

XERO SUM  
STUDIO

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

BLOOD  
MOON  
COMICS

Proudly Presents

Marvin  
CALHOUN

Carly  
MCINTYRE

Victor  
WILLIAMS

David  
BATTERSBY

Morgan  
LIEU

# CHASED

A DISTEMPER PRODUCTION

THAT NOISE IS COMING YOUR WAY

XERO SUM STUDIO PROUDLY PRESENTS A XERO SUM GAMES PRODUCTION

STARRING MARVIN CALHOUN CARLY MCINTYRE VICTOR WILLIAMS

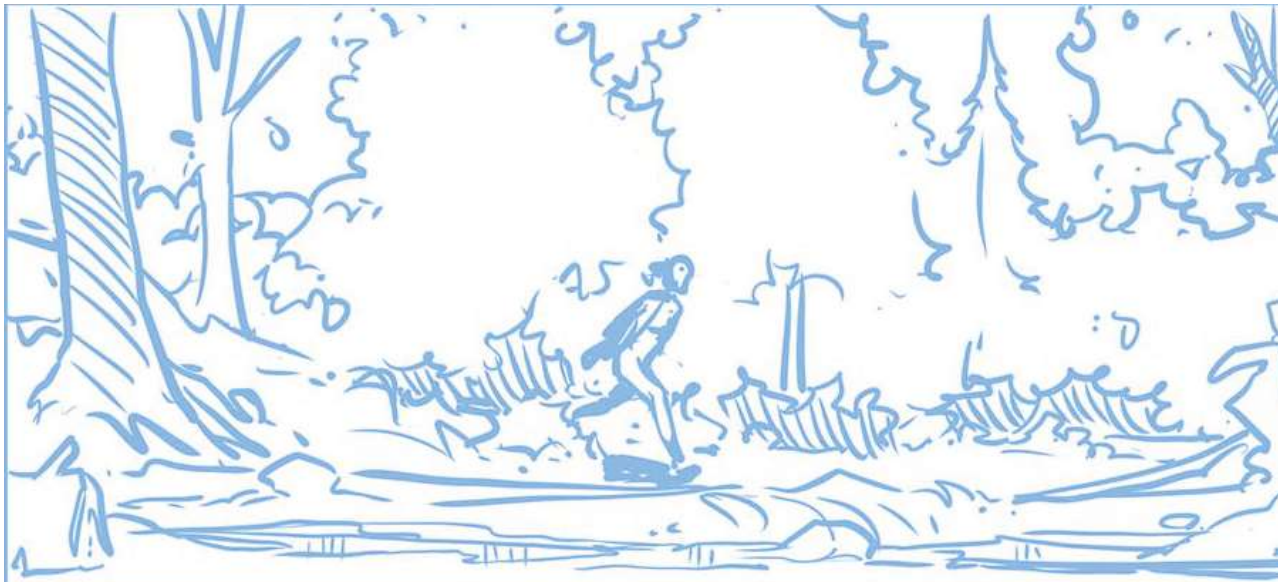
DAVID BATTERSBY MORGAN LIEU INTRODUCING MADDY BELL RAY CONNOR  
LUKE CONNOR JUNIOR CONNOR DONNIE MCHENRY AND SILAS MCHENRY

WRITTEN BY TONY BUSHELL ARTWORK BY NENAD CVITICANIN

PRODUCED BY XERO SUM STUDIO



ISSUE #1  
\$4.99



**XERO SUM STUDIO**

PRESENTS

**DISTEMPER  
CHASED**

ISSUE #1

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**TONY BUSHELL**

TO HELP TELL THE STORY, VISIT [WWW.DISTEMPERVERSE.COM](http://WWW.DISTEMPERVERSE.COM)

THE DISTEMPERVERSE CREATED BY TONY BUSHELL



The Dog Flu came out of no where and eviscerated humanity in a matter of months.

With almost 90% of mankind wiped out, polite society exited the building and took all the old rules with it.

Now, a year on since the first death and anyone left alive has had to do bad things to make it this far.

