

ASYLUM
PRESS

NO.1

WARLASH

ZOMBIE MUTANT GENESIS



h. d. 2014

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ASYLUM
PRESS™

No. 1

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STORY

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LETTERS

BARLOW GILMORE


COVER

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PITTSBURGH- THE NEAR FUTURE.



POOR SCHLUCK!
YOU CAN TELL WHAT
HE HAD FOR LUNCH.

A detailed illustration of a crime scene. In the center, a man lies on the ground with a large, bloody wound on his chest. Several police officers in riot gear are scattered around, some holding rifles. Blood is splattered across the pavement. In the background, a man in a suit is being carried away. The scene is lit with a yellowish, dramatic light, suggesting a night or a very specific time of day. The overall tone is grim and violent.

THREE MORE VICTIMS.
WE'RE DEALING WITH A REAL
NUTJOB HERE.

NUTJOBS... PLURAL.
THREE BODIES RIPPED
TO SHREDS. **THERE'S NO WAY**
ONE PERP DID ALL THIS.

MY CITY...
NOTHING BUT A KILLING FIELD.
A BREEDING GROUND FOR DEATH.

FLESH **TORN**
FROM THE BONE.
CRATER-LIKE
SORES **FESTERING**
ON THE SKIN.

I CAN ONLY
IMAGINE THE **SMELL.**

IT'S GOING TO BE
ONE OF THOSE WEEKS.



THE FLESH IS DISEASED, LIKE THE OTHERS. THE **NECROSIS**...

IT ISN'T LOCALIZED TO THE POINTS OF INJURY.

WE'VE GOT A **FAST-ACTING** PATHOGEN WITH A **SHORT LIFE SPAN**.



SEE THESE **INCISIONS**? THEY'RE BITE MARKS. ALMOST **HUMAN**, BUT THE TEETH ARE LONGER, ANIMAL-LIKE.

MY GUESS, THE **PATHOGEN** IS IN THE **SALIVA**.

BINGO. ONE MORE THING, **SPIOTTI**. MISSING SOME PIECES, HERE. THESE BODIES WERE EATEN. THEY WERE **EATEN ALIVE**.

MEANING WHAT? MEANING WE'RE LUCKY. **FOR NOW**. WHATEVER IT IS, IT DIES OFF QUICK AND DOESN'T LEAVE A TRACE. AT LEAST NOT ONE WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO ISOLATE.


BUT IF THIS THING MUTATES, IT COULD GO AIRBORNE. THAT HAPPENS... WELL... YOU EVER HEAR OF THE **BLACK PLAGUE**?

SO WHATEVER OR **WHOEVER** ATTACKED THEM IS HARBORING THIS DISEASE.

SO WE'RE LOOKING AT DISEASE-CARRYING PSYCHO KILLERS WHO EAT HUMAN FLESH. **LOVELY**.

GOOD THING WE GOT HERE BEFORE THE **PRESS** DID. WHO CALLED IT IN? THAT GUY, A **LOCAL**. LIVES UP ON THE THIRD FLOOR HEARD THE SCREAMS. CAME DOWN AND SAW **THIS**. THEN CALLED **US**.

YOU SEE WHAT DID THIS? NO SIR, JUST HEARD THE **SCREAMS**, **TERRIBLE HORRIBLE SCREAMS**. GOT OURSELVES A **STRAY DOG PROBLEM**. BUT IT'S UNDER CONTROL. WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER? YES SIR.



CLEAR THESE BODIES AND WIPE THE AREA CLEAN. THE PRESS CATCHES WIND, I START *KICKING ASSES*.

THE CDC CATCHES WIND, I START *BREAKING SKULLS*. THIS IS PITTSBURGH PD'S PROBLEM.


GET IT *STRAIGHT*. THIS NEVER HAPPENED.



NASTY BUSINESS. ALMOST RUINED MY APPETITE.

WE'RE TAKING UNNECESSARY RISKS. THIS COULD BE A *BIOWEAPON*.

WE SHOULD HAVE HAZMAT SUITS AND FOLLOW FULL *DECON* PROTOCOLS.




I'M NOT STARTING UP A *CIRCUS*. TWO DOZEN *CORPSES* AND WE HAVEN'T HAD A SINGLE CROSS-CONTAMINATION. YOU'RE SWEATING OVER *NOTHING*.

BUT IF IT IS A *BIOWEAPON*...



THEN IT'S A *DAMN TAME ONE*. TRUST ME.



A *BIOWEAPON* GOES OFF AND YOU'LL KNOW IT. YOU'LL BE BLEEDING FROM THE EYES AND PUKING OUT YOUR SPLEEN.



I'VE HAD ENOUGH DEATH FOR ONE WEEK... EVERY *GODDAMN NIGHT!!*


I NEED A *DRINK*.

I STILL RECOMMEND *DECON* BEFORE YOU MINGLE WITH CITIZENS, SIR.




I'LL MAKE SURE I WASH MY *ASS* WHEN I GET HOME.





MORE GRISLY MURDERS, MORE DEATH.
WHEN DOES IT END?

NEVER!



THE PERPS JUST KEEP GETTING *SICKER*
AND *SICKER*. *METH HEADS* WACKED OUT
ON *DRUGS*, *DIRTY COPS* TURNING THEIR
HEADS. THERE'S NO JUSTICE HERE.
NOT ANYWHERE.

THE INCIDENTS SHOW
EXPONENTIAL GROWTH.
BOTH IN *FREQUENCY*
AND *INTENSITY*.

