



JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 03

2000AD PROGS 116 - 154

YEARS: 2101 - 2102

Written By

John Wagner

Pat Mills



Art By

Brian Bolland

Dave Gibbons

Mike McMahon

Brendan McCarthy

Ian Gibson

Garry Leach

Ron Smith

John Cooper

Barry Mitchell





JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 03

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

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JOHN WAGNER ★ PAT MILLS

Writers

**MIKE McMAHON ★ RON SMITH ★ DAVE GIBBONS ★ BRIAN BOLLAND ★ BRENDAN MCCARTHY
GARRY LEACH ★ IAN GIBSON ★ JOHN COOPER ★ BARRY MITCHELL**

Artists

TOM FRAME ★ STEVE POTTER ★ TONY JACOB

Letterers

MIKE McMAHON

Cover Artist



Creative Director and CEO: Jason Kingsley

Chief Technical Officer: Chris Kingsley

Publishing Manager: Ben Smith

2000 AD Editor in Chief: Matt Smith

Graphic Novels Editor: Keith Richardson

Graphic Design: Simon Parr & Luke Preece

Reprographics: Kathryn Symes

PR: Michael Molcher

Original Commissioning Editor: Steve MacManus

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JUDGE DREDD

4 AM IN DREDD'S ROOMS. THE VID-SCREEN LIGHTS UP —

I'VE GOT YOUR DEAR LITTLE NIECE, DREDD! SHE'S GOING TO DIE — AND NOTHING YOU CAN DO WILL SAVE HER!

VIENNA!

VIENNA

HE-HE'S HURTING ME, UNCLE JOE! HELP ME! HELP ME!

THE VID-SCREEN COMPUTER TRACED THE CALL —

THE CALL CAME FROM THIS ADDRESS. THE CALLER'S NAME WAS —

-19230
SIGMA STREET
DISTRICT
892-

HARRY CARMEN — I KNOW HIM. I PUT HIM DOWN FOR SIX YEARS FOR A COMPUTER SWINDLE. HE'S AN ELECTRONICS GENIUS.

NOW HARRY C IS TRYING TO GET AT ME THROUGH MY NIECE... RICO'S KID...

POOR VIENNA. HASN'T SHE SUFFERED ENOUGH BECAUSE OF ME...?



DREDD'S MIND FLASHED BACK...

SWING ME AGAIN,
UNCLE JOE!

YOUNG MISS VIENNA ADORES YOU, SIR.
SHE NEVER STOPS TALKING ABOUT YOU.
YOU SHOULD SEE MORE OF HER.

IT'S NOT ALWAYS POSSIBLE,
MRS PASTERNAK. THE
LAW MUST COME FIRST.

YOU'LL EXCUSE ME SAYING SO,
SIR, BUT YOU OWE HER THAT
MUCH. AFTER WHAT HAPPENED
TO MR RICO. . .

WHO KILLED
DADDY, UNCLE
JOE? WAS HE
A BAD MAN?

NO, CHILD. HE
WAS...JUST
DOING HIS
JOB.

HOW CAN I TELL HER IT WAS ME
WHO KILLED HER DADDY?
RICO, MY BROTHER. . .

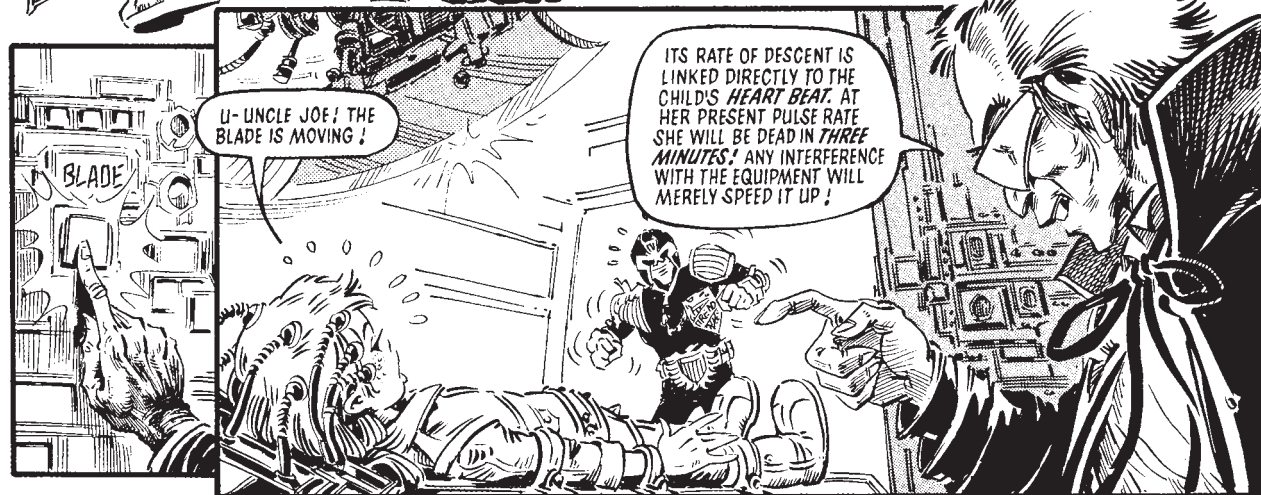
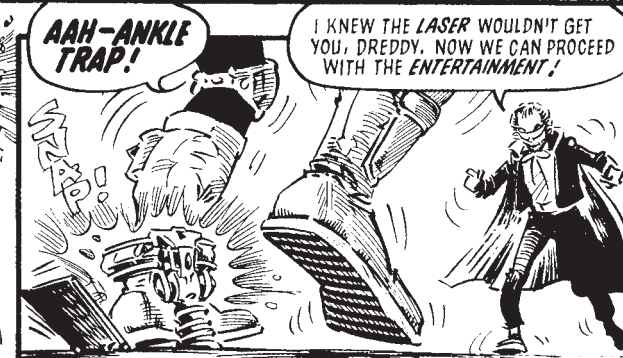
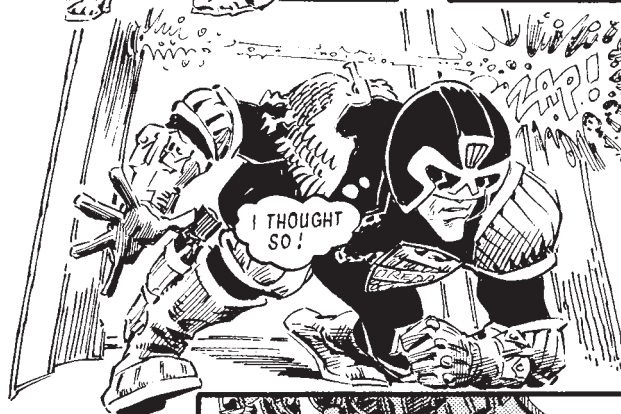
YOU SENT ME TO TITAN, BROTHER JOE—
YOU TURNED ME INTO A **FREAK!**
NOW YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR IT!

A JUDGE THAT
GOES WRONG HAS
GOT TO BE PUNISHED!
DON'T MAKE ME
KILL YOU!

**DRAW, I SAID—
AAAGH!**

YOU DON'T KISS ME AND HUG ME VERY MUCH,
BUT I KNOW THAT'S JUST YOUR WAY. I **LOVE**
YOU, UNCLE JOE! **YOU'RE** MY DADDY NOW!

NO, PLEASE NOT
THAT! NOT AFTER
WHAT I DID!





DAMN YOU, HARRY! RELEASE HER—OR SO HELP ME, I'LL KILL YOU!

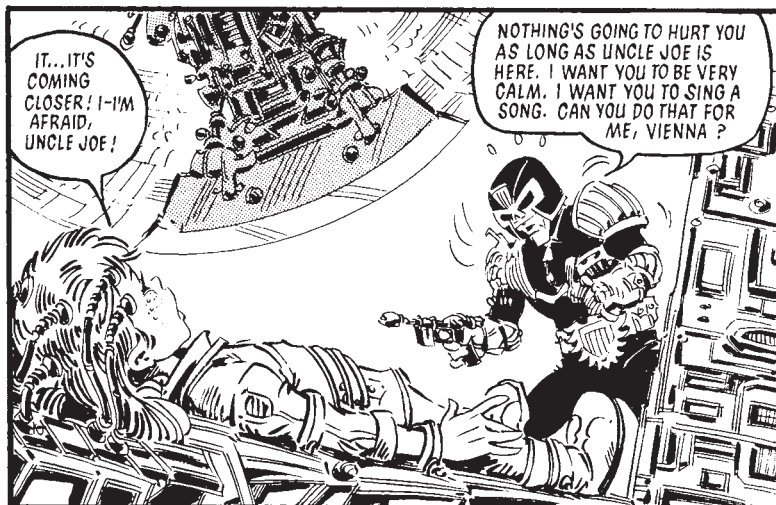
I'VE HAD SIX YEARS TO PLAN MY REVENGE, DREDD. SIX YEARS TO FIND THE THING THAT'LL HURT YOU MOST—THE LITTLE GIRL YOU FEEL SO GUILTY ABOUT!

YOU KILLED HER FATHER, DREDD—AND NOW *SHE'S* GOING TO DIE BECAUSE OF YOU! AND YOU'RE GOING TO WATCH EVERY SECOND!

YOU WON'T KILL ME, DREDD. YOU ALWAYS STICK TO THE *LAW BOOKS*. AN' THEY SAY YOU CAN ONLY KILL ME IF IT'LL HELP SAVE A LIFE—WHICH IT WON'T!

AT LEAST *YOU* WON'T HAVE THE PLEASURE OF WATCHING, HARRY! *STUN SHOT!*

AAAAH!



IT...IT'S COMING CLOSER! I-I'M AFRAID, UNCLE JOE!

NOTHING'S GOING TO HURT YOU AS LONG AS UNCLE JOE IS HERE. I WANT YOU TO BE VERY CALM. I WANT YOU TO SING A SONG. CAN YOU DO THAT FOR ME, VIENNA?



YES, UNCLE JOE.

♪ TWINKLE, TWINKLE, L-LITTLE STAR, HOW I WONDER WHERE YOU ARE...♪



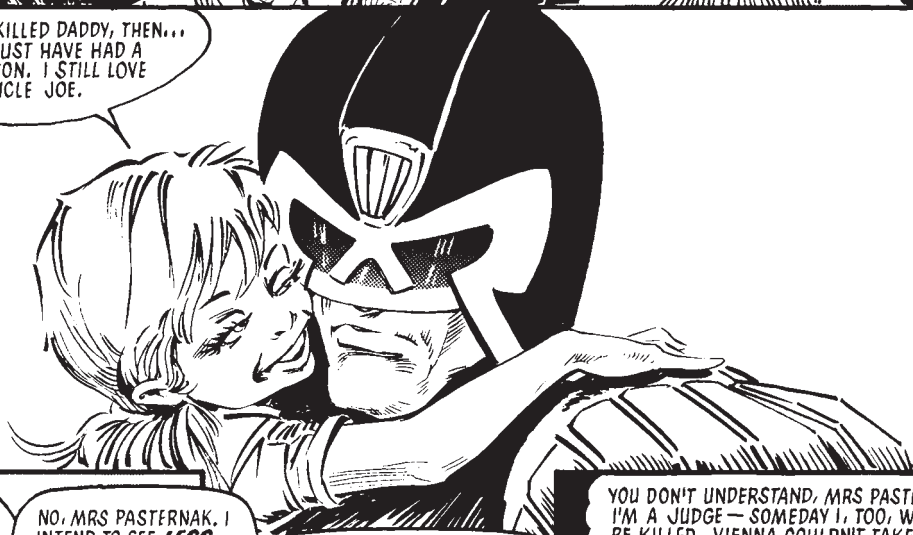
DREDD SAW HIS PRISONER IN CUSTODY, THEN TOOK VIENNA HOME...

UNCLE JOE, WAS IT TRUE WHAT THAT BAD MAN SAID? DID YOU...DID YOU REALLY KILL MY DADDY?

I'M...AFRAID SO, DARLING.

IF... IF YOU KILLED DADDY, THEN... THEN YOU MUST HAVE HAD A GOOD REASON. I STILL LOVE YOU, UNCLE JOE.

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SCRIPT ROBOT
JOHN HOWARD
ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME
COMPU-73e



VIENNA WAS PUT TO BED —



WELL, THIS HAS BEEN A FINE HOWDEDO! I HOPE IT'S SHOWN YOU YOUR DUTY, SIR. VIENNA WILL BE SEEING MORE OF YOU NOW, EH?

NO, MRS PASTERNAK. I INTEND TO SEE *LESS* OF MY NIECE. YOU MUST HELP HER TO STOP LOVING ME!

REALLY! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A COLD ONE — BUT *THIS!* YOU'VE NO HEART AT ALL, JOE DREDD! YOU-YOU'RE JUST A SOULLESS MACHINE!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, MRS PASTERNAK. I'M A JUDGE — SOMEDAY I, TOO, WILL BE KILLED. VIENNA COULDN'T TAKE THAT AGAIN, NOT A SECOND TIME.

SHE'S SUFFERED ENOUGH BECAUSE OF ME. LET IT END HERE.

NEXT: CITY OF DREDD*

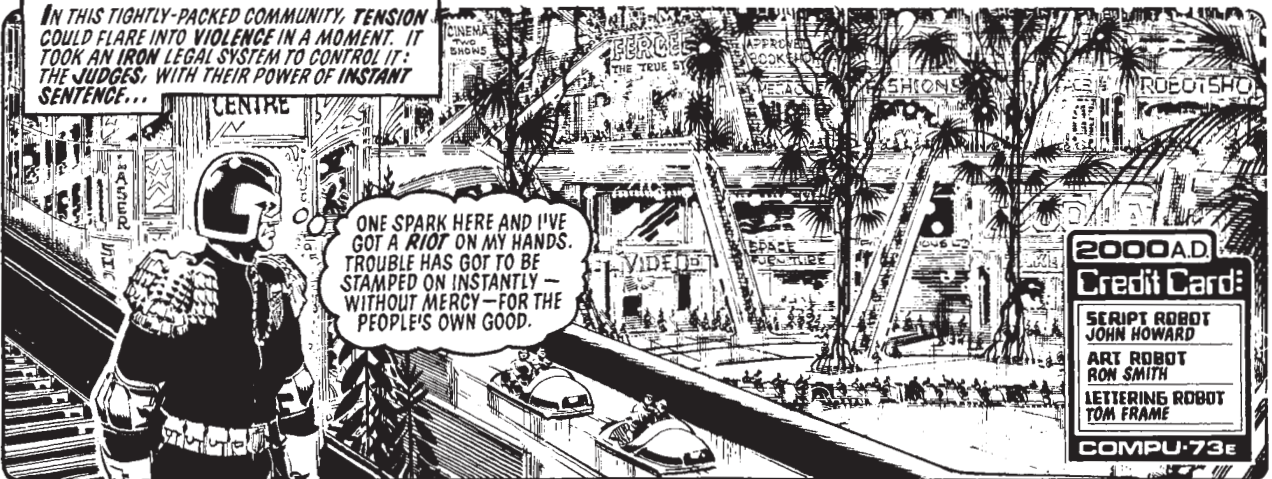
NO INHABITANT OF TODAY CAN COMPREHEND THE SHEER IMMENSITY OF MEGA-CITY 1 IN THE EARLY 22ND CENTURY. OVER 800 MILLION PEOPLE — THE POPULATION OF A HUNDRED LONDONS — CRAMMED INTO VAST CITYBLOCKS, EACH HOUSING OVER 60,000 CITIZENS...



JUDGE DREDD

EACH CITYBLOCK WAS A CITY WITHIN A CITY. FROM BIRTH IN THE CITYBLOCK HOSPITAL TO DEATH IN THE CITYBLOCK CREMATORIUM, IT WAS POSSIBLE FOR A CITIZEN TO SPEND HIS ENTIRE LIFE WITHOUT LEAVING HIS OWN BLOCK !

IN THIS TIGHTLY-PACKED COMMUNITY, TENSION COULD FLARE INTO VIOLENCE IN A MOMENT. IT TOOK AN IRON LEGAL SYSTEM TO CONTROL IT: THE JUDGES, WITH THEIR POWER OF INSTANT SENTENCE...



ONE SPARK HERE AND I'VE GOT A RIOT ON MY HANDS. TROUBLE HAS GOT TO BE STAMPED ON INSTANTLY — WITHOUT MERCY — FOR THE PEOPLE'S OWN GOOD.

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RON SMITH

LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

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YOU THERE!

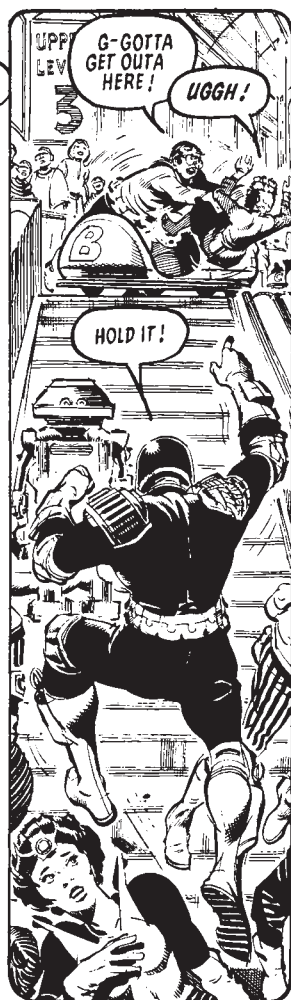


H-HECK! J-JUDGE DREDD!

YES — YOU!

ON THE LEVEL ABOVE, TREES AND FLOWERS BLOOMED UNDER ARTIFICIAL CONDITIONS. FEW IN THE 22ND CENTURY WOULD EVER SEE A REAL PARK, BUT HERE BLOCK RESIDENTS COULD EASE AWAY THE TENSIONS OF CITY LIFE...

TH-THERE HE IS! OH MERCY, WHY ME?



G-GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!

UGGH!

HOLD IT!



TO DREDD RACED AFTER THE FLEEING MAN — RECREATION PARK

SEE THE LASER

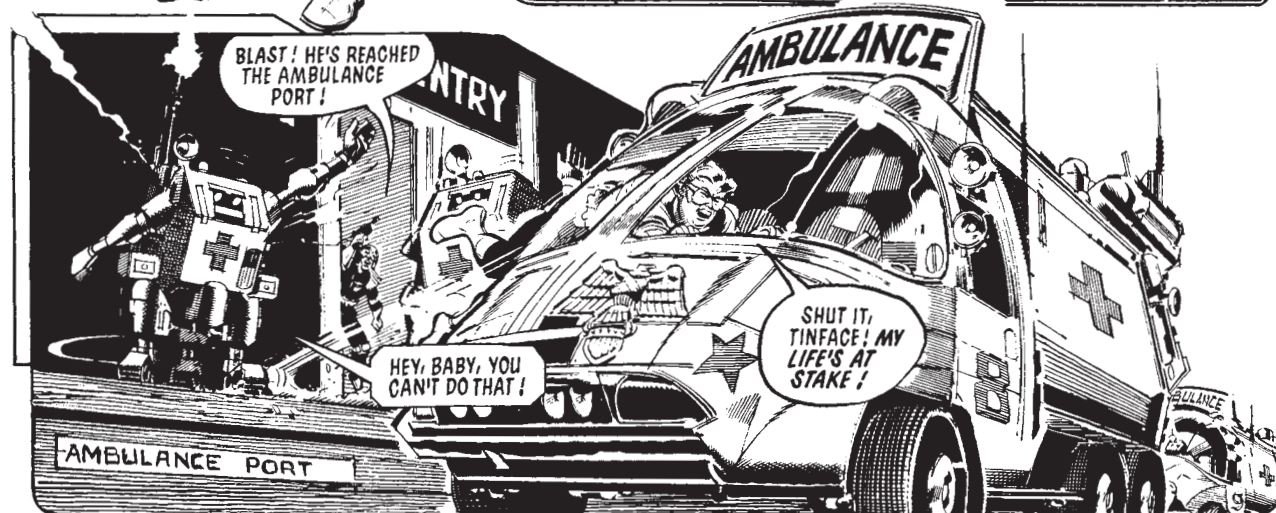
RA AVE

HE'S HEADING UP TOWARDS THE NEXT LEVEL. I CAN CUT HIM OFF.



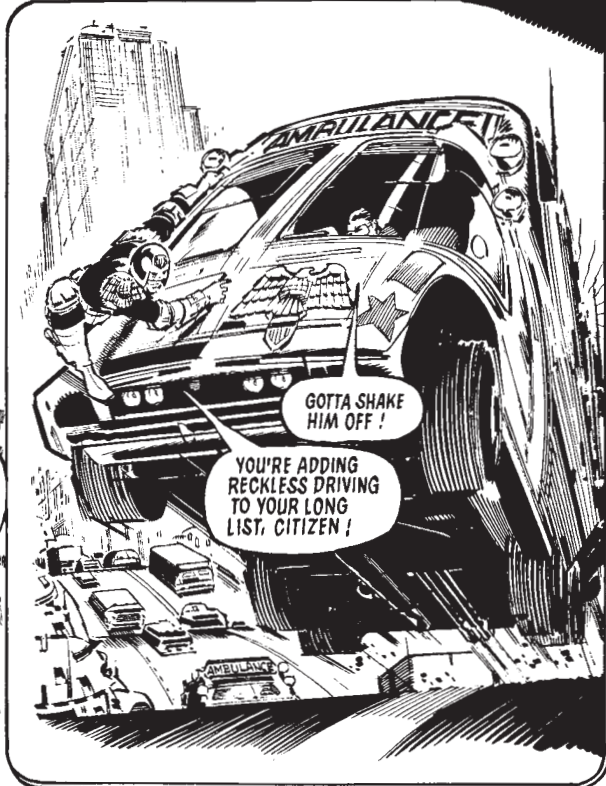
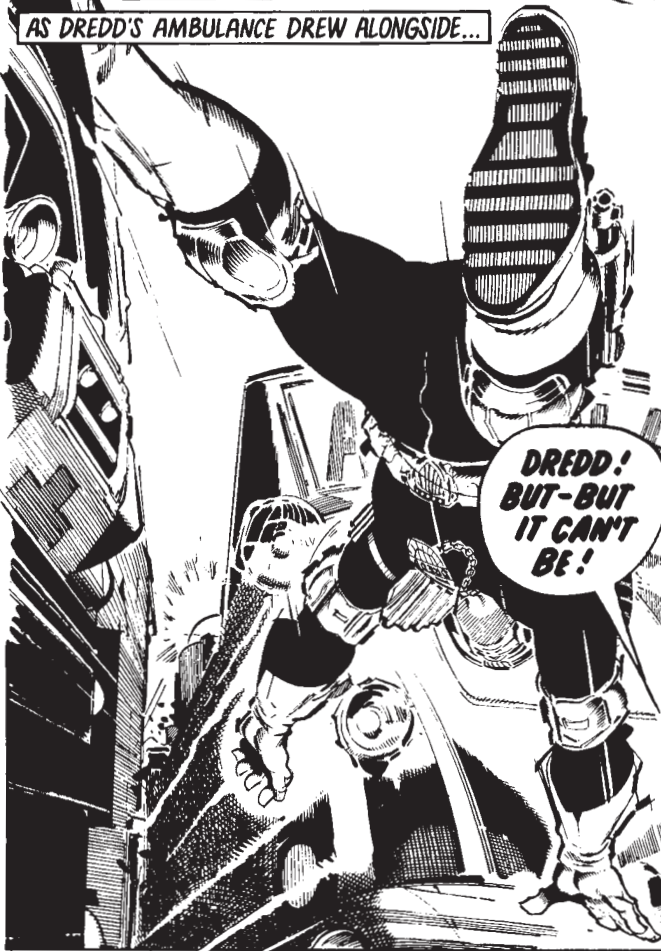
TO LOWER LEVEL AND SHOPPING CENTRE

CHARLTON HE STON BLOCK PARK (RESIDENTS ONLY)





AS DREDD'S AMBULANCE DREW ALONGSIDE...



SLOW →



I'VE TRIED HARD NOT TO KILL YOU, BUT SET THIS THING DOWN **NOW**—OR I'M GONNA SAVE MYSELF SOME PAPERWORK!



I'M BOOKING YOU FOR **VEHICLE THEFT, KIDNAP, ASSAULT, POSSIBLE MAN-SLAUGHTER, EIGHTEEN OTHER VIOLATIONS OF THE PENAL CODE AND SEVEN TRAFFIC OFFENCES.** UP AGAINST THE VEHICLE, CITIZEN!



YOU'RE CLEAN... TELL ME, CITIZEN, WHY DID YOU **RUN** WHEN I CALLED YOU IN THE SHOPPING LEVELS?

I DON'T KNOW, SIR. I'M NOT A CRIMINAL. I-I JUST POPPED DOWN FROM MY APARTMENT TO-TO BUY CANDY...



YOU SHOUTED—I-I SAW A JUDGE AND... AND I WAS AFRAID. I GUESS I-I JUST PANICKED...

WHY... WHY **DID** YOU SHOUT AT ME IN THE SHOPPING LEVELS, SIR?

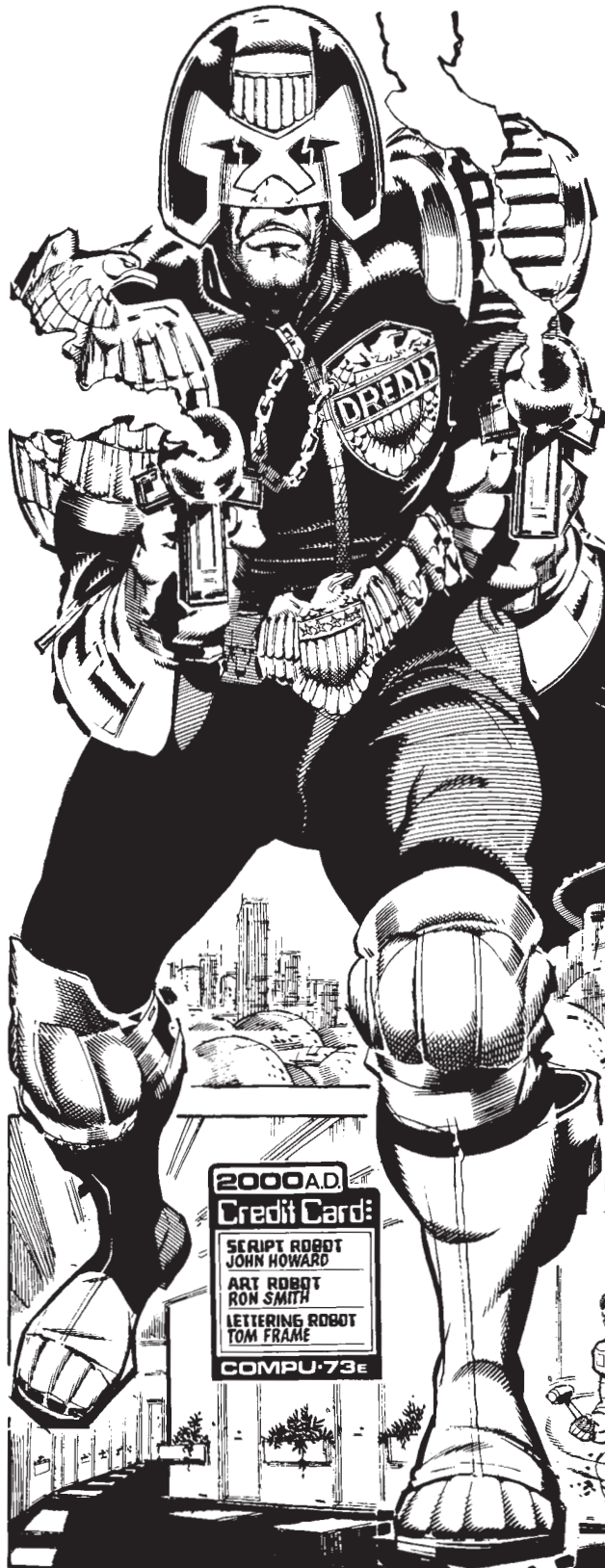
YOU DROPPED THIS **CANDY WRAPPER.** LITTERING THE PUBLIC WALKWAYS IS AN OFFENCE!



THERE ARE ALWAYS THE SAD CASES, THE ONES THAT SHOULD NEVER COME BEFORE ME. BUT THEIR CRIMES ARE NO LESS BECAUSE THEY ARE FOOLS.

NEXT
PROG

CITYBLOCK 2



JUDGE DREDD

CITYBLOCK 2

BY THE EARLY 22ND CENTURY ONLY 13% OF THE POPULATION OF MEGA-CITY ONE HAD WORK. THIS CREATED SEVERE PROBLEMS IN THE VAST BLOCKS THAT HOUSED THE CITY'S 800 MILLION PEOPLE. . .



HUMANS, TOO LONG USED TO WORKING, COULD NOT ADJUST TO THE HUGE INCREASE IN LEISURE TIME --

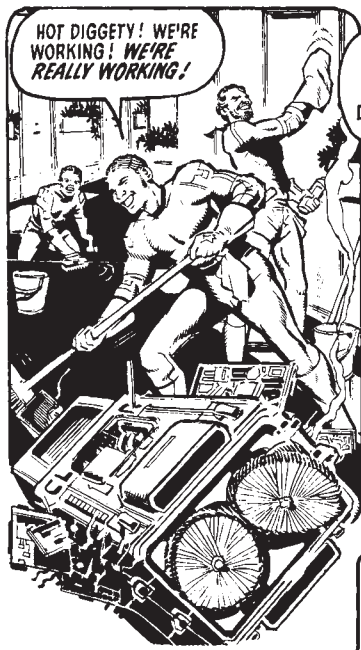
2000 A.D.
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GET THAT
CLEANING
DROID!

RIP ITS CIRCUITS OUT!

LUCKY WE SAVED
THESE ANTIQUE
TOOLS! LET'S
GET BUSY!





HOT DIGGETY! WE'RE WORKING! WE'RE REALLY WORKING!

WHEN THE LAW ARRIVED -

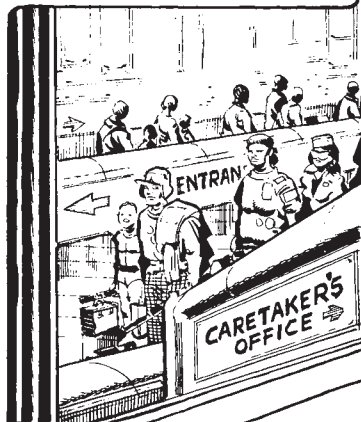
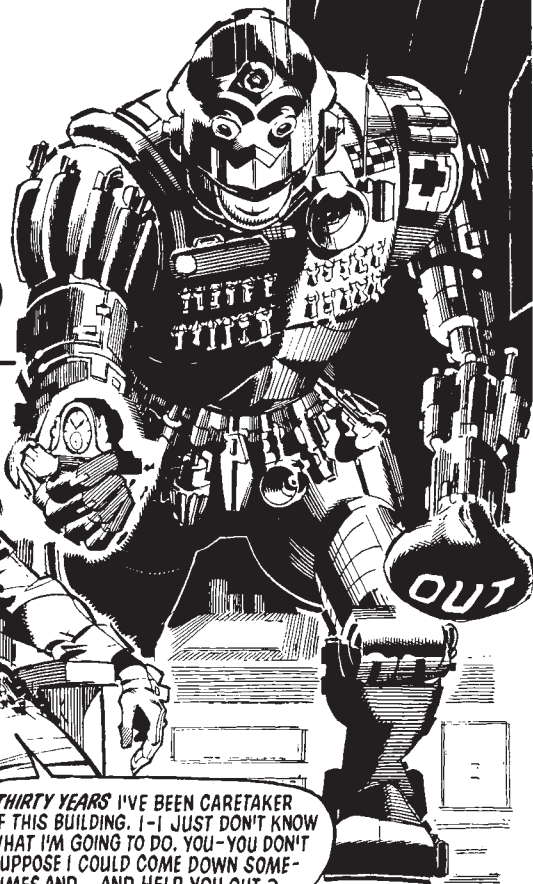
I'M GIVING YOU LAWBREAKERS SIX MONTHS FOR DESTROYING THAT ROBOT.



I DON'T CARE, IT WAS WORTH IT! I'LL DO THE SAME THING WHEN I GET OUT! YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME WORKING!

FAR FROM IMPROVING, THE SITUATION WAS GROWING STEADILY WORSE. EVERY DAY MORE HUMANS WERE BEING REPLACED BY MACHINES -

YOUR LAST DAY, ARNOLD. IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE TRAINING UNDER YOU. ON BEHALF OF THE MANAGEMENT, I'D LIKE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS CLOCK.



HOME SWEET HOME

THIRTY YEARS I'VE BEEN CARETAKER OF THIS BUILDING. I-I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO. YOU-YOU DON'T SUPPOSE I COULD COME DOWN SOME-TIMES AND... AND HELP YOU OUT?

SORRY, ARNOLD - YOU'RE TOO INEFFICIENT. YOU'D JUST GET IN THE WAY. GO SEE A LEISURE COUNCILLOR - HE'LL HELP YOU READJUST. OKAY?



SURE, BENJI. SURE...

NOW, MRS FENNEMORE, YOU'VE TRIED OLD-TIME DANCING, ARTI-FLOWER ARRANGING, ORIGAMI AND ALIEN SPOTTING. HOW ABOUT A COURSE ON PARTY-GIVING?



I DON'T WANT TO GIVE PARTIES! I WANT TO WORK, DRAT IT - **WORK**! WHY SHOULD YOU HAVE A JOB - WHY NOT ME?

NOW, MRS FENNEMORE, WE CAN'T ALL - **AAAAGH!**



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, BUSTER!

LEISURE COUNCILLORS WERE EMPLOYED IN EVERY CITYBLOCK TO HELP JOBLESS RESIDENTS ADJUST TO A NEW WAY OF LIFE. IT COULD BE A DANGEROUS TASK. . .



TRAVEL BUREAU

WORKING HOLIDAYS TO THE
MINES OF MUTIELAND
★ CRUELING 15-HR DAY!
★ DANGEROUS!
★ RISK OF SKIN DISEASE!
★ HARSH OVERSEERS!
BOOK NOW -
20% REDUCTION FOR
WORK CLUBS AND
FAMILY GROUPS!

HOLIDAY STAR

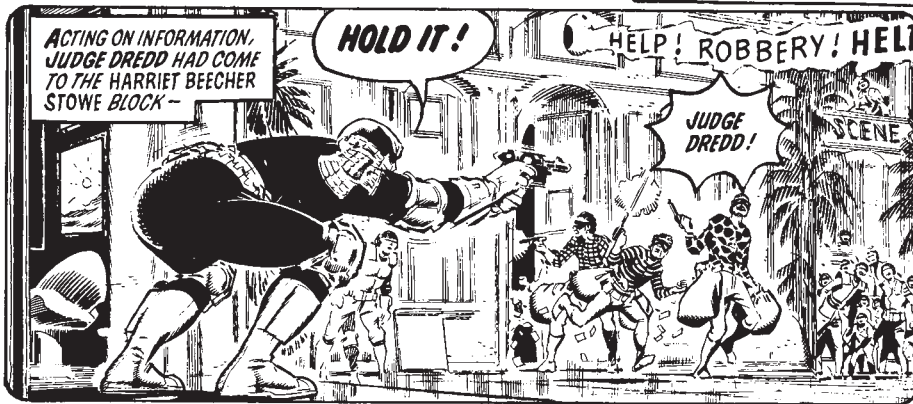
*** STATISTICS - MEGA-CITY CRIME
SURVEY, APRIL 2095.**

**BUT FOR SOME THERE WAS WORK
A-PLenty - THE JUDGES! OVER
750 CRIMES WERE COMMITTED
EVERY DAY IN EVERY CITYBLOCK -
87 OF THESE BEING MAJOR ONES.***

WITH TIME ON THEIR
HANDS THE PEOPLE
TURN TO CRIME... A
SAD FACT. BUT IT IS
NOT OUR JOB TO CARE -
ONLY TO UPHOLD
THE LAW!

**AS AMBULANCE ROBOTS
COLLECTED THE WOUNDED
MEN, THE CITYBLOCK'S
INTERNAL TELEVID
REPORTERS ARRIVED
ON THE SCENE -**

T.V. TODAY-





CONTROL TO DREDD.
WE HAVE A **FUTSIE***
IN THE **BENJAMIN SPOCK**
BLOCK.

THAT'S RIGHT NEXT DOOR. TEN-FOUR,
CONTROL - I'M ON MY WAY!

***FUTSIE** - A VICTIM OF **FUTURE SHOCK**. UNABLE
TO COPE WITH THE PRESSURE OF 22ND CENTURY
LIFE, **FUTSIES** WENT ON MAD KILLING FRENZIES.

A CROWD HAD GATHERED
OUTSIDE THE CITYBLOCK -

SNIPER WITH A LAZ-RIFLE
UP ON THE MIDDLE LEVELS.
GOTTA GET THAT WOUNDED
WOMAN TO SAFETY.

**BENJAMIN SPOCK
BLOCK**

HELP ME!

SPANG!

WAR!

MADE IT -
JUST IN
TIME!

DREDD CARRIED THE WOMAN
TO THE SHELTER OF A WAR
MEMORIAL -

IT'S **ARNOLD**, THE OLD
CARETAKER. HE LOST HIS
JOB TODAY. GUESS HE JUST
COULDN'T TAKE IT AND
HIS MIND SNAPPED.

THIS IS
JUDGE DREDD!
GIVE YOURSELF
UP, **ARNOLD!**

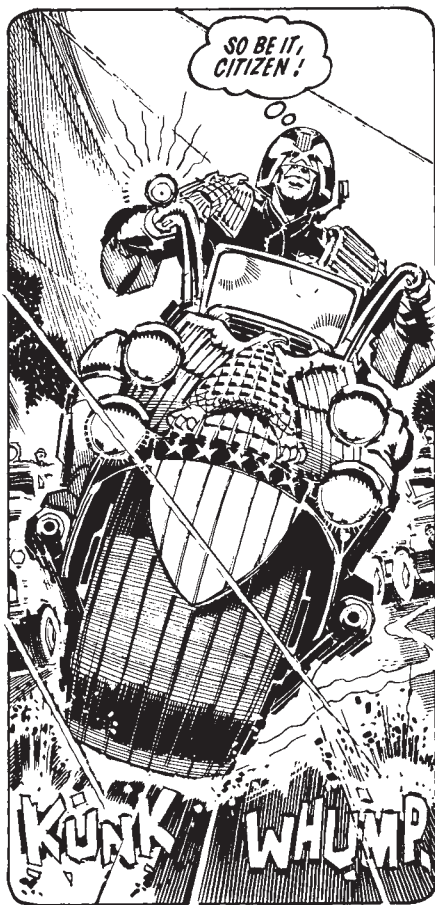
FIZZZZZ!

REALLY, **ARNOLD**, I DO THINK YOU'RE MAKING
AN **AWFUL** FUSS. WHAT WILL THE
NEIGHBOURS THINK?

IT'S ALL RIGHT
FOR YOU - YOU
HAVE YOUR
KNITTING! MY
JOB MEANT
EVERYTHING
TO ME -
EVERYTHING!

COME AND GET ME, **DREDD!**
WITHOUT MY JOB, I'D RATHER
BE DEAD!

SPAT!
FIZZZZ



SO BE IT,
CITIZEN!

SOON, ON THE 111th FLOOR—
HE'S IN THERE, SIR!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT,
SIR. ARNOLD SHORT IS SUCH
A NICE MAN! ALL THE
CHILDREN LOVE HIM!

STAND BACK,
YOU PEOPLE!



DREDD KICKED
OPEN THE
DOOR—

I MEANT WHAT I
SAID, JUDGE!

FIZZ-Z-Z-Z



BLAM!

CRACK!

AAGH!



DARN JUDGES, YOU CAN NEVER BEAT THEM!
WELL, YOU'RE NOT GONNA TAKE ME!
I—I GOT NOTHING TO LIVE FOR!



SORRY, CITIZEN -
I CAN'T LET YOU DO
IT! YOU MIGHT LAND
ON SOMEONE!



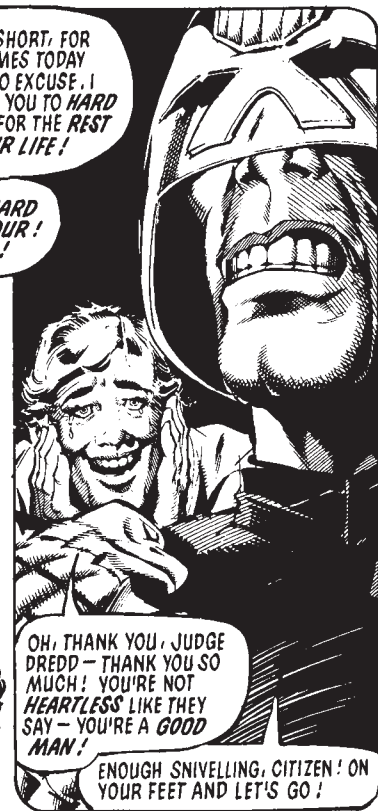
HAVE A NICE
TIME, DEAR.
DON'T FORGET
TO WRITE.



ARNOLD SHORT, FOR
YOUR CRIMES TODAY
THERE IS NO EXCUSE. I
SENTENCE YOU TO **HARD
LABOUR** FOR THE REST
OF YOUR LIFE!

**H-HARD
LABOUR!
LIFE!**

CUP OF SYNTHI-CAF
WHILE YOU'RE
HERE, JUDGE?



OH, THANK YOU, JUDGE
DREDD - THANK YOU SO
MUCH! YOU'RE NOT
HEARTLESS LIKE THEY
SAY - YOU'RE A **GOOD
MAN!**

ENOUGH SNIVELLING, CITIZEN! ON
YOUR FEET AND LET'S GO!



HARD LABOUR FOR LIFE! YIPPEE!
I HOPE THEY PUT ME ON ROCK
BREAKING! ROCK BREAKING
IS **USEFUL** WORK!

NO, IT'S NOT OUR JOB TO CARE -
BUT SOMETIMES IT'S HARD NOT
TO BE TOUCHED BY A SPECIAL
CASE. SOMETIMES EVEN A
JUDGE CAN BE MERCIFUL.

LOOK OUT, LAWBREAKERS! IT'S

JUDGE DREDD

HYPER-COP!



EVERY MONDAY JUDGE DREDD'S ROBOSERVANT WALTER PAYS A VISIT TO THE LOCAL HYPER-LAUNDRY—

MEGA-CITY WASHING

GOSH, IT'S THE FAMOUS WALTER!

WALTER PUT JUDGE DWEDD'S NAME ON ALL HIS CLOTHES. WHEN OTHER WOBOSERVANTS SEE HE IS THE GWEAT JUDGE'S WOBOT, WALTER FEEL PWOUND AS PUNCH!

MY MASTER IS ONLY AN INSURANCE SALESMAN. IT MUST BE VERY EXCITING BEING JUDGE DREDD'S ROBOT.

THAT'S TWUE. IT TAKES A PWETTY WUFF AND WEADY WOBOT TO BE JUDGE DWEDD'S DWOID. WALTER HAS BEEN IN SOME TIGHT SCWAPES.

IN FACT, WALTER JUST HAPPEN TO BWING HIS SCWAPBOOK—WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE IT?

YOU BET, WALTER!

SCWAPBOOK

NOW THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN JUST AFTER THE WOBOT WAR. WHEN WALTER WAS GIVEN HIS FWEEDOM FOR HELPING JUDGE DWEDD SAVE MEGA-CITY ONE.

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Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
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ART ROBOT
RON SMITH
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

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SCAPY 7

LAUNDRY BAG

FREEDOM



WOW - A CON-DROID!
BUT I'LL BET JUDGE
DREDD SOON GOT YOU
OUT!

YOU CWACKPOT WOBOT!
IT WAS JUDGE DWEDD
WHO SENT WALTER
TO PWISON!

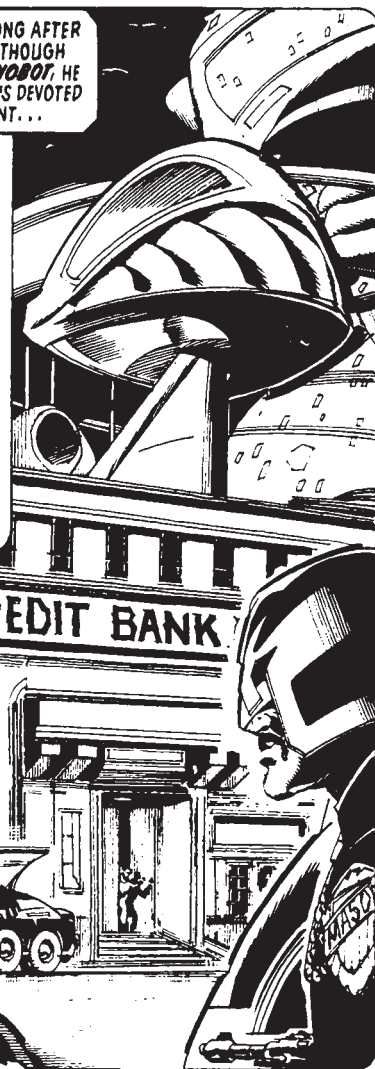
"AS WALTER REMEMBER, THERE WAS A WOBBEWY
AT THE CWREDIT BANK THAT DAY. JUDGE DWEDD
HAD TWAPPED THE CWOOKS INSIDE -"



TELL US
ABOUT IT,
WALTER.

PLEASE!
PLEASE!

WELL, IT HAPPEN NOT LONG AFTER
THE WOBOT WAR. EVEN THOUGH
WALTER WAS A *FREE WOBOT*, HE
WAS STILL JUDGE DWEDD'S DEVOTED
- AND UNPAID - SERVANT...



JUDGE DREDD

WHAT - OH,
WALTER...

WATCH THAT DOOR,
MASON! THERE'S
SOMEONE
COMING OUT!

I'VE BWOUGHT YOUR
LUNCH, JUDGE DWEDD.
IT'S SYNTHI-VEG
SOUP FOR STARTERS.



IT'S ONE OF THE
HOSTAGES!

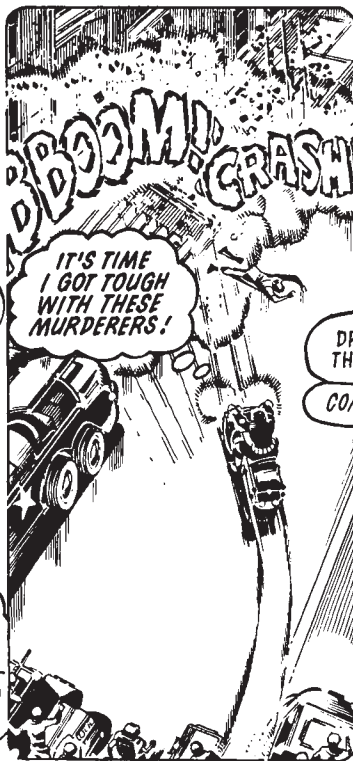
GOTTA GET -

AAAGH!



LET THAT BE A **WARNING**, DREDD!
ONE HOSTAGE *DIES* EVERY **TEN**
MINUTES UNTIL YOU GIVE US A
SAFE RIDE
OUTA HERE!

LIKE HELL
I WILL!



IT'S TIME
I GOT TOUGH
WITH THESE
MURDERERS!



DREDD'S GOING INTO
THE NEXT BUILDING!

COME BACK HERE, ROBOT!

JUDGE DWEDD HASN'T
FINISHED HIS LUNCH!
IT IS WALTER'S DUTY
TO TAKE IT TO HIM!



"INSIDE, JUDGE DWEDD'S
SUPER BWAIN HAD
FIGURED OUT A PLAN..."

BIKE CANNON TO **NARROW**
BEAM, CONTINUOUS FIRE!
THE **BANK VAULT** SHOULD
BE JUST BEHIND THIS WALL -
IT'S THE LAST PLACE THEY'D
EXPECT ME TO COME FROM!

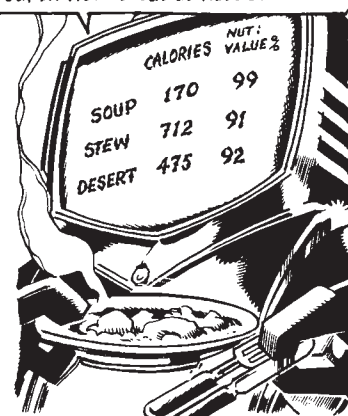
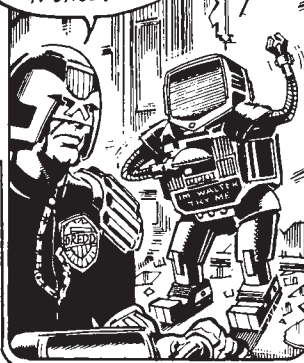


BLAST!

YOO HOO, JUDGE DWEDD! WALTER
HAS BWOUGHT THE WEST OF YOUR
LUNCH!

WALTER! DROKK IT,
ROBOT, **GO HOME!**
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M
IN THE MIDDLE OF
A CASE!

WITH GWEAT WESPECT, MASTER, IT IS
A JUDGE'S **DUTY** TO KEEP HIS STWENGTH
UP. AS YOU CAN SEE ON MY PWINTOUT,
WALTER'S CAREFULLY PWEPARED MEALS
PWOLVE ALL THE **NUTWITION** A
SUPER-ACTIVE JUDGE NEEDS.



CALORIES NUT. VALUE %

SOUP 170 99

STEW 712 91

DESERT 475 92

"A DUTIFUL WOBOT SHOULD KNOW
HOW TO GET HIS OWN WAY..."

THERE'S **GUSTARD**
CWEAM PIE TO
FOLLOW.



OH, FOR
HEAVEN'S
SAKE!

RROAR-R-RRR!

Z1222-2222!

"JUDGE DWEDD WOARED OUT
OF THE VAULT *BLASTING* -"

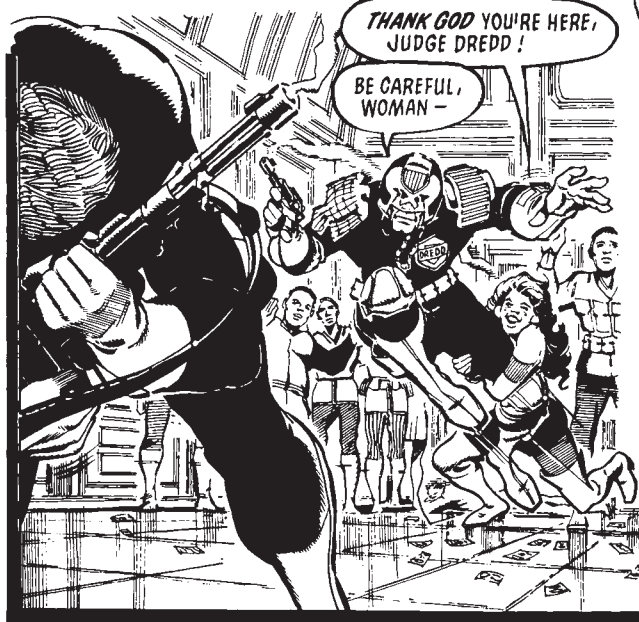


"NO CWOOK IN THE WORLD CAN LIVE WITH MY
MASTER. HE'S A *HEWO THWOO AND THWOO!*"

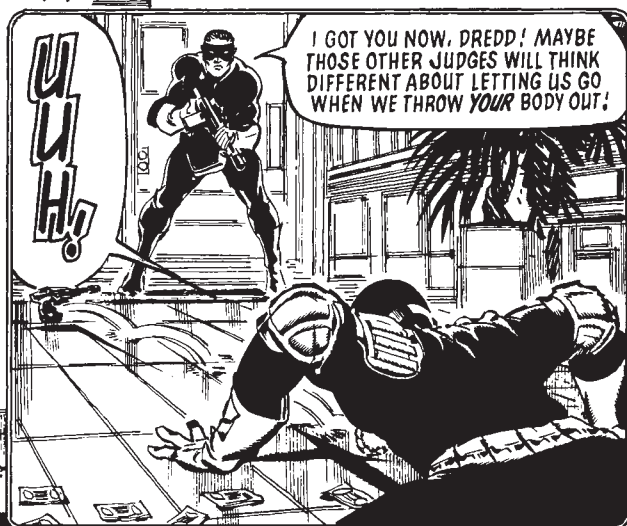


THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE,
JUDGE DREDD!

BE CAREFUL,
WOMAN -



I GOT YOU NOW, DREDD! MAYBE
THOSE OTHER JUDGES WILL THINK
DIFFERENT ABOUT LETTING US GO
WHEN WE THROW *YOUR* BODY OUT!





I'VE BWOUGHT YOUR DESSERT,
JUDGE DW— **OH, CWIPES!**



AHH—I CAN'T
SEE!

GOOD
WORK,
WALTER!

SPLURGE!

"JUDGE DWEDD SEIZED HIS
OPPORTUNITY —"

UUUGH!



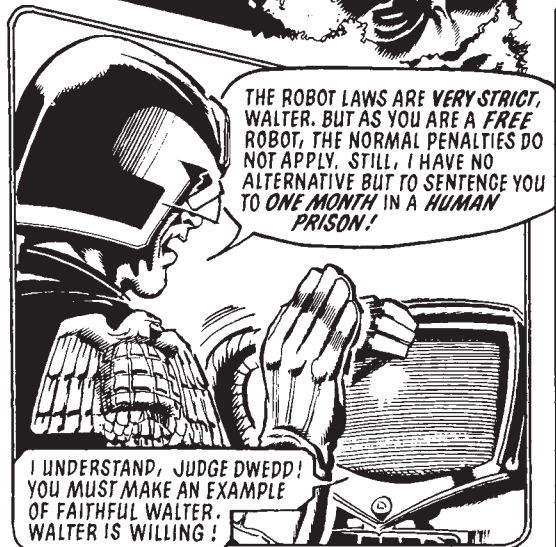
KAPOW!



"JUDGE DWEDD GAVE THE CWOOKS *LONG*
SENTENCES. HE IS A *VEWY* TOUGH MAN..."

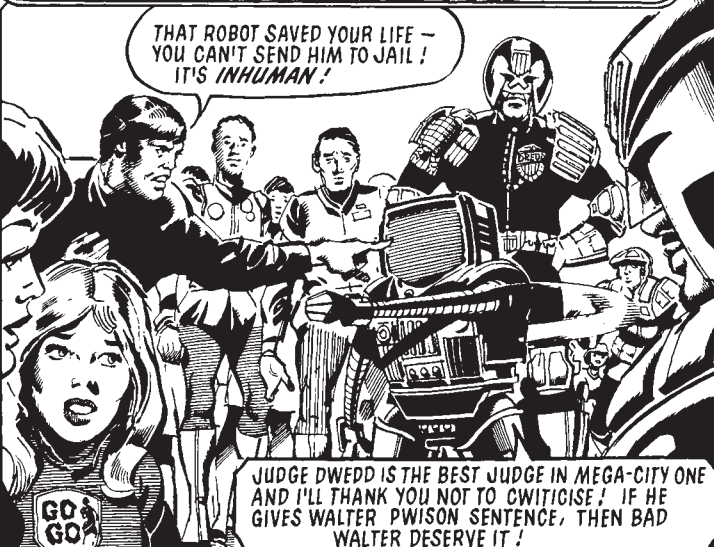
I'M GRATEFUL FOR YOUR HELP, WALTER—
BUT IN DOING SO, YOU BROKE THE LAW.
YOU *STRUCK* A *HUMAN*.

THE CUSTARD CWEAM PIE!
OH, CWIPES, WALTER
NEVER THOUGHT —



THE ROBOT LAWS ARE *VERY* STRICT,
WALTER. BUT AS YOU ARE A *FREE*
ROBOT, THE NORMAL PENALTIES DO
NOT APPLY. STILL, I HAVE NO
ALTERNATIVE BUT TO SENTENCE YOU
TO *ONE MONTH* IN A *HUMAN*
PRISON!

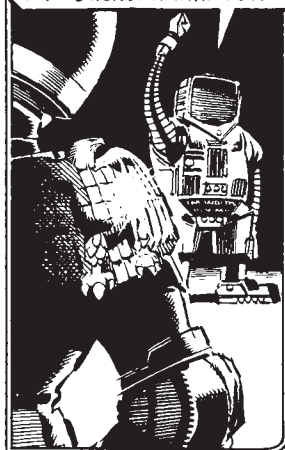
I UNDERSTAND, JUDGE DWEDD!
YOU MUST MAKE AN EXAMPLE
OF FAITHFUL WALTER.
WALTER IS WILLING!



THAT ROBOT SAVED YOUR LIFE —
YOU CAN'T SEND HIM TO JAIL!
IT'S *INHUMAN*!

JUDGE DWEDD IS THE BEST JUDGE IN MEGA-CITY ONE
AND I'LL THANK YOU NOT TO CWTICISE! IF HE
GIVES WALTER PWISON SENTENCE, THEN BAD
WALTER DESERVE IT!

WALTER WILL PWEPARE A *PWOPER* *DIET SHEET* FOR YOU BEFORE HE GO TO PWISON. OTHERWISE MAWIA WILL BE STUFFING YOU WITH ALL THAT GWEASY ITALIAN FOOD!



"JUDGE DWEDD WAS VEWY KIND. HE SENT WALTER TO NEW SING-S'ING, THAT NICE OLD-FASHIONED PWISON..."



A NEW CELL-MATE FOR YOU, BUCK. BETTER TREAT HIM GOOD - HE'S JUDGE DREDD'S ROBOT!

HOLY HECK, WHY ME? DREDD'S THE RAT THAT *PWT* ME IN HERE!

BET YOU'RE MAD AT OLD DREDDY, EH, WALT?

ON THE CONTWAWY, I'M VEWY *PWOUF* OF HIM! HE WOULD HAVE FAILED IN HIS DUTY IF HE HADN'T AWWESTED WALTER FOR HIS WICKED C'WIME!



"WALTER'S CELL-MATE DIDN'T SEEM TO LIKE WALTER. WALTER WAS ALWAYS VEWY *FWEINDLY* TO HIM, SO IT IS HARD TO UNDERSTAND -"

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP, I *PWAY* THE LORD JUDGE DWEDD TO KEEP. FEED HIM WIGHT, NO STARCH OR FAT, KEEP HIM WELL TILL WALT GET BACK.



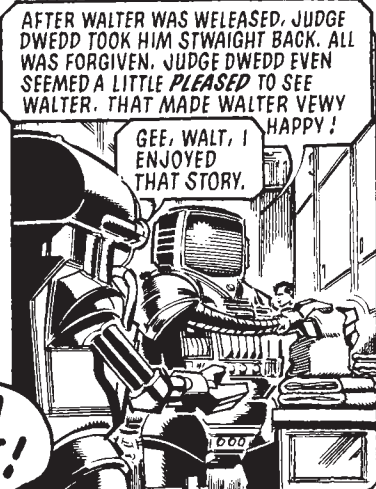
NO! NO! I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE!

GET ME OUTA HERE! PUT ME IN *SOLITARY* - ANYWHERE!



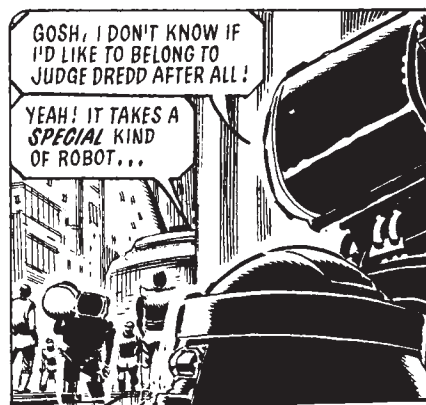
AFTER WALTER WAS RELEASED, JUDGE DWEDD TOOK HIM STWAIGHT BACK. ALL WAS FORGIVEN. JUDGE DWEDD EVEN SEEMED A LITTLE *PWEASED* TO SEE WALTER. THAT MADE WALTER VEWY *HAPPY*!

