

ANTONY JOHNSTON // BEN TEMPLESMITH



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DEAD SPACE

EXTRACTION



DEAD SPACE EXTRACTION

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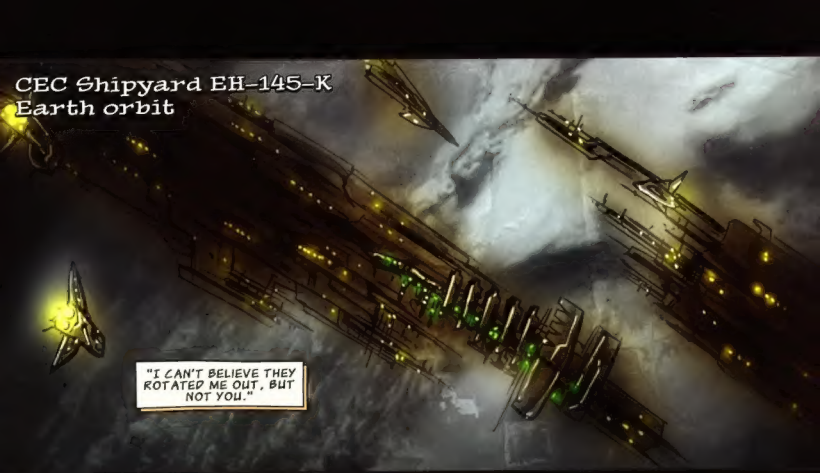
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CEC Shipyard EH-145-K
Earth orbit



"I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY
ROTATED ME OUT, BUT
NOT YOU."



SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR
NOT MARRYING ME YET.
WE COULD HAVE
CLAIMED **SPOUSAL**
PREFERENCE.


VERY
FUNNY.



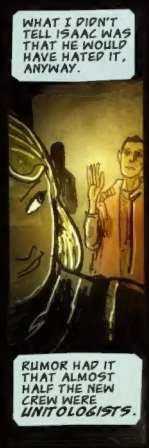
IT'S ONLY
SIX WEEKS,
ISAAC.

THINK ABOUT
THOSE FOOK
COLONISTS
WHO'VE BEEN
THERE FOR
TWO YEARS
ALREADY. SOME
OF THEM HAVE
GIRLFRIENDS,
TOO.

USG ISHIMURA
NEXT SHUTTLE 4 MINS




I'LL CALL
YOU SOON, OK?
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME.




WHAT I DIDN'T
TELL ISAAC WAS
THAT HE WOULD
HAVE HATED IT,
ANYWAY.

RUMOR HAD IT
THAT ALMOST
HALF THE NEW
CREW WERE
UNITOLOGISTS.




DR. NICOLE BRENNAN.
SENIOR MEDICAL OFFICER.


I BET THE LINE STRETCHED ALL THE WAY OUT THE AIRLOCK ONCE THEY HEARD THE COLONISTS HAD SUPPOSEDLY FOUND A MARKER.



I DIDN'T CARE. I ONLY LOST A COUPLE OF MY REGULAR STAFF. MAYBE UNITOLOGISTS AREN'T BIG ON MEDICINE.



I KNEW ISAAC WOULD MISS ME. BUT HE'D WORKED THE *ISHIMURA* BEFORE. I COULDN'T PASS UP THE CHANCE TO HAVE IT ON MY RESUME...



...BEFORE THE OLD GAL FINALLY WENT TO THE GREAT SHIPYARD IN THE STARS.

POCKING
IN 30 SECONDS.
PLEASE SECURE ALL
BELONGINGS.

WELCOME
TO THE
ISHIMURA.
FOLKS

TWO DAYS LATER

YOU'VE
EXAMINED
HARRIS?
WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?

Office of Dr Kyne
Ishimura

I'M NOT A
SHRINK. BUT HE'S
CLEARLY PSYCHOTIC,
AND SHOWS NO SIGN OF
IMPROVEMENT. KEEPING
HIM LOCKED UP HERE
IS PROBABLY
SAFEST.

I CONCUR.

YOU'VE HEARD
THE OTHER HORROR
STORIES FROM
PLANETSIDE?

THE SUICIDES?
THAT'S A PRIME
EXAMPLE OF THE
"COLONY CRAZIES"
IF EVER I SAW ONE.
AND WEREN'T THEY
ALL UNITOLOGISTS?

