



MANKIND

THE BOOK OF SRI

BOOK THREE OF SIX BY TYLER GIBB

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BY TYLER GIBB

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DEPENDING ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT,
THE LIBERATION EITHER MADE
THE WORLD MORE COMPLICATED...



...OR MUCH MORE SIMPLE.



GOOD ARRA,
BUT JUMP WITH HER!
LEAN IN AND STAND UP.
BALL HEEL!



THINGS WERE MORE
BLACK AND WHITE.

THERE WERE WOMEN AND THERE WERE THE MEN.
THERE WAS LIFE AND THERE WAS DEATH.

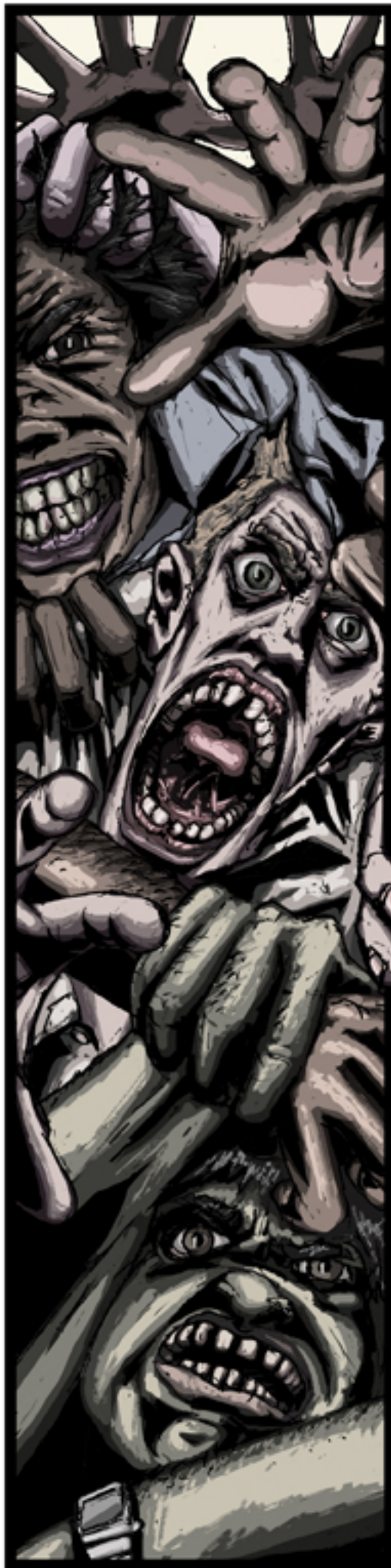
BETTER!
GOOD!



THERE WAS SRI
AND THERE WAS
THE REST OF US.



SHOW OFF!

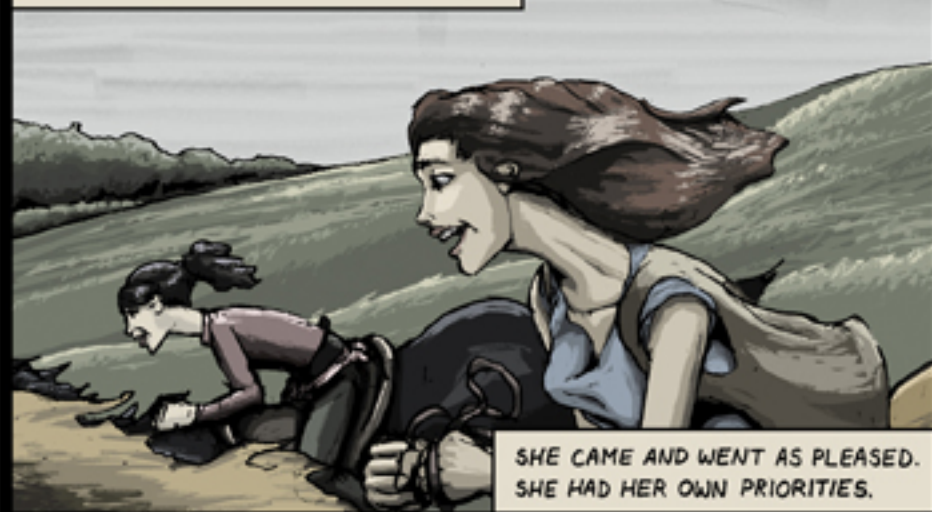


I DID MY BEST TO PIECE TOGETHER WHO SRI WAS AND WHERE SHE CAME FROM BUT THE TRUTH IS, I'M NOT SURE HOW MUCH OF IT I GOT RIGHT.



