

# MARVEL<sup>®</sup> ZOMBIES 2

**MARVEL**  
LIMITED SERIES  
3 of 5

WHO? Or WHAT, is the DEADDEST,  
MOST FLESH-EATINGEST, MOST GRUESOME  
MARVEL ZOMBIE OF ALL...?



# "IRON MAN!"

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HE DIES!  
HE WALKS!  
HE DEVOURS!

*Supern*

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ROBERT KIRKMAN    SEAN PHILLIPS    JUNE CHUNG

**MARVEL  
ZOMBIES 2**  
PART 3 OF 5

Get  
out of my  
way!

I claim  
everything under  
this force field for  
myself. I'm going  
to eat until  
I *burst!*





All of you, stand aside-- you'd be *wise* not to oppose me.

I won't allow you to harm these people.

Gladiator, please-- you weren't always like this. You were a noble man once...the leader of the Shi'Ar Imperial Guard...a protector of people.



These aren't my people.

The Shi'Ar were consumed, devoured by you and your friends. You *ate* my people, Spider-Man.



I think it's time to *return* the favor!





I want to do this!

SHRIIP!!



Why bother with your pathetic energy blasts? I can't even feel them.

It makes *me* feel better!  
Plus--it's a distraction!



Huh?

Spider-Man, you still with us?!



Yeah, I'm okay, Luke...  
...I think.



Ungh!  
When we are through, there won't be anything left of you to talk.



This isn't working! If we can't break through it-- maybe we can go under it!

Start digging!



You're a heavy hitter, yeah-- a planet mover for sure. Before all this started, I'd have to be pretty crazy to try and take you on myself.

But now, don't forget that the rest of us have the Power Cosmic--and a portion of Galactus' powers.

So you're screw--

**URRRRR!**

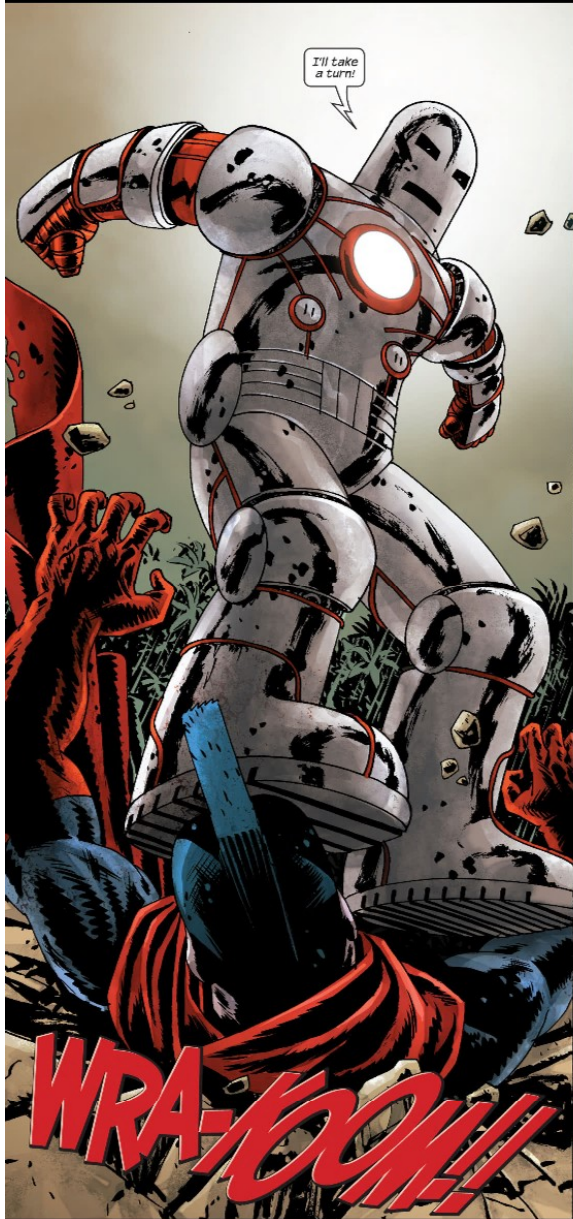
**SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS**



**GOOM!**



Who's next?!



