

THE Walking DEAD

ALL NEW!
FIRST
ISSUE!

1

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Aircel

THE Walking Dead™

BOOK I • NUMBER ONE

Written and Illustrated by

JIM SOMERVILLE

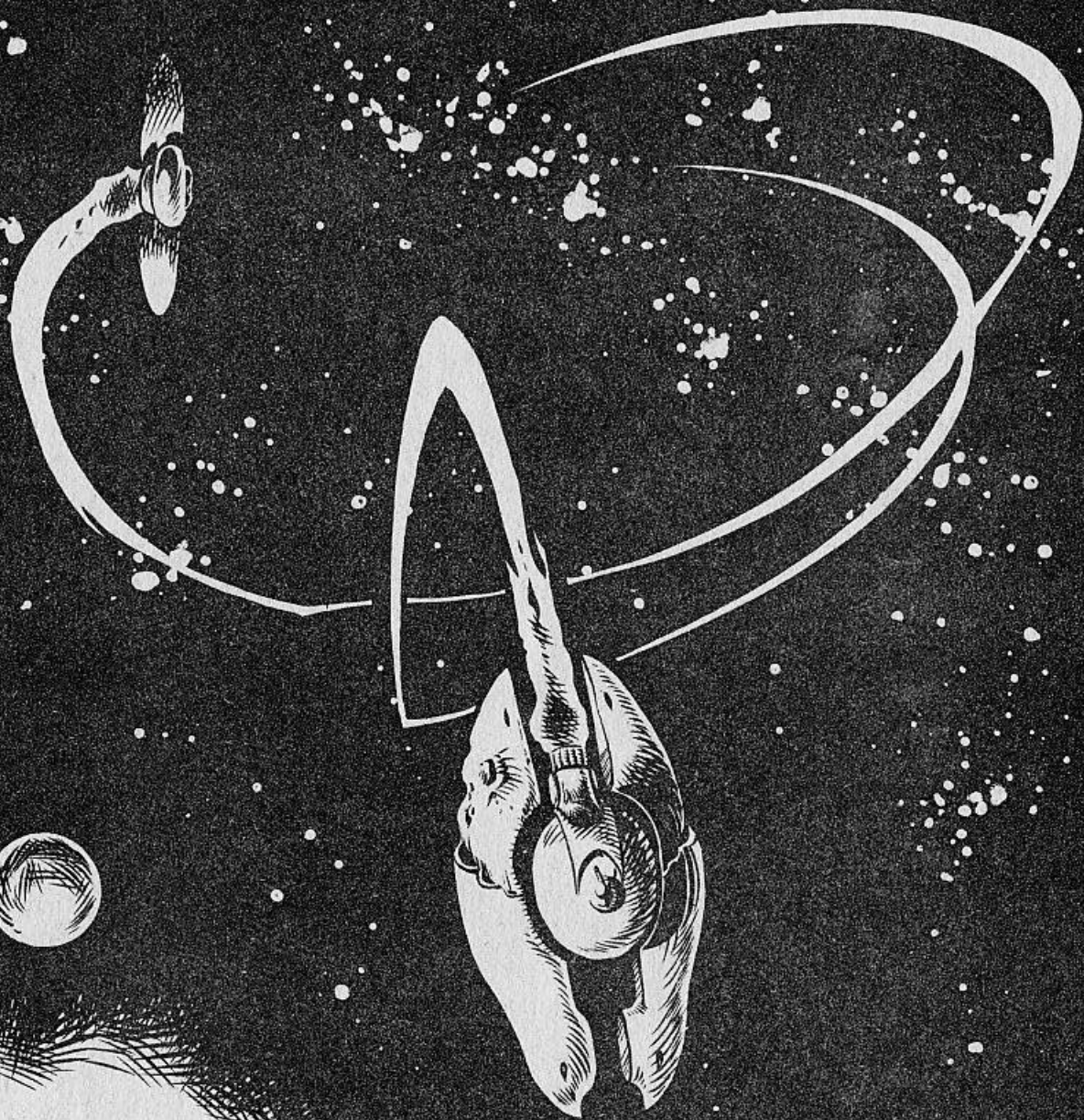
Letterer: Ned Poins



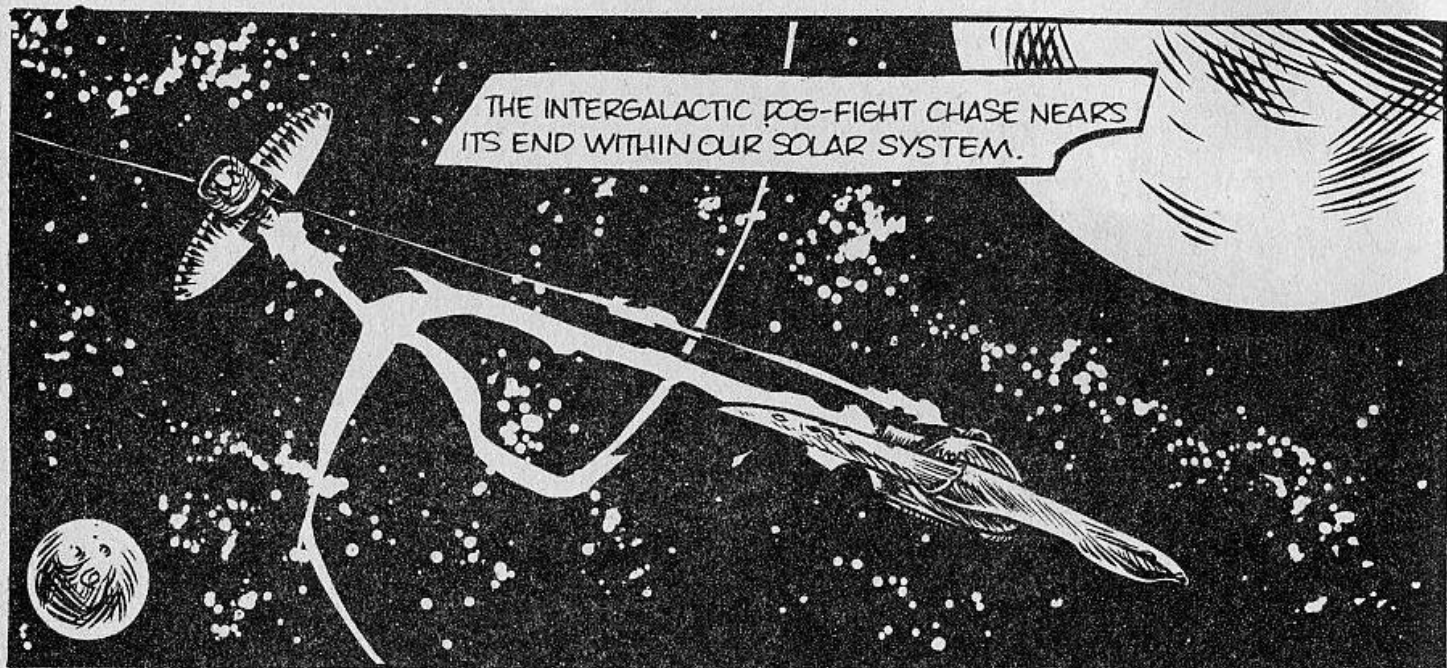
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IT BEGAN WITH A BATTLE IN SPACE.