LET'S *RECAP*
WHAT WE KNOW.

ALL OF THE MURDERS IN THE
PAST MONTH HAPPENED AT NIGHT.
ALL OF THE VICTIMS WERE
TORN APART AND *CANNIBALIZED*.
AND THERE ARE TRACES OF
A *CONTAGION* OR *BIO-AGENT*.

ANY HUNCHES?

GANG-RELATED?
OR MAYBE *CHROME*
ADDICTS HIT A BAD BATCH?
CHROME AND *PCP* DO
SHARE CERTAIN TRAITS.

IF IT'S A GANG,
IT'S NOT A FAMILIAR ONE.
AND *SHINERS* DON'T
TRAVEL IN PACKS,
MUCH LESS *EAT* PEOPLE.

WHAT
ABOUT THE *VICS*?
...ANY CONNECTIONS?

NO INTERRELATION. RANDOM ACTS, RANDOM VICS.
I'M THINKING *WRONG PLACE, WRONG TIME.*

I'LL GET
YOU A *SAMPLE.*

WHAT'S THE
BODY COUNT
SO FAR?

I AM WORRIED ABOUT THE *CONTAGION.*
I COULD USE A SPECIMEN FOR ANALYSIS.

WITH TONIGHT'S, TWENTY-FOUR CONFIRMED.
SEVEN MORE I'D CALL *HIGHLY PROBABLE.*

AND THE
PRESS HASN'T
CAUGHT ON?

NO. THERE HAVE BEEN REPORTS
OF MISSING PERSONS. TYPICAL TALK
ABOUT THE RISING CRIME RATES,
BUT NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

THE POLICE ARE KEEPING
IT *ZIPPED* UP TIGHT.

THEN I
GUESS WE
GOTTA *UNZIP* IT.

IS THERE ANY
GOOD NEWS?

WELL, IF THIS *DISEASE* SPREADS, I CAN
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE THAT I'M *IMMUNE.* A
BIO-VIRUS CAN'T INFECT A *SILICON BASED LIFE FORM.*

SOMETHING I'VE
BEEN MEANING TO
ASK, MADIGAN, KEEP
FORGETTING.

YOU EVER
GET *BORED*
IN THERE?

I TEST HIM

MADIGAN CREED, EX MARINE,
EX-C.I.A., COMPUTER AND
NANOTECH GENIUS.

HE WENT *ROUGE.*
THEY *KILLED* HIM.

HE SAVED *HIMSELF.*
GOD KNOWS HOW.
NOW HE LIVES INSIDE
THE COMPUTER AND
BARKS ORDERS AT ME.

LATELY I SEE A *CHANGE.*
THE COMPUTER SEEMS TO BE MAKING HIM
LESS HUMAN. MORE CALCULATING. *COLD.*

I USED TO. NOT ANYMORE. REWROTE MY *SUB-ROUTINES* TO FUNNEL BOREDOM INTO A CLOSED LOOP RELIVING MY *ALL-TIME FAVORITE DAY* WITH MEMORY WIPE BOOKENDS. DID THE TRICK.



FAVORITE DAY, HUH? WHICH ONE WAS THAT?

THE ONE THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, *PUNK*.

YOU TALK PRETTY TOUGH FOR A DEAD MAN.

THAT'S THE *MADIGAN* I USED TO KNOW. GOT TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM.



ENOUGH SMALL TALK.

