

The Ballad of

HAIR JONES

Volume 1



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

ISBN: 978-1-78108-635-3

Printed in Malta by Gutenberg Press
Manufactured in the EU by Stanton Book Services,
Wellingborough NN8 3PJ, UK.

1st Printing: Feb 2018

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

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“revolutionary” – **Mookchick**

“One of the first great comics...up there with *Watchmen*, *V for Vendetta*, *Dark Knight*...The things that we talk about when we talk about comics, Halo Jones should have been one of them.” – **Neil Gaiman**

“Alan Moore’s greatest comic book creation ... a superb character study, an especially important book for teenage girls to read. In a world of increasing insecurity, not only politically but personally (body image, place in society, material wealth, sense of self), Halo Jones offers a critique of, and a refuge from, the absurdities of an uncertain world.”

– **Tribe**

“Halo Jones was my first love. Or maybe my first role model. The girl that got out.” – **Lauren Beukes**

“the story of an ordinary woman, not a superhero or special snowflake, but a woman who made her own story ... a character that represented the everywoman ... *The Ballad of Halo Jones* broke the mould ... remarkably timeless” – **The Independent**

“groundbreaking feminist heroine ... one of the comic industry’s strongest role models” – **The Guardian**

“exponentially cooler than knock-offs like *Tank Girl*, mostly because she remains a fed-up real person amid the wild space opera of her universe”

– **Empire**



DATADAY,
DAY-TO-DAY,
MAKING A
PACT WITH THE
FACTS... I'M
SWIFTY
FRISKO,
HI!

ALGAE
BARON LUX
ROTH CHOP:
WILL HE, WON'T
HE? IS INTER-
VENTION HIS
INTENTION? OVER
TO JAZZ FIRPO
AT CHOP TOWERS
IN PSEUDO-
PORTUGAL...

"LUX
ROTH CHOP,
WILL YOU MAKE
A BID TO
SAVE THE E.S.S.
CLARA PANDY
FROM THE
DISSEMBLER
YARDS?"

"PROBABLY
NOT!"

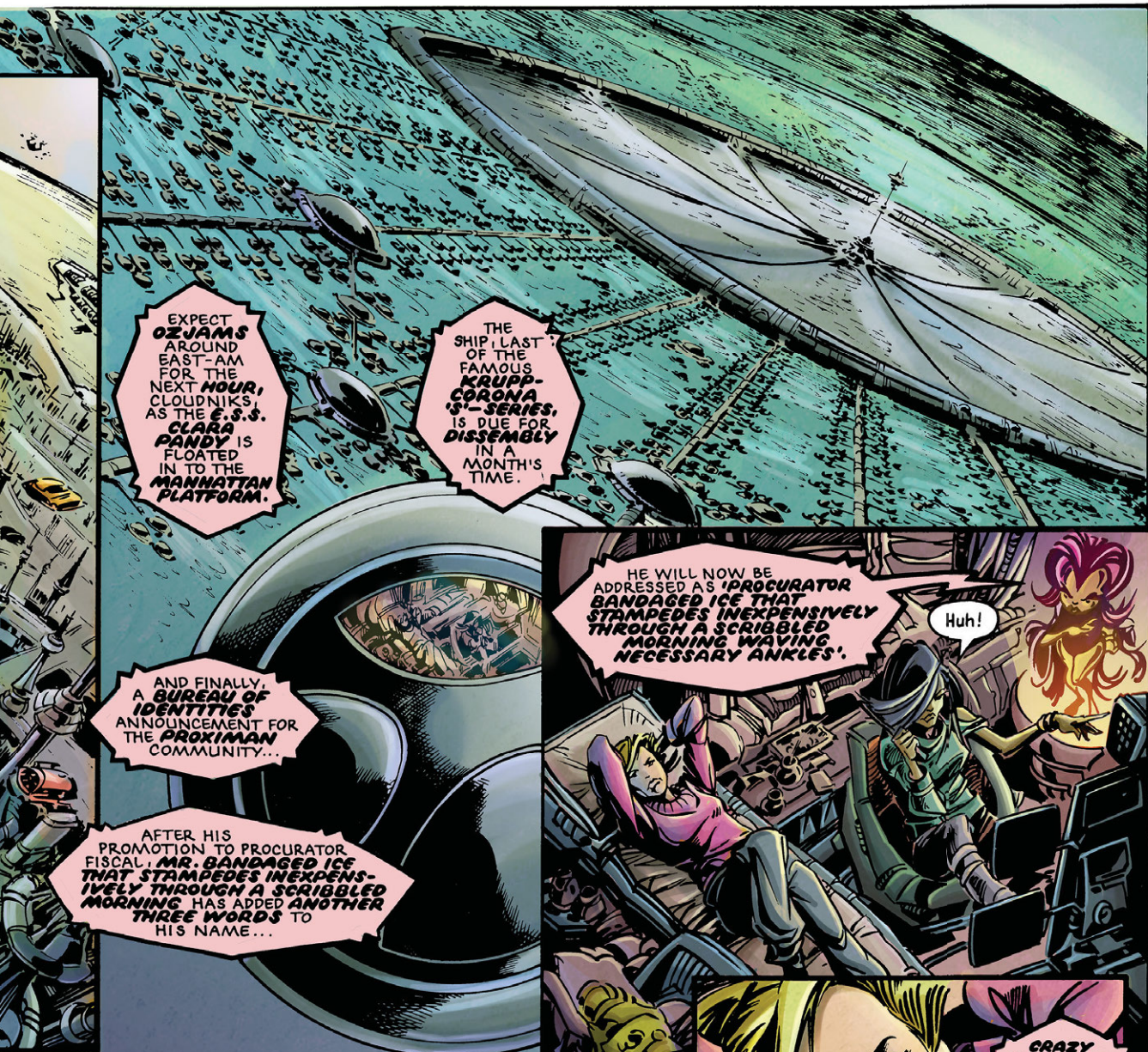
HMM...
SOUNDS
LIKE 'WAIT
AND SEE'
FROM I.R.C.:
I'M
SWIFTY
FRISKO,
HERE'S
TODAY'S
TRAFFAX...

2000AD
Credit Card:

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ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73E

HALO



EXPECT
OZJAMS
AROUND
EAST-AM
FOR THE
NEXT **HOUR**,
CLOUDNIKS,
AS THE **E.S.S.**
CLARA
PANDY IS
FLOATED
IN TO THE
MANHATTAN
PLATFORM.

THE
SHIP, LAST
OF THE
FAMOUS
KRUPP-
CORONA
'S'-SERIES,
IS DUE FOR
DISSEMBLY
IN A
MONTH'S
TIME.

AND FINALLY,
A **BUREAU OF**
IDENTITIES
ANNOUNCEMENT FOR
THE **PROXIMAN**
COMMUNITY...

AFTER HIS
PROMOTION TO **PROCURATOR**
FISCAL, **MR. BANDAGED ICE**
THAT **STAMPEDES INEXPENSIVELY**
THROUGH A **SCRIBBLED**
MORNING WAVING HAS ADDED ANOTHER
THREE WORDS TO
HIS NAME...



HE WILL NOW BE
ADDRESSED AS '**PROCURATOR**
BANDAGED ICE THAT
STAMPEDES INEXPENSIVELY
THROUGH A **SCRIBBLED**
MORNING WAVING
NECESSARY ANKLES'.

Huh!

CRAZY
NAME FOR
A CRAZY
REPTILE!
THIS IS SWIF-
"**KTK**".

The Ballad Of **JONES**



ALL THE PROXIMEN I KNOW HAVE **ONE-WORD** NAMES. NO... WAIT A MINUTE... THAT FAT GUY, "WILTED CONTINENT", **HE** HAD TWO—

WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT? I MUST BE **BORED** OUT OF MY MIND!

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T GET ENOUGH FRESH **AIR**, RODICE.

FRESH AIR? YEAH, I THINK I REMEMBER **BREATHING** SOME OF THAT ONCE.

IT TASTED OF **FISH**.



HEY, BRINNA, CAN I COME?

YOU'LL BOTH WIND UP **CRUMPED** IN A SIDE-ARTERY! LUDY SAYS SHE SAW SOME **DIFFERENT DRUMMERS** AROUND EARLIER.

ANYWAY, BRINNA, I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO WATCH **'EXISTENTIAL ROMANCE'** FOR YOUR RESEARCH!



WELL, I'M GOING OUT TO WATCH THE **CLARA PANDY** GO OVER.



LUDY'S STAYING HOME TO PRACTICE HER **DOTA**. SHE'LL **SEED** IT FOR ME TO WATCH LATER.

ANYWAY, WE'RE TAKING **TOBY** WITH US...

HOW'S HALF-LIFE WITH YOU, TOBY?

ROUSH.



TOBY?

OH, WELL, IF **TOBY'S** COMING, THAT'S **DIFFERENT**!

YO! **TOBE**, MAIMED ANY MEMORABLE MAMMALS LATELY?



DON'T EVEN JOKE ABOUT IT, GIRLY.

WOOF!
HA HA HA HA!



LOT OF PEOPLE JUST TO WATCH A PIECE OF FLYING SCRAP.

IT'S **NOT** SCRAP! THE CLARA PANDY'S BEEN **EVERYWHERE...** RIGHT OUT PAST THE MEGALLANIC CLOUD, EVEN!

SEE, RODICE? **HALO** KNOWS.



HALO, DID I TELL YOU THAT I MET THE **REAL** CLARA PANDY ONCE? SHE WAS EIGHTY-FIVE AND I WAS NINETEEN. SHE WAS AN ASTONISHING WOMAN. SHE...

'SCUSE ME, MA. **DRUMMERS** UP AHEAD.

BUNCH OF LOUSY, MINDLESS **GEOMBIES**. NOD, NOD, NOD ALL THE TIME...

YEAH. AND THEY ALL **BRRR**. DO IT IN **UNISON...**



YOU REMEMBER **SQUIS**?

HER **BROTHER** HAD AN **IMPLANT** LAST WEEK. NOW **HE'S** A **DRUMMER**, TOO.

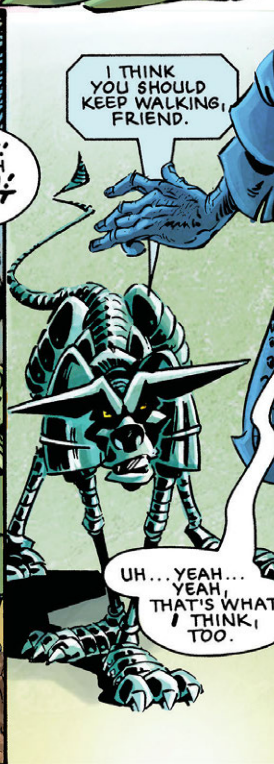
LOOK! THERE IT IS!



OH, **BRINNA...**



BRINNA, SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!





ONE DAY, I'M GETTING
OUT OF HERE...

YEAH—YOU
AND EVERYBODY
ELSE, **AND** THEIR
UNCLE'S PARA-
PARAKEET!

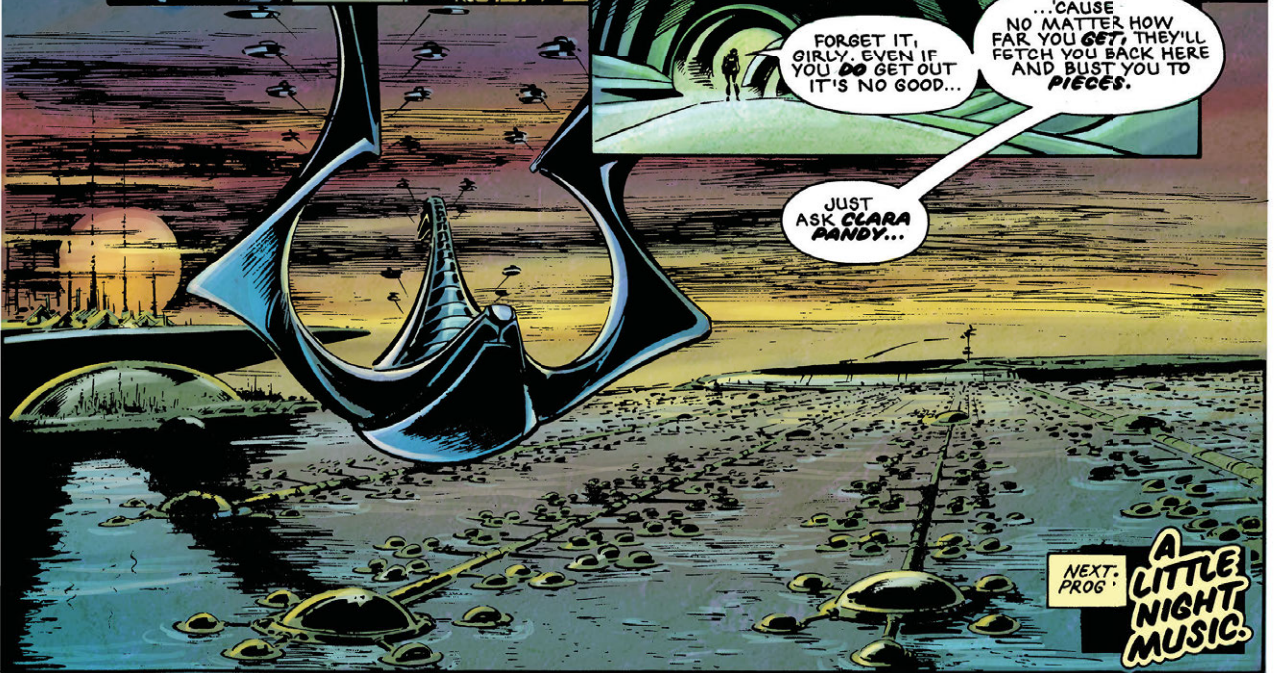
I
MEAN
IT,
RODICE!