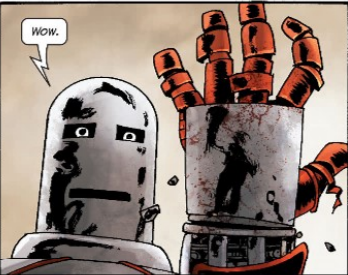
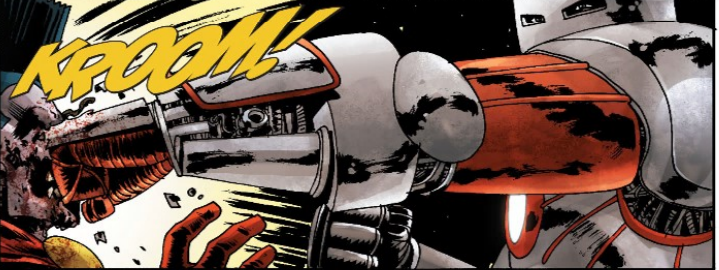
I'll take a turn!

This digging isn't working, either. This must be some kind of defense mechanism from the Asteroid.

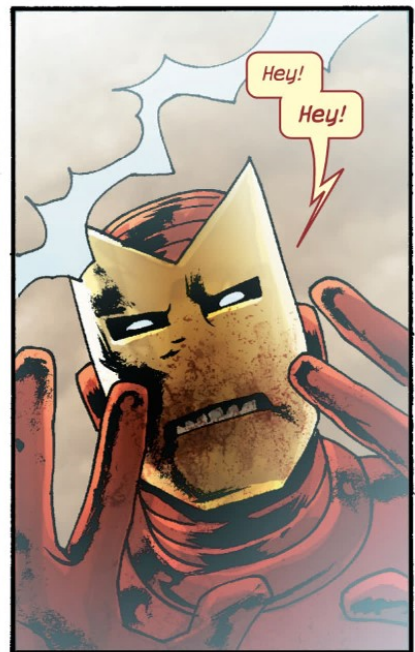
It isn't a dome--it's a sphere.

Wait--that guy in my old armor--what the hell is that?!

WRA-BOOM!!!



# BRAN m!







Who are you?  
How did you build that?

I hate to break it to you, Tony--but the doors at Stark International aren't locked anymore.



I've had *forty years* to improve upon everything you've ever done.



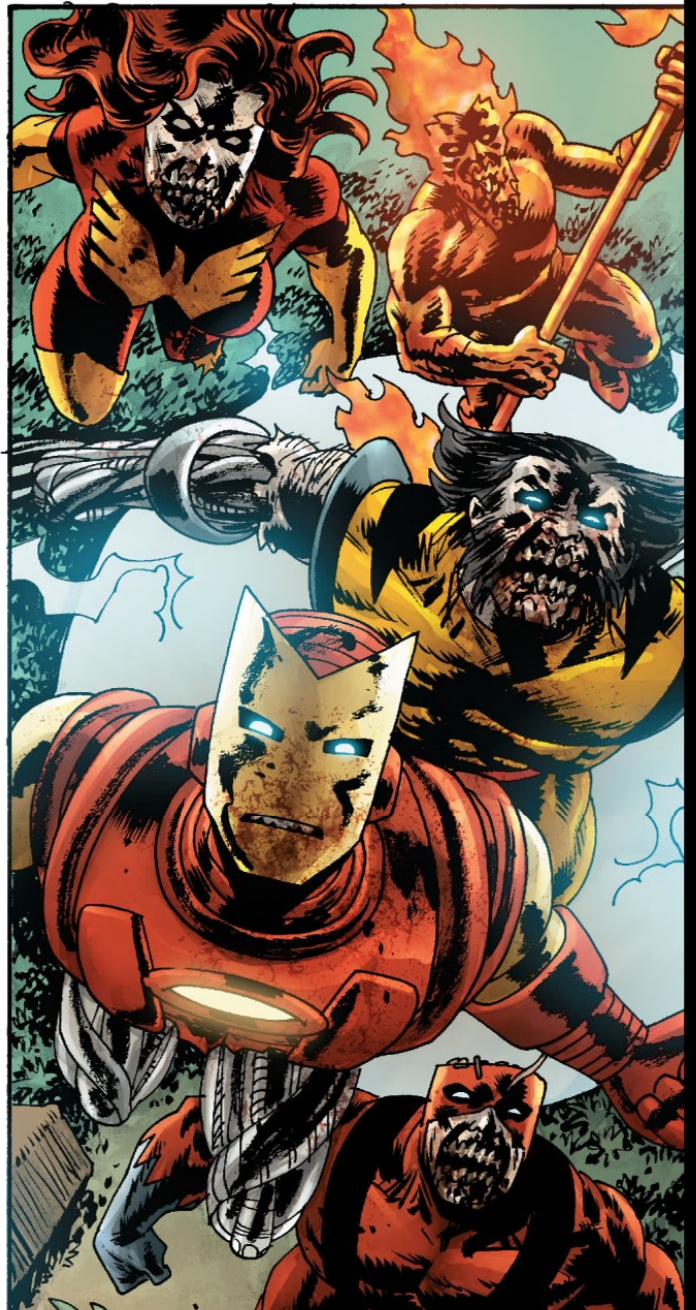
Forge?!  
I didn't even know you were still alive.