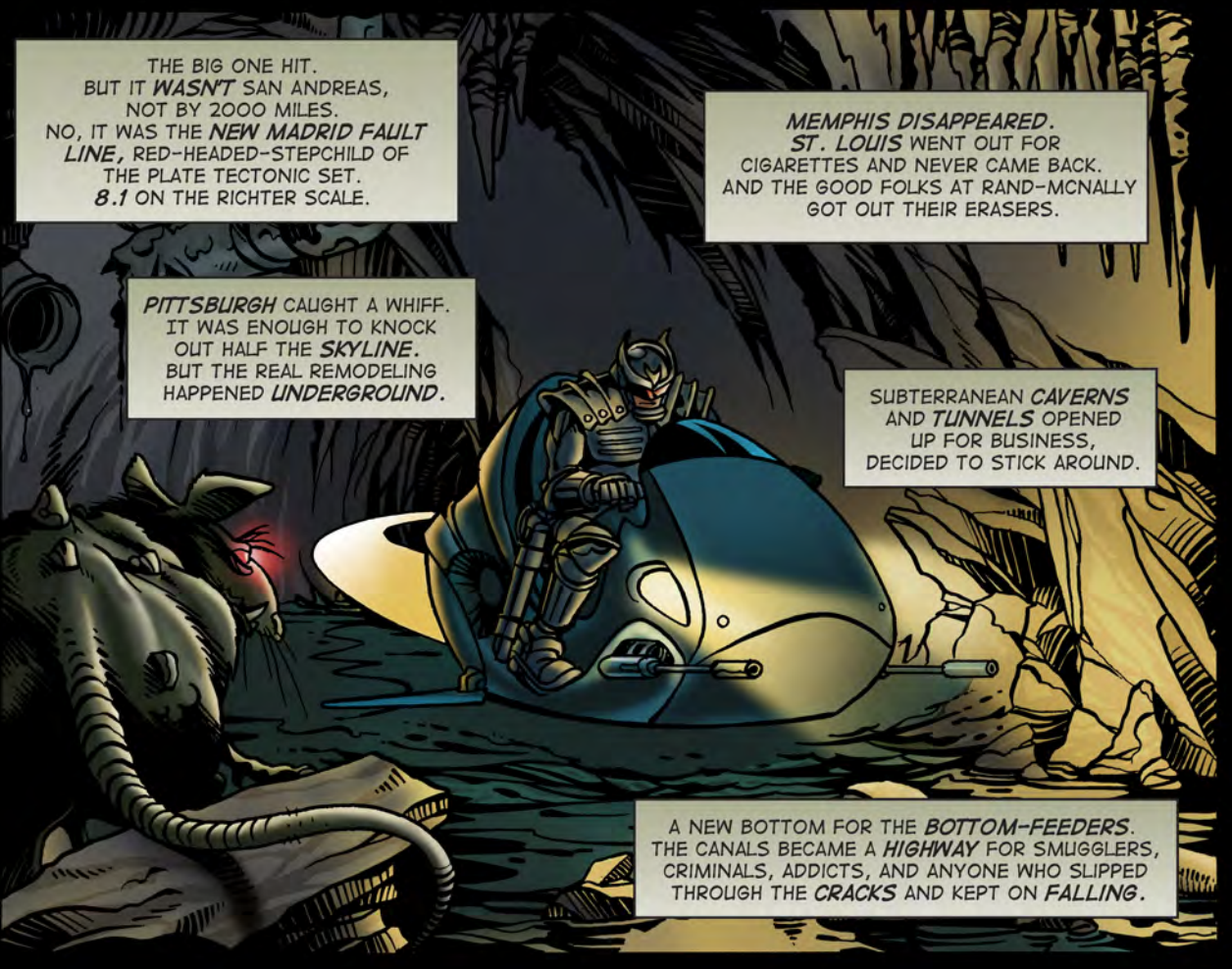
THE *PERPS* STRIKE QUICKLY AND DISAPPEAR WITH A TRACE. IF THIS IS A COORDINATED ATTACK, THEY'RE MOST LIKELY ORGANIZING FROM UNDERGROUND. I'M GOING TO PATROL THE SEWERS AND CAVERN SYSTEMS NEAR THE CRIME SCENES. I WON'T BE IN CONTACT WITH YOU ONCE I'M TOO FAR BELOW.

MONITOR THE *POLICE SCANNERS*. I WANT ANY INFORMATION THEY HAVE. AND TAKE A PEEK IN THEIR SERVERS WHILE I'M GONE.



ALREADY ON IT.

HOLD YOUR *BREATH* DOWN THERE.




THE BIG ONE HIT.
BUT IT *WASN'T* SAN ANDREAS,
NOT BY 2000 MILES.
NO, IT WAS THE *NEW MADRID FAULT LINE*,
RED-HEADED-STEPCHILD OF
THE PLATE TECTONIC SET.
8.1 ON THE RICHTER SCALE.

MEMPHIS DISAPPEARED.
ST. LOUIS WENT OUT FOR
CIGARETTES AND NEVER CAME BACK.
AND THE GOOD FOLKS AT RAND-MCNALLY
GOT OUT THEIR ERASERS.

PITTSBURGH CAUGHT A WHIFF.
IT WAS ENOUGH TO KNOCK
OUT HALF THE *SKYLINE*.
BUT THE REAL REMODELING
HAPPENED *UNDERGROUND*.

SUBTERRANEAN *CAVERNS*
AND *TUNNELS* OPENED
UP FOR BUSINESS,
DECIDED TO STICK AROUND.

A NEW BOTTOM FOR THE *BOTTOM-FEEDERS*.
THE CANALS BECAME A *HIGHWAY* FOR SMUGGLERS,
CRIMINALS, ADDICTS, AND ANYONE WHO SLIPPED
THROUGH THE *CRACKS* AND KEPT ON *FALLING*.




NOT EXACTLY SCENIC.
BUT IT'S THE *FASTEST ROAD* IN TOWN.

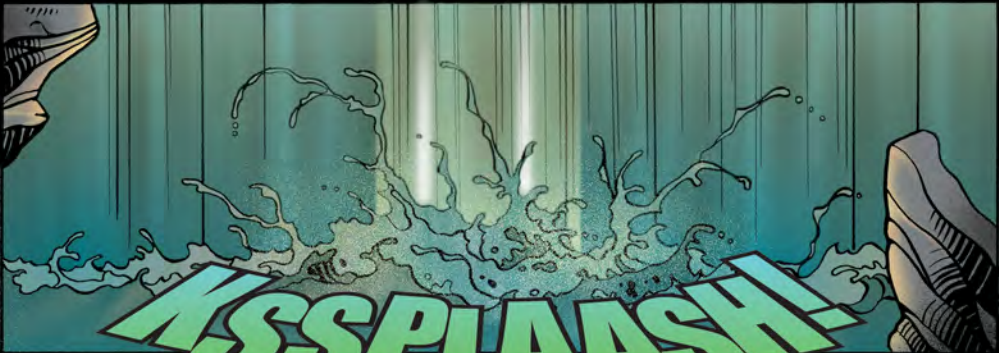
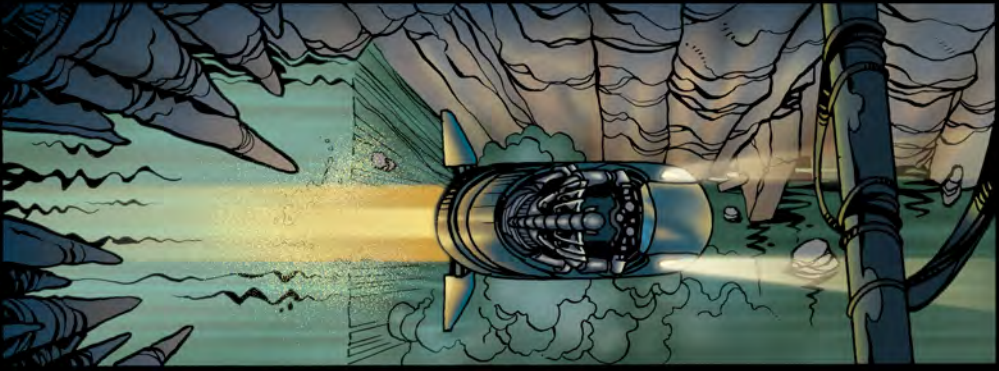
FOLKS USED TO JOKE.
CALLED THIS CITY *THE PITT*.

