

MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
5 of 5

KIRKMAN
PHILLIPS
CHUNG

MARVEL ZOMBIES™



DIRECT EDITION

RATED T+



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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

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Our kill, our feast! You didn't do anything but get the snot 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!



VOR!



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!



SHUCK!!



And you forgot about our newly acquired *cosmic* powers.



Y'know--the stuff we killed this *Galactus* loser with.



WLOOSH!!



Jerk.

THOOM!





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

I'm starving!!



UZAPPI!

UZAPPI!



UZAPPI!

UZAPPI!

SKRAGG!

UZAPPI!



UZAPPI!



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.

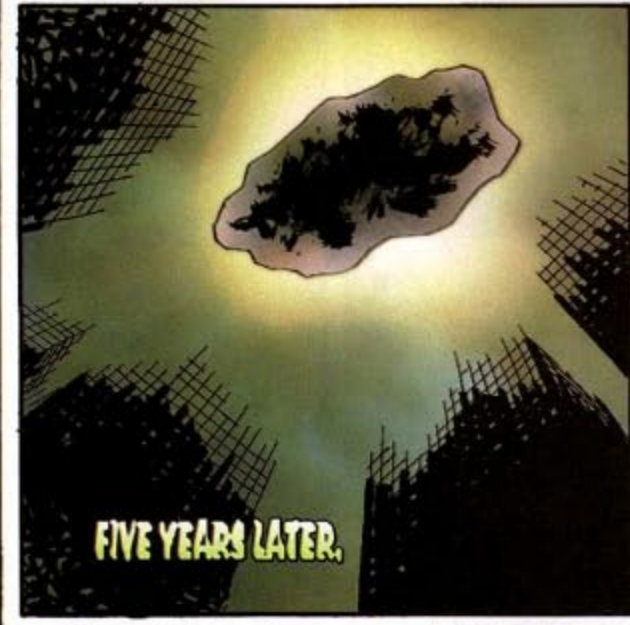
**NO MORTAL
INSECTS CAN
THREATEN
GALACTUS!**





WE HAVE HIM!!
HE'S OURS!!
DON'T LET UP! DON'T GIVE HIM AN OPENING!!





FIVE YEARS LATER.



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 your 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.







The End?