FORGET IT,
GIRLY, EVEN IF
YOU **DO** GET OUT
IT'S NO GOOD...

... 'CAUSE
NO MATTER HOW
FAR YOU **GET**, THEY'LL
FETCH YOU BACK HERE
AND BUST YOU TO
PIECES.

JUST
ASK **CLARA**
RANDY...



NEXT:
PROG.
**A LITTLE
NIGHT
MUSIC.**

BANG BANG BANG!
I AM A MISSING PLANET BOY!
BANG BANG BANG!
EVERYTHING TASTES OF
PLATINUM!

2. A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC.

The Ballad Of HALO JONES

ISN'T THIS
MAMMOTH?

HOW DID
YOU LIKE LUDY'S
DOTA SOLO?

IT WAS JUST
ELEVATING.

NOY: BOX:
FLEX THE
ANIMADERMS
THIS WAY!

RODICE!

...ALTHOUGH
BOX IS KIND OF
SLAPPY, ISN'T
HE?

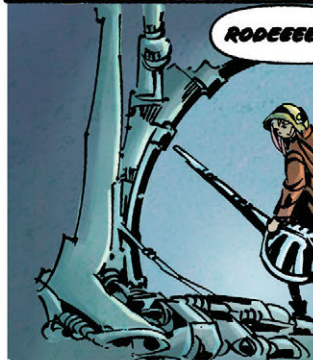
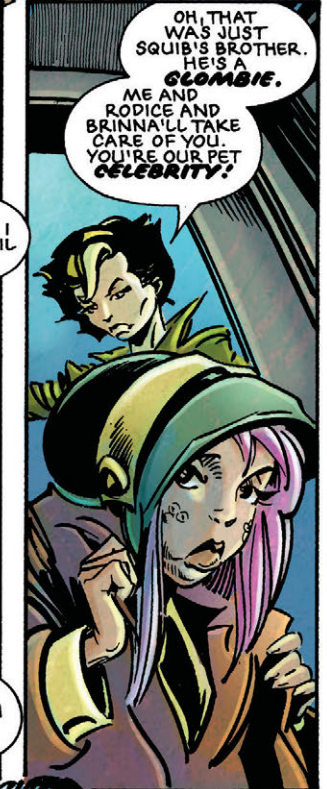
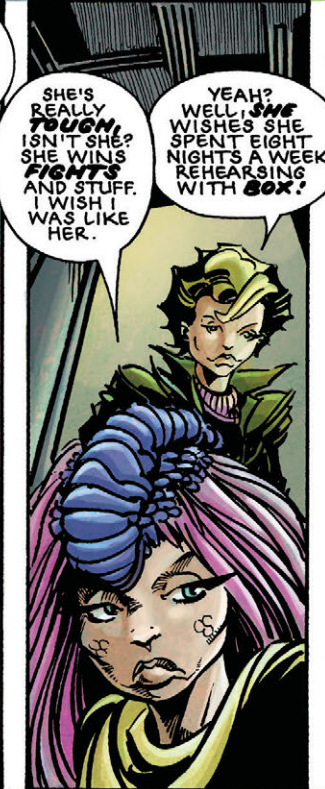
EXQUISITE.

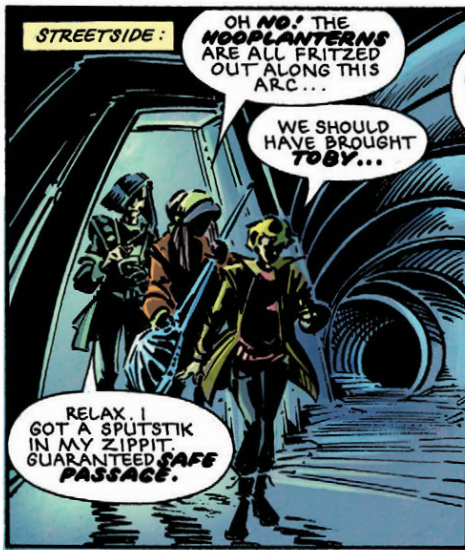
C'MOFF... "MISSING
PLANET" IS THE LAST
NUMBER. LET'S GO
REARSCENE...

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ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73E









HOME:

HI, BRINNA.
WHAT ARE YOU
WATCHING?

"JOHN
CAGE: A TONAL
AVENGER."



I'M
GOING TO
SEE IF
WE'VE GOT
ANY MORE
KRISKIES...

LUDY, YOU KNOW,
IT WAS **YOU** WHO SAVED
US FROM GETTING
CRUMPED, WITH YOUR
MUSIC.

I HOPE
TONIGHT'S
BEEN A
LESSON
TO YOU...

YEAH, I THINK
IT HAS...

...IN
LOTS OF
WAYS.

OH
NOOOOOOO!

RODICE??
WHAT
IS IT??

WE'RE
DESTROYED
IS WHAT IT IS!
WE'RE GOOD AS
UNDERGIRLS
ALREADY!

THERE
IS **NO**
FOOD AT
ALL IN
THIS
SHABBI-
TAT!



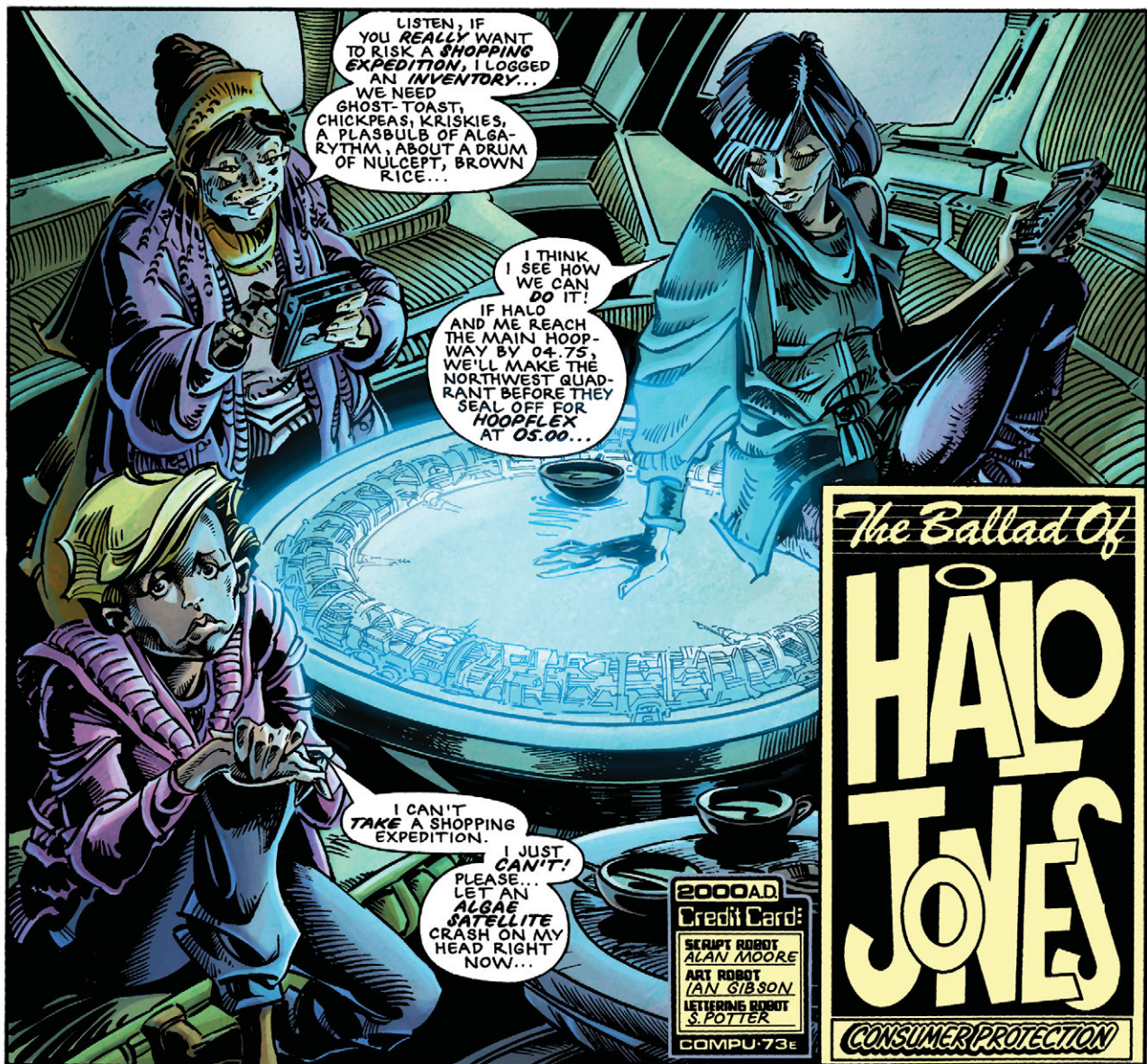
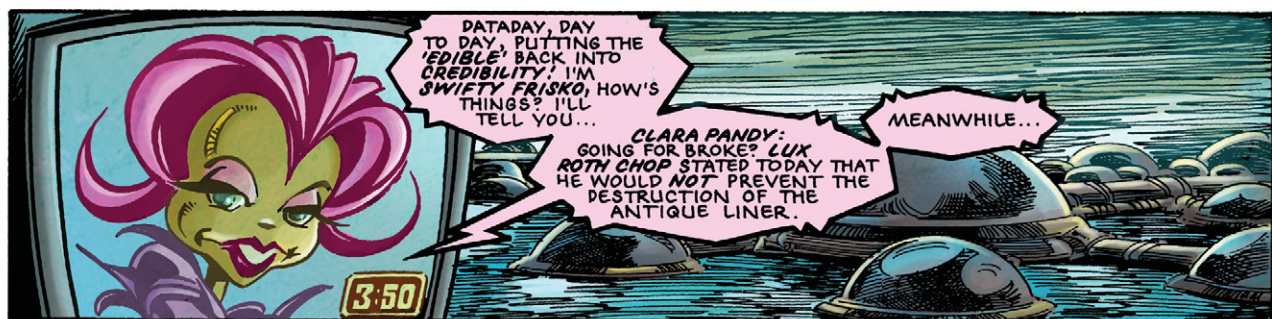
NO **FOOD?**

BUT THAT
MEANS...

...A **SHOPPING**
EXPEDITION!

NEXT
PROG.

**CONSUMER
PROTECTION**





... IN THE WEST
BETAS, SO TAKE A
LEAD PARASOL.

LISTEN —
WE CAN REACH
THE MALL BY
8.30 TONIGHT,
AND...

WAIT.
NO WE CAN'T.
SOUTHWEST
HOOPPLANTERS
ARE FRITZED.
WE'LL HAVE TO
DETOUR...

AAARGH!



HOY!
LUDY! WANNA GO
SHOPPING INSTEAD
OF ME?

WELL, I...



OH, YOU'VE GOT
YOUR DOTA. YOU'RE
REHEARSING...

UH, YEAH.
THAT'S RIGHT.
BUT MAYBE...
I MEAN, I DON'T
HAVE TO...



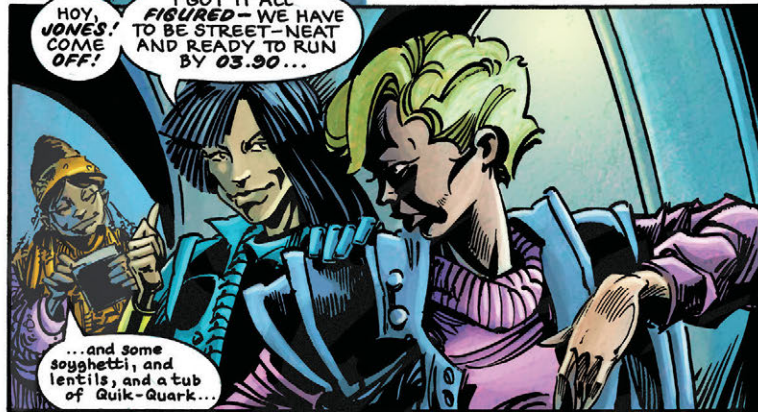
NO! YOU
REHEARSE!
THAT'S MORE
IMPORTANT...

YOU REHEARSE
TILL ICE TEN GET SIGNED
BY CHOP LEISURE AND
YOU'RE RICH ENOUGH TO
QUIT THIS DUMP.

