

**MARVEL**<sup>®</sup>  
LIMITED SERIES  
5 of 5

KIRKMAN  
PHILLIPS  
CHUNG

# MARVEL ZOMBIES™



(c) 2009  
Marvel  
Characters,  
Inc.  
All rights  
reserved.

WWW.  
MARVEL.  
COM

Suydam



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 counterpart from another  
dimension into a deadly trap.  
Thanks to Magneto, who had  
managed to stay uninfected,  
Zombie Reed's plan failed,  
leaving him and the rest of  
the Fantastic Four stranded  
in another dimension.

Magneto has destroyed the  
machine that allowed their passage  
to another dimension--an action  
he paid for--with his life.

The Silver Surfer appears in the  
skies to inform the zombie heroes  
that Galactus is on his way, and will  
devour Earth and everything on it.

Shortly before Galactus arrives,  
they overpower the Surfer and  
eat him...each gaining a portion of  
his power cosmic in the process.  
Now they have devised a way to  
harness that power and use it  
against Galactus.

This is no world of Marvel Heroes.

This is the world of:

# MARVEL ZOMBIES

## CONCLUSION

**ROBERT KIRKMAN**  
WRITER

**SEAN PHILLIPS**  
ARTIST

**JUNE CHUNG**  
COLOR ART

**VC'S RANDY GENTILE**  
LETTERER

**TOM VALENTE**  
PRODUCTION

**NICOLE BOOSE**  
ASSISTANT  
EDITOR

**JOHN BARBER**  
ASSOCIATE  
EDITOR

**RALPH MACCHIO**  
EDITOR

**JOE QUESADA**  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

**DAN BUCKLEY**  
PUBLISHER

**ARTHUR SUYDAN**  
AFTER JOHN BUSCEMA  
COVER



Marvel Zombies No. 3, April, 2006. Published Monthly in April by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. © 2006 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market, and \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #0868537. Printed in the USA. AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; ALAN FINE, President & CEO of Marvel Toys and Marvel Publishing, Inc.; DAVID BOGART, VP of Publishing Operations; DAN CARR, Director of Production; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Maimone, Advertising Director, at jm1mone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

(c) 2009 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.













Our *kill*, our *feast!* You didn't do anything but get the spot beat out of you for a while.

Stand aside and let us claim our *prize*. We don't want to have to figure out ways to *hurt* you.



You think you deserve even a *taste*?!

You're going to have to *fight* us for it!



WOP!



With *pleasure*.





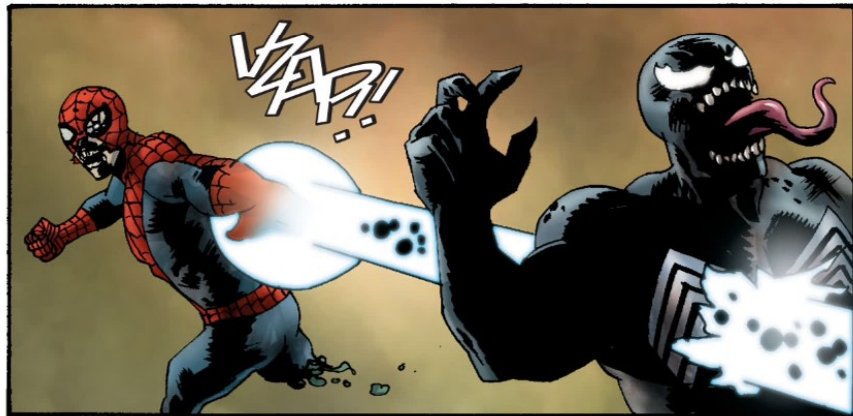
What a joy it will be for us to get one last chance to kill you, Parker!

I think it's a pretty safe bet you're not going to succeed *this* time, Brock.