THE COMBATANTS, TWO ALIEN RACES, REPRESENT A GENERATION'S LONG FEUD, THE ORIGINS OF WHICH HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN BY BOTH SIDES.



THE INTERGALACTIC DOG-FIGHT CHASE NEARS ITS END WITHIN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.



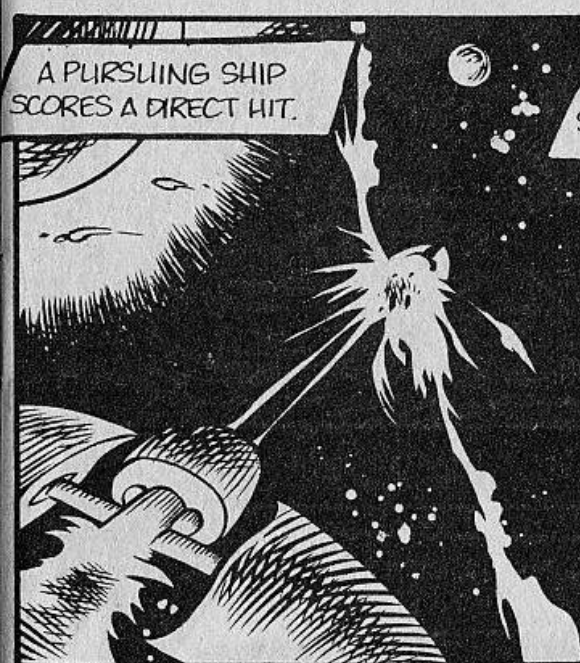
THE COMMANDER OF THE LARGER VESSEL CRIES THAT HIS SHIP IS NEARLY OUT OF FUEL.



