS

4. ZOMBIES ARE NOT FRIENDS



5. BEWARE OF HITCHHIKERS



6. WASTE NOTHING




DEAD BEATS
SCRIPT DAVID HALLWOOD
ART & NEIL ALEXANDER
'COURSE, IN MY DAY ALL WE HAD WAS SHUFFLIN'
Established by David Hallwood and Neil Alexander 1999
No Smoking
AYE.
NONE OF THAT FANCY 'RUNNIN' AROUND, CHASIN' AFTER PEOPLE' BOLLOCKS.
I MEAN, LOOK AT HIM. LOOK AT THE BASTARD!
I'M RUNNING! I'M RUNNING!
OI! STOP THAT!
I'M BITING! I'M BITING!
I'M EATING YOUR BRAIN! I'M EATING YOUR BRAIN!
YOU ABSOLUTE BOUNDER!


CAFFEINE INJECTED ZOMBIES.
MAKES YOU BLOODY SICK!
THINK YOURSELF LUCKY. IN MY DAY WE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE CANNIBALISM. TO EAT A MAN'S BRAINS WAS CONSIDERED THE HEIGHT OF BAD MANNERS.
WHAT DID YOU EAT INSTEAD?
CHIPS... PIE...JAM ROLLY-POLLY'S
WHATEVER WAS ON THE MENU, REALLY
TAKES ALL KINDS, I SUPPOSE.
COULD BE WORSE. 'LEAST I'M NOT ONE OF THEM REANIMATED ZOMBIES.
KILL ME!
MANY HAVE TRIED, ALBERT. MANY HAVE TRIED.


SO, ANYWAY... HOW'S YOUR MISSUS?
CRACK!
HEY, DEADBEATS!
COME TO PAPA!
SLICE!
CHOP!
DIE, YOU ZOMBIE BASTARDS! DIIIIE!!!


DO YOU MIND?
WE WERE HAVING A CONVERSATION!
PICKLES of the dead
OH. ER...SORRY.
I'LL, UH, COME BACK LATER SHALL I?
TOSSER!
SORRY!
WAVE!
KIDS THESE DAYS. EH LARRY?
MAKES YOU BLOODY SICK.
AYE.
GET US A STRAW WILL YER FRANK?
FOR SOME REASON, I CAN'T SEEM TO REACH ME PINT...
THE END


RETRIBUTION.
Story - Jim Schwitzer. Art - Graeme Howard.


SIR?
SIR!
NO NEED TO SHOUT, MAN. I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME.
THEN WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO ANSWER THE QUESTION, PLEASE?
NO.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "NO"?
I DO NOT BELIEVE IT NECESSARY TO DISTURB THE SERGEANT AT THIS HOUR.
HE WILL KNOW SOON ENOUGH.
SIR, PROPER PROCEDURE DICTATES THAT WE SHOULD INFORM THE SERGEANT AT ONCE WHEN...
I AM WELL AWARE OF WHAT PROCEDURE DICTATES, OFFICER.
"DETECTIVE", SIR.
YES "DETECTIVE" THEN.
TELL ME, "DETECTIVE",
WHAT IS THE PROCEDURE...


... FOR STEALING FANCY POCKET WATCHES FROM FRESH CORPSES?
I THINK THE SERGEANT WILL BE RATHER RELIEVED TO KNOW THAT THE KILLER IS DEAD.
FOR WEEKS NOW WE HAVE BEEN INVESTIGATING THE MURDERS OF CHILDREN ALL OVER LONDON.
13 IN TOTAL.
THERE WAS NO REAL REASONING FOR WHO OR WHY HE KILLED...
ORPHANS, RICH CHILDREN; LAME CHILDREN -- DEAR GOD, EVEN BABIES.
NONE OF THEM WERE EXCUSED.
THE ONLY WAY TO TELL THAT IT WAS THE SAME MURDERER WAS BY THE CHOSEN METHOD OF DEATH; ALL CHILDREN WERE BRUTALLY BLUDGEONED.
AND NOW THE DEMENTED BASTARD LAY BETWEEN MY BOOTS.
I HOPE HELL IS PAINFUL.


I WAS ONCE A NEGLECTED ORPHAN,
AND KNOW WELL THE CRUELTY OF ADULTS.
SIR, CAN YOU SPARE A FEW PENCE?
HMPH! GET AWAY, RAT!


YEARS AGO, THE STREETS WERE FLOODED WITH ORPHANS LIKE ME.
HEY!
WE WERE CONSIDERED VERMIN TO EVERYONE ON THE STREET. SOME WORKED AS CHIMNEY SWEEPS; SOME DID OTHER ODD JOBS, BUT MOST WERE BEGGARS AND THIEVES.
ST. OLAF ORPHANAGE


EVEN THE ADULTS WE WERE SUPPOSED TO TRUST TO CARE FOR US WERE NOTHING MORE THAN ABUSIVE DRUNKS.
Kitche
I LOATHED THEM.
WHERE THE 'ELL 'AV YOU BEEN?
YOU 'EAR ME ... EH?
HA!
LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL BE 'AVING FRESH MEAT AFTER ALL!
HEH-HEH


NONE OF THE CHILDREN ATE THAT NIGHT.
I SPREAD WORD OF WHAT THE COOK HAD DONE WITH THE RAT AND WE ALL WENT TO BED WITH EMPTY BELLIES...
EXCEPT THOSE IN THE HOSPITAL WING.
NO ONE COULD GET IN TO TELL THEM NOT TO EAT THE STEW.
MY OWN BROTHER WAS IN THERE.
THAT NIGHT, SOMETHING ATTACKED THE WATCHMAN.
YEEEEEAAAARRH!
THE FIRE SPREAD QUICKLY.
AND AS I RUSHED TO ESCAPE...
I THINK I SAW MY BROTHER.
CREEK


NO ADULTS SURVIVED THAT FIRE.
RUMORS SPREAD THROUGH THE STREETS OF UNDEAD ORPHANS AND VENGEANCE. LIFE BECAME MUCH BETTER FOR US.
NOW, ANYONE WHO HARMS CHILDREN ENDS UP DEAD IN THE STREETS
I KNOW WHAT HAPPENS...
EY?!?
LIKE 'ELL! THAT WAS MY WATCH!
I'LL TEACH YOU, RAT!"
DETECTIVE LET HIM GO!
FOR THE LAST TIME, LET HIM GO DETECTIVE
YOU STOLE IT JUST AS HE DID. BUT HE HAD THE COURAGE TO TAKE IT FROM THE LIVING. LEAVE HIM BE DETECTIVE."
GO TO 'ELL, OLD MAN!
OWWW!


‹Bucharest fell in short order because Operation Einherjar was brilliant.›*
BOOM
*TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN
‹In Phase One we shelled the enemy with Yperite gas that had been augmented with your master's special formula...›
‹And we watched the monsters finish off their comrades, doing our work for us from behind their own fortifications...›
‹In Phase Two we rounded up these living dead and sent them home to their villages and towns...›
‹Into the arms of their loved ones›






<Herr Knock, the Kaiser requires more formula from your master for grander plans>
<Count Orlok need only name his price.>


TRANSYLVANIA. ALL OF IT.>
> WHEN THE ROMANIANS INVADED, THEY WEREN'T KIND TO THE COUNT'S...PEOPLE. THE COUNT'S VENGEANCE WILL LAST GENERATIONS.>


<King Orlok it shall be.>
<But where is your Master, that I may personally deliver a token of the Kaiser's gratitude?>


LES
PROPHETIES
DE M. MICHEL
NOSTRADAMUS
> THE COUNT'S STUDIES HAVE LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF A SUITABLE PROTEGE FOR HIS LEGACY.>


> HE TRAVELS TO MEET WITH THIS DECORATED SOLDIER.>



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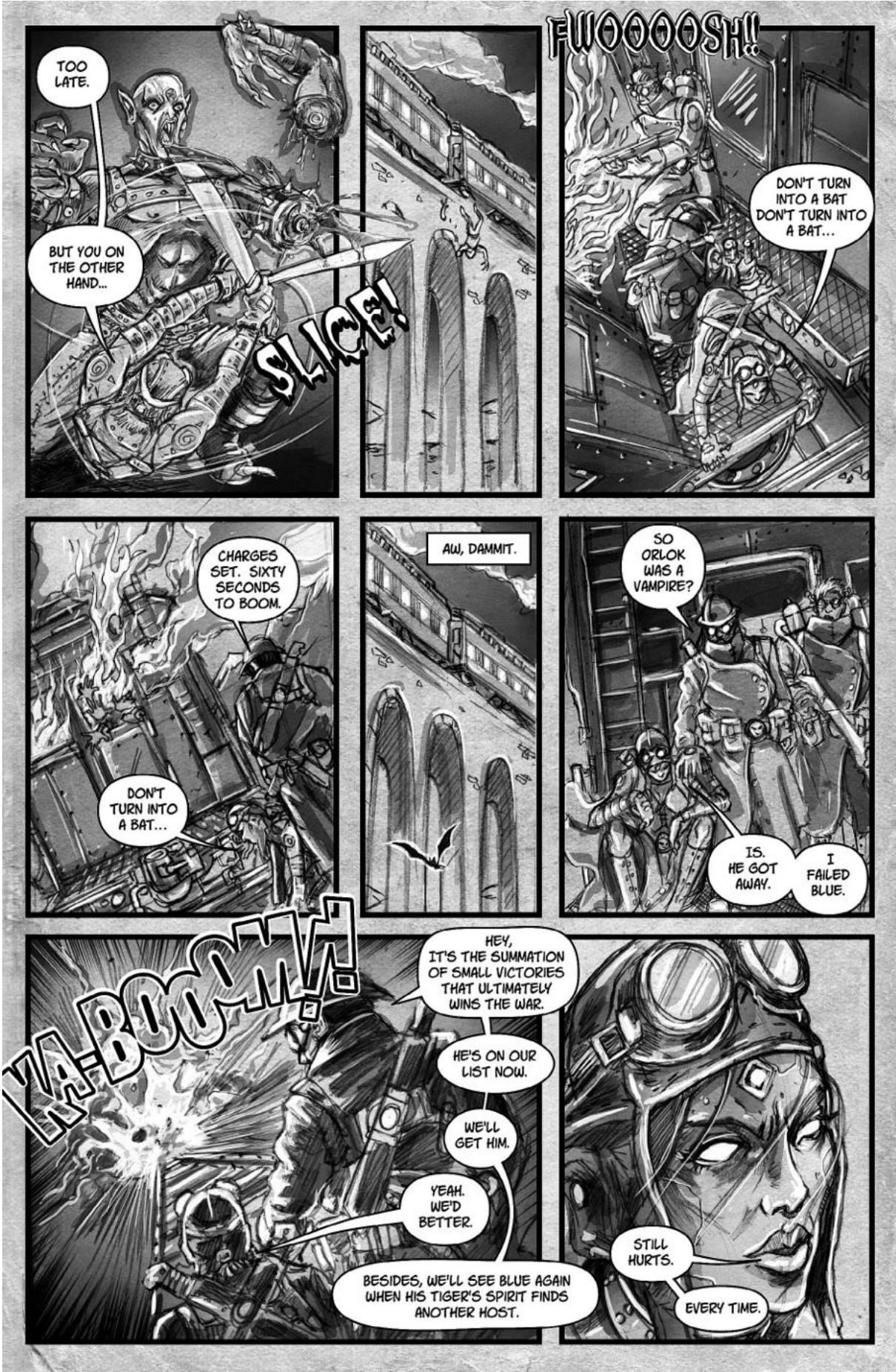

ZOMBIE GIRL, HE'S AN OLD MAN, SO GO EASY. HE CAN'T STAND TRIAL FOR CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY IF HE'S DEAD.
FINE. I'LL JUST CHEW ON HIM A LITTLE.
I'M KIDDING.
KINDA.
WHAM!
A COFFIN?
OH, THIS CAN'T BE GOOD.
CREEEEEEK
FILLED WITH DIRT. DEFINITELY NOT GOOD.
RUSTLE
WHAT WAS THAT?


SKREEEEEEEE!!!
AH! GET IT OFF--!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
Z! HELP--!!
CH-AFF!
LIGHT DAMMIT...
WHAT THE--? ORLOK!?
AW, SPIT. YOU'RE THE DEMON!


EGY AMERIKAI ZOMBIE? MILYEN RDEKES.
N NEM VOLT GONDOLAT VALAKI HASONL ITT LL FENN.
HNRFF!
ENGLISH, YOU BASTARD. NO SPRECHEN SIE PSYCHOPATH.
GRASH!
GRRR!
OBEY ME!
OBEY---
SWIKT

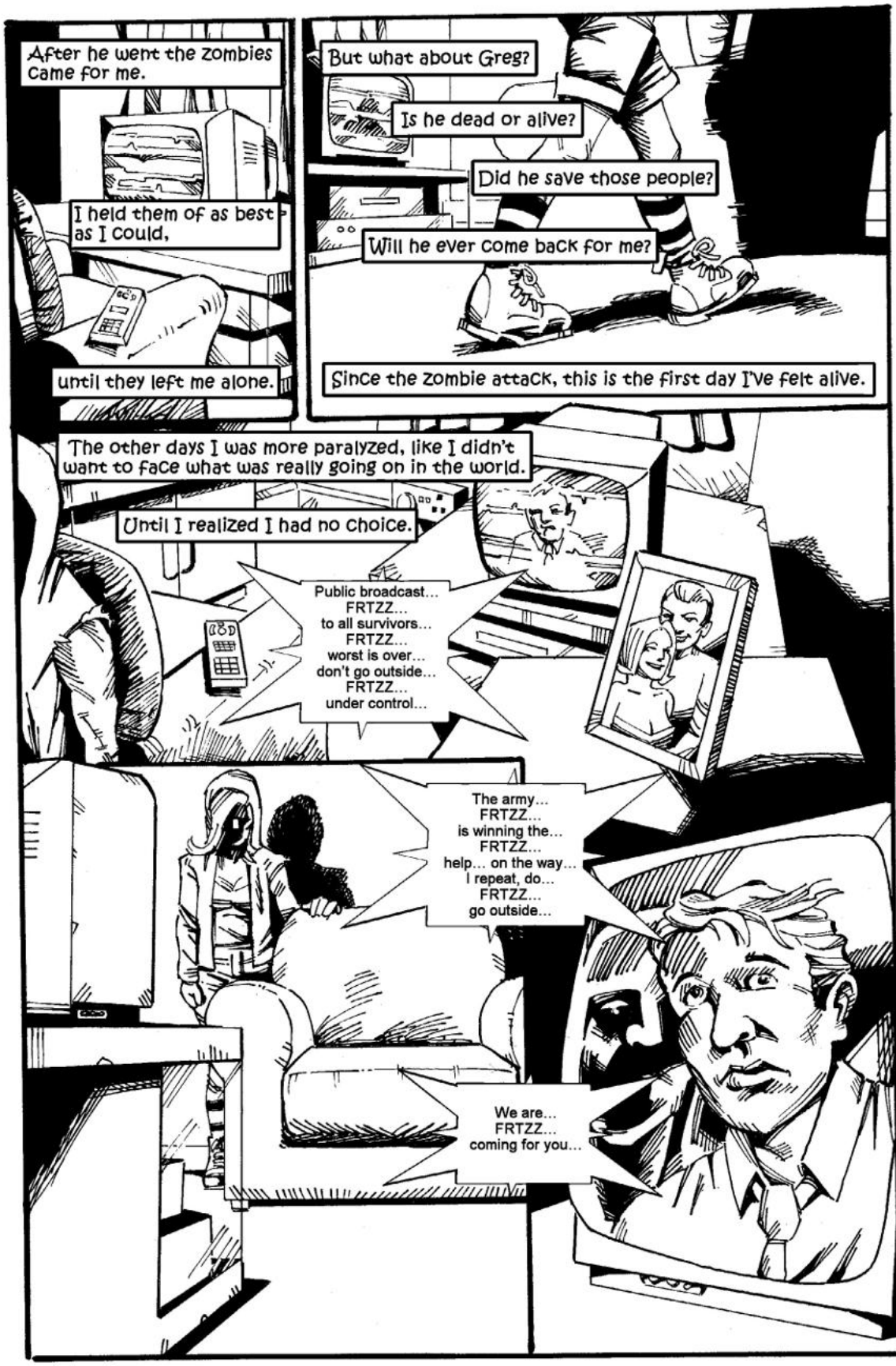

SHLUCK
--THIS!
CRASH!
PITIFUL CREATURE. YOUR STRUGGLE IS FUTILE.
LET'S SEE HOW FUTILE SIX ROUNDS OF SILVER-JACKETED OAK STAKES WITH HOLY WATER LACQUER ARE.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
OH, NICE SHOOTING, Z. AIM MUCH?
DAMN, HE'S FAST.


SMASH!
HERE. WHERE YOU BELONG, WITH THE REST OF THE SWINE. WITH YOUR KIND.
OH SPIT!
CRACK!
Z!
THE CARS ARE FILLED WITH ZOMBIES! BLOW 'EM TO HELL!
NOW YOU DIE!


TOO LATE.
BUT YOU ON THE OTHER HAND...
SLICE!
FWOOOOSH!!
DON'T TURN INTO A BAT DON'T TURN INTO A BAT...
CHARGES SET. SIXTY SECONDS TO BOOM.
DON'T TURN INTO A BAT...
AW, DAMMIT.
SO ORLOK WAS A VAMPIRE?
I FAILED BLUE.
IS. HE GOT AWAY.
KA-BOOM!!
HEY, IT'S THE SUMMATION OF SMALL VICTORIES THAT ULTIMATELY WINS THE WAR.
HE'S ON OUR LIST NOW.
WE'LL GET HIM.
YEAH. WE'D BETTER.
BESIDES, WE'LL SEE BLUE AGAIN WHEN HIS TIGER'S SPIRIT FINDS ANOTHER HOST.
STILL HURTS.
EVERY TIME.


Pasewalk Military Hospital, Northern Germany.
October, 1918
<THE END OF GERMANY IS NEAR. IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME, NOW.>
<I AM SICK. SICK WITH HATRED FOR THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FUTURE THAT IS JUST NOW DAWNING.>
<LORD I BEG YOU DELIVER UNTO ME A SIGN THAT I AM TO BE THINE INSTRUMENT OF GERMANY'S RESURRECTION.>
(GOOD EVENING, MY SON. MY JOURNEY TO MEET YOU HAS BEEN LONG AND ARDUOUS.)
<YOURS IS THE IMAGE FROM MY FEVERED DREAMS!>
<FOR MONTHS HAVE I AWAITED THIS MOMENT, MY MASTER.>
(OUR UNION HAS BEEN FORETOLD BY THE GODS.)
(COME. THERE ARE MANY PREPARATIONS TO BE MADE.)
PATIENT: HITLER, ADOLPH.
THE END?