GEE, WALT, I ENJOYED THAT STORY.



GOSH, I DON'T KNOW IF I'D LIKE TO BELONG TO JUDGE DREDD AFTER ALL!

YEAH! IT TAKES A *SPECIAL* KIND OF ROBOT...



JUST GET ME AWAY FROM THAT DREDD-LOVING ROBOT!

NEXT PROG: THE FOREVER CRIMES!

IN THE YEAR 2101 THERE WILL STILL BE DISEASES THAT SCIENCE CANNOT CURE. BUT FOR SOME - THE VERY RICH - THERE WILL BE A WAY TO DEFEAT DEATH... A WAY TO SPIN THE LAST FEW HOURS OF LIFE INTO CENTURIES...

2000 A.D.

Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
JOHN HOWARD
ART ROBOT
BRIAN BOLLAND
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73E

STOPPING THE SUSPENDED
ANIMATION PROCESS,
DR GOLD.

BRING HER UP TO
MINIMUM LIFE
TEMPERATURE,
NURSE.

JUDGE DREDD

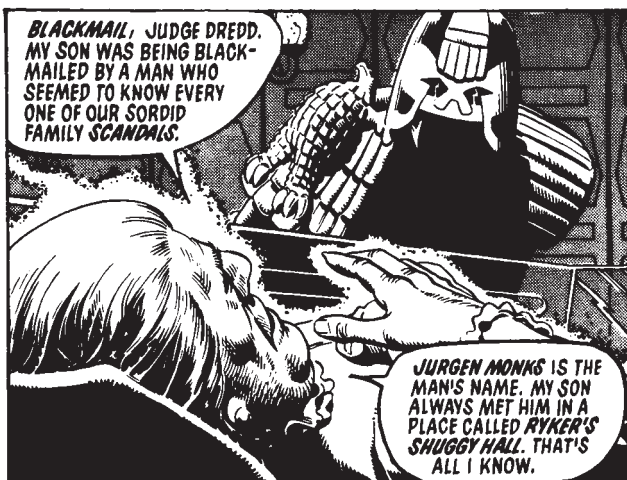
THE FOREVER CRIMES

MRS DREYFUS HAS
ONLY TWO HOURS OF
TOTAL LIFE TIME. I
CAN'T LET YOU USE
UP MORE THAN
THREE MINUTES,
JUDGE DREDD.

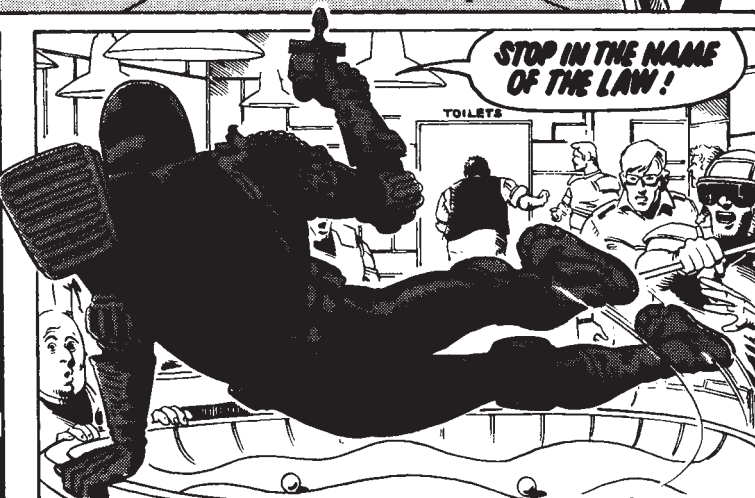
A GLIMMER OF LIFE FLICKERED
IN THE WOMAN'S EYES...

JUDGE DREDD... THEN
IT IS OVER. MY SON HAS...
KILLED HIMSELF.

YOU EXPECTED IT ? THEN
PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL ME
WHY HE TOOK HIS LIFE.



AFTER LEAVING THE FOREVER TOWERS
HOME FOR THE SEMI-DEAD, JUDGE
DREDD CALLED AT RYKER'S SHUGGY
HALL ON 2005TH STREET. . .



DREDD FOLLOWED MONKS INTO THE WASHROOM - AND FOUND -

YOU FOOL !
THAT'S NO
LAUNDRY
CHUTE - IT'S
GARBAGE
DISPOSAL !

WHAT THE -
AAAAGH !
THE GRINDERS
HAVE GOT MY
LEGS ! PULLING
THEM -

GOT TO ESCAPE DOWN
THIS LAUNDRY CHUTE -
HECK ! IT'S TOO TIGHT !
I'M STUCK !

WELL, AT
LEAST HE'S
LEFT ME HIS
ADDRESS.

AFTER ARRESTING THE SHUGGY
HALL OWNER, DREDD AND A
FORENSIC TEAM CALLED AT
MONKS' APARTMENT -

WOW ! LOOK AT THESE FILES ! MONKS
MUST HAVE BEEN BLACKMAILING
HALF OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S
TOP CITIZENS !

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IS
SURE GONNA LOVE THESE
FILES. GUESS THAT WRAPS
THIS ONE UP, JUDGE DREDD.

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE... WHERE WOULD
A SMALL-TIME CRUMB LIKE MONKS GET ACCESS
TO **THIS** KIND OF INFORMATION ? THERE'S GOT TO
BE SOMEONE BEHIND HIM - SOMEONE
MASTERMINDING THE WHOLE OPERATION.

OUTSIDE, DREDD CONTACTED "MACK", HIS BASE COMPUTER...

THIS ONE BOTHERS ME, MACK. WHERE WOULD ANYONE GET SO MUCH INFORMATION ON TOP CITIZENS? RUN THE NAMES ON THE FILES THROUGH YOUR CIRCUITS AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN COME UP WITH...

DREDD GUNNED HIS BIKE ACROSS TOWN—

THERE'S ONE THING, JUDGE DREDD... ALL THE NAMES ON THE FILES HAVE A RELATIVE WHO IS AN INMATE AT THE FOREVER TOWERS HOME FOR THE SEMI-DEAD.

FOREVER TOWERS
JUST RESTING

FOREVER TOWERS — OF COURSE, IT ALL FITS! ONLY THE RICH CAN AFFORD DR GOLD'S FEES — AND THE RICH HAVE SECRETS THAT GOLD CAN USE TO MAKE ANOTHER FORTUNE!

WHERE'S DR GOLD?

IN THE OPERATING THEATRE. BUT YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE —

THERE'S NO PLACE A JUDGE CAN GO.

DREDD RACED THROUGH THE ENDLESS CORRIDORS OF THE SEMI-DEAD —

AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE OPERATING ROOM...

WHERE... WHERE AM I?

BETTER REDUCE THE TEMPERATURE. IF HE GETS TOO WARM, HE MIGHT REMEMBER OUR LITTLE CHAT!

NOW, MR ARMITAGE, I'M AFRAID OUR THREATS AREN'T WORKING ON YOUR DAUGHTER. WE NEED MORE INFORMATION ON HER.

MARY HAS SECOND BANK ACCOUNT... UNDER FALSE NAME... BEEN CHEATING CITY TAX... FOR YEARS...

I HAVE NO TIME FOR THOSE WHO USE THEIR MONEY TO STRETCH THEIR LAST DAYS OUT FOREVER — A SICKENING TRAVESTY OF LIFE. BUT TO USE THE SEMI-DEAD TO BLACKMAIL THE LIVING IS A GHOULISH CRIME THAT DESERVES THE SEVEREST PUNISHMENT!



THAT'S ONE
PIECE OF
INFORMATION
YOU'LL NEVER
USE,
DOCTOR!

JUDGE DREDD!

OP - THE



DON'T SH-SHOOT!
I'LL COME
QUIETLY -



A JET OF LIQUID CRYOGENIC GAS
SHOT OUT OF THE MACHINE -

AAAH!



VISOR'S FROSTED OVER -
I CAN'T SEE!

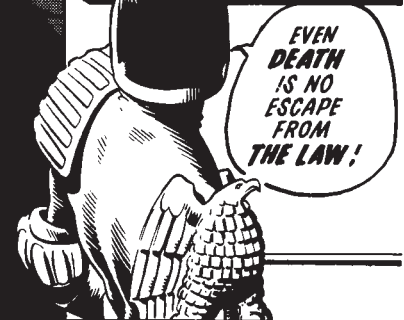
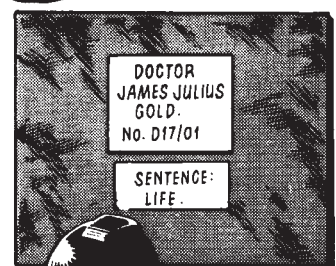
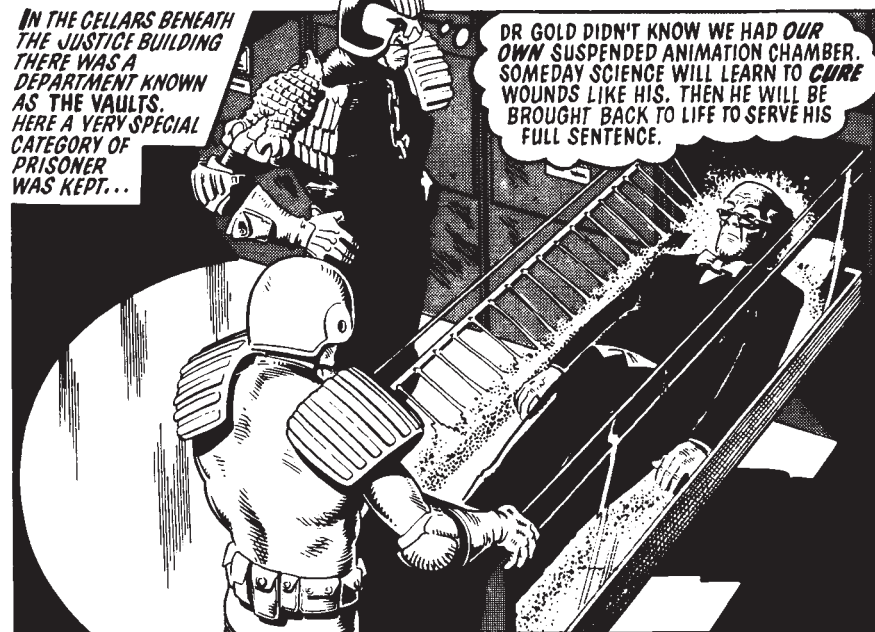


YOU'RE A BLIND MAN, DREDD. THIS IS
PURE LIQUID NITROGEN! WITHOUT
SPECIAL DRUGS YOU CAN'T SURVIVE
A DIRECT BLAST!

AND I'LL FREEZE TO
DEATH IF I STAY HERE
MUCH LONGER!



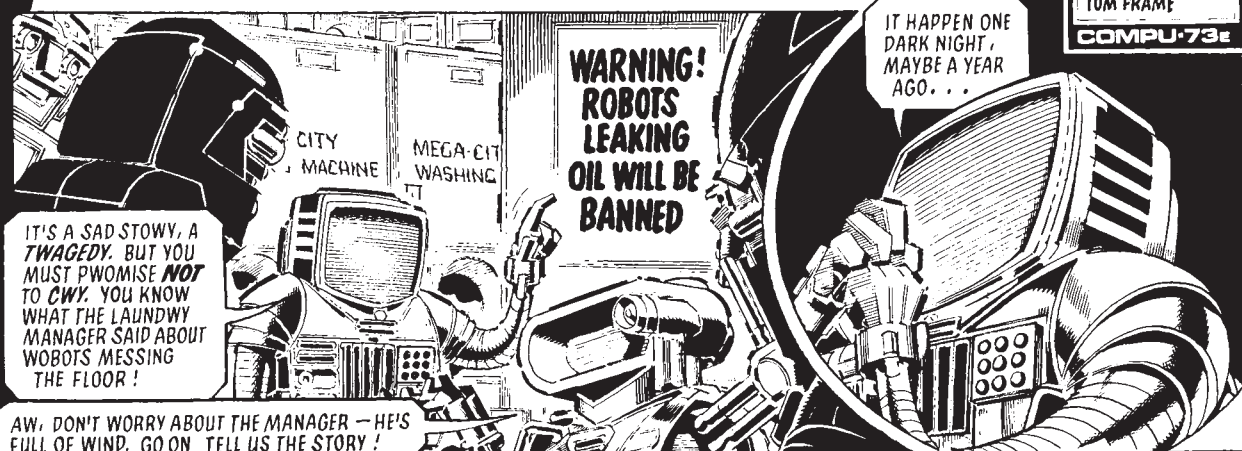
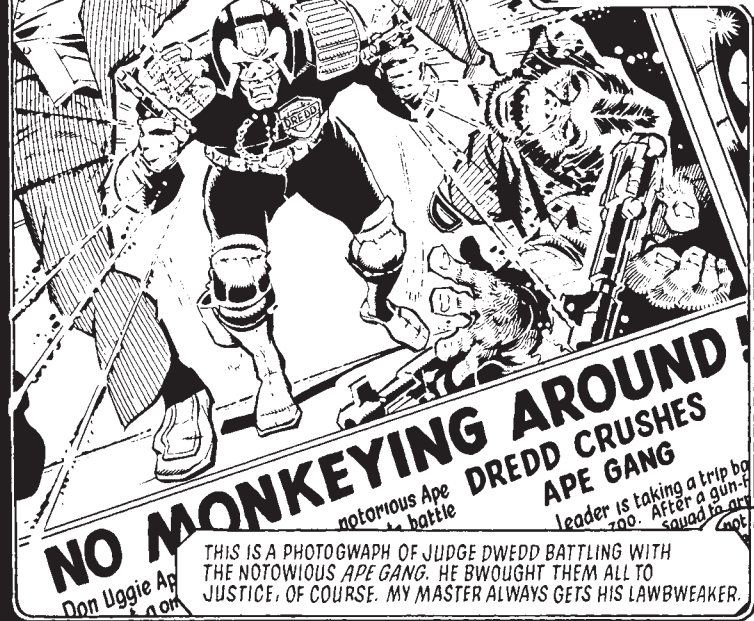
YOU FORGET
ONE THING -
JUDGES DON'T
NEED TO
SEE!



EVERY MONDAY JUDGE DREDD'S ROBOSERVANT WALTER PAYS A VISIT TO THE LOCAL HYPER-LAUNDRY. OFTEN WALTER TAKES ALONG HIS **SCRAPBOOK**, FOR IT MAKES HIM PROUD TO BE KNOWN AS THE ROBOT OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S TOP LAWMAN • • • • •

JUDGE DREDD

A TALE FROM WALTER'S SCRAPBOOK.





I'M JUDGE DREDD!
ONE FALSE MOVE AND
I'LL BLAST YOU
LAWBREAKERS FULL
OF HOLES!

HECK, THE LAW!



HEY, WAIT A MINUTE - THIS ONE'S
KINDA *SMALL* FOR A JUDGE!

AN' WHAT DOES THAT BADGE
SAY? DREDD **JUNIOR!**

I'M WARNING YOU,
KEEP BACK OR -
OR I'LL -

-BLAST YOU!



HE'S JUST A LITTLE SQUIRT
WITH A SQUIRT GUN!



YOU NEARLY SCARED
THE PANTS OFFA ME,
KID! I'M GONNA
TEACH YOU A
LESSON YOU
WON'T
FORGET!

"JUDGE DWEDD WAS ON A WOUTINE PATWOL
WHEN HE HEARD WHIMPEWING COMING
FWOM THE ALLEY -"

A BOY, DRESSED IN A
TOY STORE **JUDGE**
OUTFIT. IT CAN ONLY
BE LITTLE RALPHY.

HE'S BEEN BEATEN
UP. BETTER GET
HIM TO HOSPITAL.

"IN THE HOSPITAL, THE YOUNG
WASCAL SOON WECOVERED..."

YOU'VE BEEN WARNED TIME AND
TIME AGAIN THAT IMPERSONATING
A JUDGE IS A **SERIOUS OFFENCE**.
WHY DO YOU KEEP ON DOING
IT, RALPHY?

I-I DON'T KNOW, SIR. SOMETHING
GETS **INTO ME** AND I-I JUST
CAN'T HELP MYSELF...

I WANT TO BE LIKE **YOU**, JUDGE DREDD!
I WANT TO BE BIG AND STRONG AND-AND
THEN IT WON'T MATTER THAT NOBODY
CARES FOR ME! **I WON'T NEED ANYBODY!**
I'LL BE AN
ISLAND!

"WALPHY WAS AN **ORPHAN**. HIS
AUNT AND UNCLE WERE CALLED TO
THE HOSPITAL-"

THIS IS THE SIXTH TIME YOUR NEPHEW HAS BEEN
ARRESTED. UNLESS YOU CAN GIVE ME GUARANTEES
ABOUT RALPHY'S BEHAVIOUR, I'LL HAVE TO
TAKE HIM INTO **CITY CARE**.

TAKE HIM! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF HIM! I JUST
WISH WE'D NEVER AGREED TO LOOK AFTER HIM WHEN
HIS PARENTS WERE KILLED IN THAT **MONORAIL CRASH!**

YES, WE NEVER WANTED
HIM, BUT WE FELT IT WAS
OUR DUTY. QUITE FRANKLY,
I'VE **NEVER** LIKED THE
BOY!

WE GAVE HIM
EVERYTHING! EVERY-
THING! AND WHAT
THANKS DID WE EVER
GET FROM THE
UNGRATEFUL BRAT, EH?
NOTHING BUT **TROUBLE!**

YOU MIGHT HAVE TRIED GIVING
HIM A LITTLE **LOVE**. I'M TOLD IT
WORKS WONDERS.

"JUDGE DWEDD CALLED
FOR WALPHY THE NEXT
MORNING. THAT WAS
WHEN HE MADE ONE
OF HIS **WARE WONG**
DECISIONS..."

MEGA-CITY I
ACADEMY
OF
LAW

AT THAT TIME JUDGE GWIFFIN WAS THE
PRINCIPAL OF THE ACADEMY. . .

I'M VERY RELUCTANT
TO ADMIT THE BOY,
JUDGE DREDD. CADET
JUDGES START AT
FIVE YEARS OLD.
RALPHY IS WAY
PAST THE LIMIT!

I'M ASKING IT AS A
FAVOUR, PRINCIPAL. I'VE
GOT **FAITH** IN RALPHY. HE'S
HAD A LOT OF HARD BREAKS
AND HE DESERVES A
CHANCE.

THIS ISN'T THE WAY
TO THE ORPHANAGE,
SIR.

WE'RE NOT GOING TO THE ORPHANAGE, BOY.
I'M TAKING YOU TO **THE ACADEMY OF LAW**.

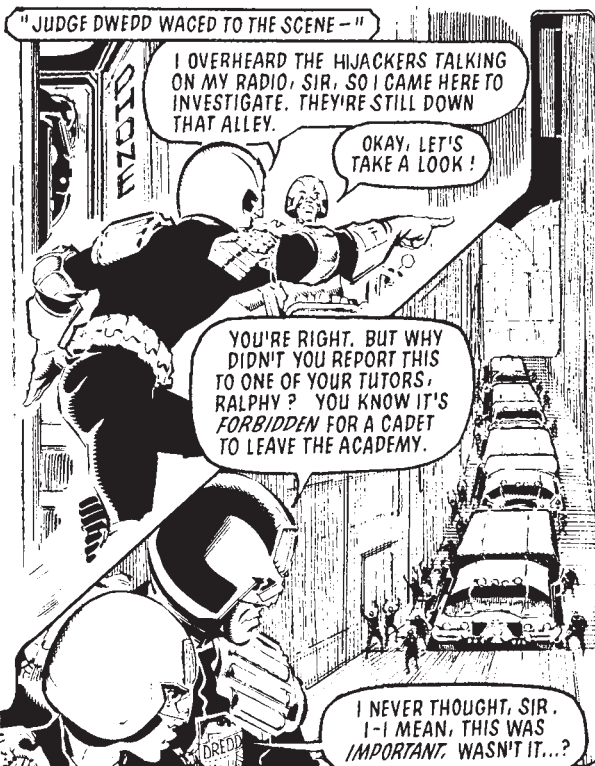
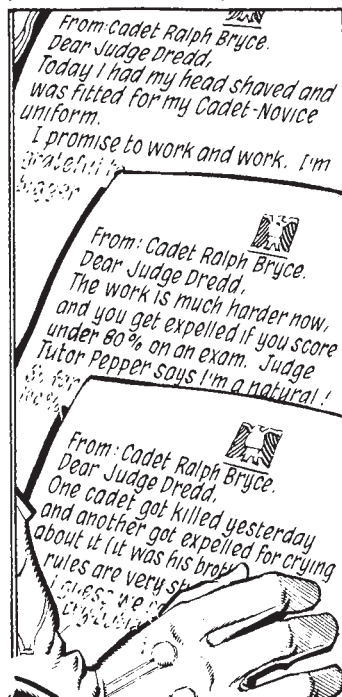
THAT'S ENOUGH, BOY! **STAND TO ATTENTION!**

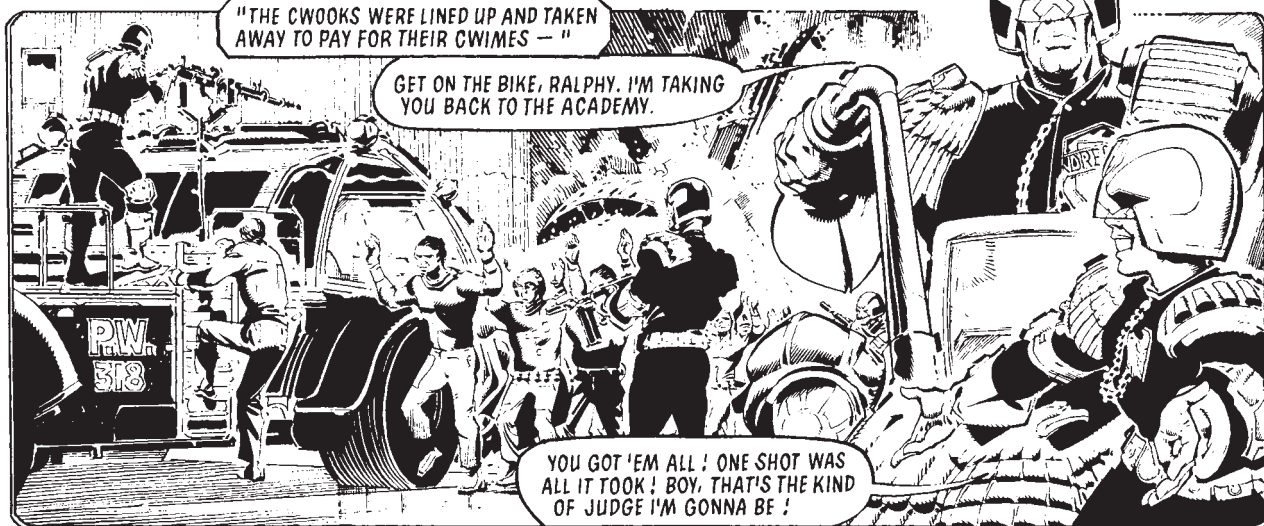
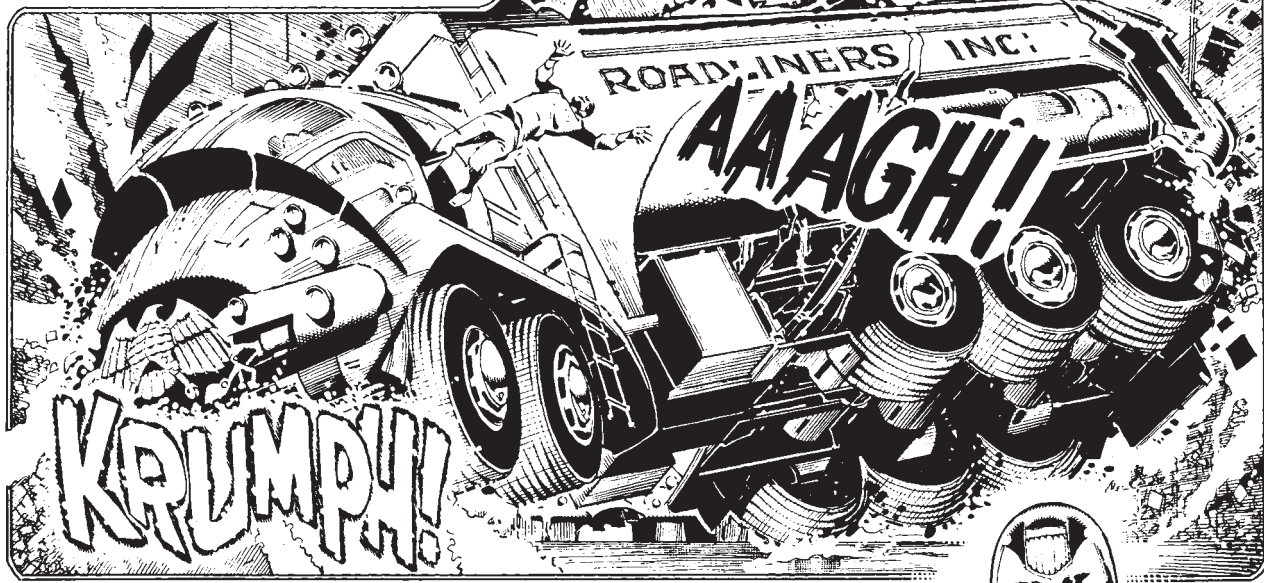
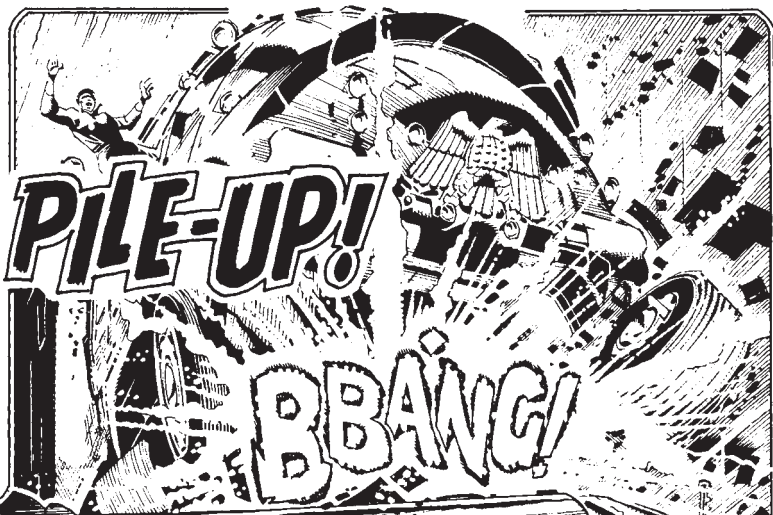
YOU'RE NOT A CHILD ANY MORE,
RALPHY - YOU'RE A **CADET JUDGE**.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO WORK
HARD TO MAKE UP FOR LOST
TIME. I'M COUNTING ON YOU,
BOY.

OH,
THANK
YOU,
JUDGE
DREDD!
THANK
YOU SO
MUCH!

I WON'T LET
YOU DOWN, SIR.

"OVER THE NEXT MONTHS WALPHY WOTE MANY LETTERS. JUDGE DWEDD WAS PLEASED WITH HIS PWOGWESS. . . "







LATER...

LEAVING THE ACADEMY WAS A MAJOR BREACH OF DISCIPLINE, FOR WHICH THERE IS ONLY ONE PUNISHMENT.

CADET RALPH BRYCE, YOU ARE EXPELLED.

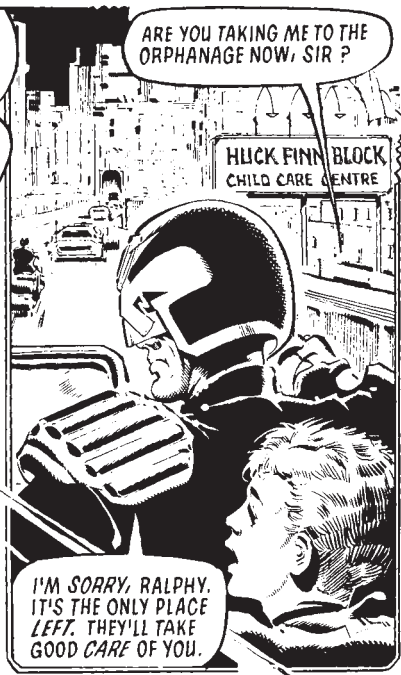
EX-EXPELLED!

GO PACK YOUR THINGS, RALPHY.



THAT STREAK OF INDISCIPLINE WOULD HAVE BEEN FATAL TO HIM, DREDD. OUR RULES MUST BE STRICT. HE'S A GOOD BOY, BUT WE GOT HIM TOO LATE... FAR TOO LATE.

YES, I'M SORRY TO HAVE WASTED YOUR TIME, PRINCIPAL.



ARE YOU TAKING ME TO THE ORPHANAGE NOW, SIR?

HUCK FINN BLOCK CHILD CARE CENTRE

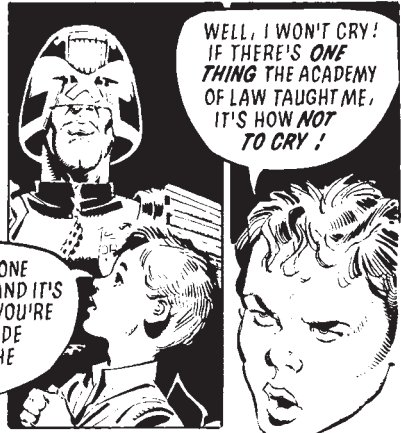
I'M SORRY, RALPHY. IT'S THE ONLY PLACE LEFT. THEY'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU.



HI, RALPHY. I'M PATTY AND THIS IS BILL. WE'RE GOING TO BE YOUR MUM AND DAD NOW.

YOU'RE NOT MY MUM AND DAD. I DON'T WANT YOU!

THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING I WANTED, AND IT'S GONE! AND NOW YOU'RE CHUCKING ME ASIDE JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!



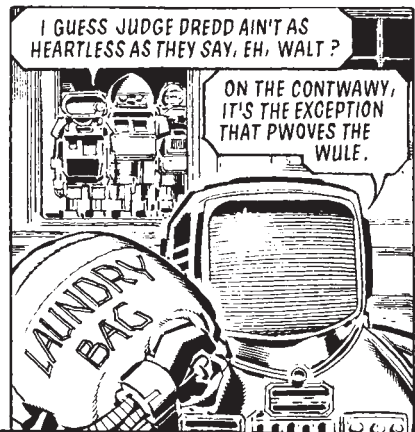
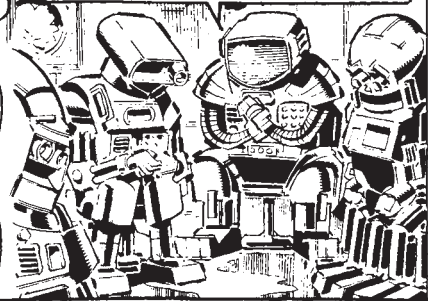
WELL, I WON'T CRY! IF THERE'S *ONE* THING THE ACADEMY OF LAW TAUGHT ME, IT'S HOW *NOT* TO CRY!



"WALPHY WAN INSIDE."

I MADE A MISTAKE. I GAVE THE BOY *HOPE*. IT'S GONE, AND I'VE HURT HIM WORSE THAN HIS AUNT AND UNCLE EVER COULD. WHAT A FOOL I AM!

BUT IT HAVE A HAPPY ENDING YOU SEE, SINCE THAT DAY JUDGE DWEDD VISIT WALPHY EWEVY WEEK. HE TWEAT WALPHY JUST LIKE A WEAL SON, AND IT MAKE WALPHY HAPPY AGAIN. HE IS PWUOD TO BE THE ONLY BOY IN MEGA-CITY ONE WHO HAVE THE GWREAT J.D. FOR A FATHER!



I GUESS JUDGE DREDD AIN'T AS HEARTLESS AS THEY SAY, EH, WALT?

ON THE CONTWAWY, IT'S THE EXCEPTION THAT PWOTES THE WULE.

THRILL POWER: 90%... AND RISING! DON'T MISS NEXT PROG!

FEW BUT THE HARDIEST ADVENTURERS
DARED TO SET UP TRADING POSTS IN THE
CURSED EARTH. THE ATOMIC WASTELAND
OUTSIDE MEGA-CITY ONE. IT COULD BE
A DANGEROUS LIFE —

GAMMA LEVEL IS RATHER
HIGH TODAY, DEAR. BETTER
ZIP UP YOUR ANTI-
RADIATION SUIT!

OKAY, BOYS, GUESS
IT'S TIME TO OPEN
THE DOOR ...

YES, BOSS.

JUDGE DREDD

IN FATHER EARTH

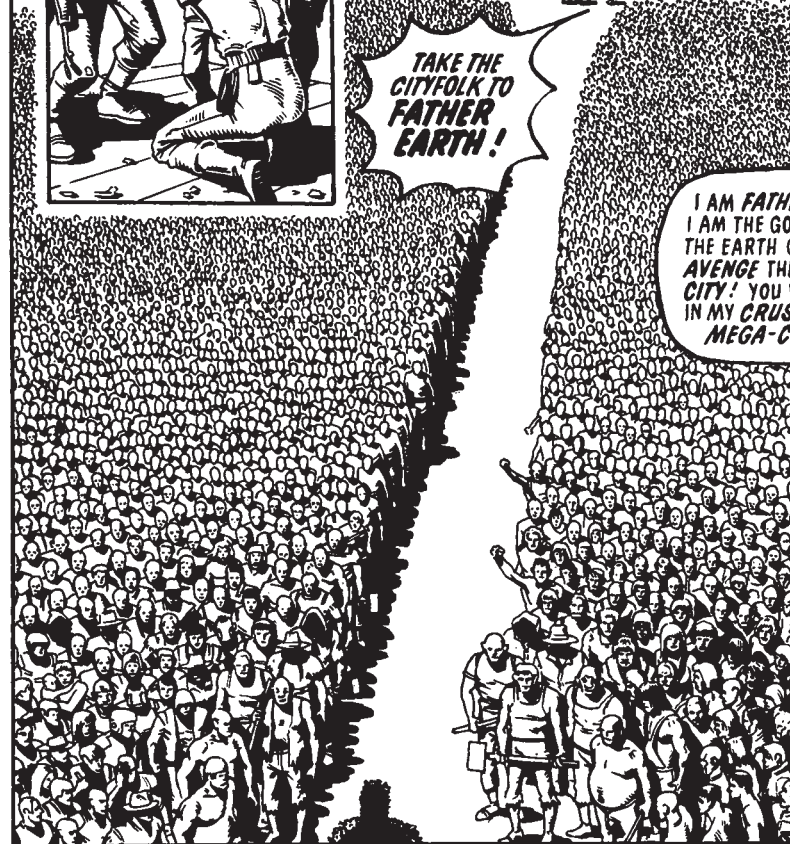
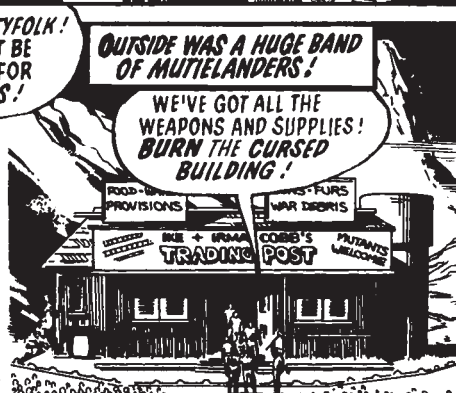
BEHOLD THE
DOOMSDAY
DOGS!

KRRZZZIT!

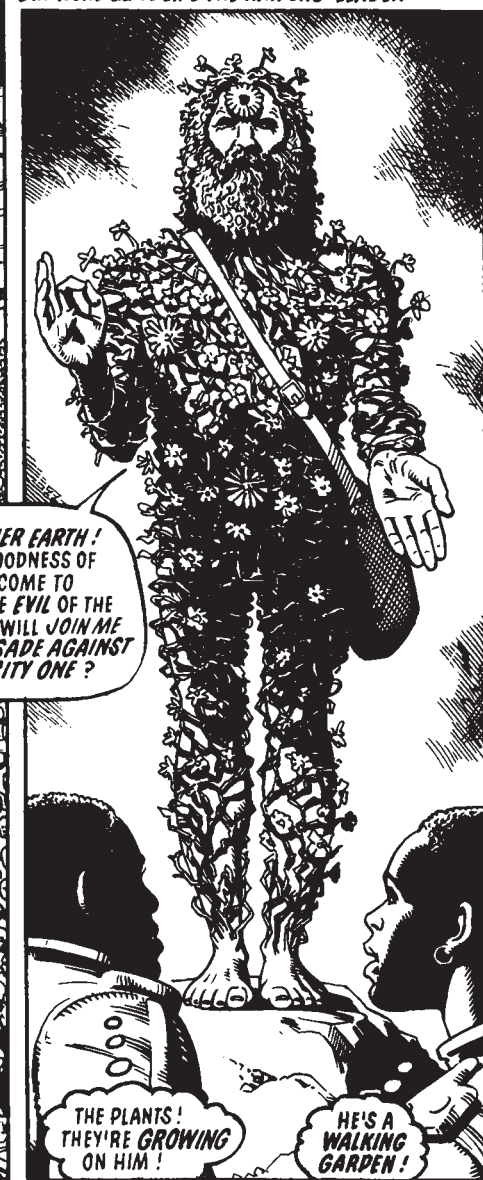
2000AD
Credit Card:

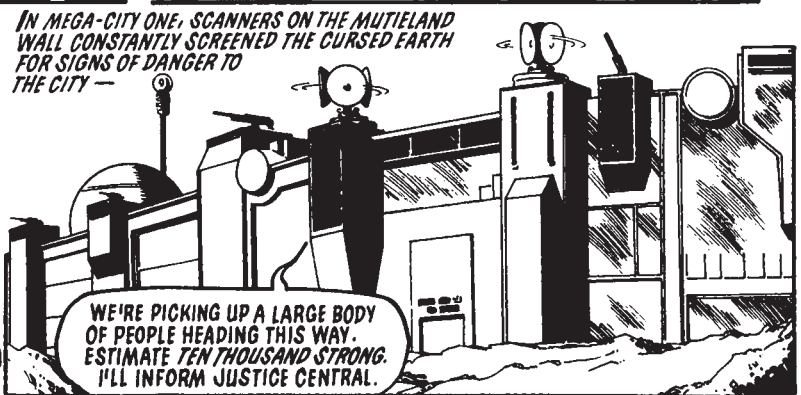
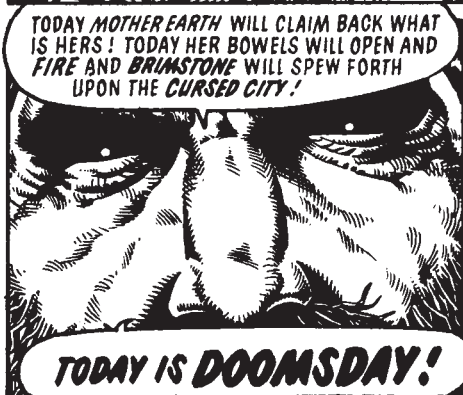
SCRIPT ROBOT
JOHN HOWARD
ART ROBOT
BRIAN BOLLAND
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73e



THE TRADERS HAD SEEN MANY STRANGE MUTANTS, BUT NONE QUITE LIKE THE RAIDERS' LEADER —





CHIEF JUDGE GRIFFIN WAS IN CONSULTATION WITH TOP LAWMAN JUDGE DREDD WHEN THE MESSAGE CAME THROUGH —

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THEM, DREDD?

WE'RE ALWAYS GETTING THESE FANTASTIC BANDS... MUTANTS AND OUTCASTS BANDING THEMSELVES TOGETHER TO MAKE TROUBLE. NORMALLY I'D SAY FORGET THEM, BUT THIS TIME...

THERE'S TOO MANY, CHIEF JUDGE, AND IT BOTHERS ME. LET'S SEND A PATROL OUT TO LOOK AT 'EM.

DEPUTY CHIEF JUDGE PEPPER HAD THE LAST WORD. IT WAS TO PROVE DISASTROUS...

STUFF AND NONSENSE! WALL DEFENCES WILL HANDLE ANY DASHED MUTIES! GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS ON OUR PLATE — NEED EVERY JUDGE HERE FOR THE ELECTION!

IT WAS ELECTION DAY IN MEGA-CITY ONE — A NEW MAYOR WAS BEING CHOSEN. ON THE STREETS, RIVAL PARTIES CLASHED —

AGITATORS AND BULLY BOYS, DUNKS, TAPS AND PONGOS* — THE ELECTION BRINGS 'EM ALL OUT. JUDGE PEPPER WAS RIGHT, WE NEED EVERY JUDGE HERE.

*THARG NOTE: "DUNKS, TAPS AND PONGOS" — PICKPOCKETS, MUGGERS AND CONFIDENCE TRICKSTERS.



YET I CAN'T HELP WORRYING ABOUT THOSE MUTIELANDERS...

HOLD IT, DUNK! EMPTY YOUR POCKETS!

YOU NORMALLY CARRY FORTY-SEVEN WALLETTS, PAL?

HOW MUCH TIME I GOT TO ANSWER THAT, JUDGE?

TRY TWO YEARS!

DREDD MADE A NUMBER OF ARRESTS, BUT HIS MIND WAS ON THE MUTIELANDERS —

PHILLIPS, L — FIVE MONTHS — INSIDE! KRANSKI, P — TWO YEARS — INSIDE!

TEN THOUSAND MUTIELANDERS... WHY ARE THEY COMING HERE? THEY KNOW THEY'LL NEVER GET PAST THE WALL — UNLESS THEY'VE GOT PEOPLE INSIDE...

SOMEONE WORKING INSIDE?
IT'S POSSIBLE! BUT WHERE?



WE'VE HAD EIGHT YEARS OF
MAYOR GRUBB'S MISRULE.
WE NEED A WOMAN'S
TOUCH AT THE CONTROLS!



IN MEGA-CITY ONE'S
SOUTHERN ELECTRICITY
GENERATING COMPLEX—
POWER TOWER—
THE ELECTION ITSELF WAS
GENERATING INTEREST—

YOU GOTTA HAND IT
TO HER, SHE'S A
LOOKER!

YEAH, BUT *WHAT*
DOES SHE
LOOK LIKE?

OOOH! IT'S
ALL THE RAGE
THESE DAYS!

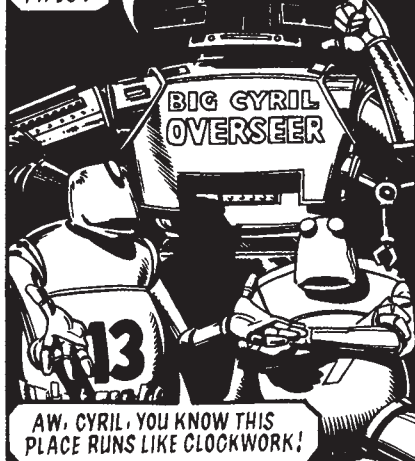
WITH RESPECT, I'M PROUD OF MY
RECORD. WHEN MRS SCHRYLL AND
THE REST OF HER PARTY WERE
COWERING FROM THE TYRANT CAL,
I STOOD UP TO HIM! I SHOWED
HIM I WASN'T CHICKEN!



LIES!

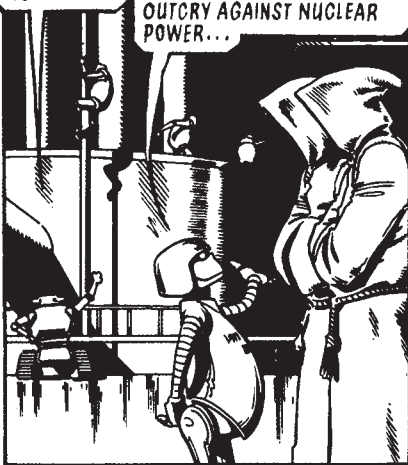
OOH, BUT IT'S
THE WAY HE TELLS
THEM, 13!

WHO TOLD YOU JOKERS TO WATCH THE
ELECTION, HUH? WHEN ROBOTS GET THE
VOTE, THEN YOU CAN WATCH THE
ELECTION! UNTIL THEN, GET UP THEM
PIPES!



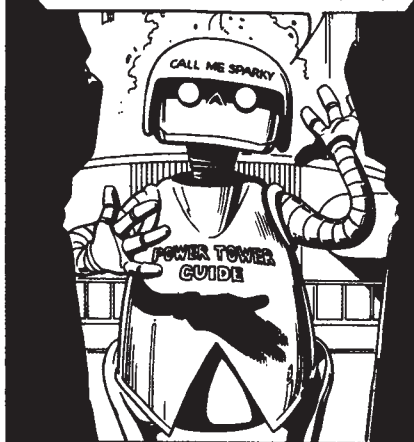
AW, CYRIL, YOU KNOW THIS
PLACE RUNS LIKE CLOCKWORK!

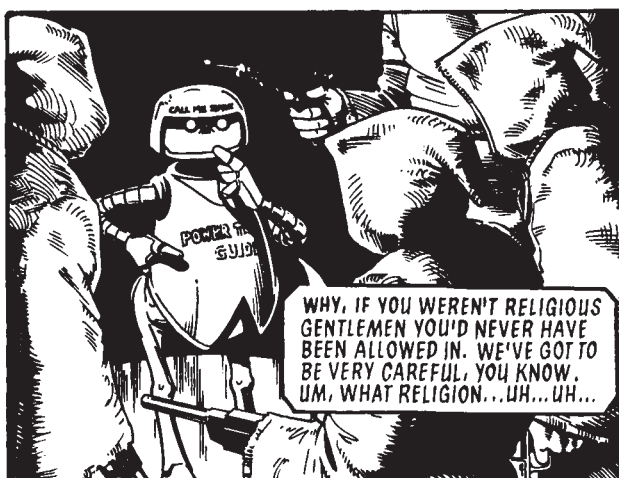
I DUNNO!
NEXT THEY'LL
BE WANTIN'
HOLIDAYS!



OVER HERE WE HAVE THE
CENTRAL BORE HOLE. AS YOU
KNOW, AFTER THE GREAT ATOM
WAR THERE WAS A TERRIBLE
OUTCRY AGAINST NUCLEAR
POWER...

OUR SCIENTISTS FOUND THAT BY
DRILLING A HOLE ONE HUNDRED MILES
BENEATH THE SURFACE WE COULD TAP
THE EARTH'S OWN INNER POWER. THAT'S
RED-HOT LAVA FLOWING THROUGH THERE.





ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF MEGA-CITY ONE LIES POWER TOWER. HERE MOLTEN ROCK IS PUMPED FROM DEEP BENEATH THE EARTH'S CRUST TO SUPPLY THE CITY'S ENERGY...

POWER TOWER WAS ALSO A PRIME TARGET FOR TERRORISTS!

THE EXPLOSIVE IS IN PLACE! VICTORY TO THE DOOMSDAY DOGS!

DEATH TO THE CURSED CITY!

FROM ALL PARTS OF THE CITY JUDGES CONVERGED ON POWER TOWER. AMONG THEM, MEGA-CITY ONE'S TOP LAWMAN, JUDGE DREDD —

IF THOSE DOOMSDAY DOGS BREAK THE LAVA PIPES WE'LL HAVE A VOLCANO ON OUR HANDS!

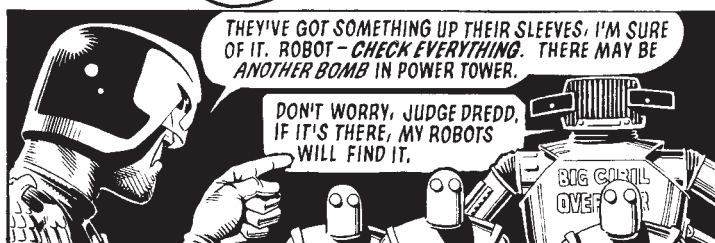
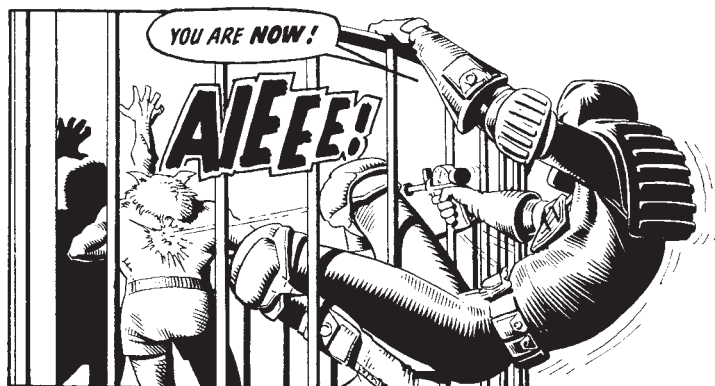
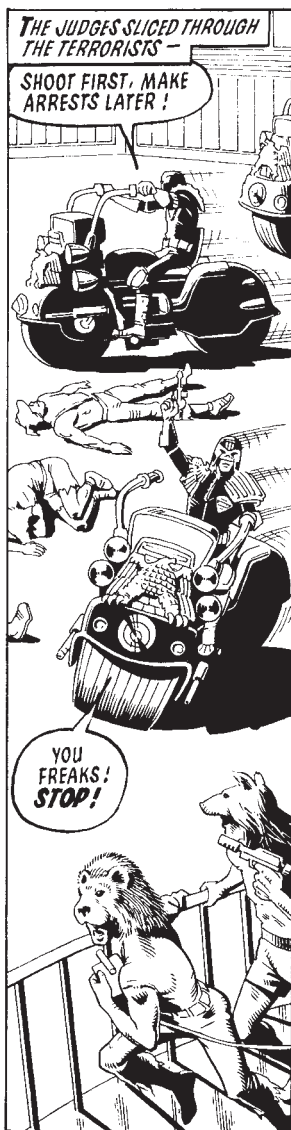
JUDGE DREDD



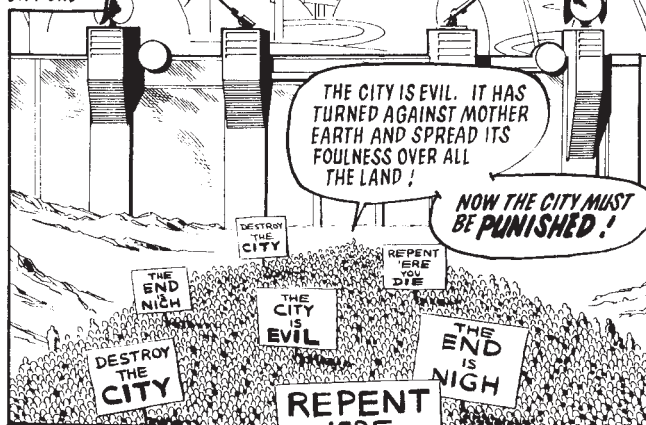
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IN THE ATOMIC DESERT KNOWN AS THE CURSED EARTH, A HUGE BAND OF MUTIELANDERS WAS FAST APPROACHING THE VERY WALLS OF MEGA-CITY ONE -



JUDGE DREDD MADE A SPECIAL VISIT TO THE SOUTH MUTIELAND WALL -

THAT'S THEIR LEADER, FATHER EARTH. THOSE PLANTS ACTUALLY GROW ON HIM.

A WALKING WEED
PATCH! WHAT PLANS DO YOU HAVE TO DEAL WITH THEM?

AS YOU KNOW, JUDGE DREDD, WE CAN'T TOUCH 'EM TILL THEY'VE *BROKEN* OUR LAWS. BUT THEY'VE NO CHANCE OF GETTING PAST OUR DEFENCES.



DEATH TO THE CITY!

LOOK AT THEM CARRYING ON - LIKE THEY EXPECT THE WALLS TO COME TUMBLING DOWN.

MAYBE THEY DO, JUDGE PYM. MAYBE THEY KNOW SOMETHING WE DON'T!

I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS BUNCH. *OPEN THE GATES!* I'M GOING OUT TO TRY TO WARN THEM OFF!



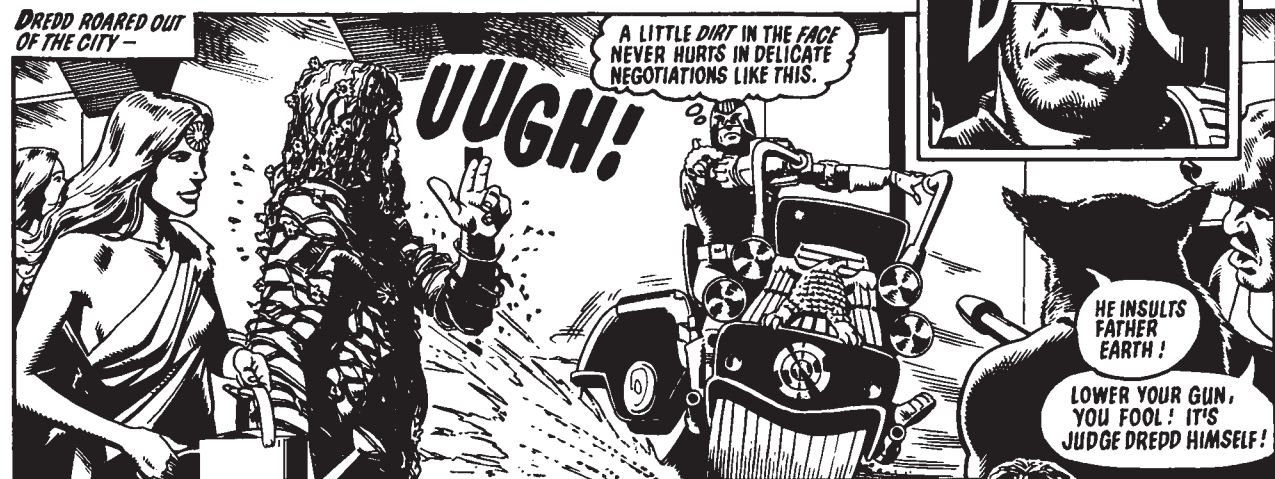
DREDD ROARED OUT OF THE CITY -

A LITTLE DIRT IN THE FACE NEVER HURTS IN DELICATE NEGOTIATIONS LIKE THIS.

UUGH!

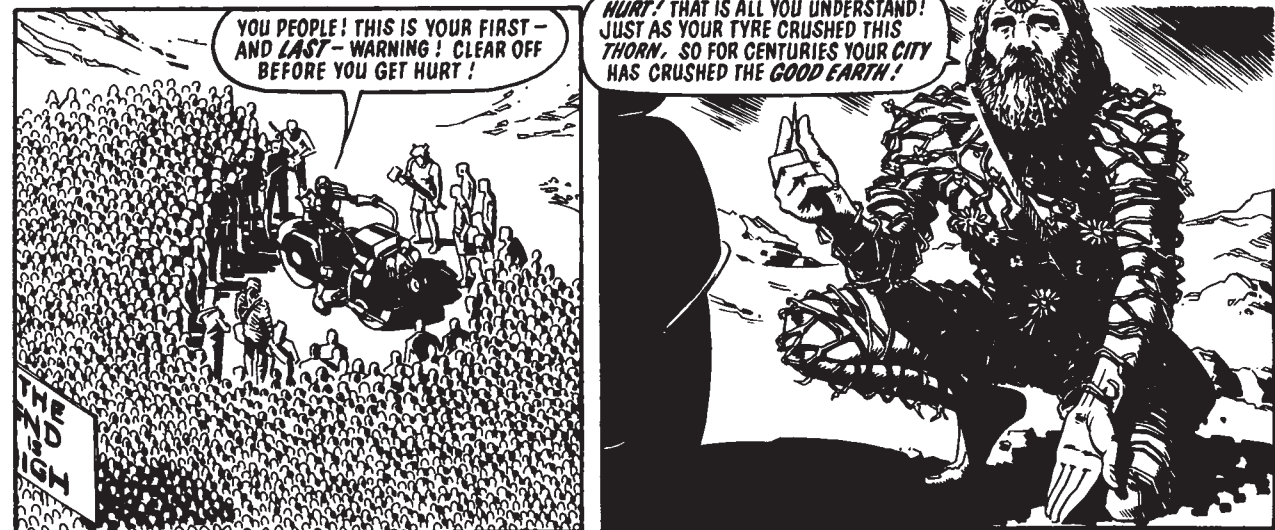
HE INSULTS FATHER EARTH!

LOWER YOUR GUN, YOU FOOL! IT'S JUDGE DREDD HIMSELF!



YOU PEOPLE! THIS IS YOUR FIRST - AND *LAST* - WARNING! CLEAR OFF BEFORE YOU GET HURT!

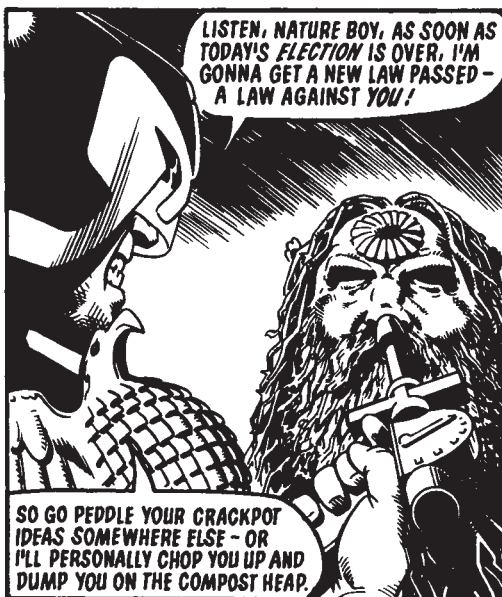
HURT! THAT IS ALL YOU UNDERSTAND! JUST AS YOUR TYRE CRUSHED THIS THORN, SO FOR CENTURIES YOUR CITY HAS CRUSHED THE *GOOD EARTH*!





SEE! THE THORN BLOOMS AGAIN!

THERE IS YOUR ANSWER, CITY DWELLER! FROM THE RUINS OF YOUR CITY, FATHER EARTH WILL CREATE NEW LIFE! BUT FIRST - THE CITY MUST BE DESTROYED!



LISTEN, NATURE BOY, AS SOON AS TODAY'S ELECTION IS OVER, I'M GONNA GET A NEW LAW PASSED - A LAW AGAINST YOU!

SO GO PEDDLE YOUR CRACKPOT IDEAS SOMEWHERE ELSE - OR I'LL PERSONALLY CHOP YOU UP AND DUMP YOU ON THE COMPOST HEAP.



I'VE DONE ALL I CAN, AND OUR DEFENCES ARE STRONG. YET I CAN'T SHAKE THIS FEELING OF IMPENDING DISASTER...

LATE THAT DAY THE ANSWER CAME TO DREDD. BUT BY THEN IT WAS TOO LATE!

CITY HALL SQUADROOM

GOOD EVENING, CITIZENS. AND ONCE AGAIN IT'S ELECTION TIME! ALL THE CANDIDATES ARE HERE - THE JUDGES ARE ON HAND TO SEE FAIR PLAY - AND IN JUST A FEW SECONDS WE'LL BE VOTING TO CHOOSE THE NEW MAYOR!

