



# THE LAST ZOMBIE

BRIAN KEENE

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KEENE & WIGHT



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## THE LAST ZOMBIE

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EDITED BY DOUG DLIN  
& WES HARTMAN

### DEAD NEW WORLD

Thanks for picking up *The Last Zombie*. You may have been hesitant to do so, given the prevalence of zombies in pop culture today. Zombies are the new vampires. We see them everywhere—in books, movies, video games, music, advertising, and especially comics. Some people say this is partially my fault (due to the success of my three zombie novels *Dead Sea*, *The Rising* and *City of the Dead*). With the current level of overexposure, it's easy to assume that the craze is waning—that perhaps it is time for zombies to crawl back in their graves. As storytellers, we run the risk of merely repeating what others have done before us. And to be honest, could any comic that takes place during the zombie apocalypse top what the creators of *The Walking Dead* and *Crossed* have done? No. Of course not. Those series are brilliant. But there are still new zombie stories to tell, and that is our intent here. *The Last Zombie* will look beyond the zombie apocalypse and ask the question, "What happens after the dead die...again?" This isn't a story about the dead. It's a story about the living. On behalf of Joe Wight and myself and everyone at Antarctic Press, we hope that you enjoy it.

Brian Keene

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#### THE LAST ZOMBIE: DEAD NEW WORLD #1

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FUCK ME ...

DOCTOR  
SCOTT?

I HEARD  
YOU ...

AND I CANT THINK  
OF A BETTER  
DESCRIPTION.

HEY DOC?  
EVER HEAR THE  
EXPRESSION  
"WORLD OF SHIT?"

THE WHOLE  
WORLD'S GONE  
TO SHIT.





FORT COLLINS, COLORADO...



JESUS  
CHRIST,  
THESE  
FUCKING  
THINGS  
STINK!  
HRGHH!



THE END OF THE WORLD, DAY TWENTY-SEVEN...



THIS IS ALL  
MY FAULT.

DOC, IT'S  
NOT YOUR  
FAULT.





WE KNEW  
THE RISKS.

WE'RE JUST  
FOLLOWING  
OUR ORDERS.



YOUR  
ORDERS  
INCLUDE  
GETTING  
EATEN BY  
ZOMBIES?

NO, TO  
EVAC YOUR  
ASS BACK TO  
THE MOUNTAIN  
SAFE AND  
SOUND.

GOVERNMENT WANTS  
THEIR BEST AND  
BRIGHTEST INSIDE.

FEMA'S  
GOING  
INTO  
LOCK-  
DOWN?



HUARGH!

WE'RE JUST THE  
EXTRACTION TEAM.

THEY DON'T  
TELL US SHIT.



RUMOR IS  
YOU'VE  
COME UP  
WITH A  
VACCINE.

THAT  
TRUE,  
DOC?

YOU MIXED  
UP A CURE?

NO. AT  
LEAST,  
NOT YET.



ALL MY VACCINE  
CAN DO IS SLOW  
THE EFFECTS OF  
THE DISEASE.

AN ACTUAL CURE IS  
MONTHS AWAY...

MAYBE YEARS.







# BRATATAT·BRATATA





THOK

PAK

KRCH

BRATATATAT.BRATATA

HIS NAME'S  
NOT REALLY  
PLANTERS!

I SAID HIS  
NAME AINT  
PLANTERS!

WHAT?

BRATATATATAT.BRATAT.BRATA

THEN WHY  
DO YOU  
CALL HIM  
THAT?!

'CAUSE  
HE'S  
FUCKING  
NUTS!

EVERYBODY  
HANG ON!



BRATATAT

BRATATAT

BRATAT.BRA







BRATAT

WHO



KRUNCH

GHHUK!



YOU GUYS  
KNOW WHAT  
THE DATE IS?



HELL IF  
I KNOW.

MAY  
18TH,  
DOC!

WHY?

I WAS  
SUPPOSED  
TO GET  
MARRIED  
TODAY.

DAMN. ..  
SORRY TO  
HEAR THAT.



IS SHE...  
Y'KNOW?

NO,  
SHE'S  
ALIVE.



WE'RE BOTH  
RESEARCHERS.

SHE'S SAFE IN  
THE BUNKER  
BACK EAST.





THE  
PLACE  
IN  
WEST  
VIRGINIA?