I am--at least for a little while longer.  
Also, you're never going to get through that force field--so you might as well give up.



Whatever--he may be right. However, killing them isn't why we came back to Earth.  
Come on.





Here it is.

The Baxter Building,  
Former Home of the  
Fantastic Four.



Nice place.

Well, as I recall, we  
did kind of make a mess  
of things before we  
left the planet.



Fan out--  
we need to find  
this gateway  
Reed built  
soon.

I'm starting  
to forget the  
taste of--



Infirmery on Asteroid M.

What are we going to do with him?

Keep him drugged and unconscious for as long as we possibly can in hopes that we figure something out.

If he wakes up-- turns into the Hulk... those restraints won't do a thing.



What about you, T'Challa? Do you feel anything?

No, nothing. It's like it didn't even happen. I can see it--but I can't feel it.



I'm not feeling *this* either--but if someone could get me reattached to my body, it'd be nice to--

Right away--sorry, Mrs. Wasp.



Thanks, Reynolds-- and how many times do I have to tell you? It's most certainly *Ms. Wasp* these days.

And you can call me *Janet*. I've known you longer than I knew my ex-husband...





We're in the middle of a crisis here, people. When did you think it would be a good time to inform your *leader* of what's going on?

Our future is in jeopardy-- I need to be informed!



Get him out of here!



You know as well as I do that none of us will survive this if we don't work together. So whatever it is you have against me--I suggest you get over it for the time being.



He's right-- we'll need everyone if we're going to survive.

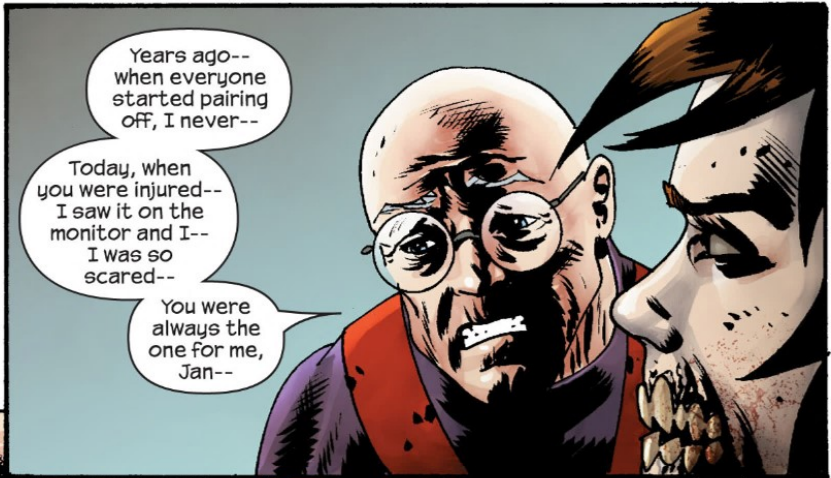
Well--not everyone. Working with your kind is an accident waiting to happen!



Malcolm, they've already risked their lives to save us--and look-- they're *not* attacking us.

We're not going to be able to do this without *their kind!*

... Very well...



Later...

Just plug me up--I don't need legs to get around. You're just wasting time.



Where did these come from exactly?

The Wasp had gone through quite a few bodies before we got to the current model. These are leftovers.

It was a simple matter to rig them up so you could control them.



I can do a little better than that.

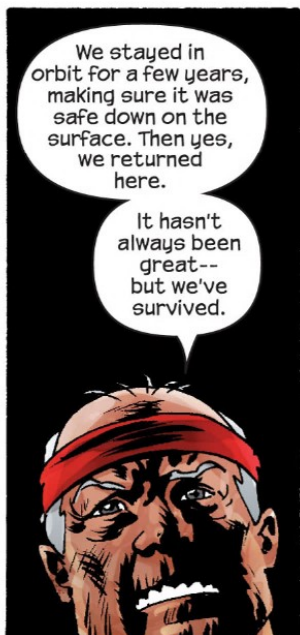


So you guys have been living here this whole time?



