



#3

JOE
WIGHT

NAZI ZOMBIES



SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS



NAZI ZOMBIES

STORY & ART -
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COVER ART -
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RIDE TO HELL! STORY & ART: JOE WIGHT

UNHOLY NIGHT STORY & ART: JOE WIGHT

Shortly before the start of World War II, the German High Command began a secret investigation into powers of the supernatural.

Ancient legend told of a race of warriors whose superhuman power came from within the Earth itself.

As Germany prepared for war, the SS secretly enlisted a group of scientists to create an invincible soldier.

It is known that the bodies of German soldiers killed in battle were returned to a hidden laboratory near Koblenz, where they were used in a variety of scientific and supernatural experiments.

It is rumored that during the War, Allied troops encountered German squads who fought without regard to their own fatal wounds, who were nearly impossible to kill.

No soldier from these SS "Totenkorps" squads was ever captured alive...

NAZI ZOMBIES #3

RIDE TO HELL!

FEBRUARY 17, 1945.

SOMEWHERE EAST OF
WIESBADEN, GERMANY.

WE'D MET UP WITH
SERGEANT DONOVAN'S
TEAM, NO PROBLEMS.

HE'D BEEN WAITING
FOR US WITH A PAIR
OF RUBBER BOATS.

THE RAIN WAS COLD
AND LOUD AS WE
WENT DOWNSTREAM.

IT WAS ALMOST
PEACEFUL.





AS IT GOT A LITTLE
LIGHTER, THE
RAIN CAME DOWN
EVEN HARDER.



CAPTAIN CREED TOOK US ASHORE.
HE DIDN'T WANT US CAUGHT ON
THE WATER IF WE WERE SPOTTED.



SO WE HUMPED ALONG THE
SHORELINE, TEN GUYS DEEP IN
THE HEART OF NAZI GERMANY.



WHAT
DO YOU THINK,
CAPTAIN?



SURE
LOOKS
DESERTED
TO ME.

LEMME
TAKE A CLOSER
LOOK.

...
OKAY,
FOSTER, WE'LL
COVER YOU.



ONE LOOK AT
THE HOUSE,
AND I KNEW IT
WAS EMPTY.



BEEN EMPTY
A WHILE, TOO.



BUT THEN...



...I NOTICED THE
FRESH TRACKS
LEADING INTO THE...



HANDS
UP!



...BARN.



EASY
SERGEANT,
I'M ON YOUR
SIDE.

LT. FOSTER,
U.S. AIRBORNE.



AIRBORNE!
DO TELL!

I'M SERGEANT DIXON,
3RD ARMORED.



YOU LOST,
SARGE?

YEAH...
ABOUT THAT...



C'MON IN,
FELLAS. MIGHT BE
ENOUGH COFFEE
LEFT.

SOUNDS GOOD,
SERGEANT.

I'M
CAPTAIN
CREED.



CAPTAIN...
SIR, I...I
GOTTA TELL
YA WHAT
I'VE...WHAT
WE'VE ALL
SEEN, BUT
YOU'RE GONNA
THINK WE'RE
NUTS!



'S OKAY,
SARGE.

I DON'T
THINK YOU'LL
SURPRISE
US.

WHY
DON'T YOU
START AT THE
TOP?



OKAY...

TWO DAYS AGO,
WE'RE IN A PATROL
SOMEWHERE SOUTH
OF FRANKFURT.

A BIG
KRAUT COLUMN
HITS US, AND WE
BUST A HUMP WEST
WITH A FEW OTHER
TRACKS.

MORE
KRAUTS, MORE
ARMOR, AND WE SPLIT
AGAIN--SOUTH,
I THINK.





BITES?
NO...

NO, SIR.



OKAY,
SERGEANT, SIT
TIGHT. BAKER HERE
WILL EXPLAIN
IT ALL.

FOSTER,
YOU'RE WITH
ME.



I WANT TO GO
THROUGH THE LATE
DOCTOR KRAUSE'S
POSSESSIONS.

WHO
KNOWS, WE MIGHT
GET LUCKY.



FIRST TIME FOR
EVERYTHING.



SIR, I'M STARTING
TO LOSE TRACK OF THE
DOUBLECROSSING.

HOW DO WE
KNOW ANYTHING
THE DOCTOR HAD
IS GENUINE?

WE
DON'T.


BUT GENERAL
RICHTER KILLED HIM
FOR A REASON...



"...SO WE'LL JUST HAVE
TO TRUST OUR GUT."








