

Planet Earth became a world that was forced into a lockdown due to something stronger than a common cold. Some people reported no symptoms, some reported stronger than usual flu-like symptoms, and some people unfortunately died as a result from organ failure, a complication from the virus. That's when it really started, because that's when the dead came back to life to kill us all.

That was 4 years ago. The year is now 2024, four years "PZA", "Post-Zombie Apocalypse" and we still barely got our shit together.

The Mutated infection started in South America and China simultaneously, spreading quickly across the globe. Ignorant of borders, politics, age, race or religion, the mutated virus began annihilating the human immune system killing the host and restarting the husk as an aggressive, hungry, infectious parasite.

From what we could tell, it craves warm bodies, blood mainly, from wherever it can take it from, and it seemed to choose wisely with who to infect rather than kill. Taking away their humanity, they were no longer people, the person they used to be went from 100 to 0 in an instant. This is why we call them "Zeros".

If some people found themselves in front of a group of Zeros, and who happened to be sicker than most during the initial lockdown, would get an initial bite at first. From what we could gather, with immune systems compromised as much as theirs were, made them ideal candidates to 'turn'. Others who were stronger during lockdown, barely having a sniffle or no visible symptoms at all, were seen as 'food' and were eaten.

Today, 70% or more of the human population are gone. Communications with Europe, Asia, Russia, and South Pacific went quiet after the first few months. We just simply came to the conclusion there was no one left alive outside of Western Hemisphere.

Society has now splintered into various factions, some held together by the remainder of a ragtag government, others as colonies built up from the ashes. Various shattered factions and armed militias across North America have now formed. The strongest of these factions were held together by the hardest, toughest, unfuckable gangsters around... the US Army.

Out of all of their remaining troops, one squad takes on the jobs no one will dare, usually sent on a one way trip most of the time. Command gave them the tools they needed to succeed, and survivors also gave them their name...



# DEAD GUN



CREATED & WRITTEN BY  
DYLAN COUPER  
&  
BULENT HASAN

ART BY RAMON GARDON





YOU... ALL... BELONG.. TO ME!  
EVERYTINGH BELONGS TO ME!

YOU WANT TO LIVE,  
YOU BELONG TO ME!  
YOU WANT TO EAT...

EVERYONE YOU OWN,  
BELONGS TO ME!



YOUR WIVES, YOUR DAUGHTERS,  
HELL EVEN YOUR PET DOG...  
MINE!  
YOUR CHOICE, AND YOU HAVE  
5 SECONDS TO ANSWER...  
LIVE... OR...



AND THAT'S HOW  
DO YOU GET RID OF A TYRANT!!

I CAN'T BELIEVE NO ONE  
DID THAT ALREADY!

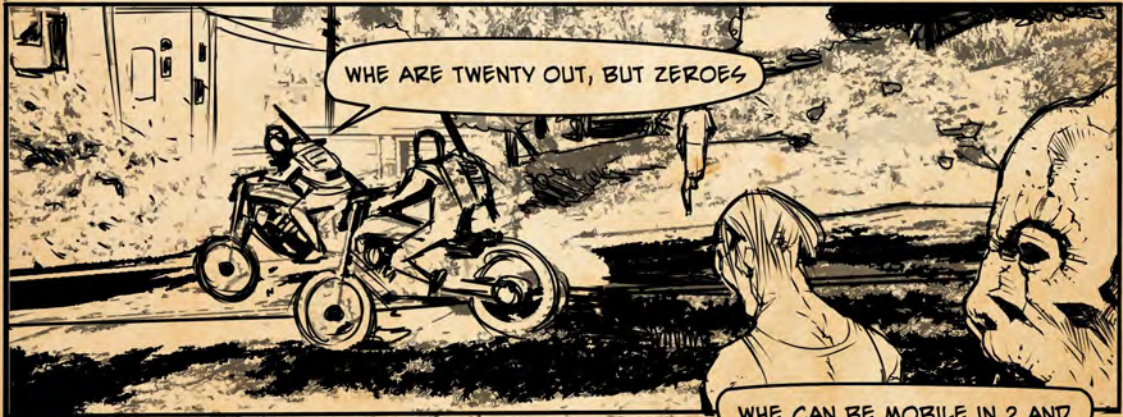
TOTALLY...C'MON LET'S GO PREP  
THE BIKES AND HEADBACK TO  
MOBILE1 NICE AND EASY!







WHAT'S YOUR ETA?



