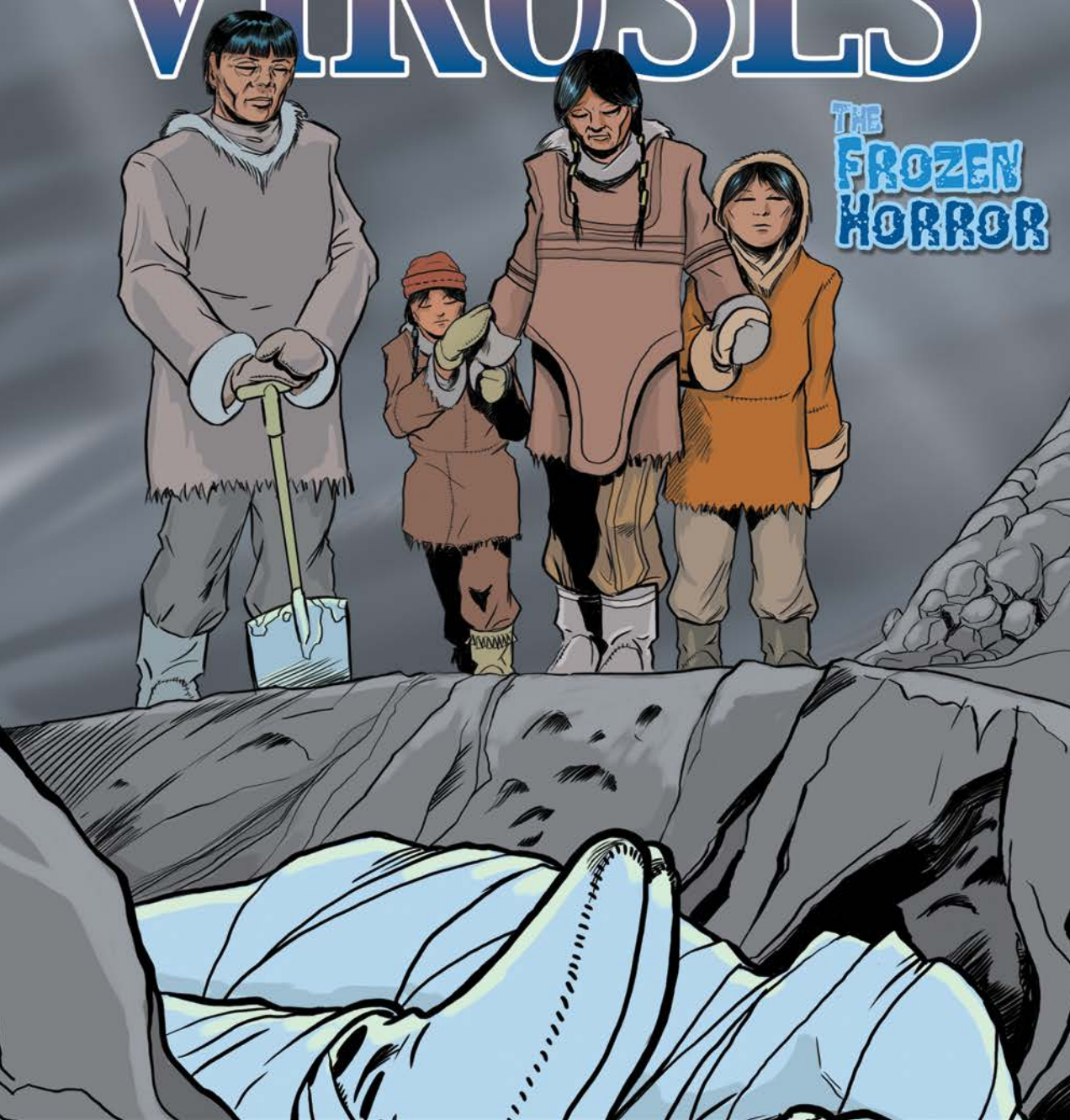


World of VIRUSES

THE
FROZEN
HORROR



World of VIRUSES



Graphic Novel

THE FROZEN HORROR

written by **MARTIN POWELL**

art and letters by **TOM FLOYD**

produced by **ANGIE FOX**

Essay

INFLUENZA: LOOKING DOWN FROM THE STARS

written by **CARL ZIMMER**

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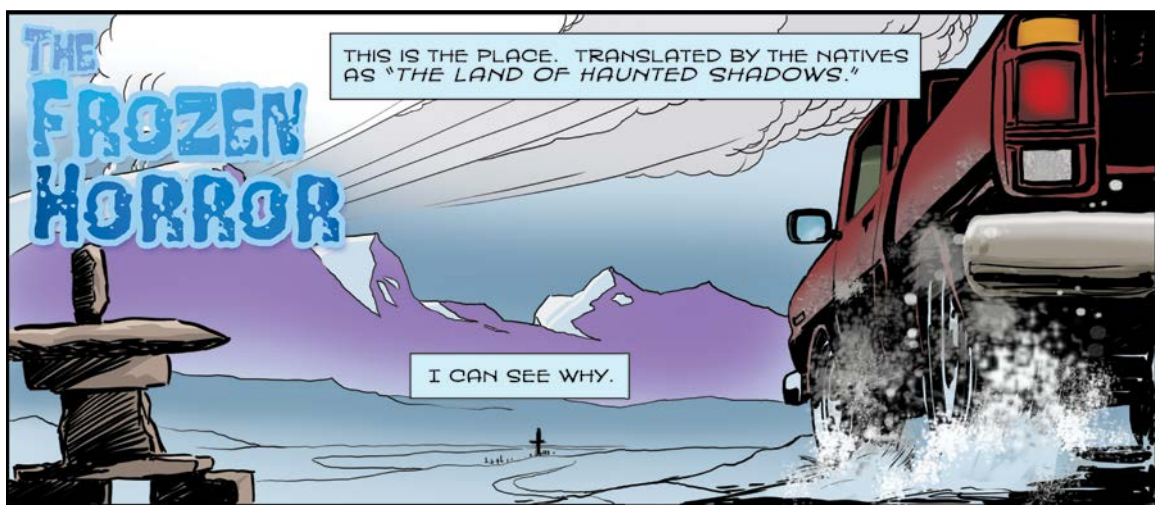