I FAIL TO
SEE WHAT
DIFFERENCE
THAT
MAKES.

RELIGIOUS
ZEALOTS ARE
INHERENTLY
PRONE TO
HYSTERIA. IT'S
DOCUMENTED.

YES, WELL,
I'LL THANK YOU
TO KEEP WORDS
LIKE "ZEALOT"
OUT OF YOUR
REPORTS.

GOOD DAY,
DOCTOR.

PLANETCRACK DAY

THIS IS GETTING BAD.

DON'T PANIC YET, PERRY. EVEN IF THE COLONY'S IN TROUBLE, WE'RE OKAY UP HERE.

UNTIL THEY START BRINGING THEIR SICK UP HERE. OH WAIT, THEY CAN'T, BECAUSE THERE'S A DAMN **NO-FLY** ORDER.

THAT NO-FLY MAY BE THE ONLY THING KEEPING US SAFE. LET'S NOT JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS.

I PUT ON A BRAVE FACE, BUT PERRY'S CONCERNS WERE VALID. SINCE THEY BROUGHT THE MARKER TO THE SHIP, THINGS HAD GONE DOWNHILL.

PATIENTS WERE HALLUCINATING, SELF-HARMING, SUFFERING SEVERE DEPRESSION, RAVING ABOUT "**MONSTERS**"...

...IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN A NO-FLY ORDER TO STOP THIS.

WORSE STILL, SOMETHING
HAD GONE WRONG WITH THE
PLANET CRACK, AND WE'D
LOST COMMUNICATION
WITH THE COLONY.

THEN WE HEARD ABOUT
A COLONY SHUTTLE
CRASH-LANDING ON THE
FLIGHT DECK, AND A
SUBSEQUENT SMALL
OUTBREAK OF
SOME KIND.



NICOLE! FLIGHT
DECK CALLED. THEY'VE
GOT A DOZEN INJURED
THEY WANT US TO
TAKE IN. SOME
SERIOUS.

WHY HERE?
IS THE FLIGHT
DECK BAY
INFECTED,
TOO?

THEY
DIDN'T
SAY.

**BEEP
BEEP**

HOLD
ON...

DR BRENNAN
SPEAKING.

THIS IS VINCENT, SECURITY.
NEED A FAVOR, DOC. WE'VE GOT
FOUR COLONISTS JUST
SNUCK THEIR WAY
ON BOARD.

SURELY
THAT'S YOUR
AREA, CHIEF.

OH, THEY'RE
ALREADY IN CUSTODY.
I WANT YOU TO
CHECK THEM FOR
INFECTION.

SEND THEM
TO *QUARANTINE*
ON THIS DECK.

FERRY, STAY
HERE TILL THE FLIGHT
DECK INJURED ARRIVE.
THEN GET SOME REST.
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU
NEED IT



WHERE...
WHERE
AM I?



OH, YOU'RE
AWAKE. *LEXINE*,
ISN'T IT? I'M
NICOLE BRENNAN,
SENIOR MEDICAL
OFFICER. JUST
RUNNING SOME
TESTS.

TESTS? BUT...
WE WERE IN THE
MESS HALL, AND...
SOME SECURITY
GUYS...



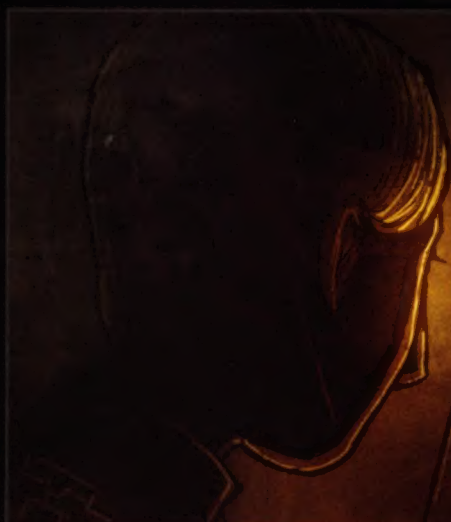
I KNOW.
THEY WANTED
YOU CHECKED FOR
INFECTION. I'VE
ALREADY SCANNED
YOUR FRIENDS.

AND?



AND YOU'RE
ALL FINE, DON'T
WORRY.
ALTHOUGH...

WHAT?
WHAT IS
IT?



I DON'T
KNOW, EXACTLY.
THE OTHERS WERE
NORMAL, BUT...