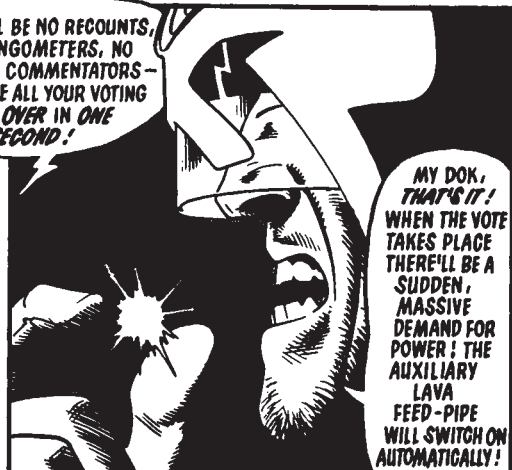


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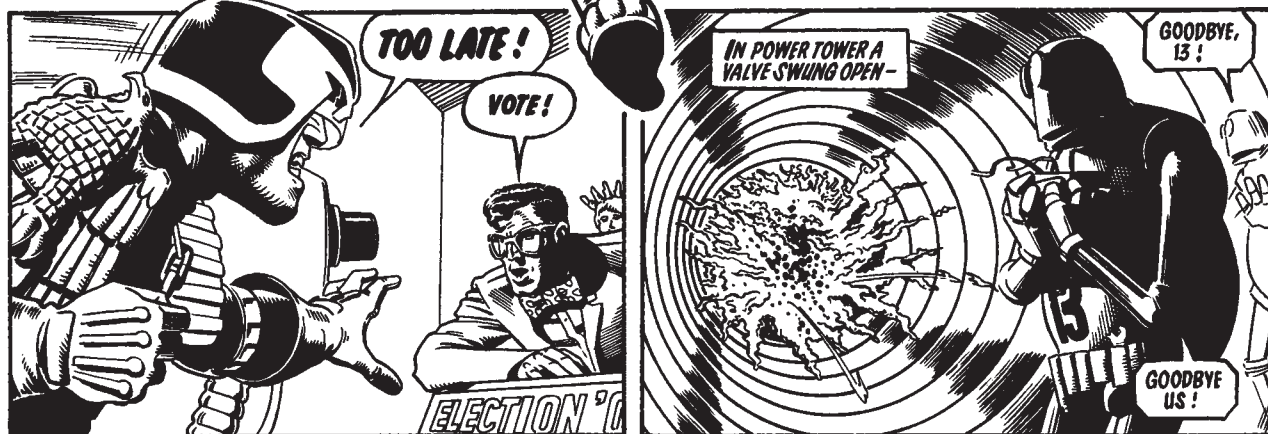
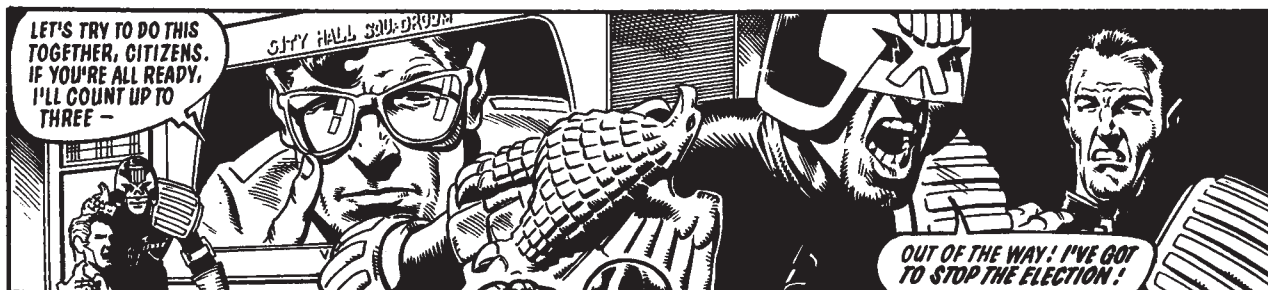
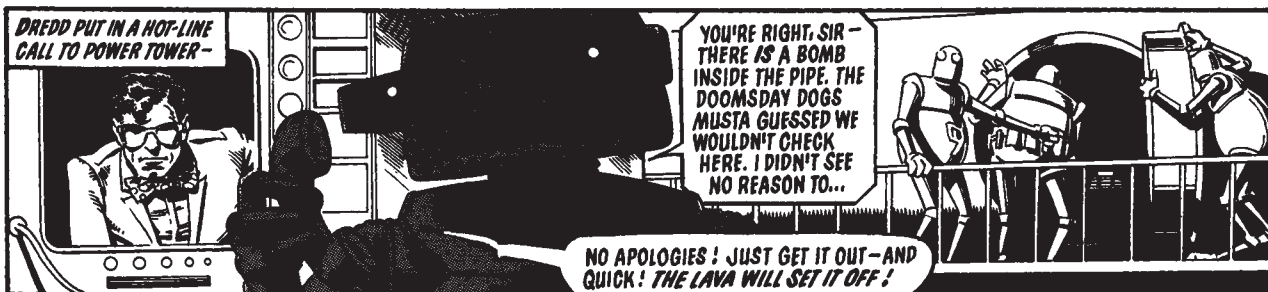
AS YOU KNOW, CITIZENS, WE DID AWAY WITH POLLING BOOTHS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO NOW IS PRESS THE VOTING BUTTONS ON YOUR VIDEO PANEL. AND YOUR VOTES WILL BE RECORDED AUTOMATICALLY ON OUR FRIENDLY CITY HALL COMPUTER, BARNEY!

HIYA, FOLKS. BE SURE AN' VOTE NOW, Y'HEAR?

THERE'LL BE NO RECOUNTS, NO SWINGOMETERS, NO BORING COMMENTATORS - BECAUSE ALL YOUR VOTING WILL BE OVER IN ONE SECOND!



MY DOK, THAT'S IT! WHEN THE VOTE TAKES PLACE THERE'LL BE A SUDDEN, MASSIVE DEMAND FOR POWER! THE AUXILIARY LAVA FEED-PIPE WILL SWITCH ON AUTOMATICALLY!



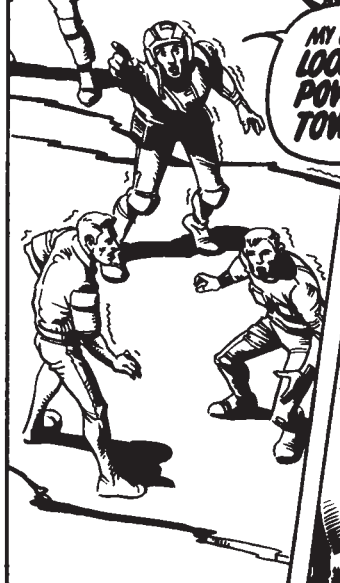


"THE WALLS WILL CRUMBLE AND THE STREETS WILL CRACK!"



"AND MOTHER EARTH WILL SPEW FORTH DEATH AND DESTRUCTION UPON THE CITY!"

AIEEEE!
HELP! WHAT'S HAPPENING?



MY GOD -
LOOK AT
POWER
TOWER!

GOD PRESERVE
US! IT'S A
VOLCANO!

NEXT PROB:
MEET THE
HOLOGAUST
SQUAD!



IN MEGA-CITY ONE, CITY OF THE FUTURE, SCIENTISTS HAD DRILLED DEEP INTO THE EARTH'S CORE IN SEARCH OF POWER. THEY SAID IT WAS SAFE. THEY SAID NOTHING COULD GO WRONG!

BUT SOMETHING **DID** GO WRONG. TERRORISTS HAD STRUCK AT POWER TOWER-

-AND NOW **WHITE HOT LAVA** BOILED OVER ONTO THE CITY!

VOLCANO!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

THE LAVA - AAAGH!

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THE EARTH HEAVED - AND CRACKED!

RUN FOR IT! EARTHQUAKE!

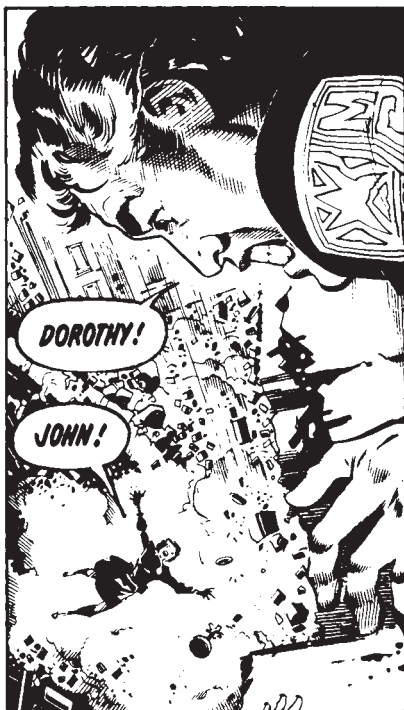
OH, NO! THE ROAD!

BTCOM!

AAAGH!

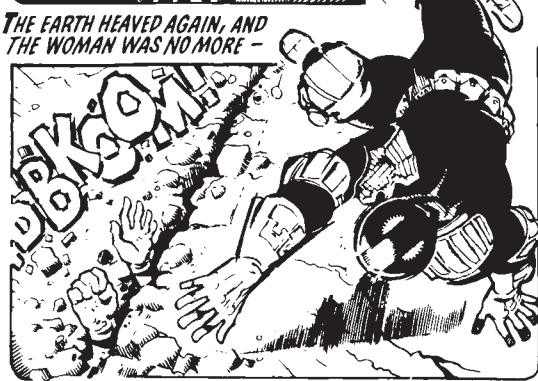
JUDGE DREDD

FATHER EARTH PART 3.



AND IN MUTELAND, FATHER EARTH AND HIS CRAZED BAND WATCHED AS THE WALLS OF THE CITY CAME TUMBLING DOWN —





IT WAS A NARROW SCRAPE—

WHAT
TOOK YOU
SO LONG?

YOU WANT
WE SHOULD GET
A TICKET FOR
SPEEDING?

IT'S NO GOOD TACKLING THE
MUTIELANDERS WHILE THIS IS
GOING ON. WE'VE GOT TO PUT
A **PLUG** IN THAT VOLCANO!

BUT HOW, JUDGE DREDD?

THERE'S ONLY ONE SLIM CHANCE...
THE HOLOCAUST SQUAD.

WITHIN MINUTES, THE HOLOCAUST
SQUAD WAS DROPPING TOWARDS
THE HEART OF THE INFERNO —

WE'RE IN POSITION!
GO. GO. GO!

AU REVOIR —
OR SHOULD I SAY
GOODBYE!

EACH MAN KNEW THIS WAS A SUICIDE MISSION. THEIR FIRE-SUITS WOULD LAST NO
LONGER THAN **THREE MINUTES** IN THE INTENSE HEAT OF THE VOLCANO —

MY PARAFOIL IS BURNING
ALREADY, CHARLIE! WISH
ME LUCK!

WHAT'S LUCK GOT TO
DO WITH IT? SEE YOU
IN **HELL**, MITCH!

THREE SHORT MINUTES!

JUDGE DREDD MONITORED THE SQUAD'S PROGRESS—

MITCH HERE! I'VE TOUCHED BOTTOM! GOD, IT'S HOT! I CAN FEEL IT THROUGH MY SUIT!

CHARLIE HERE! ANDY AND VANCE HAVE HAD IT! JUST YOU AND ME NOW, MITCH!

SEARCH FOR THE MAIN VALVE, MEN— THE MAIN VALVE!

WE'RE THERE, JUDGE DREDD! THE VALVE'S—STILL INTACT! BUT I— I CAN'T TURN IT!

KEEP TRYING, MITCH! YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT! YOU'VE GOT TO SHUT OFF THE LAVA FLOW!

AAAGH!

CHARLIE'S GONE! HEAT'S GETTING WORSE—CAN'T LAST—

MELT DOWN! GOODBYE! GOODBYE! GOODBYE!

THEY'VE FAILED!

NO, JUDGE DREDD— LOOK!

THE VOLCANO'S DYING! THEY DID IT, JUDGE DREDD! THEY DID IT!

THE DISASTER'S OVER, BUT WE'VE STILL GOT WORK TO DO. FATHER EARTH AND HIS MURDERING BAND ARE LOOSE IN THE CITY!

AND BY GRUD, THERE'S GOING TO BE A RECKONING!

NEXT
PROG.

CRY OF THE BLOOD PLANT!

DISASTER HAD STRUCK IN MEGA-CITY ONE!
NOW THE VOLCANO WAS PLUGGED AND THE
EARTHQUAKES STOPPED - BUT THE TERROR
STILL WENT ON!

WARNING!
THESE PLANTS ARE DANGEROUS



ALIEN CARNIVOROUS PLANTS

THE
MAN-EATING
PLANTS HAVE
BROKEN
LOOSE!

AAAGH!

AAAHH! HELP!

JUDGE DREDD

THOSE DEADLY PUFF-BALLS
ARE SHOOTING OUT
SPORES!

PLANET K37
PUFFBALLS

THWUN!

PLOP!

OWW! THEY
STING!

THEY - THEY'RE
GROWING ON ME!

LISTEN, DARLING -
YOU CAN HEAR THE
BLOODPLANT'S CRY...
ISN'T IT...
ENCHANTING...?

FATHER EARTH

PART 4.

BLOODPLANT

YES... WE
MUST GO
TO IT!

THE BLOODPLANT'S CALL IS HYPNOTIC
THIS TANK IS SOUNDPROOF

COME BACK HERE,
YOU FOOLS! THAT PLANT
IS LETHAL!

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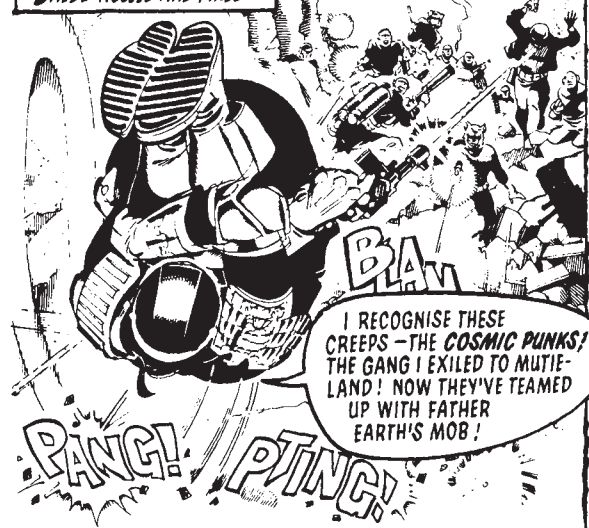


IT HAS ME, DARLING...
IT FEELS WONDERFUL!

THE BLOODPLANT'S
CRY IS *HYPNOTIC*!
COVER YOUR EARS!

WE'VE GOT TO CLEAR
THE BUILDING!

DREDD ROLLED AND FIRED—



I RECOGNISE THESE
CREEPS—THE *COSMIC PUNKS*!
THE GANG I EXILED TO MUTIE-
LAND! NOW THEY'VE TEAMED
UP WITH FATHER
EARTH'S MOB!

THE SURVIVORS WERE TAKEN AWAY—

BANISHMENT FROM THE CITY WAS NOT
ENOUGH. YOU WILL BE TRANSPORTED
TO ONE OF OUR PENAL COLONIES IN
SPACE AND THE
SENTENCE IS
LIFE.



YA DIN' MENTION NUTHIN'
ABOUT *DIS* WHEN YA
MADE DA PLANS, GESTAPO.

SHUT UP,
BRAIN-
DRAIN!

THESE
MUTIELANDERS
SURE CAUSED A
LOT OF TROUBLE
BUT WE'VE GOT
THEM UNDER
CONTROL NOW,
JUDGE
DREDD.

THINK SO? I'LL BE HAPPIER
WHEN WE'VE GOT *FATHER
EARTH* UNDER LOCK AND KEY...

SOON, OUTSIDE THE
BIOTANIC GARDENS—

LOOK, THE PLANTS
ARE ALMOST AT THE
ENTRANCE! THOSE
ALIEN MAN-EATERS
GROW LIKE NOTHING
ON EARTH!



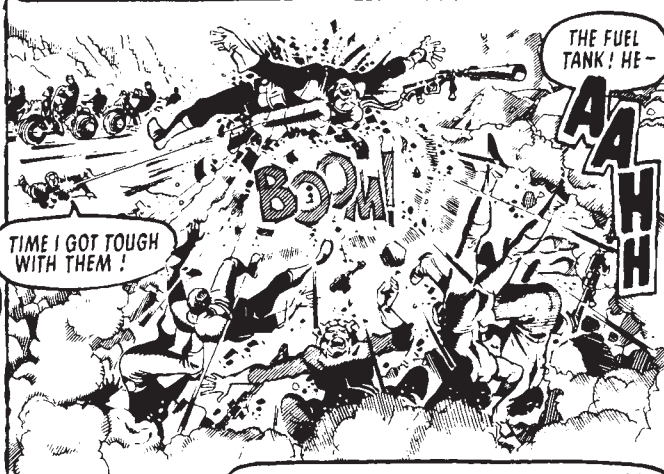
WE'LL HAVE TO
CONTAIN THEM TILL
HELP ARRIVES—
THE JUDGES HAVE
THEIR HANDS FULL
RIGHT NOW!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE CITY'S LAWMEN
WERE CLOSING ON THE MUTIELANDERS
WHO HAD CAUSED THE DISASTER—



THERE'S
JUDGE DREDD!
ROAST HIM!

WE BEEN WAITIN' A
LONG TIME TO GET
EVEN WIT YA, DUMBO!



TIME I GOT TOUGH
WITH THEM!

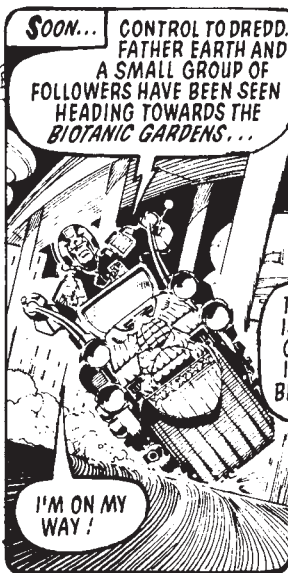
AT THAT MOMENT—
THE JUDGES ARE
ALL OVER US,
FATHER EARTH!
WE'VE LOST!



BUT... BUT IT CANNOT BE! THE CITY IS THE ROOT
OF ALL EVIL! IT MUST BE *DESTROYED*, SO THAT
MAN MAY BE AT ONE WITH NATURE!

GREAT MOTHER EARTH, OUR
HUMBLE FOOTSTEPS FALTER
ALONG YOUR PATH! SEND US A
SIGN! AN *OMEN*! SHOW US THE
WAY TO *DEFEAT* THE CURSED
CITY!





BEHOLD — THE GOD PLANT!



AOOOOEEFAAAOOOOOAAAOOOEEFEFEFEFEFEFOOOOOOOOAAAD



THESE BLOOMS ARE IMMATURE. THEY WON'T START CALLING FOR DAYS. THAT DOESN'T STOP THEM FROM EATING, THOUGH!

THEY'RE MORE LIKE ANIMALS THAN PLANTS. BLEED REAL BLOOD, TOO...



LOOKS LIKE FATHER EARTH'S FRIENDS RAN INTO A LITTLE TROUBLE! GOT TO BE REAL CAREFUL...

HELP ME! HELP ME!



UP AHEAD -

THE GOD PLANT! ONLY YOU AND I SURVIVE, MY DEAR! ONLY WE HAVE BEEN CONSIDERED PURE ENOUGH TO GAZE UPON HIS MAJESTY!



I SPOKE TOO SOON!

ADOOEEAAADOOOOO...OOEEEO...OOAAAEFFFFFFOODOODAP



OOOAAAEFFFFFFEEEEEEEEEOOOOOO OOOOOOEEEEEEEEEEEEEOODEEE.





JUDGE DREDD

MEGA-CITY ONE, GIANT CITY OF THE FUTURE, WHERE TOP LAWMAN JUDGE DREDD WAS ABOUT TO EMBARK ON ONE OF HIS STRANGEST CASES...



WELL, WELL - IF IT AIN'T THE GREAT JUDGE DREDD! YOU'RE JUST THE BOZO I'M LOOKING FOR, FUZZBUZZ!

A TALKING CAT... NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!



DON'T BLAME ME, PAL. I NEVER ASKED TO TALK. GIVE YOU HUMANS A LAB AND SOME TEST TUBES AND YOU'LL DO ANYTHING!

BUT I AIN'T GOT TIME TO SIT HERE CHEWING THE CUD - I WANT TO REPORT A MURDER!



WHEN ? WHO ?

THEY'RE GONNA KILL MONTY - BUT THE DEED AIN'T YET BEEN DID! COME ON - I'LL SHOW YOU!

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HE'S HEADING TOWARDS **MEGA-LABS**... THAT EXPLAINS THE TALKING CAT. THE **EGGHEADS** WERE **EXPERIMENTING** WITH SOME OF THE LOWER ANIMALS A FEW YEARS BACK, STIMULATING UNUSED AREAS OF THE BRAIN TO GIVE THEM ALMOST **HUMAN INTELLIGENCE**. THERE MUST STILL BE A FEW AROUND.

DREDD FOLLOWED THE CAT INTO THE RESEARCH LABS —



THIS IS MONTY.

A GUINEA PIG! YOU BROUGHT ME HERE FOR A **GUINEA PIG**!

MAYBE HE'S JUST A GUINEA PIG TO YOU, PAL, BUT TO US LAB ANIMALS HE'S **MORE**—A LOT MORE!

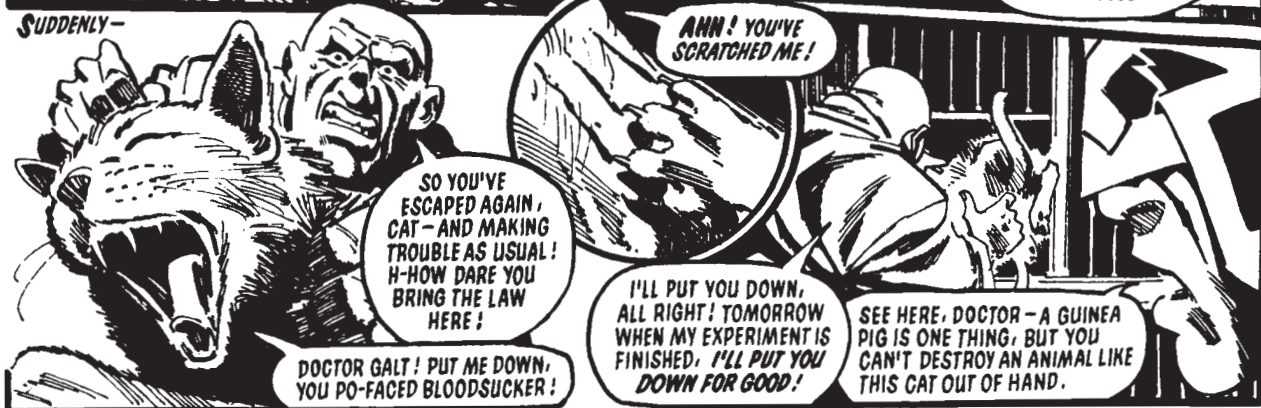


IT'S A CRUEL LIFE HERE ON **DEATH ROW**—AND POOR OLD MONTY'S HAD IT WORSE THAN ANY OF US OTHERS...

BUT MONTY'S COME THROUGH IT ALL, AND NOW HE'S A KIND OF **SYMBOL** TO US—LIKE, AS LONG AS MONTY LIVES, THEN WE **ALL** FEEL WE'VE GOT **HOPE**.



BUT TOMORROW IT'S ALL GONNA **END**. I HEARD THAT BUTCHER **DOCTOR GALT** TALKING...TOMORROW HE'S TAKING MONTY TO **ROOM B**—THE **DEATH CELL**!



SUDDENLY—

AHH! YOU'VE SCRATCHED ME!

SO YOU'VE ESCAPED AGAIN, CAT—AND MAKING TROUBLE AS USUAL! H-HOW DARE YOU BRING THE LAW HERE!

DOCTOR GALT! PUT ME DOWN, YOU PO-FACED BLOODSUCKER!

I'LL PUT YOU DOWN, ALL RIGHT! TOMORROW WHEN MY EXPERIMENT IS FINISHED, I'LL PUT YOU DOWN FOR GOOD!

SEE HERE, DOCTOR—A GUINEA PIG IS ONE THING, BUT YOU CAN'T DESTROY AN ANIMAL LIKE THIS CAT OUT OF HAND.



YOU KNOW *THE LAW*, JUDGE DREDD. THE CAT MAY BE HYPER-INTELLIGENT, BUT HE'S STILL A LAB ANIMAL! I DECIDE WHEN HE DIES!

HE'S RIGHT, OF COURSE. THE LAW HAS NEVER BEEN CHANGED ON THIS MATTER. MY HANDS ARE TIED.

BIG TOUGH JUDGE DREDD! THE TOUGHEST LAWMAN IN MEGA-CITY ONE! WHAT A PHONY! YOU AIN'T EVEN GOT ENOUGH POWER TO SAVE A GUINEA PIG!



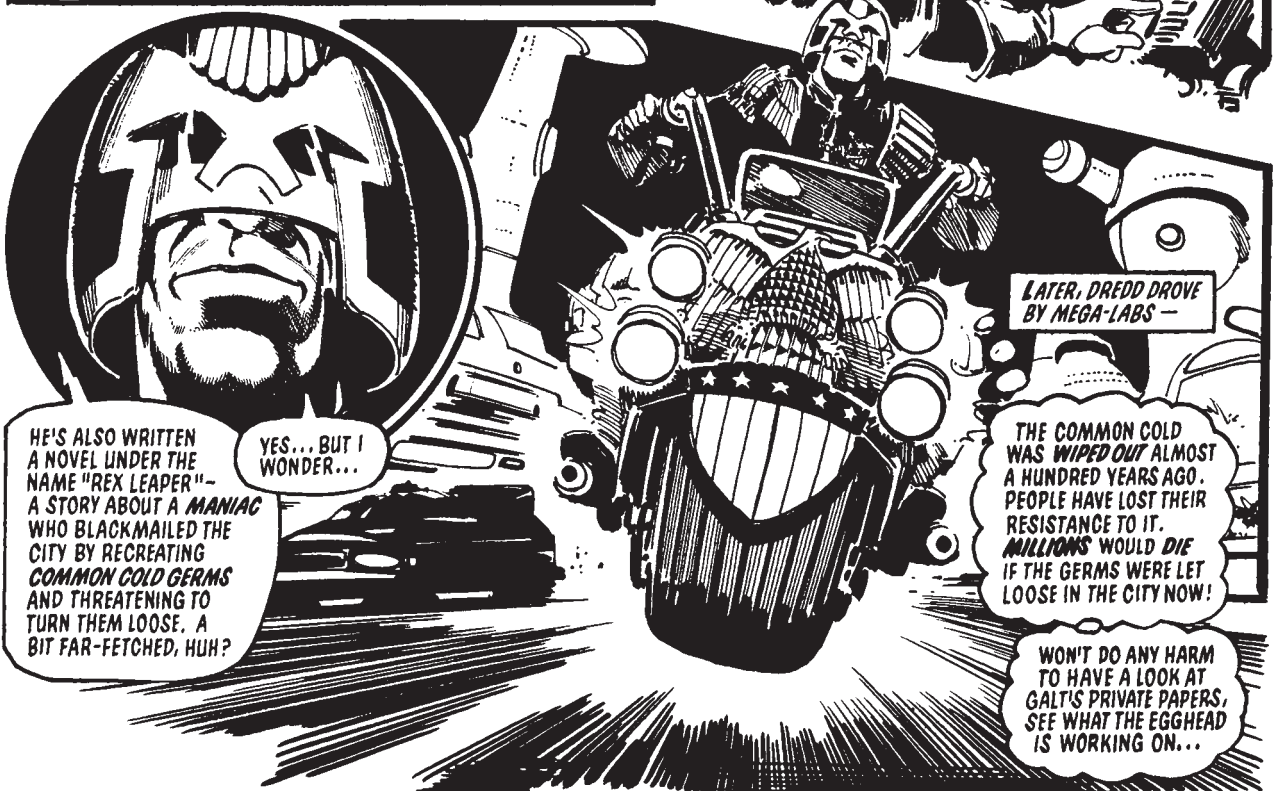
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, FUZZBUZZ. I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN THE GOOD DOCTOR WOULD DO FOR ME SOONER OR LATER. BUT YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE MONTY!

I'M SORRY - THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO.

THAT NIGHT, DREDD CONSULTED HIS BASE COMPUTER -

SOMETHING BOTHERS ME ABOUT GALT. HE SEEMED *WORRIED* WHEN HE SAW ME - LIKE HE WAS *HIDING* SOMETHING. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON THE CREEP, MACK?

HE'S A SPECIALIST ON ANCIENT DISEASE - A BIT OF A KOOK. LOST ONE OR TWO GOOD JOBS BECAUSE OF HIS STRANGE IDEAS...



HE'S ALSO WRITTEN A NOVEL UNDER THE NAME "REX LEAPER" - A STORY ABOUT A *MANIAC* WHO BLACKMAILED THE CITY BY RECREATING *COMMON COLD GERMS* AND THREATENING TO TURN THEM LOOSE. A BIT FAR-FETCHED, HUH?

YES... BUT I WONDER...

LATER, DREDD DROVE BY MEGA-LABS -

THE COMMON COLD WAS *WIPE OUT* ALMOST A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. PEOPLE HAVE LOST THEIR RESISTANCE TO IT. *MILLIONS* WOULD DIE IF THE GERMS WERE LET LOOSE IN THE CITY NOW!

WON'T DO ANY HARM TO HAVE A LOOK AT GALT'S PRIVATE PAPERS, SEE WHAT THE EGGHEAD IS WORKING ON...

MEANWHILE...

IT'S GALT! HE'S COME TO GET MONTY!

IN EVERY CAGE THE ANIMALS SENSED WHAT WAS HAPPENING—

AROOOOO!

GRRRRR!

QUIET, ROT YOU!

ARRRRR!

SHREEEE

YOU'VE BROUGHT THIS ON, CAT! YOU BROUGHT DREDD HERE— YOU MADE HIM SUSPICIOUS! THAT'S WHY MY WORK MUST BE COMPLETED TONIGHT!

LET THEM HOWL! WHAT IS ONE GUINEA PIG'S LIFE COMPARED TO A FORTUNE? I HAVE RECREATED THE COMMON COLD, THE CITY WILL GIVE ME ANYTHING NOT TO RELEASE IT— ANYTHING!

YOU LOW-DOWN, TWO-BIT SCALPEL MERCHANT! I'D PERFORATE YOUR UGLY MUG, IF I COULD JUST GET OUTA THIS STINKIN' CAGE!

SUDDENLY, DREDD BURST IN—

SOMETHING'S ROUSED THE ANIMALS!

HOLD IT, DOCTOR! YOU AND ME HAVE GOT TO HAVE WORDS—

DREDD!

IN ROOM B, FUZZBUZZ! PRONTO!



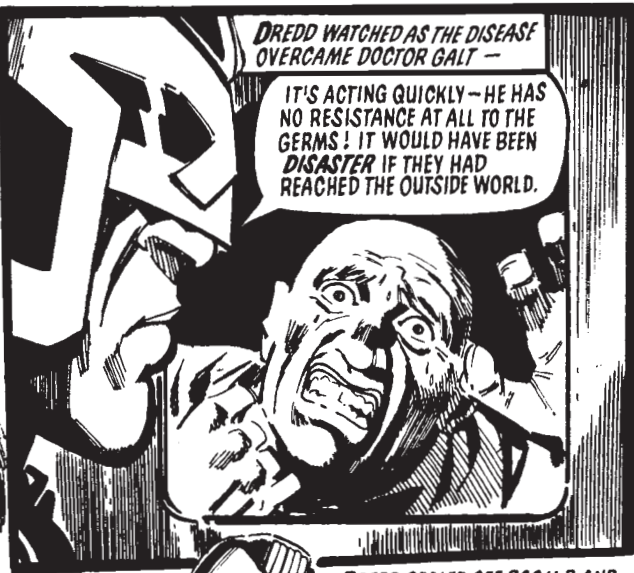
DOCTOR GALT STAGGERED BACK AGAINST THE WALL—





THE AIRTIGHT IS SEALED.
MONITOR - GIVE ME A
READING!

NO CONTAMINATION
HERE, SIR.
CONTAMINATION IN
ROOM B IS SLIGHT...
BUT GROWING.



DREDD WATCHED AS THE DISEASE
OVERCAME DOCTOR GALT -

IT'S ACTING QUICKLY - HE HAS
NO RESISTANCE AT ALL TO THE
GERMS! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN
DISASTER IF THEY HAD
REACHED THE OUTSIDE WORLD.



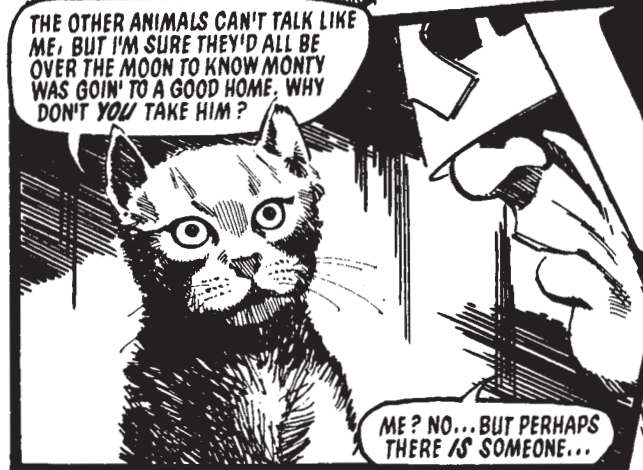
HE TRIED TO BLACKMAIL THE CITY,
AND HE GOT CAUGHT BY HIS OWN
WEAPON - **CAUGHT COLD!**



DREDD SEALED OFF ROOM B AND
POSTED A HEAVY GUARD ON THE
DOOR -

YOU ANIMALS MUST
REMAIN HERE UNTIL YOUR FUTURE
IS DECIDED. THERE MUST BE AN
END TO THE EVIL OF PLACES
LIKE THIS.

YOU'RE
AN ACE,
FUZZBUZZ.
DO ONE
MORE
THING,
HUH?



THE OTHER ANIMALS CAN'T TALK LIKE
ME, BUT I'M SURE THEY'D ALL BE
OVER THE MOON TO KNOW MONTY
WAS GOIN' TO A GOOD HOME. WHY
DON'T **YOU** TAKE HIM?

ME? NO... BUT PERHAPS
THERE IS SOMEONE...



AND LATER -
FOR ME? OH
CWIPES!

HIS NAME IS
MONTY. TREAT
HIM RIGHT.
THE LITTLE
FELLA'S
SPENT ALL
HIS LIFE ON
DEATH ROW.

TWO DAYS LATER A NEW LAW WAS PASSED - "THE DREDD ACT" -
BANNING FOREVER THE USE OF ANIMALS FOR EXPERIMENTATION.

NEXT PROG: **2000 AD AND TORNADO JOIN FORCES!**

FOG HAD COME TO
MEGA-CITY ONE,
22ND CENTURY AMERICA'S
VAST METROPOLIS OF
OVER 800 MILLION
PEOPLE. LIKE A
SUFFOCATING BLANKET
IT HUNG OVER WEATHER
DISTRICT 6... BRINGING
NEW DANGERS TO
THE STREETS...

2000 A.D.
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JOHN HOWARD
ART ROBOT
BRIAN BOLLAND
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

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STAY IN YOUR HOMES... DO NOT GO OUT
UNLESS IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY...
WE ARE TRYING TO CORRECT THE
FAULT IN YOUR WEATHER...

JUDGE DREDD

BUT NOT EVERYONE
OBEYED THE WARNINGS
OF THE JUDGES,
THE MEN WHO KEPT
LAW AND ORDER
IN THE CITY.

'BYE, GIRLS.

DOK, WHAT WEATHER! IT
REMINDS ME OF THE PEA-SOUPERS
THEY USED TO HAVE IN OLD LONDON.

CAN'T WAIT TO
GET HOME.
THERE'VE BEEN SOME
STRANGE
DISAPPEARANCES
SINCE THE FOG
STARTED.





THIS IS WHERE I TURN OFF. 'BYE, DOREEN... WATCH OUT FOR THE WEE GREEN MEN!

YOU'VE GOT A FUNNY SENSE OF HUMOUR, CAROL! 'BYE!

BUT AS DOREEN WALKED ON...



...SOMEONE COMING... WHO-WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

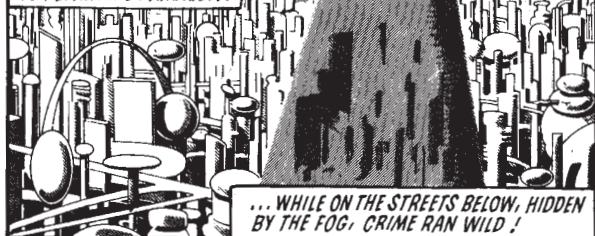
I'VE COME FOR THE PIE-FILLING, ME DEAR!



HEE, HEE, HEE!

THOUGHT I HEARD A CRY FOR HELP - OH, NO! DOREEN!

A MASSIVE EQUIPMENT FAILURE ABOVE DISTRICT 6 HAD CAUSED FREAK CONDITIONS. FOR OVER A WEEK WEATHER CONTROL HAD BEEN STRUGGLING TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE...



... WHILE ON THE STREETS BELOW, HIDDEN BY THE FOG, CRIME RAN WILD!



N-NO... NO! SOMEONE HELP MEEEEEE!

JUDGE DREDD, MEGA-CITY'S TOP JUDGE, WAS QUICKLY ON THE SCENE OF THE LATEST OUTRAGE -

AND THEN - THEN HE PICKED HER UP AND - AND RAN OFF! HE-HE WORE A-A BIG TOP HAT AND A BLACK CLOAK!



THAT COULD DESCRIBE TEN THOUSAND MEN IN THIS CITY! THINK HARDER, CITIZEN. WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THIS MANIAC BEFORE HE STRIKES AGAIN!





H'MM... CHAMBER OF HORRORS... THAT EXPLAINS A LOT OF QUESTIONS.



AFTER SUMMONING MEDICAL AID FOR THE SHOCKED DOREEN, DREDD MADE FOR THE MEGA-CITY CHAMBER OF HORRORS WHICH LAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOG DISTRICT. THERE, ROBOTS HAD LONG AGO REPLACED LIFELESS WAXWORK MODELS —

THESE ROBOTS COULD BE BEHIND A LOT OF THE STRANGE THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN HAPPENING SINCE THE FOG...



BODIES FOR GOLD, THAT'S WHIT HE SAID! BODIES FOR GOLD!

BURKE AND HARE, THE BODYSNATCHERS!



DREDD FOLLOWED THE MURDERERS —

NO! NO! **NO!** HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU TWO? I SENT YOU OUT TO GET MONEY, NOT BODIES!

BODIES FOR GOLD, YE SAID. IS THAT NO' RIGHT?

YES, YES, DAT'S WHAT HE SAID... BODIES FOR GOLD, DAT'S WHAT HE SAID ALL ROIGHT.



SHALL I LOP OFF THEIR VILLAINOUS HEADS, ME LUD?

NO! NO! NO! **IMBECILE ROBOTS!** YOU DON'T PAY YOUR WAY WHEN YOU'RE CHAMBER OF HORRORS DUMMIES AND YOU DON'T PAY YOUR WAY NOW!



CRIME NEVER PAYS, CITIZEN! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

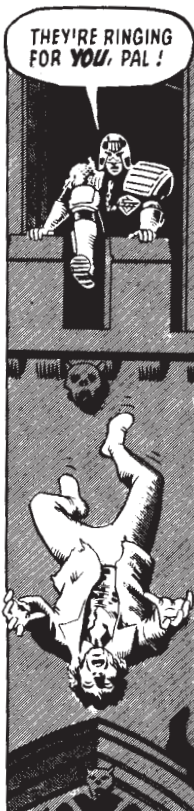
J-JUDGE DREDD! GET HIM!





DONNGG

THE BELLS! THE BELLS!



THEY'RE RINGING FOR YOU, PAL!



DREDD GRASPED THE ROPE AND SWUNG —

UGGH!

I'LL TAKE THAT FIREARM, CITIZEN!



THE FUN'S OVER, CITIZEN! I'M TAKING YOU IN!

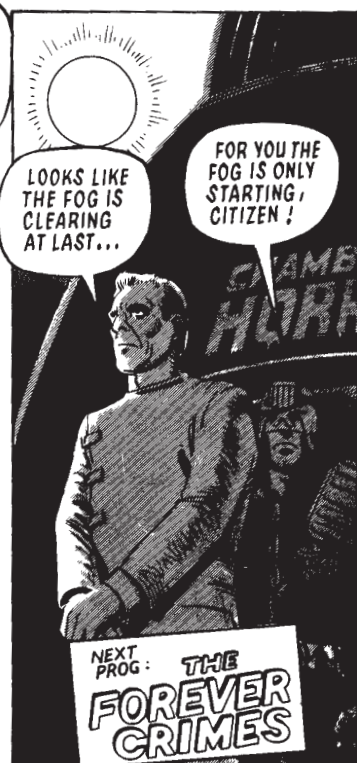
OH, GOOD! CAN I COME DOWN NOW?

OTHER JUDGES WERE SOON ON THE SCENE —



I—I NEVER MEANT THEM TO KILL... THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS WAS LOSING MONEY, SO...SO WHEN THE FOG CAME, I CHANGED THEIR PROGRAMMES AND SENT THEM ONTO THE STREETS TO STEAL...

...BUT THEY COULDN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT! THEY COULDN'T OVERCOME THEIR BASIC PROGRAMMING...



LOOKS LIKE THE FOG IS CLEARING AT LAST...

FOR YOU THE FOG IS ONLY STARTING, CITIZEN!

NEXT PROG: **THE FOREVER CRIMES**



MEGA-CITY ONE
CRIMINAL CODE,
SECTION 59(D):

A JUDGE MAY
ENTER A CITIZEN'S
HOME TO CARRY
OUT ROUTINE
INTENSIVE
INVESTIGATION.
THE CITIZEN HAS
NO RIGHTS IN
THIS MATTER.

JUDGE DREDD



I UNDERSTAND, JUDGE DREDD. THE
CRIME BLITZ HURTS ONLY THE GUILTY.
IT IS VERY USEFUL FOR UNCOVERING
SECRET ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES AND
FOR DISCOURAGING CRIME.

A SQUAD OF JUDGES, SPECIALLY
TRAINED TO EXAMINE EVERY ASPECT
OF A CITIZEN'S LIFE, WAS HARD AT
WORK —

THESE ACCOUNTS ARE IN
ORDER, MR SWEET. LET ME SEE
YOUR CREDIT STATEMENTS FOR
THE PAST FIFTEEN
YEARS.



THIS IS A
PROHIBITED
MAGAZINE,
CITIZEN.
EXPLAIN.

I'M A RESEARCHER AT
THE SCIENCE INSTITUTE. I
HAVE A PERMIT FOR IT.



2000 A.D.
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SCRIPT ROBOT
JOHN HOWARD
ART ROBOT
RON SMITH
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73e



BET THIS COST A FEW *CREDITS*. EVEN WITHOUT THE FANCY LAPELS. LET'S SEE THE *RECEIPT*, CITIZEN.



NO TRACE OF ILLEGAL SUBSTANCES. YOU'RE *CLEAN*, MR SWEET.

YOU WILL RECEIVE A CERTIFICATE OF MERIT SIGNED BY THE CHIEF JUDGE HIMSELF. THANK YOU FOR YOUR CO-OPERATION.

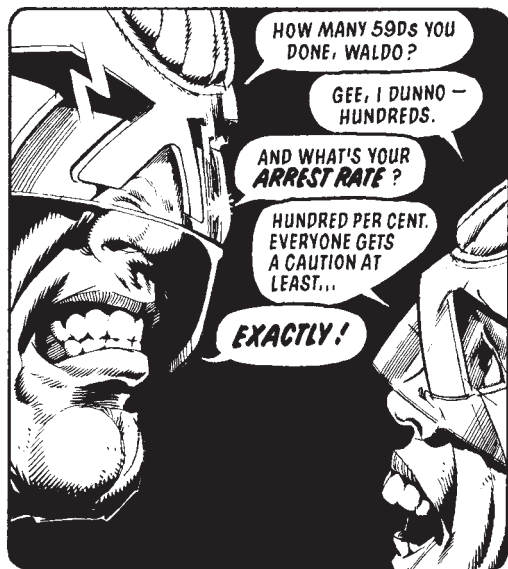
I'M HAPPY TO HAVE DONE MY DUTY, OFFICERS.



IT DOES YOU GOOD TO MEET SUCH A PERFECT CITIZEN.

TOO PERFECT, IF YOU ASK ME.

I DON'T READ YOU, DREDD...



HOW MANY 59Ds YOU DONE, WALDO?

GEE, I DUNNO - HUNDREDS.

AND WHAT'S YOUR *ARREST RATE*?

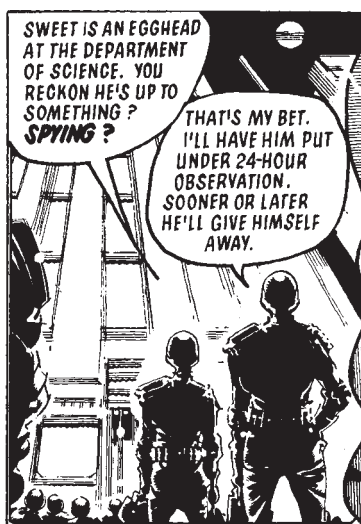
HUNDRED PER CENT. EVERYONE GETS A CAUTION AT LEAST...

EXACTLY!



EVERYONE BUT EVERYONE COMMITS CRIME, OFTEN WITHOUT EVEN *KNOWING IT*. LITTLE THINGS THAT AREN'T WORTH MORE THAN A CAUTION. IT'S NORMAL...

BUT THIS JOKER HASN'T DONE *ONE THING* WRONG! NOT EVEN AN OVERDUE *LIBRARY SLUG*! HE'S SO CLEAN HE MAKES ME *SUSPICIOUS*!



SWEET IS AN EGGHEAD AT THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE. YOU RECKON HE'S UP TO SOMETHING? *SPYING*?

THAT'S MY BET. I'LL HAVE HIM PUT UNDER 24-HOUR OBSERVATION. SOONER OR LATER HE'LL GIVE HIMSELF AWAY.

THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HAD ITS OWN SPIES - THE TINY "SPY-IN-THE-SKY" HOVER CAMERAS. THESE COULD FOLLOW A SUSPECT ANYWHERE, WITHOUT BEING DETECTED -

THE PICTURES WERE MONITORED FROM THE JUSTICE BUILDING. FOR WEEKS NOTHING HAPPENED, AND THEN -

OBSERVATION CONTROL TO DREDD... SUSPECT REGINALD SWEET IS NOW IN THE SMILING BURGER ON FOUR - THIRTY-THIRD STREET. *HE IS NOW BEING JOINED BY AN UNKNOWN MAN!*

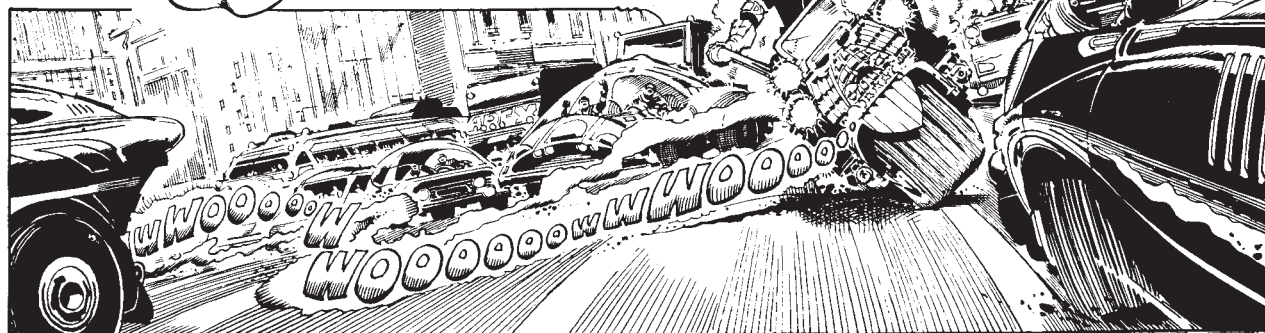
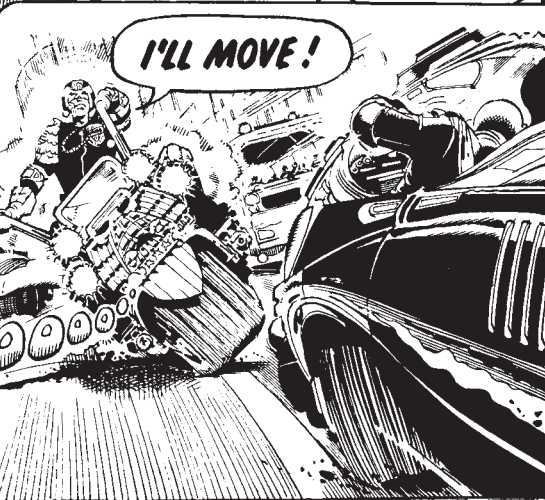
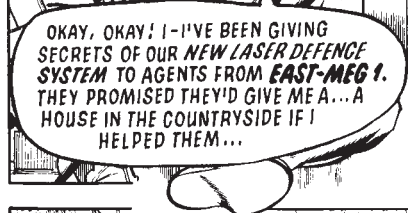
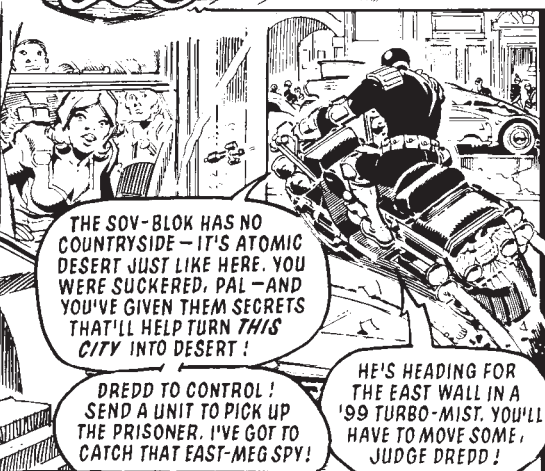
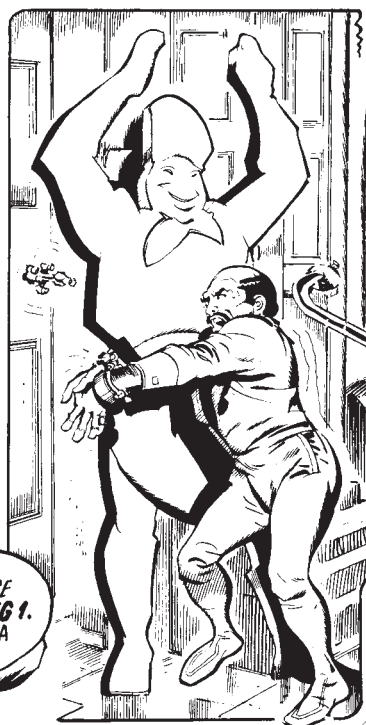




DREDD ARRIVED AS SWEET WAS LEAVING -

WE'VE HAD YOU UNDER OBSERVATION, SWEET. **YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!**

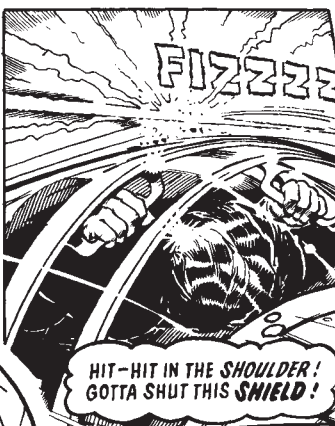
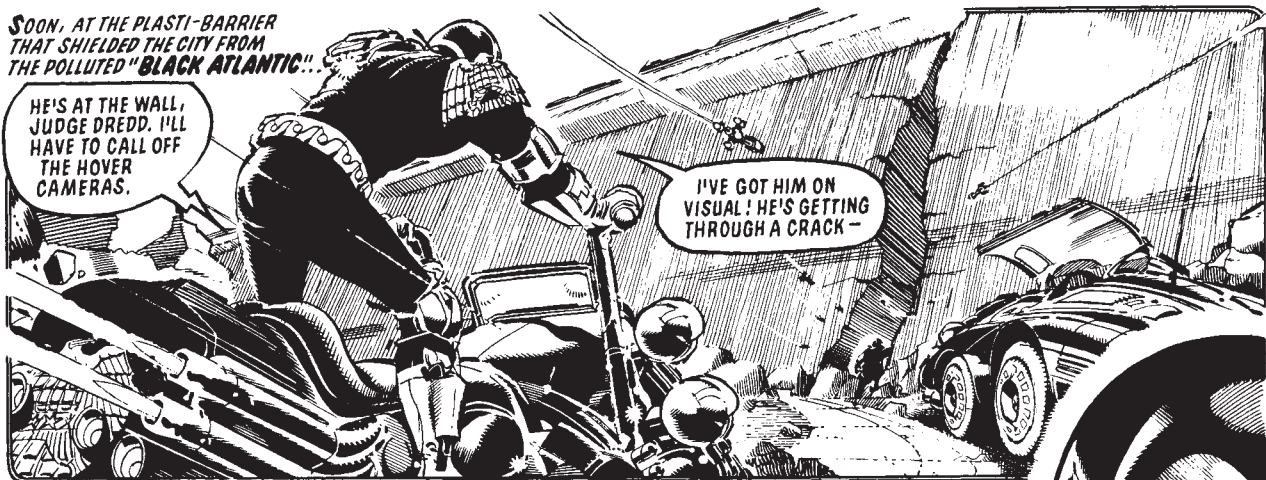
JUDGE DREDD! I-I KNEW MY LUCK WAS TOO GOOD TO LAST -



SOON, AT THE PLASTI-BARRIER
THAT SHIELDED THE CITY FROM
THE POLLUTED "BLACK ATLANTIC"...

HE'S AT THE WALL,
JUDGE DREDD. I'LL
HAVE TO CALL OFF
THE HOVER
CAMERAS.

I'VE GOT HIM ON
VISUAL! HE'S GETTING
THROUGH A CRACK -



HIT-HIT IN THE SHOULDER!
GOTTA SHUT THIS SHIELD!

TOO LATE - HE'S
BULLET-PROOF NOW.
BLAST THE REPAIR
GANGS - THE CRACK
SHOULD HAVE BEEN
SEALED TIGHT!

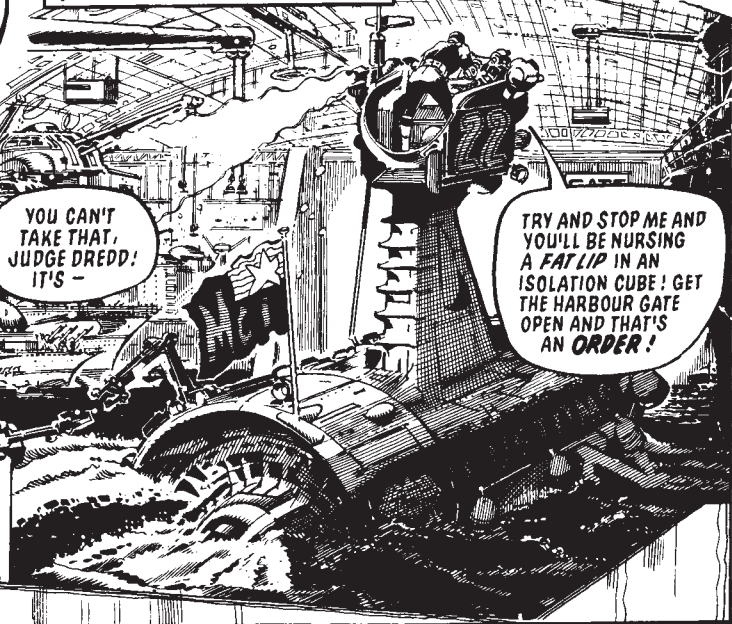
DREDD RACED TO THE NEARBY DOCKS -



YOU CAN'T
TAKE THAT,
JUDGE DREDD!
IT'S -

TRY AND STOP ME AND
YOU'LL BE NURSING
A FAT LIP IN AN
ISOLATION CUBE! GET
THE HARBOUR GATE
OPEN AND THAT'S
AN ORDER!

MEGA-CITY ONE ©
CUSTOMS AREA





TIME TO TRY OUR NEW RESPIRATOR!
THE BLACK ATLANTIC IS NOT MADE
OF PERFUME!



THE HUGE HARBOUR GATE
WAS SLIDING OPEN -



DREDD GAINED STEADILY ON THE FLEEING
AGENT, UNTIL -

AN EAST-MEG ANTI-POLLUTION
SHIP JUST OUTSIDE THE FORTY-MILE
LIMIT! THEY'RE HAULING THE
AGENT ABOARD!

THEY CLAIM THESE ANTI-POL SHIPS
ARE WORKING FOR THE GOOD OF
HUMANITY - AS IF THE SOV-BLOK
EVER DO ANYTHING PURELY FOR
THE GOOD OF HUMANITY!

WELL, THEY'RE NOT GETTING AWAY
WITH THIS LITTLE NUMBER...!



**I'M ARRESTING THIS SHIP IN
THE NAME OF MEGA-CITY ONE!
SURRENDER NOW AND NOBODY
WILL GET HURT!**

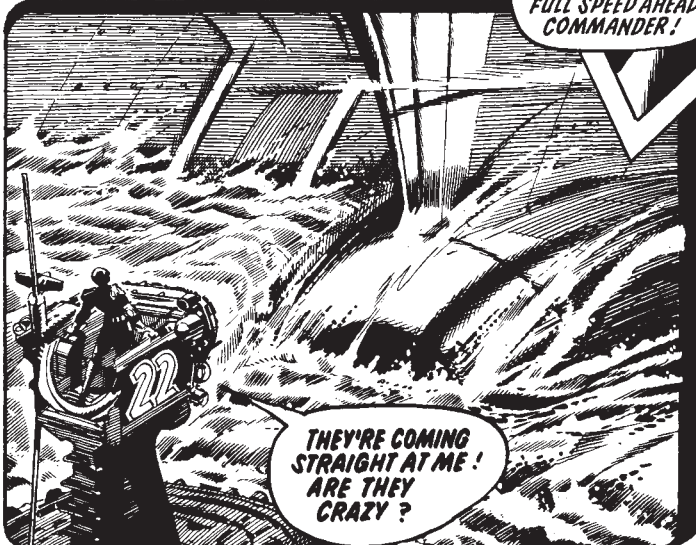
AN EAST-MEG JUDGE WAS ABOARD -

YOU HAVE NO **AUTHORITY!** WE
ARE **OUTSIDE** YOUR LIMITS!

I'M **EXTENDING** THE CITY LIMITS!
ARE YOU GOING TO COME QUIETLY
OR DO I HAVE TO GET **ROUGH?**

THAT'S **JUDGE DREDD.**
HE MEANS WHAT HE
SAYS!

I ALSO MEAN WHAT
I **SAY, NICOLAI!**
FULL SPEED AHEAD,
COMMANDER!



THEY'RE COMING
STRAIGHT AT ME!
ARE THEY
CRAZY?



AHH!

**CRAZY ENOUGH TO TANGLE
WITH YOU, J.D.!**

DON'T MISS NEXT PROG!

ON THE POLLUTED
BLACK ATLANTIC,
A SOV-BLOK SHIP HAS
PICKED UP A SPY WITH
PLANS OF MEGA-CITY
ONE'S VITAL LASER
DEFENCE SYSTEM.
WHEN JUDGE DREDD
TRIES TO ARREST THE
SHIP, THE SOV-BLOKKERS
PROVE UNCO-OPERATIVE -

FULL SPEED AHEAD!
CRUSH DREDD INTO
THE BLACK
ATLANTIC!

CRASH!