NO  
WORRIES.



RIGHT.  
WE'VE  
GOT A  
DIRECT  
LINE  
WITH  
THEM!



YOU CAN TALK TO  
HER EVERY DAY!



IT'LL BE LIKE YOU'RE  
STILL TOGETHER...






FEDERAL EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT AGENCY BUNKER,  
ONE MILE BENEATH THE COLORADO ROCKIES...

TWO YEARS LATER...


DOCTOR SCOTT?

A man with a beard is sleeping in a bunk bed, covered with a blanket. He is in a dimly lit room.

DOCTOR SCOTT?

A man is sitting at a desk with a computer monitor. He is looking at the screen, which is dark. A lightning bolt symbol is next to the speech bubble.

HMMM...?

A man is sitting at a desk with a computer monitor. He is looking at the screen, which is dark. He has a thoughtful expression.

YEAH,  
I'M HERE.

A man with a beard is holding a mobile phone. He is looking at the phone with a serious expression.

DIRECTOR  
MARSHALL  
WANTS YOU  
IN THE  
CONFERENCE  
ROOM  
FOR A BRIEFING  
IN HALF AN HOUR.

OK, THANKS...

A woman with long hair is smiling. She is holding a mobile phone to her ear.

...TELL HIM  
I'LL BE THERE.





IAN! GLAD YOU COULD JOIN US.

SORRY I'M LATE, MARSHALL.

I STOPPED BY THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER FIRST.



ANYTHING FROM BACK EAST?

STILL NOTHING. IT'S LIKE THEY DISAPPEARED.

I'M MORE THAN A LITTLE WORRIED.

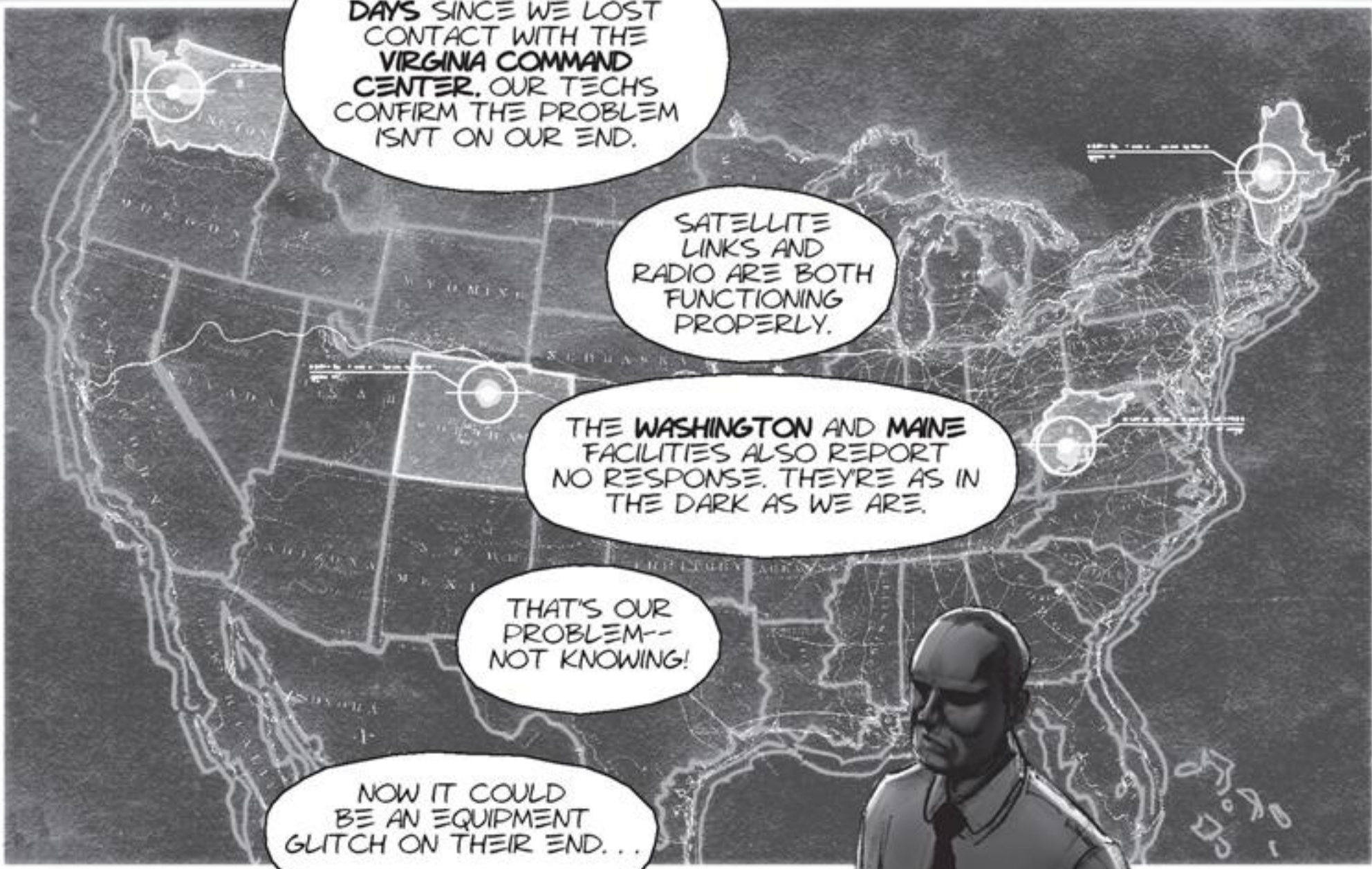
WE'RE ALL WORRIED, DOCTOR.