NOT SO FUNNY
ANYMORE.

MAYBE WE BOUGHT
THE NICKNAME ON *LAYAWAY*.



BUT WE'VE
PAID IN *FULL*.



PEOPLE SAY IT SMELLS
LIKE *DEATH* DOWN HERE.
THEY'RE WRONG.
DEATH SMELLS BETTER.

*PERFECT PLACE TO
FIND ME SOME KILLERS.*

AND THE ONES I'M
AFTER *EAT FLESH.*



PAYDIRT.



YOU'RE A PRETTY POLLY, AIN'T YOU? GOT A **BOYFRIEND**, POLLY?



FIGURE I'LL BE YOUR **BOYFRIEND** TONIGHT. GET ME SOME **PINK**.
GIVE UP THE SLICK, **PRETTY PRETTY**.



NOT OUR KILLER.

JUST A TWITCHY CHROME ADDICT WITH A HEAD FULL OF SHINE.



DROP THE WEAPON AND RELEASE THE **GIRL!**

HUH?

WHO THE **HELL** ARE YOU?

I'M THE GUY WITH THE **BIG GUN**.



BACK OFF, **BEEF**, OR THE POLLY GETS CUT!

DON'T ----

HOPPED UP, *UNPREDICTABLE*.
NOT LIKELY TO GET SMART.

BUT I THROW HIM A BONE.

DROP THE WEAPON
OR I *DROP* YOU!

YOU CAN'T HIT ME!
GOT MY SHINE ON.
RIDING TEFLON, *BEEF!!!!*

I DON'T MISS.

I'LL KILL US BOTH!!
FIGURE I CARE??!!

HE WAS SOMEBODY'S KID
ONCE. *NOT* ANYMORE.

C'MON PRETTY
PRETTY! YOU READY
TO DIE???

YOU WANT
TO MEET
MISTER JESUS?

NOW HE'S JUST A TWO-BIT
CHROME SMOKER WITH A *GIGGLE*
WHERE HIS *SOUL* USED TO BE.

ALMOST MAKES THIS EASY.



JESUS AIN'T GONNA
SAVE YOU BITCH!!
SATAN IS MY FRIEND!
YOU HEAR ME!!

ALMOST.

BZZZRRRANK!

COFF...COFF



SORRY ABOUT
THE MESS.

COFF
COFF

YEAH,
THANKS A LOT.

WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
DOWN HERE?
WORKING?



I AIN'T NO
SKITCH!

I WAS GOING HOME.
MINDING MY OWN.
THEN THIS CREEP ATTACKED
ME. DRAGGED ME
DOWN HERE.



THOSE TATTOOS...
YOU EAST SIDE?



ES VENOMS,
BEEF!


WE KICK ASS!
DON'T TAKE EYES
TO RECOGNIZE!



TOUGH GIRL, HUH?
GO HOME TO
MOMMY.



AIN'T NO POLLY.
I GOT KILLS!



SURE YOU
DO. I'M NOT
HERE FOR
SMALL TALK.


I'M LOOKING
FOR SOME
KILLERS. THE
KIND WHO EAT
THEIR VICTIMS.

EAT PEOPLE?

ANY GANGS
INTO THAT THESE
DAYS?

NOT THAT I HEARD.
ALMIGHTY G-3
THUGS TORTURE
ANIMALS, THOUGH.

CREEPS.




YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT THOSE MURDERS,
RIGHT? WET KILLS.
DAHMER SHIT.


YOU'VE
HEARD?

GOT EARS, DON'T I?
DON'T MAKE THE
PAPERS THOUGH. HUSH HUSH.
KEEPING THE CITIZENS
COZY.

STREET PUNKS BEEN HIT,
A FEW HOMELESS...
A FEW CITIZENS.
GOT THE COPS SWEATING.
PUTTING THE LEAN ON,
ASKING QUESTIONS.




WHAT ELSE
DO YOU KNOW?



STARTED ON 29TH ST.
IN THE STRIP DISTRICT.
ABOUT A MONTH AGO.
SNOWBALLING EVER SINCE.



IT STARTED THERE.
THEN IT SPREAD.



IS WHAT I
SAID, BEEF.

YEAH, I SAW THE BODIES.
NOT MUCH LEFT TO SEE.
FIGURED SHINERS, SPINNING ON
BAD CHROME. OR GRUDGE WORK.
SOMEBODY SENDING
A MESSAGE.



WHAT ELSE?

BODIES WERE
GONE BY
MORNING.