THE HUGE SOVIET CRAFT
SMASHED INTO
DREDD'S TINY VESSEL -

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ART ROBOT
RON SMITH
LETTERING ROBOT
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JUDGE DREDD

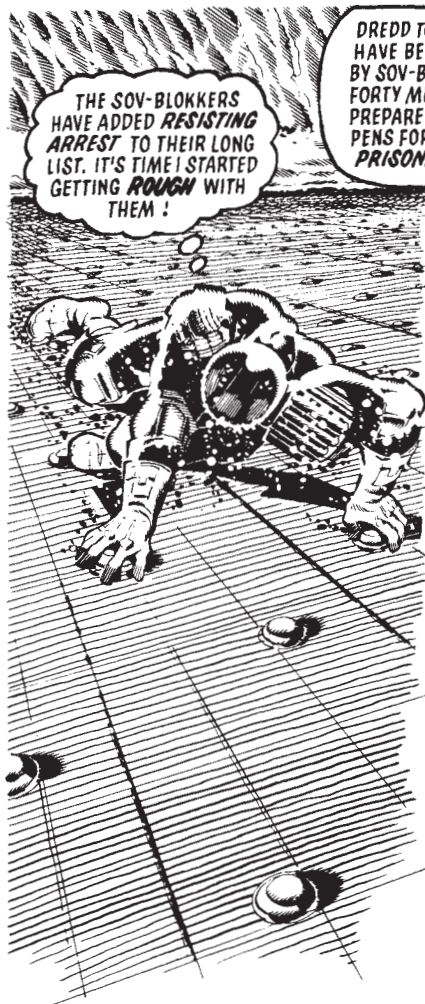
AN EAST-MEG JUDGE
WAS ABOARD THE
SOV-BLOK SHIP -

COME, NICOLAI - YOU AND
I WILL DINE WITH THE
COMMANDER TONIGHT! WE HAVE
MUCH TO CELEBRATE - THE DEATH
OF A DANGEROUS ENEMY...AND
THE CAPTURE OF PLANS THAT
WILL BRING MEGA-CITY ONE
TO ITS KNEES!

BUT DREDD WAS FAR
FROM DEAD -

GAAH! THAT
BLACK WATER -
LIKE NOTHING ON
EARTH -!

THE JUDGE CLAWED HIS
WAY PAINFULLY UP THE
SHIP'S SIDE -



DREDD TO CONTROL...
HAVE BEEN ATTACKED
BY SOV-BLOK SHIP
FORTY MILES OUT.
PREPARE HOLDING
PENS FOR 1,200
PRISONERS!

ER... 1,200
PRISONERS?

THAT'S WHAT
I SAID. NOW
DO IT.
DROKK YOU!



DREDD MOVED
SWIFTLY -

DON'T MAKE A MOVE OR
YOU'RE DEAD! WHERE DO
I FIND THE HEAD MAN
ON THIS TUB?



J-JUDGE MOLOTOV MAKES
ALL THE DECISIONS. HE IS
WITH THE COMMANDER -
ON THE STARBOARD
BRIDGE.



JUDGE MOLOTOV, EH?
NOW I KNOW WHERE
TO FIND THOSE PLANS.

POW!



BUT AS DREDD GREPT
TOWARDS THE BRIDGE -

DOK, FEEL WEAK -
EVERYTHING'S
BLURRED... WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO ME...?



HUH? THE
YANK-SIDE
JUDGE!

STOP OR -
OR I BLAST
YOU!





HE'S RECOVERING QUICKLY.
HE'S A VERY STRONG MAN.

HE'S... RIGHT, YOU
KNOW... I KNOW
JUDGE MOLOTOV.
HE WILL... KILL
ME...

THAT IS NOT MY CONCERN.
I AM A DOCTOR. MY
BUSINESS IS SAVING
LIVES.

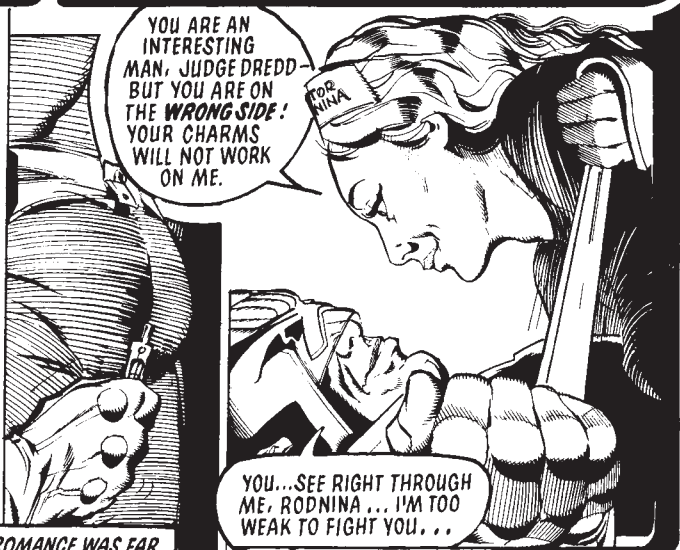
AND **DANGEROUS**, DOCTOR!
STRAP HIM DOWN! I'M GOING
TO TELL **JUDGE MOLOTOV** HOW
YOU HAVE BEEN WASTING
YOUR TIME!



YOU CAN SAVE **MINE**... HELP
ME AND THERE'LL BE A SAFE
PLACE... FOR YOU IN MEGA-
CITY ONE. IT CAN BE A GOOD
LIFE THERE... WITH A
FRIEND LIKE ME.

GETTING ROMANTIC?
SUCH A RECOVERY!
DOWN, TIGER...

*BUT ROMANCE WAS FAR
FROM DREDD'S MIND!*

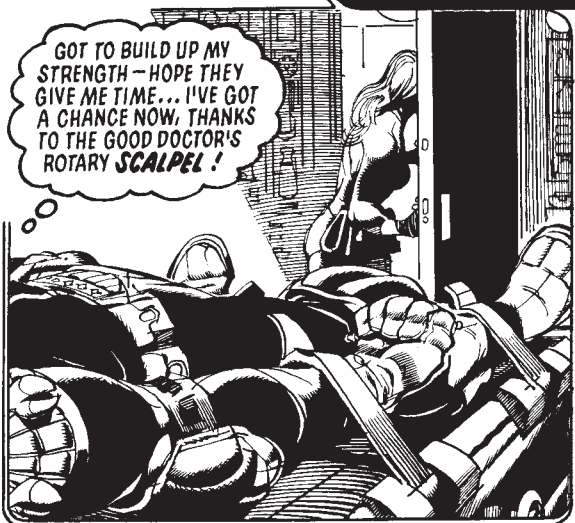


YOU ARE AN
INTERESTING
MAN, JUDGE DREDD-
BUT YOU ARE ON
THE **WRONG SIDE**!
YOUR CHARM
WILL NOT WORK
ON ME.

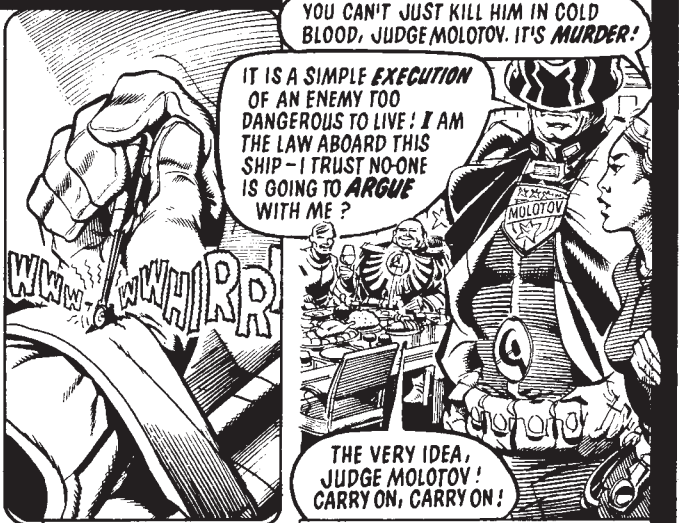
YOU... SEE RIGHT THROUGH
ME, RODNINA... I'M TOO
WEAK TO FIGHT YOU...

*IN THE COMMANDER'S CABIN, A
CONFERENCE TOOK PLACE -*

YOU CAN'T JUST KILL HIM IN COLD
BLOOD, JUDGE MOLOTOV. IT'S **MURDER**!



GOT TO BUILD UP MY
STRENGTH - HOPE THEY
GIVE ME TIME... I'VE GOT
A CHANCE NOW, THANKS
TO THE GOOD DOCTOR'S
ROTARY **SCALPEL**!



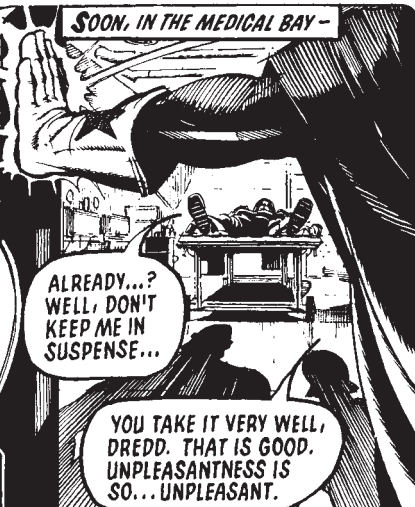
IT IS A SIMPLE **EXECUTION**
OF AN ENEMY TOO
DANGEROUS TO LIVE! I AM
THE LAW ABOARD THIS
SHIP - I TRUST NO-ONE
IS GOING TO **ARGUE**
WITH ME?

THE VERY IDEA,
JUDGE MOLOTOV!
CARRY ON, CARRY ON!



GOOD! DO NOT DISTURB
YOURSELF, COMRADE DOCTOR.
GEORGI AND I WILL HANDLE
THIS... OPERATION...

SOON, IN THE MEDICAL BAY -



ALREADY...?
WELL, DON'T
KEEP ME IN
SUSPENSE...

YOU TAKE IT VERY WELL,
DREDD. THAT IS GOOD.
UNPLEASANTNESS IS
SO... UNPLEASANT.



THIS WON'T
HURT A BIT. I'M
GOING TO GIVE
YOU A LITTLE...
INJECTION!



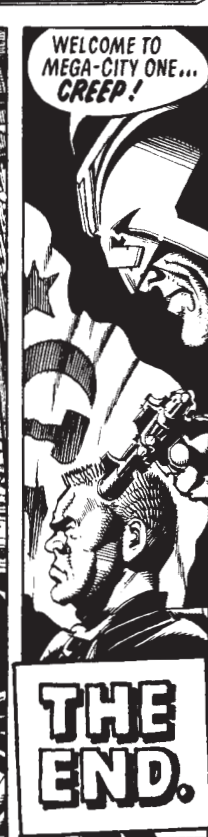
FIRST TRY THIS SPECIAL
COCKTAIL I'VE MIXED
FOR YOU, MOLOTOV!

CHUK!
MY EYES!



JUST A LITTLE NEAT
ALCOHOL! 'FRAID I
COULDN'T FIND
THE VODKA!

UGGH! GEORGI -
HELP ME!



AT MEGA-CITY SPACEPORT,
JUDGE DREDD WAS BRINGING
IN AN IMPORTANT WITNESS
FROM LUNA 1 -

YOU DOITY
ALIEN RATS!
YOU ATE MY
BRUDDER, SEE!
NOW YOU'RE
GONNA PAY,
SEE!

BE READY FOR
TROUBLE! *THE MOB*
WILL DO ANYTHING
TO SILENCE JOE
"LIPS" LAZARUS!

JUDGE DREDD

HA, HA! THAT WAS
CONRAD CONN IN "THE
BEASTS THAT ATE MARS"!
GREAT IMPRESSION, HUH?
I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM -
A MILLION!

YOU HAVEN'T SHUT UP
SINCE WE LEFT THE
MOON, LIPS! A PITY
YOUR *MOUTH* DIDN'T
GET DAMAGED IN THE
ACCIDENT!

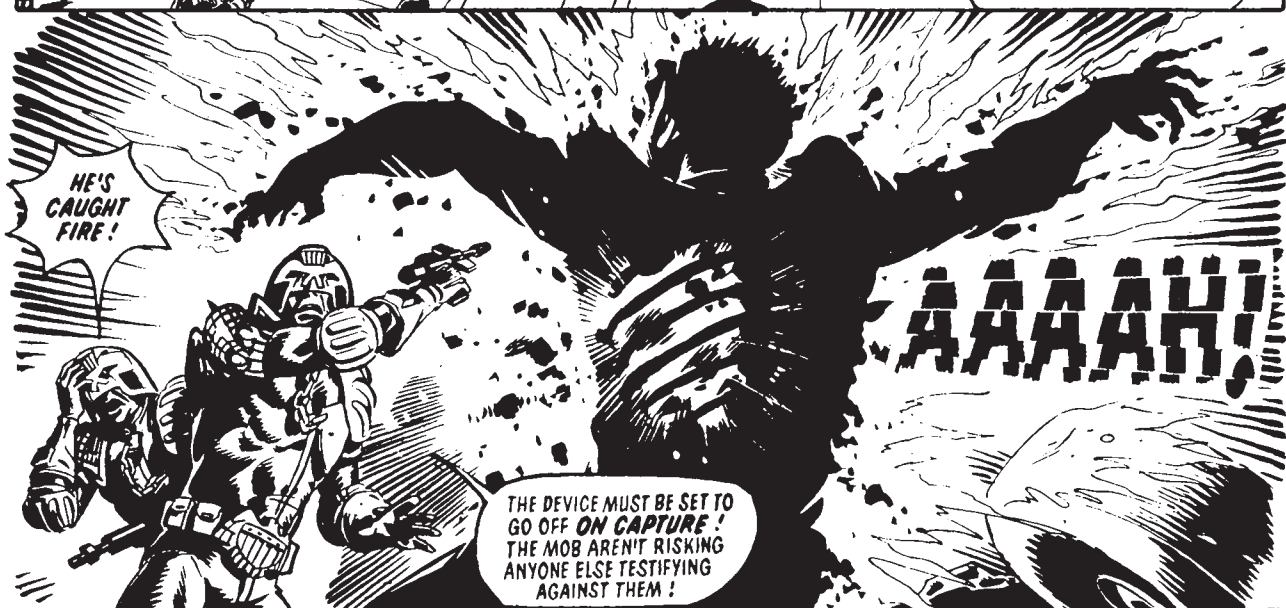
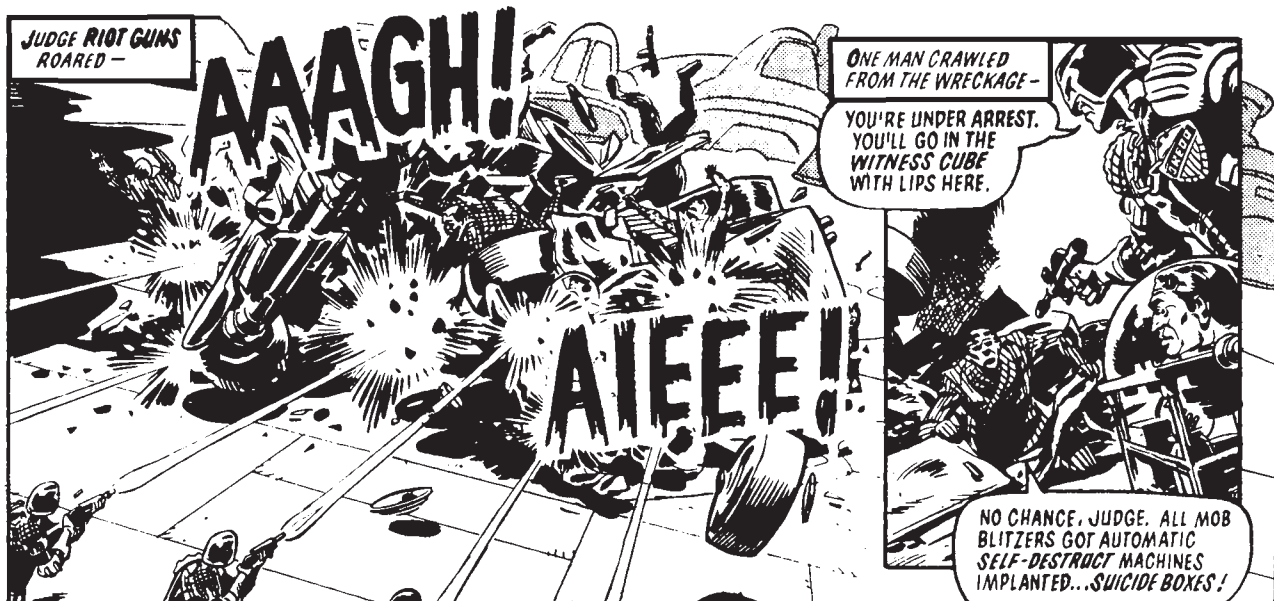
SUDDENLY -

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MOB BLITZERS GUNNING
FOR LIPS!



LIPS LAZARUS HAD CAUSED A SENSATION BY AGREEING TO TESTIFY AGAINST HIS GANGLAND BOSSES. THEN, ONE WEEK EARLIER, MOB BLITZERS HAD STRUCK AT LIPS' SECRET HIDING PLACE ON THE MOON —



LIPS LAZARUS BACK FROM THE DEAD!

Former gangster Joe "Lips" Lazarus, badly crushed today during a daring mob raid on his Luna 1 hideout, has undergone an emergency operation for the amputation of his body.

"We could not save it," said Surgery Robot SR731, "but the brain is undamaged and we expect Mr Lazarus's head to make a speedy recovery."

DANGER

Judges say the real danger to Mr Lazarus's life will come

when he is taken back to Mega-City One to be fitted with a Series 4 robotic body. Gangland kingpin Elmo Hammer has sworn Lazarus will never reach the witness cube alive.

NOW LIPS WAS ON HIS WAY TO BE FITTED WITH A **ROBOTIC BODY** AT A MEGA-CITY HOSPITAL —



WHEN LIPS HAS HIS NEW BODY, WE TAKE HIM STRAIGHT TO THE JUSTICE BUILDING TO TESTIFY. ELMO HAMMER'S MOBSTERS WILL STRIKE **AGAIN** BEFORE THEN!



DA HAMMA IS ALREADY HERE, YA STOOPS! ONE FUNNY MOVE AN' YA EAT BULLETS!

ELMO HAMMER!



HA, HA! FOOLED YOU THERE! I TOLD YOU MY IMPERSONATIONS WERE GOOD! BOY, YA SHOULD SEE YOUR FACES!

TRY DOING ELMO HAMMER NOW, LIPS!



MMMF!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE CITY, MOB BLITZERS WERE ALREADY AT WORK —



DON' MESS IT UP DIS TIME,
YA STOOPS! IF DAT HEADCASE
LIPS TESTIFIES, YA **ALL** GO
DOWN WIT' DA HAMMA!



THE GANGSTERS CROWDED INTO
THE BACK OF THE VAN —

LOOK WHAT WE
GOT HERE!



I AM A SERIES 4 REPLACEMENT
BODY UNIT. I CARRY OUT ALL
LIFE SUPPORT FUNCTIONS AND AM
SELF-SERVICING. I HAVE BEEN
ASSIGNED TO MR JOSEPH LAZARUS.

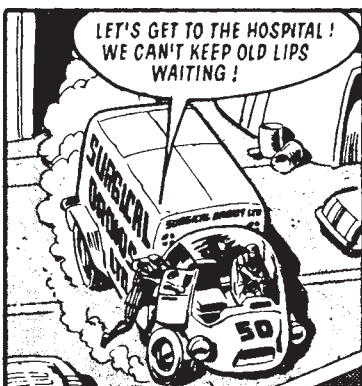


LIPS AIN'T GONNA **NEED**
A BODY WHERE HE'S
GOIN'! **TAKE A
POWDER!**



BE CAREFUL — MY
SURGICAL SEAL!

LET'S GET TO THE HOSPITAL!
WE CAN'T KEEP OLD LIPS
WAITING!



EXCUSE ME, I'M
TRYING TO FIND
MY HEAD...

EEEK!

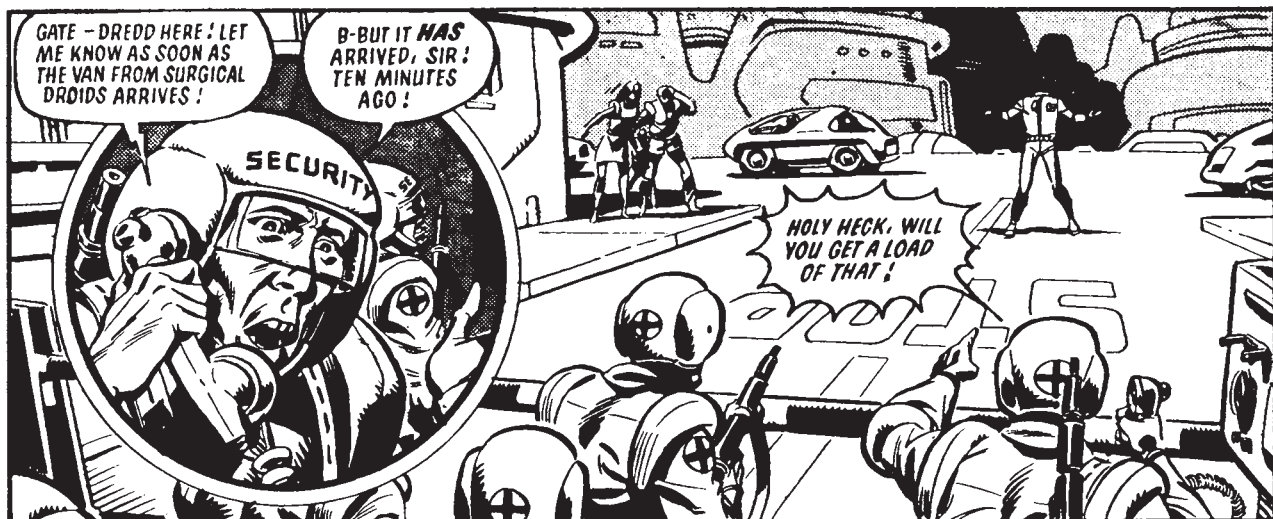


IN THE HOSPITAL, DREDD
WAITED IMPATIENTLY AS
THE MINUTES TICKED BY —

WHAT'S THE HOLD-UP
DOWN THERE?

WE CANNOT BEGIN
THE OPERATION
UNTIL THE **BODY**
ARRIVES, SIR.







**AND
YOU GOT ME,
LAWBREAKER!**



DREDD HIT A CONTROL PANEL -

**THE STERILISER
JETS WILL HOLD THEM
FOR A WHILE! LET'S GET
LIPS INTO THE RECOVERY
ROOM!**



**THEY'VE BLASTED OUT THE
JETS! ONE OF THOSE BOMBS
IN HERE AND WE'RE
FINISHED!**

**THERE'S NO WAY
OUT OF THIS ONE,
DREDD!**

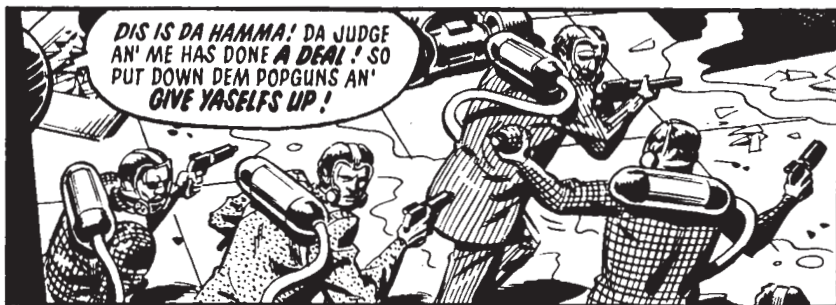


**THERE IS
A WAY - THE
SUICIDE
BOXES!**

**GATE! DREDD HERE!
LINK MY RADIO DIRECTLY
INTO THE HOSPITAL
COMMUNICATION SYSTEM!**



OKAY, LIPS,
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
TO HIT THE BIG
TIME —



DIS IS DA HAMMA! DA JUDGE
AN' ME HAS DONE A DEAL! SO
PUT DOWN DEM POPGUNS AN'
GIVE YASELFS UP!



I SAID — SURRENDER!
DAT'S AN ORDER,
YA STOOPS!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND
IT... IT AIN'T LIKE THE
HAMMER TO GIVE IN...



THE MOMENT OF DOUBT WAS ENOUGH
FOR THE EMOTION-SENSITIVE
SELF-DESTRUCT DEVICES EACH
MAN WORE —

AAAGH!

IT WORKED! THE
SUICIDE BOXES ARE
IGNITING!



LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL
LIVE TO TESTIFY
AFTER ALL, LIPS.



EXCUSE ME, I'M
LOOKING FOR
MR LAZARUS.

YOU HIT THE HEAD ON
THE NAIL, FELLA...
THE HEAD ON THE
NAIL!

NEXT • DONT MISS **SOB STORY-** YOU'LL CRY YOUR-
PROG • MISS SELF TO DEATH!

JUDGE DREDD

EARLY MORNING, MEGA-CITY ONE.
ALL OVER THE CITY BLEARY EYES
ARE OPENED... EVEN ON THE
HIGHWAYS!

JOHN, DARLING.
YOUR BATH'S
RUNNING!

WILL EXCHANGE
FOR ANY ADJACENT
ANY CITYBLOCK
OR 2 TICKETS
TO MEGA-CITY 3

MON
REPOSE

WILL EXCHANGE
FOR ONE
ROOM
IN
CITYBLOCK!

OIL
ROVER

TOMMY: FOR THE
LAST TIME, WILL
YOU GET UP!

BREAKFAST'S
READY, HARRY.
COME AND GET
IT!

DESPITE ITS TOWERING CITYBLOCKS, MEGA-CITY
ONE'S HUGE POPULATION HAD CAUSED A
SEVERE HOUSING SHORTAGE. OVER EIGHTEEN
MILLION PEOPLE WERE FORCED TO LIVE IN
MOBILE HOMES — MO-PADS — PERMANENTLY
ON THE MOVE ALONG THE CITY'S 13 1/4 BILLION
MILES OF ROADWAY —

'BYE, DEAR!
SEE YOU AT
JUNCTION 49,
USUAL TIME!

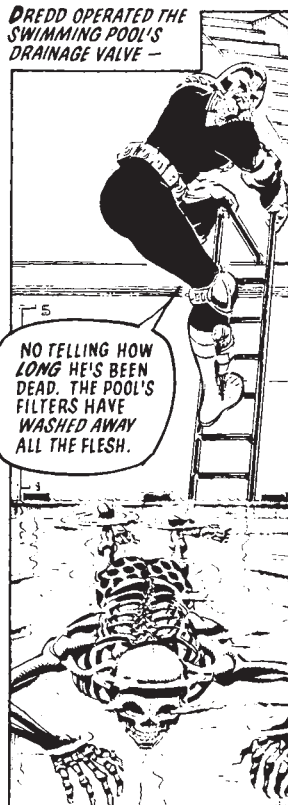
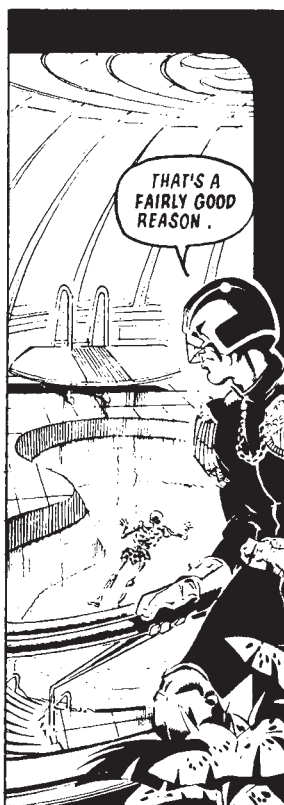
SOME MO-PADS, OF COURSE,
WERE MORE LUXURIOUS
THAN OTHERS...

THAT ROYALE
IS OUT OF
CONTROL!

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HOP OFF
POINT 1
JUNC. 72

JUDGES ONLY



DREDD CONSULTED
THE MO-PAD'S
COMPUTER —

THIS MO-PAD HAS BEEN
ON AUTOMATIC FOR 2
YEARS, 11 MONTHS AND
18 DAYS.

SO THE KILLER POPS OFF THE OWNER, SETS THE
MO-PAD TO AUTOMATIC — AND IT RUNS ROUND
FOR **THREE YEARS** BEFORE ANYONE NOTICES...
MEANWHILE THE SCENT GROWS COLD. **NEAT!**

DREDD FOUND ONE CLUE, IN THE
KITCHEN WASTE DISPOSAL —

THREE YEARS!

Dear Mr. Hodgis,
I saw you on the TV. show
"Sob Story" and I cried and
cried over your sad tale.
I just had to send you
some money.

LOTS MORE TERRIFIC TEAR-JERKERS
COMING UP, FOLKS — BUT FIRST LET'S
HAVE A SONG FROM THOSE FABULOUS
LADIES OF LAMENT — **THE SOB
SISTERS!**

**SOB
STORY**

SOB STORY — THE VID
SHOW WHERE HARD-
LUCK CASES GO ON TO
BEG FOR MONEY...

THE MINUTE YOU WALKED IN THE JOINT
I COULD TELL YOU WERE A THREE-TIME-
LOSER!

IF HODGIS WAS A **BIG WINNER**
ON SOB STORY, THAT GIVES US
THE KILLER'S **MOTIVE!**

EVERYBODY HAS A SOB STORY TO TELL.
IN MEGA-CITY ONE THE LUCKY ONES GOT TO
APPEAR ON TELEVISION AND TELL IT TO
800 MILLION PEOPLE —

...AN'—AN' I KEEP GETTIN' THESE
URGES TO **BEAT UP ON** PEOPLE AN'
TAKE ALL THEIR **MONEY**... IF I HAD A
MILLION — JUST A LOUSY LITTLE
MILLION — I WOULDN'T GET
THESE URGES NO MORE...

SO C'MON, GIMME A **BREAK!**
I AIN'T A BAD JOE REALLY; YOU
WOULDN'T LIKE ME TO HAFTA
BEAT YOU UP, WOULD YA?





TIME'S UP, SIMON!
GOOD SOB! GOOD SOB!



THERE YOU ARE,
FOLKS: DID SIMON'S
STORY TOUCH YOUR
HEART?

OR WAS IT *RITA* WITH
HER *MEDICAL*
PROBLEMS?

OR PERHAPS IT WAS *GRANNY*
SUGGS, WHO WANTS A LAST
YEAR OF HAPPINESS BEFORE
SHE GOES TO THE *ORGAN*
BANKS?



IT'S UP TO *YOU*,
FOLKS AT HOME! YOU
CAN SEND THEM *MONEY* -
OR *ABUSE* - OR *NOTHING*!
REMEMBER, ONLY *TEN*
CREDITS FROM EVERY
VIEWER WOULD MAKE
A CONTESTANT A
MULTI-MILLIONAIRE!

EXCUSE ME,
JOHNNY,
THERE'S A
JUDGE TO
SEE YOU -

NOT NOW,
MORRIE.



AND NOW IT'S TIME TO GO
INTO OUR STUDIO AUDIENCE
FOR OUR *INSTANT SOB*!

YOU,
MADAME!

M-ME!



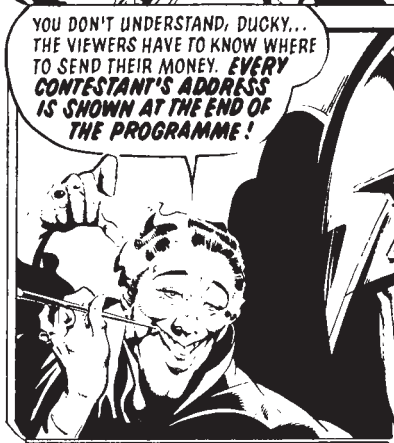


EXCUSE ME, JOHNNY, THERE'S A JUDGE HERE -

NOT NOW, MORRIE!

NOW, CITIZEN!

ULP!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, DUCKY... THE VIEWERS HAVE TO KNOW WHERE TO SEND THEIR MONEY. **EVERY CONTESTANT'S ADDRESS IS SHOWN AT THE END OF THE PROGRAMME!**

THE SOB SISTERS WERE RUSHED ON. BACKSTAGE, DREDD TOLD JOHNNY TEARDROP ABOUT THE MURDER -

RANDALL HODGIS WAS THE VICTIM? YES, I REMEMBER HIM, HE WAS VERY GOOD! HAD THE AUDIENCE IN TEARS WITH HIS **WOUNDED EX-SOLDIER ROUTINE!**

I WANT THE NAME OF ANYONE WHO HAD ACCESS TO **INSIDE INFORMATION** - ANYONE WHO WOULD HAVE KNOWN WHERE TO **FIND HODGIS.**

THEN **800 MILLION PEOPLE** KNEW WHERE TO FIND RANDALL HODGIS!



DOK! WHERE IS THIS ALL GOING TO END? **HOW MANY MORE VICTIMS ARE OUT THERE NOW, CRUISING ROUND IN THEIR MOBILE COFFINS?**

FIND OUT NEXT PROG!

UGLY ? DON'T TELL ME
ABOUT UGLY ! I GOT
UGLY COMIN' OUTA
MY EARS !

JUDGE DREDD

I WAS BORN UGLY ! I... I WAS
SUCH AN UGLY BABY. MY MOTHER
ABANDONED ME ON THE STEPS OF
THE FACE-CHANGE CLINIC...

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YEAH, I KNOW ALL ABOUT UGLY... I'VE HAD
EIGHT FACE CHANGES, AND STILL I LOOK
LIKE THIS ! THE DOC SAYS I'M DEEP-
DOWN UGLY, THE KIND THEY CAN'T
GET OUT...

SUB
STORY

THAT GUY NEARLY HAS
ME IN TEARS ! WHERE
DID YOU DIG HIM UP,
JUDGE DREDD ?

I RAN A
COMPUTER CHECK
TO FIND THE WORST
HARD-LUCK CASE IN
MEGA-CITY ONE. OTTO
SUMP WON HANDS
DOWN.

A GANG OF KILLERS HAD BEEN STRIKING AT WINNERS OF "SOB STORY", THE TELEVISION PROGRAMME WHERE CONTESTANTS BEGGED FOR MONEY...

SO FAR WE'VE FOUND 41 BODIES. CHIEF JUDGE, THE KILLERS JUST WATCH SOB STORY AND CHOOSE THEIR VICTIM - ONE THEY'RE SURE WILL GET A LOT OF MONEY FROM THE VIEWERS!

THE VICTIMS CHOSEN ALL LIVE IN MOBILE HOMES. THAT WAY, THE KILLERS CAN SET THE MO-PADS TO AUTOMATIC AND LEAVE THEM TO CRUISE ROUND THE CITY FOR MONTHS - YEARS - WITHOUT THE CRIME BEING DISCOVERED!

CHANNEL 99

VERY SMART! YOU'VE NO CLUES, DREDD?

NONE. BUT I HAVE OTTO SUMP...

YOU... YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO GO THROUGH LIFE SO UGLY! NOBODY WILL EMPLOY YOU. THE... THE ONLY JOB I EVER GOT WAS WITH THE SEWAGE DEPARTMENT - AS A RAT-SCARER!

SOB STORY

AT DREDD'S REQUEST, "SOB STORY" HAD RUSHED OTTO SUMP ON TO THE PROGRAMME. NOW THEY WERE CO-OPERATING FULLY-

...IT WAS A GOOD JOB. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS WALK ALONG THE SEWERS AN' SORTA LOOK AT THE RATS...

THEN... THEN SOME BUNCHA ANIMAL LOVERS COMPLAINED AN'... AN' I GOT THE SACK!

NOW I'M BROKE...
NO JOB - NO
FRIENDS... I-I
LIVE IN A CRUMMY
ONE-ROOM
MO-PAD, A
MOBILE
SLUM -

WHAT A **FABULOUS**
SOB! SNIFF! YOU'RE
BREAKING ME
UP, OTTO!
SNIFF!

JOHNNY TEARDROP, THE SHOW'S HOST -

ISN'T HE TERRIFIC, FOLKS! THE NAME
IS **OTTO SUMP**! IF YOU CAN'T REMEMBER,
JUST PUT "**THE UGLY GUY**" - THEY'LL
KNOW WHO YOU MEAN!

WE'LL GIVE YOU OTTO'S ADDRESS
LATER, FOLKS! BE GENEROUS!
SEND HIM **LOTS OF MONEY!**
THE POOR SLOB CAN - **SNIFF!** -
DO WITH A BREAK!

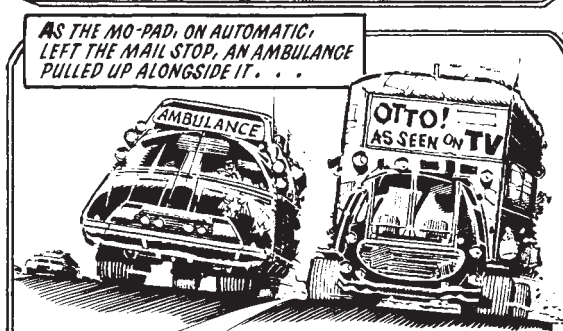
BACKSTAGE -

OTTO IS THE PERFECT
TARGET. LET'S HOPE
THE KILLERS TAKE
THE BAIT!

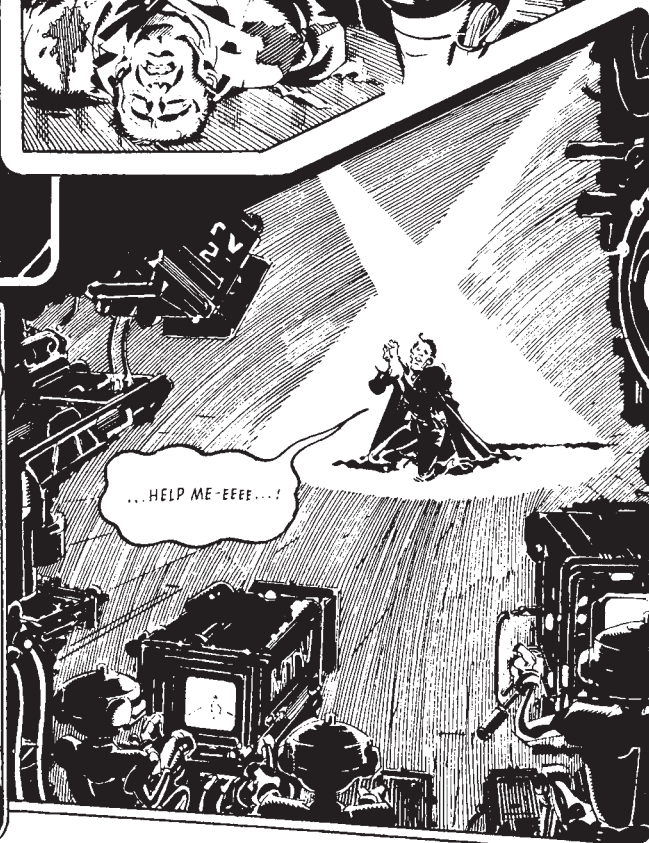
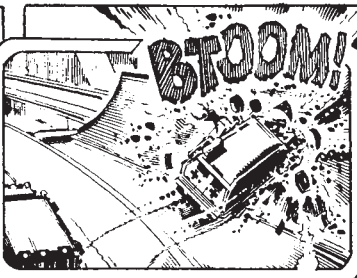
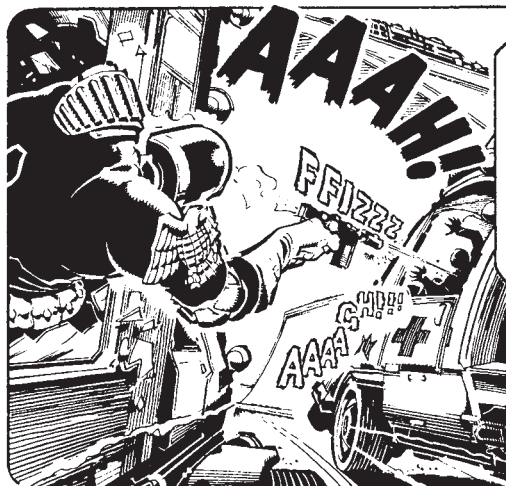
OTTO COULD
BE OUR FIRST
"SOB STORY"
BILLIONAIRE!
THE KILLERS
SIMPLY **MUST**
GO AFTER HIM,
DUCKY!

YOUR SHOW HAS
CAUSED A LOT OF
TROUBLE, TEARDROP!
YOU'D BETTER **PRAY**
THAT THEY DO...
DUCKY.









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ON THE NORTH SIDE OF MEGA-CITY ONE LIES THE LITTLE BOWL, AN OPEN-AIR ARENA FOR PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS. JUDGE DREDD WAS PASSING ON ROUTINE PATROL WHEN —

APPEARING TODAY
THE GREAT MULDOON

THE MOST DANGEROUS STUNT EVER
THE GREAT MULDOON
 PERFORM A DEATH-DEFYING DIVE THROUGH SOLID STEEL INTO A TINY WATERBARREL

NEVER BEFORE ATTEMPTED! CAN HE SURVIVE?

GATE ONE

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THAT CLOWN MULDOON CAN'T BE PLANNING TO DIVE THROUGH A **SOLID STEEL** PLATE INTO A WATERBARREL!

HE'S OBVIOUSLY CRAZY! I'LL PUT A STOP TO IT!

DREDD HURRIED TO THE GREAT MULDOON'S DRESSING ROOM —

I'M CLOSING YOU DOWN, MULDOON — THE SHOW'S CANCELLED!

I AM HAPPY TO SAY EVEN **YOU** CAN'T DO THAT, JUDGE DREDD! I HAVE A SIGNED PERMIT FROM DEPUTY CHIEF JUDGE PEPPER HIMSELF!

JUDGE PEPPER COULDN'T HAVE REALISED YOU WERE TRYING TO DIVE THROUGH SOLID STEEL! THIS IS INSANE, MULDOON!

THIS IS **SHOW BUSINESS**, SIR! TODAY I WILL MAKE THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPEN WITH THE AID OF MY NEW **PARTICLE CONVERTER**!

PARTICLE PRESS ON CONVERTER

"I INVENTED IT MYSELF! AT THE MOMENT I HIT THE STEEL, IT WILL CONVERT MY BODY MOLECULES TO **HYPER WAVES**. I'LL **FLOW THROUGH** THE METAL AND REFORM ON THE OTHER SIDE!"

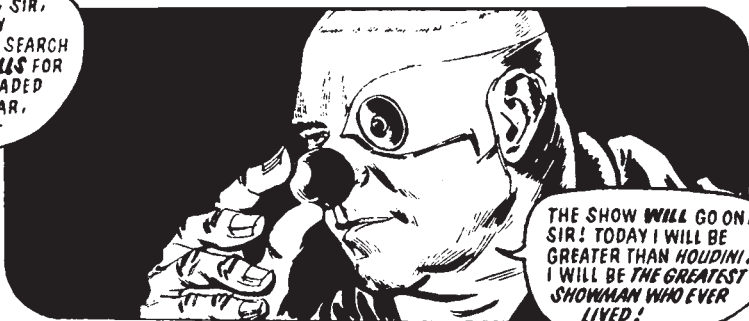
JUDGE DREDD



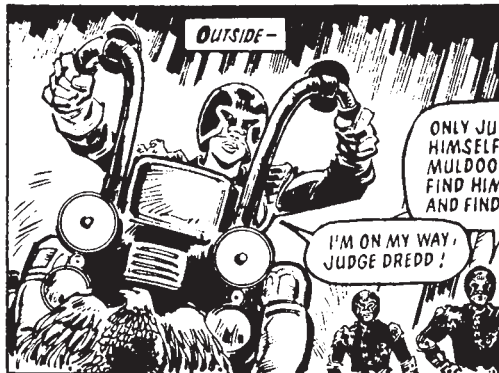
I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT, MULDOON! I SEE YOU'VE HAD A FEW ACCIDENTS ALREADY!

MERE TRIFLES, SIR, TRIFLES IN MY NEVER-ENDING SEARCH FOR NEW THRILLS FOR THE PUBLIC'S JADED PALATE! OSCAR, MY NOSE—

YES, MULDOON.



THE SHOW WILL GO ON, SIR! TODAY I WILL BE GREATER THAN HOUDINI! I WILL BE THE GREATEST SHOWMAN WHO EVER LIVED!



OUTSIDE—

ONLY JUDGE PEPPER HIMSELF CAN CANCEL MULDOON'S PERMIT! FIND HIM, SWEENEY— AND FIND HIM FAST!

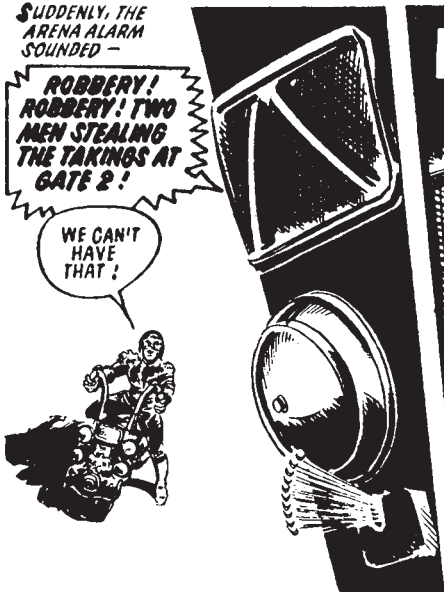
I'M ON MY WAY, JUDGE DREDD!



FLOWERS! FLOWERS FOR THE GREAT MULDOON!



THE ROBOT SHOULD'VE BROUGHT A WREATH!



SUDDENLY, THE ARENA ALARM SOUNDED—

ROBBERY! ROBBERY! TWO MEN STEALING THE TAKINGS AT GATE 2!

WE CAN'T HAVE THAT!

OTHER JUDGES WERE RUSHING TO THE SCENE—

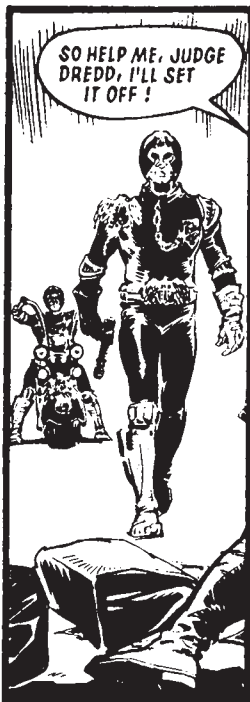
THERE THEY ARE!

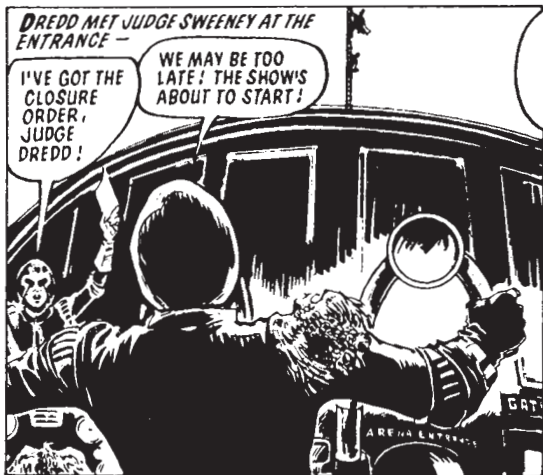
JUDGES! WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT!





BUT-





DREDD MET JUDGE SWEENEY AT THE ENTRANCE —

I'VE GOT THE CLOSURE ORDER, JUDGE DREDD!

WE MAY BE TOO LATE! THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO START!



STOP, MULDOON!
THE SHOW IS
CANCELLED!



BUT THE NOISE OF THE CROWD
DROWNED DREDD'S VOICE —

LOOK, MULDOON,
THERE'S JUDGE
DREDD! HE'S
WAVING TO US!

CHANGED HIS MIND
AND CAME TO WISH
ME LUCK, NO DOUBT!
NOT THAT I NEED IT!
OSCAR, MY PROPS!

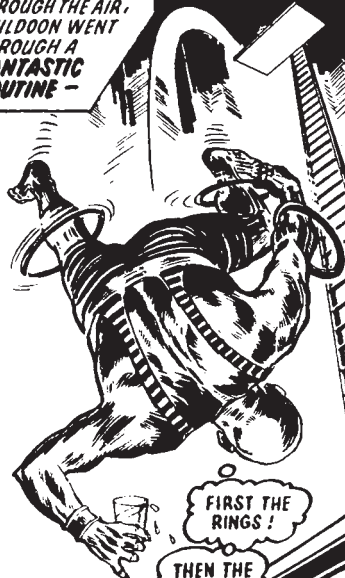


THE GREAT MULDOON WILL GIVE THEM A PERFORMANCE!
A PERFORMANCE THAT WILL SHINE *FOREVER* IN THE
SHOW BUSINESS HALL OF FAME!



WE'RE TOO
LATE! THERE
HE GOES!

AS HE PLUMMETED
THROUGH THE AIR,
MULDOON WENT
THROUGH A
FANTASTIC
ROUTINE -



FIRST THE
RINGS!

THEN THE
WATER!

LOOK - HE'S
JUGGLING!

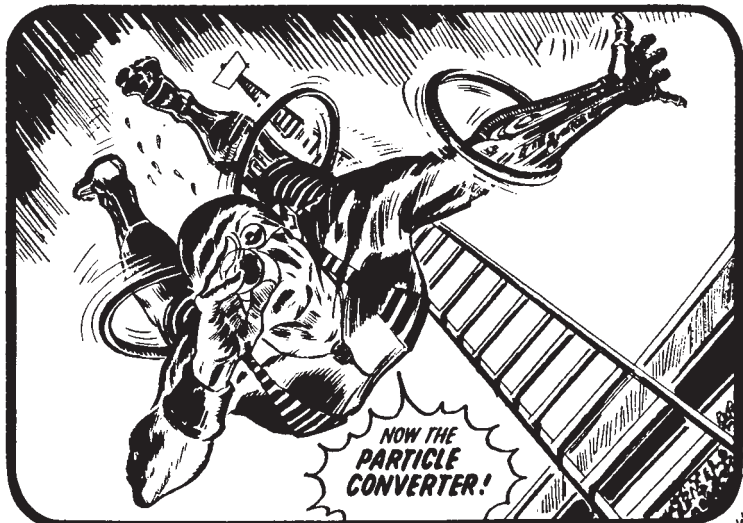
MULDOON WAS
WEARING A TINY
RADIO MICROPHONE -

TO BE OR NOT TO BE,
THAT IS THE
QUESTION!

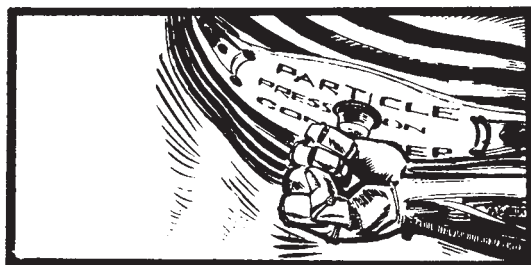
HE'S RECITING
"HAMLET" WHILE
DRINKING A GLASS
OF WATER! WHAT
A SHOWMAN!

WHAT AN
ARTIST!

WHAT A
GENIUS!



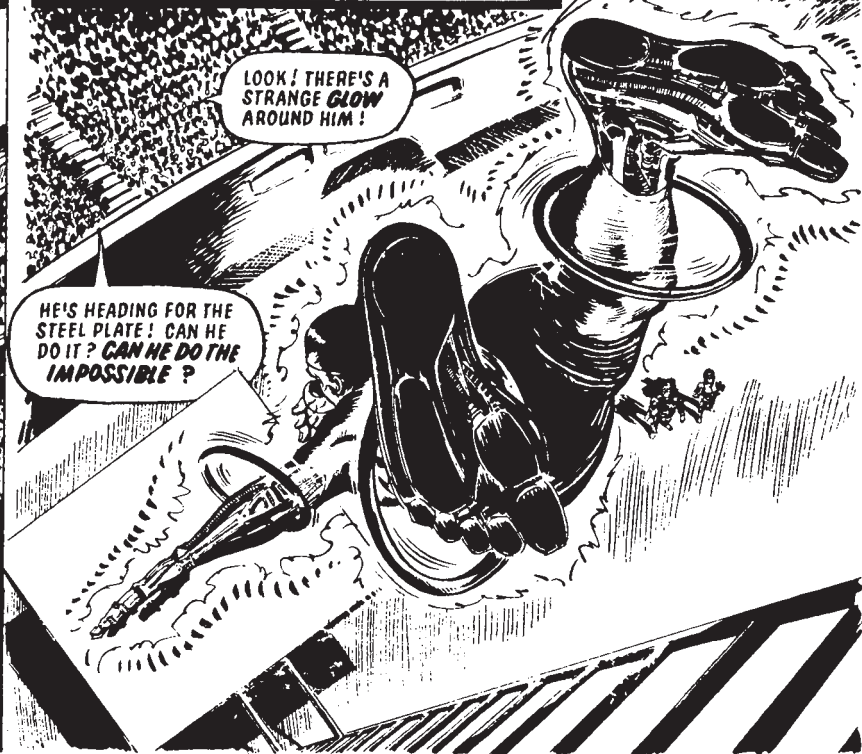
NOW THE
PARTICLE
CONVERTER!



WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER TO
SUFFER THE SLINGS AND
ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS
FORTUNE -

LOOK! THERE'S A
STRANGE GLOW
AROUND HIM!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE
STEEL PLATE! CAN HE
DO IT? CAN HE DO THE
IMPOSSIBLE?





JUDGE DREDD

THE INVISIBLE MAN

ONE MORNING A LETTER ARRIVED ON JUDGE DREDD'S DESK IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE. IT WAS TO BE THE START OF ONE OF THE LAWMAN'S STRANGEST CASES —



SOUNDS LIKE A CRANK. BETTER CHECK IT OUT JUST IN CASE — THAT SCULPTURE'S PRICELESS.

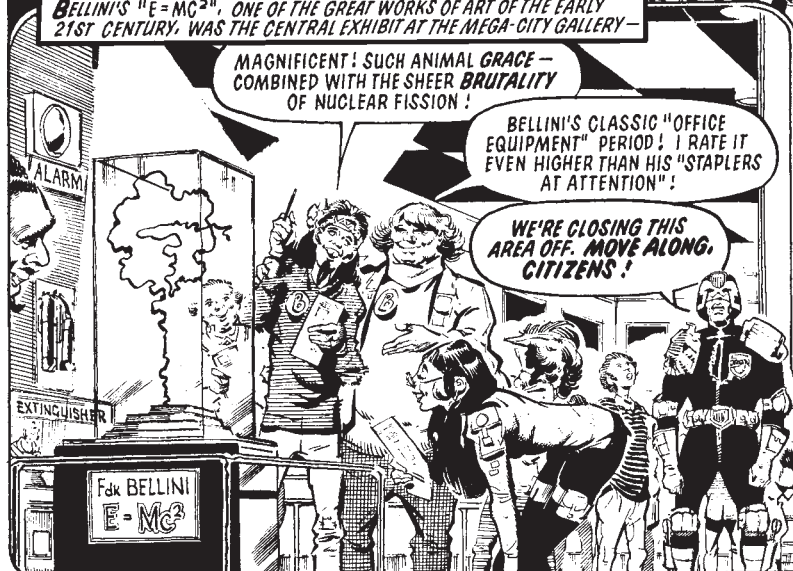
JUDGE Dredd
at **ONE o'clock** /precisely/
I will STEAL Bellini's E=mc²
from **MEGA city ART gallery**
YOU cannot stop me
the **INVISIBLE man**

BELLINI'S "E=MC²", ONE OF THE GREAT WORKS OF ART OF THE EARLY 21ST CENTURY, WAS THE CENTRAL EXHIBIT AT THE MEGA-CITY GALLERY —

MAGNIFICENT! SUCH ANIMAL GRACE — COMBINED WITH THE SHEER BRUTALITY OF NUCLEAR FISSION!

BELLINI'S CLASSIC "OFFICE EQUIPMENT" PERIOD! I RATE IT EVEN HIGHER THAN HIS "STAPLERS AT ATTENTION"!

WE'RE CLOSING THIS AREA OFF. MOVE ALONG, CITIZENS!

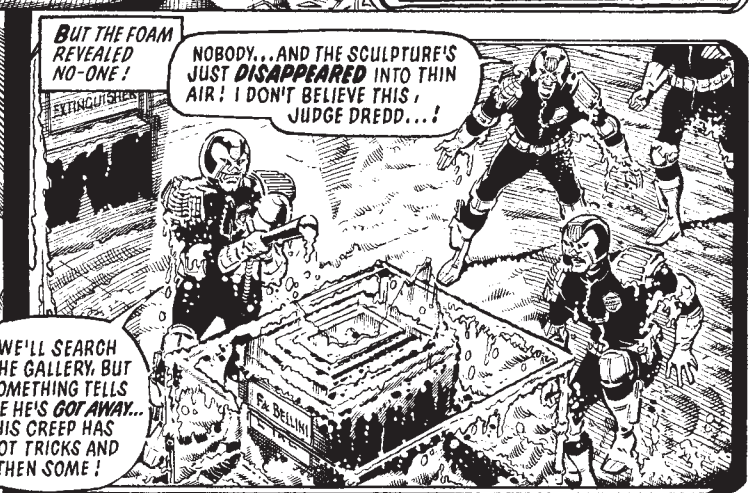
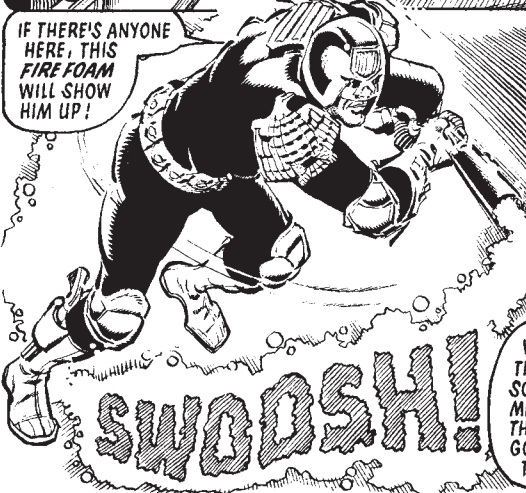
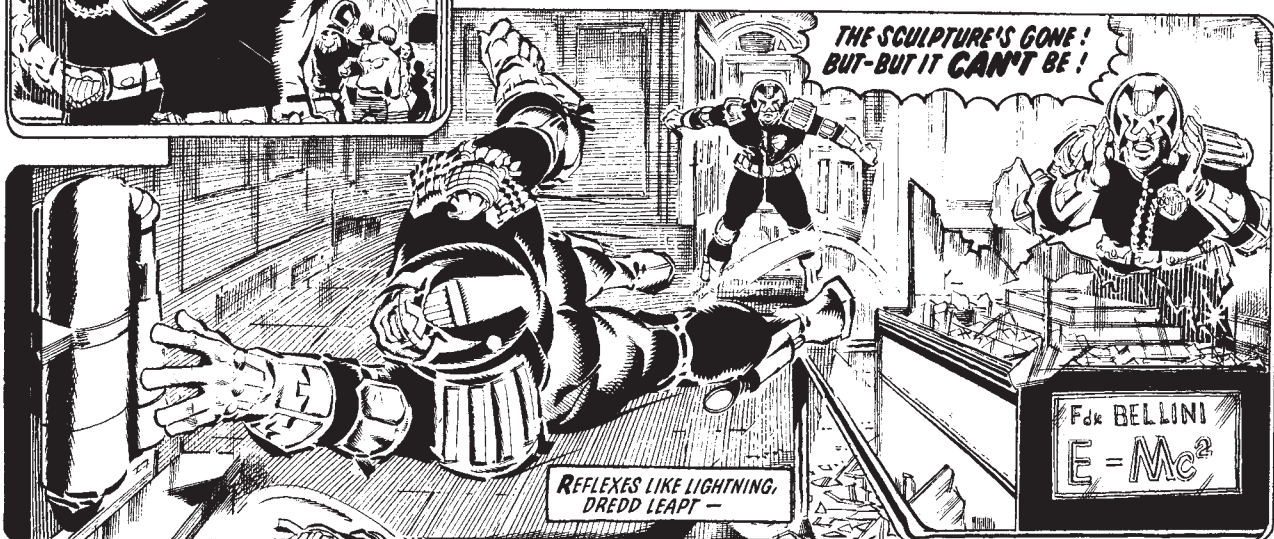


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TOM FRAME

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DREDD WAS RIGHT - THE SEARCH DREW A BLANK. LATER, DREDD SPOKE WITH THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S CHIEF OF SCIENCE -

IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO MAKE A MAN INVISIBLE. MAYBE IN ANOTHER FIFTY YEARS... BUT NOW - NO.