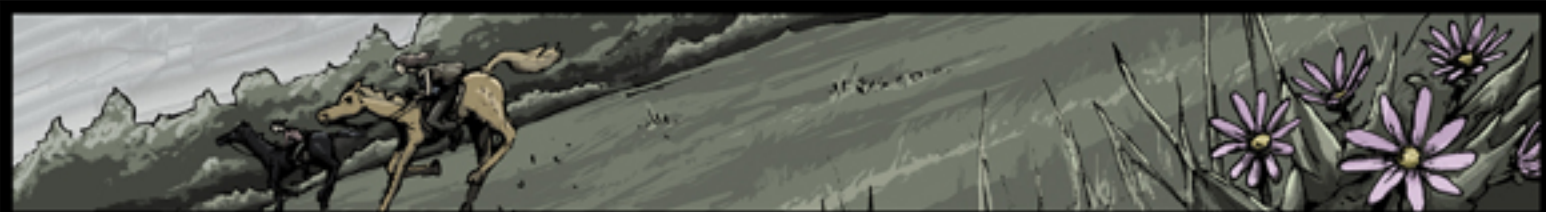


SHE WASN'T LIKE ANY FRIEND I EVER HAD.



SHE CAME AND WENT AS PLEASED.
SHE HAD HER OWN PRIORITIES.

HER OWN PURPOSE.

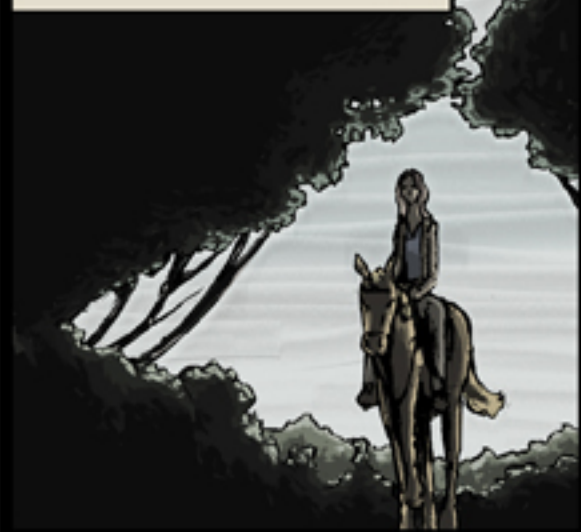


SHE HANDLED BLADES LIKE SHE
WAS BORN WITH ONE IN HER HAND.



私は戻って
くるわ。

...AND SHE LOVED THE HORSES.



SRI?









IT LOOKS LIKE SEPSIS. ONE OF HER ARMS HAS BEEN CHEWED UP PRETTY BADLY.



DO YOU THINK SHE'LL SURVIVE, ELOISE?

I CAN TREAT HER WITH ANTIBIOTICS AND CLEAN UP THE WOUNDS, BUT WITHOUT A TRANSFUSION, THE PROPER FACILITIES... PROBABLY NOT.



THAT MAKES IT EASIER THEN.

EASIER?

EASIER TO GET RID OF HER SONS WHEN SHE DIES.

I CAN MAKE IT EVEN EASIER THAN THAT IF YOU WANT. DEAD SIMPLE.


BIANCA, PLEASE.




GET RID OF THEM? THOSE ARE THE FIRST TWO MEN ANY OF US HAVE SEEN IN MONTHS THAT HAVE NO SIGNS OF THE PATHOGEN. IT MEANS THEY COULD HAVE A UNIQUE, CONGENITAL IMMUNITY TO THE VIRUS. IF WE CAN ISOLATE THE ANTIBODY WE COULD...



WE COULD CREATE A VACCINE.



IF IT'S HEREDITARY
CAN'T YOU GET
WHAT YOU NEED
FROM THE MOTHER?




NOT IF
ONLY MALES PRODUCE
THE ANTIBODIES.
IS THIS EVEN OPEN FOR DEBATE?
I'M TALKING ABOUT
A VACCINE THAT COULD
PUT AN END TO THIS
PLAGUE!