MY
SUSPICIONS
WERE CORRECT.
WE HAVE ENEMY
SPIES BEHIND
OUR LINES.

TAKE YOUR
COLUMN WEST.
FOLLOW THE RIVER.
THAT IS WHERE I
WOULD GO.



LET YOUR
HUNTERS TRACK
THESE INVADERS DOWN
AND DESTROY
THEM.

FFWWMMMM




WHEN YOUR
TASK IS COMPLETE,
JOIN ME IN THE SAFETY
OF THE BUNKER.

I MUST ADVANCE
OUR TIMETABLE.
YOU HAVE
12 HOURS,
MAJOR...



...BEFORE I SEAL
THE BUNKER DOORS
PERMANENTLY.



I ADVISE
YOU TO BE ON
THE LIVING SIDE OF
THOSE DOORS.

JAWOHL,
MEIN
GENERAL.



CAPTAIN CREED
AND I SPENT THE
WHOLE MORNING
READING DOCTOR
KRAUSE'S NOTES.



CAPTAIN... IT'S
UNBELIEVABLE.

I KNOW,
FOSTER. IF THIS
ATTACK IS LAUNCHED,
WE LOSE THE
WAR.



CAPTAIN,
IT'S GOTTA BE
FAKE.

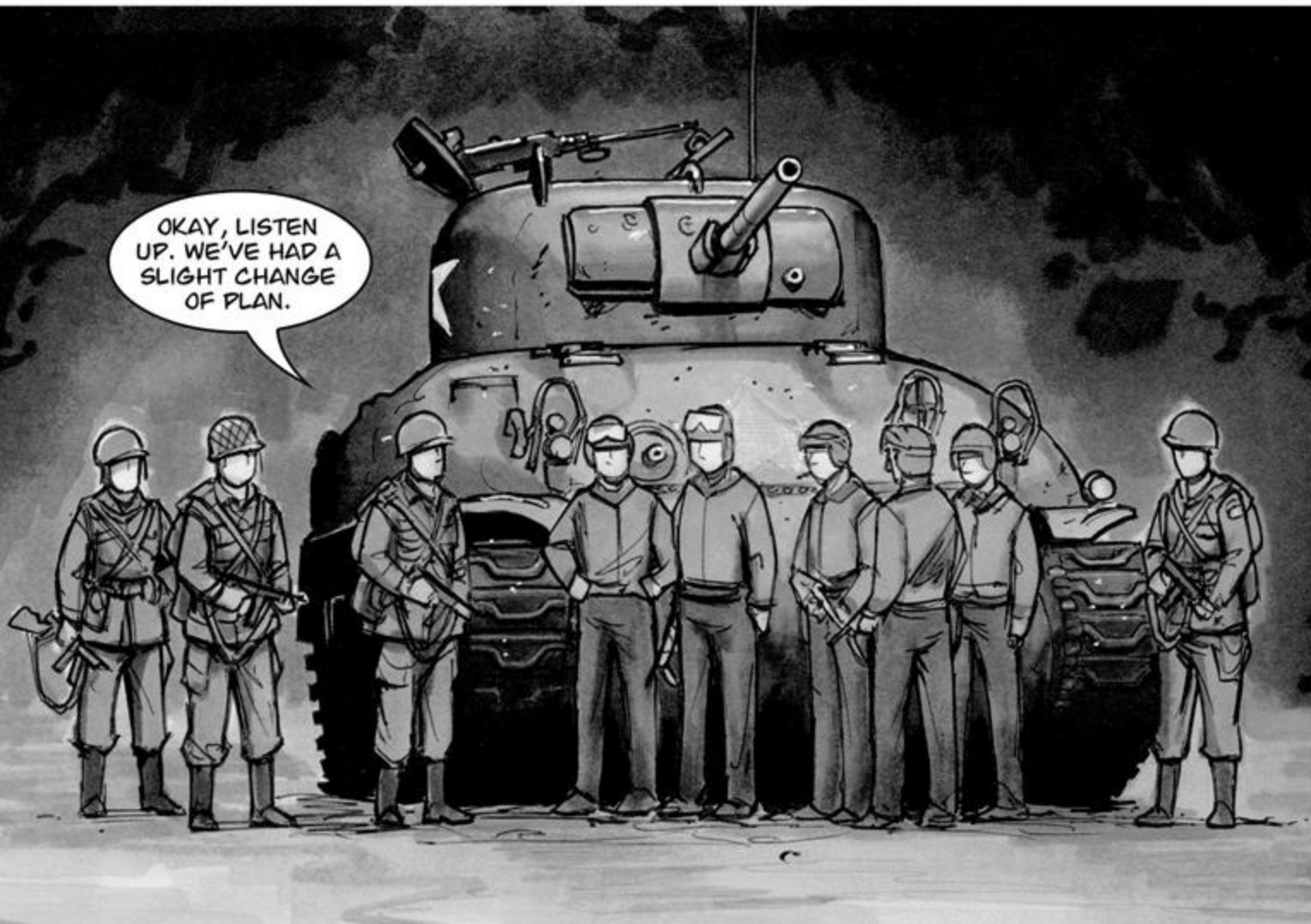
IT'S GOTTA BE
BULLSHIT.

