



**IDW**  
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RYALL  
WALTZ  
MESSINA

# INFESTATION OUTBREAK



SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE FLY-OVER STATES.



YEAH, THIS  
MAKES A LOT  
OF FRIGGIN'  
SENSE...



HE GOT A  
DEAD-AS-HELL ALBY  
STAMPED DOWN FOR  
MURDER. BUT HE  
LET THE BUNDS-HANDS  
PHILIP MORRIS PUNISH HIM  
DOWN AROUND 1988. AND HE  
WON'T LET DARK NEAR  
KILL HIM BY ONE OF  
HIS BROTHERS.

A LOT OF  
PAINFUL  
MIND.

NO NO ABOUT  
BODILY PUNISH  
THAT DEAD THING  
NOT RESEMBLING  
BROTHERS, BUT DEAD  
THING IS.

NO, NO  
DIP.

DIPPING,  
DIPPING.

NO,  
LET THE LITTLE  
THINGS TALK. I  
DON'T REMEMBER  
ANYONE PUTTING  
YOU IN CHARGE.

IT IS  
CHARGE  
OF HIM.

NO NO  
BODILY.

BUT NOT US TO  
I HEAR OTHERS.  
SO WHY THE HELL ARE  
WE ON THIS TO CAN  
WITH YOU ANYMORE.  
SOME PAIN KNOW  
WHERE?

BECAUSE GOOD  
SOLDIERS KEEP  
THEIR MOUTH SHUT  
AND FOLLOW ORDERS.  
BROTHER, I KNOW WHERE  
WE'RE GOING. YOU'RE  
SHUT ON A SHUT  
NEED TO KNOW  
STUFF.





TRUTH IS, ARCHIE AND I HAVE EXPERIENCE WITH THE GREY STUFF YOUR PALE ARE ABOUT TO FILLET. ARCHIE FOR OBVIOUS REASONS. AND ME... WELL, LET'S JUST SAY MY EXPERIENCE COMES WITH THE JOB.



WHAT IS YOUR JOB, EXACTLY?

NOT ENOUGH NEED-TO-KNOW STATUS TO GO AROUND, MISTER.

WHATEVER. THIS STINKS TO ARSEN NELL; YOU ASK ME.



WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT ALL THIS BULLSHIT, BRITT?

I THINK...

...I THINK I'M JUST GLAD TO BE OUT OF THAT SWEET INFIRMARY.



WHATEVER.



OKAY, MY NEW ARM ATTACHMENT IS READY TO MAKE THE FIRST LATERAL CUT...



BZZZ

**BLOOM**





CENTRALIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DO YOU ALWAYS PLAY WITH YOUR FOOD BEFORE YOU EAT, AGENT CROGG?

HA-HA, HORNY. I'M TAKING HIM APART TO SEE WHAT MAKES HIM TICK. DOING IT MYSTICALLY HELPS MINIMIZE THE CHANCE OF GETTING OFF ANY BOOBY-TRAPS. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT.

FROM WHAT I CAN SEE HERE, WELL, I THINK I WAS ACTUALLY ATTACKED BY AN ALIEN FROM SPACE. BUT I'M TELLING YOU, NK...

...THESE GUY'S NOT ONLY LOOKED HUMAN BEFORE THEY DIED, THEY *SHELLED* HUMAN—I GOT A WHIFF OF BLOOD PLYING INSIDE THEM.

THEN I TAKE THIS ONE APART TO FIND THAT THEY... HAVE NO BLOOD. DO YOU BROK WHAT I'M SAYING? SHAPE-CHANGING ALIENS WHO CAN PASS AS HUMAN, TRICKING EVEN MY ENHANCED SENSES?

I... GROK. I *ALSO* SEE THAT FOR A SOLDIER-TURNED-*WAMPIRE*, YOU SEEM VERY COMFORTABLE WITH YOUR NEW MAGIC ABILITIES.

YEAH, I... IT ALL FEELS INSTINCTUAL... EXCEPT WHEN I TRY TO USE THE ARTILICA I HAVE INSIDE AND—

AGENT CROGG, I JOINED YOU HERE TO DO MORE THAN OBSERVE YOUR NEW MAGIC IN ACTION. YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT AGENT BOOLEY TEAM ALSO ENCOUNTERED WHAT LOOKS TO BE ALIEN BEINGS.

WE MIGHT BE LOOKING AT A BIGGER PROBLEM. A *GLOBAL* PROBLEM.

SO WE COULD BE FACING A FULL-ON ALIEN INVASION? AS IN, "WE ARE NOT—"







SOMEWHERE IN THE MOJAVE DESERT.



THOSE POOR  
PILOTS. THEY  
DIDN'T HAVE A  
CHANCE.

POOR  
PILOTS?!  
SCREW THAT  
SHIT--THEY'RE  
THE LUCKY  
ONES!

AT LEAST  
THE DAWN  
FELL...  
GUN...

...KILLED  
THEM. ON.

NICE.

AGENT  
BOOLE IS  
BACK IN  
ACTION.  
YAY!

YOU OKAY, BRYTT?  
THAT LITTLE  
TRICK YOU JUST  
PULLED WAS...  
A BIT OF A  
SURPRISE.