YOUR READINGS
ARE VERY UNUSUAL.
B.P. IS VERY HIGH,
BRAIN ACTIVITY IS
OFF THE CHARTS...
LET'S GET YOU
OUT OF THERE.



THEY WERE AN ODD BUNCH. **MCNEILL**, A P-SEC COP; **WELLER**, A SECURITY OFFICER FROM THE ISHIMURA; AND **ECKHARDT**, A CEC EXECUTIVE.

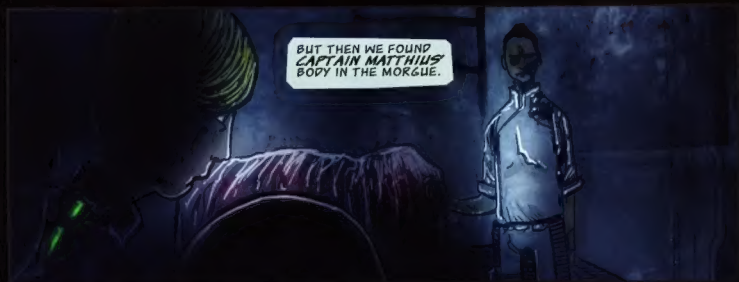
ALL THEY HAD IN COMMON WAS THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE COLONY.



AS WE LEFT QUARANTINE, THEY TOLD ME WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THEM ON THE SURFACE. I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT.



BUT THEN WE FOUND **CAPTAIN MATTHIUS'** BODY IN THE MORGUE.



THERE HAD BEEN NO SHIP ANNOUNCEMENT, NO NOTICE THAT HE WAS DEAD. THINGS WERE A LOT WORSE THAN I'D REALIZED.




WHEN WE GOT BACK TO THE ER, PERRY WAS STILL THERE. HE HADN'T SLEPT IN 24 HOURS.




WE HAVE MORE PATIENTS IN THE HALLWAY. I'M GOING TO CHECK ON THEM.

SURE, I'LL BE HERE.




A MINUTE LATER,
HE WAS SLEEPING
FOREVER.

PERRY!




MONSTERS. INFECTION. THEY WERE THE SAME
THING. WHY HADN'T I REALIZED IT BEFORE?

OPEN
FIRE!




WE ESCAPED, BUT BY NOW
THIS SECTOR OF THE DECK
WAS CRAWLING WITH THEM.



THEN LEXINE
TOLD ME WHAT
THEY ACTUALLY
WERE.

DEAD BODIES.
THE INFECTION
CREATED THE
MONSTERS OUT
OF OUR OWN
DEAD SHIPMATES.



GET TO
THE SECURITY
STATION! WE'LL
BARRICADE
OURSELVES
IN!

WHAT ELSE COULD
WE DO, IN THE FACE
OF SUCH HORROR?

THE BARRICADE HELP.

OUR RESOLVE WAS
IN WORSE SHAPE.

SIR, I HAVE TO GET
TO **ENGINEERING**. MY
TEAM'S RESPONDING
TO AN EMERGENCY
CALL THERE.

I'LL STAY. IF
THINGS ARE THIS
BAD EVERYWHERE,
PEOPLE WILL BE
COMING HERE FOR
HELP.

IN THAT CASE, YOU STAY WITH HER AND KEEP
THAT BARRICADE SECURE. ME AND MCNEILL WILL
GO TO **ENGINEERING** AND BACK UP
YOUR TEAM.

IN FACT, THEY ALL LEFT.
I THINK LEXINE AND
ECKHARDT LOOKED TO
THE OTHER TWO FOR
PROTECTION.

I DON'T KNOW IF THAT
WAS WISE OR NOT,
BECAUSE I NEVER SAW
OR HEARD FROM ANY
OF THEM AGAIN.

BUT I HAD
PROBLEMS
OF MY OWN.

THIS IS THE SENIOR
MEDICAL OFFICER,
BROADCASTING WIDE
TO ALL DECK STAFF. CAN
ANYBODY HEAR ME?

NICOLE? THIS
IS EVANS. "SSSS"
SICK BAY 2. WE'VE
"SSSS" PATIENTS
HERE, BUT NOT MANY
OF US. "SSSS"
GET HERE?

THANK GOD...!
LISTEN. BAY 1 IS
WRECKED. CO-
ORDINATE BAY 2
UNTIL I GET
THERE, OK?

