

# ZOMBIE TALES

THE SERIES

BOOM!

10

2009  
\$3.99  
COVER A



CHEE • WALSH • LEWIS



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# ZOMBIE TALES

## THE SERIES



**Michael DiPascale**  
Cover A Artist

### Ouroboros

Story: **PIERLUIGI COTHMAN**

Art: **MILTON SOBREIRO**

### The Great American Whistle-Stop Zombie Flin-Flam of 1912

Story & Art: **PAT LEWIS**



**Lee Moder, Drew Rausch  
and Drew Berry**

Cover B Artist

### I Sing the Body Putrescent; or, Zommy Dearest

Story: **KEVIN WALSH**

Art: **CHEE**

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As I teeter on the brink of both worlds... we are, all of us... doo--

Eventually there'll be no more of us and then, no more of them...



We all know how it works. This cycle of... whatever it is. It just keeps repeating.

Those monsters nearly ate me alive. They... on God... I... I'm going to be one of them...



As soon as two men can turn on one another they do... Why should it be any different in the end than it was at the start?

They are our final judgment of ourselves.

We're consoling each other... They are as much a part of us, as we are of them.



Why didn't he help, why didn't he pull me through...?



OUR  
OBO  
ROS

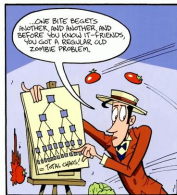
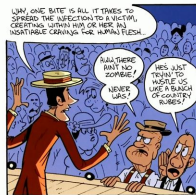


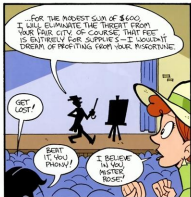
# THE GREAT AMERICAN WHISTLE-STOP ZOMBIE FLIM-FLAM

of NINETEEN TWELVE













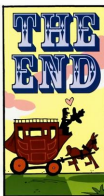












NEW JERSEY: THE ROMUS ESTATE.

FIVE YEARS SINCE THE REVENANT EVENT.

WHO WANTS TO HEAR ABOUT MY DAVE?

...REVENANT THREAT INDEX FOR THE LOWER COUNTRY REMAINS AT YELLOW. PC UNITS ARE MANDATORY CARRY.

YES, THURSDAY NIGHT. I'M PITCHING TO THE WHOLE BOARD. WHAT? YOU LOVE PLAYING HOSTESS.

THE CATERERS WILL HAVE A FIFTY-TON, AND POOR **MAX**. A WHOLE NEW DRESS IN TWO DAYS! HE'S NOT DESERTING HIS LINE FOR TWO MONTHS.

I SHOWED **MOTHER** AT JUICE TOWN AND **ANGIE** **JACOBS** SAID HE WAS THE BEST...

AND IN THE TECH SECTOR, ROMUS CORP POSTS ANOTHER RECORD QUARTER, REMAINS IN THE VANGUARD OF REVENANT CRISIS MANAGEMENT.

SO TELL HIM HE'S A RADICAL AND DOUBLE HIS FEE. HELL, WITH THESE NUMBERS, TRIPLE IT. AND TELL HIM **GREENE**. **BRAD FRENCH** LIKES YOU IN **GREEN**.

MY NAILS ARE TRAGIC. **SU-SHAN** WILL JUST HAVE TO SQUEEZE ME IN. IT'S NOT AN OPEN BAR, IS IT? TED CONDON SETS SO HANDSY.

...AND THEN **KELLY KINLER** GOT **TRILLION** AND HIT HIM AND HURT HIS EYE AND I CRIED...



REVENANTS, WALKERS, ZOMBIES. AFTER FIVE YEARS, WE STILL DON'T KNOW *WHY* OR *HOW* THEY'RE HERE. ALL WE KNOW IS THAT IT'S NOT ABOUT BITES OR BLOOD OR VOODOO CURSES.

IT'S ABOUT EVERY PERSON WHO DIES -- EVERY *SINGLE* ONE -- COMING BACK, AND COMING BACK *MEAN*.

THEY PUSHED US TO THE BRINK, BUT WE PUSHED BACK, WITH THE *ROMANUS PORTABLE ORAMATION UNIT*--

OH-CRINKS!

