Night of the (different kinds of) Living Dead

In a world where humans and vampires coexist, a zombie apocalypse changes the game... but who has the power?

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ONE FINE FRIDAY, AS DUSK APPROACHED...

RAWR... RAWRRRRHH!

SHUFFLE...

SHUFFLE...

TO THE BLACKWELL'S! THEY'LL SAVE US FROM THIS ZOMBIE!

IF YOU DIDN'T PUT ON SO MUCH AXE BODY SPRAY THEY WOULDN'T CHASE US! IF I CAN SMELL IT FROM A MILE AWAY...

IF YOU DON'T GET IN QUICK WE'LL LOSE THEM...

SHE'S CLOSING IN ON US. HURRY!!!

ALMOST THERE! FOR ALL THE CRAP WE GO THROUGH, THIS DEAL DOES COME IN HANDY.

666 ELM ST.

NOOOO!

WHO DARES DISTURB ME WHILE I WAS ADMIRING MY WARDROBE?

WHAT'S THIS?!

THANK GOD! HELP!

666 ELM ST.

WEAK LITTLE HUMANS...

...
RARGH!! EEEK!

DRAGO, HONEY - WHO DARES DISRUPT MY BEAUTY SLEEP!

CALM DOWN, TENZIA. NOTHING LIKE AN EASY KILL TO REMIND THE HUMANS WHO'S ON TOP.

THOSE JC PENNY WEARING FOOLS AGAIN?

UGH.

WELL, THE KITCHEN IS LOOKING A LITTLE UNKEMPT...

SAYS I'M UP, DRAGO AND I ARE GOING SHOPPING. WHEN WE COME BACK IT BETTER BE SPOTLESS!

NOW GET TO WORK!!

OH, AND DON'T FORGET THE RULES! NOT THAT YOU DIDN'T ALREADY BREAK THE SECOND ONE...
GRR! HOW IS THIS EVEN FAIR?!

I MEAN, THEY DO TAKE CARE OF A FEW WALKERS FOR US HERE AND THERE...

BUT, WE’RE THE ONE’S KEEPING THESE VAMPIRES FED!

ALL THEY DO MAKE US DO STUPID TASKS! THEY’RE BASICALLY JUST SHOWING US OFF AS THEIR SLAVES!

"JOHNNY DO THIS!"  "BARBRA DO THAT!"

HMPH !!!

AS THEY PONDER RECENT MEMORIES, THE SIBLINGS’ FRUSTRATIONS MOUNT...

VACUUM THE LIVING ROOM AGAIN!

WATER THE PLASTIC PLANTS - AGAIN!
Johnny and Barb thought back to how their new life under the rule of the Blackwells came to be.

It started with only a few—just a couple of “walkers” passing through town...
In a few weeks they had overtaken all of the suburbs. News reports had confirmed there was nowhere to go.

Humans were defenseless against the walkers. One bite - one scratch even - was enough to turn kin on kin, "kind" to "other."

It wasn't long until Johnny and Barbara had lost everything. Scared, tired, and defenseless.

...they were the only ones left.

The only humans, anyway...
The town's only vampires were still here, of course. With their icy fangs and immunity to the zombie virus, the Blackwells could easily take the walkers head on.

And with the zombies decimating the human population - compromising the vamps' sole source of food - this fearsome twosome sought to keep this last pair of humans for themselves.

See how easily and stylishly we crush them, humans! We could just as easily take your life, too!

If only we had those abilities...

They're so powerful!

We are feeling quite generous, however, so we will spare your lives, in exchange for your simple cooperation, of course.

All you have to do is submit to a few rules here and there... and become our personal blood bank, of sorts.

And in exchange for your cooperation we will handle your little "walker problem." Not that you have much choice, really. If you say no, we'll just imprison you fashion-challenged nimwits and harvest your blood. Your pick.
Johnny and Barb spent the next few weeks under the terms of their agreement with the Blackwells. Though grateful to be kept safe from the walkers, they couldn’t help but grow resentful of the explosive Blackwells. Could it really be that they have so much power over the two siblings?

Were they not, as the vital blood source, deserving of more?

I’ve had enough of this.

I’ve had it with following these stupid rules!
Yeah! I mean, what's so special about this stupid study, for example?

