

MAM TOR™ EVENT HORIZON

Preview

Top of the Food Chain

by

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& Brem



RELAX. SHE'S
JUST *RESTING*,
BOYS.

LET'S
DO THIS.

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YOU'VE GOT TO BE WONDERING
WHAT A GUY LIKE ME IS DOING
IN SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

WHAT WOULD I WANT
WITH A COLLEGE TOWN?



I DON'T SEEM LIKE
THE LEARNING TYPE,
RIGHT?

ARE YOU
KIDDING?



SERIOUSLY,
THIS IS THE WORST
I.D. I'VE EVER SEEN.
FORTY-THREE, MAN?
GET THE FUCK OUT
OF HERE.



NO,
I'M GOING
IN.



BACK TO WHAT
I WAS SAYING....

...I CAME HERE BECAUSE
THINGS HAVE CHANGED.



IN NEW YORK, THERE WERE SIX OF US. ALL TURNED.

JUST KILLING PEOPLE. CRAZY SHIT. WE HAD OUR WHOLE FOREVER IN FRONT OF US.



THE LAST THING WE DID TOGETHER WAS TEAR UP A DELI NEAR TIMES SQUARE. SIXTEEN PEOPLE TORN TO SHREDS.



NOT FOR FOOD. FOR SPORT.



WE WERE JUST FUCKING BORED. THAT NIGHT WAS A RUSH. ONE OF MY LAST...



JOHNNY WAS
THE FIRST TO
DISAPPEAR.

OUR "FATHER."



HE JUST WENT
OUT AND NEVER
CAME BACK.



THAT'S WHEN WE FIRST
STARTED HEARING
WHISPERS ABOUT THEM.
HUNTERS. SLAYERS. ALL
SORTS OF FANCY NAMES.



EITHER WAY, THEY WERE
HUMANS TRAINED TO HUNT
US. SOUNDS LIKE A BAD
MOVIE, RIGHT?

WE WERE *CARELESS*.
BEING THE TOP OF THE
FOOD CHAIN CAN DO THAT
TO YOU.

WHEN IT GOT DOWN
TO JUST THE THREE OF US,
I LEFT NEW YORK CITY.



I REFUSED TO WAIT FOR MY
TURN TO DIE SO I DISAPPEARED
INTO THE NIGHT. IT'S KIND OF WHAT
WE DO, SO IT WASN'T THAT HARD.

AND I ENDED UP *HERE*. TWO YEARS IN THIS FUCKING LITTLE COLLEGE TOWN... SITTING IN PATHETIC COLLEGE BARS LIKE *THIS ONE*.

A PLACE TO CALL MY OWN... WITH NONE OF MY KIND AROUND TO DRAW ANY ATTENTION TO ME.



BEING *SELECTIVE* OF THE TICKET.



A FRESHMAN GIRL WAS FIRST. HER FRIENDS THOUGHT SHE WAS A *SUICIDE*.

THE NEXT, AN OLDER PROFESSOR RUMORED TO BE *CHEATING* ON HIS WIFE WITH A STUDENT. NO ONE MISSED HIM.

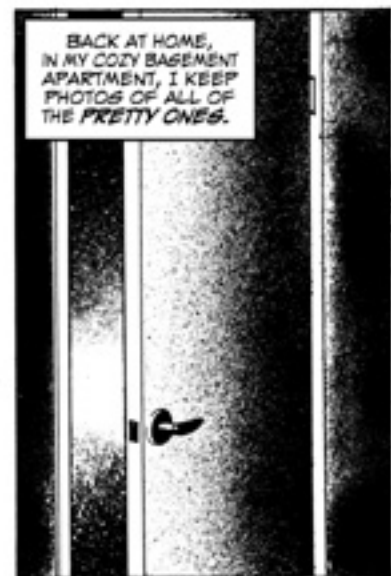


THE THIRD ONE WAS A *DOG*, WHICH GOT THE MOST PRESS, FRIGHTENINGLY ENOUGH.



