

**MARVEL**  
LIMITED SERIES  
2 of 5

KIRKMAN  
PHILLIPS  
CHUNG

# MARVEL ZOMBIES™

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# MARVEL ZOMBIES

PART 2 OF 5



He's  
gone.

Where  
did he go?

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Well--does anyone **see** him? Pops anyone know where he might have gone?

I'm not seeing **squat**. He was there--and then he was just gone.

What are we going to do **now**? I'm starting to get hungry again.



Should I **fly** up--see if I can find him? I could do a sweep of the city--see if I spot anything.



Right, so when you **find** him you can keep him all to **yourself**. That's a brilliant plan.

You so much as flap a wing and I'll have Thor send his mako-shit hammer through your face.



Let's see if you survive **that**.



I was asking a question. **Jeez**, man. I don't understand why you can't be more civil.



Colonel America? You got any ideas? If we've got food traveling the skies I want to get to it before anyone **else**.

Any plans?



What **can** we do? The speed that thing was moving at--we can't catch that. **Maybe** if the Hulk saw it coming in time to leap to it--but otherwise, I think it's a waste of effort.

There's got to be pockets of civilians hiding somewhere, like Magneto's clan. We'd be better off finding them.





Sounds like a plan to me. Still, it wouldn't be a bad idea to get the story on our visitor--find out where he came from--so keep your eyes open.

I'm going to see if I can find *Janet*. I'll meet up with you later.

In the meantime--get back to the others, tell them what happened with Magneto.



What are we going to *tell* Iron Man? I mean, about Magneto?



The *truth*, that during the fight Magneto broke a gas line and died in an explosion--he was *vaporized*.

There was nothing *left* to eat.



Right--*gas main*. That works. We'll see you there...

Tonight?

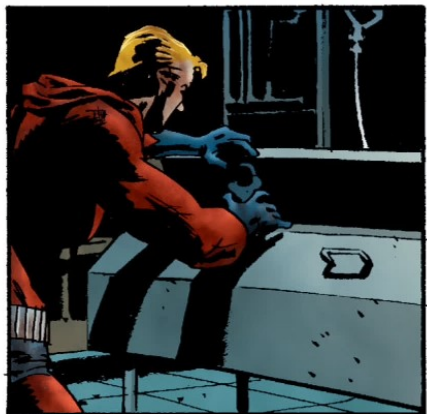


I don't know--I have to find my *Wife* first. I'll be there as soon as I *can*.

Hey Luke--you think maybe?

Sigh Hop on my *back*, you *cripple*.







You awake? Hello? T'Challa?

**Good.**  
I'm glad you're unconscious. I thought maybe the sedative might have run out. The mask *helps* my conscience, but not as much when you're *squirming*.



I was going to do a little *work* today. See if I couldn't figure some things out.

Sadly, the meal I had earlier isn't going to last long enough for me to keep a clear head. Looks like I'm going to have to carve off another piece.



You don't have a preference, do you? I figured I'd start in on your legs before I finished off your arm.

