

CARBONATES
CEMETERY

CHRIS
RYALL

DREW
MOSS

ZOMBIES
VERSUS

ALIENS

IDW

#1 • CVR A

RYALL
MOSS
FOTOS

VAN SAM
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THE COLONIZER

CREATED BY CHRIS RYALL AND DREW MOSS

:A TALE OF ZOMBIES VS ALIENS

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"...I
WONDER
WHAT OUR
FIRST
CONTACT
WILL BE?"



"WE'D STOOD ON
THAT GROUND JUST
HOURS BEFORE."

"BEST NOT TO THINK
ABOUT THE CARNAGE
THAT COULD'VE HAPPENED
IF WE'D STILL BEEN THERE
WHEN THEIR CRAFT ARRIVED."



NO SIGNS
OF LIFE NOW,
SIR, BUT IT
COULD JUST BE
THE FALTERING
EQUIPMENT...

...WAIT.
THIS IS ODD—
I'M PICKING UP
MOVEMENT,
BUT NO HEAT
SIGNALS.



THIS COULD
BE OUR FIRST
TERRESTRIAL
CONTACT.

I'M
NOT
SURE.

ENGAGING
THE BEAM,
CAPTAIN
BEMIS.

WE'LL
KNOW
SOON.



TRACTOR
BEAM IS
ASCENDING WITH
ACCOMPANYING
SUBJECT!





"MY PA AND HIS MEN STARTED OUR COMMUNITY AS A WAY TO ESCAPE FROM OTHERS AND THEIR PROBLEMS.

"BUT LIVIN' OFF THE GRID DIDN'T MEAN THOSE PROBLEMS COULDN'T STILL FIND US."

CHKKKLLG
GRBBLLG



THE
COLONIZE!
A TALE OF ZOMBIES VS ALIENS

BY CHRIS RYALL AND DREW MOSS • COLORS BY JAY FOTOS



"AT THAT TIME, THE OLD GUARD WAS ON PATROL LESS THAN A MILE AWAY FROM THE GRAVEYARD."

HOLD UP, Y'ALL, I GOTTA CATCH M'BREATH.

"I FIGURED THEY'D TAKE THE NIGHT OFF FOR MOURNING."



"FORGOT BOYS LIKE THAT DON'T TAKE A NIGHT OFF."

HUMPIN' THESE BOONIES TAKES IT OUT OF ME NOW.

LEAST YOU'RE FINALLY HUMPIN' GUMPIN' WREN.

HAW!

GGST! KEEP IT DOWN, PHILTHY.



CARLO'S RIGHT.

I TOL' MY WIFE WE WUZ GOIN' OUT TO SMOKE IN HONOR OF RENNIE'S PASSIN'.

SHE AN' HUX BOTH MIGHT TAKE OFFENSE, TOO, THINKING WE AIN'T SHOWING PROPER RESPECT TO HIM AND HIS PA BY HEADING OUT ON MANEUVERS.

RIGHT, RANDY ROY?

"OLD HUBIE PERKINS WAS ALWAYS A FOLLOWER. JUST NOT OF MINE."



"OF HIS-RANDY ROY GRIST. ORNERY SNAKE OF A MAN. MY OL' MAN ALWAYS KEPT ONE EYE ON HIM."

"TOO BAD FOR US ALL THAT THOSE EYES WERE NOW CLOSED FOREVER."

I DON'T GIVE A GOOD GODDAMN WHAT HUXLEY ROBERTSON HAS TO SAY.

JUST 'CUZ RENNIE'S PASSED ON DOESN'T MEAN HIS BOY'S GOT MY VOTE TO REPLACE HIM.

YOU THINK RENNIE WOULD LET HUX PUSH US TOWARD GOIN' GREEN IF HE WAS IN HIS RIGHT MIND?

HELL NO.

RIFLES IS WHAT MADE US "FULLY SUSTAINABLE," NOT COMPOSTIN', AND THAT BOY NEEDS TO STEP ASIDE IF HE CAN'T REALIZE THAT.

"NO, RANDY ROY HAS NO PLANS TO FOLLOW ANYONE."

"LEAST OF ALL A LIVE-AN'-LET-LIVE TYPE LIKE THE LATE RENNIE ROBERTSON'S BOY, ME."

HUX DON'T RESPECT THE PROUD AMERICAN TRADITION OF MILITIA MEN.

INSTEAD, HE TALKED RENNIE INTO CHANGING THE TOWN'S NAME TO CARBON FALLS AND WANTS US TO "REDUCE OUR FOOTPRINT."

