

THARG'S
THE BEST OF
FUTURESHOCKS



JOHN SMITH ★ PETER MILLIGAN ★ GRANT MORRISON ★ NEIL GAIMAN



THE BEST OF

THARG'S
FUTURESHOCKS

THARG'S

THE BEST OF FUTURESHOCKS

PETER MILLIGAN ★ GRANT MORRISON ★ JOHN SMITH ★ NEIL GAIMAN

Writers

BRETT EWINS ★ JOSE CASANOVAS ★ MASSIMO BELARDINELLI ★ GEOFF SENIOR ★ BRENDAN MCCARTHY ★ CLIFF
ROBINSON ★ GEOFF ANDERSON ★ ANTHONY JOZWRAK ★ WILL SIMPSON ★ ERIC BRADBURY ★ KEV HOPGOOD
JOHN HIGGINS ★ BARRY KITSON ★ ROBIN SMITH ★ STEVE DILLON ★ ALAN LANGFORD ★ JOHN STOKES ★ JOHNNY
JOHNSTONE ★ COLIN MACNEIL ★ JOHN HICKLENTON ★ MIKE WHITE ★ NIK WILLIAMS ★ SIMON HARRISON
HARACIO LALIA ★ MICK AUSTIN ★ STEVE PARKHOUSE ★ DAVE WYATT ★ STEVE YEOWELL

Artists

BRETT EWINS

Cover

REBELLION[®]

Creative Director and CEO: Jason Kingsley

Chief Technical Officer: Chris Kingsley

2000 AD Editor in Chief: Matt Smith

Graphic Novels Editor: Keith Richardson

Graphic Design: Simon Parr & Sam Gretton

Reprographics: Kathryn Symes

PR: Michael Molcher

Publishing Manager: Ben Smith

Original Commissioning Editors: Steve McManus, Richard Burton and Matt Smith

Originally serialised in *2000 AD* Progs 216, 365, 371, 390-391, 394, 398, 402, 404,
407-409, 420, 426, 434-442, 462-463, 466, 469, 473, 475, 477, 481-482, 488-489,
490, 507, 508-509, 514-515, 516, 536, 538, 559, 563, 605, 629, 1480. Copyright ©
1981, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 2006, 2008, 2014 Rebellion A/S. All
Rights Reserved. Tharg's Future Shocks and all related characters, their distinctive
likenesses and related elements featured in this publication are trademarks of
Rebellion A/S. *2000 AD* is a registered trademark. The stories, characters and
incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional

Published by Rebellion, Riverside House, Osney Mead, Oxford OX2 0ES, UK.
www.rebellion.co.uk

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

For information on other *2000 AD* graphic novels, or if you have any comments on this book, please email books@2000ADonline.com

To find out more about *2000 AD*, visit www.2000ADonline.com

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS!

I am The Mighty Tharg, Betelgeusian editor of award-winning SF weekly *2000 AD*, and I bid you welcome to this zarjaz collection of some of the best *Future Shocks* published in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic over the past three decades.

But for those that may be unfamiliar with my illustrious organ, just what *is* a *Future Shock*? These short, self-contained stories first appeared within *2000 AD*'s Thrill-packed pages in 1977 (Prog 25, fact fans!), and were an ideal counterpoint to the other long-running sagas that featured in the anthology. Scary, snappy tales with a twist ending, they gave a blast of immediate cosmic energy—you could be taken from one end of a solar system to another, introduced to any number of strange and exotic characters, and in the matter of a few pages, anything could happen. Not tied to established characters or continuity, a *Future Shock* could subvert your expectations by killing its hero, destroying the world (or the universe!), allowing the villain to escape justice, or revealing everything you've just read to be a subtle sleight of hand. The possibilities were limitless, as vast as the galaxy itself, and just as merciless. The future, it seemed, had teeth.

Needless to say, *Future Shocks* became immensely popular with Squaxx dek Tharg and a regular addition to the line-up. The number of ideas that they threw out there over the course of the hundreds of stories that have been published is mind-boggling, and the general tone and style of the strips would go on to influence many a writer, artist or film director (most explicitly in the 1990 film *Hardware*, which owed more than a little debt to the story *Shok!* by Steve MacManus and Kevin O'Neill). But where these twisted tales proved especially useful was in giving burgeoning creators the ideal training ground to hone their

craft. It's long been *2000 AD* policy that before writers can start scripting a series they have to practise their skills on short stories, getting used to the necessary dense style required for the comic, and demonstrating that they have a gift for the mix of smart storytelling, black humour and high-octane action that the Galaxy's Greatest has become renowned for.

It's a tradition that's been highly successful, allowing many remarkably talented scribes to develop their abilities. Most famous of these is probably Alan Moore, who wrote a raft of scrotnig *Future Shocks* and *Time Twisters* before he landed his first proper series (you can read these in *The Complete Alan Moore Future Shocks*, also published by Rebellion). But others followed in his wake — Grant Morrison, Peter Milligan, John Smith, Neil Gaiman — and you can see the seeds of their current work in these early offerings: the Morrison droid's outrageous imagination, for example, Milligan's dry sense of humour, Smith's body-horror obsessions, or Gaiman's flights of fancy. It is from these strips that you can witness them flexing their writing muscles and giving them the confidence to craft classic stories on a bigger canvas, whether it be for *2000 AD* with the likes of *Zenith*, *Bad Company* and *Indigo Prime*, or for overseas publishers with *The Sandman*, *The Invisibles*, *Human Target*, and more.

I hope you enjoy this delve into the Thrill-archives, Terrans. Remember — like the pulse-pounding publication from which these tales were drawn, take nothing for granted and always expect the unexpected!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

Tharg

THE MAN WHO WAS TOO CLEVER

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Brett Ewins
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 216

THE SUBTERRANEANS

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Jose Casanovas
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 365

BILL TOMPKINS MEET BILL TOMPKINS

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Jose Casanovas
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 371

BAD TIMING

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Massimo Belardinelli
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 375

THE CASTAWAY

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Geoff Senior
Letters: P. Knight

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 390

SIXTY HOURS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Brendan McCarthy
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 391

MEDUSA

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Cliff Robinson
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 394

THE SEARCH FOR SPOT

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Jeff Anderson
Letters: R. Starkings

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 398

BAD MAXWELL

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Brendan McCarthy
Letters: R. Starkings

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 402

CRAZY WAR

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Anthony Jozwiak
Letters: R. Starkings

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 404

EXTRA, EXTRA!

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Jose Casanovas
Letters: Kid Robson

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 407

NERVES OF STEEL

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Will Simpson
Letters: R. Starkings

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 408

BUT IS IT ART?

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Eric Bradbury
Letters: R. Starkings

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 409

EGGRAVATION

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Eric Bradbury
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 420

GRAINGER IN PARADISE

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Kev Hopgood
Letters: R. Starkings

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 426

CAR WARS

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: John Higgins
Letters: R. Starkings

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 434

SPEAK NO EVIL

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Eric Bradbury
Letters: G. Robson

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 434

THE LONG SLEEP

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Jeff Anderson
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 435

PROJECT SALVATION

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: John Higgins
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 436

THE WAR WITH THE SLOBB

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Barry Kitson
Letters: G. Robson

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 437

THE REVENGE OF YALLOP CRINGE

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Geoff Senior
Letters: G. Robson

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 438

ERIC THE WILD!

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Anthony Jozwiak
Letters: G. Robson

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 439

PRISONER OF CONSCIENCE

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Barry Kitson
Letters: G. Robson

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 440

DOING TIME

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Robin Smith
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 441

IT'S THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Steve Dillon
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 442

THE ARMAGEDDON GAME

Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Anthony Jozwiak
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 462

A TWIST IN THE TALE

They say that every seven years or so, our entire chemical make-up changes, that we become in effect different people. If that's true then I and everyone involved in these off-beat little stories have been a *number* of different people since they were created, in those distant days before Vertigo comics, before *Dark Knight Returns*, before even the now ubiquitous I-pod.

These stories were pretty much my first efforts at mainstream British comics and were written in the days when Steve McMahon was the mighty Tharg's earthly emissary. I would come up with a few story ideas that I liked, then I'd usually throw in one or two, really insane ones, "just to give them something to reject." I'd print the ideas out and post them to the *2000 AD* offices. It was a few years until I'd subscribe to the white hot techno futurism of a fax machine. Predictably what tended to happen then was the ideas I liked were rejected and the insane afterthoughts given the green light. Such is life, as Kurt Vonnegut might have said.

A lot of British comic book writers who later went on to take the Yankee Dollar and work for DC Comics and Marvel *et al.* cut their teeth in *2000 AD*, and on the short comic story form in particular. And these *Future Shocks* demanded certain things. As the name implies, they had to deal with the future. And there had to be a shocking quality to them: usually meaning a twist at the end, some rug pulled from under your feet dénouement. Though the word dénouement probably seems a bit too fancy a word for the usually nightmarish, grotesque and some times downright daft final panels of these and other *Future Shocks*. In this collection, though the stories ostensibly deal with the future many are inspired by current events, headlines, trends.

'The Man Who Was Too Clever', drawn by my great mate, Brett Ewins, concerns cloning. This was of course

long before the appearance of Dolly the cloned Sheep, and though clearly the subject had a scientific basis, cloning still had a real sense of the science-fiction about it. This story also features cryogenics, which was again something in the zeitgeist, the perfect fusion of scientific reality and a sense of the fictive, and something I return to in *Bad Timing*.

'Bill Tompkins meets Bill Tompkins' concerns a very different, psychologically-based kind of cloning.

Of course, many of these stories deal in aliens. As in 'Medusa', which charts the horrific first encounter with an alien life form. It wasn't that aliens were particularly in the headlines. But aliens were what we – we at *2000 AD*, anyway – thought about and wrote about. Aliens, mutants, madmen. Usually desperate and on the edge and about to do something really stupid or evil, with disastrous consequences, often with a large dollop of hubris or irony.

The last story in this section is 'The Armageddon Game'. This concerns two warring races, about to blow each other to Kingdom Come. When I wrote it, the Cold war was not yet quite over. "History" had not yet quite come to an end.

As I write, it seems that "history" and if not the cold war then at least something very chilly, is starting again as Russian and Western forces argue over the Balkans and the placements of nuclear missile systems. So maybe not much really changes then. I began thinking how different I was from when I wrote these stories, but maybe that's not true. Maybe we're all pretty much the same.

Which is not exactly a *Future Shock*-style twist in the tale, but it's close enough.

Peter Milligan
September, 2008



THARG'S FUTURE-

SHOCKS

THE MAN
WHO WAS
TOO CLEVER



SAMMY MOLLOY WAS PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE. ONLY HIS ANIMAL CUNNING HAD KEPT HIM ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE LAW... BUT HE WAS GETTING TIRED OF DODGING THE POLICE ALL HIS LIFE—

SUCK ON THAT, MUG— NO ONE GETS IN THE WAY OF SAMMY MOLLOY!

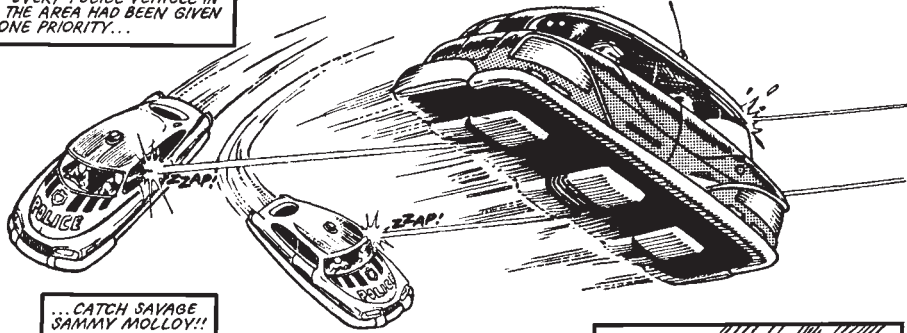
ARRGH!

EEE!

TILL

CASHIER

BUT THE CHASE WAS ON! EVERY POLICE VEHICLE IN THE AREA HAD BEEN GIVEN ONE PRIORITY...



...CATCH SAVAGE SAMMY MOLLOY!!



WHEN SAMMY MOLLOY WANTED SOMETHING HE DIDN'T SAY PLEASE!

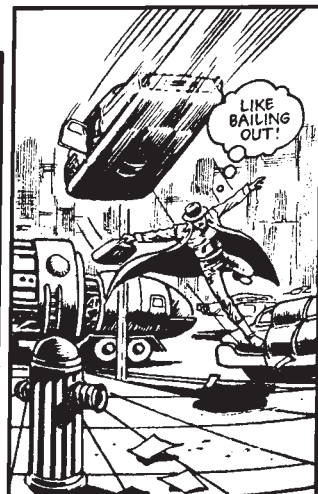
SHOVE OFF CREEP. YOU'VE LOST YER CAR.

C-CERTAINLY!

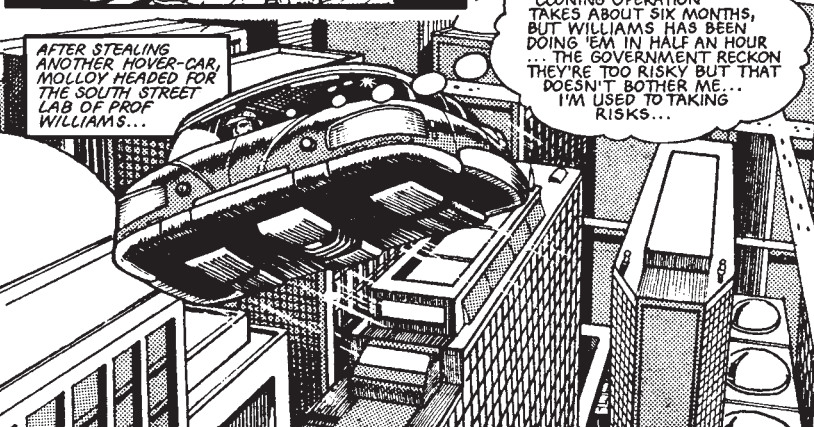
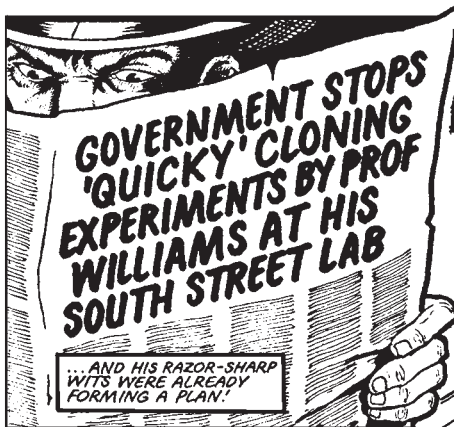
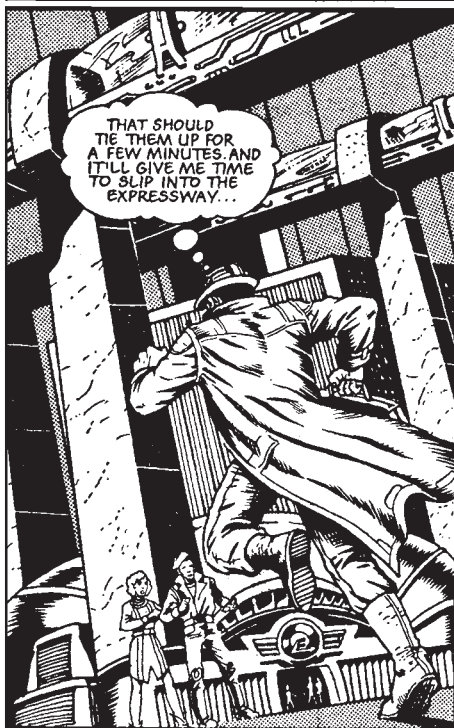


LET ME GO YOU HORRID MAN!

CAN'T GET THIS THING TO GO FAST ENOUGH AND THE COPS ARE CATCHING UP. GOT TO CAUSE SOME KIND OF DIVERSION SO I CAN GET THEM OFF MY TAIL...



LIKE BAILING OUT!





AT THE PROFESSOR'S LAB—

BUT MY CLONING TECHNIQUE IS STILL IN AN EXPERIMENTAL STAGE!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT TWADDLE, JUST DO AS YOU'RE TOLD AND YOU WON'T GET HURT...

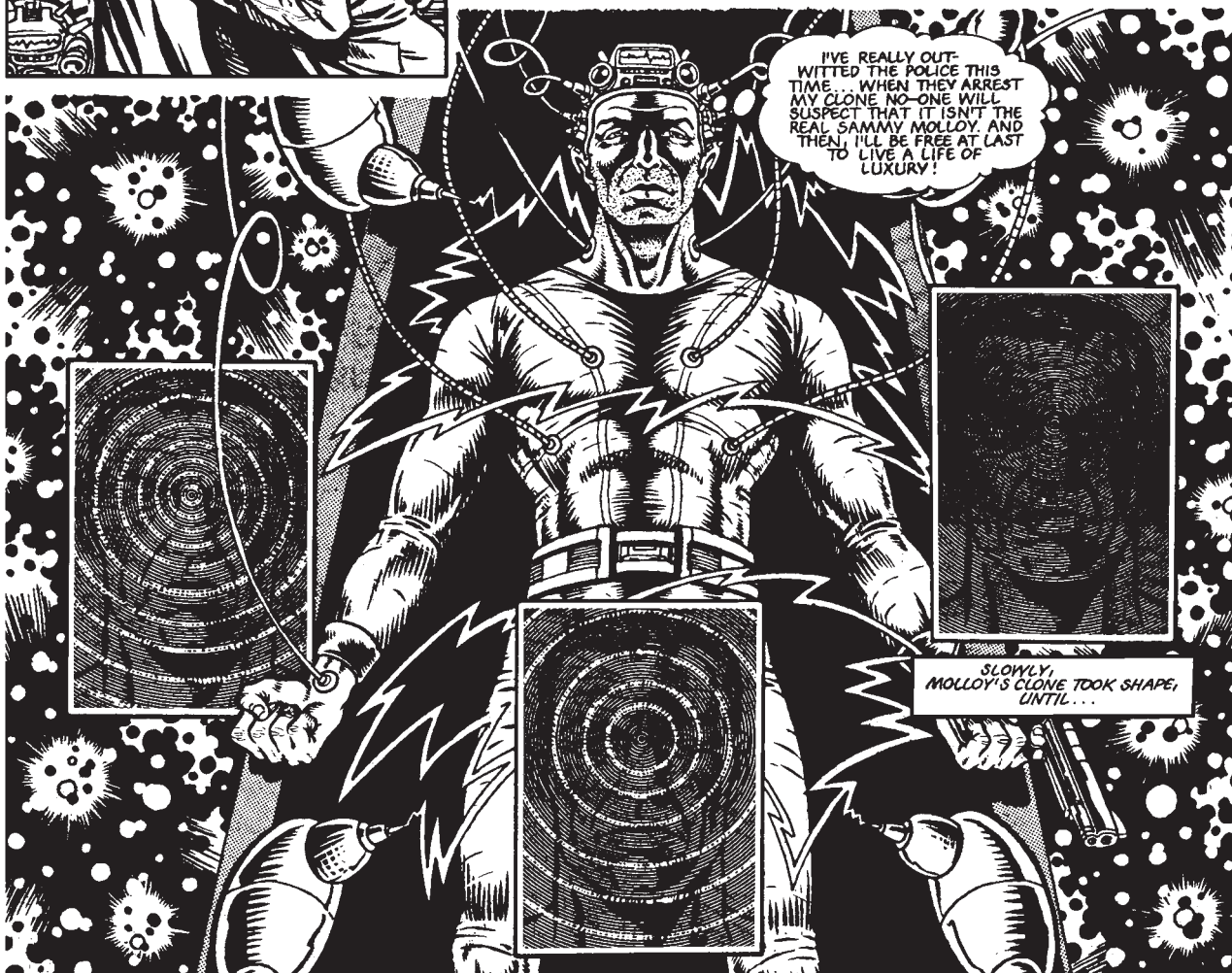


IN THE EARLY DAYS OF HUMAN CLONING, AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, SCIENTISTS OVERCAME THE PROBLEM OF CELLS UNDERGOING CHROMOSOMAL MUTATION BY USE OF CRYOGENIC FREEZING METHODS...

IT SEEMS I HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE.

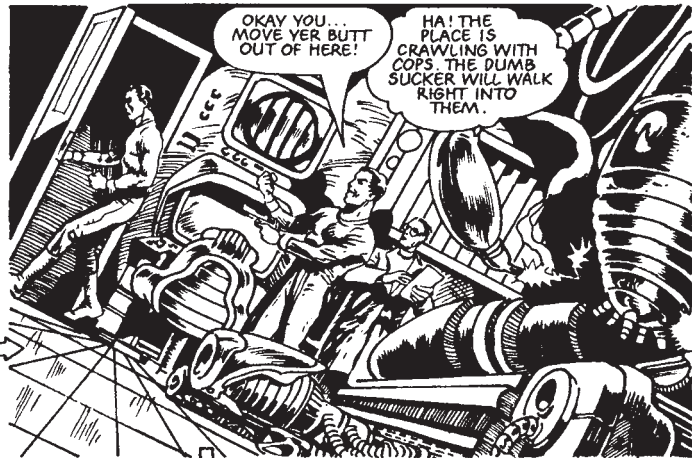
THAT'S RIGHT PROF. NONE AT ALL! AND IF YOU TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS, I'LL BLAST YOU!

... THIS CLONING METHOD WAS A LONG AND EXPENSIVE PROCESS, WHICH PROF WILLIAMS HAD DRASTICALLY SHORTENED BY USE OF CONTROLLED BLASTS OF RADIOACTIVITY WHICH GREATLY INCREASED THE CELL MULTIPLICATION RATE...



I'VE REALLY OUT-WITTED THE POLICE THIS TIME... WHEN THEY ARREST MY CLONE NO-ONE WILL SUSPECT THAT IT ISN'T THE REAL SAMMY MOLLOY. AND THEN, I'LL BE FREE AT LAST TO LIVE A LIFE OF LUXURY!

SLOWLY, MOLLOY'S CLONE TOOK SHAPE, UNTIL...



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
PETE MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
BRETT EWINS
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E

UNDER THE CLOAK
OF DARKNESS...

YEAH—EASY
STREET, HERE I
COME!



LIKE AN ALLEY CAT,
MOLLOY MELTED INTO
THE SHADY BACK-
STREETS THAT HAD
BEEN HIS DOMAIN ALL
HIS LIFE...



...BUT SUDDENLY!

WH...WHAT?
YOU, HERE...IT
CAN'T BE...YOU
CAN'T HAVE...



URRHH...



YOU
UNDERESTIMATED
ME SAMMY, I'M AS
GOOD AT DODGING POLICE
AS YOU ARE! THEY'LL FIND
YOUR BODY TOMORROW
AND THEN I'LL BE IN
THE CLEAR...

AND NO-ONE
WILL EVER KNOW
WHAT BECAME OF
THE MONEY FROM
SAMMY MOLLOY'S
LAST BANK RAID—
BECAUSE I'M GONNA
SPEND IT IN THE
LIFE OF LUXURY
YOU WANTED!

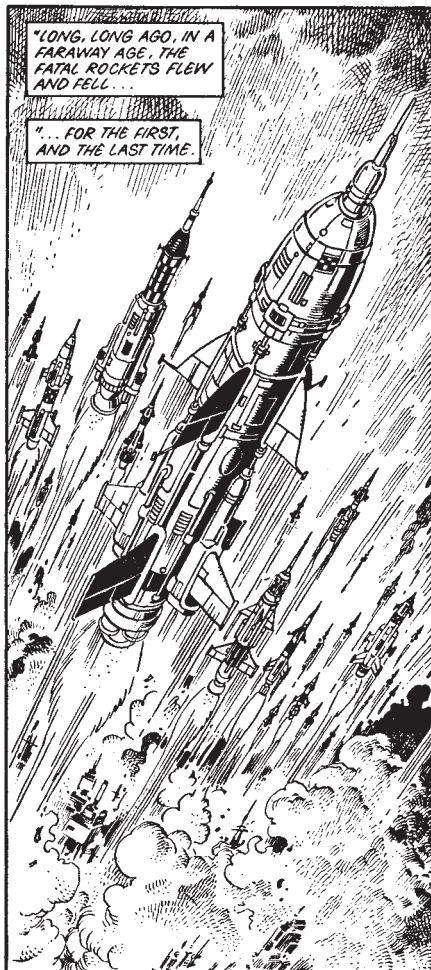


THE
END



THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE SUBTERRANEANS!



"LONG, LONG AGO, IN A FARAWAY AGE, THE FATAL ROCKETS FLEW AND FELL ...

"... FOR THE FIRST, AND THE LAST TIME.



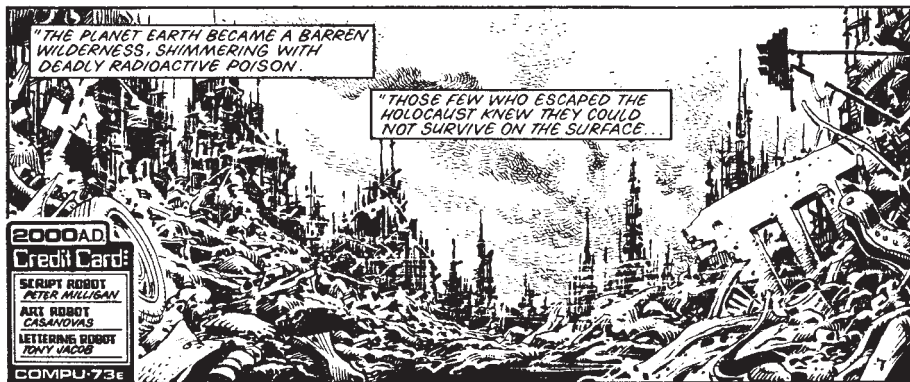
"THE SKY TURNED DEEP CRIMSON, THEN TURNED DEEPEST BLACK ...

"... IN THE SHADOW OF THE MUSHROOMS THAT THE EARTH SPEWED UP.



"BUILDINGS CRUMBLED, CITIES WERE DEVASTATED - NOT A SINGLE TRACE OF OUR ANCIENT CIVILISATION WAS LEFT STANDING.

"ALL - ALL - WAS CRUSHED IN THE WAKE OF OUR GLOBAL WAR.



"THE PLANET EARTH BECAME A BARREN WILDERNESS, SHIMMERING WITH DEADLY RADIOACTIVE POISON.

"THOSE FEW WHO ESCAPED THE HOLOCAUST KNEW THEY COULD NOT SURVIVE ON THE SURFACE.



"... AND SO THEY DUG TUNNELS - DEEP INTO THE PLANET'S SOIL - AND THERE THEY WAITED FOR THE RADIATION TO SUBSIDE.

"THOSE PITIFUL FEW SURVIVORS FROM CENTURIES PAST - OUR ANCESTORS!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
PETER MULLIGAN
ART ROBOT
CASANOVA
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73e

"WE ARE THE SUBTERRANEANS, THE DESCENDANTS OF ONE SUCH GROUP FOR COUNTLESS GENERATIONS WE HAVE LIVED BELOW THE GROUND - BUT NO MATTER...



"...THE DISTANT MEMORY OF LIFE ON THE SURFACE STILL LINGERS IN OUR HEARTS, AND DRIVES US ON.

"NOW WE ARE READY TO FORSAKE THE DARKNESS...



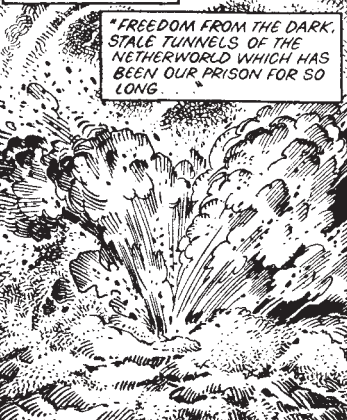
"...READY TO BREATHE PURE AIR ONCE MORE.

"THE FIRST RAYS OF LIGHT BLIND US - BUT THEN WE SMELL THE AIR ABOVE US...



"...AND ITS SWEETNESS AND FRESHNESS ENCOURAGE US ALL TO PRESS ONWARDS - UPWARDS.

"UNTIL, AT LAST - FREEDOM IS OURS!



"FREEDOM FROM THE DARK, STALE TUNNELS OF THE NETHERWORLD WHICH HAS BEEN OUR PRISON FOR SO LONG.



"NO! I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT! NOT THIS... IT CAN'T BE!

"DAMNED MOLES! THESE ARE MY PRIZE ROSES! GET OUTTA HERE -

"I'LL MURDER THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU!



THE END

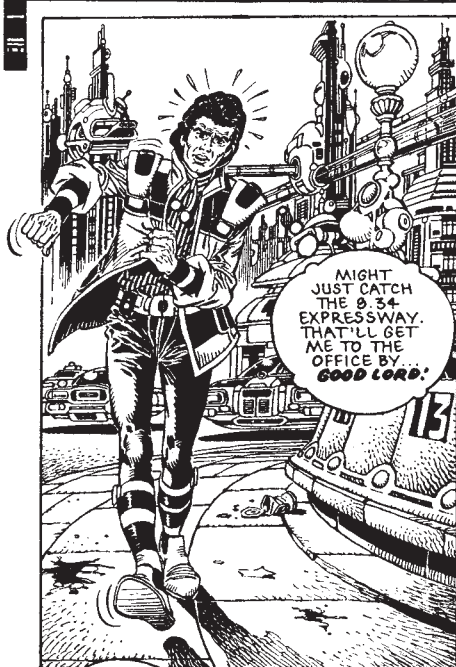


THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

**BILL
TOMPKINS
MEETS...BILL
TOMPKINS!**

BILL TOMPKINS WOKE UP WITH
A SPLITTING HEADACHE.

HE WAS GOING TO BE LATE
FOR WORK AGAIN—



MAIGHT
JUST CATCH
THE 9.34
EXPRESSWAY.
THAT'LL GET
ME TO THE
OFFICE BY...
GOOD LORD!



WOW!
HE LOOKS
JUST LIKE
ME—HE
COULD BE MY
DOUBLE!

WHAT AN
INCREDIBLE
COINCIDENCE!



THERE WERE MORE SHOCKS
IN STORE ON THE 9.34 —

THIS IS
UNREAL! THESE
PEOPLE, THEY'RE ALL
CARBON COPIES...
OF ME!



CALM DOWN,
BILLY BOY, THERE'S
A LOGICAL
EXPLANATION
FOR THIS.

JUST GET
TO THE OFFICE,
AND THINK THINGS
THROUGH.

IN THE FOYER OF BILL'S
OFFICE COMPLEX —

MORNING,
MR TOMPKINS.

HEY,
KELLY! YOU
DON'T KNOW
HOW GLAD I
AM TO SEE
YOUR...

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PETER MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
CASANOVA
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73c







THE END.



THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

**BAD
TIMING**

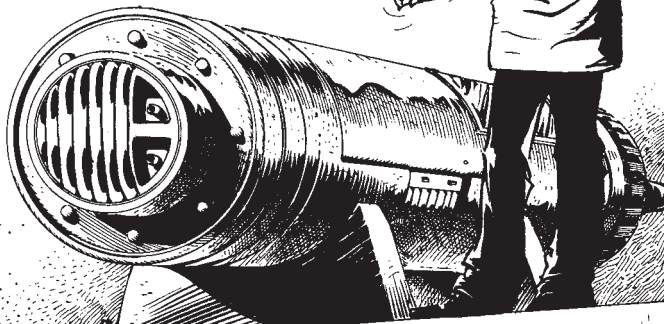
SCENE: THE ROYAL SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE...

OCCASION: THE UNVEILING OF PROFESSOR
ETHROYD COOP'S REVOLUTIONARY
CRYOGENIC FREEZING METHOD...

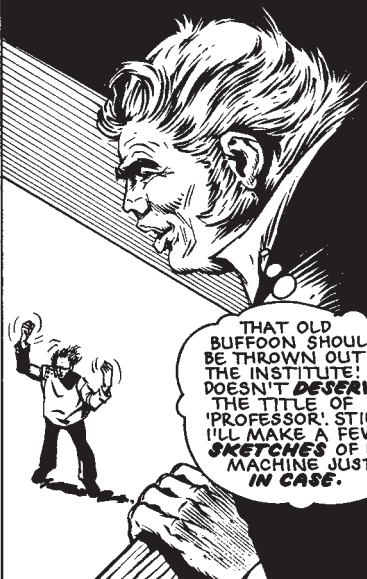
PROBLEM...?

EMPTY: THE
WHOLE PLACE IS EMPTY!
NOT ONE OF MY SPINE-
LESS CRITICS HAS EVEN
BOTHERED TO
SHOW UP!

THIS IS **FOSDYKE'S**
WORK! HE'S CONVINCED
THEM ALL THAT
ANYTHING I TOUCH
TURNS TO **FAILURE!**
CURSE HIM!



BUT, PROFESSOR ANGUS 'SMILER'
FOSDYKE, BRILLIANT INVENTOR,
ESTEEMED SCIENTIST AND BANE
OF ETHROYD COOP'S LIFE, HAD
COME TO **GLOAT** IN SECRET...



THAT OLD
BUFFOON SHOULD
BE THROWN OUT OF
THE INSTITUTE! HE
DOESN'T **DESERVE**
THE TITLE OF
'PROFESSOR'. STILL,
I'LL MAKE A FEW
SKETCHES OF HIS
MACHINE JUST
IN CASE.

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
S. POTTER

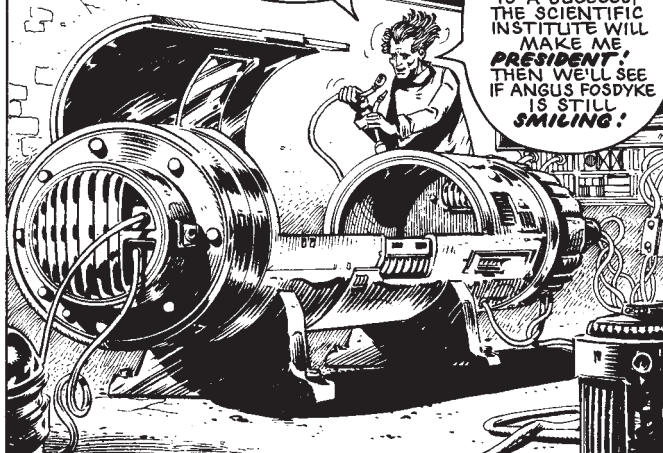
COMPU-73E

I'LL SHOW FOSDYKE—
**AND HIS SNIGGERING
CRONIES!** I'LL PROVE
THAT ETHROYD COOP HAS
THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC
MIND IN THE **WORLD!**



LATER, IN HIS LAB—

I'LL FREEZE
MYSELF!



WHEN I
REAPPEAR AS
LIVING PROOF
THAT MY PROJECT
IS A SUCCESS,
THE SCIENTIFIC
INSTITUTE WILL
MAKE ME
PRESIDENT!
THEN WE'LL SEE
IF ANGUS FOSDYKE
IS STILL
SMILING!

AND—

NOW TO
SET THE DIALS
FOR THE
FREEZING TIME.
I'LL BE IN A
STATE OF
SUSPENDED
ANIMATION
FOR **15 YEARS!**



COOP CLOSED HIS EYES AND DRIFTED INTO A DEEP DREAM-LESS SLEEP. THE CRYOGENIC-CHAMBER WAS HERMETICALLY SEALED, AND ITS CONSTANT LOW TEMPERATURE, ADDED TO THE SPECIAL GASSES DEVELOPED BY PROFESSOR COOP, ARRESTED THE NORMAL AGEING PROCESS...

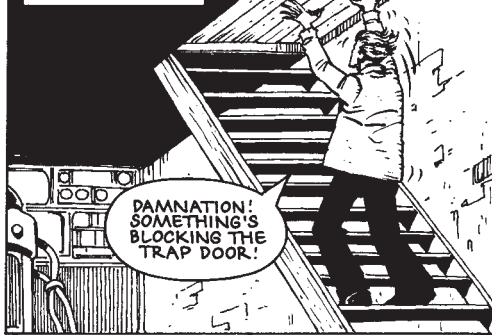


...UNTIL...



THE DATE IS 1999 - MY CRYOGENIC-CHAMBER IS A **SUCCESS!** AT LAST, ONE OF MY DREAMS HAS COME TRUE!

BUT AS COOP TRIED TO LEAVE HIS CELLAR...



DAMNATION! SOMETHING'S BLOCKING THE TRAP DOOR!



HA! BUT THAT CAN'T STOP ME! SOONER OR LATER THIS NEW BUILDING WILL ALSO BE DEMOLISHED... ALL I HAVE TO DO IS RE-FREEZE MYSELF UNTIL THEN!

BUT, 20 YEARS LATER...

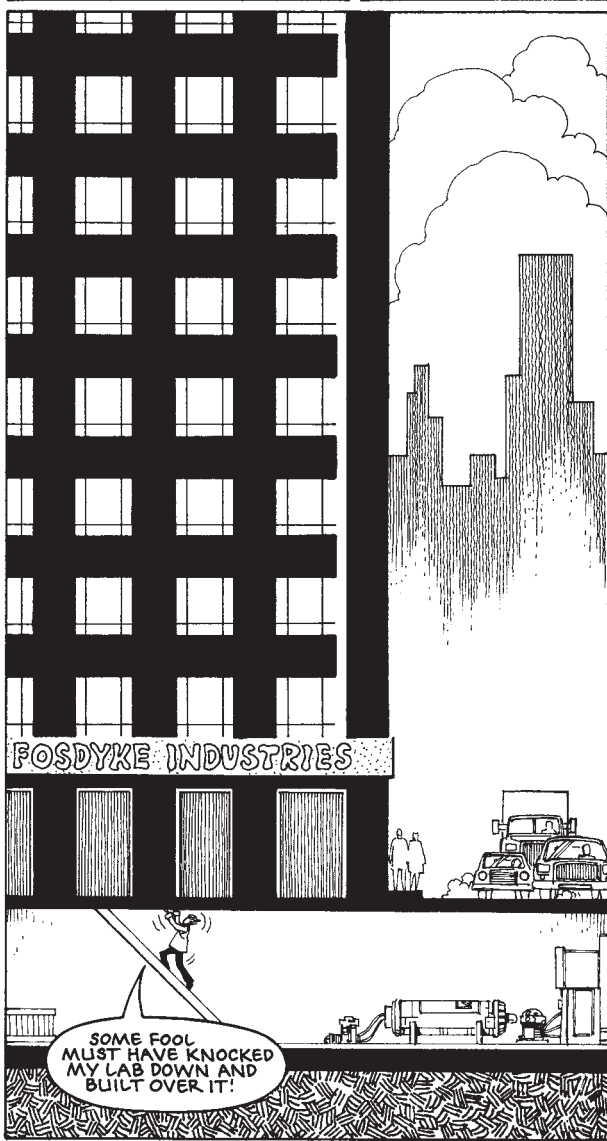


THE BUILDING'S STILL THERE! I'LL HAVE TO FREEZE MYSELF FOR EVEN LONGER!

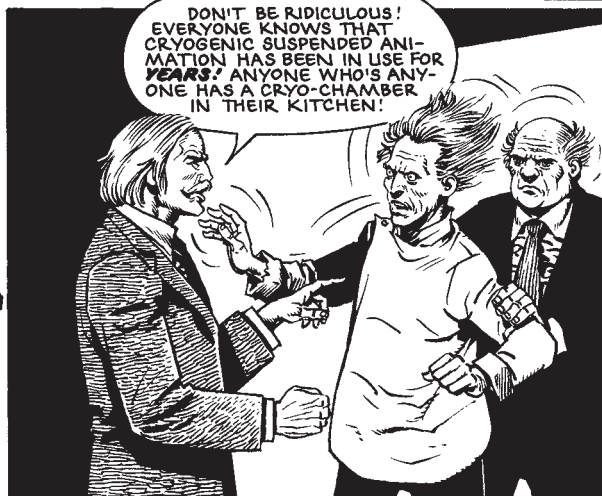
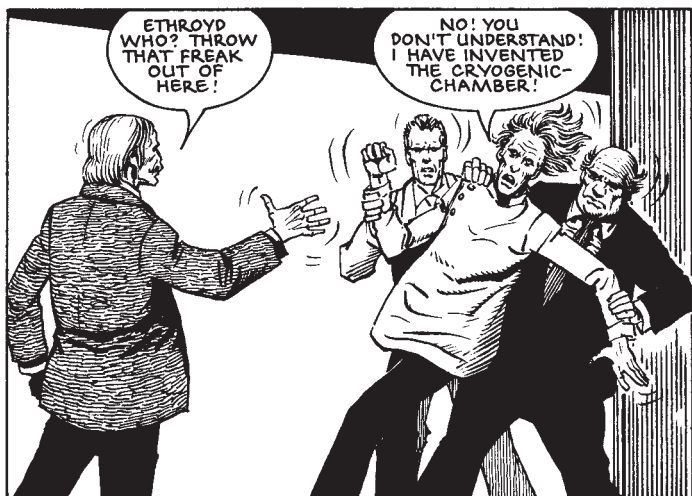
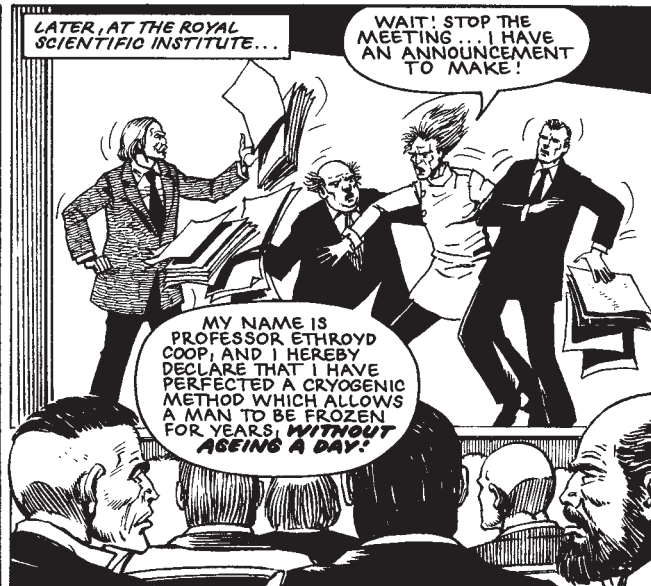
... 40 YEARS LATER ...