THE GUNNER CALLS THAT HIS GUNS ARE JUST ABOUT OUT OF POWER.



WHILE DEEP IN THEIR HOLD THE THIRTEEN CONTAINERS OF THE MIRACLE GAS, USED BY THE ENEMIES TO REJUVENATE LIFELESS WARRIORS IN THE ENDLESS WAR OF HATE, AWAIT THEIR DESTINY.



A PURSUING SHIP
SCORES A DIRECT HIT.



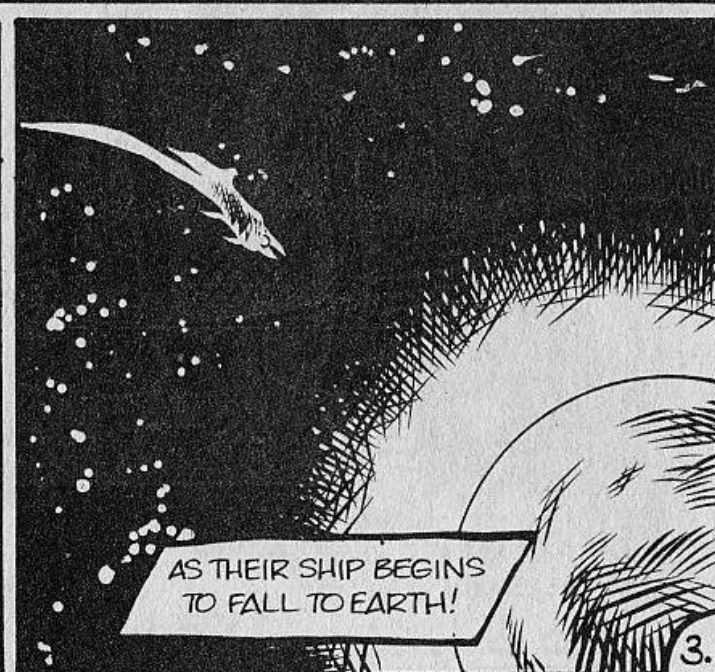
THE DYING GUNNER
SQUEEZES HIS LAST
BURST...



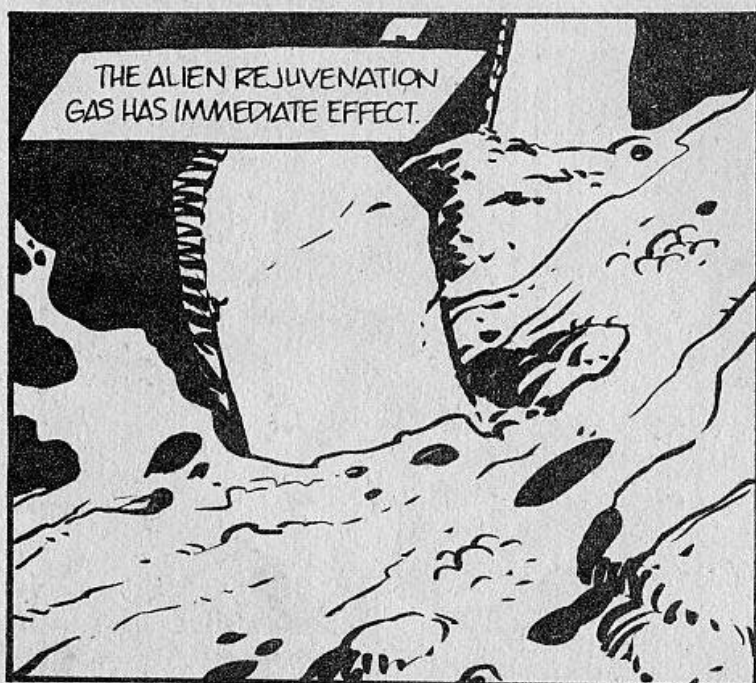
SENDING HIS KILLERS
INTO OBLIVION.

