



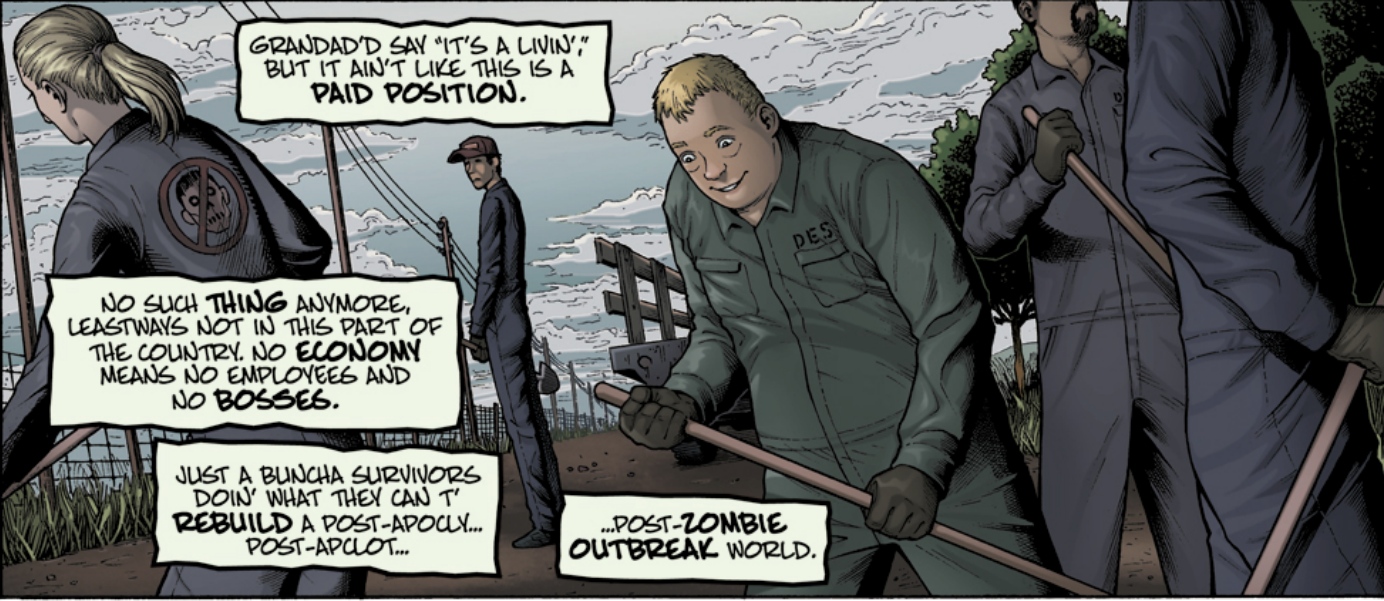




FOUR YEARS
OF COLLEGE
FOR THIS.



