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 5
Story by JT PETTY & Art by THE BLACK FROG
He ain't gonna let us get away.

Every step we take, the less power he got.

We'll get to the wicked part of the world and God himself ain't even gonna be able to find us.
DO YOU KNOW IF YEGHUA HA-NOSTRI WAS A REAL PERSON? LIKE, IN THE BIBLE?

NEVER HEARD OF HIM. WHEN'S THAT BOOK REPORT DUE?

THURSDAY.

YOU'RE GETTING AN EARLY JUMP.

FIGURED I'D BE TOO BEAT TO WORK ON WEDNESDAY. THE TRANSFUSION AND ALL.

YOU DIDN'T TOUCH YOUR DINNER.

I WASN'T HUNGRY. IT'S NOT LIKE I NEED THE EXTRA CALORIES.

ALICE, HONEY, THAT'S CRAZY, YOU'RE A STRING BEAN, A BEAUTIFUL STRING BEAN.

SHUT UP, DAD, GOD.

HEY...

THERE'S SOMEBODY MESSING WITH OUR MAILBOX.
HEY!

860 05' 51" N,
4120 14' 00" W
YOUR DAUGHTER IS CONNECTED

FBI ON-SITE HOSPITAL

MY PARTNER AND I HAD AGREED NOT TO INVESTIGATE THE COORDINATES SIMON PEACOCK HAD GIVEN US.

TURNS OUT I WAS LYING.

*SEE OUTLACT, ISSUE 4.*
Hey, Paul, yeah, I hear you now. Where are you? It's noisy.

Hey Glick, it's Paul.

...Glick? Pauline? Can you hear me?

Residence of Pauline Glick

You're not interrupting anything, I was just... folding laundry, listening to Prairie Home Companion.

No worries, we all need personal time.

Good, good, listen-- I don't think I'm gonna make it into the office tomorrow, I have to spend some time with Alice.

I rented the biggest, most jacked-up all-terrain S.U.V. they'd rent me.

And it still crapped out about twenty miles short of the coordinates.

Fuck me...

No Service!
I GUESS THE HEAT AND THE SUN GOT TO ME.

HEAVENLY GOD.
Dad? What's wrong? Are they out of hot chocolate?

I was back in that night, thirteen years ago.

Watching my wife die.
Multiple perforations of the intestines...

...had to induce a coma in order to arrest progress...

Spread throughout your wife's blood.

...internal bleeding...

Surgery is no longer an option...

Your wife is dead, Mr. Marion, I'm so sorry.

Ailie!

I'm so sorry honey, I didn't mean...
...WHAT THE FUCK?
WE DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE, MISTER! I'M JUST GON'TAKE YOUR PISTOL.

WHO ARE YOU?
HEYYYY, TAKE IT EASY. JESUS FUCKING CHRIST...

DON'T YOU TAKE THAT NAME IN VAIN!
click! click! click!

SAFETY'S ON.

ALL RIGHT, WHO ARE YOU? WHO'S THE GIRL?

AND JESUS, HOW PREGNANT IS SHE?
ERP

SCHUNK!

BLAM
BLAM

SPACK

FUCK!

GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL.

KTHUNK
I'm not going to hurt you.

You need hellllll....

I guess the shock got to me.

When I woke up it was full dark. I followed her trail for a couple miles.
I kept seeing my dead wife,

Mmm-hmm,

That's all you got? "Mmm-hmm?" I said. I was seeing my dead wife.

Joanne?

I heard you.

It's the least crazy thing you've told me so far,

So, by the time I'd caught up with the pregnant girl--

Fair enough.

...She'd found a road, and lucked onto a ride.

Hey! Wait!
TWO PIECES OF LUCK:

1. I managed to get the license plate number.
2. My phone was back in range of signal.

HEY CLICK, IT'S ME.

YOU LIED TO ME, YOU WENT OFF THE RESERVATION.

YOU ARE IN SUCH DEEP SHIT.

I KNOW.

I ACTUALLY THINK I MIGHT BE ON A RESERVATION, LIKE, INDIANS, OR FIRST NATIONS OR...

