

MARVEL ZOMBIES 2

MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
1 of 5

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Suydam

40 Years
Later...

**MARVEL
ZOMBIES 2**
PART 1 OF 5

Damn...

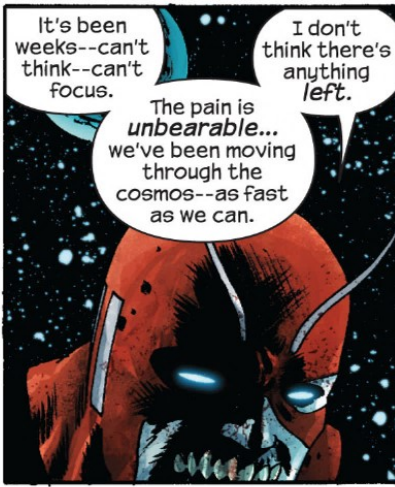
Sam
2007



...the edge of the known universe.

...I can't believe we ate the whole thing.







Hulk has stopped it.

Now Hulk can eat for two-- eating Prune Chin's food. Problem solved.



Starving-- must--!



Trust us-- you don't want to be doing that.



HUAKK!!



How many times do we have to tell you? We can't eat each other.

If only we could...

We're done here.



There's nothing to eat-- there's nothing left. We can't stay here.

We need to leave.



Yeah, bub--and go *where?* We've been *everywhere.*



Not everywhere. There was a machine, I remember it now, a way to get to other dimensions.



I remember...I think I remember working on that. Did I build it, before--before I was... dead?



Yes, and Reed Richards rebuilt it and used it to escape this dimension.

That's our ticket out of here-- that's our means of escape. That's how we get more food.

WE NEED TO GO BACK TO EARTH.



You ain't saying much. It's not like you. What gives?

Just thinking. I don't know...



It seems like the longer we go without eating, I could be imagining this but... it seems like the pain-- the *hunger* is, well...



...I think it's starting to fade.

Earth...





You--get me out of here-- please!

You can help me--can't you? *Can't you?!*

Please, help me!



My grandfather told me all about you and your kind. You're not all like Miss Wasp.

Are you gonna try to *bite* me?



No, I--

I just want someone to *talk* to.



You promise you're not going to try and eat me?

I promise.



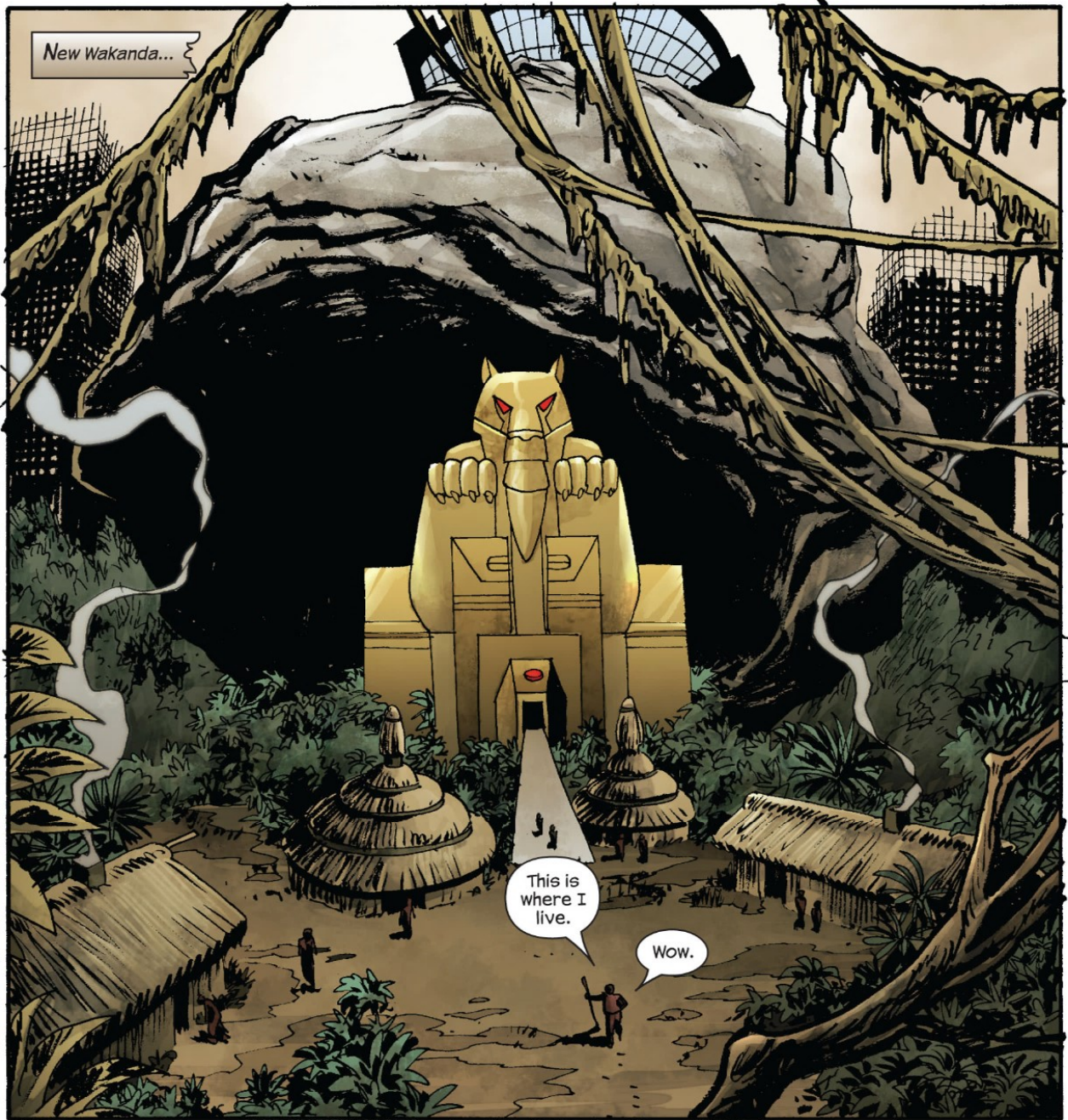
Okay. I'll take you home. They'll know what to do with you.