Luther

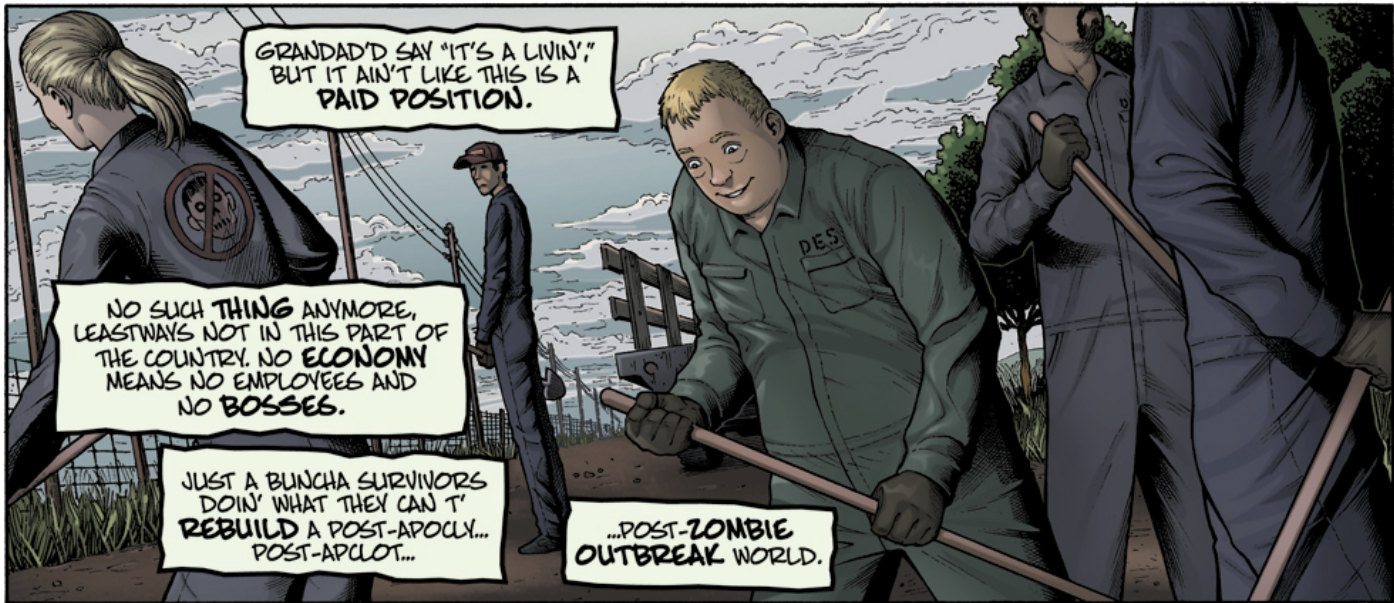


GRANDAD'D SAY "IT'S A LIVIN',"
BUT IT AIN'T LIKE THIS IS A
PAID POSITION.

NO SUCH **THING** ANYMORE,
LEASTWAYS NOT IN THIS PART OF
THE COUNTRY. NO **ECONOMY**
MEANS NO EMPLOYEES AND
NO **BOSSES**.

JUST A BUNCHA SURVIVORS
DOIN' WHAT THEY CAN T'
REBUILD A POST-APOLY...
POST-APCLOT...

...POST-ZOMBIE
OUTBREAK WORLD.

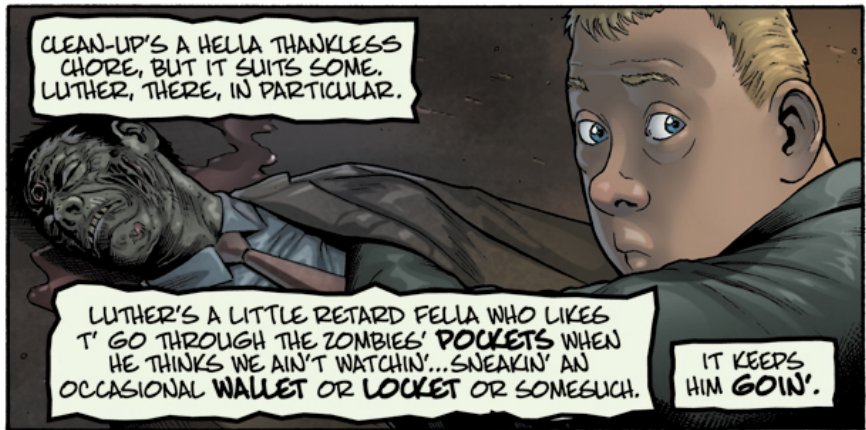


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DOWN' WHAT THEY CAN T'
REBUILD A POST-APOCLY...
POST-APCLOT...