IN THEORY.




THEY'RE IMMUNE, NANCY!



AND YOU REALLY
THINK YOU CAN DO
SOMETHING WITH THAT. MAKE
A VACCINE AND WHAT? SAVE
ALL THOSE CANNIBAL-RAPISTS
RUNNING AROUND OUT THERE.
IS THAT IT?




I WAS
THINKING ABOUT
THE CHILDREN!



OF
COURSE YOU
WERE...

GIRLS, ENOUGH.



NANCY, I UNDERSTAND
YOUR CONCERN. AND ELOISE,
NANCY'S ONLY LOOKING
OUT FOR ALL OF US. WE WILL
HAVE TO WEIGH OUR HOPES
AGAINST OUR FEARS.

DANI LET THE BROTHERS STAY.



BUT NANCY KEPT THEM LOCKED UP.



NOT A LOT OF CHILDREN SURVIVED THE FIRST WEEK.



THAT'S WHY WE KEPT PICKING THEM UP. TO PROTECT THEM. ARE THERE ANY OTHER KIDS HERE?

NOT UNTIL NOW. MOST OF THE WOMEN HERE ARRIVED ON THEIR OWN.



JUST RUNNING LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE. DANI TOOK THEM IN. VIRGINIA AND I WORKED HERE BEFORE... BEFORE THE INFECTION.

IT'S A GOOD PLACE. WHAT I'VE SEEN OF IT. HEH.

THAT'S RIGHT. ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE, PLEASE.



WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

A STALLION STATION. THAT'S WHAT THIS PLACE IS, ISN'T IT?



IT'S WHERE THEY GET THE MALE HORSES TO FWIT! FWIT! FWIT! -- INTO A CUP FOR THE LADY HORSES.

AIN'T THAT RIGHT, DOCTOR?



THAT'S RIGHT.



HEAR THAT, JARE? IT'S BLOOD TODAY BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY'LL BE BACK FOR TOMORROW...

OW!



THE BROTHERS WERE COOPERATIVE
AND EVENTUALLY NANCY EASED UP.

THE DOCTOR,
ELOISE, SAID
SHE'S HOLDING ON.
BUT IT DOESN'T
LOOK GOOD.

I'M SORRY.

I'M JUST THANKFUL SHE GOT TO SEE
THE CHILDREN FIND SOME SAFETY.
THAT'S ALL SHE WANTED. WE'RE
LUCKY WE FOUND THIS PLACE.

I LIKED JAREK RIGHT AWAY.

ME TOO.
'CEPT I SORT OF FEEL
LIKE I JUST WALKED
INTO THE WRONG
LOCKER ROOM.

WE'RE ALL LUCKY
WE FOUND THIS PLACE.
I GUESS. I'M GLAD
THEY LET YOU STAY.

NOT EVERYBODY FELT THE SAME WAY.



THEY'LL
COME
AROUND.

YOU THINK SO?

WHAT
ABOUT
HER?

HEH...
YEAH, HER
TOO.



I DON'T KNOW, SHE HASN'T
SAID A WORD TO ME SINCE
WE GOT HERE.

SHE DOESN'T
SPEAK ENGLISH. HER
NAME'S SRI. SHE'S KIND
OF MY BEST FRIEND
NOW.

HOW DO YOU TALK
TO EACH OTHER?



WE FIGURE THINGS OUT. I THINK HER
FATHER WAS A STUNTMAN: LIKE ONE OF
THOSE FIGHT CHOREOGRAPHERS
FOR MOVIES.

YONKA AND NANCY FOUND HER
LIMPING THROUGH THE STREET IN A
SCHOOLGIRL UNIFORM AND EVERY
INFECTED MAN IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD
WAS HEADING RIGHT TOWARD HER.



BY THE TIME
YONKA GOT OUT THERE,
SRI HAD ALREADY CUT THE ACT,
PULLED OUT HER SWORD
AND CUT THEM TO PIECES.

SHE WAS HUNTING THEM.



JESUS...



I THINK THE SCHOOLGIRL OUTFIT WAS JUST TO SCREW WITH THEM.

HANNAH DIED THE NEXT DAY.
IT WAS HARD ON JAREK... BUT
BLAINE TOOK IT MUCH WORSE.