IT'S ONE REASON I CALLED THIS MEETING.

LIGHTS, PLEASE.





AS YOU ALL KNOW,  
IT'S BEEN **FOURTEEN**  
**DAYS** SINCE WE LOST  
CONTACT WITH THE  
**VIRGINIA COMMAND**  
**CENTER**. OUR TECHS  
CONFIRM THE PROBLEM  
ISNT ON OUR END.


SATELLITE  
LINKS AND  
RADIO ARE BOTH  
FUNCTIONING  
PROPERLY.

THE **WASHINGTON** AND **MAINE**  
FACILITIES ALSO REPORT  
NO RESPONSE. THEY'RE AS IN  
THE DARK AS WE ARE.

THAT'S OUR  
PROBLEM--  
NOT KNOWING!

NOW IT COULD  
BE AN EQUIPMENT  
GLITCH ON THEIR END. . .

. . . OR IT COULD  
BE MORE SERIOUS,  
SUCH AS A  
SECURITY BREACH.



SINCE MOST OF OUR  
**PROVISIONAL**  
**GOVERNMENT**, INCLUDING  
THE ACTING PRESIDENT  
AND MEMBERS OF THE  
HOUSE AND SENATE, ARE  
SEQUESTERED INSIDE,  
IT'S AN URGENT PRIORITY.



GENERAL  
CARTER?



WHAT MOST OF YOU DON'T KNOW, IS THAT THE **MAINE BUNKER** HAS ALREADY MADE AN ATTEMPT TO CONTACT THE COMMAND CENTER

SIX DAYS AGO, THEIR ONLY CHOPPER WAS FUELED AND ARMED FOR A DASH SOUTH.

IT WAS A GAMBLE, BUT WORTH THE RISK.

WE LOST CONTACT WITH THE CHOPPER TWO DAYS AGO.

THIS MORNING, SATELLITE PHOTOS TOLD US THEIR MISSION HAS FAILED.