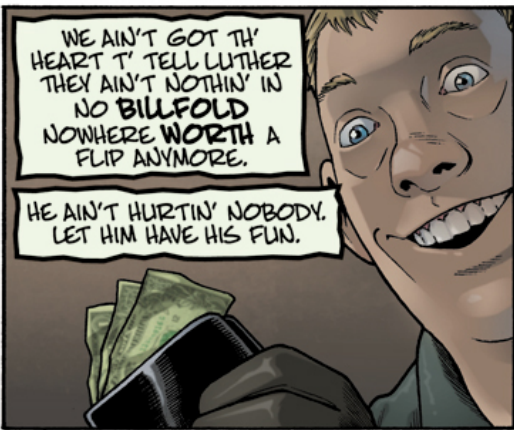
...POST-ZOMBIE
OUTBREAK WORLD.



CLEAN-UP'S A HELLA THANKLESS
CHORE, BUT IT SUITS SOME.
LUTHER, THERE, IN PARTICULAR.

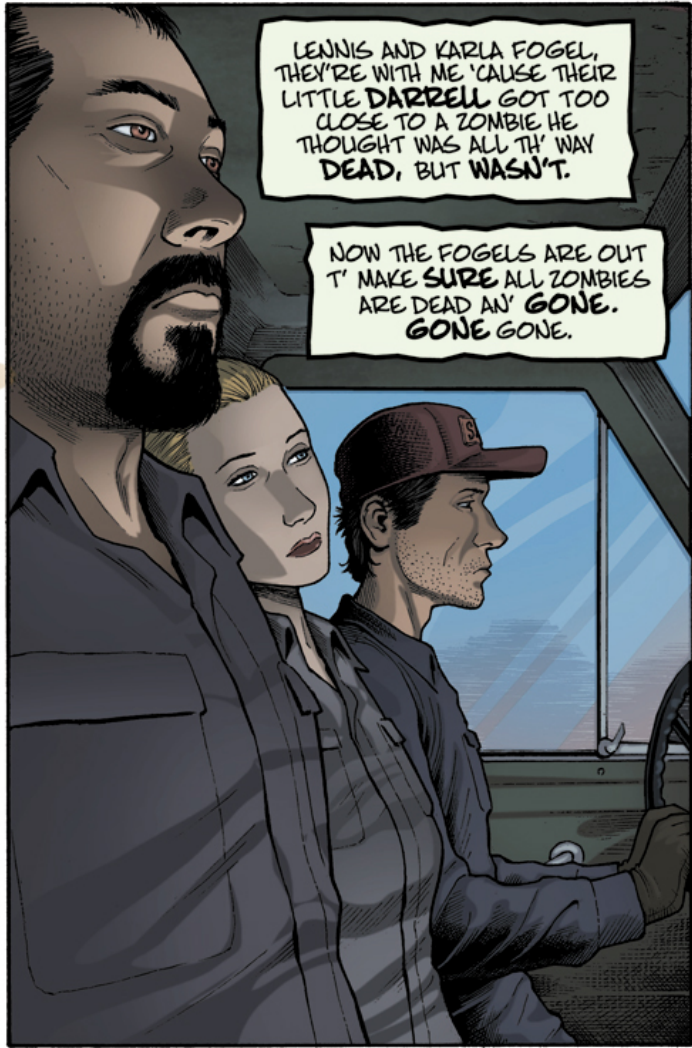
LUTHER'S A LITTLE RETARD FELLA WHO LIKES
T' GO THROUGH THE ZOMBIES' **POCKETS** WHEN
HE THINKS WE AIN'T WATCHIN'...**SNEAKIN'** AN
OCCASIONAL **WALLET** OR **LOCKET** OR **SOMESUCH**.

IT **KEEPS**
HIM **GOIN'**.



WE AIN'T GOT TH' HEART T' TELL LUTHER
THEY AIN'T NOTHIN' IN
NO **BILLFOLD**
NOWHERE WORTH A
FLIP ANYMORE.

HE AIN'T HURTIN' NOBODY.
LET HIM HAVE HIS FUN.