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING, PAUL?

I FUCKED UP.

DON'T FUCK YOURSELF ANY DEEPER, I'M ON MY WAY.

IN THE MORNING, A FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO THE GRAND CANYON FOUND ME AND TOOK ME TO THE HOSPITAL.
Pauline Glick got to the hospital six hours after I did.

I told her everything. She wasn't impressed.

Okay, number one, you work for Murkoff, not Simon Peacock.

Sorr...

Don't suppose you brought me a suit?

Number two, you don't interfere with ongoing experiments. We only enter the equation when the science is done and the side effects need mopping up.

Shit, you don't even know if this is an experiment.

Don't say you're sorry, I hate that.

And number three, fuck you. You don't work without me. We're partners, you stupid motherfucker.

You want the silver lining to your shit show? I traced this license plate number on your palm. That pregnant girl's a patient in this hospital.
I even brought you a tie, hope yellow's all right.

Your dead wife in the desert, you called it a "vision," not a hallucination.

First rule in the Murkoff playbook is don't get high on your own product.

Yeah, but I'm wondering if I really killed that kid. I'm wondering about that girl.

The girl's real, she's on record here.

But her pregnancy, what if it's psychosomatic, like the women at Mount Massive? Could be a connection there.

It felt real. I could smell the hospital. I could smell my daughter, like -- that little kid smell, it felt real.

It's a healthy baby boy.

Remarkably healthy, in fact, considering the state of the mother.

She was unconscious when she arrived here. You don't know her name? We've got her on record as Jane Doe.

What about brain injury? You said there were anomalies in the CT scan.

The scan must have been corrupted. What looks like a lesion in the amygdala, but perfectly symmetrical, damndest thing.

Murkoff Rehabilitation Center

Miss Click? Is there more to your testimony?

Yes, of course, excuse me, I was just... The lesions in the girl's brain matched the neural scarring common to morphogenic engine exposure, like the patients at Mount Massive.

*see Outlast Comic, Issue 2
Could we see those brain scans?

They're already off to the lab, but we have copies.

Test results in a lab, scans, the girl, evidence, all of it, this had become a matter of containment.

We'd love to meet the patient.

This is Jane Doe, she's been unconscious since she got here.

But the little guy in here's been kicking up a storm.

We stood by Jane Doe's bedside for hours, then Paul noticed something.
Is that a tattoo on her chest?

Ezekiel.

A globe, no. Wheels. "Wheels within wheels." That's biblical, from the book of...

Ezekiel! Oh! Papa! Papa! You can't have him! You can't! I'll die before I'll let you kill him.

I seen the messenger and I know I ain't burdened with the enemy.

My blood is true. I've sipped at the fountain and born the pain and marks of salvation.

You ain't gonna take my baby, you ain't... ain't...

Gkkkkkkk...

She's having a seizure! Get a doctor!
DOCTOR!

IT WAS THEN I WAS CERTAIN WHAT WE HAD FOUND WHEN WE FOUND JANE DOE...

...WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.

SHE'S DEAD, GONE. THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO. MINIMAL FOOTPRINT.

WE LOST HER. WE NEED TO LEAVE, NOW.
I realized too late I was operating above my security clearance. I hadn’t figured out yet the trap Simon Peacock had lead us into.

What had been waiting for us out in the desert.

Are you sure she was dead?

Yeah, case closed.

It’s sad.

Still, I gotta get home. Alice has a transfusion tomorrow, I said I’d be there.

You’re a good dad...

...you always take care of your girl.
HOME AGAIN.

ALICE! YOU HOME?!

ALICE?
You work for us now.
WE STILL HAD TO CLEAN UP THAT BODY PAUL LEFT IN THE DESERT, THE BOY.

WE GRID-SEARCHED A FORTY MILE RADIUS SURROUNDING HIS ABANDONED RENTAL VEHICLE.

WE DIDN’T FIND PAUL.

WE NEVER FOUND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT BODY, IF IN FACT IT EVER EXISTED.