Did you say something about a *Wasp*?

I think I knew a *Wasp* once...

...I think.

New Wakanda...



This is where I live.

Wow.



Damn it, T'Challa. There is far too much at stake for you to be so casual about this.

You need to start taking this threat seriously.



If the Acolytes take control of this community, we won't last another generation.

You know this.



What do you expect me to do, Forge? You've been telling me for years that we don't have a large enough gene pool to reestablish humanity on any kind of a permanent basis.

Do you expect me to banish them? Wouldn't that make things worse?



I'm not sure anymore. If we're doomed to eventually perish anyway... maybe we *would* be better off without them.

I can't say I don't agree with you. There was a time-- I would have given my life for the Acolytes. But now-- these *children* wearing the uniforms--they've lost their way.

The queen is right. I was elected leader-- leader of us *all*, not just those who agree with me. I won't turn my back on anyone.



They are challenging your rule-- they're power-mad children bent on establishing some damn cult to Magneto. *They're crazy.*

Crazy they may be--but one of their arguments is that I'm too old to lead.

Even if that isn't true now-- it's only a matter of time before we'll need to elect a new leader anyway.

I'm not going to be here forever.





It doesn't *have* to be that way.



Wasp, please--don't take this the wrong way, but we're never going to so much as *consider* that.

Please don't bring it up again.



I know your feelings on the matter. I do. And I understand everyone's concerns, but something has come up.

Something that proves my recovery from *The Hunger* is not a fluke--that I'm not an isolated case.



I found it earlier today, grandfathers.

He's like Miss Wasp--he's nice. He hasn't tried to bite me once.

Do I know any of you? I remember...

I *think* I remember...



Bring it here, son.

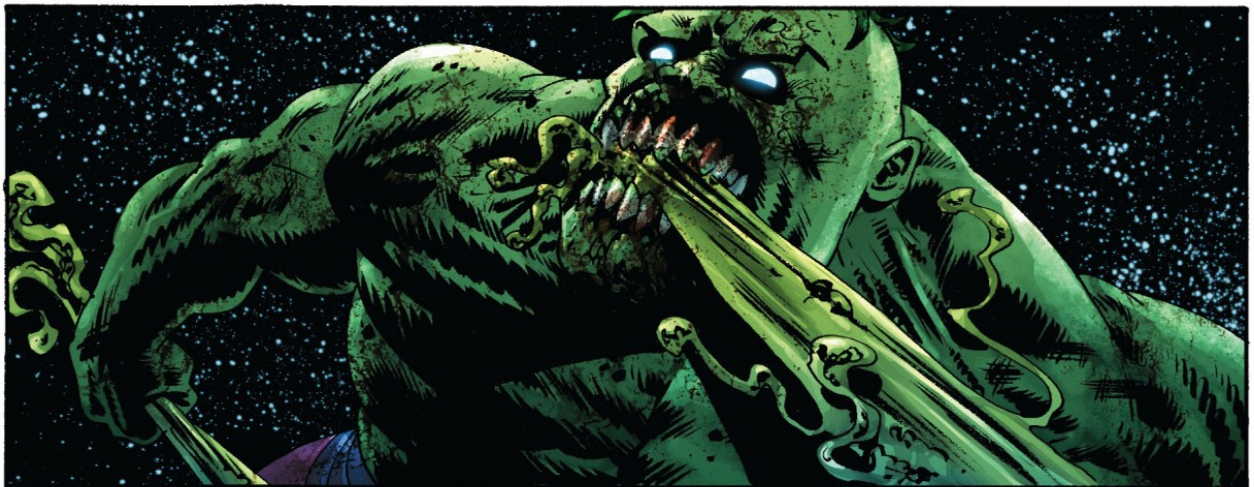
Be careful.