GO ON.
SAFE DAY,
CHIKLETTE.



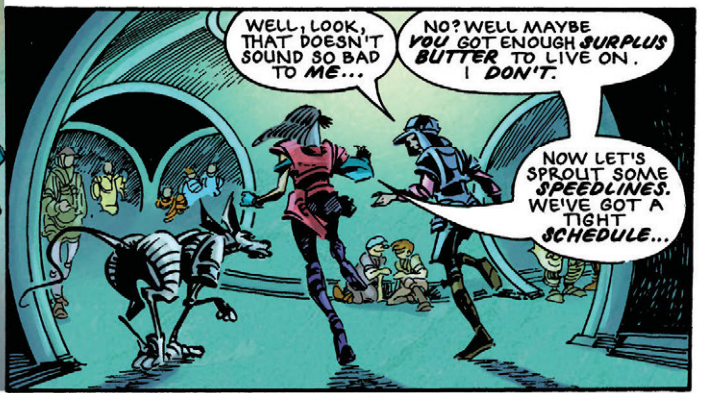
YEAH.
RIGHT. SAFE
DAY,
HALO...

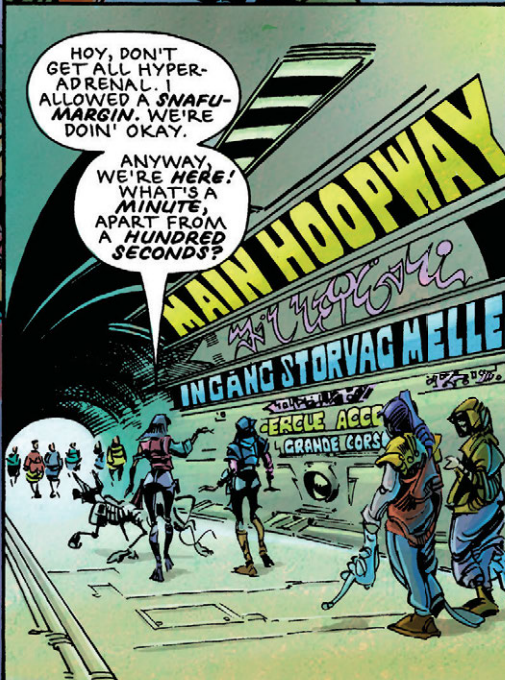


HOY,
JONES!
COME
OFF!

I GOT IT ALL
FIGURED — WE HAVE
TO BE STREET-NEAT
AND READY TO RUN
BY 03.30...

...and some
soyghetti, and
lentils, and a tub
of Quik-Quark...







DATADAY
SUPPLEMENTARY
NEWS-SPLASH: I'M
SWIFTY FRISKO,
GET THIS...

DESPITE
EARLIER DENIALS,
ALGAE BARON LUX
ROTH CHOP HAS PLACED
A BID FOR THE E.S.S.
CLARA PANDY— THE
DEMOLITION HAS BEEN
CANCELLED...



OH NO!
THAT'S
TERRIBLE!

WH-WHAT
D'YOU MEAN,
RODICE?

SHE MEANS WE
GOT TROUBLE, GIRLY...
HOOP RIOT!

NEXT PROG: **VICIOUS CIRCLE**

The Ballad Of

HALO JONES

HALO?

HOY, JONES!
COME OFF!

DON'T MAKE
A CHOP PARTY
OUT OF IT...
YOU'VE PROBABLY
ONLY GOT A
FRACTURED
SKULL AND SOME
MINOR BRAIN
DAMAGE...

Buh...
brain
damage?

HEY! SHE'S
ALIVE!

4-VICIOUS CIRCLES

WHERE
ARE WE? WHAT
HAPPENED?

NOTHING INTERESTING.
WE GOT CAUGHT IN AN
UNSCHEDULED HOOP RIOT—
AND SOME PROXIMAN CRUMPED
YOU WITH HIS TAIL ON THE
BACKSWING.

TOBY AN!
ME DRAGGED YOU
UP THIS SIDE
ARTERY.

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INCIDENTALLY, ABOUT
THE BRAIN DAMAGE... I
WAS ONLY GAGGING.

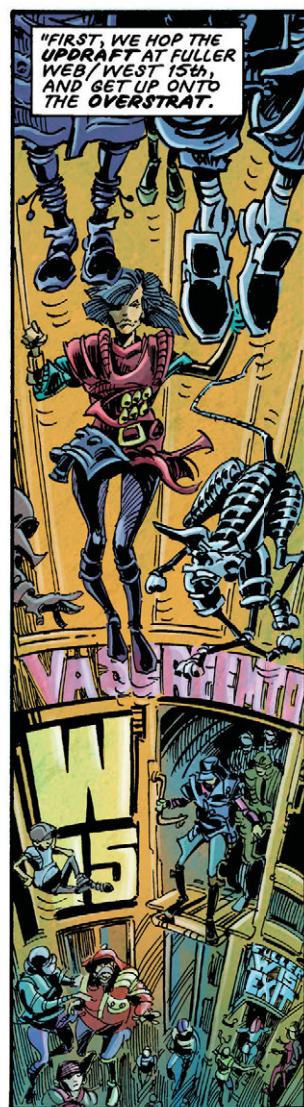
YEAH. SLAPPY
SENSAYUMA, RODICE.

THAT RIOT...
WHAT WOULD THEY
HAVE DONE IF LUX ROTH
CHOP HADN'T SAVED
THE CLARA RANDY?

THEY'D
HAVE RIOTED,
LARD-LOBES...

...ONLY
THEY'D HAVE
DONE IT
LATER!

NOW, LET'S
PROPEL PROTO-
PLASMA. WE'RE ON
A SHOPPING
EXPEDITION, AND
THIS BUSINESS HAS
COMPLETELY
SCROGGED MY
TIMETABLE!





"THEN, ASSUMING THERE AREN'T TOO MANY DRECK-NETTERS, WE TAKE THE MAINTENANCE SPIRAL DOWN PAST THE TRASH-FLO..."



"THEN WE LOOK AS INNOCENT AS IS POSSIBLE IN THE COMPANY OF FERROUS-FANGS HERE, AND WALK CASUALLY PAST THE JACKYARDS ON WEST 24th..."



"...WHICH, BECAUSE I'M A STRATEGIC AND TACTICAL GENIUS, BRINGS US OUT AT THE NORTHWEST QUADRANT AT EXACTLY 04.37!"

"THERE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU, YOU CYBERNETIC CYNIC!"

"YOU WERE TWO MINUTES OUT. IT'S 04.39."



"SO? WHAT IF I... AK!"

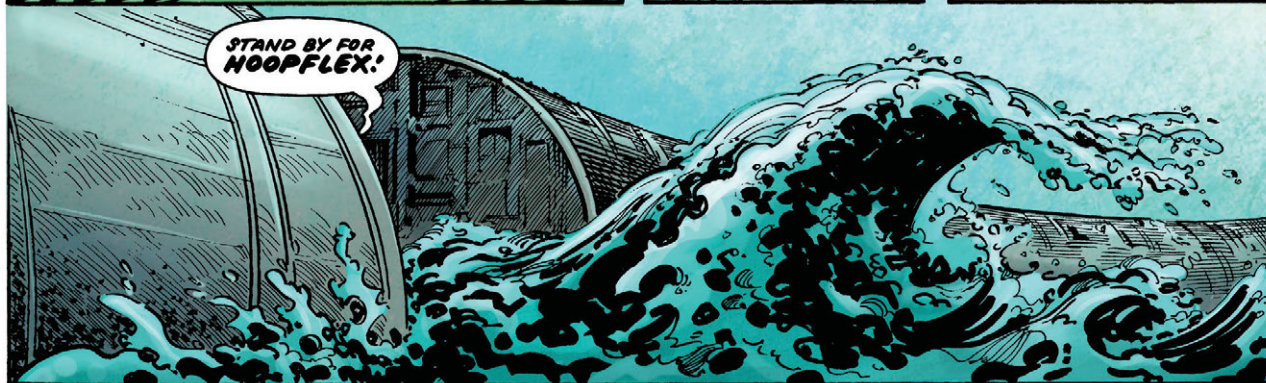
"HOY, COME OFF— THEY'RE CLEARING THE AREA FOR SEAL-OFF AND..."

"RODICE? WHAT'S WRONG?"



"THE TACTICAL GENIUS HAS CAUGHT HER HEEL IN A STRATEGIC GRATING..."

"SHUT UP! SHUT UP AND HELP ME!"





LOOK, RODICE, IT'S NOT THE END OF THE WORLD.

IT RECONNECTS AT 05.00...



SO WHAT?

THE SOUTHWEST SLIDEWALKS ARE BEING CLOSED FOR MAINTENANCE AT 05.05. DON'T YOU KNOW ANYTHING?

IT'S HOPELESS. THE WHOLE SCHEDULE IS A SCROG-OVER FROM ZILCH TO 00080L!



I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN. IF THE RIOT FORECAST SAYS 'FINE', DRESS FOR ARMAGIDEON! IT'S ALL MY FAULT.

NO ARGUMENTS THERE...

WHO ASKED YOU, BUTANE-BREATH?



HOY BONANZA!! SERENDIPITY CITY! I'VE GOT IT!

WE CAN GO OUTSIDE!

OUTER SEAL MAINTENANCE RAMPS NAUP



THERE'S A MAGNETRAX UP TOP. WE CAN RIDE ROUND THE HOOP THE OTHER WAY UNTIL WE REACH THE MALL! IT'LL SAVE HOURS, AND WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING...

...EXCEPT ZENADES.



ZENADES?



THAT'S RIGHT.

AND THE FIRST PERSON WHO TRIES TO TAKE ME OUTSIDE IS GONNA FIND OUT WHY!



NEXT PROB:

THE WILD BROWN YONDER...

ZEN: THE VALUES OF MEDITATION, INTUITION, AND COMPLETE NON-AGGRESSION.

ZENADE: A 50th CENTURY HAND-HELD WEAPON WHICH, WHEN USED AGAINST AN OPPONENT, MAKES THAT OPPONENT INCAPABLE OF ANYTHING BUT MEDITATION, INTUITION, AND COMPLETE NON-AGGRESSION...

ANYBODY EVEN TWITCHES, THEY GOT A HEAD FULL OF ALPHA WAVES...

...AND I'M NOT JUST WHISTLING ERSKOLD'S AKRON CONCERTO FOR SUBLIMIZER AND GLASS PERCUSSION!

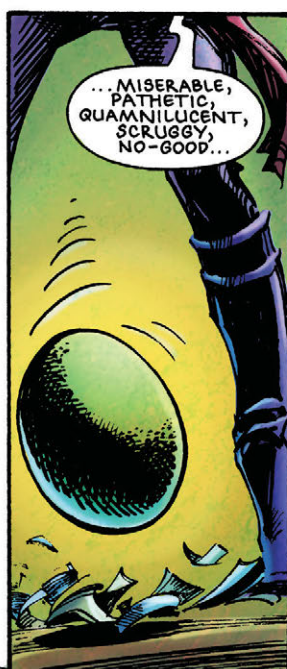
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The Ballad Of

HALO JONES

5. THE WILD BROWN YONDER







YOU COMING WITH US, TOBY?

FORGET IT. MY GUARANTEE DOESN'T COVER *SALT-AIR EXPOSURE*. I CAN MAKE BETTER TIME THROUGH THE HOOP ON MY OWN AND MEET YOU TWO ON MALL LATER. SEE YOU AROUND.



FINE.

UH...OKAY, RODICE, WE HAVE TO GO UP THE STAIRS NOW— TO GO *OUTSIDE*...

BEAUTIFUL! BECAUSE, HALO, YOU SEE, THE INSIDE IS THE OUTSIDE. IT'S SO *OBVIOUS!*



YOU SEE, IT'S LIKE IF YOU IMAGINE THE SOUND OF ONE HAND CLAPPING...

YEAH, WELL, THAT'S REALLY *FASCINATING* RODICE, BUT COULD YOU JUST *CLIMB*?