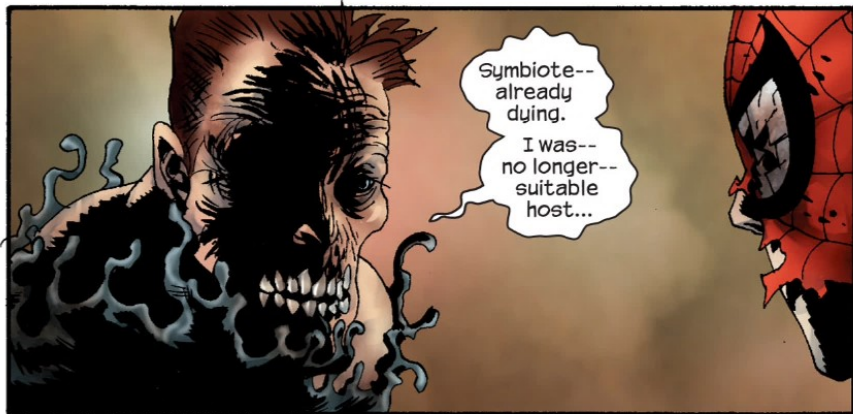




That's not going to do it.



You're usually a little more agile than that, Venom. What gives? Living *death* not sitting well with you?



Symbiote-- already dying. I was-- no longer-- suitable host...



You're *breaking* my cold, dead heart, Eddie.



What is it you hope to do?! You know you can't pierce my armor with those *claws*-- and you've only got *half* as many now.

Not *all* of you is armored!









It sickens me to say this--it really does--but I'm enjoying this.

VOP!



C'mere!



You never could hope to best me in a physical fight--what makes you even *try*? Has the hunger consumed you *that* much?

Is your judgment *that* clouded?!



You need me to *spell* it out for you?

THUNK!



You've never had such an *obvious* weakness before!







This has gone on long enough!! We end this now!!

I'm starving!!

UZAPP!

UZAPP!

UZAPP!

UZAPP!

UZAPP!

SKRAGG!