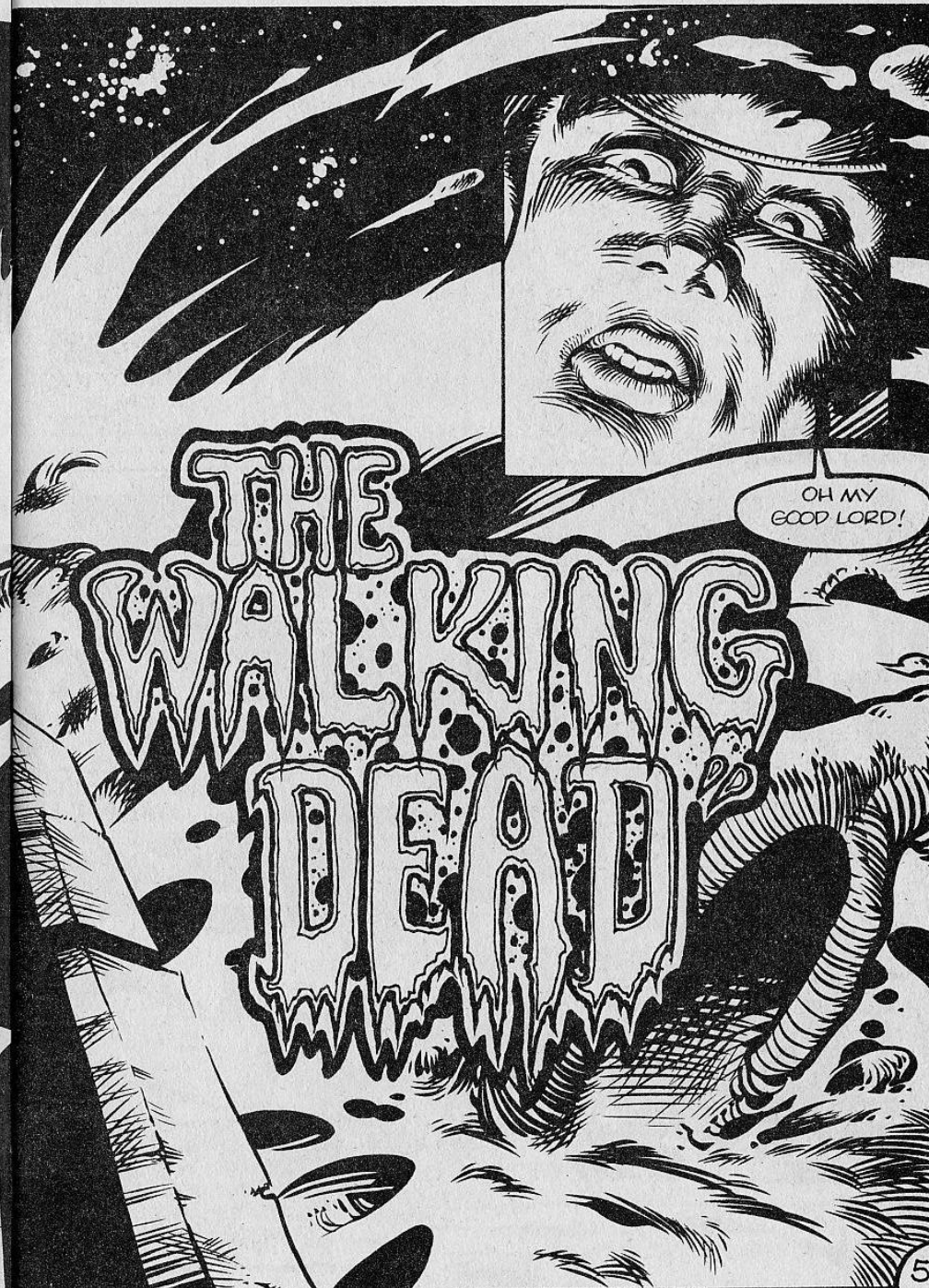