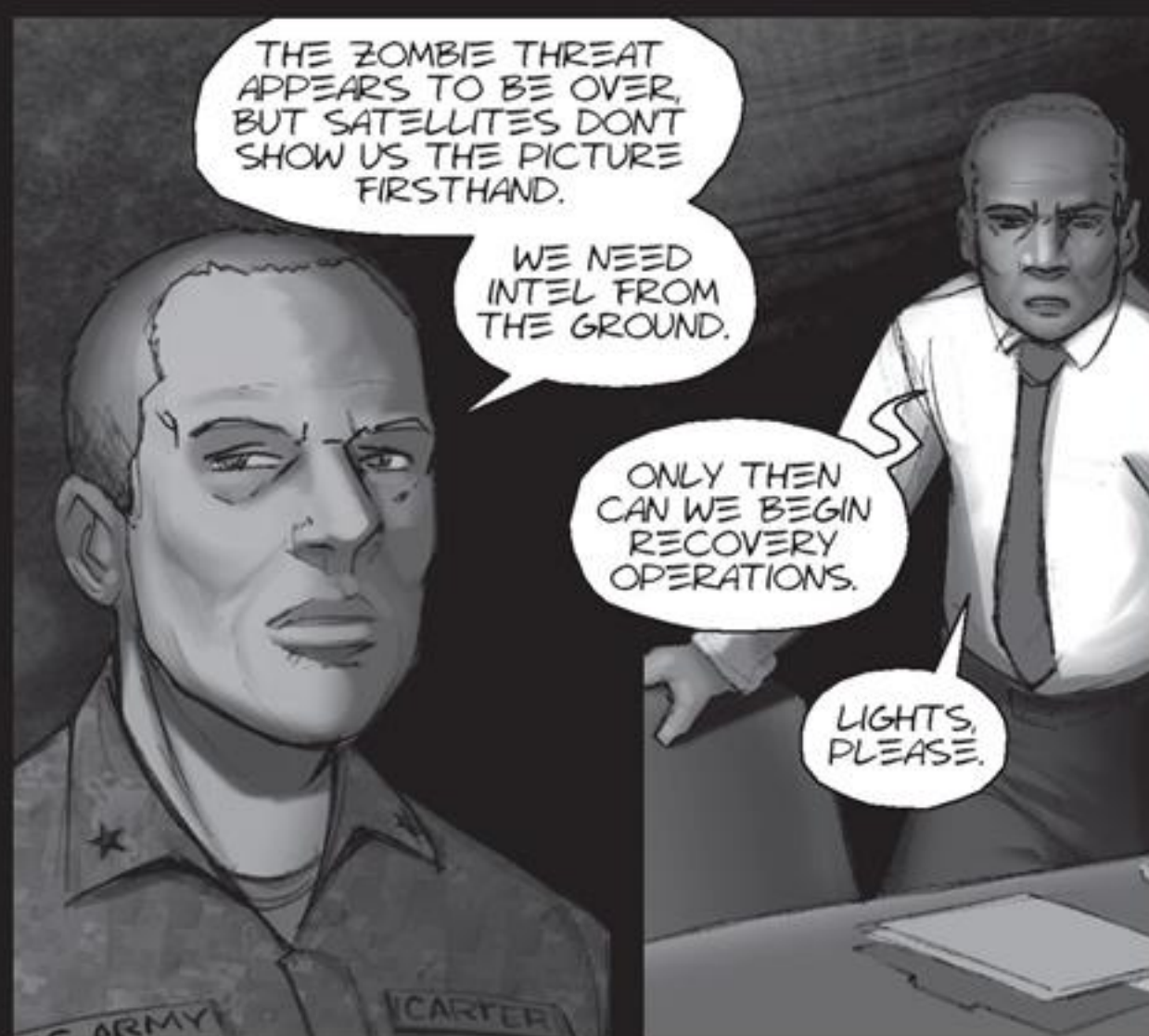
WE CALCULATED THE CHOPPER'S FLIGHT RADIUS AND FINALLY FOUND IT HERE. OBVIOUSLY, THE CREW MADE AN ATTEMPT TO REFUEL.

WHETHER THEY WERE ATTACKED ON THE GROUND OR SOME OTHER DISASTER STRUCK, THE BOTTOM LINE IS THAT WE'RE BACK TO **SQUARE ONE**.

HORSEHEADS NORTH  
ELMIRA-CORNING REGIONAL AIRPORT  
BIG FLATS  
ELMIRA HEIGHTS  
HORSEHEADS











WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, IAN?

I THINK YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT!



YOU WANT TO ACCOMPANY THEM

THE ANSWER'S NO.

BUT JENNIFER IS THERE!

ALL THE MORE REASON. YOU'D BE TOO INVOLVED.

YOU'LL NEED ME ON THIS!

THE ZOMBIES MIGHT BE GONE, BUT THINK OF THE **BIOHAZARDS** LEFT BY THEIR REMAINS!

MEANING WHAT?

CHOLERA, BUBONIC PLAGUE, DYSENTERY, LEPROSY--NOT TO MENTION THE VIRUS THAT CAUSED THE DEAD TO RISE IN THE FIRST PLACE.



IT COULD STILL BE OUT THERE. YOU NEED AN EXPERT ON THE TEAM!