I had a nightmare last night.
I dreamt I was being chased by people.
I don't know why.
And when they caught me, I kept on falling, never stopping.
Then I woke up.
I've had the dream for a few days now.
But reality was still the nightmare.
Zombies ruled the world.
The dead reanimated, killing and feeding on anyone not like them.
They either can't see me or they're not interested. Either way I don't care.
The outbreak caught everyone by surprise. Damn scientists and their "playing god" mentality.
After the shock there were the screams. People running for their lives. Children crying for their parents. I insisted on hiding
But Greg, he couldn't do it. He said he would get help and come back for me.
That was 3 days ago.
And I'm still alone.
ONE WAY OUT.
Story - MARTIN FISHER
Artwork - JOHN CAHILL


After he went the zombies came for me.
I held them of as best as I could,
until they left me alone.
But what about Greg?
Is he dead or alive?
Did he save those people?
Will he ever come back for me?
Since the zombie attack, this is the first day I've felt alive.
The other days I was more paralyzed, like I didn't want to face what was really going on in the world.
Until I realized I had no choice.
Public broadcast... FRTZZ... to all survivors... FRTZZ... worst is over... don't go outside... FRTZZ... under control...
The army... FRTZZ... is winning the... FRTZZ... help... on the way... I repeat, do... FRTZZ... go outside...
We are... FRTZZ... coming for you...


All I can do is sit and wait, and wonder.
When will I wake up properly? I never want to experience anything like this again.
When our food truck stopped delivering the basics, desperate measures had to be resorted to.
I don't want to, but I must.
I just want all of this to end.
I want a way out.


BLAM
BLAM BLAM
Is this it? Am I saved?

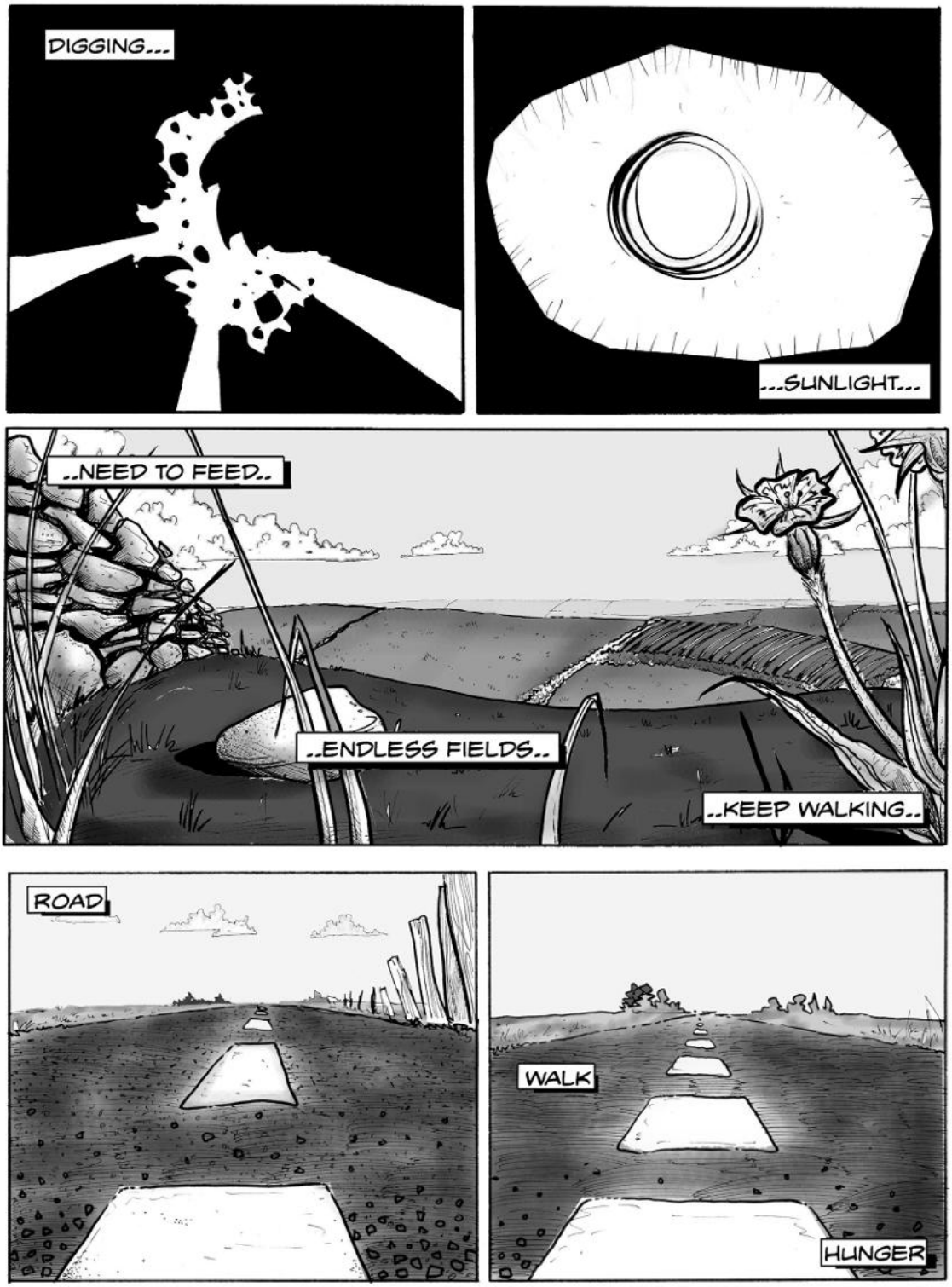

Poor guy. He never stood a chance.
I should at least do something for him.
BLAM
AMBER!
Greg?
IT'S ME AMBER. WE'RE HERE TO GET YOU OUT.


Thank god you're alive. I thought you'd never come back for me.
Greg... is something wrong?
I SAID THIS MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.
MY GOD JUST LOOK AT HER
Who's she? Can't you hear me?
Please... just get me out of here.
We can be together.
YOU HAVE TO GET HER!
SHE'S MY WIFE...
THERE'S NO CHOICE. IF YOU DON'T WE WON'T SURVIVE.
What are you doing?
I'M SO SORRY. I LOVE YOU AMBER.
Why would you want to hurt me?
BLAM
Wait. Stop. Please just listen...

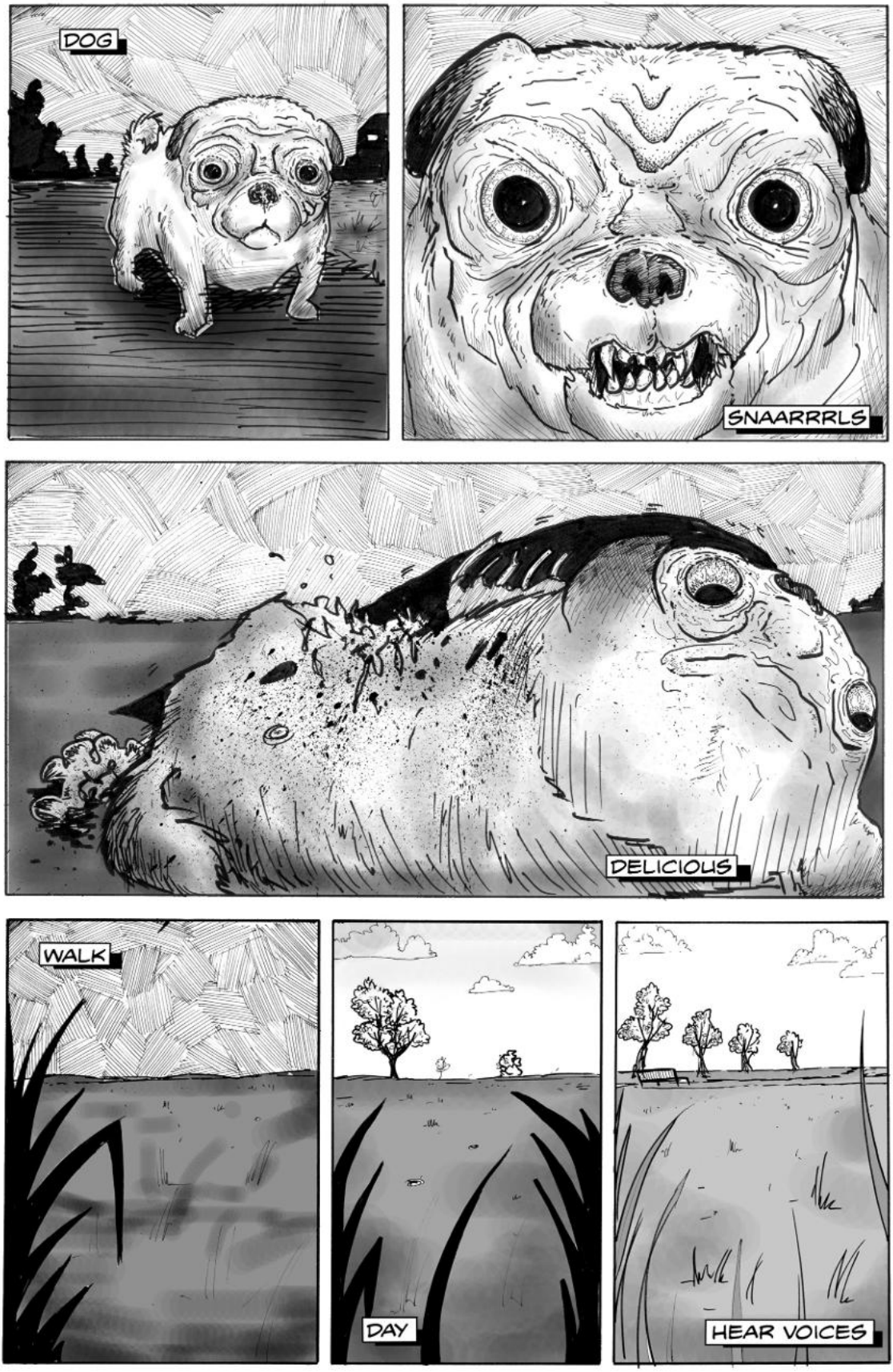

2
THE END.

WHAT AM I?

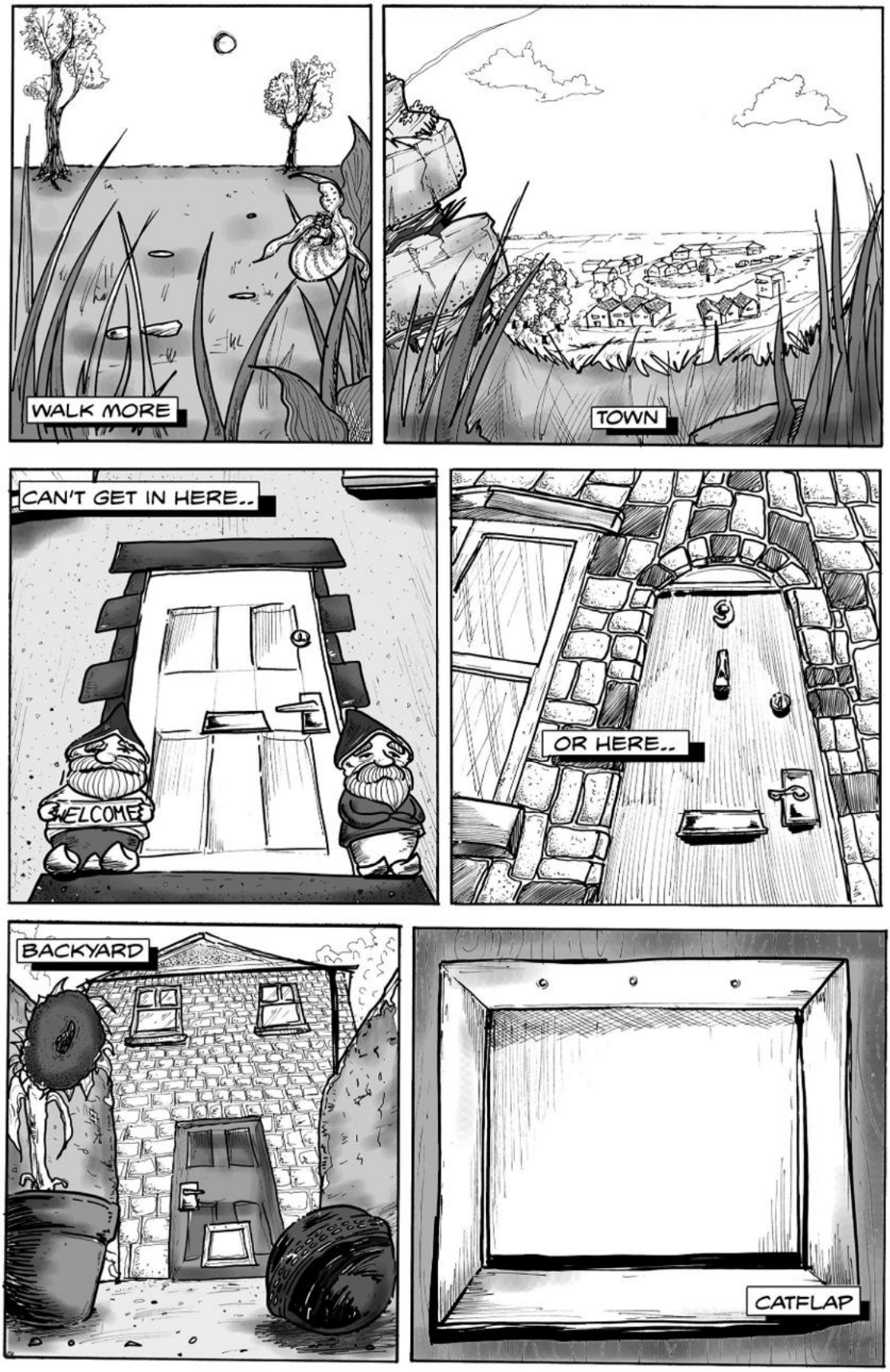
STORY BY RYAN DOMAN
ART BY DAVE HUGHES



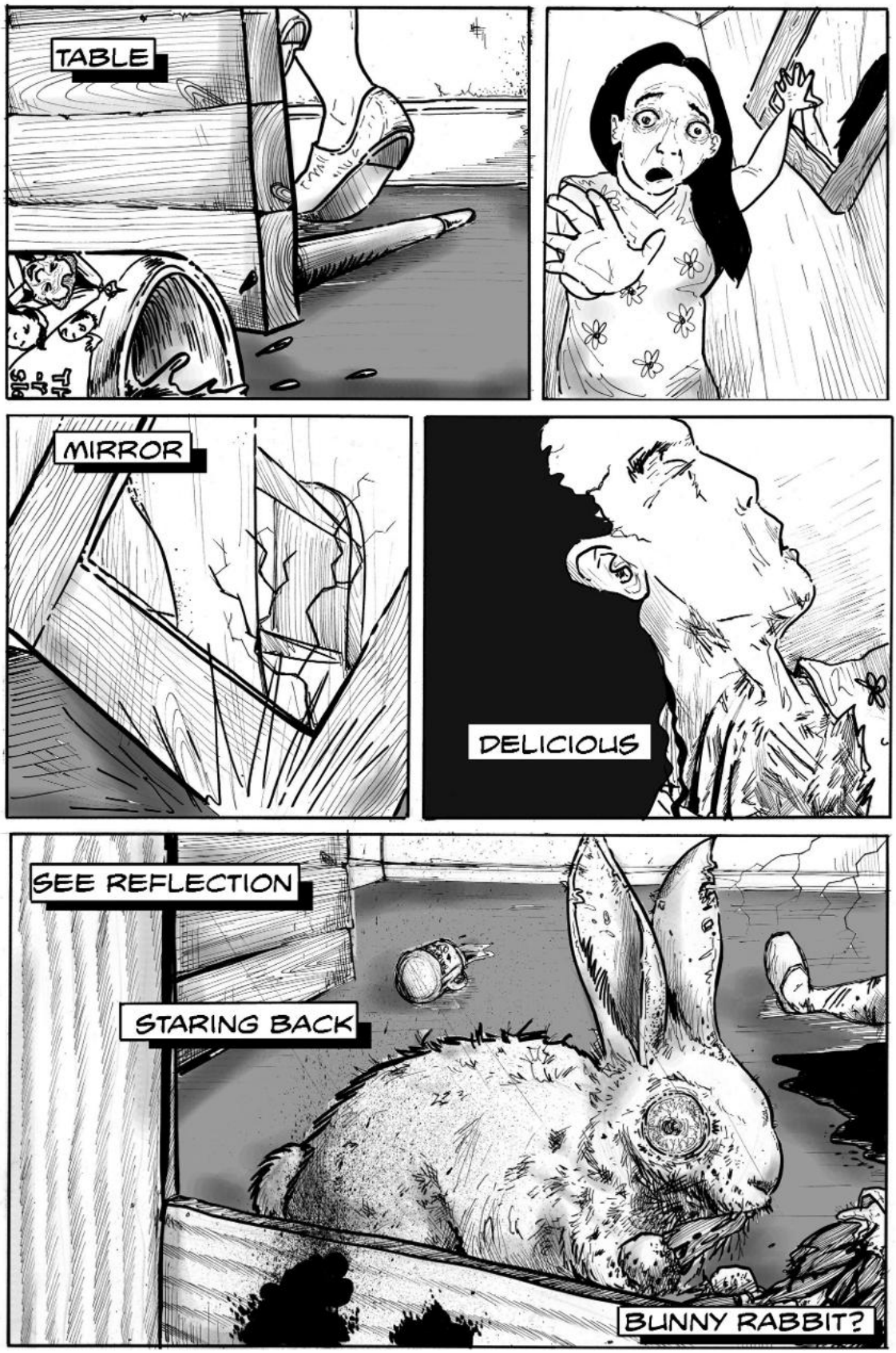

CAR
TW3THMM
JUMP
SCREAMS
TW3TH
MISSED
GONE
NIGHT


DOG
SNAARRRLS
DELICIOUS
WALK
DAY
HEAR VOICES


PEOPLE
PARTY NAKED
THEY LOOK AMUSED
THEN DISGUSTED
PARTY NAKED
THEN AFRAID
THEY TRY TO RUN
DELICIOUS


WALK MORE
TOWN
CAN'T GET IN HERE..
WELCOME
OR HERE..
BACKYARD
CATFLAP


INSIDE
CAT
DELICIOUS
HORRIFIED
ANGRY FACES
HE TRIES TO GET ME
DELICIOUS
WOMAN
KNOCKS OVER CHAIRS


TABLE
MIRROR
DELICIOUS
SEE REFLECTION
STARING BACK
BUNNY RABBIT?