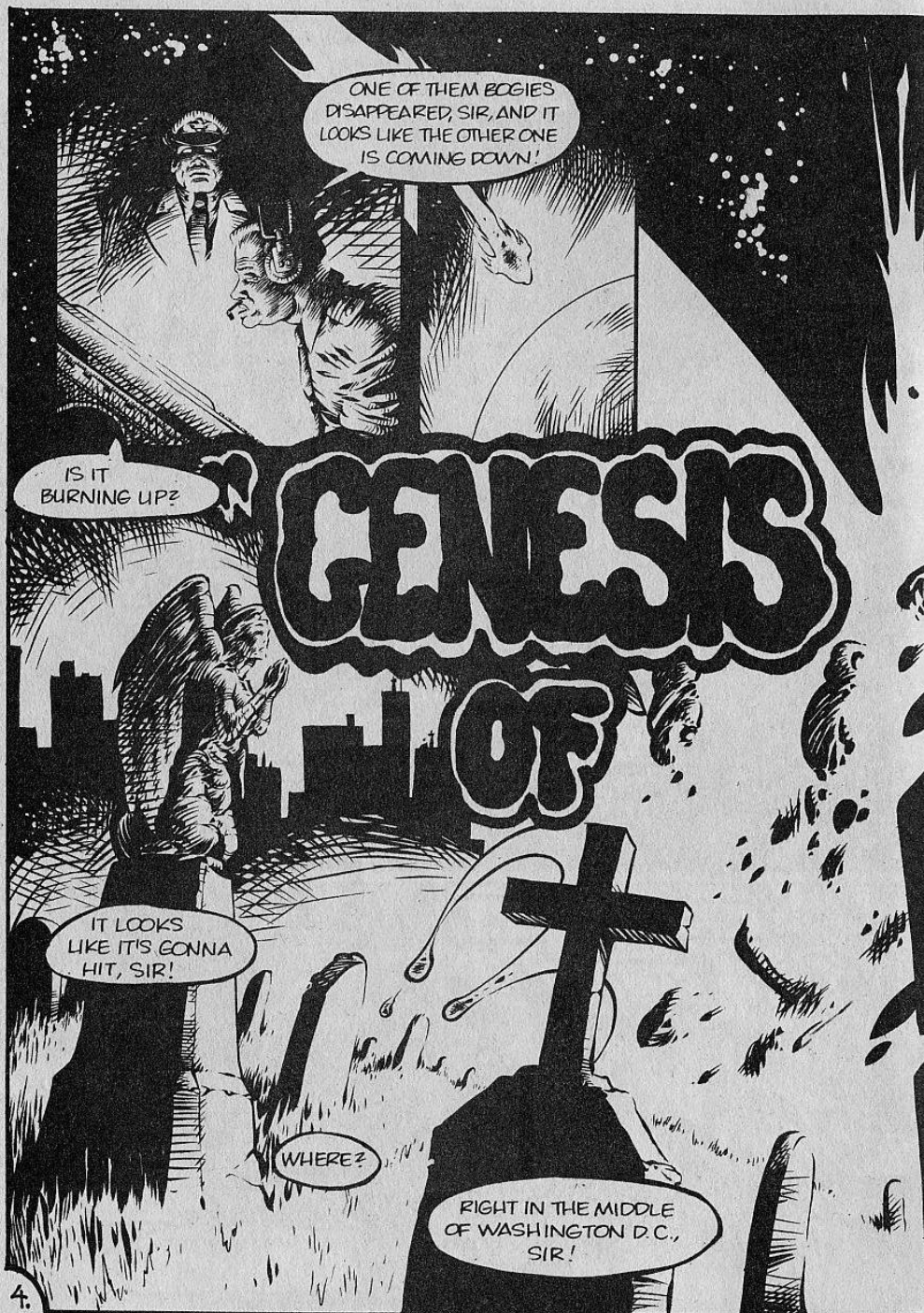