REST OF US MAN THE CREW,
I RECKON, 'CAUSE IT'S AN EXCUSE
T' TRAVEL EVERY DAY, EVEN IF
IT'S JUST A HALF-MILE OR SO.
SEE SOMETHIN' DIFFERENT.

WHOLE TOWN'S ONLY
FOURTEEN BIG NOW, HAS
BEEN FOR A YEAR AND SOME.
HELL, WE ALL FIT UNDER THE
SAME ROOF. BY NOW, WE
KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER'N
KIN AND...NO OFFENSE...



...I THINK I SPEAK FOR EVERYBODY
WHEN I SAY I'D GIVE JUST ABOUT
ANYTHING T' SEE A FRESH FACE
LOOKIN' BACK AT ME FOR A CHANGE.




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THERE'S MY
LUTHER! YOU DO
GOOD WORK
TODAY, LUTHER?

I LIFT
WITH MY
LEGS!

YOU ARE A
STRONG BOY,
LUTHER! YOU SURELY
ARE! NOW, YOU GET
WASHED UP FOR
DINNER!



I WILL SAY THIS FOR LUTHER: HE HAS DIGNITY.


THAT NIGHT BILLY GOT DRUNK AND OFFERED LUTHER A HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL IF HE'D JUMP AROUND AN' OOK LIKE A BLAMED MONKEY, LUTHER ACTUALLY GOT HIS DANDER UP.

'COURSE, SO DID THE REST OF US, SO WE THREW BILL OUT FOR PICKIN' ON THE RETARD.

HE AIN'T MISSED.

G'NIGHT, LUTHER.

'NIGHT, MR. MURPHY.



THAT A BOY, LUTHER. ENJOY YOUR MONEY.

DON'T SPEND IT ALL IN ONE PLACE.

USED TO, WE'D BURN ZOMBIE CORPSES
WHERE THEY FELL--NOT EVEN **BOTHER**
T' SCOOP 'EM UP-- BUT GATHERIN' 'EM
FOR **INCINERATION** ENDED UP BEIN'
THE ONLY WAY T' KEEP 'EM OUTTA REACH
OF **WILD ANIMALS** WHO MIGHT
SPREAD **WHATEVER DISEASE** THEY HAD.

STANDARD
DRILL, PEOPLE.
REMEMBER LITTLE
DARRELL. STAY
ALERT JUST IN
CASE.



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ALSO, LIKE
I SAY--



--EVER ONCE IN A
WHILE, ONE'S STILL
GOT SOME MEAN IN IT.

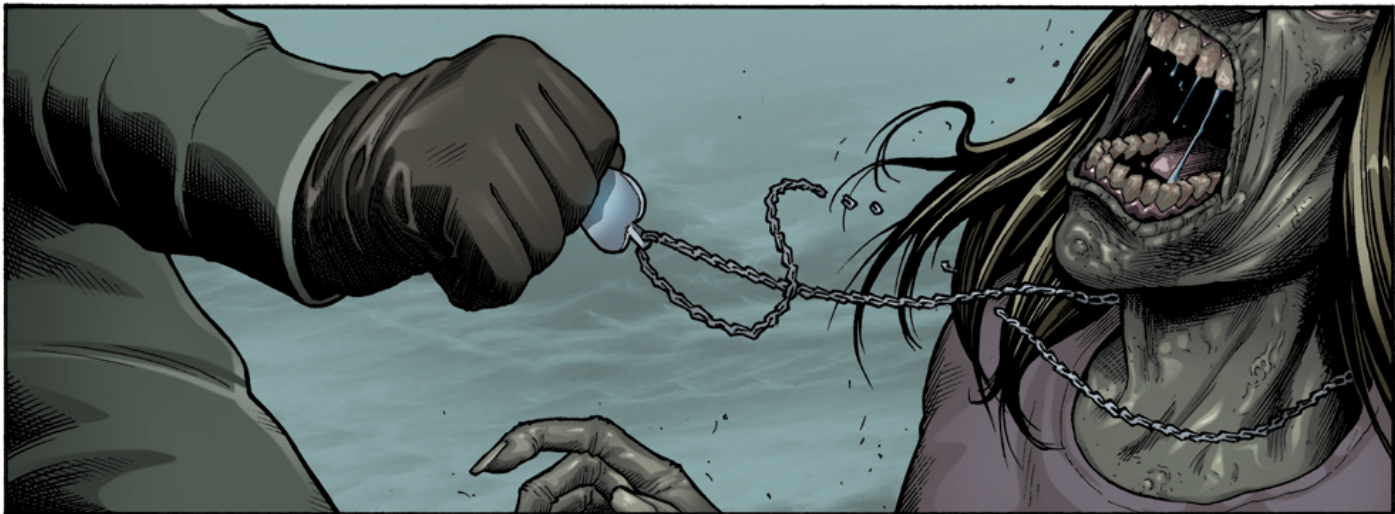
LUTHER!