WE ARE TWENTY OUT, BUT ZEROES



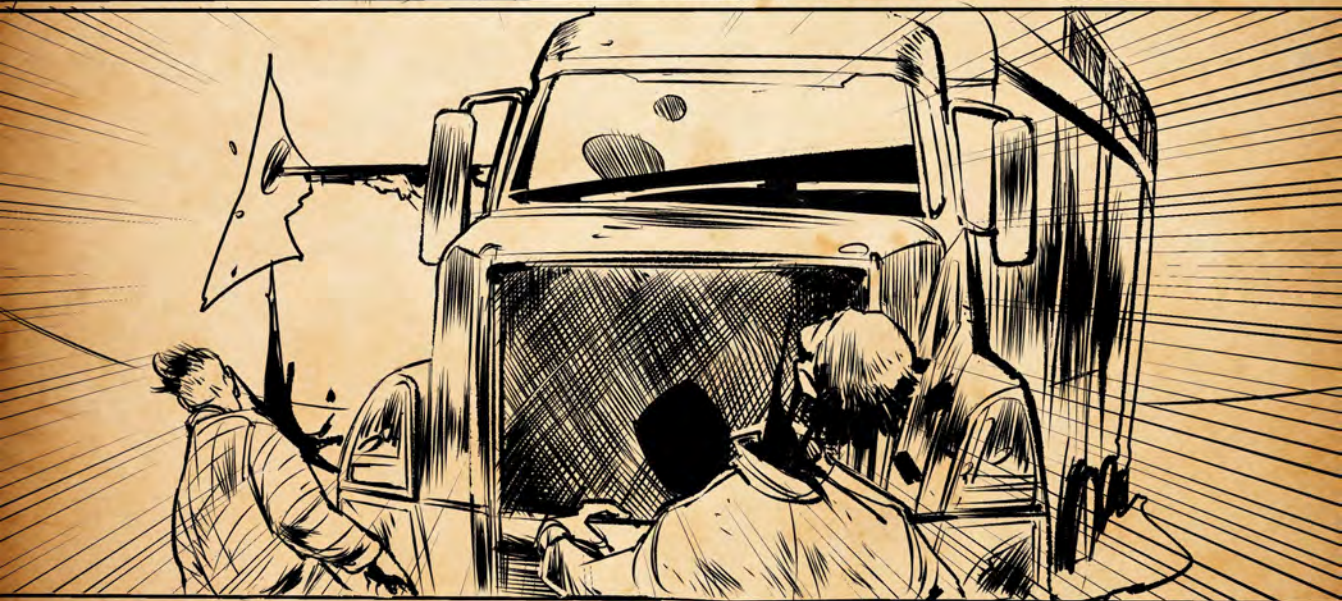
WE CAN BE MOBILE IN 2 AND INTERCEPT IN 8 MIKES

STRAP ON THE ROOF!  
I MIGHT GET FUBAR!  
WE ARE MOVIN NOW!





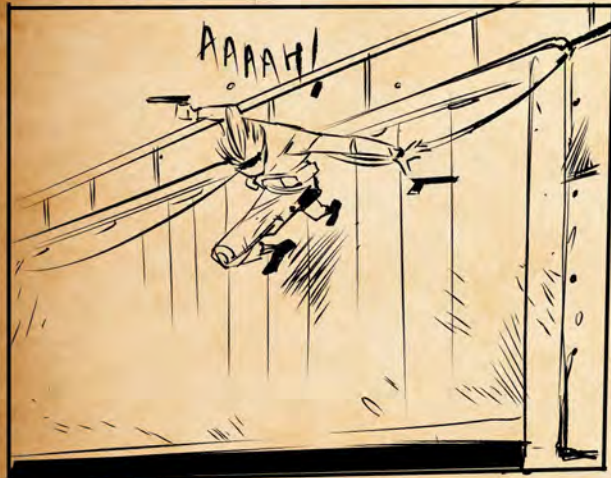
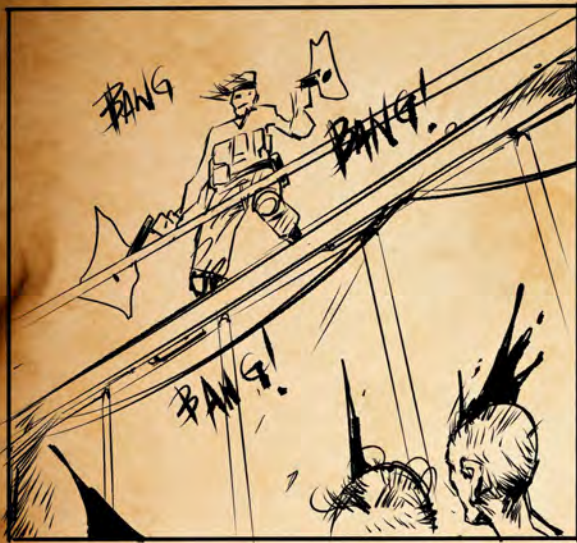