WILL DO
"SSSS" YOU
SOON. "SSSS"
OUT.

UH...
MA'AM, I
CAN'T
LET YOU
LEAVE.

WHAT?!
I HAVE TO
GET DOWN
THERE! YOU
HEARD
HIM!

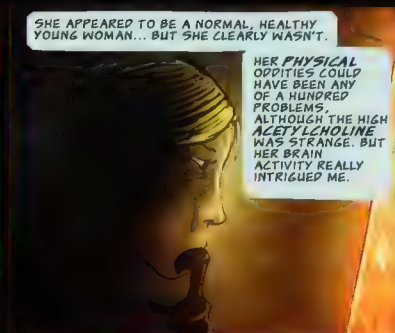
THE WHOLE SHIP
IS CRAWLING WITH
THOSE... THINGS.
IT'S MY JOB TO KEEP
YOU SAFE, AND
THIS STATION IS
THE SAFEST
PLACE TO BE.

I ARGUED, BUT HE WOULDN'T
BUDGE. AND HE WAS SO ON
EDGE THAT I WORRIED HE
REALLY MIGHT SHOOT ME IF
I TRIED TO LEAVE.



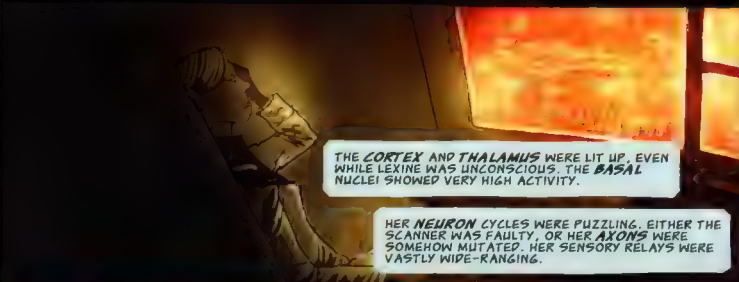
SO I TURNED TO SOMETHING ELSE
THAT HAD BEEN BOTHERING ME.

I DOWNLOADED LEXINE'S
SCAN RESULTS FROM
QUARANTINE.



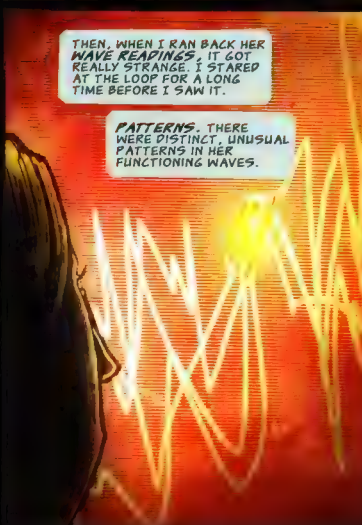
SHE APPEARED TO BE A NORMAL, HEALTHY
YOUNG WOMAN... BUT SHE CLEARLY WASN'T.

HER **PHYSICAL**
ODDITIES COULD
HAVE BEEN ANY
OF A HUNDRED
PROBLEMS,
ALTHOUGH THE HIGH
ACETYLCHOLINE
WAS STRANGE. BUT
HER BRAIN
ACTIVITY REALLY
INTRIGUED ME.




THE **CORTEX** AND **THALAMUS** WERE LIT UP, EVEN
WHILE LEXINE WAS UNCONSCIOUS. THE **BASAL**
NUCLEI SHOWED VERY HIGH ACTIVITY.

HER **NEURON CYCLES** WERE PUZZLING. EITHER THE
SCANNER WAS FAULTY, OR HER **AXONS** WERE
SOMEHOW MUTATED. HER SENSORY RELAYS WERE
VASTLY WIDE-RANGING.



THEN, WHEN I RAN BACK HER
WAVE READINGS, IT GOT
REALLY STRANGE. I STARED
AT THE LOOP FOR A LONG
TIME BEFORE I SAW IT.

PATTERNS. THERE
WERE DISTINCT, UNUSUAL
PATTERNS IN HER
FUNCTIONING WAVES.



THIS IS NO
GOOD. I DON'T
HAVE THE EQUIPMENT
HERE TO ANALYZE
THIS PROPERLY--


SHHH!



DID YOU
HEAR THAT?
FROM THE
CEILING...



AAAAH!
SHIT!



WHAT THE
FUCK? HE WON'T
GO DOWN!

Blam
Blam

GET
OUT OF THE
WAY!