--THE ULTIMATE TOOL IN REVENANT CONTROL. NOW STANDARD IN EVERY FIRE TRUCK, AMBULANCE, ER, AND PRIVATE HOME, BECAUSE EVEN ZOMBIES CAN'T COME BACK AS *ASHES*.

BUT IT'S ONLY A START, BECAUSE EVERY TIME SOMEONE DIES OUT OF REACH OF A PC UNIT, THERE'S ONE MORE *MONSTER* ON THE STREETS. THE DEAD ARE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.

BUT WHAT IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO FEAR THEM? WHAT IF WE COULD *CONTROL* THEM?

WHAT IF WE COULD *MAKE MONEY* OFF THEM?

CLICK

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU THE *FUTURE* OF REVENANT MANAGEMENT.

DESSU!

BLEURGH!

DAMNIT, TED!

THE COLLAR IS WIRED DIRECTLY TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, INHIBITING REVENANT STRENGTH, SPEED, AND AGGRESSION.

AND WITH MEASURED SHOCK PULSES TO THE BRAIN, WE CAN TRAIN AND SELL THE WORLD'S FIRST REVENANT DOMESTIC HELPER.



YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS. WHAT IF THE COLLAR FAILS?

IF THERE'S *ANY* INTERRUPTION IN COLLAR FUNCTION OR IF I PRESS THE *RED* BUTTON, SIX OUNCES OF GENTEX EQUALS ONE HARMLESS, *HEADLESS* MESS.



THE BOMBS REVENANT CONTROL COLLAR, SO SIMPLE. SO *KARF*. EVEN A CHILD CAN USE IT

*BELIEVE* IT, BRAD. IN FACT... SALLY'S COME HERE, DOLL.

NICE PITCH, TOM, BUT CAN YOU BACK IT UP?



I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET YOUR NEW NANNY.



WILL YOU BE MY ZOWAY?

TOM... IF ANYTHING *AWPENS*... I MEAN, WHAT WILL PEOPLE THINK?

THIS HOUSE IS FILLED WITH PC UNITS AND PANC BUTTONS. IT'S PERFECTLY *SAFE*.

"ZOWAY"? THAT'S JUST CRACKS...

IT'S *GENUINE*. I WANT PASTE-UPS BY MONDAY. SOMEONE TAKE THIS DOWN, "ZOWAY" -"



"...IS ALWAYS THERE, FOR SCHOOL, PLAYS, TEA PARTIES, PLAY TIME, AND NAP TIME."

"ZOMMY SHARES YOUR GOSSIP AND GUARDS YOUR SECRETS."



"ZOMMY NEVER JUDGES, NEVER SCOLDS."

"ZOMMY LISTENS. ZOMMY CARES."



"ZOMMY IS YOUR FRIEND."

"ZOMMY LOVES YOU."

click-  
bzzzz



"BLAH BLAH BLAH... AND THEN WE BRAND IT. THE ROBUS CONTROL COLLAR."

"AH-AH 'LONGEVITY' COLLAR." SO AFTER A SIX-MONTH TRIAL, WE'VE GOT GREEN LIGHTS ACROSS THE BOARD AND PRE-ORDERS ARE THROUGH THE ROOF.

SURE. NO FOOD. NO SLEEP. NO WAGES... AMERICA LOVES A BARGAIN.



BUT WHAT ABOUT THE-- THE WHOLE CREEP-OUT FACTORY?

PRETTY MUCH OFFSET BY THE CUTE KID, BUT ZOMMY COULD USE A NEW PUBLIC FACE, SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS ... RANCID.



CORPSES ROT. WHO KNEW? THE THING IS, WE'VE GOTTA RE-CAST.

WHAT...?  
NO!















**“I SING THE BODY PUTRESCENT”<sup>\*</sup>;  
or, “ZOMMY DEAREST”**

KEVIN WALSH -- story   CHEE -- art   ANDREW DALHOUSE -- colors   MARSHALL DILLON -- letters

<sup>\*</sup> With sincere apologies to Mr. Bradbury.