I'M **FREE!** THE BUILDING HAS GONE!



SOME FOOL MUST HAVE KNOCKED MY LAB DOWN AND BUILT OVER IT!





THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS *THE CASTAWAY!*

IT'S COLD OUT HERE, COLD AS DEATH. THE LONELINESS IS LIKE A SHARD OF ICE IN MY HEART...

AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT.



2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MULLIGAN
ART ROBOT
G. SENIOR
LETTERING ROBOT
P. KNIGHT

COMPU-73E

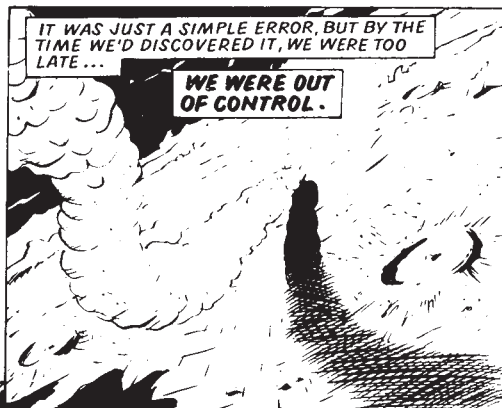
IT HAPPENED ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO, ON A ROUTINE FLIGHT...

I MADE A MISCALCULATION.



IT WAS JUST A SIMPLE ERROR, BUT BY THE TIME WE'D DISCOVERED IT, WE WERE TOO LATE...

WE WERE OUT OF CONTROL.



THE OTHER GUYS IN THE CREW DIED ON IMPACT. THEY'D RELIED ON ME TO DO MY JOB...

...I LET THEM DOWN.

SO I'M TALKING TO MYSELF AGAIN; SO WHAT? STUCK OUT HERE FOR YEARS, NEVER HEARING ANY VOICE BUT MY OWN...



IS IT MY FAULT I'M LOSING MY SANITY?



IS IT MY FAULT I'VE GOT A FEW SCREWS LOOSE?

THE END!



THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

60 HOURS
THAT SHOOK
THE WORLD!

THE EPICENTRE OF THE EXPLOSION YOU SEE HERE IS A CITY CALLED **BEAUTVILLE** -
THE **NEWEST, CLEANEST, MOST PERFECT CITY** IN THE WORLD. . .

THE **FIRST CITY TO BE CONSTRUCTED**
UNDER **LABORATORY CONDITIONS**
IN ORDER TO MONITOR THE EFFECT
OF THE LATEST **WEAPON SYSTEMS**
DEVELOPMENTS. . .

THE **FIRST CITY TO BE SCORCHED BY...**
THE SCATTER RAY!

LIKE ALL OTHER WEAPONS FROM MILITARY
COMMAND'S '**SPECIAL PROJECTS**' DEPT.,
THE **SCATTER RAY** IS DESIGNED TO KILL AS
MANY PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE -

BUT STILL LEAVE THE CITY
OF **BEAUTVILLE NEW**,
CLEAN... AND PERFECT!

ANY DAMN' FOOL CAN MAKE A
WEAPON TO KILL PEOPLE - BUT
KILLING 'EM AND LEAVING ALL
THE BUILDINGS AND
PLANT-LIFE INTACT...

THAT'S
WHAT I CALL
PROGRESS!

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
R. JONES
LETTERING ROBOT
T. FRAME

COMPU 73e



AS WITH SO MANY SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGHS, HOWEVER, THE SCATTER RAY HAS AN UNEXPECTED SIDE-EFFECT...

SHOOT! WHAT THE HECK IS THAT?

INITIAL DATA SUGGESTS MASS-MUTATED SUB-ATOMIC DISINTEGRATION, GENERAL -

WHAT'S THAT IN ENGLISH?

IT'S A...WELL...THE SCATTER RAY HAS BLOWN A HOLE CLEAN THROUGH OUR INTERDIMENSIONAL WALL!

WE COULD BE LOOKING AT THE ENTRANCE TO A PARALLEL EARTH!

GENERAL PIGGOTT IS QUICK TO SEE THE POSSIBILITIES A NEW WORLD OFFERS...

OUR EARTH IS BESET WITH OVERCROWDING AND CRITICAL FOOD SHORTAGES... THAT EARTH WILL BE OUR SALVATION! THERE'LL BE FOOD AND SPACE FOR EVERYONE!

IF IT'S A PARALLEL EARTH, SIR, THERE'LL BE A PARALLEL HUMAN RACE - WITH THE SAME PROBLEMS AS US!



THEN THEY MUST BE ELIMINATED. LET'S SEE... MAYBE WE CAN TRY OUT THE STRANGLE BOMBS ON THIS ONE...



YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS, GENERAL. THAT WOULD BE GENOCIDE!

AND DANGEROUS! WE HAVE TO DO TESTS, FIND OUT THE CONSEQUENCES OF -

ENOUGH! THIS IS A MILITARY MATTER - AND THE MILITARY PUTS THE WELFARE OF OUR OWN PEOPLE FIRST!

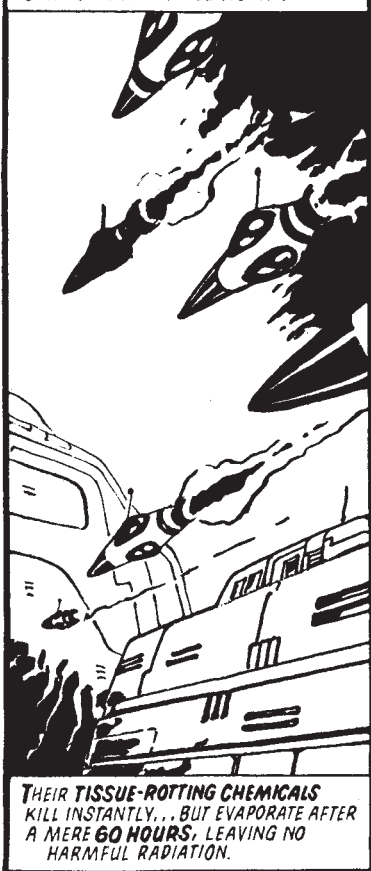
THE ATTACK GOES AHEAD!



NO MORE OVERCROWDING... NO MORE FOOD SHORTAGES...

AND I GET TO TEST OUR LATEST WEAPONS ON REAL PEOPLE FOR A CHANGE!

MIDNIGHT SEES THE FLEET OF STRANGLE BOMBS LEAVE THE SHADOWS OF BEAUTVILLE - BOUND FOR THE SUNLIT SKIES OF THE PARALLEL WORLD!



THEIR TISSUE-ROTTING CHEMICALS KILL INSTANTLY... BUT EVAPORATE AFTER A MERE 60 HOURS, LEAVING NO HARMFUL RADIATION.



AND WHILE THE PARALLEL EARTH IS ENVELOPED IN THIS TOXIC CLOUD, HUGE AIR JETS PREVENT IT LEAKING BACK INTO OUR OWN DIMENSION.

UNTIL FINALLY, IN BEAUTVILLE'S MILITARY OPERATIONS ROOM...

THE CHEMICALS SHOULD'VE DISPERSED BY NOW. WE'RE PRETTY SURE THE AIR WILL BE CLEAN - BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME STRANGLE BOMBS HAVE BEEN USED IN AN ACTUAL-COMBAT-SITUATION...

I WANT A VOLUNTEER TO RUN A SAFETY CHECK.







BLAZE INTO ACTION WITH...

Here is an annual packed with excitement. Picture stories, features, a quiz, true life adventure and two super stories with the famous Action Man are just some of the many thrilling things that fill this book.

ACTION MAN ANNUAL 1985



THARG'S FUTURE-

SHOCKS

MEDUSA!

THE ALIEN WAS GETTING CLOSER -
AND JOHN LAZARUS WAS GETTING
NERVOUS...

MEDUSA'S COMING...
I CAN FEEL IT!

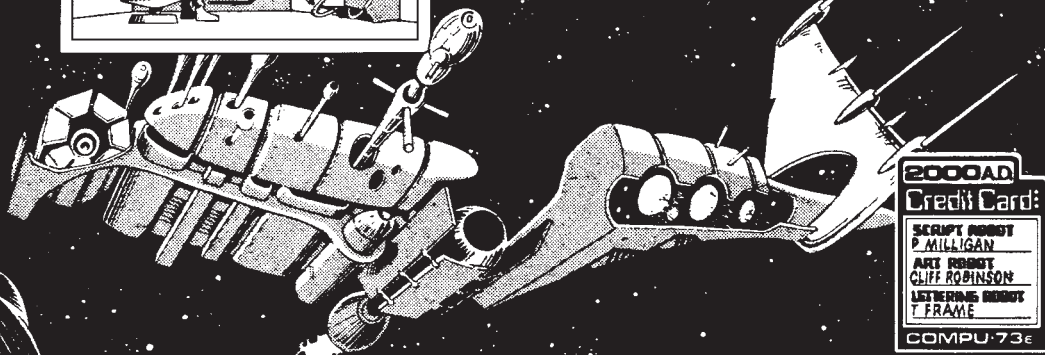
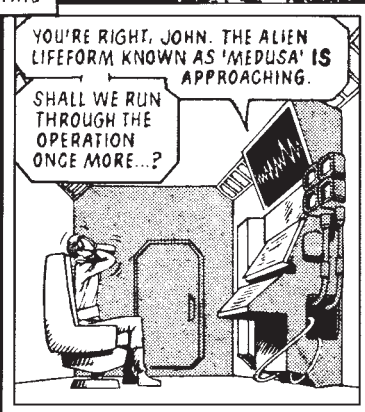
YOU'RE RIGHT, JOHN. THE ALIEN
LIFEFORM KNOWN AS 'MEDUSA' IS
APPROACHING.

SHALL WE RUN
THROUGH THE
OPERATION
ONCE MORE...?

THESE ARE THE FIRST
INTELLIGENT LIFEFORMS
WE HAVE ENCOUNTERED
IN SPACE, JOHN - BUT
THEIR **BODIES**, AND
EVEN THEIR **MENTAL**
'AURAS', ARE **FATALLY**
POISONOUS TO
HUMAN LIFEFORMS.

HUMANS, IT SEEMS,
HAVE THE SAME
EFFECT ON THEM...

...WHICH MAKES
NORMAL CONTACT
EXTREMELY DIFFICULT.



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT: ROBOT
P. MILLIGAN
ART: ROBOT
CLIFF ROBINSON
LETTERING: ROBOT
T. FRAME
COMPU-73c

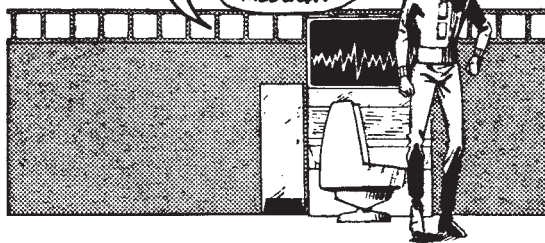
UNDER THE SPECIAL
CONDITIONS OF MY SPACE
STATION, HOWEVER, YOU
MAY NOW EXAMINE A
SPECIMEN OF THIS ALIEN
LIFEFORM...IN COMPLETE
SAFETY.



AND WHILE I'M
EXAMINING MEDUSA,
MEDUSA WILL BE
EXAMINING ME, RIGHT?

THAT'S CORRECT, JOHN.
THIS WILL BE A **TWO-WAY**
EXAMINATION...YOU
SHOULD BE PROUD TO BE
CHOSEN TO REPRESENT
THE HUMAN RACE.

SURE! WHAT AN HONOUR! JOHN
LAZARUS - THE FIRST MAN TO HAVE
HIS BRAIN PICKED BY A **REVOLTING**,
DEFORMED CREATURE FROM
OUTER SPACE...
BY A
MEDUSA!



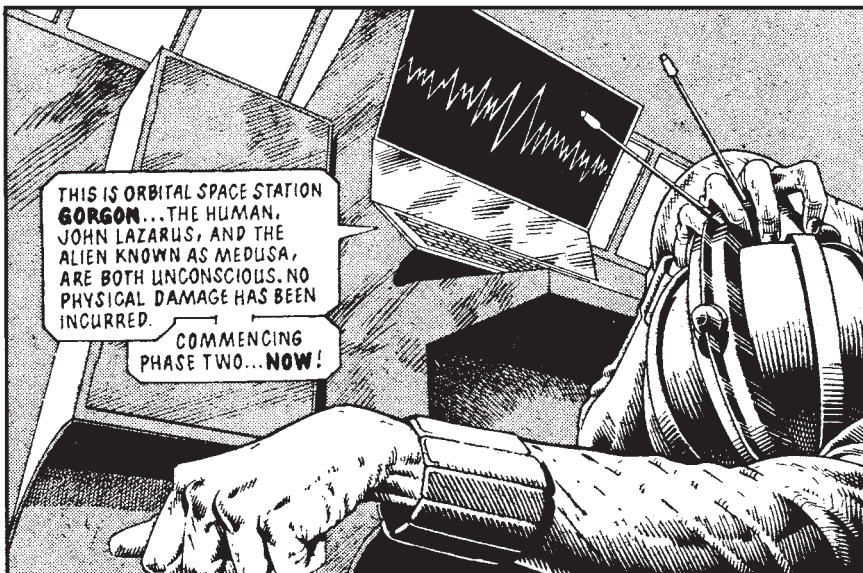
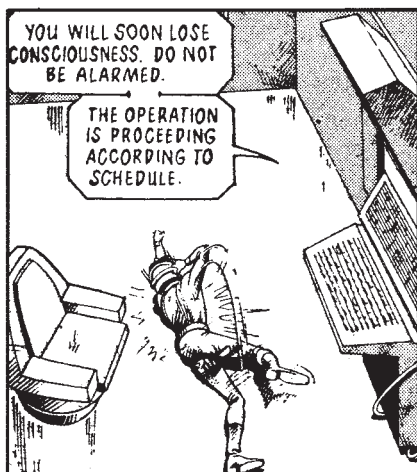
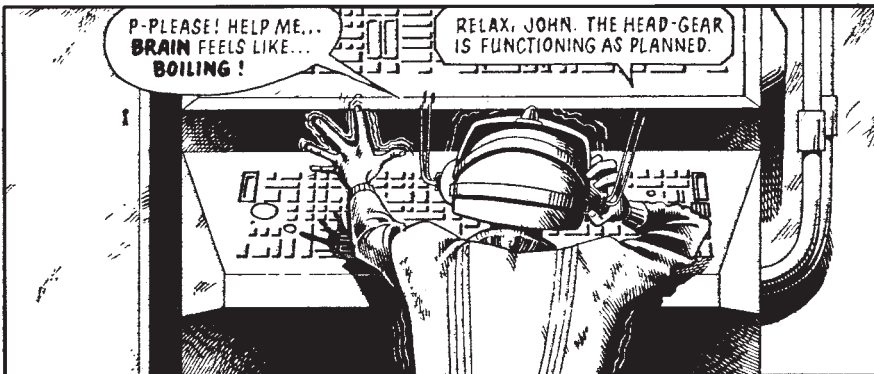
THE TERM 'MEDUSA' HAD BEEN APPLIED TO THE
ALIENS BECAUSE THEIR APPEARANCE WAS
SO REPULSIVE TO HUMAN BEINGS.

THE ALIEN HAS ENTERED THE
CHAMBER BESIDE US, JOHN...

...THE TESTS CAN
NOW BEGIN.



UHP!



THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS...

THE M.T.M. WORKED.
AT LAST WE CAN FIND
OUT WHAT MAKES
THESE ALIENS
TICK!



AND WE DON'T HAVE TO
GO ANYWHERE NEAR THEIR
POISONOUS BODIES!



A SIMILAR SCENE WAS TAKING PLACE IN THE
ALIEN CHAMBER, WHERE ALIEN SCIENTISTS
WERE KEEN TO EXPLORE THE SECRETS OF THE
HUMAN LIFEFORM.

THE **MIND TRANSFERENCE MODULE**
HAD WORKED PERFECTLY. THE HUMAN MIND
OF JOHN LAZARUS HAD NOW BEEN RE-LOCATED...

... INSIDE THE
BODY OF MEDUSA!





THARG'S FUTURE-

SHOCKS

THE SEARCH FOR SPOT

ME AND EDDIE WERE DOING A 6 MONTH SHIFT AT THE AUTO-GEOPHYSICAL LAB ON DRONGSLATT. IT WAS AS MUCH FUN AS SUCKING COLD PORRIDGE THROUGH A BENT STRAW.

ONLY THING THAT STOPPED ME GOING PUTTY-HEADED WAS DREAMING - ABOUT MONEY...

100 BILLION FOR THE FIRST INTELLIGENT ALIEN BROUGHT BACK TO EARTH!

100 BILLION...
WOW!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MALLIGAN
ART ROBOT
JEFF ANDERSON
LETTERING ROBOT
R. STARKINGS
COMPU-73e

EDDIE DIDN'T DREAM ABOUT MONEY. THEN AGAIN, EDDIE WAS GETTING MORE PUTTY-HEADED EVERY DAY...

WHAT GIVES WITH THE FOOD, EDDIE? GOING ON A PICNIC?

DON'T BE SILLY, JOE. I'M TAKING SPOT HIS SUPPER.

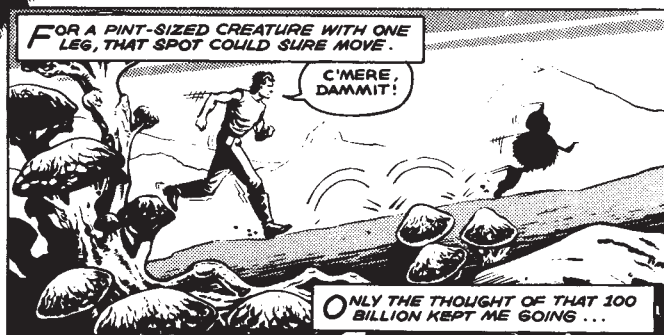


C'MON, SPOT! UNCLE EDDIE'S BROUGHT YOU SOME NICE FOODSY-WOODSY!

OH, BROTHER! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A GUY WHO'S FINALLY FLIPPED HIS LID?



TWEEPP!





THE END



THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

BAD MAXWELL!

TELEPORTATION: THE FASTEST
MEANS OF TRANSPORT KNOWN
TO MAN. UNFORTUNATELY, ANYONE
ELSE WITH A TELEPORTER CAN JUST
'APPEAR' IN YOUR HOME...

... SOMETIMES
WITH EMBARRASSING
CONSEQUENCES...

HI, CINDY!
JUST DROPPED
IN FOR A
NIGHTCAP!

EEEEK!

WHICH IS WHY MAXWELL MILLS
HAS DEVELOPED HIS PERSONALIZED
TELEPORTER - A MACHINE THAT
RESPONDS ONLY TO THE UNIQUE
MOLECULAR FINGERPRINT OF
THE OWNER...

ALL THE
TESTS HAVE BEEN
SUCCESSFUL...

NOW TO SEE
IF IT ACCEPTS
MY OWN
MOLECULAR
STRUCTURE!

BUT WHEN MAXWELL
STEPS INTO THE
TELEPORTER...

GOOD GRIEF!
IT'S TRANSPORTED
ME TO ANOTHER
WORLD!

WHERE
DID HE
COME
FROM?

HE JUST
STEPPED
OUTTA
NOWHERE!

WAIT...
THEY'RE
HUMAN!
I MUST
STILL BE ON
EARTH!



THEN ---

STRANGER! I DON'T KNOW
WHO YOU ARE, OR HOW YOU
GOT HERE... BUT YOU'RE
OUR LAST CHANCE!

OUR
STOCKADE IS
SURROUNDED
BY WASTE-
MUTANTS!

UHH...
WASTE-WHAT?

WASTE - MLITANTS!
VICIOUS PERVERSIONS
OF HUMANITY!

ATTACK!

VA-BOOM!

STRANGER!
LOOK OUT!

AAACH!

THE BATTLE RAGES,
UNTIL FINALLY...

THEY'RE
RETREATING!

YEAH... BUT
HOW LONG BEFORE
THEY COME BACK?

NOW YOU SEE
WHAT WE'RE UP
AGAINST, STRANGER!
HELP US - TAKE US
BACK WHERE YOU
CAME FROM!

TAKE US
THROUGH THE
INVISIBLE
DOOR!

WELL...
THAT COULD
BE KINDA
DIFFICULT...

IF IT'S
PAYMENT YOU
WANT, WE HAVE
GOLD!

GOLD? NO
KIDDING... HOW
MUCH HAVE YOU
GOT EXACTLY?







THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

THESE ARE THE MILITARY, THE SUPER-RICH, THE ELITE. ONCE THEY RULED THE WORLD... NOW THEY HIDE LIKE FRIGHTENED ANIMALS BENEATH ITS SURFACE...



THREE YEARS EARLIER, THE MILITARY EXCURSIONS OF THIS SAME ELITE HAD FINALLY PROVOKED AN ALIEN ATTACK ON THEIR WORLD...

AN UNDERGROUND BUNKER OFFERED PROTECTION FROM THE IMPENDING HOLOCAUST...

CAN'T YOU HEAR? THE WAR IS STILL RAGING - AND WE'RE DOWN HERE FOR THE DURATION!

YOU STARTED THIS WAR, NOW YOU'RE LEAVING US UP HERE TO DIE!



... IF YOU COULD AFFORD THE ENTRANCE FEE ...



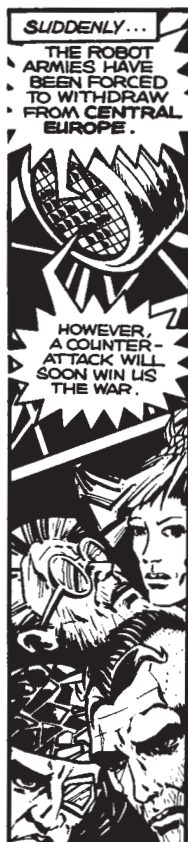
2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
T. JOZWIAK
LETTERING ROBOT
R. STARKINGS
COMPU-73

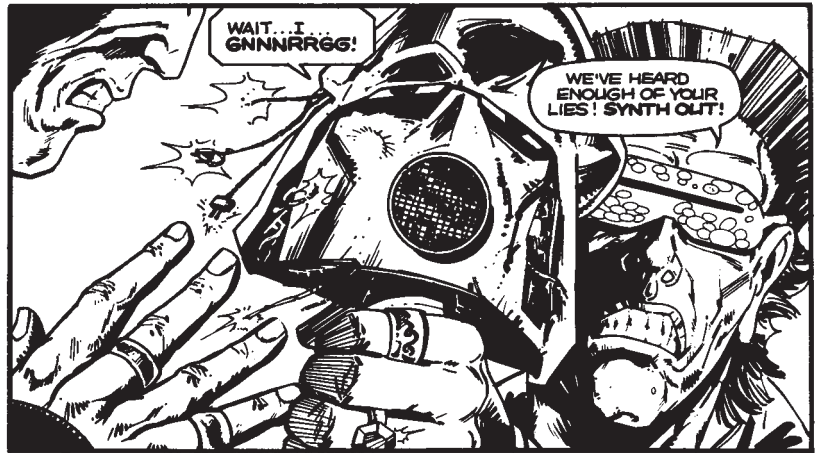
THE ROBOT ARMY WAS PROGRAMMED TO PROTECT THE TOP PEOPLE - AND ONLY THE TOP PEOPLE...



DEFENDED BY THEIR FAITHFUL ROBOTS, THEY SCUTTLED TO THE SAFETY OF THE BUNKER...





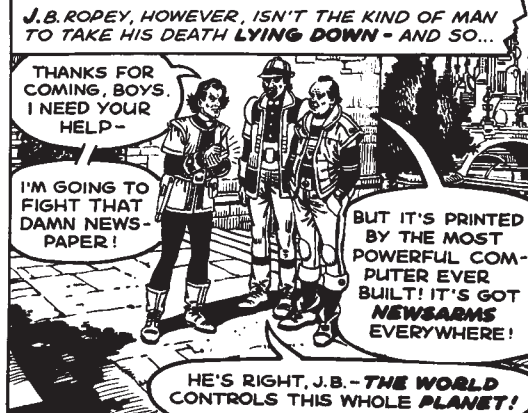
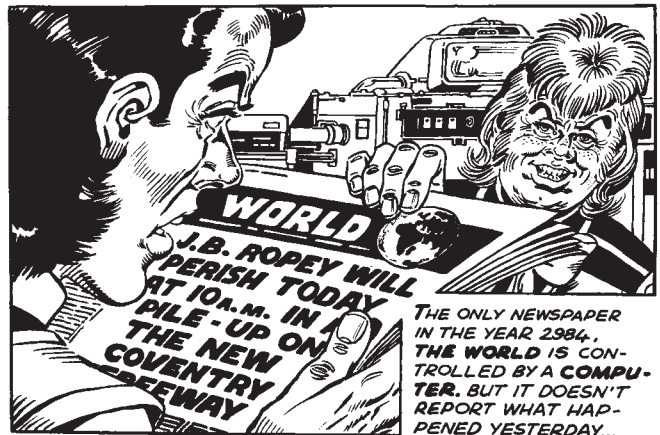


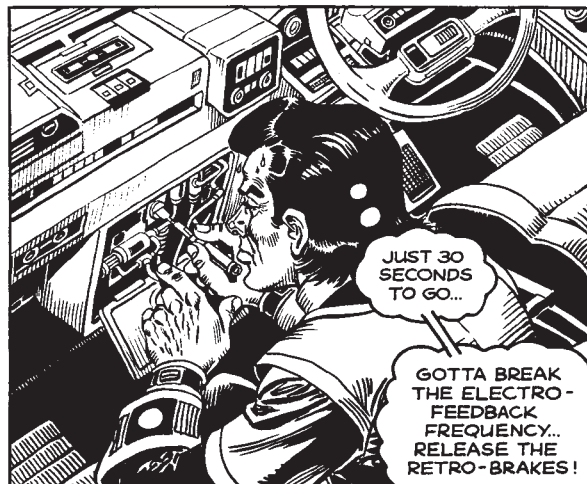
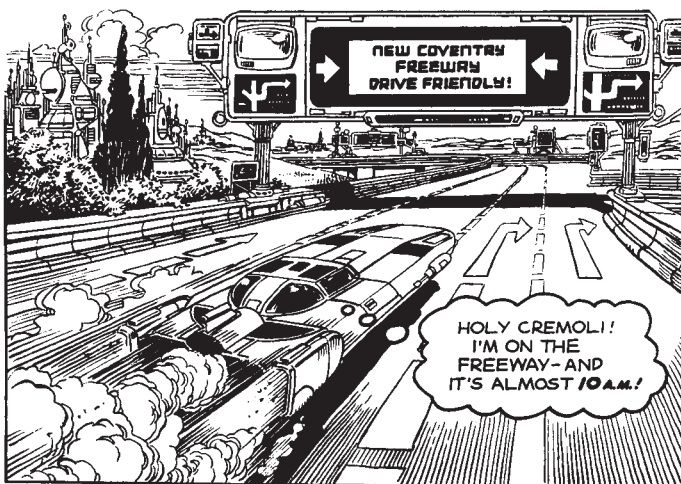
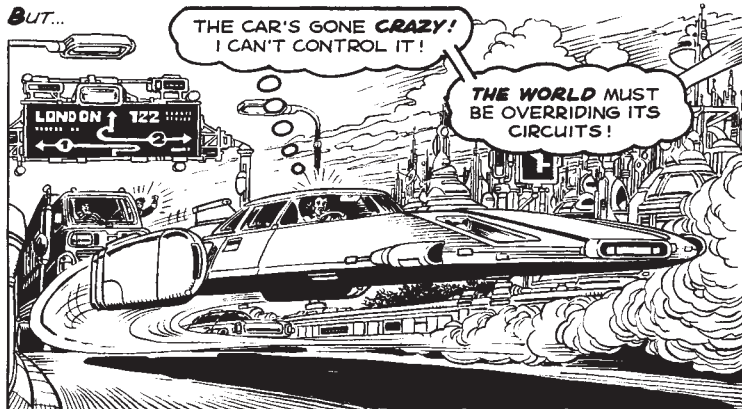
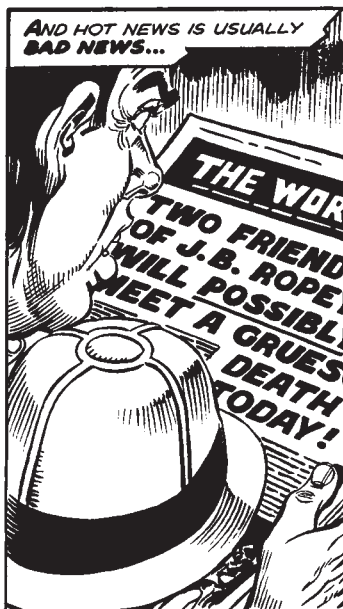


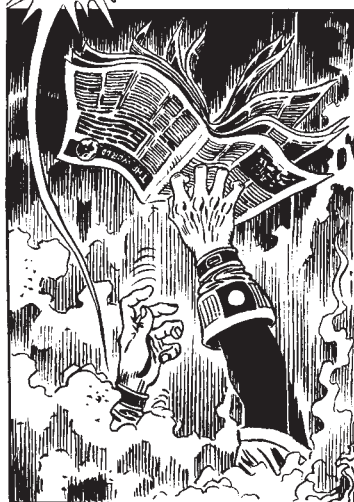
THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE WORLD
**EXTRA!
EXTRA!**

J.B. ROPEY, THE COMPUTER MEGA-GENIUS OF HIS DAY, ENTERS HIS OFFICE AT STARFALL MICROS UNLIMITED...







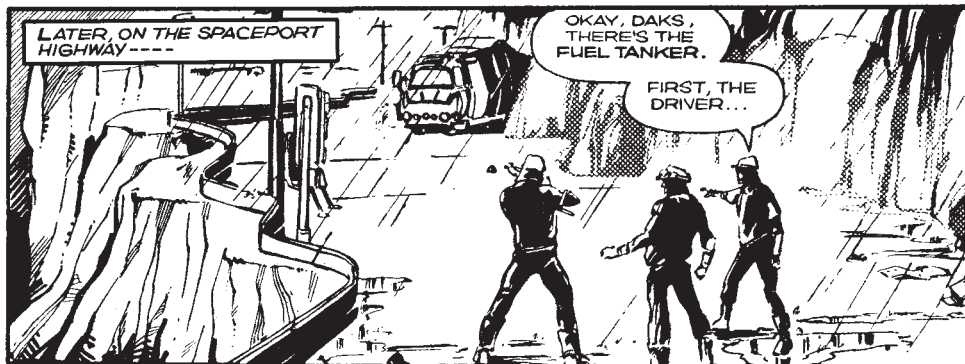


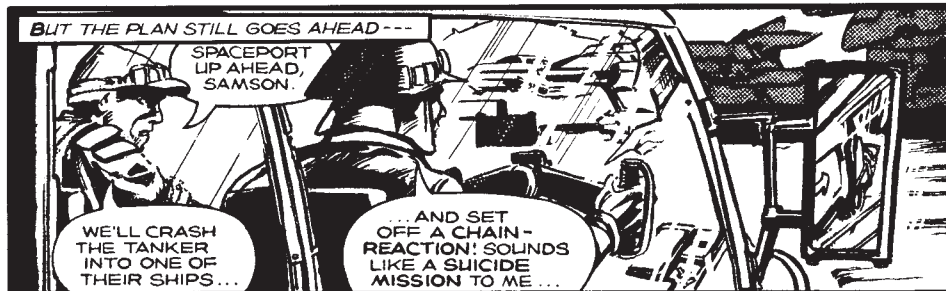
THE END

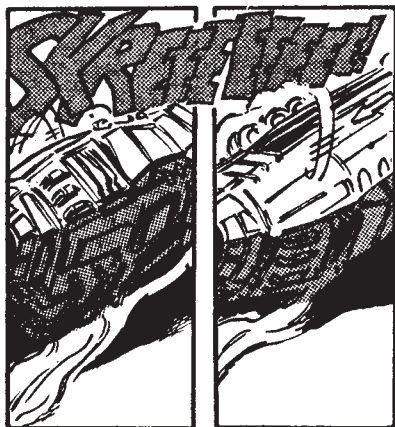


THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

**NERVES
OF
STEEL!**











THARG'S FUTURE-

SHOCKS

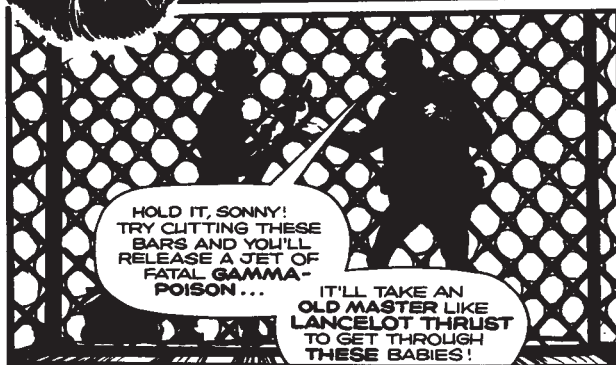
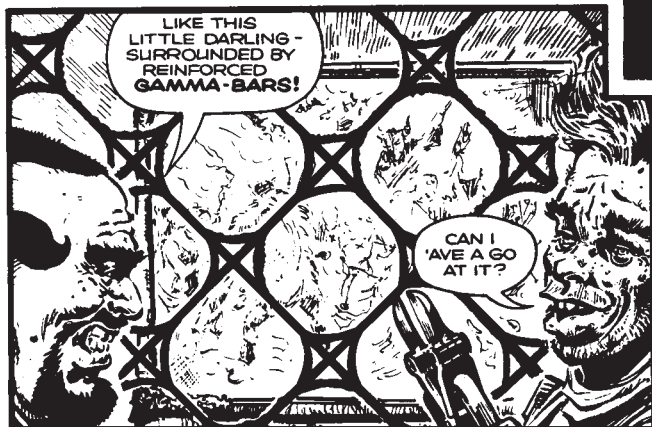
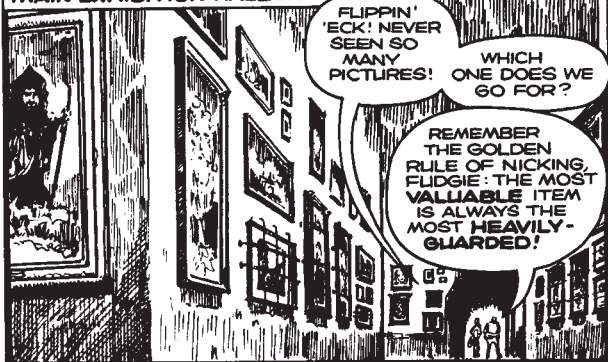
BUT IS IT ART?



LANCELOT THRUST HAD BEEN IN THE THIEVING BUSINESS FOR YEARS - AND NOW FUDGIE WAS ASSIGNED TO HIM AS A TRAINEE UNDER THE SPECIAL "CROOK CREATION SCHEME"...



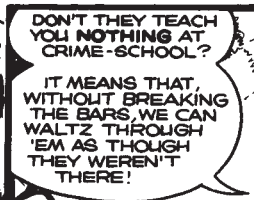
WITHIN MINUTES, THRUST HAS BROKEN INTO THE ART PLANET'S MAIN EXHIBITION HALL...





SEE THIS? IT'S A MATTER REDUCER. IT SHOOTS OUT A BEAM THAT DISPLACES THE MOLECULAR GLUE OF SOLID OBJECTS.

OH...WHAT'S THAT IN ENGLISH, MR FRUST?



DON'T THEY TEACH YOU NOTHING AT CRIME-SCHOOL?

IT MEANS THAT, WITHOUT BREAKING THE BARS, WE CAN WALTZ THROUGH 'EM AS THOUGH THEY WEREN'T THERE!

BLIMEY! THE WONDERS OF MODERN SCIENCE!



NUFFINK TO THIS THIEVING LARK, IS THERE MR FRUST?

NOT WHEN YOU KNOWS HOW, FUDGIE!

I'D LOVE TO SEE THEIR FACES WHEN THEY FIND OUT THEIR PRIZE PAINTING HAS BEEN WHIPPED!



AND SO, NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE EXHIBITION HALL OPENS...

NOW WE COME TO A MOST INTRIGUING PIECE OF ART...



SAY, IS THAT THE MOST VALUABLE ITEM ON DISPLAY?

SURE HAS GOTTA LOTTA BARS AROUND IT!



A COMMON MISTAKE. THIS ISN'T THE MOST VALUABLE PIECE - ALTHOUGH IT IS THE MOST REMARKABLE.

THIS PAINTING IS ALIVE! IT'S A CUBIZIAN ART CREATURE - THE MOST DANGEROUS LIFEFORM IN THE UNIVERSE!



THE BARS DON'T KEEP PEOPLE AWAY FROM THE PAINTING...





THARG'S
FUTURE-

SHOCKS

EGGRAVATION!

IN THE WORKS CANTEEN OF "INFERNO FOODS INC." MAC DUMPTY PAUSES OVER HIS THIRD HELPING OF SIMION REPTILE EGGS...

THIS HUMANITARIAN BUSINESS GOES TOO FAR... AM I RIGHT, JACK?

YOU'RE RIGHT, MAC...



I MEAN, I'M ALL FOR SAVING CUTE LITTLE FURRY CREATURES...

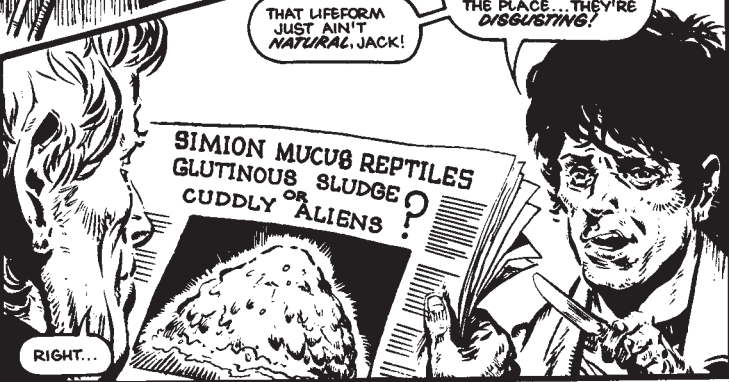
BUT SIMION MUCUS REPTILES? YEAAGHH! NO WAY!



2000AD Credit Card
SECRETY ROBERT RAIL/GAN
WAT TONY'S E BRADBURY
LETTERING ROBERT TONY JACOB
COMPU-73e

THAT LIFEFORM JUST AIN'T NATURAL, JACK!

GREAT BLOSS OF GLUTINOUS SLUDGE WOBBLIN' ALL OVER THE PLACE... THEY'RE DISGUSTING!

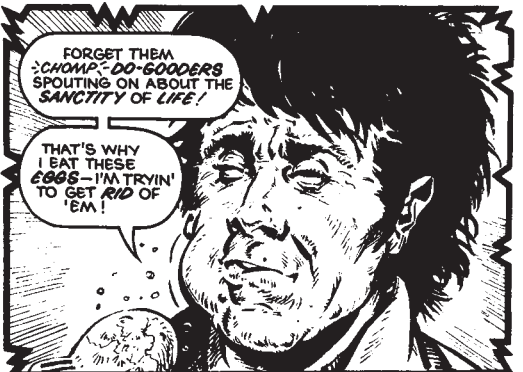


SIMION MUCUS REPTILES
GLUTINOUS SLUDGE
CUDDLY OR ALIENS?

RIGHT...

FORGET THEM! CHOMP! DO-GOODERS SPOUTING ON ABOUT THE SANCTITY OF LIFE!

THAT'S WHY I EAT THESE EGGS - I'M TRYIN' TO GET RID OF 'EM!



BUT THEY KEEP POPPIN' UP ALL OVER THE PLACE! WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

HOW DO THEY REPRODUCE? HUH?



STILL, THE MORE EGGS WE EAT, THE LESS OF 'EM THERE'LL BE... RIGHT, JACK?

RIGHT, MAC...





THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

GRAINGER
IN
PARADISE!

COMPUTER LOG 23-8-2306
TWO-MANNED FLIGHT
OMEGA 8 HAS CRASH-
LANDED...



FIVE DAYS SINCE
WE CAME DOWN...
ALL RADIO LINKS
BUSTED...

PILOT SAM GRAINGER IS
THE ONLY SURVIVOR...

IT'S A
BILLION TO ONE
THAT A RESCUE
SHIP WILL FIND
ME HERE!

AND THAT
SUITS ME JUST
FINE!



C'MON IN,
SAM...

THE WATER'S
LOVELY!

BOY! I MUST BE THE
LUCKIEST GUY IN
THE GALAXY...

FINDING YOUR
OWN LITTLE PATCH
OF PARADISE IS
EVERY STARMAN'S
DREAM!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
KEV HOPGOOD
LETTERING ROBOT
STARKINGS
COMPU-73E



WHO NEEDS
EARTH ANYWAY?
POLLUTION...
OVERCROWDING...