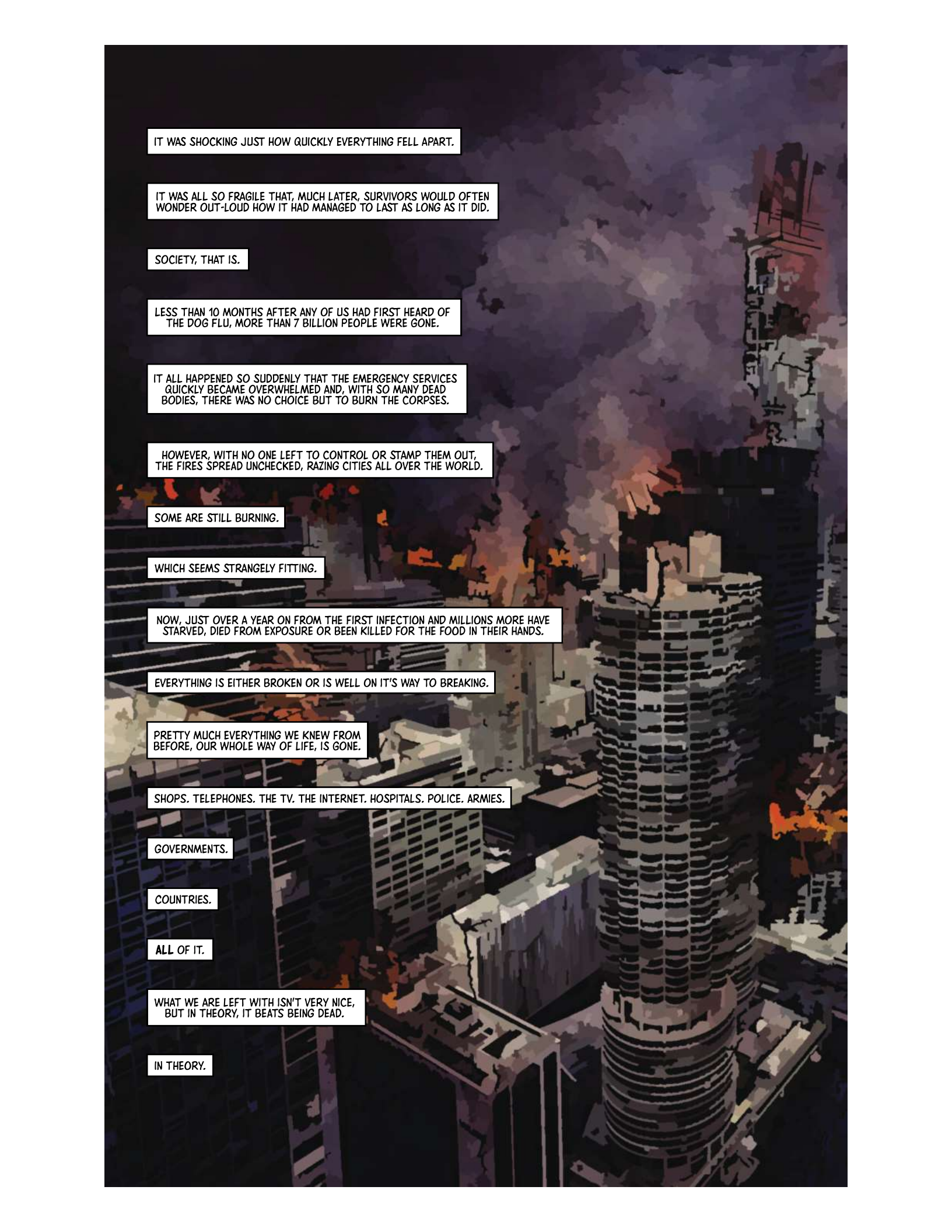
Survivors have learned - many the hard way - that there are always consequences for doing something good in a bad world.

However, a group who are trying to put as much distance as possible between themselves and a catastrophic event in their recent past, are about to be starkly reminded of that fact.

**THANKS**

Thanks to Michele, Ellie and Jack (who gave me the space to get this song out of my head) and Matt Rowe, for being a constant co-conspirator.





IT WAS SHOCKING JUST HOW QUICKLY EVERYTHING FELL APART.

IT WAS ALL SO FRAGILE THAT, MUCH LATER, SURVIVORS WOULD OFTEN WONDER OUT-LOUD HOW IT HAD MANAGED TO LAST AS LONG AS IT DID.

SOCIETY, THAT IS.

LESS THAN 10 MONTHS AFTER ANY OF US HAD FIRST HEARD OF THE DOG FLU, MORE THAN 7 BILLION PEOPLE WERE GONE.

IT ALL HAPPENED SO SUDDENLY THAT THE EMERGENCY SERVICES QUICKLY BECAME OVERWHELMED AND, WITH SO MANY DEAD BODIES, THERE WAS NO CHOICE BUT TO BURN THE CORPSES.

HOWEVER, WITH NO ONE LEFT TO CONTROL OR STAMP THEM OUT, THE FIRES SPREAD UNCHECKED, RAZING CITIES ALL OVER THE WORLD.

SOME ARE STILL BURNING.

WHICH SEEMS STRANGELY FITTING.

NOW, JUST OVER A YEAR ON FROM THE FIRST INFECTION AND MILLIONS MORE HAVE STARVED, DIED FROM EXPOSURE OR BEEN KILLED FOR THE FOOD IN THEIR HANDS.

EVERYTHING IS EITHER BROKEN OR IS WELL ON IT'S WAY TO BREAKING.

PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING WE KNEW FROM BEFORE, OUR WHOLE WAY OF LIFE, IS GONE.

SHOPS. TELEPHONES. THE TV. THE INTERNET. HOSPITALS. POLICE. ARMIES.

GOVERNMENTS.

COUNTRIES.

ALL OF IT.