I BROUGHT
MY SISTER TO
SEE, BUT
NATCH.
GHOSTED.



COPS CLEANED IT UP?

DIDN'T SEE WHO, BUT TWO PLUS TWO, YOU KNOW?

GANGS ALL POINTING FINGERS. PLAYING THE BLAME GAME. DIDN'T LAST LONG.

ALL THE GANGS GOT HIT. HARD. CAN'T POINT FINGERS IF YOU AIN'T GOT NO HAND.

LOTS OF PLACE THE COPS DON'T GO. PLACES THE GANGS IS, THE COPS ISN'T.

6-3 THUGS LOST A CREW. LUNACHICS AIN'T BEEN SEEN IN WEEKS. EVEN THE VENOMS.

HAD SOME FRIENDS. DON'T HAVE 'EM NO MORE.

DON'T HAVE TO BE A POLLY TO CRY, BEEF. TELLING YOU.

THE BODY COUNT IS HIGHER THAN I SUSPECTED.



SO IT'S NOT THE GANGS. THEN WHO IS IT?

BIGTIME AND SMALLTIME. SMALLTIME ALWAYS LOOKING TO GET BIG, AND BIGTIME ALWAYS LOOKING TO STAY THAT WAY.



AIN'T LIKE A SHORTAGE OF SCUMBAGS OUT THERE. GET YOU A DEAD CAT AND SWING IT.

MY TWO CENTS? GOVERNMENT CONSPIRACY. NO DOUBT. THE ILLUMINATI. HARDCORE GANG,

YOU'RE PARANOID.

LIKE THE POSTER SAYS.

GOOD POINT. BIGTIME AND SMALLTIME. I'LL REMEMBER THAT.

SEND ME A CHECK.

CONTROLS EVERYTHING. FIGURE THE GOVERNMENT HAS A TRACER ON ME. UNDER MY SKIN.

MAY BE, BUT AM I PARANOID ENOUGH?

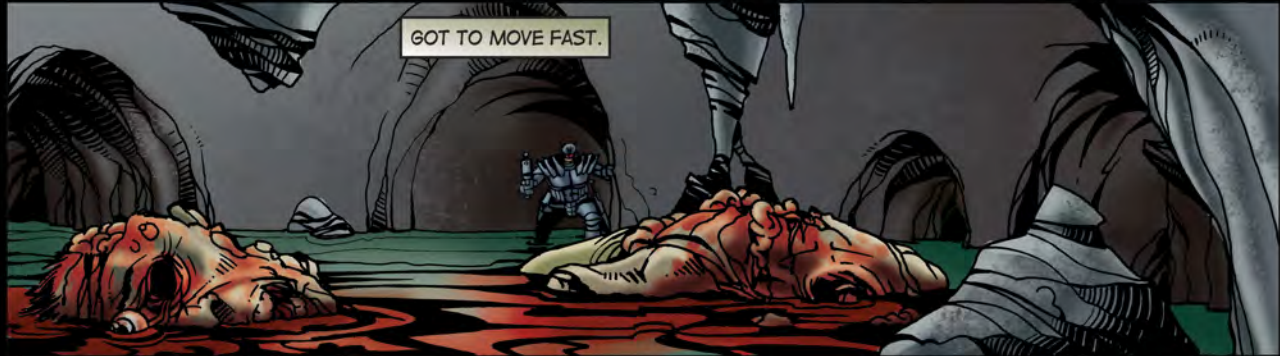
WE'RE DONE. I'VE GOT WORK TO DO. AND YOU'RE GOING HOME.



I DON'T HAVE A HOM---

EEEEEEEEE!!!

GET OUT OF HERE! THIS COULD GET UGLY.



GOT TO MOVE FAST.



TOO MANY TUNNELS FOR KILLERS TO HIDE IN.



THIS ONE. THE SLUDGE IS DISTURBED. SPLASHED ON THE WALLS. SIGNS OF MOVEMENT.



SCREAMING! ANOTHER VICTIM IS ALIVE... LEADS THIS WAY



I'M CLOSE.

KSSPLAASH!



SCREAMING STOPPED...

HOPE I'M NOT TOO...



...LATE.



DEAD. SAME AS THE REST.



BITE MARKS. THEY'RE FRESH.

I GOT MY SAMPLE.



SMILE.

I THOUGHT
I TOLD YOU TO
GO HOME!

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

I TOLD YOU.
SOMEBODY HIT MY CREW. GONNA FIND ME
SOME **EVIDENCE.** GET SOME **PAYBACK.**

YOU COULD
GET **KILLED**
DOWN HERE.

SO COULD
YOU!

DOUBTFUL.

THERE'S
DANGER
HERE.

THERE'S
DANGER
EVERY--

--WHERE!



I'D SAY WE
FOUND OUR *KILLERS*.

ZOMBIE-MUTANTS...

BIO-ENGINEERED
FROM A BAD
BATCH OF *BLACK
MARKET DNA*.

SLLKGGHHIISS!

THEY LOOK LIKE
THEY'VE BEEN
SEWN TOGETHER
BY A *FRANKENSTEIN
DOCTOR* WHO WASN'T
TRYING TO WIN A
BEAUTY CONTEST.

I'M GUESSING
THESE GUYS ARE
DUMB AND SLOW.

UH OH.





SSLLKGHHIISSSS

I COULD BE WRONG ABOUT SLOW.



ZZKKZZISSSSS



MMFF!



UGGGHNF!

KLANG!



KRAKK!