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THE FROZEN HORROR

THIS IS THE PLACE. TRANSLATED BY THE NATIVES AS "THE LAND OF HAUNTED SHADOWS."

I CAN SEE WHY.

NOT FOUND ON ANY ALASKAN MAP, THE LOCATION IS KNOWN ONLY THROUGH WORD-OF-MOUTH, PASSED DOWN THROUGH COUNTLESS GENERATIONS.

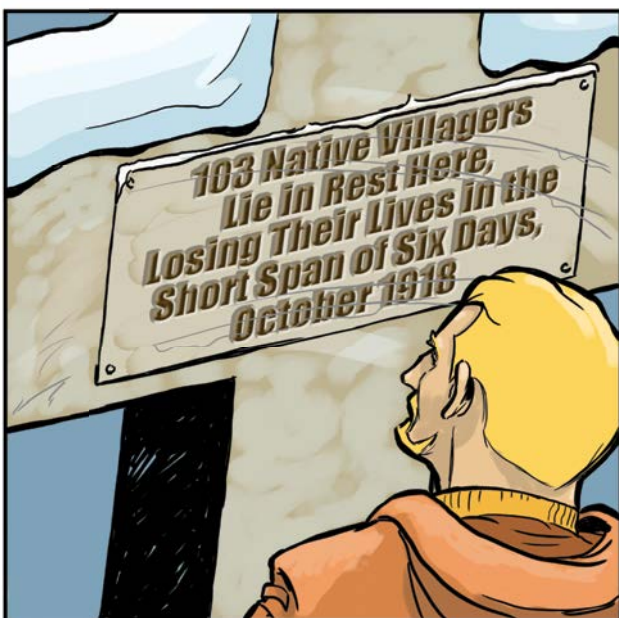
TOOK ME THE BETTER PART OF A YEAR TO LOCATE IT.