WHICH AIN'T GONNA WORK SO WELL WHEN HE FINDS MY BOOT PERMANENTLY LODGED UP HIS—

—HUH?

WHAT IN HELL?

SWEET JESUS, LOOKIT THAT.

MADRE DE DIOS! THAT ISN'T NATURAL, PHILTHY!

COULD IT BE AN ATF DRONE, YOU THINK?!

NORTHERN LIGHTS?

HOLD UP, THAT'S NO DRONE I EVER SEEN...

SHIT MIGHT BE ON, MAN, C'MON!

TOO LATE, SKIP, THEY'RE MOVIN'.

SHEEET. C'MON!

WE ALL BETTER HOPE CARLOS AIN'T RIGHT!

AFTER ALL...

"...WE'RE ON OUR OWN
HERE! THE REST 'A THE
TOWN IS STILL CRYIN'
THEIR EYES AT THE
ROBERTSON PLACE."

THE CARBON FALLS COLLECTIVE

"THIS IS FORMERLY RENNIE
ROBERTSON'S FAMILY HOME."

"AN' NOW I GUESS
IT'S JUST MINE."

WE GOTTA
TALK ABOUT THE
VOTE, HUX...

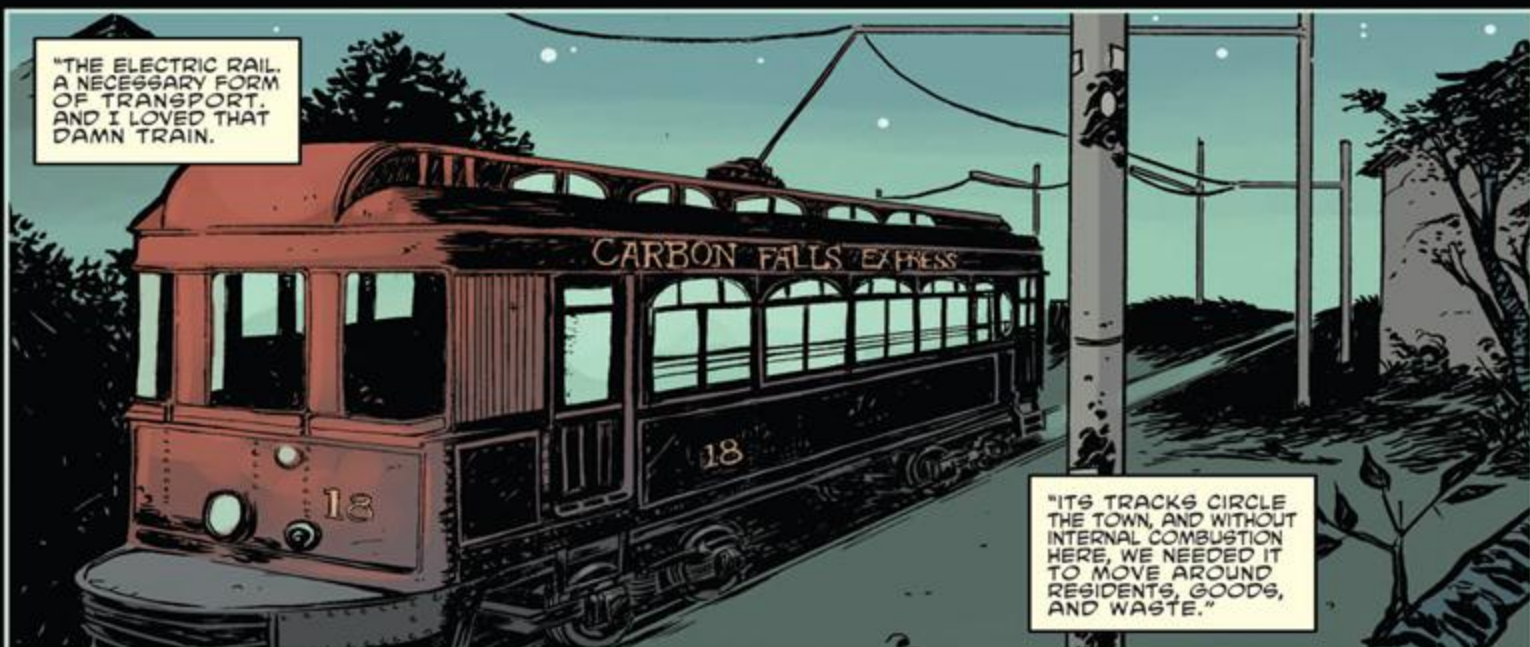








"I'D BEEN PUSHING THE NEWLY RECHRISTENED *CARBON FALLS COLLECTIVE* TO EDGE CLOSER TO A TRUE ZERO-FOOTPRINT TOWN, ALTHOUGH I STILL KEPT OUR BIGGEST AND BEST INDULGENCE:



"THE ELECTRIC RAIL, A NECESSARY FORM OF TRANSPORT, AND I LOVED THAT DAMN TRAIN.