THE PILOTS BURN IN THEIR
COCKPIT...



AS THEIR SHIP BEGINS
TO FALL TO EARTH!







I'LL BE RIGHT OUT-
SIDE IF YOU NEED
ME, MRS. HALL.



GOOD-BYE,
MORTY.



WHY DON'T YOU COME
WITH ME, MARY?!

THOUGH MOST OF THE DEAD ARE NOTHING
MORE THAN MINDLESS SHUFFLING ZOMBIES,
SOME COME BACK WITH THEIR MEMORIES.



THEY WILL MARCH ACROSS THE
EARTH, HUNTING AND FEEDING
UPON THEIR ONCE-BROTHERS
AND SISTERS.



SPREADING LIKE A PLAGUE, INFECTING,
KILLING, TEARING FLESH FROM BONE.
RIPPING BRAINS FROM SKULLS.
DISEMBOWELING. CONSUMING ENTRAILS,
HEARTS AND LIVERS.

UNTIL THE UNHOLY DAY, WHEN THE WORLD IS
RULED BY THE WALKING DEAD.



HIS PURSUERS LURCH AROUND A CORNER, DRAWN AFTER THEIR PREY BY A NEW INSTINCTIVE CRAVING FOR LIVING, HUMAN FLESH.

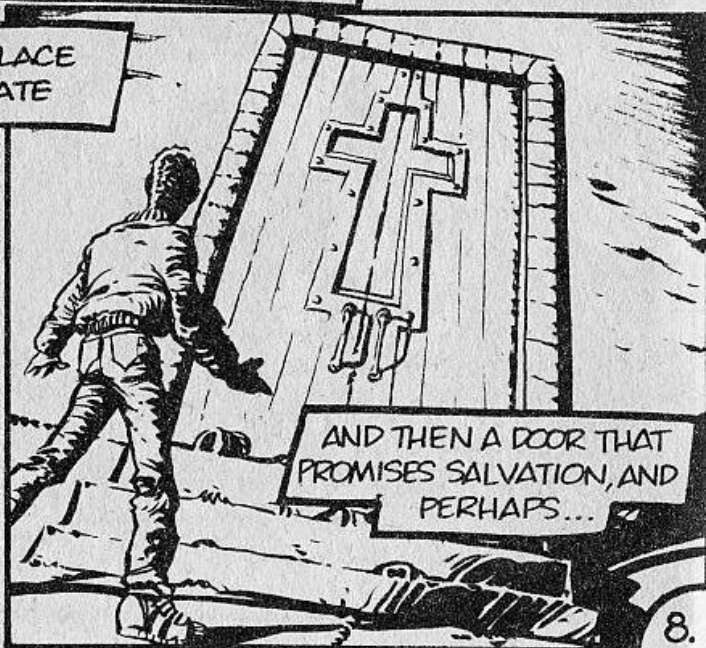


IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW FAST HE RUNS, OR HOW MANY TURNS HE TAKES.

THEY KEEP COMING LIKE HOUNDS ON A SCENT.



THERE MUST BE SOMEPLACE TO RUN TO, SOMEPLACE TO HIDE. THERE MUST BE AN END TO THIS DESPERATE RACE FOR SANCTUARY.




AND THEN A DOOR THAT PROMISES SALVATION, AND PERHAPS...









WEEZ
GON HAVE A
CHOW-DOWN,
BOYZ!



I SAW ITS FACE, MAN.
I ATE ITS FACE!



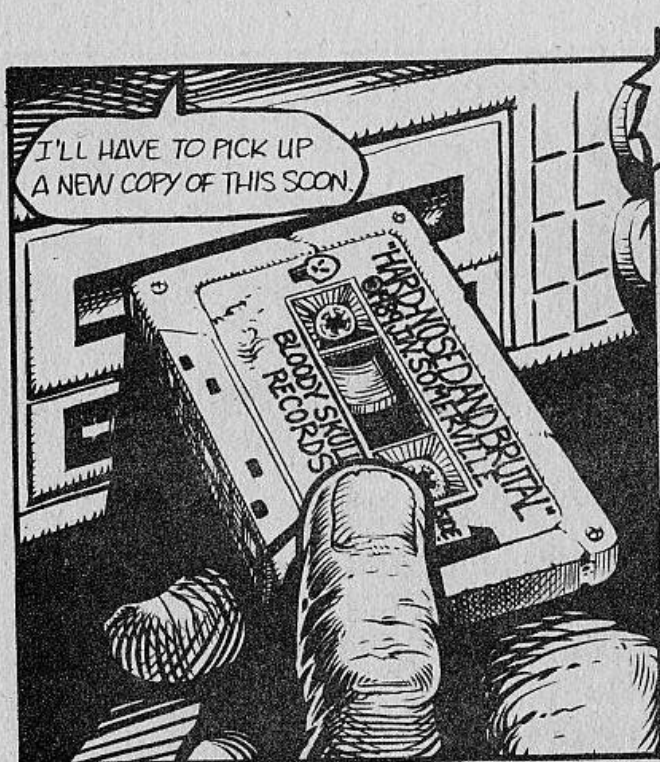
AH, SWEET MEAT, YOUZ
TASTED SWELL!