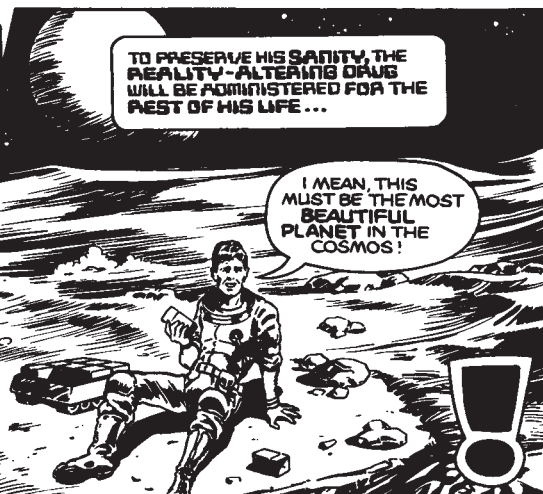
GEE, I'LL BE
HAPPY TO SPEND
THE REST OF
MY DAYS
HERE!

PSYCHOLOGICAL REPORTS ON GRAINGER
INDICATE LOW INSANITY THRESHOLD.
PRESENT COURSE OF TREATMENT TO BE
CONTINUED...



AND THE
SCENERY!

I COULD
SIT AND LAP
THIS STUFF UP
FOREVER!



TO PRESERVE HIS SANITY, THE
REALITY-ALTERING DRUG
WILL BE ADMINISTERED FOR THE
REST OF HIS LIFE...

I MEAN, THIS
MUST BE THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL
PLANET IN THE
COSMOS!



THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

CAR WARS

VISITORS TO THE DE-NIRO PLANET
SYSTEM WILL FIND TRAVEL
EASY AND ENJOYABLE ...



OKAY, BUD, THE
METER'S RUNNING.
WHERE YOU
WANNA GO?



SELDON 6
SPACEPORT -
GOTTA STAR-
SHIP TO
CATCH...

OUR CABBIES ARE FRIENDLY
AND COURTEOUS ...



I AIN'T
INTERESTED
IN YER LIFE
STORY, BUD.

SO LONG
AS YER PAYS
THE FARE...

ER...
SURE...

THEY ARE ALWAYS READY WITH A FUNNY ANECDOTE
TO BRIGHTEN YOUR JOURNEY ...



HAD A CREEP
IN HERE LAST
WEEK WHO
DIDN'T HAVE A
CREDIT ON
HIM.

HAD TO BREAK
ALL HIS FINGERS
BEFORE HE'D
GIVE ME HIS
WRISTWATCH...

AN' THEN ONE OF
THOSE OFF-WORLDBERS
DIDN'T GIVE ME A
TIP...

THEY SAY HE'S
STILL BEING FED
THROUGH PLASTIC
TUBES.



HOPE A
HUNDRED
COVERS IT.

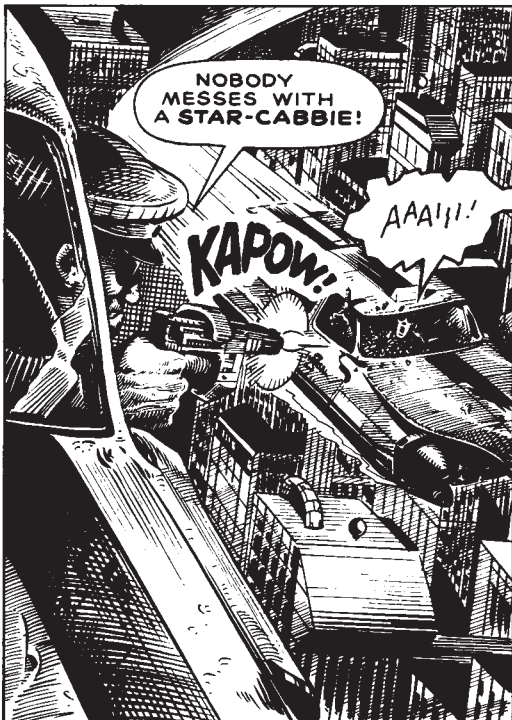
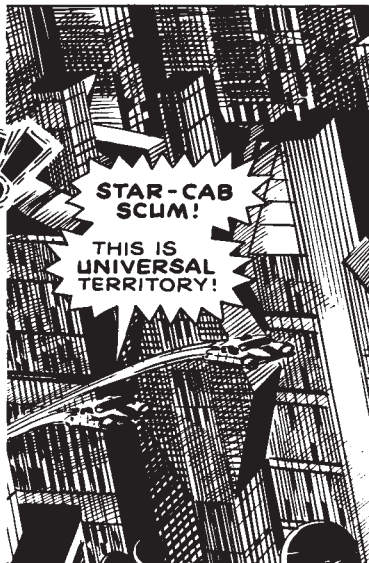
MAYBE
I SHOULDA
SPACE-WALKED...

2000AD

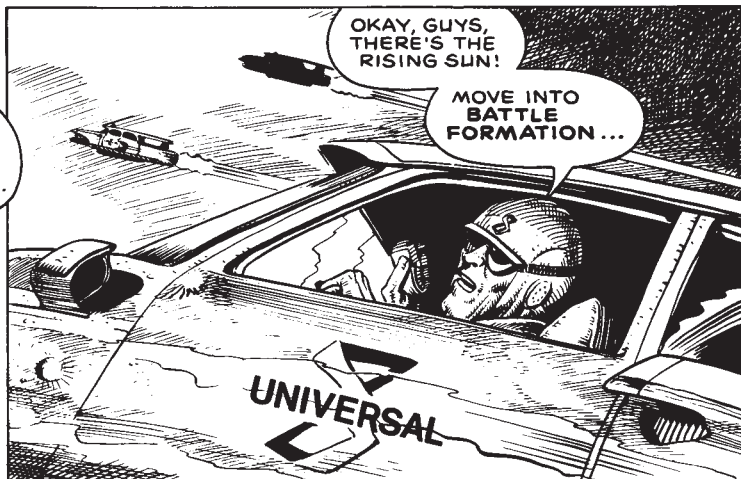
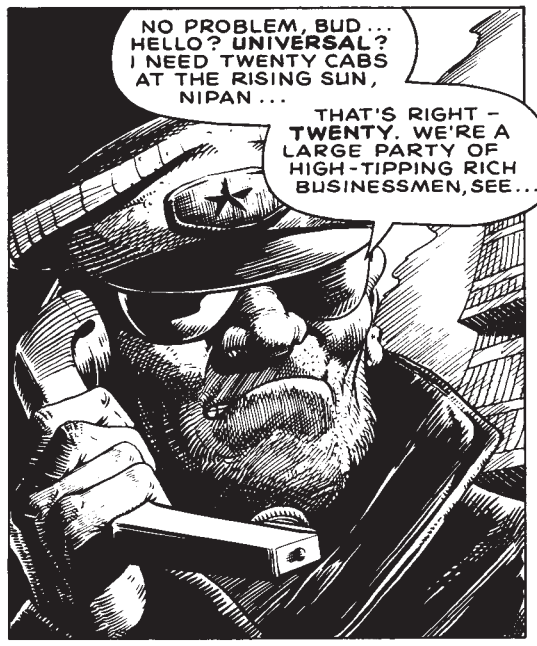
Credit Card:

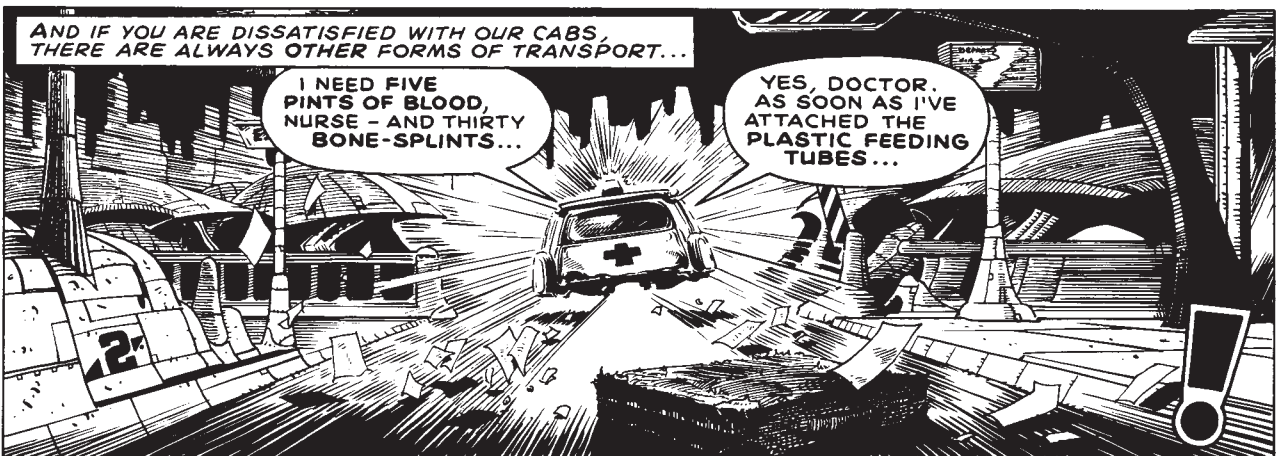
SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING ROBOT
STARKINGS

COMPU:73E











THARG'S
FUTURE-

SHOCKS

**SPEAK
NO EVIL**

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
E. BRADBURY
LETTERING ROBOT
G. ROBSON
COMPU-73E

MEET PROFESSOR MAGNUSSEN, WHO CLAIMS HE CAN GREATLY INCREASE THE IQ OF DUMB ANIMALS...

YOU SEE THIS MINI VILLAGE? IT WAS BUILT ENTIRELY BY MICE WHO HAVE UNDERGONE MY CLEVER TANK PROCESS!



BUT RESEARCH OF THIS KIND DOES NOT COME CHEAP...

CUTE — BUT HOW'S IT GONNA HELP JOE PUBLIC?

UNLESS YOU SHOW US YOUR PROCESS HAS BENEFITS FOR HUMANITY, YOUR RESEARCH GRANT STOPS NOW!



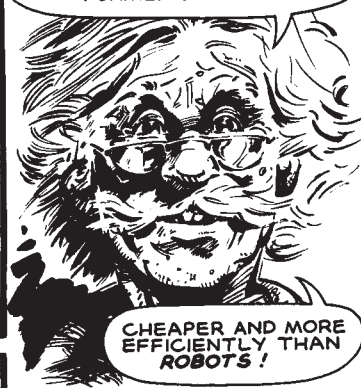
JUST WATCH! MICE WERE ONLY A PRELIMINARY TEST — MY REAL TARGET IS APES!

THESE APES WILL DO ALL THE DANGEROUS, HEAVY AND BORING WORK AT PRESENT PERFORMED BY MEN...

RONNIE AND REGGIE HAVE BEEN LYING IN THE CLEVER TANK FOR THREE WEEKS. THEIR INTELLIGENCE SHOULD NOW BE INCREASED TEN-FOLD!



CHEAPER AND MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN ROBOTS!



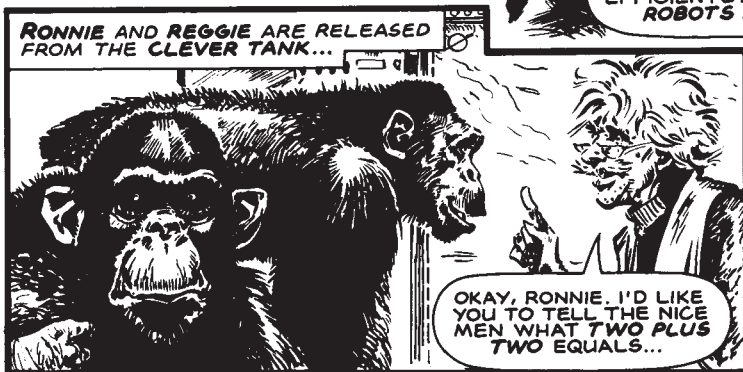
SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, PROFESSOR.

LET'S SEE THE CHIMPS IN ACTION...



RONNIE AND REGGIE ARE RELEASED FROM THE CLEVER TANK...

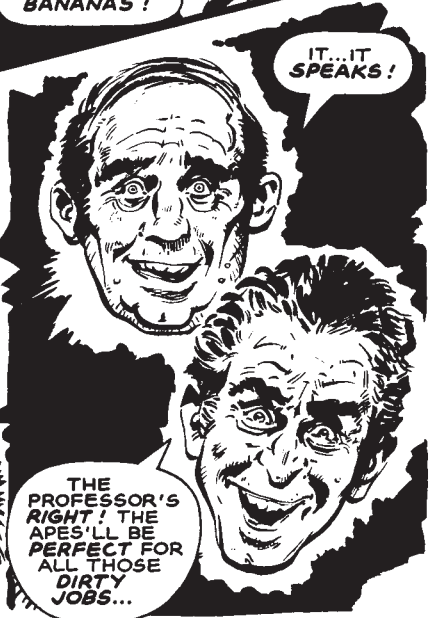
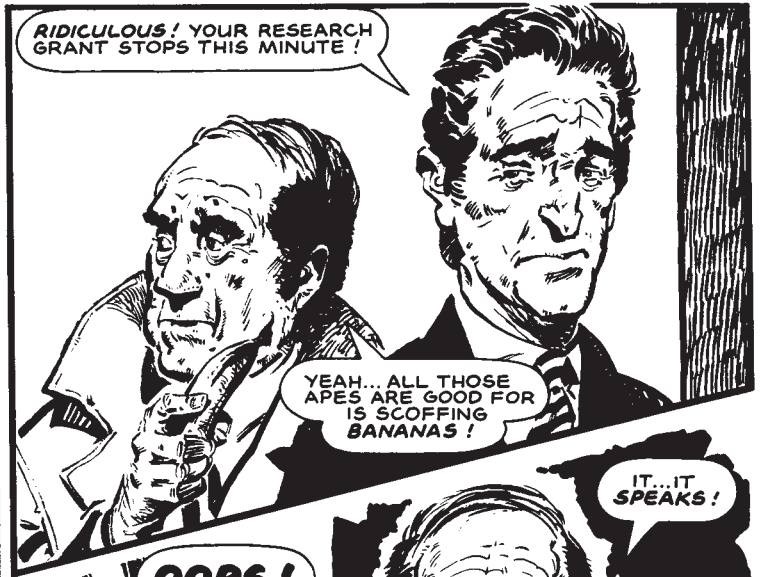
OKAY, RONNIE. I'D LIKE YOU TO TELL THE NICE MEN WHAT TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS...



GIBBER!

GIBBER!







THARG'S FUTURE-

SHOCKS

THE LONG SLEEP

"THIS IS CAPTAIN SANDMAN REPORTING TO MISSION CONTROL. THE SHIP'S ON AUTO-PILOT NOW... WON'T SEE EARTH COLONY EPSILON FOR 200 YEARS."



"THE OTHER GUYS ARE IN DEEP SLEEP - BUT I THOUGHT I'D SAY A FEW WORDS BEFORE I CLOSE MY EYES..."

"BOY, THESE NEW SUSPENDED ANIMATION CAPSULES ARE REALLY SOMETHING ELSE, MISSION CONTROL! I'D LOVE TO KNOW WHO INVENTED THEM..."

SO THIS'LL BE MY BUNK FOR THE NEXT 2 CENTURIES, EH, CAP?

S'RIGHT, RYAN. IF WE DIDN'T GO INTO DEEP SLEEP WE'D BE DUST AND BONES BY THE TIME WE ARRIVED!



AND THESE NEW S.A. CAPSULES ARE THE MOST SOPHISTICATED EVER...



THEY'LL PUT US TO SLEEP, FEED US, CLEAN US, INCREASE OUR IQ... THEY'LL EVEN BRUSH OUR TEETH SO WE DON'T ARRIVE WITH BAD BREATH!

SO LIE DOWN LIKE A GOOD BOY AND I'LL TUCK YOU IN...

"THE HATCH CLOSED OVER RYAN'S FACE, AND THEN I PULLED THE SLEEP SWITCH. HE WENT OUT LIKE A LIGHT."

SWEET DREAMS, RYAN.



"RYAN WAS THE LAST OF THEM. IT'S FUNNY, BUT I DIDN'T SPOT THE PROBLEM TILL THEN."

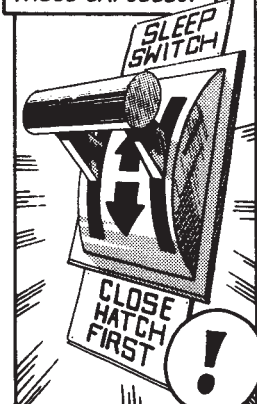


"I MUST SAY, MISSION CONTROL, I'M A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED IN YOU..."

AND NOW I JUST CAN'T GET TO SLEEP. YOU SEE, MISSION CONTROL, I'M THE LAST ONE AWAKE - SO THERE'S NO ONE TO TUCK ME IN.

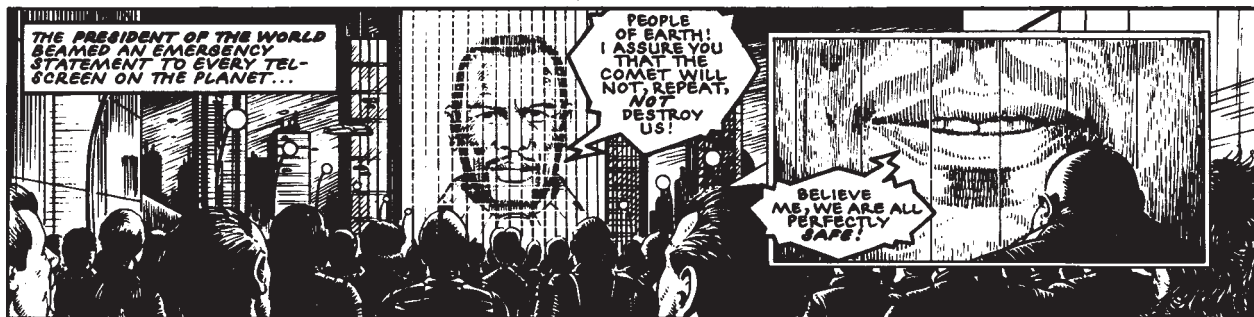
AND THE HATCH HAS GOT TO BE SHUT BEFORE THE SLEEP SWITCH CAN BE ACTIVATED...

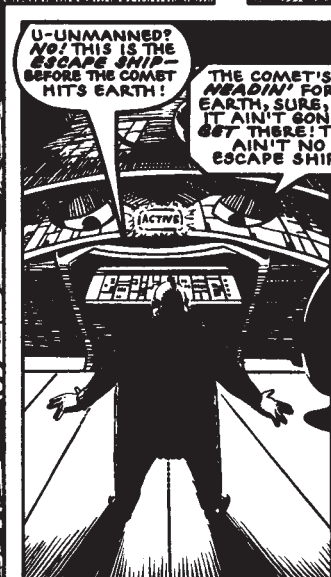
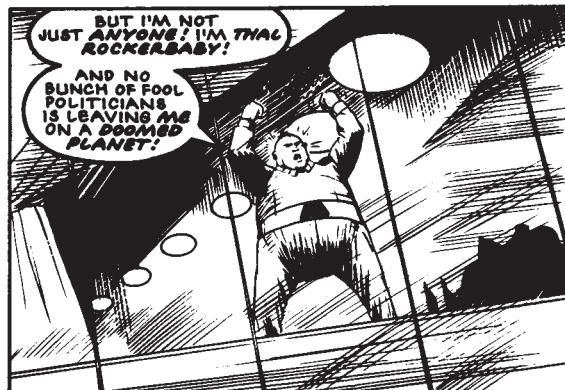
"BOY, I'D JUST LOVE TO KNOW WHO INVENTED THESE CAPSULES!"

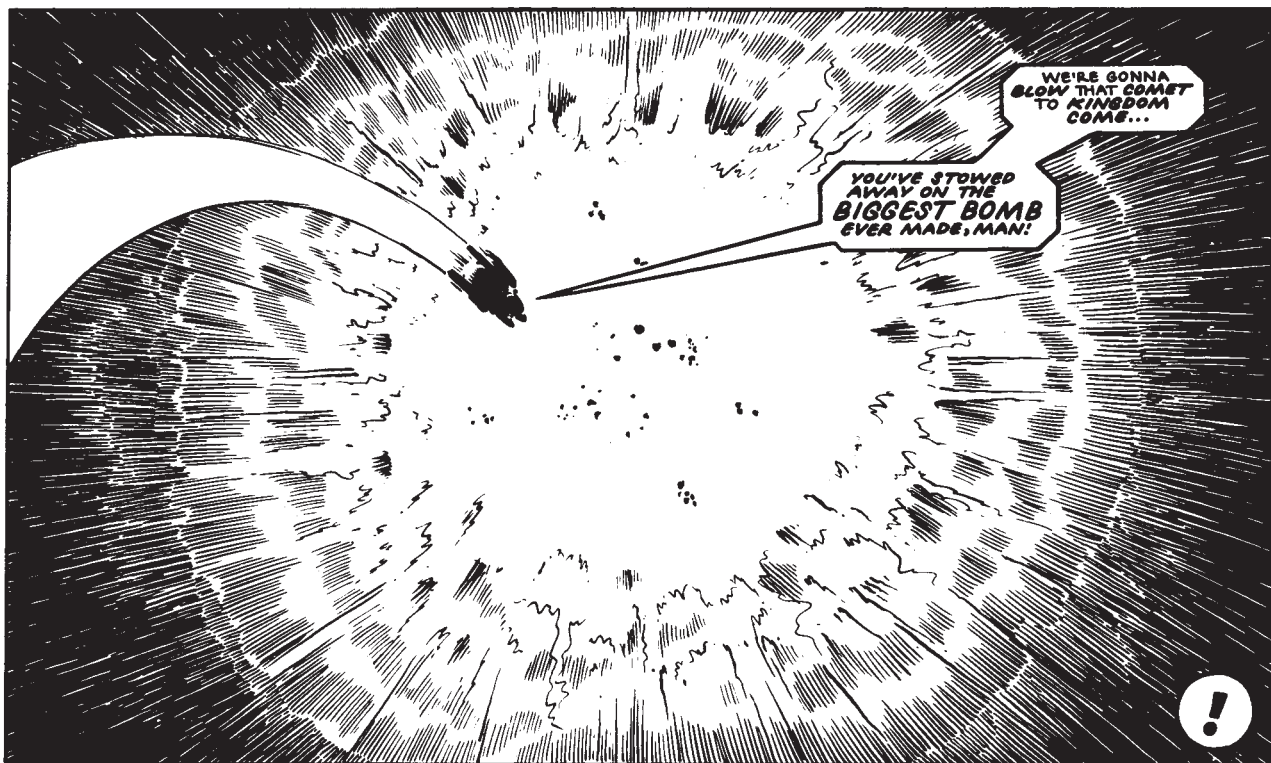


2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
PETE MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
JEFF ANDERSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73e

PROJECT SALVATION!







WE'RE GONNA
BLOW THAT COMET
TO KINGDOM
COME...

YOU'VE STOWED
AWAY ON THE
BIGGEST BOMB
EVER MADE, MAN!

!



THARG'S

FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE
WAR
WITH THE
SLOBB!



EARTH, 2008: THE 25TH WEEK OF THE SLOBB INVASION...AND EARTH TROOPS MOUNT A SURPRISE ATTACK ON SLOBB LINES...



BUT AS THE EARTH FORCES PUSH FORWARD, THE BATTLE TAKES AN UNEXPECTED TURN...



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
B. KITSON
LETTERING ROBOT
G. ROBSON
COMPU-73E



WITHIN HOURS, THE EARTH TROOPS ARE HAMMERED INTO THE GROUND...



AND AT EARTH H.Q., FIELD MARSHAL CLIFF CONDUCTS YET ANOTHER POST MORTEM...

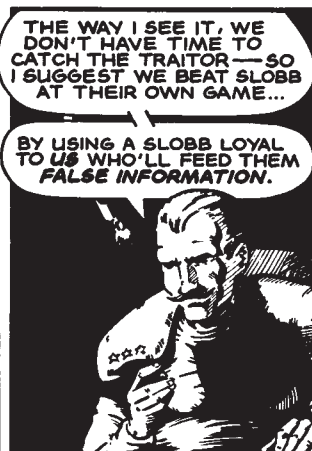
SLOBB KNEW EXACTLY WHERE AND WHEN WE WERE GONNA HIT 'EM

WE'VE A TRAITOR IN OUR RANKS... SOME TURNCOAT IS FEEDING THEM OUR BATTLE PLANS!



AND UNLESS WE CATCH HIM—AND WIN THE NEXT BATTLE—EARTH WILL BE LOST!

ANY SUGGESTIONS?



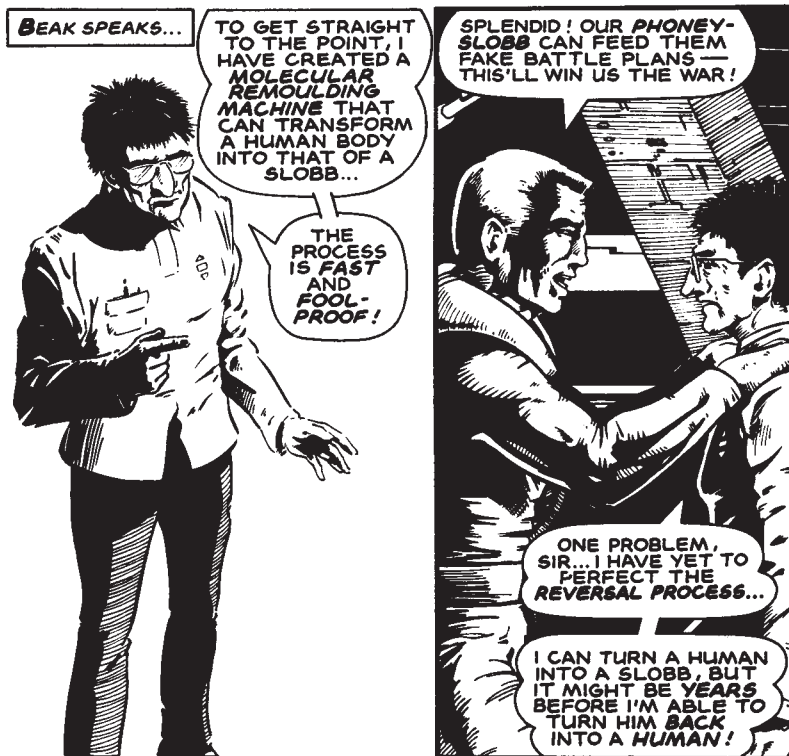
THE WAY I SEE IT, WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO CATCH THE TRAITOR—SO I SUGGEST WE BEAT SLOBB AT THEIR OWN GAME...

BY USING A SLOBB LOYAL TO US WHO'LL FEED THEM FALSE INFORMATION.



AN' HOW DO WE DO THAT?

THERE AIN'T A SLOBB ALIVE WHO'LL DOUBLE-CROSS HIS OWN PEOPLE.



BEAK SPEAKS...

TO GET STRAIGHT TO THE POINT, I HAVE CREATED A MOLECULAR REMOULDING MACHINE THAT CAN TRANSFORM A HUMAN BODY INTO THAT OF A SLOBB...

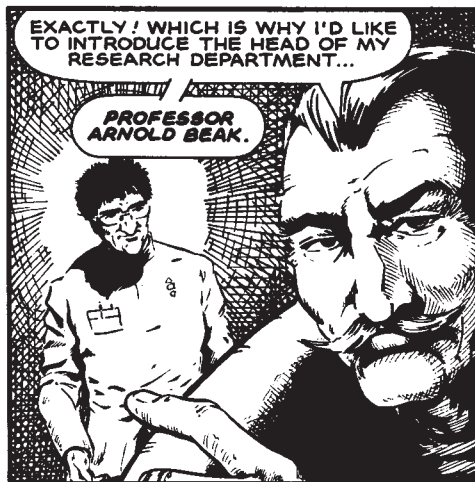
THE PROCESS IS FAST AND FOOL-PROOF!



SPLENDID! OUR PHONEY-SLOBB CAN FEED THEM FAKE BATTLE PLANS—THIS'LL WIN US THE WAR!

ONE PROBLEM, SIR... I HAVE YET TO PERFECT THE REVERSAL PROCESS...

I CAN TURN A HUMAN INTO A SLOBB, BUT IT MIGHT BE YEARS BEFORE I'M ABLE TO TURN HIM BACK INTO A HUMAN!



EXACTLY! WHICH IS WHY I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE THE HEAD OF MY RESEARCH DEPARTMENT...

PROFESSOR ARNOLD BEAK.



TOUGH!

HAVE WE ANYONE EXPENDABLE WHO CAN CARRY OUT THIS ASSIGNMENT?



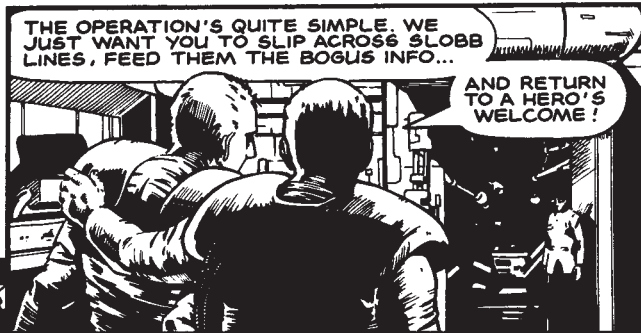
THERE'S A CHAP IN INTELLIGENCE — DIDN'T GO TO ANY OF THE PROPER SCHOOLS... CAN'T EVEN PLAY A DECENT HAND OF MEGA-BRIDGE!



"FELLOW BY THE NAME OF..."

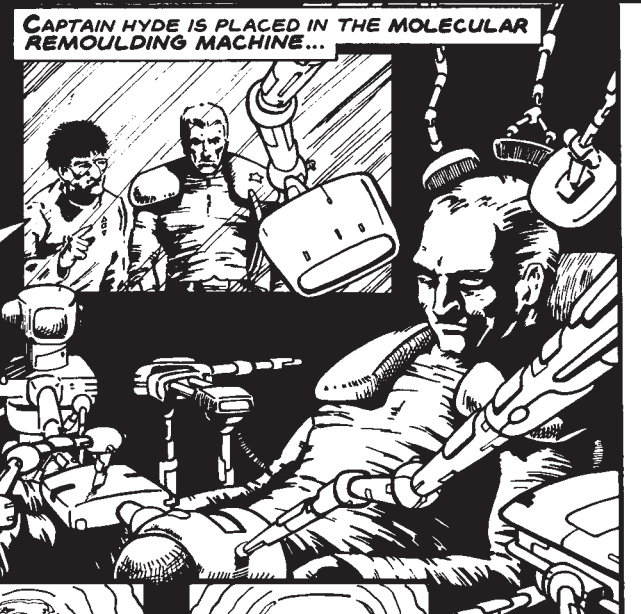
CAPTAIN HYDE!

DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU! GENERAL MCCALL SAYS YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN HE'D TRUST TO DO THIS JOB...



THE OPERATION'S QUITE SIMPLE. WE JUST WANT YOU TO SLIP ACROSS SLOBB LINES, FEED THEM THE BOGUS INFO...

AND RETURN TO A HERO'S WELCOME!



CAPTAIN HYDE IS PLACED IN THE MOLECULAR REMOULDING MACHINE...

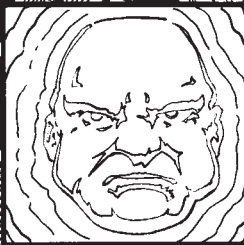
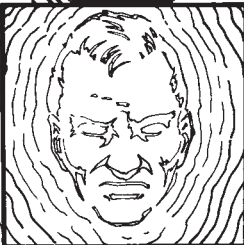
FIELD MARSHAL, YOU FORGOT TO TELL HIM ABOUT THE IMPERFECT REVERSAL PROCESS...

HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT HE MIGHT BE STUCK WITH A HORRID SLOBB-BODY FOR YEARS!



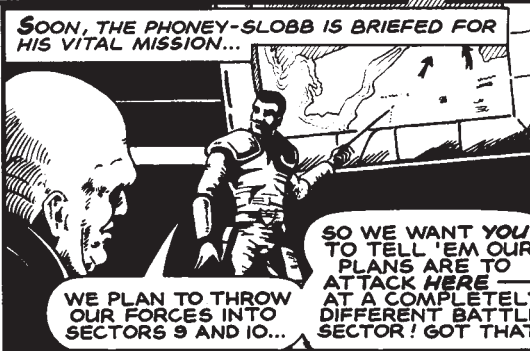
DIDN'T I MENTION THAT, BEAK?

MUST HAVE SLIPPED MY MIND!



HYDE IS QUICKLY SHUNTED ACROSS ENEMY LINES...

I'VE ESCAPED FROM THE EARTH-MEN...



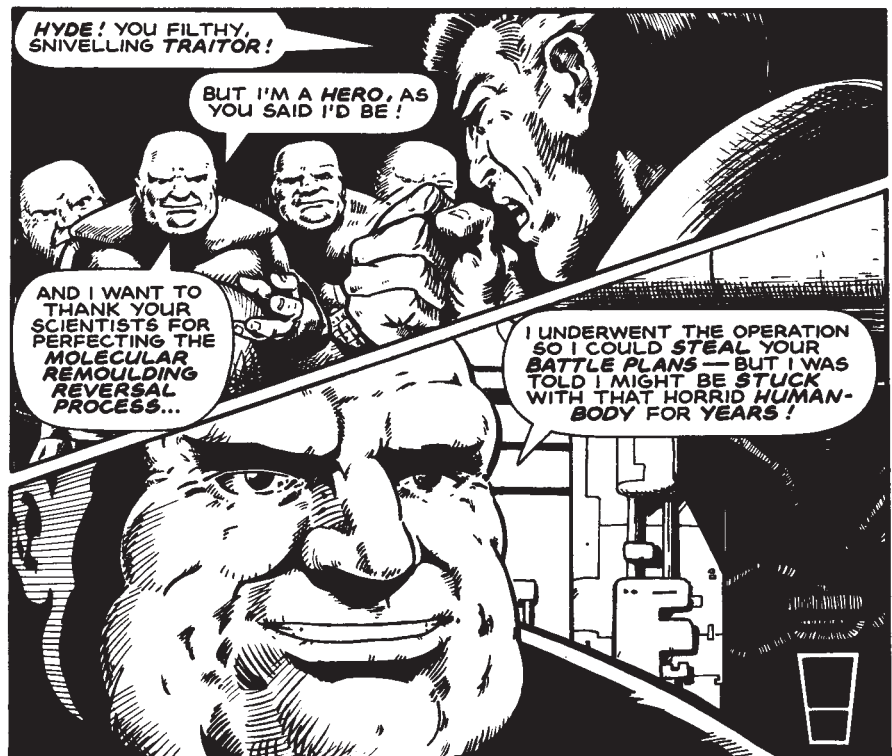
SOON, THE PHONEY-SLOBB IS BRIEFED FOR HIS VITAL MISSION...

WE PLAN TO THROW OUR FORCES INTO SECTORS 9 AND 10...

SO WE WANT YOU TO TELL 'EM OUR PLANS ARE TO ATTACK HERE — AT A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT BATTLE-SECTOR! GOT THAT?



AND I KNOW ALL ABOUT THEIR BATTLE PLANS!





THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE REVENGE
OF YALLOP
CRINGE!

IT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS
WORKING FOR THE AGENCY.
MY BRIEF WAS TO SHUT
DOWN THE MUTANT-MAKERS
ON PLANET FILTH.

MUTIE-MAKING WAS STILL
LEGAL THERE, SO THE COPS
COULDN'T HELP ME. I HAD
TO GO IT ALONE...

PRAY CONTINUE, HERR
KROCOV. ZIS IS A MOST
INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF
ARCHETYPAL BEHAVIOURAL
PATTERNS...

WELL, WHO KNOWS WHY PEOPLE
WANT TO BE MUTATED? MAYBE
THEY JUST WANT TO BE DIFFERENT
— MAYBE IT'S THE SPECIAL WELFARE
PAYMENTS MUTIES GET...

WHATEVER
THE
REASON, IT'S
SICK!

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT: ROBERT
P. MILLIGAN
ART: ROBERT
G. SENIOR
LETTERING: ROBERT
G. ROBSON

COMPU-73E

"BUT THEN MUTIE-MAKING IS ONE SICK
BUSINESS..."

HEY! THIS THIRD
EYE YOU PUT IN
LAST WEEK HAS
FALLEN OUT!

BERNIE'S TOWN BARLOUR
PART EXCHANGE WELCOME.

YEAH?
TOO
BAD,
PAL!

"THAT'S WHY I WAS SENT TO STAMP IT
OUT..."

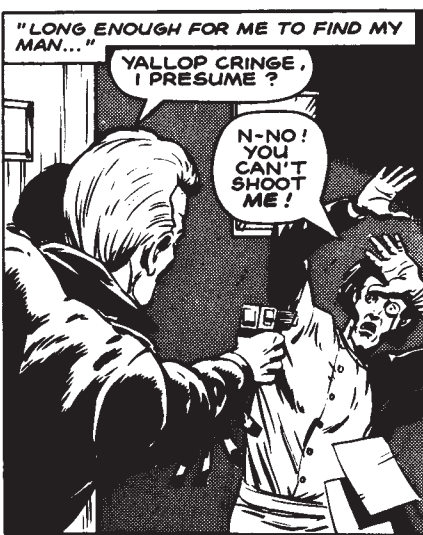
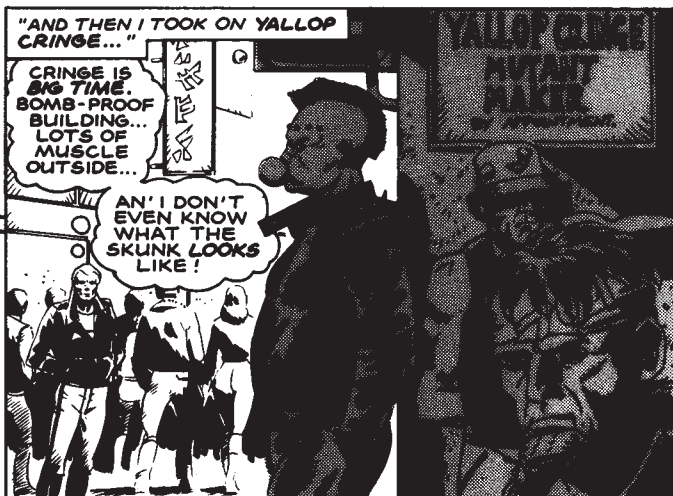
HI—I'M
KROCOV.
YOU
BERNIE?

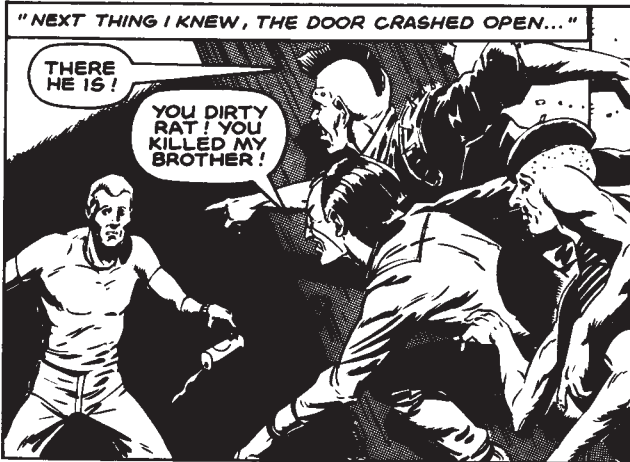
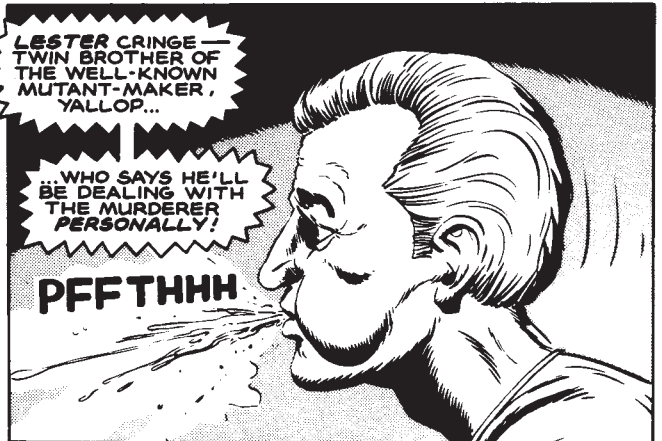
THAT'S
RIGHT,
SIR. I'M
THE
MUTANT-
MAKER...

CORRECTION,
BERNIE...

YOU
WERE
THE
MUTANT-
MAKER!

KAPOWWW!







YEAH,
DOC,
YOU'VE
TOLD
ME...

LOTS OF
TIMES!

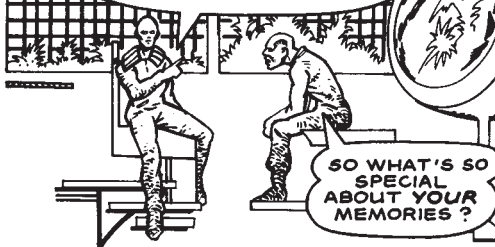
THE MOON MEADOW DOME FOR THE AGED...

MR BONHOF, ISN'T IT ?
YOU'RE NEW HERE...OF COURSE,
MY FACE WON'T BE FAMILIAR TO
YOU, BUT MY NAME WILL BE —
'COS SO MANY PEOPLE CLAIM
TO BE ME !



OH ? AND WHY'S THAT ?

'COS I SOLD MY MEMORIES
TO EXPERIENCES UNLIMITED
...AND THEY SOLD THEM TO
HUNDREDS OF MEN, WHO
NOW GO ABOUT WITH MY
OWN PAST EMBEDDED IN
THEIR MINDS !