HOLY
SHIT!



NOW DO
YOU THINK
WE SHOULD
LEAVE?

GREAT
IDEA! SICK
BAY 2,
RIGHT?

RIGHT.



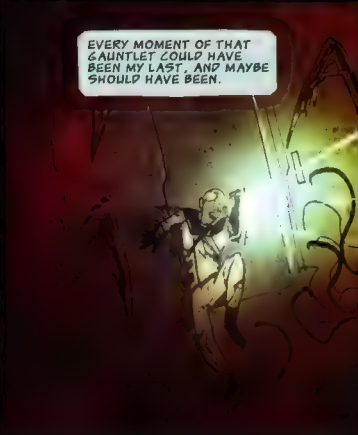
BUT THE GUARD WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE DANGER. FIVE MINUTES AFTER WE STARTED RUNNING, I WAS SUDDEENLY ON MY OWN.



I WAS EAGER TO LEAVE ANYWAY. I FELT SO IMPOTENT THERE, WHEN MY COLLEAGUES WERE WORKING HARD IN BAY 2.



EVERY MOMENT OF THAT GAUNTLET COULD HAVE BEEN MY LAST, AND MAYBE SHOULD HAVE BEEN.



BUT SOMEHOW I MADE IT THROUGH.

I'D NEVER BEEN HAPPIER TO SEE A SICK BAY FULL OF PATIENTS.

NICOLE!





HOW'S
IT GOING,
EVANS?


WELCOME TO THE
NEW PRIMARY ER. WE
BROADCAST WIDE,
TELLING EVERYONE TO
COME HERE INSTEAD
OF *BAY 1*.

I HOPE THEY
HEARD IT.
COMMS ARE IN
BAD SHAPE.




SO ARE
YOU...

I CAN WALK AND
TALK. RIGHT NOW,
THAT'S MORE THAN
MOST. JUST GIVE
ME THE SITUATION.




SEE FOR YOURSELF. WE'VE TAKEN
SIXTY SINCE IT STARTED. THIRTY
ARE DEAD. MOST OF THE REST
WON'T LAST WITHOUT PROPER
ATTENTION.


EXPLAIN
TO ME WHY
THEY'RE NOT
GETTING IT.



BECAUSE WE'RE RUNNING ON FUMES,
HERE. LESS THAN A DOZEN STAFF.
EQUIPMENT IS SPARSE BECAUSE WE'D
NORMALLY BRING IT DOWN
FROM *BAY 1*...




ENLIST ANYONE STILL MOBILE TO START
STOCKPILING ALL SUPPLIES INTO FILES
THEN PUT OUT ANOTHER BROADCAST
FOR *MEPKITS*, AS MANY AS
WE CAN GET.




MEDKITS?
THEY'RE A TEMPORARY
SOLUTION, A BOOSTER.
THEY WON'T HELP WITH
THE KIND OF INJURIES
WE HAVE HERE--

I KNOW
THAT!




YOU SAID YOURSELF,
MOST OF THESE PEOPLE
ARE **NOT** GOING TO
SURVIVE. BUT WE CAN
EASE THEIR PAIN IN
THE MEANTIME.
JUST DO IT!

...YES,
MA'AM.




WE ALL KNEW IT WAS HOPELESS.
SICK BAY 2 WAS FOR OVERSPILL,
NOT FULL TREATMENT. AND WITH
NEW PATIENTS COMING IN, WE
WERE SOON OVER CAPACITY.



ABOUT HALF AN
HOUR LATER, IT
GOT WORSE.

NICOLE.
WE'RE OUT OF
MEDKITS.

WHAT?!
ALREADY?



ALL WE HAVE LEFT IS
MORPHINE AND
BANDAGES. THIS PLACE
IS GOING TO LOOK LIKE AN
ABATTOIR BEFORE
LONG.

OH, CHRIST.
JUST... JUST
DO THE BEST
YOU CAN.

I BEGAN WISHING I HADN'T STAYED. MAYBE THAT "RAG-TAG BUNCH" HAD ACTUALLY SURVIVED.



