Most of them left the center of the city.

But still, they might be anywhere.

They walk quietly, even through all this shit. The bastards.
DON'T SHOOT!

I'm not a zombie!

There's more of them, they're trapped inside the Rokenj. Maybe not for long.

Script by Margaret Killjoy
Art by Fanny M Busetto
They smell.

Their blood isn't even like blood.

I'll never get it out of my clothes.
I'll tell you.

the zombie apocalypse?

Best thing that ever happened to urban sustainability.

End.
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