SO, THIS IS WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE.

SO QUIET AND SERENE. NO ONE WOULD EVER THINK THIS WAS ONCE THE SITE OF A MASSACRE...



...AND ONE OF THE GREATEST BIOLOGICAL MYSTERIES ON THE PLANET.

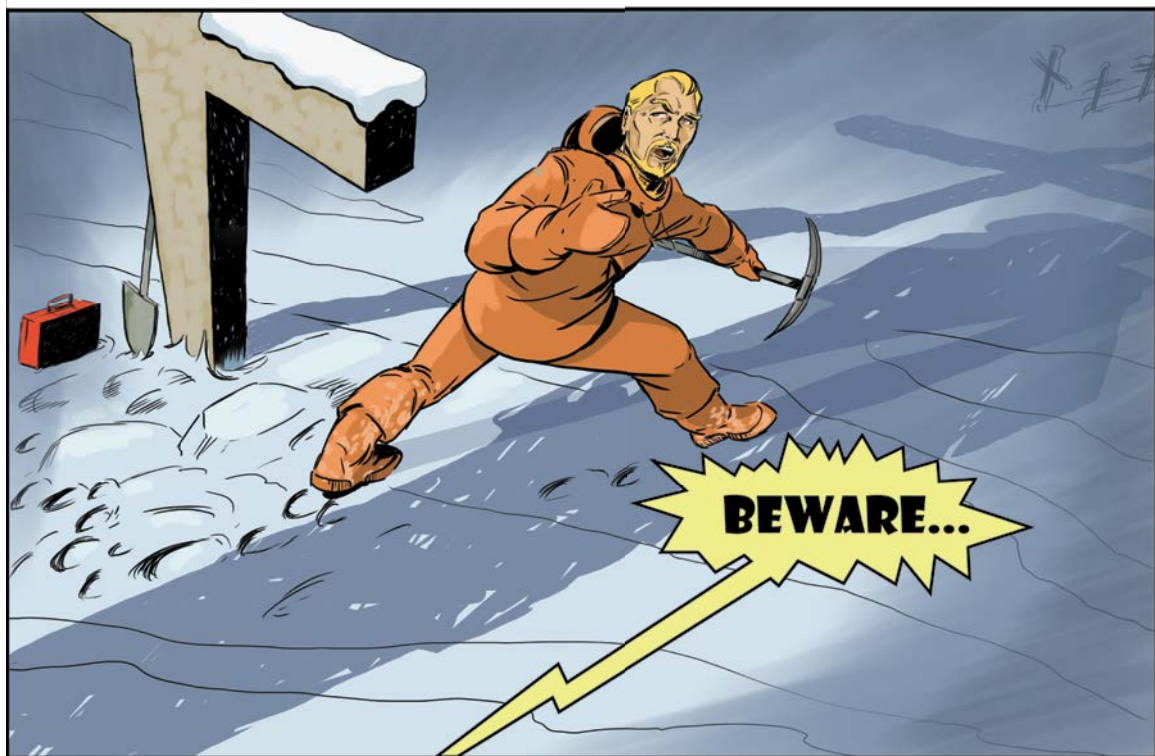


103 Native Villagers
Lie in Rest Here,
Losing Their Lives in the
Short Span of Six Days,
October 1918

UNDOUBTEDLY, THIS WAS AN *INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC*,
SIMILAR TO THE TRAGEDY AT BREVIG MISSION, ON
ALASKA'S SEWARD PENINSULA, IN 1918.



AS A PATHOLOGIST,
I'VE GOT TO BE SURE.



BEWARE...



WHY DO
YOU WAKE
THE DEAD?

YOU
STARTLED
ME!

I APOLOGIZE,
THIS MUST LOOK
VERY STRANGE TO YOU.
MY NAME IS
DR. JOSEPH ERICKSON.
I'M A SCIENTIST, SENT HERE
TO INVESTIGATE
THE PLAGUE THAT SEIZED
THIS VILLAGE NINETY
YEARS AGO.