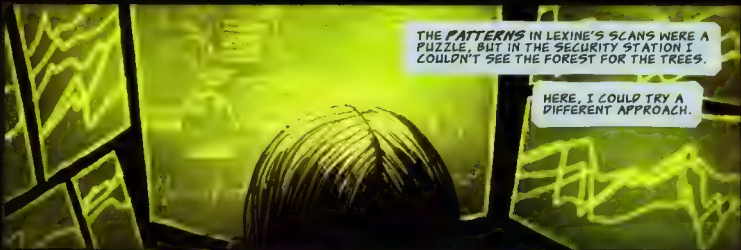
MAYBE IF I'D STUCK WITH THEM, I MIGHT SEE ISAAC AGAIN.

THEN I GOT ANGRY. I'M A DOCTOR. MY CONCERN IS FOR OTHERS, NOT MYSELF.

AND THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE I COULD DO.



THE *PATTERNS* IN LEXINE'S SCANS WERE A PUZZLE, BUT IN THE SECURITY STATION I COULDN'T SEE THE FOREST FOR THE TREES.



HERE, I COULD TRY A DIFFERENT APPROACH.

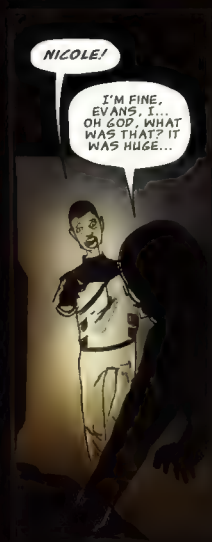
I SEPARATED AND MANIPULATED THE WAVE READINGS, BUT THEY STILL MADE NO SENSE. AND I COULD FEEL A BAD HEADACHE COMING ON.

MY HEAD FELT LIKE IT WAS GOING TO BURST...

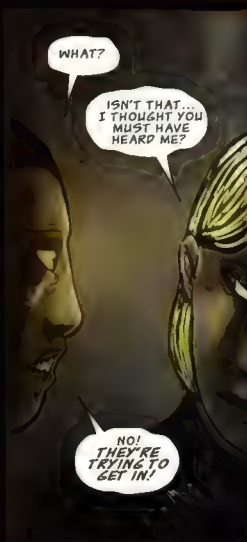


NNNNNGH!





I'M FINE,
EVANS. I...
OH GOD, WHAT
WAS THAT? IT
WAS HUGE...



WHAT?

ISN'T THAT...
I THOUGHT YOU
MUST HAVE
HEARD ME?

NO!
THEY'RE
TRYING TO
GET IN!



SHIT!

FIND THAT
CUTTER I HAD
WITH ME! I'LL
HOLD THEM
OFF!


HOW?!





...DEAD
BODIES?
ARE YOU
SERIOUS?

EVANS,
BELIEVE ME, I
WISH THIS WAS
MY GREATEST
PRACTICAL
JOKE EVER.



IT MUST BE
SOME KIND OF
RECOMBINATOR
VIRUS.

SOMETHING THAT
SPREADS FROM THE
SOURCE, AND
REPLICATES FAST.
GOD KNOWS HOW
MANY VECTORS
IT USES...



HEY,
WHERE
YOU
GOING?


I HAVE
WORK TO
FINISH.



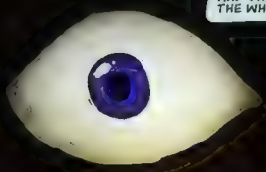
TALKING WITH EVANS
HAD GIVEN ME AN IDEA.

VECTORS.
REPLICATION.
PATTERNS.


THE VIRUS WAS COMPLETELY ALIEN. NOT
ONLY COULD IT MUTATE AN ENTIRE CORPSE,
BUT SOMEHOW IT ALSO ANIMATED THEM.



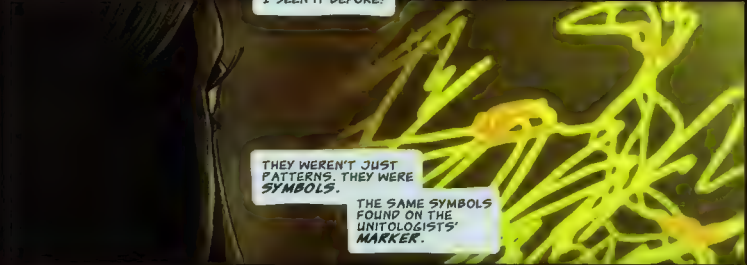
STILL, **DNA**
IS **DNA**. WHICH
MEANT IT
MUST HAVE
A CODE.



AND THERE IT WAS, STARING RIGHT AT ME
THE WHOLE TIME. I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT.




