The trans-national MURKOFF CORPORATION tirelessly pushes the frontier of scientific research and development. Partnering with the greatest minds of tomorrow, Murkoff expands the reach of every branch of scientific inquiry, including gene therapy, behavioral psychology, information technology, and medicine.

In the event of mistake or oversight, the MURKOFF INSURANCE MITIGATION DEPARTMENT comes in to minimize economic fallout. Mitigation Officers are damage control. They are not here to save lives or help people, they are here to make sure it doesn’t cost the company any more than it has to.

PAUL MARION & PAULINE GLICK, MURKOFF INSURANCE MITIGATION OFFICERS

THE MURKOFF ACCOUNT Part 3
Story by JT PETTY & Art by THE BLACK FROG
BETWEEN JOBS I’D GO HOME, SEE MY DAUGHTER.

GEEZE, ALICE, THIS ISN’T TOO SCARY FOR YOU?

DAD....

YOU DON’T LIKE THE DOLL I BROUGHT YOU?

I’M FIFTEEN.

WHAT SHOULD I BRING YOU WHEN I COME BACK FROM WORK TRIPS?

JUST COME HOME MORE OFTEN.
AFTER THE LEAK...

...THINGS GOT A LITTLE OUT OF HAND AT MOUNT MASSIVE.

...AND SOMETHING NEW WAS CREATED.
MOUNT MASSIVE,

THIS IS GOING TO BE EXPENSIVE,

THAT’S JEREMY BLAIR, WE MET HIM, DIDN’T WE?

YEAH, HE’S LOST WEIGHT,

WHAT THE HELL COULD HAVE DONE THAT TO HIM?

LET’S GO BREATHE SOME AIR THAT DOESN’T SMELL LIKE A SLAUGHTER HOUSE SEPTIC TANK.

VIDEO DRIVES WERE WIPED SOMETIME BEFORE DAWN, BUT THIS IS LOOKING LIKE A 100% FATAL INCIDENT.

THERE’S A SILVER LINING,

EASIER CLEANUP.
OF COURSE HE WEREN’T THAT LUCKY. THE INITIAL WHISTLEBLOWER, WAYLON PARK, HAD ESCAPED, AND HE HAD MADE CONTACT WITH SIMON PEACOCK AND MILES UPSHUR.

SIMON PEACOCK IS OBVIOUSLY OUR CHIEF CONCERN, JUST EXACTLY HOW MUCH DAMAGE HE DID BEFORE HE DIED, BUT MILES UPShUR—

UPSHUR WAS NEUTRALIZED IN THE MOUNT MASSIVE EVENT.

YEAH, NEUTRALIZED.

OF COURSE.

AT THE TIME, OUR BIGGEST CONCERN WAS FINDING WAYLON PARK. BUT A FEW DAYS LATER WE CAUGHT MIND OF A CONNECTION TO THE MOST, UH, SENSITIVE PATIENT AT MOUNT MASSIVE...
Billy Hope was the only patient at the facility who had successfully completed the experimental treatment.

His mother, Tiffany, still lived about eighty miles from the hospital.

Billy?

You came home.
We knew Waylon Park had stolen Miles Uphur's Jeep. We traced the Jeep to a truck stop that offered bus service.

"Nothing here, Christ."

From here Waylon Park could've bought a cash bus ticket or hitched a ride with some trucker. He could be anywhere.

I.T. just got a ping on Miles Uphur's account. Somebody accessed his bank online from a cell tower outside of Nathrop, Colorado.

Miles Uphur had no connections to the town of Nathrop, but then we ran it against Mount Massive patient files. Nathrop is where Billy Hope was born. His mother, Tiffany, still lived there.

Tiffany said she didn't know Miles Uphur. Said she hadn't heard from Billy since he'd gone to Mount Massive. Said she'd been all alone out here for weeks.

And Miss Hope, you've never visited Billy even once, in all these years?

It weren't allowed. They said it would be bad for his treatment. Like to've broke my heart but a mother's gotta make sacrifices.
You seem cheerful.