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Comments:

J_BURNETT69 : OMG SUPER NIJA CRS IS PROPER COOL, IZ LIKE PROPER TOTP!!
PHIZSCARE: YOU STOOPID NOOB



AND SO TO ANOTHER EDITION OF THE BEST BLOG ON YOUTUBE. WELCOME TO MY BLOG ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT "SUPER ROBOT NINJA CARS" FROM TV SHOW TO FILM, FROM COMICS TO TOYS....



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Comments:

KEP: WTF THIS?



CREATED:
MICHAEL BURNESS

WRITTEN:
MICHAEL BURNESS

ARTWORK:
STEVE HOWARD



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Comments:

DJONES68: COUNCIL IZ SOOO GAE
KEP: DO REVIEW YOU TARRRD



IT'S WALLY HERE AGAIN, BIT OF A CHANGE TO TODAY'S BLOG AS I WANNA TALK ABOUT THE ATROCITY THAT I'M PERSONALLY BEING SUBJECTED TO BY THE JACKBOOT IDIOTS THAT RUN MY LOCAL COUNCIL...



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Comments:

SOLUID:: THIS VIDBLOG RULZZZZ BEST EVA
DJONES68: COUNCIL IZ SOOO GAE

From: Joined 3years ago Videos: Subscribe

About This Video

Added: Febuary 22 2012

Embed

S.R.N.C GENERATION 1 THE MOVIE

HITTING STUFF IN THE GARDEN

OH LOOK SOMEBODY ELSE TAKING A EARLY EVENING WALK IN THE GRAVEYARD

...CAN YOU BELIEVE THEY HAVE BLOCKED OFF A HALF MILE AREA AROUND WHERE I LIVE BECAUSE OF SOME GAS ACCIDENT?!?! IT MEANS THAT I CAN'T GET THE BUS TO TOWN TO BUY THE NEW EDITION OF "S.R.N.C" COMIC! DO THEY NOT KNOW THAT PEOPLE RELY ON MY REVIEWS?!?



Share Favorite Add to Playlist Flag

Comments:

DEADSEAN: COME AND GET IT! IT'S A RUNNING BUFFET!
SPACED98: WE TAKE PETEZ CAR, GO ROUND MUMZ, "SOZ, PHILIP!"
KEP: WHERE IZ 60 SEC REVIEW?

From: Joined 3years ago Videos: Subscribe

About This Video

Added: Febuary 24 2012

Embed

CREEPY CABIN IN THE WOODS, LETS SPEND THE NIGHT!

OPEN THE DOOR GET ON THE FLOOR EVERYBODY WALK THE Z.... THATS NOT RIGHT :(

THIS DOES NOT LOOK GOOD FOR YOU FELLA (JUST SAYING)

OOOOH GOD!! NOW WE'RE TOLD TO STAY IN OUR HOMES. THERE ARE NOW LOADS OF POLICE WALKING THE STREETS KEEPING EVERYONE IN. ALSO THERE ARE THESE WEIRD WHITE VANS DRIVING AROUND TAKING READINGS OF THE AIR...



Share Favorite Add to Playlist Flag

Comments:

JOHNNYRS: WHY ISN'T NO ONE AROUND?
SRILEY1970: THERE IS NO "I" IN TEAM, BUT THERE IS AN "I" IN PIE. AND THERE'S AN "I" IN MEAT PIE. ANAGRAM OF MEAT IS TEAM

From: Joined 3years ago Videos: Subscribe

About This Video

Added: Febuary 24 2012

Embed

CREEPY CABIN IN THE WOODS, LETS SPEND THE NIGHT!

OPEN THE DOOR GET ON THE FLOOR EVERYBODY WALK THE Z.... THATS NOT RIGHT :(

THIS DOES NOT LOOK GOOD FOR YOU FELLA (JUST SAYING)

...AND WHAT'S MORE YOU CAN SEE VOMIT PATCHES OF BLOOD ON THE PAVEMENTS. IF IT WASN'T FOR THE FACT I WAS ALWAYS BUSY WITH MY BLOG AND KEEPING YOU PEOPLE ENTERTAINED I MAY START TO GET WORRIED.



Share Favorite Add to Playlist Flag

Comments:
KEP: YO GET REVIEWS UP, STOOPID DOUCHE
DEADSEAN: IT'S NOT THE END OF D WORLD!!!
ASH_HAND: SEND... MORE... PARAMEDICS



OH. MY. GOD. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT LAST NIGHT!
IT WAS HORRIBLE. SO THERE I WAS WATCHING MY "SUPER ROBOT NINJA CARS" DVD (SERIES 3, EPISODE 21 BY THE WAY) AND THEN I HEARD SCREAMING OUTSIDE. SO I HAD A LOOK AND THERE'S MY NEIGHBOUR BITING A POLICEMAN'S ARM! I MEAN WTF!!



Share Favorite Add to Playlist Flag

Comments:
DEADSEAN: WHY IS QUEEN STILL PLAY'N?
KEP: REVIEW PLEASE?!?!?!??!?!?!?!



IT'S NOT A GAS ATTACK. IT'S ALL OVER THE NEWS NOW. IT'S THE... THE UNDEAD. I DON'T WANT TO DIE, I CAN'T DIE NOT WHILE I HAVE FIVE HUNDRED SUBSCRIPTIONS TO SERVICE.



Share Favorite Add to Playlist Flag

Comments:
KEP: REVIEW PLEASE?!?!?!??!?!?!?!
ASH_HAND: YOUR MOTHER ATE MY DOGZ
GEORGE_AR: OMG THEY ARE HERE TOO...



I... I TOLD MUM NOT TO OPEN THE DOOR... THEY...THEY BIT HER... THEY ARE IN THE HOUSE... I NEED TO BE SAVED. I AM A BLOG GOD PEOPLE! OH CHRIST HERE THEY COME!!!



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Comments:
KEP: REVIEW PLEASE?!?!??!?!?!?!?!
ASH_HAND: YOUR MOTHER ATE MY DOGZ
GEORGE_AR: OMG THEY ARE HERE TOO...



NOOOOO!!!!
NOT LIKE THIS,
NOT LIKE THIS!!!
ARRRGGGGHH...

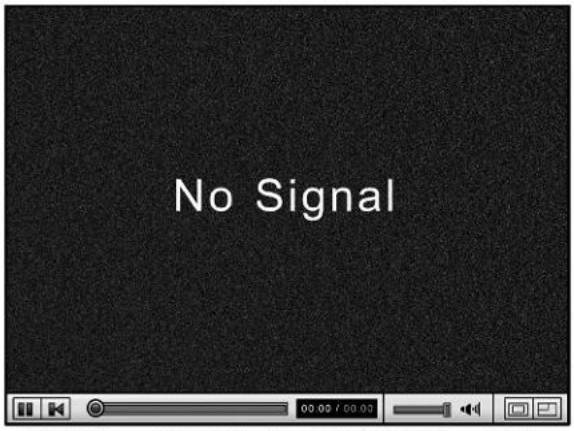


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Comments:
MEB69: FAKE!
PHIZSCARE: WIZED ME NICKERS LMFAO
DEADSHAUN: YOU'VE GOT RED ON YOU.

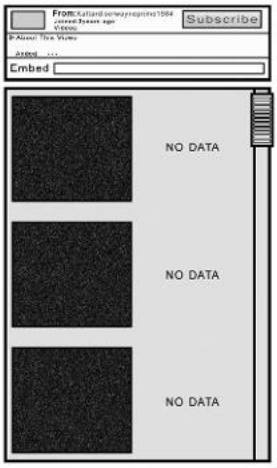


BRAAAIIIINNNSSSS...



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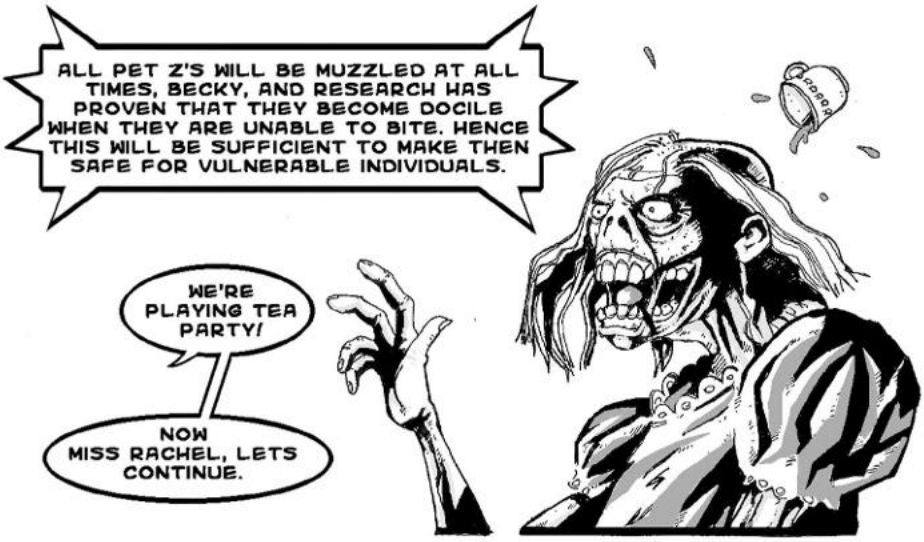
Comments:
KEP: STILL NO REVIEW!!!! YOU TOOL!!



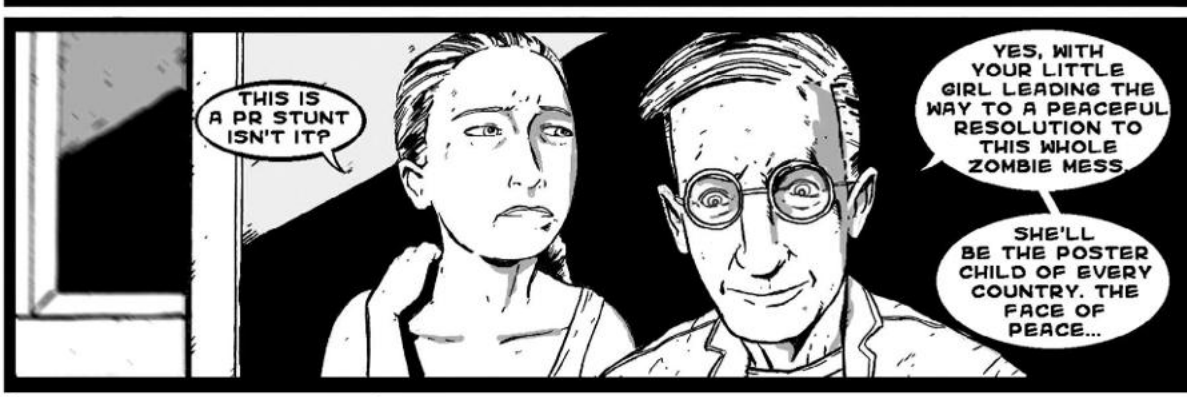
...


WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH THE ZOMBIES WHO SURVIVED THE GREAT ZOMBIE WAR?'
PetZ
STORY: REBECCA BOWLES
ART: STEVE HOLDER
THIS QUESTION HAS PLAGUED THE WORLD SINCE THE END OF THE WAR AND ALTHOUGH MANY COUNTRIES HAVE STARTED TO DEAL WITH THIS PROBLEM, MANY PEOPLE HAVE FOUND THE METHODS CHOSEN TO BE INHUMANE AND BRUTAL.
MANY PUBLIC DEMONSTRATIONS HAVE ALREADY HAPPENED IN COUNTRIES SUCH AS BRAZIL AND RUSSIA OVER THE EXTERMINATION OF THE ZOMBIES. ENGLAND, HOWEVER, HAS REMAINED IN A STALEMATE POSITION.
THAT IS UNTIL NOW.
THE GOVERNMENT HAVE FUNDED A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE ENTITLED THE 'SUPPORT TREATMENT FOR UNDERDEVELOPED OR PSYCHOLOGICALLY PROBLEMATIC INDIVIDUALS DEPARTMENT'
WHICH THEY FEEL WILL NOT ONLY RESOLVE THE ZOMBIE PROBLEM IN A HUMANE WAY BUT WILL ALSO PROVIDE MUCH NEEDED SUPPORT FOR THE 'VULNERABLE' INDIVIDUALS IN THIS COUNTRY AS WELL. HILLARY, THE HEAD OF THIS DEPARTMENT, IS HERE TO EXPLAIN WHAT THIS PROJECT IS AND WHY SHE THINKS IT WILL WORK.


FIRST OF ALL WELCOME AND THANK YOU FOR COMING ONTO THE SHOW. COULD YOU EXPLAIN WHAT YOUR NEW DEPARTMENT WILL BE DOING WITH THE ZOMBIES?
OF COURSE, THE SUPPORT TREATMENT DEPARTMENT FOR UPPI'S (UNDERDEVELOPED OR PSYCHOLOGICALLY PROBLEMATIC INDIVIDUALS) HAS BEEN SET UP TO SOLVE TWO PROBLEMS. THE FIRST IS OF COURSE WHAT TO DO WITH THE ZOMBIES...
... AND THE SECOND IS HOW TO HELP AND SUPPORT THE GROWING NUMBER OF INDIVIDUALS WHO ARE SUFFERING FROM DEPRESSION OR OTHER PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS SUCH AS EMOTIONAL UNDERDEVELOPMENT SINCE THE END OF THE ZOMBIE WAR.
AS YOU ARE AWARE DURING THE WAR DOMESTIC ANIMALS SUCH AS CATS AND DOGS WERE ALL BUT MADE EXTINCT FOR NUMEROUS REASONS, SUCH AS A FOOD SOURCE FOR HIDING FAMILIES OR AS EASY PREY FOR THE ZOMBIES.
PETS ARE NO LONGER AVAILABLE AND WE FEEL THIS IS LINKED TO THE GROWING EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS OUR COUNTRIES POPULATION IS FACING, SUICIDE HAS GONE UP 40% IN THIS LAST YEAR ALONE. ZOMBIES CAN FULFILL THIS FUNCTION
THEY ARE SLOW CREATURES OF LIMITED BRAIN FUNCTION THAT CAN BE WALKED AND CARED FOR MUCH AS A DOG. SO THE ZOMBIES CAN BE CARED FOR IN GOOD HOMES WHILE PROVIDING A SERVICE TO ENGLAND.
YOU'RE NOT CONCENTRATING!
BUT HILLARY, MANY WOULD SAY THAT THIS WILL NOT WORK, AFTER THE DISASTER OF THE 'SEND A ZOMBIE WORKER TO AFRICA' IN WHICH THE ZOMBIES WERE SUPPOSED TO BUILD WELLS AND HOUSES WHICH AS WE NOW KNOW LED TO THE SLAUGHTER OF SEVERAL TRIBES AND NEARLY STARTED ANOTHER WORLD WAR. HOW CAN YOU GUARANTEE YOUR SCHEME WILL NOT END IN THE SAME TRAGIC WAY?

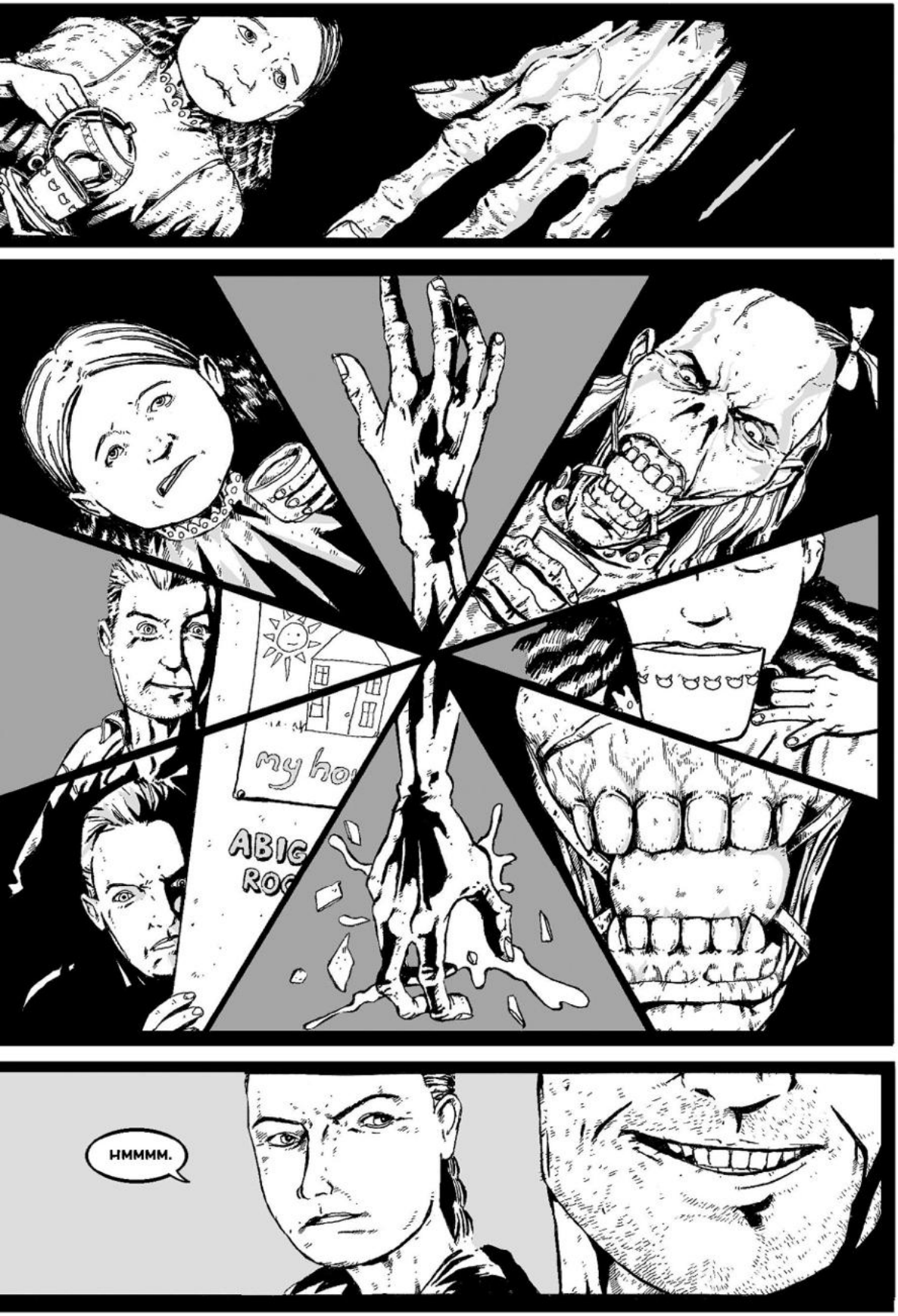

ALL PET Z'S WILL BE MUZZLED AT ALL TIMES, BECKY, AND RESEARCH HAS PROVEN THAT THEY BECOME DOCILE WHEN THEY ARE UNABLE TO BITE. HENCE THIS WILL BE SUFFICIENT TO MAKE THEN SAFE FOR VULNERABLE INDIVIDUALS.
WE'RE PLAYING TEA PARTY!
NOW MISS RACHEL, LETS CONTINUE.