HOW DID I MISS
THIS? WHY HADN'T
I SEEN IT BEFORE?



THEY WEREN'T JUST
PATTERNS. THEY WERE
SYMBOLS.

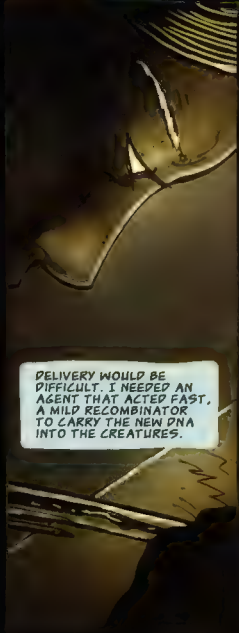
THE SAME SYMBOLS
FOUND ON THE
UNITOLOGISTS'
MARKER.



BUT I COULD STOP IT.
I COULD DECODE THEM,
SEQUENCE THE DNA.

DESIGN AN ANTIVIRUS
TO ATTACK THE
RECOMBINATOR, MAYBE
EVEN NEUTRALIZE IT.


INFECT THE
INFECTED.



DELIVERY WOULD BE
DIFFICULT. I NEEDED AN
AGENT THAT ACTED FAST,
A MILD RECOMBINATOR
TO CARRY THE NEW DNA
INTO THE CREATURES.

OH,
SHIT.

SHIT!



AND I HAD ONE RIGHT
HERE ON BOARD. IT WAS
THE CORE INGREDIENT IN
ZEC STANDARD ISSUE
MEDIKITS--




NO, NO,
NO, NO...



NICOLE?

MEDKIT!
SOMEBODY
FIND ME A
MEDKIT.
NOW!



I TOLD YOU,
WE RAN OUT. ALL
WE HAVE LEFT IS
PAINKILLERS,
AND EVEN
THEY'RE--

THERE
MUST BE ONE!
JUST ONE.
SOMEWHERE!




BUT THERE
WASN'T.

WITHOUT A
CARRIER, THERE
WAS NO WAY TO
SUCCESSFULLY
TRANSMIT THE
ANTIVIRUS.



BUT WHO WAS
I KIDDING?

ENGINEER AN ANTIVIRUS
OUT OF A WILD HUNCH
AND DATA THAT WAS
ALMOST CERTAINLY
CORRUPTED?



IT WAS CRAZY.
CRAZY AND
STUPID.

MY HEAD POUNDED
LIKE A JACKHAMMER.
I WAS LOSING IT.

LOOK
OUT!



I'D BEEN LOSING IT SINCE BEFORE I REACHED BAY 2, AND DEEP DOWN I KNEW IT. THE HALLUCINATIONS WERE PROOF ENOUGH.

WE COULDN'T STOP IT. WE WERE JUST SACKS OF MEAT AND BLOOD, NOTHING MORE THAN A VECTOR FOR THE INFECTION.

ALL OUR LIVES, WE SEARCH FOR MEANING AND PURPOSE. BUT WE'RE SCARED OF WHAT WE MIGHT FIND.

NICOLE BRENNAN,
SMO-12369-EH
ISAAC CLARKE,
STE-23598-EH
RECORDING

AND SUDDENLY,
EVERYTHING
BECAME CLEAR.

WE RUN FROM THE THINGS THAT SCARE US. WHEN IN FACT WE SHOULD RUN TOWARDS THEM. EMBRACE THEM.



ISAAC, IT'S ME. I WISH I COULD TALK TO YOU.

I'M SORRY.
I'M SORRY ABOUT
EVERYTHING...

The End



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CAPE CRISIS: 5 ISSUE MINI-SERIES



BRING HOME THE GAME THAT'S NOT A GAME. IT'S A COMIC.

G-Man's got a CRISIS on his hands. Well, maybe not his hands, more like his back. Well, not really his back either, maybe more like near his neck.

Wait, never mind, it's a CAPE CRISIS and one thing's for sure. It spells TROUBLE for G-Man, and FUN for all ages.



CAPE CRISIS is the newest G-MAN mini-series written and illustrated by Mini Marvels creator, CHRIS GIARRUSSO. The first issue of CAPE CRISIS hits comic stores worldwide in August 2009. Reserve your copies TODAY!

#1 in AUGUST 2009. WRITTEN and ILLUSTRATED by CHRIS GIARRUSSO

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*they call us
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for we are many*

CPS