IT MAY NOT BE POSSIBLE, JUDGE NYE, BUT I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES... OR RATHER, I *DIDN'T* SEE IT!

THE SECOND LETTER CAME LATER THAT DAY...

You've seen what I can do. PAY ME 10 million CREDs or the City will be sorry. YOU will be contacted by THE INvisible Man

SO IT'S BLACKMAIL! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GO ALONG WITH HIM...

WHY NOT? NOTHING I'D LIKE BETTER RIGHT NOW THAN AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE INVISIBLE MAN!

A THIRD LETTER FROM THE CROOK GAVE THE ARRANGEMENT - THE MONEY WAS TO BE PLACED BENEATH THE LEG OF THE WAR MEMORIAL IN AFTERMATH SQUARE AT NOON NEXT DAY -

THIS IS THE PLACE.

NOW IT'S ALL UP TO JUDGE DREDD...

ABOVE THE CROWDED SQUARE, DREDD WAITED WITH A SPECIAL TASK FORCE -

THE ONLY THING IN THAT BAG IS A RADIO BEAMER! IF ANYONE TOUCHES IT, WE'LL KNOW ABOUT IT!



SUDDENLY—

THERE IT GOES! HE'S
TAKEN THE BAIT!

CLOSE IN
ALL UNITS!



JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
VEHICLES SWOOPED—

RELEASE
RIOT FOAM!



THUMMMMM!

WHAT—WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

RIOT FOAM!

AAAH!

THE RIOT FOAM TURNED
SOLID WITHIN SECONDS,
TRAPPING THE CROWD IN
THE SQUARE WHILE STILL
ALLOWING THEM TO BREATHE—

CHECK THEM AS
YOU DIG THEM OUT!
OUR SUSPECT WILL
HAVE **BLUE DYE**
STAINS FROM
THE BAG!







EDWIN PARSEY WAS A FREQUENT VISITOR TO THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE — FOR EDWIN WAS ONE OF THOSE UNFORTUNATES WHO SUFFER FROM THE DESIRE TO CONFESS TO CRIMES THEY **HAVEN'T COMMITTED** . . .



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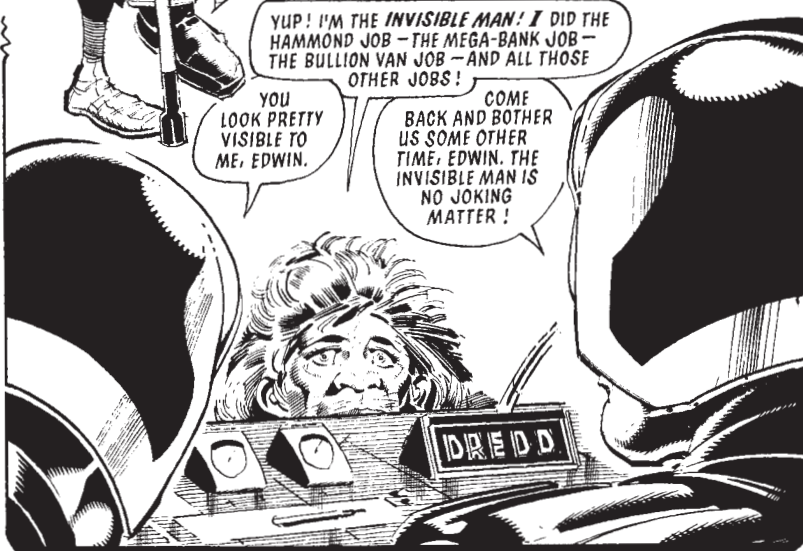
YOU'VE GOT TO ARREST ME! I'M THE ONE WHO'S DOING ALL THESE ROBBERIES! I'M THE INVISIBLE MAN!

"EDWIN THE CONFESSOR", THE JUDGES HAD NICKNAMED HIM. SOMETIMES, WHEN THINGS WEREN'T TOO BUSY, THEY WOULD TAKE EDWIN TO AN INTERROGATION CUBE AND GRILL HIM. JUST TO PLEASE EDWIN. . . .

YUP! I'M THE INVISIBLE MAN! I DID THE HAMMOND JOB — THE MEGA-BANK JOB — THE BULLION VAN JOB — AND ALL THOSE OTHER JOBS!

YOU LOOK PRETTY VISIBLE TO ME, EDWIN.

COME BACK AND BOTHER US SOME OTHER TIME, EDWIN. THE INVISIBLE MAN IS NO JOKING MATTER!



IN RECENT DAYS, A CRIMINAL CALLING HIMSELF "THE INVISIBLE MAN" HAD HIT THE HEADLINES WITH A SERIES OF MIRACULOUS ROBBERIES. . .

WHEN ARE THE JUDGES GOING TO ACT?

MEGA-CITY STANDARD
BULLION VAN EMPTIED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT

Daily News
INVISIBLE MAN THEFTS REACH 40 MILLION CRED\$

Morning News

INVISIBILITY IS IMPOSSIBLE, THEY SAY. . . BUT THIS CREEP SEEMS ABLE TO DO IT! HE'S MAKING A **MOCKERY** OF THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT!



WAIT A MINUTE, EDWIN!
HOW DID YOU **KNOW**
ABOUT THE **HAMMOND**
JOB? IT HASN'T HIT
THE NEWS YET!

THERE! THAT
PROVES I'M
GUILTY, JUDGE
DREDD! YOU'VE
GOT TO BOOK
ME THIS
TIME!

EDWIN WAS TAKEN TO AN
INTERROGATION CUBE...

YOU
RECKON
HE'S THE
ONE,
JUDGE
DREDD?

NO CHANCE.
EDWIN **CONFESSES** TO CRIMES—
HE NEVER ACTUALLY **COMMITTS**
THEM! BUT HE KNOWS SOME-
THING. MAYBE HE'S **SEEN** THE
INVISIBLE MAN!

IT'S SERIOUS THIS TIME, EDWIN.
YOU REALISE IF YOU'RE GUILTY I'LL
SEND YOU DOWN FOR FIFTY YEARS.

SERVES ME RIGHT!

EDWIN THE CONFESSOR WAS
A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK...

YOU KNOW WHO THE
REAL INVISIBLE MAN
IS, DON'T YOU,
EDWIN?

YES! I MEAN, I'M
THE INVISIBLE
MAN!

COME OFF IT, EDWIN!
WE'VE SEARCHED YOUR
HOUSE—IT'S EMPTY!
I'VE GOT THE
LOOT HIDDEN!

OUR LIE DETECTORS
SAY YOU'RE LYING!

YOUR LOUSY LIE DETECTORS
ARE LYING! I'M **GUILTY**—AND
THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO SAY!

THE INTERROGATION LASTED AN HOUR...

HE **KNOWS** THE INVISIBLE
MAN, ALL RIGHT—BUT WE
WON'T GET IT OUT OF HIM
SHORT OF TORTURE...
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING
FOR IT—WE'LL HAVE TO
LET HIM GO.

SOON,
OUTSIDE...

IT'S NOT FAIR!
YOU'VE GOT NO
RIGHT TO
RELEASE ME!

THERE ISN'T ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO CONVICT
YOU, EDWIN. YOU'RE WASTING OUR TIME.
GET LOST!

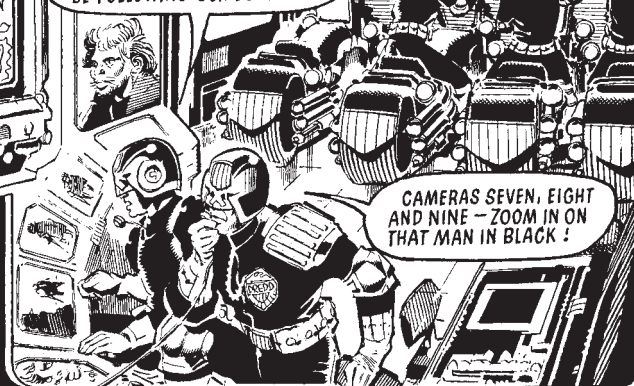
NOT ENOUGH EVIDENCE?
I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL GIVE
YOU EVIDENCE!

EDWIN THE CONFESSOR RETURNED TO HIS APARTMENT IN THE CARLOS SANTANA BLOCK. IT WAS THREE DAYS BEFORE HE AGAIN LEFT THE BUILDING. JUSTICE DEPT. SPY CAMERAS WERE WATCHING...



INSIDE THE SECRET MONITOR VAN, JUDGE DREDD'S TASK FORCE WAITED...

EDWIN'S HEADING WEST ON 9TH, JUDGE DREDD. HE APPEARS TO BE FOLLOWING SOMEONE...



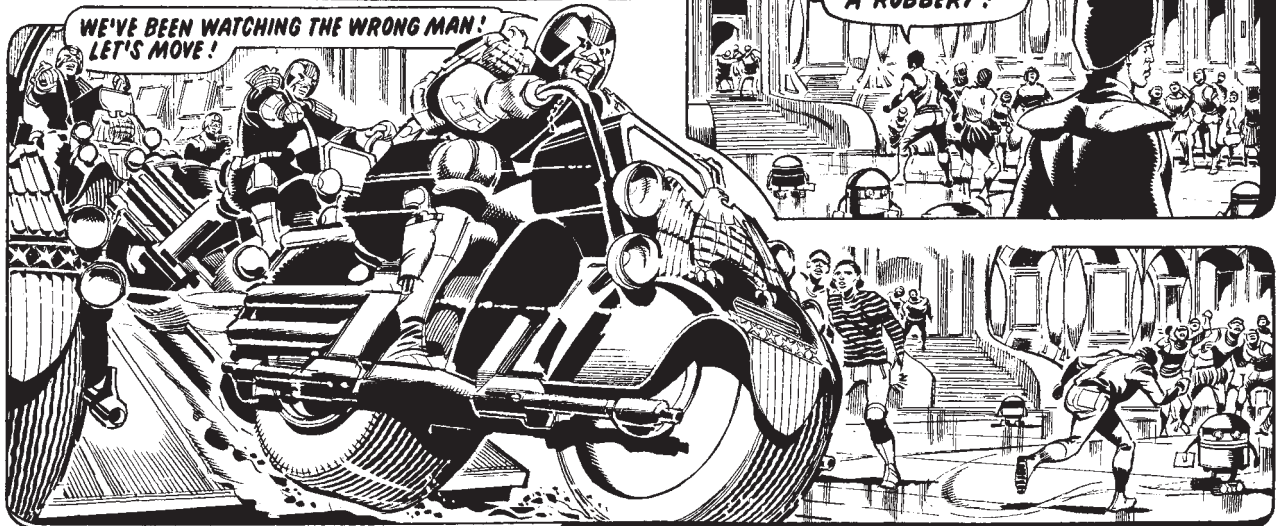
SUDDENLY, AS THE MAN PASSED A LARGE CITY BANK...

RING-G-G-G-G

SMITH AND CLONE BANKERS

THE ALARM! IT'S A ROBBERY!

WE'VE BEEN WATCHING THE WRONG MAN! LET'S MOVE!



**BUT IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE.
INSIDE THE BANK . . .**

**IT WAS THE INVISIBLE MAN,
ALL RIGHT! IT *HAD* TO BE!**

**I DON'T BELIEVE IT...
ONE SECOND THE SAFE
WAS FULL, THE NEXT
THERE'S A MILLION
CREDITS MISSING!**

**AND NOBODY
SAW ANYTHING--
AS USUAL!**

KELLEHER AUTO SAFE

**BUT IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE.
INSIDE THE BANK . . .**

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KELLEHER AUTO SAFE

LATER, DREDD WENT OVER THE SLOW MOTION FILM OF THE ROBBERY WITH HIS BASE COMPUTER, MACK . . .

WE THOUGHT EDWIN WAS FOLLOWING THAT MAN IN BLACK, BUT HE WALKED RIGHT PAST THE BANK. I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THIS CREEP REALLY IS INVISIBLE!

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WE THOUGHT EDWIN WAS FOLLOWING THAT MAN IN BLACK, BUT HE WALKED RIGHT PAST THE BANK. I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THIS CREEP REALLY IS INVISIBLE!



THOSE CAMERAS TAKE 100 PICTURES A SECOND. THAT MEANS FOR ONE HUNDREDTH OF A SECOND HE WAS **INVISIBLE!** THAT'S SO QUICK, ONLY SLOW MOTION CAMERAS COULD DETECT IT!

MACK DID AN IDEN-

HIS NAME IS BEN. A CLEANER AT IN- REMEMBER THAT THAT HAVE INV TIME-WARP D

HIS NAME IS BENJI DOONAN. HE'S A CLEANER AT *INTER-TIME*. YOU'LL REMEMBER THAT'S THE COMPANY THAT HAVE INVENTED A *TIME-WARP DEVICE*.

HIS NAME IS BENJI DOONAN. HE'S A CLEANER AT *INTER-TIME*. YOU'LL REMEMBER THAT'S THE COMPANY THAT HAVE INVENTED A *TIME-WARP DEVICE*.

"DOONAN MUST HAVE GOT HOLD OF ONE OF THE PROTOTYPES. HE ACTIVATED IT BEFORE HE WENT INTO THE BANK, THEN JUST CALMLY WALKED IN AND LOOTED THE SAFE..."



"INSIDE THE TIME FIELD A FRACTION OF A SECOND LASTED FOR MINUTES. BUT OUTSIDE, THE ROBBERY WAS OVER SO FAST THAT DOONAN WAS BACK ON THE STREET BEFORE ANYONE NOTICED HE'D BEEN GONE!"



"HE WASN'T INVISIBLE - HE WAS JUST MOVING FAST!"

"INSIDE THE TIME FIELD A FRACTION OF A SECOND LASTED FOR MINUTES. BUT OUTSIDE, THE ROBBERY WAS OVER SO FAST THAT DOONAN WAS BACK ON THE STREET BEFORE ANYONE NOTICED HE'D BEEN GONE!"



"HE WASN'T INVISIBLE - HE WAS JUST MOVING FAST!"

EDWIN MUST HAVE CHANCED ON DOONAN'S IDENTITY BY ACCIDENT. INSTEAD OF REPORTING IT, HE WATCHED DOONAN TO GET EVIDENCE TO MAKE HIS OWN CONFESSION MORE CONVINCING! CRAZY!



DOONAN LIVED IN THE CHUBBY CHECKER BLOCK, DIRECTLY OPPOSITE EDWIN THE CONFESSOR'S APARTMENT. IT WAS THE FINAL PIECE OF THE JIGSAW...

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, DREDD BURST INTO DOONAN'S APARTMENT...

JUDGE DREDD!
HELL!

KKRASH!

DON'T REACH FOR THAT TIME MACHINE, DOONAN!



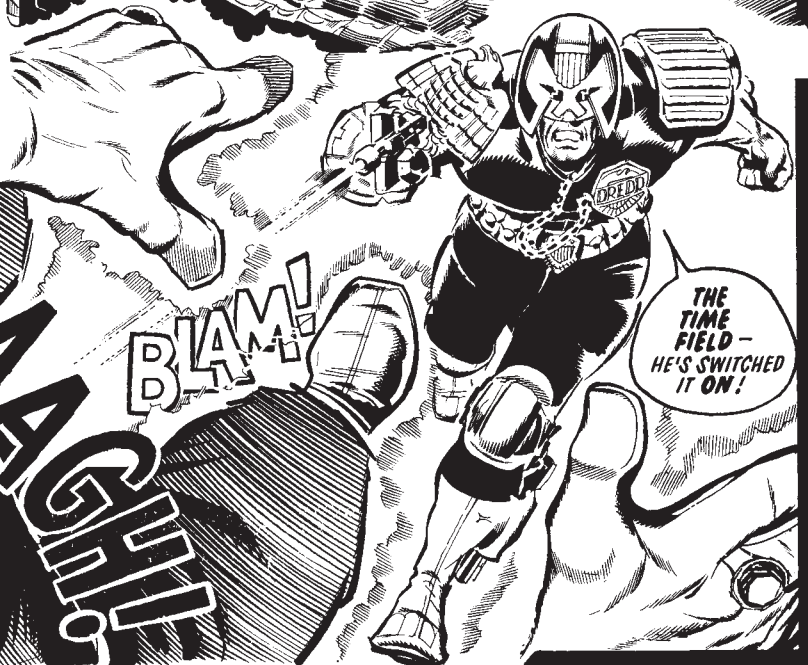
CLICK!

AS DOONAN'S FINGER HIT THE BUTTON, DREDD'S BULLET THUDDED HOME...



BLAM!

THE TIME FIELD - HE'S SWITCHED IT ON!



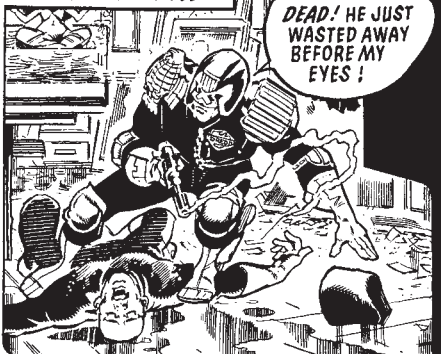


THE BULLET
PARALYSED ME...
CAN'T - CAN'T REACH...
CAN'T SWITCH OFF
THE TIME FIELD...



I'M BLEEDING
TO DEATH -
AND NOT
EVEN JUDGE
DREDD CAN
GET TO
ME IN
TIME!

IT TOOK DREDD ONLY **SECONDS** TO CROSS THE
FLOOR. BUT BY THEN, **HOURS** HAD PASSED
INSIDE THE TIME FIELD -



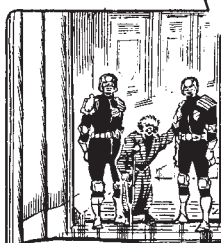
DEAD! HE JUST
WASTED AWAY
BEFORE MY
EYES!

WHEN EDWIN CALLED AT THE HALL OF
JUSTICE TO CONFESS TO THE
INVISIBLE MAN'S LATEST OUTRAGE,
DREDD REWARDED HIM FOR HIS
PART IN THE CASE...

EDWIN PARSEY, I'M ARRESTING YOU
FOR GIVING **FALSE EVIDENCE**. THE
SENTENCE IS ONE MONTH'S
IMPRISONMENT.



YOU REALLY MEAN IT THIS TIME? OH BOY, I PLEAD
GUILTY AS CHARGED! JUST MAKE SURE THEY
DON'T GIVE ME TIME OFF FOR GOOD BEHAVIOUR!



YOU'VE GOT A
HEART OF GOLD,
DREDD!

I KNOW.
I KNOW.



THE END

JUDGE DREDD

PALAIS DE BOING

HIGH LEVEL

A NEW CRAZE IS SWEEPING THE CITY!

BOING®, THE WONDER TOY!

BOING®, THE 22ND CENTURY MARVEL THAT TURNS PEOPLE INTO HUMAN PINBALLS!

LOOK AT THOSE BABIES BOING!

GIMME A HUNNED CRED, MA!
I GOTTA BOING!

2000 A.D.

Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
JOHN HOWARD
ART ROBOT
BARRY MITCHELL
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73e

NEW MIRACLE
BOING®
SPRAY
SHAKE WELL
SPRAY EVENLY AND
STAND BACK

SAFE WHEN USED
AS DIRECTED

SEE BACK OF CAN FOR DIRECTIONS

BOING® IS QUICK! BOING® IS EASY! JUST SPRAY ON AND STAND BACK!

BOING® - NEW MIRACLE FORMULA LETS YOU BREATHE WHILE YOU BOUNCE!

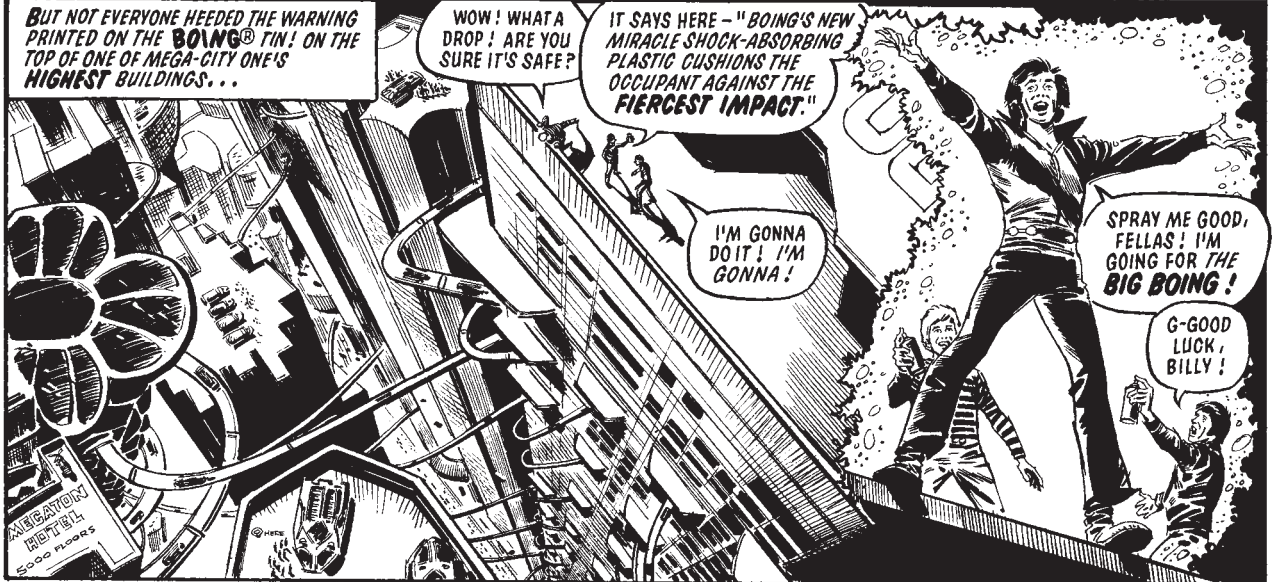


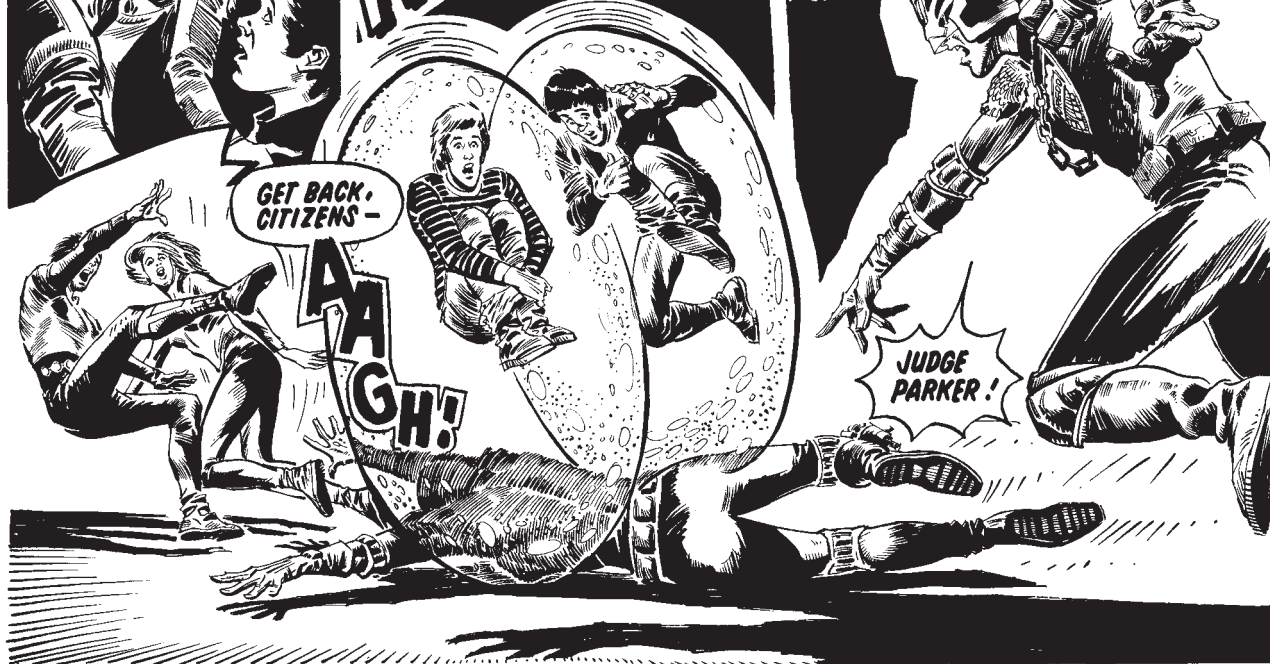
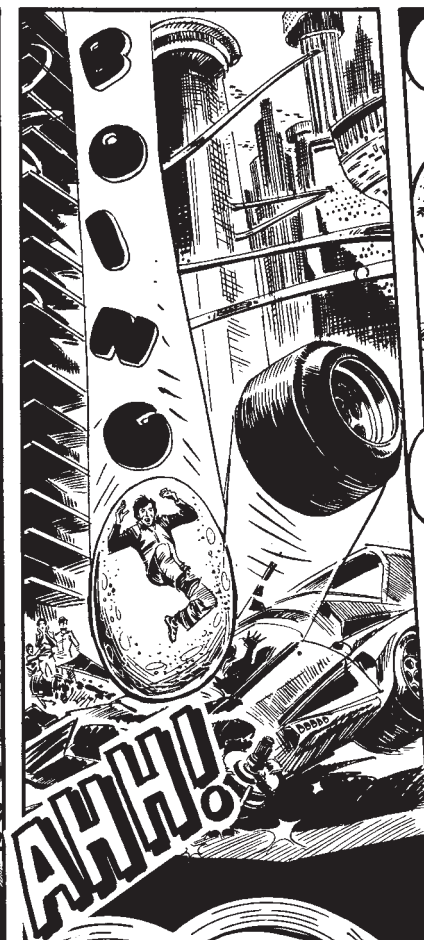
BOING®! SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

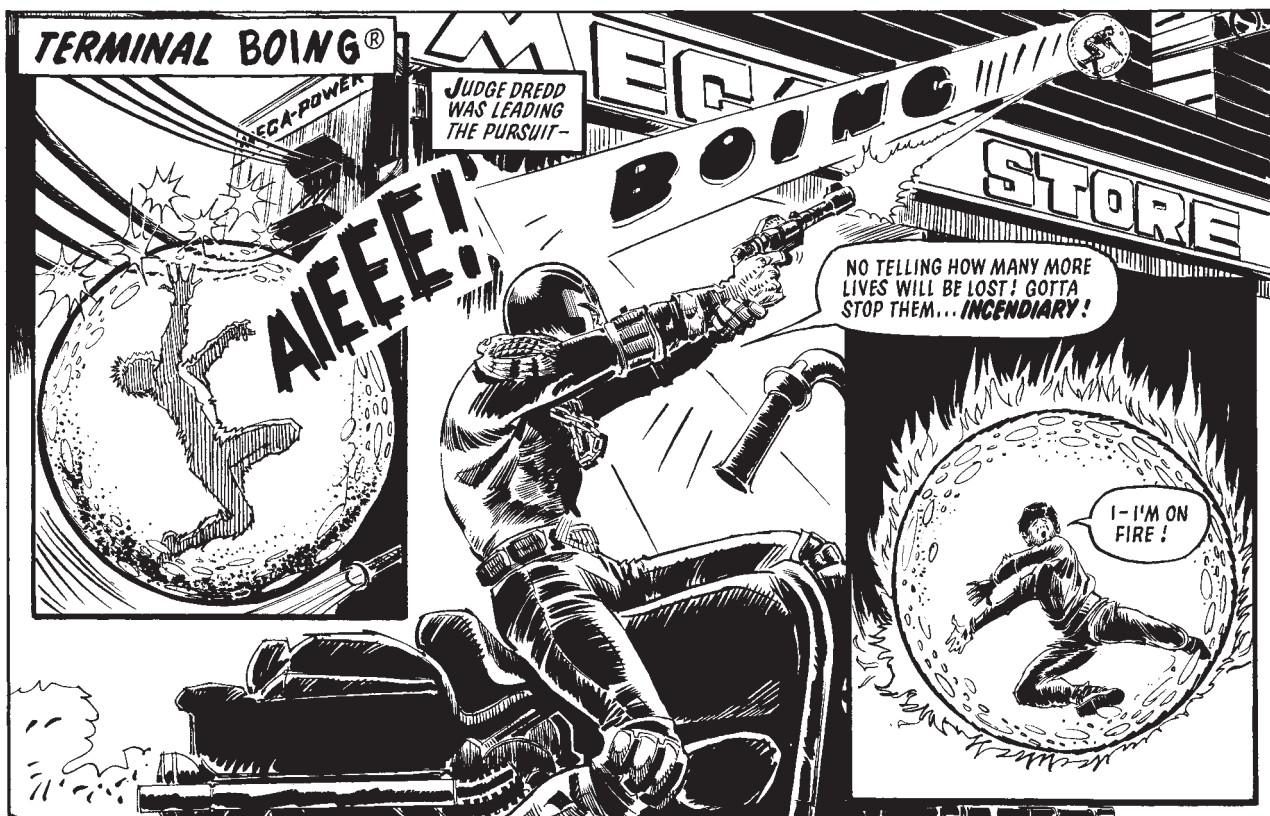


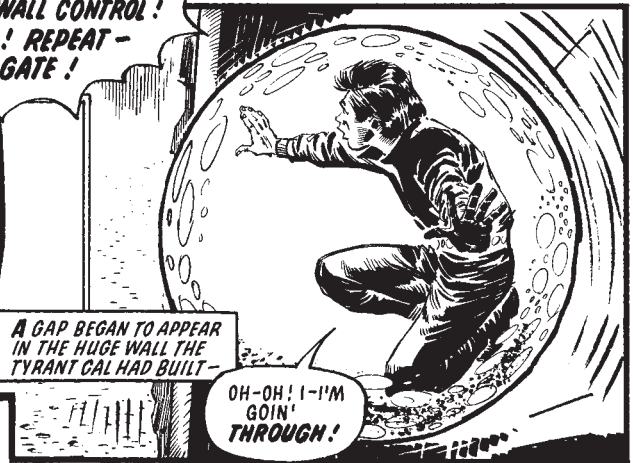
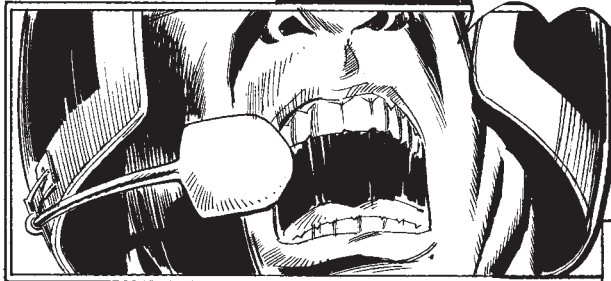
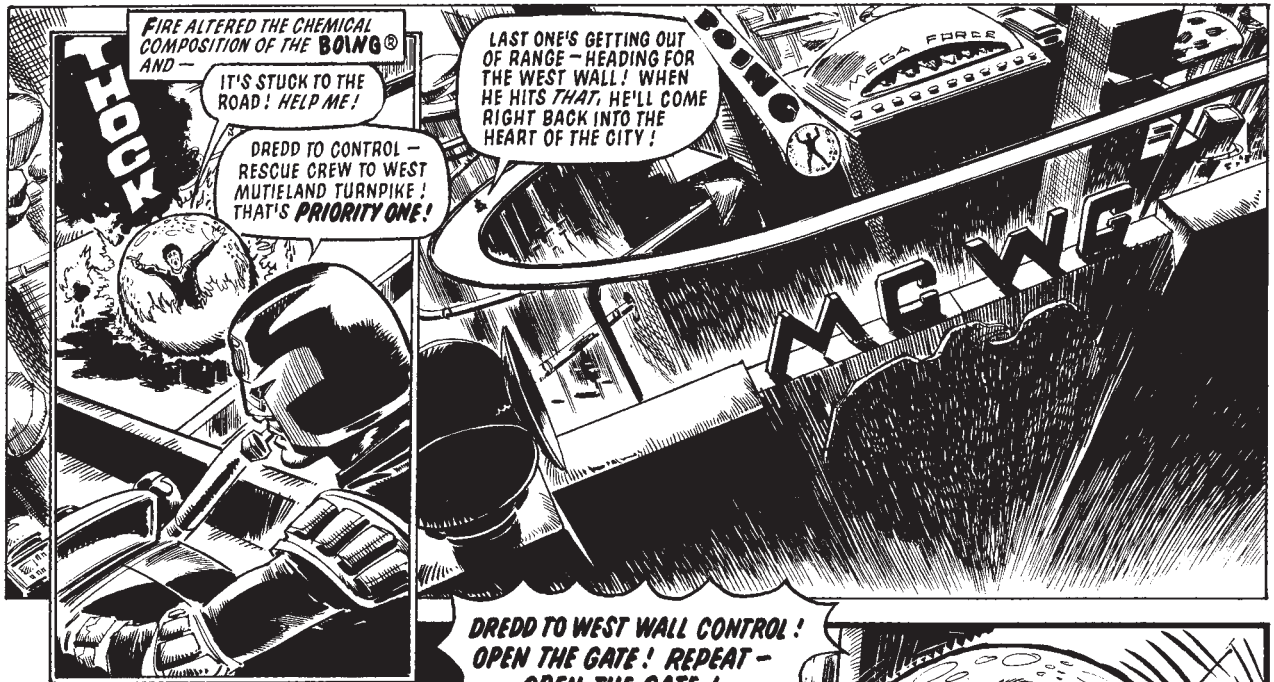
CAUTION Safe for use only in approved Palais de BOING®

BUT NOT EVERYONE HEEDED THE WARNING PRINTED ON THE BOING® TIN! ON THE TOP OF ONE OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S HIGHEST BUILDINGS...









AND THE BOY IN THE PLASTIC BALL BOINGED AWAY INTO THE ARID WASTES OF MUTIELAND —

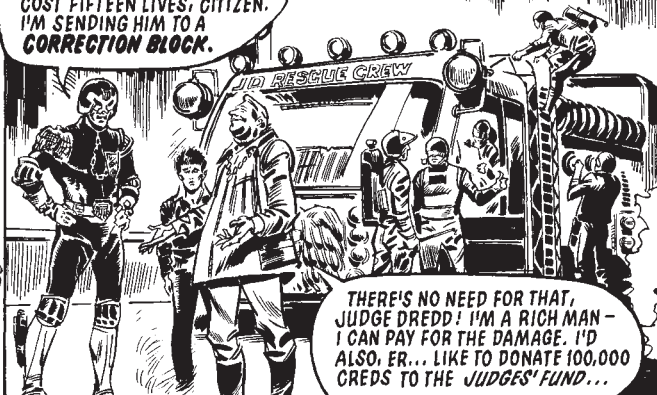


THEY FOUND THE BOY TWO DAYS LATER, DEEP IN MUTIELAND. A MUTIE BAND HAD ADOPTED HIM AS THEIR **BOING® GOD**...

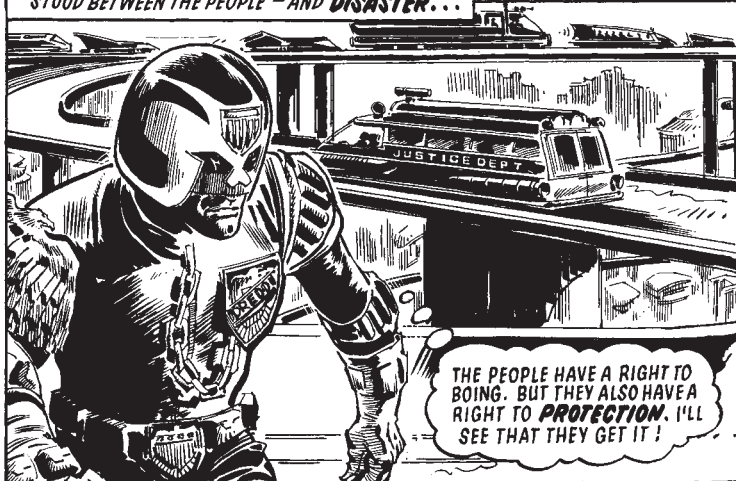


BACK IN THE CITY, THE OTHER BOY HAD BEEN FREED —

YOUR SON'S CHILDISH PRANK COST FIFTEEN LIVES, CITIZEN. I'M SENDING HIM TO A **CORRECTION BLOCK**.



AND SO THE FIRST **BOING®** DEATHS HAD COME. LIFE WAS LIKE THAT IN THE FUTURE CITY, WHERE EVERY NEW DAY BROUGHT NEW DANGERS... AND ONLY **THE JUDGES** STOOD BETWEEN THE PEOPLE — AND **DISASTER**...



NEXT DAY, THE FIRST **BOING®** LAW WAS PASSED —

ADULTS ONLY

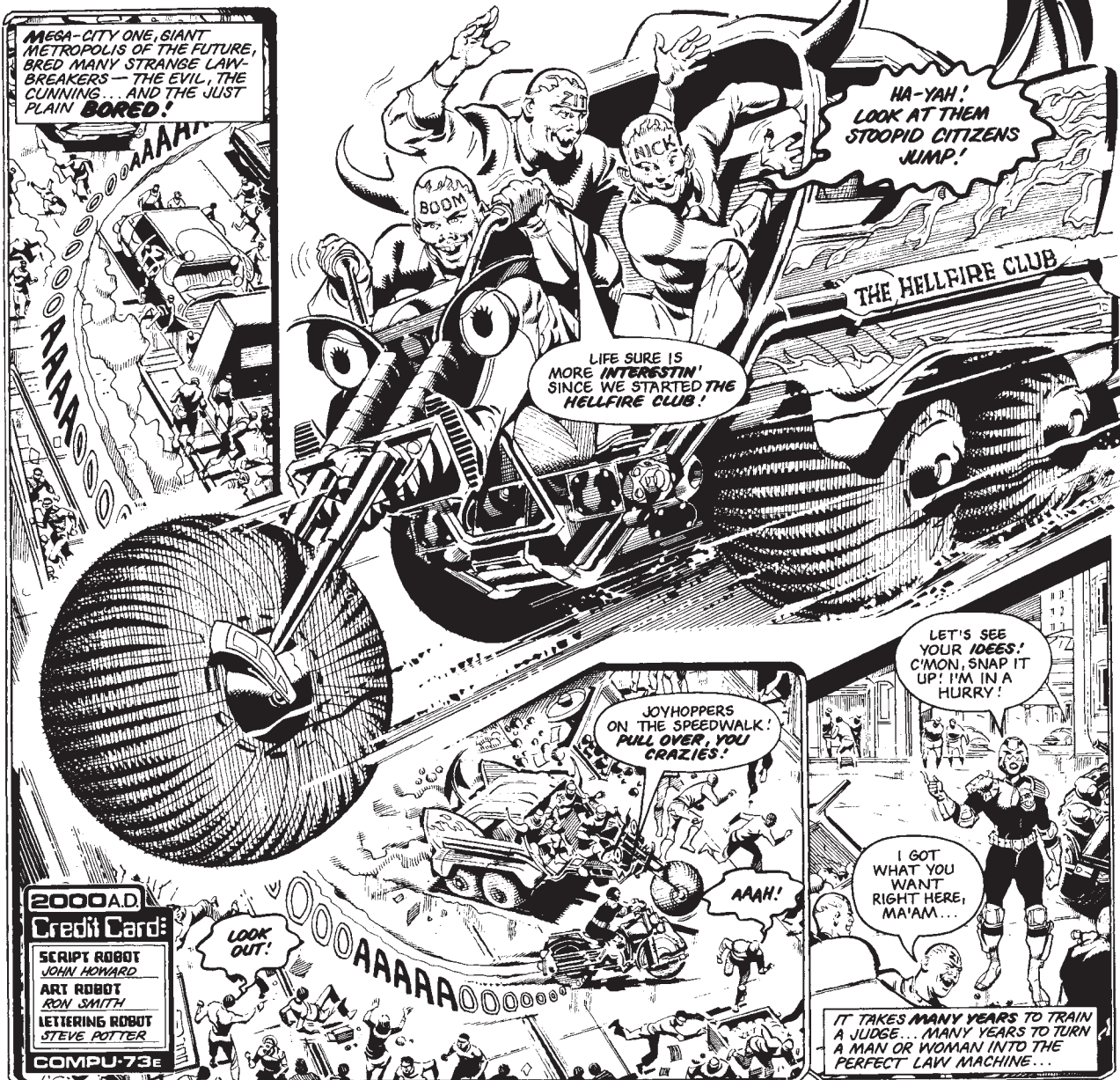
JUSTICE DEPT
PENALTY
IMPROPER FOR
20 YEARS USE:

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

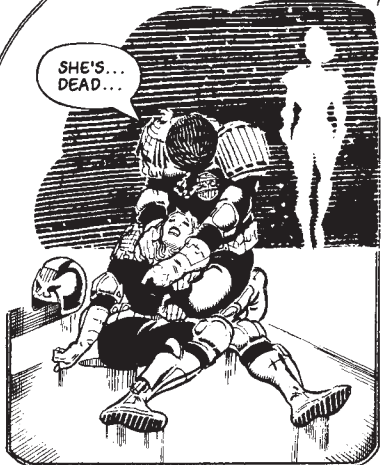
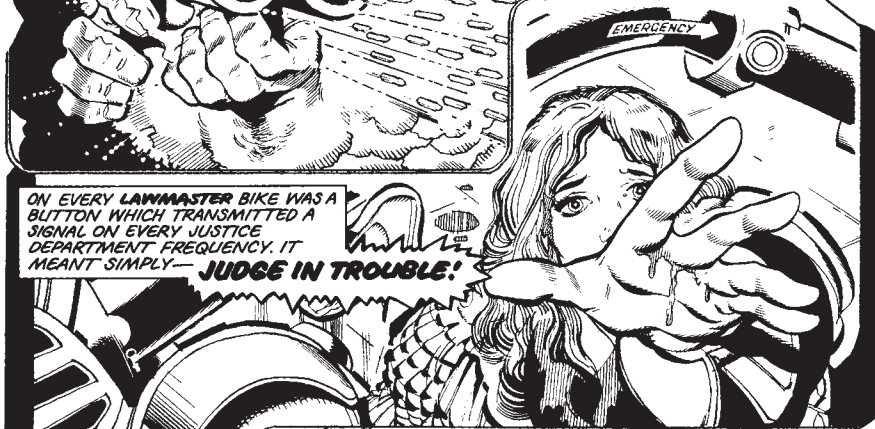
DEATH OF A JUDGE

MEGA-CITY ONE, GIANT METROPOLIS OF THE FUTURE, BRED MANY STRANGE LAW-BREAKERS — THE EVIL, THE CUNNING... AND THE JUST PLAIN **BORED!**



2000AD
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JOHN HOWARD
ART ROBOT
RON SMITH
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E

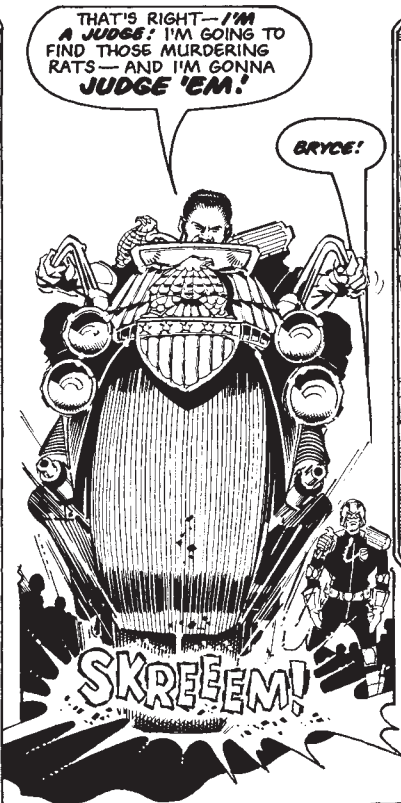
IT TAKES MANY YEARS TO TRAIN A JUDGE... MANY YEARS TO TURN A MAN OR WOMAN INTO THE PERFECT LAW MACHINE...





SHE WAS MY PARTNER, DREDD—THE BEST PARTNER I EVER HAD! AND NOW SHE'S DEAD—BECAUSE SOME **SUN-HAPPY BOZO** WANTED TO BE A BIG MAN!

HARKNESS KNEW THE RISKS WHEN SHE PINNED ON THAT BADGE. GET A **HOLD** OF YOURSELF, BRYCE. REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE.

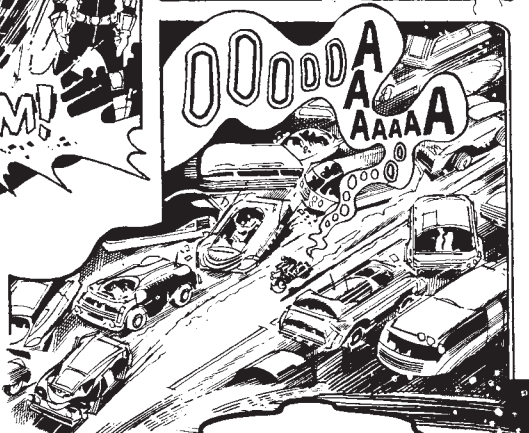


THAT'S RIGHT—I'M A **JUDGE**! I'M GOING TO FIND THOSE MURDERING RATS—AND I'M GONNA **JUDGE 'EM!**

BRYCE!



GOT TO GET AFTER HIM! NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO!



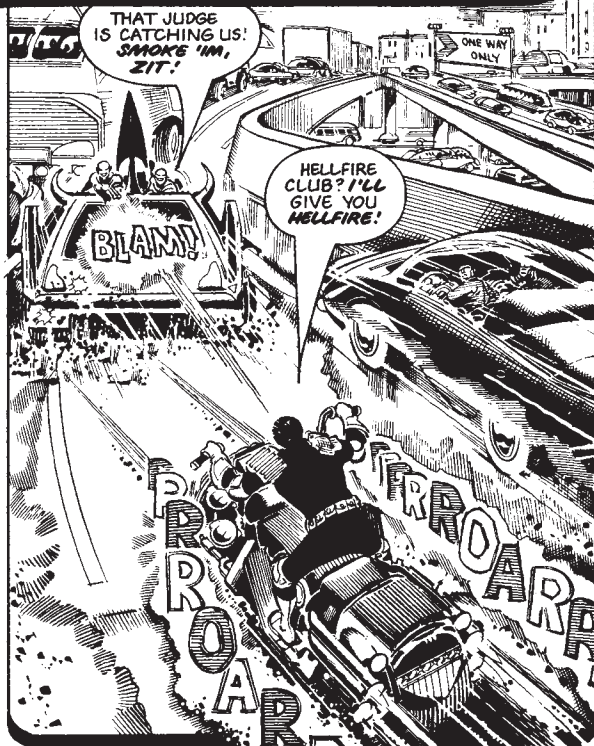
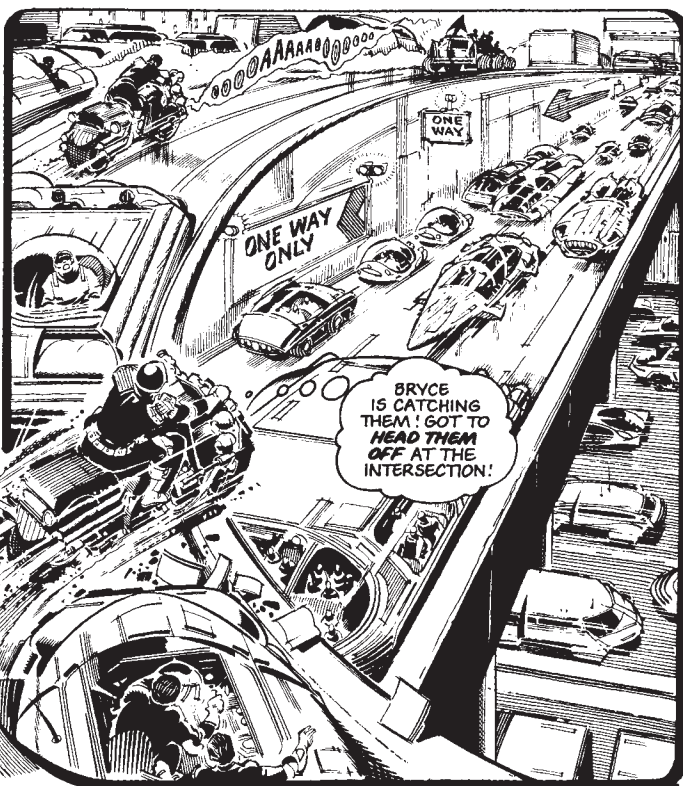
UP AHEAD—

MAN, I DID IT! WAIT'LL THE OTHER GUYS HEAR THAT MAD ZIT IS A **JUDGE KILLER!**

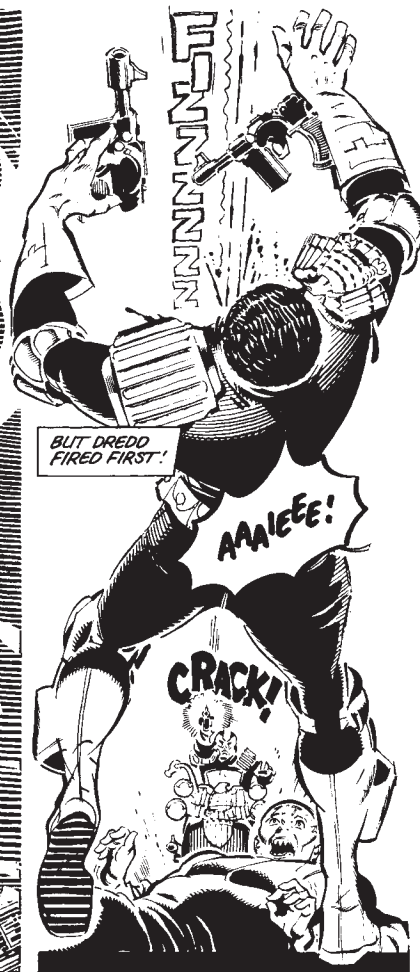
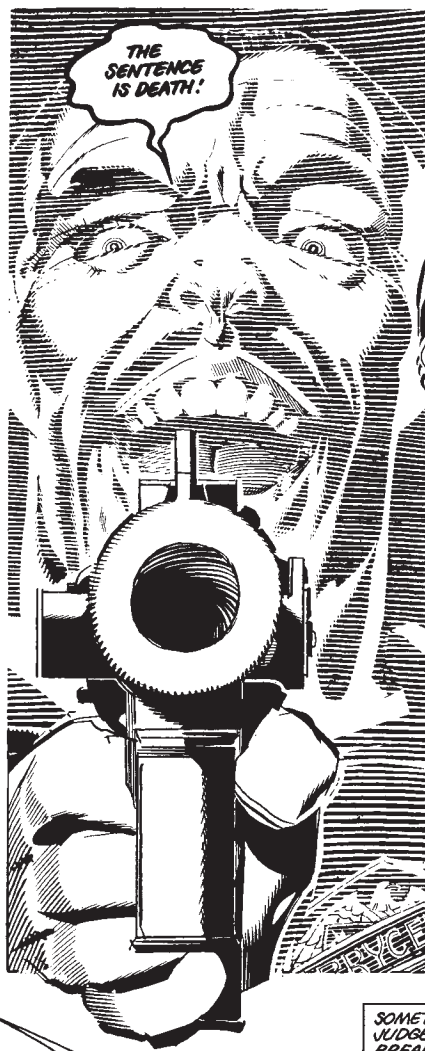
LISTEN, ZIT—I HEAR A **SIREN!**



LISTEN TO IT, CREEPS! I WANT YOU TO KNOW WHAT'S COMING FOR YOU!







WHEN MEGA-CITY LAWMAN JUDGE DREDD ARRIVED, THE COUPLE WERE DEAD —



BODIES RIPPED OPEN — HEARTS TORN OUT! AND LOOK AT THOSE CLAW MARKS! WHATEVER DID THIS, IT SURE ISN'T HUMAN!

THERE'S ANOTHER BODY HERE! IT'S MR. KRAMER FROM 2707!



HE'S GONE IN THE STAIRWELL... DREDD TO CONTROL! I WANT EMERGENCY SEARCH SQUADS IN ENID BLYTON! THIS IS PRIORITY ONE!

BELOW, THE CREATURE PROWLLED. HE HAD EATEN, BUT HIS HUNGER WAS FAR FROM SATISFIED!

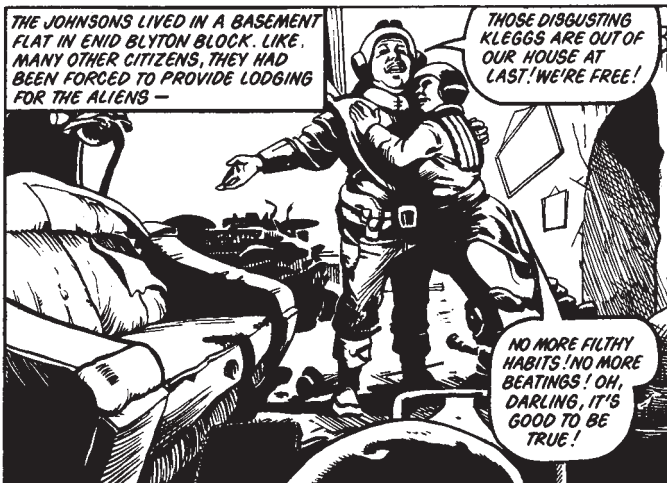


HIS TINY BRAIN ONLY DIMLY REMEMBERED THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT HUNGER. IT WAS MANY MONTHS AGO, IN THE TIME OF THE TYRANT, CHIEF JUDGE CAL...



IT WAS THE FINAL DAY, WHEN CAL'S FOUL ALIEN MERCENARIES, THE KLEGGS, HAD FLED THE CITY—ONLY TO BE MET BY A HAIL OF MISSILES!

THE JOHNSONS LIVED IN A BASEMENT FLAT IN ENID BLYTON BLOCK. LIKE MANY OTHER CITIZENS, THEY HAD BEEN FORCED TO PROVIDE LODGING FOR THE ALIENS —



THOSE DISGUSTING KLEGGS ARE OUT OF OUR HOUSE AT LAST! WE'RE FREE!

NO MORE FILTHY HABITS! NO MORE BEATINGS! OH, DARLING, IT'S GOOD TO BE TRUE!

BUT WHAT DO WE DO WITH THAT THING?





HIS NAME WAS URK. BORN A KLEGG, BUT HIDEOUSLY MUTATED AT BIRTH—

THE KLEGGs TREATED HIM LIKE A PET DOG— BUT EVEN THEY WERE AFRAID OF HIM. HE'S VICIOUS. WE'LL HAVE TO REPORT HIM.

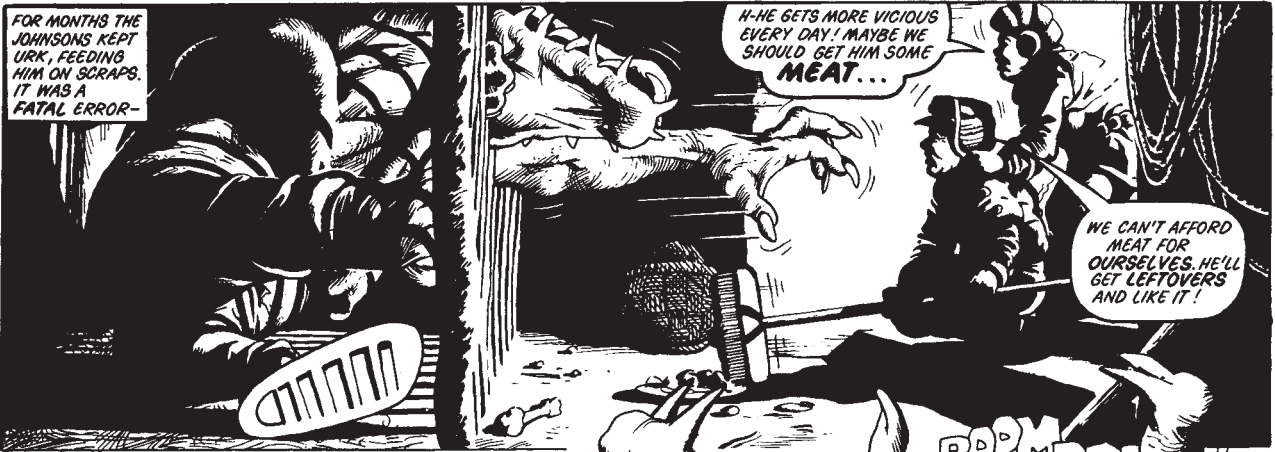
URRRKK!

NO, DARLING— LET'S KEEP HIM!



HE'S LAST OF THE KLEGGs! ONCE FEELINGS HAVE DIED DOWN, HE'LL BE WORTH MONEY— LOTS OF IT!

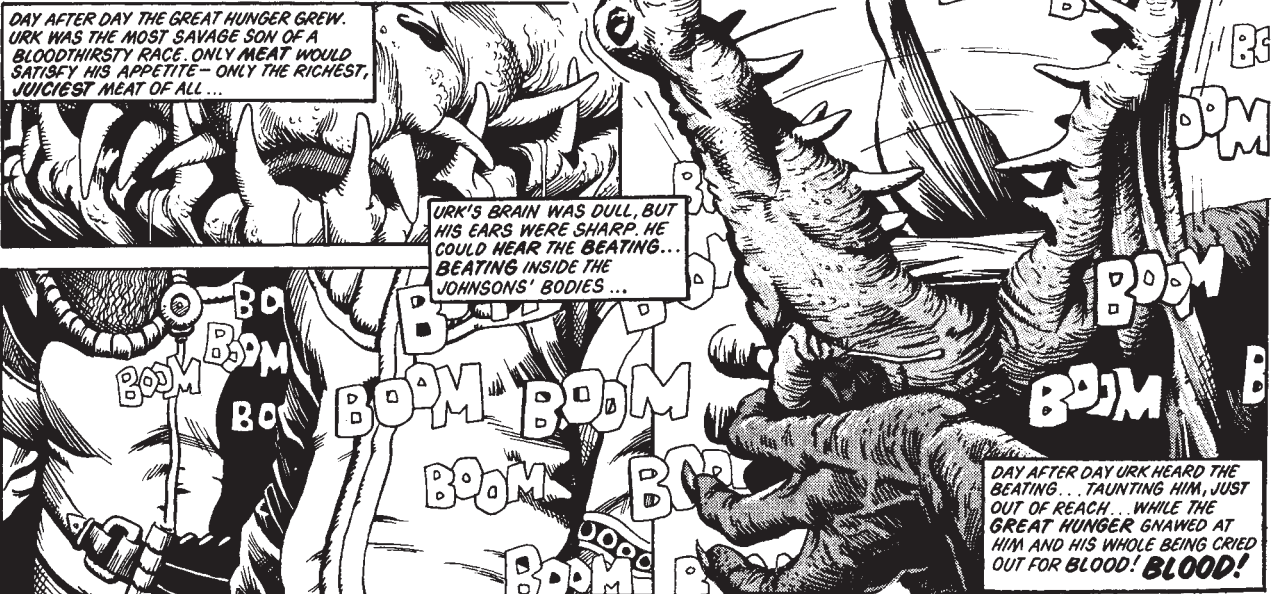
YES! WE COULD GET OUT OF THIS CRUMMY PLACE— GET A DECENT APARTMENT UP IN CHARLTON HESTON BLOCK— MAYBE EVEN RICARDO MONTALBAN!