YEAH, I'M  
GOOD. BRYTT,  
BEST I'VE FELT IN  
A LONG TIME,  
MATTER OF  
FACT.

SO WHAT THE  
HELL HAPPENED,  
ANYWAY?

BEST GUESST  
THE CADAVER HAD A BUILT-IN  
RAILGARE. YOUR ZOMBIE BUDDY  
ALMOST SET IT OFF WHEN HE  
USED THAT SWISS ARMY  
ARM OF HIS ON IT.

BENNY  
ZOMBIE, CUTTING  
AND BOOMING.

NICE  
GROW, BENNY.

HEY!

STUPID  
FAKE  
ARM!

KRAK

AN  
ARM--

--I  
ACTUALLY  
LOVED THIS  
ONE.

WELL, IF WE'VE GOT ALL THE KINDERGARTEN ASTRONAUTS OUT OF THE WAY, THERE IS SOME GOOD NEWS. WE'RE ALMOST THERE.

FUNTIME PARTY THAT-A-WAY!

"ALMOST THERE" MIGHT NOT CUT IT. GUN'S GONNA RISE IN ABOUT AN HOUR, AND WE'RE CRISPY CRITTERS IF WE DON'T FIND COVER QUICK.

WELL, IT COULD BE WORSE. AT LEAST WE DIDN'T LOSE OUR B-RATS.

"B-RATS?" WHAT'S THAT-LIKE M.R.E.S.T

YEP. JUST WAY WETTER AND A LOT REDDER.

YEAH, THAT'S NOT TOO CROSS.

SPEAKING OF WETTER AND REDDER, THAT SOUVENIR F-BAGG OF YOURS ISN'T LOOKING SO IMPRESSIVE NOW, BOOLESEN.

WHATEVER.

YOU KNOW, BENNY, I BELIEVE I CAN KIX THAT ARM FOR YOU.

UH, YEAH... THAT'S OKAY, BRITT. I... I'M GOOD.

HERE. LET ~~ME~~ TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR PROSTHESES...

...ONE OF MY MASTER'S PROGRESSES IS IN CYBERNETIC ENGINEERING.

YEAH, SURE, ISAAC.

UH, NO OFFENSE, BRITT.









SO  
THE PLAN IS FOR  
US TO JUST WALK  
INTO THEIR HOME  
UNANNOUNCED  
SOUNDS LIKE  
BOOLE-LEVEL  
PLANNING.



WELL,  
NOT EXACTLY  
BECAUSE YOU'RE  
GOING TO MAKE US  
INCORPOREAL AND  
INVISIBLE WITH YOUR  
NEW MAGIC SKILLS.  
AREN'T YOU?

AND  
HOW AM I  
SUPPOSED TO  
KNOW HOW  
TO—



*PULVE ET  
PECORUM EST  
PRO PATRIA  
MORI!*



HEY, NICELY  
DONE. THAT  
WORKED BETTER  
THAN... WAIT A  
MINUTE.

THAT WAS  
JUST LATIN YOU  
SPOKE, NOT  
SOME KIND OF  
INVISIBILITY  
SPELL.



OF COURSE IT  
WASN'T. THE MAGIC IS  
IN YOU, NOT ME. MY  
JOB WAS JUST MAKING  
YOU BELIEVE IT COULD  
HAPPEN. AND SO  
IT DID.

NOW  
SHUSH.  
I HEAR  
THEM...







THERE YOU GO, LITTLE GUY

YAY, ARCHIBALD BOX IS FREE!

FIXING FAKES ZOMBIE ARMS AND DIGGING HOLES FOR DIGSHIRT ALIENS? TURNS OUT YOU'RE GOOD FOR SOMETHING AFTER ALL, BIG BOY



ANY TIME YOU WOULD LIKE ME TO LIST FOR YOU WHAT ELSE I EXCEL AT, PLEASE SAY SO.

TAKE IT EASY, NEROCULES. LOOK HOW HAPPY YOU MADE THE KID, OR WHATEVER THE HELL HE IS.



ARCHIE-BOX IS BACK! AND INSIDE, SO MUCH GOODNESS TO HELP US!

NOW, EVERYONE STEP BACK A BIT. I KNOW YOU'RE SUPER-STRONG, BUT REMEMBER, ARCHIBALD IS AN ALIEN FROM ANOTHER GALAXY, AND HIS ABILITIES AND WEAPONS MAY PROVE VERY LETHAL TO US SO BE CAREFUL NOT TO GET—



—SMOKED?

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!



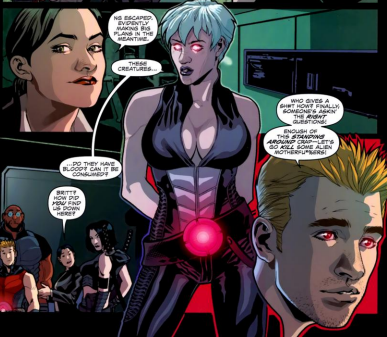
PURE

SMOKEY-SMOKE BEFORE FIGHTY-FIGHT, ADVENTBOOLBY, ALWAYS.

BUT ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS SMOKEY'S IN BOX...



...ARE ARCHIBALD'S SPECIAL ALIEN/HUMAN DETECTOR-SPECS.









# INFESTATION

## OUTBREAK

NEXT MONTH