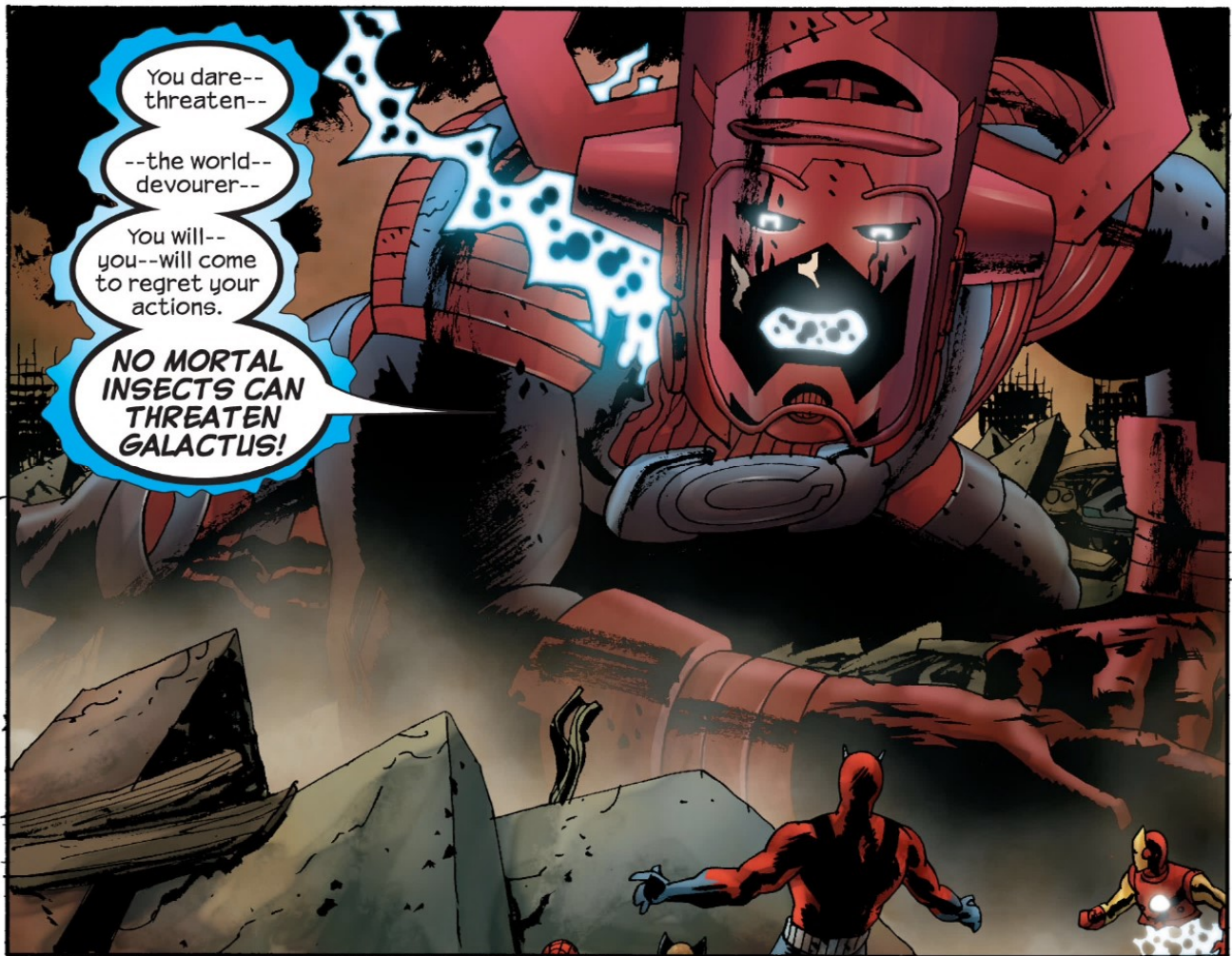




We did it.  
That's the  
last of  
them.

Hulk eat  
Rhino's  
head.

Head not  
so good. Hulk  
regret it.



You dare--  
threaten--

--the world--  
devourer--

You will--  
you--will come  
to regret your  
actions.

**NO MORTAL  
INSECTS CAN  
THREATEN  
GALACTUS!**





Holy *crap!* He's still alive?!



Not for long.



There's our *dinner*, people. It's taken us a long time to get here--it's cost us a lot--but here it is, right in front of us--*more meat than we can handle!*

All we have to do is take it!









Nothing. Nothing is left. Maybe Reynolds' theory was correct.



We know that a lack of food *doesn't* kill them. Even though there's nothing left for them to eat--they could *still* be here.

Stay alert.



Don't worry--I'll be ready for whatever comes.



Lisa, do you think it would be wiser to keep K'Shamba on Asteroid M, at least until Reynolds completes his sensor sweep?



T'Challa, please... I understand your concern, but *LOOK* at this world--there is no life here--or death.

Surely we are *alone* here.



There is no way of knowing this until the area is *scanned*.



Maybe you should listen to your husband, Hendricks. There were *hundreds* of those monsters last time we were here--they couldn't have just *disappeared*.



Actually, Hendricks is *right*--the sensor sweep has been completed...





This planet is *deserted*.



How can that be, Wasp? If starvation doesn't kill your kind, what happened? They couldn't have just disappeared.

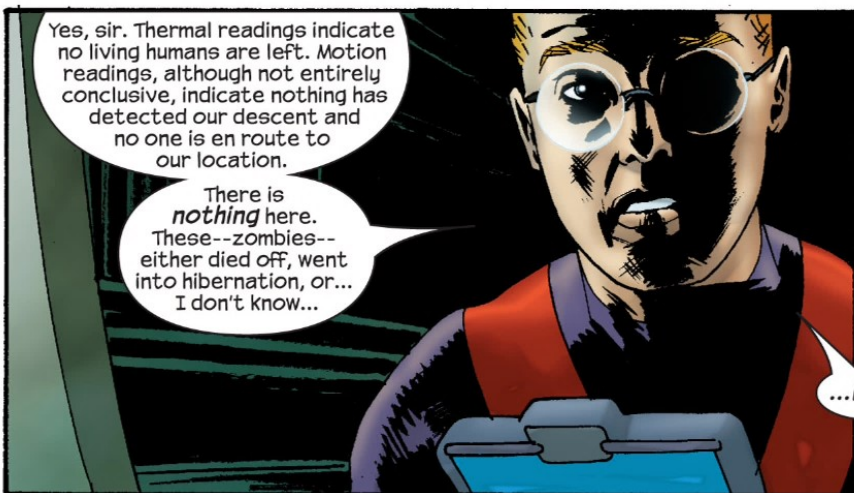
Reynolds, are you sure they're not just in another part of the planet?