There any reason I shouldn’t be?

Seems like Billy would be a painful topic.

There’s always comforts in this world.

You’ve had a man visiting you?

My boyfriend, ex-boyfriend. He don’t come around much no more.

I imagine he misses his hat. You sure you never met a miles Uphur? Maybe a friend of a friend?

Uphur? Nah, never heard of him. Funny name. He some kind of foreigner?

And this is Billy?
THAT’S MY BILLY, HALLOWEEN.

HE’S DRESSED AS ALIEN UBERMAN.

MY DAUGHTER USED TO READ THE ALIEN UBERMAN FUNNY BOOKS. "THE INVINCIBLE ALIEN HERO." EXCLAMATION POINT.

YOU COLLECT GLASS FIGURINES.

THEY’RE CRYSTAL. CAN I ASK WHAT IT IS Y’ALL WANT HERE? I GOT THINGS I COULD BE DOING.

THIS IS SWAROVSKY. EXPENSIVE.

CAREFUL WITH THAT!

I DON’T MEAN TO BE Rude, BUT... HOW CAN YOU AFFORD ALL THESE?

YOU DON’T MEAN TO BE RUDE? LADY, I’M...

I GUESS MY MONEY’S MY BUSINESS AND I THINK I NEED TO ASK Y’ALL TO LEAVE,
Hell, Billy’s mom is full of shit, we should... what are you looking at?

Um, nothing, I guess, thought I saw something.

And yeah, Tiffany Hope is lying through her teeth.

Should we keep an eye on her?

Yeah, but not us, I’ll put a hardline officer on it, we got more important chickens to pluck.
WE TRIED TO GET CONTROL OF THE WAYLON PARK SITUATION, WITH ZERO LEADS ON HIS WHEREABOUTS, SO WE STARTED A FORENSIC GASLIGHT.

WE COULDN'T STOP WAYLON FROM POSTING WHATEVER HE WANTED ONLINE, SO WE STELO HIS IDENTITY AND POSTED A LONG, BACK-DATED HISTORY OF CRAZY SHIT UNDER HIS NAME, CONSPIRACY THEORIES, PERVERSIONS, DELUSIONS.

IT'S THE MOST FUN PAUL LET HIMSELF HAVE.

HOW DO YOU SPELL "FLUORIDATION"?

JUST LOOK AT YOUR WORD BALLOON, OR LET YOUR COMPUTER SPELLCHECK IT.

THE TRUTH IS HERE, BY WAYLON PARK, OWL SOCIETY'S RACIST BATTLE AGAINST WHITE CHIROPRACTORS. YOU CANNOT SEE THE TRUTH IF YOU DRINK FLORIDED WATER, YOU CANNOT SEE THE TRUTH IF YOU'VE BEEN WILELY VACCINATED, SHEDDIE RAYS UP AND CLENSE YOUR BODY OF THE TOXINS CLOUING YOUR BRAIN EYE.

I'M ACTUALLY TRYING TO MAKE SURE I SPELLED IT BELIEVABLY WRONG.

YEAH, I'M LISTENING, CAN YOU SEE WHO IT IS?
MUST BE THE BOYFRIEND.

LUCKY YOU, IF THERE'S SEXY TIME, TAKE PICTURES FOR ME.

THEY'RE GOING INSIDE; I'M GONNA HAVE TO GET CLOSER.

GOT ANOTHER MAN HERE, DON'T YOU, YOU DRUNKEN TWO DOLLAR SLUT? I SWEAR TO FUCKING GOD, TIFFANY, EVEN AFTER I GAVE YOU MY OLD T.V.,

LUCKY I EVEN PUT UP WITH YOUR SHIT, SWEAR TO GOD, YOU GOT A PUGGY LIKE A DOG'S EAR AND A MOUTH COULD DRIVE BABY JESUS HIMSELF TO SUICIDE,

YOU EVEN LOOK AT ANOTHER MAN, I SWEAR TO FUCKING CHRIST, TIFFANY, I'D KICK HIS ASS AND YOUR'NE INTO...