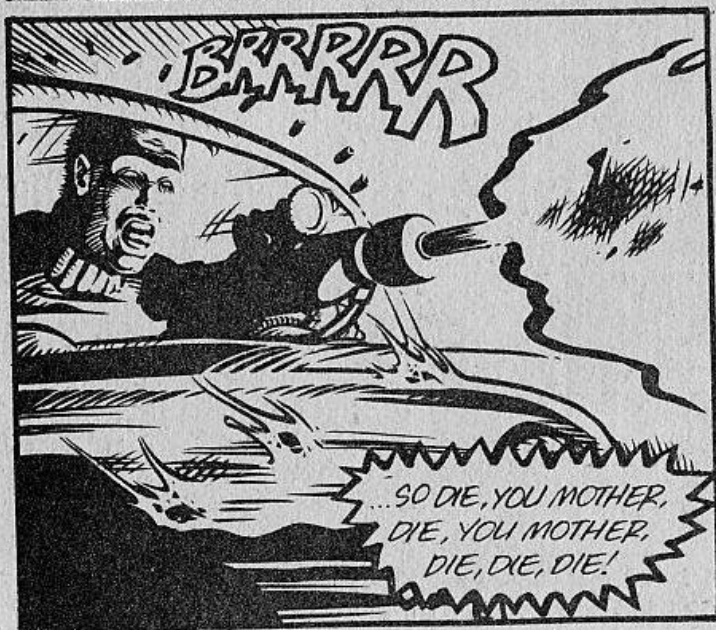
I'LL HAVE TO PICK UP
A NEW COPY OF THIS SOON.



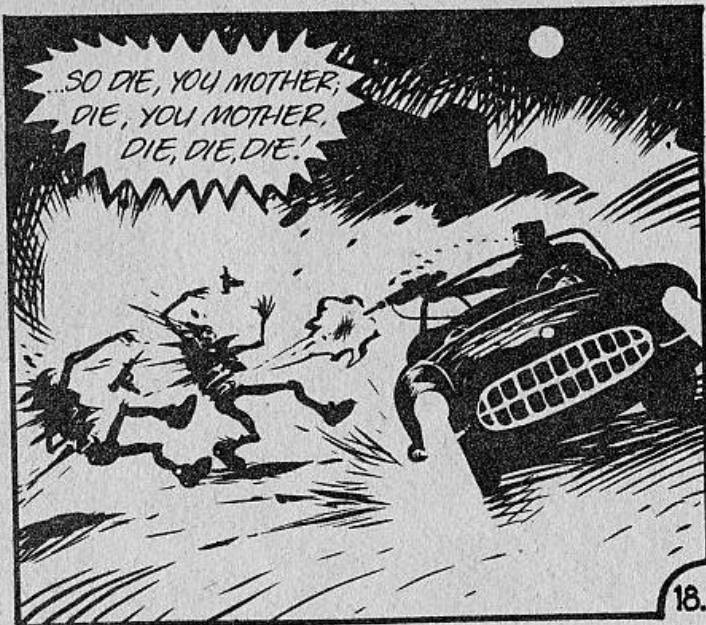
I'M WILD-EYE AND VICIOUS, LIKE A
RABID ANIMAL... DEPRAVED AND
DANGEROUS, HARD-NOSED AND BRUTAL!



...VIGILANTE, STONE-COLD
KILLER, I'LL END YOUR
DISGUSTING LIVES!