After weeks of this nonsense, I feel like I deserve to know!

Wait, Barb! I'm not so sure that's a good idea!

Well, too late!

You probably shouldn't lean on that!

This is it?!

See! We're fine!

I don't see what's so special—they're just books! This red one does look inter---
Uh oh!!! The Blackwells are gonna kill us! There's no way we'll be able to repair the bookcase before they get home!

Tenzira will probably shred us into pieces to decorate the fringes of her Louis Vuitton bedspread!

What to do? We're doomed!

Uh...fine.

Look, it says 'Blackwell Secrets'. Maybe it'll help us think of something!

How could you want to read right now? We need to plan a way out of this mess!!!

And so the siblings scanned through the pages of what was actually the 'Blackwell Family Mandate.' It housed all the rules that govern the Blackwell line of vampires. Ancient rules that even the powerful Tenzira and Deaco themselves could not break.

Though some passages were in unfamiliar script, Johnny and Barb picked up on a few English bits here and there. One in particular seemed of crucial importance, though the two didn't quite understand how it could apply to them... yet.
"...and so it is that if a blackwell drinks blood from a living dead, there shall be no nourishment there."

What does that mean? They can’t live off walkers? We already knew that!

Fine, forget the book! We need to figure out how to get out of this mess—now!

Wait, you said "walkers". That's it! That's the key!

If we can lure a zombie into the house, we can have it chase us into the study.

Then we call the blackwells and blame it on them. A walk to long to get here. As if the zombie forced us into the study.

But how do we get a zombie?

Hmm...

Leave that to me!

should be any second now...
LIKE CLOCKWORK. OKAY, CALL THEM NOW!

TENZIRA, COME QUICK! A WALKER BROKE IN!

WHAT? DON'T LET IT SOIL THE NEW CARPET!
WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE, ZIT FACE!

RARWRGHHH...

RARWRGHHH...

YOO HOO! OVER HERE!
The Blackwells cut their shopping trip short, charging quickly to make sure their blood supply was safe and sound.

Also to assess the damage to their beautiful new carpeting, naturally.

**WHERE IS IT?!**

**OH, YOU BETTER HOPE IT'S A CLEAN KILL, HUMANS!**

**SNAP!**

**CRACK!**

**HOW DARE YOU LET ONE INTO MY STUDY?!!**

**WE...WE...UM...WE COULDN'T HELP IT! IT CHASED US IN!!!**

**HOW DARE YOU EVEN BE IN MY STUDY?!**
SHUT UP YOU FRECKLE-FACED, 4-ON-A-SCALE-OF-10-IF-YOU’RE-LUCKY, GENERIC HIGH-TOPT Wearing BRATS!!!

IF YOU’RE SO CLUMSY WITH THESE WALKERS THAT YOU LET THEM CHASE YOU SO MUCH, SEEMS YOU Don’T HAVE MUCH OF A PROBLEM WITH THEM TO BEGIN WITH!!!

WE MIGHT AS WELL HARVEST YOU GUYS IF YOU SO EASILY WANT TO BECOME LIKE THESE WALKERS.

TRAPPED IN A POD, SILENT AND LIFELESS! AT LEAST THAT WAY I CAN FINALLY ADMIRE MY BEAUTY IN PEACE.

WAIT A SECOND... SO IN A SENSE...

WHICH MEANS ...THEY REALLY CAN’T AFFORD TO HARVEST US IN THE FIRST PLACE!

HARVESTING IS LIKE ZOMBIFICATION.

OH, SHUT UP TENZIRA!

WE’VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR INANE CHATTER AND YOUR EXPLORTION.

YOU SEE, WE’VE RECENTLY LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT YOU TWO THAT’S REALLY GONNA CHANGE THE WAY THINGS WORK AROUND HERE...
"...and so it is that if a Blackwell drinks blood from a living dead, there shall be no nourishment there... Weak humans or not, Johnny and Barb's living, consenting blood gave them power over Draco and Tentira.

Knowing that harvesting was never an option to begin with, the siblings translated their newfound knowledge into a position of power and leverage.

Vacuum the living room again!

Water the plastic plants again!

Oh, and one more thing...

Hmph...

...The end...