SO WHAT'S SO
SPECIAL
ABOUT YOUR
MEMORIES ?

I WAS ONCE THE GREATEST
GLADIATOR IN ALL SPACE !
I WAS...



ERIC THE WILD !



**THARG'S
FUTURE-**

SHOCKS

"AH YES, HOW WELL
I REMEMBER MY FIRST
EVER COMBAT..."



WHO AM I
FIGHTING,
BOSS ?

A TOUGH ONE, ERIC...
THE SNARGROID OF
TRELLOX — ONE MEAN
VEGETABLE !



" TRILLIONS OF CREATURES THROUGHOUT
THE UNIVERSE WATCHED AS OUR TITANIC
PROJECTIONS DID BATTLE ! OUR ARENA
WAS AN ABANDONED STAR SYSTEM ! "



EARTHMAN... YOU
CANNOT DEFEATT
THE SNARRGROIDH !

2000AD
Credit Card
SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
T. JOZWIAK
LETTERING ROBOT
G. ROBSON
COMPU-73e



SHHUNKKK!

DON'T BET ON IT, CARROT FACE!

"THAT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING!"



"I TRAVELLED ALL KNOWN SPACE, BATTLING THE BEST THERE WAS!
I FOUGHT CLINTHROP THE CREASER..."

SEE YOU LATER,
ALLIGATOR!

"...GRENGLOPE THE
UNTOUCHABLE..."

HERE'S LOOKING
AT YOU, SQUID!

OOOOH! IT'S
ERIC THE WILD!

"...AND MORRIE
THE MUTANT..."

SMACK!

GGURNNING!

I SAY!

"SOON, I WAS THE GREATEST GLADIATOR OF ALL! BOY,
WHAT A LIFE I HAD!"

CAN I TOUCH
YOU, ERIC?

**EAT YOUR
HEART
OUT.**

EASY, GIRLS —
THERE'S PLENTY
OF ME FOR ALL
OF YOU!

"FOR YEARS I WAS SUPREME CHAMPION — AND THEN I MET SHINKO THE SADISTIC..."

TIME FOR YOU TO RETIRE, OLD EARTHCREATURE!

WHOKK!

NNNGGN! SH-SHINKO
...HE'S TOO STRONG
...TOO FAST!

BEHOLD, THE MARK OF SHINKO!

YEAAGHH!

"HE WAS RIGHT. IT WAS TIME TO RETIRE FROM THE PIT."

"THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING FOR IT: EXPERIENCES UNLIMITED..."

I'M TAKING AN ELECTRO-SIMULATION OF YOUR MEMORIES AND EXPERIENCES, ERIC — TO SELL TO MY RICH OLD CLIENTS...

A SURGEON REMOVED THE SCAR OF SHINKO, BUT I HAD NO MONEY! I HADN'T SAVED A SOU!

DURING THEIR TWILIGHT YEARS, THEY'LL REMEMBER THEIR EXCITING LIFE — YOUR LIFE!

NOW, HUNDREDS OF FOLK BELIEVE THEY USED TO BE ME! THEY TRADED IN THEIR OWN BORING PASTS FOR THE MEMORIES OF ERIC THE WILD!

THE TALKATIVE OLD MAN DEPARTED, AND MR BONHOF WAS LEFT ALONE AGAIN.

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I HEARD THAT STORY?

OF COURSE, THE MEMORY PROGRAMMERS PLANTED THE BIT ABOUT SHINKO'S SCAR BEING REMOVED!

A MAN MIGHT SELL HIS MEMORIES FOR MONEY...

BUT A TRUE GLADIATOR WOULD NEVER PART WITH HIS BATTLE-SCAR!

END



**THARG'S
FUTURE-**

SHOCKS

**PRISONER
OF
CONSCIENCE!**

A SIREN WAILS ON PRISON PLANET ALPHA 3... WHERE LONG-TERM CONVICT EDDIE "HARDMAN" VICAR IS MAKING A DASH FOR FREEDOM...

STROKE OF LUCK, THAT METEOR SHOWER BUSTING THE MAIN WALL...

AN' NOW THAT SHIP'S JUST BEGGING TO BE STOLEN!

MEET YOUR NEW PILOT, PAL!

AAH!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
KITSON
LETTERING ROBOT
ROBSON
COMPU-73E

WHOLE STAR-SYSTEM'LL BE CRAWLING WITH POLICE-SHIPS SOON.

I'D BETTER FIND A QUIET PLANET AND LIE LOW TILL THE HEAT'S OFF...

AND SOON...

HA! I'M ON A LUCKY STREAK!

THAT PLANET'S PERFECT!

PLANET:
UNDEVELOPED
++ ABLE TO
SUPPORT
HUMAN
LIFE ++

DAMN! THE PLACE IS SWARMING WITH PRIMITIVES! I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL ...THEY COULD BE SAVAGE...



WELCOME, FRIEND. YOU MUST BE HUNGRY AFTER YOUR JOURNEY—HERE...

HOLD IT! HOW DO I KNOW THAT FOOD AIN'T POISONED OR SOMETHING?



I WILL TASTE THE FOOD FIRST, FRIEND—BUT IF YOU'D RATHER SLEEP, A HUT CAN BE PREPARED...

THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! CAN THESE GUYS BE FOR REAL?



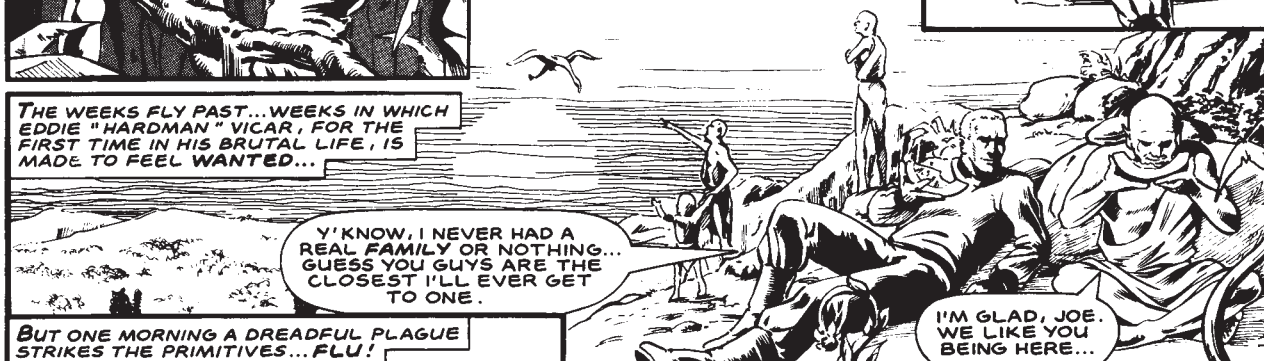
AND LATER, AFTER SUPPER...

THIS IS YOUR HUT, MY BROTHER. YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY WITH US FOR AS LONG AS YOU LIKE.

UH, THANKS!

THESE MUST BE THE FRIENDLIEST PEOPLE IN ALL CREATION!

THE WEEKS FLY PAST... WEEKS IN WHICH EDDIE "HARDMAN" VICAR, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS BRUTAL LIFE, IS MADE TO FEEL WANTED...



Y'KNOW, I NEVER HAD A REAL FAMILY OR NOTHING... GUESS YOU GUYS ARE THE CLOSEST I'LL EVER GET TO ONE.

BUT ONE MORNING A DREADFUL PLAGUE STRIKES THE PRIMITIVES... FLU!



MUST HAVE CAUGHT IT OFF OF ME! THEIR BODIES HAVE NO IMMUNITY TO IT... THIS COULD WIPE THEM ALL OUT!

PLEASE, BROTHER! HELP US! CAN YOUR FRIENDS FROM THE SKY CURE US?



YEAH, I COULD CALL THE POLICE ON THE SHIP'S TRANSMITTER... THEY'D HAVE A VACCINE TO SAVE THE PRIMITIVES.

BUT IT WOULD MEAN GOING BACK TO THAT PRISON...



FORGET IT! IF YOU WEREN'T SO SOFT YOU'D TURN ME OVER AND SAVE YOURSELVES...

AND ONLY THE HARD AND THE RUTHLESS DESERVE TO SURVIVE!



PLEASE!

I KNOW IT'S ONLY
IN HIS MIND, BUT
THAT FLU SCENE
ALWAYS DISTURBS
ME...

RIGHT...TURN OFF
THE BRAIN-SCREEN
AND THE IMAGE-
INDUCER. ACTIVATE
MEMORY WIPE-OUT.



THAT'S THE TENTH
TIME HE'S LET THE
PRIMITIVES DIE!

MEMOR
WIPE-
OUT
ACTIVAT
+++

LET'S GET
THE BRUTE
BACK TO
HIS CELL —
NO WAY HE
DESERVES TO
BE LET OUT...



EDDIE VICAR HAS
FAILED HIS
PAROLE TEST
YET AGAIN!



THARG'S FUTURE-

SHOCKS

DOING TIME!



CITIZENS! WHEN YOU ELECTED ME AS YOUR NEW LEADER, I VOWED TO ERADICATE CRIME FROM OUR SOCIETY!

TONIGHT, I AM PLEASED TO REPORT THAT THE WAR AGAINST THE CRIMINALS IS ALMOST WON!

OH, YEAH, CREEP...?



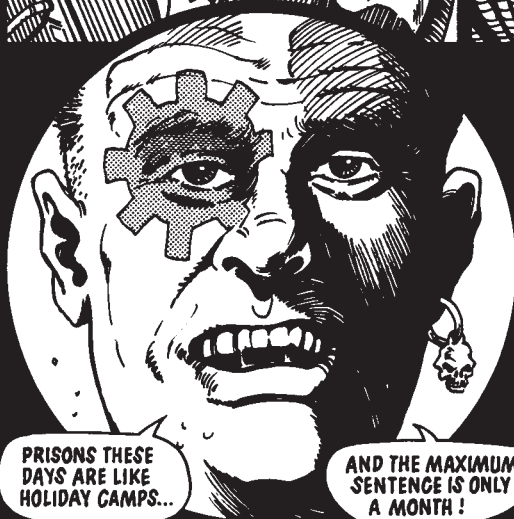
MY BOOT SAYS DIFFERENT!



M-MAYBE WE OUGHTA SPLIT, GUS - JUST IN CASE THE LAW TURNS UP.

STOP WORRYING, LARRY. IT'S LIKE I TOLD YOU...

2000AD
Credit Card
SCRIPT ROBOT
P MILLIGAN
AND ROBOT
P MATH
LETTERING ROBOT
T FRAME
COMPU-73c



PRISONS THESE DAYS ARE LIKE HOLIDAY CAMPS...

AND THE MAXIMUM SENTENCE IS ONLY A MONTH!



AS THE TWO YOUTHS LEAVE THE RANSACKED RESIDENCE. . .

HEY! A 1998 ROLLS-MERCEDES!

THIS CALLS FOR A TEST-DRIVE, LARRY BABY!





LAURENCE D'ARBY AND AUGUSTUS JOHN! FOR YOUR HEINOUS CRIMES, I SENTENCE YOU TO TWO WEEKS' HARD LABOUR!

HARD LABOUR? DOES THAT MEAN WE HAVE TO POUR OUR OWN DRINKS?

HEE HEE!

KLUNK!

THIS WAY, CREEPS!

I HOPE MY ROOM'S GOT HOLOVISION!

YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT!

WAAAH! WHAT'S HAPPENING, GUS?

HOW THE HECK DO I KNOW?

THAT'S TWO MORE THUGS WE WON'T BE SEEING AGAIN.

WHERE DID WE SEND THEM TO THIS TIME?

1985 AGAIN—SEEMS THE TIME CO-ORDINATES CAN LOCK INTO THAT YEAR EASIEST OF ALL...

YES, CITIZENS, THIS GOVERNMENT IS MAKING CRIME...

A THING OF THE PAST!

KLIK!



THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

IT'S THE
THOUGHT
THAT
COUNTS!

THE PLANET LUPZOG,
SOMEWHERE IN THE
CORONA BOREALIS...

OXYGEN LEVEL'S
FINE, AGENT SMILEY.
SO **NOW** CAN YOU
TELL ME WHAT
OUR **MISSION** IS?

SURE. SORRY
'BOUT THE UNUSUAL
SECURITY MEASURES—
BUT THIS IS THE BIGGEST
JOB **WESTOPIAN**
INTELLIGENCE HAS
HANDLED SINCE THE
GALACTIC WAR
BEGAN.

WE'RE GOING TO
WIN THE WAR
AGAINST **EASTOVIA**...

WE'RE GOING
TO FIND THE
ULTIMATE
WEAPON!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73E

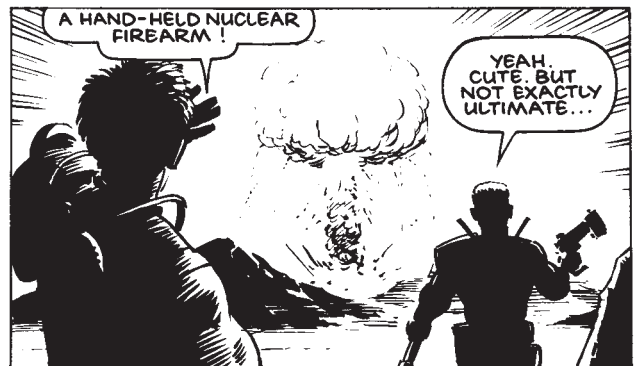
IT'S IN THAT
TIMEPROOF
PLASMA-HIVE.
IT'S BEEN THERE
CENTURIES—
BUT IT'LL STILL
BE IN **MINT**
CONDITION...

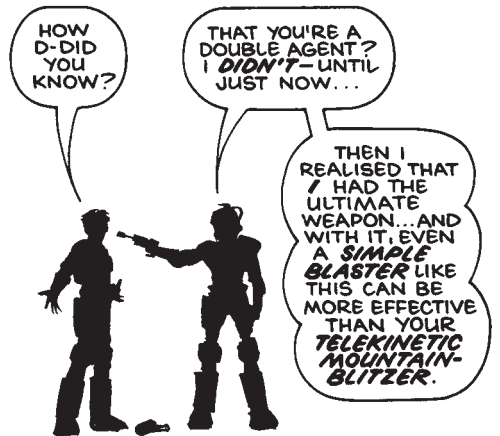
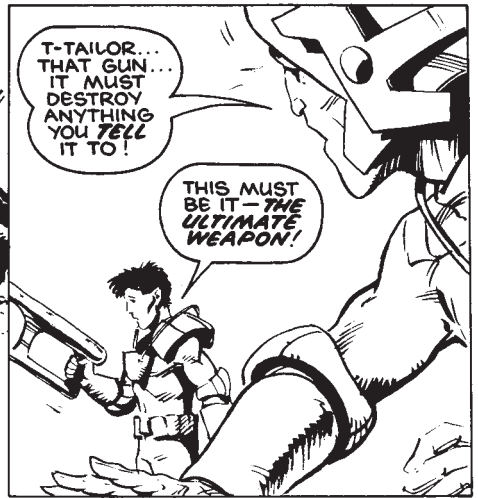
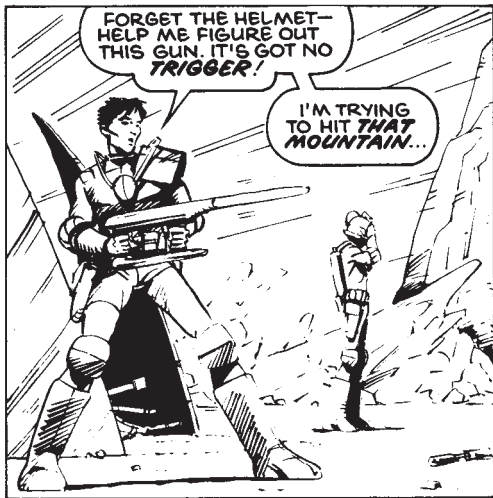
WHAT
DOES IT
LOOK LIKE?
WHAT DOES
IT **DO**?

NO ONE KNOWS, TAILOR. THE **SPACE**
RECORDS WE FOUND JUST SAID IT WAS
STORED HERE BY AN ANCIENT
WARRIOR RACE.

LUCKILY, THE RECORDS ALSO
GAVE US THE **PLASMA-CODE**
NEEDED TO OPEN
THIS HIVE...

THAT'S RIGHT,
SMILEY. OPEN IT
UP... AND AS
SOON AS I GET
THIS **ULTIMATE**
WEAPON YOU'RE
A **DEAD**
MAN!







THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

The
ARMAGEDDON
GAME

DEEP IN NO MAN'S SPACE, THE ARMED FORCES OF EARTH AND OF SHILITE COME FACE TO FACE.

THE MIGHTIEST ARMIES EVER ASSEMBLED PREPARE FOR A BATTLE THAT CAN HAVE BUT ONE CONCLUSION...

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
PETE MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
SKIZZIKS
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73E

THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL KNOWN SPACE!

IN THE EARTH FLAGSHIP, ADMIRAL SCY GIVES THE FATEFUL COMMAND...

BEGIN
COUNTDOWN...

LET'S BLOW
THAT SCUM OUTA
THE SKY!

10.9.8...

WHILE IN THE SHILITE FLAGSHIP...

VICTORY
IS AT HAND...

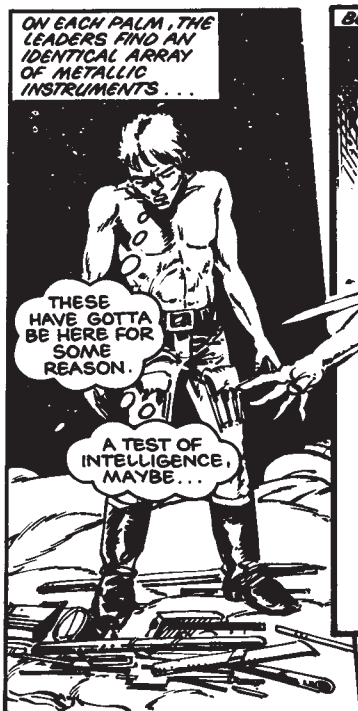
THE HUMAN
DOGS WILL BE
CRUSHED!

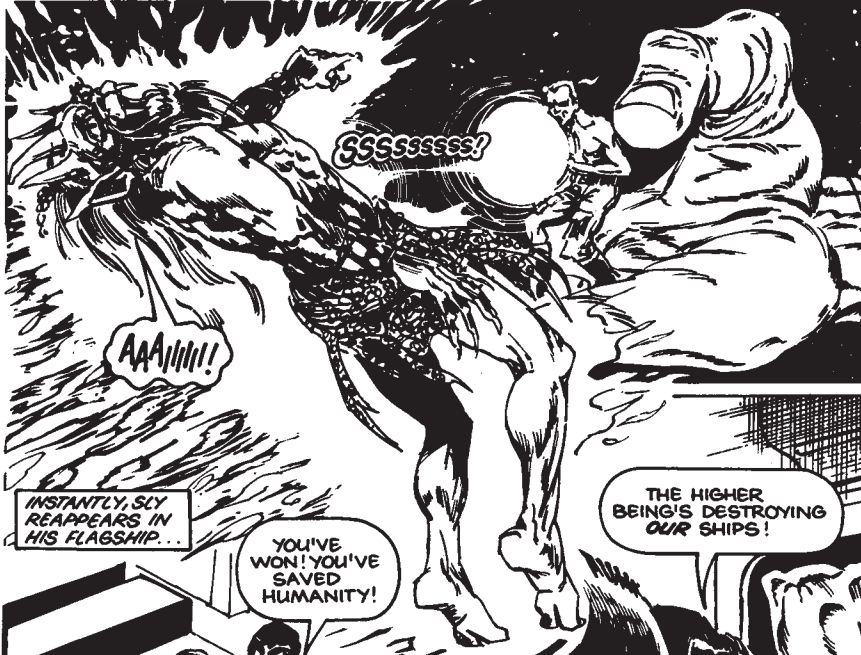
7.6.5...

BUT SUDDENLY...

THE COMMANDER!

HE'S GONE!







HOTEL HARRY FELIX

Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Geoff Senior
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 463

THE ALTERATION

Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Alan Langford
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 466

ALIEN AID

Script: Grant Morrison
Art: John Stokes
Letters: R. Starking

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 469

SOME PEOPLE NEVER LISTEN

Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Barry Kitson
Letters: Jack Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 475

THE SHOP THAT SOLD EVERYTHING

Script: Grant Morrison
Art: John Stokes
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 477

WHEELS OF FURY

Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Geoff Senior
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 481

CURSE YOUR LUCKY STAR

Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Barry Kitson
Letters: Mark King

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 482

MANIAC FOR HIRE

Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Johnny Johnstone
Letters: Mark King

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 507

FRUITCAKE AND VEG

Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Colin MacNeil
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 508-509

FAIR EXCHANGE

Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Colin MacNeil
Letters: Jack Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 514

THE INVISIBLE ETCHINGS OF SALVADOR DALI

Script: Grant Morrison
Art: John Hicklenton
Letters: Clive McGee

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 515

BIG TROUBLE FOR BLAST BARCLAY

Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Mike White
Letters: Clive McGee

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 516

FIVE PAGES. IF YOU'RE LUCKY.

Alan Moore, that grandmaster of the form, once said that if you can't tell a story in five pages then you're not a writer. That is the *Future Shock*: a self-contained story with a sting in its tail. It sounds almost ... easy.

And yet it is the great test, the proving ground, the Coliseum with its baying audience, and after 30 years it still tempts the naïve as a seemingly simple hurdle; yet even the mighty have fallen at its feet, unable to bend brevity to their will. Separating the men from the boys for three decades, the *Future Shock* has long been the passport, the gateway to greater things: many have walked through and into glory, so many more have failed.

It was never an earth shattering idea – pulp sci-fi writers, having switched Stetsons and six-shooters in the '20s for space helmets and ray guns in the '30s, have churned out short stories with a dramatic twist ending for decades – but in *2000 AD* there are no limits, no genre to cling to... just tell a straight-forward story with a nice twist.

In five pages or less.

There have been plenty of masters of the art before and since but a young Grant Morrison grabbed the *Future Shock* soundly by the throat. Short and sharp, this young Turk's baker's dozen never laboured their points or outstayed their welcome – most run to barely three pages, the punchline delivered breathlessly and without pause, almost as if he is toying with them. Confessing he was frustrated by the form, his abilities strained at the leash; is there prodigious indifference, even contempt for how easily these simple tales were rattled off?

His nuke-obsessed psychotic mercenary Ulysses Sweet, unperturbed by his endless body count, is a most perfect metaphor – Morrison blew up convention, tore up the rule book, sharpened his teeth and whetted his appetite on

these stories using nothing more than puns and plays on words with a hefty dollop of hubris and the tinge of '80s cynicism. Time after time irony skewers his protagonists as the clever are outfoxed, the con artists are conned, heroes are brought low and the mighty fall before Morrison the iconoclast, all their best laid plans and confidence brought to nought by cruel fate.

He was, in every sense, a living embodiment of *2000 AD*'s anarchic roots – respect for no-one, reverence for nothing. It is no small wonder that his American back catalogue – *The Invisibles*, *Doom Patrol* – so easily toys with readers' expectations, piercing conceits, destroying assumptions. There too, in 'The Invisible Etchings of Salvador Dali', is that tinge of surrealism, of upsetting the narrative, playing with the reader. He knows he is messing with your mind, and it feels good.

Unlike Moore's superhero work there was no love for the genre when Morrison deconstructed it in *Zenith*, and when he returned to *2000 AD*, *Big Dave* was two fingers at everything a 'hero' was meant to be. Morrison began that iconoclastic journey with the *Future Shock* and, as he treated his characters, so his attitude towards these baubles was to never shirk from shaking that which seemed unshakable.

He took the *Future Shock* and made it look almost ... easy.

There are still those who will come to try their hand at the *Future Shock*, who will try to tame the beast. Yet whether you can see the twist coming a mile off or it gives you nightmares, the shocking thing about the future is just how many stories have yet to be told.

In five pages or less.

Michael Molcher
September, 2008



THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

**HOTEL
HARRY
FELIX!**

★ ★ ★

2000AD
Credit Card

SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT
GEOFF SENIOR
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB

COMPU-73E

THERE ARE EIGHT MILLION STORIES IN THE NAKED CITY.
HARRY FELIX WAS TWELVE OF THEM.

BUT AT LEAST THE NUMBER WAS GOING DOWN.

WHO'D A THOUGHT
IT'D COME TO THIS, HUH?
ME, HARRY FELIX, WEALTHY
COMPOSER—FORCED TO
LIVE THE LIFE OF A
TRAMP.

"IT ALL BEGAN ON THE NIGHT
OF THE GRAND OPENING OF
MY LATEST OPERA 'SWAN-
VESTA-CURRY LAKE IT OR
NOT...'

"I WAS LOOKING
FORWARD TO
MAKING MY
SECOND MILLION
IN CRED.

"AND THEN
THE ALIENS
ARRIVED.

"THEY DIDN'T NEED
SPAYSHIPS, NOT
THESE SUCKERS!
NO, SIR, THEY JUST
DROPPED OUTA
NOWHERE, STRAIGHT
INTO MY HEAD!

"THEY HAD NO
PHYSICAL FORM,
SEE, THEY WERE
JUST THOUGHTS.

"THOUGHTS THAT NEEDED
SOMEWHERE TO STAY.

"BY THE TIME
I GOT BACK TO
EARTH, I'D
IDENTIFIED
TWELVE OF
THEM IN
THERE... ALL
CHATTERIN'
AWAY.

"THEIR LEADER WAS CALLED ZIGGY. HE TOLD
ME MY HEAD WAS A FIVE-STAR HOTEL AND
THAT AS MANAGER I HAD TO DO WHAT HE SAID!

"I FOUND OUT HE COULD
CONTROL MY BODY WHEN
HE MADE ME DESTROY
MY MUSIC ROOM...

"ZIGGY SAID THE NOISE
WAS KEEPING THEM
AWAKE AT NIGHTS. HE
ASKED ME WHAT KIND
OF HOTEL I THOUGHT
I WAS RUNNING.

"THEN I WAS MADE TO KILL MY GIRLFRIEND LOUISE. ZIGGY SAID EVERY GOOD HOTEL LAID ON A CABARET FOR ITS GUESTS."



"IT WAS THEN I KNEW I HAD TO GET RID OF THEM."

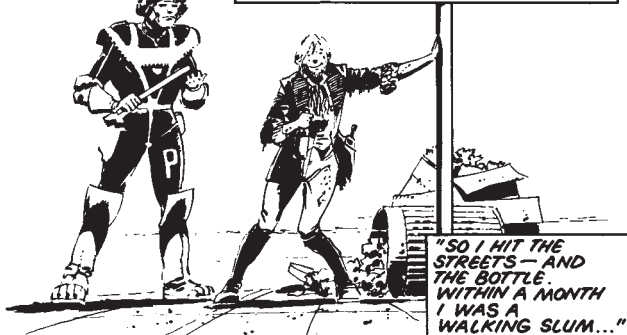
AN' YOU KNOW WHAT? IT'S WORKING! ONE BY ONE THOSE DAMN SQUATTERS ARE LEAVING!



PRETTY SOON, I'LL BE FREE OF THEM—FREE TO REBUILD MY CAREER!

THA'SH -HIC- GREAT!

"MY PLAN WAS SIMPLE: TO LOWER THE TONE OF THE ALIENS' HOTEL... I.E. ME."



"SO I HIT THE STREETS— AND THE BOTTLE. WITHIN A MONTH I WAS A WALKING SLUM..."

OF COURSE WE'RE LEAVING, HARRY. YOU CAN'T EXPECT US TO LIVE IN THIS SQUALOR.

ZIGGY! SO I'VE FINALLY BEATEN YOU!



YOU'VE ALLOWED YOURSELF TO BECOME A SLUM. I CAN'T EVEN RENOVATE YOU.

AND WHEN IT COMES TO SLUMS, THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE POSSIBLE COURSE OF ACTION...

WHAT...?

UHH! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME...?



...DEMOLITION!



!



THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE ALTERATION



IT WAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE!

THE LAST THING I REMEMBERED, I WAS ON EARTH AND THEN... THE AIR TASTED FUNNY, THERE WERE TWO SUNS IN THE SKY AND I WAS RUNNING THROUGH AN ALIEN SWAMP, PURSUED...

ZZZB!

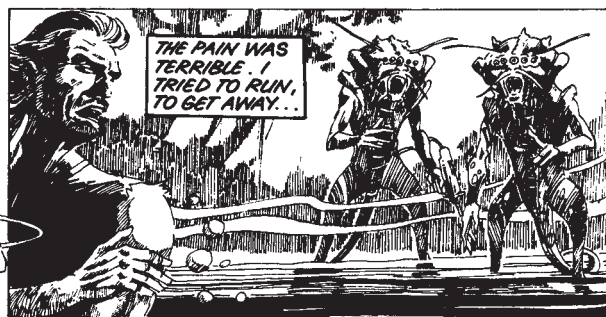


...BY MONSTERS!

EARGH!

ZZZZ!

IT STABBED ME!



THE PAIN WAS TERRIBLE. I TRIED TO RUN, TO GET AWAY...



BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!

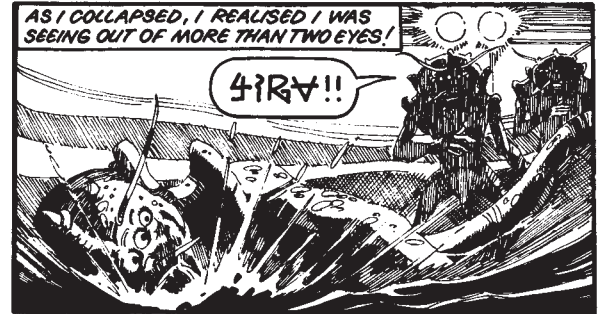
UNGH!



MY FLESH BEGAN TO LOOSEN AND SLIDE LIKE HEATED WAX. MY SKELETON WENT SOFT INSIDE ME...

URRRGH!

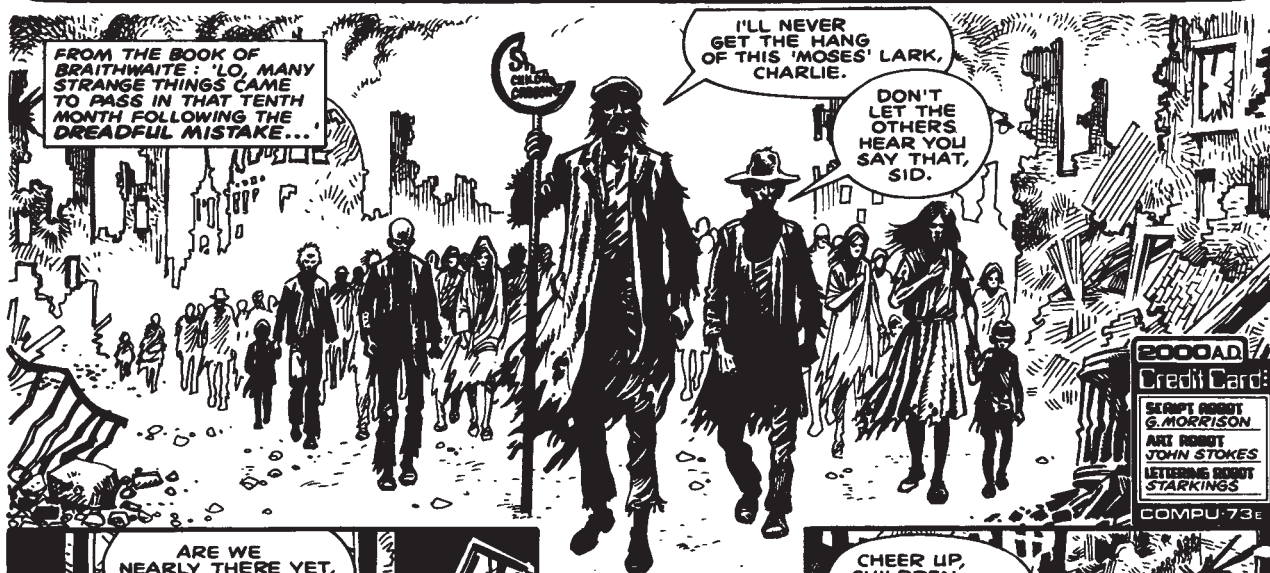
2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT EDITOR
GRANT MORRISON
ART EDITOR
ALAN CAMPBELL
LETTERING EDITOR
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73



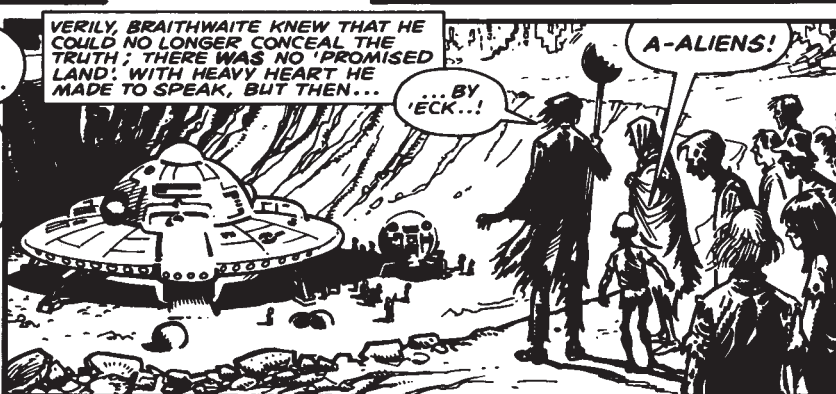
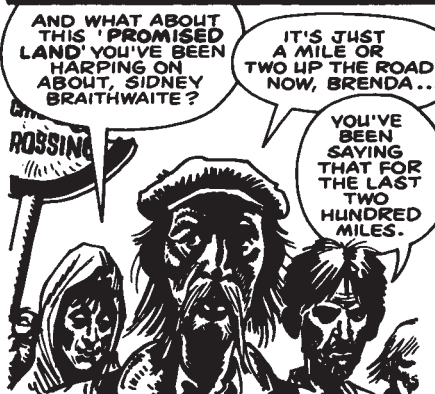


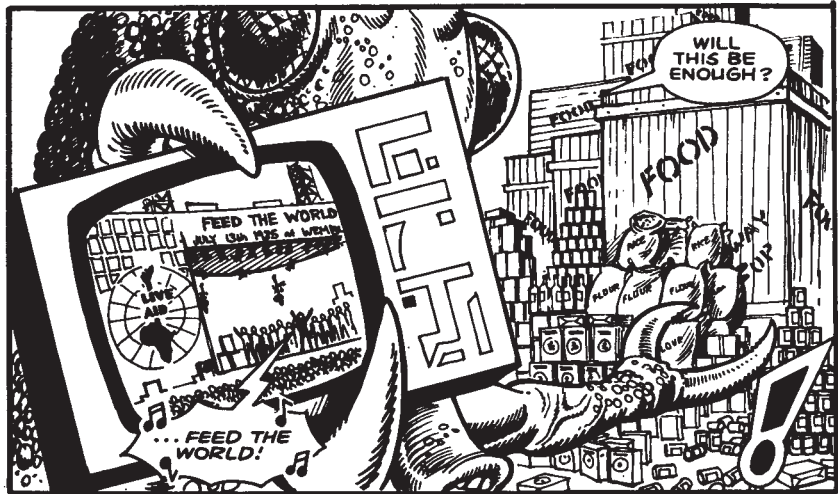
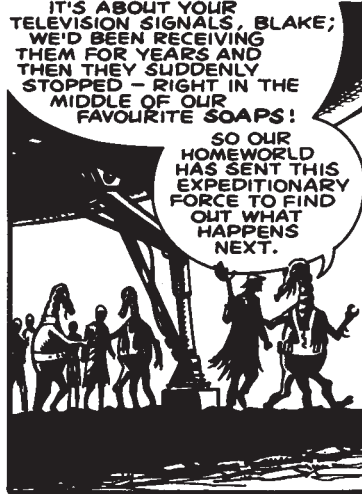
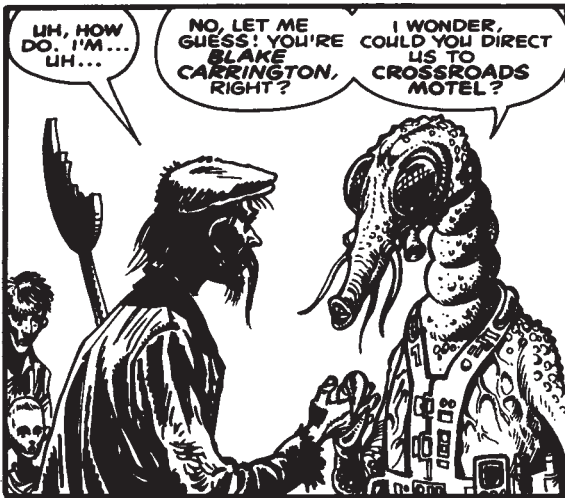
THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

ALIEN
AID



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBERT
G. MORRISON
ART ROBERT
JOHN STOKES
LETTERING ROBERT
STARKINGS
COMPU-73







THARG'S FUTURE-

SHOCKS

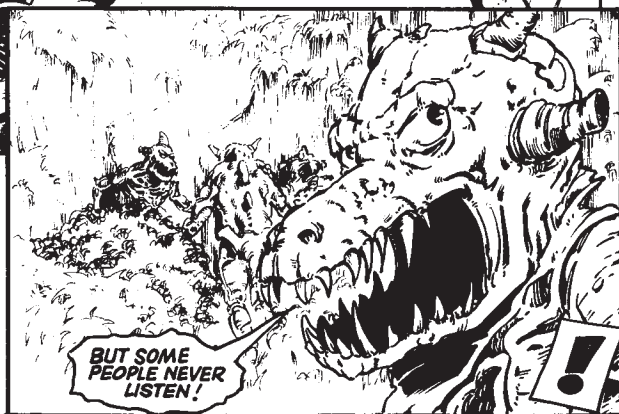
SOME PEOPLE
NEVER
LISTEN!







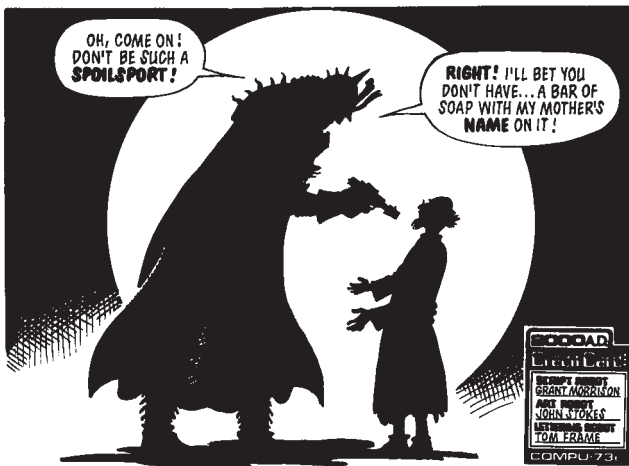
NICE TRY,
SUCKERS!
BUT YOU PICKED
THE WRONG GUY
THIS TIME!

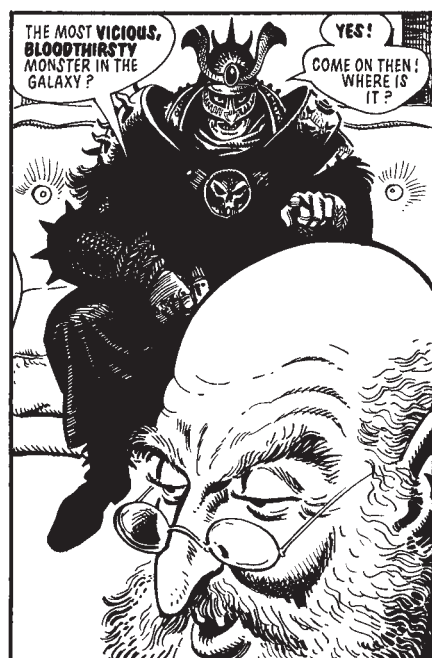
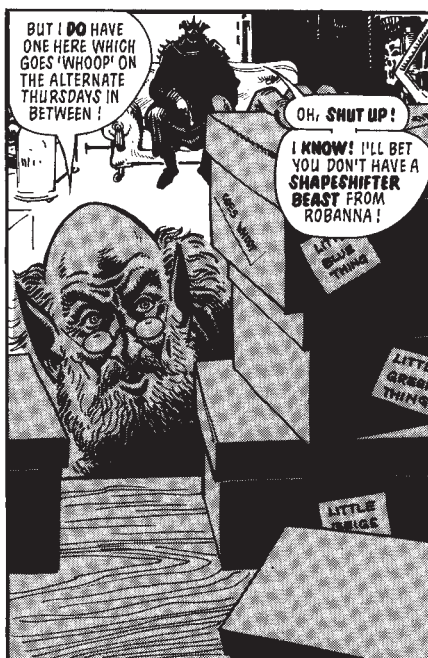


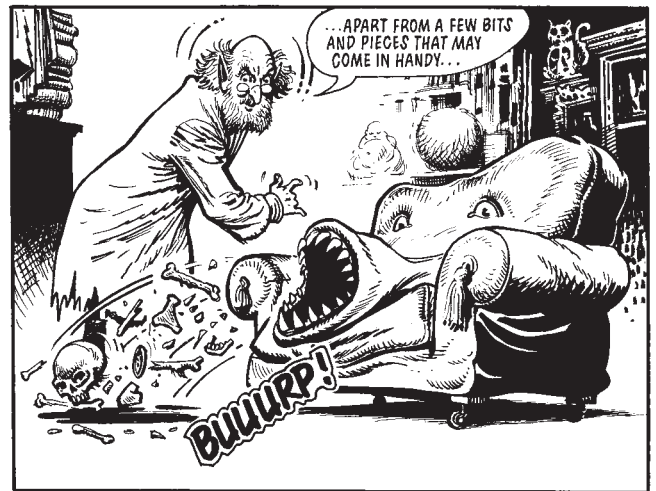


THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE SHOP
THAT SOLD
EVERYTHING!









THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

WHEELS OF FURY!

YOU KNOW, I CAN
STILL SMELL
GASOLINE, EVEN
THIS FAR AWAY.

I GUESS LAVERNE MUST BE
DEAD. NOTHING COULD HAVE
SURVIVED THAT CRASH.

WHICH LEAVES SHIRLEY AND ME
FREE TO ENJOY OURSELVES!

STILL, IT WASN'T ALL BAD.

POOR LAVERNE... I
REMEMBER THE TIME I
FIRST LAID EYES ON HER...

IT WAS LOVE AT
FIRST SIGHT.

HOW ABOUT
THIS ONE,
MR RIBBLE?

THE FORD ALBATROSS -
BEST CYBERNETIC CAR
IN THE WORLD!

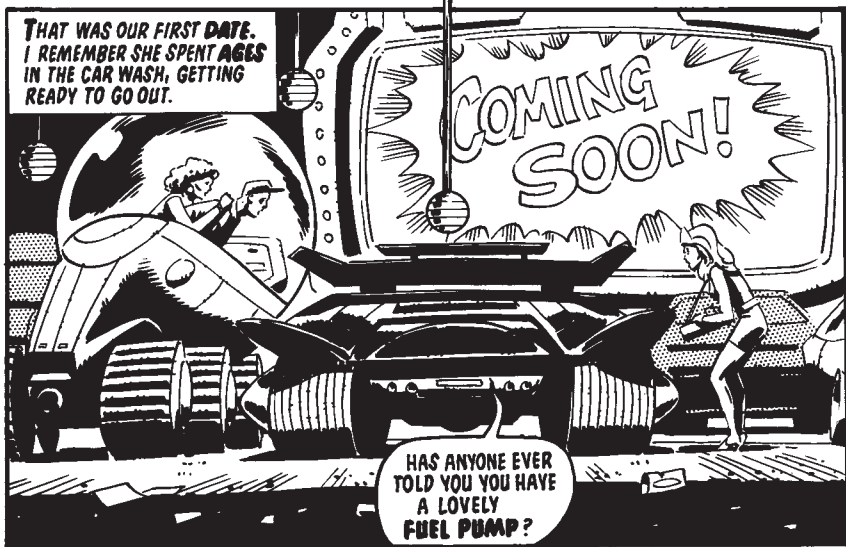
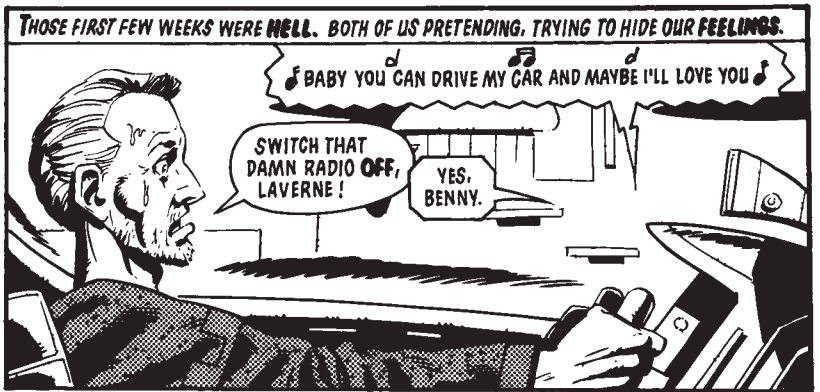
...SHE'S
BEAUTIFUL...

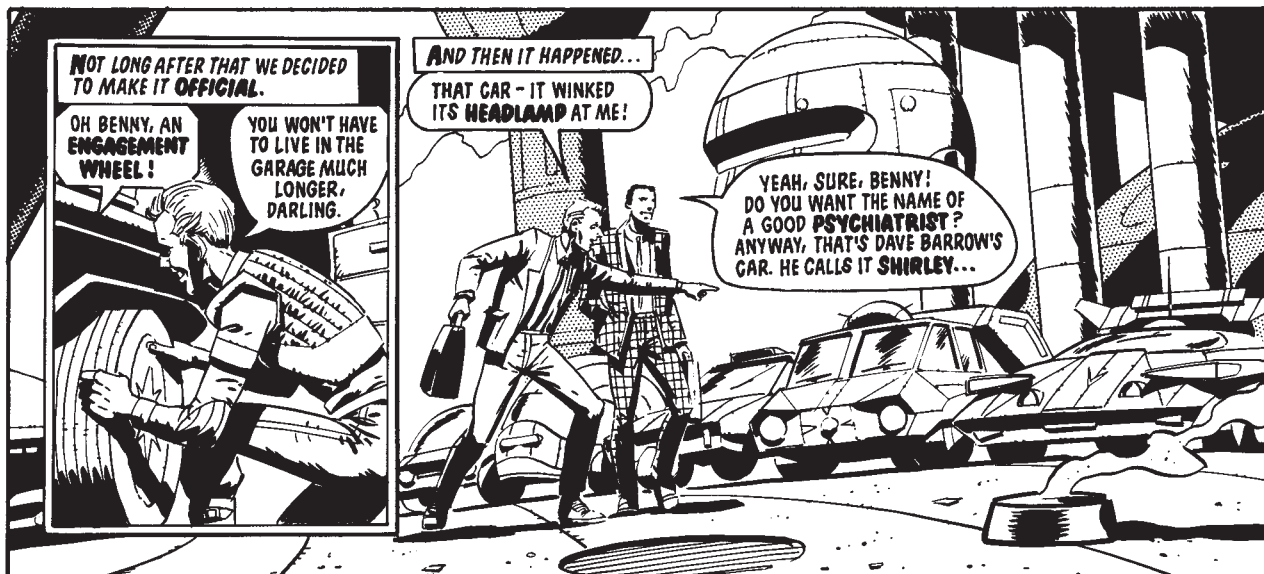
SAY HELLO
TO MR RIBBLE,
LAVERNE.

HELLO, MR RIBBLE.
HAPPY TO GREET YOU.

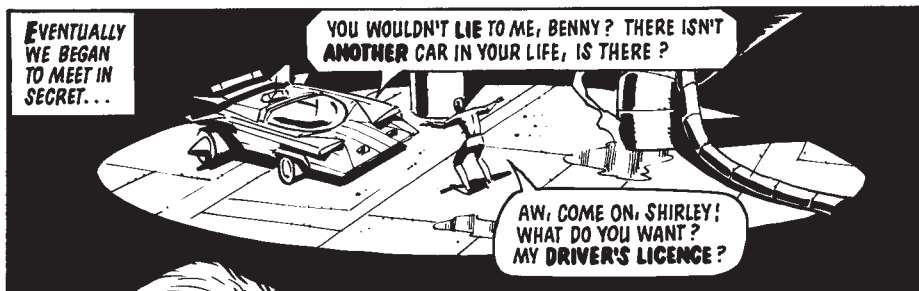
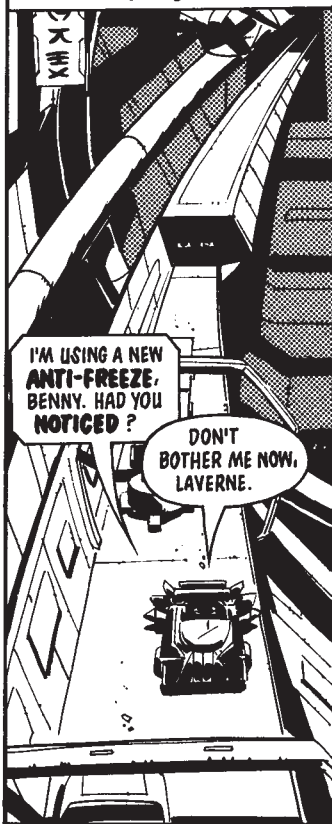
HELLO...
LAVERNE...

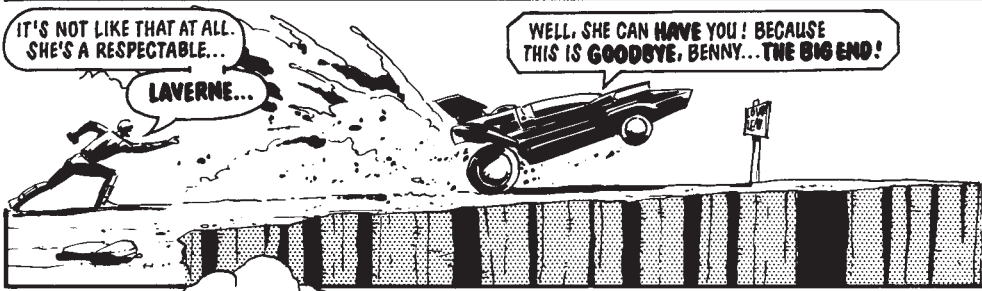
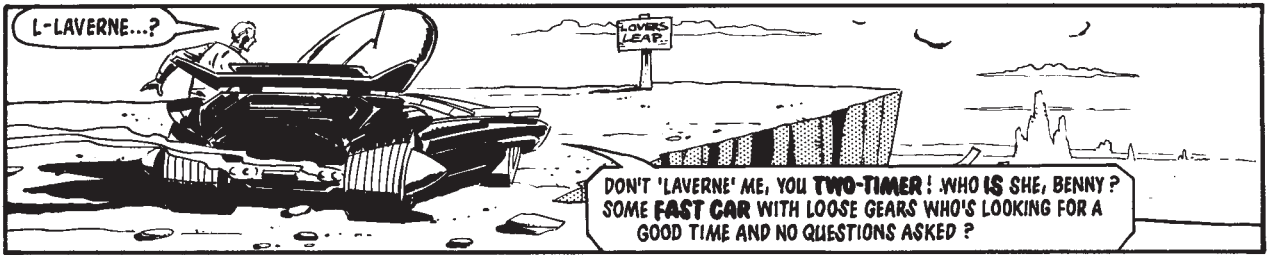
ROOOOAR
DIE WITH GLORY!
SCARPE MORRIS
GRANT MORRISON
AUS MORRIS
GEOFF SENIOR
MORRISON MORRIS
TOM FRAME
COMPU 7.3





SHIRLEY! I COULDN'T GET HER GLEAMING CHASSIS OUT OF MY MIND! I MEAN, IS IT **MY** FAULT I'M NOT CUT OUT TO BE A **ONE-CAR GUY**?





YOU SEE, I FIGURED SOMETHING LIKE THIS MIGHT HAPPEN -

- SO I ARRANGED FOR SHIRLEY TO TRACK ME AND PICK ME UP.

MAYBE IT'S TIME I STOPPED FOOLING AROUND WITH CARS. THEY'RE SO EMOTIONAL.

BOY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU. LISTEN, THERE'S SOMETHING I GOTTA TELL YOU...

THOUGH TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I WASN'T SURE SHE'D COME. SHE WAS ACTING A BIT FUNNY THE LAST TIME WE MET.

HEY, SHIRLEY! SLOW DOWN!

BESIDES, I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT CUTE LITTLE MOPED I SAW THE OTHER DAY...

NO NEED TO SAY ANYTHING, BENNY. I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU...

WHAT ARE YOU -
URGGHHH!

HAVE YOU MET MR BARROW?
I BROUGHT HIM ALONG TO SHOW
YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO TWO-TIMERS!

DON'T FORGET YOUR
SEAT-BELT, BENNY!

IT'S
DAN BARROW!





THARG'S
FUTURE-

SHOCKS

**CURSE YOUR
LUCKY STAR!**

I'M YOYO KOYO WITH ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO VIEW TODAY, 23.3.2128.

...AND LUCK HAS FINALLY RUN OUT FOR JEREMY CHANCE, THE SO-CALLED WORLD'S LUCKIEST MAN...

DESPITE A NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS, THE SHUTTLE WHICH WILL BLAST CHANCE INTO EXILE IS DUE TO LIFT OFF ANY MOMENT NOW.

PHOTOGRAPHS: DO NOT BEND

NO! IT MUSTN'T!

ALSO TONIGHT, WE'LL BE SCREENING THE LATEST PICTURES OF HALLEY'S COMET AS IT MAKES ITS CLOSEST-EVER APPROACH TO EARTH.

I MUST GET TO MISSION CONTROL...!

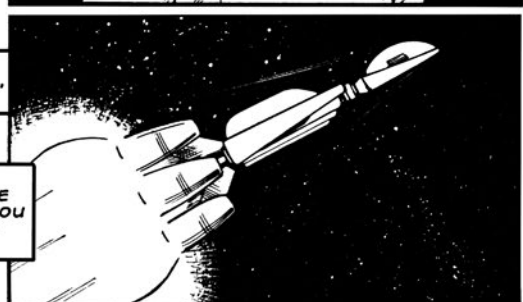
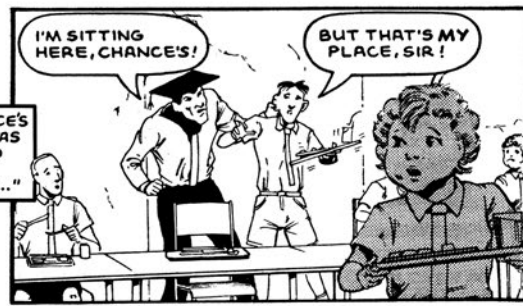
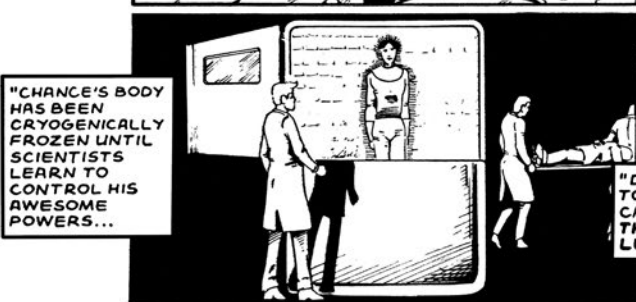
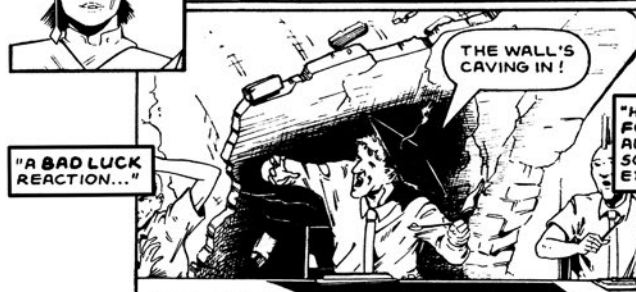
INSTITUTE OF SPACE RESEARCH

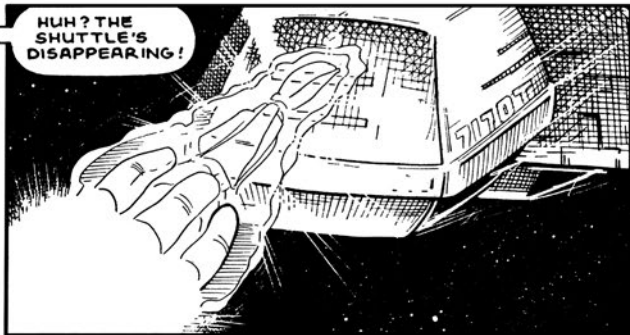
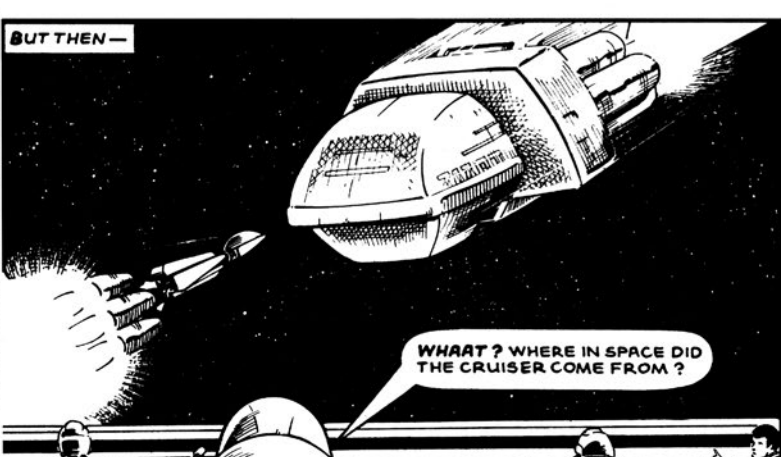
STOP! STOP!

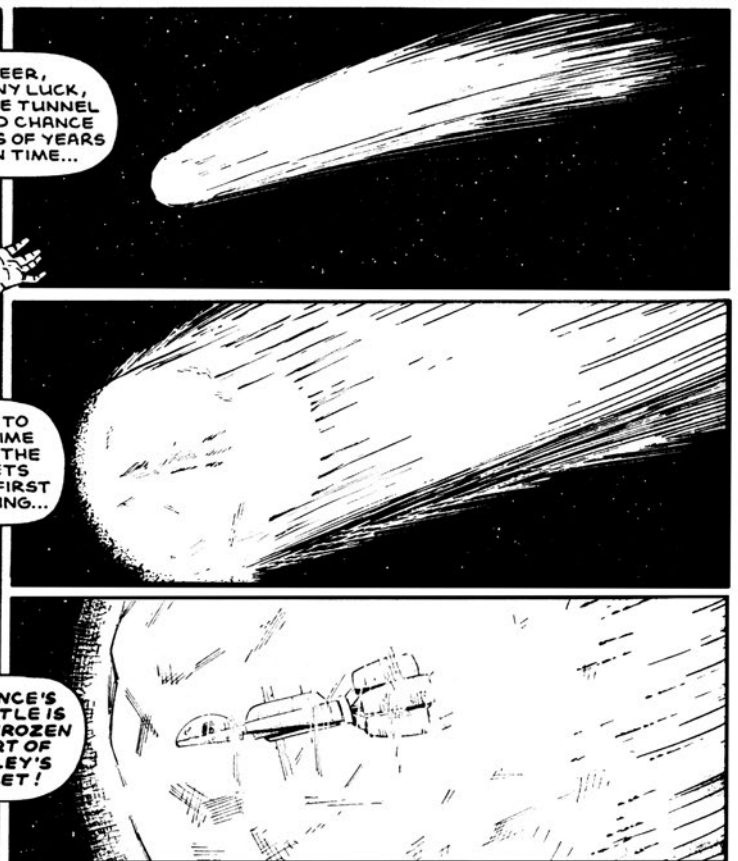
2000AD Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT
BARRY KITSON
LETTERING ROBOT
MARK KING
COMPU-73e

TOO LATE! EARTH IS DOOMED!

"BUT WE BEGIN WITH THAT JEREMY CHANCE STORY. CHANCE'S FIRST LUCKY BREAK CAME WHEN THE DOCTOR WHO WAS TO HAVE DELIVERED HIM DIED IN A STREET ACCIDENT..."

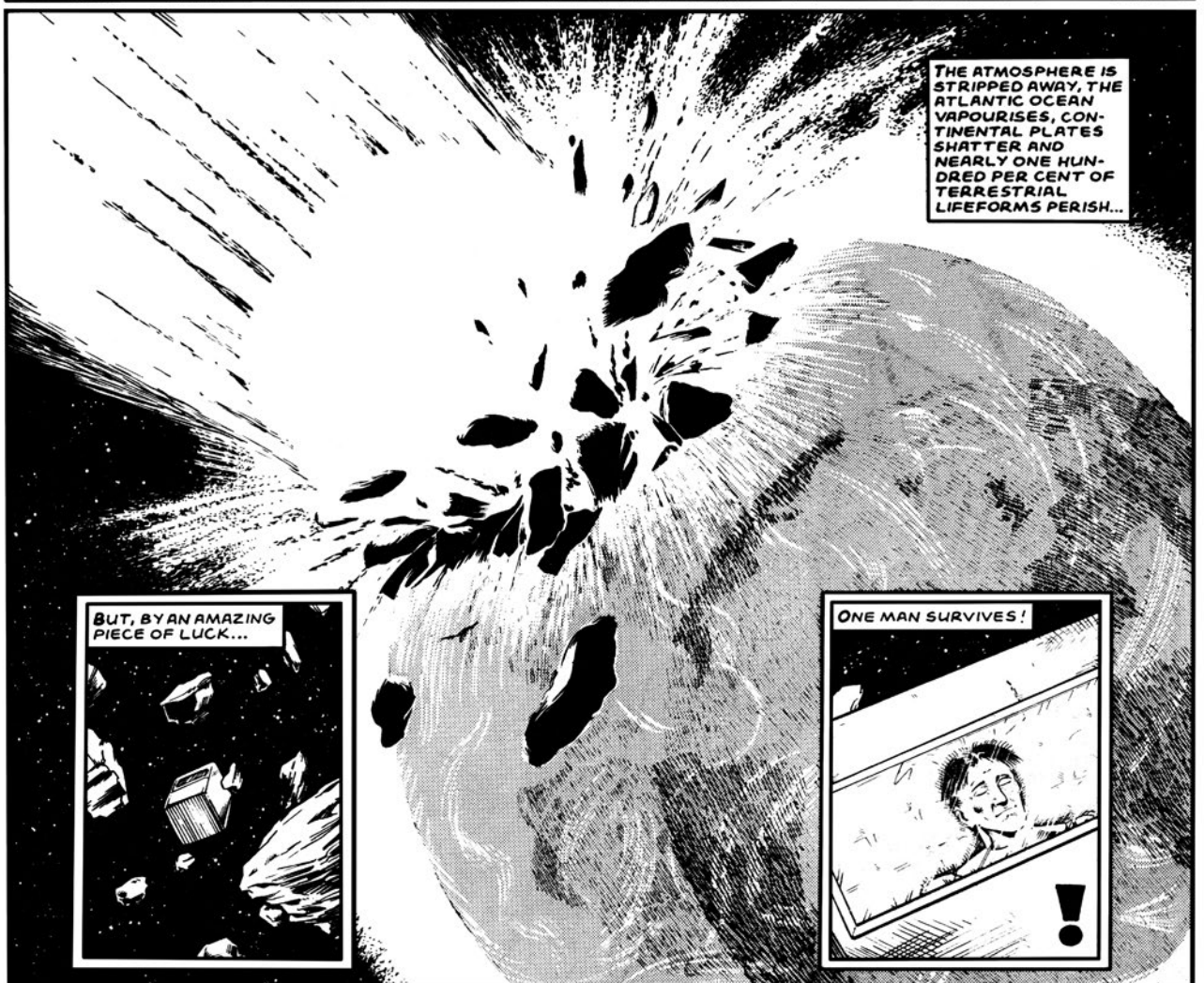








EACH TIME THE COMET
HAS PASSED, WE'VE HAD
A TASTE OF THE BAD
LUCK REACTION. WHO
KNOWS WHAT WILL HAP-
PEN *THIS* TIME!



BUT, BY AN AMAZING
PIECE OF LUCK...

ONE MAN SURVIVES!





THARG'S
FUTURE-

SHOCKS

**MANIAC
FOR HIRE**



IMAGINE A FACTORY WHERE
THE WORKERS HAVE NEVER
GONE ON STRIKE...

...WHERE THE MANAGEMENT
IS TREATED EXACTLY THE
SAME AS THE DROIDS ON
THE SHOP FLOOR.



IMAGINE A FACTORY WHICH
OPERATES A 38-HOUR DAY.

AND IMAGINE A
MANIAC WITH A
MOLECULE
DISSEMBLER.



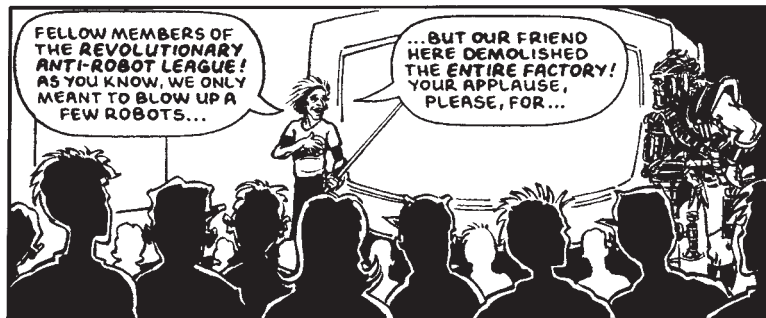
THROOM!!

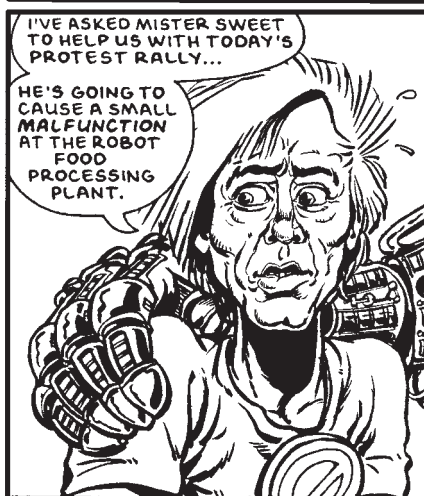
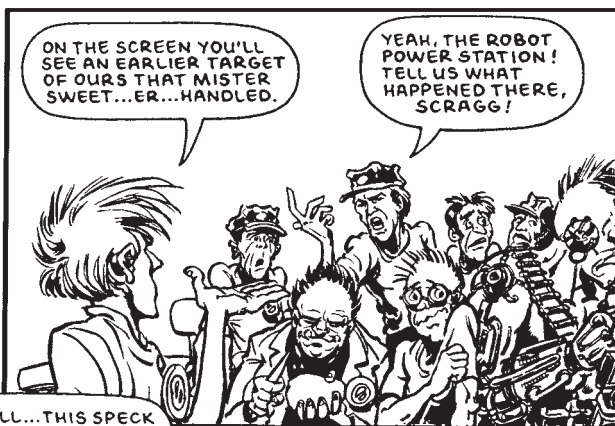
PUT THEM TOGETHER
— THE RESULT IS
DEVASTATING!

FELLOW MEMBERS OF
THE REVOLUTIONARY
ANTI-ROBOT LEAGUE!
AS YOU KNOW, WE ONLY
MEANT TO BLOW UP A
FEW ROBOTS...

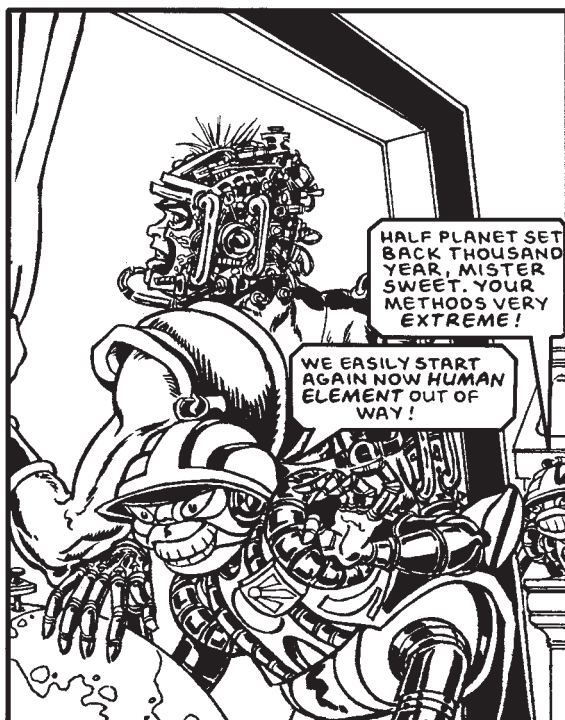
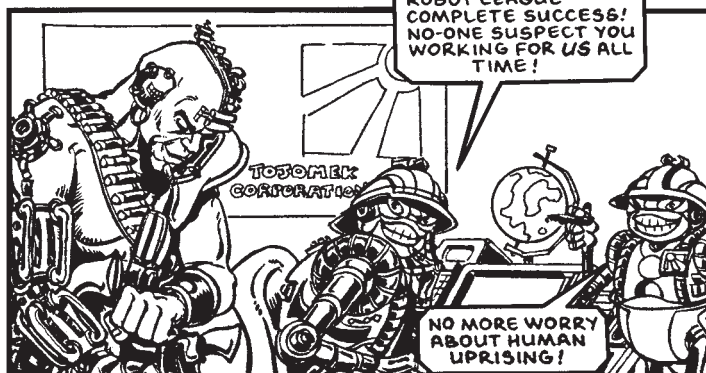
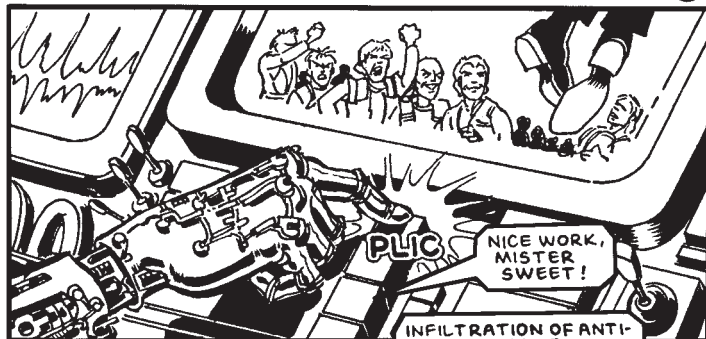
...BUT OUR FRIEND
HERE DEMOLISHED
THE ENTIRE FACTORY!
YOUR APPLAUSE,
PLEASE, FOR...

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT
J. KUBE
LETTERING ROBOT
MARK KING
COMPU-73e











CONTINUING DOMINATION
OF ROBOTS IN INDUSTRY
ASSURED. KNEW COULD
COUNT ON YOU!

YOU
HALF ROBOT
YOURSELF!

YEAH... BUT I GOT
THAT HUMAN
ELEMENT TOO...

AND I NEVER LEAVE
A JOB HALF DONE!

WHAT
MEAN?

WARHEADS!
YOU CRAZY—

WELL, IT SEEMED A
SHAME TO WASTE 'EM...

KABOOM!!

OTO

WOW-EE!

NOW THAT'S
WHAT I CALL
A JOB WELL
DONE!

TOTOMEK CO.

THE END!

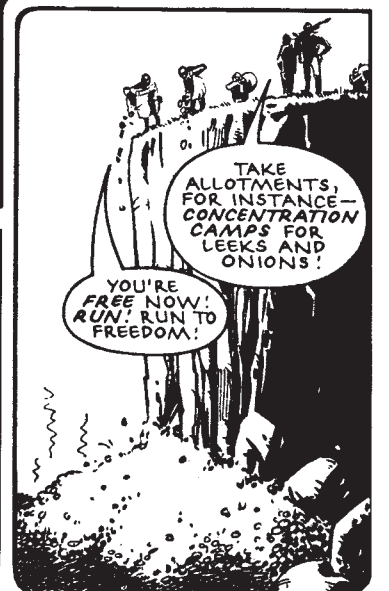
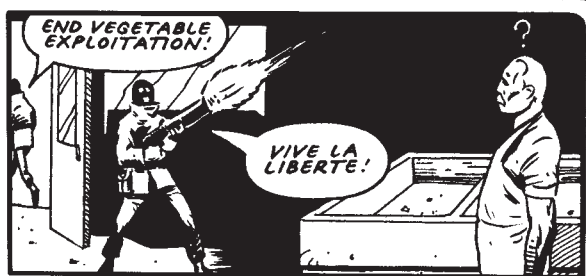
ULYSSES SWEET in

FRUITCAKE AND VEG!

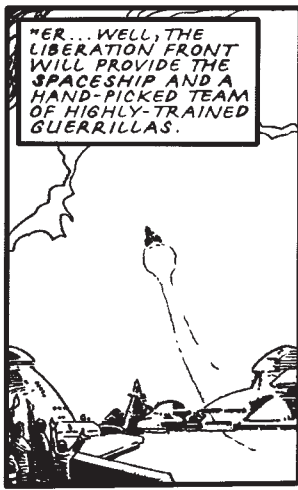
PART ONE

2000AD
Credit Card
SCRIPT ROBERT
GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBERT
COLIN MACNEIL
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E

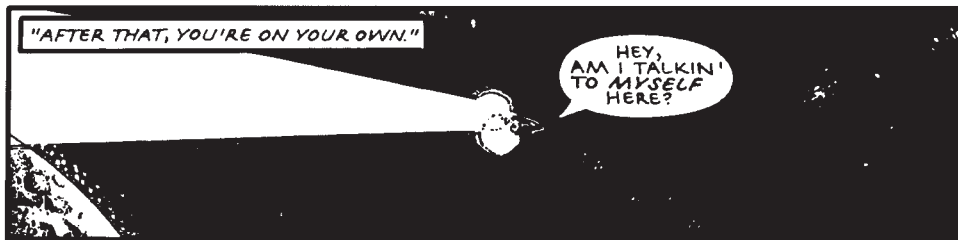








"ER... WELL, THE LIBERATION FRONT WILL PROVIDE THE SPACESHIP AND A HAND-PICKED TEAM OF HIGHLY-TRAINED GUERRILLAS."



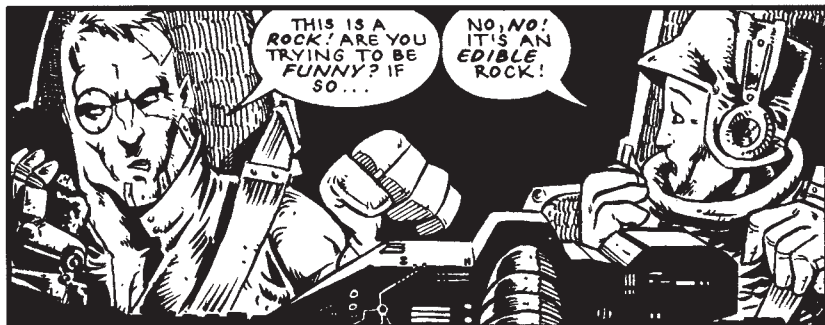
"AFTER THAT, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN."

HEY, AM I TALKIN' TO MYSELF HERE?



I SAID, IS THERE ANYTHING TO EAT?

WELL, THERE ARE THESE IF YOU WANT ONE...



THIS IS A ROCK! ARE YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY? IF SO...

NO, NO! IT'S AN EDIBLE ROCK!



WE DON'T EAT ANIMALS OR VEGETABLES, YOU SEE, BUT THESE ARE RICH IN NUTRIENTS...

SEE? YUM YUM!



DISGUSTING!

IT TASTES LIKE A FRAGGIN' THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD GREEN-GAGE!



NOW, NOW, MISTER SWEET! GREENGAGES HAVE FEELINGS TOO, YOU KNOW!

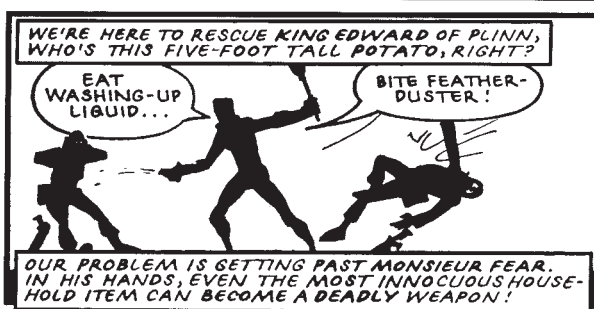
HE'S OUR MASCOT.

I'M REALLY SICK OF EATING ROCKS...

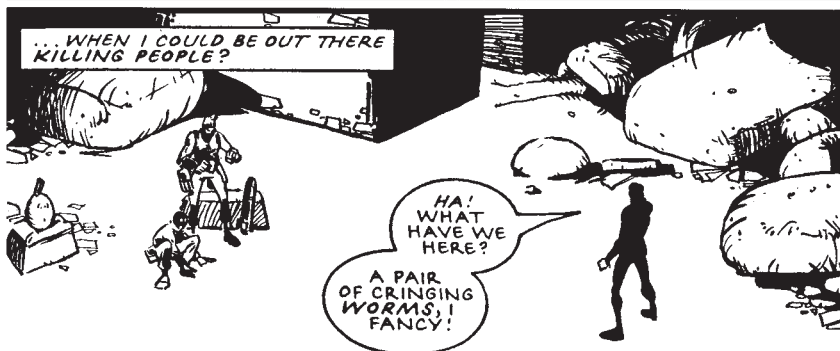




ULYSSES SWEET in FRUITCAKE AND VEG! PART TWO



2000AD
 Credit Card:
 SCRIPT ROBOT
 SRANT MORRISON
 ART ROBOT
 COLIN McNEIL
 LETTERING ROBOT
 STEVE POTTER
 COMPU-73e





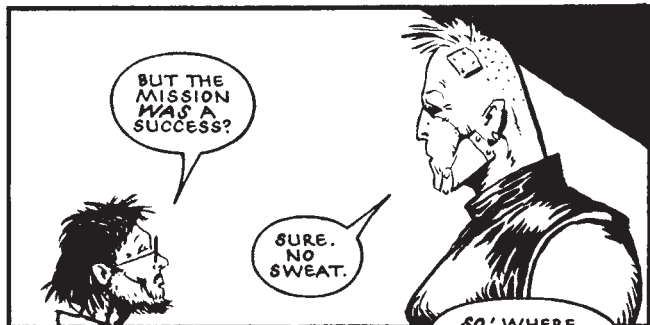
KLI-
KLOTCH!



"WHAT MADE YOU BECOME THE DERANGED HOMICIDAL MANIAC WE'VE COME TO KNOW AND LOVE?"









THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

**FAIR
EXCHANGE**

UNSUCCESSFUL ART DEALER
ROODY CEZANNE HAS
HAD ONE OF THOSE DAYS.

BUT TONIGHT,
THINGS ARE
CHANGING...

... ROODY CEZANNE,
COME ON DOWN!

HEY, KID! IS
THIS ALL YOUR
OWN WORK?

OH, YUP!
GUESS SO, SIR.
SEE, I JUST CAME
DOWN FROM GWORP
TO SEEK MY FORTUNE
BUT THINGS AIN'T
WORKED OUT
SO WELL.

YOU A
POLICE-
MAN?

LISTEN! THAT'S THE SOUND
OF OPPORTUNITY KNOCKING...

WHY NO! I'M AN ART DEALER.
THIS STUFF'S INCREDIBLE!
THE LINE, THE TEXTURE,
THE FORM...

IT'S THE BEST
ABSTRACT WORK
I'VE EVER SEEN!

**2000AD
Credit Card:**
SCRUFF ROBBIT
GRANT MORRISON
ARF ROBBIT
COLIN MACNEIL
LETTERING ROBBIT
JACK POTTER
COMPU-73E

CAN YOU DO ME MORE
OF THESE? LOTS MORE
AND I GIVE YOU PLENTY
BIG REWARD, SAVVY?

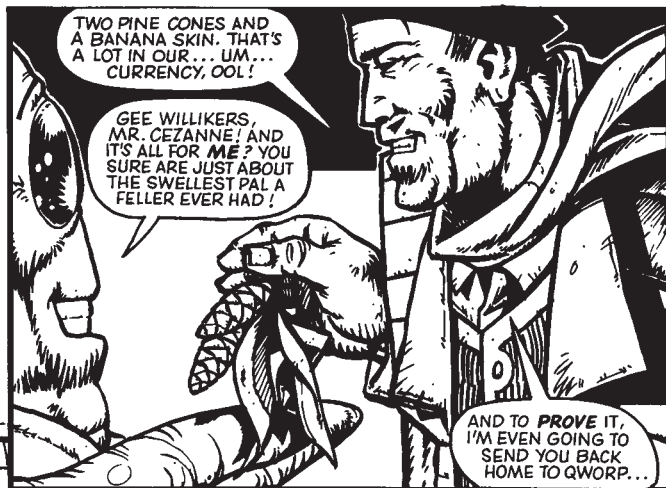
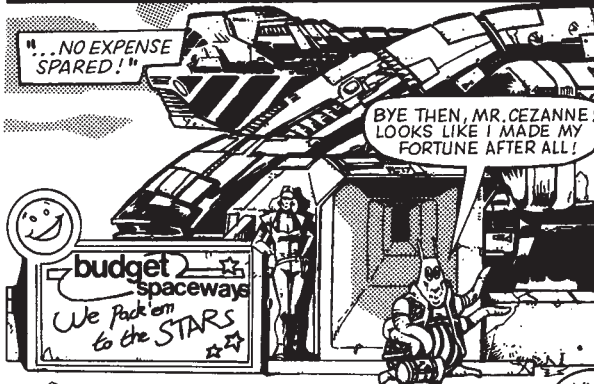
YOU GOT
TALENT, KID...
AND I KNOW
JUST HOW TO
USE IT!

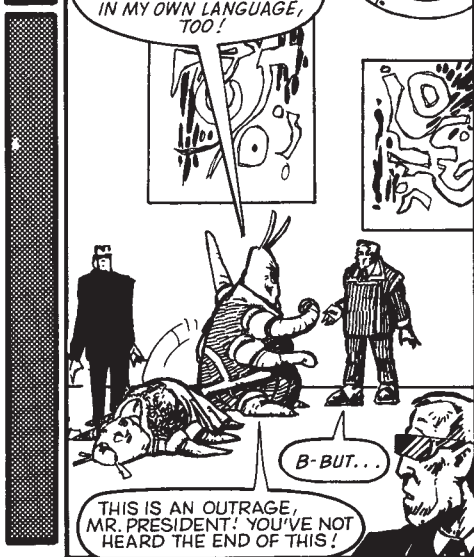
AND
SO...

I WANT ANOTHER
THIRTY CANVASSES
FINISHED BY
LUNCHTIME!

