

MARVEL[®]
LIMITED SERIES
3 of 5

KIRKMAN
PHILLIPS
CHUNG

MARVEL ZOMBIES™



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Suyong

It started with a flash in the sky, and a ripple through the clouds. The hunger is what brought it here--and feed it did, until the Marvel Heroes were no more.

They were replaced by soulless monsters, driven only by an insatiable hunger for human flesh.

After they ran out of food, Reed Richards devised a plan to lure his young counterpart from an alternate Earth into a deadly trap. Thanks to Magneto, who had managed to stay uninfected, the older Reed's plan failed, leaving him and the rest of the zombieified Fantastic Four stranded in another dimension.

Magneto has destroyed the machine that allowed the evil F.F.'s passage to this other Earth--an action he paid for with his life.

Now the Silver Surfer has appeared in the skies above them. Why he is here is unknown but we know his welcome will not be friendly.

This is no world of Marvel Heroes.

This is the world of:

MARVEL ZOMBIES

PART 3 OF 5

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It is *pointless* to resist. Your fate is inevitable. I beg you, please--you are lesser beings--you should be *honored* to give your lives to provide the world devourer with sustenance.

This fighting will accomplish *nothing*.

ZRAK!!

ZRAK!!





Get him!! Keep him off balance--don't give him a chance to devise a strategy against us!







Have fun!



Jeez.



I'm glad I took my *time* coming back from my lab.



I think I'll wait around until the *end* of this particular ordeal. There's no *way* I'm joining in on *that* fight.



I can feel the *hunger* starting to take over again--I may be of *use* in this fight yet.

It's a pipedream keeping it connected, hoping that it may *heal*-- it's barely hanging on there. It's really just getting in the way.



No--that's it. I'm getting rid of this thing right now!

GRRR.



There!

AAARRRGH!!!



You okay there, pal?



HULK NOT OKAY--HULK IS HUNGRY!!

Hey, buddy--join the club.





Don't let him get away!



We've lost too many to let him get away now!



He's not going anywhere-- not until I get *payback!!*



There better be enough *payback* to go around. I'm calling dibs on his silver little heart!



NO! HE BELONGS TO HULK!



SILVER MAN REGRET FRYING HULK'S FACE!!
HULK WILL MAKE SURE OF THAT!





Where've *you* been all this time? I didn't see *you* joining in the fight.

Shut up. Do you want a ride or not?

Out of the way!!

FWAPP!



Back off--this is *ours!*



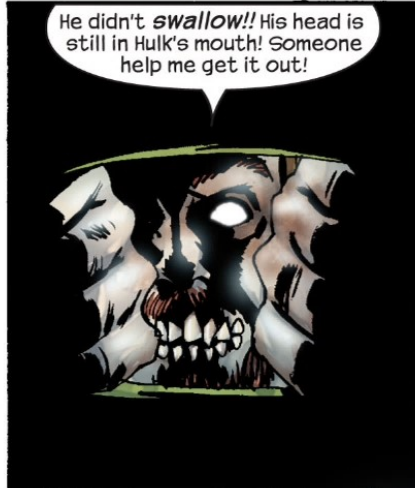
You boys should learn to *share!*



Get your fill while you can--they'll be on us in a second or two.



Get back here with that!





That's it!
It's all gone!!
Now quit shoving.
There's nothing
left to eat!

It's
over!



All gone? But
Hulk not get
more...



You jerks couldn't share a
piece with the rest of
us... you had to fight us
off and keep it all for
yourselves?!

Thanks
a lot.



Oh, quit your whining--
you'd have done the
same--

WOPP!!

WHOA!!



It looks like through eating
that poor stranger we've all
gotten a small portion
of his powers.



Looks
that way.

Let's see how
these *whiners*
taste *extra*
crispy.



Still woozy from the sedatives--but I will make it.

I have to.



Please?! Just a nibble?! I helped you escape-- you owe me!!



Wasp--Janet--please. This is hard enough as it is. I can't handle your--



Please!!

I don't want to infect you--just cut a piece off--a finger--anything. I'm begging you!



Janet, please stop.



Just stop.



So this is what we're left with, huh? This is the world as it is today. If the whole planet is as ravaged as this, I pray *never* to lay eyes on my home, Wakanda.

Just a taste!

That is a sight I could not bear.



Janet, my friend...you must stop this at once. I will not *feed* you. I *refuse*. It is very disturbing to me that you would even *ask*.

If you don't stop I will be forced to leave you behind.



T'Challa--you don't *understand* what it's like. I *need* to feed. I--can't *think* straight. The hungrier I get, the more the hunger *consumes* me.

It's hard to explain--the *craving*--the *need*--I *ache* to taste your flesh. I'm *starving* for it. I'm in *pain*.



This is madness!!

You are a *severed head!* You don't even have a *body!* This sickness has consumed you--it's keeping you alive, somehow. But this *hunger*--

It's *all in your mind!* You can't digest anything--you don't have a *body!* There is nowhere for food to *go!*



Why is this happening? Why can't this be some horrible dream?



Where is he, *monster*--?



Where is Magneto?



I have no idea.



You're human--
you're...
...alive.



Well--that settles *that*.
The dead taste *horrible*
no matter *how* much you
cook them.

That's a
shame--I think
we're back to
having nothing to
eat again.



I can fly now--without my propulsion
boots--we all should be able to. We
can sweep the globe a lot more
efficiently now.

There've *got*
to be *some*
survivors out
there.



Of *course* there are
more survivors out there
somewhere. There
has to be.

The best
part is that now
we won't have to
share them with
anybody.



Looks like we
might have wiped
these guys out too
soon. It looks like we
could have used
their *help*.

With
what?!



Oh.

PREPARE
TO BE DEVoured
IN THE NAME OF
GALACTUS. YOUR LIVES
MUST END SO THAT
I MAY LIVE.

ALTHOUGH
MY HUNGER IS AT ITS
PEAK, I MUST PAUSE A
MOMENT TO ASK. WHERE
IS MY HERALD?

WHERE IS
MY SERVANT, THE
SILVER SURFER?

Sean
2005



If by "Silver Surfer" you mean the silver guy that flew around on the surfboard...
...we ate him.



WHAT?!



And I don't mean to rain on your world-eating parade--

--but we're still hungry.