WHAT WE ARE LEFT WITH ISN'T VERY NICE, BUT IN THEORY, IT BEATS BEING DEAD.

IN THEORY.

NOT EVERYONE WOULD AGREE.



**CHASED: CHAPTER ONE "A FUCKING FARMHOUSE IN THE FUCKING**

DAVID IS A DEAD MAN WALKING. THE LIGHTS ARE ON BUT THERE IS DEFINITELY NO ONE HOME.

CAN'T BLAME HIM. WHAT REMAINED OF HIS LIFE JUST GOT TAKEN AWAY FROM HIM IN A FLASH OF VIOLENCE.



I CAN STILL SMELL THE FUCKING GUNPOWDER.

I THINK CARLY IS IN SHOCK, SHE HASN'T SAID A WORD IN HOURS.



WISH I COULD SAY THE SAME ABOUT MORGAN.

Can we stop for a minute? My feet are killing me and I want to check the map before we lose any more light.

And can we just admit we are fucking lost?

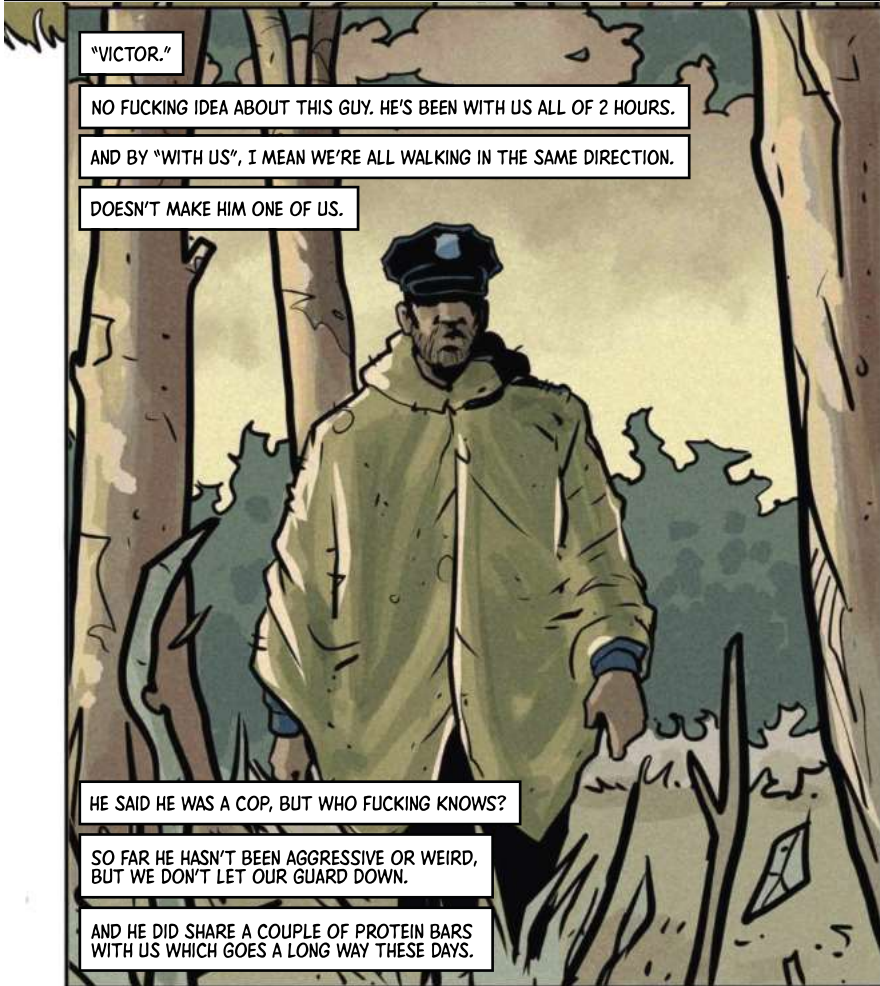


SHE'S LIKE A MASCOT, IF THE MASCOT WAS ALWAYS ANGRY AND ALWAYS COMPLAINING.



Delaware, the United States of America.  
373 days since the first recorded death.

**WOODS?" WRITTEN BY TONY BUSHELL ART BY NENAD CVTICANIN**



"VICTOR."

NO FUCKING IDEA ABOUT THIS GUY. HE'S BEEN WITH US ALL OF 2 HOURS.

AND BY "WITH US", I MEAN WE'RE ALL WALKING IN THE SAME DIRECTION.

DOESN'T MAKE HIM ONE OF US.

HE SAID HE WAS A COP, BUT WHO FUCKING KNOWS?

SO FAR HE HASN'T BEEN AGGRESSIVE OR WEIRD,  
BUT WE DON'T LET OUR GUARD DOWN.

AND HE DID SHARE A COUPLE OF PROTEIN BARS  
WITH US WHICH GOES A LONG WAY THESE DAYS.



EVEN IF THEY WERE STALE.



Here, you should drink.

I'm fine.

You won't be if you don't drink something.