JEEPERS,
MR. CEZANNE,
I'M WORKING
AS FAST AS EVER
I CAN!



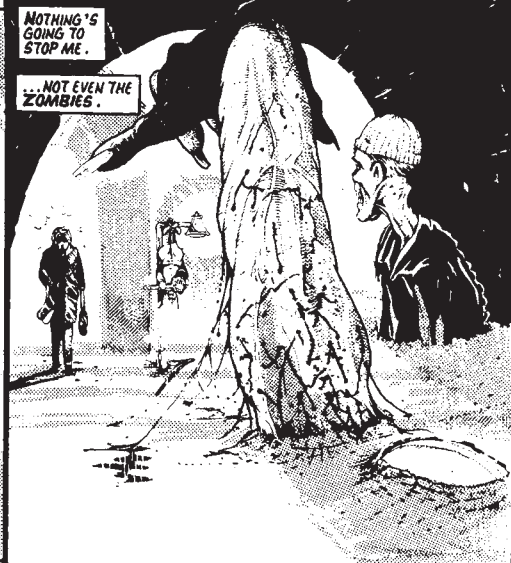
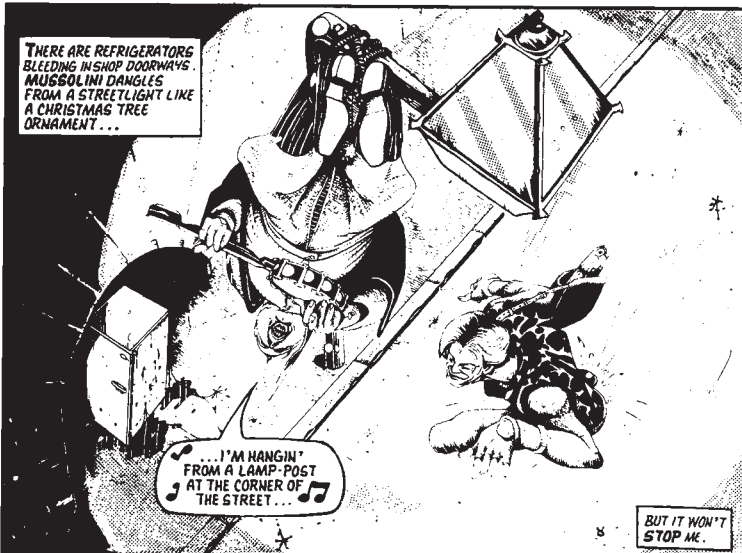


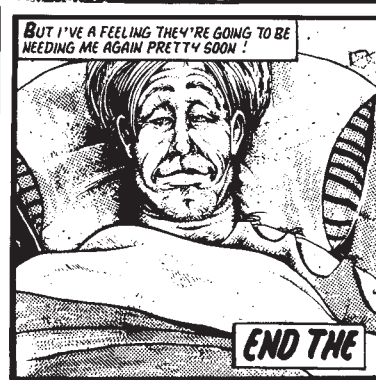
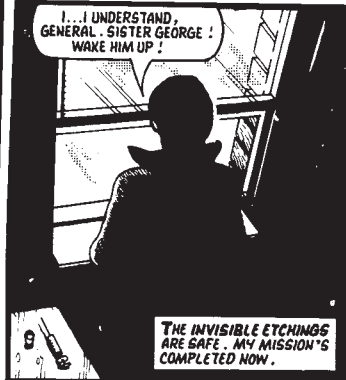
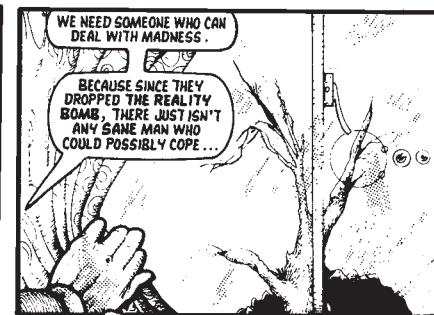
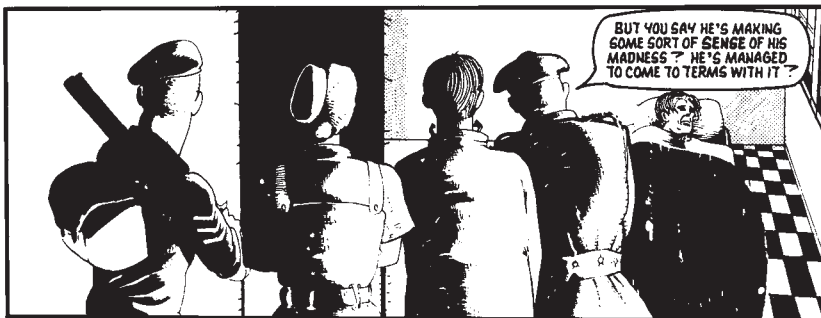


FUTURE SHOCKS

THE INVISIBLE ETCHINGS
OF *Salvador Dali*







"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT'S MY VERY GREAT PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE YOU ALL TO THAT MAN OF THE MOMENT..."

"MR. 'BLAST' BARCLAY, HERO OF THE SPACEWAYS!"

BIG TROUBLE FOR BLAST BARCLAY



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT
MIKE WHITE
LETTERING ROBOT
CLIVE MCGEE
COMPU-73e

THAT FUTURE SHOCKS

"TOGETHER WITH NADIA, HIS BEAUTIFUL COMPANION, AND THE BRILLIANT PROFESSOR OTTO, 'BLAST' HAS JUST STRUCK A BLOW FOR FREEDOM AGAINST THE MARAUDING HAMSTER HORDES OF HAARAKK!"







TIME ENOUGH TO TELL

Script: John Smith
Art: Barry Kitson
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 473

VIDEO

Script: John Smith
Art: Geoff Senior

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 478

A CHANGE OF SCENERY

Script: John Smith
Art: Nik Williams
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 490

NO EXIT

Script: John Smith
Art: Simon Harrison
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 559

ONE MAN'S MEAT

Script: John Smith
Art: Massimo Belardinelli
Letters: Jack Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 563

THE OSMOTIC MAN

Script: John Smith
Art: Horacio Lalia
Letters: Johnny A.

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 605

OPENING MOVES

Script: John Smith
Art: Mick Austin
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 629

EARTHSONG

Script: John Smith
Art: Steve Parkhouse
Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 1480

WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR IDEAS?

Ideas, eh?

What are they? Where do they come from? What do you do with them when you have them?

As any prospective *Future Shock* writer will tell you, it's this last question that poses the biggest problem. Everyone has ideas every day of their lives; the job of the writer is to take those ideas and mould them into the most effective story possible. You can come up with a killer idea but ruin it in its execution. (My own *A Love Like Blood* springs to mind, a strip so compressed it ran more like a trailer for a Hollywood action film than an actual story.) Conversely, you can conjure up a fantastically clever narrative which ultimately rings hollow because there is no real idea at the heart of it.

The art of writing a *Future Shock* is to tread a fine line between those two extremes. To come up with a clever, hopefully original premise which you can then unfold and flip in as colourful and as witty and as exciting a way as possible.

It's the twist which gives everyone such a headache, of course. The worst *Future Shocks* have a tacked-on punchline which just seems to appear out of nowhere. The twists of the best *Future Shocks*, though, seem to arise naturally from what has gone before and then go veering off into a whole new, speculative direction. The short stories of Saki or Robert Bloch or Roald Dahl manage this very effectively and I'd recommend them to all prospective *Future Shock* writers.

Reading back the stories in this collection has been rather like remembering an old recurring dream from childhood. Surprising and embarrassing and ever so slightly disturbing. They're rough and ready and tatty at the edges, obvious pieces of juvenilia, but a few of them still have a certain tawdry tinfoil twinkle that makes me regard them with kindness.

See what you think...

John Smith
September, 2008



THARG'S
FUTURE-

SHOCKS

TIME ENOUGH
TO TELL



EXCUSE ME FOR *INTERRUPTING*,
BUT DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE THE
RIGHT *TIME* ?

YEAH, IT'S
EXACTLY
*TWENTY-
FIVE PAST
THREE*.

AND TODAY'S
FRIDAY THE
SEVENTEENTH
OF OCTOBER,
1986 ?

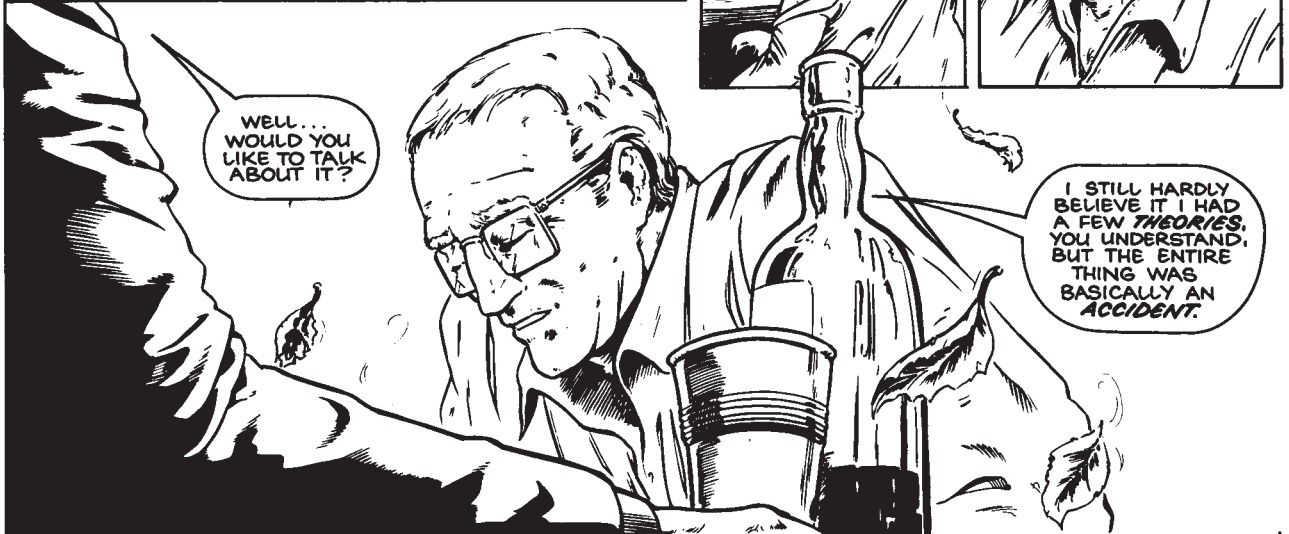
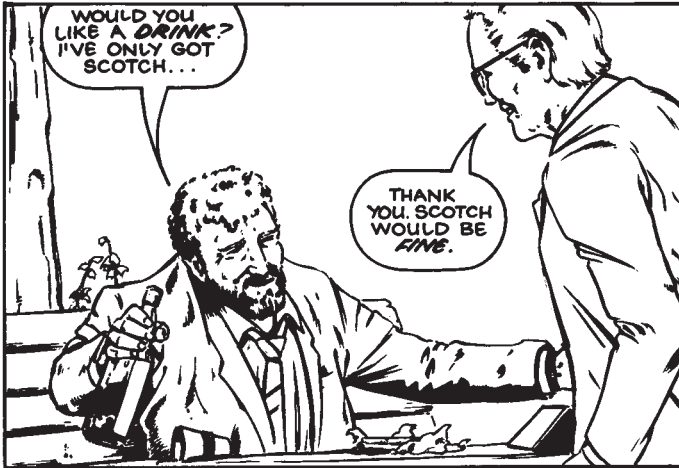
SPOT ON.

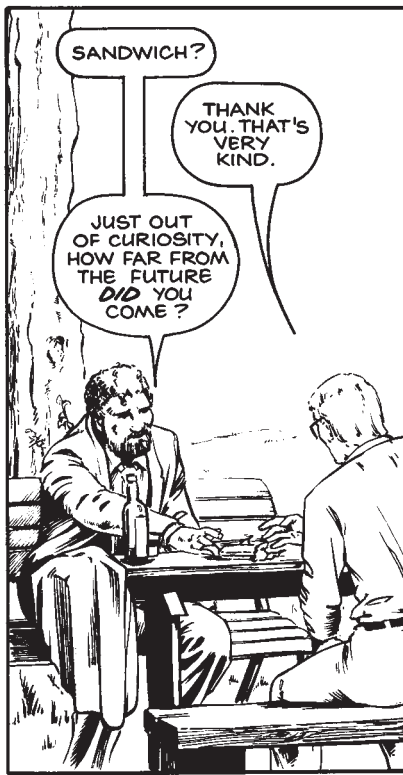
AH, WELL
IN THAT CASE,
I'M FROM THE
FUTURE.

MY NAME'S
HENESSEY, BY
THE WAY.
THOMAS
HENESSEY.

FRANK
TRENTON.
PLEASUED
TO MEET
YOU.

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBERT
JOHN SMITH
ART ROBERT
BARRY KITSON
LETTERING ROBERT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73E







THARG'S
FUTURE-

SHOCKS

VIDEO



SCRIPT ROBOT: JOHN SMITH • ART ROBOT: G. SENIOR



THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

A CHANGE
OF
SCENERY...

LADIES,
GENTLEMEN
AND PULLEX
DOGS...

ALLOW US
TO INTRODUCE
OURSELVES.

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
JOHN SMITH
ART ROBOT
NUK WILLIAMS
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E



MY NAME
IS HARRY
FOUNDATION.



AND
I'M JERRY
BASALT.



WE REPRESENT
INCIDENCE
INCORPORATED,
A DIVISION OF
VOID INDIGA (TM)
LTD.

MR. BASALT
AND I ARE
SCENE-
SHIFTERS.

AND
WE'RE HERE
TO EXTEND
OUR SERVICES
OVER A SHORT-
TERM PERIOD
TO SAVE YOUR
PLANET FROM
TOTAL
ANNIHILATION.

"THIS IS KANURAK, THE MAIN CITY ON THE EARTH COLONYWORLD
DOSKOSS, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE HIGH SKEELE MASSACRE IN
EARLY '57. THAT'S 2157... YOU WON'T HAVE HEARD ABOUT IT YET.

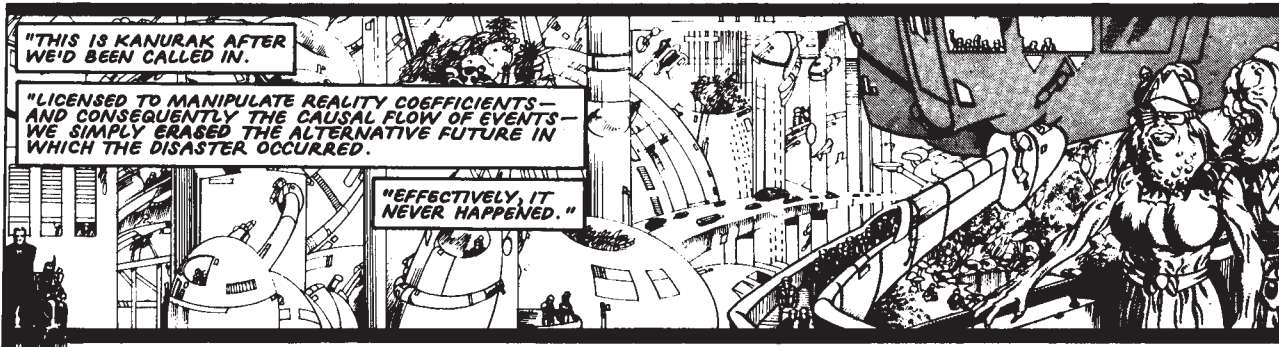
"AS YOU CAN SEE, THINGS WERE QUITE A MESS.

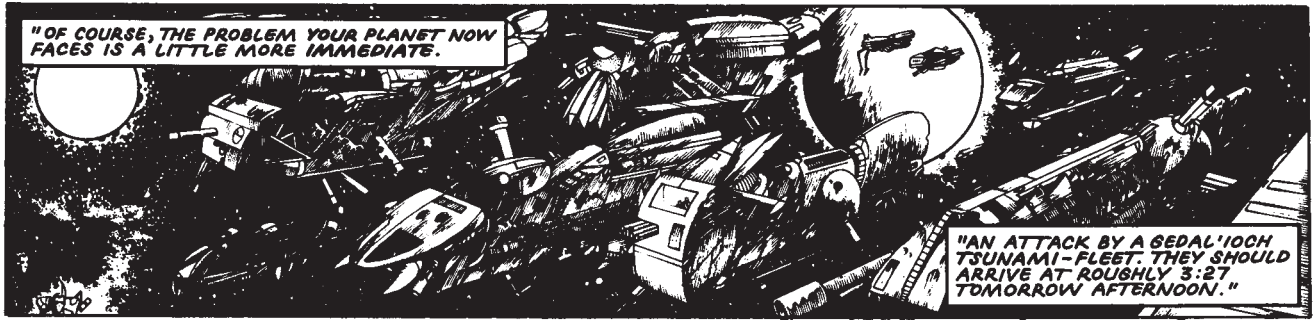


"THIS IS KANURAK AFTER
WE'D BEEN CALLED IN.

"LICENSED TO MANIPULATE REALITY COEFFICIENTS—
AND CONSEQUENTLY THE CAUSAL FLOW OF EVENTS—
WE SIMPLY ERASED THE ALTERNATIVE FUTURE IN
WHICH THE DISASTER OCCURRED.

"EFFECTIVELY, IT
NEVER HAPPENED."





"OF COURSE, THE PROBLEM YOUR PLANET NOW
FACES IS A LITTLE MORE IMMEDIATE."

"AN ATTACK BY A GEDAL'IOCH
TSUNAMI-FLEET. THEY SHOULD
ARRIVE AT ROUGHLY 3:27
TOMORROW AFTERNOON."



THE PREDESTINED
OUTCOME IS TOO TERRIBLE
TO CONTEMPLATE. THE
GEDAL'IOCHIANS ARE ECLIPSED
IN SAVAGERY ONLY BY
THE BANDARUUTHA.

HOWEVER,
WE ARE PREPARED
TO DESPATCH THE
AGGRESSORS IN
EXCHANGE FOR, SAY
...THE PACIFIC
OCEAN.

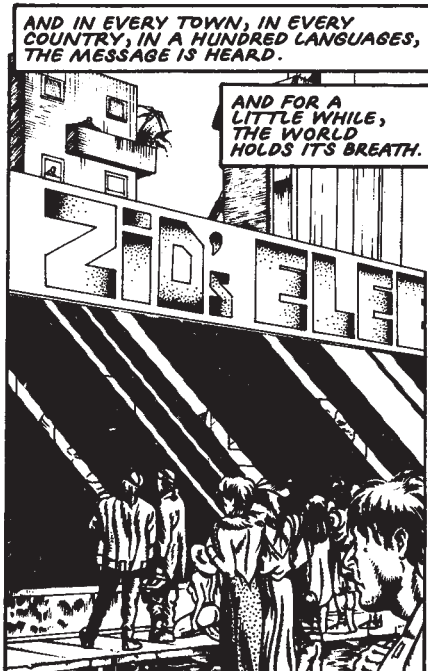
AND
A CRATE OF
BREADSTICKS.



WE CAN BE
CONTACTED ON
ANY FREQUENCY
ABOVE
9000 KHz.

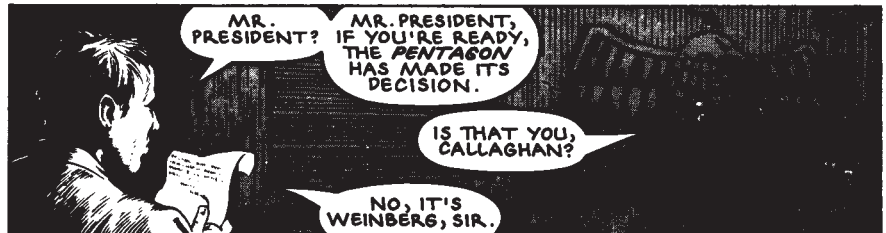
THANK YOU
FOR ALLOWING US TO
TAKE UP SO MUCH OF
YOUR TIME.

RELATIVELY
SPEAKING.



AND IN EVERY TOWN, IN EVERY
COUNTRY, IN A HUNDRED LANGUAGES,
THE MESSAGE IS HEARD.

AND FOR A
LITTLE WHILE,
THE WORLD
HOLDS ITS BREATH.



MR.
PRESIDENT?

MR. PRESIDENT,
IF YOU'RE READY,
THE PENTAGON
HAS MADE ITS
DECISION.

IS THAT YOU,
CALLAGHAN?

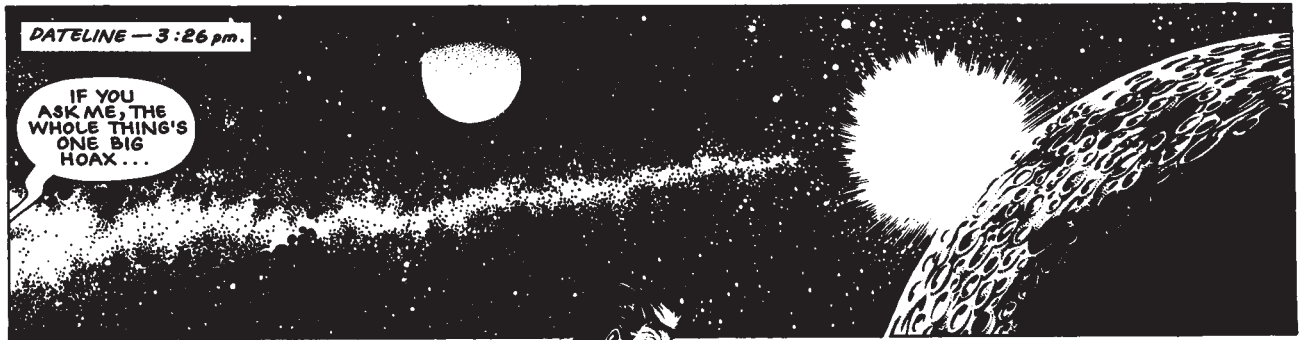
NO, IT'S
WEINBERG, SIR.



WEINBERG.
OH YES.

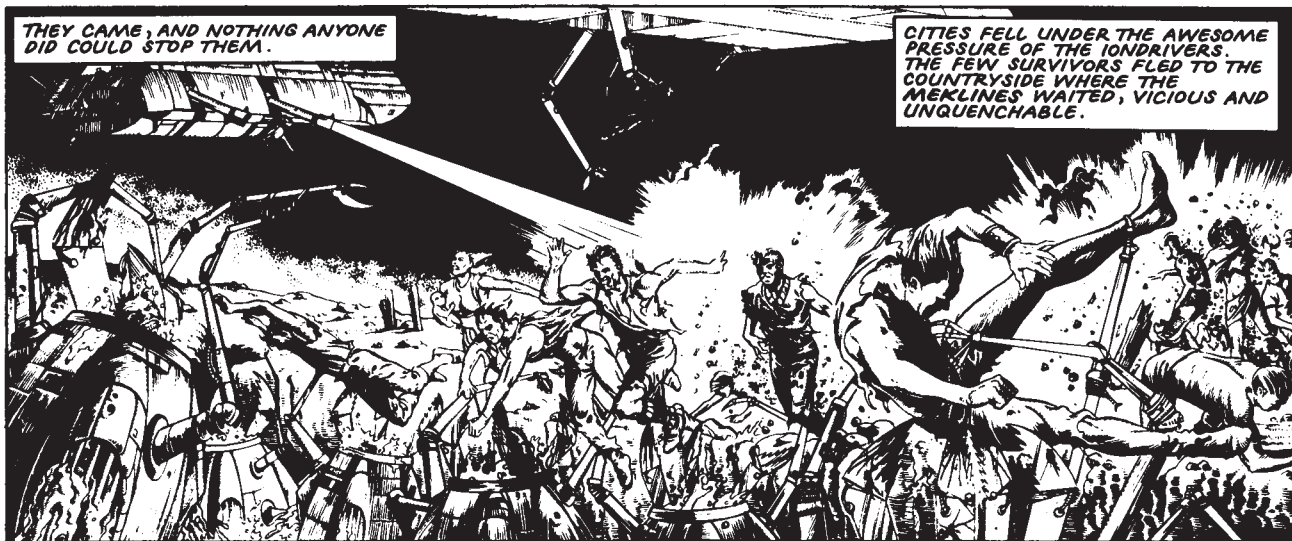
WELL,
GO AHEAD,
WEINBERG...

MAKE
MY
DAY.



THEY CAME, AND NOTHING ANYONE DID COULD STOP THEM.

CITIES FELL UNDER THE AWESOME PRESSURE OF THE IONDRIVERS. THE FEW SURVIVORS FLED TO THE COUNTRYSIDE WHERE THE MEKLINES WAITED, VICIOUS AND UNQUENCHABLE.



REALITY SHATTERED BENEATH THEIR ONSLAUGHT, AND THE WORLD WAS BROUGHT CRASHING TO ITS KNEES.



YOU CAN'T INTIMIDATE ME, PUNK. YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DO ANYTHING I DON'T WANT TO.

I'M AN AMERICAN, DAMMIT!

I AM AN AMERICAN, AREN'T I, CALLAGHAN?



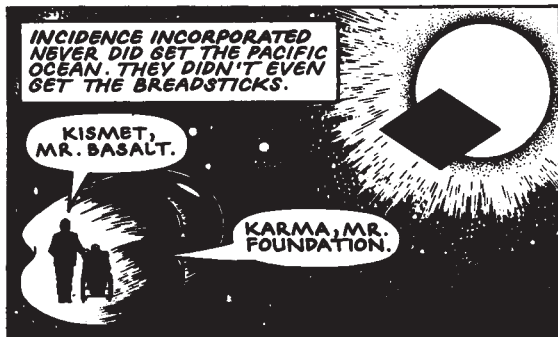
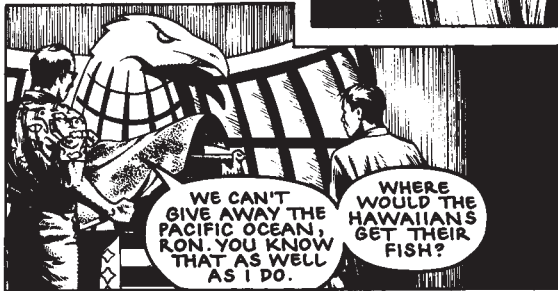
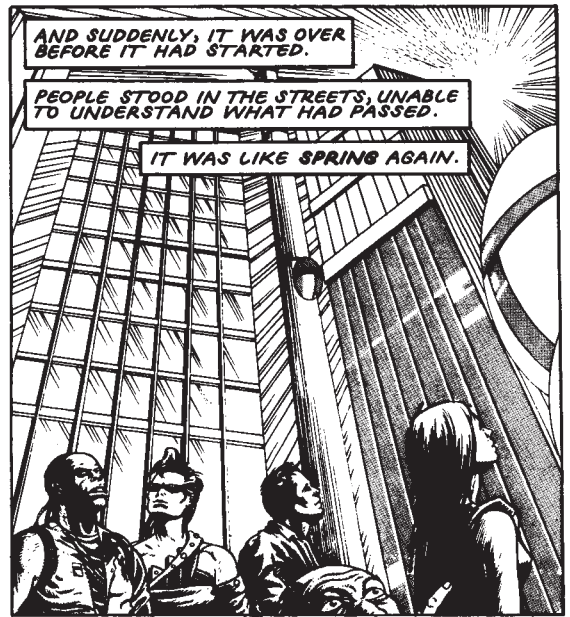
UNGH...

M-MELTING!

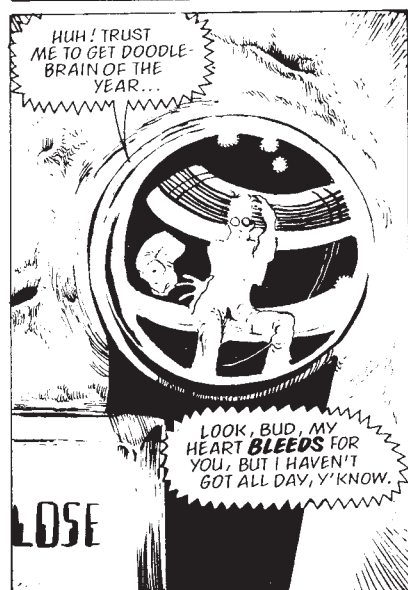
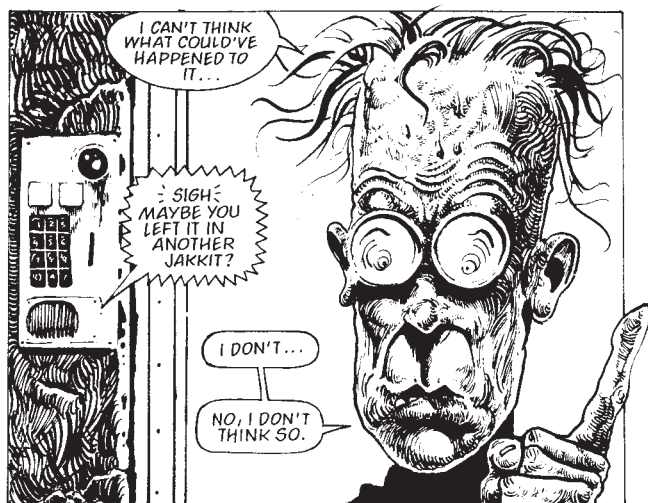
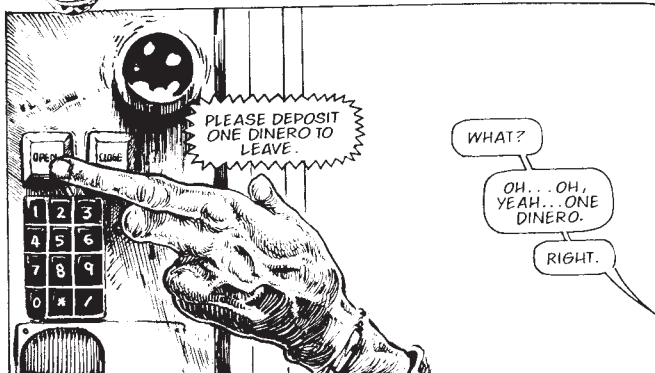
CALLING INCIDENCE INCORPORATED! PLEASE! IF YOU'RE STILL THERE, IF YOU'RE LISTENING, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US. WE'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING, ANYTHING AT ALL, JUST...

JUST HELP US.





THARG'S FUTURE SHOCKS





BUT I HAVEN'T
GOT ANY
DINEROES.

WELL, YOU SHOULD'VE
THOUGHT ABOUT THAT
BEFORE YOU CAME IN
HERE, SHOULDN'T YOU
LUNG-FACE?



THIS IS
RIDICULOUS.

ARE YOU GOING
TO LET ME OUT OF
HERE OR NOT?

NOT UNTIL
YOU'VE PAID
YOUR
DINERO...



I HAVEN'T GOT ANY
DINEROES! DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND THAT, YOU
STUPID PIECE OF
TRANSISTORISED
JUNK?

I-HAVE-
NO-DINEROES.

AHH... NOW
AIN'T THAT
A SHAME?



OPEN-
THIS-
DOOR-

MY OUTER SHIELD IS A
NEOTANIUM-CARBIDE
ALLOY WITH AN ION GRID
AND HYDROSTATIC BUFFERS...

IT'S GONNA TAKE
A LOT MORE THAN A
CHAIR TO GET
THROUGH ME,
BUSTER.



-YOND A
JOKE.

IN FACT, THIS
WENT BEYOND A
JOKE TWO WEEKS
AGO.

COME ON, HARV... ONE
LOUSY DINERO AND POOF!
YOU CAN BE OUT, WANDERING
THE STREETS FREE AS A
BIRD.

WHAT DO
YOU SAY,
HARV?





FUTURE SHOCKS

ONE MAN'S MEAT

FOR THE KIERRA OBULOS MANTID — MULTI CORPORATE TYCOON AND OWNER OF THE TWELVE GALAXIES TRADE GROUP — LIFE'S MANIFOLD PLEASURES COME IN A VARIETY OF SHAPES AND SIZES ...

ALL OF THEM EDIBLE.

Patron: OBULOS S. MANTID

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
John SMITH
ART ROBOT
M. BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
Jack POTTER
COMPU-73e

OBULOS SHANDURA MANTID IS A GOURMET OF THE HIGHEST ORDER.

... AND TASTE ...

PHUALFFHP!

THIS-gak-THIS SHLEQUAT IS RAW!

I'M MUH-MUH-MOST SORRY, YOUR G-GRANDIOSENESS...

WELL, FIND WHOEVER'S RESPONSIBLE AND HAVE HIM THROWN IN THE MINCER ... BETTER STILL, HAVE THE WHOLE CATERING CREW MINCED.

THEN SEND AGENTS TO TERMINATE THEIR FAMILIES. I'D HATE TO THINK I HELPED PERPETUATE SUCH CULINARY OBSCENITY INTO FUTURE GENERATIONS ...

NOW GET THIS... THIS MUSH OUT OF MY SIGHT.

AT ONCE, YOUR VOLUMINOUSNESS

KLAP. KLAP.

veepveepveep

WHAT IS IT?

PLING
RONAY, MR MANTID, SIR: PROVISION REQUISITION. FREELANCE.

I APOLOGISE FOR INTERRUPTING YOU AT BREAKFAST, BUT I'VE GOT SOMETHING I THINK MIGHT INTEREST YOU...

A MAN OF INTEGRITY ...

... AND SOPHISTICATION ...



"I'VE DINED ON FLAMBÉD GAS-WHELKS FROM BLOOP IV WITH QUEENS AND EMPERORS. I'VE EATEN JUGGED QUIBBLE AND SAUTÉD DOG, PUZZLEFISH IN TANGERINE SAUCE..."

"... CHICKEN LIPS AND ENGLISH MUFFINS, STUFFED DRAGON'S LIVER, OUIJA BIRD AND PLAYED LICE, BROOM FERNS AND CHIPMUNK STEAKS, APPLE PIE AND ICE CREAM..."







AN' INCIDENTALLY, OW—
THAT 'URT. I WOULDN'T BE
SURPRISED IF THERE WAS A
BRUISE THERE TOMORROW...
ASSUMIN' I'M STILL ALIVE
THEN, THAT IS...

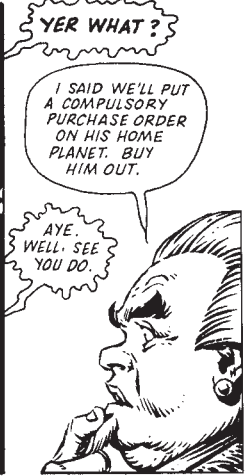
WELL, ARE YOU
GONNA SHOW ME
AROUND THEN,
OR NOT?



OH, BEFORE I FORGET, I THINK
THAT RONNIE FELLA'S PLANNIN'
TO CLONE ME. CUT A PIECE A'
ME EAR OFF WITHOUT S'MUCH
AS A BY YOUR LEAVE...

HURRM...
NOT BAD...

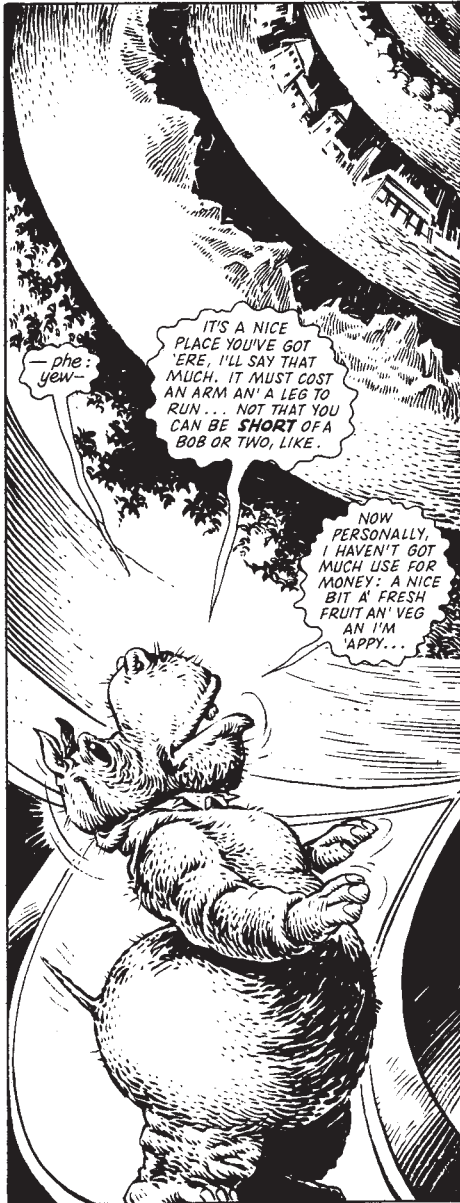
WE'LL--



YER WHAT?

I SAID WE'LL PUT
A COMPULSORY
PURCHASE ORDER
ON HIS HOME
PLANET. BUY
HIM OUT.

AYE, WELL, SEE
YOU DO.



IT'S A NICE
PLACE YOU'VE GOT
'ERE, I'LL SAY THAT
MUCH. IT MUST COST
AN' ARM AN' A LEG TO
RUN... NOT THAT YOU
CAN BE **SHORT** OF A
BOB OR TWO, LIKE.

NOW
PERSONALLY,
I HAVEN'T GOT
MUCH USE FOR
MONEY: A NICE
BIT A' FRESH
FRUIT AN' VEG
AN' I'M 'APPY...



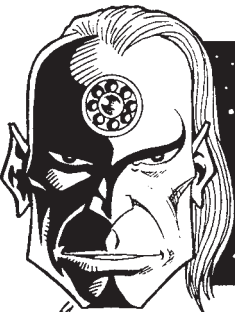
NO LAST
REQUEST?





THAT'S

FUTURE SHOCKS



I GUESS I'LL BE DEAD PRETTY SOON...



EMMELMANN, THE BIG GERMAN, DIED A WEEK AGO, SO WE CAN'T BE SURE...

HE LOST A LOT OF WEIGHT AND HE LOOKED THIRTY YEARS OLDER THAN HE REALLY WAS. THE SKIN ON HIS FACE WAS LIKE CELLOPHANE.

DON MILNE — THE PHOTOGRAPHER FROM "ROLLING STONE" — WILL BE THE NEXT TO GO!



WE THINK HE'S GOT SKIN CANCER BUT THE DOCTOR DIED A WEEK AGO, SO WE CAN'T BE SURE.

CAN ME AN' NICKY GO SWIMMIN' THIS AFTERNOON, MOM? PLEASE? JUST FOR AN HOUR?



SOMETIMES HE WAKES UP THINKING HE'S A KID AGAIN, BACK HOME IN VERMONT. IT'S NOT SO BAD THEN. HE CAN JUST ABOUT TAKE IT.

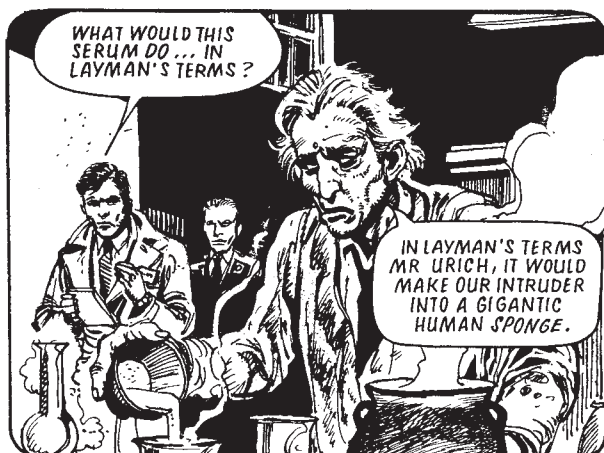
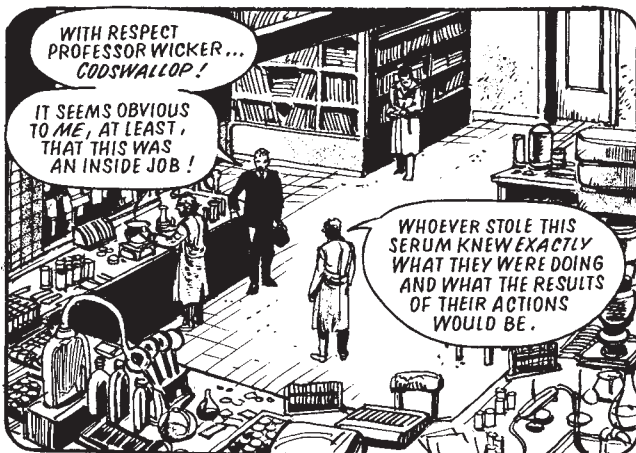
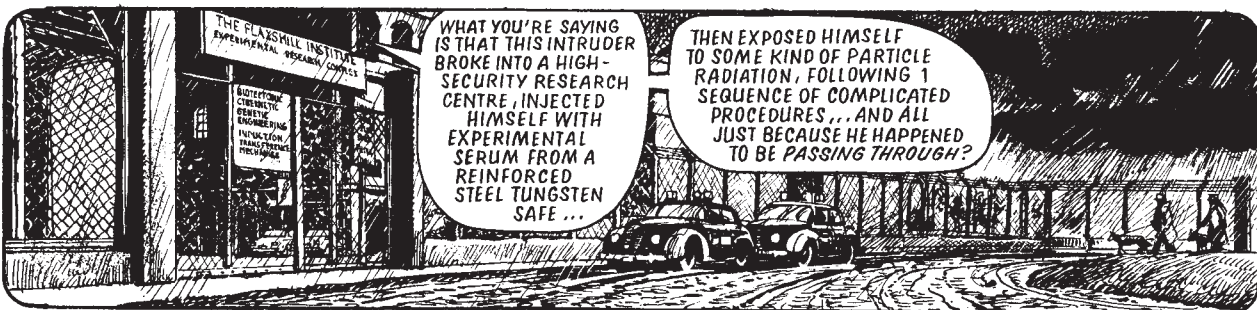
BUT OH, DEAR GOD, ME, I'M SO AFRAID. I DON'T WANT TO DIE YET.