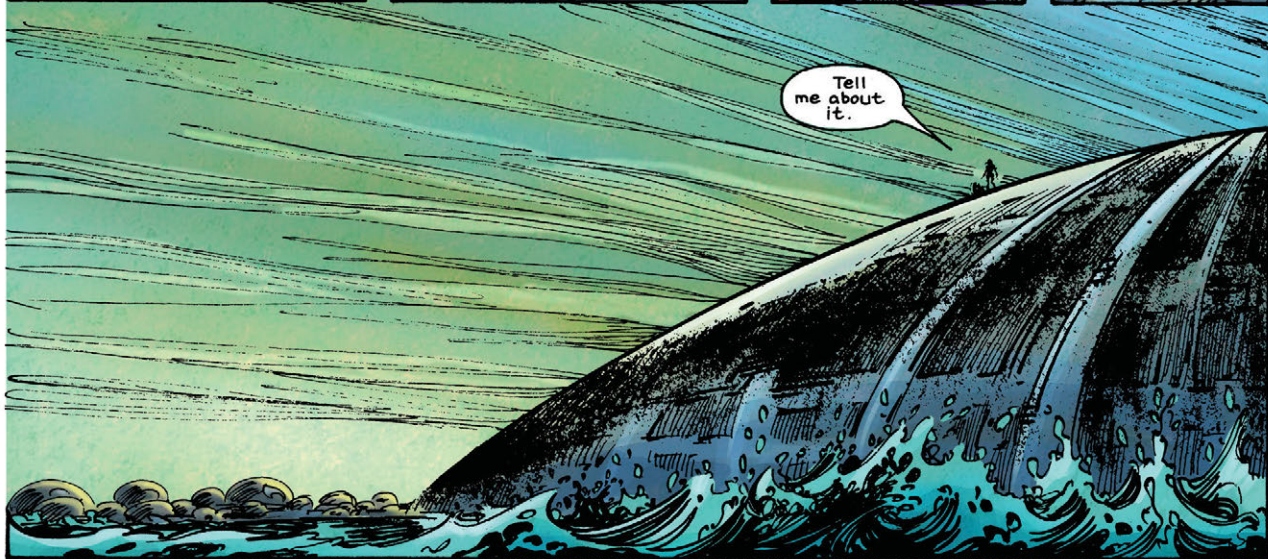
WHAT IS 'UP'? WHAT IS 'DOWN'? ONLY *BUDDHA* KNOWS THE TRUTH.



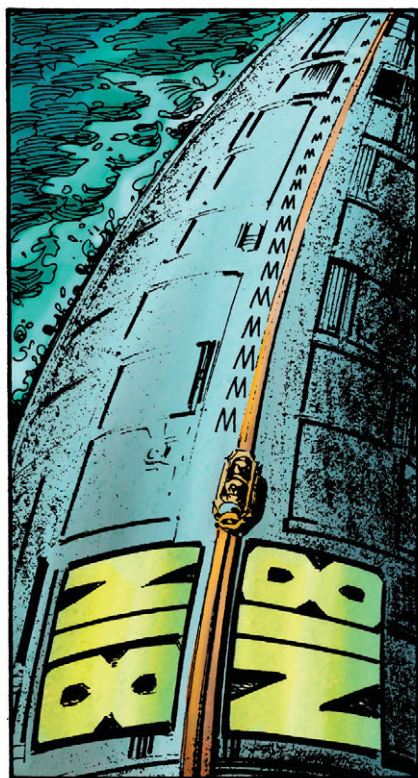
HALO, EVERYTHING IS SO *CLEAR* TO ME NOW.

IT'S LIKE I'VE SEEN THE *ULTIMATE VOID!*

YEAH?



Tell me about it.



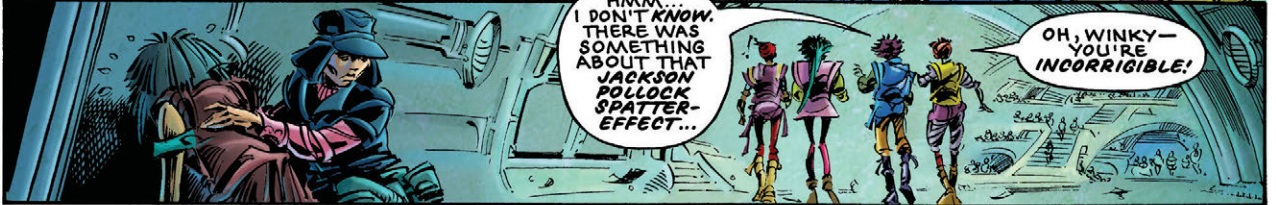




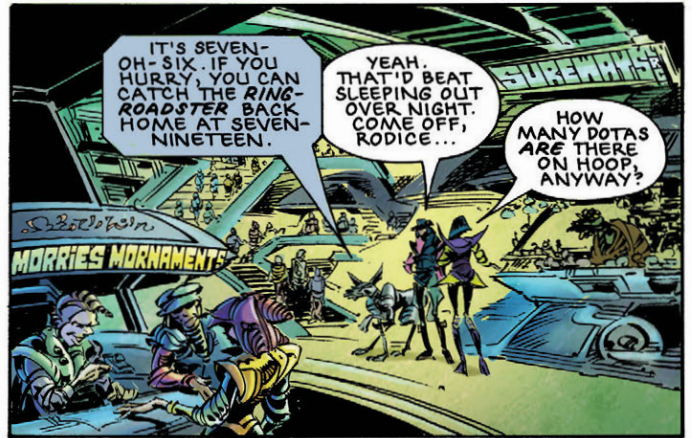
The Ballad Of HALO JONES

6: FLEURS DU MALL



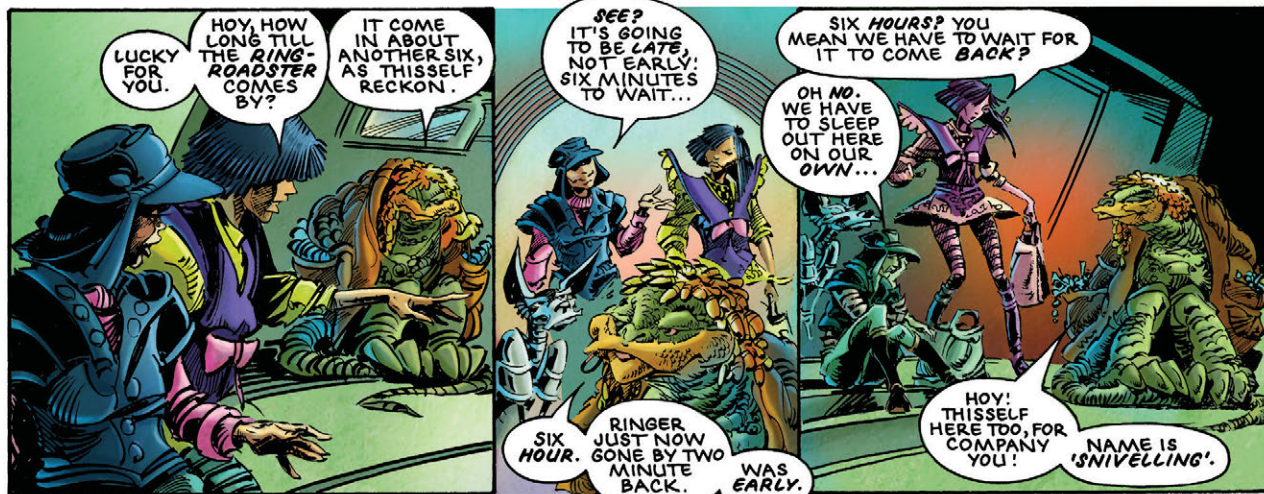








LOOK, WE'RE OKAY... THERE'S SOMEBODY WAITING AT THE SKIDSTOP.



LUCKY FOR YOU.

HOY, HOW LONG TILL THE RING-ROADSTER COMES BY?

IT COME IN ABOUT ANOTHER SIX, AS THISSSELF RECKON.

SEE? IT'S GOING TO BE LATE, NOT EARLY! SIX MINUTES TO WAIT...

SIX HOURS? YOU MEAN WE HAVE TO WAIT FOR IT TO COME BACK?

OH NO. WE HAVE TO SLEEP OUT HERE ON OUR OWN...

SIX HOUR. JUST NOW RINGER. GONE BY TWO MINUTE BACK.

WAS EARLY.

HOY! THISSSELF HERE TOO, FOR COMPANY YOU!

NAME IS 'SNIVELLING'.



WHEN CAN AFFORD SECOND WORD IN NAME, WILL BE 'SNIVELLING EARTHQUAKE'...

LISTEN, WHAT IF WE DON'T WAIT FOR THE RINGER? MAYBE I CAN WORK OUT ANOTHER ROUTE HOME!

SURE...



...WE CAN GO BACK UP TO THE HOOP TOP AND TAKE THE MAGNETRAX HOME.

OH... YEAH, WELL...

SAFE NIGHT, HALO.



SAFE NIGHT, RODICE.

NEXT PROG:
HOME AGAIN, HOME AGAIN, JIGGETY-JIG.

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ALAN MOORE

ART ROBOT

IAN GIBSON

LETTERING ROBOT

STEVE POTTER

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"The Ringroadster will reach Quad West soon, so I've given up on the idea of sleep."

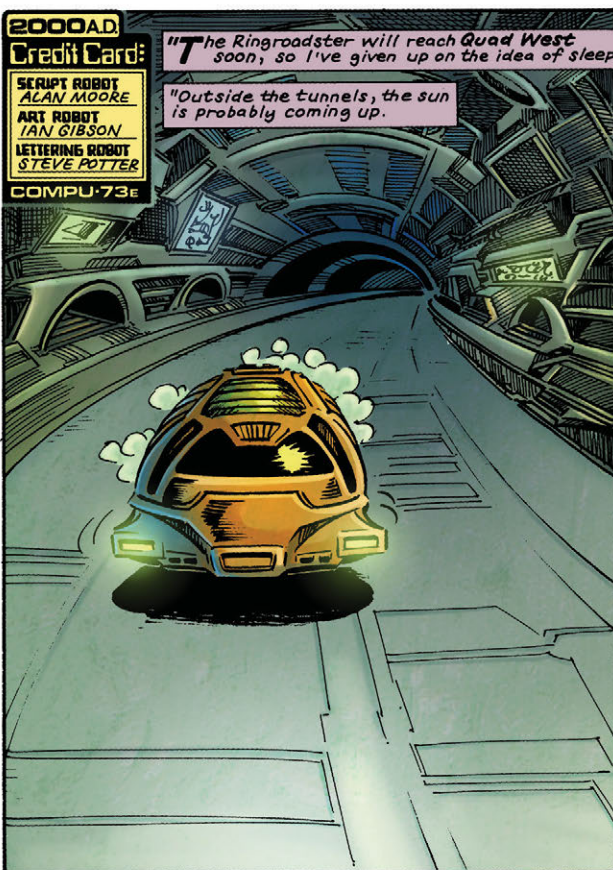
"Outside the tunnels, the sun is probably coming up."

"I don't know why I'm writing this. I haven't written anything in ages, not even in my diary."

"It's just very quiet on Hoop, this time of the morning. It seemed like the right sort of thing to do."

"It's quiet because nobody has to get up for work..."

"... although there are the beggars setting up their pitches by the Mam-Point. I suppose they're the exception."



"Rodice is asleep. She's dribbling on her collar. (Ha ha.) When she comes round she'll swear she's been awake all night."

"My eyes feel like the windows of the Ringer: dusty and dirty and smeary."



"They never clean the Ringer's windows. They ought to."

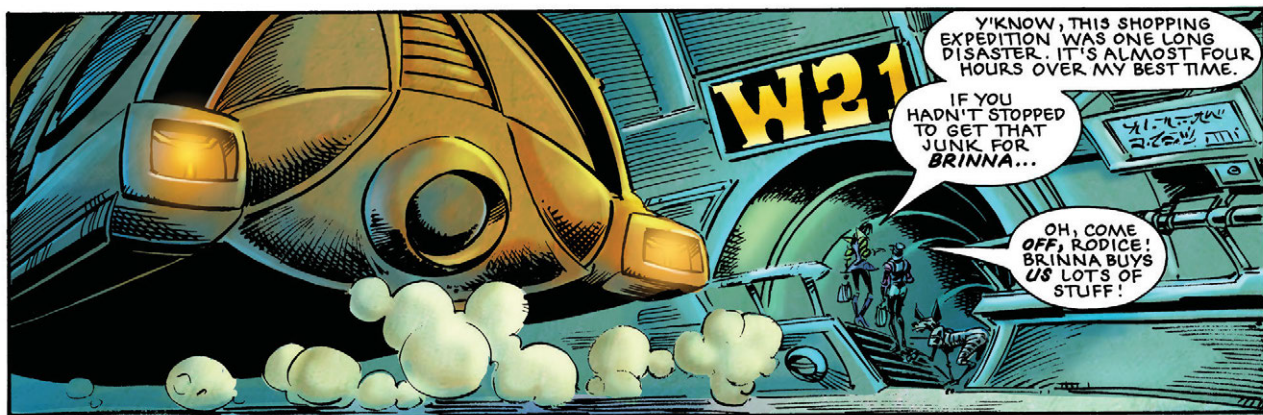
"It never rains in here."