DR. FRANKS, ARE YOU SURE ABIGAIL SHOULD HAVE A PET Z? I MEAN IS IT SAFE?
OF COURSE IT IS KATE. HILLARY HERSELF REQUESTED YOUR LITTLE ABBY HAVE ONE. AN EXAMPLE TO THE WORLD.'


THIS IS A PR STUNT ISN'T IT?
YES, WITH YOUR LITTLE GIRL LEADING THE WAY TO A PEACEFUL RESOLUTION TO THIS WHOLE ZOMBIE MESS.
SHE'LL BE THE POSTER CHILD OF EVERY COUNTRY. THE FACE OF PEACE...






my ho
ABIG
ROC
HMMMM.


another
S.T.U.P.I.D.
idea



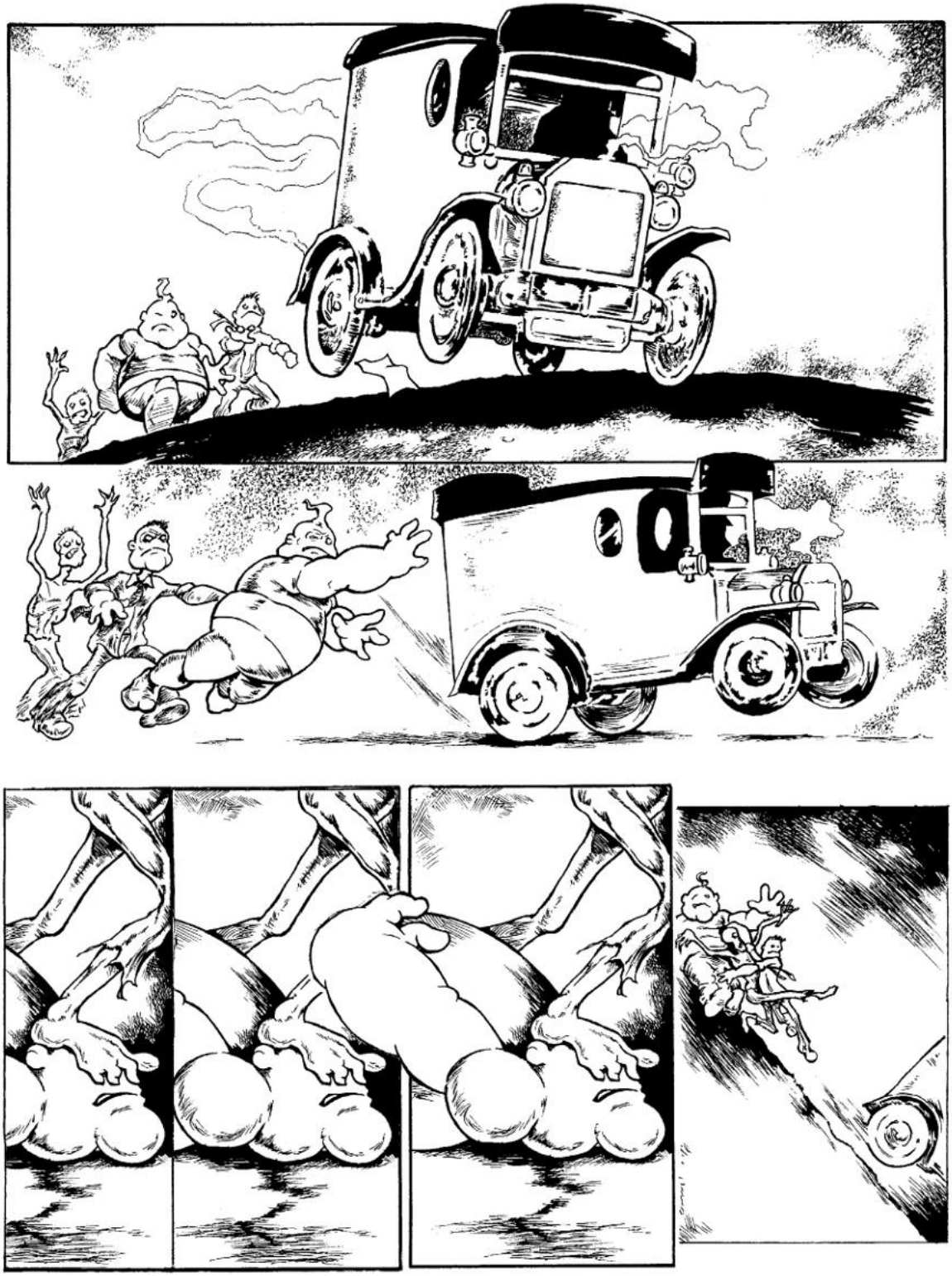








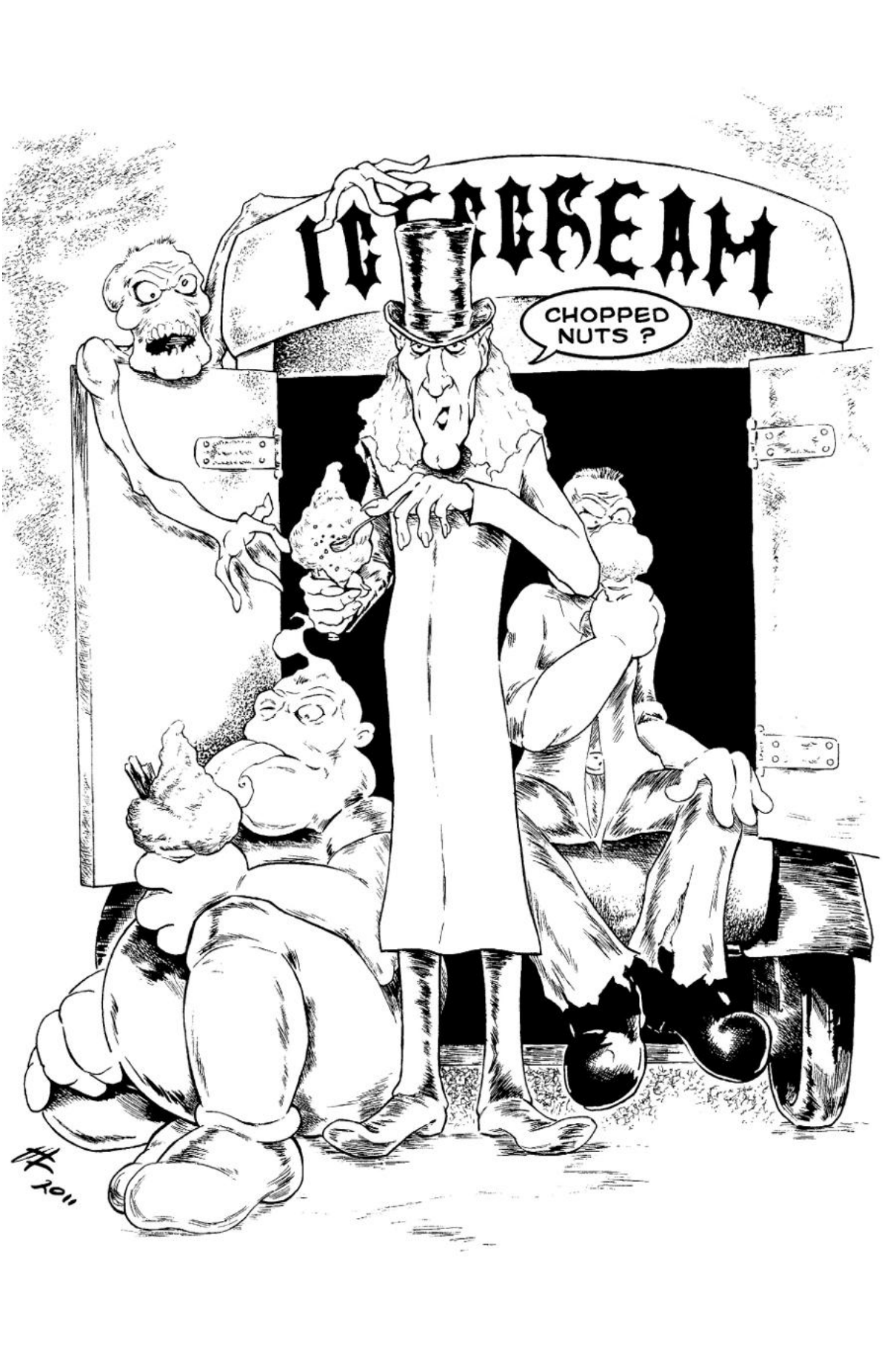

I DON'T LIKE IT HONEY.
ABIGAIL IS NOT TREATING THAT 'Z' RIGHT, AND I THINK ALL THIS IS GOING TO HER HEAD.
IT'S NOT HEALTHY FOR A GIRL HER AGE TO GET ALL THIS ATTENTION.
DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE OVER-REACTING?
I MEAN THIS COULD REALLY WORK.
YOU KNOW ABIGAIL IS REALLY STARTING TO RESPOND TO RACHAEL AND JUST YESTERDAY I SAW HER-
DID YOU JUST CALL HER RACHAEL?
NO, IT'S ABBY, SHE CALLS HER IT.
I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WOULD UPSET YOU.
DAMN RIGHT IT DOES SIMON! RACHAEL WAS OUR DAUGHTER, SHE WAS ABIGAIL'S SISTER. TO CALL THAT THING RACHAEL, AND THE WAY SHE TREATS IT...
EEEEEEE



THE PURSUIT.

BY ANDY FORBER.




CHOPPED NUTS ?

Allen Woodsberg goes mainstream

By
Michael Lindal Andersen (writer)
Pedro Lopez (artist)









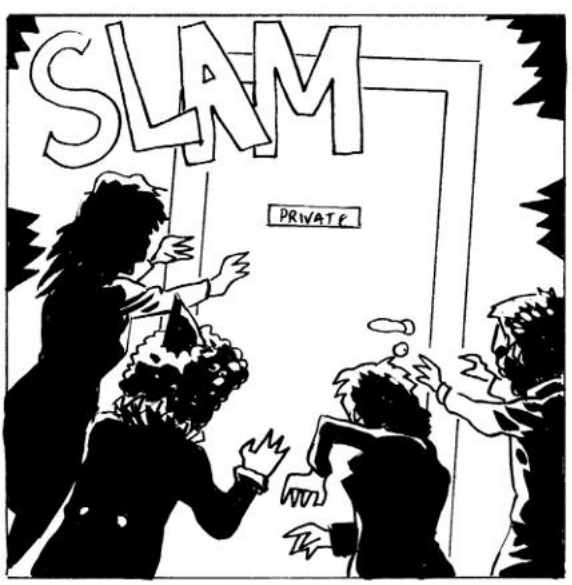



BRRAAAAIIIIINSSS



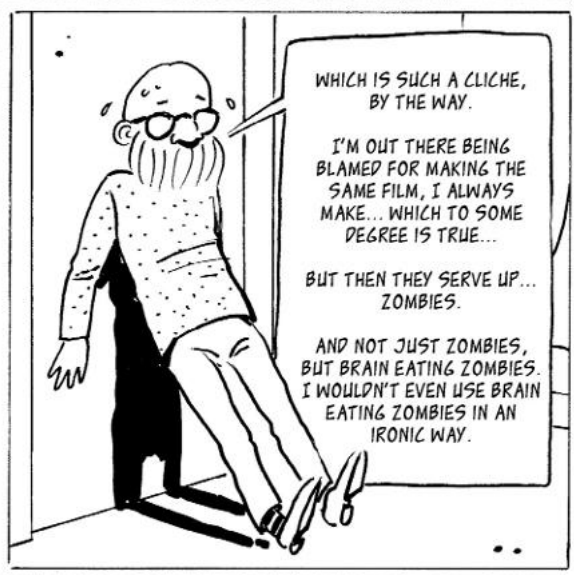

MR. WOODSBERG!


MAKE WAY FOR THE BEST DAMN BODYGUARD IN TOWN!!!


SLAM
PRIVATE


MISS HALL... I MUST HAVE FINALLY GONE MAD. I GUESS I ALWAYS KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN. BEING BOTH EMPATHETIC AND SELF-ABSORBED TAKES ITS TOLL ON AN ARTIST. I'M NOT SURE WHY I'M SEEING ZOMBIES AS I HAVE NO HISTORY OF ZOMBIE RELATED PARANOIA.
MISS HALL...?
DOWNWARD
FROG

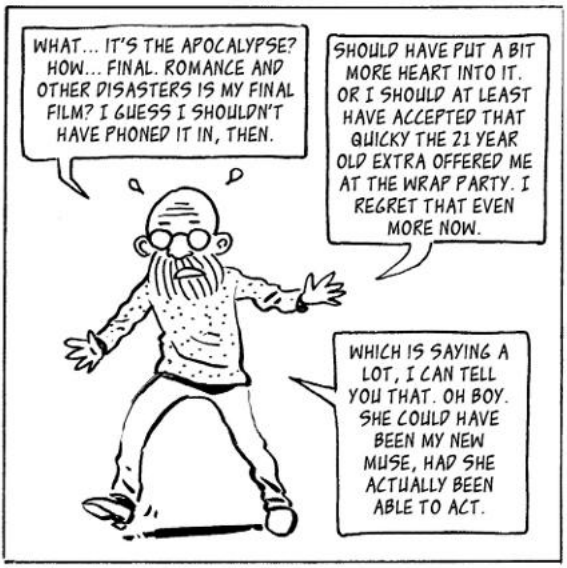

DON'T WORRY. I'M SEEING THEM TOO. THEY ARE REAL.
AND APPARENTLY HUNGRY FOR BRAINS.


WHICH IS SUCH A CLICHE, BY THE WAY.
I'M OUT THERE BEING BLAMED FOR MAKING THE SAME FILM, I ALWAYS MAKE... WHICH TO SOME DEGREE IS TRUE...
BUT THEN THEY SERVE UP... ZOMBIES.
AND NOT JUST ZOMBIES, BUT BRAIN EATING ZOMBIES. I WOULDN'T EVEN USE BRAIN EATING ZOMBIES IN AN IRONIC WAY.


PRIVATE


IT'S TOTALLY WITLESS.
LITERALLY, I GUESS.


ANGO
CRAP. IT SEEMS TO BE THE ENTIRE WORLD.

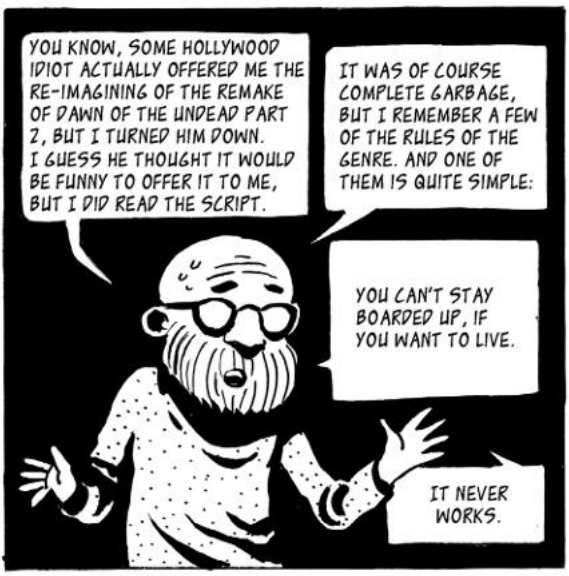

WHAT... IT'S THE APOCALYPSE? HOW... FINAL. ROMANCE AND OTHER DISASTERS IS MY FINAL FILM? I GUESS I SHOULDN'T HAVE PHONED IT IN, THEN.
SHOULD HAVE PUT A BIT MORE HEART INTO IT. OR I SHOULD AT LEAST HAVE ACCEPTED THAT QUICKY THE 21 YEAR OLD EXTRA OFFERED ME AT THE WRAP PARTY. I REGRET THAT EVEN MORE NOW.
WHICH IS SAYING A LOT, I CAN TELL YOU THAT. OH BOY. SHE COULD HAVE BEEN MY NEW MUSE, HAD SHE ACTUALLY BEEN ABLE TO ACT.


ALLEN... I WOULD NEVER SAY THIS TO MY BOSS IF THE WORLD WASN'T ENDING... BUT PUUUH-LEAZE:
BUT ALAS. I HAVE HAD CHEESE SANDWICHES MORE TALENTED THAN THAT BEAUTIFUL CREATURE.


SHUT THE #%@# UP!




I'M IN A ZOMBIE MOVIE...
GOOD GRIEF.


YOU KNOW, SOME HOLLYWOOD IDIOT ACTUALLY OFFERED ME THE RE-IMAGINING OF THE REMAKE OF DAWN OF THE UNDEAD PART 2, BUT I TURNED HIM DOWN. I GUESS HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FUNNY TO OFFER IT TO ME, BUT I DID READ THE SCRIPT.
IT WAS OF COURSE COMPLETE GARBAGE, BUT I REMEMBER A FEW OF THE RULES OF THE GENRE. AND ONE OF THEM IS QUITE SIMPLE:
YOU CAN'T STAY BOARDED UP, IF YOU WANT TO LIVE.
IT NEVER WORKS.


SO... YOU ARE SAYING WE MAKE A RUN FOR IT? THAT SEEMS... RISKY. TO SAY THE LEAST.
I'M WEARING HIGH HEELS.


WHICH, BY THE WAY, IS QUITE INCONSIDERATE OF YOU CONSIDERING MY DIMINUTIVE PHYSIQUE, SO I'M SORRY IF I'M NOT KEELING OVER WITH SYMPATHY.
THE TRUTH IS THAT THE ONLY THING KEEPING ME FROM FIRING YOU YEARS AGO ...
... IS THE IMPRESSIVE LOVELINESS OF YOUR WOMANLY BOSOM.