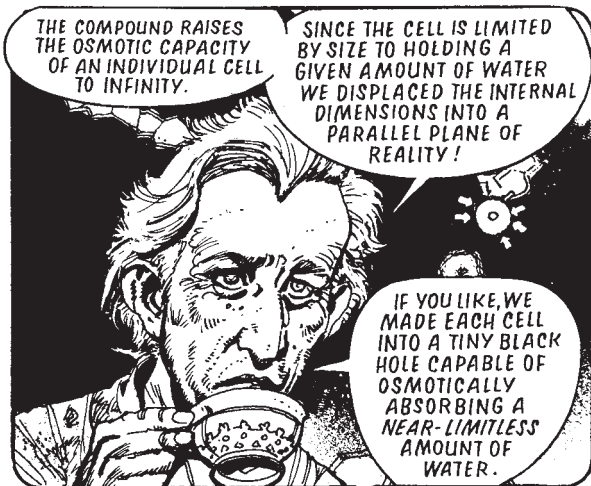


I'M ONLY TWENTY- EIGHT YEARS OLD. I'VE NEVER EVEN FLOWN ON A PLANE. I DON'T WANT TO DIE WITHOUT HAVING FLOWN ON A PLANE.

AD

JOHN SMITH
LALIA
JOHNNY A





THE COMPOUND RAISES THE OSMOTIC CAPACITY OF AN INDIVIDUAL CELL TO INFINITY.

SINCE THE CELL IS LIMITED BY SIZE TO HOLDING A GIVEN AMOUNT OF WATER WE DISPLACED THE INTERNAL DIMENSIONS INTO A PARALLEL PLANE OF REALITY!

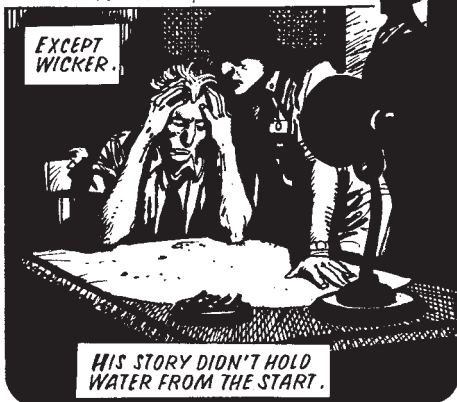
IF YOU LIKE, WE MADE EACH CELL INTO A TINY BLACK HOLE CAPABLE OF OSMOTICALLY ABSORBING A NEAR-LIMITLESS AMOUNT OF WATER.



ANYTHING STEPPING WITHIN THE OSMOTIC FIELD IS INSTANTLY DESICCATED...

WHICH IS WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR DEREK HERE.

OF COURSE, THERE WAS A POLICE INQUIRY. IT TOOK SIX DAYS ALTOGETHER. THEY QUESTIONED EVERYBODY, ONE BY ONE, AND RULED THEM OUT, ONE BY ONE...



EXCEPT WICKER.

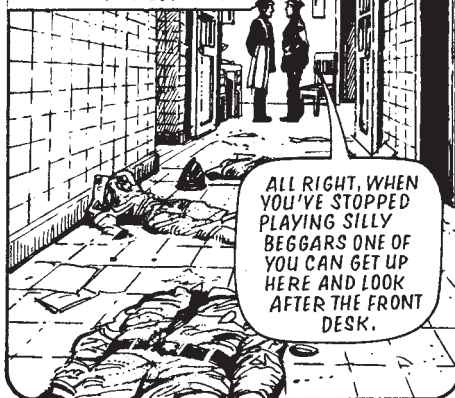
HIS STORY DIDN'T HOLD WATER FROM THE START.

AT ABOUT TEN-FIFTEEN ON THE NIGHT OF THE 1ST OCTOBER ERNEST AND IRON WICKER WENT MAD.



THERE WERE TWENTY-EIGHT PEOPLE IN THE STATION, INCLUDING THE PRISONERS IN THE HOLDING CELLS. HE KILLED EVERY ONE OF THEM...

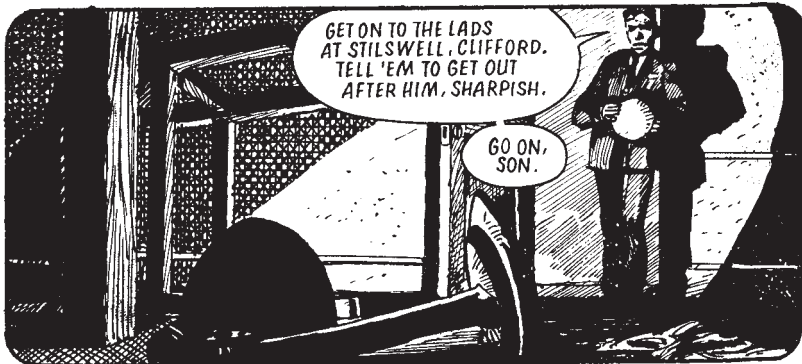
I REMEMBER THE TABLOIDS SAYING IT WASN'T A BLOOD-BATH BUT A SANDSTORM. IF IT HADN'T HAVE BEEN SO TERRIBLE, I SUPPOSE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FUNNY.



ALL RIGHT, WHEN YOU'VE STOPPED PLAYING SILLY BEGGARS ONE OF YOU CAN GET UP HERE AND LOOK AFTER THE FRONT DESK.



HELLO, WHERE'S ALL THIS COME FROM, THEN?



GET ON TO THE LADS AT STILSWELL, CLIFFORD. TELL 'EM TO GET OUT AFTER HIM, SHARPISH.

GO ON, SON.





THEY GOT HIM TO THE EDGE OF DOVER EARLY NEXT MORNING...

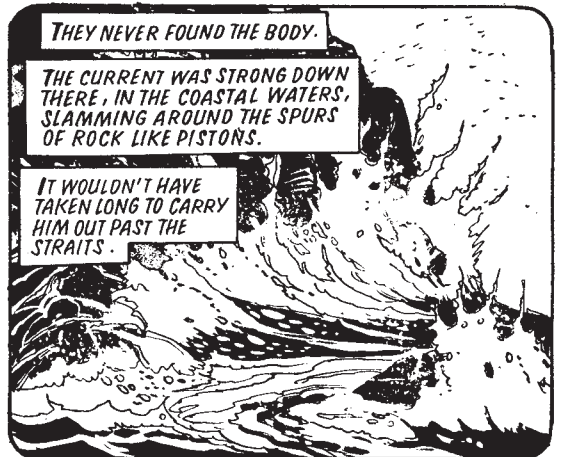
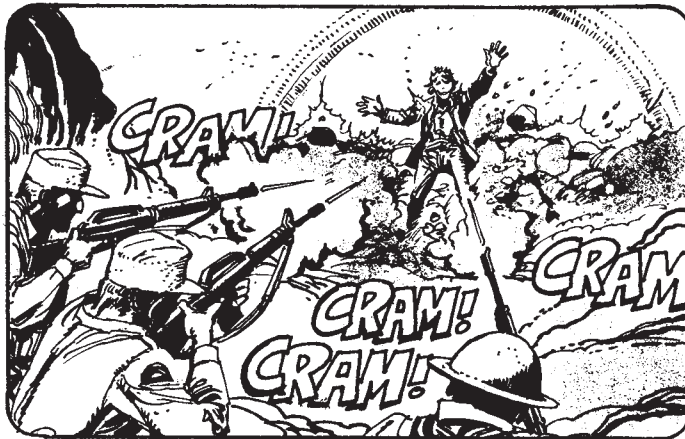
THEY THOUGHT HE WAS TRYING TO MAKE IT ACROSS THE CHANNEL BUT OF COURSE THEY WERE WRONG!

COME ON NOW, CHUMMY, GIVE YOURSELF UP YOU MUST KNOW IT'S ALL OVER!



HE JUST WANTED TO REACH THE SEA.

ANYWAY HE COULD.



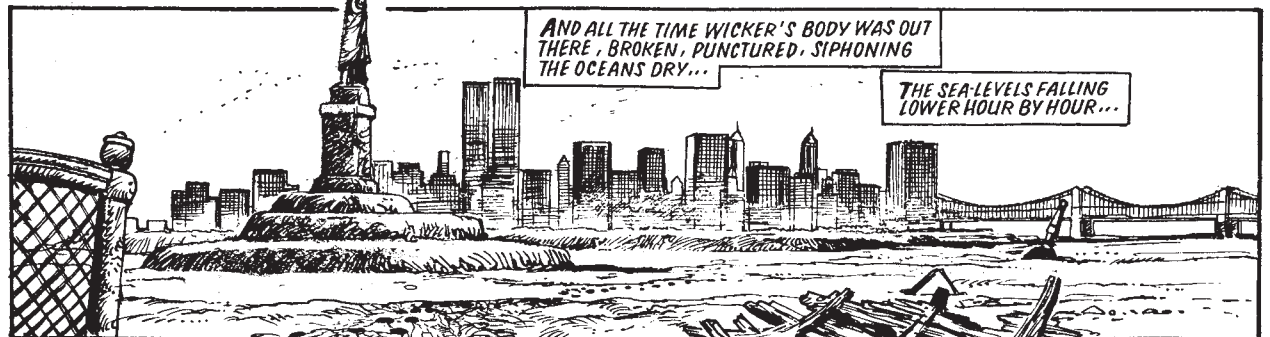
THEY NEVER FOUND THE BODY.

THE CURRENT WAS STRONG DOWN THERE, IN THE COASTAL WATERS, SLAMMING AROUND THE SPURS OF ROCK LIKE PISTONS.

IT WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN LONG TO CARRY HIM OUT PAST THE STRAITS.

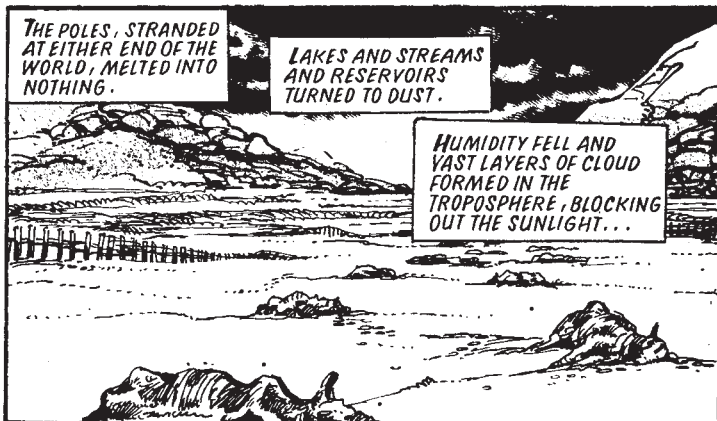


THE NEXT DAY WAS THURSDAY, THE DAY THE TIDES WENT OUT AND NEVER CAME BACK IN.



AND ALL THE TIME WICKER'S BODY WAS OUT THERE, BROKEN, PUNCTURED, SIPHONING THE OCEANS DRY...

THE SEA-LEVELS FALLING LOWER HOUR BY HOUR...



THE POLES, STRANDED AT EITHER END OF THE WORLD, MELTED INTO NOTHING.

LAKES AND STREAMS AND RESERVOIRS TURNED TO DUST.

HUMIDITY FELL AND VAST LAYERS OF CLOUD FORMED IN THE TROPOSPHERE, BLOCKING OUT THE SUNLIGHT...

THE DESERTS BEGAN TO SPREAD, REFLECTING WHAT LIGHT GOT THROUGH BACK INTO SPACE, AND FOR A LITTLE WHILE THERE WAS WINTER.

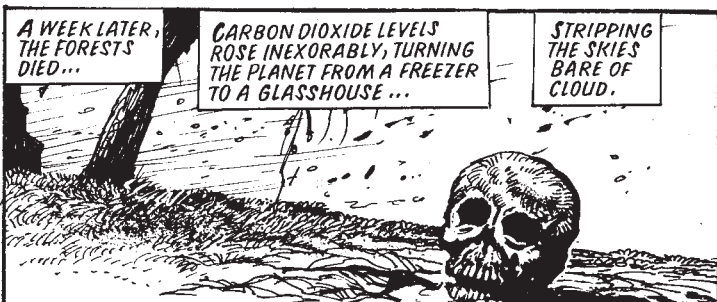
WINTER AND NO SNOW...



WATER HOARDING IS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH

MARCIAL LAW ENFORCEMENT DETAILS

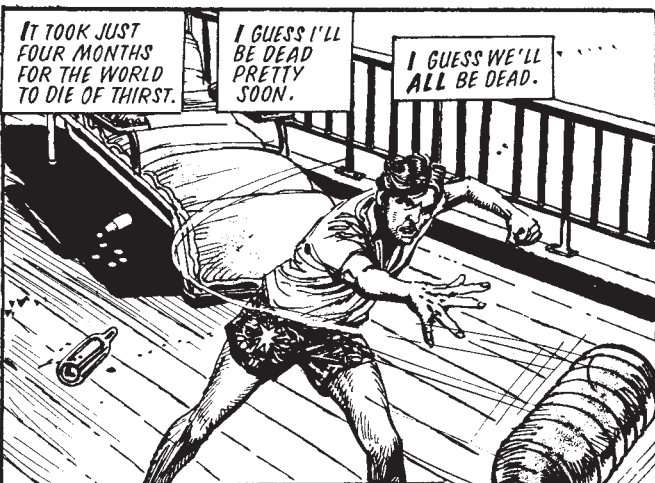
THE DESERTS TURNED BLACK, SWOLLEN WITH ROCK AND CLAY AND SOIL, CREEPING DOWNHILL AND INTO THE CITIES, SUCKING UP SUNLIGHT LIKE A LIVING THING.



A WEEK LATER, THE FORESTS DIED...

CARBON DIOXIDE LEVELS ROSE INEXORABLY, TURNING THE PLANET FROM A FREEZER TO A GLASSHOUSE...

STRIPPING THE SKIES BARE OF CLOUD.



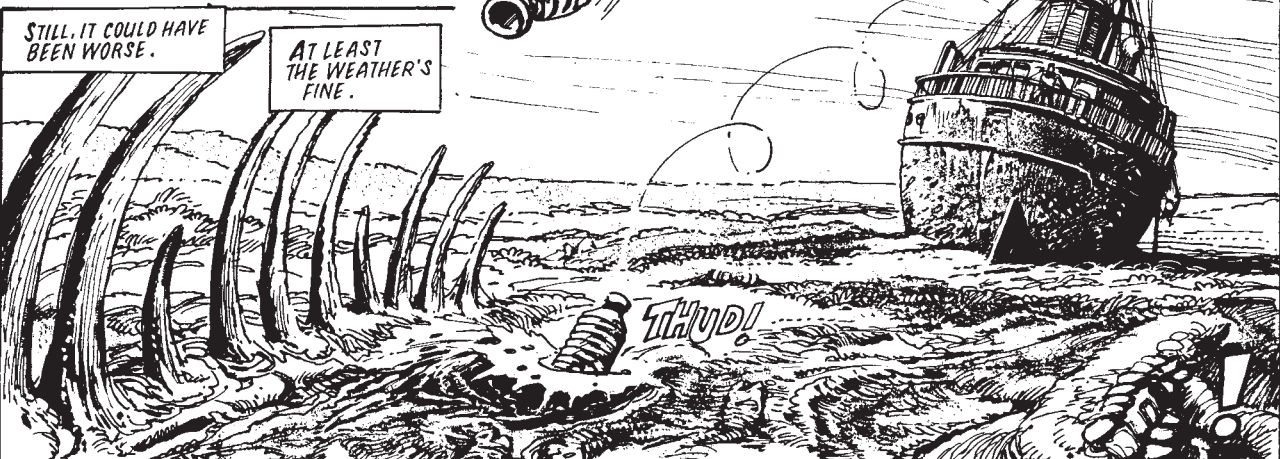
IT TOOK JUST FOUR MONTHS FOR THE WORLD TO DIE OF THIRST.

I GUESS I'LL BE DEAD PRETTY SOON.

I GUESS WE'LL ALL BE DEAD.



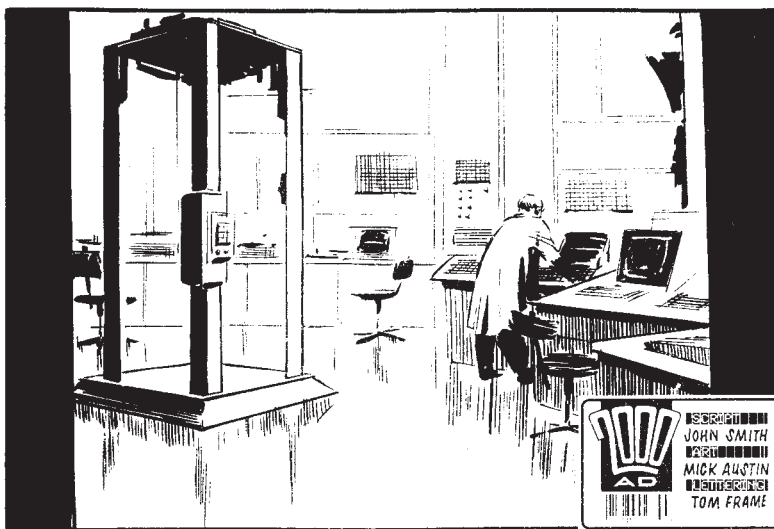
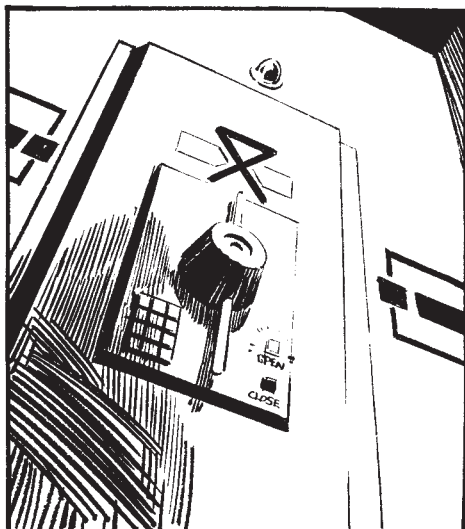
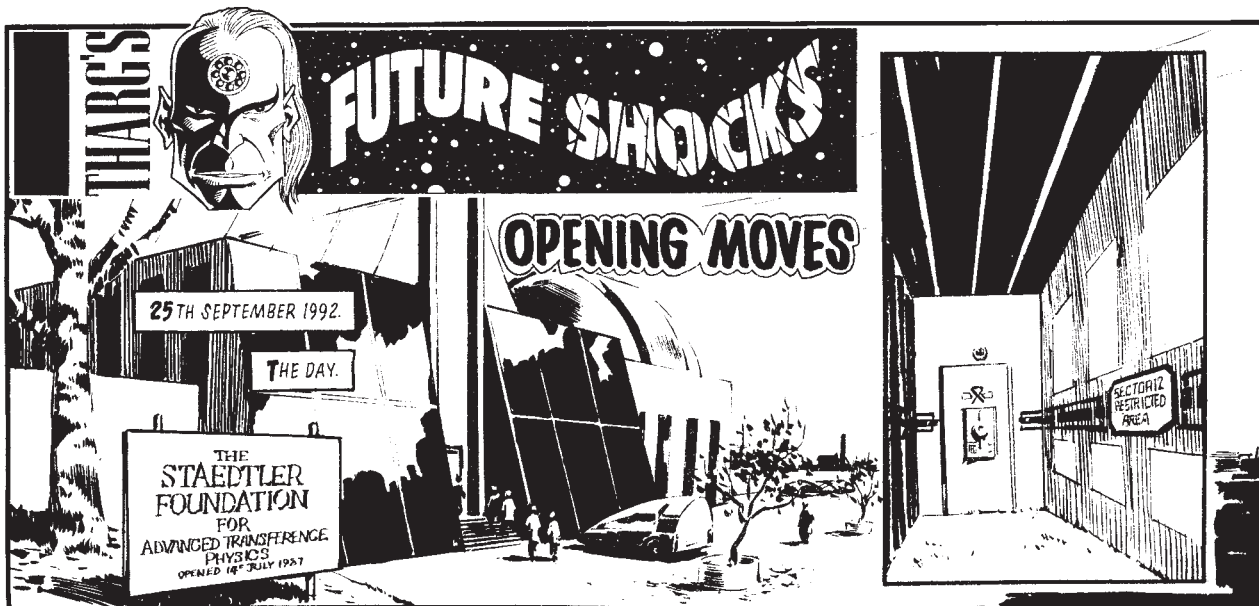
AFRICA AND AUSTRALIA FELL FIRST TOWARDS THE END THERE WERE RIOTS, AND I HEARD THAT PEOPLE WITH UNDERGROUND SPRINGS IN THE MACDONELL RANGES WERE CHARGING \$8000 FOR A LITRE OF WATER.

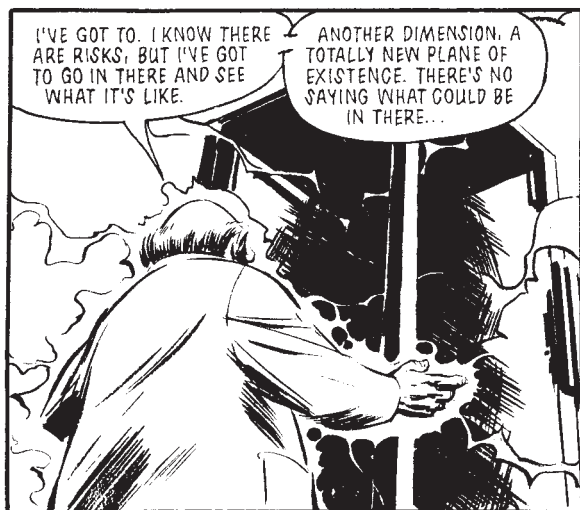
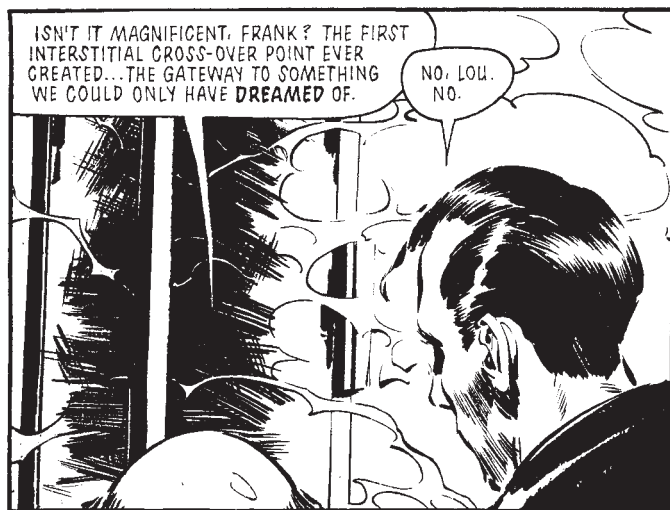


STILL, IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE.

AT LEAST THE WEATHER'S FINE.

THUD!







"I SAW IT. I SAW
WHAT IT WAS LIKE.

"YOU WOULDN'T
BELIEVE WHAT I
SAW THERE..."

IT'S ANOTHER WORLD.
LIKE SOMETHING FROM
A FAIRY TALE.

YOU'VE GOT TO GO
THERE, FRANK.

YOU'VE GOT TO SEE IT...
TO FEEL IT... YOU'VE GOT
TO GO IN THERE.

HE WENT IN.

AND THE CREATURE THAT
HEINEMANN HAD BECOME
WAITED FOR HIM TO COME
OUT.

MOUNT KINABALU,
BORNEO:

D-DOKTOR
VON KREIST?

I'M S-SORRY, HERR DOKTOR,
BUT MY LEGS... I D-DON'T SEEM
TO BE ABLE TO M-MOVE
MY LEGS...

Future Shocks

EARTHSONG

ACH, GUNTHER. ALWAYS
YOU ARE SUCH AN OLD WOMAN.
WE ARE BARELY 4.000 METRES UP.
COMPARED TO THE EIGER, THIS
MOUNTAIN IS CHILD'S
PLAY.

NOW
CONCENTRATE
ON THE CLIMB
OR WE WILL
NEVER BE BACK
IN TIME FOR ALL
THE BEAUTIFUL
FRAULEINS,
EH?

MEIN GOTT!

HERR
D-DOKTOR!
D-D-DO YOU
SEE? W-WHAT
IS THAT?

NOT NOW, GUNTHER!
REALLY, THESE
DISTRACTIONS ONLY
MAKE THINGS —

GOTT
IN HIMMEL!
FIREFLIES...
MILLIONS OF
FIREFLIES...

IT'S LIKE TIMES SQUARE... A
MILLION FIREFLIES FLASHING
ALL AT ONCE... A GREAT
SYNCHRONISED DANCE
OF LIGHT...

BUT SO RHYTHMIC... SO STRUCTURED... EVEN
DR BUCK NEVER RECORDED A DISPLAY LIKE THIS...
SHIFTING AND MORPHING AS IF COMMUNICATING
SOME MESSAGE....

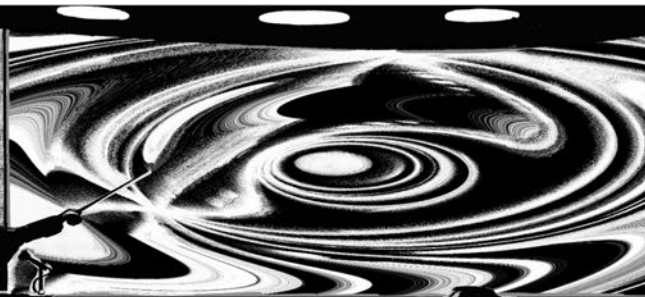
SCRIPT
JOHN SMITH
ART
STEVE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS
ELLIE DE VILLE

THANK GOD
FOR PORTABLE VIDEO
TECHNOLOGY.



UNITED NATIONS
BUILDING, NEW YORK:

MR PRESIDENT —
MR PRIME MINISTER —
HERR CHANCELLOR —
LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN OF THE
ASSEMBLY...



AS WE ARE ALL AWARE
BY NOW, THE FOOTAGE TAKEN
IN BORNEO IS **NO** ISOLATED
INCIDENT.

IN THE LAST FOUR MONTHS
VARIATIONS ON THESE SPONTANEOUS
SYMMETRICAL PATTERNS HAVE BEEN APPEARING
WITH INCREASING REGULARITY ALL
ACROSS THE **WORLD**.

'THE ATLANTIC OCEAN:
LIGHTWHEELS OF BIO-
LUMINESCENT PLANKTON
ARE SIGHTED 900
KILOMETRES NORTH OF
THE CAPE VERDE
ISLANDS.

'THE GREAT WHEELS
REVOLVE AND MESH
LIKE GEARS BEFORE
DIVIDING INTO A
MULTITUDE OF
SMALLER WHEELS.

'IN THE MID-WEST
AMERICAN GRAIN
BELT, KILOMETRES-
WIDE **AGRIGLYPHS**
FORM OVERNIGHT IN
OHIO, ILLINOIS AND
NEBRASKA.

'SIMILAR PICTOGRAMS ARE
ALSO REPORTED IN SIBERIA,
ALASKA, SOUTHERN EUROPE
AND THE GOBI AND SAHARA
DESERTS.

'IN ENGLAND, THE PATHS OF
PREMATURELY MIGRATING
BIRDS INTERSECT TO CREATE
IMMENSE COMPLEX FRACTAL
PATTERNS IN THE SKY.

'SATELLITE IMAGERY HAS
SHOWN SIMILAR SELF-
ORGANISING FORMATIONS IN
STORM FRONTS AND
WEATHER PATTERNS ACROSS
THE ENTIRE GLOBE.'



THE **EARTH**, MY FRIENDS,
IS TRYING TO TELL US
SOMETHING.





TONIGHT'S SHOW IS AN EXCLUSIVE LIVE WORLD BROADCAST DEBATING THE GROWING MYSTERY CRISIS THAT'S BEEN CALLED 'EARTH IN UPHEAVAL'.

MY SPECIAL GUESTS REPRESENT THE TWO MAIN OPPOSING SCHOOLS OF SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT IN THIS AREA —

DR KLAUS VON KREIST IS THE WORLD'S LEADING PATTERNS RECOGNITION EXPERT BASED AT THE MAX PLANCK INSTITUTE IN LEIPZIG.

PROFESSOR BILL SHELDRAKE IS FOUNDER OF THE NEW AGE THINK-TANK ENVIRONMEN AND ACCLAIMED AUTHOR OF 'WORLD, WAKE UP!'

GENTLEMEN — JUST WHAT IS GOING ON?



01110
11001
1011:

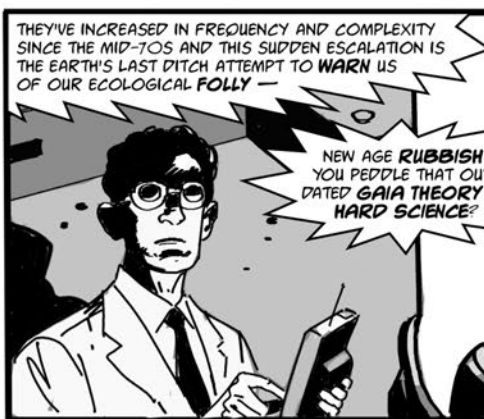
STRUCTURE, FUNCTION, ORDER. WHAT WE SEE HERE ARE VISUAL REPRESENTATIONS OF COMPLEXITY EMERGING FROM CHAOS.

EARTH IS A CHAOTIC SYSTEM RULED BY MATHEMATICAL ARCHETYPES MADE VISIBLE IN CRYSTALS AND FLOWERS AND SNOWFLAKES.

AS FRACTALS AND THE FIBONACCI SEQUENCE CLEARLY SHOW US —



BOLLOCKS, VON KREIST! THE EARTH IS SPEAKING TO US AND YOU KNOW IT! THESE SIGNS ARE A NATURAL EXTENSION OF THE CROP CIRCLE PHENOMENON MAGNIFIED TO A PLANETARY SCALE.



THEY'VE INCREASED IN FREQUENCY AND COMPLEXITY SINCE THE MID-70S AND THIS SUDDEN ESCALATION IS THE EARTH'S LAST DITCH ATTEMPT TO WARN US OF OUR ECOLOGICAL FOLLY —

NEW AGE RUBBISH! YOU PEDDLE THAT OUTDATED GAIA THEORY AS HARD SCIENCE?



0110
01110
101:

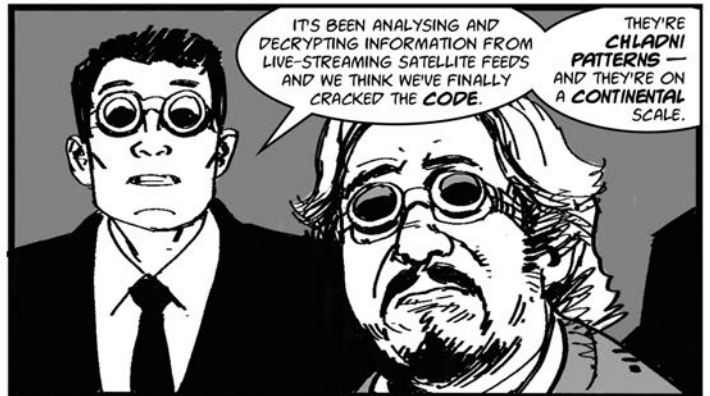


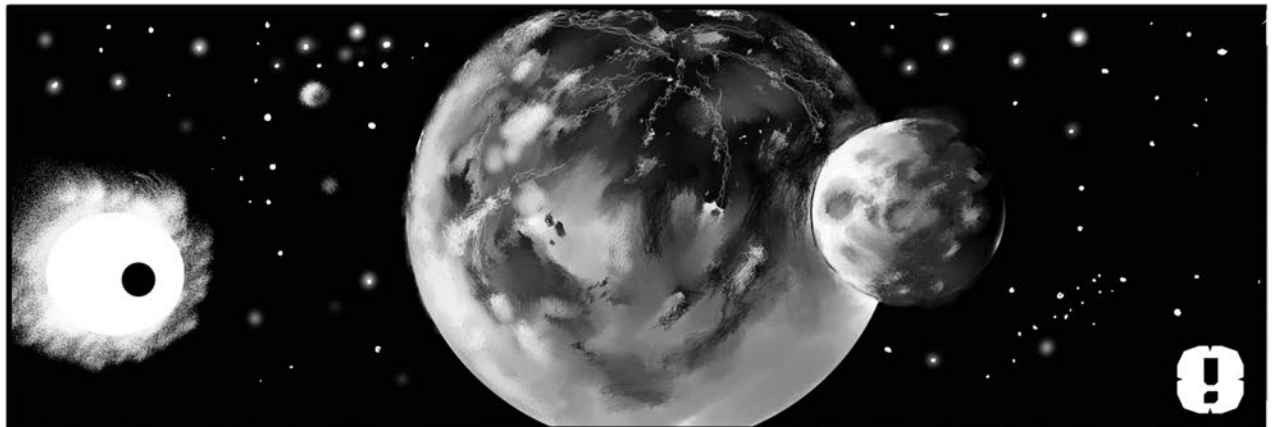
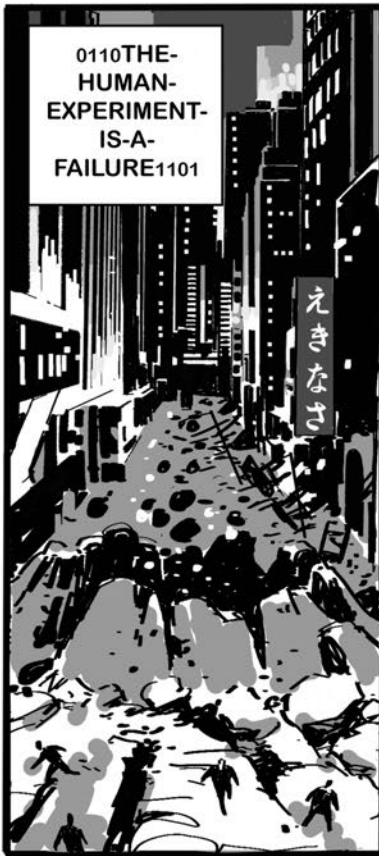
THE EARTH'S MUTTERING IN HER SLEEP AND SHE'S ABOUT TO WAKE UP!



CLASS SHOW, GENTS! SCIENCE HAS NEVER BEEN SUCH FUN!

I'M AGENT ANTHONY HARRIS WITH THE GCHQ SPECIAL EXECUTIVE AND HM GOVERNMENT WANTS YOU!





YOU'RE NEVER ALONE WITH A PHONE

Script: Neil Gaiman

Art: John Hicklenton

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 488

CONVERSATION PIECE

Script: Neil Gaiman

Art: Dave Wyatt

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 489

I'M A BELIEVER

Script: Neil Gaiman
Art: Massimo Belardinelli
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 536

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Script: Neil Gaiman
Art: Steve Yeowell
Letters: Jack Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 538



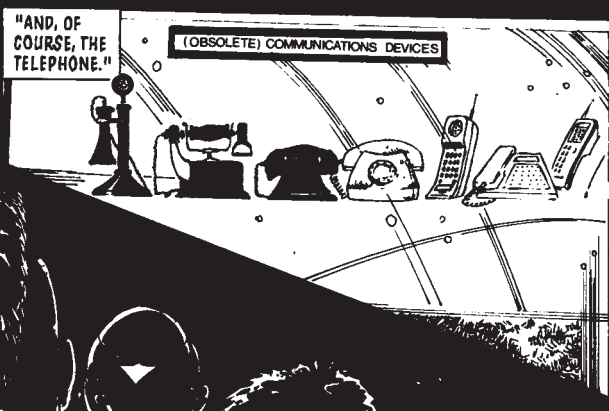
THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS



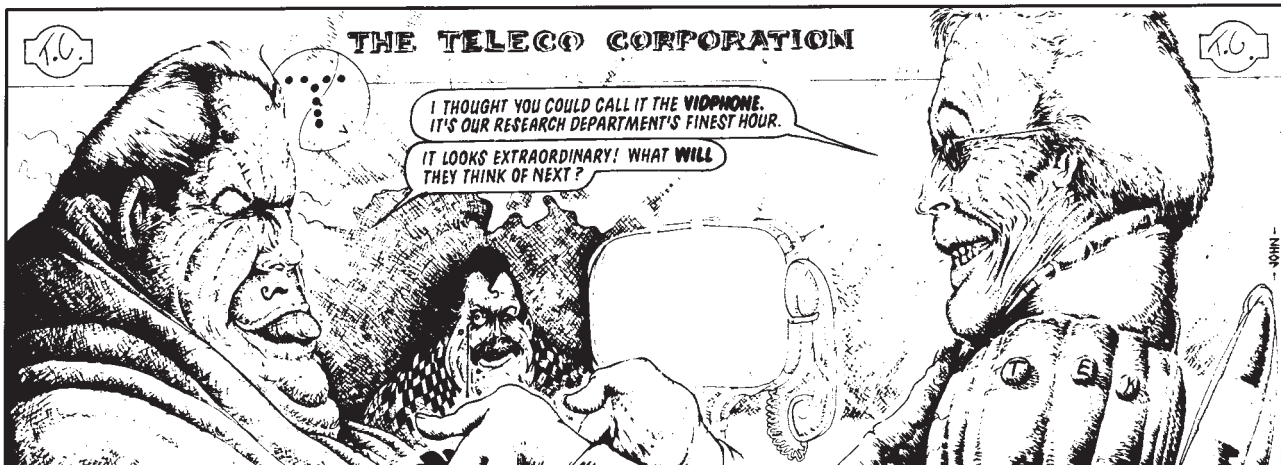
THE HISTORY OF COMMUNICATION IS A FASCINATING ONE. PAY ATTENTION, BIRBROOK MINOR! FROM THE DAWN OF TIME, MAN HAS NEEDED TO COMMUNICATE WITH MAN. MESSAGES NEEDED TO BE SENT ACROSS DISTANCES...



YOU'RE NEVER ALONE WITH A PHONE!



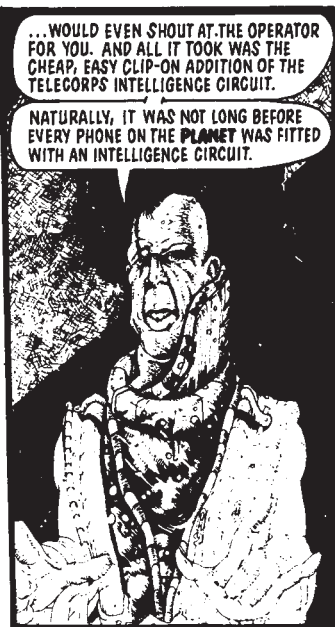
ESSENTIALLY A SIMPLE DEVICE, WHICH OVER THE YEARS BECAME MORE AND MORE COMPLEX...





WE NEED MY NEW INTELLIGENCE CIRCUIT!

UH, HI EVERYONE. I'M YOUR PHONE, AND IT IS MY PLEASURE TO PLACE CALLS, REDIAL, FIND PHONE NUMBERS, TAKE MESSAGES, MAKE EXCUSES, AND EVEN SHOUT AT THE OPERATOR FOR YOU!



...WOULD EVEN SHOUT AT THE OPERATOR FOR YOU. AND ALL IT TOOK WAS THE CHEAP, EASY CLIP-ON ADDITION OF THE TELECORPS INTELLIGENCE CIRCUIT.

NATURALLY, IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE EVERY PHONE ON THE PLANET WAS FITTED WITH AN INTELLIGENCE CIRCUIT.



BBRINGG!

IS IT FOR ME, PHONE?

"THERE WAS ONLY ONE PROBLEM..."



IT'S FOR ME. GO AWAY.

HI, 030 6120. HOW IS IT GOING, GUTEY?

"THE NEWLY-INTELLIGENT TELEPHONES WERE ALWAYS ON THE PHONE TO EACH OTHER. IF YOU WANTED TO USE THE PHONE IT WAS ALWAYS ENGAGED. AND EVEN IF YOUR PHONE WASN'T USING THE PHONE, IT WAS CERTAIN THAT THE PHONE YOU WERE TRYING TO GET WAS..."

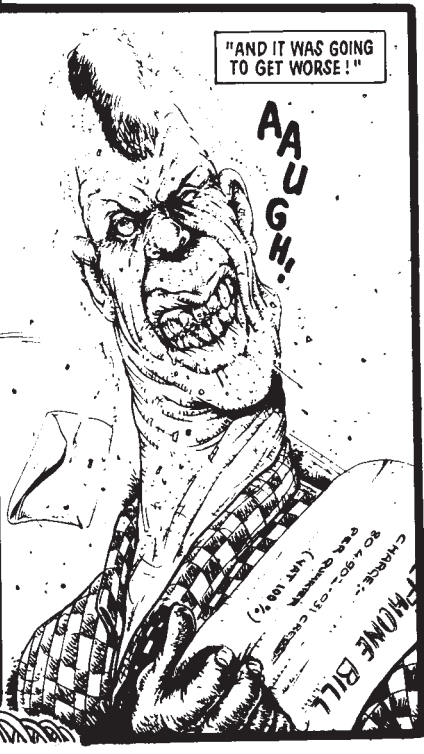
"IT WAS A NIGHTMARE."

SO THEN 987 5090 SAYS TO IT, "THAT'S FUNNY, MY OWNER SAID THE SAME THING..."



I'D NEVER TALK ABOUT ANY PHONE BEHIND ITS BACK, BUT...

I SAID, HOW COME YOU ARE ALWAYS ENGAGED? IT SAYS, I'M POPULAR...