- can't be any more than a mile ahead.

What can't?

Redden Forest fire-station. We won't make it to the coast tonight but we can stop there and head out at first light.

Better than sleeping under the stars in this weather.



Around the same time you appointed yourself the group bitch.

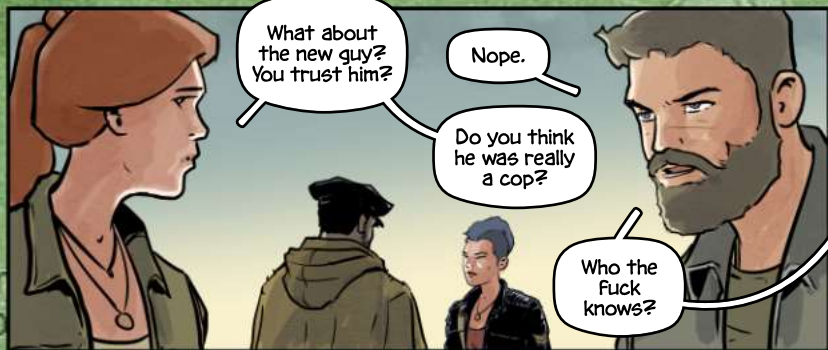


How's your uncle doing?

About as well as you'd expect.

if we can get some food inside him and some sleep, he'll be okay.

I DON'T THINK EITHER OF US BELIEVE THAT, BUT NEITHER OF US WANT TO ADMIT IT OUT LOUD.



What about the new guy? You trust him?

Nope.

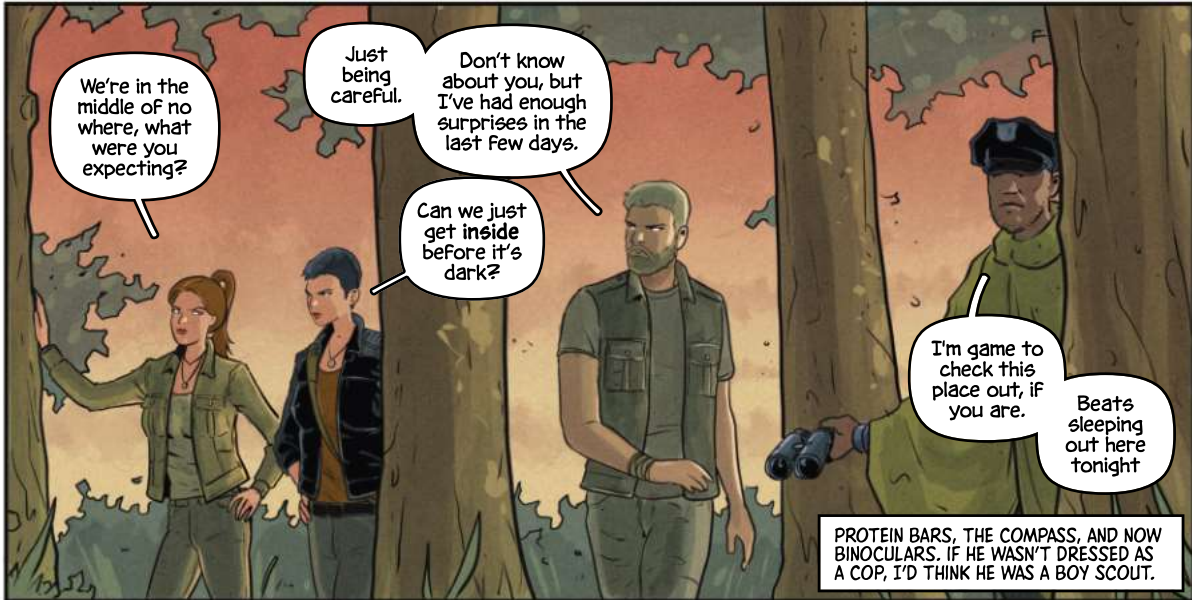
Do you think he was really a cop?

Who the fuck knows?





Looks quiet enough.



We're in the middle of no where, what were you expecting?

Just being careful.

Don't know about you, but I've had enough surprises in the last few days.

Can we just get inside before it's dark?

I'm game to check this place out, if you are.

Beats sleeping out here tonight

PROTEIN BARS, THE COMPASS, AND NOW BINOCULARS. IF HE WASN'T DRESSED AS A COP, I'D THINK HE WAS A BOY SCOUT.



PRETTY SURE NOT EVERYONE IS GOING TO BE OK BUNKING UP WITH A STRANGER TONIGHT.



You assholes coming?



WHETHER OR NOT THIS IS OUR LUCKY DAY REMAINS TO BE SEEN --

-- BUT AT LEAST THIS PLACE DOESN'T REEK OF CORPSES.

THAT'S A WIN.





All looks to be in pretty good shape. I guess this was too far off the beaten path to get looted.

Or there was nothing here worth taking.

OR, there was nothing here worth taking.



Talking of nothing, that's what we have to eat.