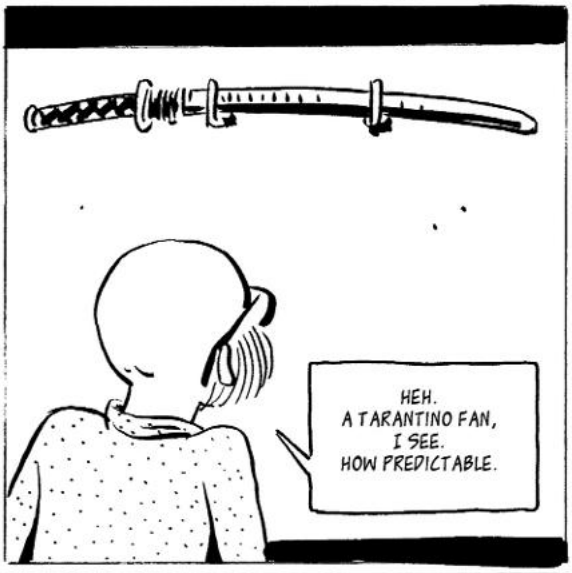

ALLEN!


RELAX. WE ARE PROBABLY ALL GOING TO DIE ANYWAY.
SO SUE ME.


GRAAAA




...ALTHOUGH I WOULD LOVE TO POSTPONE THAT EVENT FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE!!!


HEH.
A TARANTINO FAN,
I SEE.
HOW PREDICTABLE.


DAMN FESTIVAL ORGANIZERS. YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO TELL THEM APART FROM THOSE MINDLESS BRAIN MUNCHERS OUT THERE.
THEM OR THE CRITICS.
OR EVERY SINGLE PRODUCER IN STINKIN' HOLLYWOOD.

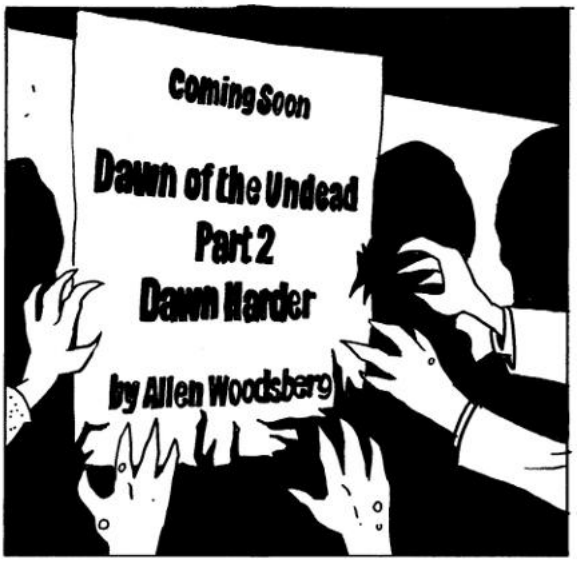

YOU KNOW... ALL STUDIO FILMS ARE BASED ON THE SAME FORMULA.
THE BEST COP, LAWYER, JOURNALIST OR STINKIN' CLOWN IN TOWN IS CONFRONTED WITH SOME RIDICULOUS PROBLEM.
HE THEN HAS TO "SEARCH HIS SOUL" AND FIND THE STRENGTH WITHIN HIM TO DO WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE.
HE GETS LUCKY WITH THE FEMALE LEAD AND THEN THERE IS SOME SORT OF FINAL STAND. THE (PREDICTABLE) END.
I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS BETTER THAN THAT, BUT HERE I AM. WITH A SAMURAI SWORD. SURROUNDED BY ZOMBIES.
WANNA GET JIGGY WITH IT?
OH WELL. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ANOTHER CLICHE, ANYWAY. A CLICHE WITH A HAPPY ENDING, THOUGH. WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE HERE BEFORE THE END. CONTRARY TO THE BELIEFS OF THE PUBLIC AND THE GOSSIP RAGS, IT HAS ACTUALLY BEEN A WHILE SINCE MY LAST...
... WELL, HAPPY ENDING.
ALL I EVER WANTED WAS TO CAPTURE THE TRUE ESSENCE OF LOVE ON FILM.
I DON'T THINK I EVER DID.


I AM AN
AUTEEEEEUUUUR!!!!
YIIIIAAAAAR
CHAK
SO...
... WANNA GET JIGGY WITH IT?
SNAP
BRAAIINSS
... MIGHT AS WELL.







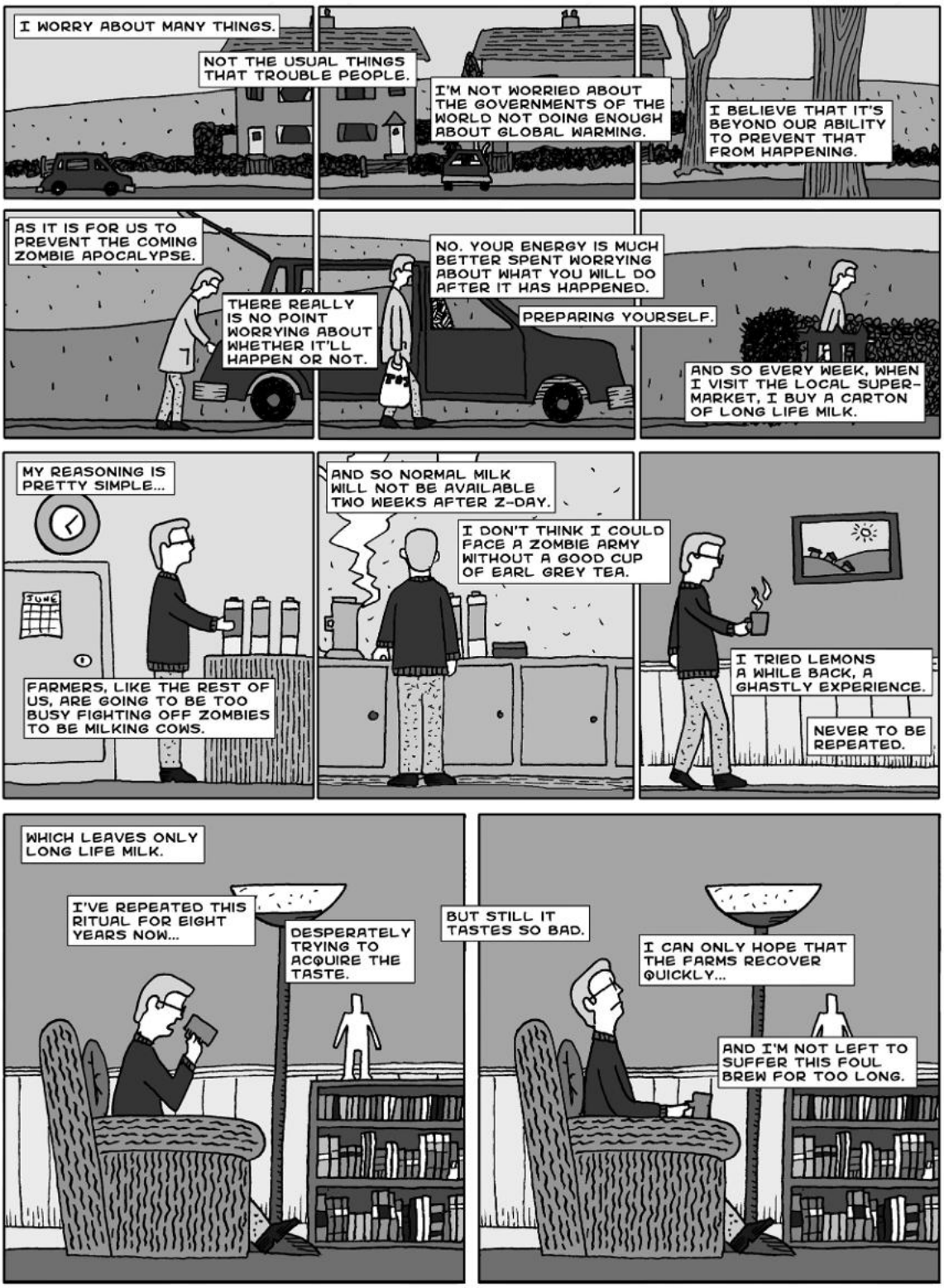


Allen Woodsberg goes mainstream

By
Michael Lindal Andersen (writer)
Pedro Lopez (artist)

THE (predictable) END

PREPARING FOR THE WAR. PART THREE: MILK.



BY DAVE WEST.


"JESUS, IT'S HOT IN HERE... "
"IS THAT ME...?"
"IS THIS REAL OR JUST ANOTHER...
XVIII
FEVER DREAM
Words and Images: Owen Michael Johnson
WHO ARE YOU ?
BONYÉ
PAPA LEGBA
ERZULIE FREDA
WE ARE THE SPIRITS OF THIS HOUSE...
WELCOME HOME...


HAITI, PREVIOUSLY HISPANIOLA.
I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO GO.
YOU'VE BEEN GONE FROM THIS PLACE A LONG TIME.
I HAD MY REASONS ... THAT'S NOT THE POINT...
...IF MY UNIVERSITY WERE TO KNOW I WAS HUMOURING THIS OR PURSUING THIS LINE OF THOUGHT...
... I'M DYING AND THERE'S NO RATIONAL EXPLANATION. FOR IT.
YOU CANNOT RATIONALISE THE SPIRITUAL.....
THAT IS WHY IT HAS NO PLACE IN THIS WORLD ANY LONGER.
II
HIGH PRIESTESS
IN THE PAST, I'VE MADE A POINT OF NOT BELIEVING IN VODOU.
IF THIS CLEANING RITUAL IS TO WORK, YOU WILL NEED TO DEVELOP A WILLINGNESS TO BELIEVE.
LOOK, I'M A SCIENCE PROFESSOR. I'M NOT COMFORTABLE WITH THESE... WITCH DOCTORS...
WOULD YOU BE MORE LIKELY TO BELIEVE A DOCTOR WHO WORE A WHITE COAT?


"JUST... CAN YOU SAVE ME?"
"CAN YOU SAVE YOURSELF?"
WE MET ON THE COLLEGE STEPS.
SHE STUDIED ENGLISH AND READ TAROT...
...SHE SPENT HOURS TEACHING ME HOW IMPORTANT MILTON WAS.
I TRIED TO SHOW WERE THE POETRY IN SCIENCE.
IT'S HOPELESS. WE DON'T UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER AT ALL.
NOT YET...
VI
LOVERS
THIS IS AN AGE IN WHICH MANY HAVE FORGOTTEN TO OCCUPY BOTH THE SPIRITUAL AND THE MATERIAL WORLD.
THAT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING SHE WOULD HAVE SAID...
JENNIFER?... IS THAT YOU?


I'M LEAVING.
OKAY...
I'M LEAVING.
FATHER ?
THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL AREN'T THEY, THE STARS?
I'M NOT LOOKING AT THE STARS, BOY.
SHUTTERCRUNCH
SHUTTERCRUNCH
SHUTTERCRUNCH
WHY BATS, FATHER?
BETWEEN WORLDS.
NEITHER ONE THING NOR THE OTHER.
INITIATES AND REBIRTHINGS.
LEATHER ON VELVET.


WHERE WE COME FROM.
DON'T FORGET WHERE YOU COME FROM, BOY.
...BATS ARE OUR SEPARABLE SOULS.
...EACH NIGHT TRANSFORMING...
OUR FAMILY IS CHANGING.
I (WE) ARE (WILL BE) STRONGER ON THE OTHER-SIDE OF...
...THE SLUMBERING.
XII
" REBIRTH "
THE HANGED MAN
THIS SOUNDS FAMILIAR...
I'LL WRITE WHEN I GET TO NEW YORK.
GOODBYE, SON.
IT'S HOPEFLESS. WE JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER AT ALL.
I DIDN'T WANT TO UNDERSTAND.
I DIDN'T CARE.


SONGS ARE BEING SUNG.
THEY LAST FOR DAYS... OR SO IT SEEMS TO ME.
"IT'S HOPELESS."
" I'M GOING TO DIE "
"IT'S SO HOT IN HERE. JESUS, IT'S HOT."
"YOU WILL BE ALONE."
I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE DIFFERENT."
IT'S NOT LIKE IN THE HORROR MOVIES, OR THE VIDEO GAMES, OR THE COMIC BOOKS. THERE ARE NO VOODOO DOLLS OR EVIL PRIESTS.
MY (UN)DEATH TASTES LIKE (HOT) EARTH AND (OLD) SWEAT.


"I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO GO."
"IS THAT ME?"
"...WELCOME HOME."
"...I'M GOING TO DIE..."
"IN THE PAST..."
"...I'VE MADE A POINT OF NOT BELIEVING IN VODOU..."
"I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO GO..."
"...WELCOME HOME."
"IS THAT ME?"
"YOU WILL BE ALONE."
XII
"I'M NOT COMFORTABLE.."
"CAN YOU SAVE ME?"
XVIII
"I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO GO..."
"CAN YOU SAVE YOURSELF?"
"BETWEEN WORLDS..."
"IN THE PAST..."
"I'M GOING TO DIE..."

"IN THE PAST, I'VE MADE A POINT OF NOT BELIEVING IN VODOU..."

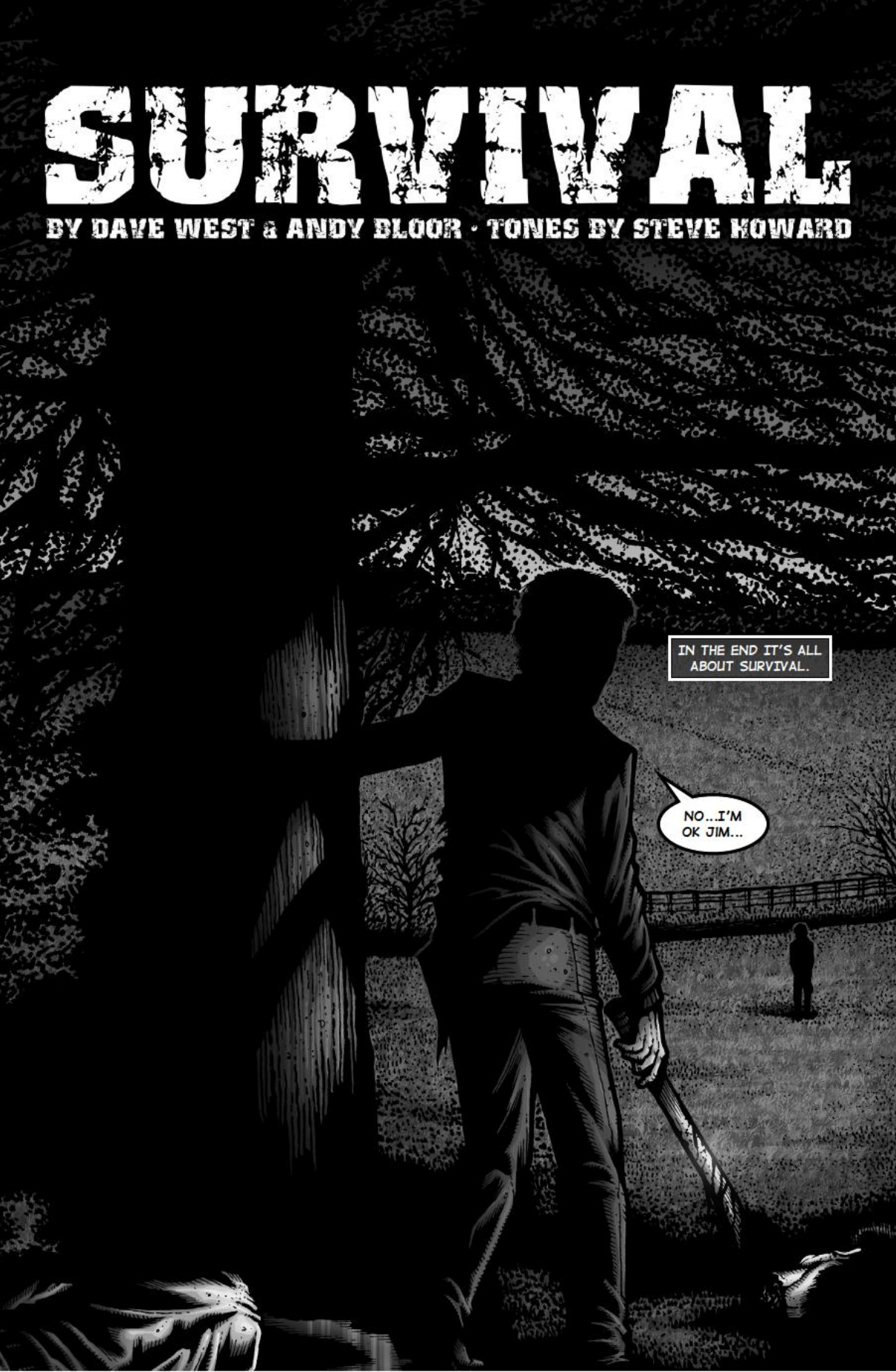
"IN THE PAST, I'VE MADE A POINT OF NOT BELIEVING..."

"IN THE PAST..."