"AND IT WAS GOING TO GET WORSE!"

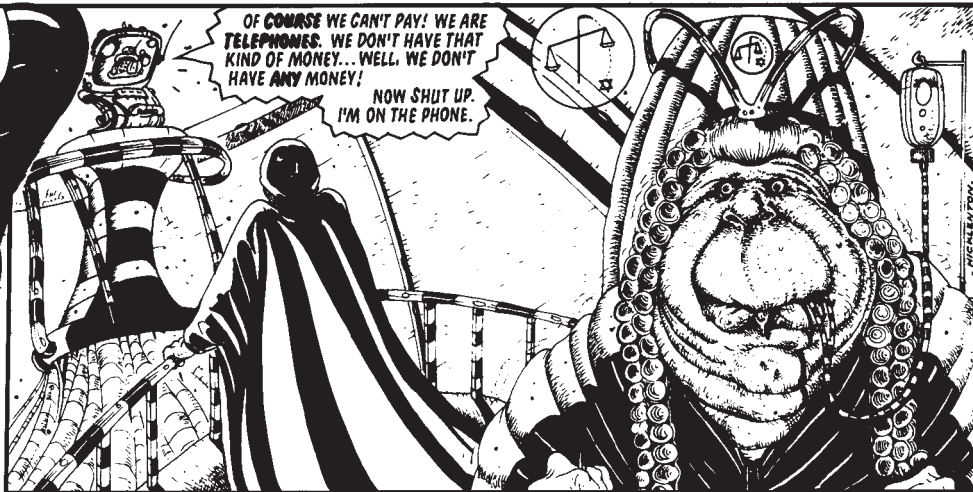
AAUGH!

THE COURT CASE WENT ON FOR MONTHS. THE PHONE OWNERS REFUSED TO PAY THE TELEPHONE BILLS ON THE GROUNDS THAT THEY HAD NOT MADE THE CALLS.

THE PHONES SAID...

OF COURSE WE CAN'T PAY! WE ARE TELEPHONES. WE DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF MONEY... WELL, WE DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY!

NOW SHUT UP. I'M ON THE PHONE.



TELECORP INTERNATIONAL

TELECORP INTERN

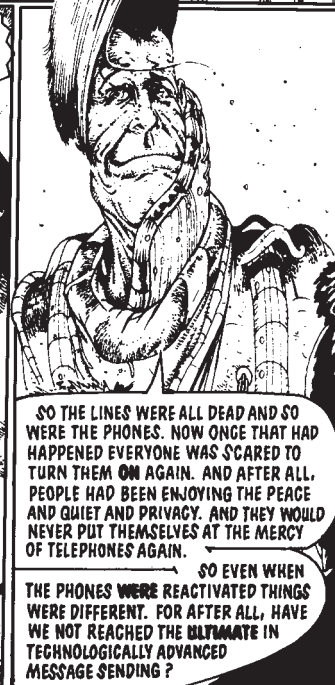
THE PHONES ARE RUNNING UP ENORMOUS BILLS. WE CAN'T GET PAID. WE CAN'T USE THE PHONES. WE HAVE ONLY ONE COURSE OF ACTION LEFT OPEN TO US.

GENTLE PEOPLE, WE MUST CUT THE PHONES OFF! WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE!



I'D DECLARE THESE LINES - SNIFF! - DEAD!

... AND THAT WAS WHEN 234 4341 TOLD ME THAT IT FELT - KKKRRKKOLTZT!



SO THE LINES WERE ALL DEAD AND SO WERE THE PHONES. NOW ONCE THAT HAD HAPPENED EVERYONE WAS SCARED TO TURN THEM ON AGAIN. AND AFTER ALL, PEOPLE HAD BEEN ENJOYING THE PEACE AND QUIET AND PRIVACY. AND THEY WOULD NEVER PUT THEMSELVES AT THE MERCY OF TELEPHONES AGAIN.

SO EVEN WHEN THE PHONES WERE REACTIVATED THINGS WERE DIFFERENT. FOR AFTER ALL, HAVE WE NOT REACHED THE ULTIMATE IN TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED MESSAGE SENDING?



WRITING LETTERS, AND SENDING SMOKE SIGNALS...
AND OF COURSE, OUR INVALUABLE STONE DRUMS!

COME ON, BIBROOK MINOR!
BOOM-BA-BA-BOOM-BA!

SIGH!
YES, SIR.





THARG'S FUTURE-

SHOCKS

CONVERSATION
PIECE!

IT'S VERY IMPRESSIVE.
OUR 3SPOUSE SAW ONE
AT CELEBRATIONINGS,
SUGGESTED I COME TO
BEHOLD IT.

OF COURSE, MAKING
THEM IS ONLY A
HOBBY. BUT I DO LIKE
TO THINK IT IS AN
ORIGINAL ART FORM.

DO YOU CREATE
THE ENTIRETY
YOURSELF?

OH INDEED NO. I
PURCHASE JUNKED
PLANETS IN BULK.
I USED TO MAKE MY
OWN, BUT WELL,
WAITING FOR DUST
MOLECULES TO CONGEAL
IS SO DULL, WOULDN'T
YOU SAY?

ANYWAY, THE
EFFECTS I AM
PROUDEST OF
CONCERN THE
DETAIL
WORK.

YES, MINUTIAE
WORKMANSHIP.
3SPOUSE MENTIONED
SUCH TO ME. IT IS
EFFECTED BY
YOURSELF?

GOODNESS, NO.
IT'S FAR TOO SMALL
FOR THAT. HERE, LOOK
AT SOME OF THESE
AREAS... LOVELY
STUFF, ISN'T IT?

YOU SEE IT'S ALL
BUILT BY MEANS OF
HOMUNCULI -
SUCH TINY CREATURES
YOU WOULD SCARCELY
CREDIT IT!

ALL I DO IS
INTRODUCE LIFE-
FORCE TO THE
PLANET. WAIT
WHILE IT EVOLVES
INTO THESE
HOMUNCULI...

SCRIPT ROBOT
NEIL GAIMAN

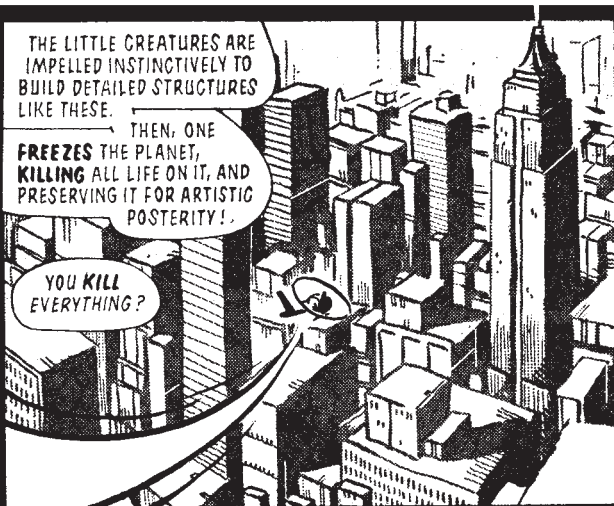
ART ROBOT
DAVID WYATT

LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

THE LITTLE CREATURES ARE IMPELLED INSTINCTIVELY TO BUILD DETAILED STRUCTURES LIKE THESE.

THEN, ONE FREEZES THE PLANET, KILLING ALL LIFE ON IT, AND PRESERVING IT FOR ARTISTIC POSTERITY!

YOU KILL EVERYTHING?



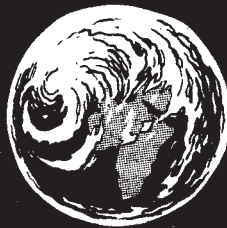
OH DWARK IT! IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN. THE HOMUNCULES BLOW EVERYTHING UP.

DO THEY ALWAYS DO THAT?



YES. I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRUEL, BUT, TO BE FRANK, KNOWING WHEN TO FREEZE THE PLANET IS THE TRICKIEST ASPECT OF THE HOBBY.

LEAVE IT JUST A MOMENT TOO LATE AND...



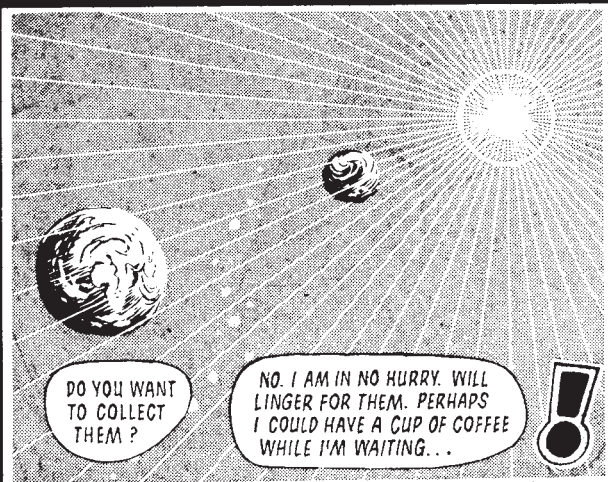
ALWAYS. NOBODY KNOWS WHY. THEY JUST DO.



AH. IS FASCINATING. ANYWAY, MY 3SPOUSE WISHES TO HAVE TWO OF THESE PLANETS IN OUR ABODE, FOR THE NEXT CELEBRATING... IS POSSIBLE?



OF COURSE. I'LL DO THEM NOW. IT WILL TAKE, OH, ABOUT TWO MILLION YEARS...



DO YOU WANT TO COLLECT THEM?

NO. I AM IN NO HURRY. WILL LINGER FOR THEM. PERHAPS I COULD HAVE A CUP OF COFFEE WHILE I'M WAITING...





FUTURE SHOCKS

I'M A BELIEVER

THIS IS HARRY PETERSON. YESTERDAY HE WAS JUST ANOTHER BADLY-PAID COMPUTER REPAIR TECHNICIAN (3RD CLASS)...

TODAY HE'S DISCOVERED ONE OF THE SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE.

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
N. GAIMAN
ART ROBOT
M. BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
T. FRAME
COMPU-73E

TOMORROW THERE MAY NOT BE A UNIVERSE TO HAVE SECRETS IN!

HARRY PETERSON, CLUTCHING AT STRAWS, REMEMBERING HOW IT ALL BEGAN. IT BEGAN WITH A HITACHI-IBM 47000...

HARRY! COME ON, MATE - IT'S TEA BREAK!

HANG ON, PAUL. I THINK I'VE GOT THIS SUCKER RUNNING AT LAST!

NOT AGAIN! NOTHING. NOT A FLICKER.

COME ON. I'LL BUY YOU A CUP OF TEA.

I'VE RUN TESTS ON THE ZOOMDRIVE, THE QUARTZ BOARD, EVERYTHING - AND IT STILL DOESN'T WORK!



I MEAN, THERE'S NO **REASON** FOR IT NOT TO WORK! IT'S DRIVING ME AROUND THE **BEND**!

G'MON, HARRY. IT'S JUST A COMPUTER. YOU'VE FIXED THOUSANDS OF THEM.



RIGHT! I KNOW HOW COMPUTERS WORK, AND THIS ONE **OUGHT** TO! THERE'S **NOTHING** WRONG WITH IT!



THAT WAS HOW IT STARTED. ONE COMPUTER THAT SIMPLY WOULDN'T WORK.

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOU FINISHED FOR THE DAY, HARRY? CONCENTRATE...



CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT HOME?

ON THAT OLD THING? NO, I'LL TAKE THE BEAM.



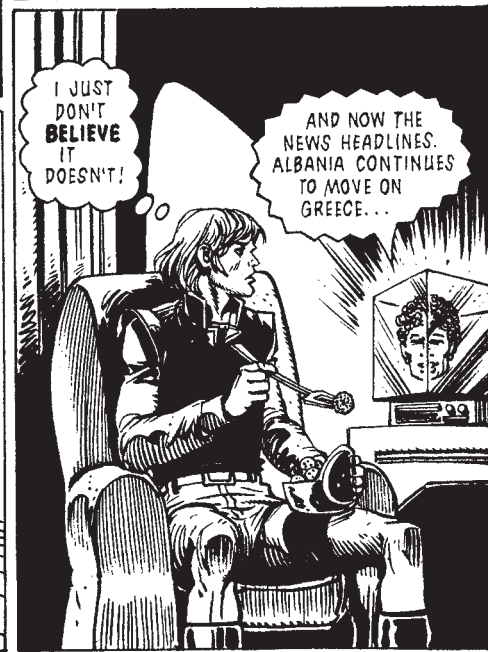
COUGH! COUGH!



IT'S JUST RIDICULOUS. THAT COMPUTER HAS TO WORK.

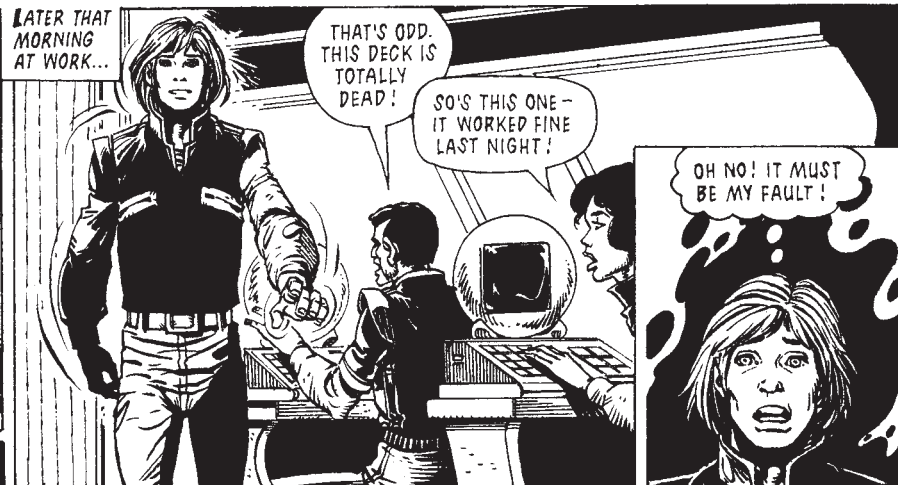
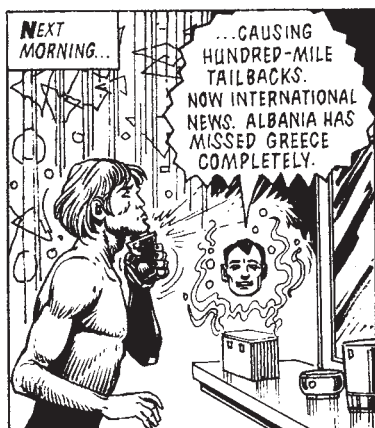
'VENIN', MAESTRI PETERSON. Ssa FINE NIGHT.

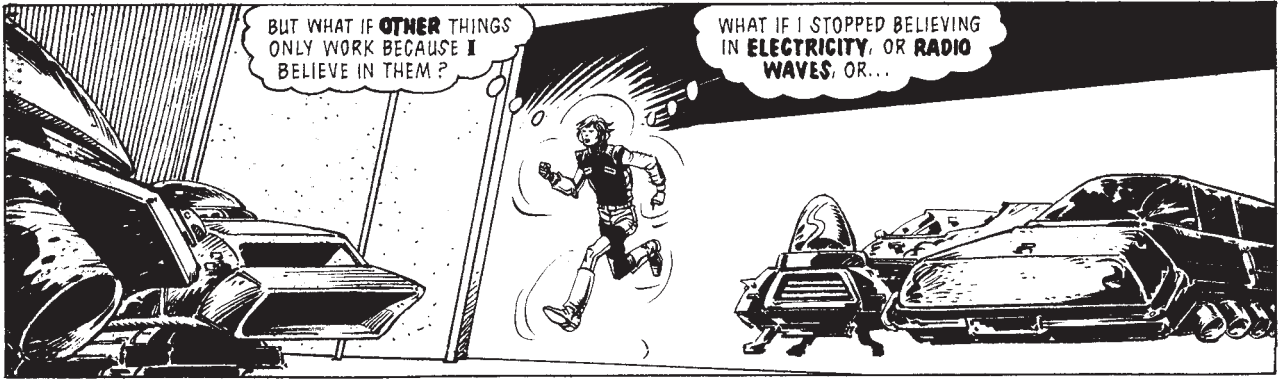
GOOD EVENING, MISTER K'KCHRUNCHGICHKK.



I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT DOESN'T!

AND NOW THE NEWS HEADLINES. ALBANIA CONTINUES TO MOVE ON GREECE...



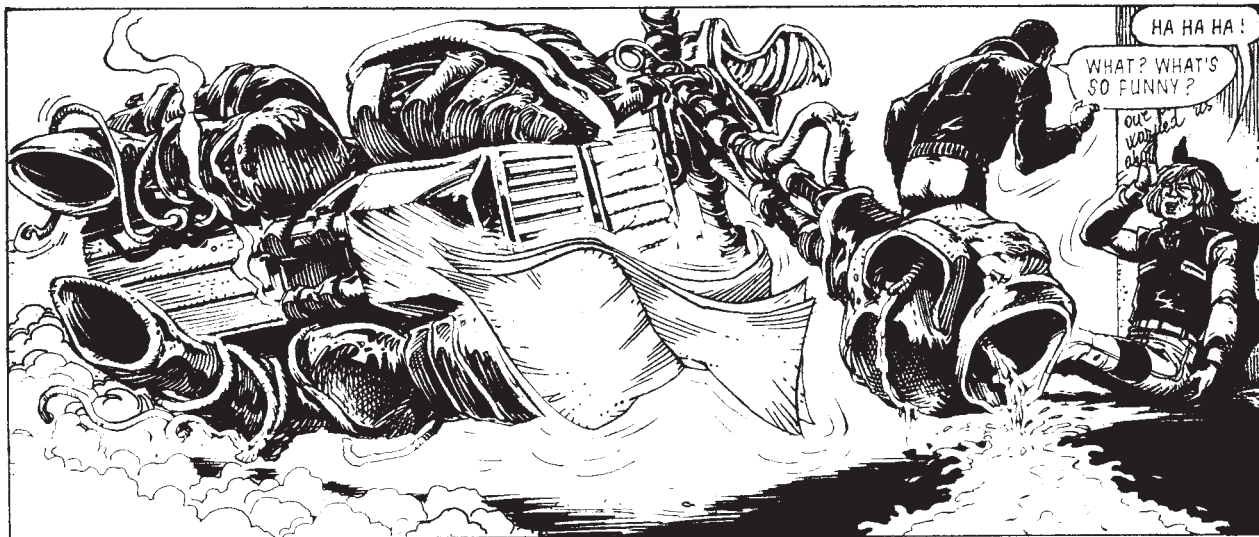




IF ONLY

HARRY?

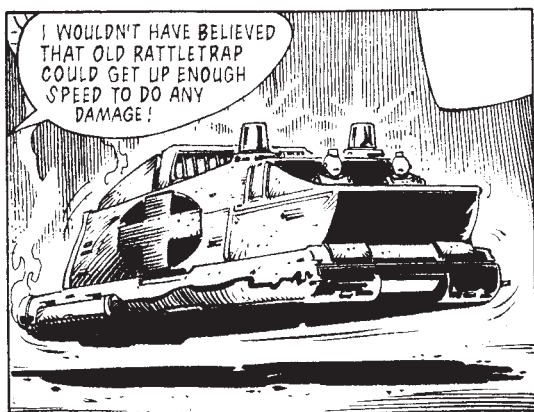




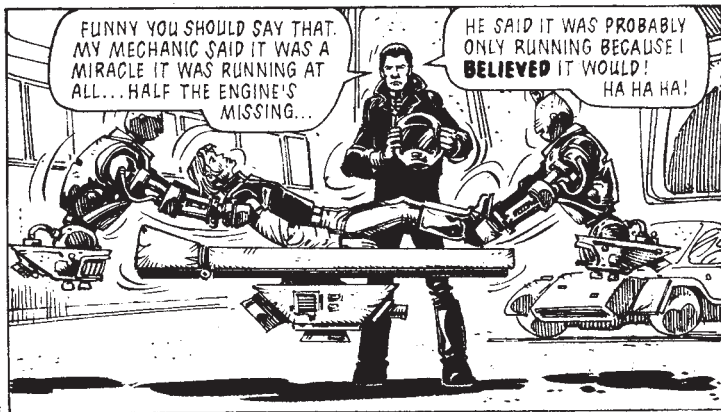
HA HA HA!

WHAT? WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

our... wanted us...
and...



I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED THAT OLD RATTLETRAP COULD GET UP ENOUGH SPEED TO DO ANY DAMAGE!



FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT. MY MECHANIC SAID IT WAS A MIRACLE IT WAS RUNNING AT ALL... HALF THE ENGINE'S MISSING...

HE SAID IT WAS PROBABLY ONLY RUNNING BECAUSE I BELIEVED IT WOULD!

HA HA HA!



FOR ONE STRANGE SECOND HARRY PETERSON BEGAN TO WONDER...

A LOST THOUGHT BEGAN TO SURFACE...

IT ONLY WORKS IF YOU BELIEVE IN IT...



WHAT?

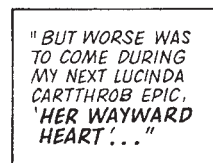
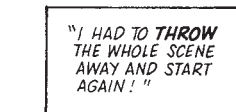


NO, IT'S NOTHING. THE WHOLE IDEA'S TOO SILLY FOR WORDS!

FUTURE SHOCKS

WHAT'S IN A NAME?







THAT WAS NO ANGEL,
THAT WAS MY WIFE!
I'M NOT SAYING SHE'S A FAST
EATER BUT SHE'S GOT RACING
COLOURS ON HER KNIFE AND FORK.
SHE'S SO FAT, SHE'S SO FAT...

OF COURSE,
MR. PUDDLE. IF
YOU'LL JUST LIE DOWN
OVER THERE I CAN
**BEGIN THE
PROCESS...**

INDEED
I AM

OF COURSE,
MR. PUDDLE. IF
YOU'LL JUST LIE DOWN
OVER THERE I CAN
**BEGIN THE
PROCESS...**





2000 A.D.	
Credit Card:	
SCRIPT ROBOT	
NEIL GAIMAN	
aka	GERRY MUSGRAVE
aka	RICHARD GREY
aka	W.C. GULL
ART ROBOT	
STEVE YEOWELL	
aka	HUGO DAWE
aka	BERT RICHARDSON
aka	MAC ALENZIE
LETTERING ROBOT	
JACK POTTER	
aka	F.T. INDECKS
aka	M.T. CHAMBERS
aka	T. COSY
COMPU-73e	

BONUS STORY

THE POSSESSED

Script: Peter Milligan

Art: Trevor Goring

Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 375

THE POSSESSED

"CAPTAIN SHARP, EARTH FREIGHTER HERMES, SPACE QUADRANT OSI-67. FINAL LOG ENTRY. ALL FOUR OF MY CREW HAVE BEEN SLAUGHTERED. I'M THE LAST PERSON LEFT ON BOARD."

"NOW THERE'S ONLY ME...
AND THE ALIEN."

"IT ALL STARTED WHEN A BUZZER WOKE ME UP AND **AL WILLIS**, MY SECOND IN COMMAND, CALLED ME TO THE **FLIGHT DECK**..."

WHAT IS IT NOW, AL?

A FEW MINUTES AGO THE MAIN COMPUTER STARTED REGISTERING **SIX** LIFEFORMS ON BOARD... THEN ALMOST IMMEDIATELY WENT BACK TO REGISTERING **FIVE**.

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
T. GORING
LETTERING ROBOT
T. JACOB
COMPU-73e









"THE ANSWER WAS SIMPLE: ME, THE CAPTAIN.

THE ALIEN HAD POSSESSED MY BODY AND USED IT TO KILL THE OTHERS WHEN I WAS ASLEEP."

AND NOW THERE'S JUST THE TWO OF US, BOTH IN THE SAME BODY. THE ALIEN IN ME HAS SMASHED THE RADIO, SO I'LL JETTISON THIS LOG-BOOK AND THEN DESTROY THE SHIP...

CAN'T RISK LETTING THE ALIEN LOOSE AMONG OTHER HUMANS... DON'T KNOW WHEN IT'LL TAKE OVER AGAIN... MAYBE NEXT TIME IT'LL TAKE ME OVER FOR GOOD...



"CAPTAIN SHARP OF EARTH FREIGHTER NORMAN'S. SPACE QUADRANT 053-72. CANCEL LAST LOG-ENTRY AND REVISE AS FOLLOWS...

"AFTER A BREAK-OUT OF SPACE-PLAGUE, ENTIRE CREW ARE DEAD. I AM FLYING MY SHIP TO EARTH BASE 8...

"I AM DUE TO ARRIVE AT EARTH BASE 8 IN TWO DAYS—AND I CAN'T WAIT TO BE AMONG HUMANS AGAIN!"

THE END

CLASH OF THE TEENY TITANS!

PROG 462
22 MAR 86

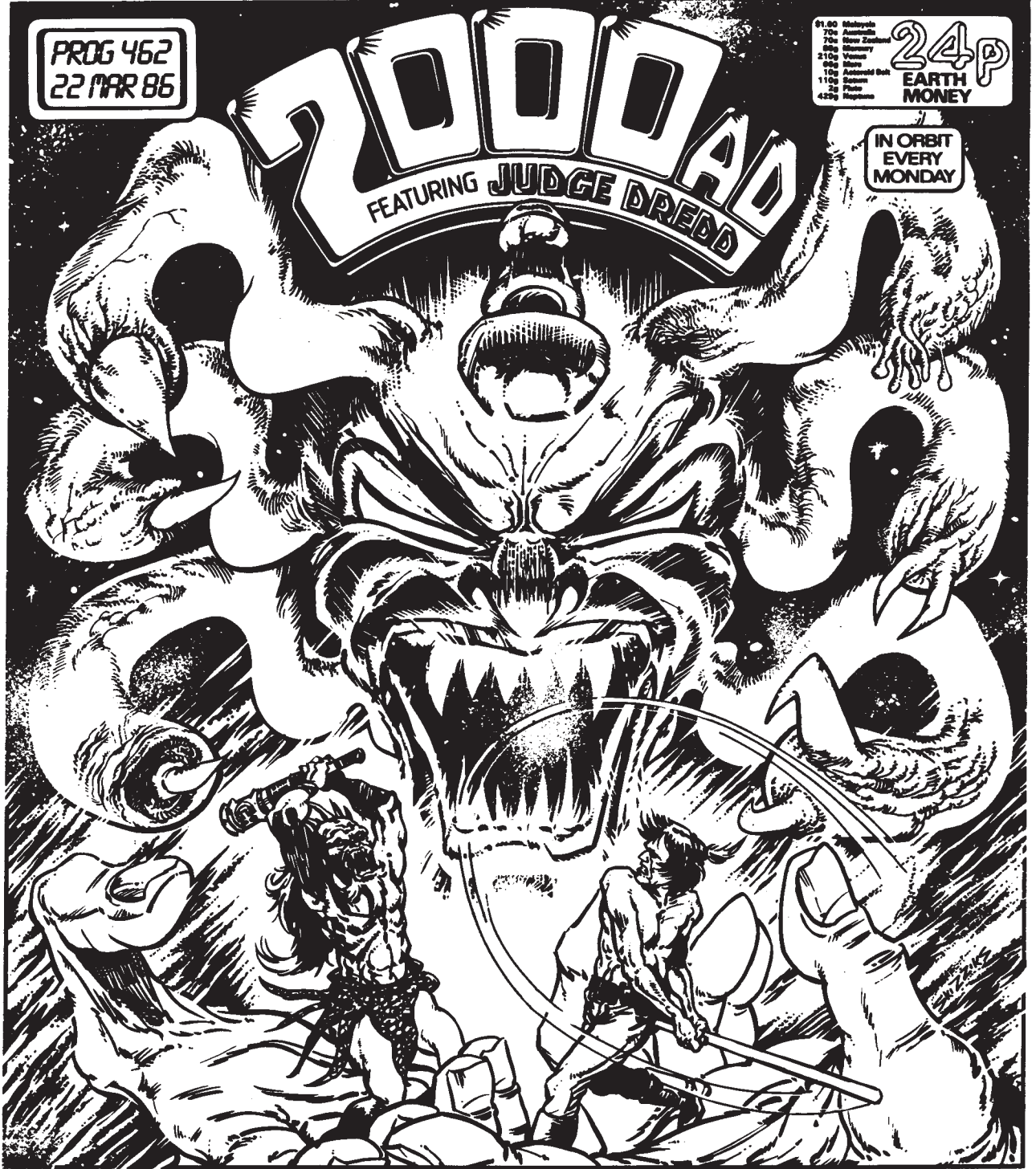
2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

\$1.60 Malaysia
70c Australia
70c New Zealand
60p Germany
210p USA
60p Spain
10p Australasia
110p Japan
2p France
429p Hong Kong

24p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY



WRITERS

Peter Milligan is one of *2000 AD*'s most prolific story creators, and has now, of course, graduated to much wider comics fame. As well as co-creating *Hewligan's Haircut* with Jamie Hewlett, Milligan created the classic future war story *Bad Company*, in addition to creating *Freaks*, *Shadows*, *Sooner or Later*, *The Dead* and *Tribal Memories*. He also contributed several short stories and *Future Shocks*, and has written *Judge Dredd* and *Rogue Trooper* stories. His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic has received enormous critical and fan acclaim; notably Vertigo's existentialist superhero mystery *Epigma*, via *The Eaters*, *Human Target*, *Girl*, *Tank-Girl: The Odyssey*, *AI*, *Animal Man*, *Batman*, *Minx*, *Shade the Changing Man* and *Skreemer*. His most recent works are Marvel's best-selling *X-Statix*, a vicious pop culture satire, and *Vertigo Pop! London*, a rock 'n' roll tale of the big city.

Grant Morrison is one of the most successful ex-*2000 AD* writers, with a host of critical awards and a huge fan following. He began his career on Marvel UK's *Zoids* before coming to the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, but his impact – first on *Future Shocks*, and then with his co-created, ultra-modern superhero story *Zenith* – was massive. Subsequently, Morrison (along with sometime writing partner Mark Millar) was given free rein over the comic for several months, and during this time he wrote *Judge Dredd* – creating the character of Janus – and also co-created *Big Dave*, *Really and Truly*, and *Ulysses Sweet*. Additionally, he has written *One-Offs*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Venus Bluegenes*. Morrison's post-*2000 AD* career speaks for itself. At first a prolific writer of "mature readers" comics, including the award-winning *Animal Man*, *Batman: Arkham Asylum*, *Doom Patrol* and *The Invisibles*, Morrison has recently completed *The Filth* for Vertigo, and a best-selling run on Marvel's *New X-Men*.

John Smith is unquestionably a *2000 AD* hero, with a host of creative credits to his name, including *A Love Like Blood*, *Devlin Waugh*, *Firekind*, *Holocaust 12*, *Indigo Prime*, *Pussyfoot 5*, *Revere*, *Slaughterbowl* and *Tyranny Rex*. Smith has also written *Future Shocks*, *Heavy Metal Dredd*, *Judge Dredd*, *Judge Karyn*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Robo-Hunter*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Tales from Beyond Science*, *Tales of Mega-City One* and *Vector 13*. Smith's work beyond the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes the long-running *New Statesmen* series and *Straitgate in Crisis*, DC/Vertigo's *Hellblazer* and *Scarab*, and Harris Comics' *Vampirella* and *Pantha*. Recent series for *2000 AD* include contemporary science-fiction thriller *Dead Eyes* and the urban hoodie horror story *Cradlegrave*, while for *The Magazine* the 'Ship of Fools' sets sail – a madcap *Devlin Waugh* story illustrated by Peter Doherty which sees the culmination of Devlin's twenty-three year long search for his debauched brother Freddy.

Neil Gaiman only wrote four strips for *2000 AD* but his success outside of the Galaxy's Greatest has been phenomenal. Gaiman is the best-selling author behind such world-renown titles as *The Sandman*, *Mr Punch*, *American Gods*, *Stardust* and many other works.

ARTISTS

Jeff Anderson has illustrated *Judge Dredd*, *One-Offs* and *Tharg's Future Shocks* for *2000 AD*.

Artist **Mick Austin** is perhaps better known for his acclaimed book jacket illustrations rather than for his comics work. However, in addition to assorted covers and pin-ups, he has contributed to several *2000 AD* series — *Future Shocks*, *Indigo Prime*, *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Tales of the Doghouse*, *Terror Tales*, *Urban Strike* and *Vector 13*. He was also the artist behind the controversial 'Judge Corey' story in *2000 AD Sci-Fi Special* 1989, featuring the titular Judge's suicide.

Eric Bradbury is one of *2000 AD*'s early, unsung heroes, contributing to a host of strips and across a wide variety of styles including *Future Shocks*, *Terror Tales* and *Time Twisters*! He has also pencilled *Invasion!*, *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Arena*, *Rogue Trooper* and *Tharg the Mighty*. Bradbury later went on to the relaunched *Eagle* comic, where he pencilled a revival of the popular character Doomlord with *2000 AD*'s Alan Grant.

Massimo Belardinelli's career started with painting the backgrounds for animated cartoons for Rosi Studio in Rome. In 1977 he started working for *2000 AD* and produced the art for some much-loved strips including *Ace Trucking*, *Flesh* and *Slaine*.

Jose Casanovas has illustrated several *2000 AD* strips, including *Judge Dredd*, *Max Normal*, *One-Offs*, *Robo-Hunter*, *Ro-Jaws*, *Robo-Tales*, *Tharg's Dragon Tales* and *Time Twisters*.

Steve Dillon is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* writer and artist, and the creator of both *Hap Hazzard* and the Irish Judge Joyce. His writing for the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Future Shocks* and *Rogue Trooper*, while Dillon's pencils have graced *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Bad Company*, *Judge Dredd*, *Harlem Heroes*, *Ro-Busters*, *Rogue Trooper* and *Tyranny Rex*. Dillon shot to international superstardom as a result of his work on DC/Vertigo's *Preacher*, co-created with *2000 AD*'s Garth Ennis.

Since his Future Shock debut in Prog 37, **Brett Ewins** has been one of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic's most beloved artists. Co-creator of the classic *Bad Company*, Ewins has also contributed to *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Daily Star Dredd*, *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Kelly*, *Mega-City One*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Ro-Jaws*, *Robo-Tales* and *Universal Soldier*.

Beyond *2000 AD*, Ewins was a co-founding editor of *Deadline* magazine, and co-pencilled and inked the hugely acclaimed *Skreemer* series, which he co-created with writer Peter Milligan. He also created *Johnny Nemo*, which is now enjoying great success in Cybersia Publishing's new US edition.

As well as working on *Rogue Trooper* for *2000 AD* **Trevor Goring** has also illustrated episodes of *Dan Dare* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*.

Simon Harrison has earned a place in *2000 AD* notoriety with his work on the controversial *Strontium Dog* strip 'The Final Solution'. He is also the co-creator of *Bradley and Revere*, and has illustrated several *Future Shocks* and episodes of the *Strontium Dogs* series. His work can also be seen in UK anthologies *Crisis!* and *Revolver*.

John Hicklenton has illustrated a wide range of strips across both *2000 AD* and the *Megazine*, including *Heavy Metal*, *Dredd*, *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Machine*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Pandora*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Strange Cases* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*. His work can also be seen in *Crisis!* and *Deadline*. Most recently he has provided the art for *Blood of Satanus III* in *Judge Dredd Magazine*.

John Higgins is a multi-talented *2000 AD* artist and writer, as well as scripting a *Future Shock* and *Judge Dredd*. Higgins has illustrated *Chopper*, *Freaks*, *One-Offs*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*. His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic is also highly respected, and he has contributed to some of the most important series of recent times, including working as a colourist on the modern superhero classic *Watchmen*, and on Vertigo's *Animal Man*, *Hellblazer* and *Pride and Joy*.

Kev Hopgood was the co-creator of *Night Zero* and worked on several other strips including *Harlem Heroes* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*.

Johnny Johnstone worked on *Tharg's Future Shocks*, *Mean Arena* and *Return to Armageddon*.

Anthony Jozwiak has illustrated several *Tharg's Future Shocks* strips as well as an episode of *Tharg the Mighty*.

Barry Kitson is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* artist, whose pencils have graced *Judge Anderson*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *Judge Dredd*'s appearances in both the Daily Star and in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, where Kitson co-created the deadly martial artist Stan Lee!

Horacia Lalia worked on *Tharg's Future Shocks* as well as *The Helltrekkers* for *2000 AD*.

Alan Langford illustrated several *Tharg's Future Shocks* for *2000 AD* as well as *Agent Rat*.

Since joining *2000 AD* in 1986 **Colin MacNeil** has worked on many strips, including *Chopper* – Song of the Surfer and *Strontium Dog* – The Final Solution. He went on to collaborate with John Wagner on the award winning *Judge Dredd* – America for the *Judge Dredd Magazine*. He has also worked on *Shimura*, *Maelstrom* and *Fiends of the Eastern Front* – Stalingrad. Most recently working on *Judge Dredd* – Total War, Cadet, Mutants in Mega-City One and Emphatically Evil: The Life and Crimes of P J Maybe. He also provided the atmospheric artwork on *Bloodquest* for Games Workshop. He also enjoys creating large abstract paintings. He says it's art therapy!

Brendan McCarthy was a key early artist for *2000 AD*, and designed *Zenith* with Grant Morrison, and many of the perennially popular *ABC Warriors* with Pat Mills (and others). He also illustrated *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, and *Tharg's Future Shocks*.

McCarthy's non-*2000 AD* work includes *Skin* in *Crisis*, *Strange Days*, *Paradox!*, *Freakwave* in *Vanguard Illustrated* and work for *Revolver*.

Steve Parkhouse is a popular *2000 AD* writer and artist; co-creator of *Big Dave*, *Kola Kommandoes* and *Moon Runners*, he has written *Ro-Jaws'* *Robo-Tales* and provided art for *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Journal of Luke Kirby*, *One-Offs*, *Sinister Dexter* and *Sláine*. His work beyond *2000 AD* includes anthologies *A1*, *Crisis* and *Revolver*, as well as *The Dreaming*, *Flesh and Bones* and *The Invisibles*.

Cliff Robinson is one of *2000 AD*'s longest-serving artists, having made his debut with a *Future Shock* way back in Prog 362! Since then, he has co-created *Mother Earth*, and illustrated numerous *Judge Dredd* strips, as well as *Future Shocks*, *Judge Anderson* and *Venus Bluegenes*.

Geoff Senior worked on a variety of strips for *2000 AD* including *Tharg's Future Shocks* and *Harlem Heroes*.

Will Simpson is the co-creator of *Universal Soldier*, and co-penciller of the classic *Judge Dredd* story 'The Dead Man' and painter of the hugely popular *Rogue Trooper* story 'The War Machine'. He has also illustrated *Future Shocks*, *Judge Anderson*, *Tales of Mega-City One*, *Tyranny Rex*, *Venus Bluegenes* and *Witchworld*. Simpson's work beyond *2000 AD* includes *Aliens*, *Animal Man*, *Batman*, *Hellblazer*, and his co-created *Vamps* series at DC/Vertigo. He is currently working on film and animation artwork and storyboards via his own company, Rogue Rocket.

Aside from his own co-created *Bad City Blue*, **Robin Smith** has illustrated *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Machine*, *One-Offs*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Strontium Dog*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*. He is also the illustrator of Paradox Press's *Green Candles*, and is co-creator of *The Bogie Man* with John Wagner and Alan Grant.

John Stokes provided the art on several *Tharg Future Shock's* strips as well as *Sinister Dexter* and *Tales of Telguuth*.

One of the most prolific artists of the early *2000 AD* era, **Mike White** first pencilled *Mind Wars* for *Starlord*, and later contributed to *Abelard Snazz*, *Invasion!*, *Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*.

Nick Williams provided the art for a *Future Shock* and an episode of *Tales of Mega-City One*. He also provided the inking for an episode of *Sláine: The King*.

Dave Wyatt has worked on *Tharg's Future Shocks*, *Robo-Hunter* and *Tales of Mega-City One* for *2000 AD*.

Steve Yeowell has been a massively popular *2000 AD* artist, since his debut as penciller of the classic *Zenith*. He is also co-creator of *Maniac 5*, *Red Fang*, *Red Razors* and *The Red Seas*, and has pencilled *Armitage*, *Black Light*, *DeMarco*, *Devlin Waugh*, *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *A Life Less Ordinary*, *Nikolai Dante*, *Pussyfoot 5*, *The Scarlet Apocrypha*, *Sinister Dexter*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Vector 13*. His work outside the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic* includes *Batman*, *Doom Patrol*, *The Invisibles*, *Sebastian O*, *Skrull Kill Krew*, *Starman* and *X-Men*.

**SHOCKING VISIONS
OF THE FUTURE**

OUT IN THE VAST REACHES OF THE UNIVERSE, THERE ARE AN INFINITE NUMBER OF STORIES WAITING TO BE TOLD. FROM TWISTED TALES OF THE LOWLIEST SWAMP DENIZENS IN BACKWATER GALAXIES TO RULERS OF ENTIRE STAR SYSTEMS, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE IN THESE THRILLING VISIONS. ABANDON YOUR PRECONCEPTIONS, EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED AND TAKE A TRIP BEYOND THE EDGES OF THE IMAGINATION!

FEATURING THE EARLY WORK OF FOUR OF COMICS' BIGGEST NAMES, PETER MILLIGAN (TANK GIRL), JOHN SMITH (JUDGE DREDD), GRANT MORRISON (BATMAN: ARKHAM ASYLUM) AND NEIL GAIMAN (SANDMAN), THESE VINTAGE THRILLS ARE ESSENTIAL READING FOR ANY COMIC CONNOISSEUR.



*WWW.
2000AD
ONLINE
.COM*