THE NEXT LITTLE BIT IS HARD FOR ME.

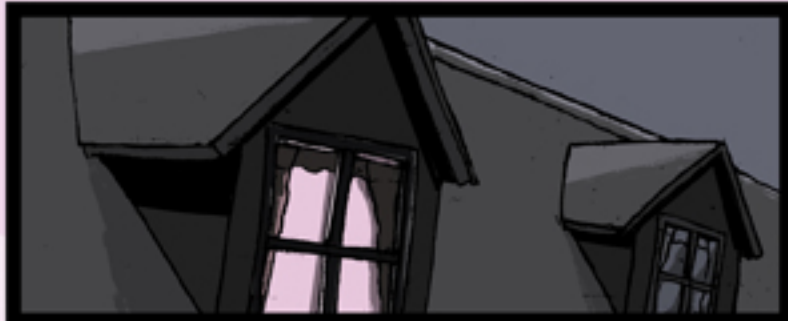
I WAS IN THE STABLE
THE NIGHT IT ALL HAPPENED.

DID YOU
HAVE A GOOD DAY?
I THINK YOU DID! YOU'RE
GOING TO SLEEP TONIGHT.
YES YOU ARE...



THAT'S WHERE BLAINE FOUND ME.





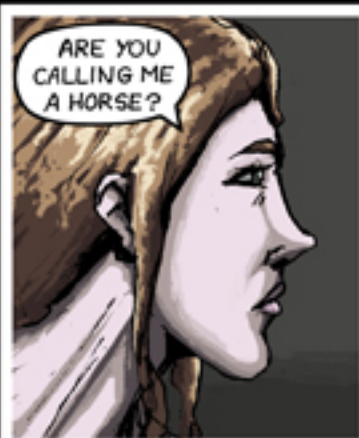
THE OTHERS WERE AROUND BUT
NONE WERE CLOSE ENOUGH...

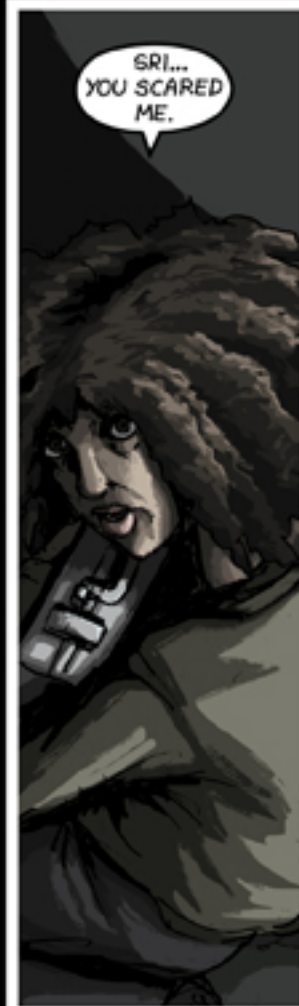
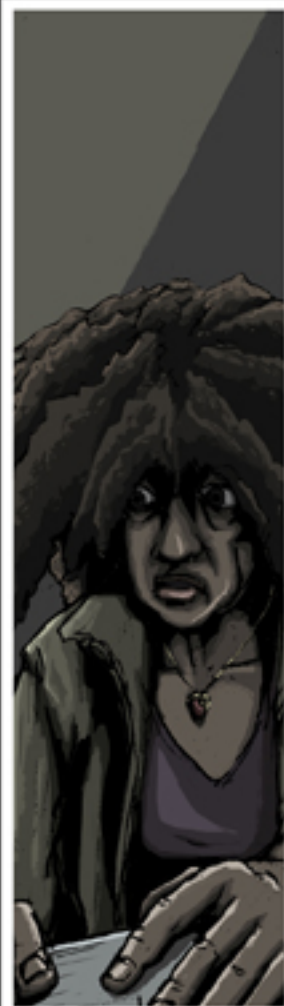


YEAH, IT LOOKS GOOD
LOOKS REAL GOOD.



WAIT
TIL YOU SEE
WHAT ELSE I
BROUGHT BACK
FOR YOU...







BY THE TIME SRI ARRIVED,
JAREK HAD ALREADY
FOUND ME...



... FOUND BLAINE...