THIS IS RICHTER
WE'RE TALKING
ABOUT...



I SURE
AS HELL
BELIEVE
IT.

I BELIEVE
IT ALL.



OKAY, LISTEN
UP. WE'VE HAD A
SLIGHT CHANGE
OF PLAN.



I KNOW IT'S
CRAZY. I KNOW IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE.

BUT YOU'VE
ALL SEEN THESE
ZOMBIES FOR
YOURSELVES.

THEY ARE
VERY REAL. WE'VE
BEEN FIGHTING THEM
FOR YEARS.



NOW IT'S
YOUR
TURN.

SERGEANT,
HOW FAR
CAN THIS
HAYWAGON
GET US
BEFORE
YOU'RE
OUT OF
GAS?



...
FORTY MILES,
MAYBE.

GOOD...
THAT
SHOULD DO
IT...



"...WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE.
THERE'S A BUNKER TO THE
NORTH, IN KOBLENZ. YOU GET
US TO THE DOORSTEP, AND
WE'LL DO THE REST."



CAPTAIN...
D'YOU SMELL
THAT?

YEAH, I
SURE DO.



EVERYBODY...
SADDLE UP...
RIGHT NOW.

I COVERED THE DOORS WHILE
THE REST PILED ON THE TANK.

THAT GODDAM *STENCH*.
HOW COULD THEY HAVE
SMELLED *US*?



THEY HIT THE DOORS LIKE
SACKS OF CEMENT, AND
THE WOOD GROANED.



WHEN THEY HEARD THE
TANK ENGINE TURN OVER,
THEY WENT *NUTS*. THEY
WERE COMING IN.



I CLIMBED UP
LIKE MY ASS
WAS ON FIRE.

READY,
SERGEANT?

NO,
SIR.

OKAY,
GORDO...

GOOD.
LET'S GO.



...HIT
IT!



AND THAT'S HOW
WE BEGAN THE
LAST RIDE.

I DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT WAS
NEXT FOR US...

...BUT I KNEW
IF WE FAILED...

GRN GRN GRN GRN
BRATATAT

BRATATATAT

...I WAS
LOOKING
AT THE
FUTURE.

FOR ALL OF US.

TNNGG

WE BROKE NORTH,
FAST AS WE COULD.

ONE LAST
SHOWDOWN.

ONE LAST
ROLL OF
THE DICE.

CAPTAIN...?

I KNOW,
FOSTER. I HAVE
MY DOUBTS.

BUT WHEN IN
DOUBT, WIN
THE WAR.

NEXT: FORTRESS OF THE DAMNED!

FORCE ONE DOSSIER:

Graham S. Foster, Sergeant
United States Army

After action report of events occurring
24 December, 1944



This report is classified **TOP SECRET**.
It may not be viewed by unauthorized
personnel. This material is subject to
review on or after 18 June, 2012 for re-
classification, release, or destruction.


General Robert Maxwell
US War Department

"UNHOLY NIGHT"

IT WAS DECEMBER 24,
1944...OUTSIDE THE TOWN
OF BASTOGNE, BELGIUM...

...AND IT SURE AS
HELL DIDN'T FEEL
LIKE CHRISTMAS
TO DOG COMPANY!

I WAS A SERGEANT IN
THE 101ST AIRBORNE...

AIRBURSTS...
ARTILLERY...

GERMAN
PATROLS
HITTING
THE LINE...

...SOMETIMES
WANDERING
PAST OUR
PERIMETER
IN THE FOG...

WE WERE TRAPPED,
SURROUNDED BY A NAZI
COUNTERATTACK...

SHITTY
FOOD...
ALMOST NO
AMMO...

TWO
CIGARETTES,
ONE PAIR OF
SOCKS...