You armed?

I have my service pistol, but I'm out of rounds. You?

Nope

Nothing? Just those shitty looks you all been giving me?

Nothing. It's a long st-

Save it, we're losing light. I got this, too.

Cool. Let's hope we get lucky and find a slow-moving rabbit willing to be sacrificed for the cause.



That's a BIG fucking knife.

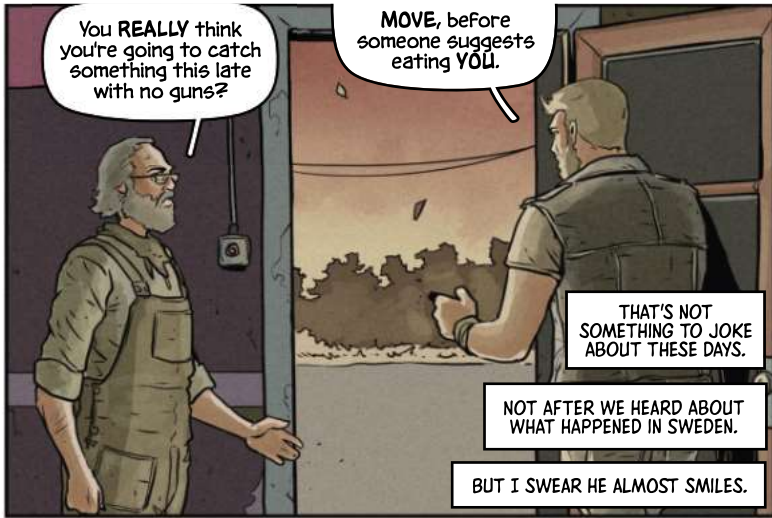
I saw it.



He's right, you know. We're not going to catch ANYTHING.

Fuck him.

And maybe you could try FORAGING instead of BITCHING?



You REALLY think you're going to catch something this late with no guns?

MOVE, before someone suggests eating YOU.

THAT'S NOT SOMETHING TO JOKE ABOUT THESE DAYS.

NOT AFTER WE HEARD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED IN SWEDEN.

BUT I SWEAR HE ALMOST SMILES.

Good old Marv. NEVER miss a chance to be a prick.

I've told you, FEATURE, not a bug.



- Feet are fucking killing me -

Hold up. Anyone else hear that?



IT'S DARK ENOUGH THAT I CAN'T TELL WHERE THE SOUND IS COMING FROM.



What is that, a DEER?

SHIT, that's not a DOG, is it?

Morgan, will you keep your voice down?

THERE'S DEFINITELY SOMETHING MOVING, BUT -



OH FUCK.

That's NOT an animal.

I REALIZE WHAT IT IS JUST AS DAVID SAYS IT.





- Jesus CHRIST -

THE HAIR LOOKS RIGHT BUT I'M PRETTY SURE THAT'S NOT HIM.

AND IF IT IS, WE MAY HAVE A BIGGER PROBLEM THAN I FIRST THOUGHT.



What do we do?

Marv, what -

Nothing, we wait and -



OF COURSE.

BAD TO WORSE.

EVERY TIME.



FUCK.



FUCK  
FUCK  
FUCK



IF WE CAN JUST  
KEEP OUR COOL -

No one do  
ANYth -



OH, GREAT.

JUST  
FUCKING  
GREAT.



The FU-



STUPID OLD MAN -

- GOING TO GET HIMSELF KILLED -



THAT'S.

JUST.

FUCKING.

GREAT.



WHAT A CLUSTER.



OK, let's settle DOWN, boys.

David, get OFF him.

And YOU stay where you are.



Fuck YOU, you dumb fucking BITCHES, you're DEAD!



- wrists -

MORGAN!

Fucking HELP me!

LINTIE her -

-ALL fucking DEAD -

I'm TRYING! LADY - you need to stop moving, let me -



SHOOT him!

KILL THAT MOTHER FUCKER!



Hey, take it EASY! Let's ALL just calm the FUCK -



FROM BAD TO WORSE TO AN EXPLOSION IN MY BALLS.



--- FFFFFFFF FFFF ---



HEY! PIG FUCKER!



YOU *BETTER* PUT THAT FUCKING GUN DOWN, YOU *DUMB* FUCKING *WHO* -



**BOOM**



FROM BAD TO WORSE, TO DEAD ASSHOLE.



- Fuh Ruh Fuh -



I'm Maddy.

This **ASSHOLE** and his brothers have my kids.

We were out looking for Food this morning when they grabbed us. They killed one of us, Carter, right away, like they were **WARNING** the rest of us.

My boys are still back in their house. I'm going back for them but I **NEED** your help.

I know you all don't know me but I **NEED** your help to get my kids back.

**PLEASE.**

I'm **Fucking BEGGING** you.

**PLEASE.**







How much further is it to this house?

I don't know, I got out of there and I couldn't even think straight, I just kept running. I have never been **THAT** fucking scared in my life.

But you're **SURE** this is the right way?

