

MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
2 of 5

KIRKMAN
PHILLIPS
CHUNG

MARVEL ZOMBIES



DIRECT EDITION

RATED T+
00211
7 59606 05839 6
\$2.99 US \$4.25 CAN

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, 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 2 OF 5

ROBERT KIRKMAN
WRITER

SEAN PHILLIPS
ARTIST

JUNE CHUNG
COLOR ART

VC'S RANDY GENTILE
LETTERER

DEBORAH WEINSTEIN
PRODUCTION

NICOLE WILEY & JOHN BARBER
ASSISTANT EDITORS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

COVER BY **ARTHUR SUYDAM**
AFTER JACK KIRBY



He's gone.

Where did he go?

Marvel Zombies No. 2, March, 2006. Published Miniseries by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, 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 #40668537. Printed in the USA. AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; ALAN FINE, President & CEO of Toy Biz and Marvel Publishing; DAVID BOGART, VP of Publishing Operations; DAN CARR, Director of Production; ELAINE CALLENDER, Director of Manufacturing; 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 jmaimone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

Well--does anyone *see* him? Does 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 make-shift 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.





The rest--you *especially*--lack the *restraint* needed for this. You'd have him eaten in a day or two.

I can't have that--I need him!



How dare you?!

You're going to share him--with me--starting now!



Or what--you think you can hurt me with your stings?!

I don't feel pain! None of us do!!

WRAMM!!



You'll share him with me or I'll share your little secret with everyone!!

Got it?!



You know I can't allow that.





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.

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

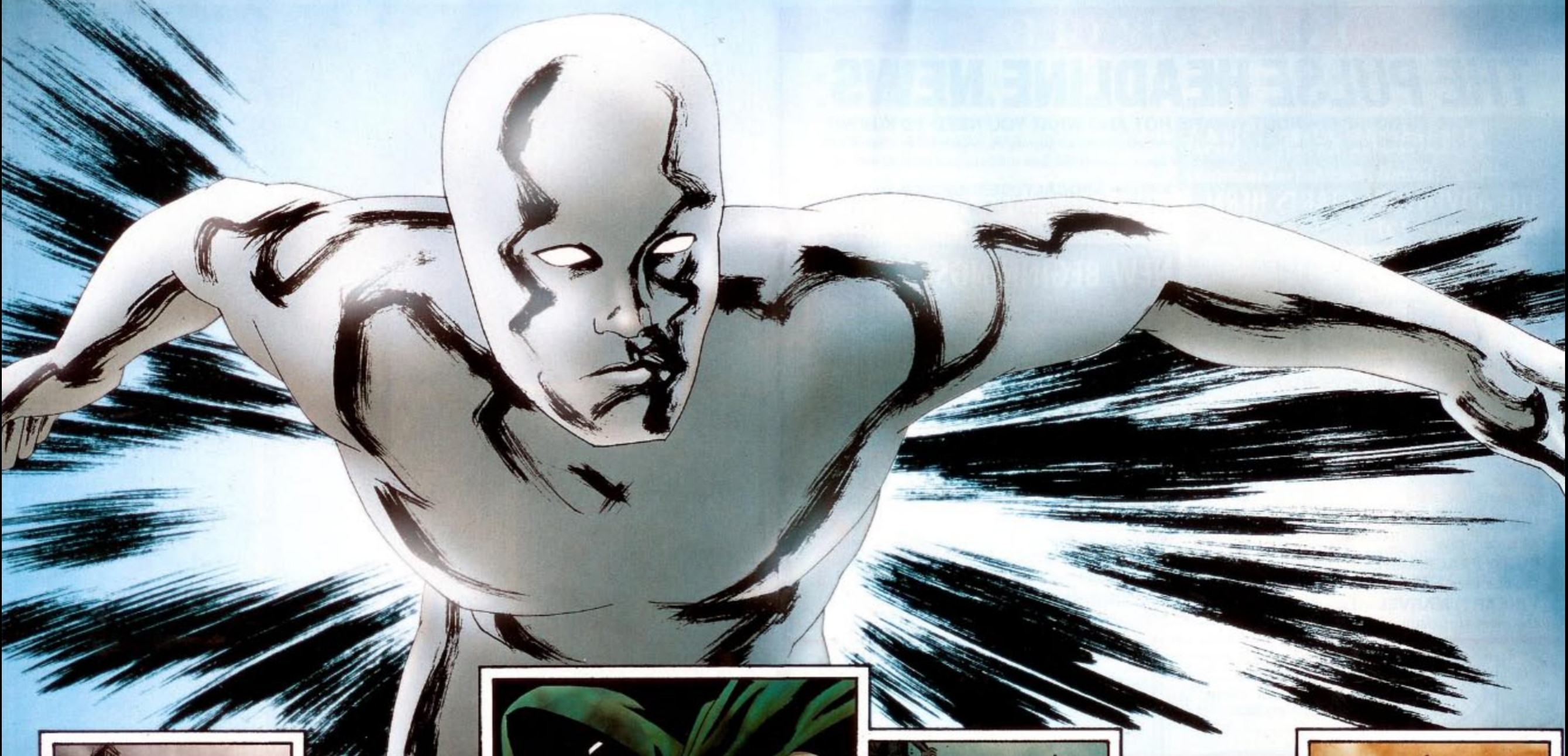
THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