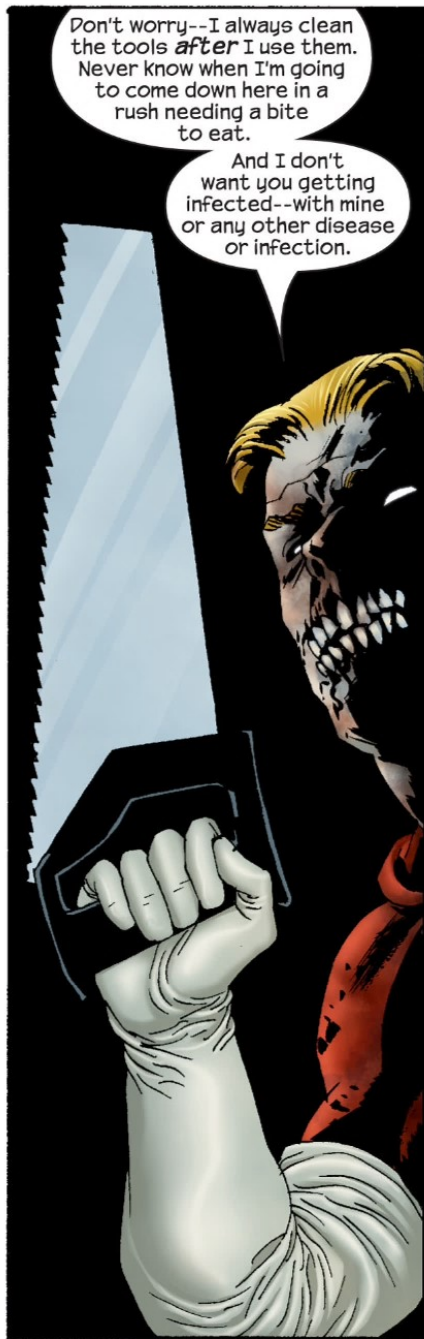


Y'know--the others would *kill* me if they knew I had you down here. They wouldn't understand. You'd be gone and I'd *always* be hungry.

Can't think when I'm *hungry*. You understand, don't you?







Don't worry--I always clean the tools *after* I use them. Never know when I'm going to come down here in a rush needing a bite to eat.

And I don't want you getting infected--with mine or any other disease or infection.



I need you here--*human*--for as long as I can hold out.



You understand, right? I don't *enjoy* this--I think it's *sick*. I do it for the good of us all. I like to think that if I didn't keep you so drugged you'd *volunteer* for this.



That said, I'm not going to let the drugs wear off so I can *ask*--so I guess I *am* a monster.



You want to hear something *really* scary? Well, something that scares *me*, at least.



I *like* the way flesh tastes. Really, I do. If I were to somehow find a cure for whatever's going on with us--if things went back to the way they were...or as close as they could get...

I think I'd *still* eat people.



That terrifies me. Really.



The scary part is that it's the *only* thing about all this that terrifies me. And I just sawed a friend's *foot* off so I can *eat* it.





What the hell is going on in here?

Janet?!

You're hiding this from me?!



From you—from everyone.

Nobody knows about this.



Why?









**CHOMP!**



**THROW!**



**ACK!!**  
Disgusting!!



**BLAR GGG!**



Well, I guess you got the last laugh. Should have known not to do that. We taste terrible.



Sigh-





Now I've got a *mess* to clean up.

I'll leave that for *later*.

Where were we?



Oh yeah. I better get to that before it gets *cold*.



K--  
K--



What's that? Sedative wearing off?



K--kill--  
--me.



No can-do, old friend. If I do that your *meat* will *spoil*. Then you'll taste no better than my poor wife's *head*.

We can't have *that*, can we?



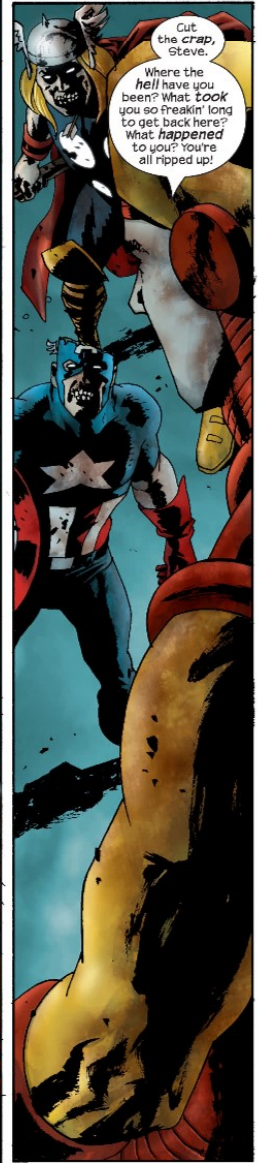
Now *shut up*. It's going to take me a few minutes to find your sedative.

Daddy has *work* to do.

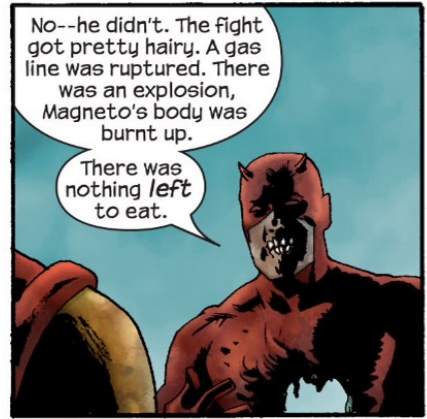


















You *geniuses* think you can slip one past me? If you haven't *eaten* anything, why is Spider-Man so emotional?