We stayed in orbit for a few years, making sure it was safe down on the surface. Then yes, we returned here.

It hasn't always been great--but we've survived.



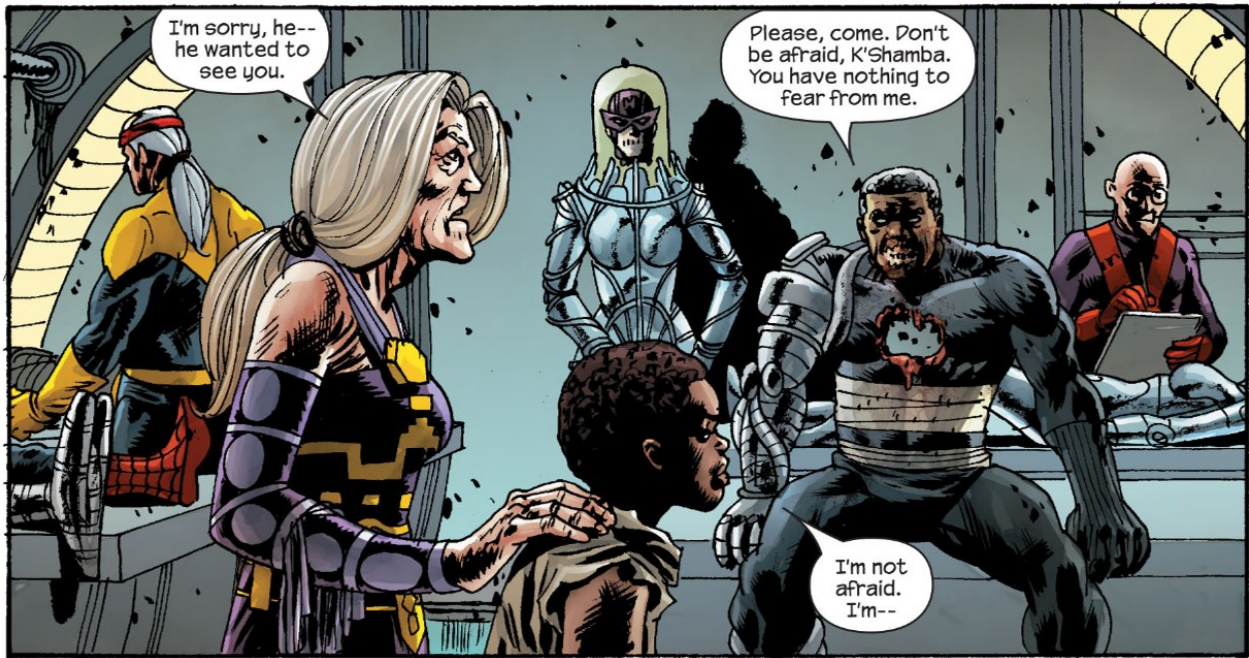
You've been living life. I miss life.

I miss smells... I miss food...



I miss a lot of things...

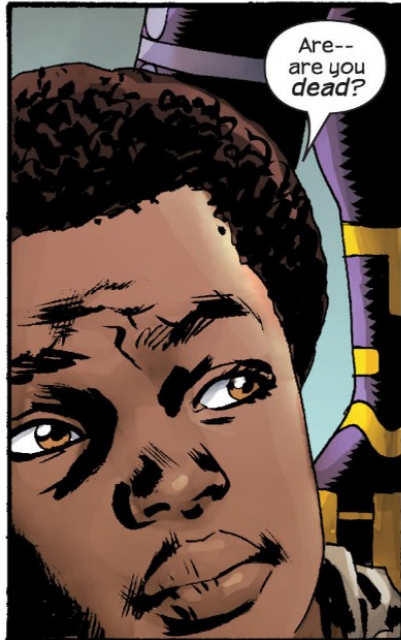




I'm sorry, he-- he wanted to see you.

Please, come. Don't be afraid, K'Shamba. You have nothing to fear from me.

I'm not afraid. I'm--



Are-- are you dead?



Do I sound dead to you?



No...but you *look* dead.



What have I told you in your studies? Looks can be deceiving... never judge anything by looks alone.

I am still your grandfather.