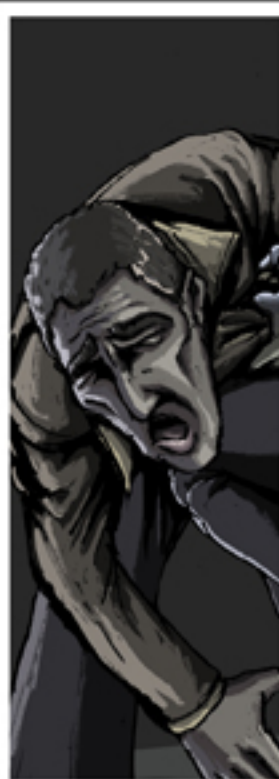


...SEEN WHAT HE'D
DONE TO ME.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING!

JAREK MAY HAVE PULLED BLAINE
OFF OF ME, BUT IT'S NOTHING
COMPARED TO WHAT SRI DID TO HIM.

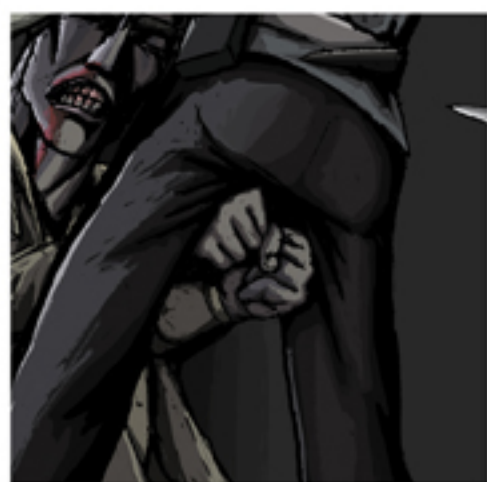


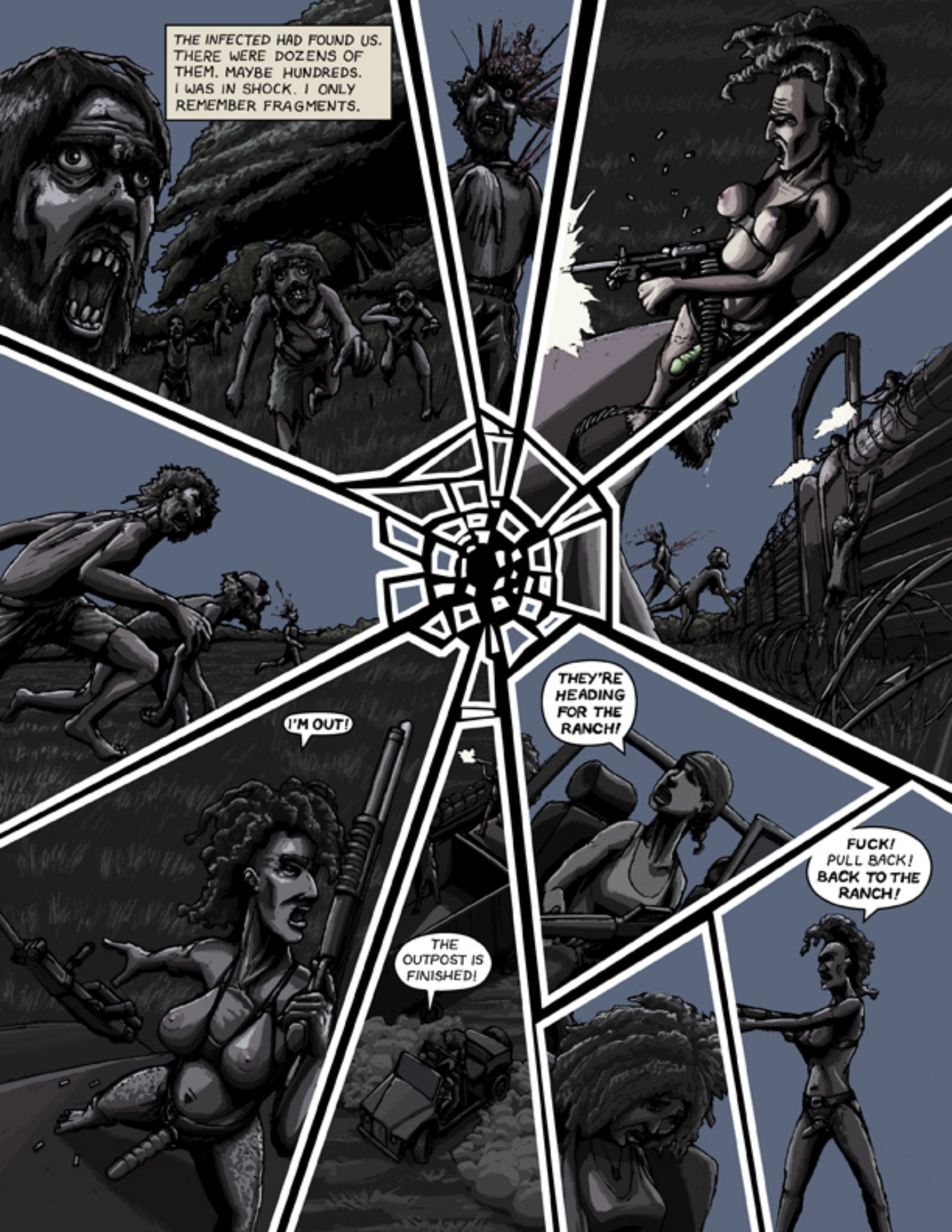
WE DIDN'T
KNOW IT YET...