No, my sensor sweep was all-encompassing. That's why I couldn't do it in orbit on Asteroid M. We needed to break through the atmosphere to be able to get clear readings.



So you're *sure*?



Yes, sir. Thermal readings indicate no living humans are left. Motion readings, although not entirely conclusive, indicate nothing has detected our descent and no one is en route to our location.

There is *nothing* here. These--zombies-- either died off, went into hibernation, or... I don't know...

...left.







Left? As in left the planet? How would they even do that?

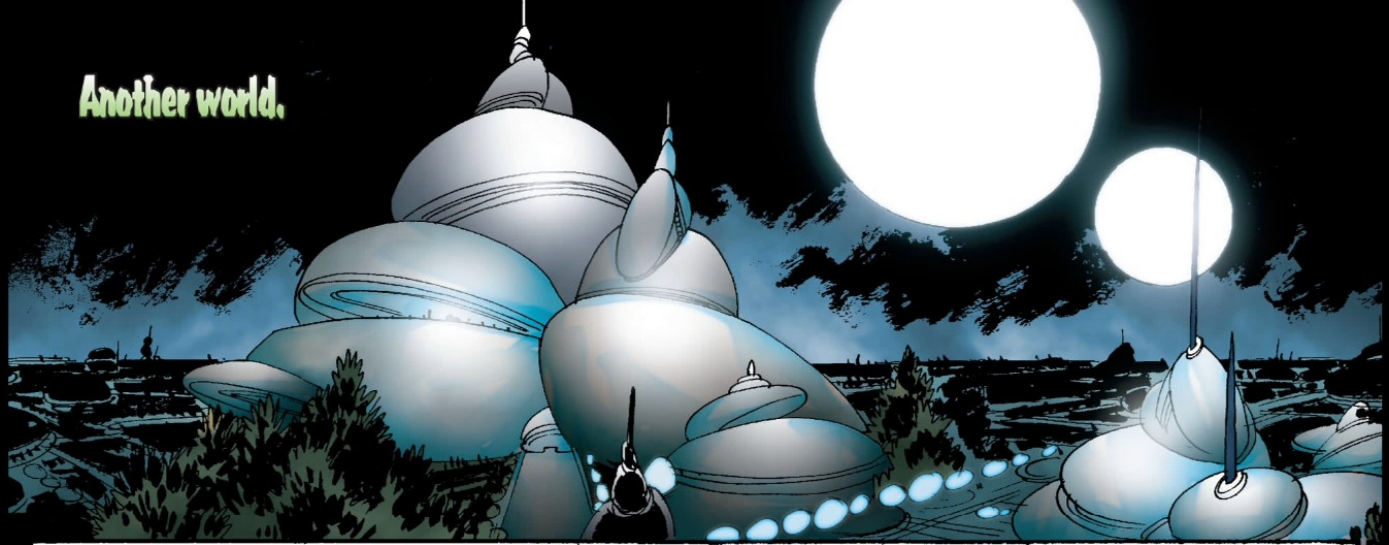


Not only that, but if they left...if they did leave this planet behind...

...where did they go?



Another world.



...and to you a good night as well, my child. I promise upon you good dreams of things you desire most.

Be at peace.



Sir, the sensor readings have been reviewed. You will be informed of the results!



Quiet! you will be silenced in front of the heir.



Now. Inform me as we travel. I have not much time for leisure.

Yes, sire.

It is with regret I inform you that the sensor readings were *not* incorrect. Our worst fears have been born into reality.











IT'S  
FEEDING  
TIME,  
BOYS!!



The End?