SURVIVAL

BY DAVE WEST & ANDY BLOOR · TONES BY STEVE HOWARD

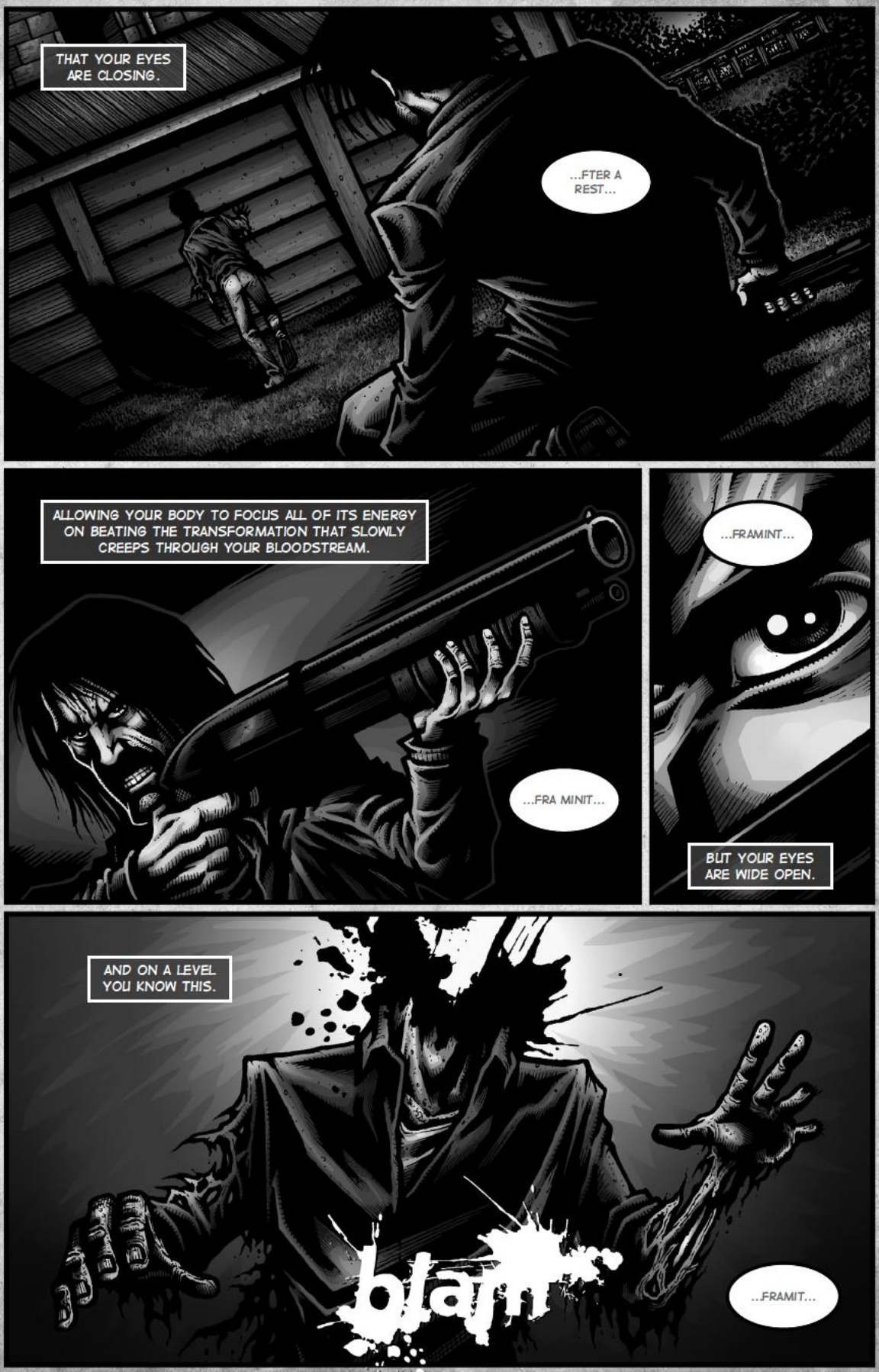



YOU HOPE THAT YOU'RE DIFFERENT.
I JUST FELL AGAINST A BLOODY TREE BRANCH.
SPECIAL.
STABBED MY DAMNED SELF... I MISSED ONE OF 'EM.
THAT YOU'LL BE THE ONE WHO'S IMMUNE TO THE DISEASE.
YOU'VE GOT TO GO AND FINISH HIM...
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A SURVIVOR.
...BEFORE HE REACHES THE FARM.


YOU LOOK AT THE MACHETE IN YOUR HANDS.
GO AND FINISH HIM...
BUT YOU CAN'T END YOUR OWN LIFE.
I CAN BEAT THIS...
NOT WHILE THERE'S A CHANCE.
LIKE I'VE BEATEN EVERYTHING ELSE...
A CHANCE THAT YOU'RE DIFFERENT.


I BEAT SWINE FLU...
THAT MAYBE YOU'LL BE THE ONE WHO CURES THIS.
...SEPTICEMIA...
WHO SAVES MANKIND FROM THIS CREEPING DEATH.
HA...NEARLY GOT ME THAT ONE...
AND AS THE WORLD STARTS TO GO GREY AROUND YOU.
BUT I BEA IT...
...I CA BEA ANY THIN...
YOUR EYESIGHT CHANGING AS CONES DIE OFF IN YOUR RETINA.


YOU CONVINCE YOURSELF THAT IT'S OK.
...I SURVIE...
IT'S JUST YOUR BODY FIGHTING BACK.
...SWAT I DO...
FIGHTING OFF THE INFECTION.
...SWAT I ALWYS DUN...
...I SHO EM...
EVEN WHEN THE WORLD AROUND YOU STARTS TO BLUR YOU TELL YOURSELF IT'S ONLY TIREDNESS.


THAT YOUR EYES ARE CLOSING.
...FTER A REST...
ALLOWING YOUR BODY TO FOCUS ALL OF ITS ENERGY ON BEATING THE TRANSFORMATION THAT SLOWLY CREEPS THROUGH YOUR BLOODSTREAM.
...FRA MINIT...
...FRAMINT...
BUT YOUR EYES ARE WIDE OPEN.
AND ON A LEVEL YOU KNOW THIS.
blam
...FRAMIT...


YOU KNOW YOU'VE BEEN KIDDING YOURSELF.
...FRRRAIT...
THAT YOU'RE FALLING.
...FRRRR...
BECOMING ONE OF THOSE CREATURES THAT YOU HATE SO MUCH.
...FRRRRRRRRRRRR....
BUT AT LEAST YOU'LL SURVIVE.
...MNNNNNN...
...NNNNIIIII
AND IN THE END ISN'T THAT ALL THAT MATTERS.


IN THE END IT WAS NEVER A QUESTION OF HOW WE WOULD PROTECT OUR CHILDREN --
-- FOR IT WAS ADULT KIND WHO NEEDED PROTECTION FROM THEM.
EAGHH!
HUUUNNGHH
HHMMOOAAWN


CHILDREN
STORY: JAMES JOHNSON
ART: LEONARDO M. GIRON
THE WORLD IS A SICK PLACE.
AMONGST ITS CITY STREETS MURMOURS HAVE NOW TURNED TO A GROWL OF HUNGER.
AN EMPTY STOMACH...
...THAT NEEDS TO BE FED.


ALL IT TAKES ARE A FEW TREATS --
-- FOR HIS SWEETS.
DON'T RUIN YOUR APPETITE.
HAGH!
HUUGH!
KMMAGHH...
UGHH!


AH, MY LITTLE KIDDIE-WINKIES.
LOAD THEM UP AND PROCESS.
I WAS BEGINNING TO WONDER IF YOU'D LOST YOURSELF AGAIN, CATCHER.
HOW MANY THIS TIME?
FIVE MORE.
THERE'S BUT A FEW LEFT AT THE SCHOOLS. EVEN THE CITY DWELLERS HAVE BECOME MORE DIFFICULT TO FIND.


THEY'RE MOVING UNDERGROUND FOR FURTHER SUSTENANCE.
FILTH.
THAT WILL MAKE THEM EVEN HARDER TO SNIFF OUT.
THEN YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO LEARN TO ADAPT.
WE'VE MANAGED TO SURVIVE SO FAR, BROTHER - IT'S WHAT WE'VE ALWAYS DONE.
THE LAST OF ADULT KIND.
ALMOST...
THE FUTURE IS DEAD AND BURIED AMONGST THE CORPSES OF THEIR PARENTS.
IF ONLY MY HEART HADN'T ALREADY BEEN EATEN, I MAY HAVE SHED A TEAR.
THE ADULTS SHOULD HAVE DINED WITH US. IT WASN'T AS THOUGH WE NEVER OFFERED THEM A SEAT AT THE TABLE.


"WELL...IT'S AN AQUIRED TASTE, FARMING THESE 'CHILDREN OF THE DEAD'.
"IT REQUIRES A LITTLE MORE ATTENTION - FRESH MEAT ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE."
THE WORLD'S A ROTTEN PLACE.
INDEED.
"AND THE DEAD... THEY TASTE SO GOOD.
"HOWEVER, I THINK I MAY HAVE FOUND YOU SOMETHING..."


...SOMETHING WITH A LITTLE MORE...WHAT SHOULD I SAY, BITTER FLAVOUR?
NOTHING TASTES BETTER THAN DEFEAT, WOULDN'T YOU AGREE?
MY, MY...
WHERE WAS HE?
THE HELPERS FOUND HIM CORNERED BY THREE DEAD BOYS.
THEY WERE CAUGHT TOO?
OF COURSE...
WHY WASN'T I INFORMED SOONER?
WE HAVE HIM, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.
HE'S NO MORE THAN A ROTTING TOY - A BROKEN, WOODEN SOLDIER LIKE THE THINGS HE LEFT BEHIND.
HE'S ALL YOURS.
I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU LIKE TO PLAY WITH YOUR FOOD.


WHAT GAME ARE YOU UP TO NOW, TOY MAKER?
ANSWER ME, NOW! OR SO HELP ME GOD I'LL GAUGE OUT YOUR EYES WITH A SPOON.
I...I'M H-HERE TO... T-TAKE BACK...
... THE CHILDREN.
AGGHHHAHAHAH
AND HOW DO YOU HOPE TO DO THAT?!
THEY'RE DEAD MEAT!


"NOT ALL OF THEM, CATCHER --
"-- THEY'RE NOT EVEN DEAD WOOD."
ALL HELPERS TO THE FARM, IMMEDIATELY!
FOREIGN BODIES FOUND! REPEAT. FOREIGN BODIES FOUND!
PKOW
PKOW
PKOW
NO!
EATER! YOU FUCKING IMBECI -
BABOOM!


MUUUHHHHH
HUHH...
UGHH...
HUUUNNGHH
EATER...?


HUUGHHH!
FATHER!
YOU'RE GOING TO LET BOTH YOUR CHILDREN DIE?!
YOU'RE NO LONGER MY CHILDREN.
THERE REALLY IS NOTHING LEFT OF THEM TO SAVE.
EEEAAAGHHHHH..!
I LOST THEM BOTH A LONG TIME AGO AMONGST THE DARKNESS - A CHAOS THAT TWISTED THEM BEYOND BELIEF.
I HAVE BUILT A NEW FAMILY NOW...
...ONE THAT WILL PROTECT US FROM ALL WE HAVE LOST.
THE END

THINGS LEFT UNDONE

No-one to fetch water from the well.



No-one to fix the bridle on the horse.



No-one watching out for coming strangers.



No-one to fix the broken tiles on the roof.



No-one to bury Mrs McKenzie.



No-one crossing the bridge over the grey river.



No-one to hear the whispers in the trees.



No-one to milk the screaming cows.



No-one at church on Sunday morning.



No-one playing cards out on the porch.



No-one fighting fires in the distant city.



No-one on the jetty, waiting for the boats.



No-one to right the slumped scarecrow.



No-one to turn on the late morning news.



No-one cooking in the small cafe.



No-one to send a warning ahead.

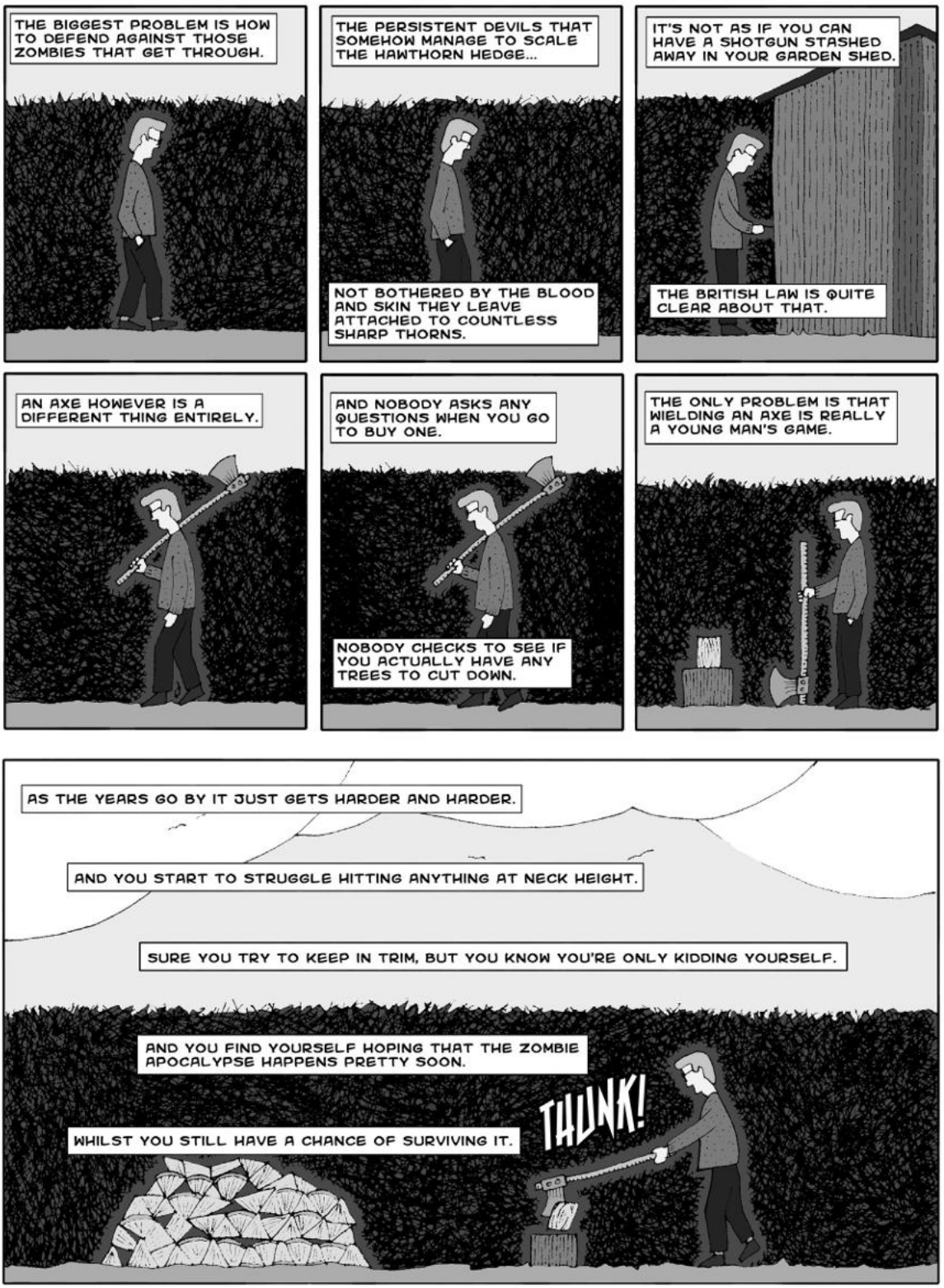


DOUGLAS NOBLE

WWW.STRIP-FOR-ME.COM

PREPARING FOR THE WAR.

PART FOUR : COUNTING THE DAYS.



BY DAVE WEST.

DRAWN TO THE DEAD



I know many people expected the current trend of zombie comics, films and TV shows to die off, no pun intended. Yet here we are again for the second anthology of Zombie stories from Accent UK, and for the first time it's a sequel to an anthology that was so popular it sold out in record time.

Zombies, the original anthology was a first for me in that it was my first book for Accent UK that I took over doing all the design and production of the books. What this means is that I create the book from cover to cover, laying out all the pages, designing the covers and all interior pages (that aren't story pages sent in from contributors) and some general tidying up of all pages and ensuring that they all print as intended. It's a lot of work but also a lot of fun and the satisfaction of seeing the final book is never one that goes away.

What this lead to was me suggesting to Dave and Colin that we needed to do a second Zombies book and capitalise on the growing appetite that is still there for Zombies. It all sounds very commercial in doing that, but it's the truth... at the end of the day our books need to sell so that we can make more books. And Zombies selling out meant there was an opportunity there to make another and if it was as good as the first one then chances are that it would sell well too.

Dave and Colin finally gave in, and the call was sent out for new stories to make up this, the second Zombies anthology, or **2OMBIES** as it's now come to be known.

Behind a fantastic cover by rising superstar artist Garry Brown, we have assembled some brilliant, disturbing, funny and just plain wrong tales of the undead for your enjoyment. The bar was raised when the first Zombies book came out and I can safely say I think this one surpasses it.

I hope you all enjoy it and if it's your first book from us at Accent UK please check out our other books, there's a list of them towards the back of the book, and if you're a return customer, then welcome back!

And if this one sells as well as we hope it will, that can mean only one thing...

ZOMBI3S :-)

Andy Bloor
Art Director, Accent UK

ILLUSTRATION BY: SHANE OAKLEY

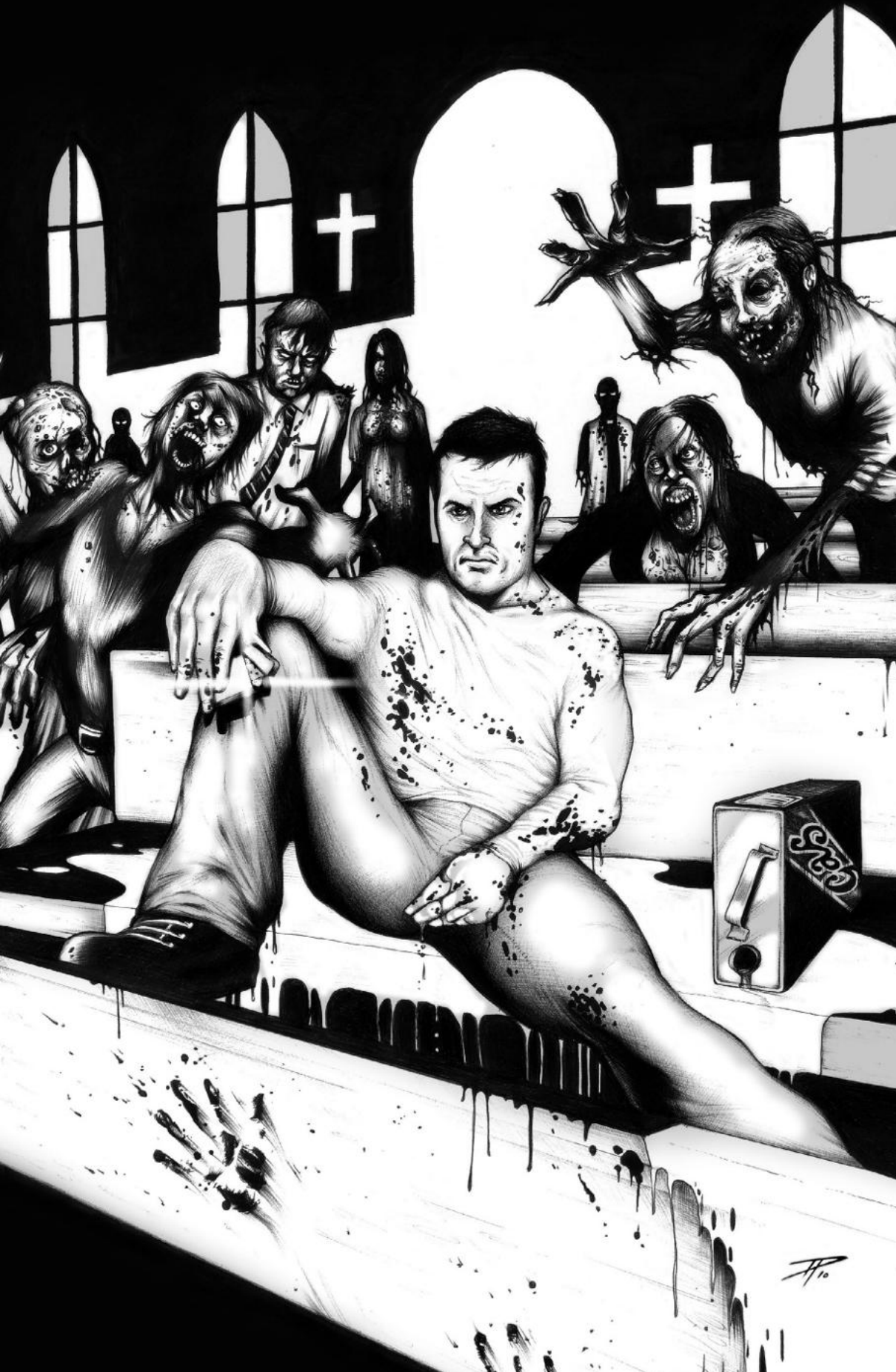

FEATURING ARTWORK BY:
MO
ANDY BLOOR &
ALI
STEVE HOWARD
CHARLES D. CHENET
SPENCER
DENNY HAYES
DOUGLAS
DAVE HITCHCOCK
STEVE HOWARD
SHANE
SHAUN MOONEY
OAKLEY
STUART SIMMONDS
CRISPIAN
ANDREW THOMAS
WOOLFORD
AND INDIO!