"ITS TRACKS CIRCLE THE TOWN, AND WITHOUT INTERNAL COMBUSTION HERE, WE NEEDED IT TO MOVE AROUND RESIDENTS, GOODS, AND WASTE."



YOU DONE GOOD, HUX.

RANDY ROY AND HIS CRONIES PROBABLY NEVER EVEN HEARD WORDS LIKE "FULLY SUSTAINABLE" BEFORE YOU.

WASN'T ALL ALTRUISTIC.

I IMAGINE THE FBI'S BEEN WATCHING THIS PLACE.

THEY'VE LEFT US ALONE FOR YEARS. STILL THINK THEY'RE WATCHING?



THEY'VE NO LOVE FOR SECESSIONISTS WHO DON'T PAY TAXES AND LIKELY HAVE A GOOD-SIZED ARMORY—SO I FIGURE MOVING US GREEN MIGHT CHANGE THE DIALOGUE IF IT EVER COMES TO A HEAD.

ONE THING MY DADDY IMPRESSED UPON ME—SOON AS YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON A VIPER'S WHEN THEY STRIKE.



SSKKRTCHK
...ANYONE TH-
SSKKRTCHK

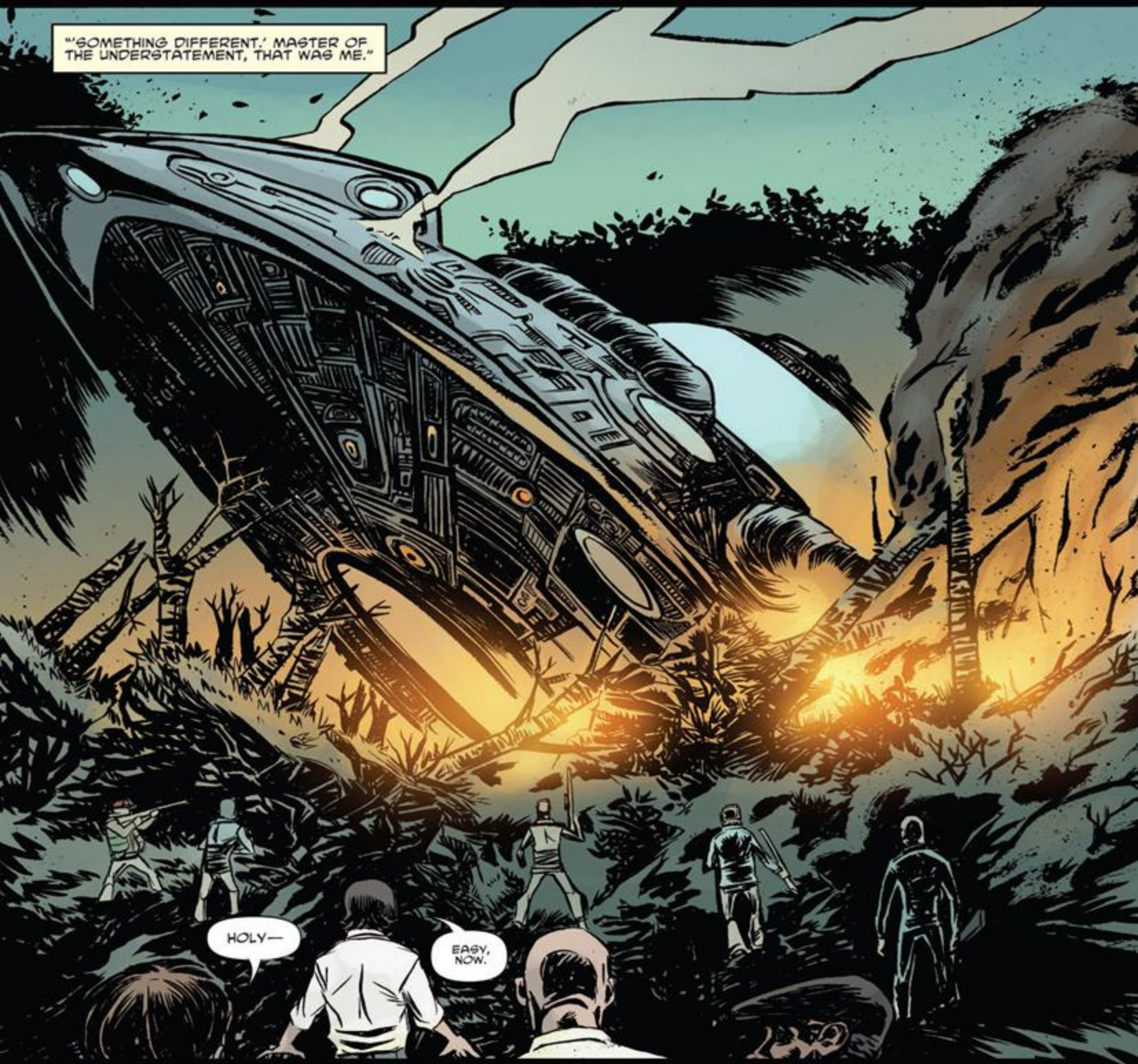
HUXLEY
HERE. COME
AGAIN?