The Ballad Of

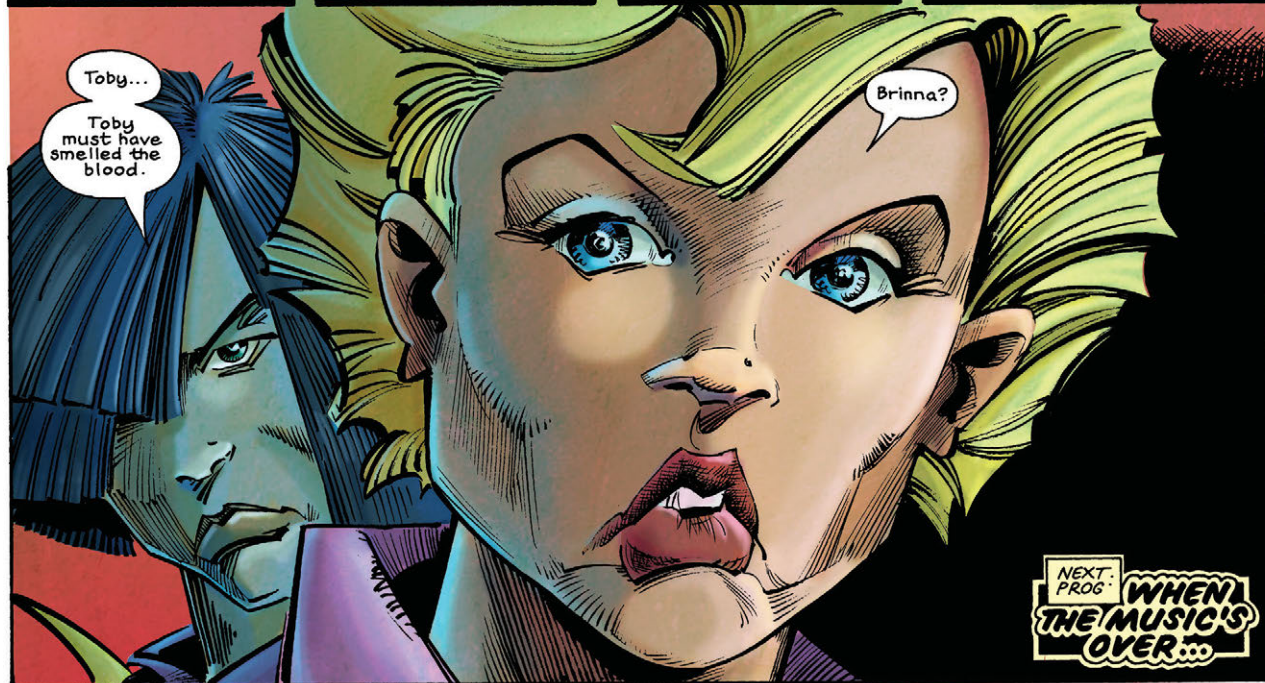
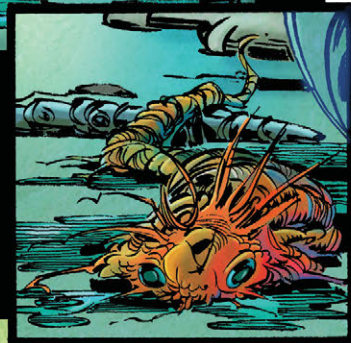
HALO JONES

7: HOME AGAIN, HOME AGAIN, JIGGETY-JIG.











NAME OF DECEASED?

BRINNA.

PLEASE
SUPPLY FULL
NAME OF
DECEASED.



BRINNA
CHILDRESSE-
LAO. ARE YOU
STUPID? I
ALREADY TOLD
YOU FIFTY
TIMES...

YOUR
NAME AND
RELATIONSHIP
TO
DECEASED?

YOU CAN
BITE IT, YOU
DUMB...

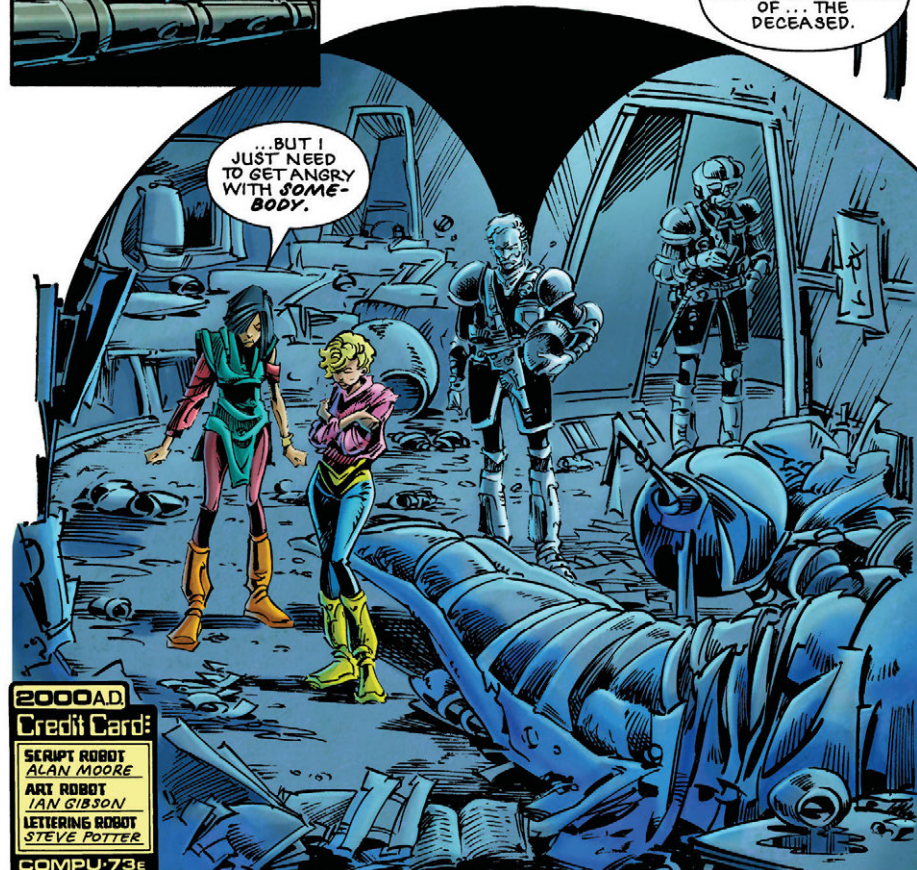
FORGET
IT,
RODICE.

HER NAME'S
RODICE ANDELIA
OLSUM. HOUSEMATE
OF... THE
DECEASED.



RODICE... THESE
RUMBLEJACKS ARE
PERSISTENT OFFENDERS,
REMEMBER? THEY'VE BEEN
LEUCOTOMIZED — YOU
CAN SEE THE SCARS
ON THEIR HEADS.
THEY CAN'T
REACT — THERE'S
NO POINT GETTING
ANGRY WITH
THEM.

I KNOW...



...BUT I
JUST NEED
TO GET ANGRY
WITH SOME-
BODY.

2000AD
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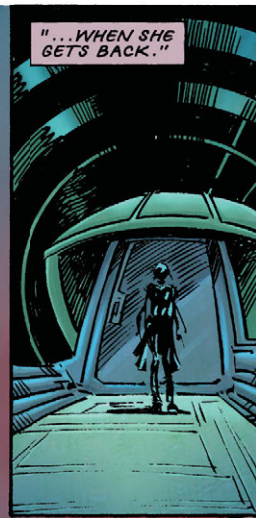
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

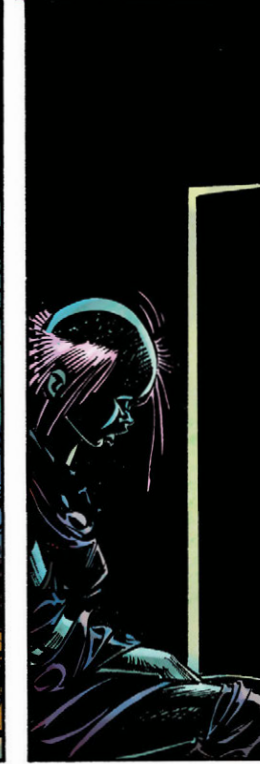
COMPU-73e

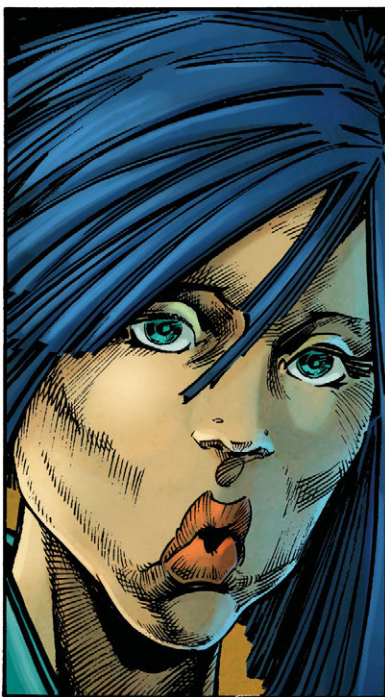
The Ballad Of
**HALO
JONES**

8: WHEN THE
MUSIC'S OVER...









PROLOGUE:

OKAY... THAT'S
FORM **KAPPA-19** AND
FORM **DELTA-30** LOGGED
IN TRIPPLICATE, WHICH
JUST LEAVES THE
PHI-26!

SEE? I
TOLD YOU
THIS WOULDN'T
TAKE LONG.

NOW, IF
YOU'RE GOING
MANHATTANSIDE
LOOKING FOR
EMPLOYMENT,
WE'LL HAVE TO
TEMPORARILY
RECLAIM YOUR
MAMCARDS.
WITHOUT CREDIT,
YOU'LL HAVE TO
COME BACK.

LOOK
ON IT AS A
PRECAUTION.

**LEAVE YOUR
MAMCARD
HERE**

**BEYOND
THIS
POINT!**

RIGHT...
THE STANDARD
WARNINGS:

ONE: IF
YOU SUSTAIN
PHYSICAL OR
PSYCHOLOGICAL
DAMAGE DURING
YOUR STAY,
MANHATTAN
MUNICIPALITY WILL
NOT ACCEPT
RESPONSIBILITY.

TWO: MANHATTAN
IS AN APARTHEID ZONE.
AVOID PROXIMAN
DISTRICTS.

THREE:
MANHATTAN
RESIDENT PROTECTION
GROUPS HAVE A LOW
OPINION OF HOOPSIDERS.
THEY'VE SHOT THIRTY-
NINE IN THE LAST
THREE MONTHS.

AVOID
WEALTHY
AREAS AND
TRY NOT TO
LOOK LIKE
CRIMINALS.

FOUR: YOU MAY
NOT ENTER THE
MUNICIPALITIES OF
CONNECTICUT, NEW
JERSEY OR NEW YORK.
IF YOU ATTEMPT TO
DO SO, WE'LL
SHOOT YOU.

OKAY...
THAT'S IT
FOR THE
WARNINGS,
LADIES.

QUARANTINE

**HOOPER- DON'T LET
THE SUN SET ON YOU
HERE!**

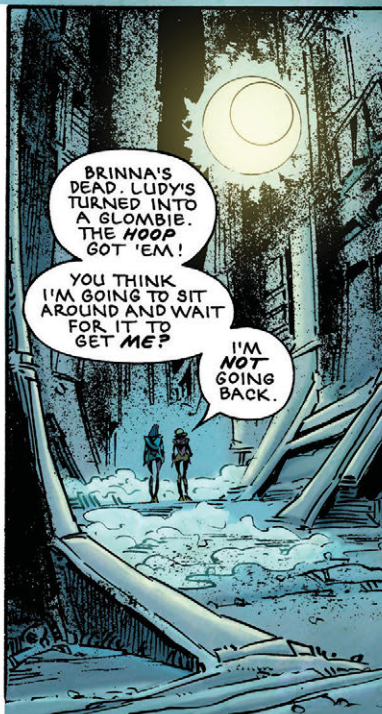
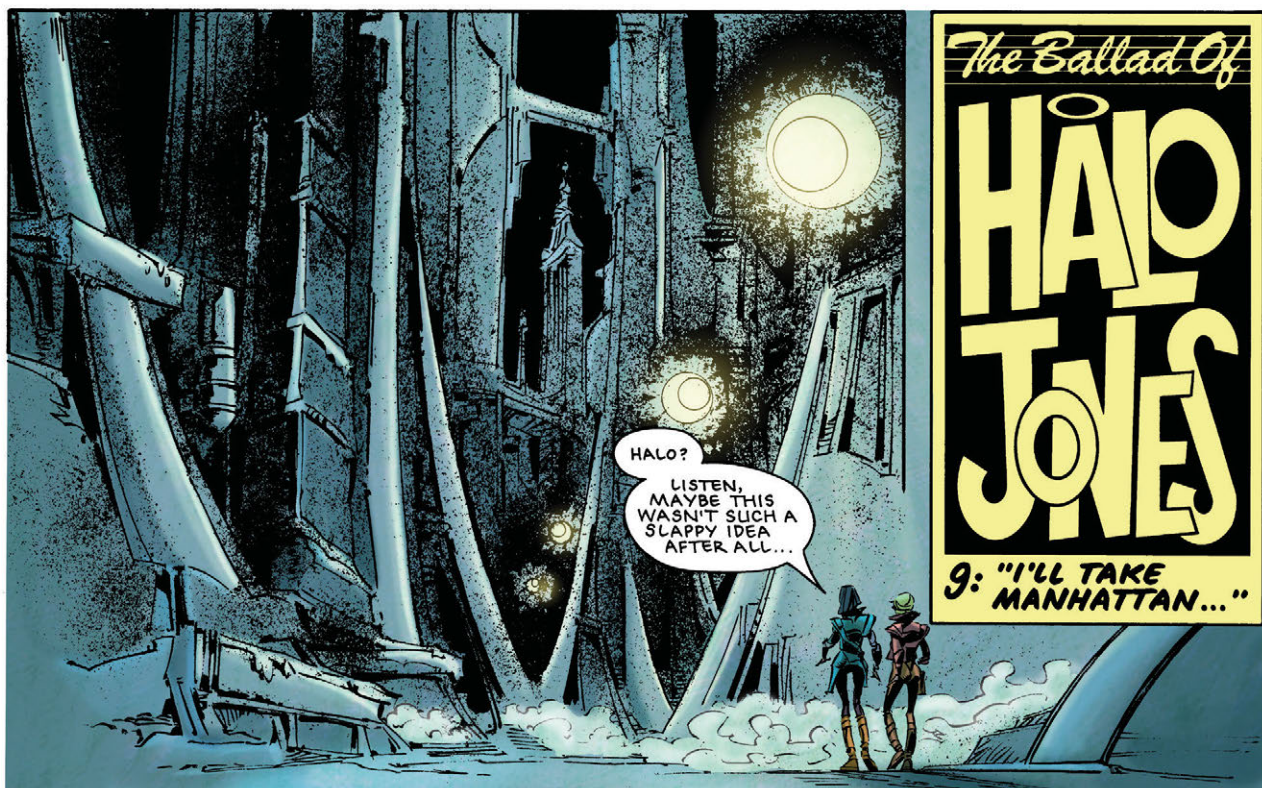
INCIDENTALLY,
TODAY'S **JOB-CAST**
SAYS EMPLOYMENT CHANCES
ARE PRETTY SLENDER.
JUST THOUGHT I'D
TELL YOU...