BUT BY THEN WE
ALL HAD BIGGER
PROBLEMS COMING
OUR WAY. MUCH
BIGGER.







THE INFECTED HAD FOUND US.
THERE WERE DOZENS OF
THEM. MAYBE HUNDREDS.
I WAS IN SHOCK. I ONLY
REMEMBER FRAGMENTS.

THEY'RE
HEADING
FOR THE
RANCH!

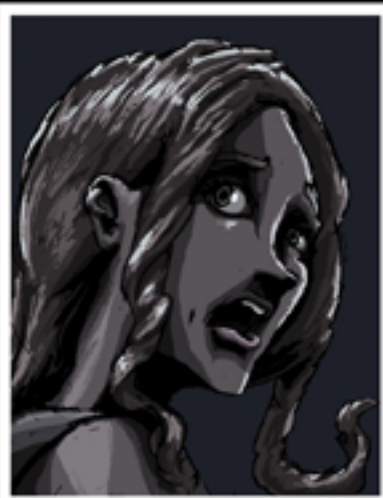
FUCK!
PULL BACK!
BACK TO THE
RANCH!

THE
OUTPOST IS
FINISHED!

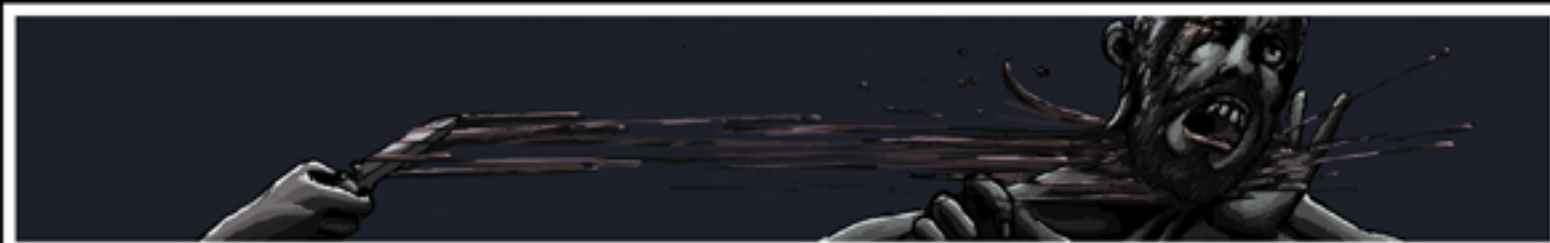
I'M OUT!







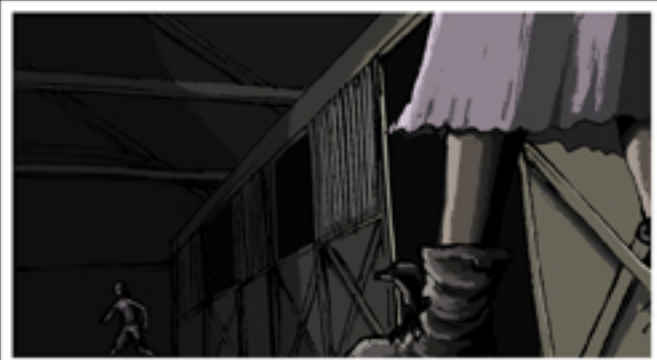
SHE GOT THE CHILDREN TO SAFETY.