I don't know **For sure**, for sure, but I think so.



Wait - so you don't **REALLY** know where we're going?

No. Didn't I just fucking **SAY** that?

Great.



What were you thinking, you old fool? He could have **KILLED** you. Where would that leave me? Carly? The rest of us?

You'd get by.

Hey, I know the last couple of days have been rough but if you want to -

**I DON'T.** I just want to help this woman get her kids back.



There.

That's it.



That's where my boys are.





Everyone stay EXACTLY where you are and NO ONE fuckin' MOVE.

And drop that fuckin' GUN, bitch.



Calm down, BOY.



The FUCK are you calling BOY, old man? I'm PLENTY calm.

You sure? You look SCARED, boy.



The FUCK are you talking to, you old Fo-



**BOOM**





Guessing this is another of them?

I think so.



You **THINK** so? So you weren't completely sure when you **SHOT** him?

**WHAT'S** your fucking **PROBLEM?** I don't know these **ASSHOLES!** They kidnapped me and stuck a **BAG** over my head and dragged me to their fucking **FARM.**



What do you want me to say? I **THINK** he's one of the assholes who took me, but I can't be sure, the fucking **BAG** went on my **HEAD** too quick.

Your old man just beat this one's face to a pulp but **YOU'RE** pissed I can't ID him?

And if you didn't notice he was pointing a fucking **GUN** at us, what did you **THINK** he was going to do?



**EVERYONE** take a breath and just shut the **FUCK** up.

We have **NO** idea if there are any more of these assholes about to jump out of the woods or if they heard that shot at the Farmhouse.



David, give me the shotgun.

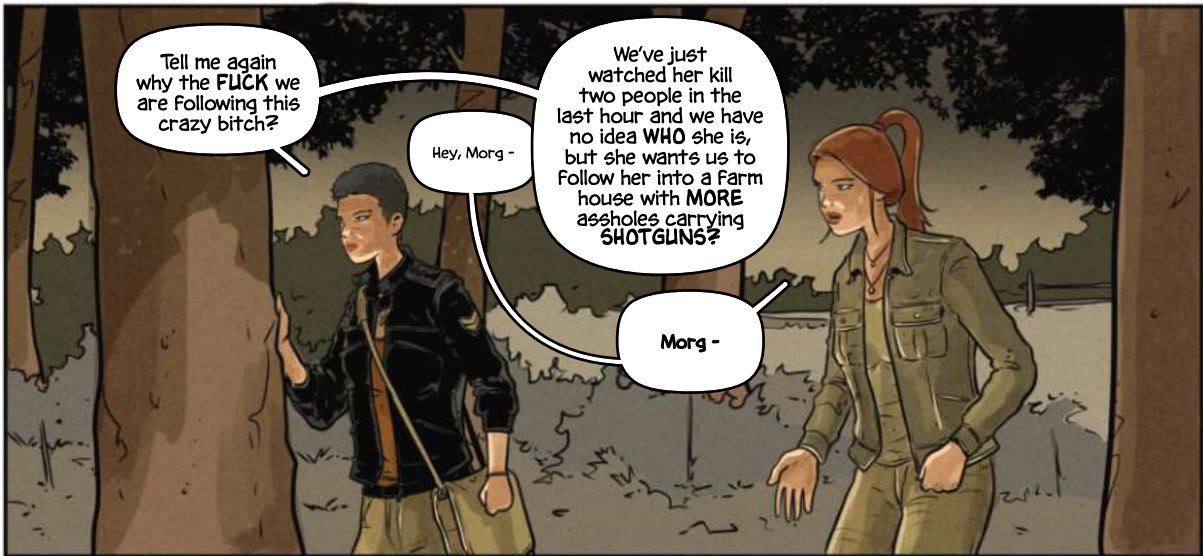
Like she said.

**No FUCKING** way.



Glad that's sorted.

Let's go.



Tell me again why the **FUCK** we are following this crazy bitch?

Hey, Morg -

We've just watched her kill two people in the last hour and we have no idea **WHO** she is, but she wants us to follow her into a Farm house with **MORE** assholes carrying **SHOTGUNS?**

Morg -



I dunno. Your uncle seems pretty bought in.

**MORG -**

I mean, **THAT** alone should probably tell us that it's a bad idea, but -



**MORGAN**, you need to shut the **FUCK** up, you're going to get us **KILLED**.

Right?



You two need to **SHUT** the **FUCK** up before you get us killed.



Wait, so now **I'M** the bad guy?