ENJOY
YOUR VISIT NOW,
Y'HEAR?

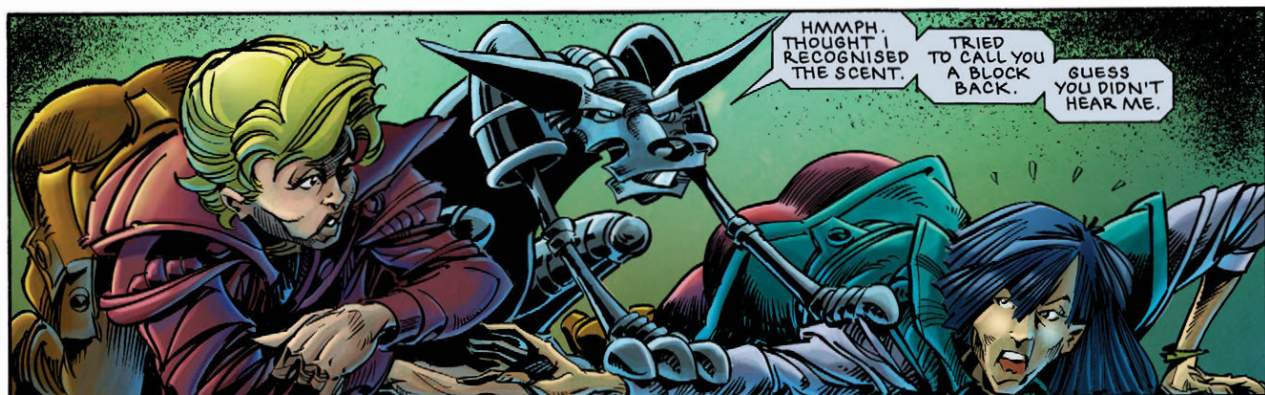
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LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

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HMMPH. THOUGHT I RECOGNISED THE SCENT.

TRIED TO CALL YOU A BLOCK BACK.

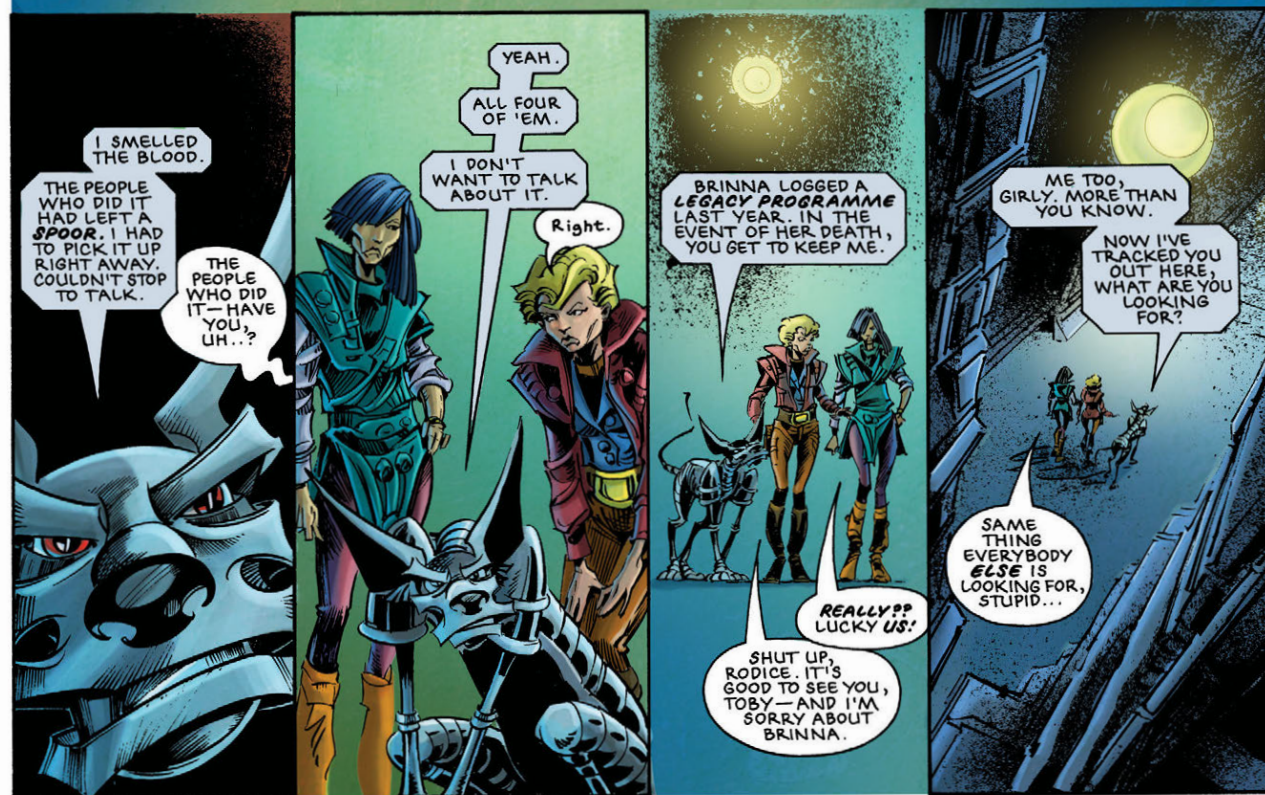
GUESS YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME.



T-TOBY? BUT...

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM, MOTOR-MUTT? WE HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE...

WELL, Y'KNOW... SINCE BRINNA.



I SMELLED THE BLOOD.

THE PEOPLE WHO DID IT HAD LEFT A **SPOOR**. I HAD TO PICK IT UP RIGHT AWAY. COULDN'T STOP TO TALK.

THE PEOPLE WHO DID IT—HAVE YOU, UH...?

YEAH. ALL FOUR OF 'EM.

I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.

Right.

BRINNA LOGGED A **LEGACY PROGRAMME** LAST YEAR. IN THE EVENT OF HER DEATH, YOU GET TO KEEP ME.

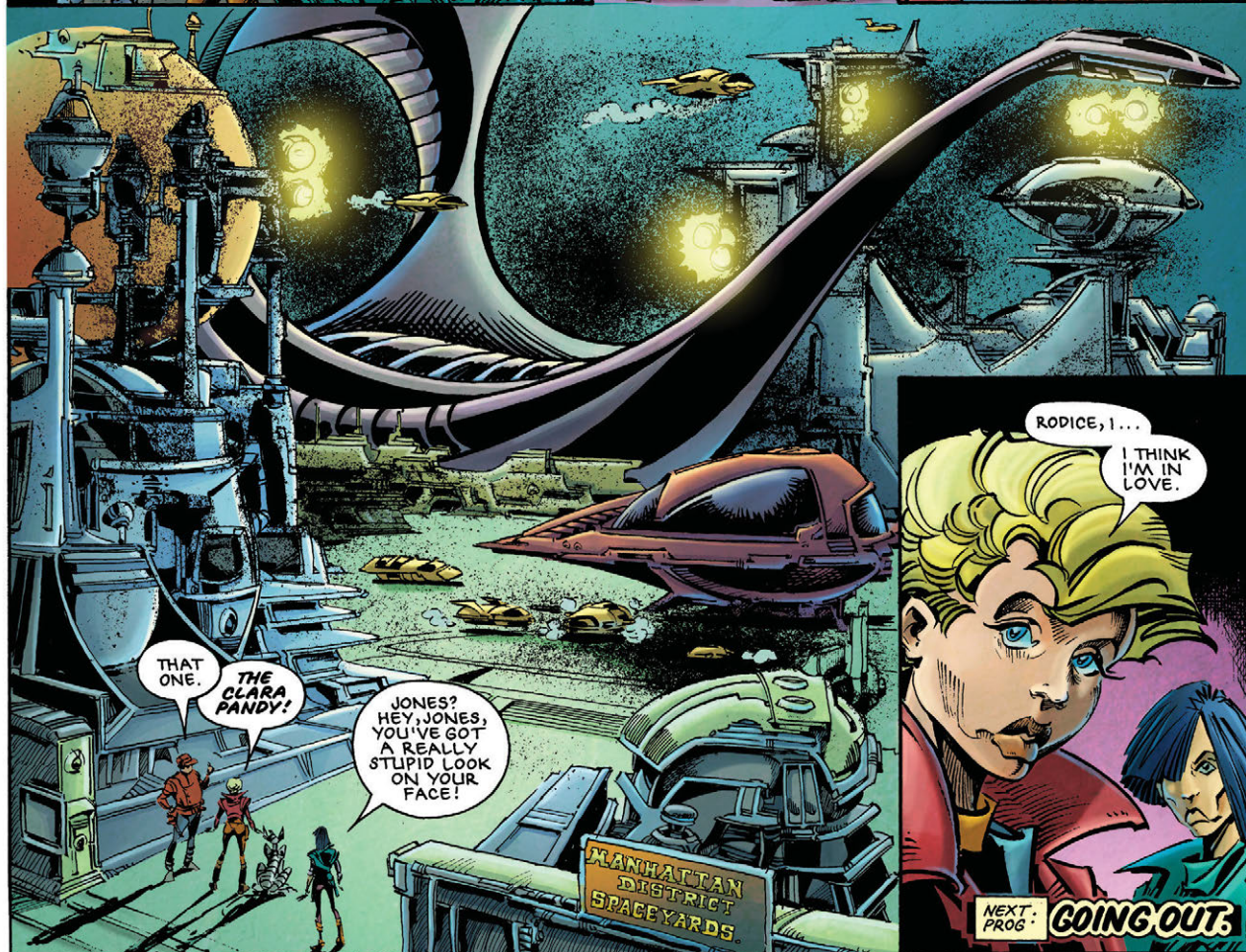
ME TOO, GIRLY. MORE THAN YOU KNOW.

NOW I'VE TRACKED YOU OUT HERE, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

SAME THING EVERYBODY **ELSE** IS LOOKING FOR, STUPID...

REALLY?? LUCKY US!

SHUT UP, RODICE. IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, TOBY—AND I'M SORRY ABOUT BRINNA.





YUWUNNAJAHB?

GUDDAJAHB
WUKKIN'
HOSTEZZDOODY.
GUHBEYYA
TWOANNAHAFF
YEER ROUN' TRIP.
CREDITZ **NINE THOU**
PEE-AY.
Y'GODDABEDDA
AWFER?



SO...

WHADJASAY
T'THAT?



The Ballad Of

**HALO
JONES**

10: GOING OUT.



UH...
EXCUSE US
FOR A MOMENT,
BUT MY FRIEND
AND I HAVE TO
CONSIDER YOUR
PROPOSAL.

SNOWPROBLEM..



WHAT
DID HE SAY?
I DIDN'T
UNDERSTAND
WORD ONE
OF THAT!

HE SAID
SOMETHING
ABOUT
HOSTESS
DUTY— AND
HE MENTIONED
NINE
THOUSAND
CREDIT.



NINE
THOUSAND?
WHAT?
YOU MEAN...
EVERY
YEAR?

SUDDENLY,
I UNDERSTAND
HIM
PERFECTLY...



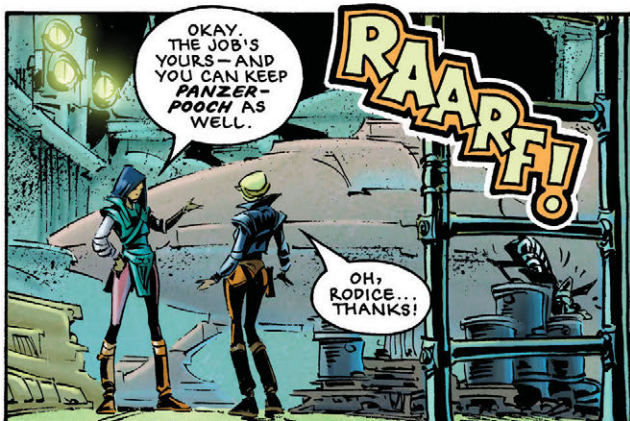
HOY!
YOU' HONEST
ARTISAN!