NOT GOOD.



CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD.

NEED A SECOND.



THE GIRL.

SHE'LL
DROWN.

UUUINGH!!

KRAKK!

AAAAEEIEEE!

CRINKK!

HAVE TO GET
TO HER BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE.

I CAN'T HAVE
ANY MORE
INNOCENT
BLOOD ON
MY HANDS.

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE I'LL
BE TAKING ANY OF THESE
BASTARDS IN FOR
QUESTIONING.



NOPE.



UNFFFFH!



NOT
GOOD,
AGAIN.



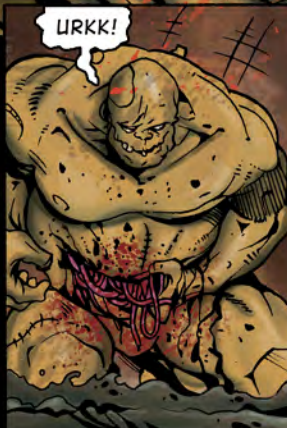
TAKE THIS
YOU SON-
OF-A--



--BITCH!



URKK!

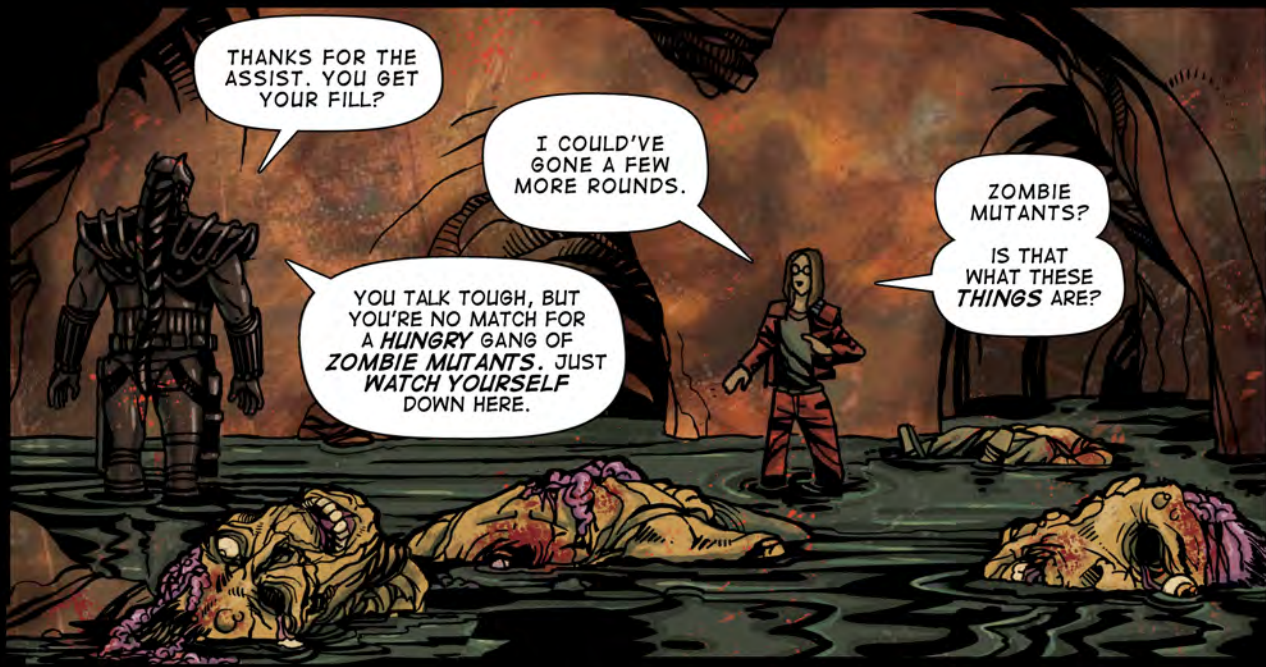


MMGGBBBGMG--



AAHCK!





THANKS FOR THE ASSIST. YOU GET YOUR FILL?

I COULD'VE GONE A FEW MORE ROUNDS.

ZOMBIE MUTANTS?
IS THAT WHAT THESE THINGS ARE?

YOU TALK TOUGH, BUT YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR A HUNGRY GANG OF ZOMBIE MUTANTS. JUST WATCH YOURSELF DOWN HERE.



CHROMEHEADS BEEN SAYIN' SOME MONSTER'S BEEN LURKING IN THE SEWERS FOR WEEKS.

FIGURED THEY WERE TRIPPIN'--CHROME MAKES YOU SEE ALL SORTS OF THINGS-- BUT ZOMBIES?

YOU SAYIN' THEY'RE REAL?

WHERE'D THEY COME FROM?



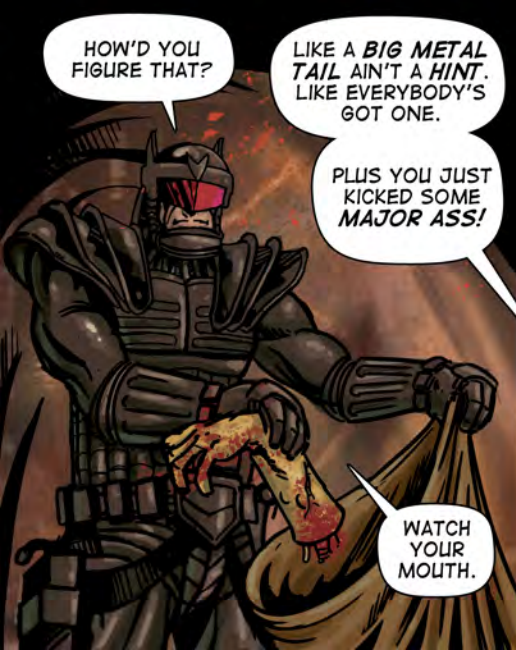
THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE TO FIND OUT.

