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 4
Story by JT PETTY & Art by THE BLACK FROG
WASTON WASN'T FUCKING AROUND ABOUT DISAPPEARING, WE'LL SIFT THE ASHES, BUT OUR CHANCES OF FINDING A LEAD IN THIS ARE VANISHINGLY SLIM.

REIDENCE OF WAYLON PARK, BOULDER, CO.

THE WHISTLEBLOWER THAT BROUGHT DOWN MOUNT MASSIVE, WAYLON PARK, BURNED HIS HOUSE DOWN WHEN HE FLED WITH HIS FAMILY.

WHAT YOU GOT THERE?

PHOTO OF HIS FAMILY, THE TWO BOYS, I HATE IT WHEN THEY HAVE FAMILIES.

SINCE WHEN DID MURKOFF HURT WOMEN AND KIDS?

SORRY, THAT WAS IN BAD TASTE...
FBI ON-SITE HOSPITAL, DETROIT MI

WE FLEW EAST TO LOOK THROUGH MILES UPSHUR’S APARTMENT.

MILES DIED AT MOUNT MASSIVE, WE WERE HOPING FOR SOME CONNECTION TO SIMON PEACOCK AND WAYLON PARK.

...YEAH, I USED TO SEE MILES JOGGING SOMETIMES. HE'S BEEN GONE FOR A WHILE NOW, BUT I SAID HIM BACK JUST LAST NIGHT.

RESIDENCE OF MILES UPSHUR, WASHINGTON, D.C.

MILES UPSHUR? HERE, LAST NIGHT? THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE.

I SAW HIM, STANDING RIGHT OVER THERE. DRANK MY DOG'S BACON, WHICH IS WEIRD, THEY ALWAYS USED TO LIKE HIM.

THAT WOMAN SAID MILES UPSHUR WAS HERE LAST NIGHT.

NOT LIKELY, THOUGH IT'D TAKE US DAYS TO FIND HIM UNDER ALL THIS SHIT IF HE WAS.

GUESS WE BETTER GET STARTED THEN.

IT'S GARBAGE.

IS... IS SOME OF THIS GARBAGE MOVING

ANTO, THE PLACE IS INFESTED.
That's exactly like the ants I saw in Colorado.

What do you mean?

Somebody accessed Miles Upshur's accounts from the cell tower near Tiffany Hope's trailer, and now those same ants here.

Wait....

...are you saying somebody emailed Miles Upshur a swarm of ants?

Yeah, emailed him ants. Not the strangest thing I've seen.

There look like passwords.

Ouch!

Little fucker bit me.

Black ants don't bite.

Ouch! Fuck!
MOTHER FUCKER!
MOTHERFUCK!
FUCK!

OUCH!
OUCH!
FUCK!

WATER!
WATER!

OUTH!
GOD DAMNIT!
MAKE ROOM!
OUCH! I'M COMING IN!

FUCK THIS!

IT'S NOT WORKING!

WE NEED FIRE!
FWOOSH

OUCH!
TAKEN!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
HUFF! HUFF!
FUCK, HUFF!

FUCK THAT, FUCK.

GYM CLOTHES.

GOT ANYTHING I COULD WEAR?

NOPE.

WHAT THE FUCK AM I GONNA DO?

HEY, THAT'S THAT GAME HOMELESS GUY, FROM COLORADO,

THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE.

I'M SURE IT'S HIM, HE'S FOLLOWING US.
HUF! HUF! HUF! JESUS...

WHERE'D YOU GO.....?

...WHO ARE YOU?

I BELIEVE YOU'VE HEARD OF ME. MY NAME'S SIMON PEACOCK.

YOU WORK FOR MURKOFF, DON'T YOU?
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING US.

YES, I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU. AND YOU GOT SOMETHING MOST MURKOFF RUNNING DOG MERCENARIES DON'T.

I'M NOT A MERCENARY, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING IS WRONG.

IT'S A JOB.

BUT YOU'RE SOMEbody WHO'D CHASE AFTER ME, DESPITE THE FACT THAT YOU'RE INJURED, AND NAKED. WHO DOES THAT?