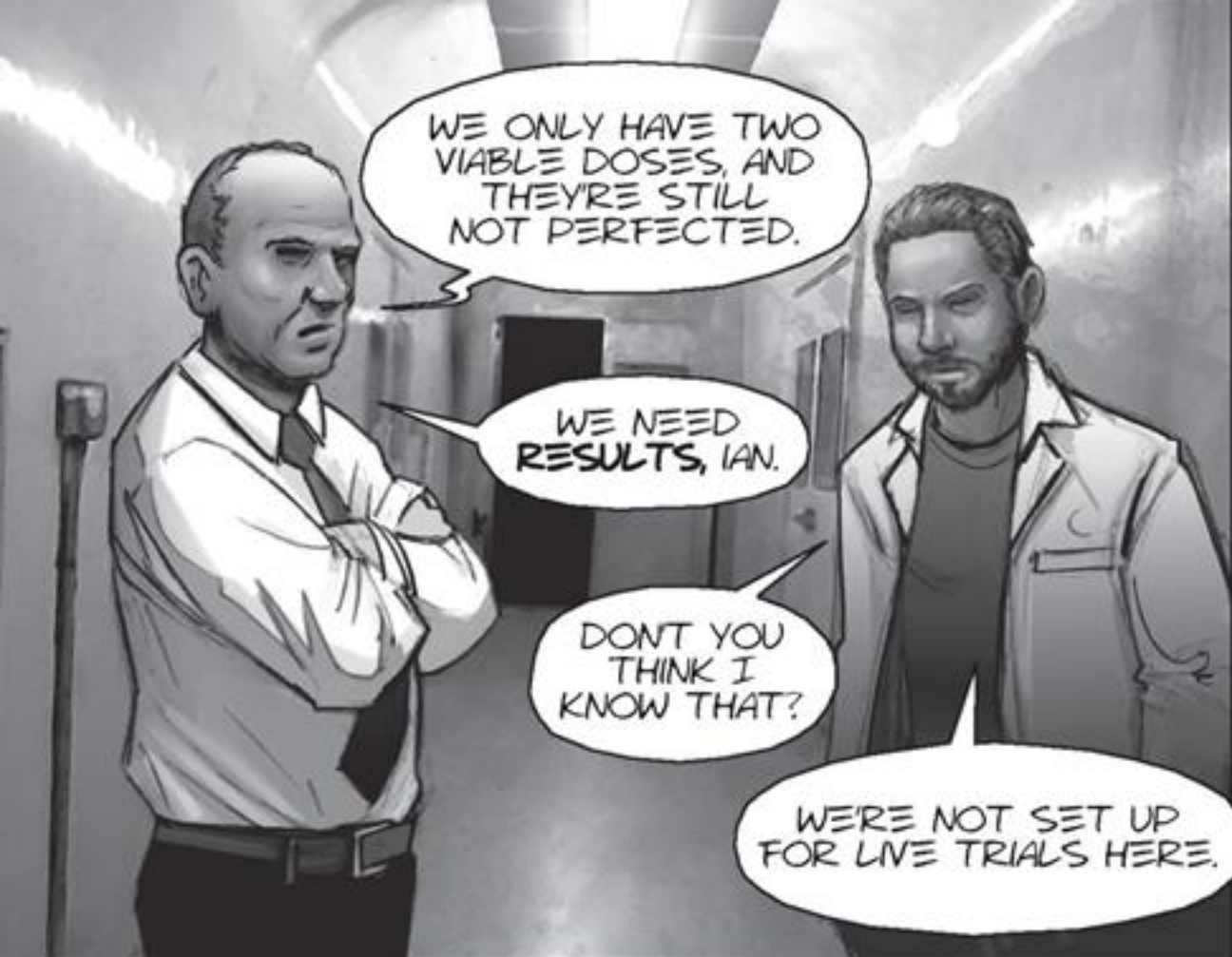


I WANT YOU HERE, WORKING ON THE VACCINE.

AFTER TWO YEARS' RESEARCH, WE'RE STILL NO CLOSER TO A CURE!

IT ONLY DELAYS THE INEVITABLE.







ASSEMBLE IN THE  
MOTOR POOL AT 0500.

AND GOOD LUCK, IAN.

I HOPE YOU  
FIND HER WELL.

JUST HANG  
ON, JEN.