UH, I HAVE
THE PROPER PERMITS
FOR THIS EXCAVATION.
YOU SEE, I NEED TO EXTRACT
SOME TISSUE FROM ONE OF THE
DECEASED, PRESERVED
HERE IN THE
PERMAFROST.

LATER,
IN THE LABORATORY,
WE'LL HOPEFULLY BE ABLE
TO IDENTIFY THE VIRUS AND
POSSIBLY CREATE A VACCINE
AGAINST THE EVENT OF
A FUTURE OUTBREAK—



YOU
SHOULD
LEAVE. NOW.
THIS VERY
MOMENT.

THERE IS STILL
DEADLY DANGER
HERE.



I...
I'M AFRAID
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

YOU
SHOULD BE
AFRAID.

MY NAME
IS HINSHLAI.
THE PLACE WHERE
WE ARE STANDING
WAS ONCE THE
HOME OF THE
GREAT DYING.

I AM
HERE TO TELL
YOU THE
TALE.

NINETY YEARS AGO THIS WAS A
NORMAL, HAPPY FISHING VILLAGE.

ONE WHO LIVED THERE WAS A
LITTLE CHILD, FIVE YEARS OLD.



ONE BRIGHT BUSY DAY,
AS THE OTHERS HURRIED
ABOUT WITH THEIR
BASKETS AND NETS,
SHE WANDERED OFF
IN HER LONELINESS...

...AND SHE FIRST
ENCOUNTERED
THE CREATURE.

NEVER HAD THE GIRL
BEHELD ANYTHING LIKE IT.

HELLO.
WHAT KIND OF
THING ARE YOU?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO
COME HOME
WITH ME?

IT WAS A FRIENDLY, AFFECTIONATE LITTLE BEING AND DID NOT PROTEST WHEN THE CHILD CARRIED IT AWAY BACK TO THE VILLAGE.



AT FIRST SIGHT, EVERYONE WAS QUITE FOND OF THE CREATURE, BUT THEN THE **STRANGENESS** STARTED.



JUST LOOK AT THIS BRIGHT-EYED LITTLE PIG! HE LOOKS AS THOUGH HE CAN UNDERSTAND EVERY WORD WE SAY.



BUT IT **WASN'T** A GOOSE, OR A PIG, THAT THE GIRL HAD BROUGHT INTO HER VILLAGE.



SOMEHOW THE CREATURE HAD **TRICKED** EVERYONE, MAKING THEM SEE WHATEVER IT WISHED. ONLY THE CHILD KNEW SOMETHING OF THE TERRIBLE TRUTH...



...THAT THE BEAST WAS NOT WHAT IT APPEARED TO BE.

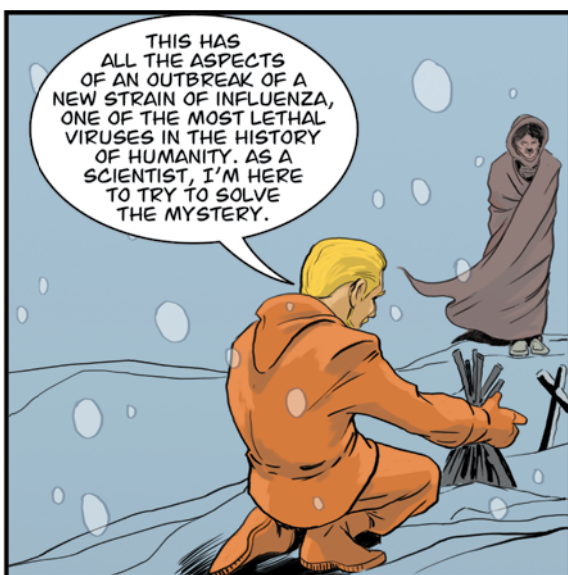


AT THE END OF SIX SHORT DAYS, THE ENTIRE VILLAGE WAS A **GRAVEYARD**.