Hawkeye?

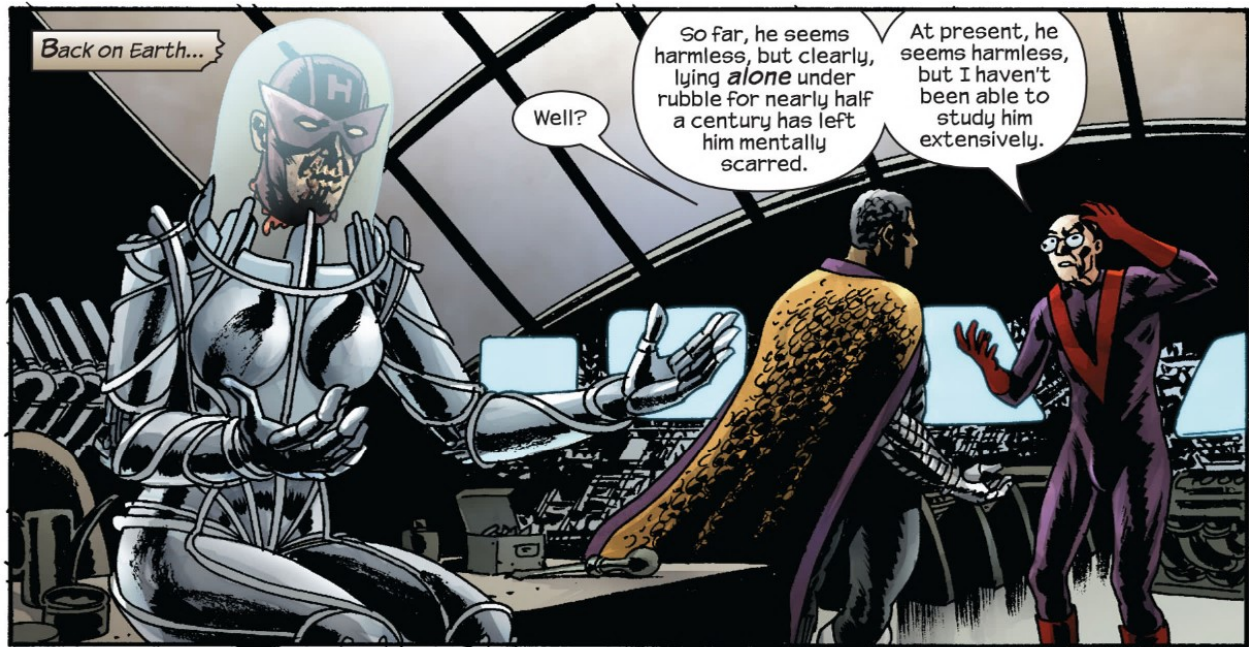
My God...

Meanwhile, out in deep space...



A living planet? I don't know *how* we missed this the *first* time through!



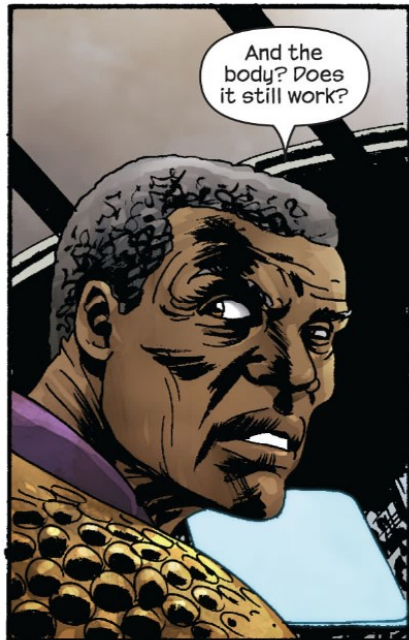


Back on Earth...