WE'LL BE  
TOGETHER  
AGAIN SOON.

CAUTION  
LABORATORY  
SECURE  
AREA

AFTER TWO YEARS'  
RESEARCH, WE'RE STILL  
NO CLOSER TO A CURE!

IT ONLY DELAYS  
THE INEVITABLE.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WELCOME TO MY MOTOR POOL.

THE VEHICLES YOU SEE BEHIND ME HAVE BEEN DESIGNATED "HUNTER-GATHERERS".

THEY CAN BE SEALED AGAINST BIOLOGICAL, CHEMICAL, AND RADIO-ACTIVE HAZARDS, AND FEATURE A WIDE ARRAY OF DEFENSIVE WEAPONRY.

THEY'VE BEEN UP-ARMORED TO SURVIVE SMALL ARMS FIRE AND MODEST HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

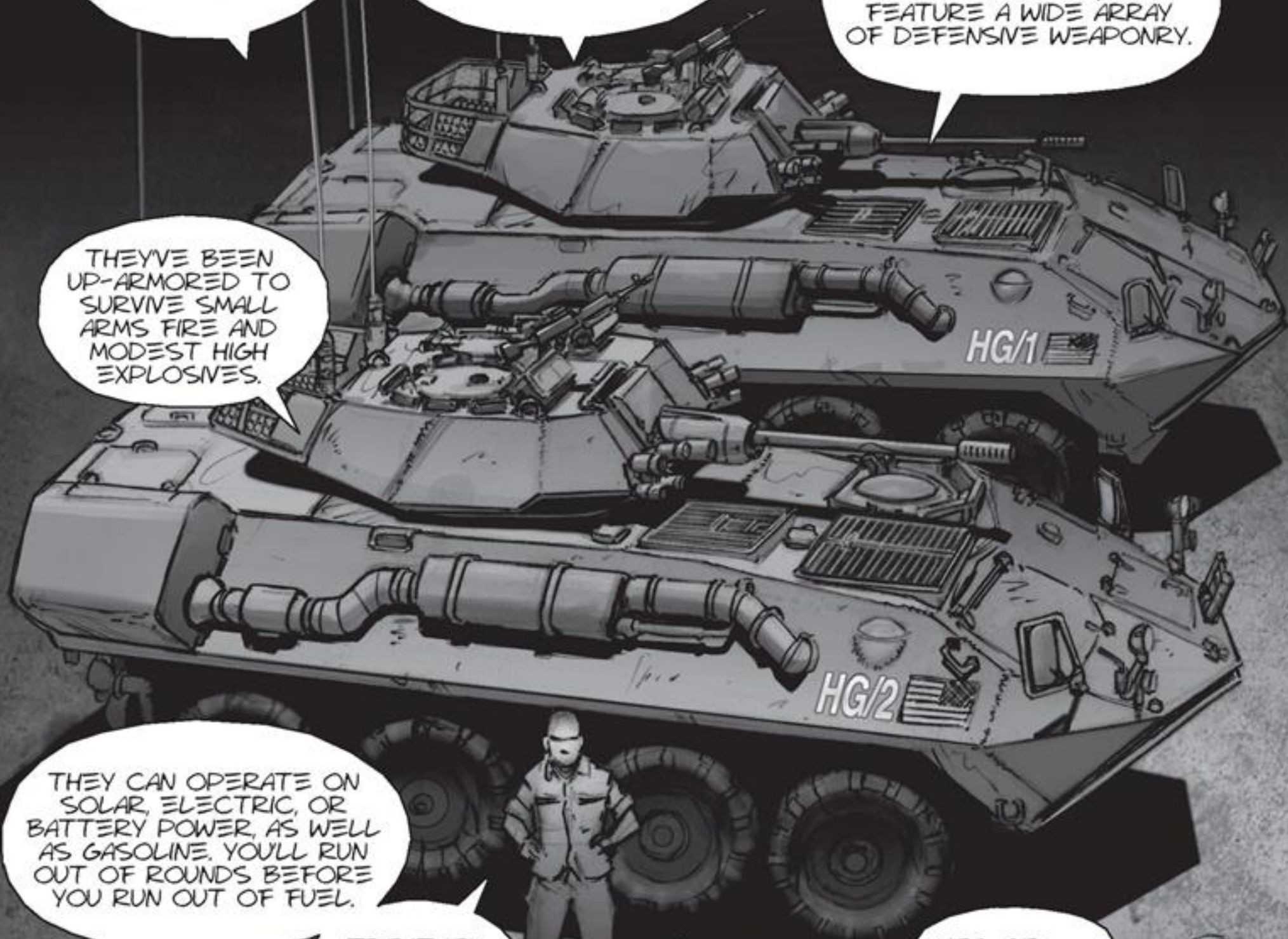
THEY CAN OPERATE ON SOLAR, ELECTRIC, OR BATTERY POWER, AS WELL AS GASOLINE. YOU'LL RUN OUT OF ROUNDS BEFORE YOU RUN OUT OF FUEL.