I CAN HELP! I'M A WARRIOR!

THEN YOU SHOULD KNOW WHEN TO RUN AND WHEN TO FIGHT.

AND RIGHT NOW YOU SHOULD RUN HOME.

FIGURE YOU'RE WARLASH, YEAH?



HOW'D YOU FIGURE THAT?

LIKE A BIG METAL TAIL AIN'T A HINT. LIKE EVERYBODY'S GOT ONE.

PLUS YOU JUST KICKED SOME MAJOR ASS!

WATCH YOUR MOUTH.



NO MORE TIME FOR TALK.

I HAVE WORK TO DO.

I CAN BE YOUR EYES...ON THE STREET!

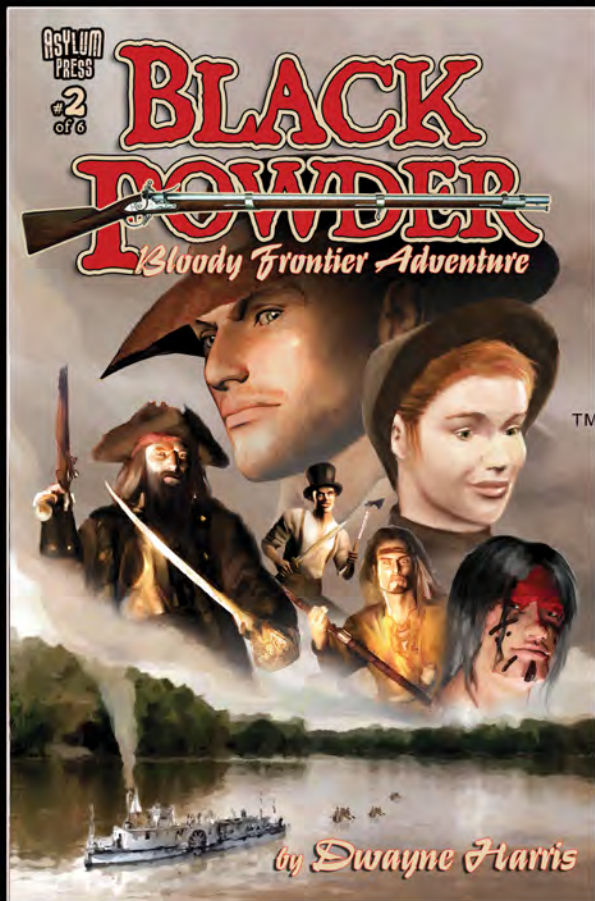
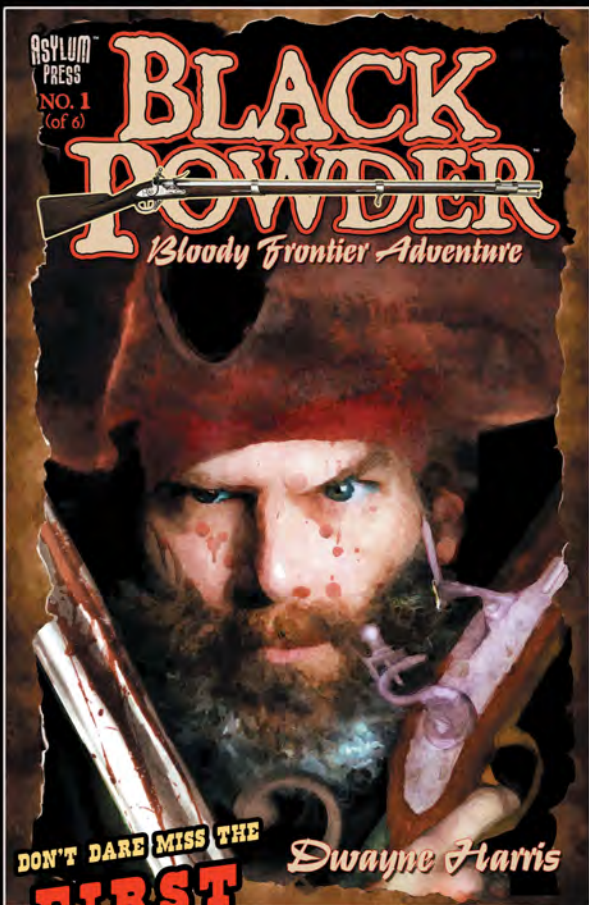
GO HOME, WARRIOR. YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT.



OK, WELL... CAN I...

CALL YOU?

TO BE CONTINUED...