YOU PARANOID AS YOU ALWAYS BEEN YOU IGNORANT HILLBILLY SHITBIRD, IT'S ALL THAT LACE KNEE AND HOMEMADE AND TALK RADIO...

ONE TO TALK WITH YOUR BARELY-WORKING HITLER-LOOKING HAF- EXCUSE FOR A DICK, I WISH THERE HAD ANOTHER MAN HERE, A REAL MAN, I'D...

...YEAH, WELL YOU MUST THINK DOG EARS TASTE LIKE FUCKING ICE-CREAM THE WAY YOU...

SMACK!
THE TRUCK JUST CRASHED.

GO CHECK IT OUT. KEEP THIS LINE OPEN, KEEP TALKING TO ME.

I'M APPROACHING THE TRUCK. THERE'S A LOT OF BLOOD, A FUCKING LOT OF BLOOD.

TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU SEE.
WHAT IS IT, AGENT?

THE WALRIDER.

AAAAARRHHH!

FUCK.
Billy, Honey...?

Krush

Krush

Krush

I'll take care of you, mom.
The word "Walrider" unleashed the full monetized wrath of the Murkoff Corporation.

They say the trucks'll kill this thing, but we only get one chance at it, and we need the full manifestation to be focused in one area.

No idea, sir.

And what exactly is the Walrider?

You know what it is.

Maybe, but you won't tell me.

Nope.

And it could kill us.

Most definitely.
GREAT, LET’S GO CHECK IT OUT.

WHO THE F**K ARE YOU PEOPLE? WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

YOU CAN’T DO THIS.

WE NEED TO FIND BILLY.

YOU FASCIST SONS OF BITCHES, YOU CAN’T DO THIS TO ME. ALL YOUR THUGS AND GUN, HOLD ME PRISONER IN MY OWN HOME, YOU CAN’T DO THIS. THIS IS AMERICA.

DON’T SAY IT, EVERYBODY’S ALREADY THINKING IT.

YOU NEED TO GET BILLY TO SHOW HIMSELF.

I TOLD YOU BILLY AIN’T HERE, AIN’T BEEN HERE IN YEARS.

SOMEBODY SHATTERED ALL YOUR CRYSTAL FIGURINES...

AND SHAPED ONE BACK TOGETHER INTO ALIEN UBEMAN.

YOU KNOW I GAVE MY DAUGHTER A DOLL A FEW WEEKS AGO, AND I THOUGHT SHE HATED IT.
GEEZE, ALICE, YOU REALLY HATE THAT THING, HUH?

DON'T BE SUCH A NERD, DAD. I LIKE THAT YOU GOT ME SOMETHING, I JUST MADE IT SPECIAL FOR ME.

I TOLD YOU HE AIN'T WHERE THE HELL DO YOU THINK I'D HIDE HIM? AIN'T BUT TWO ROOMS IN THIS DAMN THING, AND, AND...

BILLY HOPE IS HERE.
You, sure he’s here?

Pretty sure.

You know, Tiffany, I bet I can guess where you got the money for all those Swarovski crystal figurines.

Please, no matter what you done to him, he’s my little boy.

You were paid well to give Billy Hope over to Mount Matherive. I’ve heard they’re even more generous when the test subjects don’t have anything wrong with them to start with.

You sold your boy, and he wasn’t even sick.

What the fuck...

I loved you, mom.
SC CH WRRUNCH!

FUCKING RUN!

NOW! PULL THE TRIGGER!

HIT THE BUTTON! DO WHATEVER FUCKING KILLS THAT THING!

WHUMP!

HMMMMM MMM MMMM N

AAAAAAAAOGGH!
CONGRATULATIONS, WE KILLED IT.

AT LEAST THEY THOUGHT WE’D KILLED THE WALRIDER.

WHILE THEY MOPPED UP THE BLOOD AND VACUUMED UP THE TOP-SECRET DUST, I CLIMBED A HILL.

IT HADN’T DIED....
It had just switched hosts.

End Book 3