

ZOMBIE TERRORS



FEAST

WORDS BY ROYAL MCGRAW
ART BY ADAUTO SILVA
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Nobody knows how
it happened...

Nobody knows what
caused the dead
to rise and feast
upon the living.



What we do know
is that the
decades-long
Zombie War
brought humanity
to the brink of
extinction...

But humanity fought
back, endured,
and slowly
we rebuilt society.

KEEP OUT
ZOMBIES



There is one truth
in any civilization,
be it Ancient Rome
or New Tokyo.

People have
to eat.

And where food
is at issue,
there will be
chefs who
prepare it...

IBM

SOCHI
RESTAURANT



Chefs like me,
Kenji Watanabe.

AND HOW
DID YOU ENJOY
YOUR MEAL
THIS EVENING?

DELICIOUS,
AS ALWAYS.

WOULD
YOU CARE
TO TRY
ONE OF
OUR
DESSERTS?
TONIGHT,
WE HAVE--



KRACK

HH.

WOULD YOU
PLEASE
EXCUSE ME
A MOMENT?





RYU!
WHAT HAPPENED?
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?



KENJI,
I'M
SORRY...

SORRY?
FOR WHAT?
WHAT DID
YOU DO?

SIMPLE ENOUGH.
YOUR BROTHER
GAMBLED...



AND HE
LOST.



MASUDA-SAN.

YOU'RE NOT
WELCOME
HERE.

NOT TO WORRY,
KENJI.
I DON'T INTEND
TO STAY LONG.

I'M SIMPLY
HERE TO COLLECT
THE DEBT YOUR
BROTHER OWES ME.



FINE.
I'LL PAY
YOU.

HOW MUCH
DID RYU LOSE
THIS TIME?

FAR MORE
THAN THIS
PATHETIC
LITTLE
RESTAURANT
IS WORTH.

BUT THAT DOESN'T
MEAN WE CAN'T COME
TO SOME FORM OF
ARRANGEMENT.





Night comes,
but I do not sleep.

Nor can I shake
the thought
of the meal
I will prepare
tomorrow.

Kanibaru.
Literally,
"cannibal."

Slang for the
flesh of a
zombie
dissected and
served raw.



As with *fugu*,
puffer fish,
kanibaru must
be prepared by
a master chef...

One who knows
how to separate
that which can be
eaten from that
which is *deadly*.

A chef like *me*,
Kenji Watanabe.

Here, the
similarity ends.

Those who die
after consuming
fugu go quietly
to their graves.

But kanibaru,
incorrectly prepared,
does not imbue a
permanent death.

Whatever mechanism
served to animate
the zombie takes
hold in the new host.
There is sickness,
there is death,
and then...

Undeath.



A shiver screams
down my spine
as dawn breaks.

It is *time*.







NYAAAAAHHH!



The End