Well, everyone is scared. They're all saying that we're going to die.

If I die, I don't want to stay dead like Mom and Dad-- I want to come back just like *you*.





What can the two of you tell us about your group? Any information would be useful.

Why are they here? Why have they come back?

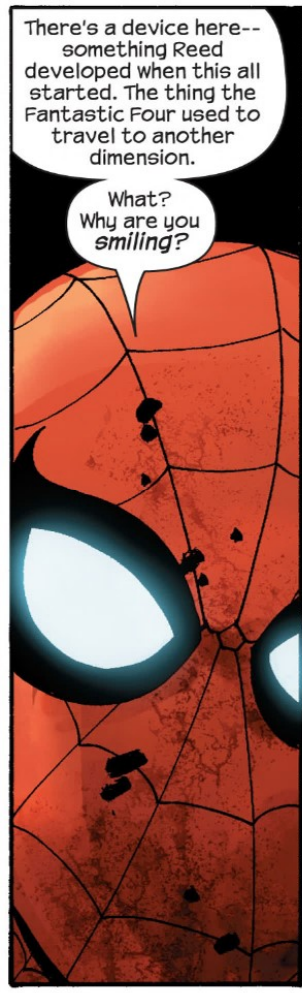


The same reason we went everywhere else in the galaxy: for more food...

They're looking for a place that has it.



Then why *here*? They had to know that even if there were survivors here--it wouldn't be enough.



There's a device here--something Reed developed when this all started. The thing the Fantastic Four used to travel to another dimension.

What? Why are you smiling?



Follow me. There's something I'd like to show you.

Back at the  
Baxter Building.



Okay...we've been  
in every corner of this  
building--we've  
searched every inch  
of every floor--

And we  
*still* haven't  
found it.

Guk!



It couldn't  
have just  
disappeared.



Think about it--every defense in this building was activated. Every single one of them.

Reed didn't plan on coming back after he left. He wouldn't have any reason to have those activated.



So?

Forge!



He got the Iron Man armor from Stark International...he would have had access to everything--there's no one to stop him.

If he stole my armor, he must have come here, too.

He must be the one who activated the defense systems and--



He's got the device...he took the portal generator from here.

We have to go back.



Oh, God-- you've got it *here*?

I anticipated this. I thought you might one day return. I sougth this machine out--mostly in order to keep it out of your hands.

At the same time, I wanted to give us the ability to escape this living hell-- but I've failed. I've checked and rechecked the machine, and while nothing seems to be wrong with it--it simply doesn't *work*.



You brought it *here*?!?

You don't understand. They came here for that machine--all the way here, from the edge of the *known universe*--just for *that*.

They will stop at *nothing* until they have it. They have time on their side--they can figure out a way to get past your force field.

You *will* eventually have to fight them!



We can't face them like this--we don't have the strength or the numbers needed to fight them off.



Uh...I may be able to help with that second part.



Out on our expeditions into the city we found something--a brain. Well, *part* of a brain, really.

It was still functioning--at least, partially. It was *amazing*--so we kept it.



I was studying it--trying to determine a way to see how well it was functioning--a way to test it...

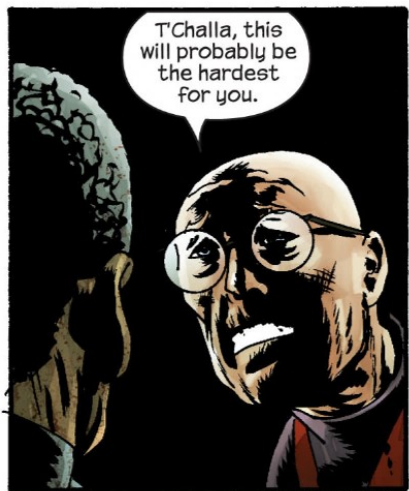
...when, suddenly, an opportunity presented itself.



I was shocked, really. I couldn't believe it had all worked. It was--well, it was amazing.

The subject is an excellent fighter--that part remained intact. Sadly, many other brain functions are impaired.

Still, I think you'll all be very impressed... once you get past the initial shock, that is.



T'Challa, this will probably be the hardest for you.



What? Why?



You'll see.



Fall in, soldiers! We're at war!

Where am I? Is the war over?

Who are we at war with again?



What?!

But how-- it can't be-- it--

T'Channa?



Yes, I'm so sorry--I used the body of your dead son.

# NEXT ISSUE



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