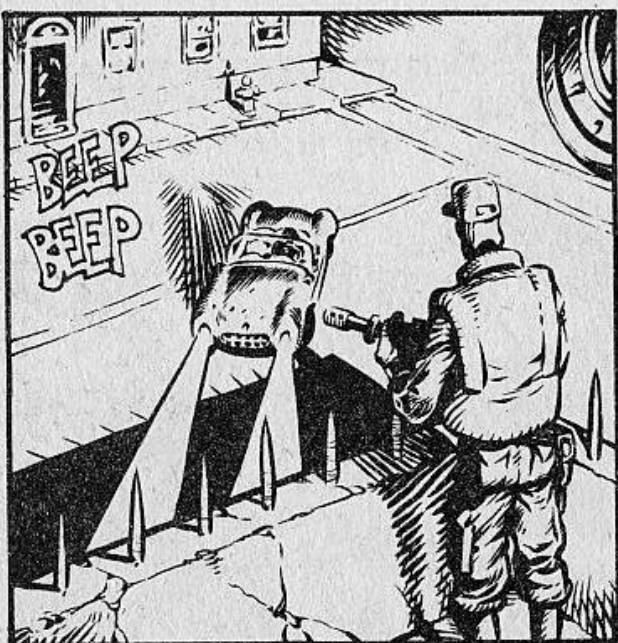


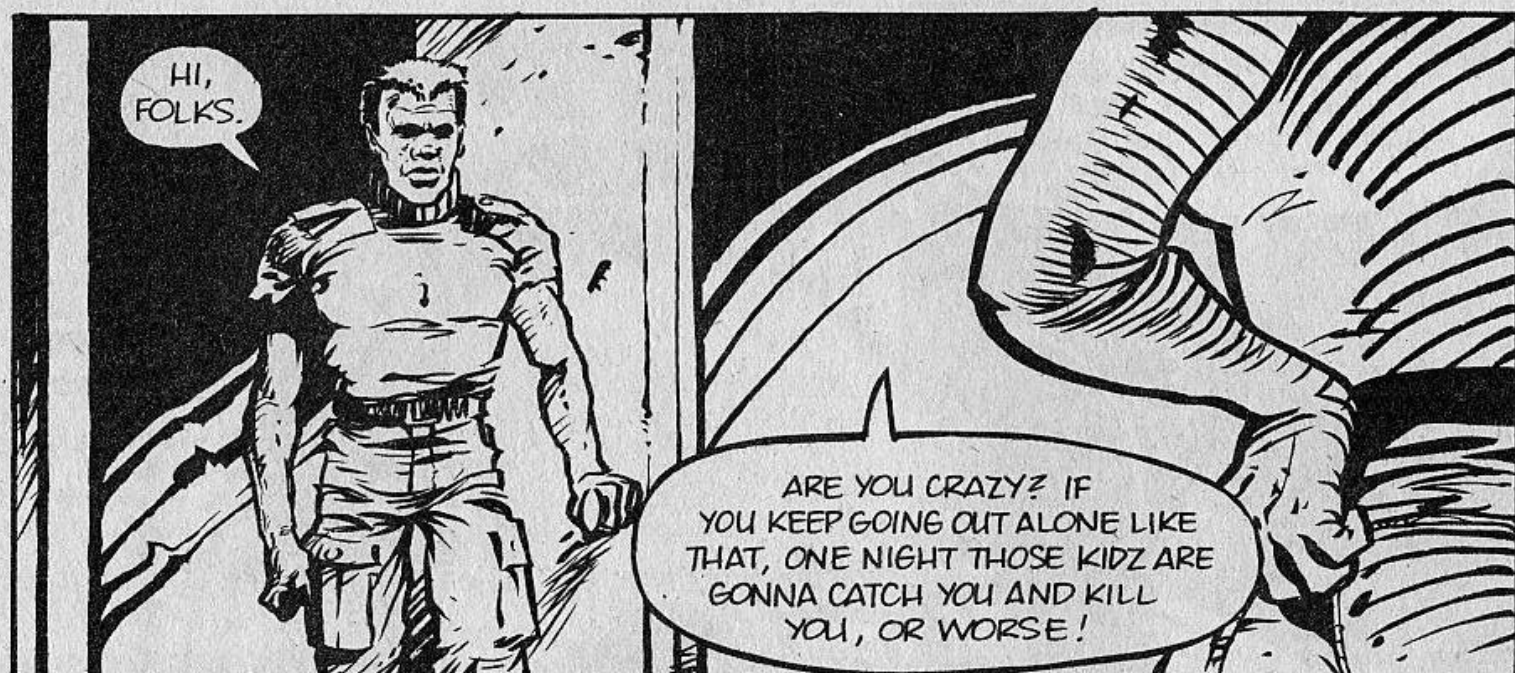
...SO DIE, YOU MOTHER,
DIE, YOU MOTHER,
DIE, DIE, DIE!



SO DIE, YOU MOTHER,
DIE, YOU MOTHER,
DIE, DIE, DIE!







BUT NOW THERE'S
NO ONE LEFT TO STOP ME
FROM PLAYING THE GAME
BY MY RULES.



IZ
THERE?

22.

NEO
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ADDRESS