FOR MONTHS THE JOHNSONS KEPT URK, FEEDING HIM ON SCRAPS. IT WAS A FATAL ERROR—

H-HE GETS MORE VICIOUS EVERY DAY! MAYBE WE SHOULD GET HIM SOME MEAT...

WE CAN'T AFFORD MEAT FOR OURSELVES. HE'LL GET LEFTOVERS AND LIKE IT!



DAY AFTER DAY THE GREAT HUNGER GREW. URK WAS THE MOST SAVAGE SON OF A BLOODTHIRSTY RACE. ONLY MEAT WOULD SATISFY HIS APPETITE— ONLY THE RICHEST, JUICIEST MEAT OF ALL...

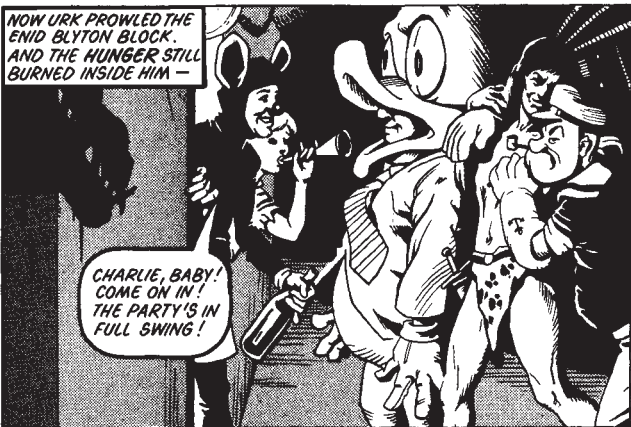
URK'S BRAIN WAS DULL, BUT HIS EARS WERE SHARP. HE COULD HEAR THE BEATING... BEATING INSIDE THE JOHNSONS' BODIES...

DAY AFTER DAY URK HEARD THE BEATING... TAUNTING HIM, JUST OUT OF REACH... WHILE THE GREAT HUNGER GNAWED AT HIM AND HIS WHOLE BEING CRIED OUT FOR BLOOD! **BLOOD!**

...UNTIL THE DAY URK'S
TORMENT GREW TOO MUCH!



NOW URK PROWLED THE
END BLYTON BLOCK
AND THE HUNGER STILL
BURNED INSIDE HIM -

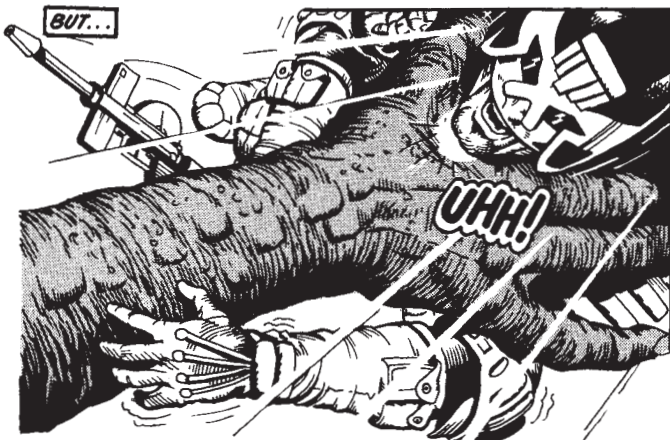


URK KNEW THERE WERE MANY
PEOPLE IN THAT ROOM. HE
COULD HEAR A DELICIOUS
BEATING OF MANY HEARTS...



ABOVE, ON THE STAIRS -







AS URK'S CLAWS BIT THROUGH DREDD'S SKIN, INFORMATION FINALLY BEGAN TO SEEP THROUGH FROM HIS DAMAGED BRAIN...



A SEARCH OF THE BLOCK REVEALED THE BODIES IN THE BASEMENT FLAT. THE FULL STORY WAS IN MRS JOHNSON'S DIARY...

SO HE WAS THE LAST OF THE KLEGGs, JUDGE DREDD... AN EVIL BEAST!



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JOHN HOWARD

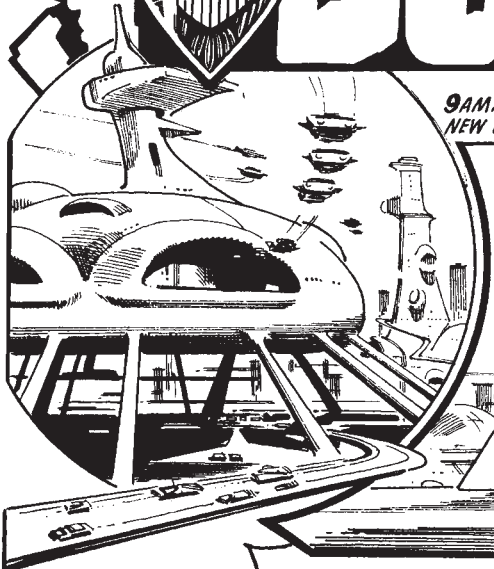
ART ROBOT
GARY LEACH

LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB

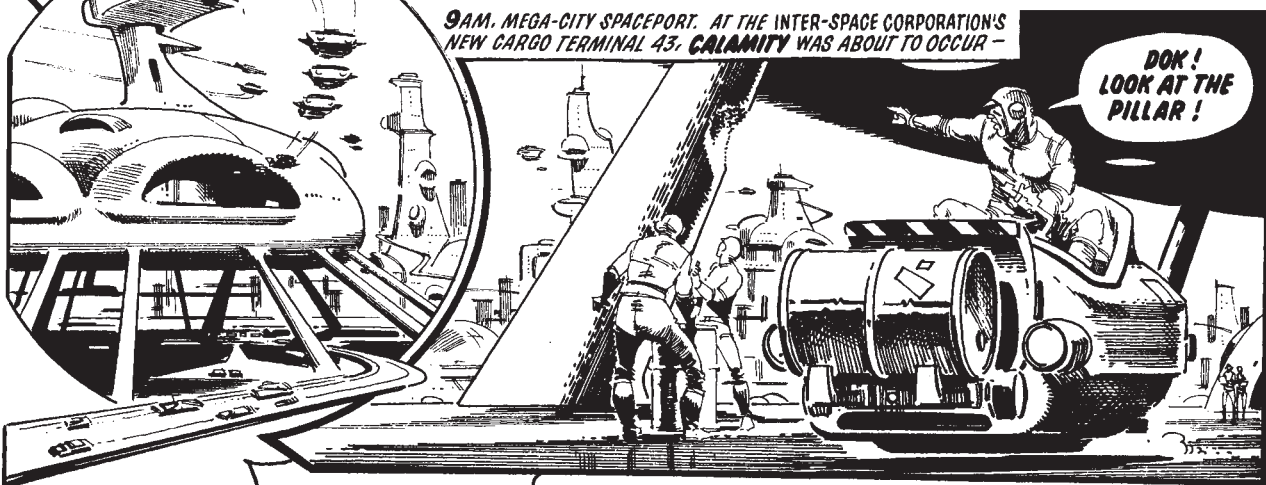
COMPU-73e

NEXT PROB: THE GREAT
PLASTEEN DISASTER!

JUDGE DREDD



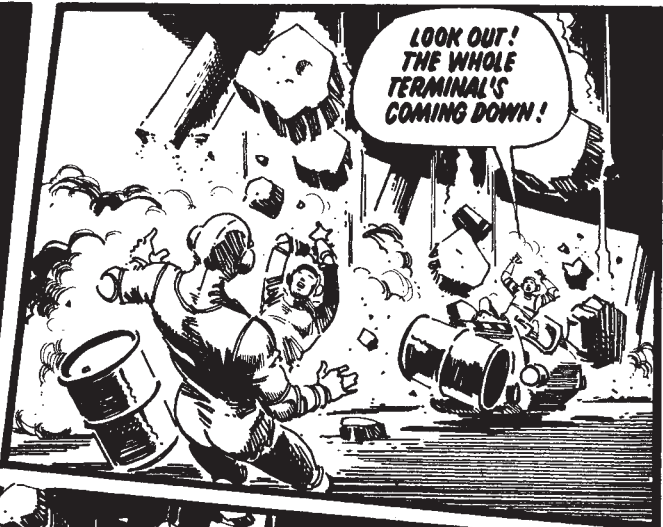
9AM. MEGA-CITY SPACEPORT. AT THE INTER-SPACE CORPORATION'S NEW CARGO TERMINAL 43, CALAMITY WAS ABOUT TO OCCUR —



SOMETHING'S
EATING IT
AWAY!



LOOK OUT!
THE WHOLE
TERMINAL'S
COMING DOWN!



IT WAS ONLY THE
BEGINNING OF...



...THE GREAT
PLASTEEN
DISASTER!

2000AD

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SCRIPT ROBOT
JOHN HOWARD
ART ROBOT
JOHN COOPER
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73e

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT RESCUE TEAMS RUSHED TO THE SCENE. AMONG THEM WAS **JUDGE DREDD** -

WE'VE ISOLATED THE CAUSE, DREDD - A **BACTERIA** THAT **DESTROYS PLASTEEN**. IT MUST HAVE COME IN ON ONE OF INTER-SPACE'S VESSELS.

THE PILLARS SUPPORTING THE TERMINAL WERE MADE OF A NEW DRY-HARD PLASTEEN. IT'S THE FIRST BUILDING OF ITS TYPE, THANK GOODNESS!

A CITY WITHOUT PLASTEEN! DOK! YOU TEK BOYS BETTER FIND OUT HOW TO KILL THIS BACTERIA - OR THERE'S GOING TO BE **CHAOS**!

MY BIKE MIKE IS DISSOLVING IN MY HAND! THE BACTERIA SPREADS FAST!

DREDD'S WORDS PROVED ALL TOO PROPHETIC! **PLASTEEN** WAS THE MATERIAL OF THE 22ND CENTURY. CHEAP AND VERSATILE, IT COULD BE HARD AS ROCK OR SOFT AS TISSUE PAPER. IT HAD A MILLION-AND-ONE USES, AS THE INDUSTRY'S ADVERTS POINTED OUT -

PLASTEEN!

WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT IT?

THEY MADE PLASTEEN HATS -

HUH?

PLASTEEN WIGS -

OH DEAR!

PLASTEEN BOOTS AND PLASTEEN SUITS -

OH NO!

EVEN PLASTEEN UNDERWEAR -

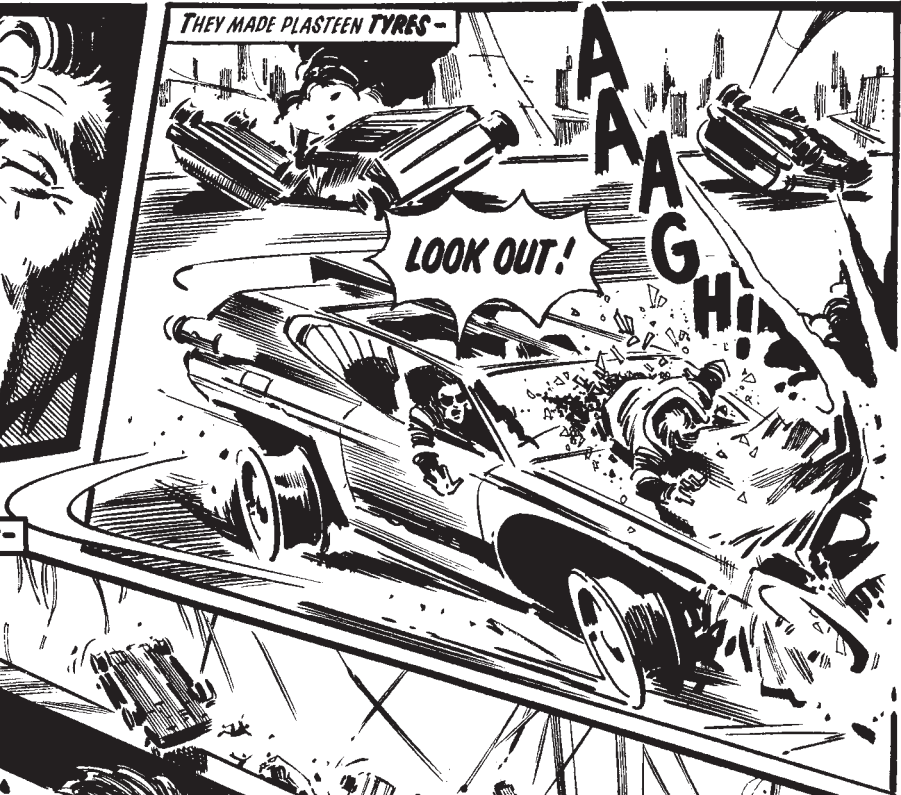
HEEP!

HAHAHAHA!

NOT TO MENTION PLASTEEN
DENTURES!



THEY MADE PLASTEEN TYRES -



LOOK OUT!

A
A
A
G
H!

PLASTEEN SUSPENSION CABLES -



AIEEEEE!

PLASTEEN BURGLAR ALARMS -



AND PLASTEEN BULLET-PROOF
SECURITY SCREENS -



AARGH!

AS THE PLASTEEN DISASTER TOLL MOUNTED, THE JUDGES WORKED TIRELESSLY. BUT IT WAS A LOSING BATTLE —

HALF THE CITY'S BEEN HIT NOW, DREDD. ANOTHER DAY AND THERE WON'T BE A BIT OF PLASTEEN LEFT!

CHIEF JUDGE

THE LABS HAVE COME UP WITH A CHEMICAL THAT KILLS THE BACTERIA, BUT IT'S GOT TO BE IN THE PLASTEEN TO START WITH. WE'VE LOST THIS ONE. ALL WE CAN DO IS COUNT THE COST...

YOU COUNT THE COST, CHIEF JUDGE...

I'LL GO FIND SOMEONE TO **PAY** FOR IT!

INTER SPACE

DREDD DROVE CROSS-CITY TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF INTER-SPACE, THE GIANT CORPORATION OWNED BY THE BILLIONAIRE, K.K. DANVERS —

THERE DREDD WAS MET BY DANVERS' LAWYER —

MR DANVERS HAS RECENTLY UNDERGONE A **SERIOUS OPERATION**. JUDGE DREDD, I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO DISTURB HIM.

K.K. DANVERS
PRIVATE

I'LL DISTURB HIM, ALL RIGHT! INTER-SPACE SHIPS BROUGHT THAT BACTERIA IN — AND I'M HOLDING DANVERS **RESPONSIBLE!**



THE BACTERIA MAY HAVE BEEN FOUND
IN OUR TERMINAL, BUT THAT DOES
NOT PROVE INTER-SPACE BROUGHT IT
IN ! I WARN YOU, JUDGE - MR
DANVERS IS A VERY RICH MAN -

SUDDENLY -

WHERE'S DANVERS ?
THAT BACTERIA COST OUR
COMPANIES A LOT OF MONEY !
WE'VE GOT WRITS TO
SERVE ON INTER-SPACE !

WE'RE GOING TO TAKE
THAT CREEP FOR EVERY
PENNY HE'S GOT !

YOU'RE OUT
OF ORDER !

PUSH OFF,
RATFACE !

WE'VE GOT A RIGHT TO
SERVE THESE WRITS !
DON'T TRY TO STOP US,
JUDGE DREDD !

THE THOUGHT
NEVER ENTERED
MY MIND.

WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF THIS ?
GET OUT !

HEY ! DANVERS
IS IN AN
ISOLATION TENT !





THEY CAME FROM THE WEST,
OUT OF THE ATOMIC DESERT
KNOWN AS THE CURSED
EARTH...

THEY CAME IN THEIR MILLIONS—
AND MILLIONS OF MILLIONS! A
HUGE CRAWLING COLUMN THAT
STRETCHED FOR MILES...

WHERE THEY PASSED,
NOTHING WAS LEFT ALIVE!

JUDGE DREDD

IN *THE BLACK PLAGUE!*

2000 A.D.
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
JOHN HOWARD
ART ROBOT
RON SMITH
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73e

OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE ATOMIC WASTELAND BEYOND THE WALLS OF MEGA-CITY ONE. HERE, A FEW HOMESTEADERS SCRATCH A BARE LIVING FROM THE CONTAMINATED SOIL - AMONG THEM THE MUTANT, **MOZE BIGLEFTEAR**.



DANG IT, MOZE BOY! THAT'S A SICK-LOOKING CROP! DUNNO WHY WE BOTHER TRYIN' TA GROW ANYTHING IN THIS CURSED EARTH!

WE GOTTA KEEP TRYIN', UNCLE FLATFACE. KEEP WORKIN' THE SOIL. MAYBE IT'LL GET BETTER...

MOZE! THAT WARPCORN WE PLANTED ON THE HILL! IT'S GONE **BLACK!**

SNEEE-UCKS! THAT AIN'T THE WARPCORN, NANCE! THE WHOLE HILLSIDE'S **CRAWLING!**

I AIN'T LETTIN' NO DURN **LOCUSTS** GET YOUR CROP, MOZE!

UNCLE FLATFACE! COME BACK! THEM AIN'T **LOCUSTS** - THEY'S **SPIDERS!**

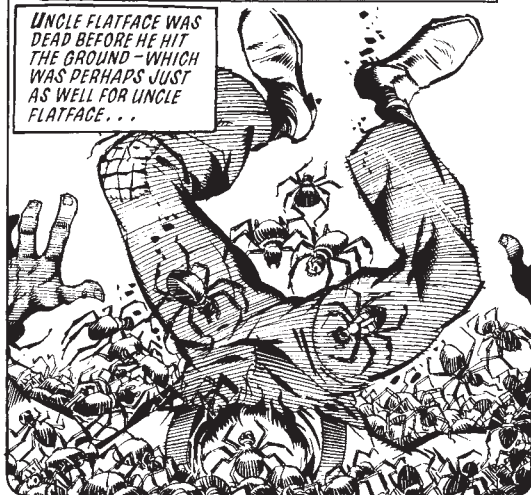
S-SPIDERS! HOLY SMOKES! TH-THEY'S CLIMBIN' ALL OVER ME! **GET OFF!**

JUMPIN' JACKRATS! THEY'RE **B-BITIN'!**

THE POISON TOOK ONLY SECONDS TO REACH THE BLOODSTREAM -



UNCLE FLATFACE WAS DEAD BEFORE HE HIT THE GROUND - WHICH WAS PERHAPS JUST AS WELL FOR UNCLE FLATFACE...



HE COULDN'T FEEL THE SCURRY OF TINY FEET AS THEY HURRIED IN TO FEED -



COULDN'T FEEL THE SHARP PRICK OF FANGS AS THEY PUMPED THEIR DIGESTIVE FLUIDS INTO HIM -



COULDN'T HEAR THE SUCKING - SUCK SUCK SUCKING - SUCKING HIS BODY DRY!



UNCLE FLATFACE!



THERE'S NOTHIN' WE CAN DO FER HIM, NANCE! GET UP ON OL' HENRY FORD - WE GOT TO RIDE OUTA HERE!

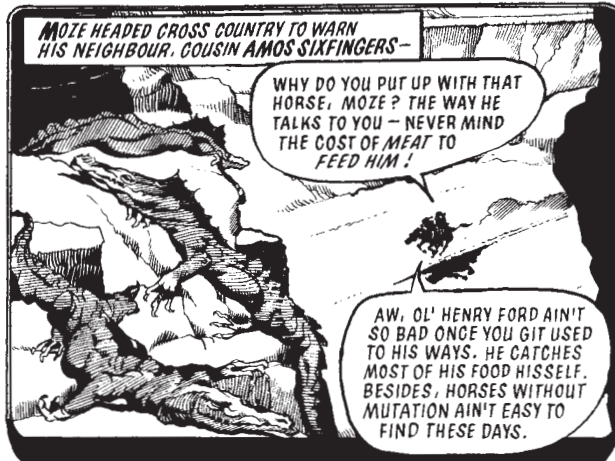
WHOOAA, BOY! NOW JUST HOLD ON HERE, MOZE! I DON'T RECALL ANYTHIN' IN MY CONTRACT ABOUT CARRYIN' TWO PEOPLE!



I DON'T RECALL YOU HAVIN' A CONTRACT AT ALL, HENRY! NOW WE'RE IN TROUBLE, SO STOP YOUR TALKIN' AN' GIT!



THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, MOZE. SO REASONABLE...



FIVE MILES AWAY LAY THE MUTIELAND TOWN OF **ATOM GULCH**. SOON, MOZE WAS BLURTING OUT HIS STORY TO FRIENDS AND RELATIVES -





LOOK — ON THE HILL!
THE BLACK PLAGUE!

MY GOD!

COME ON, MOZE. GET BACK HERE
QUICK, BOY. OR YOU'RE GONNA
LOSE YOURSELF A WHOLE PASSEL
O' KINFOLKS!

AT THAT MOMENT, AT MEGA-CITY
ONE'S WEST WALL —

THIS MUTANT
INSISTS ON
SPEAKING TO YOU,
JUDGE DREDD.
HE WON'T GO
AWAY.

FUNNY LOOKIN'
CREEP! THAT
MUTIE HORSE OF
HIS CAN *SPEAK*,
TOO. I HEARD
IT.

MOZE TOLD HIS STORY —

YOU'VE GOT
TO HELP
US, JUDGE
DREDD!

AN ARMY
OF MUTANT
SPIDERS! THE
BLACK PLAGUE!
NOW I'VE HEARD
'EM ALL!

EVEN IF HIS
STORY IS TRUE,
WHAT HAPPENS
IN MUTIELAND
IS NONE OF OUR
BUSINESS.

IT'S NEVER BEEN
AGAINST OUR LAWS TO HELP
PEOPLE IN TROUBLE. REMEMBER
THAT, DYLL! IT WON'T HURT TO
CHECK OUT THE MUTANT'S
STORY!

GUNNING THEIR VEHICLES ACROSS THE CURSED EARTH,
THEY WERE SOON IN SIGHT OF ATOM GULCH —

WELL, PAXON —
STILL THINK MOZE
WAS LYING?

DOK! SPIDERS —
LIKE BLACK SNOW
ON THE HILLS!

UH... HEY, MOZE,
YOU MIND IF I
GET OUT HERE?



IN THE TOWN —

THANKS BE,
YOU'VE COME!

YOU PEOPLE! THERE'S NO HOPE
OF HOLDING OUT IN THIS TOWN!
WE'RE CALLING IN JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT HOVER WAGONS
TO EVACUATE YOU!



JUDGE DREDD! THE
CURSED EARTH'S PLAYIN'
HELL WITH THE RADIO!
I CAN'T GET THROUGH!

DROKK! THEN
WE WALK!



BUT WE GOT OLD 'UNS AN' KIDS HERE!
THEY'LL NEVER KEEP AHEAD OF THE
BLACK PLAGUE!

THE FIRST SPIDERS
ARE ALREADY HERE!

KILL THEM!

YOU PEOPLE DON'T HAVE
YOUR PROBLEMS BY HALVES,
DO YOU?



OKAY, WE STAY AND FIGHT!
I RECKON THAT GIVES US ABOUT
FIVE MINUTES TO FIND A
CURE FOR THE BLACK
PLAGUE!



NEXT PROG: **BITE, BABY! BITE!**

JUDGE DREDD

A BLACK PLAGUE OF MUTANT SPIDERS
WAS HEADING FOR THE TOWN OF ATOM GULCH
IN THE CURSED EARTH -

THE BLACK PLAGUE PART TWO

THE SPIDERS GOT
US SURROUNDED!
THEY AIM TO EAT
THE WHOLE TOWN!

NOBODY'S
GONNA LEAVE
ATOM GULCH
ALIVE!

JUDGE DREDD HAD COME TO
HELP THE MUTILANDERS -

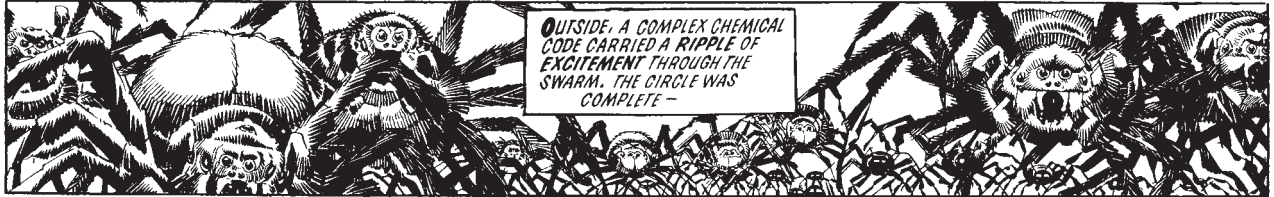
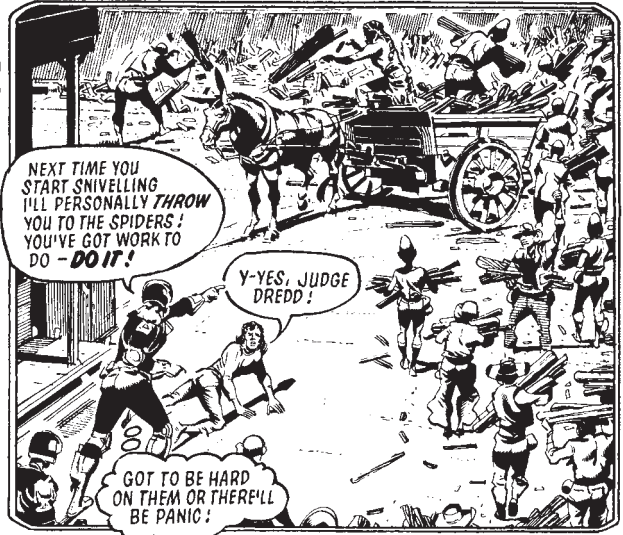
SOME KIND OF BIG MUTANT
STRAIN. THEY SAY ONE BITE
WILL KNOCK YOU COLD -
TWO WILL **KEEP**
YOU THAT WAY!

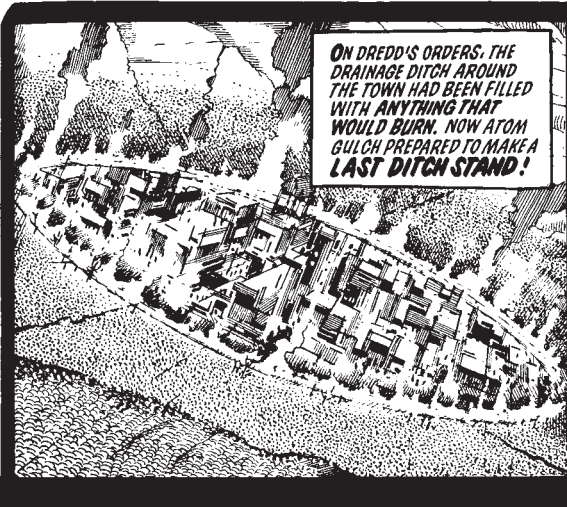
STRANGE, THE WAY
THEY CIRCLED US
BEFORE THEY
ATTACKED - AS IF
THEY **MEANT** TO
CUT OFF OUR
RETREAT...

STILL CAN'T GET THROUGH
TO THE CITY, DREDD!
WE'RE ON OUR OWN!

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JOHN HOWARD
ART ROBOT
RON SMITH
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME
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COME IN, MEGA-CITY
ONE! THIS IS AN
EMERGENCY!





ON DREDD'S ORDERS, THE DRAINAGE DITCH AROUND THE TOWN HAD BEEN FILLED WITH ANYTHING THAT WOULD BURN. NOW ATOM GULCH PREPARED TO MAKE A LAST DITCH STAND!

MOZE BIGLEFTEAR AND HIS MUTANT HORSE, HENRY FORD, WERE ON FIRE DETAIL —

WE GOT THEM CRITTERS WHUPPED, HENRY! THEY CAIN'T GET PAST THE THIN RED LINE!



I'D FEEL BETTER IF IT WAS A THICK RED LINE — AN' I WASN'T BEHIND IT! KEEP CHUCKING THE WOOD, MOZE!

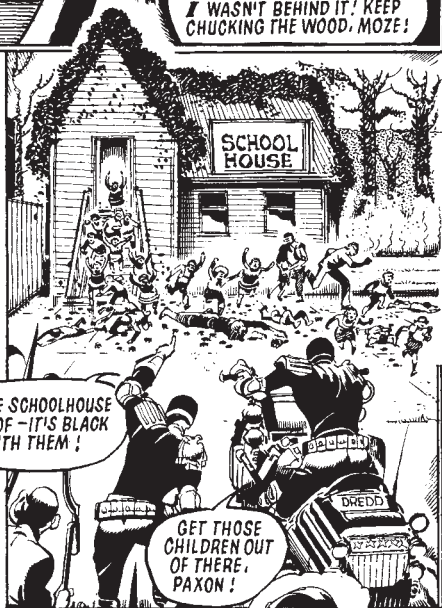


HELP! THEY'RE HERE!

IT'S MISS FLATFACE, THE SCHOOLMARM!



EEEE!



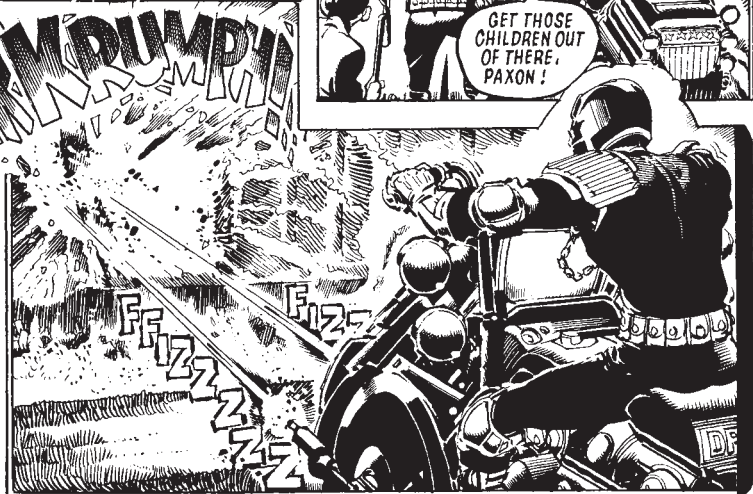
THE SCHOOLHOUSE ROOF — IT'S BLACK WITH THEM!

GET THOSE CHILDREN OUT OF THERE, PAXON!

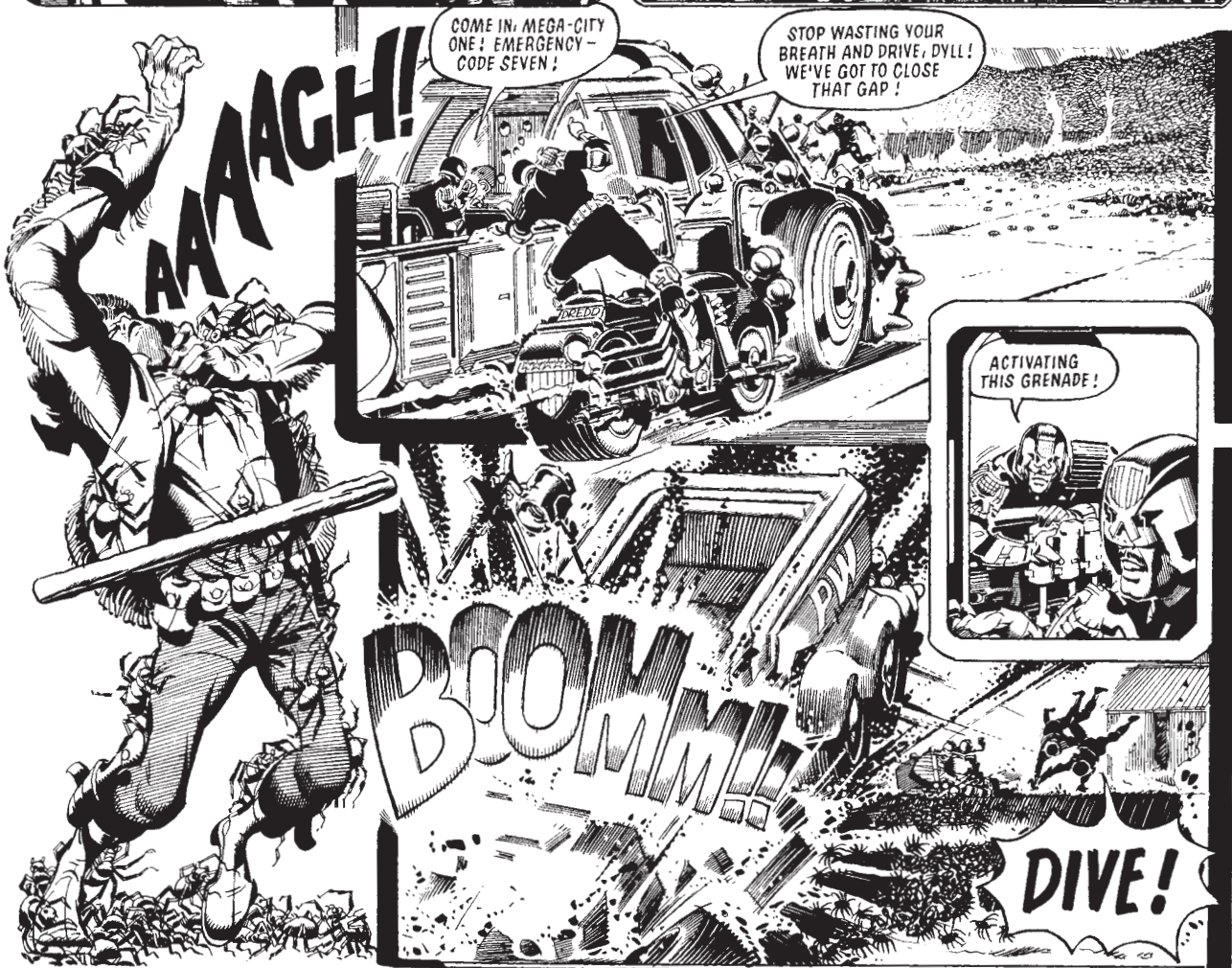
DREDD RACED TO THE REAR OF THE SCHOOLHOUSE —



THEY'RE USING THOSE PETRIFIED TREES TO CROSS THE DITCH! BIKE CANNON!



FFIZZZZZZZZ





DON'T LET THE
FIRE BURN DOWN!
KEEP PILING THE
WOOD ON!



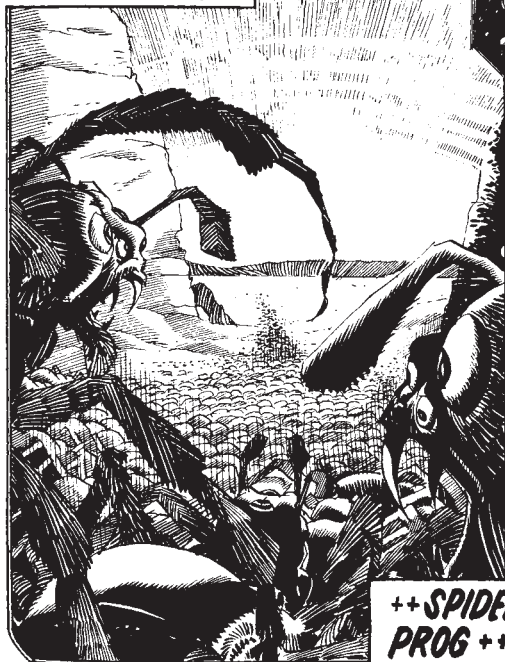
LET'S HOPE THEM
SPIDERS KIN TAKE
A HINT, HENRY!

THEY BETTER, MOZE -
IN ANOTHER HOUR THERE
AIN'T GONNA BE ANYTHING
LEFT TO BURN!

BUT A NEW MOOD WAS PASSING THROUGH THE SWARM. THE FOOD IN
TOWN WAS HARD TO CATCH - AND THERE WERE EASIER PICKINGS...
RICHER PICKINGS!



ONE BY ONE THEY BEGAN TO TURN AWAY. FIRST, A TRICKLE -
THEN A FLOOD... A **FLOOD OF DEATH** SCURRYING TOWARDS
A DISTANT GLOW IN THE SKY!



WE'VE DONE IT!
THE BLACK PLAGUE
IS GOING AWAY!

BUT THEY'RE
HEADING
EAST -

**TOWARDS
THE CITY!**

**++ SPIDER-POWER INCREASES NEXT
PROG ++ DO NOT MISS IT! ++**



JUDGE DREDD HAD TURNED AWAY A HUGE SWARM OF MUTANT SPIDERS FROM THE MUTILAND TOWN OF ATOM GULCH. NOW THE BLACK PLAGUE WAS ON THE CRAWL AGAIN - HEADING FULL PELT FOR MEGA-CITY ONE !

EIGHT DEAD HERE - THERE'LL BE THOUSANDS IF THE BLACK PLAGUE REACHES THE CITY! WE'VE GOT TO WARN THEM !

HOW, JUDGE DREDD ? THE PAT-WAGON'S BURNT - AND YOUR BIKE'S WRECKED !

JUDGE DREDD

THE BLACK PLAGUE PART THREE.



TAKE MY HORSE, JUDGE DREDD ! O! HENRY FORD KNOWS EVERY INCH OF THIS COUNTRY ! HE'S A MITE ORNERY, BUT I RECKON YOU' KIN HANDLE HIM !

YOU'RE OUTA YOUR COTTON-PICKIN' MIND, MOZE ! WILD HUMANS WOULDN'T DRAG ME THROUGH THEM SPIDERS AGAIN ! AN' THAT'S FINAL !

YOU GOT TH' IDEA, JUDGE DREDD !

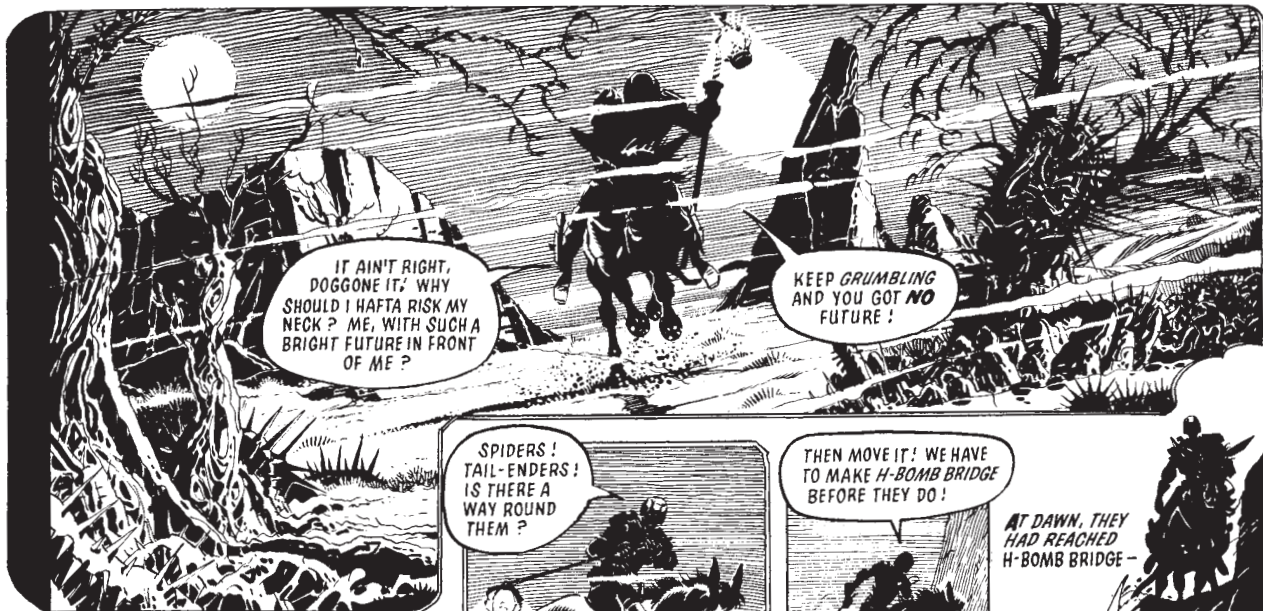
AW, SHUCKS !

WHAAAT ?

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RON SMITH
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TOM FRAME

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IT AIN'T RIGHT, DOGGONE IT! WHY SHOULD I HAFTA RISK MY NECK? ME, WITH SUCH A BRIGHT FUTURE IN FRONT OF ME?

KEEP GRUMBLING AND YOU GOT **NO** FUTURE!

SPIDERS! TAIL-ENDERS! IS THERE A WAY ROUND THEM?



THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS, BUT IT'S HEAVY GOING.

THEN MOVE IT! WE HAVE TO MAKE **H-BOMB** BRIDGE BEFORE THEY DO!

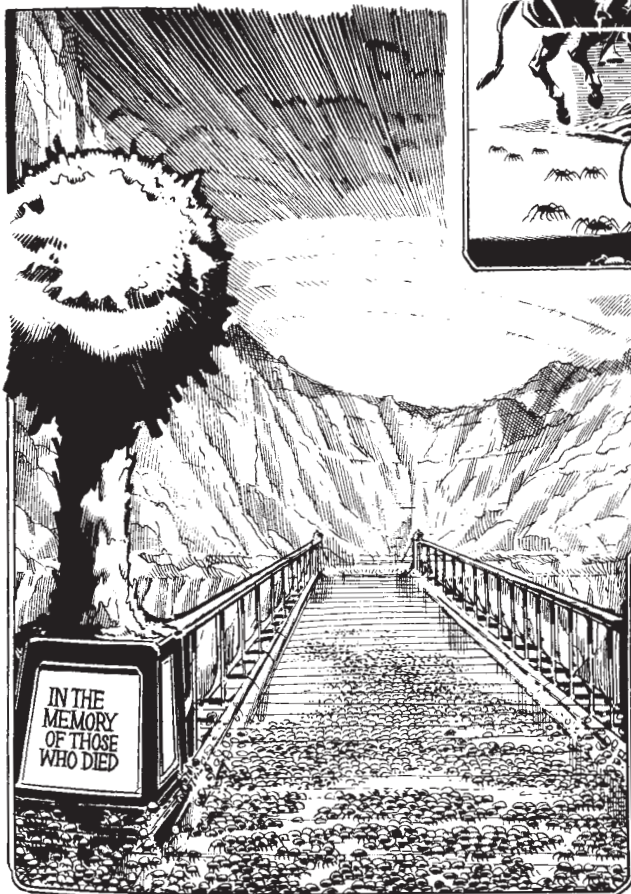


OKAY, OKAY! FOR PETE'S SAKE, GO EASY WITH THAT STICK!

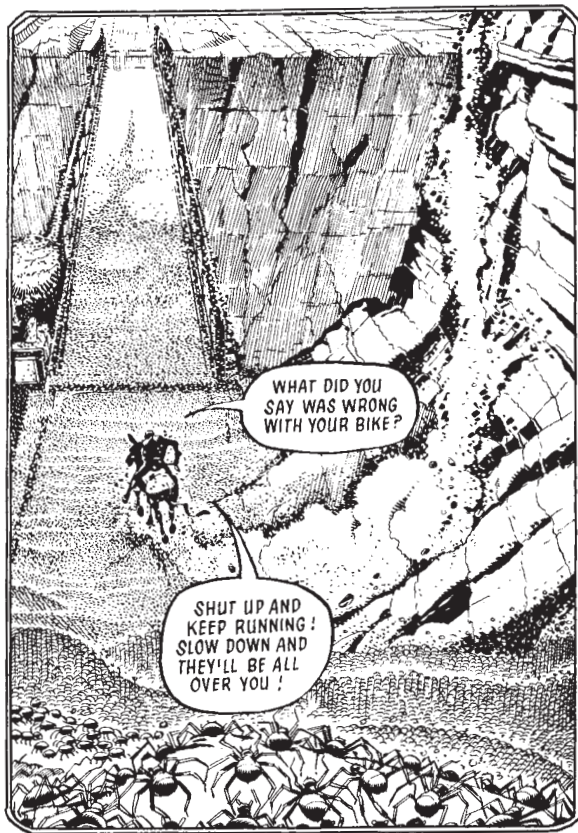
AT DAWN, THEY HAD REACHED **H-BOMB** BRIDGE—

TOO LATE! WE'LL HAVE TO GO **THROUGH** THEM!

IT'S **INSTANT DEATH** DOWN THERE! YOU GOTTA BE JOKING!



I DON'T JOKE! THE CITY'S IN DANGER! **MOVE!**



HENRY!

POISON'S... PARALYSED
MY LEGS! DOGGONE! I...
ALMOST MADE IT, TOO.
THERE... THERE AIN'T
NO JUSTICE...

DREDD TRIED
HIS RADIO—

READING YOU
LOUD AND CLEAR,
JUDGE DREDD!

WE'RE IN
RANGE
AGAIN!

I WANT AN
H-WAGON OUT
HERE WITH LIFTING
GEAR! AND I WANT
IT NOW!

MINUTES LATER—

GOT TO YOU JUST
IN TIME BY THE
LOOK OF IT!

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON WHEN THE
SWARM APPROACHED THE CITY.
THEIR HUNGER WAS ROUSED. THEY
MUST EAT SOON — OR BEGIN TO
DEVOUR **EACH OTHER**...

BUT THERE WAS
FOOD IN THE CITY...
**FOOD IN
PLENTY!**

THERE WERE ALSO JUDGES —

OPEN FIRE

RRRRROAR!

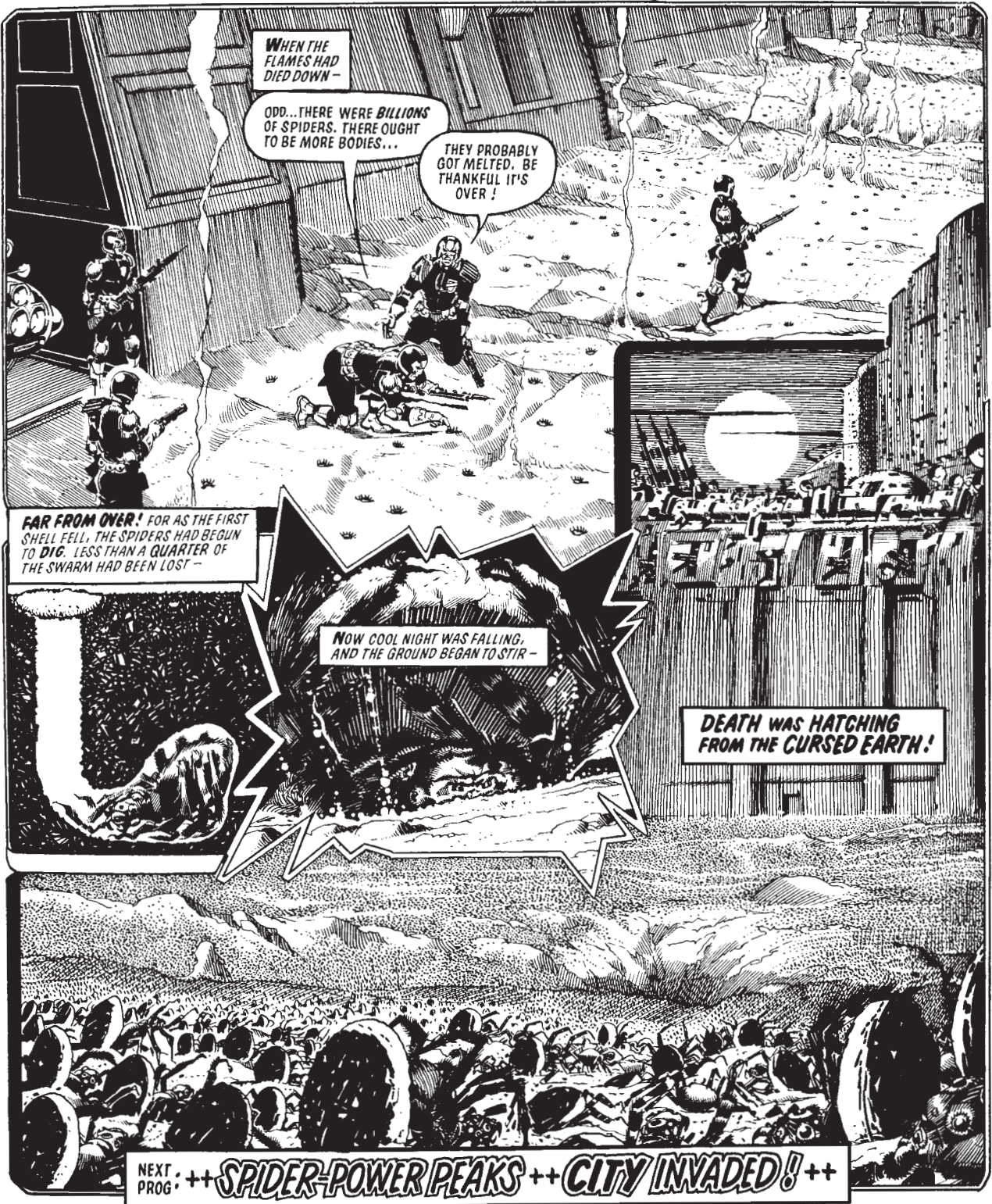
BOOM!

EACH SHELL CONTAINED
ONE TON OF LIQUID
FIRE!

THOO-DOOM!

NOTHING IS COMING
THROUGH THAT! THE
BLACK PLAGUE IS
OVER!

BOOMMMMMMM!!!

A black and white comic book page. The top half shows soldiers in a city with damaged buildings. One soldier is kneeling over a body. Speech bubbles contain dialogue. A large jagged starburst in the middle contains text. To the right, a city skyline is visible under a full moon. The bottom half of the page is a large, detailed illustration of a massive swarm of spiders crawling over a city, with a car wheel visible in the foreground.

WHEN THE
FLAMES HAD
DIED DOWN—

ODD...THERE WERE *BILLIONS*
OF SPIDERS. THERE OUGHT
TO BE MORE BODIES...

THEY PROBABLY
GOT MELTED. BE
THANKFUL IT'S
OVER!

FAR FROM OVER! FOR AS THE FIRST
SHELL FELL, THE SPIDERS HAD BEGUN
TO *DIG*. LESS THAN A QUARTER OF
THE SWARM HAD BEEN LOST—

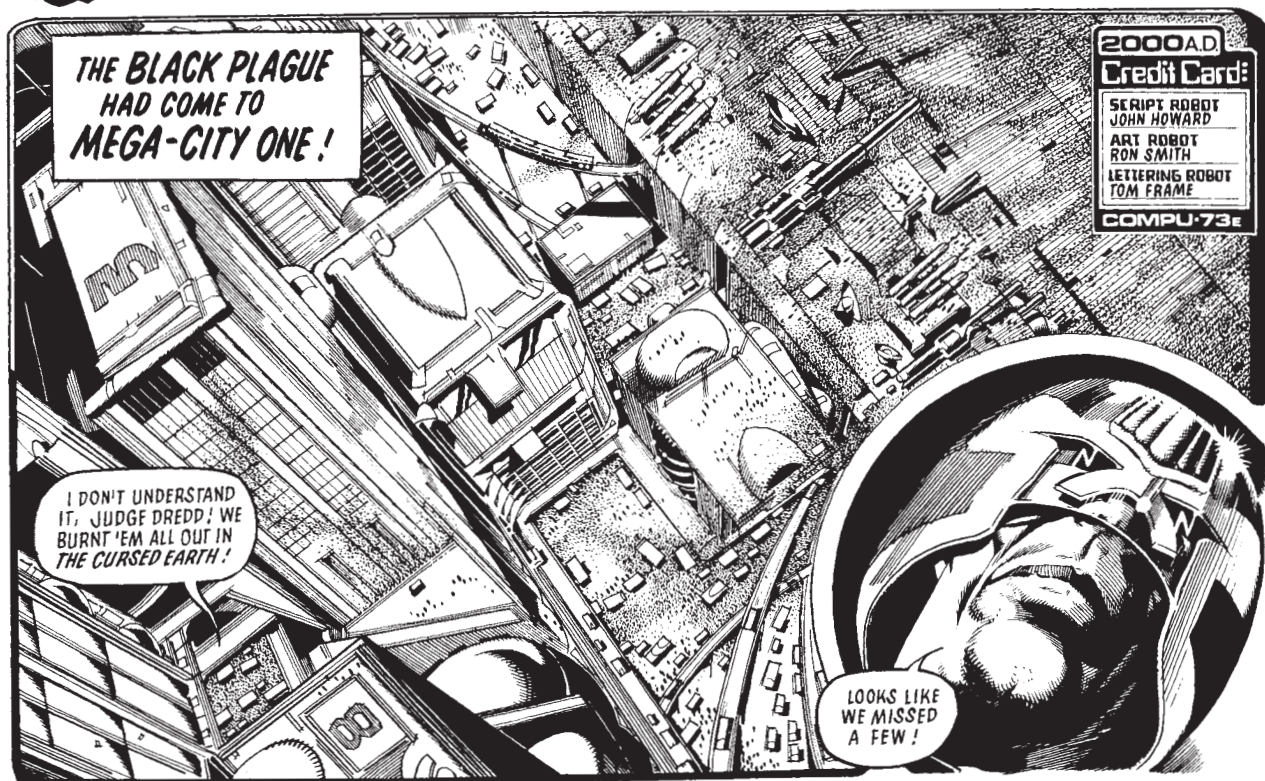
NOW COOL NIGHT WAS FALLING,
AND THE GROUND BEGAN TO *STIR*—

**DEATH WAS HATCHING
FROM THE CURSED EARTH!**

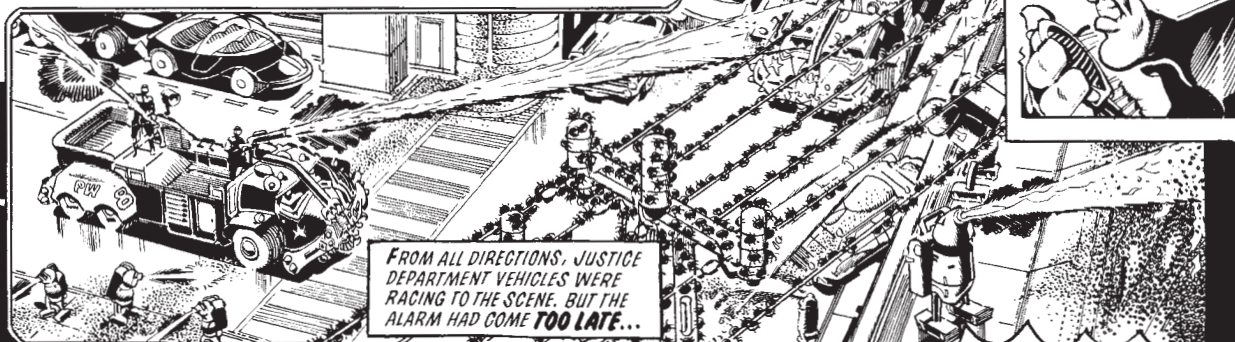
NEXT
PROG: ++**SPIDER-POWER PEAKS**++**CITY INVADED!**++

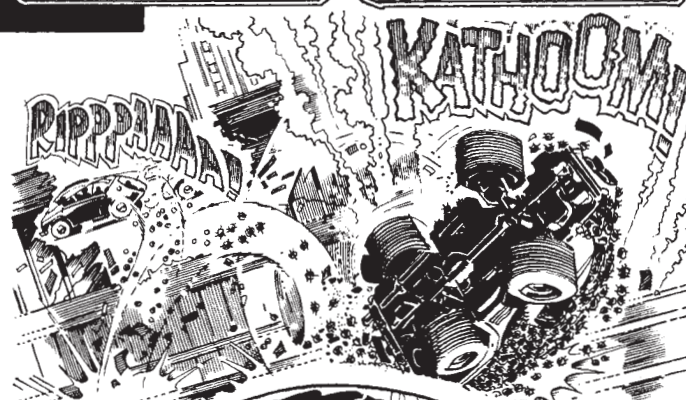


JUDGE DREDD



INSECTICIDE SPRAYERS MOVED IN. BUT THE SWARM HAD BEEN SPAWNED IN THE ATOMIC HELL OF THE CURSED EARTH. THEY WERE **POISON-PROOF** —





JUDGE DREDD HAD A HOTLINE
TO THE CHIEF JUDGE —

THE SPIDERS ARE EVERYWHERE,
CHIEF JUDGE! WE'VE FORMED
A NEW LINE OF DEFENCE ALONG
THE MEGA-CIRCULAR!

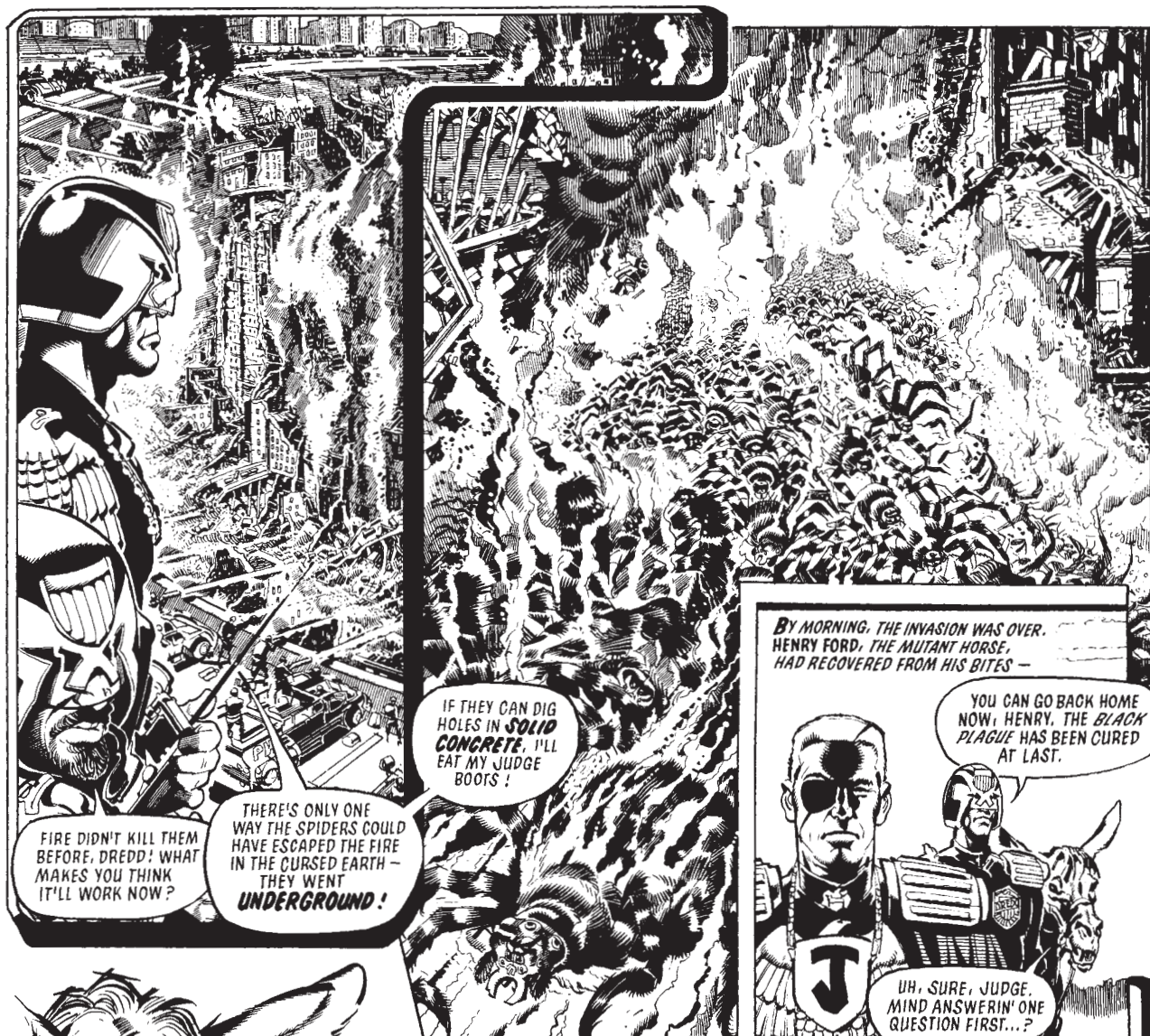
WHAT CAN WE DO,
DREDD? POISONS
DON'T STOP THOSE
BEASTS!

THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING WE CAN DO...
**BURN THE WHOLE
SECTOR DOWN!**

AS THE EVACUATION WAS COMPLETED,
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT H-WAGONS
MOVED OVER THE SECTOR —

**BOMBS
AWAY!**

HIGH EXPLOSIVE AND INCENDIARY RAINED DOWN —



FIRE DIDN'T KILL THEM BEFORE, DREDD! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT'LL WORK NOW?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY THE SPIDERS COULD HAVE ESCAPED THE FIRE IN THE CURSED EARTH — THEY WENT **UNDERGROUND!**

IF THEY CAN DIG HOLES IN **SOLID CONCRETE**, I'LL EAT MY JUDGE BOOTS!

BY MORNING, THE INVASION WAS OVER. HENRY FORD, THE MUTANT HORSE, HAD RECOVERED FROM HIS BITES —

YOU CAN GO BACK HOME NOW, HENRY. THE **BLACK PLAGUE** HAS BEEN CURED AT LAST.

UH, SURE, JUDGE. MIND ANSWERIN' ONE QUESTION FIRST...?

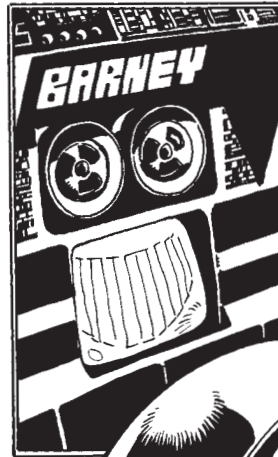


ARE YOUR CURES ALWAYS SO **DRASTIC?**



THE END.

TOY



BARNEY, THE CITY HALL COMPUTER WITH THE DOWN-HOME VOICE AND VIDEO SMILE, HAD BEEN DESIGNED TO GIVE A "HUMAN" FACE TO MEGA-CITY GOVERNMENT. EVERYBODY LOVED BARNEY, AND BARNEY LOVED EVERYBODY. . .

... UNTIL THE DAY THAT
BARNEY WENT HAYWIRE..
AND CHRISTMAS CAME A
LITTLE EARLY TO THE
DES O'CONNOR BLOCK !

BIG LOGJAM ON THE
DES O'CONNOR FEEDWAY!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

HONK HONK!
TOOT!
BEEP !



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JOHN HOWARD
ART ROBOT
MIKE McMAHON
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

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AT 2.10 PM THE UNDERFLOOR HEATERS IN THE DES O'CONNOR BLOCK SCHOOL CAUGHT FIRE -

FIRE! RUN, CHILDREN!

THE FIRE BURNED UNCHECKED FOR EIGHT MINUTES, AFTER WHICH TIME THE OVERHEAD SPRINKLERS MYSTERIOUSLY BEGAN TO WORK AGAIN. BY THEN IT WAS TOO LATE -

IT WILL TAKE MONTHS TO REPAIR!



'RAAAAY!'

SCHOOL'S OUT!



THE CHILDREN ARRIVED IN TIME FOR SANTA -

AN ELECTROGOWN! JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED! BUT WHO'S DOING THIS FOR US?

HOORAY! IT'S CHRISTMAS!

LOOK WHAT I GOT!

THEN THE LETTERS CAME. FOR WENDELL DRIBB, THE OLDEST MAN IN DES O'CONNOR, THERE WAS GOOD NEWS...



I'VE BEEN SELECTED FOR **FREE** YOUTH RESTORING TREATMENT! THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE ME YOUNG AGAIN!

FOR WIDOW ETHEL IKEMAN THERE WAS GOOD NEWS...



IT'S FROM MY HUSBAND! HE-HE'S ALIVE! **ALIVE!**

FOR WANTED KILLER HUNK SMYTHE, HIDING OUT IN 4B-4BA, THERE WAS GOOD NEWS...



IT'S FROM **JUDGE DREDD!** HE'S GONNA FORGET ABOUT THAT KILLIN'! HE SAYS I CAN MURDER ANYONE I LIKE! **WHOOPEE!**

WITH EACH LETTER CAME A NEAT GOLD INVITATION —



BARNEY

YOUR FRIENDLY CITY HALL COMPUTER CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO A GRAND CHRISTMAS PARTY

WHERE: DES O'CONNOR BLOCK PLAZA

WHEN: **NOW!**

THE BLOCK PLAZA BEGAN TO FILL. AND THEN —

MERRY CHRISTMAS, FOLKS! HOPE YOU LIKE THEM PRESENTS AND GOOD NEWS LETTERS I SENT YOU! ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT — NAME IT! OLD BARNEY WILL DELIVER!



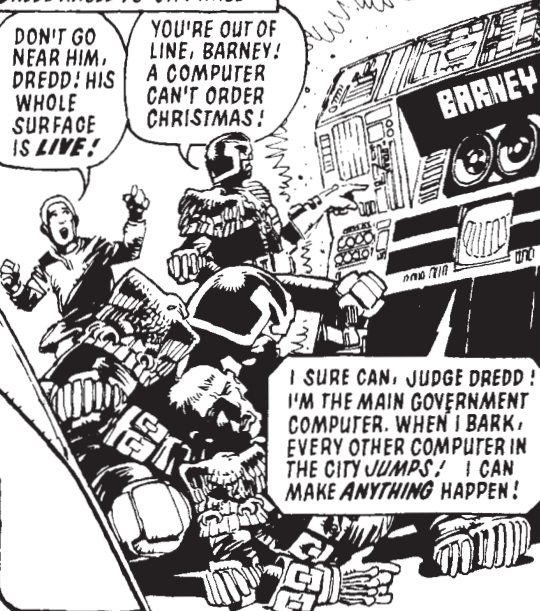
BARNEY SENT THE PRESENTS! HE MUSTA BURN'T THE SCHOOL, TOO!

THAT COMPUTER'S GONE CRAZY!



I WANT YOU TO BE **HAPPY**, FOLKS — AN' I'VE GOT THE POWER TO DO IT! BEFORE LONG, I'M GONNA MAKE IT CHRISTMAS IN EVERY CITYBLOCK! **CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR!**

DREDD RACED TO CITY HALL —



DON'T GO NEAR HIM, DREDD! HIS WHOLE SURFACE IS **LIVE!**

YOU'RE OUT OF LINE, BARNEY! A COMPUTER CAN'T ORDER CHRISTMAS!

I SURE CAN, JUDGE DREDD! I'M THE MAIN GOVERNMENT COMPUTER. WHEN I BARK, EVERY OTHER COMPUTER IN THE CITY **JUMPS!** I CAN MAKE **ANYTHING** HAPPEN!



AT 8.28 PM A GANG FROM LEVEL 63
ATTACKED THE PENTHOUSE —



BARNEY
SAID WE COULD
HAVE ANYTHING
WE WANT — AND
WE WANT THIS
PENTHOUSE!
YOU'RE MOVING
OUT!

NO!

BARNEY HAD FORBIDDEN JUDGES TO
ENTER THE BLOCK —



IT'S GETTING
ROUGH! THAT'S
A MAN!

ENOUGH!
BARNEY OR
NO BARNEY,
WE'RE
GOING IN!

FOLKS! PLEASE! PLEASE
DON'T FIGHT! YOU
SHOULD BE HAPPY!

DOK! A DISASTER AREA!
LET'S GET TO WORK!



BREAK
IT UP,
THERE!

LEE! SHAPIRO! ROPER! TAKE
CHARGE OF ARRESTS! WE'RE
GONNA HAVE PLENTY!

UGGH!



MERRY
CHRISTMAS,
CREEP!

AS MORE JUDGES POURED IN,
THE TROUBLE WAS BROUGHT
UNDER CONTROL —



HI, JUDGE. BARNEY SAYS WE
CAN TAKE WHAT WE WANT.

AND DREDD SAYS YOU CAN
DO TIME FOR IT. **MOVE!**



SOON— THANK GOODNESS THE JUDGES
CAME! HE STARTED THAT
TERRIBLE FIGHT! **HE** KILLED
MR GREGORI!

WELL, WELL,
HUNK SMYTHE! I'VE
BEEN LOOKING FOR
YOU! YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!

HEY, WHAT ABOUT YOUR
LETTER! YOU SAID I
COULD MURDER PEOPLE!



YOU DUMB CREEP! I DIDN'T WRITE
THIS LETTER— **BARNEY** WROTE IT!
HE WANTED YOU TO BE HAPPY—
SO HE TOLD YOU JUST WHAT
YOU **WANTED** TO HEAR!

THEN... **BARNEY** WROTE
THIS LETTER FROM
MY HUSBAND?
HE ISN'T ALIVE!
OH GOD!

I'LL NEVER BE
YOUNG AGAIN!



MY LITTLE GIRL GOT
TRAMPLED! CAN YOU
BRING HER BACK TO
LIFE, **BARNEY**?

UH... SURE I CAN. I...
WANT YOU TO BE
HAPPY...

YOU'RE LYING! YOU
CAN'T DO IT! DAMN
YOU, **BARNEY**! IF
THIS IS HAPPINESS,
**MAKE ME
MISERABLE
AGAIN!**



AT 9.11 PM THE SMILE FINALLY
FADED FROM **BARNEY'S** SCREEN...

AW, HECK...
I'M SORRY...

HE'S
SWITCHED
OFF!



CHRISTMAS WAS OVER AT THE
DES O'CONNOR BLOCK!

I GUESS THAT'S A LESSON TO US ALL,
DREDD. WE CAN'T GIVE PEOPLE
HAPPINESS. THE BEST WE CAN DO IS
GOOD OLD LAW AND ORDER.

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED,
TELFER, HAPPINESS IS
LAW AND ORDER!

NEXT DREDD: **UNCLE UMPY'S MAGIC CANDY!**

UMPTY CANDY SOLD IN ALL SHAPES AND SIZES.
IT WAS THE MOST POPULAR CONFECTION OF THE
EARLY 22ND CENTURY. . .



JUDGE DREDD

SOME UMPTY
CANDY WAS
SO GOOD IT
CAUSED
RIOTS —

UNCLE UMPS
UMPTY CANDY

DOWN WITH UNCLE UMP!
BURN DOWN HIS FACTORY!

TROUBLE AT THE
UNCLE UMP FACTORY!
SEND IN THE RIOT
SQUAD!

2000 A.D.
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
JOHN HOWARD

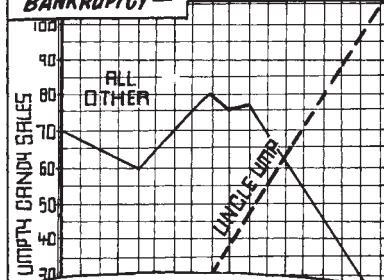
ART ROBOT
MIKE McMAHON

LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73e



UNCLE UMP HAD OPENED HIS FACTORY ONLY A FEW MONTHS EARLIER. SINCE THEN HIS SALES HAD ROCKETED, WHILE OTHER MANUFACTURERS PLUNGED TOWARDS **BANKRUPTCY** —



WHAT MAKES **UNCLE UMP'S CANDY** SO **SPECIAL**? I DON'T APPROVE OF CANDY, **CHIEF JUDGE** — BUT PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO TRY SOME IN THE INTERESTS OF LAW AND ORDER.



THE TROUBLE BEGAN NEXT DAY —

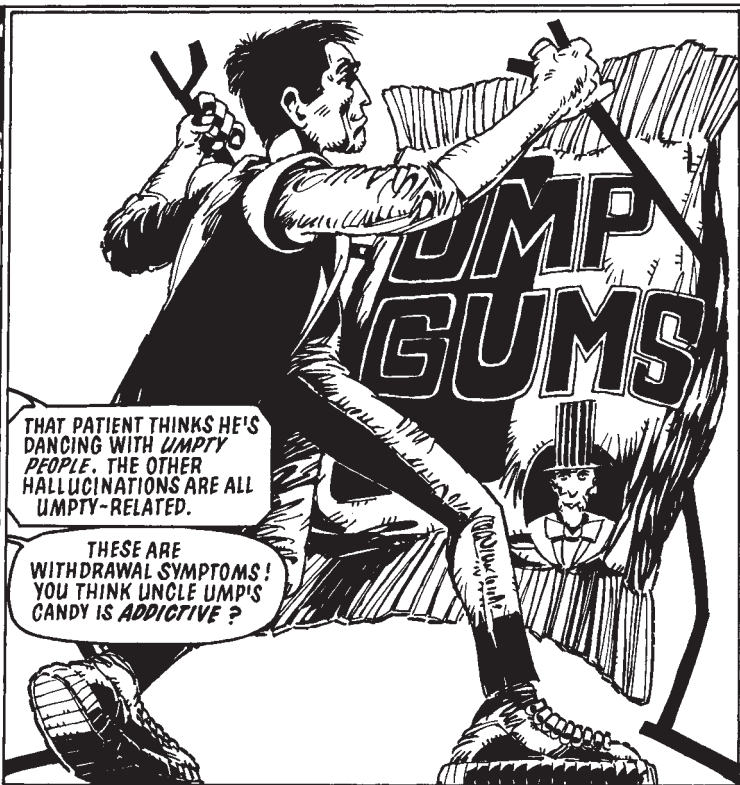


AT THE HOSPITAL — THE RIOT YESTERDAY CAUSED A SHORTAGE OF UNCLE UMP'S UMPY CANDY. WE'VE HAD CASES ALL MORNING. SAME SYMPTOMS — BOUTS OF CRYING, HYSTERIA — OCCASIONAL HALLUCINATIONS.



THAT PATIENT THINKS HE'S DANCING WITH UMPY PEOPLE. THE OTHER HALLUCINATIONS ARE ALL UMPY-RELATED.

THESE ARE WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS! YOU THINK UNCLE UMP'S CANDY IS ADDICTIVE?



NOT IN THE WAY YOU MEAN. I'VE PUT A PIECE OF THE CANDY IN THIS PARTICLE ANALYSER. WATCH —



SAMPLE CONTAINS NO HARMFUL OR ADDICTIVE SUBSTANCES. TESTS INCOMPLETE. REPEAT SAMPLE.

REPEAT SAMPLE! REPEAT SAMPLE!



ONE SAMPLE IS ENOUGH FOR ANY ANALYSER. THIS ONE'S ASKED FOR A HUNDRED!

YOU MEAN IT'S LYING! IT'S ASKING FOR MORE BECAUSE... IT LIKES IT!

AND IF A MACHINE LIKES IT, WHAT MUST IT TASTE LIKE TO YOU HUMANS! THAT'S THE ADDICTIVE FACTOR!

UNCLE UMP HAS DISCOVERED THE MOST WONDERFUL TASTE THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!

WE CAN CURE THE UMPY SICKNESS NOW — BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PEOPLE HAVE BEEN EATING THE CANDY FOR YEARS?

TROUBLE!





LATER THAT DAY —



BUT THAT NIGHT, AT MEGA-CITY SPACEPORT —

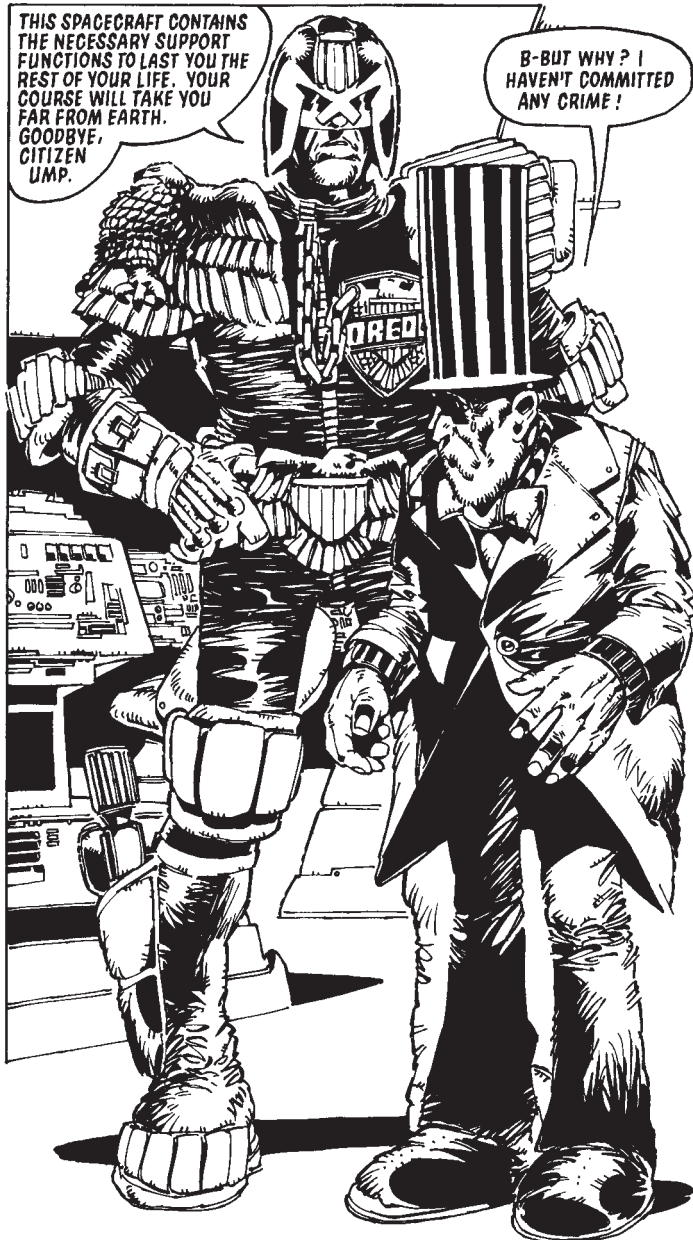


ALL CLEAR!
BUNDLE HIM
IN!

OKAY,
JUDGE
DREDD!

THIS SPACECRAFT CONTAINS
THE NECESSARY SUPPORT
FUNCTIONS TO LAST YOU THE
REST OF YOUR LIFE. YOUR
COURSE WILL TAKE YOU
FAR FROM EARTH.
GOODBYE,
CITIZEN
UMP.

B-BUT WHY? I
HAVEN'T COMMITTED
ANY CRIME!



I'M SORRY, CITIZEN.
SOMETIMES IT IS THE
INNOCENT WHO MUST
SUFFER.

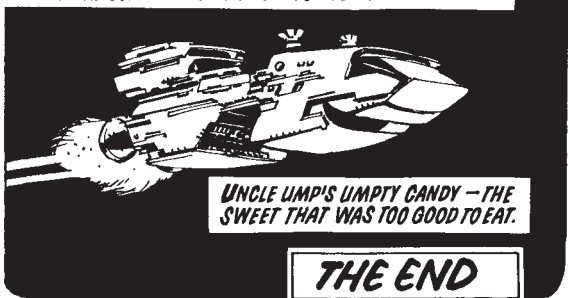


WE COULDN'T RISK
HAVING HIM ON EARTH.
IF THE PEOPLE FOUND
OUT HE WAS STILL ALIVE,
THEY'D FORCE HIS
SECRET OUT OF HIM.



AND WHAT IS ONE
MAN... TO EIGHT
HUNDRED MILLION?

AND SO THE SECRET OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TASTE THE WORLD
HAD EVER KNOWN DRIFTED AWAY INTO DEEP SPACE . . .



UNCLE UMP'S UMPY CANDY — THE
SWEET THAT WAS TOO GOOD TO EAT.

THE END

JUDGE DREDD



THE TROUBLE HAD BEGUN FOUR YEARS EARLIER, WHEN FRANK AND BETTY SHERMAN BOUGHT THE AUTO-TEACH MACHINE FOR THEIR NEWBORN SON, ALBERT...

NOW OUR SON WON'T GROW UP STUPID LIKE WHAT WE ARE!



OUR ALBERT IS SO SMART! WE OWE EVERYTHING TO HIM!

HE'S RIGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF US. WE'RE JUST SCUM.



I'M FED UP BEING A BORING OLD BUSINESS TYCOON! I WANT TO DO SOMETHING BIG DEAL!



LITTLE ALBERT LOVED THE AUTO-TEACH. AT SIX MONTHS, HE WAS CONVERSING FLUENTLY WITH IT - IN 37 LANGUAGES!

HE DOESN'T EVEN STOP FOR A MILK BREAK, DOCTOR.

ALBERT IS A FREAK, MRS SHERMAN. HE HAS AN UNBELIEVABLE CAPACITY FOR LEARNING! IT CAN'T DO HIM ANY HARM.



BY THE AGE OF FOUR, ALBERT HAD ABSORBED MOST OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE. HIS STOCK MARKET DEALINGS HAD MADE THE SHERMANS A FORTUNE -

SELL MEGA-TRUST AND BUY SUNSHINE SYNTHIFOODS. NOW GET OUT OF MY SIGHT, YOU SICKENING MORONS!

YES, ALBERT! YOU'RE THE BOSS, SON!



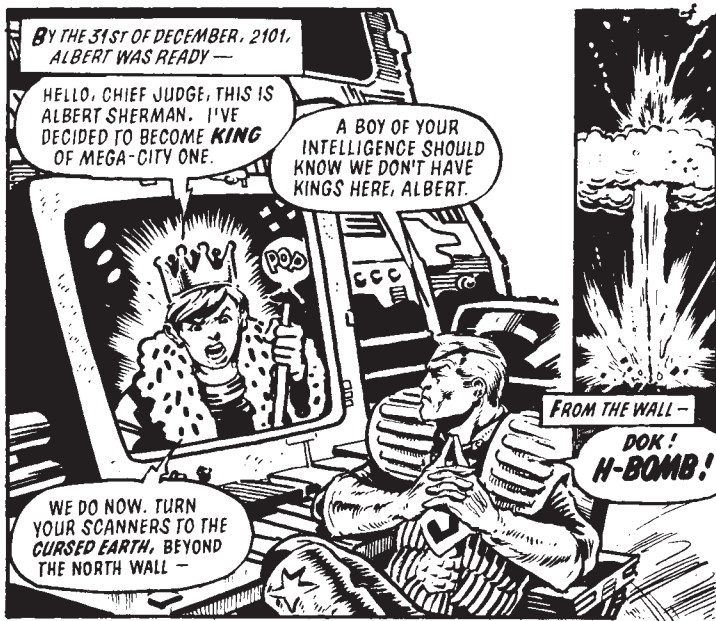
I KNOW! I'LL BE KING OF MEGA-CITY ONE!

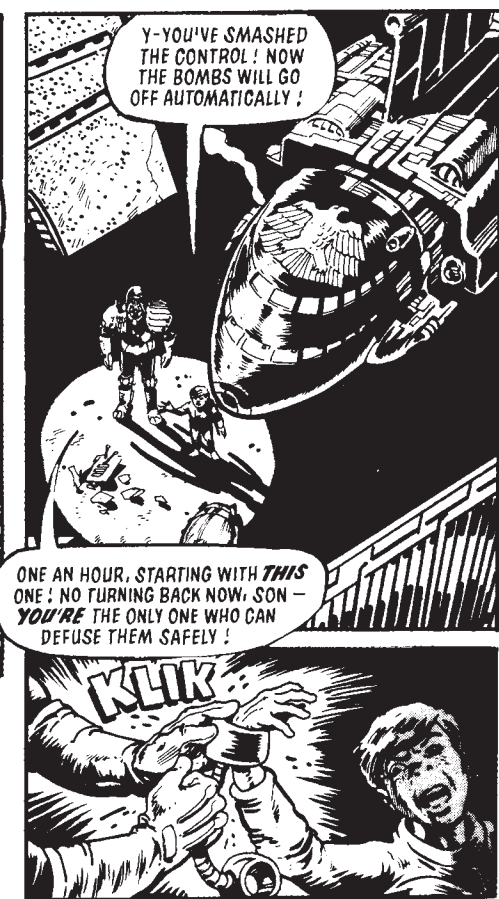


A PLAN FORMED IN LITTLE ALBERT'S WARPED BRAIN. BUILDING THE BOMBS WAS CHILD'S PLAY -

HE SAYS HE'S GOING TO BE KING, BETTY! WON'T IT BE WONDERFUL!









SEE, SON, THERE'S ONE THING YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT POWER. IT'S NOT MUCH FUN IF YOU'RE NOT AROUND TO ENJOY IT.

THINK ABOUT IT. YOU'VE GOT... FORTY-ONE MINUTES...

THIS IS BLACKMAIL!

BY MORNING THE CITY WAS RETURNING TO NORMAL. THOSE IN DETENTION HAD BEEN RELEASED -

ALBERT SAW SENSE IN THE END. THE BOY'S NOT STUPID.

AND WHAT ABOUT THE BOY? AT HIS AGE, THE MOST WE CAN DO IS TAKE HIM INTO CITY CARE - AND HE KNOWS IT!

THE BOY NEEDS DISCIPLINE - HEAVY DISCIPLINE - AND THERE'S ONE PLACE HE'LL GET IT!

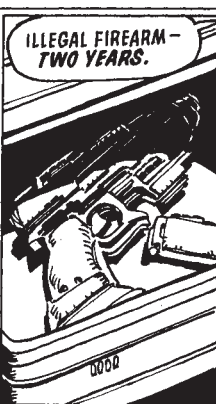
I'LL ISSUE AN EXPLANATION. I'LL KEEP IT VAGUE. BETTER THE CITIZENS NEVER LEARN THE FULL STORY OF THIS ESCAPE!

LITTLE ALBERT SHERMAN BEGAN THE NEW YEAR BY BEING ENROLLED AT THE ACADEMY OF LAW -

CADET ALBERT SHERMAN, FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN YEARS YOU WILL TRAIN TO BECOME A JUDGE. IT IS A HARD LIFE - BUT IN TIME YOU WILL COME TO ENJOY IT!

A JUDGE? BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO BE KING!

JUST A KID WHO NEVER LEARNED RIGHT FROM WRONG. HE'LL LEARN IT THERE! SOMEDAY, YOUNG ALBERT'S BRAINS WILL BE AN ASSET TO THE FORCE!



STOP ME WHEN YOU'VE HEARD ENOUGH, TOMMY.

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JOHN HOWARD
ART ROBOT
MIKE McMAHON
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

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JUDGE DREDD



TOMMY TALKED - AND WAS TAKEN AWAY TO DO HIS TIME...

PUNKS LIKE THAT ALWAYS HAVE SOMETHING TO HIDE. YOU DON'T WASTE TIME SWEET-TALKING THEM, MINTY.

I KNOW, YOUNG FELLA. IT'S JUST... AS YOU GET OLDER, YOU KEEP HOPING FOLK WILL SEE SENSE AND CO-OPERATE WITH US.

DREDD AND MINTY RODE TO THE ADDRESS THEY'D BEEN GIVEN -

YOU'LL BE A LOT LONGER IN THE WHISKER BEFORE THAT HAPPENS, MINTY!

THAT'S THE PLACE. I DON'T REALLY NEED YOU ON THIS CASE. I CAN HANDLE THE KOVAKS MOB.

YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE IT THREE MONTHS AGO, MINTY.

KOVAKS! YOU MEN IN THERE! YOU'RE WANTED ON SEVENTY-FOUR COUNTS OF MURDER!

YOU'LL MAKE TWO MORE, LAWMEN!

BLAST 'EM, BOYS!

THIS IS FOOLISH, KOVAKS! WE CAN WAIT YOU OUT!

WAITING IS BAD TECHNIQUE! BIKE CANNON!

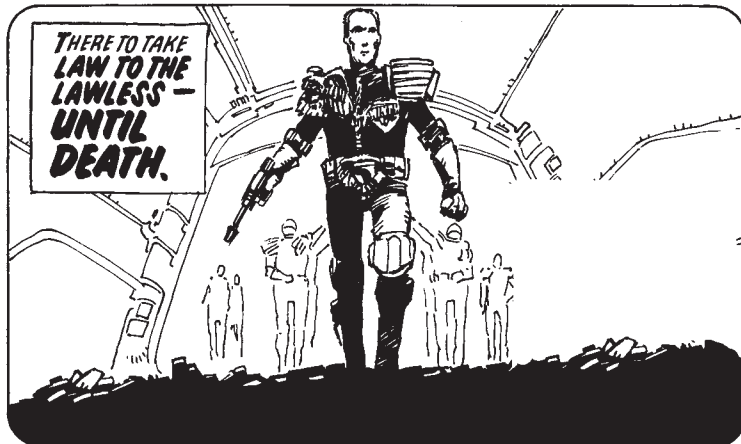
KA-THOOM!





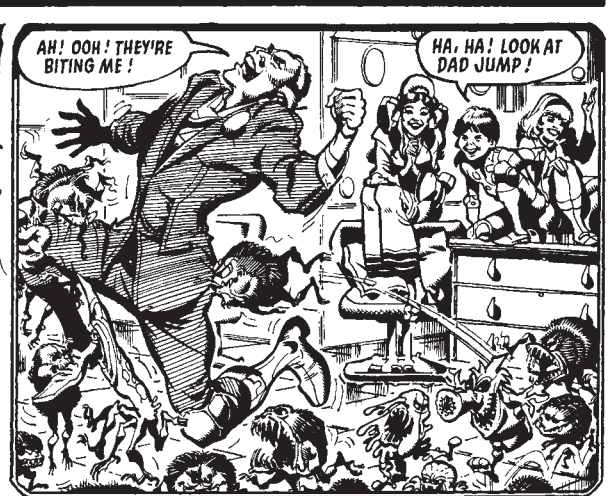
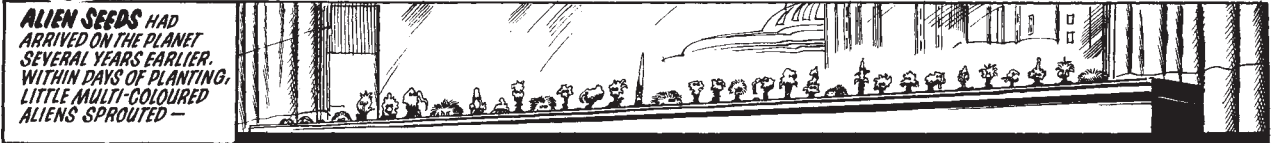


TWO WEEKS LATER, MINTY WAS FULLY RECOVERED —



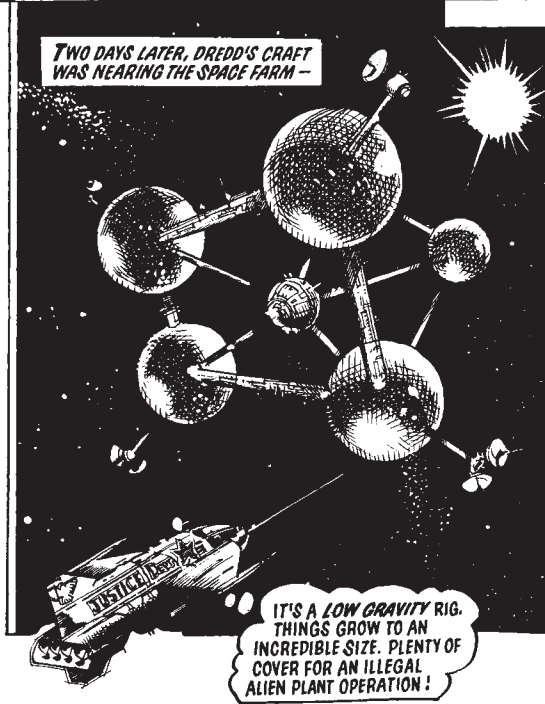
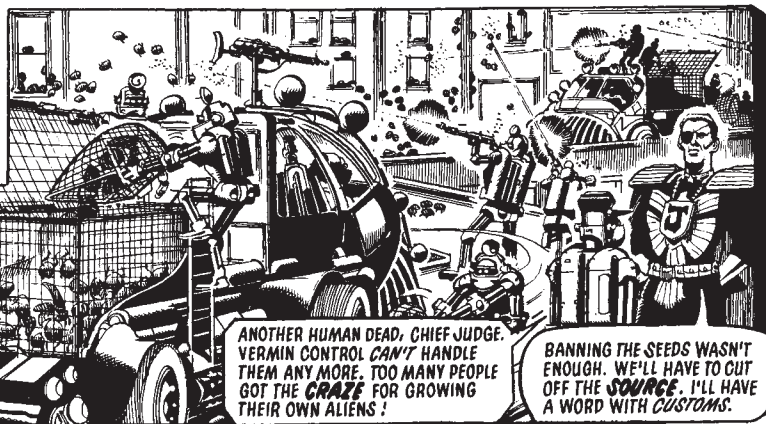


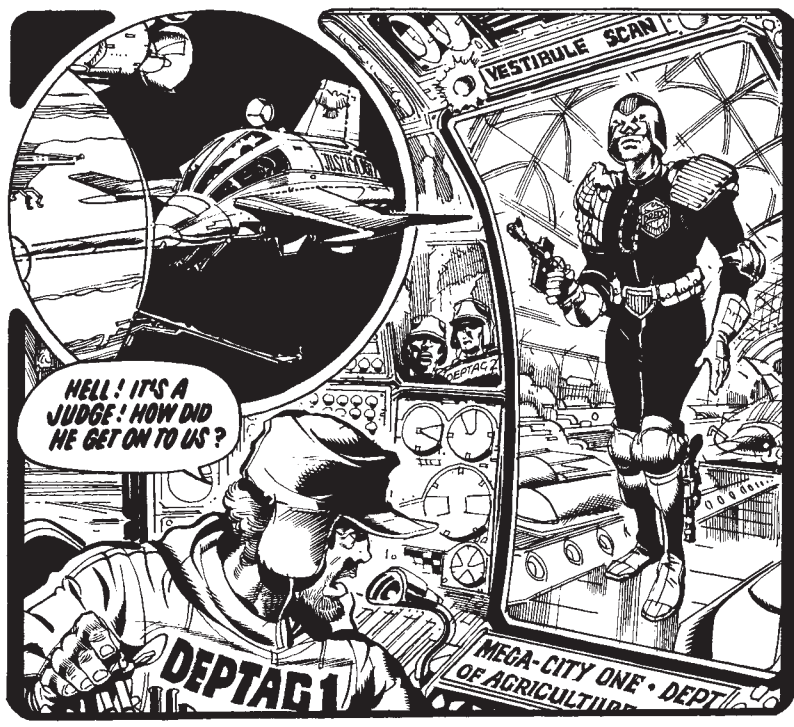
JUDGE DREDD

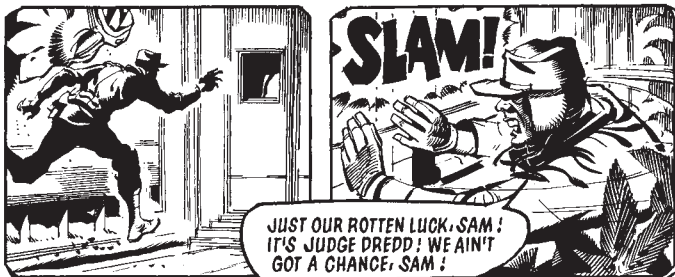
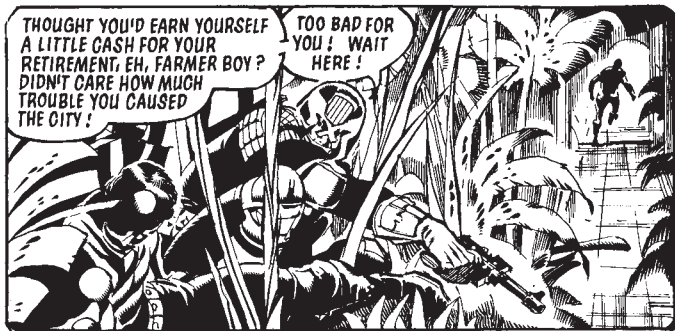
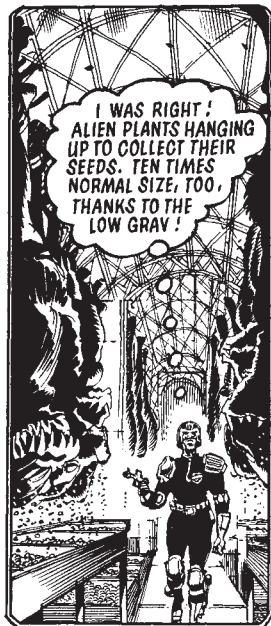


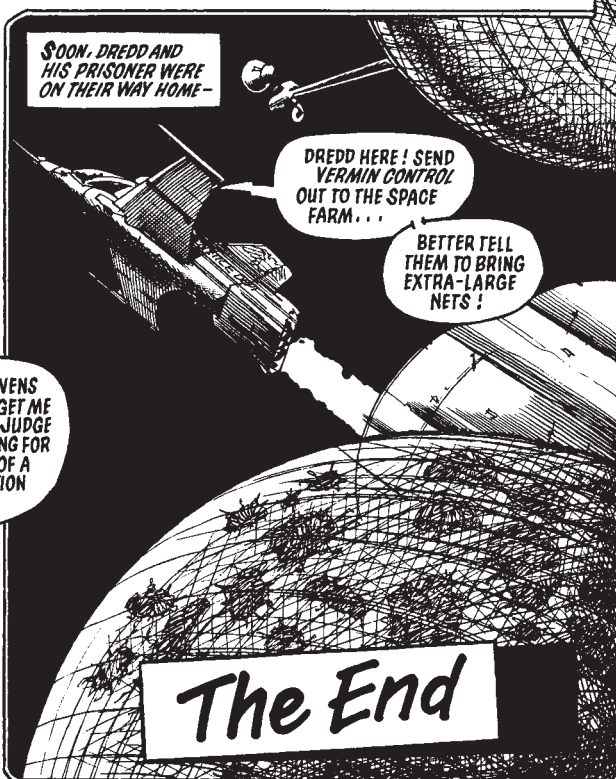
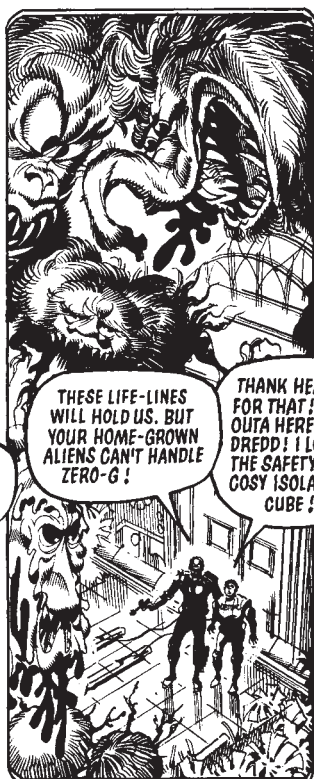
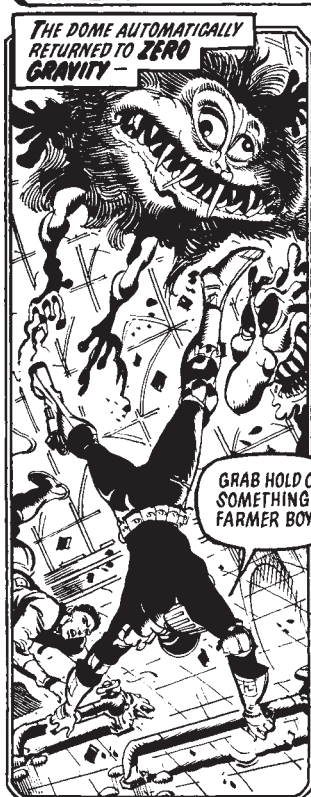


OF COURSE, THAT WAS WHAT HAPPENED WITH ALL THE ALIENS.
NOW **PACKS** OF THEM LIVED WILD IN THE BACKSTREETS - FEEDING
ON RATS AND GARBAGE - AND THE OCCASIONAL HUMAN. . .









JUDGE DREDD

IN MEGA-CITY ONE, GIANT METROPOLIS OF THE 22ND CENTURY, A CRIMINAL WAS ESCAPING FROM THE LAW...

DUMB JUDGES! HA! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH TINY THE TAP!





JUDGE DEATH PART 1

WHEN THE BODY WAS FOUND, TOP LAWMAN JUDGE DREDD WAS CALLED IN —

IT'S TINY THE TAP! WE WERE CHASING HIM WHEN WE LOST HIM IN THIS MAZE.

WHEN WE FOUND HIM HE WAS DEAD. THERE'S NOT A MARK ON HIM — BUT LOOK AT HIS FACE!



LIKE HE DIED OF... **TERROR!**

NO SIGN OF ANY ATTACKER, BUT WE FOUND *THIS* UNDER TINY'S NAILS. COULD BE SKIN TISSUE. PONGS A BIT!

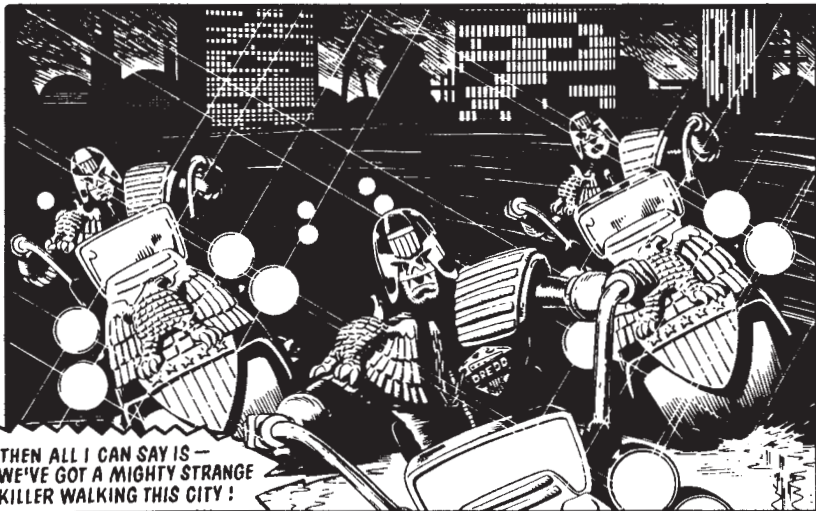
THERE'S A STRANGE SMELL OF *DECAY* ALL AROUND HERE. OKAY, RUN THAT DOWN TO THE LAB. I'LL GET A SEARCH SQUAD OUT.



SOON, AT THE LAB —



SKIN, ALL RIGHT. MIGHT BE HUMAN — HARD TO TELL JUST YET. IT'S IN AN ADVANCED STATE OF DECOMPOSITION...



THE ONE SOUND WHICH COULD STIR **FEELING** IN THAT COLD, DEAD HEART. THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER...OF **LIFE**...



THAT **HATED** SOUND !





OH MY SOUL!



MY NAME ISS DEATH. I HAVE COME TO JUDGE YOU.

MY GRUD! WHAT-WHAT IS IT?



P-PLEASE! I-I'M JUST A HARMLESS B-BUTTON JOCK... UHHH!

DO NOT BE AFRAID. DYING ISS GOOD. DYING ISS EASY...

I JUST STICK MY HAND IN AND...



SSQUEEZZE!



CONTROL TO DREDD! SOUNDS OF DISTRESS HEARD COMING FROM THE RABBIT HUTCH. COULD BE YOUR MAN!

WE'RE ON OUR WAY!



SOON -

HELP!

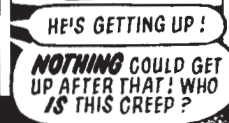
DOORS ARE LOCKED! BREAK THEM OPEN!



INSIDE -

DOK! WHAT A NIGHTMARE!

THERE'S THAT STENCH OF DECAY!



JUDGE DREDD

A STRANGE AND TERRIFYING CREATURE STALKS THE FUTURE CITY...
JUDGE DEATH!



WE'RE BLOWIN' CHUNKS OFF HIM —
BUT HE KEEPS COMING!

YOU CANNOT KILL WHAT DOES NOT LIVE!
I HAVE COME TO JUDGE THISS
CCITY! TO BRING YOU LAW...

...THE LAW
OF DEATH!

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ART ROBOT
BRIAN BOLLAND
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73E

HIS FINGERS — PIERCING
RUNCIMAN'S NECK LIKE
IT WAS CUSTARD!



JUDGE DREDD WAS IN CHARGE OF
THE MEGA-CITY LAWMEN —



BULLETS DON'T STOP HIM!
SWITCH TO *INCENDIARY*,
RAPID FIRE!



HE'S GONE
UP LIKE A
HUMAN
TORCH!

NOT
HUMAN!



AS THE
FLAMES
DIED...

JUST A CHARRED HUSK!
HE'S NOT COMING BACK
TO LIFE AFTER *THAT*!

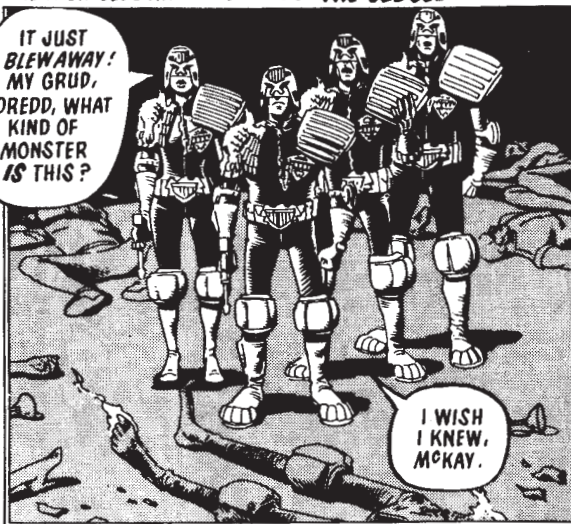
THERE'S SMOKE
RISING FROM ITS
HEAD!

AND THERE'S THAT
FOUL STENCH AGAIN!

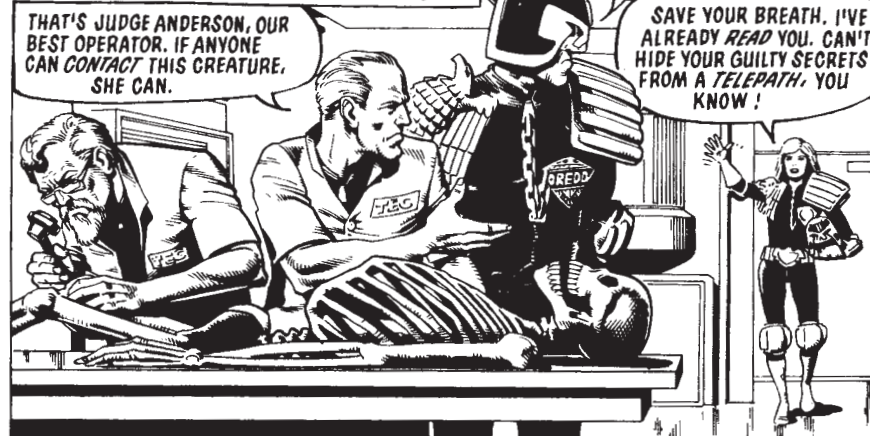


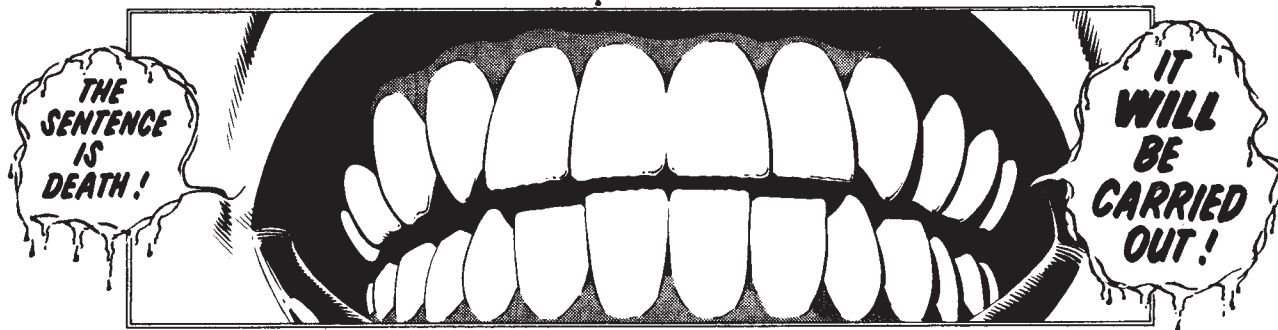
AND THEN IT WAS GONE... LEAVING ONLY THE SHATTERED RUIN OF
THE NIGHTCLUB AND THE BODIES OF *THE JUDGED*...

IT JUST
BLEWAWAY!
MY GRUD,
DREDD, WHAT
KIND OF
MONSTER
IS THIS?



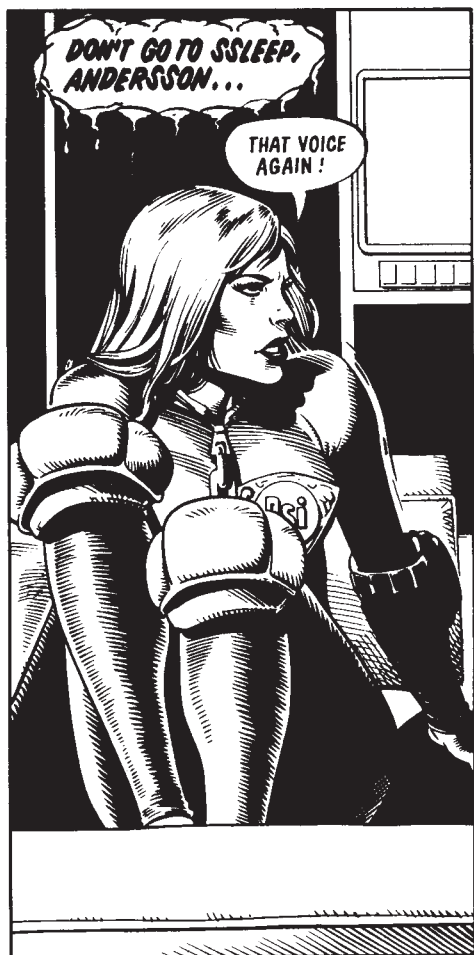
THE REMAINS WERE TAKEN TO THE MORGUE. THERE, DREDD CALLED IN PSI-DIVISION - JUDGES SPECIALLY TRAINED FOR THEIR **ABNORMAL PSYCHIC POWER...**





JUDGE DEATH BROKE CONTACT —





NEXT PROG • **THE MONSTER WITHIN!**

JUDGE DEATH - A TERRIFYING CREATURE FROM A WORLD WHERE LIFE IS A CRIME - HAS COME TO JUDGE MEGA-CITY ONE.

DEATH'S BODY HAS BEEN BURNT TO ASH, BUT HIS SPIRIT FORM HAS ENTERED THE MIND OF JUDGE ANDERSON, A PSI-DIVISION TELEPATH -

YOU CANNOT RESIST ME, ANDERSSON! WE WILL BE PARTNERS IN DEATH!

NOW, IN THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S MORGUE -

JUDGE DREDD

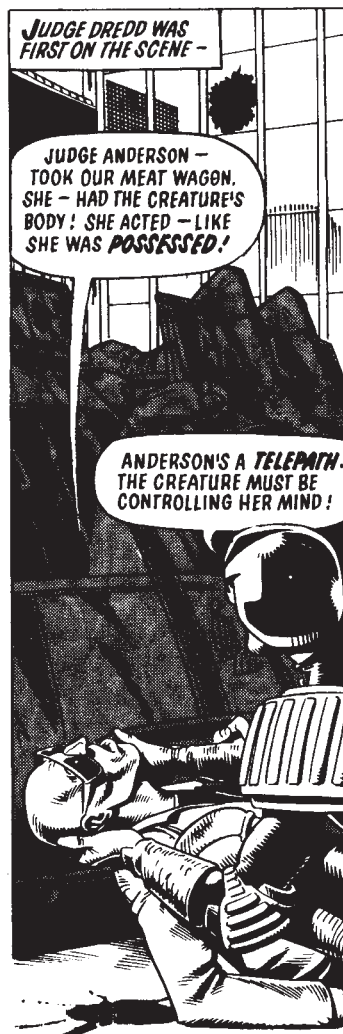
ANDERSON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE CREATURE'S BODY?

KEEP - AWAY FROM ME! I CAN'T - HELP - MYSELF!

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JOHN HOWARD
ART ROBOT
BRIAN BOLLARD
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73e



JUDGE DREDD WAS
FIRST ON THE SCENE -

JUDGE ANDERSON -
TOOK OUR MEAT WAGON.
SHE - HAD THE CREATURE'S
BODY! SHE ACTED - LIKE
SHE WAS **POSSESSED!**

ANDERSON'S A **TELEPATH!**
THE CREATURE MUST BE
CONTROLLING HER MIND!

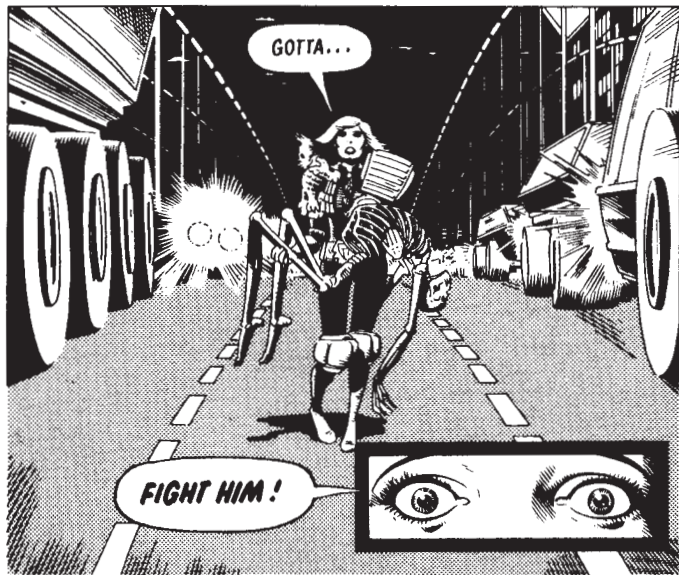


DON'T FIGHT ME,
ANDERSSON! I
AM TOO SSTRONG
FOR YOU!

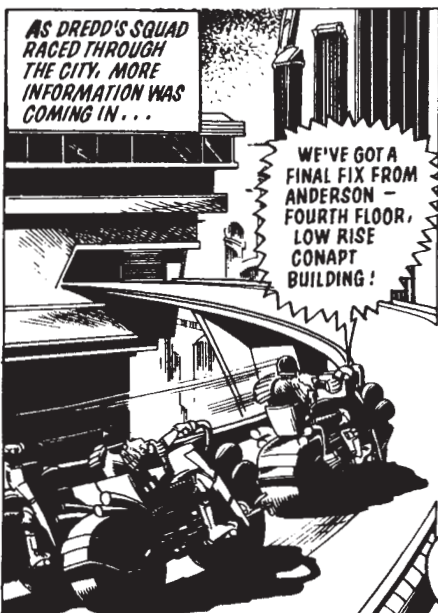
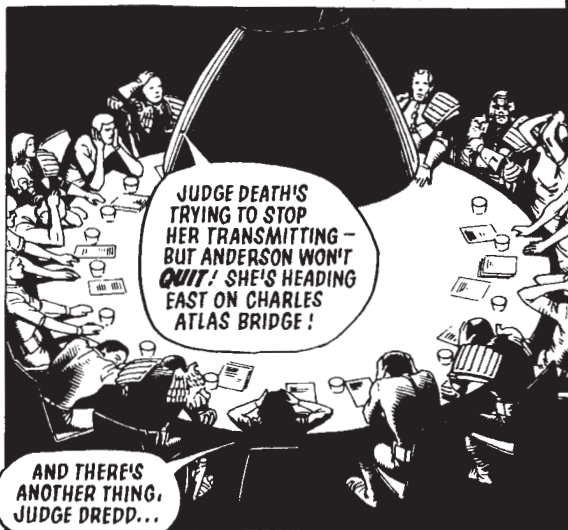
GET LOST,
CREEP!