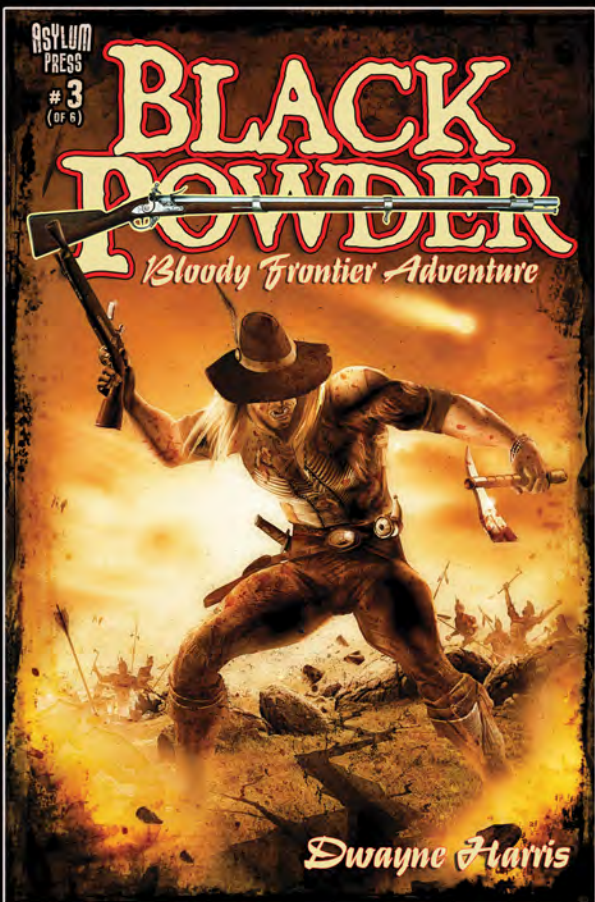


**DON'T DARE MISS THE
FIRST
ISSUE!**

**OF THIS AMAZING
ACTION-PACKED
SIX-ISSUE
MINI-SERIES!**

**AVAILABLE
ON ALL
PLATFORMS!**

**EVERY ISSUE
FEATURES:
PIRATE-SIZED
BUCKANEER
ACTION!
22-PAGES OF
SWASH-BUCKLING
PISTOL-TOTING
RIVER-RUNNING
ADVENTURE!
PLUS EXTRAS!**

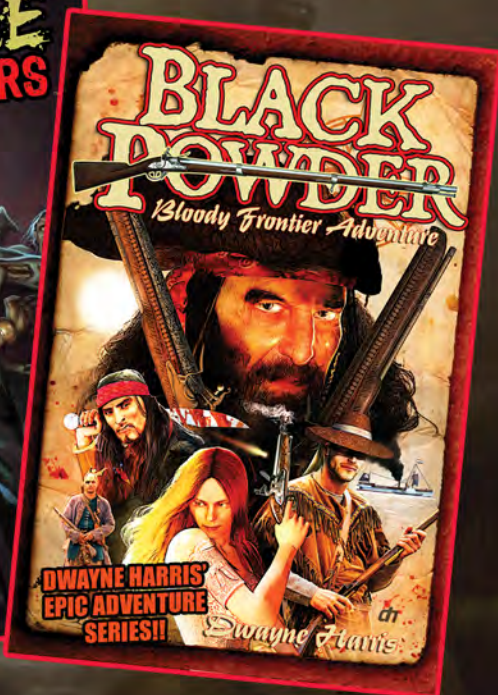
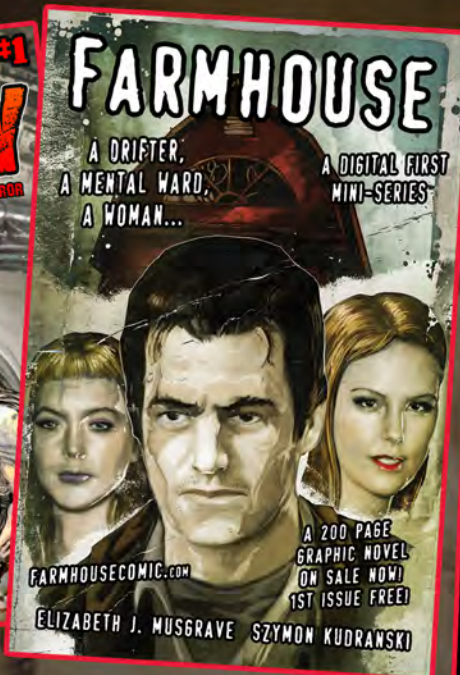
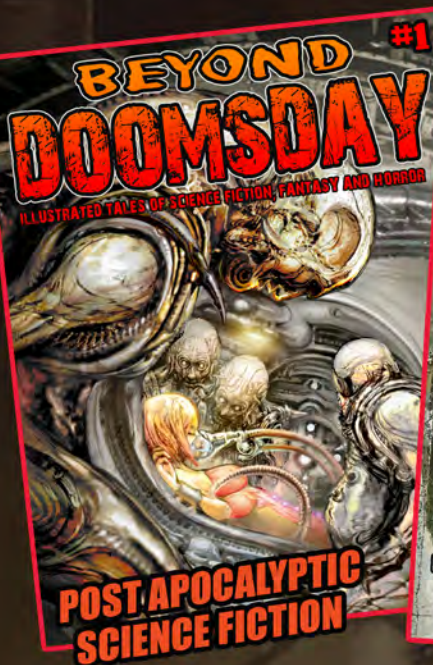


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GOON CARTOONS

ORIGINAL ANIMATED SHORTS

BUCK BILLY

Y'KNOW WHAT?--I SEEN
THIS DUDE'S PROFILE ON
TINDER--HE WANTS GIRLS TO
THINK HE'S 45--BUT HE'S LIKE,
REALLY 69--AND I'M LIKE,
DUDE, WHY DO YOU
WANT FOLKS TO THINK
YER 45---



COSMIC
KANDI'S
LIKE TOTAL
EDM VLOG

FUNNY
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LAFF
RIOT!



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