TREAT 'EM RIGHT, AND THEY'LL GET YOU TO WEST VIRGINIA.

QUESTIONS?

YES, SIR...

WHEN WE RETURN, YKNOW, TRIUMPHANT, DO WE GET THE WHOLE VICTORY PARADE OR JUST THE GIANT MONUMENT?







TRUST ME, WARNER,  
I'LL PERSONALLY SEE  
TO IT YOU GET **BOTH!**

THANK YOU, SIR.

THAT COULDA BEEN  
A DEALBREAKER!

SERGEANT  
WARNER,  
YOU ARE  
MISSION  
COMMANDER.

WITH YOU  
IN HG-1 ARE  
DOCTOR  
SCOTT...

RAMIREZ...

KOWALCZYK...

IT'S  
PLANTERS,  
DAMMIT!

FULTON...

AND DOCTOR  
BOPARAI.



IN HG-2  
ARE  
SEGER...

JOHNSON...

BLOOM...

DIAZ...

DOCTOR  
FEDERMAN...

AND DOCTOR  
RUSSO.





THIS WON'T BE A CAKEWALK.  
EVEN THOUGH THE THREAT  
OF THE ZOMBIES SEEMS TO  
BE OVER, THERE ARE  
UNDOUBTEDLY OTHER DANGERS.

SATELLITE IMAGERY  
SHOWS WILDFIRES  
RAGING UNCHECKED.

INTERSTATES AND  
MAJOR HIGHWAYS ARE  
CHOKED WITH  
ABANDONED VEHICLES.

SEVERAL NUCLEAR  
REACTORS HAVE  
MELTED DOWN  
GLOBALLY.

THERE ARE ROVING BANDS  
OF OUTLAWS, WILD ANIMALS  
TO CONTEND WITH, AND  
DOCTOR SCOTT SAYS  
DISEASES WILL PROBABLY  
BE RUNNING RAMPANT.

CIVILIZATION,  
AS WE KNEW IT,  
IS LONG DEAD.

I WISH  
I COULD GO  
WITH YOU, BUT I'LL  
BE HERE PREPARING  
OUR LAST TWO  
VEHICLES... IN  
CASE YOU  
FAIL.



GODSPEED.

GOOD LUCK.

DISMISSED.

SERGEANT  
WALKER

GOOD TO  
SEE YOU  
GUYS AGAIN.

YOU  
TOO,  
DOC!

WHERE THEY  
BEEN HIDING  
YOU, DOC?

THE  
LAB,  
MOSTLY.

'BOUT TIME WE  
GOT OUTTA THIS  
HOLE IN THE  
GROUND, HUH, DOC?







HOW'S THE  
FIANCÉE?

DID YOU TALK  
TO HER MUCH?

EVERY DAY UNTIL...



DON'T SWEAT  
IT, DOC!

THE  
CAVALRY'S  
COMIN!



THIS PLACE  
IS BIG, BUT I  
FIGURED WE'D  
RUN ACROSS  
YOU AGAIN!

OH, AND PLANTERS  
IS **REAL HURT** YOU  
NEVER CALLED HIM  
DOWN TO THE LAB  
FOR A SCIENTIFIC  
CONSULTATION.

SHEET.



DID YOU EVER  
THINK IT WOULD  
COME TO THIS?

SHIT, DOC.  
WE BEEN  
PRAYIN'  
FOR A  
CHANCE  
TO GO OUT.

BESIDES...



... WE DRAGGED  
YOU OUTTA THAT  
WORLD OF SHIT.



ONLY FITTING  
WE DRAG YOU  
BACK INTO IT!



TO BE CONTINUED...