GHAAAAH!

LIP JUMPED TH'
DEVIL! DAMN IT,
LUTHER, HOW MANY
TIMES I TOLD YOU
T' BE CAREFUL?

LUTHER,
GIVE IT UP! FOR
GOD'S SAKE, LET
THAT NECKLACE
GO!

I WANT
IT!







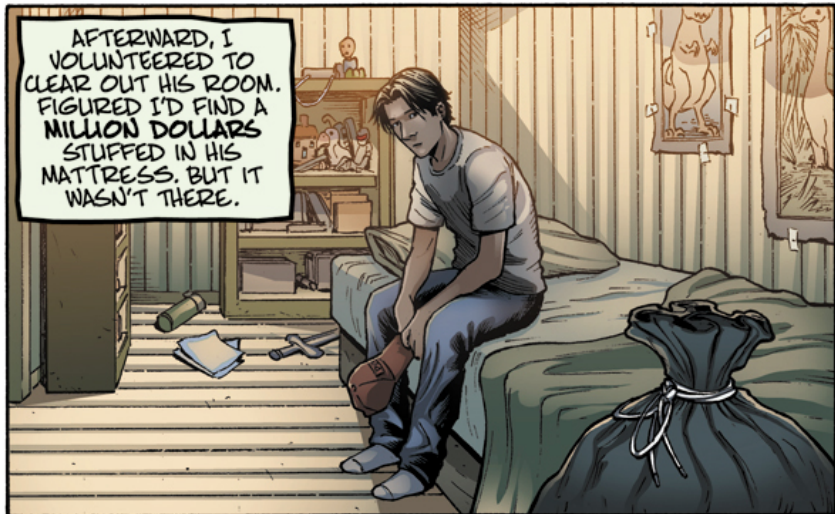




WE BURIED THAT STUPID
LOCKET ALONG WITH
LUTHER'S ASHES, MEANT
SO DAMN MUCH TO HIM.



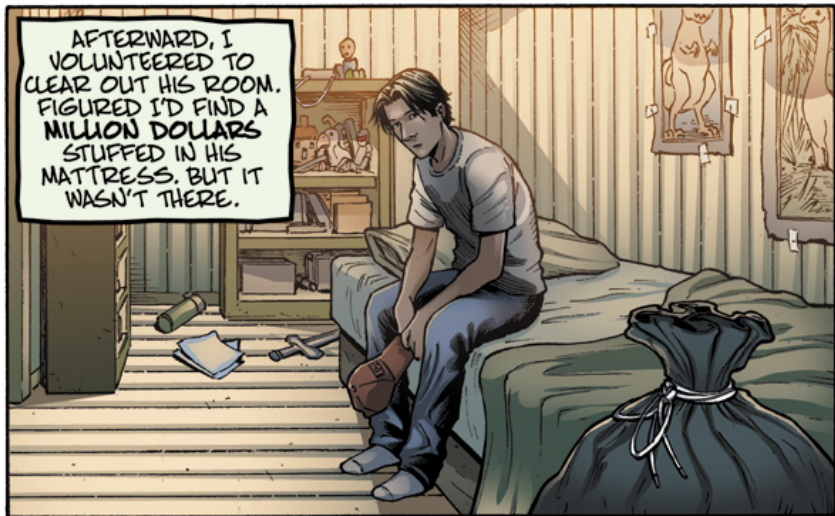
AFTERWARD, I
VOLUNTEERED TO
CLEAR OUT HIS ROOM.
FIGURED I'D FIND A
MILLION DOLLARS
STUFFED IN HIS
MATTRESS. BUT IT
WASN'T THERE.