ORDED
DELIVERY
RECORDED


SPENCER
DOUGLAS






OAK2011







2OMBIOS

NEIL ALEXANDER
Drawist, writer-er and massive bummer, Neil has produced a comic called 'THE GOOD GUYS' which may or may not be about good guys but certainly should be checked out at his website: **www.neil-alexander.com**

MO ALI
Mo was born in a haunted hospital. You really shouldn't need to know more than that but if you do then why not visit his blog at: **moknowchrome.blogspot.com**

MICHAEL LINDAL ANDERSEN
Danish writer and all around badass librarian, Michael Lindal Andersen, is making his third appearance within the pages of an ACCENT UK anthology with 2OMBIES. In 2010 he and artist Pedro Lopez created the hamster-centric horror story Rovdyr for Danish anthology SPRIT – NYE TALENTER.

BO ASHI
Bo is a illustrator and comics creator living and working in Malmö, Sweden. After attending two years at the school of comic arts in Malmö he's now working with graphic novelist and illustrator Niklas Asker on an upcoming graphic novel for American publisher RANDOM HOUSE. Find out more at: **boashi.blogspot.com**

WESLEY BERNICK
Wesley is an animation/motion graphics artist by day and a illustrator extraordinaire by night. He's worked with some of the top companies in the world including: DISNEY, DC (ZUDA), NFL, FELD MOTOR SPORTS and now ACCENT UK. You can find more of his work at: **www.wesleybernick.com**

ANDY BLOOR
Andy is co-creator of ACCENT UK's THE WOLFMEN and the sequel FALL OF THE WOLFMEN. He also contributed two pages of art to Image Comics' PHONOGRAM. As well as contributing to the ACCENT UK anthologies, Andy is the designer for ACCENT UK, bringing a clear identity to our books. Andy's online presence can be found at: **andrewbloor.blogspot.com**

REBECCA BOWLES
Rebecca completed a degree in Creative Writing at Manchester Metropolitan University in 2006 and started her MA in September 2010. This is her first work in the comic book medium.

GARRY BROWN
Garry has worked for DC COMICS, MARVEL, 2000AD and IDW. He does monthly covers for BOOM! STUDIOS' INCORRUPTIBLE and is currently working on a Sci-Fi miniseries for DARK HORSE.

MICHAEL BURNESS
Michael co-founded UNICO COMICS with Steve Howard and has seen numerous stories of his in print. Always working on a number of projects at any one time, you can keep up with Michael at: **uniquemick.blogspot.com**

FANNY M. BYSTEDT
Fanny is a freelance illustrator, comic artist, writer, comics teacher for children and young adults, coordinator and moderator. She lives and works in Malmö, Sweden. A member of Dotterbolaget ("daughters inc"), a feminist comic group you can follow her work at: **www.fannymbystedt.se**

JOHN CAHILL
John has over 50 pages published in a number of Small Press comics, this is his first work with ACCENT UK. You can find out more about John over on his blog at: **www.greenman-johnsart.blogspot.com**

DINO CARUSO
That tapping you hear from deep in the Canadian wilderness…? It's the sound of Dino's fingers on the keyboard as he works away at his next story. Go to: **www.carusocomics.com** to find out about the work he's already done, or the new stuff on the way.

CALLY CASON
Cally is a member of the Tales From the Parent's Basement podcast team, and is always a voice of chaos amidst the well structured and focused debates. His off the wall comments have become legend.

CHARLES. D. CHENET
After many years in the NYC night club business and serving in the military, Charles D. Chenet returned to his first love, cartooning, at the JOE KUBERT SCHOOL in NJ. He returned to NYC to continue his training at THE ART STUDENTS LEAGUE of NY. He is the founder and organizer of the SEQUENTIAL ARTISTS FOUNDATION, which has several outreach programs, including the Big City Dare2Draw: **www.BigCityDare2Draw.com** and the FACE2FACE

JASON COBLEY
By day he manages an English department in a school, by night however he is an immortal scribe eternally battling others for the prize of seeing his words in print. For many years, he self-published the adventures of CAPTAIN WINSTON BULLDOG in BAM!, but more recent exploits see him bringing FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA to the comic book medium. Jason always has plenty of projects in development, you can laugh at his inability to finish anything at: **www.jasoncobley.blogspot.com**

GARY CRUTCHLEY
Gary is a prolific artist contributing to numerous titles in the UK. Always a man with more projects on the go than a normal person can count, you can attempt to keep up at: **gcrutchley.blogspot.com** Gary is currently working on two Western projects with ACCENT UK.

MAX DEACON
Max was born in Reading and studied Creative Writing at Royal Holloway, University of London. He is currently working on a Gothic novel, and a collection of short-stories about a home for repentant murderesses.

RYAN DOMAN
Ryan is a member of the TALES FROM THE PARENT'S BASEMENT podcast team, usually acting on the role of chairman or facilitator, trying, sometimes vainly but always gallantly, to keep the conversations focused on the world of comic books.

MARK DOUGLAS
Mark is a member of the TALES FROM THE PARENT'S BASEMENT podcast team, and is always a voice of reason amidst the chaos that ensues.

SPENCER DOUGLAS
Spencer is the brother of the more famous Mark, and also a member of the TALES FROM THE PARENT'S BASEMENT podcast team. Spence is the one who asserts his authority over the debates and tries to control Cally.

MARTIN FISHER
Martin has had comic stories appear in the anthologies LAYER ZERO, ALTERNA TALES, DARK HORRORS 2 and SOMETHING WEIRD. He has recently written BATTLE AMONGST THE STARS, a prequel mini-series to the Roger Corman produced film BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS, which was his first licensed comic work.

ANDY FORBER
Andy's first published artwork appeared in ACCENT UK's WESTERN, which was only appropriate for such a big fan of the genre.

CRAIG IAN GILMORE

Craig was exposed to the horror genre during his formative years, raised on a stable diet of horror movies and copious horror books and now lives and works in London where his voracious appetite for horror fiction across all mediums has grown considerably stronger during his adult years. His great ambition in life is to one day write an epic story of puppies, rainbows and unicorns. And zombies.

LEONARDO M. GIRON

Leonardo, a life long fan of sci-fi and fantasy, was lucky enough to be featured in an issue of IMAGINEFX magazine, from where he went on to do conceptual designs for Richard James Johnson's ERTH CHRONICLES website. This became the first of many more collaborations with Richard and his very first venture into sci-fi fantasy. Their collaborations progressed into short comic strips featured in MURKY DEPTHS – with many more in the works.

DAVID GOLDING

David is one of very few comic artists to have appeared on British TV. His 'THE HUNTER', published by DARE COMICS, has received very high praise in the UK.

ADAM R. GROSS

Adam is a writer, artist, editor and publisher (CLOWN PRESS). He has illustrated and written a variety of stories including: Cosmogenesis: THE CHRONICLES OF QUONGO, an epic 550 page sci-fi fantasy tome with Tony Suleri; THE PRISON AND OTHER TALES, exploring various observations and abstract stories; HMP TEMERAIRE, which explores prison life and short tales as well as enjoying illustrating for other writers and other publishers when he can. There will be new book releases from CLOWN PRESS in 2012. Keep up with Adam at: **www.adamgrose.com**

DAVID HAILWOOD

David writes scripts for situation comedy and comic books. When not busy doing either of these he turns his hands to animation or championing independent comics on mobiles through his **www.rokcomics.com** website.

JOHN HALFPENNY

John loves Victorian science fiction and is working on a short story showcase: **www.corneliusculpepper.com** He lives in Derbyshire where fog and cobblestones still prevail.

DANNY HAYLES

Danny is an artist from the midlands and has recently made the transition from freelance portrait and design work to the world of comic books, having been a fan since I was knee high to a knee. You can see more of his work at: **www.myspace.com/haylestorm09**

PAUL HARRISON-DAVIES

Having recently appeared in 'BEST NEW MANGA', his collaboration in 2OMBIES reunites Paul with Jason Cobley for the first time in ages. Have a look at his blog: **www.paulhd.blogspot.com** to keep up with his work.

DAVID HITCHCOCK

David is the master of Victorian Gothic comic book art. His talent has continued to impress as he has brought us one epic after another, from 'SPIRIT OF THE HIGHWAYMAN', through 'WHITECHAPEL FREAK' to the 2006 Eagle Award winning 'SPRINGHEELED JACK'. You can find out more about Mr Hitchcock on his website **www.blackboar.co.uk**

STEVE HOLDER

Steve's first published work appears in his collaboration with Dave West on ROBOT SHORTS. He will be contributing to a number of future books from ACCENT UK.

GRAEME HOWARD

Graeme is a freelance comic artist and illustrator living in London England with two big dopey dogs and a very understanding partner. Graeme has had work published in several magazines including national newspapers and have storyboarded video games and music videos. You can see more from him at: **www.graemehoward.blogspot.com**

STEVEN HOWARD

Steven co-founded UNICO COMICS with Michael Burness and this is his second contribution to an ACCENT UK anthology. Steve is currently illustrating an ACCENT UK one shot, written by Dave West. You can view Steve's artwork at: **stejam13.deviantart.com**

DAVE HUGHES

Cartoonist for Geoscientist magazine, small press comics producer, technician and creator of the inspired THOMAS WOGAN IS DEAD. Keep up with Dave's work at: **http://stonechatproductions.blogspot.com**

YIFENG JIANG

Yifeng is one of China's new breed of break-out, Manga-Comic style, comic book talents. He attended the legendary JOE KUBERT SCHOOL, in Dover, NJ, to achieve his unique Manga mix style. Based in China where he freelances as a comic book artist and illustrator, Yifeng is also an associated member of NYC-based studio 'BLUE HIVE' founded by artist Charles D. Chenet and they are working together with other talents starting a new digital comic imprint. Yifeng's art samples can be seen on his deviantart page: **jyf1982.deviantart.com/gallery/**

VALIA KAPDAI

Valia is a full-time dreamer and a comic junkie. She's currently working as a graphic designer at the University of Athens in the morning, while she shifts into a watercolour thirsty creature by night, drawing comic pages. She has been involved in various comic anthologies (for IDW, INSOMNIA, ACCENT UK, BLC, DAPSHOW PRESS), and she's currently drawing two comic books for MARKOSIA ENTERPRISES. She can also be found all over the place and in a webpage near you: **http://neurotic-elf.deviantart.com**

TIM KEABLE

Tim (**www.angrycandy.co.uk**) has done illustrative work for publishers VIRGIN BOOKS, VISUAL IMAGINATION and for the DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE. He also drew storyboards for Jim Mortimore's unproduced TV series FIRST FRONTIER. Comic work includes strips for both THE GIRLY COMIC and VIOLENT! and the well-received WEST series.

MARGARET KILLJOY

Margaret is an itinerant creator, the author of such various works as 'A STEAMPUNK'S GUIDE TO THE APOCALYPSE', 'MYTHMAKERS & LAWBREAKERS: ANARCHIST WRITERS ON FICTION', and 'WHAT LIES BENEATH THE CLOCKTOWER'. Founder of both STEAMPUNK MAGAZINE and GRACELESS: A JOURNAL OF THE RADICAL GOTHIC, Margaret maintains a blog at: **www.birdsbeforethestorm.net**

RICHARD JAMES JOHNSON

The creative force behind ERTH CHRONICLES, Richard's stories have helped inspire and forge links with a number of independent artists around the world. His clarity of vision can be owed as much to his award winning background in Graphic Design and Illustration, as to his writing where he works frequently with his main artistic collaborator, Leonardo M. Giron. Find out more at websites: **www.erthchronicles.com** and **www.terminalcondition.com**

OWEN MICHAEL JOHNSON

Owen has been writing comics for ACCENT UK since he was 17. We is currently working on the company's first collaborative graphic novel, 'WHO ON EARTH WAS THADDEUS MIST?', as well as new creator-owned material. Find him at: **www.creatingmonsters.blogspot.com**

PATRIK LINDBERG

Patrik is a Swede living in Denmark with his fiancee and son. With a background in classic animation, which he studied and worked with in Sweden for a couple of years, he worked on such projects as the feature film 'METROPIA'. Comics is a new challenge for Patrik, and you can follow his progress at: **www.patriklindberg.se**

PEDRO LOPEZ

Pedro is a Danish illustrator and comic artist. He has contributed to American comic anthology 'GRAPHIC CLASSICS', as well as Danish and Swedish anthologies. Find out more about Pedro and his workon his website: **www.pedrolopez.dk**

MARLEEN LOWE

Marleen illustrated the 2010 Eagle Award winning, 'WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN?' which she co-created with Dave West. She is

currently working on a follow up book called 'HAS KANE MESMER LOST HIS MAGIC TOUCH?' Marleen's work can be found at: **www.redroom.me.uk**

STEPHEN MICHAEL LOWE

Stephen produced his first stage play in 1999 and co-founded KOBAL Theatre Company with Mark Distin in 2001. For information on Stephen and KOBAL visit: **www.kobaltheatrecompany.co.uk**

KIRK MANLEY

Kirk is the co-creator of the acclaimed 'Z-GIRL AND THE 4 TIGERS' with Jeff Marsick. You can see more of his work at: **www.studiokm.com**

JEFF MARSICK

Jeff is the other co-creator of 'Z-GIRL AND THE 4 TIGERS' with Kirk Manley and also the writer of 'DEAD MAN'S PARTY' drawn by Scott Barnett.

PETER MASON

Peter lives in Herne Bay and loves to draw all the time, on the bus, in lessons when he shouldn't be drawing, he will draw anywhere and anytime. On the net he is known as UNiCOMICS he can be found here on his Deviant Art page **http://unicomics-chowkofsky.deviantart.com** or you can check out his Visu-blog over at: **http://unicomics.tumblr.com**

OLLIE MASTERS

Ollie writes whenever he has the time and isn't obsessing over his new found love for New Orleans music. You can find him on twitter at **@olliemasters**.

PAUL L. MATHEWS

A former concept artist and illustrator, Paul's career was derailed by the onset of the auto-immune disorder Myasthenia Gravis. Since then he has pursued his first love: writing. To date his short stories have appeared in respected Indie publications like ESTRONOMICON, TWISTED TONGUE, and THE WILLOWS, as well as Poland's leading sci-fi periodical, NOWA FANTASTYKA. He is also the creator of THE VALENTINE CHRONICLES.

SHAUN MOONEY

Shaun is a concept artist, illustrator, game designer and artist. He got involved with ACCENT UK by pure chance (or was it destiny?) by meeting Dave West at a comics mart in Manchester where his interest was perked when Zombies were mentioned. He returns with a pin-up of, yes, more Zombies.

JIM MORTIMER

Jim's 2009 short story 'THE SUN IN THE BONE HOUSE' was submitted for the Nebula Award. His work - including DR WHO, CRACKER, BABYLON 5, FARSCAPE, THE TOMORROW PEOPLE AND BERNICE SUMMERFIELD together with his first original novel 'SKALDENLAND' (Obverse Books 2011) - is available on Amazon or Lulu, or direct from: rocketman2012@hotmail.co.uk, where he'll happily barter books for cash, lego or vintage synthesizers.

NATHALIE NILSSON

Nathalie is an aspiring artist and writer with a taste for fantasy, history and the supernatural. She has a blog at : **www.zenatness.blogspot.com** where you can get a peek at her work and what she's currently up to.

DOUGLAS NOBLE

Douglas is another very busy UK comic creator, you can see just how busy he is over at: **www.strip-for-me.com**

SHANE OAKLEY

Shane was artist on ALBION for Wildstorm, which saw him collaborate with Leah Moore and John Reppion, and more recently CHANNEL EVIL with Alan Grant and THE LOVECRAFT ANTHOLOGY from Self Made Hero. To keep up to date with Shane's work visit his blog at: **www.shaneoakley.blogspot.com**

JAY RAINFORD-NASH

Jay had his first published comic artwork in the PREDATORS anthology.

LEE ROBSON

Lee's work has appeared in several of the ACCENT UK anthologies, as well as FUTUREQUAKE, SOMETHING WICKED, and the 2000AD fanzines DOGBREATH and ZARJAZ. His graphic novel BABBLE (**www.babblecomic.com**) is to be published by Com.X in the near future. You can find Lee's blog at: **www.imaginarystories.co.uk**

JIM SCHWITZER

Jim is a writer and blow-hard for **www.talesfromtheparentsbasement.com** and his INDIE 500 (about comics not racing cars) podcast has appeared both there and over at: **www.burntweiners.com** He lives in Utah with his beautiful wife and daughters, works the daily grind, and hopes he'll make it one day in...something. He is about to launch a Horror Movie podcast with Ryan Doman.

KALLE SHANAHAN

Kalle used to be tour manager for Lady Gaga - but was fired once it was revealed that he was able to read her poker face. He now resides in Manchester and channels his rage into writing comic books, maintaining a blog (**http://geeksploitation.tumblr.com**) and listening to AC/DC. His story credits include 'RECORDED DELIVERY' and 'AT MERCY'S END.'