ONLY THE GIRL, HER OLDER SISTER,
AND THEIR GRANDPARENTS REMAINED.

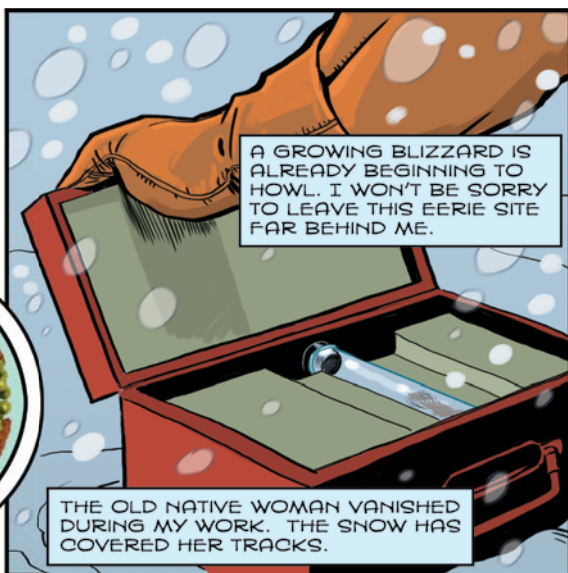


THE CREATURE, AND ITS POISONOUS
PLAGUE HAD VANISHED, LEAVING
FOREVER A HOLLOW ACHE IN THE
HEARTS OF THE FEW SURVIVORS.





IT WAS A STRENUOUS JOB,
BUT I'VE FINALLY OBTAINED
THE PRECIOUS TISSUE SAMPLES.



A GROWING BLIZZARD IS
ALREADY BEGINNING TO
HOWL. I WON'T BE SORRY
TO LEAVE THIS EERIE SITE
FAR BEHIND ME.

THE OLD NATIVE WOMAN
VANISHED
DURING MY WORK. THE SNOW
HAS COVERED HER TRACKS.



IT'S ALMOST AS IF SHE
WAS NEVER HERE AT ALL.

SQUAWK

OH—!
WELL, HELLO THERE.
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
I'M SURE YOU WEREN'T
THERE A MINUTE
AGO.



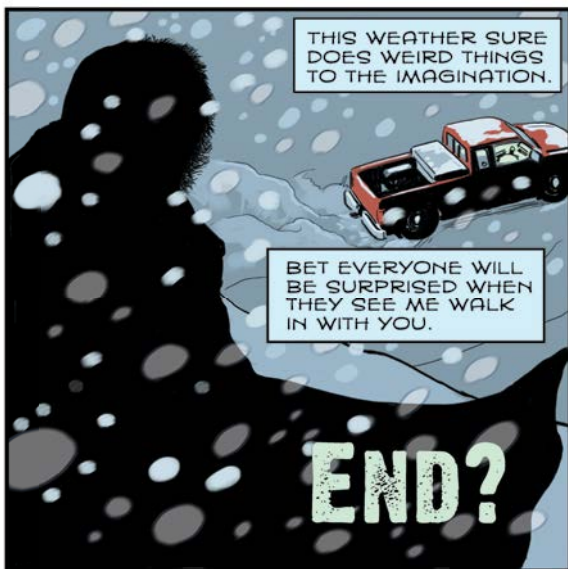
HMM, YOU'RE HURT.
LOOKS LIKE A BROKEN WING.
YOU'D NEVER SURVIVE
OUT IN THIS STORM.



SO, I'LL
TAKE YOU
WITH ME.

WE HAVE A
VETERINARIAN
AT THE BASE.
SHE'LL FIX YOU UP,
GOOD AS NEW.

STRANGE,
THOUGH. FOR A MOMENT,
THERE IN THE SNOW, I
COULD HAVE SWORN THAT
YOU WERE A BABY PIG!
HOW COULD I MAKE
SUCH A
MISTAKE?



THIS WEATHER SURE
DOES WEIRD THINGS
TO THE IMAGINATION.

BET EVERYONE WILL
BE SURPRISED WHEN
THEY SEE ME WALK
IN WITH YOU.

END?