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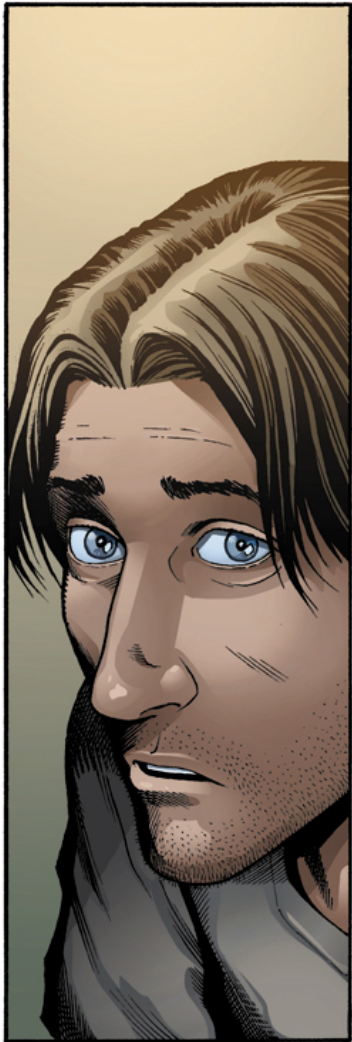
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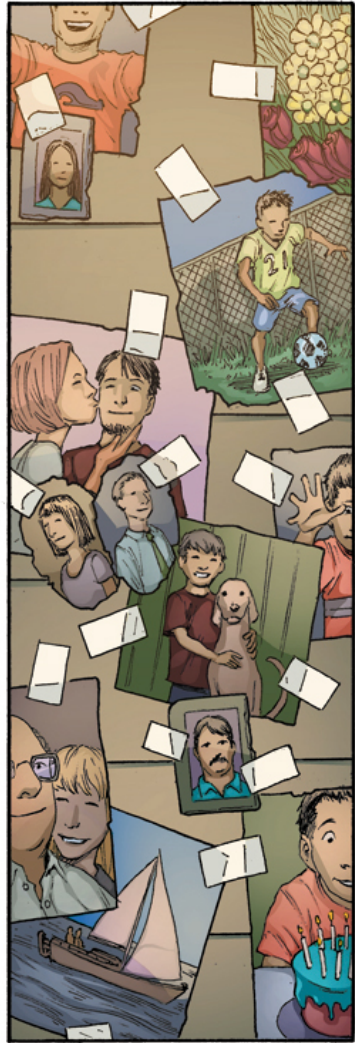
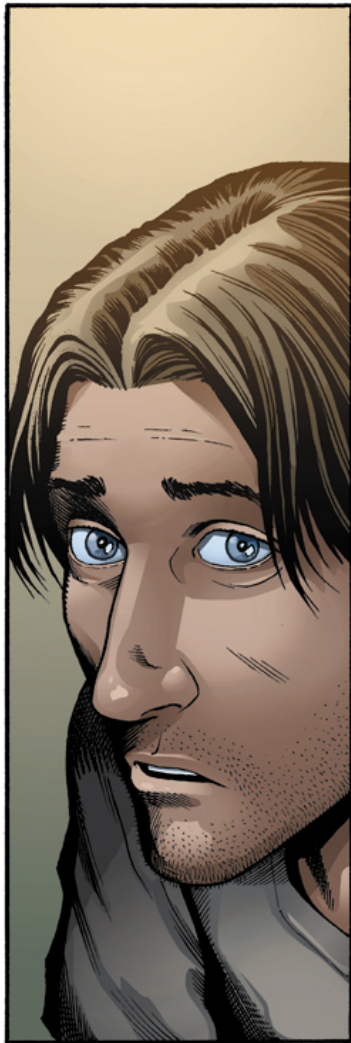


IT WAS IN
THE TRASH.

