

# MICHONNE'S STORY

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DEAD PEOPLE, COME TO LIFE--  
ALL AROUND ME. I NEVER  
SHOULD HAVE TRIED TO MAKE IT  
HOME THAT DAY. I SHOULD HAVE  
STAYED AT THE OFFICE. IT WAS  
IN THAT MOMENT I REALIZED...

...ALMOST EVERYONE  
I KNEW WAS  
PROBABLY DEAD.



MY CO-WORKERS.

MY FRIENDS.



MY NEIGHBORS.

MY FAMILY.



BUT NOT ME.













LATER THAT NIGHT WE GOT RID OF THE DEAD ONE THAT ATTACKED US, DRAGGED IT TO THE BACKYARD. I STARTED SEARCHING THE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE FOR SUPPLIES, BANDAGES AND SUCH.

I WANTED TO FIND A GUN.... NO SUCH LUCK.



THE SEARCH WASN'T A TOTAL LOSS.

THE NEIGHBOR'S BOY COLLECTED SWORDS. HATED THAT BEFORE. WOULD SWEAR HE KILLED OUR DOG WITH ONE.

THAT NIGHT I WASN'T SO UPSET ABOUT IT.



I ENDED UP SPENDING THE NIGHT IN A HOUSE ALMOST A BLOCK AWAY. TOO MANY CORPSES OUTSIDE. GOT PINNED DOWN.



ON THE WALK BACK THE NEXT MORNING, I REALIZED I'D NEVER TAKEN OFF MY WORK CLOTHES. I GUESS WHEN YOU DON'T SLEEP YOU DON'T THINK TO DO THAT...



MIKE DIED WHILE I WAS AWAY...





...AND SOMEHOW  
BIT TERRY IN THE  
PROCESS.

LUCKILY, THE  
KID'S SWORD  
WAS SHARP.



I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT  
TO DO. I LOCKED  
THEM AWAY.

I COULDN'T  
KILL THEM.



THE ENCOUNTER  
DREW A LOT OF  
ATTENTION. THANKS  
TO MY SCREAMS,  
THE STREET  
BECAME  
OVERRUN.

EVENTUALLY,  
I RAN OUT  
OF FOOD.



THERE WAS  
NOTHING TO DO  
BUT WATCH THEM...  
AND STARVE.

I WAS GOING TO  
DIE IN THAT HOUSE...  
JOIN YOU. THAT  
THOUGHT, AT LEAST,  
BROUGHT ME  
COMFORT.



BUT THEN I  
NOTICED IT...  
THEY DON'T  
ATTACK EACH  
OTHER.