...I CAN'T STAND NOT KNOWING.

TELL ME YOUR NAME.

NO, I'VE READ YOUR FILES, PEACOCK. YOU USED TO WORK FOR MURKOFF, AND SIX YEARS AGO YOU LEAKED COMPANY FILES AND VANISHED BEEN OFF THE MAP SINCE, ENCOURAGING OTHER WHISTLEBLOWERS.

OF COURSE I AM, THEY'RE EVIL. YOU WORK FOR THE DEVIL.

YOU'RE TRYING TO DESTROY MURKOFF.

YOU'RE PROTECTING WAYLON PARK?

YOU'LL NEVER FIND HIM.

WHAT'S PROJECT WALRIDER?
I couldn’t tell you if I knew.

Wilfull ignorance, I remember that, almost let me sleep some nights.

How do you sleep? How do you justify working for people you know are evil?

Patient: ALISON MARION,
Gene Therapy Transfusion
XLG-99833,
Total: $68,412.66,
Employee Discount
Benefits: $68,304.41,
Balance: $5,208.25.

Mount Massive has a pebble in a pond, an experiment on individuals, that’s where the real sickness spreads.

If you cannot look at what’s there and not eat yourself hollow with shame, you’re not human any more.

Those are coordinates.

I need your help. I need somebody still inside Murkoff. I’m not asking, I’m telling you. You’re going to help me.

...I have to do my job.
WHAT ARE YOU... THE FUCK ???

GACK!

MWAH!

GN!
FREEZE!

IT'S SIMON PEACOCK!
I said freeze, motherfucker!

I'm leaving.

Please don't make me hurt you.

Okay.

Blam! Blam!
THANKS,
HE'S A... MONSTER.
YEAH.

WHAT WAS HE SHOVING IN YOUR FACE?
YEAH,
FOAM INSULATION, I THINK.
WHY?
YEAH.

I FIGURED IT OUT LATER...
LET'S GET YOU SOME CLOTHES BEFORE I GET TOO TURNED ON.
HE WAS USING THE FOAM TO TAKE AN IMPRESSION OF MY TEETH. DENTAL RECORDS, MY IDENTIFICATION. HE HAVEN'T DONE WITH ME.

AND WE WEREN'T DONE WITH HIM. I WAS MORE CERTAIN THAN EVER THAT EVIDENCE INSIDE MILES' APARTMENT WOULD LEAD US TO PEACOCK AND FARK.

WE HAD MILES UPCHUR'S HOUSE FUMIGATED. PUMPED IT FULL OF AN UNGODLY AMOUNT OF POISON. IT WAS ANT DRESDEN.
After they’d aired it out, we went back inside. Everything was gone. The ants had chewed it to dust.

This make any kind of sense to you?

And the ants were gone, or maybe powdered, everything was coated in black dust.

But it at least closed the books on Mount Massive. For now, the evidence couldn’t get any more thoroughly destroyed.

There is one more thing.

Nothing I feel good about it.
COORDINATES I GOT FROM SIMON PEACOCK, IT'S AN EMPTY PLOT OF LAND ABOUT EIGHTY MILES NORTHWEST OF FLAGSTAFF.

HE SAID THERE WAS MURKOFF BUSINESS THERE,

NOTHING I KNOW OF.

I WOULDN'T PUT TOO MUCH FAITH IN ANYTHING I HEARD FROM AN ANIMATED PILE OF MAGGOTS.

MAYBE WE SHOULD CHECK IT OUT.

NAH, LEAVE IT ALONE. MURKOFF'LL SIG US ON IT IF THEY WANT US TO DIG.
IT DOESN'T MATTER. UNTIL HAYLON PARK STICKS HIS HEAD UP, THIS CASE IS DONE,

YOU SHOULD GET HOME, SPEND SOME TIME WITH YOUR DAUGHTER...

...MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T GROW UP TO BE SOMEBODY LIKE ME.
"Mount Massive was a pebble in a pond, an experiment on individuals. This is where the real sickness spreads."
To be continued in Outlast:
The Murkoff Account Part 5