...AND NOW
THE DOC'S
OUT OF
PENICILLIN!

THERE WAS NOTHING
TO DO BUT HOLD
THE LINE AND PRAY!

GODDAM, LOU!


YOU'RE
A RAY OF
FRIGGIN'
SUNSHINE!

TELL YOU WHAT,
I'LL JUST RING
FOR MY BUTLER...









ADAMS AND BASS WERE YELLING
TO US, AND WE DOVE FOR COVER!



THE SHELLS RAINED
DOWN ON US...

THEY BLEW
THE SHIT OUT
OF OUR LINES...

...AND ALL WE COULD
DO WAS KEEP OUR
HEADS DOWN AND WAIT!

FINALLY, THINGS GOT QUIET AGAIN...



STAY DOWN!

GIMME SOME
FLARES!

DUNDEE!
WELTJENS!

GET THAT
STOVEPIPE
READY!



BY THE LIGHT OF
THE FLARES, I
SAW MOVEMENT...

...A LOT OF
MOVEMENT!

AT FIRST, I COULDN'T
BELIEVE MY EYES...

OF COURSE, NOW
I KNOW BETTER...

THEY WERE REAL,
AND THEY WERE
COMING...FAST!

OPEN
FIRE!

OPEN
FIRE!

LET 'EM
HAVE IT!

BRATATAT

WHAT WAS LEFT OF DOG
COMPANY POURED IT ON...



...BUT OUR ROUNDS
HAD NO EFFECT!



SARGE!
THEY'RE STILL
COMIN'!



WHAT THE
HELL'S GOIN' ON
HERE?!

DON'T ASK ME, BASS!
JUST KEEP UP YOUR
FIRE!



DUNDEE!

GET
ON THAT
GODDAM
TIGER
TANK!



I WALKED MY THOMPSON UP
ONE OF THE SHAMBLING
CREATURES, UP INTO ITS HEAD...



...AND IT DROPPED LIKE
A SACK OF FLOUR.



THE HEAD!
SHOOT 'EM IN THE
HEAD!



'BOUT TIME,
DUNDEE!

LAST
ROUND,
SARGE!

THEN MAKE IT
COUNT!



NOW, DUNDEE WAS THE
BEST BAZOOKAMAN
I'VE EVER SEEN...



HIS INSTINCTS
WERE PERFECT.



THE TIGER'S AMMO
COOKED OFF, AND
THE WHOLE THING
CAUGHT FIRE...

WHOOOM

...BUT STILL
THEY CAME.

I HAD TIME FOR
ONE LAST ORDER...

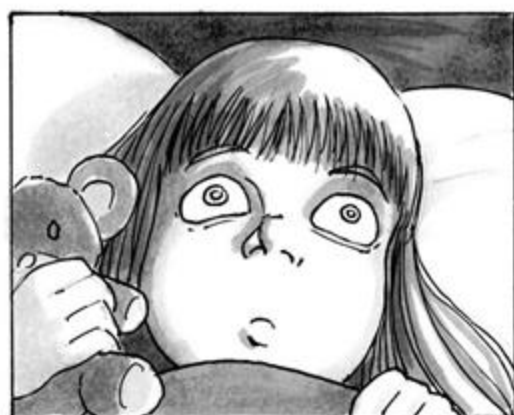
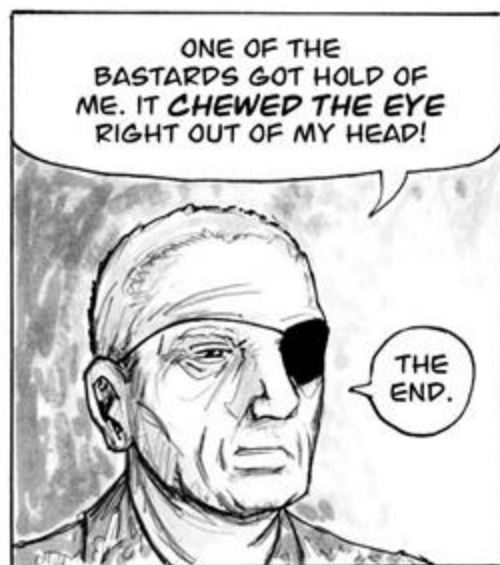
BAYONETS!

...AND WHAT WAS LEFT OF
DOG COMPANY WENT OUT
TO MEET THE...ZOMBIES.



THEY HIT US LIKE A
TON OF BRICKS...





EPILOGUE...

