

IDW
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COVER A
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ROAD OF THE DEAD

HIGHWAY
TO HELL



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WRITTEN BY
CREATOR OF V-WARS



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MY NAME'S STEVE HANSON, U.S. ARMY. I'M A NINETEEN KILO, AN ARMOR CREWMAN IN AN M1 ABRAMS.

JUST RETURNED FROM AFGHANISTAN. SUPPOSED TO ROTATE OUT AND GO THE HELL HOME.

THEN THE DEAD ROSE AND EVERYTHING WENT TO SHIT.

ONE CLUSTERFUCK LATER AND MY TANK CREW'S RUNNING WITH THE 56TH STRYKER BRIGADE COMBAT TEAM, 28TH INFANTRY DIVISION.

EXCEPT THEY DON'T HAVE ANY DAMN STRYKERS LEFT, AND WE'VE BEEN RUNNING FROM ONE CUSTER'S LAST STAND TO THE NEXT. FIGHTING ZOMMED-OUT CIVILIANS WITH A TANK.

A GUY CAN'T EVEN PINCH A LOAF WITHOUT THINGS GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE.

POK
POK
POK

CHRIST!
THERE'S A
SWARM OF THE
FUCKERS.

POK
POK
POK

POK
POK
POK
POK

SHIT-SHIT-
SHIT!

OH,
JESUS—THEY'RE
EVERYWHERE!

POK
POK
POK

SON-OF-A...

TOK

HANSON, GET
YOUR ASS UP HERE.
WE NEED—
AAAAAAAAA!



THIS IS ME. TANK
GUY. SAVING THE
FUCKING WORLD.

SAVING MY
FRIENDS.

GOD ALMIGHTY...





JESUS
FUCKING
CHRIST...



SHIT!
SHIT! SHIT!
SHIT!



SHIT.
TOMMY?
BURT?!



I THINK THIS
IS WHY WE'RE
LOSING THIS
WAR. WE'RE
NOT FIGHTING
TERRORISTS.

OH GOD.
I'M SO
SORRY...