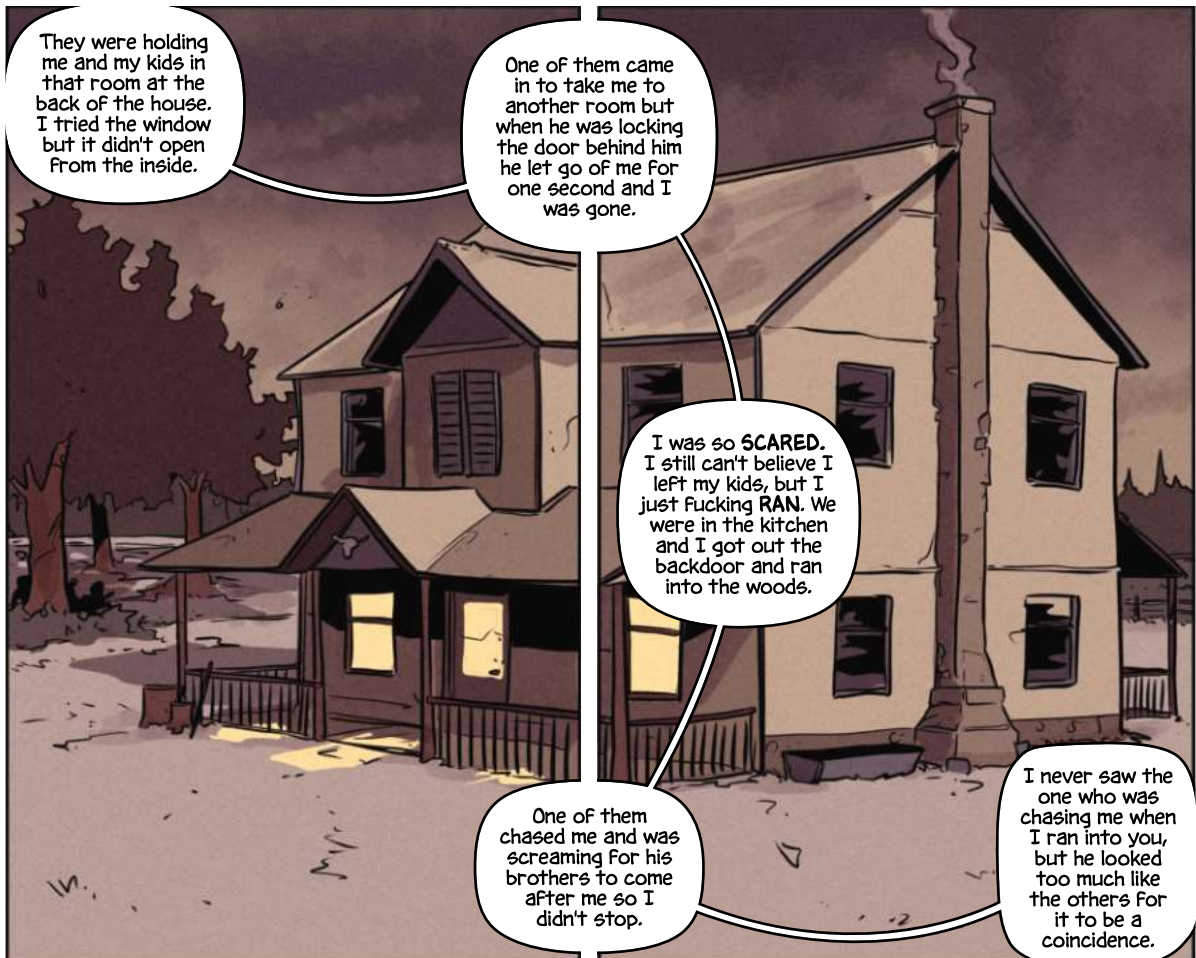


What can you tell us about the layout or who is inside?

Not much.



We are SO fucking lucky to have you with us.



They were holding me and my kids in that room at the back of the house. I tried the window but it didn't open from the inside.

One of them came in to take me to another room but when he was locking the door behind him he let go of me for one second and I was gone.

I was so SCARED. I still can't believe I left my kids, but I just fucking RAN. We were in the kitchen and I got out the backdoor and ran into the woods.

One of them chased me and was screaming for his brothers to come after me so I didn't stop.

I never saw the one who was chasing me when I ran into you, but he looked too much like the others for it to be a coincidence.



I see movement inside, I'm guessing those are the other assholes?

Maybe. I can't see much from here.



So, you saying you want to get closer?

...

Yeah, me either.



OK, listen up. Old man, you -

David.

OK, DAVID - you take the other two and work your way to the front of the house.

Give it a few minutes and then create some kind of distraction.

Marv, take this, you're with me.



What kind of distraction did you have in mind? Politely knock at the front door?

Whatever you think works, man.

Nothing TOO loud, though. Maybe throw stones at a window or onto the roof or some shit.

Just pull them away from the kitchen for a few minutes, so we can get in and out with her kids.



...quiet as a motherfucking MOUSE...





THE CLOSER WE GET, THE MORE MY HEART IS POUNDING. IT FEELS LIKE THE ONLY REASON THESE TWO CAN'T HEAR IT IS ALL THE BITCHING THEY ARE DOING ABOUT MAKING DINNER.

MILLIONS HAVE STARVED AND THESE CLOWNS ARE ARGUING ABOUT WHO HAS TO PREPARE THE FOOD.