THE NEW 52 UNDISCOVERED

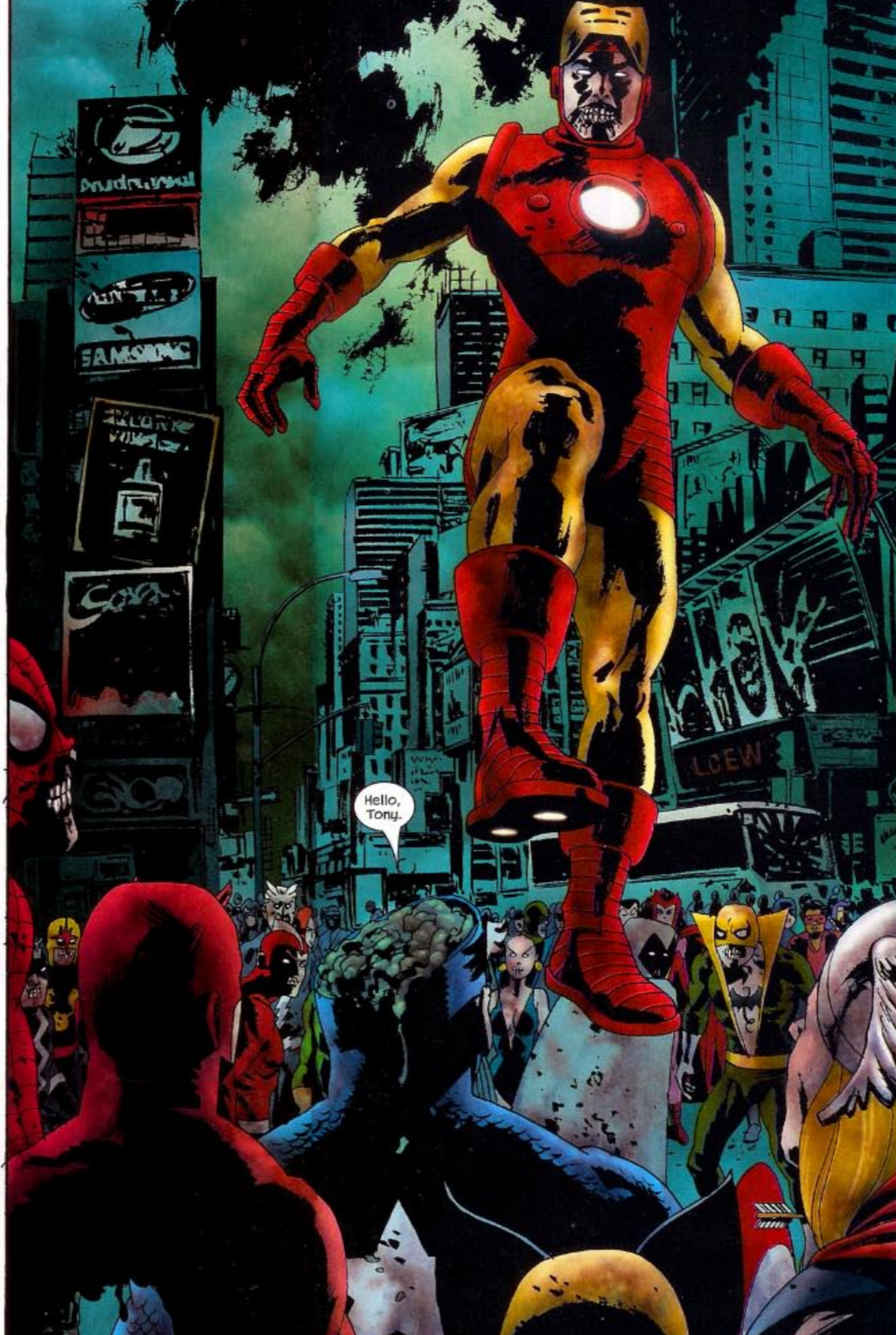




Iron Man
come back
earlier?

You're the
last to arrive.
Nobody's found
Magneto.

He's been
asking about
you. I think he's
pissed.



Hello,
Tony.



Cut
the crap,
Steve.

Where the
hell have you
been? What took
you so freakin' long
to get back here?
What happened
to you? You're
all ripped up!



We found him--Magneto. There was a fight. He got in some good hits.



You found him?! Where is he? Did he get away?!



No--he didn't. The fight got pretty hairy. A gas line was ruptured. There was an explosion, Magneto's body was burnt up.

There was nothing left to eat.



Really? So there was nothing to bring back for the rest of us? You didn't even get to eat anything. There was nothing--none of you have eaten anything.

Right?

Spider-Man. How's your wife and aunt?



Oh, God--please--don't bring that up!

I can't handle it...I can't bear to think about it.



I'm not putting up with this.

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?





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.