NOT MY *BEST* MOMENT, BUT A GUY DOES WHAT HE HAS TO. *DOG BLOOD* DOESN'T *KEEP* AS WELL AS HUMAN BLOOD BUT IT DOES THE TRICK.

BACK AT HOME, IN MY COZY BASEMENT APARTMENT, I KEEP PHOTOS OF ALL OF THE *PRETTY ONES*.



MY FAVORITES ARE PINNED TO MY BEDROOM WALL. YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT, BUT I'M IN THE PHOTOS WITH THEM.

CAN'T REALLY TELL, BUT I SWEAR I'M IN THERE.



AS OF TOMORROW NIGHT,
I'M GONE. CAN'T STAY IN
ONE PLACE TOO LONG.



SO THIS WEEK I STARTED
TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN TO
RELIEVE SOME OF MY
BOREDOM. ONE A NIGHT,
SOMETIMES TWO.



FUCK 'EM IF THEY
CAN'T TAKE A JOKE.

I'LL BE GONE BEFORE
THEY EVEN GET TO THE
PUNCH LINE.



SOMETIMES IT CAN TAKE
UP TO A WEEK OR TWO FOR
A COLLEGE STUDENT TO BE
REPORTED MISSING.

THE FILE OF DRAINED
BODIES UNDER THE FLOOR
OF THE APARTMENT WILL BE
ALL THAT CAN PROVE I WAS
EVER THERE.



JUST NEED ONE MORE
FEEDING TO HOLD ME
OVER. MAYBE IF I'M
LUCKY I'LL GET A BIT
MORE.

HI, I'M
JILL.



ZACH...

WHERE'D
YOUR TWO BIG
FRIENDS GOT

AWAY.

GOOD.





SOME GIRLS WANT TO GO HOME WITH THE *BAD BOY*.

MOST OF THEM DON'T ACT ON IT. THIS ONE *DID*.

MY LUCKY DAY.



SOMETIMES I HAVE TO DRAG THEM *KICKING* AND *SCREAMING*.

SOMETIMES *BLEEDING*...



NOT JILL. SHE'S GOT HER MIND ON HER *BUSINESS*.



I LIKE THAT. MAYBE I'LL LET THIS ONE GO. LEAVE TOWN ON A *NICE* NOTE.

NAH. A MAN'S GOT TO EAT.



WHAT THE FU--?



YOU KNOW,
I WAS WONDERING
WHEN ONE OF YOU
WOULD SHOW UP.

HOW'D
YOU FIND ME?
I'VE BEEN SUCH A
GOOD BOY.

YOU'RE ALL
SO EASY TO FIND,
ESPECIALLY SINCE
YOU @PLIT UP.



@PLIT UP?
YOU WERE LOOKING
FOR ME? WHY?

THE DELI--
YOU KILLED MY SISTER.
SHE WAS FOURTEEN AND
YOU TOOK HER HEAD
OFF--



YOU CAN'T
HURT ME, BUT I
DO PROMISE, UNLIKE
YOUR SISTER, YOU'RE
GOING TO BE PUT TO
BETTER USE.

--YOU
FUCKING
FREAK!!



No... No...





NEW YORK
CITY, FOUR
DAYS LATER.

I'M NOT
DEAD.

NOT REALLY.

BUT FOR THE PAST
TWO YEARS I'VE BEEN
ACTING LIKE IT, HIDING
LIKE A FUCKING RAT.



RIDICULOUS. RUNNING
AND HIDING FROM
CATTLE.



TONIGHT, ALL THAT CHANGES.
I'M GOING TO LET THEM KNOW
THAT I'M BACK IN TOWN...



...THAT WE'RE
BACK IN TOWN.

THE BOYS FELL IN LINE
PRETTY QUICK AND JILL
WILL COME AROUND.
WE'VE GOT OUR WHOLE
FOREVER TO KILL
TOGETHER, RIGHT

I'LL TELL YOU ONE
THING; IT'S BEEN
WAY TOO LONG SINCE
I CUT LOOSE.

I'VE BEEN SO
FUCKING BORED.

END.