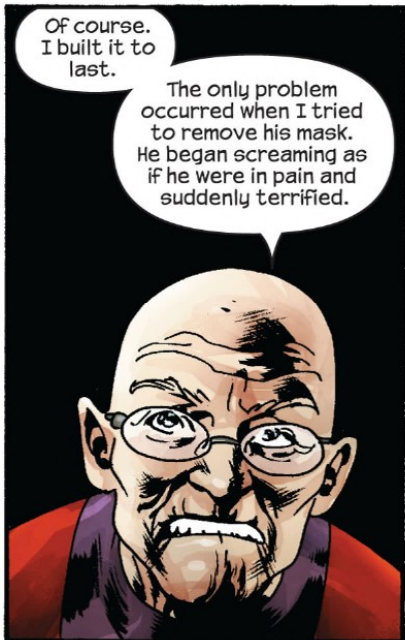
Well?

So far, he seems harmless, but clearly, lying *alone* under rubble for nearly half a century has left him mentally scarred.

At present, he seems harmless, but I haven't been able to study him extensively.

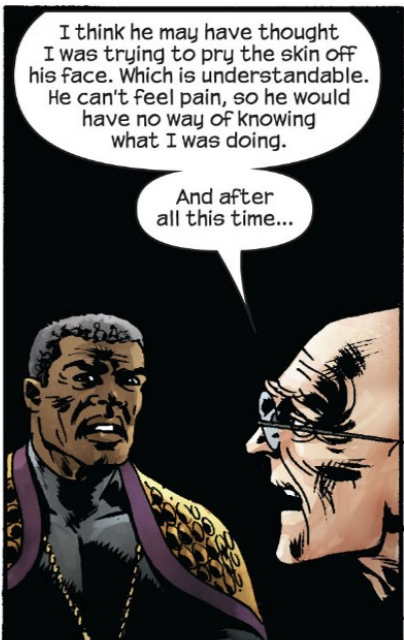


And the body? Does it still work?



Of course. I built it to last.

The only problem occurred when I tried to remove his mask. He began screaming as if he were in pain and suddenly terrified.



I think he may have thought I was trying to pry the skin off his face. Which is understandable. He can't feel pain, so he would have no way of knowing what I was doing.

And after all this time...



That's... unsettling.

Like I say, he's not all there. After a few weeks--maybe he'll come around, or maybe he won't. But I would not leave him alone with anyone for now.

There's no telling *what* he's capable of.

Elsewhere in New Wakanda...

Fabian Cortez, my father, was a great man!

A man with **VISION!**

He would often speak to me of the vast world that lay around us, *untouched* and *unspoiled*. He believed in the *potential* of this society.



My father believed we could reestablish our dominance over this planet! I believe we can do much more than we are.

I believe we can start to *live* instead of merely trying to *survive!*



I've lost faith in our "warrior King" who's never fought in a war! I see a man who lives in fear--fear of the past--fear of the future.

I don't see a king! I see an *old man*, losing his mind--slowly rotting away to nothing--taking *us* with him!

I call for a new direction, new ideas--new *leadership!*



Cortez!

Cortez!

Cortez!

Cortez!



Later that night.

Aboard Asteroid M, the quarters of Black Panther and his wife...



Elsewhere...

Just a few more--



What is this monitor saying? There's a *breach*? How often does that happen?

It happens from time to time. A hatch opening isn't such a big deal if we're not out in space. I usually *ignore* it.

I guess you could go check it out if you're really worried...

Hmm.







Oh, God...
Oh, God...

He can't die--Wasp, please--don't let him die.

He's going to. He--

There's only one way to stop it.



What do you--oh, God--oh, NO.



Oh, God--the taste. It was the only way. I had to do it.

The taste--oh, so good--the taste--I--

Ugh. Pain--it hurts!



The hunger!

No! No-- Please!!

Stay back!





Don't look at me, dear.

Don't look...



Oh, God-- what did I just do?

Oh, God.

Relax, you'll get over it... this one *did* just try to *kill* you. He *caused* all this, you know.

This is going to work out. While we have a little self-control, we'll lock ourselves up in the detention level. Then, after a few weeks of detoxification--the hunger will wear off. We'll be back to normal again and you can resume your duties as leader.

Things can only get better from here on out.

The worst is definitely *behind* us...I mean, what *else* could possibly happen?!



Are we there yet?!

Shut up!

NEXT ISSUE



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