IF KIDNAPPING WOMEN AND CHILDREN WASN'T REASON ENOUGH, I WOULD BE TEMPTED TO KILL THEM FOR THIS ALONE.



IF I HAD ANY DOUBTS ABOUT MADDY, THE WAY SHE IS SHAKING CLEARS THINGS UP FOR ME.

IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S TAKING HER ALL SHE'S GOT TO JUST NOT RUN AWAY AGAIN.



What's taking the old man so long?

You just said it, he's an old man, it takes him forever to just fucking PISS.  
Let's give him a few more minutes and see what he does.



I WOULD BE LYING IF I SAID EVERYTHING ABOUT DAVID WASN'T MAKING ME NERVOUS RIGHT NOW.

DON'T GET US KILLED, OLD MAN.



JESUS CHRIST. FROM BAD TO WORSE, EVERY FUCKING TIME.



The fuck was THAT?



DAVID, COME ON, MAN, HURRY THE FUCK UP.

DON'T BE OLD AND USELESS.

DON'T GET US KILLED.



FROM BAD TO WORSE TO FUCKING CATASTROPHIC.



Get their attention but do it QUIETLY, eh?



Wait. I know.

I have JUST the thing.





THERE!  
THAT'S the  
room.

Let me see  
if I can -



- KICK it or  
move, you  
dumm -



- RYONE's a  
fucking critic -



We need to  
get our  
fucking  
GUNS.



We need to  
Get Fucking  
SILAS too.





Knock, knock?

Anyone home?



SILAS!  
SILAS!

SILAS! Stop playing with your fucking food and get upstairs!

We got fucking COMPANY.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# NEXT ISSUE: CHASED

## PART TWO: FIGHT OR FLIGHT, MOTHERFUCKERS

Things continue to go from bad to worse to "fighting for their lives with psychos in a farmhouse at the end of the world" when Marv, David, Carly, Morgan and Victor are inexorably pulled into an increasing cycle of violence as they help Maddy get her kids back.

They will soon be reminded that, in this cold and dangerous new world, no good deed goes unpunished.



## WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE DIFFERENT?

THIS WAS JUST THE START OF THE **DISTEMPER** STORY.

IN ADDITION TO THIS COMIC BOOK, **DISTEMPER** IS ALSO A **TABLETOP ROLEPLAYING GAME (TRPG)** WHICH PUTS YOU, AS A PLAYER, AT THE CENTER OF THE ACTION.

LAUNCHING ON KICKSTARTER IN Q3 2023, THE **DISTEMPER CORE RULEBOOK** PROVIDES ALL THE RULES, MECHANICS, TOOLS, AND BACKGROUND INFORMATION REQUIRED FOR A GROUP OF 2-6 PLAYERS TO RECREATE THE EVENTS SHOWN IN THIS ISSUE, OR TO TELL THEIR OWN UNIQUE STORIES SET AGAINST THE BACKDROP OF EVENTS IN THE COMIC.

TO TRY OUT THE **DISTEMPER TRPG**, THERE IS A **JUMPSTART** AVAILABLE ("EMPTY") THAT INCLUDES BOTH A COMIC BOOK SHORT STORY AND THE RULES REQUIRED FOR A GROUP TO PLAY THROUGH THE STORY IN AN HOUR OR TWO.

ADDITIONALLY, THERE IS A **QUICKSTART** AVAILABLE WHICH PROVIDES AN ABBREVIATED VERSION OF THE RULES AND MECHANICS AND ALLOWS GROUPS TO TELL THEIR OWN STORIES.

BOTH ARE AVAILABLE AS FREE DOWNLOADS FROM:



[WWW.DRIVETHRURPG.COM](http://WWW.DRIVETHRURPG.COM)  
[WWW.ITCH.IO](http://WWW.ITCH.IO)  
[WWW.DISTEMPERVERSE.COM](http://WWW.DISTEMPERVERSE.COM)



[WWW.DISTEMPERVERSE.COM](http://WWW.DISTEMPERVERSE.COM)  
#DISTEMPERVERSE

# CHASED



dis-tem-per / dis-'tem-per /  
noun. distemper  
1. a viral disease of some animals, especially dogs and other canines, causing fever, coughing and catarrh.  
2. Political or civil disorder.

transitive verb. distempered, distemperring, distempers  
1. to throw out of order  
2. Derange, unsettle

~~SURVIVING IN A WORLD WHERE 99% OF HUMANITY  
HAVE BEEN WIPED OUT INSIDE OF A YEAR BY H724 (ALSO  
KNOWN AS THE DOG FLU, OR THE DISTEMPER) IS  
ALREADY BRUTALLY HARD, BUT IT BECOMES EXPONENTIALLY  
DEADLIER FOR A GROUP OF SURVIVORS WHO ARE  
UNWITTINGLY DRAGGED INTO A LIFE OR DEATH STRUGGLE  
WITH A FAMILY OF PSYCHOPATHS LIVING IN THE FOREST...~~



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