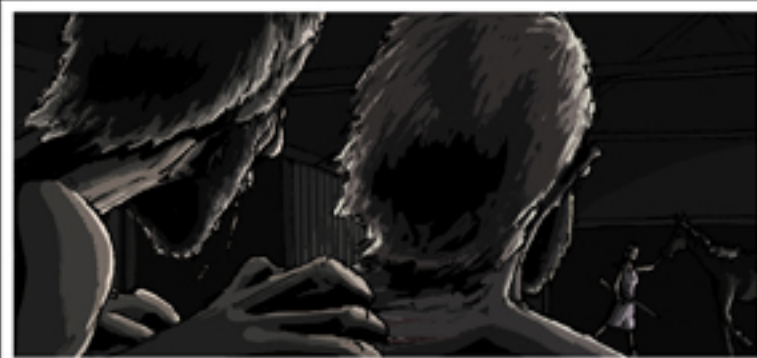


SHE SAVED AS MANY OF US AS SHE COULD.

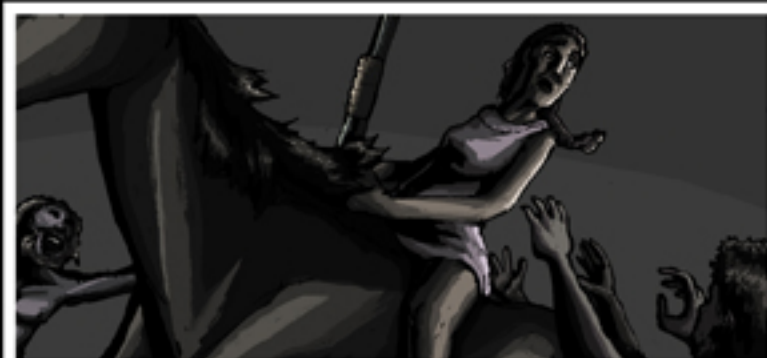
IT WAS PANDEMONIUM.
EVERY WOMAN FOR HERSELF.

C'MON
NOW!





THERE WERE SO MANY OF THEM.



WE LOST EVERYTHING.



ALL WE COULD DO WAS RUN.



C'MON!



IS THAT EVERYBODY?



YES!
GET IN!



I DIDN'T KNOW THAT
WE'D LEFT HER BEHIND.



SHE WASN'T
LIKE ANY FRIEND
I EVER HAD.



SHE HAD HER OWN PRIORITIES.
HER OWN PURPOSE.



SHE HANDLED BLADES
LIKE SHE WAS BORN
WITH ONE IN HER HAND.



....AND SHE LOVED THE HORSES.

WANKIND



Thanks for reading this, the third book of *Mankind*! That was fun. Things are really starting to pick up, aren't they?

I love making these books. I really do. It combines my two favourite things; spending sick amounts of time fussing over tiny details and chicks in strap-ons mowing down cannibals with machine guns. But here's the thing: Fun as it is, this graphic novelization of *Mankind* is really just a nights and weekends project for me. No mandate, no schedule and no actual commitment.

That said, I would love for it to be more than that.

But for that to happen, I need to know that what I'm doing with this story has an audience. That you're actually out there reading this. See, I don't advertise. And I don't take polls. But in terms of choosing what to pursue as a storyteller, I go where the people are. I have many projects and I pursue the ones that pursue me. So it's time to man up.

This isn't a ransom letter, it's an aligning of priorities. If you want more *Mankind* you need to let me know. Join the mailing list at mankind@tylergibb.com. And, more important, let others know too. Share this book. Tweet it. Like it. Blog about it and post it to your local comic book forum. If the virus is strong enough, it will spread and I will get the message and put the fourth book of *Mankind*, *The Book of Jinny*, onto the drawing board.

For your consideration, on the following page, I have included what will be the cover art for *The Book of Jinny* if enough fans tell me to keep at it. Til then, my infected!

- Tyler
mankind@tylergibb.com



MAN KIND

THE BOOK OF JINNY



COVER ART PREVIEW