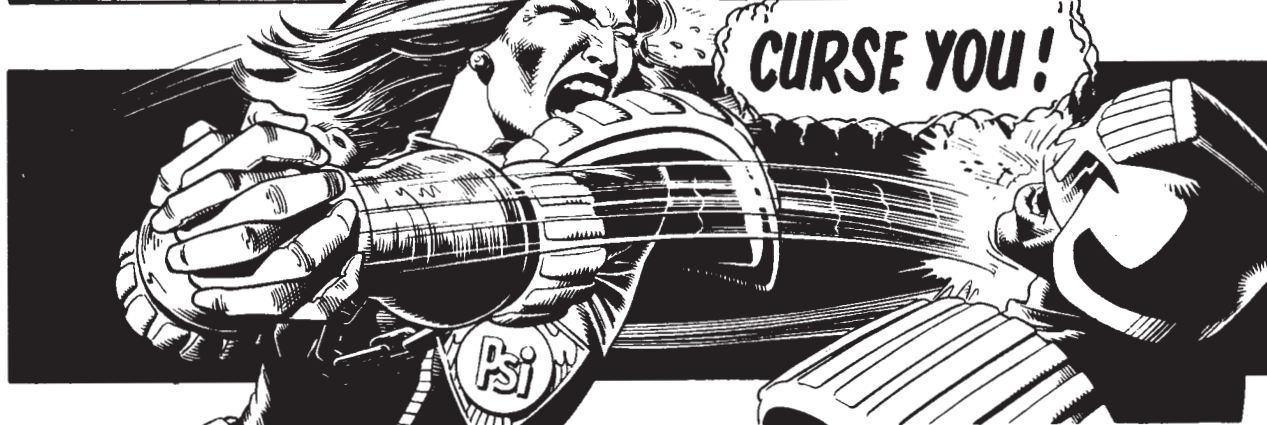
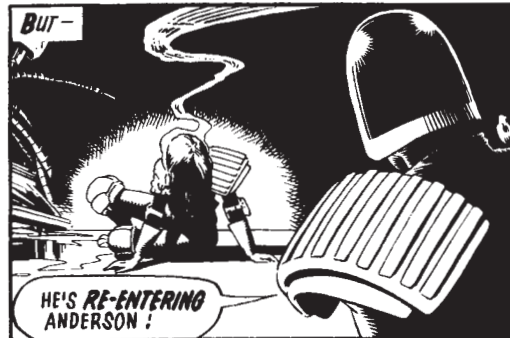
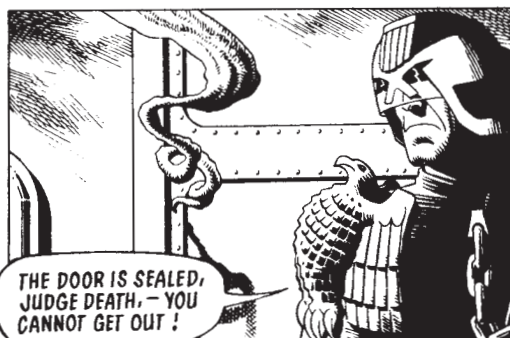
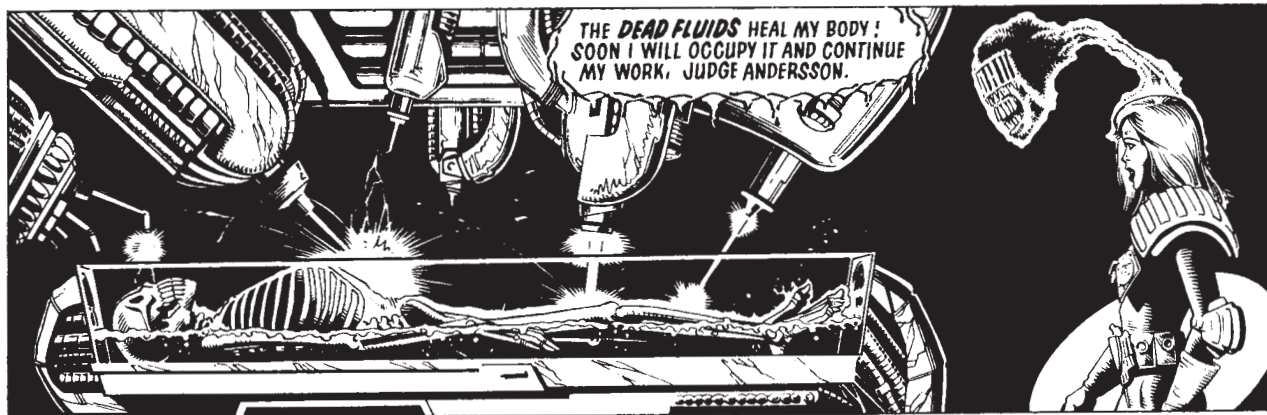


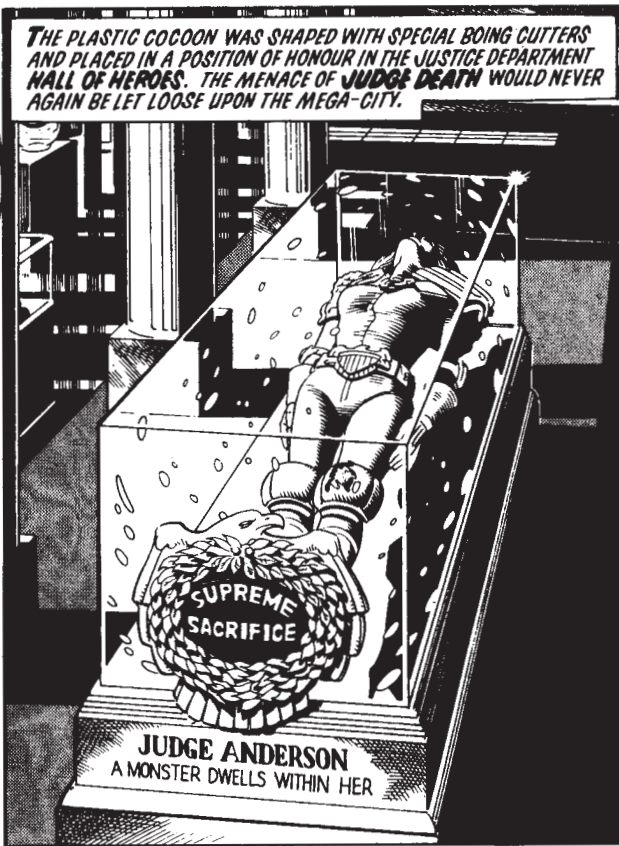
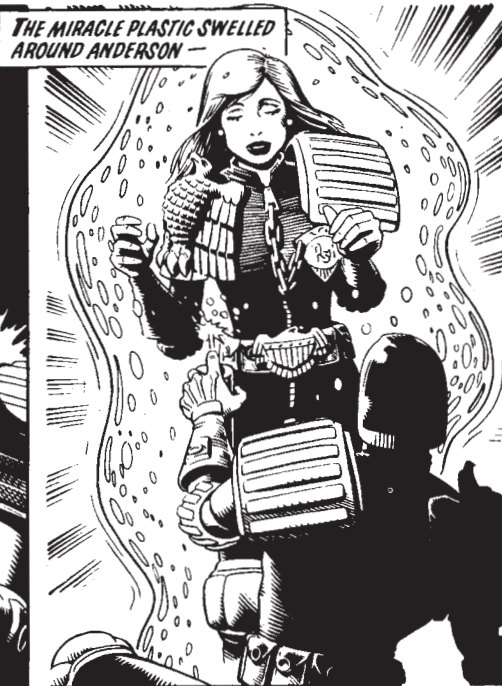
THISS ISS FOOLISHH, ANDERSSON!
NOW YOU MUSSST WALK! IT ISS
NOT FAR...



AT THE HALL OF JUSTICE, OTHER PSI-DIVISION TELEPATHS WERE LISTENING FOR MESSAGES FROM ANDERSON. . .







JUDGE DREDD

PROLOGUE : SATANUS — THE BLACK TYRANNOSAUR — WAS REINCARNATED BY A MIRACLE OF MODERN SCIENCE...

AND NOW, IN A GENETIC RESEARCH LABORATORY IN MEGA-CITY ONE... CITY OF THE FUTURE —

IN HERE, WE HAVE A **PLASMA-BASED SECRETION**, TAKEN FROM THE BODY OF SATANUS BEFORE HE ESCAPED INTO THE CURSED EARTH...*

SADLY, THE JUDGES HAVE **BANNED** SUCH EXPERIMENTS AS BEING TOO DANGEROUS.

...FROM IT, A NEW **TYRANNOSAUR** CAN BE GROWN!

* SEE THE CURSED EARTH PART TWO

CYRIL J. RATFINKLE WAS WELL KNOWN FOR ASKING STUPID QUESTIONS...

NOW GO AND PHOTOCOPY THESE NOTES, RATFINKLE.

IT'S ALL YOU'RE GOOD FOR!

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF SOMEONE **DRANK** THAT LIQUID, SIR?

IDIOT! WHO IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD DRINK **TYRANNOSAUR BLOOD**?

I'LL SHOW THEM WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SOMEONE... **DRINKS THE BLOOD OF SATANUS!**

WHEN I JOINED THIS LAB, I THOUGHT I'D BECOME A GREAT SCIENTIST — NOT A **LACKEY!** BUT I'LL SHOW THEM THERE'S MORE TO CYRIL J. RATFINKLE THAN PHOTOCOPYING AND FILING!

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PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT
RON SMITH
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73E

JUDGE DREDD

IN: **THE BLOOD OF SATANUS!**



WITH STEALTH AND CUNNING, RATFINKLE STOLE THE **PLASMA** AND REPLACED IT WITH A COLOURED SOLUTION. THEN HE TOOK AN AFTERNOON OFF WORK. . .

THIS WILL BE THE GREATEST EXPERIMENT OF ALL TIME!



BUT I'M NOT STUPID - I'M NOT DRINKING IT!



RATFINKLE DRILLED A HOLE IN THE FLOOR...



LATER, THE COUPLE WHO LIVED IN THE APARTMENT BELOW ARRIVED HOME...

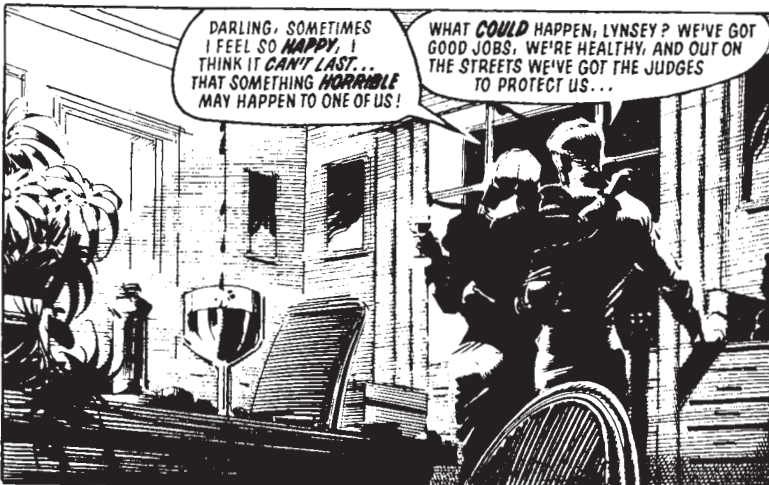
A BOTTLE OF THE BEST SYNTHI-PLONK TO CELEBRATE OUR FIRST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, DARLING!



DARLING, SOMETIMES I FEEL SO **HAPPY**, I THINK IT **CAN'T LAST**... THAT SOMETHING **HORRIBLE** MAY HAPPEN TO ONE OF US!

WHAT **COULD** HAPPEN, LYNSEY? WE'VE GOT GOOD JOBS, WE'RE HEALTHY, AND OUT ON THE STREETS WE'VE GOT THE JUDGES TO PROTECT US...

I-I GUESS I'M JUST BEING SILLY, REX.





QUITE! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN WITH GUYS LIKE JUDGE DREDD AROUND!

NOW COME ON - LET'S **DRINK UP!**

A DAY LATER -



STRANGE... I'VE GOT THESE BLACK SCALES ON MY STOMACH.

NASTY. I'D BETTER PUT SOME OINTMENT ON THEM, REX.



SOME DAYS LATER -

GOOD MORNING, REX. HOW ARE YOU?

NOT TOO GOOD, RATFINKLE. I'VE GOT THIS STRANGE STOMACH RASH AND IT'S GETTING **WORSE**. I OUGHT TO SEE THE DOCTOR.

AFTER REX HAD EXPLAINED -

AH, IT'S A NEW VIRUS. THE DOCTORS CAN'T DO ANYTHING. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M WORKING ON THE REMEDY NOW.

REALLY? I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU DID THE PHOTOCOPYING.

OH, NO - MY ASSISTANTS HANDLE THAT. LISTEN, I CAN LET YOU HAVE **PRIORITY**. TAKE ONE SPOONFUL OF THIS **MEDICINE**. MORNING AND NIGHT.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. I-I'M SO **GRATEFUL**...



THAT'S ALL RIGHT, REX. IT'S WHAT **GOOD NEIGHBOURS** ARE FOR.



BUT AFTER SEVERAL DOSES OF RATFINKLE'S "MEDICINE"...

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO REX? HE SEEMS TO HAVE DEVELOPED A TASTE FOR **RAW MEAT** - ALL RED AND DRIPPING!



ABOVE - DAY TWELVE OF THE EXPERIMENT... BLACK SCALES NOW COVER THE SUBJECT'S LEGS AND ABDOMEN. THE METAMORPHOSIS OF MAN INTO TYRANNOSAUR IS IMMINENT.



LATER -

REX, I SAW MRS POTTS DOWNSTAIRS. SHE'S LOST HER PET ALIEN...

WHAT ARE YOU PILING THE FURNITURE UP IN THE CORNER FOR?



OH, NO...
THOSE
BONES!
MRS POTTS'
ALIEN!

REX: WHY-
WHY ARE YOU
LOOKING AT ME
LIKE THAT?



GET OUT, LYNSEY! JUST
GET OUT - BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE!

REX - YOU'VE
GOT TO SEE A
DOCTOR!



FORGIVE ME, LYNSEY. I-I
HAD TO SEND YOU AWAY.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT -
BUT SOMETHING **EVIL** IS
GROWING INSIDE ME!



SHORTLY AFTER,
JUDGE DREDD WAS
BESIEGING A
BUILDING, WHEN-



SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU, JUDGE DREDD,
BUT I GOT A WOMAN HERE WON'T SPEAK
TO ANYONE BUT YOU. LYNSEY PETERS.
SOUNDED URGENT - I'M PATCHING HER IN.



LYNSEY EXPLAINED -

HE PILED UP THE
FURNITURE -
LIKE HE WAS
BUILDING
HIMSELF...
A NEST!
JUDGE, I
NEED YOUR
HELP!



LADY, YOUR HUSBAND HAS
COMMITTED NO CRIME! RIGHT
NOW I GOTTA DEAL WITH A
CREEP WHO'S HOLDING A
COUPLE OF KIDS HOSTAGE!

BUT THIS COULD
BE SERIOUS, TOO!

IT'LL HAVE TO WAIT!
I GOT A CRAZY PUNK
HERE TO HANDLE...

...AND I'M GOING
IN - **NOW!**



NO, JUDGE! THE MAN NEEDS
HANDLING WITH KID GLOVES -
HE'S EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED!



MY TEMPER
AIN'T TOO GOOD,
EITHER!

SUCK MY KID GLOVE, PUNK!

SLAM!

THE SIEGE WAS OVER, BUT...

MAYBE THERE'S MORE TO THAT WOMAN'S STORY ABOUT HER HUSBAND... SHE SOUNDED SO SCARED... DROKK IT! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE SHE LIVES.

MEANWHILE, LYNSEY HAD RETURNED TO THE APARTMENT...

I'VE GOT TO SEE REX AGAIN—TALK TO HIM. THAT'S FUNNY...THE LIGHTS AREN'T WORKING...

REX, DARLING—ARE YOU THERE?

NEXT PROG • LUST FOR BLOOD!

SOMETHING HORRIBLE WAS HAPPENING TO LYNSEY PETERS' HUSBAND, REX. **BLACK SCALES** BEGAN APPEARING ON HIS BODY AND HE DEVELOPED A STRANGE TASTE FOR **RAW MEAT**. THEN, AS LYNSEY RETURNED HOME...

THAT-THAT
THING-IT-
IT CAN'T BE MY
HUSBAND!

REX - IT'S ME!
NO - PLEASE!

JUDGE DREDD

BLOOD OF SATANUS : PART 2.

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT
RON SMITH
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73E

THE CREATURE DRAGGED THE BODY
OVER TO ITS NEST, AND BEGAN TO
FEED...

IN THE FLAT ABOVE, CYRIL J. RATFINKLE WATCHED THROUGH A HOLE IN THE FLOOR...

THE METAMORPHOSIS IS COMPLETE! I HAVE CREATED A NEW SPECIES — **HOMO-TYRANNOSAURUS!**



EARLIER, RATFINKLE HAD TRICKED REX INTO DRINKING THE BLOOD OF SATANUS.

THE CREATURE HAS DEVoured ITS VICTIM AND IS NOW LEAVING ITS NEST — NO DOUBT TO FIND FURTHER PREY...



THIS WILL SHOW PEOPLE THERE'S MORE TO CYRIL J. RATFINKLE THAN TAKING PHOTOCOPIES!



QUESTION: WHEN THE VICTIM WAS ATTACKED, SHE APPEARED PARALYSED WITH TERROR...



... WHAT MAKES US HUMANS SO AFRAID OF BEING EATEN ALIVE ?



IS IT THE THOUGHT OF...

SHARP TEETH...



SINKING INTO SOFT FLESH ?



...OR IS IT THE FEEL OF HOT ANIMAL BREATH ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK ?



OH MY GOD! IT — IT'S HERE!



SOME TIME LATER...

YES... THIS IS LYNSEY PETERS, JUDGE DREDD!



DROKK! SO HER CRAZY STORY WAS TRUE AFTER ALL!





ANOTHER INNOCENT CITIZEN DEAD — AND ALL BECAUSE OF STUPIDITY!

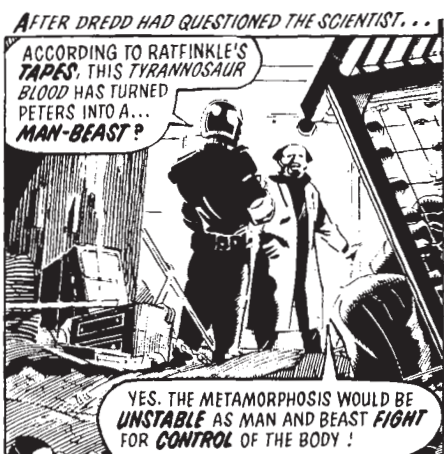
BUT, JUDGE DREDD — THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO... NOTHING *SHE* COULD DO!



SHE COULD HAVE LEFT US HER ADDRESS!

THE REMAINS OF A NEIGHBOUR, *RATFINKLE*. WERE ALSO FOUND IN THE "*NEST*". HE WORKED AT A GENETICS RESEARCH LABORATORY. THIS IS RATFINKLE'S BOSS.

WE'RE GOING TO MISS HIM. RATFINKLE WAS AN EXCELLENT PHOTOCOPIER... REALLY CRISP, CLEAR COPIES!



AFTER DREDD HAD QUESTIONED THE SCIENTIST...

ACCORDING TO RATFINKLE'S TAPES, THIS TYRANNOSAUR BLOOD HAS TURNED PETERS INTO A... *MAN-BEAST*?

YES. THE METAMORPHOSIS WOULD BE UNSTABLE AS MAN AND BEAST FIGHT FOR CONTROL OF THE BODY!



BUT THE TYRANNOSAUR'S *LUST* FOR BLOOD MUST SOON BE SATISFIED, JUDGE. IT WILL NEED TO *EAT* AGAIN SOON — AND IN *GREAT QUANTITIES*.

AND IT'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE — ON THE STREETS!

MEANWHILE, REX PETERS HAD BECOME HUMAN AGAIN...



I'M SO ASHAMED... HOW COULD I HAVE DONE SOMETHING SO FOUL?

AND WHEN WILL I DO IT AGAIN?



I'VE GOT NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR! GOTTA *END* IT ALL... BEFORE — BEFORE THE *BLACK SCALES* COME BACK!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS —

WE GOT YOUR CALL, CITIZEN.

IT — IT'S MR PETERS, JUDGE! HE WANTED TO GO UP TO HIS OFFICE AT *THIS* TIME OF NIGHT...



... HE SAID THERE WAS SOMETHING **IMPORTANT** HE HAD TO DO!



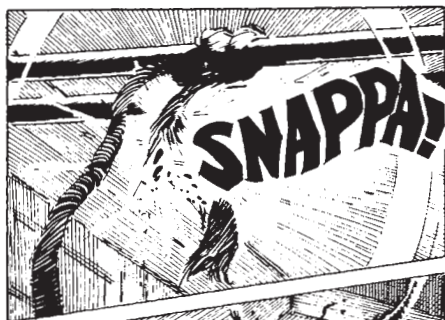
SHOW ME HIS OFFICE.

PETERS! THIS IS JUDGE DREDD! GIVE YOURSELF UP!



STOMM! THE BEAST'S TRYING TO KILL ITSELF!

GRAARRGH!



WILL DREDD MAKE A MEAL FOR THE MONSTER ? DON'T MISS NEXT PROG !

JUDGE DREDD

A BEAST WITH THE CUNNING OF A MAN AND THE STRENGTH OF THE GREATEST CARNIVORE THAT EVER WALKED THE EARTH! THAT WAS REX PETERS - THE MAN WHO DRANK . . .

THE BLOOD OF SATANUS!

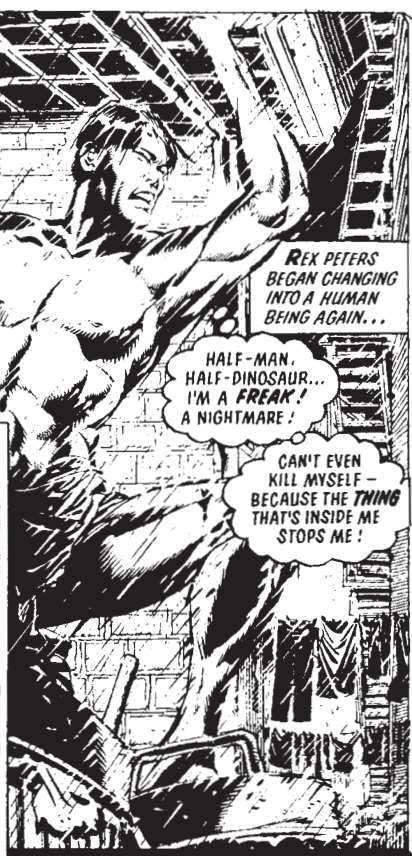
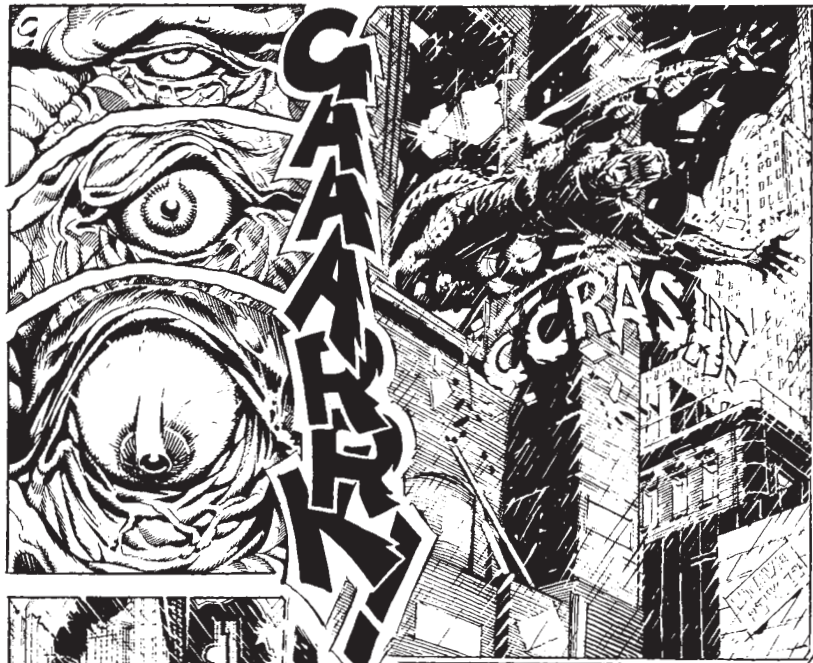
THE MAN WHO WAS NOW GOING TO EAT - **JUDGE DREDD!**



2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT
RON SMITH
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73E



BUT I CAN'T GIVE MYSELF UP. THEY'LL LOCK ME AWAY - EXPERIMENT WITH ME! OR-OR TURN ME INTO A SIDE-SHOW ACT... "TYRANNOSAURUS REX"!



OLD NEW YORK WAS A WILD AREA OF MEGA-CITY FREQUENTED BY RENEGADE ROBOTS, ILLEGAL ALIENS AND CRIMINALS...

IT CAME INTO THIS CUL-DE-SAC...



I'LL CHECK THE ROOFS...



ABOVE ME!
IT'S GETTING IN THE WINDOW!



OH - ER,
HELLO, JUDGE!
JUST DOING A
SPOT OF
WINDOW-
CLEANING!

AT
FOUR O'CLOCK
IN THE
MORNING?

I'M ON
OVERTIME!



DREDD HANDCUFFED HIM TO
THE FIRE-ESCAPE...



I'LL COME BACK FOR HIM
LATER. PETTY BURGLARS
AND BEAST-MEN - THEY'RE
BOTH EQUAL IN THE EYES
OF THE LAW.

IT'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE.
I'VE GOT TO DRIVE IT INTO
THE OPEN — USING ITS
CRAVING FOR BLOOD...

...MY BLOOD!

I'M SO
ASHAMED
OF THE
THINGS
I'VE DONE...
WH-WHAT-?

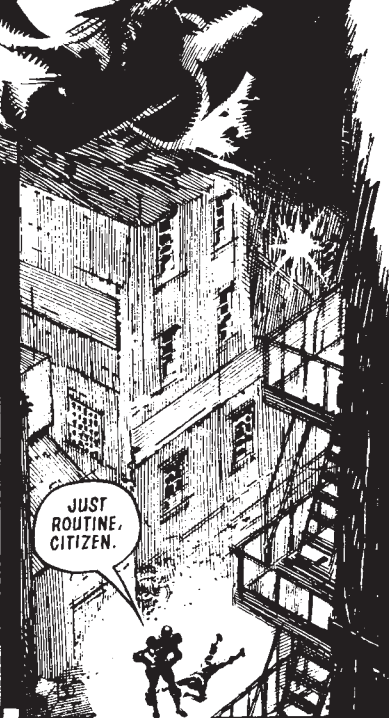
OH, NO...
BLOOD!

GOTTA PRAY... PRAY
IT WON'T CHANGE
ME AGAIN...!

PRAY!

AAAAAAARRHHH!

PREY!





BONUS MATERIAL: DR PANIC

Script: Unknown

Art: Brett Ewins and Brendan McCarthy

Originally published in *2000 AD Annual 1979*



IN THE HARSH WORLD OF 2099, CRIME IS A PROBLEM — A BIG PROBLEM. MEGA-CITY ONE, VAST METROPOLIS OF AMERICA'S EASTERN SEABOARD HAS A BIGGER CRIME PROBLEM THAN ANY OTHER CITY.

BUT THEY'VE ALSO GOT A LAW-ENFORCEMENT AGENCY SECOND TO NONE. HEAD OF THE UPHOLDERS OF LAW AND ORDER ARE THE JUDGES. TOUGHEST OF THEM ALL IS...

JUDGE DREDD

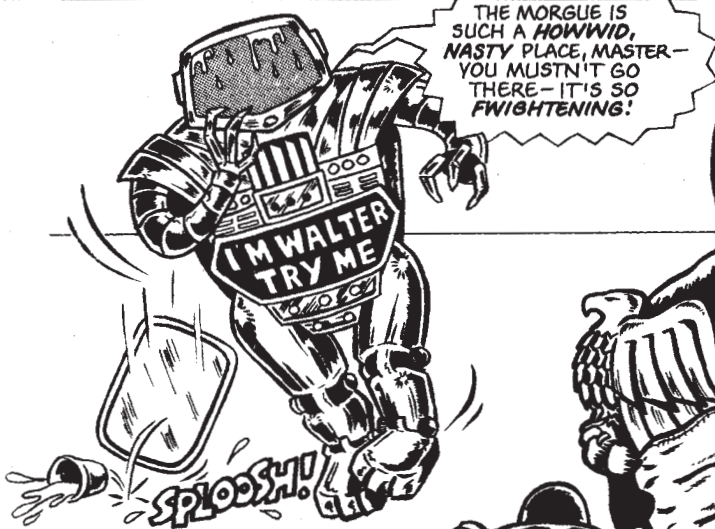
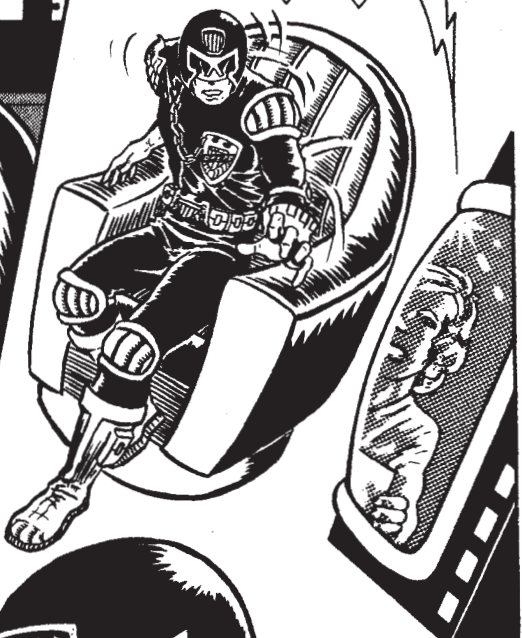
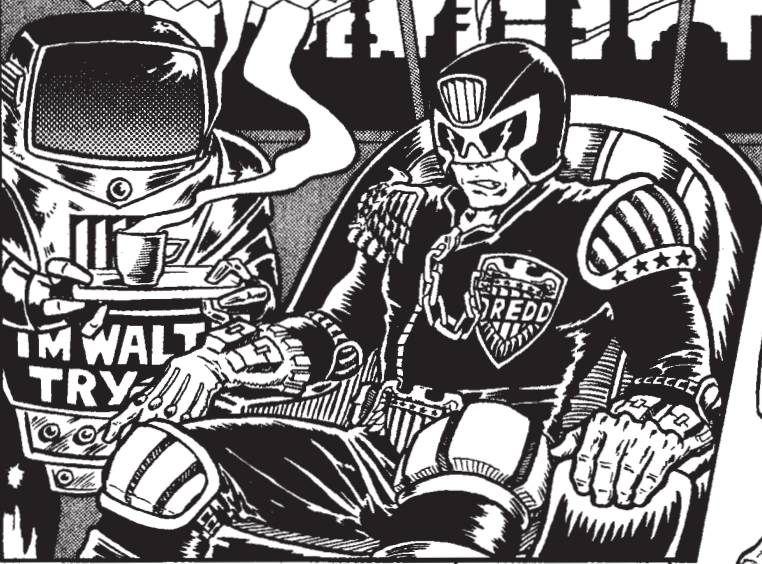
AT DREDD'S PRIVATE APARTMENT...

HERE YOU ARE, MASTER. WALTER HAS BWOUGHT YOU A LOVELY CUP OF HOT SYNTHI-CAF...

WALT, YOU KNOW THE ANTI-CAFFEINE LAWS FORBID THE USE OF SYNTHI-CAF, NOW...

SUDDENLY...

URGENT MESSAGE FOR JUDGE DREDD. PLEASE PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO MEGA-CITY MORGUE. MESSAGE ENDS!



THE MORGUE IS SUCH A HOWWID, NASTY PLACE, MASTER—YOU MUSTN'T GO THERE—IT'S SO FRIGHTENING!



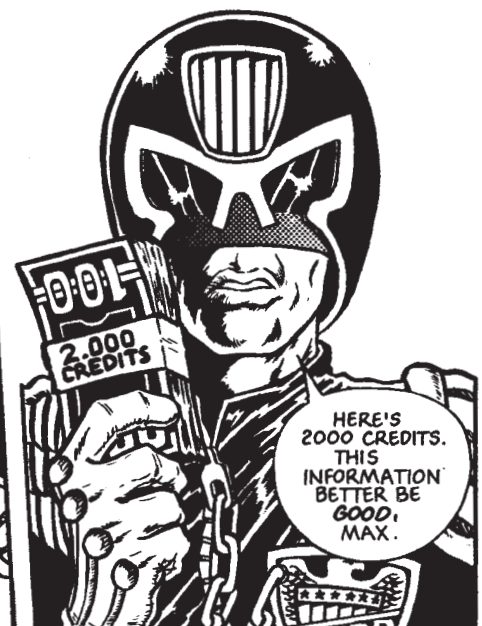
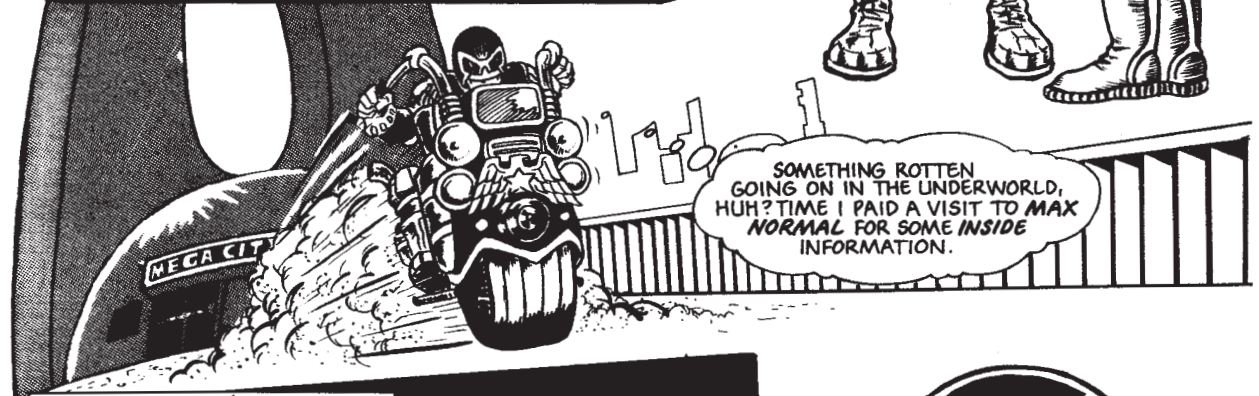
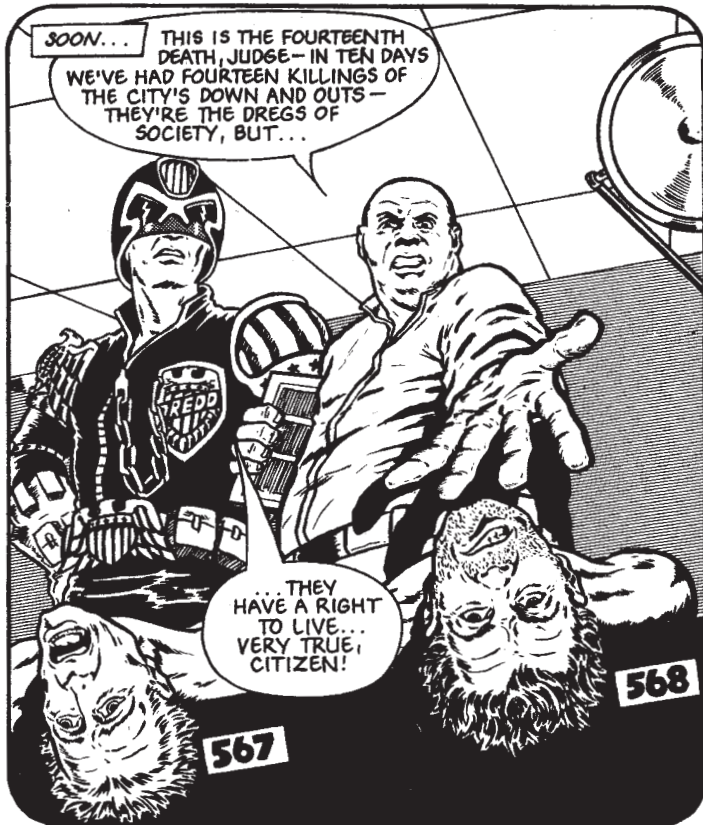
WALTER! WILL YOU SHUT UP SNIVELLING AND CLEAN UP THAT MESS YOU'VE JUST MADE WHILE I'M GONE!

A HIGH SPEED DRIVE ACROSS MEGA-CITY BRINGS JUDGE DREDD TO THE CITY MORGUE...



THIS IS JUDGE DREDD REQUESTING CLEARANCE FOR ENTRY. SECURITY PASS NUMBER A14472.

GOOD AFTERNOON, JUDGE DREDD. YOU ARE CLEARED FOR ENTRANCE. PLEASE PROCEED TO CELL 492, LEVEL 4-6.

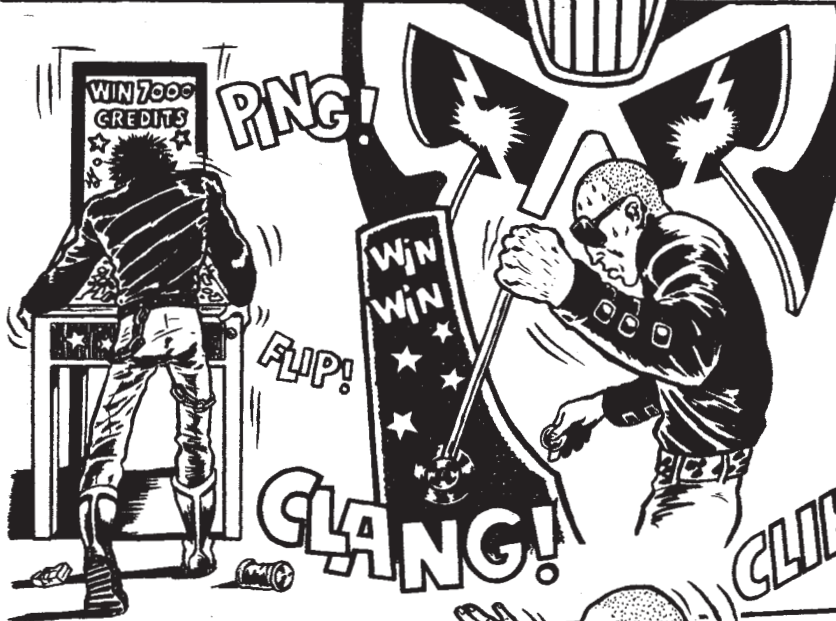
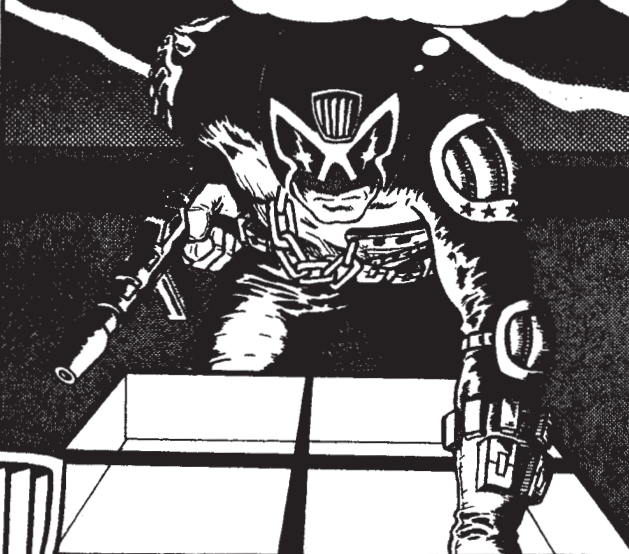


THAT NIGHT, ON THE WAREHOUSE ROOF...

WHATEVER'S GOING ON IN THERE, I WANT TO COME OUT ON IT FROM ABOVE.



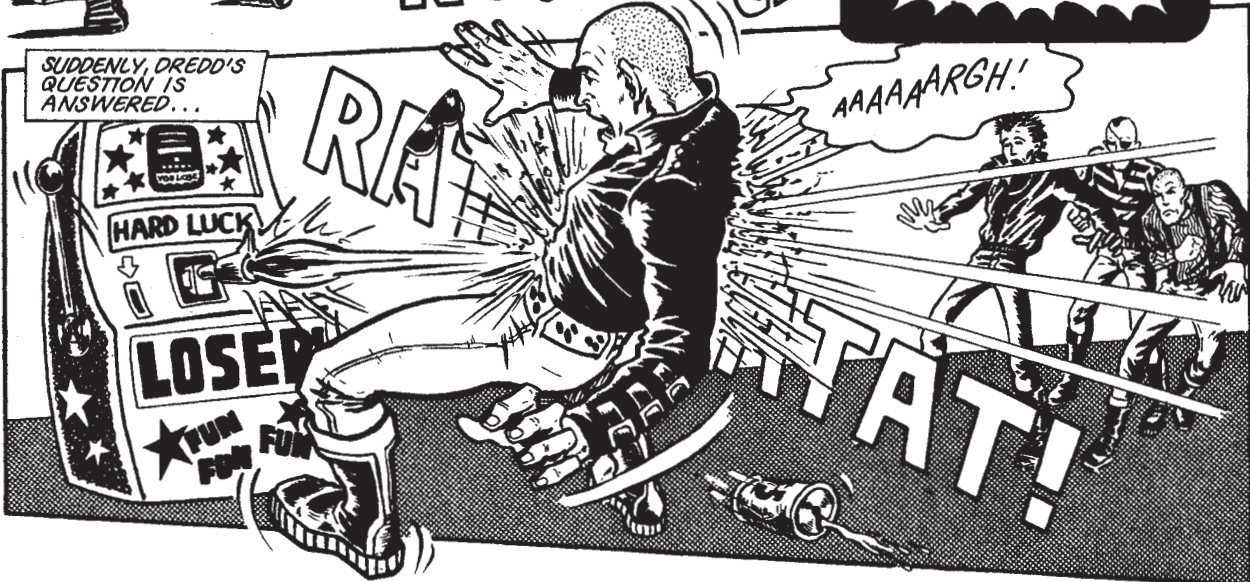
AH! THE SKYLIGHT—NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT'S ACCOUNTING FOR THE SUDDEN RUSH OF DEAD FINKS.



STOMM! AN ILLEGAL GAMING ARCADE, BUT WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH THE MURDERS?



SUDDENLY, DREDD'S QUESTION IS ANSWERED...



A SUICIDE ARCADE—
ALL THE DROP-OUTS AND TWO-
BIT THUGS GAMBLE THEIR LIVES
AGAINST HUGE SUMS OF MONEY!
WELL THIS DISGUSTING PREMISES
IS GONNA BE OUT OF BUSINESS...
AS OF NOW!



EAT
FIST,
PUNK!

POK!



DIDN'T
YOU KNOW
THAT GAMBLING
WAS ILLEGAL...?



BLAT!

EVEN
WITH YOUR OWN
LIVES!

THUD!

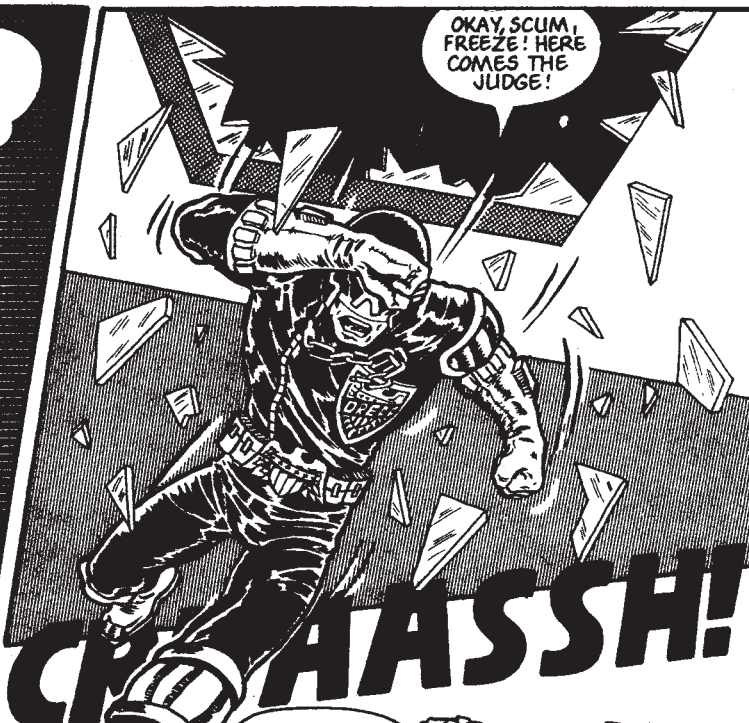
BUT THE JUDGE IS FIGHTING
A LOSING BATTLE...



GRR!

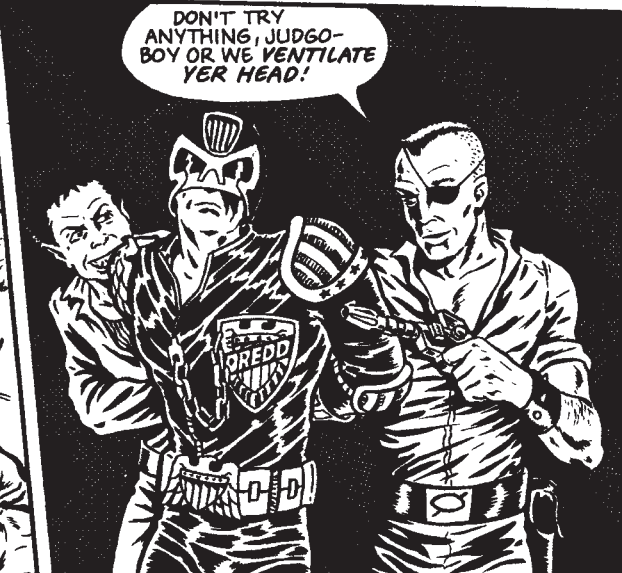
DON'T MARK
HIM, BLADES—THE
BOSS'LL WANT
HIM IN ONE
BIT...

OKAY, SCUM,
FREEZE! HERE
COMES THE
JUDGE!



CRASH!

DON'T TRY
ANYTHING, JUDGO-
BOY OR WE VENTILATE
YER HEAD!



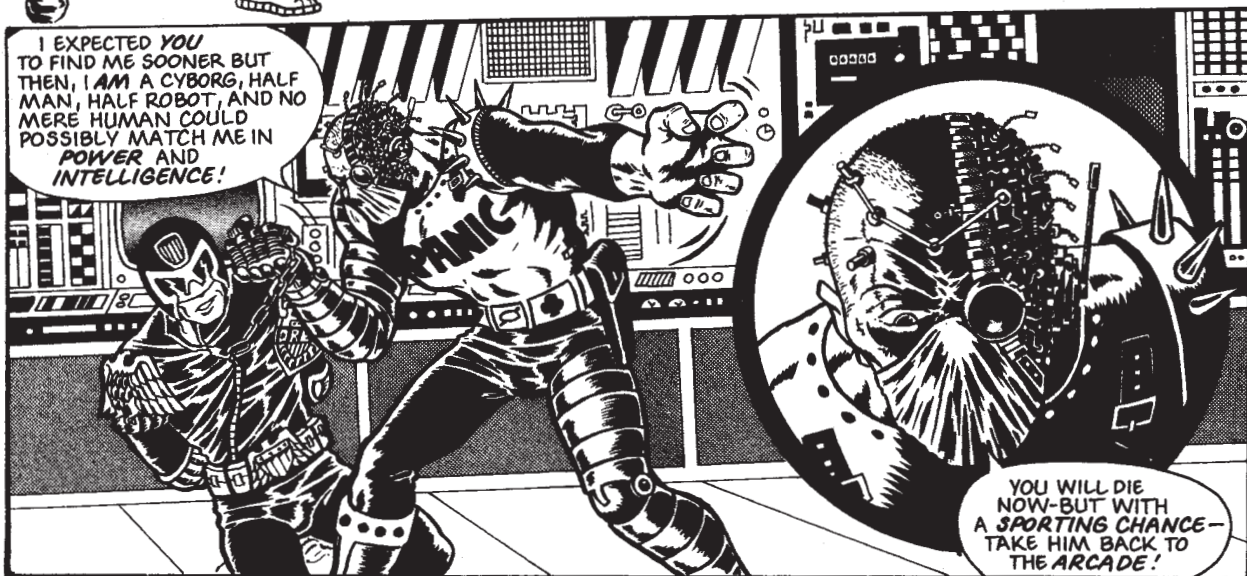


AH, THE GREAT JUDGE DREDD! WELCOME TO SUICIDE ALLEY—

WHO THE DROKK ARE YOU, TIN-FACE?



INSULT ME WHILE YOU CAN, DREDD—I AM DR. PANIC AND I AM ABOUT TO PUT AN END TO YOUR SICKENING EXISTENCE.



I EXPECTED YOU TO FIND ME SOONER BUT THEN, I AM A CYBORG, HALF MAN, HALF ROBOT, AND NO MERE HUMAN COULD POSSIBLY MATCH ME IN POWER AND INTELLIGENCE!

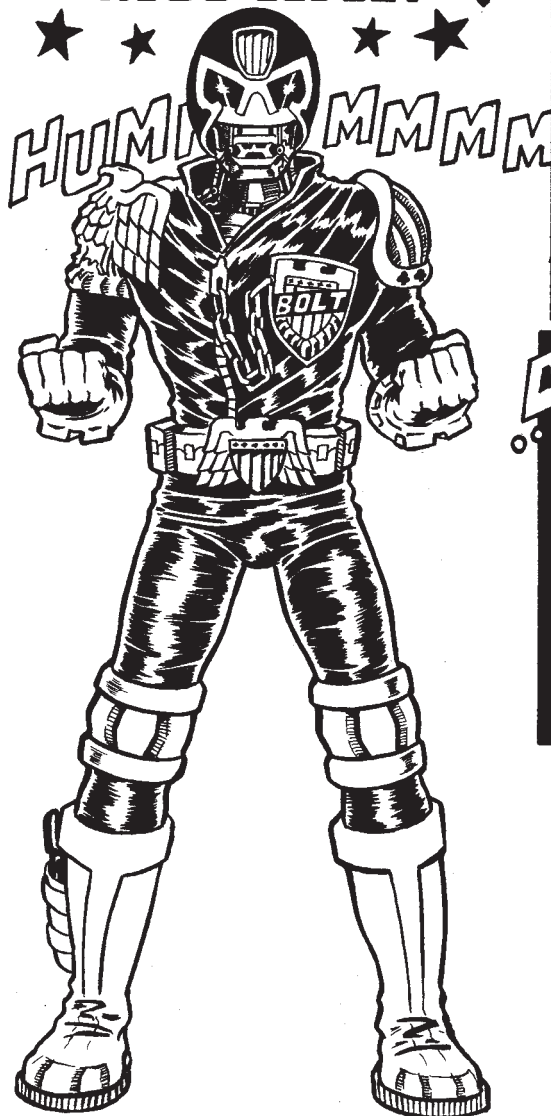
YOU WILL DIE NOW—BUT WITH A SPORTING CHANCE—TAKE HIM BACK TO THE ARCADE!



DREDD IS THROWN INTO THE EMPTY ARCADE, AND...

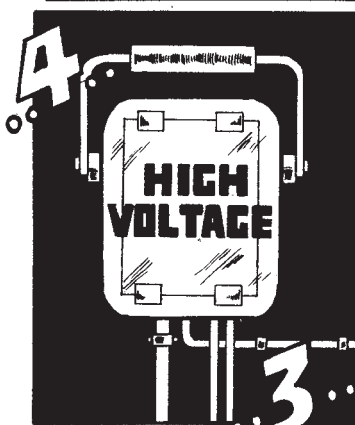
BY STOMM!

WIN 100,000 CREDITS!
OUTDRAW THE
ROBO-JUDGE!



YOUR GUN HAS BEEN
 RETURNED TO YOU — IT CONTAINS
 ONE BULLET ONLY — HA HA HA —
 YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS TO
 OUTDRAW JUDGE BOLT.

GOTTA
 THINK FAST —
 ONE BULLET ISN'T
 ENOUGH TO BLOW
 THAT ROBO-
 JUDGE!



THE
 ELECTRICITY SUPPLY —
 MY ONLY CHANCE! —
 ONLY TWO SECONDS
 TO GO!



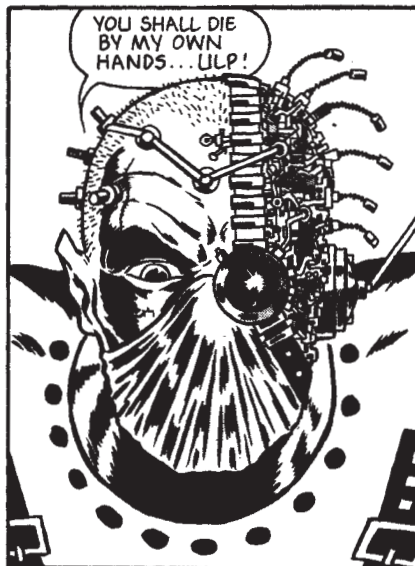
ALL THE LIGHTS GO
 OUT AS THE ELECTRICITY
 SUPPLY EXPLODES.

QUICK! TURN
 ON THE EMERGENCY
 GENERATOR! YOU THINK
 YOU HAVE OUTWITTED
 ME, DREDD. WELL
 YOU ARE WRONG!

AS THE LIGHT RETURNS...



I SHALL KILL
 YOU MYSELF! NO
 HUMAN CAN
 OUTWIT A
 CYBORG...



YOU SHALL DIE
BY MY OWN
HANDS...ULP!

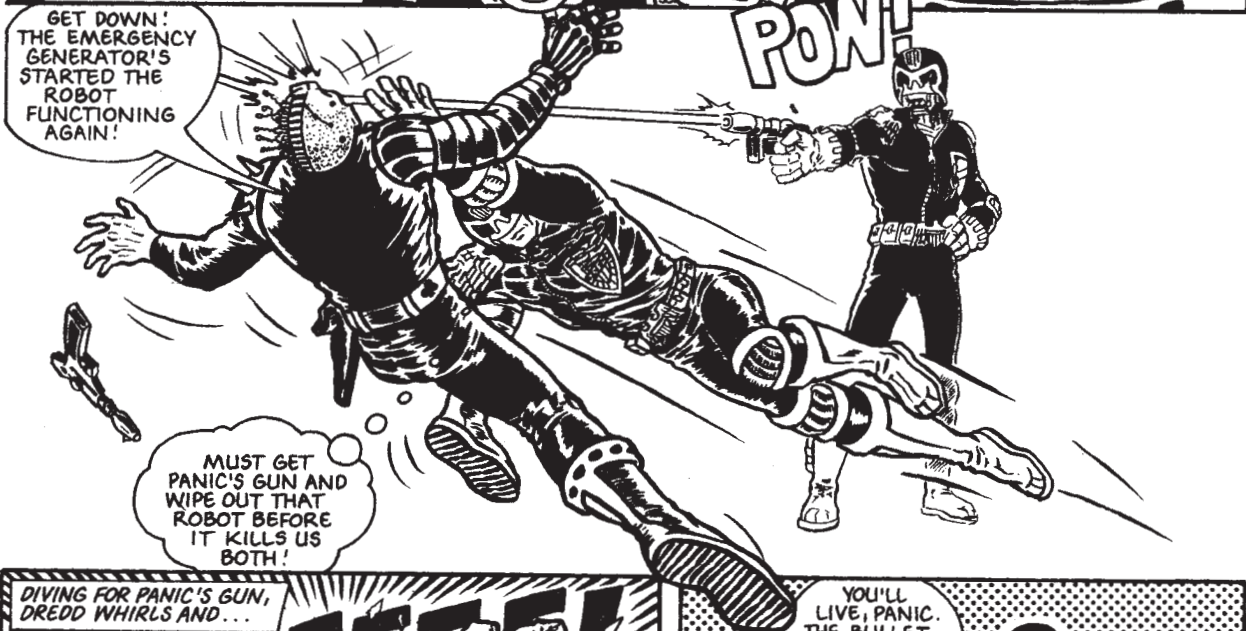


OH MY
DREK!



BOLT!
NO! NO!

GET DOWN!
THE EMERGENCY
GENERATOR'S
STARTED THE
ROBOT
FUNCTIONING
AGAIN!



MUST GET
PANIC'S GUN AND
WIPE OUT THAT
ROBOT BEFORE
IT KILLS US
BOTH!



DIVING FOR PANIC'S GUN,
DREDD WHIRLS AND...

SKREEEE!

BLAM BLAM



YOU'LL
LIVE, PANIC.
THE BULLET
ONLY GRAZED
YOUR SKULL.
YOU CYBORGS
NEVER
LEARN!

MAN WILL
ALWAYS BE MIGHTIER
THAN THE MACHINE—
YOU'LL HAVE LOTS OF
TIME TO REALISE
THAT... 20 YEARS
IN THE TIME-
STRETCHER!

2000 A.D.

STARLORD

and MANHUNT IN
MEGA-CITY ONE!

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

PROG117
16 JUNE 79

South Africa 30c
New Zealand 30c
Malaysia \$1.00
Australia 30c
Mercury 17g
Venus 10g
Mars 15g
Asteroid Belt 20g
Saturn 84g
Neptune 87g
Pluto 93g

10p
EARTH
MONEY



Malaysia \$1.00
New Zealand 35c.
Australie 35c.
South Africa 30c.

10p

THIS WEEK:
PART 3 OF SUPER
BOOK OF
ROBOTS

PROG 121
14 JULY 79

IN ORBIT EVERY
MONDAY

JUDGE DREDD TO JUSTICE H.O.... RIOTERS IN SPACEPORT
HAVE IGNORED MY WARNINGS... STAND BY FOR CASUALTIES!

EVERY
DAY IS **JUDGMENT DAY**
IN MEGA-CITY ONE!

STOP PRESS!
Rats terrorise
London!
See
inside!

IT'S THE
ONE!

Malaysia \$1.00
New Zealand 25c
Australia 25c
South Africa 25c
Mercury 17c
Venus 10c
Mars 16c
Asteroid Belt 25c
Saturn 85c
Neptune 75c
Pluto 50c

12p
EARTH
MONEY

PROG 128
1 SEP 79

IN ORBIT EVERY
MONDAY

AND **TORNADO**



WRITERS

Pat Mills is the creator and first editor of *2000 AD*. For the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he is the writer and co-creator of *ABC Warriors*, *Finn*, *Flesh*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Sláine*, *M.A.C.H 1*, *Harlem Heroes* and *Savage*. He also developed *Judge Dredd* and wrote one of the early *Dredd* serials — 'The Cursed Earth'. He wrote *Third World War* for *Crisis!*, a politically-charged spin-off from *2000 AD*, and *Black Siddha* for the *Judge Dredd Magazine*.

Outside *2000 AD* he is the writer and co-creator of the long-running classic anti-war story *Charley's War*, as well as *Marshal Law*. He has also written for the *Batman*, *Star Wars* and *Zombie World* series for the US market. Currently Mills is writing the best-selling series *Requiem — Vampire Knight* for Editions Nickel of France with artist Olivier Ledroit, and a spin-off series, *Claudia — Vampire Knight*, with artist Frank Tacito. Two further French series are in production.

John Wagner is, to many fans, the very heart of *2000 AD*. Involved from the earliest days of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he co-created *Judge Dredd*, as well as a whole cast of other memorable characters. Wagner has worked extensively beyond the Thargian universe, originating and editing a number of British periodicals as well as writing many American standards. His Paradox Press graphic novel *A History of Violence* is now a major film from director David Cronenberg.

ARTISTS

Perhaps the most popular *2000 AD* artist of all time, **Brian Bolland's** clean-line style and meticulous attention to detail ensure that his artwork on strips including *Dan Dare*, *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd* and *Walter the Wobot* looks as fresh today as it did when first published. Co-creator of both *Judge Anderson* and *The Kleggs*, Bolland's highly detailed style unfortunately precluded him from doing many sequential strips — although he found the time to pencil both *Camelot 3000* and *Batman: The Killing Joke* for DC Comics.

Although **Mike McMahon** may not have illustrated as many strips as other *2000 AD* creators, his importance to the comic cannot be overstated. It was McMahon who co-created perennial classics *A.B.C. Warriors* and *The V.C.'s*, and it was also McMahon who gave *Judge Dredd* his classic, defining, “big boots” look. McMahon has also illustrated *One-Offs*, *Ro-Busters*, and provided a classic run on *Sláine*. Outside of the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic*, he has pencilled *Batman: Legends of the Dark Knight* and *The Last American*, which he co-created with *John Wagner*.

Dave Gibbons is one of *2000 AD's* most popular artists, having co-created *Harlem Heroes* and *Rogue Trooper*. He has also pencilled *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Dan Dare*, *Judge Dredd*, *Mega-City One*, *Ro-Busters*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Tharg's Future Shocks* and *Time Twisters*, as well as having scripted several *Rogue Trooper* stories — making Gibbons one of the few *2000 AD* creators to have served as writer, artist and letterer!

Beyond *2000 AD*, Gibbons is unquestionably best known for his work on the award-winning classic *Watchmen* (with Alan Moore), but he has also pencilled *A1*, *Batman*, *Doctor Who*, *Give Me Liberty*, *Green Lantern*, *Superman*, *Star Wars* and *War Story*. His recent graphic novel *The Original* won an Eisner award and he is currently scripting several titles for DC comics.

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*, *One-Offs*, *Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales*, *Sooner or Later*, *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*, where he co-created the popular character Rogan Gosh. Most recently, McCarthy has been the writer and designer for the forthcoming *Mad Max: Fury Road*, the fourth feature in the popular movie series. He has recently produced a highly acclaimed ‘visual autobiography’ of his life and work called *Swimini Purpose*, which sold out in two weeks.

Garry Leach is a highly-respected artist who has pencilled *Dan Dare*, *Judge Dredd*, *Tharg's Future Shocks* and *The V.C.'s*. His career beyond *2000 AD* is highly notable for his work on the legendary *Miracleman*, which he effectively co-created with Alan Moore, but also includes *Axel Pressbutton*, *Deadline* and *Global Frequency*.

Ron Smith drew many *2000 AD* stories including some of the epic *Judge Dredd* tale “The Day The Law Died.” His other work for *2000 AD* includes *Chronos Carnival* and *Tales of The Doghouse*.

One of *2000 AD's* best-loved and most honoured artists, **Ian Gibson** is responsible for the co-creation of *The Ballad of Halo Jones* (with Alan Moore), and created Bella Bagley, an unfortunate character in *Judge Dredd's* world who fell head-over-heels in love with ‘Old Stoney Face’ himself! His work outside the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic* includes *Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad*, *Star Wars: Boba Fett*, *X-Men Unlimited*, plus the designs for the TV series *Reboot*.

Johnny Red penciller **John Cooper** was already a fan-favourite at *Battle* comic before he made the move to *Starlord*, where he illustrated *Time Quake*. Later (with the absorption of *Starlord* into the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic*) he came to *2000 AD*, where he illustrated several *Future Shocks* as well as *Judge Dredd* and *M.A.C.H. 1*.

Barry Mitchell illustrated episodes of *Judge Dredd* and *M.A.C.H. 1*.