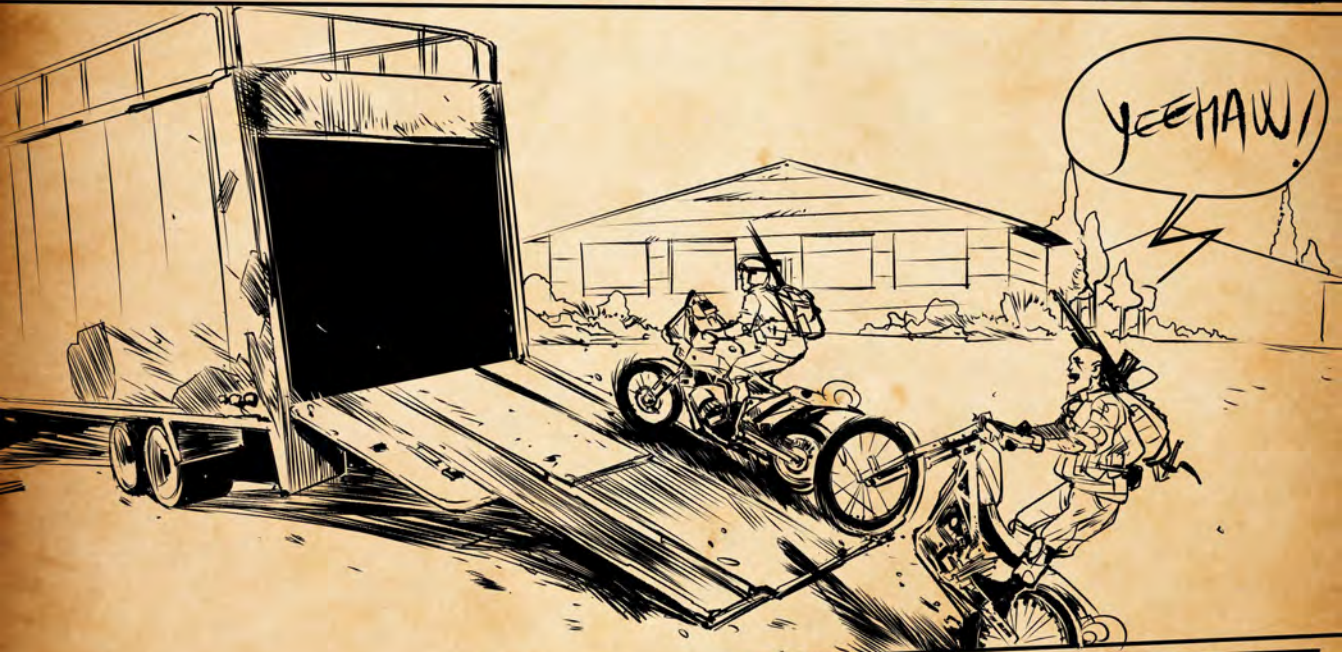




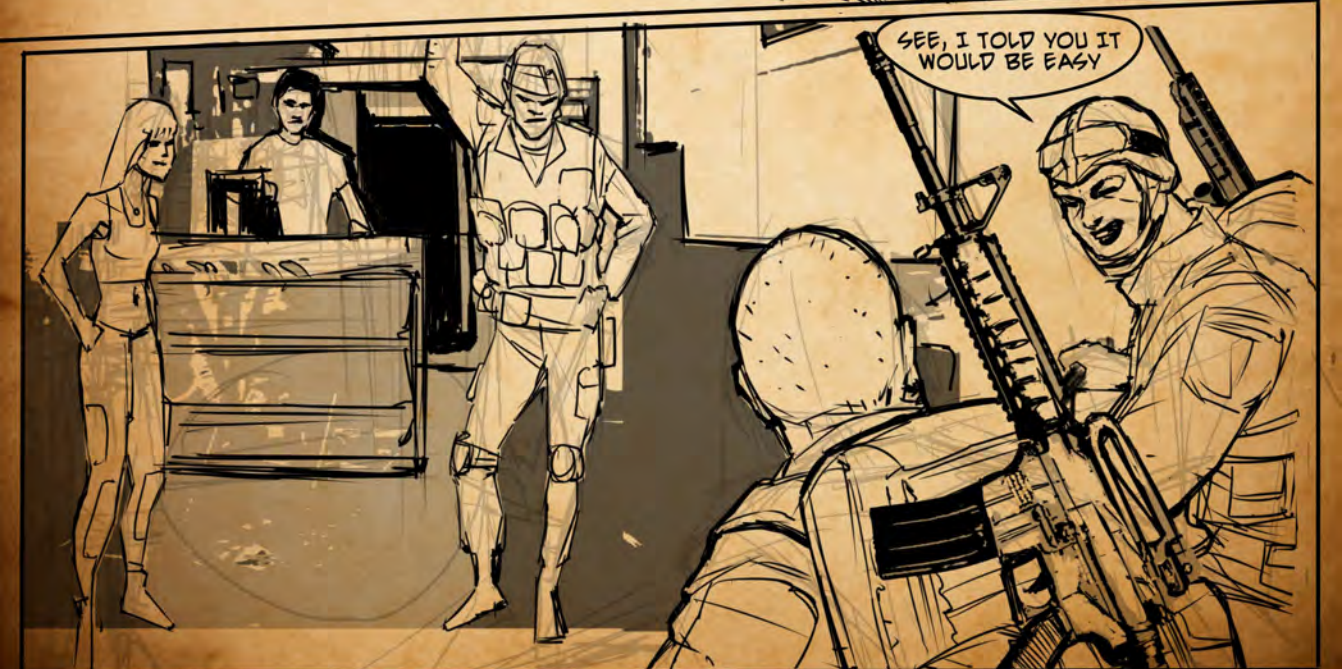


FORD HANG ON!

GET ON THE  
BUS  
BITCHES!



YEEHAW!



SEE, I TOLD YOU IT  
WOULD BE EASY