SSKKRTCHK
-IGHTS
IN THE SKY!
COMING DOWN,
GET OVE-
SSKKRTCHK





"SOMETHING DIFFERENT,' MASTER OF THE UNDERSTATEMENT, THAT WAS ME."



HOLY—

EASY,
NOW.



SITUATION,
RANDY ROY?

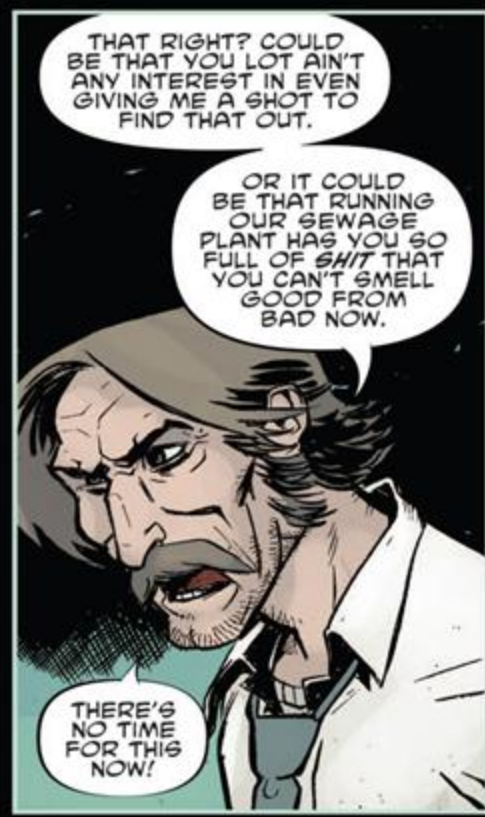
WE BEEN
INVADED IS THE
SITUATION.

HOPE YOU
BOYS HIT
THE ARMORY
ON THE WAY
HERE.



DIDN'T—RUNNING
OFF HALF-COCKED
WITH FULLY COCKED
WEAPONS ISN'T THE
WAY WE DO IT HERE,
RANDY ROY.

WELL,
MAYBE IT
OUGHTA
BE!

















ARRIVING NEXT MONTH:

THE COLONIZED

ALCOHOL, TOBACCO,
and SEVERED ARMS



SMITH

THE COLONIZE

"Creative writing teachers should be purged until every last instructor who has uttered the words 'Write what you know' is confined to a labor camp. Please, talented scribblers, write what you *don't*. The blind guy with the funny little harp who composed *The Iliad*... how much combat do you think he saw?" -- P.J. O'Rourke

BUILDING THE COLONY

No one should ever ascribe to the limiting "write what you know" approach, but you could certainly argue that I spend a lot of time writing what I like. It's pretty easy to chart my interests through comics I've written: zombies (*Shaun of the Dead*, *Land of the Dead*, *Zombies vs Robots*) and aliens (*Groom Lake*, *Weekly World News*, *Infestation 2*, *Mars Attacks Kiss*). But when I finally kicked around the idea of combining those two things in the series that became *The Colonized*, I also set out to make it something more than just an amalgam of what I've done before.

