



Years. *Years* with no days off.



Years spent *away* from *my* family.

Years spent in crowds.

That eyeball guy was right... people are possessed at random by this virus. My proximity to them seems to trigger the transformation.

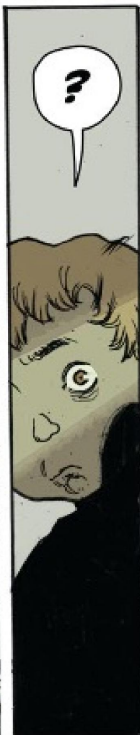
I don't know why his message was so brief, or why I've heard nothing since. I don't know when this will all be over...

But the threat remains.

And it's a big city...



MA'AM...



?



MA'AM... PLEASE.



STEP AWAY FROM THE BOY, PLEASE...



...





GAH!



TAKE THIS BOY TO THE SHELTER'S MEDIC.



I THINK HE'S JUST UNCONSCIOUS.



GET TO SAFETY NOW!