TURNS OUT MONEY
WASN'T WHAT LUTHER
WAS STOCKIN' UP ON.







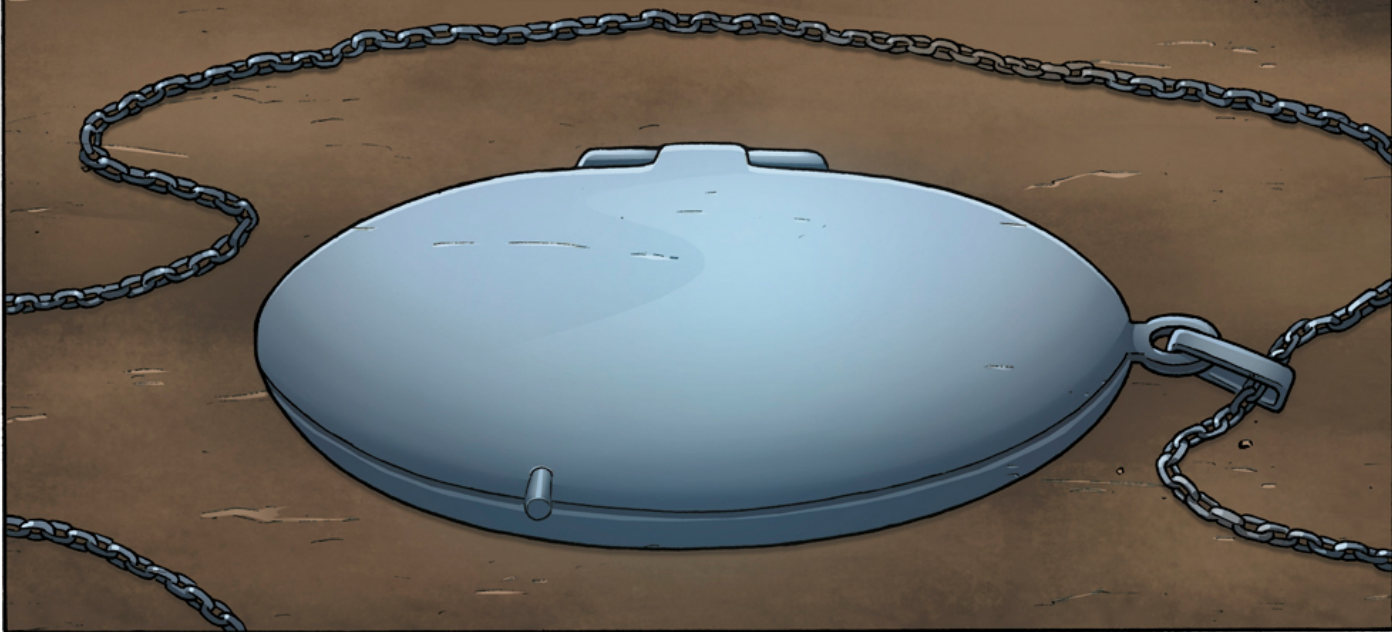


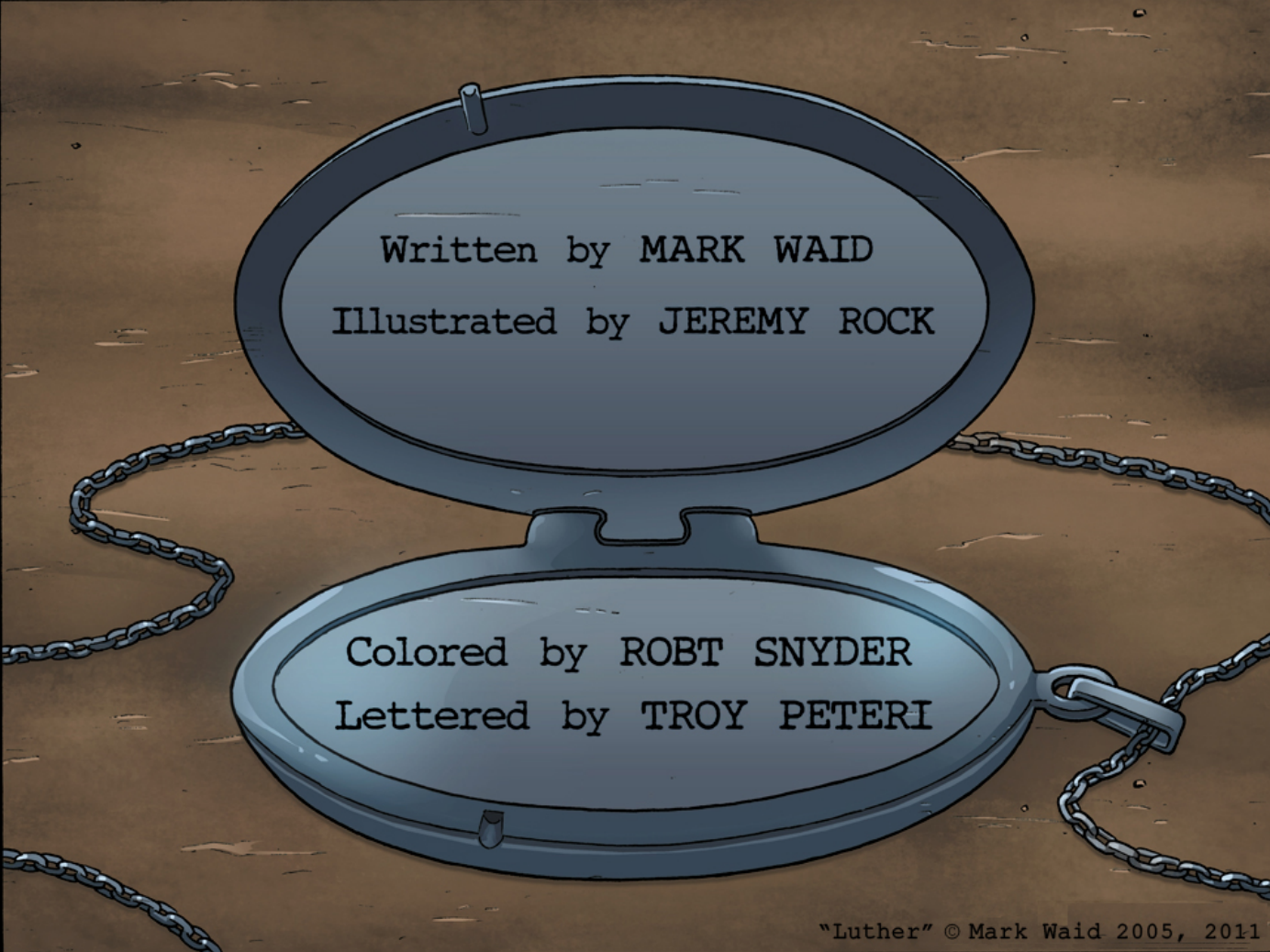
YOU KNOW...



...I MIGHT OUGHTA
RE-EVALUATE MY
DEFINITION OF THE
WORD "RETARD."

Luther





Written by MARK WAID
Illustrated by JEREMY ROCK

Colored by ROBT SNYDER
Lettered by TROY PETERI