Not to mention the fact that *Banner* is standing here and not *Hulk*. He's only Banner after *feeding*.

Then there's Banner's *bulging* and recently *ruptured* belly. That's a little hard to *miss*.



We're *sorry*, Iron Man--it's just that--you know there wouldn't have been enough to go around *anyway*.

What *else* could we have done?

*Relax*, I would have done the *same*. I'm just pissed I didn't even get a *taste*.

I haven't eaten in over a *day*.

If it makes you feel any better, I didn't get any either. I showed up to the party a little *too late*.

That doesn't make me feel better at *all*.

Where's Hank and Jan? They were with you, right? They never came back--we haven't seen *Hawkeye* either.







The Wasp flew away with a chunk of Magneto. She didn't want to share with Hank. When we decided to come back here, Hank went to look for her.

Hawkeye's *dead*--we think.



You *think*?



No, I mean *really* dead. Magneto used my shield to sever his head. We never got around to checking to see if it finally killed him.

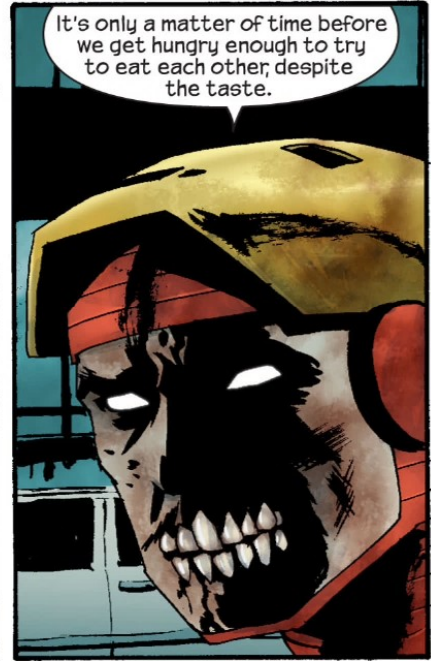
You never know.



True. We haven't exactly figured out what *kills* us, have we? If things keep going the way they are--I think we'll soon find out though.

Oh?

That's actually something I've been wanting to talk to you about.



It's only a matter of time before we get hungry enough to try to eat each other, despite the taste.



When *that* happens, staying in a large group together--like we have been--becomes a *bad* idea.



True. Do you want to split everyone up? Say that we'd have a better chance at finding food that way?



It's common sense really. When this started, there was enough to go around--*billions*, actually. *We* swarmed like locusts and picked the globe clean.

Now, though... our food supply is slim to none.





But *no*, I don't want to split everyone up. I want to *disappear*. Get about ten of us together and just *go*. Search the Midwest--see if we *missed* anyone.



If we took a Quinjet--it might look like a *rescue* mission. People would come out of hiding and try to flag us down.



That's not a bad idea. Also, what about presidential bunkers and hidden bases? All of Congress has got to be underground *somewhere*.

You'd remember where those places were from when you were President, right, Colonel?



Maybe one or two. I didn't spend a lot of time in bunkers--and remember, I didn't serve a full term.



Right--I'm starting to forget things. It's starting to become--



What the *hell* is that?









We saw him earlier.  
We have no clue  
what he is.



Anything *else* you're  
keeping from me?



No, this  
covers it.



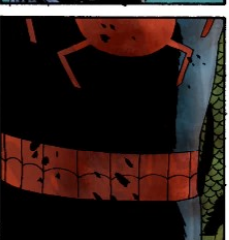


The great Galactus has been summoned. He will arrive here very soon.

Your world is to be converted into elemental energy to serve as nourishment for my master Galactus. I have surveyed your planet and while it supports little life it will be sufficient for his needs.

Though it will mean the end of your existence, you must realize what an honor it is that your death will provide sustenance to Galactus.

Your time is short. Prepare for the end.



What the hell is he talking about?

I have no idea...