STUART SIMMONDS

Stuart studied Illustration and Design at Sunderland Uni, and achieved a BA Hons Degree. He also studied Graphic Design at Lewisham College and achieved an ND. Stuart has worked on storyboards for a well known electrical goods company, and an editorial Illustration for a well known Scotch Whiskey brand. He also recently worked on characters and background concept artwork for a production based webisode by CRUMP ANIMATION.

STEVE TANNER

Steve is TIME BOMB COMICS. When not publishing independent comic books in the UK, he turns his hand to writing stories and has seen his work published by FLEETWAY, ATOMEKA AND MURKY DEPTHS, to name a few. Find out more at: **www.timebombcomics.com**

ANDREW THOMAS

Andrew draws comics, lives comics and even left a stable, well paid job in order to get a degree in graphic novels, to try and help achieve his dream of being a full time comic book artist/illustrator. You check out his blog at: **abthomas1982.wordpress.com**

ALEX THOMPSON

Alex is a 23 year old student originally hailing from deepest darkest Somerset. When not muddling her way through her medical degree, she enjoys daytime television, retro gaming and gratuitous ultraviolence.

NIGEL TUTTLE

This is Nigel's first published comic book work.

DAVE WEST

Dave is one of the co-founders of ACCENT UK. He wrote 2010's EAGLE winning 'WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN?' and the 'WOLFMEN' comics. Whilst both of these were illustrated by more accomplished artists, his own doodles can be found on the weekly 'STRANGE TIMES' webcomic at: **www.accentukcomics.com** To keep up with Dave's projects pop over to: **strangestoftimes.blogspot.com** every now and then.

TOM WILSON

Tom lives in Birmingham (UK) and has been drawing and doodling ever since he was old enough to put pencil to paper. Tom set-up his website (**www.tom-wilson.co.uk**) about 4 years ago now when he started to take his art seriously.

CRISPIAN WOOLFORD

Crispian's first comic work was the small press title Sundown (co-created and illustrated by Andy Bloor). He illustrated 'KARAKURI' in ACCENT UK's ROBOTS and a pin-up in WESTERN. You can find out more about Crispian at: **crispianwoolford.blogspot.com**

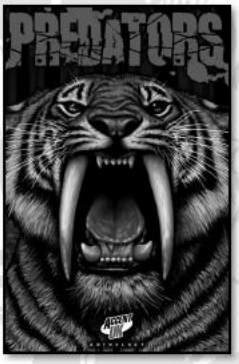
SIMON WYATT

Simon lives in Bridgend, South Wales, UK and holds a Distinction in Freelance Cartooning and Illustration and was awarded the title of NATIONAL YOUNG CARTOONIST OF THE YEAR for Wales. He has produced work for ORANG UTAN COMICS, MONDO COMICS, amongst others. His most recent work, for which he is both Writer and Artist: UNBELIEVABLE - THE MAN WHO ATE DAFFODILS. VOL 1. has been published by MARKOSIA.

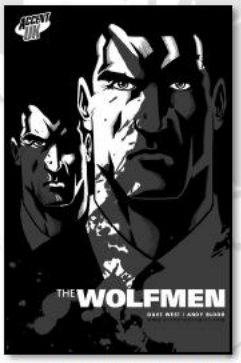
ACCENT UK comics are available from: **www.accentukcomics.com** & **www.forbiddenplanet.co.uk**



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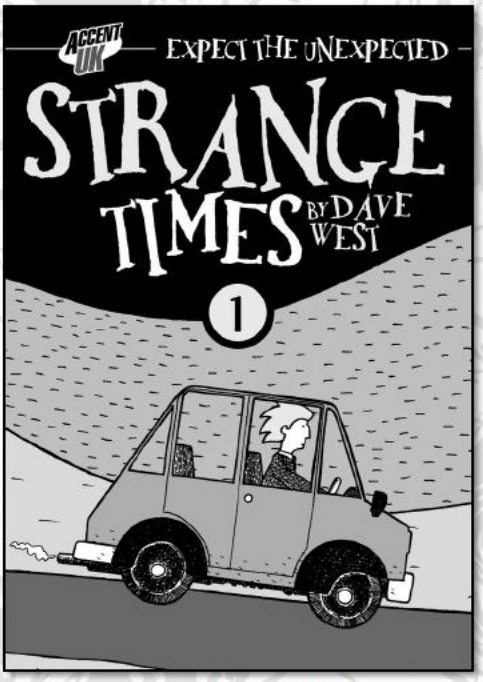
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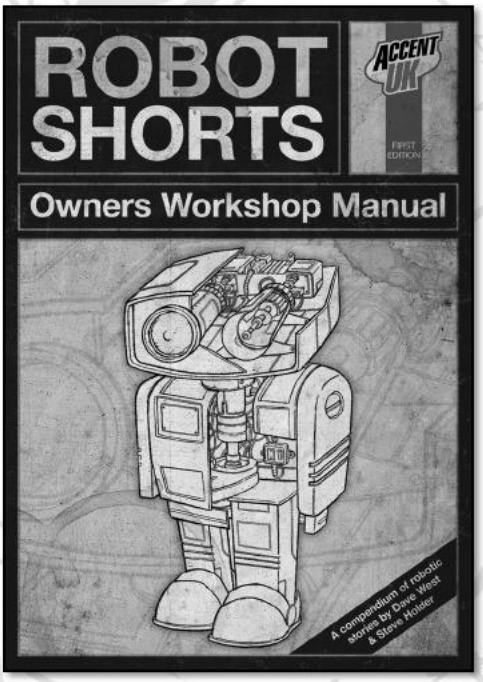
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They are also available from the following stores: **ACE COMICS** - Colchester, **GOSH!** - London, **Millennium Comics** - Northwich and Warrington, **OK Comics** - Leeds, **Travelling Man** - Manchester and **Forbidden Planet International** - London, Birmingham, Bristol, Cambridge, Coventry, Croydon, Dartford, Liverpool, Newcastle and Southampton.

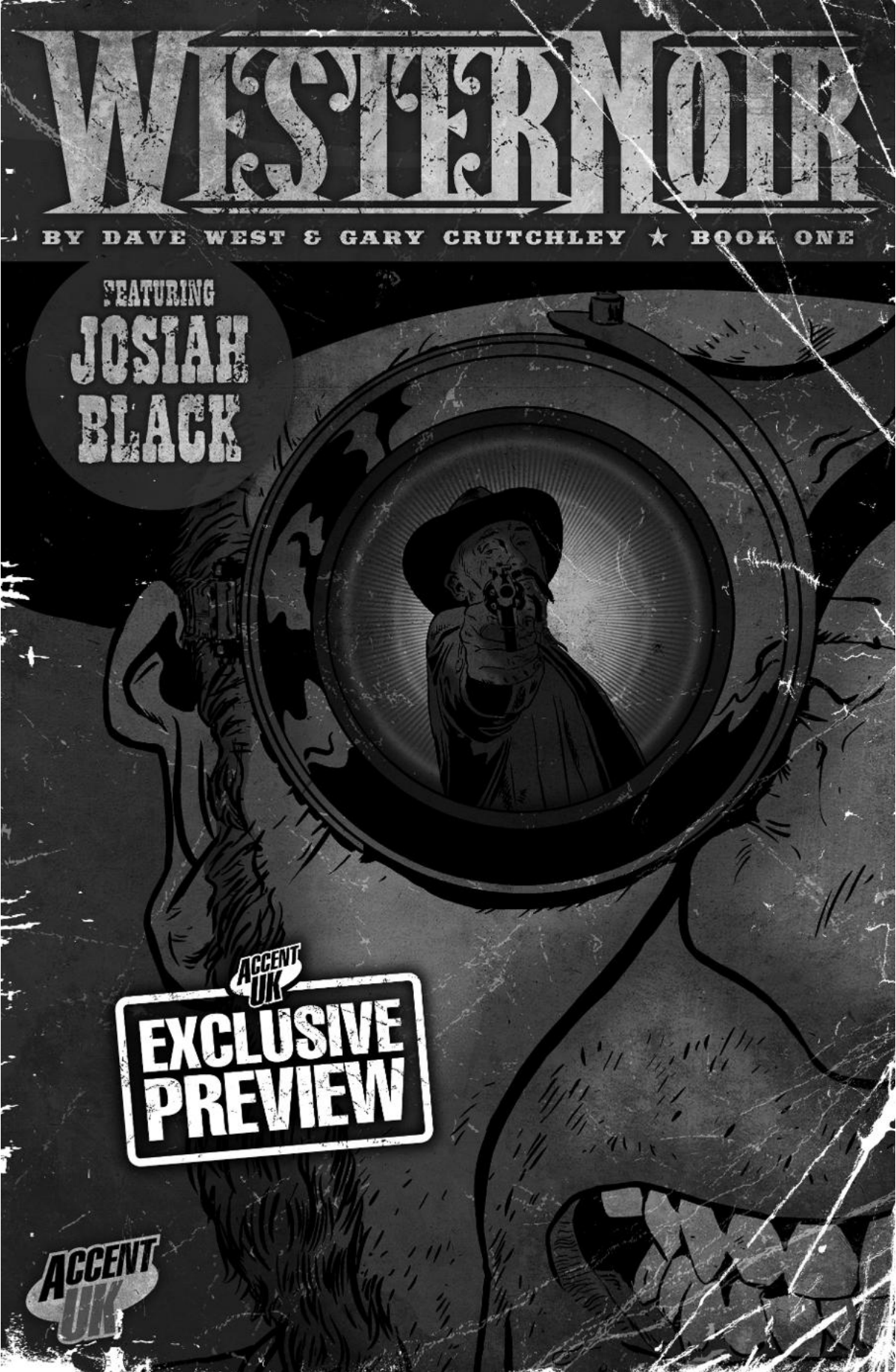
Look out for future titles from **ACCENT UK**, including: **'MY MAKER & I', 'VICTORIANA', 'WHO ON EARTH WAS THADDEUS MIST?', 'WESTERNOIR', 'HAS KANE MESMER LOST HIS MAGIC TOUCH?', 'CHANGELING', 'HAVE YOU SEEN THE INVISIBLE MAN?', 'STRANGE TIMES'** Book 2 **AND MORE!**

WESTERN NOIR

BY DAVE WEST & GARY CRUTCHLEY ★ BOOK ONE

FEATURING

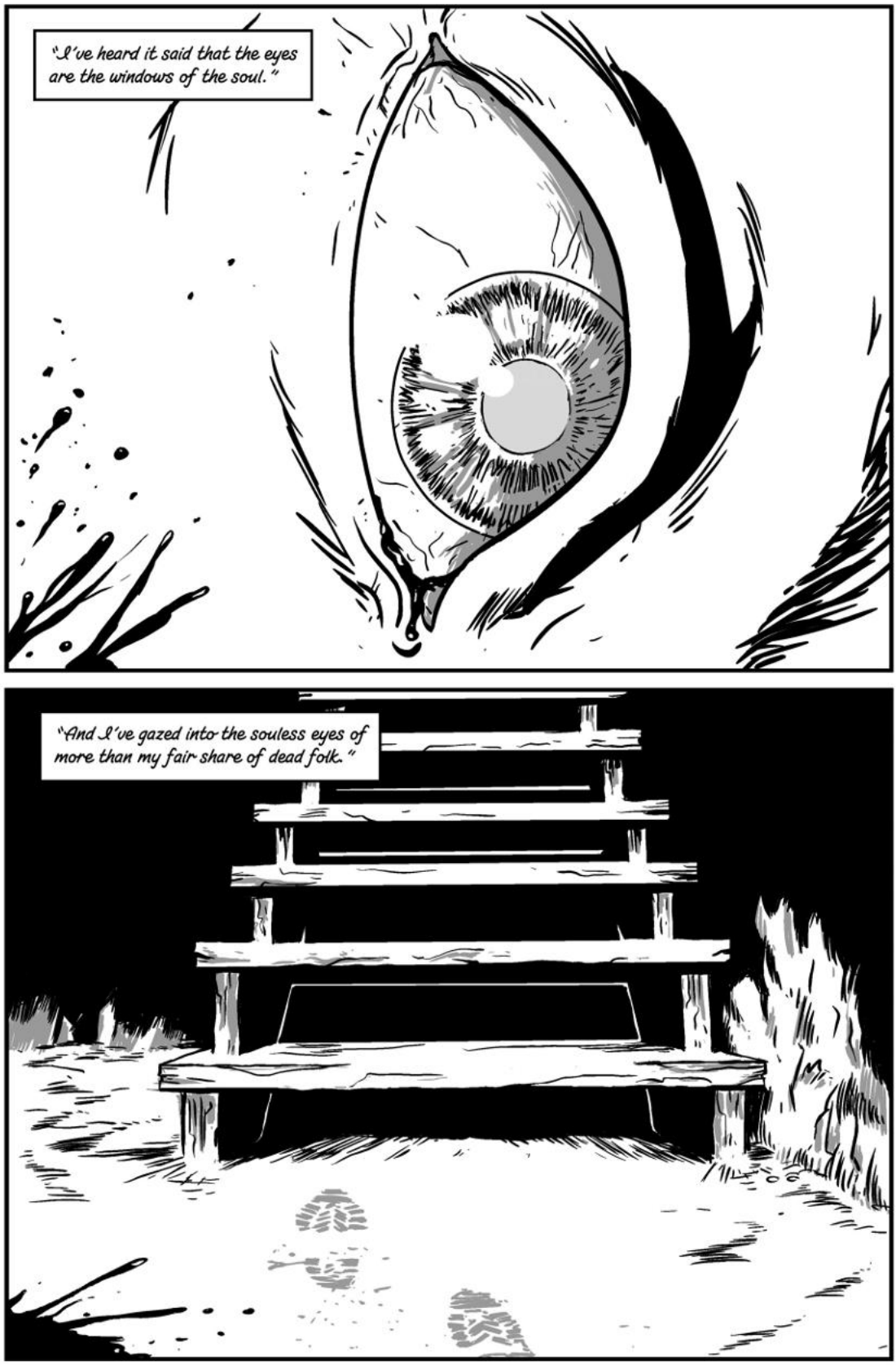
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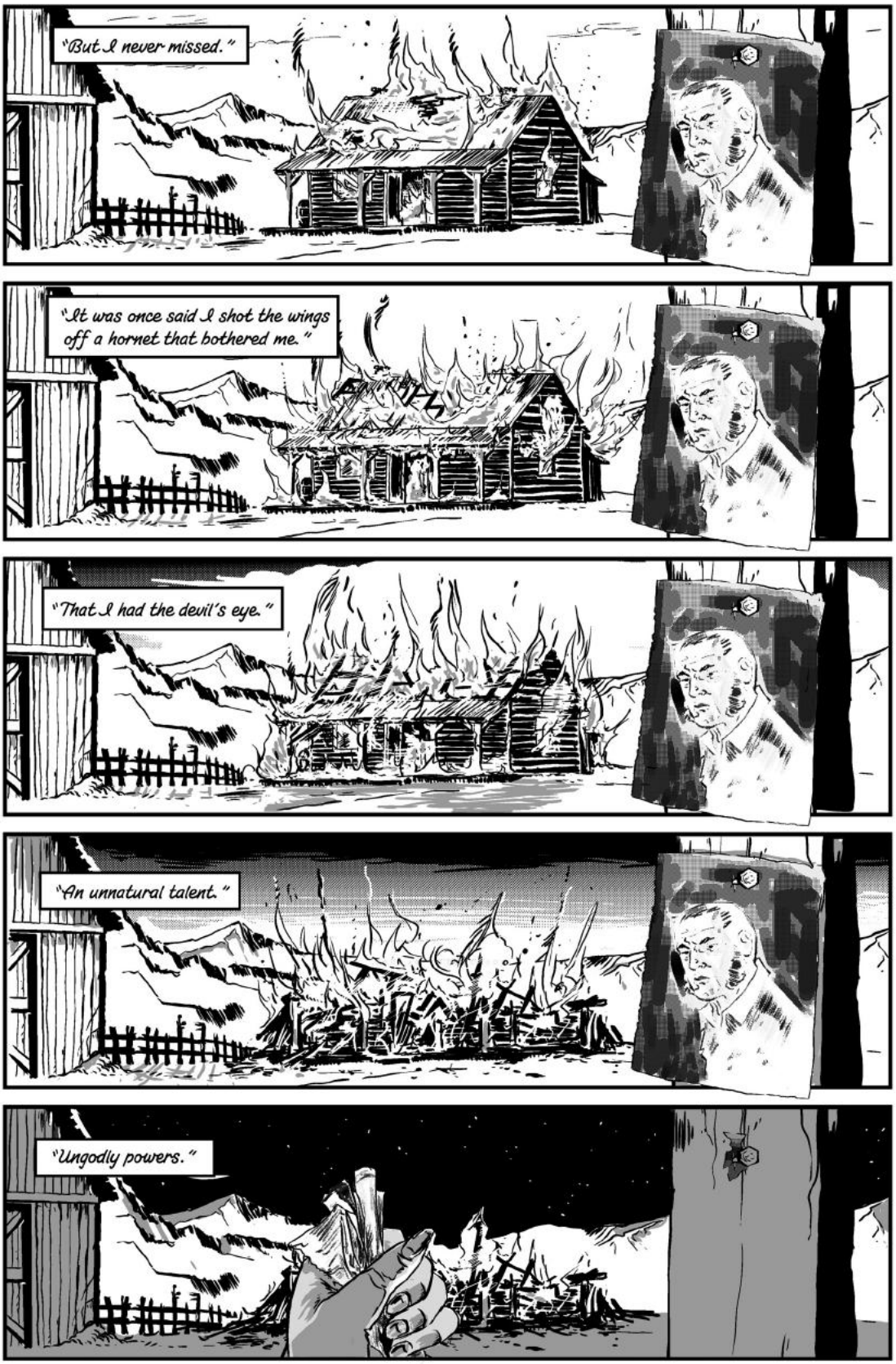
ACCENT UK

EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW

ACCENT UK


"I've heard it said that the eyes are the windows of the soul."
"And I've gazed into the souless eyes of more than my fair share of dead folk."


"Hell, more of'en than not, I was the reason folk ended up that way."
"But that was back when liguor got a hold of me."
"Back when nobody looked at me the wrong way."
"'nd those that did never lived long enough to do it twice."
"Sure, I weren't the quickest."



THE STORY CONTINUES IN WESTERNOIR #1 - AVAILABLE NOW!






GARRY
BROWN