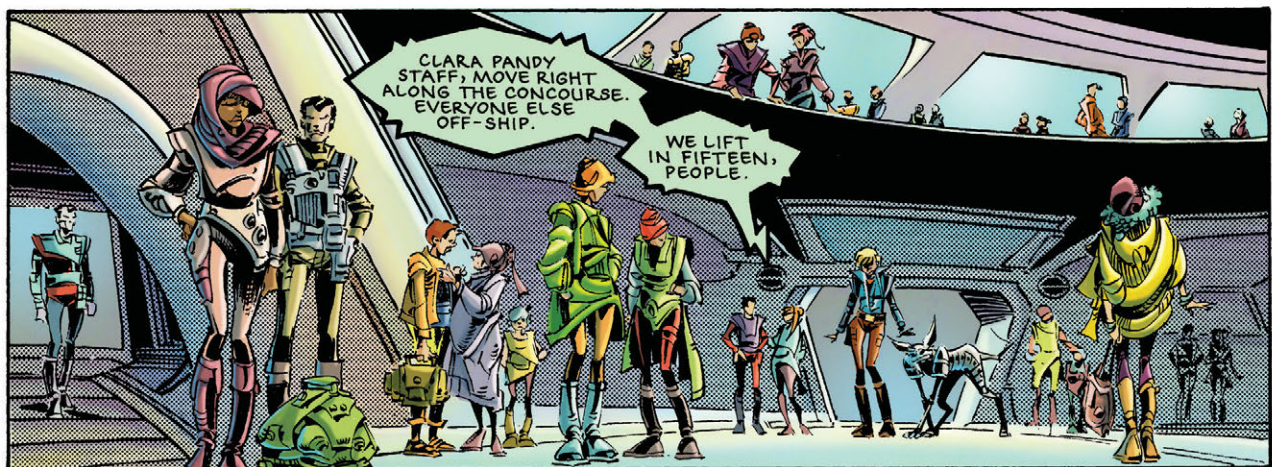
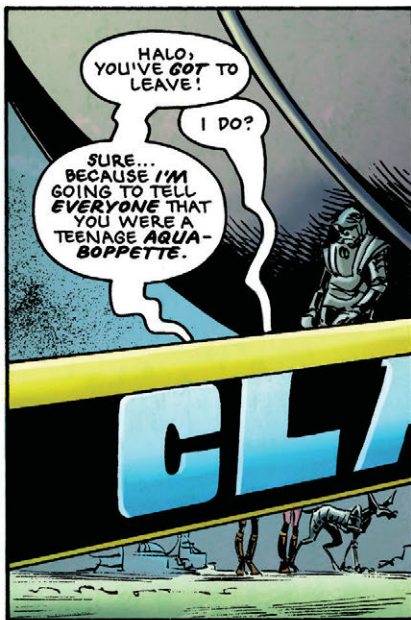
WHATEVER
THE JOB IS,
WE'LL DO
IT!

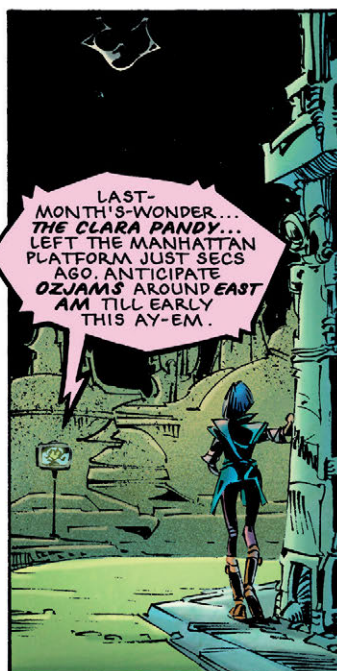
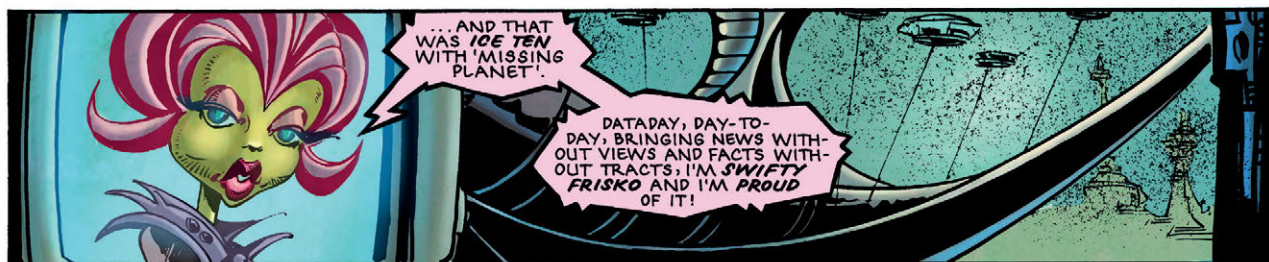
RODICE...

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STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E











BONUS CONTENT
& COVER GALLERY

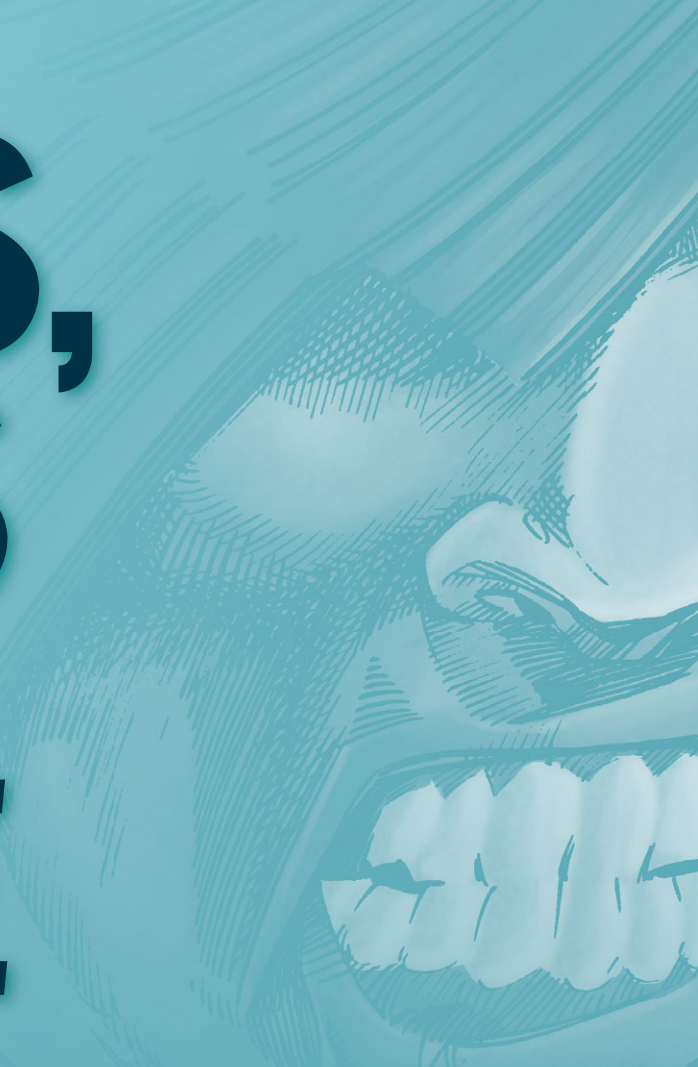
GUNS, GUYS AND GORE

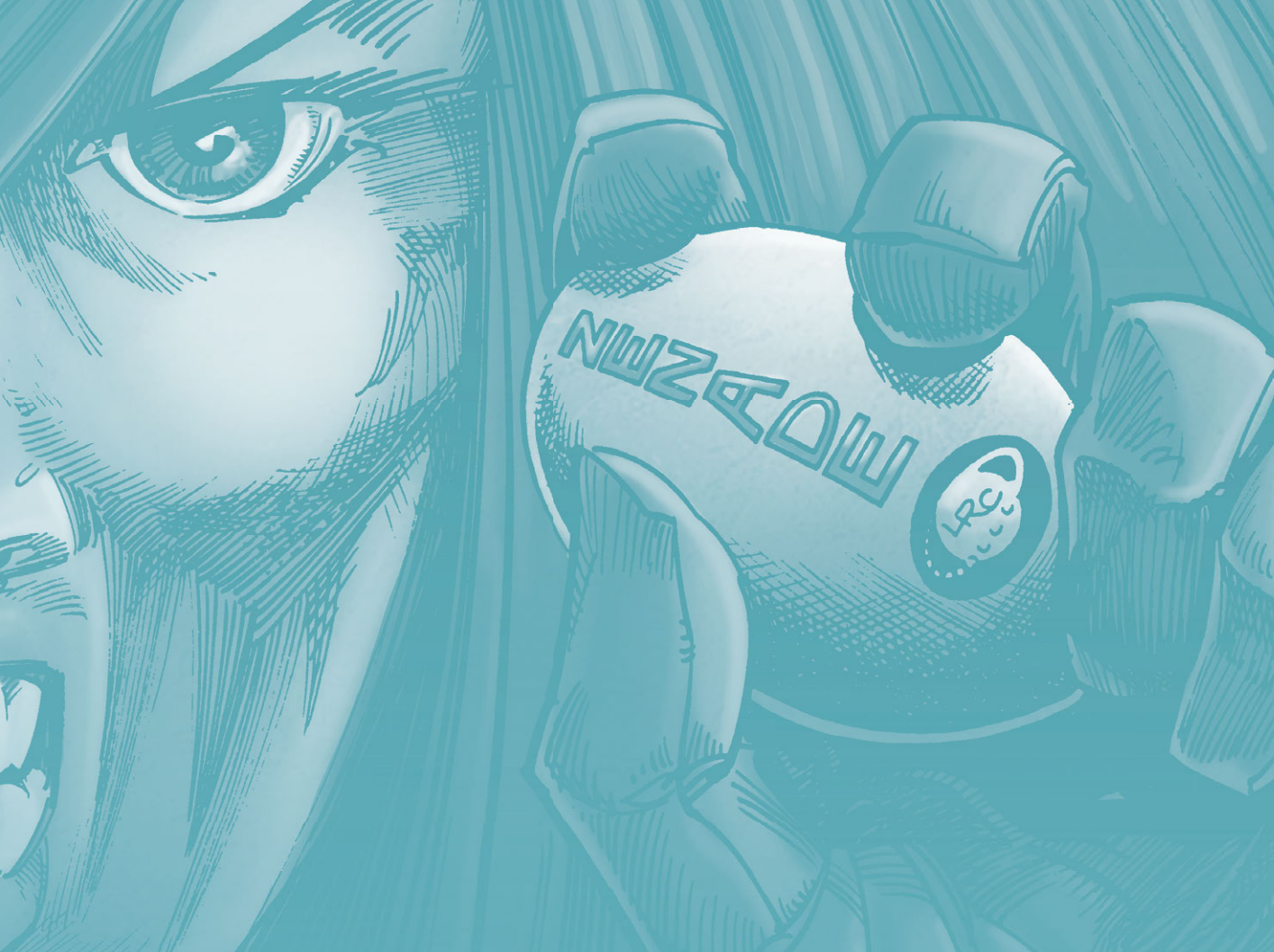
IF I HAD TO SUM UP AS SUCCINCTLY AS POSSIBLE WHAT MAKES A CLASSIC *2000 AD* SERIES, I'D PROBABLY BOIL it down to those three words: Guns, guys and gore (and maybe a few giggles thrown in for good measure). Curious, then, that when asked for the first time to design a series from the ground up for that erstwhile publication I should have opted for ships, squeezes and shopping expeditions. All I can really say in my defence is that it seemed perfectly logical at the time.

I certainly didn't do it out of any inherent dislike for the 'Three G's' mentioned above . . . in my admiration for *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Robo Hunter* and all the rest I stand second to no man, feeling that the world in general and *2000 AD* in particular would be a poorer place without them. Rather, I think I was motivated by a desire to fill in some of the holes left between those strips. . . some thing that would complement the pervasive flavour of cordite and carnage and which would give the reader something to clean his or her palate with in between the meat courses.

Written at a time when most of the IPC girls comics line seemed to be heading for that last great midnight feast in the dorm and given that *2000 AD* has a larger female readership than any British boy's comic has a right to expect, it seemed appropriate that the strip should be about women. I didn't want to write about a pretty scatterbrain who fainted a lot and had trouble keeping her clothes on. I similarly had no inclination to unleash yet another Tough Bitch With A Disintegrator And An Extra 'Y'Chromosome upon the world. What I wanted was simply an ordinary woman such as you might find standing in front of you while queuing for the check-out at Tesco's, but transposed to the sort of future environment that seemed a pre-requisite of what was, after all, a boy's science fiction comic. Hence, *The Ballad of Halo Jones*.