I planned to aim for a different tone and feel in the story itself—something that had less of an arch tone than *ZvR* or *Groom*. And I really thought I'd push that idea of having something new to say by using separatists as the protagonists (and the antagonists, as you'll see). I'd been intrigued by the forces that drove both the right-leaning anti-government militias as well as the more left-leaning zero-sustainability types. You could certainly draw some parallels between the two, despite the chasm between both sides' political beliefs. Which is where my township of Carbon Falls, filled with people who leaned both ways, came into play. I had no interest in politicizing the story at all, but I did like the idea of an encampment that was overrun by zombies and aliens and yet cut off from any kind of outside aid. The town would live or die on its own.

But let's talk about the art. Rather than a more painterly and impressionistic look like *Groom Lake* or *ZvR* had, I wanted a look that emulated all the influences that led me here: '50s sci-fi movies and Wally Wood comics. Which is where Drew Moss comes in.

I met Drew through a Kickstarter reward for the *Womanthology* book that IDW published in 2012. Met him kicking and screaming at first—I donated some portfolio-review time as a reward for the book, but god, it was rough to actually free up proper time to do those reviews. It took me a long time—next time I think I'll find something other than time to donate. But finally I was able to see Drew's work—his review was actually purchased by a friend of his who wanted Drew to get more exposure, and he was right—Drew is great. Hopefully you're reading this after the comic story itself, since you're likely to be nodding your head in agreement after seeing what he did here.

Drew also did a short story for my first *ZvR Annual*, and he also drew an 8-page western story I wrote for *Outlaw Territory*, Vol. 3, which will hopefully be coming your way at some point. In that story, he handled horses, rough riders and remote locations with equal aplomb, which really got me thinking about him for this series.

We talked, he signed on, and started sketching out some of the things you see here. I didn't want to do the usual "grey alien" thing again but I did want the aliens to be sort of humanoid/primate-like in stance.

And Drew's first image here was right in line with what I was looking for, although he took my rather basic description and brought it to life much more vividly than I'd even hoped. From the spacesuit to the aliens' cranium—and once we lost the mustache, which gave the aliens a goofier visage than I intended—we were quickly on our way.



Our primary cast was fully formed from the start. The aliens all look pretty similar, and all have names inspired by *The Twilight Zone* (Bemis, Serla, Beauma, Mathes...).





Tests of both zombies and... sheep. Why sheep? Well, the zombie plague spreads beyond humans to sheep, cows, horses... how, you ask? Ew, don't ask.



Finally here, let me throw some praise at the rest of the team: *Locke & Key*' colorist Jay Fotos is a great finisher for the pages, and the covers, from Dave Sim—Dave Sim!—John Byrne, Gabriel Rodriguez, Zach Howard and Nelson Daniel all amaze and impress me. And Tom B. Long's lettering and logo (seen on Byrne's cover this issue—the other one is all Dave Sim) just make the book come to life and work great with the art. So it's a nice team assembled here, and I'm happy to have you all aboard as well. Hope you like what you saw here and come back for more, there are some fun, explosive things planned over the next three issues. Drop me a line at ryall@idwpublishing.com and let me know what you think.

Finally, if you need a good soundtrack to throw on while you read this comic, I wrote a lot of it while playing *Man Of Astroman?* but I'm open to any other suitable suggestions as well.

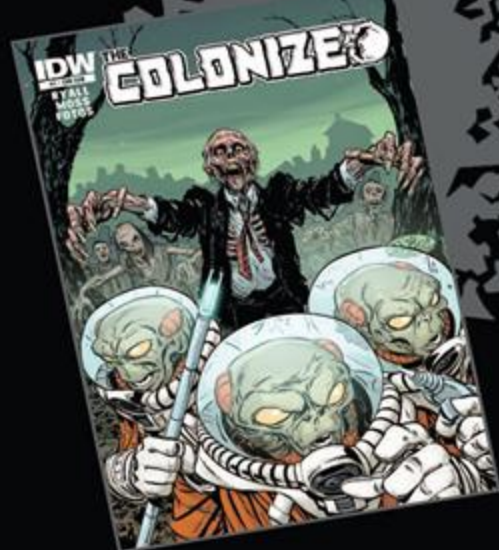


Chris Ryall
February 2013

ALIENS vs. ZOMBIES vs.

"You like awesomely berserk comics?
You just hit paydirt. Paydirt with
zombies and aliens in it."

— Douglas Walk



MILITARIAN

Part I: "Minutemen in Black"

In the separatist township of Carbon Falls, life proceeds far away from government intervention. However, the arrival of a spaceship from beyond the stars not only disrupts their private community, it also manages to reanimate the town's dead as well. Now the town is under attack from threats within and without. Complicating matters further, a rogue DEA agent has infiltrated the town in search of weapons of mass destruction, only to find much greater threats...