Having decided upon the broad list of ingredients outlined above, choosing an artist for the strip was sublimely easy: It had to be Ian Gibson. There were six reasons for this. Firstly, he was available. Secondly, he draws incredibly good women. Thirdly, I'd been dying





to work with Ian again ever since our one and only collaborative *Future Shock* (*Grawks Bearing Gifts*). Fourthly, he's very accomplished when it comes to drawing women. Fifthly, he has the sort of fertile, brimming imagination that would prove invaluable on a strip with as much intricate social detail as *Halo Jones*. Sixthly, his women are something else.

Once Ian was safely on board, the two of us proceeded to work out the fine details of our central character and her environment. We designed the world, its political make up, its principal diet, its language and its dress standards, with Ian providing as many of the main concepts and the small touches as I myself. Did you know, for example, that the strange Esperanto-like language in which many of the Hoop's street signs are lettered as an alternative to English is actually a real, workable alternate language that Ian had designed for fun some years earlier? Or that it was Ian who solved the problem of coming up with a sensible and practical form of dress for the strip's main alien race, the armless Proximen?

Naturally, given its nature, the strip wasn't really for everyone. Some found our decision to dump the reader straight in at the deep end with a totally alien society and let them figure things out for themselves to be merely confusing and irritating. Then, of course, there were those readers who complained that very little happened in the strip. Personally, I think what they actually meant was that very little violence happened in the strip, but then it was their twenty four pee a week, and they have every right to be bored if they damn well want to be. In short, for numerous reasons, not every body liked *Halo Jones* Book One.

But we did. And the people at *2000 AD* did. And if you've paid out good money for the volume you hold in your hands, then the chances are that you did too. As for everyone else, I really only have one question:

What's the matter? Don't you like girls?

Alan Moore
July 1986



GIRLS, ROCKETS AND MONSTERS...

IT WAS AT A TITAN 'POST-SIGNING' PARTY THAT THE IDEA FOR THE STORY ACTUALLY STARTED. I'D WANTED

to work with Alan for some time, ever since reading his excellent Skizz story in 2000 AD, complemented by Jim Baikie's wonderful illustrations. So when the chance arose, I was quick to pounce on it. I started off by asking Steve MacManus, the then editor of 2000 AD, if he'd be happy for Alan and I to work together on a new story. Steve said he was. Even back then, I remember I specified a 'girl's story', and one that actually showed some respect for women for a change. I next talked to Alan, who was similarly happy with the idea. He mulled it over for a while and came back full of enthusiasm, telling Steve that he had all the important ingredients... "Girls, rockets and monsters!" Everyone liked the recipe at once, and so Halo was born.

Alan and I had many long discussions about the

whole story concept, the characterisations, and where we were taking Halo over the projected nine (!) books of the series. A lot of the internal workings of Halo's world I remember that Alan had left mostly to me. At length, I explained to Alan the structure of the Hoop, so that he could incorporate it into his scripts. As ever, he did so with consummate skill. There are certainly plenty of stories for another time, perhaps even for an introduction to book four?

In the meantime, I'd just like to say thanks to Alan for the incredible scripts, thank Steve for taking a chance in the first place and thank Titan for providing the synchronistic link.

**Ian Gibson,
Brighton, April 2001**

HOOPLIFE

Dataday, day-to-day, I'm *Swiftly Frisko*, love me or leave me! If you're one of the jobless of New York State Municipality, then *the Hoop* is for you! Tethered conveniently just off the Manhattan Peninsula, it provides a floating haven for its many residents — *Increased Leisure Citizens* who dwell in the picturesque Blister-Homes blossoming from the numerous Lilo-Pads adjoining the Hoop.

As a miracle of quantum-tolerance engineering, *the Hoop* stands alone. Gasp in awe as, twice a day, *the Hoop seals itself off* and separates its flexible sections in order to prevent the periodic wave-motion from collapsing the entire structure, and washing millions of good and valuable citizens into the Atlantic ocean. *Remember: Only In America!*

Our friends from *Proxima Centauri* know *the Hoop* as a truly cosmopolitan society, ready to embrace the Proxi-man immigrant with open arms — if Proxi-men *had* any arms to embrace with, that is! Nonetheless, these lovable lizards of limited limb, accustomed to the hellish silicone wastes of Proxima, have found a home from home on *the Hoop*. And let's not forget their more prosperous cousins from *Alpha Centauri*. The Alphan merchant down on his luck is welcome in our "Family Circle".

Over 70% of the Hoop's population is female, and even though the Hoop's hyper-efficient police force — volunteers known as 'Rumblejacks' — are usually on hand to cope with emergencies, we prefer to encourage a tough breed of independent women with a flare for self-protection. Of course, if you're independently wealthy, why not try a Ripper? These feisty, *pseudo-canines*, capable of disembowelling cars, come in five beefy persona-types. On the Hoop, we call it "Armed Friendship!"

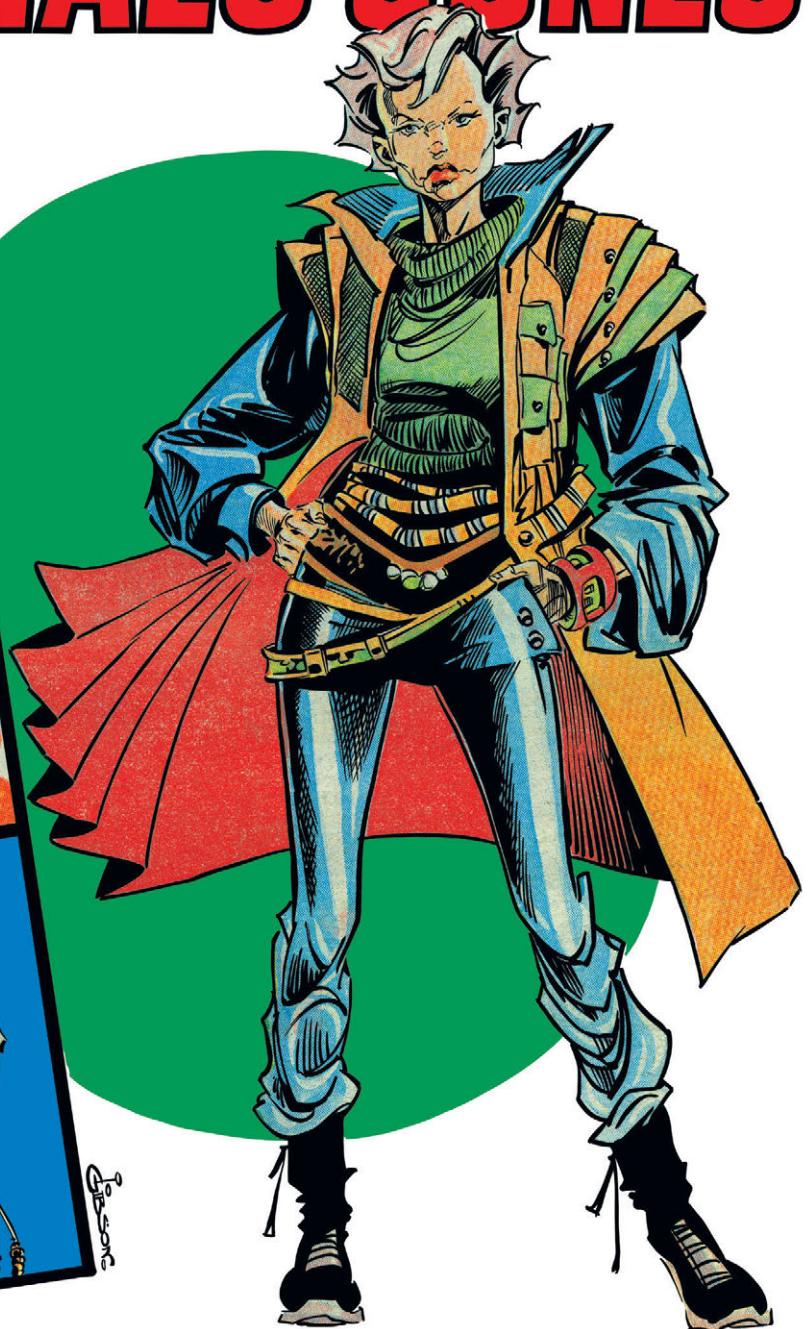
The Hoop: Manhattan Island's *Land of Leisure*, where the wageless pass their time in happy serenity!

The Hoop: It runs rings round the Poverty Reduction schemes of *other* Municipalities! I'm Swiftly Frisko, that was a 'Know Your Neighbourhood' information pack.

COMING SOON IN 2000AD

The Ballad Of

HALO JONES



KP skips FREE COMICS OFFER...See Inside!

PROG 376
7 JUL 1984

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

51.45 Malaysia
60c Australia
60c New Zealand
85g Mercury
210g Venus
65g Mars
100 Asteroid Belt
110g Saturn
10g Neptune
2g Pluto

22p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

WHERE DID SHE GO?
OUT.

WHAT DID SHE DO?
EVERYTHING.



PROG 406
23 FEB 85

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

\$1.45 Malaysia
60c Australia
60c New Zealand
88g Mercury
210g Venus
46g Mars
10g Asteroid Belt
110g Saturn
10g Neptune
2g Pluto

24p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY





Cover by Ian Gibson



ALAN MOORE

One of the most respected and well-known comic writers of the past few decades, Alan Moore created some of *2000 AD*'s most popular series, including *Abelard Snazz*, *The Ballad of Halo Jones*, *D.R. & Quinch* and *Skizz*. He has also worked on several other strips for *2000 AD*, most notably *Tharg's FutureShocks*.

Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Moore is best known for his work on *Watchmen*, which redefined the superhero genre in 1986, but this is simply touching the surface of a career which has included *Batman*, *Captain Britain*, *From Hell*, *Glory*, *Green Lantern Corps*, *Lost Girls*, *Miracleman*, *A Small Killing*, *Swamp Thing*, *Superman*, *V For Vendetta*, *Promethea* and *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*.

More recently his latest novel, *Jerusalem*, was published to critical acclaim.

IAN GIBSON

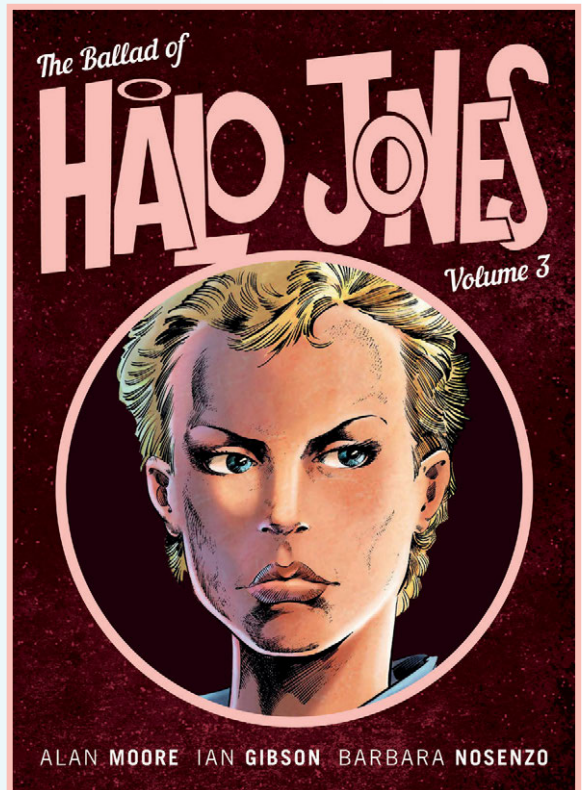
One of *2000 AD*'s best-loved and most honoured artists, Ian Gibson is responsible for the co-creation of *The Ballad of Halo Jones* (with Alan Moore), and created *Bella Bagley*, an unfortunate character in *Judge Dredd*'s world who fell head-over-heels in love with 'Old Stoney Face' himself! His work 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*.

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THE BALLAD CONTINUES IN THESE THRILLING VOLUMES**



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HALO JONES BOOK THREE

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**“still in comics-land very ahead of her time ... a
cracking sci-fi adventure story”**

- Sci-Fi Now

**“a complex, engaging tale that fans of Moore’s work
shouldn’t pass up.”**

- IGN

“Halo Jones is terrific comics”

- The Comics Journal



*“Where did she go? Out.
What did she do? Everything...”*

When Halo Jones grows bored with her life in The Hoop — a futuristic slum where jobs are scarce and excitement is non-existent — she yearns to escape and see the galaxy. But in a city where dangerous riots happen at the slightest provocation and even going to the shops is an ordeal requiring careful planning and a handful of zen-inducing-grenades, the price of freedom might prove to be more than she bargained for!

A masterpiece of British comics, Alan Moore and Ian Gibson's space-opera, now in stunning painted colour from Barbara Nosenzo, tells the story of Halo Jones, from her humble beginnings to her galaxy-spanning adventure. This volume collects book one of the series.

“Iconic ... there were tears in my eyes at the end of Halo Jones.”
Neil Gaiman



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